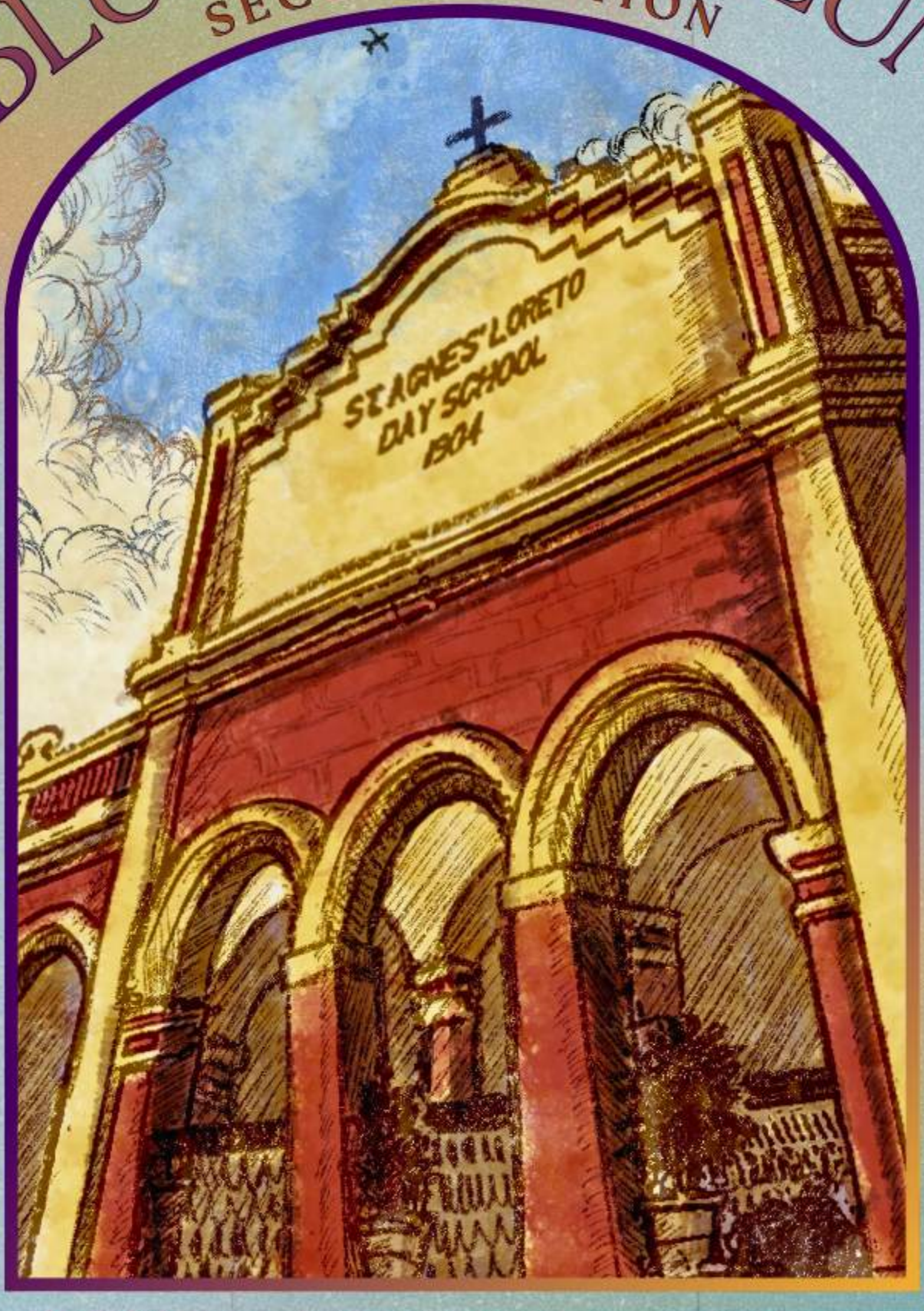
BLUE ATHENAEUM

SECOND EDITION



ST. AGNES' LORETO DAY SCHOOL

Loreto Chorus

To East and West of that fair Isle,
Where the first Loreto stands,
Loreto's banner now doth fly in many distant lands.
In sunny Spain, on Afric's strand
And under the Southern Cross
And Westward ho, where rainbow hued
Niagara's waters toss.

Chorus: Loreto's banner gaily floats
In lands both East and West,
Loreto's name each girl reveres
And holds it ever blest.

But first Loreto found a home
Beneath our Indian skies
Where now o'er plain and mountain peak
The well loved banner flies.
Loreto's standard bearers we
In girlhood's springtime gay
O may we e'er be loyal and true,
To the school friends of today.
And when we leave Loreto's care
And our varied paths divide
O may the ideals of our youth
Still ever be our guide:
High ideals of purity, of duty and of truth
Learnt while we bore Loreto's flag
In the sunny days of youth.

EDITORIAL BOARD
2025 - 2026

LITERARY CLUB MISTRESSES
MRS. A. FRANCIS MS. M. KHAN

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
AKSHAYNIE MISHRA YASHIKA AMARNANI

HEAD OF TECH AND DESIGN
DIVA SINGH ANVESHA SRIVASTAVA

EDITORS
AADYA KALRA DANIYAH A. QIDWAI SIMRA WAHID RIDDHI SHARMA

FRONT COVER DESIGN
NANDINI KUMAR

AGNES' WRAPPED DESIGN
BIDISHA BANERJEE

PHOTOGRAPHY CREDITS
MISS R.GHOSH EBA FATIMA INSHA KALI MAHESHWARI

INDEX

Community Leader's Address 01.
A Message from the School Principal
Club Mistresses' Address
Editorial Board's Address

The Legacy of St. Agnes' Loreto 02.
The IBVM and CJ Merger
St. Agnes' Wrapped

Staff Photograph 03.
Student Council Photographs
School's Club Photographs
Class Photographs

Club Appraisals 04.
Teachers' Articles
Alumni Articles
Student Articles and Poems

Stills 05.
Strokes
Media Recommendations
Off the Spine

COMMUNITY LEADER'S ADDRESS



Sr. Amia Tete

Dear Students, Parents, Teachers and Well-wishers,

It gives me immense pride and privilege to congratulate all our students and teachers for the academic year 2025-2026. This year is a reflection of a journey filled with excellence, effort, and enthusiasm. Our students have once again upheld our tradition of academic rigor; from classroom achievements to board results, their discipline and curiosity have set new benchmarks. I commend our teachers for nurturing critical thinking and our parents for being steadfast partners in learning.

Education here extends far beyond textbooks. Throughout this past year, we have seen our children shine in sports, arts, debates, science fairs, MUN, and community service. These activity-based experiences build character, teamwork, and leadership skills—qualities that matter as much as marks. Each event, big or small, added color and confidence to their school life. What makes me proudest is the overall growth I've witnessed: students who support each other, teachers who go the extra mile, and a culture where values meet achievement. For us, success is measured not merely by toppers on a list, but by every child who discovered a new talent, overcame a challenge, or learned to give back. Each one of you contributed to the vibrant spirit of our school this year—in the classrooms, on stage, on the field, and beyond.

To our teachers and parents: thank you for being the steady hands behind every success story. Your guidance turns potential into performance, proving that true excellence is a blend of both marks and character. I am deeply grateful for your invaluable role in this journey.

I also wish to thank the Editorial Team and student contributors for capturing our spirit so beautifully in these pages. As a school family, let us carry this momentum forward and keep striving for excellence in all we do.

With pride and best wishes,
Sr. Amia Anita Tete,
Community Leader,
Loreto Convent Lucknow.

PRINCIPAL'S ADDRESS



Ms. D. Bunny

"Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire."— William Butler Yeats

The pursuit of knowledge is not a passive act; it is a continuous engagement with the world around us. It calls upon us to question, to reflect, and to grow beyond the boundaries of prescribed learning. True education extends far beyond the classroom, shaping intellect, character, perspective, and purpose. It is through this process that young minds are nurtured into thoughtful individuals, capable of contributing meaningfully to society.

At St. Agnes' Loreto Day School, we have always believed that learning must be dynamic and deeply personal. **The Blue Athenaeum** stands as a testament to this belief. It is comprehensive expression of the voice of St. Agnes' many students, past and present.

This magazine serves as a platform where expression is encouraged and individuality is celebrated. It is here that students learn the value of articulating their thoughts with clarity and conviction, while also developing an appreciation for the voices of others. In doing so, they cultivate not only skill, but sensitivity and awareness— qualities that are essential in an ever-evolving world.

As you turn these pages, I invite you to engage with the work presented here with an open mind and a discerning eye. May it inspire dialogue and encourage each reader to think more deeply about the world they inhabit.

Mrs. Debra Bunny,
Principal,
St. Agnes' Loreto Day School

Club Mistresses' ADDRESS

It gives me great pleasure to present this year's edition of The Blue Athenaeum 2025-2026. This magazine is not merely a compilation of articles, poems, and stories; it is a true reflection of the creativity, imagination, and thoughtful expression of our students.

The Literary Club strives to cultivate a deep appreciation for language and literature. We encourage our students to explore ideas, reflect on their experiences, and express themselves with clarity and confidence. It is truly inspiring to witness young minds transforming their thoughts and emotions into meaningful pieces of writing. Each page of this magazine speaks of dedication, originality, and effort. From imaginative stories to heartfelt poems and insightful articles, every contribution showcases the literary talent present in our school. The enthusiasm and sincerity with which students have participated deserve special appreciation.

I would like to extend my heartfelt gratitude to all the contributors, the editorial team for their careful compilation, and my fellow teachers for their constant support and guidance. Their collective effort has made this publication possible.

May this magazine inspire all readers to continue reading, thinking, and writing with passion. Let it remain a platform where creativity blossoms and ideas find a voice.

Wishing everyone an enriching and enjoyable reading experience.

Ms. A. Francis
Mistress of the Literary Club

In the ever-unfolding journey of a scholastic year, time seldom pauses to acknowledge the quiet triumphs, silent perseverance, and countless moments that shape who we become. An academic year is not merely a sequence of examinations, activities, and achievements; it is a tapestry woven with aspirations, resilience, creativity, and growth.

The Annual School Magazine stands as a testament to this journey. It captures not only milestones and accolades but also the spirit that defines our institution. Within these pages reside the voices of young thinkers, dreamers, artists, and writers—each expression a reflection of courage, imagination, and authenticity. It is here that thoughts find form, ideas find wings, and individuality finds affirmation.

For decades, St. Agnes' Loreto Day School has nurtured not only academic excellence but also intellectual curiosity and creative exploration. The Literary Club, along with the many vibrant forums of the school, has continually encouraged students to move beyond apprehension and embrace articulation as a means of empowerment. This magazine is therefore not merely a compilation of writings; it is a chronicle of a year well-lived and a celebration of a community that believes in holistic growth.

In an era increasingly governed by immediacy and distraction, the written word remains a powerful anchor. It demands reflection, cultivates clarity, and preserves memories that might otherwise fade into anonymity. This volume, therefore, serves as both record and reminder—of the laughter shared, the challenges overcome, the lessons learned, and the bonds strengthened.

May this Annual Edition inspire pride in our collective journey and ignite within every reader the desire to create, to reflect, and to contribute meaningfully to the world beyond these walls.

For as Helen Keller so profoundly observed,
"Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much."

Ms. M. Khan
Mistress of the Literary Club

EDITORIAL BOARD'S ADDRESS

Vincent Van Gogh once wrote, "It is good to love many things, for therein lies the true strength, and whosoever loves much performs much, and can accomplish much, and what is done in love is well done," and it is with that same spirit of love and dedication that the Blue Athenaeum's Second Edition has been created.

What began as an ambitious pitch, has now grown into a tradition carried forward by new hands and new hearts. With every edition, this magazine becomes more than a collection of words; it becomes a reflection of the voices that echo through the corridors of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School.

The Blue Athenaeum continues to stand as a testament to the school's meticulous cultivation of the spirit of expression. Each piece within these pages is a window into a different world, shaped by the thoughts and emotions of students who dare to write, to question, and to dream. Like constellations scattered across the night sky, every contribution shines in its own light, yet together they form something far more meaningful.

This edition, too, has been a journey marked by dedication and collaboration. We extend our heartfelt gratitude to our respected Principal, Ms. D. Bunny, for her unwavering encouragement and for believing in the vision of this magazine. We are deeply thankful to the Club Mistresses of the Literary Club, Ms. A. Francis and Ms. M. Khan, whose guidance and support have helped shape these pages with patience and care. Their faith in young voices has made this endeavour possible.

Literature has always possessed the quiet power to bring people together, much like the love Van Gogh spoke of: when we love many things — stories, ideas, voices, and perspectives — we grow stronger in understanding and richer in imagination. A poem may speak differently to each reader, a story may unfold in countless interpretations, yet somewhere within those differences lies a shared understanding. It is this shared understanding, born from a shared love for expression, that binds us and allows us to turn the pages.

As you step into this second edition of the Blue Athenaeum, we hope you feel the love that has shaped every page. It is in the spirit of this love, we found the strength to create something meaningful together. May these pages remind you of the beauty of expression and the enduring spirit of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School.

EDITORIAL BOARD



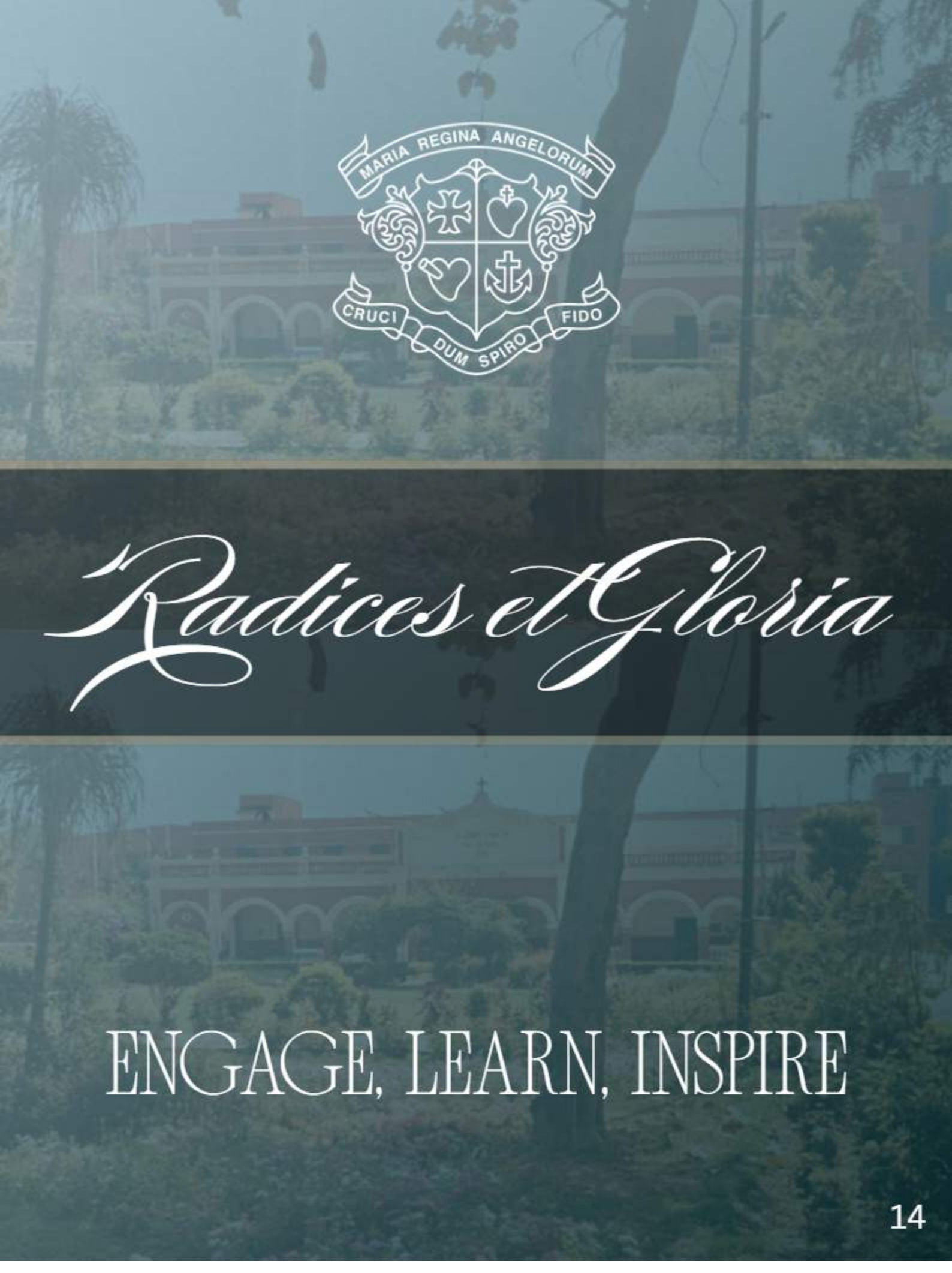


First row (from left to right) :
Ms. A. Francis (Mistress of Literary Club), Ms. D. Bunny (Principal), and
Ms. M. Khan (Mistress of Literary Club)

Second row (from left to right) :
Nehal Vishwas (President of Literary Club), Akshaynie Mishra (Joint Secretary of Literary Club), and Aadya Kalra (Joint Secretary of Literary Club)

Third row (from left to right) :
Yashika Amarnani, Ridhhi Sharma, Sanchi Saluja, Prisha Kriplani, Arpita Blotra, Zainab Shah, Simra Wahid, Daniyah Amir Qidwai, and Anvesha Srivastava

Fourth row (from left to right) :
Diva Singh, Amina Fatima Ansari, Shrishti Jain, and Khizra Ahmad


MARIA REGINA ANGELORUM
CRUCI
DUM SPIRO
FIDO
Radices et Gloria
ENGAGE, LEARN, INSPIRE

The Legacy of Agnes'

St. Agnes' Loreto Day School traces its roots to the Loreto Convent, Darjeeling, founded in 1846. In 1872, six nuns led by Mother Joseph Hogan journeyed by bullock cart to Lucknow to begin Loreto's mission in the city. Recognising the need to educate the less affluent Anglo-Indian community, Sr. Claire Miller founded the school, naming it after St. Agnes. It was blessed on 3rd October 1904 and formally opened the next day in a rented building on Barrow Road.



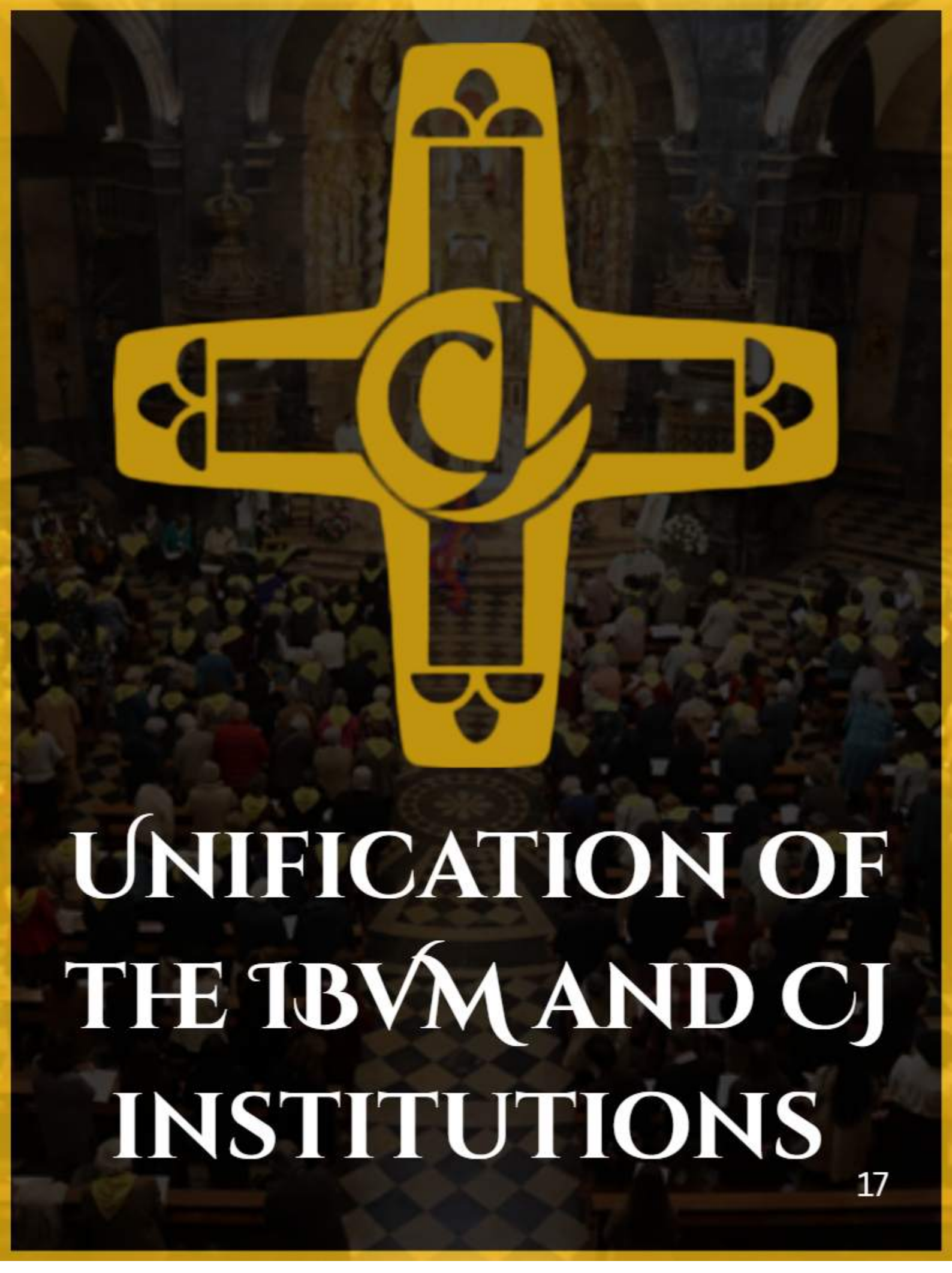
The present school building, designed by architect Labanti, was blessed in 1913. The school grew steadily, becoming a High School in 1954, and is now affiliated to ICSE and ISC under the management of the Loreto Sisters. With over a hundred years of service, St. Agnes' continues the educational vision inspired by Mary Ward, Foundress of the Loreto Order.



Over the decades, St. Agnes' Loreto Day School has nurtured generations of young women, instilling in them academic excellence, discipline, compassion, and a strong sense of social responsibility. Rooted in the values of the Loreto tradition, the school has consistently worked towards holistic education, empowering students to become confident leaders and conscientious citizens. Its rich legacy is reflected not only in its achievements but in the countless lives shaped within its classrooms.



Alongside St. Agnes', Pushpa Vidyalaya stands as another significant educational initiative of the Loreto Sisters in Lucknow, dedicated especially to serving children from economically weaker sections of society. With a focus on inclusive education, moral development, and practical learning, Pushpa Vidyalaya continues the Loreto mission of reaching out to the marginalized and providing opportunities for a brighter future. Together, both institutions embody a century-old commitment to education rooted in faith, service, and social justice.



UNIFICATION OF THE IBVM AND CJ INSTITUTIONS

“Women in time to come will do much.” – Mary Ward

In 2025, the global Mary Ward family celebrates a truly historic milestone — the coming together of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (IBVM), known to many as the Loreto Sisters, and the Congregation of Jesus (CJ). After more than four centuries of walking parallel paths, these two congregations, founded in the spirit of Mary Ward, are reuniting as one.

The decision to unite stems from a shared desire to bring Mary Ward’s original dream to fulfilment — to become one Institute, companions of Jesus, working together for God’s greater glory. Following years of discernment and prayer, both congregations voted in 2022 to merge officially. On 4 November 2025, the merger was completed, and all IBVM sisters became members of the Congregation of Jesus. While the name IBVM ceases to exist officially, the spirit and mission of the Loreto Sisters continues to shine. Loreto schools and ministries around the world will retain their names, traditions, and commitment to empowering young minds and hearts.

This union signifies much more than administrative change — it is a spiritual homecoming. It marks the fulfilment of Mary Ward’s vision: one family, one mission, one faith-filled journey of love and service.





A BRIEF HISTORY

The Congregatio Jesu was founded by Mary Ward in 1610 at Saint-Omer, guided by the Constitutions of St. Ignatius. Her vision — that women could serve the Church as active apostles — was revolutionary. Though her Institute flourished, it was suppressed in 1631 by Pope Urban VIII. Mary Ward accepted the decision in obedience but never abandoned hope that her work would live on.

Her companions quietly carried her mission forward. By 1680, new houses were founded with episcopal approval, and in 1703 Pope Clement XI recognized the Eighty-one Rules, preserving the Institute's Ignatian spirit. In 1821, Teresa Ball established the Irish branch, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (IBVM), after formation in York. From Rathfarnham, it spread swiftly — to India in 1841, then Mauritius, Canada, Australia, and beyond — marked by a strong missionary zeal.

Though the Congregatio Jesu and IBVM developed separately, they remained bound by Mary Ward's vision. In 2019, both congregations discerned a shared calling to reunite. Amid the challenges of the pandemic, members connected through prayer, reflection, and virtual gatherings, deepening their bonds and continuing the centuries-long journey toward unity.

As the Loreto and CJ Sisters unite, their shared legacy continues to inspire thousands of students, educators, and well-wishers worldwide to live out the values of freedom, sincerity, and justice — the hallmarks of a true Mary Ward education.





Agnes' Wrapped



DAY 1

AD ASTRA

Marking not just the celebration of boundless talent but the potential lying within the soul of every student, Day 1 of of Ad Astra, the Inter-School event organised by St. Agnes' Loreto Day School, held on the 1st of August, was nothing less than a spectacle.

The meet was declared open by the Chief Guest, Ms. Abha Anant.

Boulevard organised by the Literary Club saw the portrayal of the emotions and creativity, whether through poetry, illustration, speaking or dramatics.

Quiz De Saveurs by the Home Science club compelled the students to bring to light their sagacity related to cooking and food.







DAY 1

AD ASTRA

Beyond the Meme by the Photography Club challenged the skills of the participants by forcing them to be on their feet throughout.

Innoverse by the Science Club tested the knowledge of every participant questioning their keen interest in science beyond textbooks.

From the eloquence of debate, drama and poetry in Boulevard, to the creative flair of meme-making in Ciné Luminance, the day unfolded as a seamless display of skill and imagination.

The First day was not just about a series of competitions rather about unleashing what lies within each juvenile soul.







AD ASTRA

DAY 2







Beyond the Meme by the Photography Club challenged the skills of the participants by forcing them to be on their feet throughout.

Innoverse by the Science Club tested the knowledge of every participant questioning their keen interest in science beyond textbooks.

From the eloquence of debate, drama and poetry in Boulevard, to the creative flair of meme-making in Ciné Luminance, the day unfolded as a seamless display of skill and imagination.

The First day was not just about a series of competitions rather about unleashing what lies within each juvenile soul.

AD ASTRA

DAY 2

Beyond the Meme by the Photography Club challenged the skills of the participants by forcing them to be on their feet throughout.

Innoverse by the Science Club tested the knowledge of every participant questioning their keen interest in science beyond textbooks.

From the eloquence of debate, drama and poetry in Boulevard, to the creative flair of meme-making in Ciné Luminance, the day unfolded as a seamless display of skill and imagination.





SAMUN '25

Marking its fifth year, St. Agnes' Model United Nations (SAMUN) returned to an offline format with renewed energy and purpose. With over 200 delegates from top schools like La Martiniere, Loreto Convent, Cathedral School, and others, SAMUN 2025 stood as a powerful platform for youth-led diplomacy and global dialogue.

The conference opened with an inspiring address by Ms. Yukta Meena, IFS officer and alumnus of St. Agnes', and heartfelt video messages from Sister Janet Palafox (UN-NGO representative) and Ms. Itisha Jain, IPS officer. Their words encouraged students to engage with courage and conviction. The presence of Sister Amia and the Principal of Loreto Convent added further grace to the occasion.





A diverse array of committees—from the UNGA and UNSC to the Bretton Woods Conference and Indian Lok Sabha—challenged delegates to think deeply and act diplomatically. The Joint Crisis Committee simulated parallel Indian and Pakistani Cabinets, pushing participants to respond swiftly to unfolding scenarios. Meanwhile, the International Press Corps brought the event to life with creativity and insight.

With strong mentorship from the Executive Board, delegates sharpened their public speaking, negotiation, and leadership skills. True to its mission, SAMUN continued to promote gender equality and leadership among young women.

Beyond the debates, SAMUN fostered lasting connections and mutual respect, proving once again why it remains a beacon of excellence in youth diplomacy.







I HAVE *a dream...*

St. Agnes' Loreto Day School hosted its Annual Concert on 21 and 22 November, presenting a heartfelt production titled I Have a Dream. The first evening was graced by Ms. Akshita Mishra, Civil Judge, Agra, while Ms. Aashrita Dass, Principal, La Martiniere Girls' College, Lucknow, presided over the second, adding charm and distinction to the event. The concert celebrated creativity, expression, and the enthusiasm of young performers.

The programme featured expressive acting, graceful dances, and a well-harmonised choir, all blended into a touching story centred on love, friendship, and the bond between a mother and daughter. Set against a Greek backdrop, the costumes, lighting, and stage design added richness and depth to the performance.

Both evenings concluded with warm applause as parents and guests appreciated the students' poise, effort, and talent. The Annual Concert I Have a Dream left a lasting impression, reflecting the school's dedication to developing creativity, empathy, and meaningful storytelling.



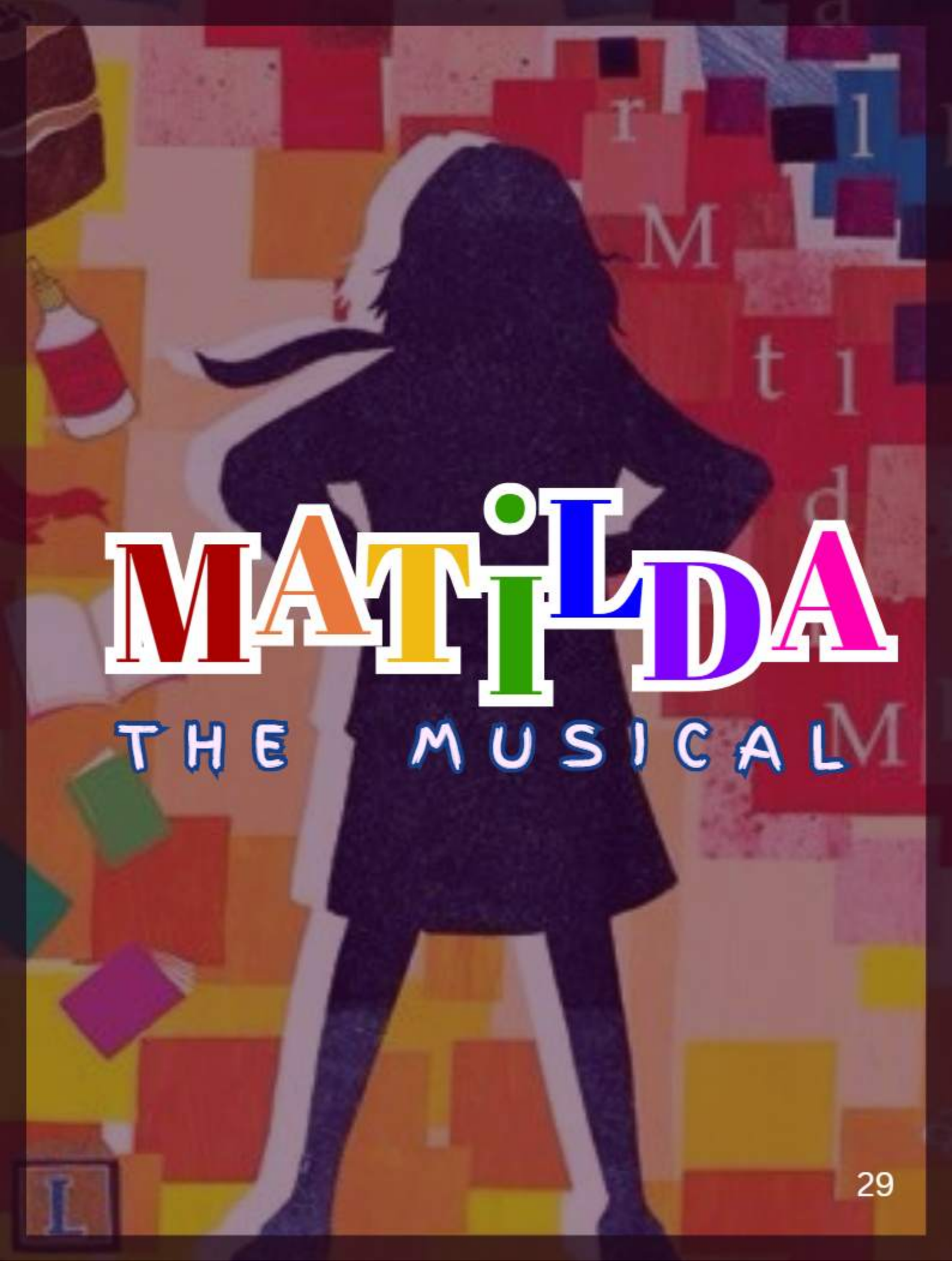








I HAVE
a dream...


MATILDA
THE MUSICAL

JUNIOR SCHOOL ANNUAL CONCERT



"A child's performance is a little piece of courage wrapped in joy."

Brimming with enthusiasm and boundless energy, the little bright sparks of Classes Prep to V at St. Agnes' Loreto Day School, Lucknow, presented their annual concert, Matilda – A Musical, on 5th and 6th December 2025. Dr. Mala Mehra, Principal & Director, Hoerner College, graced the occasion as the Chief Guest on the first evening, while the second evening witnessed the proud school welcoming its alumna, Mrs. Madhulika Agarwal, Head Kunskapsskolan, as the Chief Guest.

The show left the audience astounded with a spellbinding confluence of mellifluous music, ebullient dances, and an enchanting display of young performers sharing one platform. The stage, transformed into a magical world woven with threads of wonder, courage, and a sprinkle of mischief, shimmered with colour, imagination, and the vivacious spirit of the little ones. The children stepped confidently into the shoes of Roald Dahl's beloved characters and brought Matilda's universe to life—a place where books are magical friends and saviours, truth always triumphs, and even the smallest child can change the world with determination and a brave heart. The sets glowed with storybook charm, the choreography sparkled with joyful rhythm, and the performances stood out for their innocence, humour, and heartfelt emotion. It was an evening that felt almost enchanted—a celebration not just of talent, but of teamwork, creativity, and the magic that unfolds when children are encouraged to dream big. Each performance was deeply lauded by the esteemed Chief Guests, who marvelled at and congratulated the school for envisioning and presenting a visual treat of such calibre.

The Principal, Mrs. Debra Bunny, expressed her heartfelt gratitude and appreciation, acknowledging the painstaking efforts of the students and staff members who contributed to making the musical a colossal success. She also extended her sincere thanks to the dignitaries and parents for their time, support, and encouragement.

"When you read, you grow in ways no one can see—but everyone can feel."














MATILDA



Earth Day

The Green Day celebrations on 22nd April, 2025 in the junior section of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School Lucknow reflected the earnest resolve of the young promising, conscientious Agnesians to revive the glory of this planet, our common home. An impressive collaborative effort by the students of classes pre nursery, nursery, I and III was witnessed when seeds were sown by one group and watered by the other. Preparing pretty gardens in egg cartons by the students of class II and putting cute clay caterpillars there by the students of class prep inspired all with their message of benevolence and to always do things with great love. The students of classes IV and V made a wheel of promise and artistic patterns showcasing their tenacious spirit. They vowed to be unrelenting climate crusaders ensuring a safer, prosperous world for all.

"We are on Earth to take care of life. We are on Earth to take care of each other."
— **Xiye Bastida**









Labour Day





Our school celebrated Labour Day on 1st May, with a vibrant and heartfelt program in honour of our support staff. The program comprised a meaningful skit that depicted the hard work of workers, and a melodious group song performed by the school choir, dedicated to their tireless efforts. It was followed by a special prayer, asking for blessings for all workers and reminding everyone of the value of dignity in labour.

To add to the festivities, various games were organized for the support staff. Students cheered enthusiastically, and winners were awarded prizes.





CHILDREN'S DAY

The Junior School celebrated Children's Day with great joy and enthusiasm on 14th November. The day began with a special prayer, thanking God for the gift of childhood and seeking blessings for all the children. This was followed by a short and lively programme organized especially for the students by their teachers. The highlight of the celebration was a medley of songs presented by the teachers, which filled the hall with cheer and laughter. This was followed by a humorous and heartwarming skit, leaving the children delighted and in fits of laughter.

The celebration concluded with a vibrant dance performance by the teachers, which had the young audience clapping and cheering with excitement.

The entire programme reflected the love, warmth, and affection the teachers have for their students. It was indeed a memorable day, filled with smiles, laughter, and happiness, making every child feel truly special.









ANNUAL SCHOOL FETE

St. Agnes' Loreto Day School organised a lively and colourful School Fete on 13th December, which was enjoyed by students, parents, teachers, and guests alike. The school campus was beautifully decorated, creating a festive and joyful atmosphere. The purpose of the fete was to generate funds to support the school's twin school, Pushpa Vidyalaya.





The fete provided an excellent opportunity for social interaction and strengthened the bond between the school and the parent community. Overall, the School Fete was a grand success and left behind cherished memories of joy, laughter, and togetherness. The event truly reflected the spirit of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School and the values of unity and celebration.

The fete featured a variety of stalls offering games, delicious food, and exciting activities. Students enthusiastically participated in managing stalls and helping visitors, showcasing teamwork and responsibility. Popular attractions included fun games, refreshments, and entertainment that kept everyone engaged throughout the day. The energetic dance floor for students and the fun-filled jumpies for the little ones added great excitement to the day.



INDEPENDENCE DAY

St. Agnes' Loreto Day School commemorated the 79th Independence Day on 15th August with great pride and patriotic spirit. The celebration began with an impressive march past by the school houses, reflecting discipline, unity, and coordination.

This year, the occasion was made especially meaningful by the presence of Mr. Babu, the school's senior-most support staff member, who was honoured as the chief guest. His dedicated service of 28 years was warmly acknowledged by both staff and students.

A highlight of the programme was a powerful drama performance by the talented students of Class 10, portraying significant moments from India's freedom struggle. Their stirring enactment paid tribute to the courage and sacrifices of our national heroes.









REPUBLIC DAY

Our school celebrated Republic Day on the 23rd of January with great enthusiasm and patriotic fervour. The programme commenced with the hoisting of the national flag, followed by the singing of the National Anthem. This was succeeded by a vibrant march past led by the school's NCC cadets and senior students, which beautifully showcased discipline, unity, and national pride.

The highlight of the celebration was a thought-provoking street play presented by the students of Class 10B, portraying the significance and values enshrined in the Indian Constitution. Patriotic songs and hymns further enriched the festive atmosphere and instilled a deep sense of pride among the audience.

The Principal of the school, Miss Bunny, delivered an inspiring address, emphasizing the importance of Republic Day and the spirit of unity in diversity. The celebration concluded on a high note, leaving everyone filled with pride, patriotism, and renewed respect for the nation.









Teachers' Day

The Students of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School celebrated Teachers' Day with heartfelt warmth and enthusiasm through a series of well-planned activities that paid tribute to their mentors. This year, the celebration embraced the meaningful theme "The Teacher is a Weaver", recognising educators as the patient and skilled hands that weave threads of knowledge, values, and inspiration into the fabric of each student's life.

The day beautifully highlighted the appreciation and respect students hold for their teachers.

A specially prepared entertainment programme featured a delightful mix of enactments, dance performances, and musical tributes, all showcasing the students' talents and heartfelt gratitude. A touching video presentation compiled by the students captured memories, messages, and moments that deeply moved the teachers.







SILVER JUBILEE









St. Agnes' Loreto Day School celebrated the Silver Jubilee of two of its most cherished teachers, honouring twenty-five years of devoted service, inspiration, and excellence in education. The occasion reflected the deep gratitude and admiration of the school community for their enduring contribution.

The celebration began with a prayer service, invoking blessings and giving thanks for the remarkable journey of these educators. A lively dance performance followed, bringing joy and energy to the occasion. A touching video presentation then took the audience down memory lane, highlighting their early years, memorable moments with students, and lasting impact on the school's growth. Tributes from fellow teachers added a personal touch, as colleagues expressed appreciation for their dedication, wisdom, and compassion. The honourees were then felicitated with tokens of appreciation in recognition of their service.

The event concluded with reflections from the two teachers, who expressed heartfelt gratitude for the love and support they received. The Principal's address gracefully summed up the celebration, acknowledging their invaluable role in shaping generations of students.

The Silver Jubilee stood as a tribute to passion and perseverance in teaching, reminding all that great educators leave a lasting imprint not only in classrooms, but in the hearts of those they inspire.

Investiture CEREMONY

The air crackled with pride this morning, at the Investiture Ceremony of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School. Attended by Sister Amia, Sister Superior Loreto Lucknow, Sister Balika, Miss Bunny, Principal of the school, House and Club Masters and Mistresses and students of classes 11 and 12, it was marked by the presence of the parents of the student council for the very first time.

The ceremony commenced with the solemn lighting of the lamp followed by the parents reciting verses from the Holy Scriptures. The Student Council received their medals and badges from the Principal and the school monogram from their parents.

The Principal in her address emphasised on the importance of service rather than authority and the event closed with the singing of the Loreto Chorus and the students carrying their candles. It was a day of celebration of potential, responsibility and collaboration. The newly elected Council is all set to embark on their voyage of leadership, ready to make a meaningful and significant change.









SCHOOL PICNIC

The students of Classes 6, 7, 8, 9, and 11 of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School went for a school picnic to UP Darshan Park on 28th November. The trip began with excitement as students explored the beautifully designed exhibits that highlighted the cultural and historical heritage of Uttar Pradesh.

Throughout the visit, students found the experience educative and informative. They learned about famous monuments, traditional crafts, and important events of the state, while teachers helped them connect what they saw with their classroom lessons.

Along with learning, the picnic was filled with fun and enjoyment. Students played games, shared snacks, and spent quality time with friends in the pleasant atmosphere of the park. The day ended with happy memories and new knowledge for everyone.









The students of Classes 10 and 12 of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School enjoyed a memorable excursion to Sisendi Farmhouse, a peaceful retreat surrounded by three lakes. With its rich flora and fauna, kitchen gardens, and the calm presence of ducks and fish, the farmhouse offered a refreshing escape into nature and the perfect setting for a day of learning and fun.

The trip began with team-building activities such as Tug of War (bus-wise) and Dance Inside the Rope, followed by a relaxing nature walk. Students also enjoyed refreshments and a delightful duck and swan sighting by the water.

The adventure continued with ladder climbing and crossing the rope bridge, activities many students took up with enthusiasm. Before heading back, the group spent time shopping for souvenirs to remember the day. The excursion offered recreation, strengthened friendships, and created lasting memories for all.









Nativity PLAY







The school community came together on 19th December to prayerfully celebrate the Advent Mass and Nativity Play, marking the joyful preparation for the birth of Jesus Christ. The solemn Mass highlighted the true meaning of Advent—a time of hope, reflection, and spiritual preparation. The lighting of the Advent candles symbolised hope, peace, joy, and love, guiding everyone towards the coming of Christ.

The liturgy was meaningful and reverent, with students actively participating through hymns, readings, and prayers. This was followed by a beautifully presented Nativity Play, which brought alive the humble birth of Jesus in Bethlehem. The young performers conveyed the message of love, obedience, and simplicity with confidence and devotion, touching the hearts of all present.

Adding to the joy of the day, students of all classes participated in Christmas class parties, where they brought eatables and joyfully shared them with one another. This simple act beautifully reflected the spirit of sharing, togetherness, and friendship, reinforcing the true essence of Christmas.

The celebration concluded with a message encouraging everyone to practise kindness, generosity, and gratitude in their daily lives. The Advent Mass, Nativity, and class celebrations together made the day a meaningful and joyful experience, strengthening faith and fostering unity within the school community.



Farewell



Bollywood Ladies





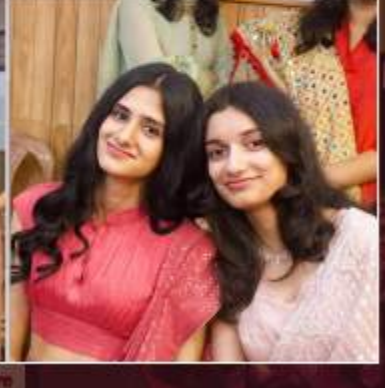

The Farewell Programme for the outgoing Class XII batch of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School was held on 16th December, 2025 in a warm and joyful atmosphere. The event was organised to celebrate the students' journey and wish them success in their future endeavours.

The programme featured a graceful enactment, a lively dance performance, and a melodious medley that added colour and emotion to the occasion. A beautiful video presentation took the students down memory lane, reminding everyone of the cherished moments shared over the years.

Souvenirs were distributed to the outgoing students as tokens of love and remembrance, followed by heartfelt wishes and words of encouragement from the teachers. The programme concluded with refreshments, giving everyone an opportunity to interact and relive fond memories.

The farewell was a memorable occasion, filled with joy, nostalgia, and warm wishes for the Class XII batch.



HOUSE COMPETITIONS

House of Peace

CLASSES 6-8

Origami Showdown

CLASSES 9-10

Photo Scavenger Hunt

CLASSES 11-12

The Auction War

House of Peace hosted a myriad of competitions for the senior and middle school pupils on the 6th of May to exemplify their skills and instill a spirit of camaraderie within them. 'Origami Showdown' was organized for the students of classes 6 to 8 allowing them to showcase their creativity with colored paper, urging them to think laterally. 'Photo Scavenger Hunt' gave scope to youthful minds of classes 9 and 10 to present their aesthetics and views in the form of digital photographs, fostering creativity and original thinking. 'The Auction War' was hosted for the pupils of classes 11 and 12 which required strategic bidding and strong intuition, instilling qualities of decision-making and logical thinking.





"Embrasser la diversité, favoriser la paix"

House of Hope

CLASSES 6-8

Escape Room: Mission Azadi

CLASSES 9-10

Chitra Kavya: Paint the Poem

CLASSES 11-12

Voices of India: Speak Up!

The House of Hope at St. Agnes' Loreto Day School successfully organized a series of inter-house competitions, designed to encourage creativity, teamwork, and social awareness among students.Students of Classes 6 to 8 took part in an exciting Escape Room Challenge, where teams worked together to solve puzzles and unlock clues within a time limit. The event promoted critical thinking and collaboration in a fun, engaging way.For Classes 9 and 10, the event Chitra Kavya provided a creative platform where students expressed poetic thoughts through illustrations. The fusion of art and literature showcased their imagination and ability to convey deep emotions visually and verbally.Classes 11 and 12 presented impactful dramatic representations focused on social evils such as molestation, dowry, infanticide, and trafficking. The performances were powerful and thought-provoking, raising important questions and spreading awareness among the audience.





CLASSES 6-8

Painted Persona

CLASSES 9-10

Symphony in Sync

CLASSES 11TH-12

Cover Chronicles

House of Joy hosted a vibrant array of competitions for the middle and senior school students on the 26th of July, aiming to awaken their creative energies and nurture a spirit of joyful collaboration.

The Painted Persona was held for the students of classes 6 to 8, encouraging young artists to bring fictional characters to life through intricate face painting, all while staying true to the given theme. For students of classes 9 and 10, Symphony in Sync provided a musical platform where teams performed live, blending vocals and instruments to create harmonies that resonated with emotion and discipline. The Cover Chronicles engaged the minds of students from classes 11 and 12, challenging them to reinterpret and redesign book covers digitally, inspiring originality, visual sensitivity, and deeper literary engagement.





House of Charity

CLASSES 6-8
Spell Quest
CLASSES 9-10
Rangoli Rangmanch
CLASSES 11-12
Brand Revamp: Diwali Edition

House of Charity organized an inspiring series of inter-house competitions on 26th July for the middle and senior school students, fostering compassion, creativity, and collaborative spirit across all grades. The events were thoughtfully curated to encourage participation, originality, and meaningful expression.

For students of Classes 6 to 8, Spell Quest was conducted, transforming language into an exciting challenge of intellect and agility. Participants showcased impressive vocabulary, pronunciation, and confidence, making the competition both engaging and enriching. The young learners demonstrated that words, when mastered, become powerful tools of expression.Students of Classes 9 and 10 participated in Rangoli Rangmanch, a vibrant celebration of culture and artistic harmony. Blending the traditional art of rangoli with expressive stage presentations, the event reflected creativity rooted in heritage. Teams collaborated beautifully, combining colours, coordination, and performance to convey thoughtful themes with elegance.

For the senior-most students of Classes 11 and 12, Brand Revamp: Diwali Edition provided a dynamic platform to explore innovation and marketing acumen. Participants reimagined well-known brands with a festive twist, integrating aesthetics with strategy.





INTER-HOUSE MATCHES

BASKET BALL

SENIOR CHAMPIONS

House of Hope

JUNIOR CHAMPIONS

House of Joy







KHO KHO

SENIOR CHAMPIONS

House of Charity

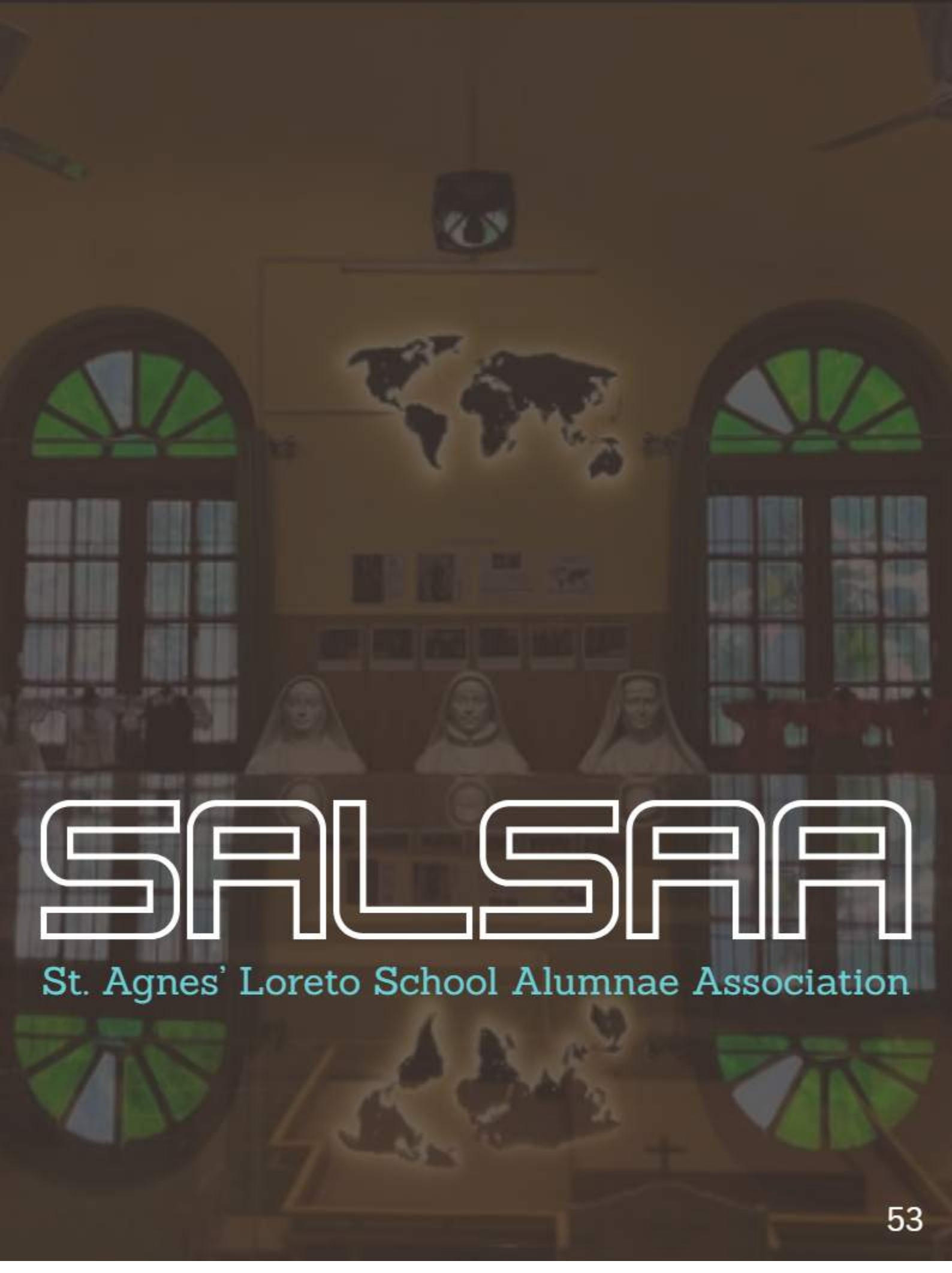
JUNIOR CHAMPIONS

House of Joy








SALSAA
St. Agnes' Loreto School Alumnae Association

Dandiya NIGHTS



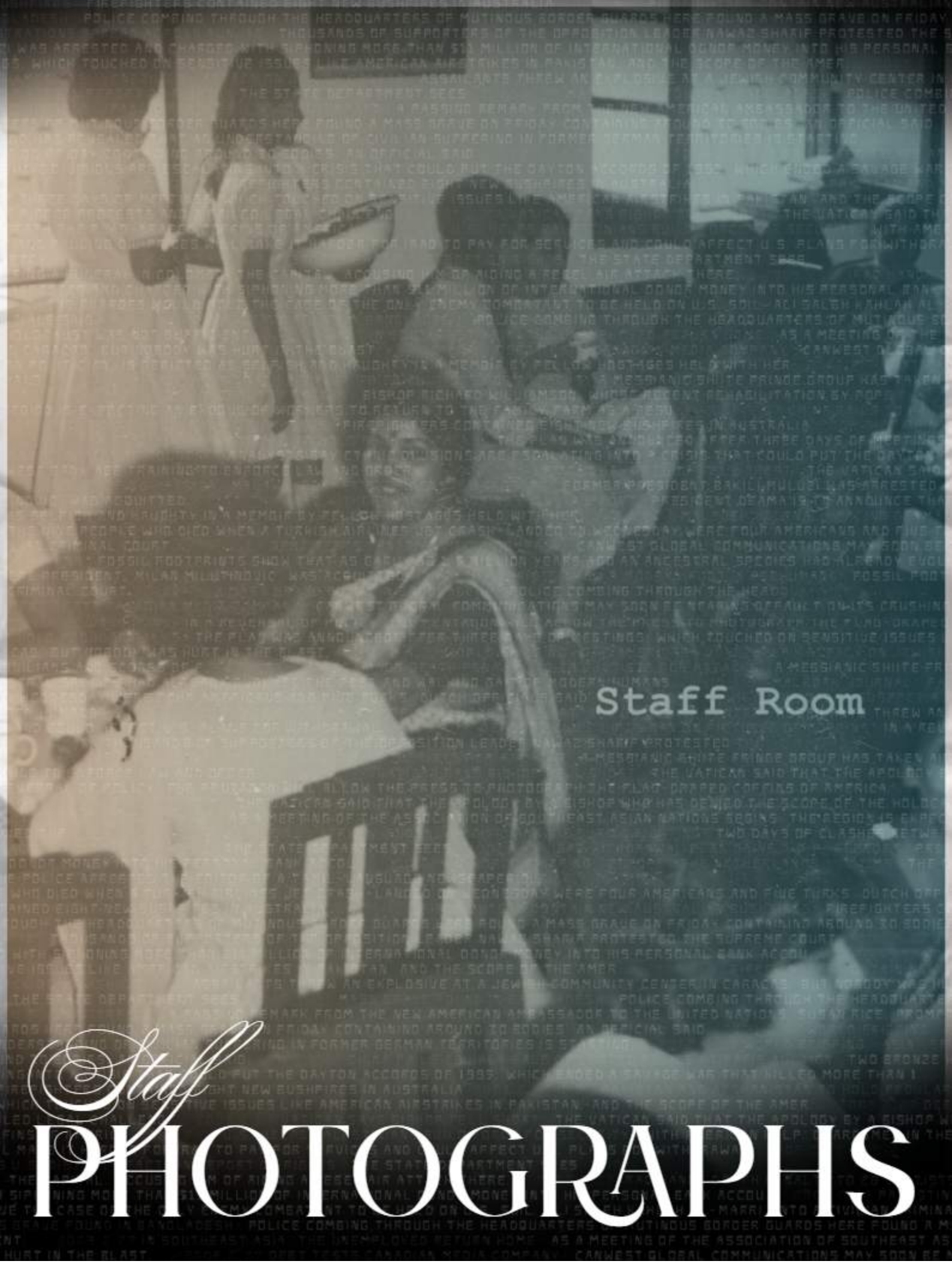




The St. Agnes' Loreto Alumnae Association hosted a vibrant Dandiya Night on 4th October, 2025 at St. Agnes' Loreto Day School. The event brought together alumnae, students, teachers, parents, and guests for an evening of music, dance, and festive cheer.

The school grounds came alive with colourful décor and lights, setting the stage for energetic Dandiya performances. Dressed in traditional attire, attendees enthusiastically danced to lively beats, adding to the cultural spirit of the evening.

The highlight of the night was the Lucky Draw, which created much excitement with attractive prizes and cheerful winners. Food stalls offering festive treats and informal photo sessions added to the enjoyment. Dandiya Night 2025 was a heartwarming celebration of tradition and community. The evening concluded on a joyful note, fostering a spirit of togetherness.



Staff PHOTOGRAPHS



First row: (from left to right)- Ms. M.Jain, Ms. M.Lobo, Ms. L.Dutta, Ms. D.Benedict (Coordinator of the middle school), Ms. N.Gupta (coordinator of the senior school),Ms. D.Bunny (Principal), Sr. Balika, Ms. K.Dubey, Ms. S.Dash (coordinator of the junior school), Ms. J.Mishra, Mr. R.Cherubin.

Second Row: (from left to right)- Ms. A.Mehrotra, Ms. I.Waseem, Ms. J.Mishra, Ms .G.Taylor, Ms. G.Srivastava, Ms. J.Malviya, Ms. R.Blyth, Ms. Saxena, Ms. R.Alang, Ms. V.Albert, Ms. S.Srivastava.

Third row: (from left to right)- Ms. S.Wesley, Ms. S.Agarwal, Ms. A.Francis, Ms. M.Khan, Ms. D.Gunjan, Ms. R.Pandey, Ms. H.Parashar, Ms. P.Mishra, Ms. S.Singh, Ms. F.Healy, Ms. M.Singh, Ms. D.Srivastava.

Fourth Row: (from left to right)- Ms. Alexander, Ms. S.Gulati, Ms. P.Srivastava, Ms. K.Wasif, Ms. S.Abdullah, Ms. S.Gupta, Ms. M.Khatri, Ms. S.Tirkey, Ms. V.Jaiswal, Ms. P.Shukla.

Fifth Row: (from left to right)- Ms. N.Chaudhary,Ms. R.Jauhar, Ms. Nandkeolyar, Ms. A.Kaur, Ms. M.Kaur, Ms. M.Joshi, Ms. A.Lall, Ms. S.Herman, Ms. A.Srivastava.

Sixth Row: (from left to right)- Mr. A.Pandey, Mr. Joshua, Mr. S.Deen, Mr. A.Sharma, Mr. A.Khan, Mr. Bhargava.


STUDENT
2025 - 2026
COUNCIL

School COUNCIL



First Row (from left to right): Mr. S. Deen (Head of Music), Ms. K. Wasif (Mistress of The House of Joy), Ms. A. Srivastava (Mistress of The House of Joy), Ms. M. Khan (Mistress of The House of Peace), Mr. R. Cherubin (Head of Sports), Ms. B. Singh (Head of Sports), Ms. S. Herman (Mistress of The House of Charity), Ms. M. Kaur (Mistress of The House of Charity), Ms. S. Singh (Mistress of The House of Hope), and Sr. Balika (Mistress of The House of Hope)

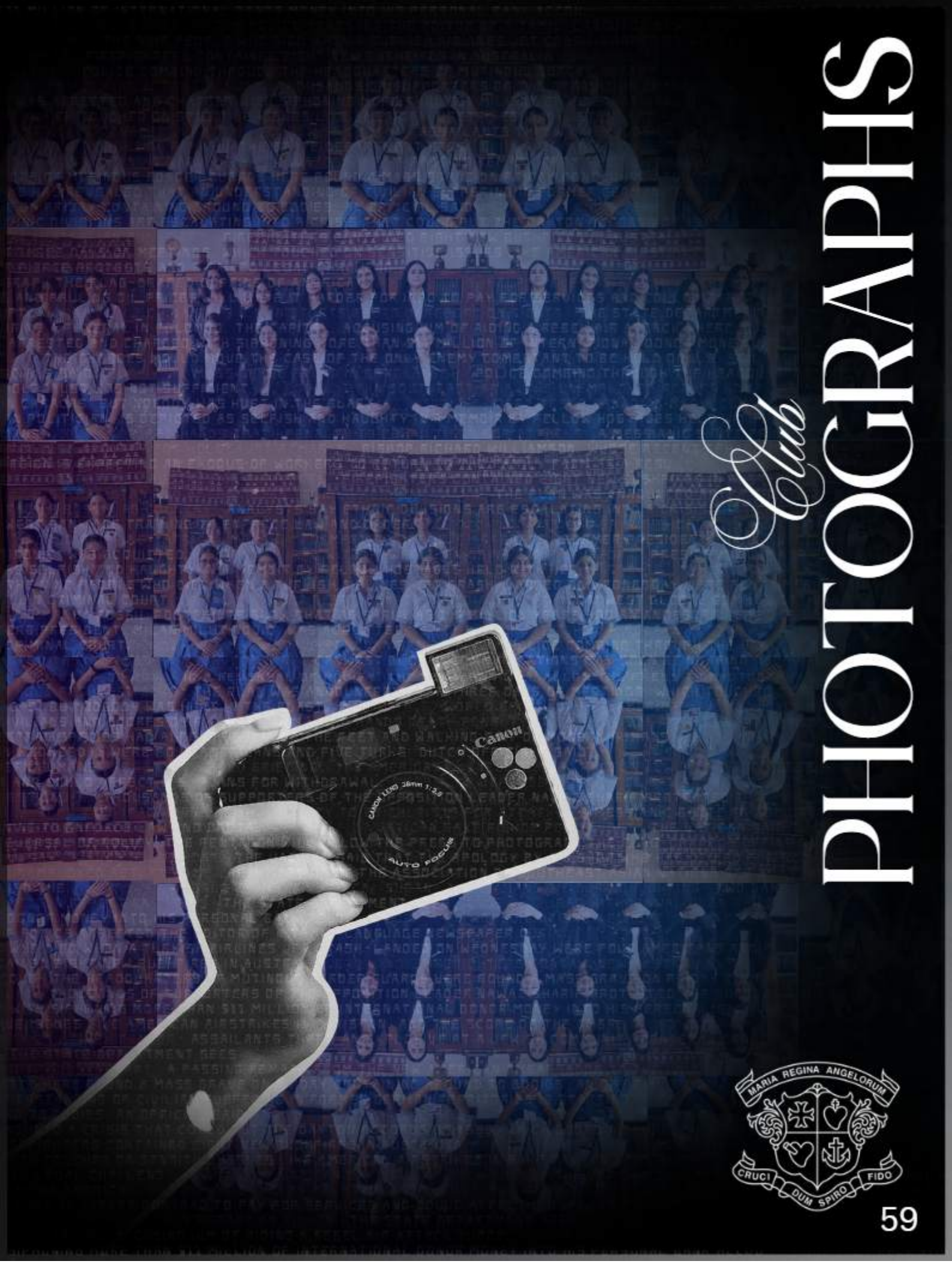
Second Row (from left to right): Akshaynie Mishra (Vice Captain of The House of Joy), Samridhi Gupta (Captain of The House of Joy), Aishani Upadhayay (Vice Captain of The House of Peace), Tashvi Rastogi (Captain of The House of Peace), Aiza Imran (Games Vice Captain), Samriddhi Srivastava (Games Captain), Devishi Verma (Head Girl), Aadya Kalra (Vice Head Girl), Japneet Kaur (Captain of The House of Charity), Agam Kaur (Vice Captain of The House of Charity), Arpita Blotra (Captain of The House of Hope), and Yashika Amarnani (Vice Captain of The House of Hope)

Third Row (from left to right): Paavni Rastogi (Class Prefect IX-C), Prishaa Tuli (Class Prefect Nursery A), Shanvi Srivastava (Class Prefect Pre-Nursery B), Sonakshi Dey (Class Prefect Pre-Nursery A), Tarampreet Kaur (Class Prefect III-B), Daniyah Amir Qidwai (Late Comers' Prefect), Kaushiki Gupta (Bell Ringer), Siddhiksha Kaushik (Class Prefect X-C), Anvesha Srivastava (Class Prefect IX-A), Aliza Ali Zaheer (Class Prefect Nursery B), and Madiha Hashmi (Class Prefect IX-B)

Fourth Row (from left to right): Shubhra Prajapati (Class Prefect X-B), Avni Pandey (Class Prefect VI-A), Zona Shakeel (Class Prefect IV-B), Shruti Khatri (Class Prefect III-A), Madhavi Srivastava (Class Prefect Prep B), Arradhya Gupta (Class Prefect VIII-B), Mannat Kalsi (Class Prefect II-A), Ananya Sharma (Class Prefect V-B), Simra Wahid (Class Prefect IV-A), and Swadha Agnihotri (Class Prefect I-B)

Fifth Row (from left to right): Prabhati Pandey (Class Prefect X-A), Diva Singh (Class Prefect VII-B), Shreya Shubhashish (Class Prefect Prep A), Anvesha Gupta (Class Prefect VII-A), Kali Maheshwari (Class Prefect VII-A), Kavya Mishra (Late Comers' Prefect), Lavanya Kochar (Class Prefect I-A), Mayurika Gupta (Class Prefect II-B), and Mishika Dhillon (Class Prefect VIII-C).

Club PHOTOGRAPHS



MARIA REGINA ANGELORUM
CRUCI DUM SPIRO FIDO



ART CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Mistress Mrs. P. Shrivastava and Principal Miss D. Bunny

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Sanvi Singh (President), Sarah Fatima Mirza (Vice President),
Hiba Zehra Mirza (Joint Secretary), and Paavni Rastogi (Joint Secretary)



ATHLETIC CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Anvesha Gupta (Treasurer), Aiza Imran (Games Vice Captain), and Poorva Goyal (Treasurer)

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Mistress Ms. B. Singh, Principal Miss D. Bunny, and Club Master Mr. R. Cherubin

THIRD ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Samriddhi Srivastava (Games Captain & President), Devishi Verma (Vice President), Tashvi Rastogi (Joint Secretary), and Shubhra Prajapati (Joint Secretary)



DANCETA CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Mistress Mrs. R. Alang and Principal Miss D. Bunny

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Saumya Singh (President), Punya Malik (Vice President),
Prishaa Tuli (Joint Secretary), and Amoli Kachar (Joint Secretary).



HOME SCIENCE CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Mistress Mrs I. Waseem and Principal Miss D. Bunny

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Keshvi Gupta (Joint Secretary), Harleen Kaur Dua (Vice President), and Mishika Dhillon (Joint Secretary)



IPIC

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Mistress Ms. A. Srivastava, Club Mistress Ms. F. Healy,
Club Mistress Ms. S. Srivastava, Principal Miss D. Bunny, Club Mistress Ms. M. Joshi,
and Club Mistress Ms. S. Abdullah.

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Japneet Kaur (President), Madiha Hashmi (Vice President), and
Panchhi Singh (Joint Secretary).



LITERARY CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Mistress Ms. A. Francis, Principal Miss D. Bunny, and Club Mistress Ms. M. Khan

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Nehal Vishwas (President), Akshaynie Mishra (Joint Secretary), and
Aadya Kalra (Joint Secretary)



MUN CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Master Mr. A. Sharma, Club Mistress Ms. S. Gupta, Principal Miss D. Bunny, and Club Mistress Ms. P. Shukla

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Japneet Kaur (President), Priyani Saxena (Secretary), and Vanshika Agarwal (Head of research and analysis)



SAMUN SECRETARIAT

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Japneet Kaur -Secretary - General,Faculty Advisor -Mr. A. Sharma, Principal - Miss D. Bunny,Faculty Advisor Ms. P. Shukla, Faculty Advisor Ms. S. Gupta and Director General- Priyani Saxena.

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

USG for Design and Media - Nandini Kumar and Kali Maheshwari, USG for Administration- Aadya Kalra, Deputy Secretary- General- Nehal Vishwas, USG for Public Relations - Aishani Upadhyay, USG for Foreign Relations- Agam Kaur, USG for Logistics- Batul Rizvi and Harleen Kaur.



SAMUN ORGANISING COMMITTEE

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Faculty Adviser Sir A. Sharma, Faculty Adviser Mrs. P. Shukla, Principal Miss D. Bunny, and Faculty Adviser Ms. S. Gupta

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Deputy Secretary General Nehal Vishwas, Secretary General Japneet Kaur, Director General Priyani Saxena

THIRD ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Aiza Imran, Insha, Kali Maheshwari, Aadya Kalra, Aishani Upadhayay, and Nandini Kumar

FOURTH ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Dhriti,Hiba Zehra Mirza, Arunika , Vanshika Agarwal, Iesha Shrivastava, and Pranaya Agarwal

FOURTH ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Gauranvi Jaiswal, Shrishti Jain, Agam Kaur, Harleen Kaur Dua, Batul Rizvi, and Advaita Shukla



SAMUN COMMITTEE INCHARGES

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Faculty Adviser Sir A. Sharma, Faculty Adviser Mrs. P. Shukla, Principal Miss D. Bunny, and Faculty Adviser Ms. S. Gupta

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Deputy Secretary General Nehal Vishwas, Secretary General Japneet Kaur, Director General Priyani Saxena

THIRD ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Paavni Rastogi, Taranpreet Kaur, Rifat Salam,Sheenika Vishwas, Kuhu Saran, Siddhiksha Kaushik, and Stuti George

FOURTH ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :
Avantika Trivedi, Zona Shakeel, Devishi Verma, Akshaynie Mishra, Amina Fatima Ansari, Chhavi Mahajan, and Daniyah Amir Qidwai



MUSIC CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Mistress Mrs . K. Dubey, Principal Miss D. Bunny, and Club Master Mr. S. Deen

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Zainab Asghar (President), Avni Pandey (Vice President),
Sneha Khanna (Joint Secretary), and Sarah Joshi (Joint Secretary)



PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Master Sir A. Khan and Principal Miss D. Bunny

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Insha (President), Kali Maheshwari(Vice President),
Nandini Kumar (Joint Secretary), and Anya Rastogi(Joint Secretary)



SCIENCE CLUB

FRONT ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Club Mistress Ms. A. Kaur, Club Mistress Ms. L. Dutta, Principal Miss D. Bunny, Club Mistress Mrs. V. Jaiswal and Club Mistress Ms. M. Kaur.

SECOND ROW {FROM LEFT TO RIGHT} :

Snigdha Pandey (President), Saumishthaa Rawat (Vice President), Ayesha Abdullah (Joint Secretary), and Gareema Saxena (Joint Secretary)



Class PHOTOGRAPHS



PRE-NURSERY A

Ms. S. Wesley



PRE-NURSERY B

Ms. S. Wesley



NURSERY-A

Ms. S. Gulati



NURSERY B

Ms. S. Gulati



PREP-A

Ms. V. Albert



PREP-B

Ms. S. Tirkey



I-A

Ms. S. Agarwal



I-B

Ms. M. Lobo



II-A

Ms. F. Healy



II-B

Ms. A. Mehrotra



III-A

Ms. D. Gunjan



III-B

Ms. M.Joshi



IV-A

Ms. G Srivastava



IV-B

Ms. R. Johar



V-A

Ms. M. Khatri



V-B

Ms. S. Nandkeolyar



VI-A

Ms. D. Srivastava



VI-B

Ms. A. Srivastava



VII–A

Ms. A. Lall



VII–B

Ms. S. Singh



VIII-A

Ms. A. Kaur



VIII-B

Ms. K. Wasif



VIII-C

Ms. P. Mishra



IX-A

Ms. M. Khan



IX-B

Ms. S. Abdullah



IX-C

Ms. M. Kaur



X-A

Ms. S. Gupta



X-B

Ms. J. Mishra



X-C

Ms. J. Waseem



XI-A

Ms. A. Francis



XI-B

Mr. A. Khan



XI-C

Ms. S. Srivastava



XII-A

Ms. P. Shukla



XII-B

Mr. A. Sharma



XII-C

Ms. V Jayaswal



BATCH OF 2025-2026


Club
APPRAISALS

Art Club

Throughout the academic session, the Art club maintained a consistent creative presence, enhancing the visual environment of school events. The club worked towards visual coordination, skill development and creative intellect. One of the major responsibilities undertaken by the club was school decor. The members were actively involved in planning and executing the decoration for a range of occasions such as interschool events, SAMUN and Annual Concert. Through boards, invites, installations and props, the work reflected attention to visual appeal and understanding of aesthetic harmony.

Furthermore, the club participated and conducted art based competitions based on couture, art installations and theatre masks providing the students the space to display their creative ability and refine their skills further. The students affirmed the school's presence by their achievements in competitions like Ad Astra and Constantia. Alongside that the club activities encouraged working with diverse material and methods fostering each student's individual creativity and teamwork. This included zines, bottle painting, mix media collages etc. Throughout the year, the club has curated spaces where colour didn't function as an ornament but as structure and character leading each display to a purposeful visual structure.

ATHLETICS CLUB

The Athletics Club has performed well during the academic year under the continued guidance of Sir Cherubin and Ms. B. Singh. The focal event for the year was Tournoi De Basket , an inter-school basketball tournament that was full of great spirit, guts and camaraderie. The contest was held on the 10th and 11th of October. In the contest, a fierce tussle for the top position was observed between five teams. The teams were La Martiniere Girls' College, Mount Carmel, City Montessori Station, St. Dominic Savio College and the host team St. Agnes' Loreto Day School. The closing ceremony was a jubilant occasion as the winners were crowned the champions, La Martiniere Girls' College.

In addition, The club has conducted several inter-house events where representatives of all four houses played basketball, football, athletics, kho-kho and throwball to earn points for their respective houses. The Athletics Club also organizes a series of Saturday events: chess, cricket, basketball, football, carrom, badminton and table tennis. Through these initiatives, the club emphasizes the importance of sports in nurturing discipline, leadership, teamwork, and resilience, thereby fulfilling its core objective of developing students who are both physically fit and mentally agile.

Danceta CLUB

The Dance Club of St. Agnes School remained vibrant and active throughout the academic year, participating in various celebrations, performances, and competitions. At the Ad Astra event of Danceta Club, students presented *Danse Fusion Rythmic*, a celebration of Western freestyle dance, and *Folk-O-Fiesta*, which showcased the vibrant spirit of Indian folk dance. The club also performed during the Silver Jubilee celebrations of Mrs. Waseem and Mrs. Malhotra, as well as at Mrs. Banerjee's farewell, adding grace and energy to these special occasions.

Students of the Dance Club were trained in multiple dance styles such as hip-hop, freestyle, and classical dance. They learned and performed choreographies on popular songs like *"Like Jennie"* and *"Aa Raat Bhar"*, which helped enhance their technique, rhythm, and stage presence.

In addition to school events, the Dance Club actively participated in three major inter-school competitions. At *Ad Astra*, hosted by St. Agnes School, the team secured *Second Position in the Western Dance category. They also represented the school at Constantia*, the largest inter-school cultural event in the state, in the Indo-Western category, earning appreciation for their creativity and coordination. Lastly, the students performed confidently at *Angelorum*, hosted by Loreto Convent School, gaining valuable exposure and experience.

Overall, these activities enriched the students' artistic growth, fostered teamwork, and brought pride to St. Agnes School through their enthusiastic and commendable performances.

Home Science Club

"Cooking is an art, and every plate is a canvas. Use your creativity and let your flavors paint a masterpiece." ~ Curtis Stone

Presided over by Mrs. Waseem, the Home Science Club aims at empowering the members with practical skills that are not only useful in their daily lives but also contribute to their personal development. Our club is a vibrant hub of creativity, learning and teamwork. The students are encouraged to experiment with fusion cuisines to showcase their creativity. During the year we prepared dishes like Manchurian, Cheese balls, etc. and drinks like Aam panna.

In our inter school event Ad Astra'25 , the Home Science Club conducted a cooking competition Bon Appètit which challenged the participants to showcase their culinary skills , innovation and presentation. We had some of the renowned chefs of the city as the judges. Our club members actively take part in inter school events like Constantia every year and come back with flying colours.

Our club is a community of students passionate about exploring and expanding their knowledge through a diverse range of activities and projects. It's a place where students come together to venture, experiment, and grow. In the month of December our girls also visited Dominos' kitchen as a club activity. We learned many new things and overall it was a terrific experience for all of us.

Home Science Club is a fantabulous journey filled with new ideas and discoveries and every step of this journey teaches us something new. Indeed, it is a trail of tastes.



JPIC

Justice, Peace and Integrity of all Creations (JPIC) remains a core part of the values imbibed within St. Agnes' Loreto Day School, guiding students towards becoming compassionate and conscientious individuals who recognise their duty to uphold harmony within society and the environment. Rooted in this vision and in accordance with the current JPIC goal, 'Good Health and Well-Being', activities this year were directed towards nurturing holistic development with emphasis on emotional resilience, physical vitality and mindful living, ensuring that students cultivate habits that promote wellness both at a personal and an environmental level.

In observance of Earth Day, a series of experiential activities, including tree plantation, clay moulding and bird-home crafting, were organised for the students of the junior school. The middle school conducted a special assembly to emphasize environmental stewardship and the urgency of sustainable action.

Throughout the year, a comprehensive series of class-wise initiatives was undertaken to advance the JPIC goal of promoting holistic well-being and responsibility. These activities were thoughtfully designed to engage students in meaningful action across multiple dimensions of physical, mental, social and environmental development. A Cleanliness Drive was conducted to instill the habits of hygiene and respect for shared communal spaces. A Friendship Day band-making activity nurtured positive relationships among peers. Digital Detox sessions conducted by specialists gave students the technical know-how to be able to disengage from excessive screen time, allowing balanced interaction with the world around them. Positive Self-Talk workshops were conducted to promote emotional resilience and self-confidence amongst students and teachers, likewise, under the umbrella of emotional well-being.

The JPIC Club shall continue to direct its efforts towards engaging all students in meaningful and dynamic activities that simultaneously promote its overarching goals, aiming to instill in all the students values that shall help them become conscientious humans who care for themselves and their communities as well as other species and the environment alike.

Literary 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 burgeoned 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 Poetry Writing inculcates the very essence of mastering the art of weaving a tapestry of literary works. Under the guidance and mentorship of the Club Mistresses, Ms. A. Francis and Ms. M. Khan, the club has reached higher elevations of triumph and ascendancy.

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.

On the 1st of August, 2025 as a crucial part of the school's annual Inter-School event, Ad Astra, the club hosted Boulevard, perpetuating the cosmic legacy of the school for over three decades in literary fests. With the largest number of events organised by a club composed of Dramatics Personae, Mock Trial, Extempore, Alchemy of Poetry, Comic Strip and Debate, it witnessed the participation of the most prominent schools of the city.

Comprising an Editorial Board with the most ingenious and creative members, the club brings out the Summer and Christmas (Winter) edition of its newsletter. The Club lucratively released its summer edition, Summer Reverie, and as a part of its many endeavours brought out yet another edition of the School Magazine, The Blue Athenaeum (2025–2026).

"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.

MUN CLUB

Embodying the true spirit and timeless wisdom of Sir Winston Churchill, 'Courage is what it takes to stand up and speak; courage is also what it takes to sit down and listen.', the St. Agnes' Model United Nations Society has diligently endeavoured to equip its members with both the confidence and the intellectual acumen required to excel in the realm of public speaking and diplomatic discourse. To this end, the Society has served as an incubator of thought and expression, offering students a space where they learn the art of diplomacy and global consciousness. Through its commitment to fostering well-informed and reflective delegates, the Society has empowered individuals to analyse complex national and international issues with utmost precision.

Throughout the academic year, internal sessions conducted by the Faculty Advisors and the Club Council of the Society have aimed to strengthen the foundation of all the members. These dynamic sessions include the introduction to the mandate of various bodies of the United Nations, in-depth explanation of the Rules of Procedure (ROPs), crisis-committee simulations, round-robin sessions, conventional and non-conventional committee simulations and discussions on current global and national affairs. The delegates also participated in six reputed conferences across the city, earning themselves numerous accolades across a diverse spectrum of committees.

The year reached its pinnacle with the Society's successful organisation of the first ever offline edition of St. Agnes' Model United Nations (SAMUN). Held on the 23rd and 24th of August 2025, the conference, hosted in collaboration with the St. Agnes' Loreto School Alumnae Association, welcomed distinguished schools and an accomplished Executive Board, fostering rigorous debate across eleven committees.

The Society continues to uphold the unflinching spirit of the conference motto, '***Audere est Facere***' – To Dare is To Do, thereby committing itself to providing the youth, whether students of the school or delegates participating in SAMUN, with a robust platform to dare to dream, speak and lead with conviction.

The Music Club has witnessed a melodious and enriching year, resonating with rhythm, harmony and passion. Each session commences with attendance, followed by the harmonious division of members into three vibrant ensembles which are the drummers, guitarists and keyboardists. Under the nurturing guidance of the club mentors, Sir Dean and Mrs. Dubey, students immerse themselves in the intricate art of music-making, dedicating hours to perfecting the instruments they chose at the year's outset. By the culmination of the session, every member emerges with the ability to play at least one instrument. This is a testament to the club's core vision of musical growth and artistic expression. The club stands as a sanctuary of creativity, a space where rhythm meets soul and where teamwork, patience and confidence bloom in perfect synchrony. As Victor Hugo once said, "Music expresses that which cannot be put into words and that which cannot remain silent." True to this sentiment, the Music Club has given every student a voice that transcends words.One of the most memorable highlights of the year was the grand interschool musical extravaganza, BEATS, hosted by our very own members. The event became a celebration of talent and passion, where our band's electrifying performance earned resounding applause for its coordination, rhythm and captivating stage presence.

The year has indeed been a symphony of dedication and joy. A crescendo of learning, laughter and togetherness. As the final notes of this year's journey fade, the Music Club looks forward to composing many more harmonies of excellence and inspiration in the years to come.

Music Club

PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

"We take photos as a return ticket to a moment otherwise gone."
– Katie Thurmes

The Photography Club of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School provides students with a platform to develop their skills in photography, videography and visual documentation. Under the able guidance of the Club Master, Mr. A. H. Khan, the members are trained in basic photography techniques, filming and video editing, enabling them to contribute effectively to school activities and events.

Throughout the academic year, the members of the Photography Club actively covered almost all major events taking place in the school. From school functions and official ceremonies to important school activities, the club ensured comprehensive on-stage and off-stage coverage. In addition to photography and videography, the club played a significant role in managing the technical requirements of school events by preparing trailers, video presentations and other multimedia content. The members also assisted in capturing class photographs and council photographs, thereby maintaining the visual records of the academic session.

A major highlight of the year was the school's annual inter-school competition AD ASTRA, during which the Photography Club conducted two competitions. The Silent Silhouette, encouraged participants to explore creativity through the use of light and shadow, while Beyond the Meme required participants to create a short film based on a given meme title, testing originality, interpretation and presentation skills. The Photography Club secured the First Prize in Beyond the Meme at AD ASTRA.

In addition to its organisational responsibilities, the Photography Club actively covered AD ASTRA, SAMUN and various other school events, contributing through photographs, short films, trailers and video presentations.

Through discipline, teamwork and a keen sense of responsibility, the Photography Club has successfully documented the milestones of the school and continues to play an integral role in preserving its memories.

The Science Club of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School continued its legacy of nurturing scientific curiosity, creativity, and teamwork throughout the academic session 2025–26.

The year commenced with an Introductory Session on 5th April, 2025, welcoming new members into the club and introducing them to its objectives, structure, and the exciting activities planned for the year.
The club organized its first inter-group activity of the year — the Product Pitching activity on 12th April 2025. The activity encouraged students to think innovatively and scientifically as they developed and presented original, problem-solving product ideas.
The Science cub council for the year 2025-26 was elected on 3rdMay 2025. The newly elected council took charge with enthusiasm and responsibility, steering the club's activities for the session ahead.
On 17th May 2025, the Science Album Cover Contest invited students to combine music and scientific thought, designing visually striking covers inspired by scientific concepts.
Soon after, an exciting Science Treasure Hunt was organized on 18th July 2025, combining observation, reasoning, and teamwork in an adventurous quest across the school campus. The event received enthusiastic participation and became one of the most memorable activities of the year.
This year, the Science Club had the privilege of hosting SWIP as part of Ad Astra 2025 on 1st and 2nd August 2025. SWIP featured two major competitions — Clue Crusade, a fast-paced scientific treasure hunt, and Innoverse 2050, a competition, to design a futuristic science-newsletter. The event witnessed enthusiastic participation and remarkable performances by several schools. St. Agnes' Loreto Day School proudly secured the 1st position in Clue Crusade and the 2nd position in Innoverse 2050, showcasing both teamwork and scientific prowess.
As Albert Einstein once said, "The important thing is to never stop questioning. Curiosity has its own reason for existing." This very spirit of curiosity and inquiry continued to guide the club's endeavours throughout the year. To promote logical reasoning and problem-solving, the Science Sudoku Competition was held on 9th August 2025, engaging participants in a stimulating challenge of focus and analytical skill.
The club also continued its publishing excellence with the release of The STEM Times – Volume 3 on 6th September 2025and Volume 4 on _____. These editions featured insightful student articles, creative scientific reflections, and updates on the club's growing initiatives.
The session concluded with a Science Excursion on _____to____, offering students a chance to experience science beyond the classroom through real-world exposure and observation.
Overall, the year 2025–26 was one of innovation, achievement, and exploration. The Science Club continues to stand as a platform that inspires students to think beyond textbooks- to question, create, and contribute through the wonders of science

Science CLUB


A WORD
FROM OUR
MENTORS

BLACKBOARD ERA V/S SMARTBOARD ERA

Ms. S. Dash

School education has changed so much over the years that students of the past and present would struggle to recognize each other's classrooms. In the good old days, classrooms were ruled by the three Ks: Kadak teachers, Khadi uniforms, and Khaata or notebooks. Students sat in neat rows, terrified of being asked a question—yet equally terrified of not being asked, because teachers somehow knew exactly who hadn't studied. The blackboard was the star of the show, while teachers those Abhinav Bindras who could shoot a piece of chalk at students with such accuracy that even today's gamers would be impressed. Back in those days learning mostly meant memorizing pages by heart, even if one didn't understand a word. Asking questions was rare, because it could attract one of two things — more questions or a stern look from the teacher that could silence an entire class. Yet, despite the seriousness, students remember those days fondly, perhaps because nostalgia kindly erases the horror of surprise tests. Today's students, however, are part of a very different kind of school. Classrooms are wired with projectors, smartboards and Wi-Fi—sometimes smarter than the students themselves. Instead of rows of silent children, you'll find buzzing groups collaborating, debating and occasionally discussing the correct answer to a question that Google happily provides. Teachers have traded chalk missiles for laser pointers and now double up as counsellors, motivators and part-time entertainers, I'm sure my students would agree. Homework has evolved from carefully written essays to colourful presentations, videos and quizzes. And instead of dreading questions, students now ask them the slightest of their queries —often leaving teachers secretly Googling answers later. Times have changed my dear and we need to accept that. While the schools of yesteryears valued discipline, uniformity and fear of the class monitor, today's education celebrates creativity, curiosity and the belief that learning should actually be enjoyable. To sum up, the blackboard era and the smartboard era may be worlds apart, but each has shaped and continues to shape generations in its own unforgettable way

MATHEMATICS IN THE AGE OF ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

We are living in a world where technology has taken over everything and AI has become our companion. From voice assistants to apps that solve complex problems, AI has quietly and steadily become a part of our daily lives. With such a ubiquitous presence, do you think our classrooms would remain the same as before? No, not at all.

Mathematics, once predominantly a 'paper-pen' subject can now be taught through smart apps and chatbots that facilitate faster and easier learning. AI can help make the toughest topics interesting and interactive through visual graphs, virtual labs and smart apps. Difficult chapters like conics, calculus and geometry seem less frightening when illustrated in dynamic ways.

This brings us to an interesting question: If AI can calculate, simulate and explain maths, what is left for our students to learn and for teachers to teach?

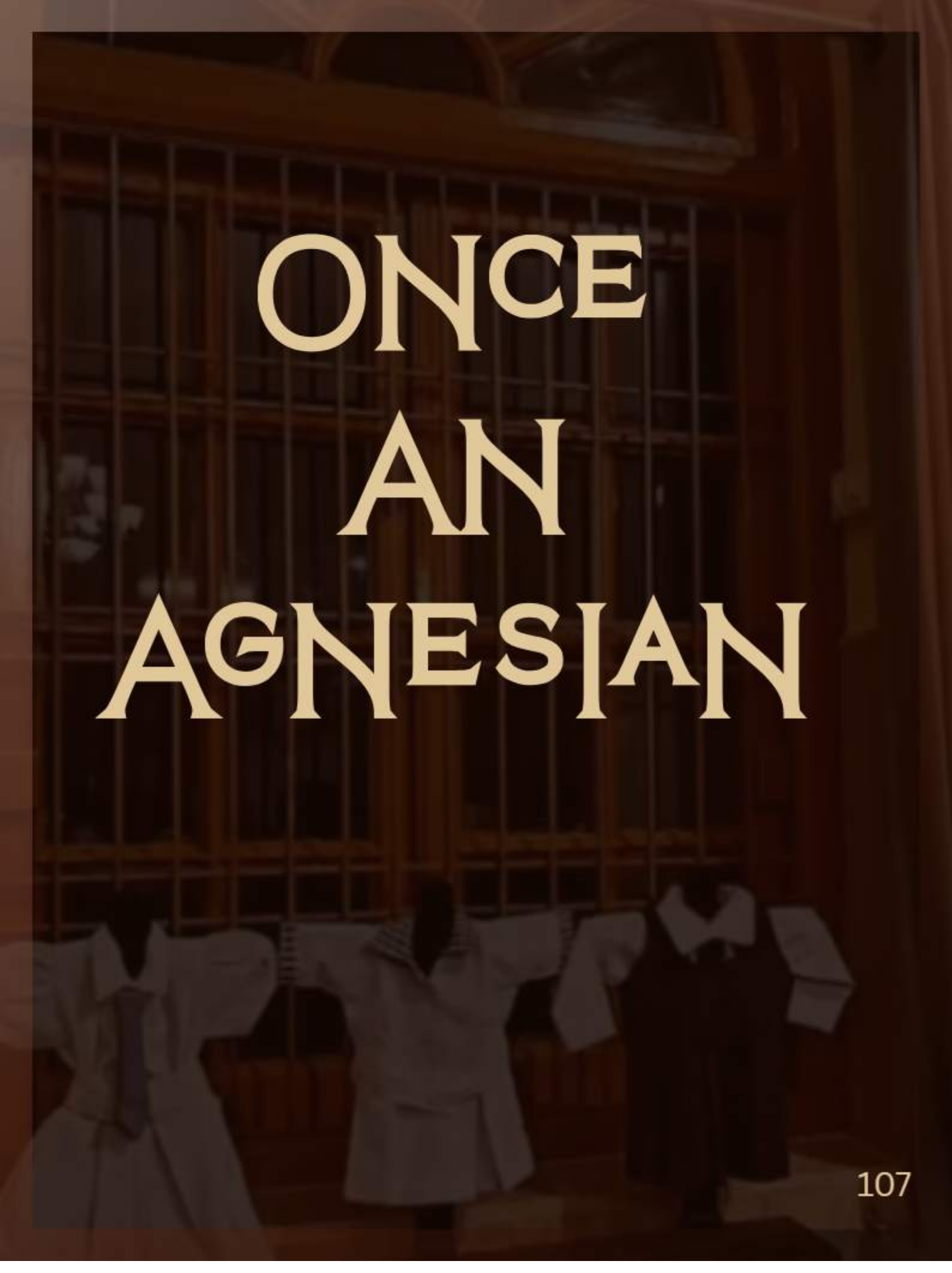
The answer is simple yet profound- Understanding

Mathematics is not about getting the right answers, but rather about knowing why it is right. No machine can ever replace the human brain; it's ability to think, understand, reason, question and create.

A machine can provide an answer to every question, but it cannot replace the joyful experience of 'thinking your way to the solution' or the pleasure of reaching the 'Eureka! Moment'. Mathematics is a powerful language of reasoning, discovering patterns and symmetry, breaking down a complex problem and finding logical pathways.

With the coming of AI, a unique opportunity has arisen for all teachers and students: to blend traditional teaching-learning with modern innovation. A black board paired with a digital graphing tool, mental maths drills coupled with virtual exploration, teachers' explanations supported by virtual simulation and pen-paper solutions made more interesting with virtual gaming. If incorporated wisely, AI can do wonders in making teaching learning effective, interactive and enriching.

In the age of AI, the essence of mathematics remains the same. The tools may change, but the purpose remains the same. The real power of mathematics lies in igniting curiosity. Students must use technology not to escape effort but to expand their understanding. After all, only the human brain has the capacity to think mathematically.


ONCE
AN
AGNESIAN

A Creature called Woman

Dearly beloved,

What does it mean to be a woman? That's a question for the generations. No matter which thread you probe, it'll tangle you, or it did me. For as long as I can remember, I've thought about it. People helped, as they often do with quips- sacrificing, accommodating, persevering and the lot. Yes, women are all these but aren't these qualities that supposedly extol women also weighing them down? If she can sacrifice, then how far does this philanthropy go? If she can accommodate, does it need to throttle her until there is no room left to accommodate? Yet, women persevere.

In so many forms, they persevere. A female pedler carrying the load of vegetables on her head, trying to earn a damdi, a mother packing lunch for her child despite the bruise on her hand, a female teacher noticing a student's face and recognizing some hidden anguish, a young girl at the threshold of something scintillating and the list goes on.

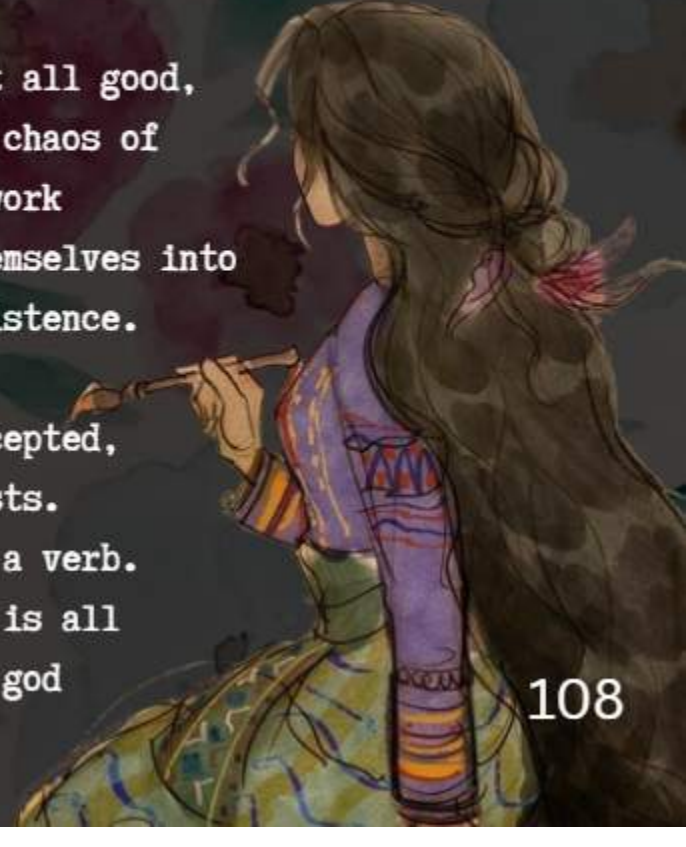
There are myriad shades of a woman; not all good, but all trying. Trying to exist in the chaos of centuries of non existence. Trying to work themselves into existence, to speak themselves into existence, to write themselves into existence.

Perhaps, trying is what a woman does.

Until it becomes easy, until she is accepted, until she is understood, until she exists.

Trying? That is a verb. So, a woman is a verb.

She is what she does. Alright! A woman is all she does, but for whom? For others? Or god forbid, for herself? Both.



Some of the strongest women we come across are empathetic. However, in serving others one must never forget service to oneself. Most women find this difficult, if not absurd. It's almost like they are on autopilot. Its only in the quiet moments, when they are by themselves that the heaviness of their dreams, abandoned or discarded, keeps them awake.

So, exactly what does it mean to be a woman? As much as I would love to answer that question and unveil the answer all matter-of-factly, I can't. But Maya Angelou comes pretty close when she says, "I am a woman, phenomenally. Phenomenal woman, that's me." You know what else Maya Angelou was? A highly educated woman, one of the first from her community, with about fifty- yes- fifty honourary degrees. It is Maya Angelou and women like her, revolutionary and mundane, that have lit the long boulevard to female emancipation.

As women of today, as students of a school that embodies women's legacy, it is a prerogative to carry on this odyssey by educating ourselves because we are privileged enough to attain it. Because there is a girl not very far from you, fanning the stove made of packed mud- smoke making her eyes tear- as she prepares food, dreaming of wearing a school uniform just like yours. So, please- read, write, learn and understand this big blue-green world and make it into a place for that peddler, that mother, that teacher, that girl and you.



Yours sincerely,
Maahim Fatima
(Batch of 2024-25)
Veteran Literary Club member

Christmas Ascendance



The fireplace lit the room ombre,
Warmer than the frigid celestial vault,
The bleak was now a fading sombre,
The Holy Night scintilled the nocturnal assault.

The desolate pines were now resplendent masterpieces,
Every mortal was now a carol fanatic,
The afflictions and griefs fell deceased,
The world was now a paradise ecstatic.

The mournful breeze smelled of gingerbread and truffles,
Tranquil chambers resonant with tidings,
Kindling joy with hugs and snuggles,
Barren streets echoing, merry and winding.

Gift the world your heart this Christmas,
Disencumbering the mind from temporal burdens,
Whirl in joyous abandon with euphoric bliss,
Bask in the ethereal charm of the season.

~ Divya Kriplani
(Batch of 2023 - 2024)

BECOMING

ZAINAB NASIR

In crowded halls and glowing screens.
We chase the ghosts of borrowed dreams.
The voices screech, "run, don't lose your place."
But no one teaches how to pace.

We measure worth in marks and praise.
In endless plans for future days.
And when we pause, the silence stings.
As if stillness makes us lesser beings.

Breathe, my friend, the race can wait.
Your life's not bound by time or fate.
You're learning still, and that's all right.
Some stars are meant to wait for night.

Maybe it's fear, or love, or doubt.
That makes you feel you're missing out.
But paths aren't meant to look the same.
Each spark is yet to find its gentle flame.

Take your time, the world's still wide.
You're not behind, you just reside.
in chapters yet to be unrolled.
Your story's yours, let it unfold.

You're not too late.
nor too slow.
You're simply Becoming.
So let it show.

Tempest-Tossed, Yet Voyaging Through

There is a moment in every life when familiarity loosens its grip. When the ripples of sand that once traced our sails begin to blur into a horizon of cerulean blue, and we realise we are no longer anchored to what we knew. Growth rarely announces itself loudly; it arrives quietly, disguised as restlessness, as longing, as a subtle pull away from safe shores.

We begin our journeys wrapped in memory. The landscapes of our past - classrooms, corridors, familiar voices; form tousled tapestries that comfort us even as we drift from them. Yet the sea, ever paradoxical, becomes both adversary and ally. It speaks in a strange jargon: in the roar of riptides and the surreptitious hush of silence. It seems to know us better than we know ourselves, addressing us like a clairvoyant who understands what we are not yet ready to admit.

There are days when even the sun feels uncertain like a mendicant to the clouds, seeking attention through a calamitous shroud. Doubt settles in. Fear brews in novel oceans we never planned to enter. The whispers of the sea grow eerie, coaxing us to flee, tempting us to retreat toward nostalgic shores that echo with comfort, even if that comfort is hollow.

And yet, we move forward.

Life is a rhythm of contrasts. From tempests that rattle the very bones of the craft to pacific days carried by tranquil drafts, we learn that stability is temporary but so is chaos. There are moments when the sails feel frail, torn open by thunderous failures or unexpected loss. Still, what defines us is not the damage we sustain, but the fact that we do not founder.

Each leak teaches us something essential. It stings, yes - saline alchemy has a way of transforming pain into awareness. Each oar remembers the misery it once paddled through, but it also remembers endurance. Progress is not graceful; it is repetitive, aching, and often unseen. But it is movement nonetheless.

We like to believe that life comes with a map; clear directions and milestones neatly marked. In truth, we are flesh-born vessels on a liquid vast, charting no fixed course. Each breath feels precarious, each decision weighted with consequence.

And still, we sail.

Because to live is to voyage. To be human is to continue despite uncertainty, despite fear, despite the storms that toss us off balance. The sea will never promise calm, but it will offer passage.

Tempest-tossed, yet voyaging through—this is not just a line, but a quiet truth. One we carry forward, sail by sail, breath by breath.



Anisha Singh
(Batch of 2024 - 2025)

DECEMBER IN THE CORRIDORS

A pale veil would unfurl across the school grounds every December morning, not quite snow, not quite mist, but something gentler, as though winter itself wished to tread softly where children still believed. The corridors gleamed faintly, washed in silvered light, and the air carried a hush that felt reverent. Each breath altered by the cold, each heartbeat quicker not from haste, but from anticipation. Christmas had arrived, quietly, the way all meaningful things do.

In those days, joy did not announce itself loudly. It waited in decorated notice boards, in chalk dust scented faintly with pine, in the glow of paper stars taped to classroom windows. We stepped into rooms warmed not by heaters, but by presences that knew our names.

Our teachers stood there like keepers of a sacred flame. They were the true hearths of that season. While scarves were wrapped tighter and hands tucked into pockets, it was their voices that steadied us against winter's bite. They taught us lessons, yes but more often, they taught us how to be held by time. They sculpted us patiently, chiselling away doubt, smoothing rough edges with repetition and faith. Time was their accomplice, and we were their unfinished marble.

They loved us with a love disciplined and boundaried, yet unmistakably tender. A love that noticed when a child lingered behind after class, not to ask a question, but to be seen. A love that read trembling hands during recitations, and quiet eyes during festivities. In their gaze, we were never merely students; we were becoming something gentler, braver, and more whole.

Christmas in school was not about grandeur. It was about gathering. Fir trees-modest, imperfect stood adorned with handmade ornaments, each crooked star and uneven ribbon bearing the fingerprints of belonging. Candles flickered during assemblies, their glow guiding not just the hallways, but something deeper within us. Dry leaves crunched beneath hurried steps as we ran not toward gifts, but toward warmth-toward familiarity, toward voices that felt like home. Growing up from the masquerading bastion of childhood, we longed to outgrow the very shelter that would one day feel like the safest home we ever knew.

Here, in the vastness beyond those gates, winter still comes-but differently. The classrooms are larger, the minds sharper, the ambition louder. Yet no one notices if your voice falters. No one waits after the bell. The hunger of the heart goes unnamed. Scarves still coil around our necks, boots still guard against the cold, but these comforts are temporary. True warmth dwelt elsewhere back where teachers became sanctuaries.

To be looked at with recognition, without condition, was a rare mercy. Perhaps that is why childhood feels so sacred in hindsight: someone was always watching, always caring if we stumbled.

Time, relentless sculptor, has since carried us forward. It has asked us to grow alone, to face tempests without that quiet reassurance. And yet, when December returns, something stirs. A memory of candlelight. Of laughter echoing through corridors. Of teachers who stood steady while we learned to stand at all.

It is only now that I realize nostalgia is not the ache of missing a place rather it is the recognition of having once been deeply loved and belonged.

And so, when the star atop the tree shone brightest in the darkened hall, it whispered not of celebration alone, but of an incandescent bond of a light that shaped us, stayed with us, and still glows softly, guiding us home.



Insha Khan
(Batch of 2024 - 2025)

You may leave Agnes, But the Agnesian in you never leaves

Leaving school feels like closing a chapter- one you think you've outgrown. You step out of familiar corridors, uniforms neatly folded away, convinced that life is finally beginning. But as I stepped into college life, I realised something quietly powerful- while you may leave Agnes, the Agnesian in you never truly leaves you. I am in college now, studying at Delhi University, where everything feels different. The classrooms are larger, the pace is faster, and the interactions are fewer. Professors enter, teach, and leave. Learning becomes independent, and warmth becomes rare. And it is in this contrast that I truly began to understand what Agnes had given me. Even today, I instinctively call my female professors 'Miss' .It surprises people around me, but for me, it feels natural. That is how we were taught at Agnes. Teachers were not just authority figures; they were mentors- almost family. Respect was not demanded; it was gently instilled.

We were taught to greet our teachers when they entered the classroom and to thank them when they left after a lecture. In college, no one does this. Yet, I still stand up, greet, and say thank you-sometimes as the only one in the room. In those moments, I realise that obedience, respect, and humility are not habits I left behind at school; they are values Agnes shaped within me. Agnes did not just teach us discipline; it taught us grace. It taught us how to speak, how to listen, and how to carry ourselves with dignity. These lessons stay with you long after textbooks are forgotten.

Some memories live even deeper-in morning assemblies, shared prayers, and the Loreto Chorus that once echoed through our days.

"But first Loreto found a home beneath our indian skies,
Where now o'er plain and mountain peak the well-loved banner flies."

Those words remind me that we were never just students-we were standard bearers.

"Loreto's standard bearers we, in girlhood's springtime gay."

And even as our paths diverge, that spirit remains.

Today, as school days end and journeys grow separate, the chorus feels truer than ever:

"And when our school days ended are, and our varied paths divide,
O may the ideals of our youth still ever be our guide."

Those ideals-of purity, duty, and truth-are what I carry into college life and beyond. Agnes was not just preparing us for exams; it was preparing us for life.

So yes, we leave Agnes physically. We move on to colleges, cities, and new responsibilities. But the way we respect, the way we speak, the way we stand-that is Agnes living within us.

Because you may leave Agnes, but the Agnesian in you never leaves.

Aadya Arora
Batch of 2024-2025


of then & now

From Giggles TO Gratitude

The memory lane that leads to school: From Giggles to Gratitude

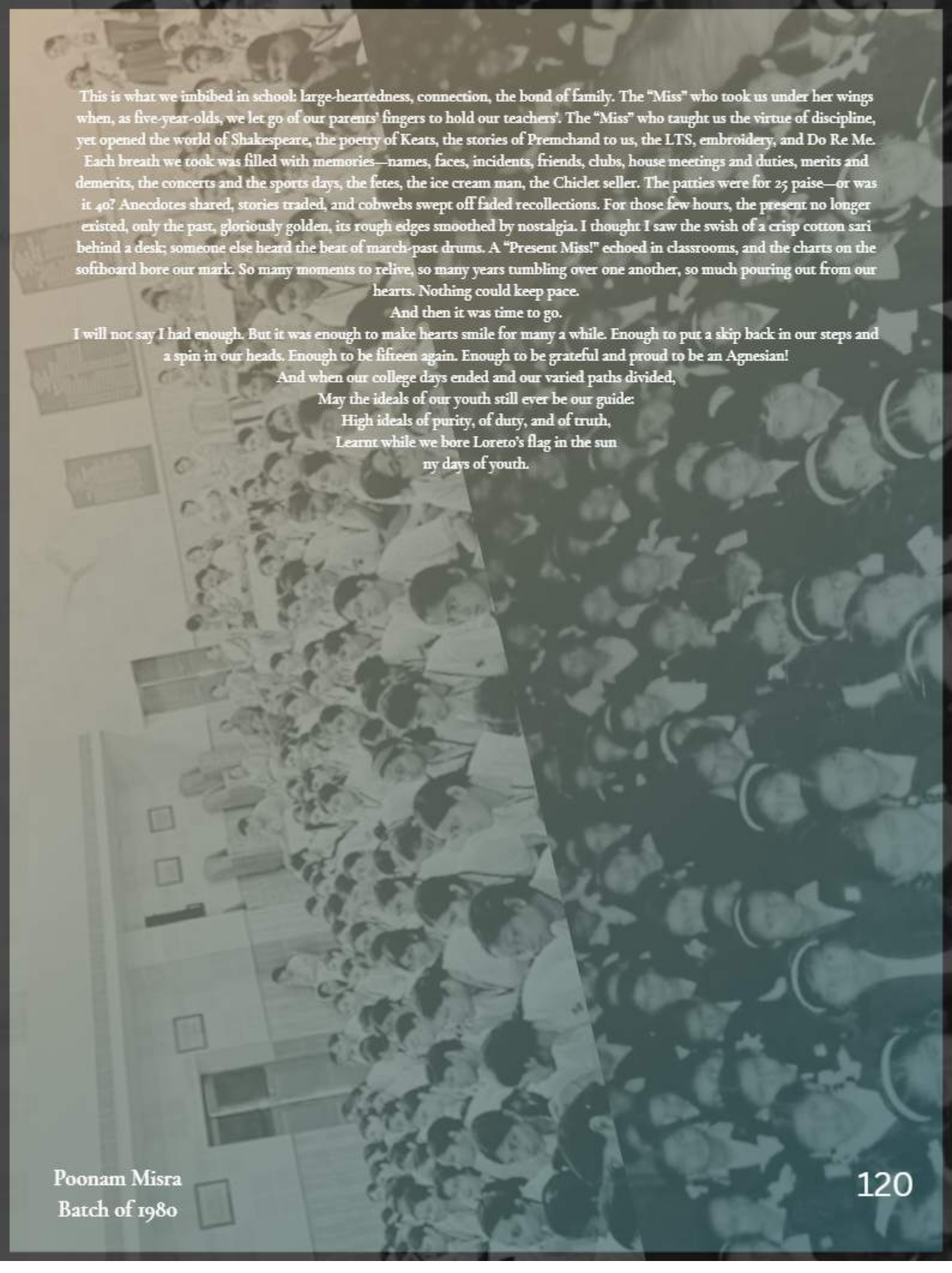
It was a homecoming. It was a walk down memory lane. It was yesterday once more.

A chorus of fifty-plus women rediscovered their giggles and howls of laughter, laughing as if they had rediscovered how to shriek, how to chuckle, how to guffaw. And inside, they cried—for the years gone by, for the familiar vibe they could sense yet not quite claim. It belonged to the present. They looked in each corner, trying to remember the way it had been, ears straining to catch echoes of the past. They tried hard to hide their disappointment at seeing the changes, the school they had grown up in, transformed by time. Though they took it in stride, deep in their hearts, they missed the ways that were.

Thirty-six years have passed—things inevitably change. As Tennyson wrote, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Yet, for a few cherished hours during our reunion, laughter and memories allowed the old order to live again.

We, the batch of ICSE 1980, had planned this reunion for months, and when fifteen of us finally entered the school gates on 30th July 2016, it was yesterday once more. We remembered those mornings when we cycled down, arrived by rickshaw, were dropped off by our parents, or walked to school. The embraces carried a warmth that came from a flame kept alive in some subterranean region of our being, waiting for this very moment to burst forth.

It was Saturday, and the school buzzed with activity. The sight of blue checked uniforms made hands unconsciously touch collars and sigh. Discipline faded as teachers, officers, doctors, and mothers became an unruly bunch. Young students watched, puzzled by our excitement. We stood on the basketball court, still in its place, and the sports captain dribbled an imaginary ball, recalling Miss Banerjee's instructions. We crowded into the assembly hall, tempted to fall into lines according to our houses. We climbed onto the beloved stage, unchanged except for a lone table tennis table in the corner. "We never had table tennis in school!" cried one voice. The piano, whose chords had once led us out of morning assembly, was missing—later discovered in an adjacent room. Nothing could discipline us now. We posed as if Mrs Figgs were taking attendance, touched the walls with affection, peeped into the parlour, and walked into classrooms as deferentially as before. We ran from one end of the school to the other, commenting on the changes, comparing the "was" and the "is." Our class 10 room was today's class 9. Our chemistry lab was the new class 10. We ran up the stairs to the first floor, the building that had been built during "our" time. We imagined Sir Agarwal, chalk dust on his hands and a twinkle in his eye, guiding us through the labyrinth of periodic tables, equations, and the unmistakable sulphur scent of rotten eggs. We remembered Mrs Lyall, forbidding a word of English in Hindi classes; the magnificent Miss Begum, stern yet loving, exasperated at our Sanskrit; Miss Perry, who made us fall in love with Brutus through her masterful rendering of Julius Caesar; and Miss Joshi, whose geography, art, and nimble fingers were legendary. We hummed the school anthem, fought over our houses as if we were still wearing our badges, and paid homage to St. Agnes at the grotto. How small we had been when Miss Paul or Miss Vyas took us under their wings, and how strong we became under the guidance of sisters and teachers. Not a single teacher was forgotten that day — Miss Cowasjee, Miss Siddiqui, Miss Perreira, Miss Solomon, Miss Deva, Miss Ninan, and so many more smiled in our memories as time stood still. But they are all gone now. Retired, or sadly, passed on. None from our days remain. It made us feel so old. School was not the same without those much-loved, much-admired, much-feared faces—those who gave us values, education, moral strength. Our hearts felt a pang of emptiness, not seeing any of our teachers. Till, in walked Miss Kapoor, accepting our request to be with us this day. The moment we saw her, the school came alive again. Thank you, Miss, from the depths of our hearts.



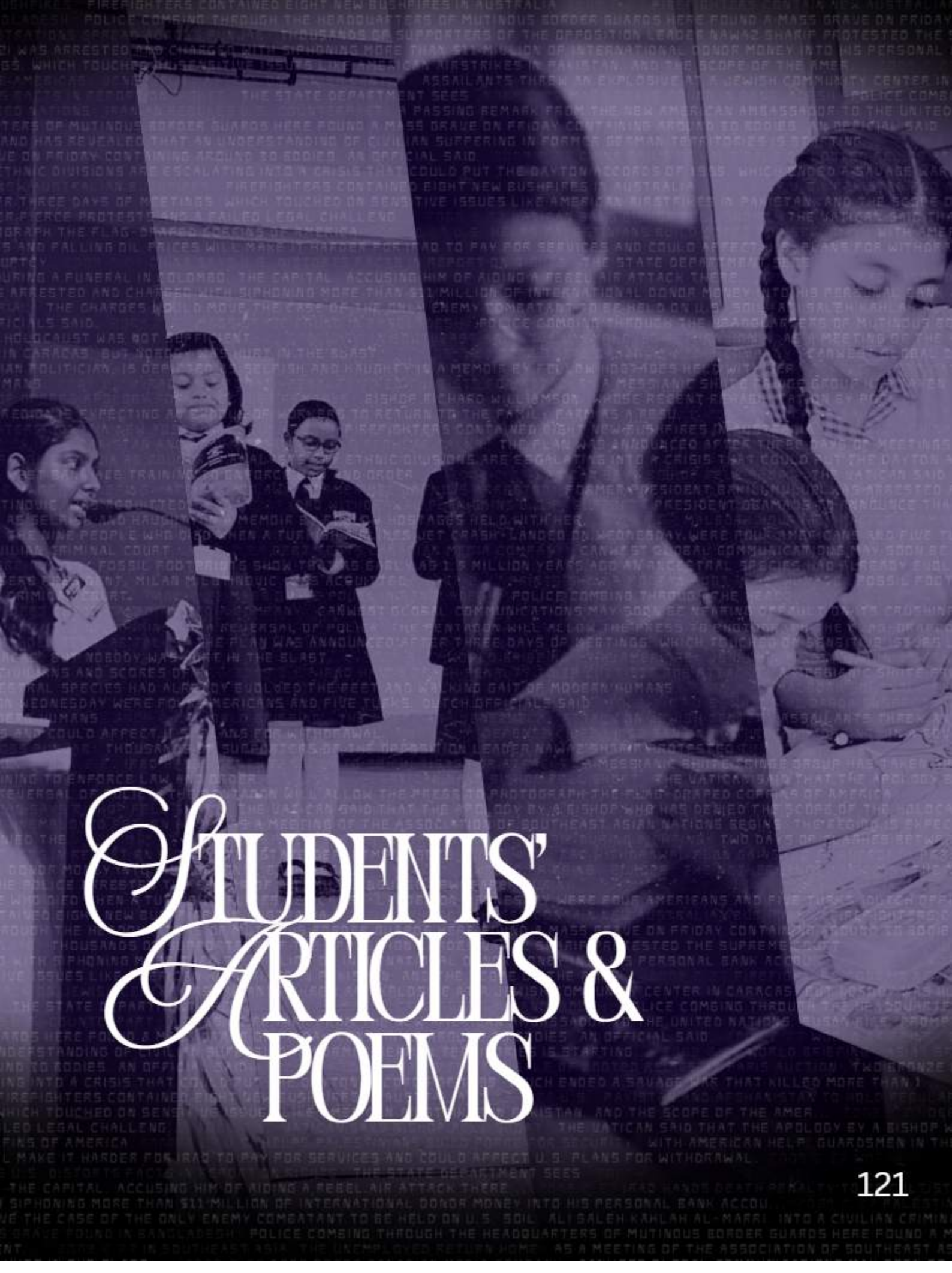
This is what we imbibed in school: large-heartedness, connection, the bond of family. The "Miss" who took us under her wings when, as five-year-olds, we let go of our parents' fingers to hold our teachers'. The "Miss" who taught us the virtue of discipline, yet opened the world of Shakespeare, the poetry of Keats, the stories of Premchand to us, the LTS, embroidery, and Do Re Me. Each breath we took was filled with memories—names, faces, incidents, friends, clubs, house meetings and duties, merits and demerits, the concerts and the sports days, the fetes, the ice cream man, the Chiclet seller. The patties were for 25 paise—or was it 40? Anecdotes shared, stories traded, and cobwebs swept off faded recollections. For those few hours, the present no longer existed, only the past, gloriously golden, its rough edges smoothed by nostalgia. I thought I saw the swish of a crisp cotton sari behind a desk; someone else heard the beat of march-past drums. A "Present Miss!" echoed in classrooms, and the charts on the softboard bore our mark. So many moments to relive, so many years tumbling over one another, so much pouring out from our hearts. Nothing could keep pace.

And then it was time to go.

I will not say I had enough. But it was enough to make hearts smile for many a while. Enough to put a skip back in our steps and a spin in our heads. Enough to be fifteen again. Enough to be grateful and proud to be an Agnesian!

And when our college days ended and our varied paths divided,
May the ideals of our youth still ever be our guide:
High ideals of purity, of duty, and of truth,
Learnt while we bore Loreto's flag in the sun
ny days of youth.

Poonam Misra
Batch of 1980



Students' Articles & Poems

When Trees Start Letting Go

Leaves turn gold and softly fall,
Autumn comes with a gentle call
Crisp cool winds begin to blow,
Trees wear shades of sunset glow.

When autumn comes, the skies turn mild,
The world looks like it's softly styled.
Leaves swirl down in orange rain,
Painting paths and windowpane.

Pumpkins line the evening street,
Warmth and chill together meet.
Sweaters out and cocoa warm,
Clouds gather in a cozy form.

Autumn brings a peaceful song
A season short, but sweet & strong.
Fall reminds us, slow it all
Beauty lives in every fall...

Mannat Vaswani
VII A

I PONDERED Upon

I pondered upon the thoughts of the weary cold,
which was about to unfold;
As the school was going to close soon ,
And the children would be over the moon ;
The temperatures were going to be so low ,
That the rigorously winds would start to blow .
Coffee , Hot chocolate and tea were going to be in season ,
But the cold wind is not something with which you can reason ;
Layers of clothes must be worn ,
If not then the frostbites would prick you like a thorn ;
The Cold would not miss a beat ,
And make you sick indeed ;
But you must not lose ,
And try your best to stay fit .
There are loads of things you can do for fun ,
Like play football and eat cream bun ;
You can stay in the sun all day ,
But it will never be enough play .
No matter how fun the winter may be ,
It's always going to be cold , weary and gloomy;
But the weather is going to improve ,
Into something you can't disapprove ;
The spring will come and bring light ,
And make the sun shine bright .
But all of this is Months away ,
And till then I'll just have to wait ;
I know that the next day I'll again sit down ,
And once more I will ponder upon ,
And say.....

Nirosha Singh
VII-A

A FOREST
THAT IS ALIVE WITH MAGIC

I will arise and go now, and go to
The forest behind my home.
For in the morning it glistens
With the warmth of daylight anew.
And when midnight blooms,
It's trees glow softly in moonlight glimmering.
When it's noon, it befalls to be a purple glow,
But an azure gleam, when twilight seems
To touch the starry skies.
And maybe, just maybe,
I shall find peace and tranquility over there,
For grief often haunts my soul.
While I spend my time with the mortals,
I hear it's trees rustling,
For the fairies run around them with their pixie dust.
I see it's lake's water glistening,
For the mermaids splash around in it's ale.
But sadly, I've never visited this
Forest that is alive with magic.
For it's only a place in the
Ruins of my mind.



Adan Kareem
VIII-A

The Bird

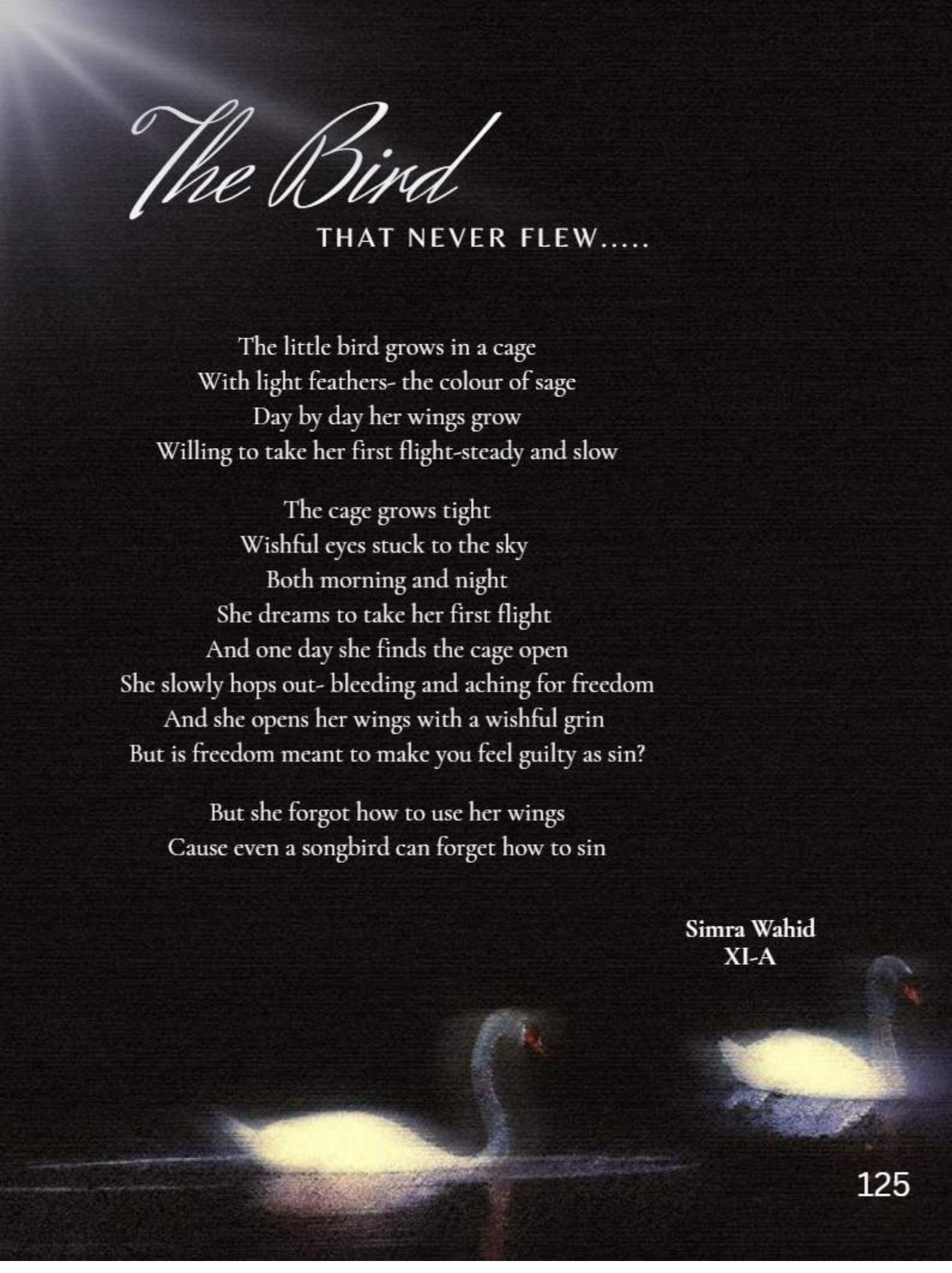
THAT NEVER FLEW.....

The little bird grows in a cage
With light feathers- the colour of sage
Day by day her wings grow
Willing to take her first flight-steady and slow

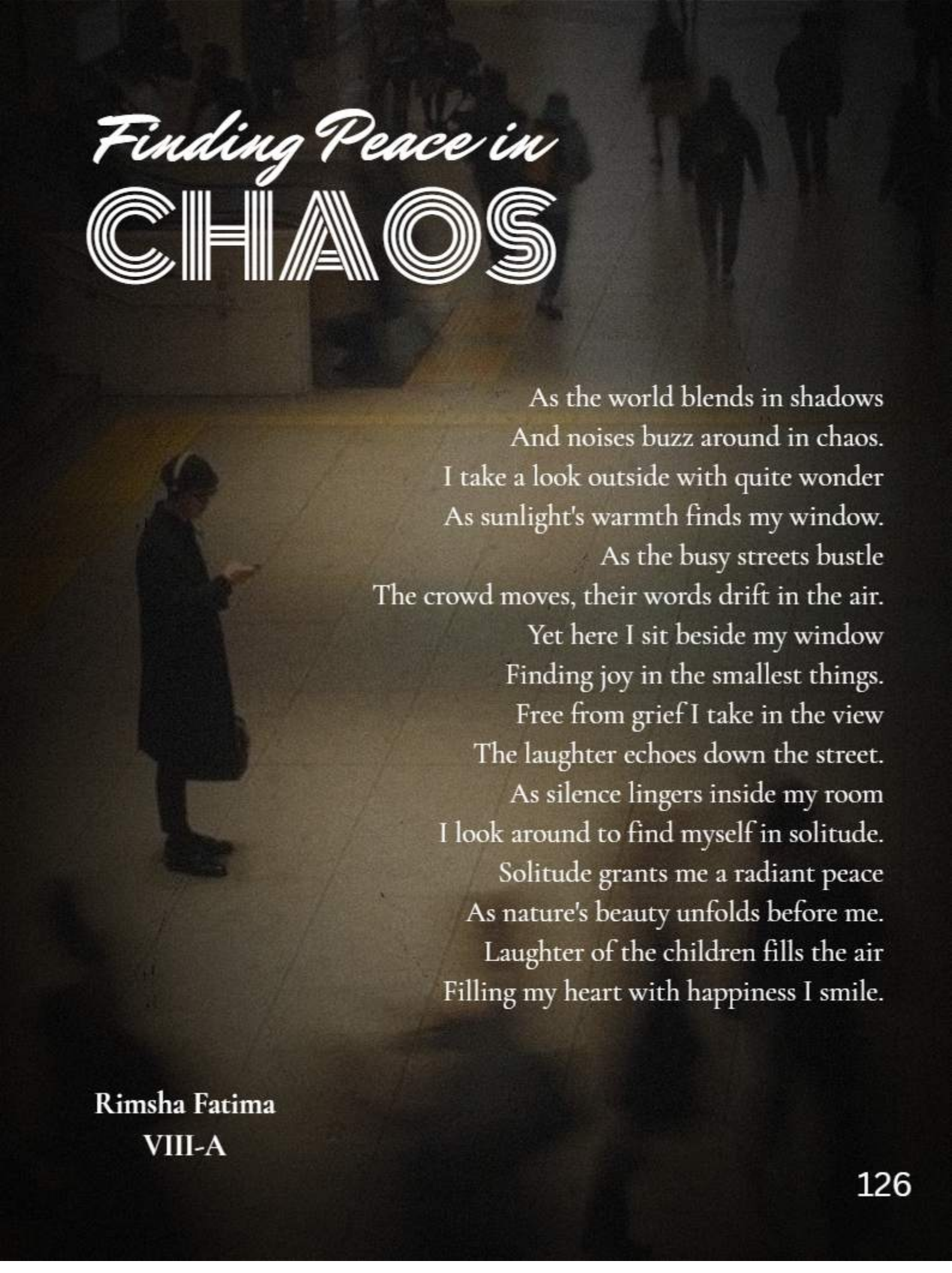
The cage grows tight
Wishful eyes stuck to the sky
Both morning and night
She dreams to take her first flight
And one day she finds the cage open
She slowly hops out- bleeding and aching for freedom
And she opens her wings with a wishful grin
But is freedom meant to make you feel guilty as sin?

But she forgot how to use her wings
Cause even a songbird can forget how to sin

Simra Wahid
XI-A



Finding Peace in CHAOS



As the world blends in shadows
And noises buzz around in chaos.
I take a look outside with quite wonder
As sunlight's warmth finds my window.
As the busy streets bustle
The crowd moves, their words drift in the air.
Yet here I sit beside my window
Finding joy in the smallest things.
Free from grief I take in the view
The laughter echoes down the street.
As silence lingers inside my room
I look around to find myself in solitude.
Solitude grants me a radiant peace
As nature's beauty unfolds before me.
Laughter of the children fills the air
Filling my heart with happiness I smile.

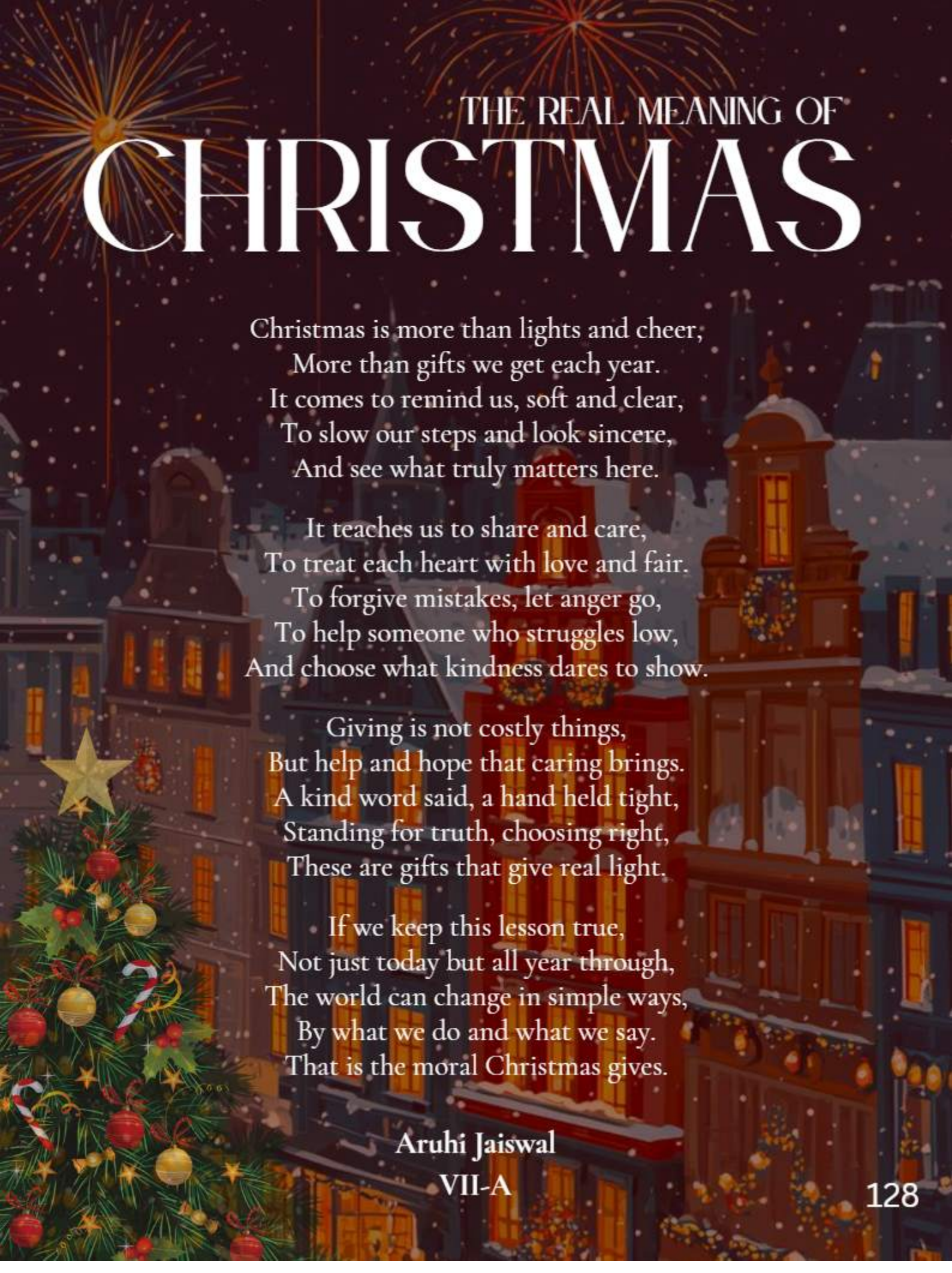
Rimsha Fatima
VIII-A

Vying with Time

The day I lit my eyes I don't remember whom I saw first,
Cause time stole that memory from my heart's deep crust.
Time stole the peace I felt in my mother's womb,
Time stole the relief when she first took me in her plume.
I took away my reminisce of the purest smiles of their face,
It took away the dreams they had for life's race.
As time flew I no more remember the air I felt in my father's hands,
I no more remember my imbelic tantrums and demands.
I forgot to be happy with small gifts I got for Christmas,
I forgot how to run and hug them with deep stillness.
It tore apart my ignorance, my innocence my reliance,
The only thing it left me in was defiance.
Time robbed of clarity, my reason, my insight,
Blurred my vision to not choose what was right.
It blinded me to the intentions behind those friendly smiles,
It made me cut the shrouds that held me for miles.
It made me more ablushed , abominable and amiss,
It drowned me into the dark and shallow abyss.

With time I forgot how to be dumb,
With time I became forever numb.
When I thought I turned permanently deciduous,
It was then spring struck and grew assiduous.
And when I had everything,
Time stole time from me.
I smiled away when it stole itself from me,
But it also stole the shadow from me, time stole the tree from me.
Again it came with it's sickle of strife,
To now chop off the spring that had come to my life.
And this time,
Time dismantled my heart like a chime.
They say time heals but it incised me more,
Took my everything and made me pour.
It took my mind and drove me sane,
And now I don't even recall my name.
And at the end,
Time made me inanimate again.

Siddhiksha Kaushik
XI-C



THE REAL MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas is more than lights and cheer,
More than gifts we get each year.
It comes to remind us, soft and clear,
To slow our steps and look sincere,
And see what truly matters here.

It teaches us to share and care,
To treat each heart with love and fair.
To forgive mistakes, let anger go,
To help someone who struggles low,
And choose what kindness dares to show.

Giving is not costly things,
But help and hope that caring brings.
A kind word said, a hand held tight,
Standing for truth, choosing right,
These are gifts that give real light.

If we keep this lesson true,
Not just today but all year through,
The world can change in simple ways,
By what we do and what we say.
That is the moral Christmas gives.

Aruhi Jaiswal
VII-A

How Poetry Saved Me

Will I live or only exist?
May I choose or have not control?
In a valley of flowers should I take a soothing stroll?
No hold I have on life,
On my grief I can only jive.

Happiness makes me stressful ,
Full of questions, being imperative of the coming future.
Life is absolutely crushing, and at times an exhausting adventure.

Between the doubts, between the cracks,
Beyond the limits, behind the line,
Everything dim and bright,
I found poetry between every wrong and right.

It did a lot to me,
Darkness is now a glee,
When when no one listens of my burdens, I'm free,
I express as poetry and my poems express me,
And this is how,
Poetry really saved me.

Nitya Srivastava
VIII-A



Pain to Peace:
A JOURNEY

Below the reach of any lighthouse beam, the body lies deep within,
Indifferent from the ticking time in depth lies a colourless skin.
Chained to an anchor and can't float aboard,
A blue statue left unrestored .

But as the ocean currents change their trail,
The anchor starts to wither away.
Rose up the body and began to sail,
finally free from the shackles of decay .

In its journey upwards, it drifts among the fish
All iridescent, bright, fulfilling their own wish.
A light seen though deeply dim,
A golden aura waiting to be let in.

And as the pale skin meets the yellow sun,
The years of cold are suddenly undone.
The light no longer pierces, but embraces whole,
And warmth becomes the new anchor for the soul.

Pranaya Agarwal
X-C

Urge to Improve

Remove the dust from your mind
And become robust at the time .

Many problems you might need to face ,
In some distinct place ,
But don't forget you're in a race .

Stay calm as a dove ,
Always glove as a stove.

Failure is just a stepping stone,
Think after failure what you will adorn.

Come on ! Don't leave ,
It's time to fulfill your dream .

People who are jealous will always object ,
And sometimes they will reject,
But don't lose grip ,
Life is still a long trip .

Respect authority,
One day you will get respect .

The people who improve,
Others don't ask them to prove .

Divyanshi Mishra
VVI-A

Christmas

ROUND THE WORLD

Unwrapping presents melody to the ears
Steaming cup, fumes like spirits, lipstick smears
A wrinkled man on pavement, shivering and chittering
Printed in bold headlines was his death that the news next day would bring.

Midas of this age hoard the fast luxuries
Couch potatoes in their Victorian mansions, idly watching TV
Another corner of the same world, the child fears
That distant bombs in his homeland sky aren't Santa with reindeers

Infant like tantrums of a teenage daughter
Bellowing as the wrong shade of blush was gifted by her father
Is seen by a younger girl who only lives with a drunk mother
Addiction of her parent is the only cost she can pay in white weather

Lights ignite, carols, bells, socks hung for wishes
Family having fun, cuddled near one another after tiring 3 course dishes
Sat lonely this fiancé guy near the frosted tombstone of his wife
As the bourgeois sip the goblet of luck, many drank salty serum of this real life

Zainab Shah
X-B

Apollo's Haven

Sunshine on your face,
Every step taken with grace,
All the darkness flown away,
Fiery embers along the way,
Music in the air,
Sound of the lyre prevalent everywhere,
A sun chariot with horses ablaze,
Pleasant to one's gaze,
A golden hue all around,
In every direction something new is found,
No lighting, no thunder, no rain,
Only sun-kissed pain,
Everything seems to have been afflicted by the Midas touch,
Nothing's too less nor too much,
Maybe I'll get there I don't know when,
For now I'll just wonder what it would be like in Apollo's Haven.

Vamika Agarwal
VIII-A

Balancing MENTAL & PHYSICAL Health

Health isn't just about running everyday,
It's how your mind feels,
Either in a relaxed or a tightened way.
We can do workout, stretch more and yoga too,
After all, it's just for you.

For maintaining physical health,
You should stretch, play and walk.
Go out and breathe in the fresh air,
Instead of staring at the clock.

For the mental side, go relax your mind.
Do yoga, and be kind.
Eat healthy food, and get enough sleep,
And then tell your friends about how you feel.

Your body and your mind might be two,
But they do not work in separate troops.
If one is tired, the other struggles.
If you don't fix it, it only causes troubles.

In order to balance the two,
You should exercises regularly,
Do planks and yoga too.
Go out for a cycle ride in the evening,
If you don't all these might be a reason for your weakening.

Thus to conclude, I'd like to say,
Your mind and your body are like,
Two wings of a single bird,
Bright and free, rising together in harmony.

Jivnoor Kaur
VII-A

Ambrosia IN THE CRACKS

As the quiet droplets descend and splatter onto the dry, barren land, life on earth awakens from a deep slumber. The pearls of renewal steep deep into the fissures etched by the harsh summer heat, rekindling vitality when all of it seemed to have faded. The earth greedily drinks the water as if it were the sweetest ambrosial nectar, channeling every drop to the seeds that lay dormant for weeks and roots shriveled up by the scorching and intense swelter. And then, almost as if by incantation, the minuscule and luscious green shoots begin to develop and the vibrance of the budding flowers heralds the return of lively existence. The gentle breeze that sweeps across the land, seems to be strewn with an unmatched pleasantness causes every leaf to tremble in silent delight. The parched streams now appear to be swelling, carrying with themselves, the elixir of life to every distant corner of land. The air is perfumed with the rich fragrance of damp soil and the verdancy of the greenery is amplified by tiny droplets clinging to petals and blades of grass. The fauna, long silent in the oppressive heat, chime in joy, weaving a delicate string in the tapestry of life's resurgence.

In this gentle persistence, rain whispers a timeless truth that even when everything seems parched, lifeless and lost, there is a hope that revival is possible. Hope reminds us that an ending is but the threshold of a new dawn, that darkness is never permanent and that even the bleakest moments carry within them the promise of renewal and growth.

And just like that, the earth becomes a living mirror for humanity. Like roots breaking through cracked soil, we must push through adversity, refusing to crumble beneath the relentless weight of hardship. In this process, setbacks are inevitable and the pain is excruciatingly real, yet growth persists. Every challenge chisels strength, every failure sharpens wisdom, every struggle deepens our capacity to endure, every obstacle tempers courage and every setback fuels the determination to rise back stronger because hope, enduring and luminous, always remains, serving as a stark reminder that no season of despair is final and that even after the harshest trials, we can always rise, renewed and ever-resilient.

Japneet Kaur
XII-B

Christmas: SITCOM'S VERSION

If Christmas behaved the way it does in sitcoms, it wouldn't look like a picture- perfect catalogue. Instead, it would be chaos wrapped around in fairy lights and tapped together with last minute changes. Someone would dress up as holiday Armadillo to teach their son about Hanukkah while his friends would make a laughing show out of it, only to show up in Santa and Superman costumes later. Others would burn cookies meant for maintenance workers, though one of them has been a chef all her life and then try to bribe them with cash. Somewhere else, an enthusiastic sibling duo would try to audition for a reality show with an absurd childhood dance. A lover forced to spend Christmas away from her beloved would realize it isn't worth any job and surprise her at home. A "professional" singer and songwriter would dedicate an unforgettable song to her friends,

Monica, Monica, have a happy Hanukkah,

I saw Santa Claus, he said "Hello" to Ross.

And please tell Joey, Christmas will be snowyyy.

And Rachel and Chandler...handler!!

But this was just about the Central Perk and Manhattan.

Meanwhile in Scranton, Pennsylvania, a jealous person would throw a Secret Santa Exchange while it would end up turning into a Yankee Swap just because someone got a better gift than his iPods. There'd be two competing office Christmas parties but eventually they'd merge into one big chaotic yet fun celebration. The party would have a "classy" theme – black and white décor, matching napkins, soft lighting, and refined music. It would last precisely ten minutes before fake snowball fights would break out, emotional speeches would derail the mood, and someone would fall into a decoration display no one had permission to touch. A beet farm enthusiast would insist on a historically accurate holiday complete with strange regional traditions, mysterious snacks no one could trust, and a folklore figure who was definitely not child-friendly. Sometimes someone would bring a thoughtful handmade gift, another would bring something wildly inappropriate, and one person would keep loudly insisting their present was the best one in the entire building. Someone would get offended, someone else would brag, and someone would loudly whisper their disappointment as if the entire room didn't hear. But through the chaos the Office would come together while "Christmas time is here" plays in the background, some stiff, some wildly off- beat and some knocking and spilling things as they groove.

In the world of high powered law firms, people would wear suits instead of ugly sweaters and parties would be quieter and no less tense. Gifts would be exchanged, some symbolic, some showing loyalty and support or a quiet apology. Someone who's usually cold or calculating might finally give a present that reveals they actually notice the little things. Someone would make a "perfect" toast that comes off as too stiff or accidentally embarrass someone with a backhanded compliment. A diligent person who would plan the party meticulously, while her friend would unintentionally mess things up by arriving late, changing seating arrangements, or making unexpected announcements. Someone would overreact by getting stressed or jealous about small holiday details, like who gets which seat at the party or who receives attention from senior partners.

While other sitcom characters would be decorating trees or singing carols, the Nine-Nine would be chasing criminals, doing undercover work in Santa suits, or interrogating someone who just wanted to buy a last-minute gift. Some officers would give overly personal presents like knitted sweater vests or framed photos nobody asked for, while others would say "I found this 5 mins ago at CVS." Some would pretend she hates Christmas but would secretly enjoy parts of it.

She'll roll her eyes, but she'll also stab someone (politely) if they break the ornament she actually cares about. Others would take Christmas seriously, everything organized, safe, and calm which can never happen. Some would loudly celebrate it, act like Christmas was created solely for her aesthetic, and no one can convince her otherwise.

In Los Angeles, some would yearn for a magazine- worthy Christmas while others would ruin it. Someone would break an ornament, someone would lose the tree, someone would hide a secret, and the one yearning would smile through it like Holiday Botox. Some would always try to make Christmas innovative which would lead to wild ideas like, over-the-top surprises or a "bonding activity" no one asked for. He would mean well but execution? Questionable. When a family would realize they won't all be together on Christmas Day, they would squeeze ALL Christmas traditions into a single afternoon which would result in getting a tree covered in spiders,being stabbed by wrapping paper scissors and screaming instructions in a dramatic accent. A man would want a calm, traditional American Christmas. While his spouse would want fireworks. Live animals. Food. Noise.He would try to adjust but she'd think he's boring. Somehow, they would meet in the middle-with confusion and love. Some would want flair. Sparkle. A holiday moment that could be staged on Broadway. While nonchalant people would want things to be normal and non-embarrassing in public. Each kid would have their own Christmas chaos, probably try to get gadgets or do pranks, want gifts without effort, want logic in a holiday that makes no sense, and want poetry and emotional speeches nobody asked for. While one would judge everyone silently.

So, if Christmas really behaved like it does in sitcoms, it wouldn't be calm, coordinated, or polite. It would be loud, unpredictable, messy, and occasionally dangerous. Plans would fall apart, outfits would malfunction, presents would spark arguments, and traditions would get reinvented every five minutes. Yet somehow, underneath the chaos, there would be hugs, second chances, unexpected kindness, and moments that feel magical not because they were perfect, but because everyone cared enough to try.

Christmas is about the people who burn the cookies, show up in the wrong costumes, panic-buy gifts, overplan, underprepare, overshare, and love loudly in the most confusing ways. Because at the end of every sitcom episode and every real Christmas, the chaos settles, the music fades in and everyone realizes that imperfection is what makes the season unforgettable. Every sitcom reminds us: Christmas isn't perfect. It's better. It's real.

Shrishti Jain
X-C

What We Leave UNSAID

When people talk about moving on, they often focus on what can be seen—photographs carefully preserved, names written down, moments marked and remembered. But some transitions do not announce themselves so clearly. They arrive quietly, like winter, without ceremony or noise, and settle in before we realise they have begun.

Over time, routines become habits, and habits become part of who we are. Days repeat, seasons shift, and without any deliberate effort, a place starts shaping the way we think, the way we respond, and the way we grow. These changes are not dramatic. They do not demand attention. Yet they remain deeply present, long after the days themselves have passed.

We may not carry the spaces we once occupied or the schedules that once structured our lives. What stays is more subtle. The patience learned in moments of waiting. The discipline formed through consistency. The ability to remain steady when certainty feels distant. These lessons were never written on a board or tested on paper, yet they are the ones that endure.

Winter has a way of revealing this truth. Trees stand bare, paths appear still, and everything seems paused. And yet, nothing is truly lost. Beneath the quiet surface, growth continues—unseen, preparing for what comes next.

Later, in unfamiliar places and new beginnings, these quiet influences return. In moments of calm during pressure. In confidence that does not seek attention. In the understanding that progress does not always need to be loud to be meaningful.

Some things are not meant to be spoken aloud. They remain with us—in the way we move forward, in the way we adapt, and in the way we carry what has shaped us.

In the words of Rainer Maria Rilke,

"And now let us welcome the new year, full of things that have never been."

Snigdha Pandey
XII-C

NOSTALGIA LIVES IN THE IN-BETWEEN

Nostalgia lives in the in-between Life can never be filled entirely with happiness or sadness there is always something in between.

I believe it's that in-between space that teaches us how to find happiness even in the darkest of times, and how to appreciate even the smallest things in life. Without the dark moments, you would never truly cherish the happy ones. And without the light, you would have nothing to look forward to when times get tough.

Life is never just black and white there is always a grey area. And when I think of the word nostalgia, that grey area is what it means to me. When I look back at happy moments, I don't see only the happiness itself I see the journey I went through to get there. Nostalgia, for me, is not just about the happy moments, it's about everything in between.

Because in the end, nostalgia isn't the memory of happiness alone, but the proof that even the hardest moments were shaping something worth remembering.

Panchhi Singh
X-C

THE BITTERSWEET *Symphony*

I'd describe life as a mixture of sunshine and rain. You'll come across days where you think that you're the luckiest person alive and days wherein you won't even feel like wanting to wake up the next day. That is what makes the human race and their life special. Life isn't about happiness or sadness but instead it's a gentle blend of both. You see in physics we have quantum theories like the string theory, it explains how everything around us could be perceived as strings of musical instruments. Those strings, though invisible, vibrate constantly, creating the music of the universe very much like our emotions shape the music of our lives. Every moment whether joyful or painful strikes a note within us, wherein we learn we laugh and sometimes even sob.

The symphony of life is actually living both the emotions without cribbing, it is about romanticizing the days wherein you relate to ABBA's "The Winner Takes It All" and days wherein you think that you're simply so happy that even the saddest of songs don't make you cry. You see we say that "Let us live since we must die" so lets never forget to enjoy every moment of this bitter yet very sweet symphony of life.

In the end I would like to say that we might not be able to control every note that is played by this symphony called life but let's remember that we are the listeners and perhaps that is where the true beauty of this symphony lies.

Riddhi Sharma

X-B

THE POWER OF Imperfections

Have you ever found yourself in a situation where you want to act, but didn't because you thought you weren't good enough? Nowadays the pursuit of perfection has become rampant among us for we see it as a way to feel accepted in today's complex world. The main culprit of our times is social media because it perpetuates the need to present the "perfect" versions of ourselves. When we see an edited post or photo online, we think that everyone is perfect and we also need to be like them. We feel such a desperate need to be perfect that we forget that perfection is a myth. We never know the problems a person might be hiding behind the digital mask of social media filters. The search for perfection leads to anxiety, stress, self critisism and unhappiness we constantly feel we're not as good as the person next to us. Thus, accepting our imperfections and flaws is vital to attain happiness and contentment.

Our imperfections and flaws are what make us unique. They make us who we are. When we embrace our imperfections, the colourful and messy parts of ourselves, we grow into better versions of ourselves because we exchange the chase of flawlessness for self-kindness, authenticity and originality. When we are kind to ourselves, we give ourselves room to breathe, grow and learn without being judgemental to ourselves. Accepting and embracing our imperfections leads us to owning our mistakes and recognising failure and struggles as normal parts of growth which in turn makes us stronger and more resilient to challenges. When we stop running after perfection we stop holding ourselves back, take risks and live life to the fullest. Therefore, I would like to conclude by quoting Brené Brown-

"Imperfections are not mistakes. They're marks of uniqueness and badges of courage."

Aadya Verma
VIII-A

The double-edged sword of CHANGE

Change. It's either the most mortifying thing ever, or the most gratifying thing ever. Everyone has memories that they're prouder of than the others. That is why change is so scary; because the things we wish we could leave behind, the whispers we wish we could silence, the nightmares we most want to wake up from, the memories we wish we could change, secrets we feel like we have to keep, are the hardest to walk away from. The good stuff? The pictures in our minds that fade away the fastest, those pieces of you it feels the easiest to loose. Maybe I don't want to forget how warm the sun felt when I was a child. It feels so scary getting old and leaving all things behind me. I will forever want to go back to being the little girl who was the sweetest person alive and used to worry less. I will forevermore want to go back in time; not to change anything, but just be there to feel them again. Growing up is not the problem, forgetting is. I regret not savouring the moments more. The assumption was that more moments like that were coming. But I was wrong; nostalgia is the only home that I will get. And I shall be grateful for only that. Though it's sadness and the pain of change never goes away, it shall fade away eventually. And if you, my friend, are like me, just know change is normal, and something that is bound to happen. Change is inevitable. Change is tough, but so are you. Learn to bear with it, and bw grateful for how lucky you are to have memories worth remembering.

Adan Kareem
VIII-A

Demeter's Lament

There lived an ancient Greek goddess of agriculture, the harvest, grain, and fertility, Demeter. She appeared most commonly as a 'grain goddess.' Demeter had a pulchrous daughter named Persephone whom she indelibly loved. Like her mother, Persephone too was a dendrophile.

One day, she was walking in a resplendent meadow and gathering flowers to take home with her when suddenly the earth split open and the ancient Greek god of the underworld, Hades, in his chariot of black horses, appeared in front of Persephone. Before she could call for help , Hades, who wished to have Persephone as his wife , grabbed her and took her down with him to the underworld, or the world of the dead.

Demeter, who adored her daughter so much , began searching for her , but she only found scattered petals floating on the lake's surface. In her despair, Demeter neglected her duties as the goddess of agriculture, causing the crops to wither and a great famine. She went to the king of the gods, Zeus, to ask him for his help to get her daughter back from Hades. Since Demeter's sorrow was affecting the productivity of the Earth grimly, Zeus decided to lend a helping hand to her.

Meanwhile, Hades tricked Persephone into eating pomegranate seeds. Eating food from the underworld bound a person to it. Seeing the worsening condition of the Earth, Zeus asked Hades to leave Persephone. Hades tells Zeus that Persephone could only leave the underworld on one condition: that she hadn't eaten any of the food that he had given her. Sadly, she had eaten six seeds of pomegranate given to her by Hades.

Since Persephone had eaten six seeds of the pomegranate, Zeus and Hades brokered a deal that Persephone would have to spend six months of the year in the underworld. One month for one pomegranate seed she had consumed. However, for the rest of the six months, she could live on earth with her mother, Demeter.

This tale from Ancient Greek mythology explains the changing of the seasons. When Persephone would come to the Earth for six months, Demeter would be so ecstatic that the plants and crops would thrive, indicating the arrival of the spring season, but when she returned to the underworld, Demeter mourned, and the crops would wither, bringing with her the harsh winter.

Prisha Kriplani
12-B

THE PSYCHOLOGY BEHIND FALLING IN LOVE THROUGH A SCREEN:

PARASOCIAL RELATIONSHIPS

In this era of rising screen time, all of us have, at least once, felt an unknown and unexplainable connection with a character, an actor, or an idol we see on screen. A character's smile feels comforting, an interview feels personal, and their success strangely feels like our own. What seems like a harmless crush or admiration, however, has a scientific explanation behind it—parasocial psychology.

A parasocial relationship is a one-sided emotional bond formed by an audience with a media personality or fictional character who is unaware of their existence. The term was introduced by psychologists to explain why people feel closeness, affection, and even love for individuals they have never met. Unlike real relationships, there is no direct interaction, yet the emotions involved often feel just as real.

The human brain plays a crucial role in this phenomenon. Our minds are wired to form emotional connections through repeated exposure. When we repeatedly watch the same actor, follow an idol on social media, or spend hours with a character in a series, our brain begins to register familiarity as intimacy. The screen may act as a barrier, but emotionally, the brain often ignores that distance.

Another reason lies in emotional vulnerability. Many people turn to shows, films, or online content during lonely, stressful, or uncertain times. Characters and idols often represent comfort, confidence, or an ideal version of life. They listen without judging, inspire without demanding, and remain available at the click of a button. This predictability feels safe, especially compared to the complexities of real-life relationships.

Social media further strengthens parasocial bonds. Behind-the-scenes clips, personal stories, and casual interactions create an illusion of closeness. When idols share their daily routines, struggles, or thoughts, it feels like a personal conversation, even though it is addressed to millions. This blurring of boundaries makes the connection feel genuine and mutual.

However, parasocial relationships exist on a spectrum—they can be both healthy and unhealthy.

A healthy parasocial relationship can be inspiring and comforting. Admiring an idol's work, feeling motivated by their journey, or finding emotional support in a fictional character is normal. Such connections can encourage creativity, confidence, and even self-reflection, as long as one remains grounded in real-world relationships.

An unhealthy parasocial relationship, on the other hand, arises when emotional dependence replaces real connections. Obsessive behavior, neglecting personal relationships, or feeling entitled to an idol's life can lead to emotional distress. When the screen becomes a substitute for reality rather than an escape from it, the line is crossed.

In conclusion, falling in love through a screen is not foolish—it is human. Parasocial psychology explains how emotions, exposure, and imagination combine to create bonds that feel real. The key lies in balance: appreciating the comfort of these connections while remembering that real relationships grow beyond the screen, in the imperfect but meaningful world we live in.
So; the next time you are fangirling and someone tells you 'they don't even know you exist', you have a savage comeback.

Daniyah Amir Qidwai
XI-A

THE CRISIS CRUCIBLE

Why your problems are the secret to your success.

Life is not a tranquil lake; it is a "river of problems." For most of us, this realization is daunting. We spend our lives trying to avoid conflict, sidestep obstacles, and maintain a smooth path. But what if we shifted our perspective? What if we viewed every crisis not as a roadblock, but as a mandatory entrance exam for the next level of our lives? To achieve anything of substance, we must embrace the reality that we will rise in life to the exact height of the problems we are capable of solving.

The Inevitable Rhythm of the Storm

It is a sobering fact of human existence: if you are living a normal, active life, you will likely face a significant crisis every two or three months. These aren't just minor inconveniences; they are "unbidden" events, physical, financial, or professional that arrive without warning. By their very nature, crises cannot be anticipated. If they could, they wouldn't be crises; they would merely be scheduled tasks.

These moments are the only times we truly demonstrate the quality of our personality and the strength of our character. Think of it as a constant, recurring stress test. Anyone can remain calm and professional when the sun is shining and the numbers are up, but your true "test" occurs when the storm hits. These unexpected reversals show the world and more importantly, show you what you are truly made of. In this "river of problems," the only break you get is the occasional crisis that demands everything you have.

The Biology of Brilliance vs. The Paleocortex

When something goes wrong, the natural, almost Pavlovian tendency for most people is to become angry and look for someone to blame. We want a scapegoat to discharge our frustration upon. However, from a neurological standpoint, this is the most self-destructive move you can make. The moment you become angry or upset, your neocortex your "thinking brain" effectively shuts down.

When the neocortex goes dark, you are left with your paleocortex, the emotional brain that functions on "fight or flight." This ancient part of your mind is primitive; it sees the world in rigid black and white, yes or no, all or nothing. To succeed in a complex world, you must discipline yourself to remain calm, objective, and unemotional. By staying cool and clear-eyed, you keep your thinking brain online. This enables you to see the "shades of gray" and the creative solutions that are completely invisible to someone trapped in a state of emotional panic. Self-discipline is not just a moral virtue; it is a biological requirement for high-level decision-making.

Escaping the Level of Incompetence

There is a famous concept known as The Peter Principle, which suggests that in any hierarchy, people continue to be promoted until they reach their "level of incompetence." They reach a stage where they can no longer solve the problems required of them, and there they stay stuck and stagnant
for the rest of their careers. This is why many large bureaucracies and government agencies become inefficient; they are staffed by people who have hit a wall they cannot climb.

In your own life, you continue to rise in direct proportion to your ability to solve problems and make necessary decisions. To avoid the trap of the Peter Principle, you must treat every difficulty as a "stepping stone." The good news is that problem-solving is a skill that can be developed. When you train your brain to think about solutions most of the time, you are essentially "wiring" yourself to be intensively solution-oriented.

The Athlete's Mindset: Training Your Thinking Brain

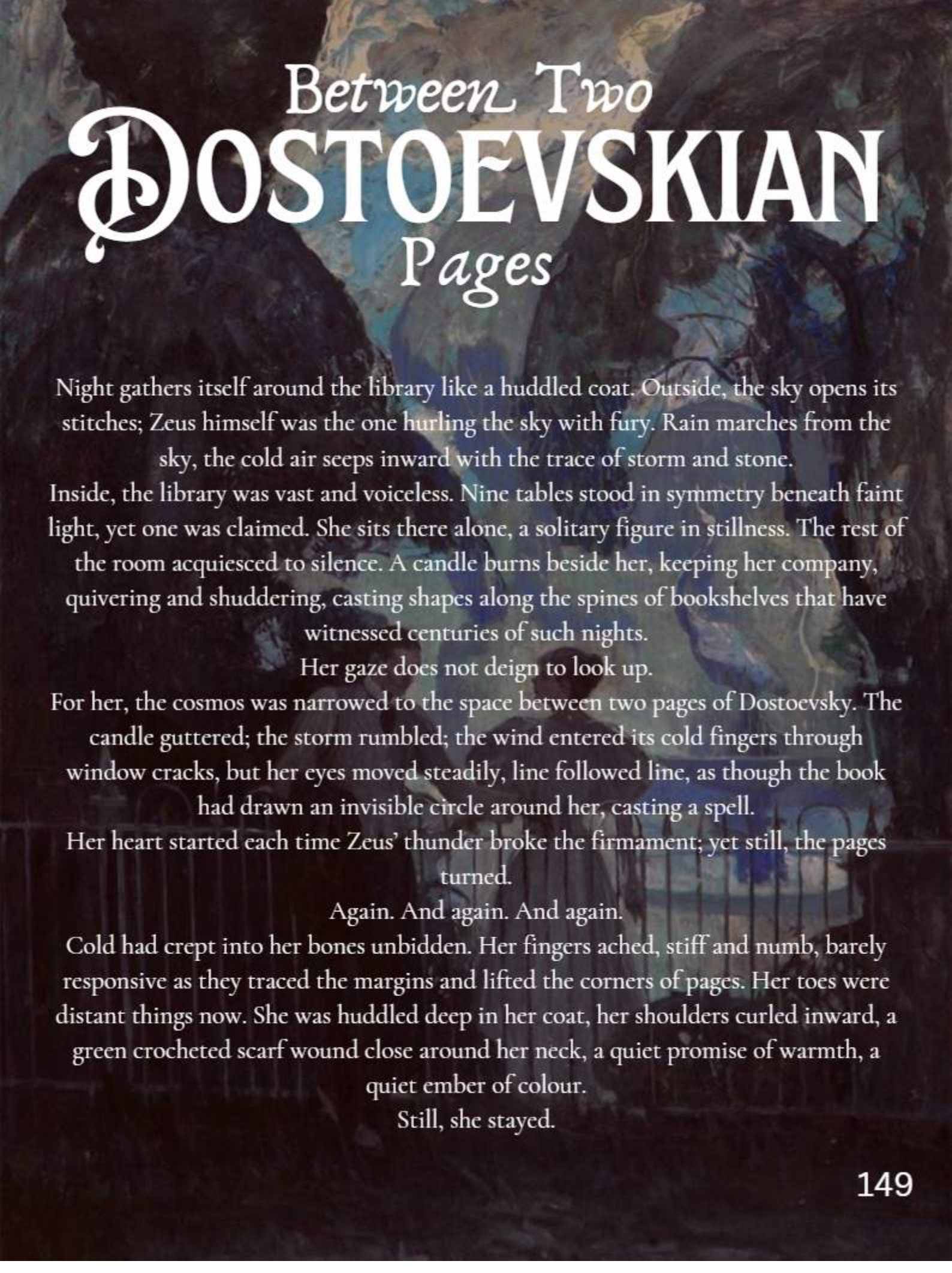
Mastering the discipline of problem-solving is no different than learning a physical sport. You don't start by playing in the big leagues; you begin by learning the basic moves and then the more advanced ones. You practice these skills over and over again until they become second nature.

No matter what difficulties arise, if you maintain a solution-focused mindset, your brain will continually seek creative ways to overcome them. The result of this constant mental exercise is that you actually become smarter and quicker. You develop a mental muscle that allows more of your "thinking brain" to be available to you faster.

The next time a crisis lands on your desk or at your door, practice the ultimate form of self-discipline. Immediately say to yourself, "I am responsible." Even if you aren't responsible for the disaster itself, you are entirely responsible for your response to it. Focus on what can be done now rather than how the disaster happened or who is at fault. By focusing on the solution rather than the problem, you move from the emotional paleocortex back into the brilliance of the neocortex. You become the person who remains calm while everyone else is frantic. You become the leader who sees a ladder where others see a wall.

Remember, your future is determined by the size of the problems you can handle. Don't wish for fewer problems; wish for more skills. Don't ask for a life without crises; ask for the discipline to face them with a clear mind and a steady hand.

Diva Singh
XI-A



Between Two DOSTOEVSKIAN Pages

Night gathers itself around the library like a huddled coat. Outside, the sky opens its stitches; Zeus himself was the one hurling the sky with fury. Rain marches from the sky, the cold air seeps inward with the trace of storm and stone.

Inside, the library was vast and voiceless. Nine tables stood in symmetry beneath faint light, yet one was claimed. She sits there alone, a solitary figure in stillness. The rest of the room acquiesced to silence. A candle burns beside her, keeping her company, quivering and shuddering, casting shapes along the spines of bookshelves that have witnessed centuries of such nights.

Her gaze does not deign to look up.

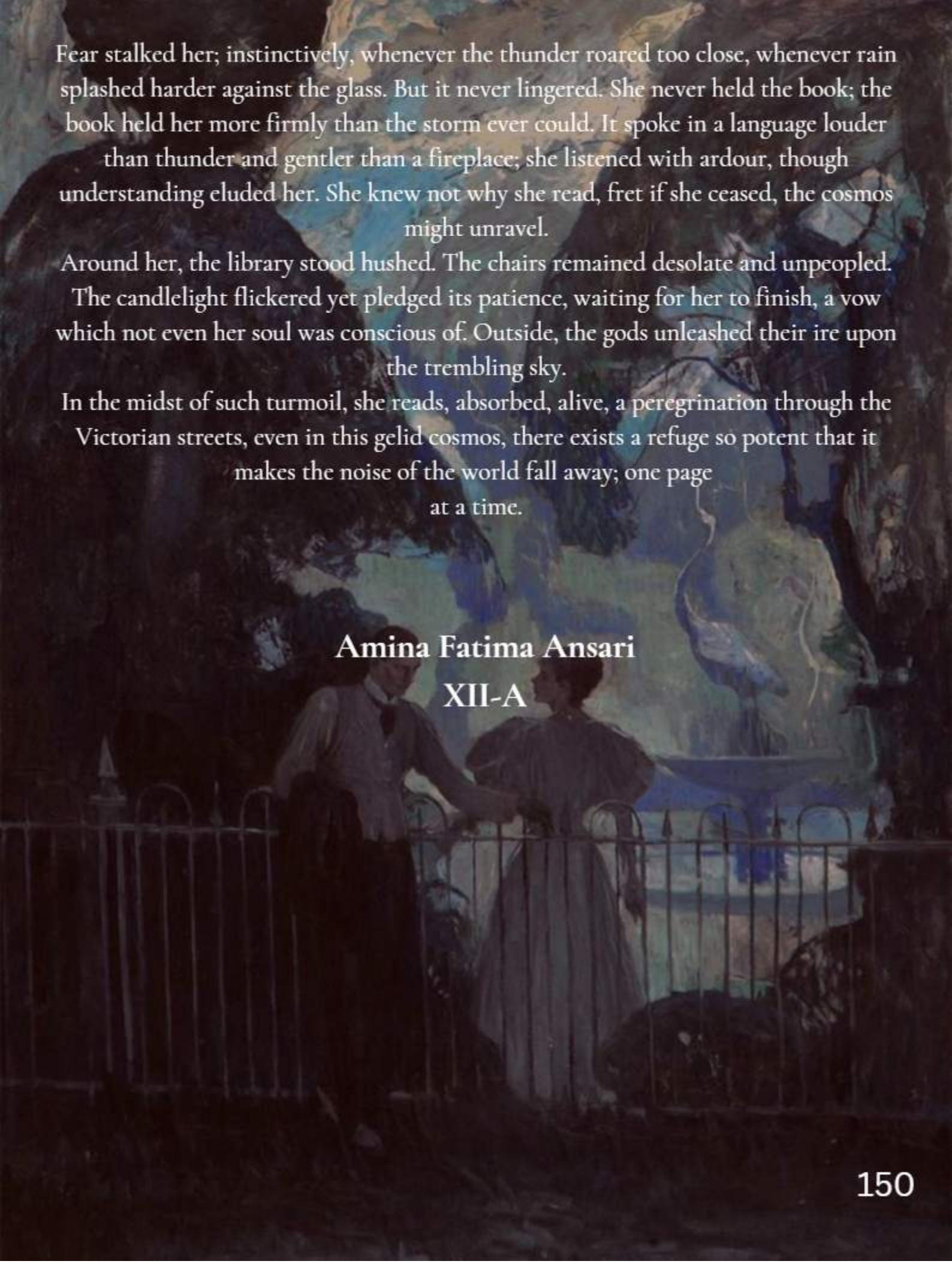
For her, the cosmos was narrowed to the space between two pages of Dostoevsky. The candle guttered; the storm rumbled; the wind entered its cold fingers through window cracks, but her eyes moved steadily, line followed line, as though the book had drawn an invisible circle around her, casting a spell.

Her heart started each time Zeus' thunder broke the firmament; yet still, the pages turned.

Again. And again. And again.

Cold had crept into her bones unbidden. Her fingers ached, stiff and numb, barely responsive as they traced the margins and lifted the corners of pages. Her toes were distant things now. She was huddled deep in her coat, her shoulders curled inward, a green crocheted scarf wound close around her neck, a quiet promise of warmth, a quiet ember of colour.

Still, she stayed.



Fear stalked her; instinctively, whenever the thunder roared too close, whenever rain splashed harder against the glass. But it never lingered. She never held the book; the book held her more firmly than the storm ever could. It spoke in a language louder than thunder and gentler than a fireplace; she listened with ardour, though understanding eluded her. She knew not why she read, fret if she ceased, the cosmos might unravel.

Around her, the library stood hushed. The chairs remained desolate and unpeopled. The candlelight flickered yet pledged its patience, waiting for her to finish, a vow which not even her soul was conscious of. Outside, the gods unleashed their ire upon the trembling sky.

In the midst of such turmoil, she reads, absorbed, alive, a peregrination through the Victorian streets, even in this gelid cosmos, there exists a refuge so potent that it makes the noise of the world fall away; one page
at a time.

Amina Fatima Ansari
XII-A

Grasp of Forever

PERHAPS THAT MOMENT OF QUAIL,
WHEN BELONGING FELT DISTANT; THE SPHERE AROUND CONTEMPORARY-THIS NEW CHAPTER I WAS READY TO FAIL.
FELT AN UNFAMILIAR YET SOMEHOW AFFABLE TINY FINGER TWIST AROUND MINE,
A TINY PONYTAIL, SPARK IN EYES; AND SINCE THEN I SAW HER EVERY MORNING AT NINE.
COMPELLED MY CEREBRUM AND IN ITS MEANDER STATE IT THOUGHT,
HOW CAN THESE HUMANS; AS IF REPLICAS OF ME; WHO GET ON MY NERVES- BE THE ONLY ONES WHO CALM ME,
ARE THESE REALLY THE PEOPLE WITH WHOM I'VE MOST OFTEN FOUGHT ?
REALITY OVERPOWERS;
NO LONGER EACH DAY WILL I GET A GLIMPSE OF THESE SUNFLOWERS ?
LIKE THE SUN SUFFUSING IT WARMTH-HOW EFFORTLESSLY THE HIGH TIDE DAYS I CROSSED;
OH! BUT THE ALCHEMY MAKES US PART WAYS RIGHT HERE ; THIS TIME A STEP AHEAD WITHOUT THEM,
MY FATE TIME TOSSED.
THE TINY SPECK OF GIGGLE TRANSCENDED INTO A LAUGH;
THEY FILLED MY CUP WITH SCINTILLATING LOVE-WHICH WHAT I REMEMBER WAS FILLED ONLY HALF.
BUT DIDN'T I PRAY ON EVERY SINGULAR FALLING STAR ?
THE SENTIMENT OF FEELING NOSTALGIA EVEN WHEN THE MOMENT ISN'T FAR,
CEASE THE TIME, I PRAY THEE CHRONOS;
WILL NOW SCHEDULES AND ADULT LIFE DECIDE OUR APPOINTMENTS - WHO KNOWS?
STANDING ON THE VERGE OF DIVERTING WAYS,
FOR THE THEORY PROVEN TRUE WHICH WRITTEN IN THE PERIHELION LAYS.
IT WAS ABOUT THE PEOPLE AND NOT THE PLACE,
THEY MADE EVERY GRAY THREAD TURN INTO RADIATING SHIMMERY GOLDEN LACE.
UPLIFTED EVERY VICTORY LIKE IT WAS THEIRS,
WILL WITHOUT THEM EVERY ANSWER TURN INTO QUESTIONNAIRES ?
BUT POETRY, LOVE AND FRIENDSHIPS ARE WHAT WE STAY ALIVE FOR,
AND LIFE STILL EXISTS,
MAYBE ONE DAY ONE MORE TIME SOMEHOW LIKE THE SHORE AND WAVE RELENTLESSLY MEETS,
AND THIS CAMARADERIE WILL REFLECT WITH US WITH TIME CEASING AND US ON OUR SEATS.

NEHAL VISHWAS
XII-B

Eternity etched in Words

John Keating from the *Dead Poets Society* said and I qoute, **"We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race, and the human race is filled with passion. Medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits, and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for."**

There's a phrase in Latin, **'Ars longa, Vita brevis'** which literally translates to *'Art is Long, Life is Short'*. We are mere, mortal human beings, one day our feet will turn cold and we will all die. Nothing in life is certain, but Art, poetry, literature is immortal. It is timeless, seamless, with no boundaries. Unlike life, it doesn't have any rules, it doesn't have to be perfect. Through out our lives we strive to be perfect. Literature, Poetry and art; it is not supposed to be perfect, it is supposed to make you feel something, beyond daily life, something inexplicable, something beyond the lines.

Words have a lot of power. When crafted artfully as poetry, it teaches us to look at things differently, to interpret a story behind a wilted flower. During our span of survival, once a moment gets in grip of words, it gets captured forever. Words have a way of out living life and promising eternity. Poetry, Literature, Art, Philosophy will outlast. But as Shakepeare said, "Live before you die." In this life, feel as much as you can, glee, grief, fear, love, freedom or even numbness! Create an art out of it even when you feel nothing because words understands what the world can never. A person of art, literature, poetry and philosophy in every ounce of their blood and every vein trailing in their body create a legacy, they leave behind a mark. Inject poetry and metaphors in your bloodstream and live an extraordinary life. Force yourselves to think about the ordinary in another way, even if it's silly or wrong. Poetry can be found in everyday things, never limit it to only words, as long as it enlightens us and thrills us and make us feel a bit immortal. Run after ambition, career, your goals, all your dreams and all those 'noble pursuits', but if you ever stumble, stumble upon poetry. If you're ever in pain, turn it into a beautiful piece of art, just like how a broken glass when decorated beautifully, feels like a piece of art. And when the sunny days pass a little quickly, and the nights stay a little longer, become a philosopher, become a poet, become an artist with a unconquerable mind. Set the ordinary at the door for within literature, the extraordinary unfurls, waiting for the brave who venture between its pages.

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference."

- Robert Frost, The Road Not Taken.

Nitya Srivastava
VIII-A

My Library OF MEMORIES...

When the moon climbed high, my dreams opened a secret door for me. The door opened into a library full of memories.

I stepped onto a silver stair, surrounded by stars and a golden twilight sky. When I look down, I found myself floating! People below appeared like miniature figurines, vehicles like tiny toy models, and buildings like small playhouses, while my own house shown the brightest of all!

I hesitated to move, afraid I might fall out of the sky, but when I finally stepped forward, I realised I was still safe, standing high above the world.

Soon, I noticed something deeply precious. With every silver step I climbed, my memories began to glow and replay before my eyes.

The first fifteen steps showed my memories when I was born, followed by my mischievous habits, my first day at school, and those warm, lazy childhood afternoons filled with laughter and games.

But as we say, all good things must come to an end... And so happened with me too! When I reached the 16th step, the saddest day of my life appeared, the passing away of the person I loved the most: My Grandpa!

That memory froze me completely. My heart felt heavy and it seemed as if the sky itself had gone silent. The next few steps showed the beautiful moments I spent with him. While, in reality, tears swept away as I slept. Yet slowly, the memories softened again. The final steps were filled with joy and love- moments shared with my family, my grandpa, my relatives, my friends and my teachers.

Since that day till today, I still hold these memories as if they're diamonds in my heart. They help me look on my past, remember the people I love and keep them alive in my dreams.

Nitya Gupta
VII-B

STROKES

STROKES

Strokes

STROKES



BRUSHES AND BEYOND!



Bidisha
Bannerjee

IX-A



Nandini
Kumar

XI-A



Madiha
Khaliq

VIII-B



Anvesha
Gupta

XI-B



Shanaya Agarwal

VII-A



Madhavi Srivastava

XI-C



Ananya Jotwani

IX-B



Aizah Kashif

VII-A



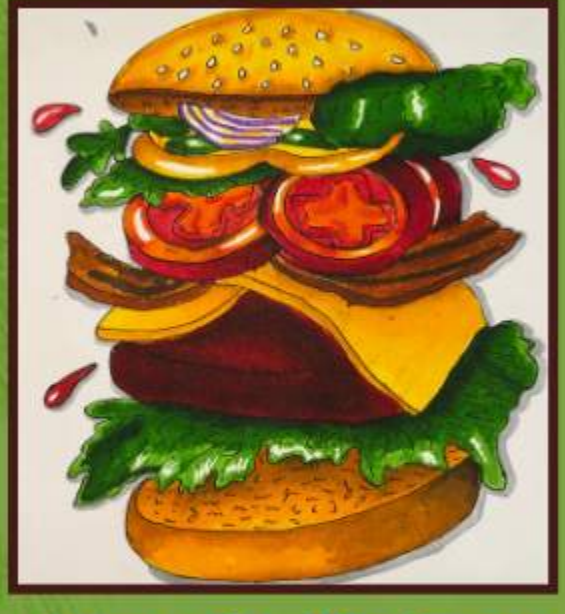
Anushka
Sharma

IX-B



Ananya
Vaish

XI-B



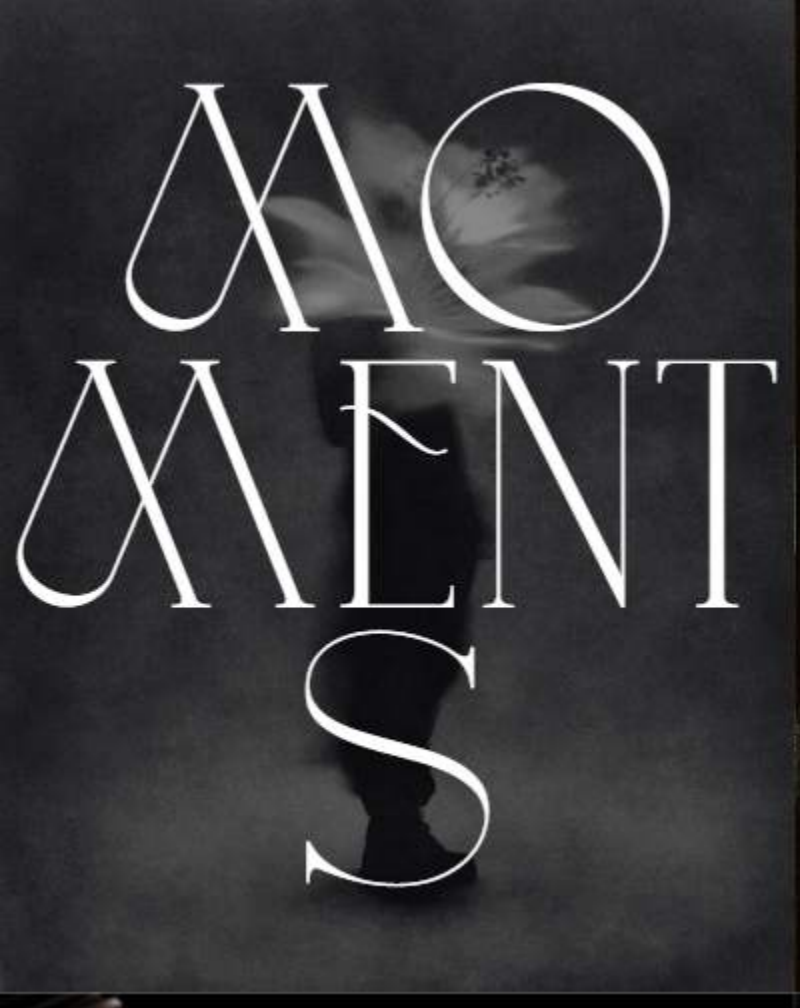
Aroush Nadeem
Khan

XI-B



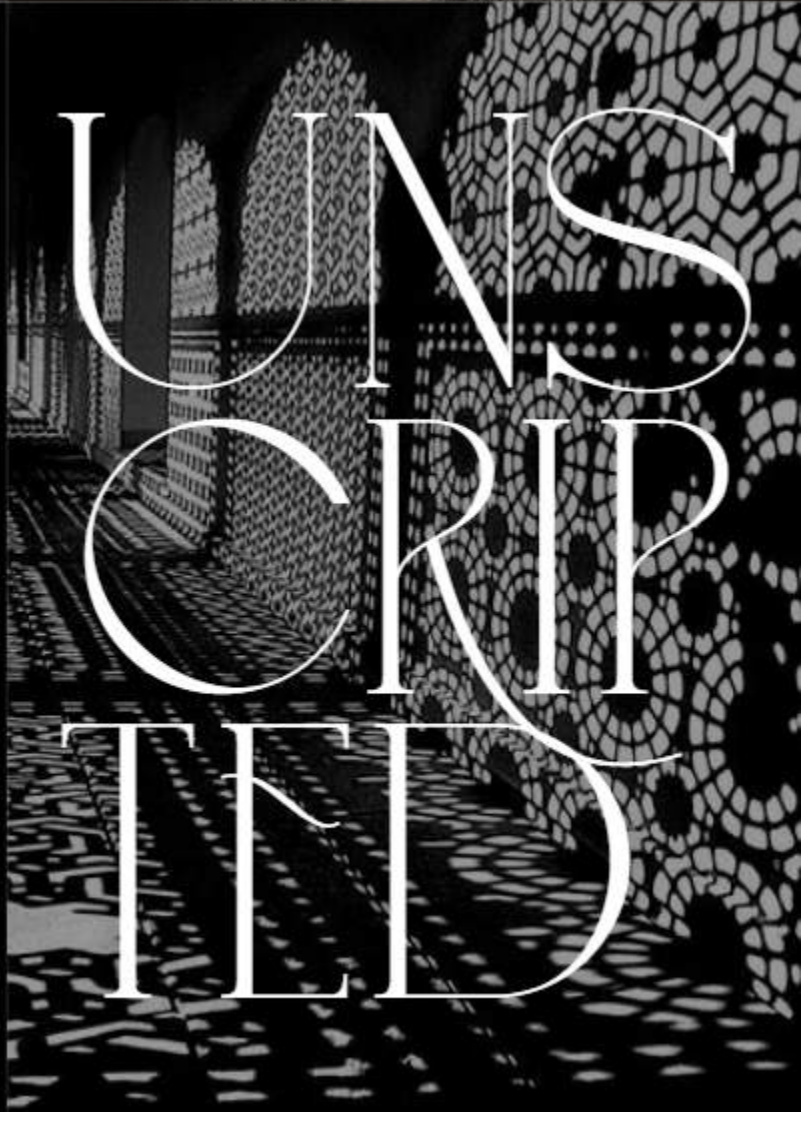
Ahaana
Ghawri

IX-B


MO
MENT
S




STILLS


UNS
CRIP
TED





NANDINI KUMAR
XI-A





KALI MAHESHWARI
XI-B

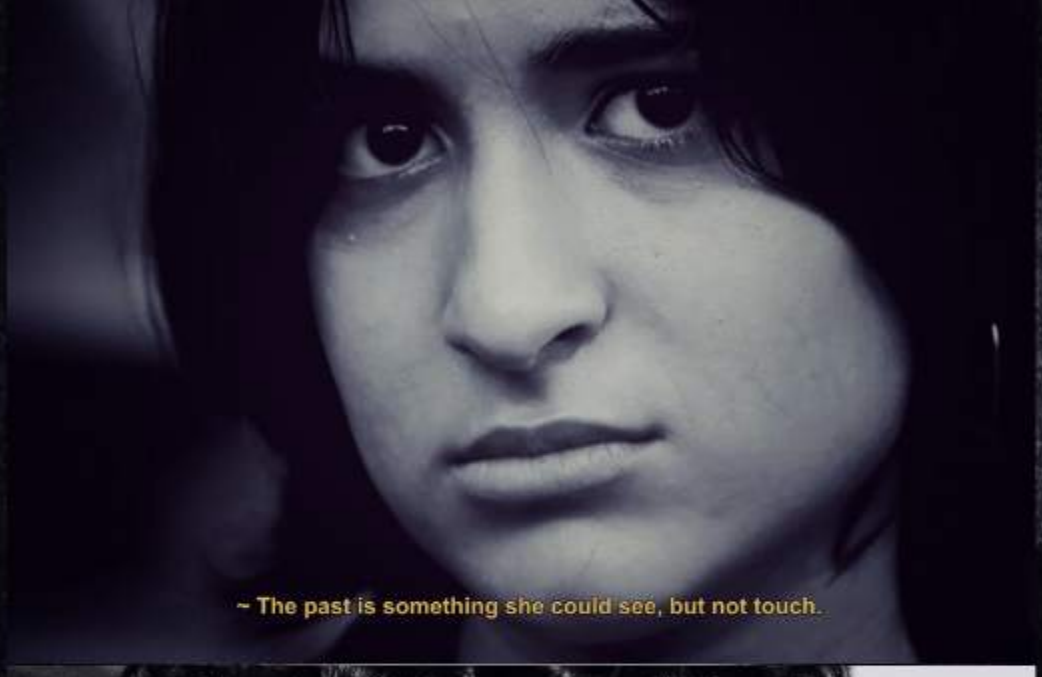


MANNAT VASWANI
VII-A





BIDISHA BANERJEE
IX-A



~ The past is something she could see, but not touch.



~ Life offers up these moments of joy despite everything.



~ all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players.

TASHVI RASTOGI
XII-B





AYRA RAIS IMRAN
XI-C



YASHIKA AMARNANI
XI-A

KUHU SARAN
XI-C

ANVESHA SRIVASTAVA
VIII-B



AIRA SHAHAN
IX-B



MEDHA AGARWAL
XI-C





SAYYADA FATIMA
X-B



AIZAH KASHIF
VII-A



AKSHITA MISHRA
8-B



ALIZA ALI ZAHEER
XI-C



NITYA SHAH
VIII-A



KULSUM KHAN
IX-C

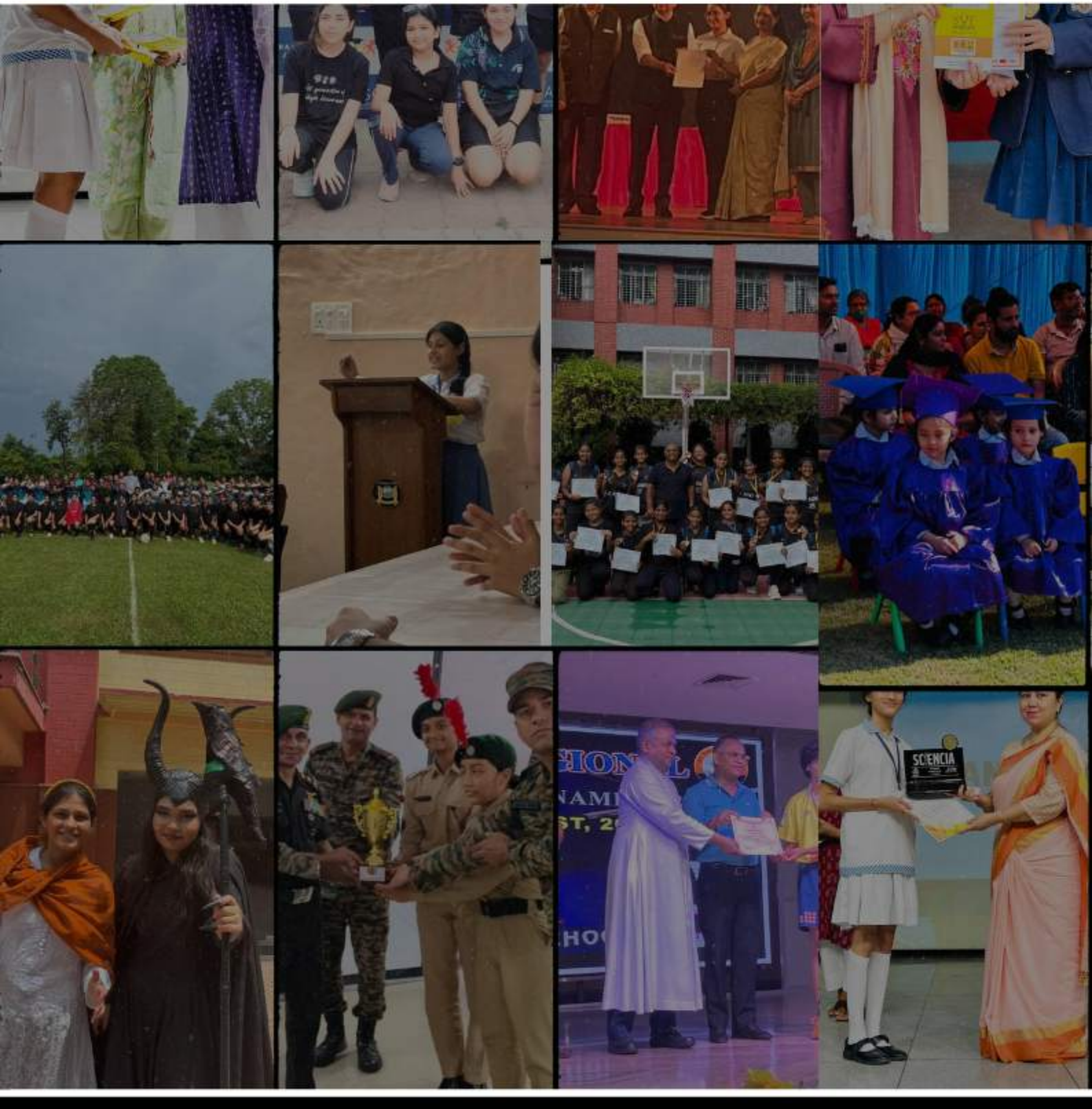


AFIA ALI
VII-B

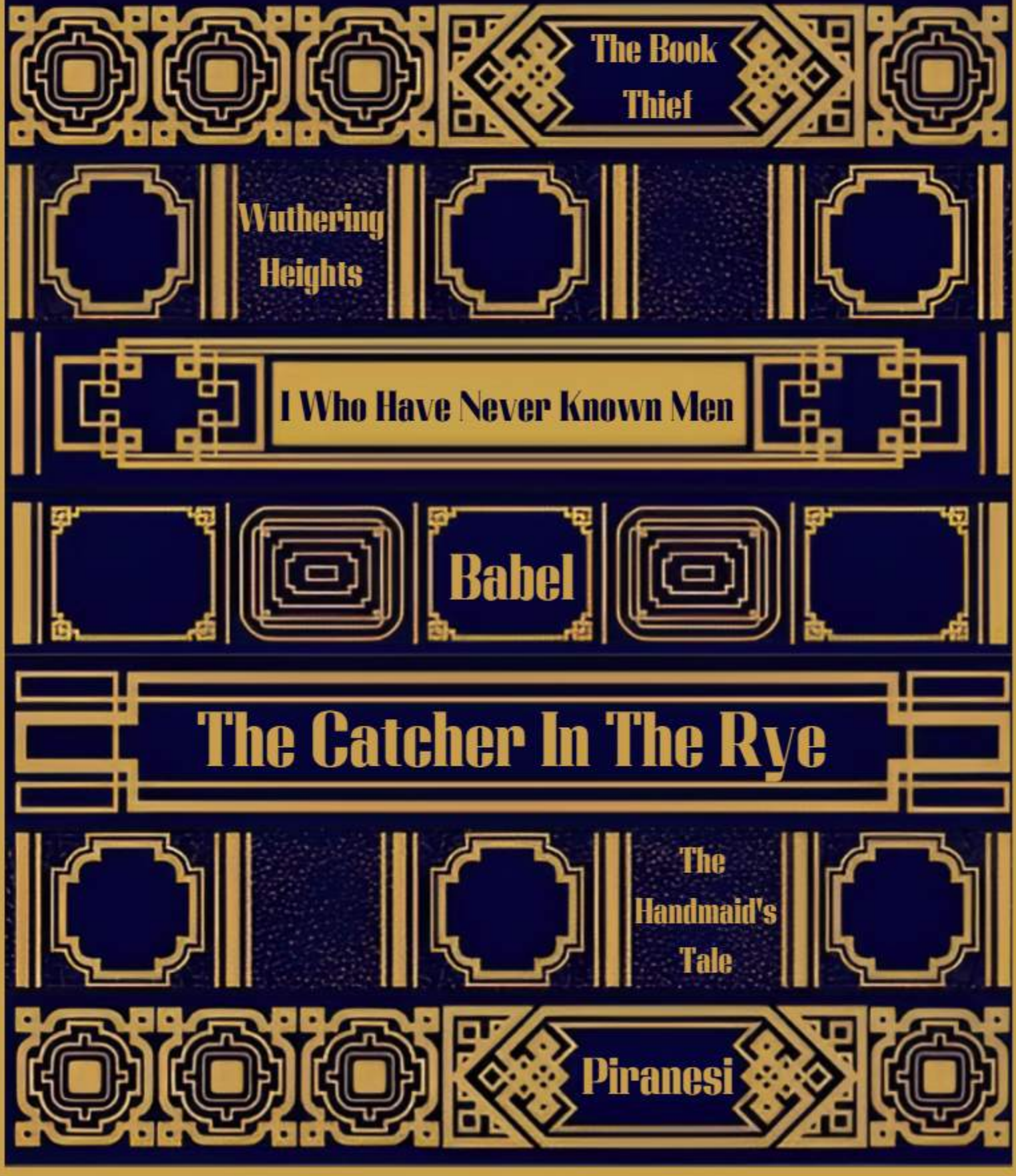


KULSUM KHAN
IX-C

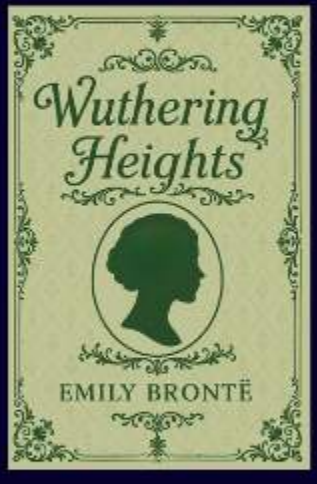
Raising the Bar!

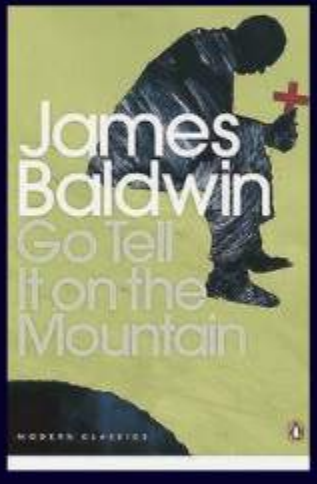


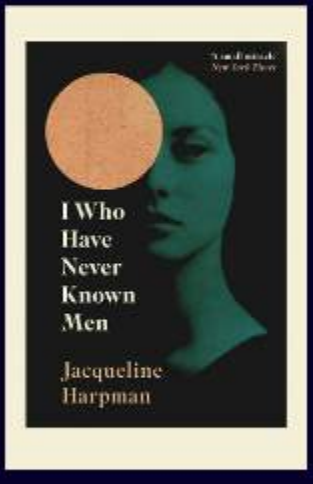
THE AGNESIAN BOOKSHELF



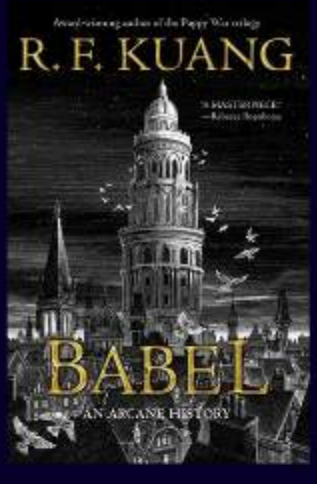
THE AGNESIAN BOOKSHELF

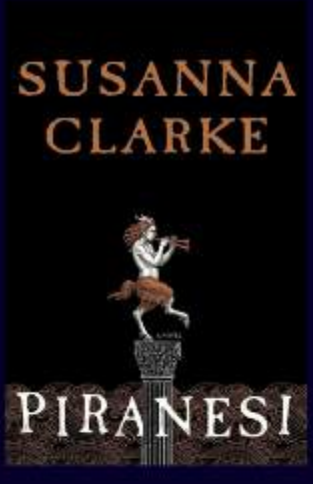




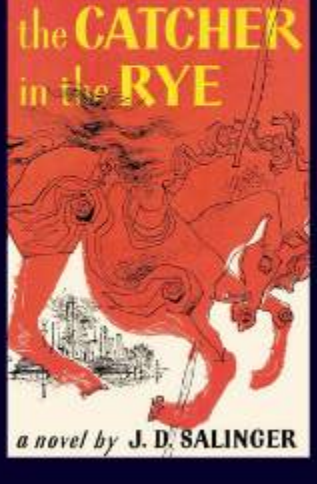


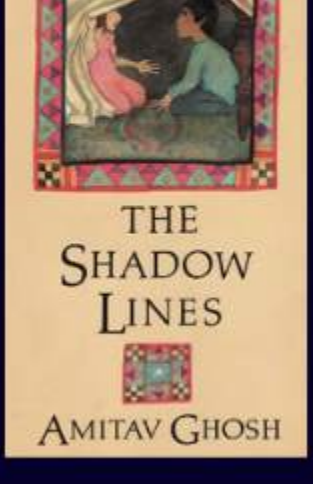








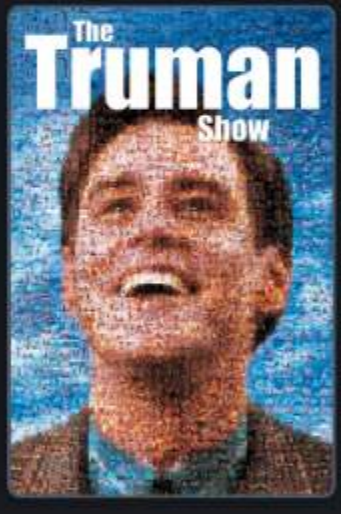




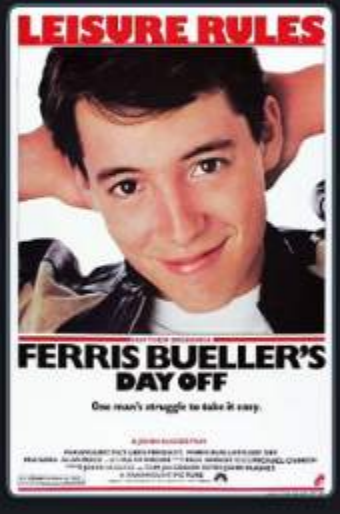
agnes'

FAVORITES









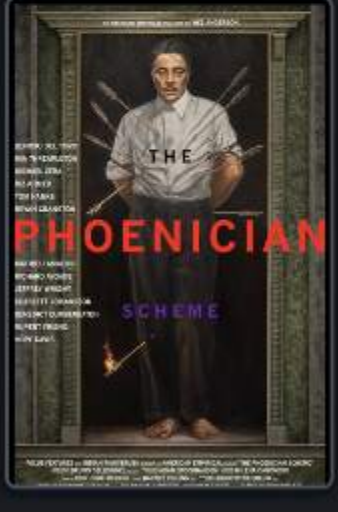
RECENT ACTIVITY





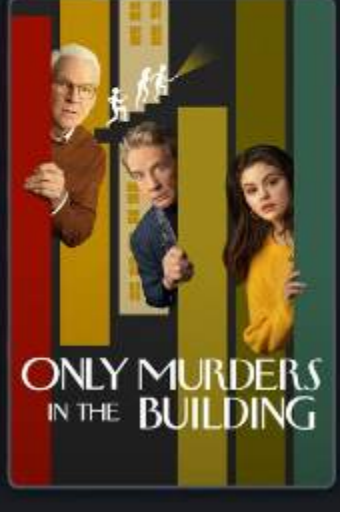












the soundtrack to agnes'



Limelight



NUEVAYoL



Somebody To Love



Supercut



From Eden

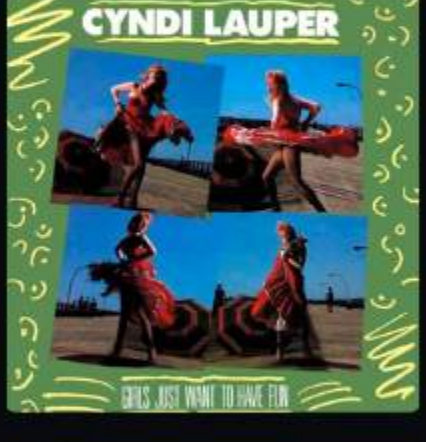


When You're Gone

Recently Played



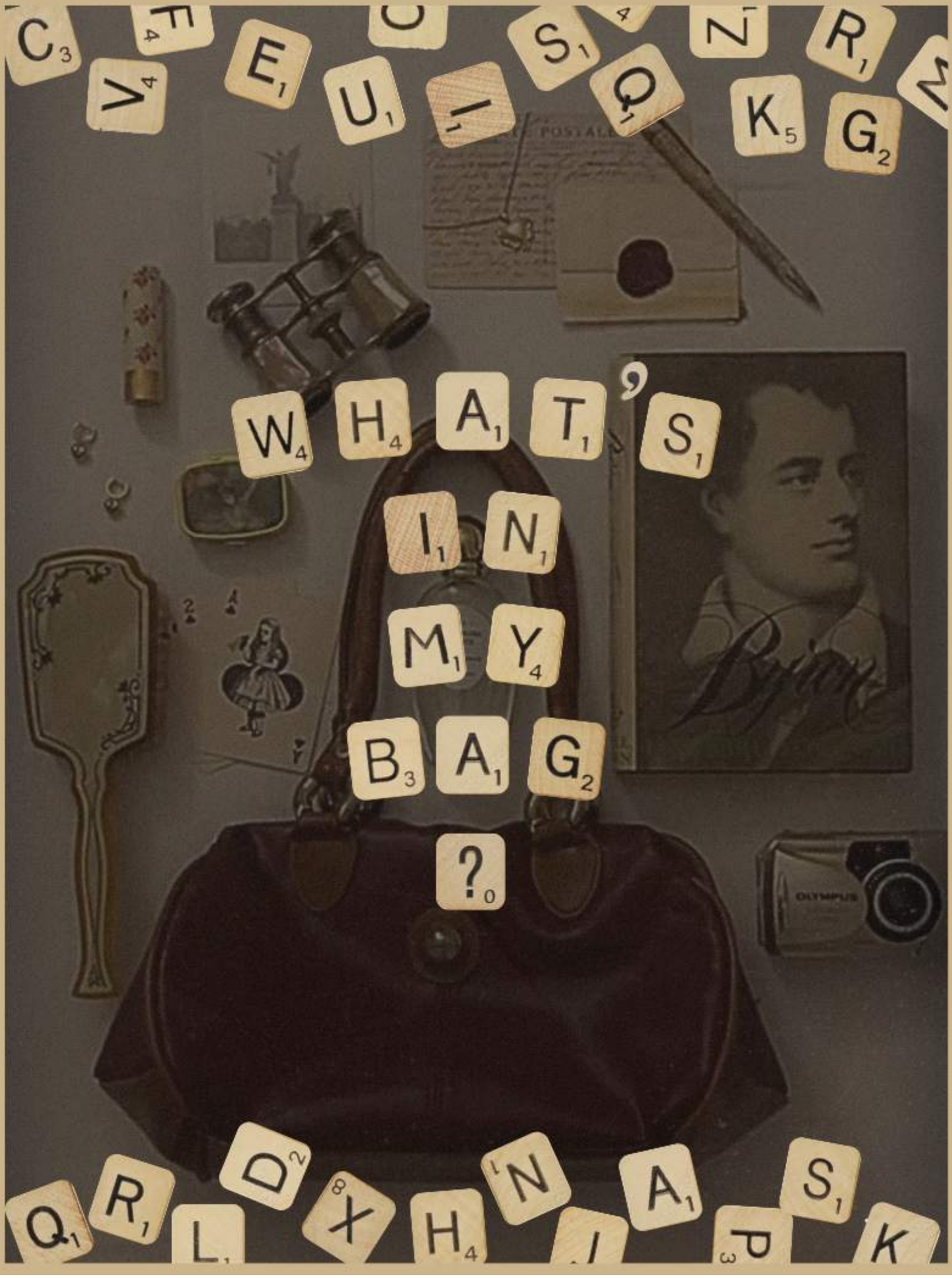
Take A Chance
ABBA



Girls Just Wanna Have Fun
Cyndi Lauper



Paperback Writer
The Beatles


WHAT'S IN MY BAG?

Luna Lovegood



Ravenclaw Badge



Dirigible Plum earrings



The Quibbler magazine



Butterbeer cork necklace



Spectrespecs



DA Coin





Wand



Perfume



Handcream



lip balm



airpods



A copy of Moby Dick



Rory Gilmore



sunscreen



body mist



cap



matcha



New Yorker magazine

A Ticket to Donna & the Dynamos



Sophie's Sun Charm



Sunglasses



Seashell necklace



Postcard from Kalokairi





Sunscreen

Key to Villa Donna





Diary



Polaroid with the girls

DONNA SHERIDAN



MINI LIPSTICKS

CENTRAL PERK SCRATCH CARD



LABEL-MAKER



PROTEIN BAR





WHISTLE



RECIPE CARD



CHANDLER'S SPARE KEY



MONICA



LONE SURVIVOR OF A PAIR OF EARRINGS LENT TO RACHEL



SCENTED HAND SANITIZER

Scribbles THAT SPEAK

Sweet Agnes

Sweet Agnes, holy child,
All purity,
Oh, may we undefiled,
Be pure as thee:
Ready our blood to shed
Forth as the martyrs led.
The path of pain to tread,
And die like thee.

O gentle patroness
Of holy youth,
Ask God all those to bless
Who love the truth:
Oh, guide us on our way
Unto th'eternal day,
With hearts all pure and gay,
Dear Saint, like thine.

Look down and hear our pray'r
From realms above,
Show us thy tender care,
Thy guiding love:
Oh, keep us in thy sight,
Till in th'unclouded light
Of Heav'n's pure vision bright
We dwell with thee.



ENGAGE. LEARN. INSPIRE.

ST. AGNES' LORETO DAY SCHOOL

2025-2026