

A Farewell Note in a brand-new World

Rita Dhar

Department of English



The pandemic will for a long time to come remain the focal point from which a change in the new world order triggered. While we thought that bringing our work home to accommodate work into life will only last till the pandemic lasts, the tables now seem to have turned permanently. This however, is only the beginning of what is unfolding.

Right after COVID 19 the resounding statement of students not doing well academically because their teachers were away, echoed everywhere. But it isn't only the approach to academics that has changed. Young adults don't seem to be 'young adults' anymore. All of a sudden, they have come of age with a world view mature yet increasingly bleak, all the time aware of the uncertainties that surround them, the uphill task of paying bills, the pangs of struggling between their aspirations, realities of challenges and establishing their youthful emotions while attempting to become adults.

What is more, while they are dabbling with these emotions, they have been pushed into a value system that has made many of them to believe that the grandeur and sublimity of art, learning and aesthetics will hold no value unless they have the unending number of bills in their pockets and accounts.

Early this year, while reading through the essay on, "The Importance of Water," I was astounded by the statement that water is important because we can sell it!

The wall street agenda is succeeding

At this point, anxious of what will happen to these young minds who have missed their high school years in rolling the stone like Sisyphus; in becoming modern day metaphors as the rocking horse winners, I wonder what the cold and silent euphoria of minting coins will give to them?

But then a touch of light and hope dawned when these same young boys and girls demonstrate such wisdom in their relation with God, the bonds they build and not to forget the spirituality in their love poems (a rare privilege, I enjoyed).

Many are so deserving of praise, young as their shoulders maybe, they have shouldered their family responsibilities without breathing a word about it and balancing the act so well.

I am envious of how well they have understood financial literacy and financial discipline; to be able to recognize their skills and be enterprising about it as they

PROSE

understand that standing out with a paper degree is a new order.

The world has changed, it is unrecognizable to many of us who are migrants from the world of classics and I often worry that I do not want to inhabit a world of Gradgrinders. I have however, learnt from my young students the subtle art of being without care and choosing my ground even if others aren't choosing it; for me or with me.

I have faith that they will conquer the world with that smug and wisdom of human behaviour.

But my fears for my young ones do not ease as I know theirs is a world that is constantly fleeting and therefore, I, consecrate a lay unto them:

May the radiant sun always kiss you with blissfulness,
May there be bountiful of love and kindness in your way,
May you find human bonds richer than gold.

May the songbirds sing of you
And may you slide through all rainbows of success.

When drudgery comes for you,
May the laughter of yesteryears give you solace.

In paths of solitude,
May you be reminded of the cheer and hands that held you.
And no matter how hard life knocks you down,
May you never be defeated.



An Incorrect Interpretation of Bloodborne

Arkibanshan Surong, XII Science B



Bloodborne is a Love crafting horror RPG that no one understands by definition, where the player is free to attack hordes of human children and consume their innards. If that in-depth and engaging anti-baby gameplay appeals to you, keep reading because it gets worse. In this game you play as John Bloodborne, a foreigner incapable of speech without the use of sign language and stricken with Habsburg disease comes to the ancient city of London seeking treatment for the sins of his cousins and in doing so he will begin hallucinating; talking to dolls, spider people and the great penile peckle Journeying further, John Bloodborne becomes conscripted into the service of a gay elder and a 60-year-old man he keeps as a pet and is given the ultimate task of killing an invisible infant in order to cure his anemia. To accomplish this said Herculean task, the player must journey through dark forests, terrifying nightmares and the meth-ridden alleyways of a post-Brexit Britain. Slaying monsters, exploring and consuming any fetuses on the way; this game is an excellent realization of a Metroid Vania with something new around every corner. A great action RPG which pits you against in surmountable odds and extreme challenges and has a gripping story and lore about discovering the eldritch truth. So, if you can, play it yourself because I'm not going to hold back on the details. It's no secret that my review was 'entertainment first', so I don't suggest using me as genuine advice. However, most people can't play this game EVER, because you have to buy a Rs. 14000 magical box sold by the wizard 'Sony' in order to experience it and even then, you get to see it in an amazing 30 framesper second with no anti-aliasing (Port this game to PC, I beg of you). In fact, I can assume that a lot of people reading this will basically never play the game but keep reading because I'm hilarious and original.

Gameplay

The gameplay is what makes this game great and the easiest way to describe it is simple but complicated. On a simple level, your baby brain is responsible for only two tasks: dodging and hitting, and dodging in this game renders you temporarily invincible; sounds easy right? Wrong. It's because every single enemy is adjusted to keep pace with you, basic enemies are basically able to whoop you into non - existence and thus, every encounter therefore, is tense and engaging and when you eliminate someone it's because you were faster and had more meth than they did. On a complicated level, you have a gun and normally bullets hurt people but in Bloodborne, bullets are a suggestion like the Geneva Convention. Here in England, it's all about the knife bins except when you shoot somebody mid-attack, you gain the mystical and arcane ability to plunge your fists

through the rib cage like Mortal Kombat and rip out their heart which is considered rude and a slight annoyance. On a complicated level, every single weapon in the game has two different modes with two different move sets and transforming between them gives you special attacks. On a theoretical physicist level, your character memorizes squiggly lines and fridge art created by elder beings for passive bonuses that work regardless of weaponry (my favorites are more money, more money and more money; they stack). Finally, on a metatheoretical chiropractic level every weapon is customizable with different gem slots that give differing effects for your attacks and there are different types that can literally change all of the stats of the weapon like making a spear does more damage based on intelligence. There's definitely more and a lot of strategy in how you level up your character but I assume that you know how to level up in a video game. So what I'm going to do is go straight into what makes this game great.

Bosses

Yes, you have been japed, I am talking about bosses without talking about the levels. In most video games bosses cap off areas but in Bloodborne, these areas are preambles to a meat flattening and nothing will challenge your skill in quite the same way except for the 'Witches of Hemwick' who were placed into the game for disability access. You can probably already understand and tell that Bloodborne is a hard game; we don't even know if a games journalist can beat it but it's hard in a fair way in which that it tests your skills and reaction time except for Lawrence (which is a very mundane name for a fire monster). What sets this game's bosses apart is that the challenge makes it feel like you're a really small dude jabbing a toothpick into a building-sized deer demon so, yeah I would be impressed if he killed that but not only that, unlike Dark Souls every single boss reacts meaningfully to how you attack them; large beasts can have their bones cracked and their tendons wound into a slinky, bone boys can be knocked over and have their bone marrow sicked and human enemies will rinse and recoil when they see your height difference. As well every boss punishes you for cowardice and actively discourages backpedalling with their forward momentum causing every fight to be an elaborate dance with a thrilling back and forth unless you're fighting 'Rom' who is the really hungry caterpillar if he had a legion of arachnid slaves who threw their heads underground like ostriches (we don't talk about him) and while we're on the subject of bad bosses, let me tell you something that the humanoid bosses in this game are paradoxically the most dangerous but Mikalash is a psychological hazard that will hurt you personally. This boss literally feels like cut content because the fight centers around chasing him and his direction depends on rng making him an actual speed run killer. When you corner him, he uses ONE ATTACK and then you chase him again where he gains the power to insta-kill you, pity you if you got hit by it because that's 10 minutes gone. Here's a tip, save up 10 poison knives and steal from your family if you must then wait until he jumps down a very specific hole, poison him repeatedly and watch him spaz out until death. You will thank me but as a result of everyone who isn't him, conquering a boss in this game is absolutely rewarding on a level that other games cannot match it's only because the odds are stacked against you in ways that don't feel unfair. 'Most of the time' that conquering them is the main reason I play and their fights are undoubtedly the best I've ever done in video games.

Domination of Men in Blue – Journey of Team India

Aryan Sah, XI Science D

The 2023 World Cup was the 13th edition of the tournament held in India for the fourth time in history. Ten teams participated in the same format as the 2019 World Cup, with a knockout round followed by the finals.

On October 5th, the opening match was between the winners and runners-up from the 2019 World Cup, England and New Zealand. New Zealand won the match by 9 wickets with 82 balls remaining, avenging their 2019 defeat.

Team India played their first match in Chennai against five-time world champions Australia at the Chinnaswamy stadium. India won the toss and chose to bowl first. Australia had a solid start, but Jadeja and Kuldeep took three and two wickets respectively, and the Aussies could only give India a target of 200 runs. India lost three early wickets, but Virat and Rahul helped them win the match by six wickets with 52 balls remaining.

India's second match was against Afghanistan in New Delhi, which India won comfortably by eight wickets with 90 balls to spare. However, India's main focus was on their next match, India vs. Pakistan in Ahmedabad. India won the toss and chose to bowl first. The Indian seamers took back-to-back wickets and restricted Pakistan to a total of only 191 runs. When the Indian batters came into bat, they chased down the total in only 30.3 overs and won the match by seven wickets.

India won their next four league matches against England, Sri Lanka, South Africa, and Netherlands, entering the semi-finals against New Zealand. India hoped to take revenge for their loss to New Zealand in the 2019 World Cup, and the match took place in Mumbai's Wankhede stadium. India was batting first and gave a target of 391 runs to New Zealand, with Virat Kohli scoring his 50th century. When New Zealand came to bat, the team was in a good position until they faced the Shami show, who took seven wickets in just 9.5 overs. India won the match by 70 runs and advanced to the finals.

In the final match on November 19th, India played Australia at Narendra Modi stadium. Australia won the toss and decided to bowl first. India started well, but the whole team got all out for just 240 runs. Australia lost three early wickets but easily chased the target, lifting the trophy for the sixth time.

Although India lost the final match, they played excellently throughout the tournament and won the hearts of billions of cricket fans worldwide. Led by the fearless leader Rohit Sharma, the Indian cricket team was a good team, with all players contributing. The combined efforts and support of billions of Indians led to a successful ICC World Cup event, and India hopes to lift the trophy in the 2027 World Cup. Kudos to the team!

Dear Dad, *Alfonza Yoolangika Madur, XII Science B*

It's been a whirlwind of emotions since the first time I tried to put pen to paper about you. You were more than talented; you were a virtuoso in the symphony of life, mastering cooking, singing, drawing, carpentry, and architecture. I used to look at you in awe, wondering if I could ever measure up.

You were a pillar of strength, never allowing a tear to escape, not even when life dealt its cruellest blows—like losing your brother. I admired your resilience; you were the embodiment of stoicism, tackling every challenge with an unwavering determination.

From my first breath, you were there, a constant in my life. While I can't recall those early moments, I know you were my anchor. When Mom had to venture to distant states for work, it was you who became my guiding light. You taught me to cook, setting the condition that I had to behave well. You were the fixer of everything broken, from plumbing disasters to electrical malfunctions. You were my super hero, Dad.

But, oh, how I messed up. In the rebellious haze of teenage angst, I lashed out at you. The man who could fix anything couldn't mend the growing divide between us. I dismissed your efforts to make things right, blinded by my own misguided turmoil.

You made promises—a pact that you'd witness my high school graduation, take me on a joyride on your bike, and unveil a world of new experiences. Fate, however, had a cruel sense of humour. Midway through my 10th selections, you were hospitalized. The word 'cancer' echoed like a haunting refrain in our lives. Chemotherapy sessions became a painful routine, draining not only your strength but our finances.

I watched you fight, Dad, through the ravages of cancer. Your hair fell out, a cruel manifestation of the battle you were waging within. But you found humour even in the bleakest moments, cracking jokes about your hairless head. Little did I know, that was just the prelude to an even darker chapter?

Diabetes entered the narrative, bringing with it a new set of struggles. Hospitalizations became frequent, and I witnessed you transform from the robust figure I'd always known to a mere shadow of yourself. You came home, frail and weak, yet your stubborn determination to escape the hospital's sterile confines was unwavering.

Then came the night that shattered whatever remained of our semblance of normalcy. A bad chest pain struck, and you were admitted once again. The diagnosis

PROSE

was diabetes, and your body, once sturdy and strong, now betrayed you. Tubes, medicines, and oxygen cylinders became fixtures in our home. It was agonizing to see you struggle for breath, a stark contrast to the man who once laughed off challenges.

I remember the day you wanted to take a bath. A seemingly mundane desire turned poignant in the face of your fragility. An hour later, you said you wanted to rest. Little did we know that it would be an eternal slumber. The shockwaves from my sister's scream reverberated through my soul as I stood outside, helpless and paralyzed.

I regret every moment of rebellion, every harsh word spoken, and every time I failed to see the pain beneath your stoic exterior. Now, in the aftermath, the guilt is a heavy burden, and the silence left by your absence is deafening. The funeral, during the time of COVID, robbed my sisters of the chance to bid a proper farewell. The sealed coffin stood as a cruel testament to the unforgiving circumstances.

In the echoes of your absence, the weight of your unfulfilled promises looms large. You said you'd see me graduate, take me on a joyride, and teach me new things. But life had other plans. You were a troubled man, Dad, and I grapple with conflicting emotions. Sometimes, I think I hate you, and then the guilt for even feeling that way consumes me.

"I'm sorry, Dad, for feeling this," I whisper into the void. The troubled man who never got the chance to be himself left behind a void that words struggle to fill. I hope, wherever you are, heaven has granted you the second chance that life denied you.

"You may have not been the world's greatest dad but I haven't been the world's greatest kid either."

*With love,
Your daughter.*



A World without Whales is not much of a World at all

*Emikamkahi Kyndiah,
XII Science C*

“Whales do not sing because they have an answer, they sing because they have a song”

The hunting of whales is a controversial and deeply emotional issue that has sparked debate and concern around the world. Whales, those gentle giants of the ocean, are majestic and intelligent creatures that inspire awe and wonder in all who encounter them. Their grace, beauty, and sheer size have captured the imaginations of people from all walks of life, and their importance in the delicate balance of ocean ecosystems cannot be overstated.

Whales, like humans, are mammals. They nurse their young, communicate with one another, and form complex social structures within their pods. They are highly intelligent creatures, displaying a sophisticated understanding of their environment and the world around them. Their capacity for empathy, demonstrated through behaviours such as protecting injured members of their pod, is a testament to their emotional depth and complex social intelligence. In many ways, the lives of whales can be seen as parallel to our own. They experience joy and sorrow, form bonds and relationships, and navigate the challenges of survival within their natural habitats. Their songs, which travel vast distances through the ocean, are hauntingly beautiful and are thought to play a crucial role in their social interactions and communication.

The hunting of whales has been a practice with a long history, driven by the desire for their valuable resources, such as meat, blubber, and oil. Whales are not mere objects to be exploited; they are emotional and intelligent beings with great value and a right to exist free from harm and exploitation. Their presence in the ocean is an essential component that sustains all living creatures on our planet.

It is essential that we recognize the urgent need to protect whales and their habitats and to work towards ending the destructive practice of commercial whaling. Stronger international regulations and enforcement are needed to prevent the continued slaughter of these magnificent creatures. Additionally, promoting sustainable alternatives to whaling, such as responsible eco-tourism and non-lethal research methods, can provide viable economic opportunities that do not require the exploitation of whales. Educating communities about the importance of whales in the ocean's ecological balance and the impact of whaling on their populations can help

raise awareness and foster a deeper appreciation for these remarkable creatures.

The hunting of whales is not only an issue of animal welfare and conservation; it is a moral imperative that calls upon us to recognize and respect the inherent worth and dignity of all living beings. As inhabitants of the earth, it is our responsibility to act with compassion and empathy towards all creatures and to work towards creating a world in which the lives of whales and all sentient beings are valued and protected.

Whales are without masters. They only answer to the sea. Therefore no one can own whales. Not Sea World. Not Miami Sea quarium. Not Marineland. Not anyone. They belong to no one but the sea. In the end, the fate of whales is intertwined with our own. Their well-being is a reflection of our capacity for compassion and our willingness to act in the service of a greater good. By standing together in defence of whales and the natural world they inhabit, we can affirm our commitment to preserving the beauty, diversity, and wonder of our planet for generations to come.

Let us join hands to protect and cherish these magnificent creatures, honouring the deep bond that unites us all as inhabitants of this wondrous planet.



A Childhood, Ruined

*Emilia Rosemary Rodborne,
XI Arts A*

*2nd Prize Winner: Story Writing Competition,
Talent Fest -2023*

He was woken up by the sunlight shining on his face. He lay on his bed thinking about what happened last night. His father, the man who abused his mother and made his childhood miserable, had come back into his life. Alex got out of bed and started pacing around the room. His dog Jerry looked at him anxiously, wondering what his owner was thinking about. Then, Alex stopped pacing around and thought that he should get ready for work. After he got ready, he ate breakfast, got out of his house and started walking.

He walked with a solemn look on his face that disguised the agony he felt within. He hardly noticed the paraphernalia of life that surrounded him. Joyful faces of children, playing happily and the sun-lit visages of the folks at the park passed him by, leaving him oblivious. Memories of the past came flashing back and wrecking the foundation of his present life...

As he got to work and sat at his desk, his mind kept thinking about what his father used to do to him and his mother. He tried to distract himself with work but that did nothing. He just kept thinking and this made him visibly angry. People around him started getting worried.

He kept focusing on this one particular event. His father, feeling generous, took him and his mother to a nice restaurant. Everything was going well, until the car-ride back home. His parents were arguing about something. He could not remember what they were arguing about, but he remembered that it was intense. It was then that his father slapped his mother for the very first time.

Alex just sat there in his cubicle, tears streaming down his face. He wondered why his father came back into his life and asked for forgiveness. How could he forgive his father after all the things he did? He just sat there racking his brain for an answer.



Flashbacks

*Sneha Paul,
XII Commerce B*

3rd Prize Winner: Story Writing Competition, Talent Fest - 2023

It was 2p.m. in the evening when Sirish had just come back from his work. He was completely ready to drop after his job. He had become a complete workaholic whose only aim was to prosper. Money and wealth was all that mattered to him. He placed no importance to his family whatsoever.

He had lost all his contact with his family, relatives, friends and siblings. He was really dear to his mother. His mother often said, "I can't imagine my life without you, son!" She genuinely meant it. Her son moved out to Mumbai and sent his mother to an old age home in Surat. Sirish's mother was growing old and during her last days, she yearned to be around her son. Sirish was however not bothered at all.

On the 31st of March 2012, Sirish received a call from this old age house informing about his mother's demise. Listening to this, Sirish first took a deep breath, put down the call and broke down into tears. He felt contrite about the fact that he could not meet his mother during her last few days and continued crying the entire time. This was too much for him to bear but despite this, he decided to visit Surat once before his mother was buried. When he saw the lifeless figure of his mother, he realised the pain that his mother had to go through before going to the blessed region. He was completely guilt-trapped. After a week of completing the rituals, he returned to Mumbai.

His colleagues noticed some sort of changes in the behaviour of Sirish. He often sat in a deserted area and zoned out. His health was deteriorating and his condition was horrifying. His colleagues then decided to send him for a counselling session. This session did change him for the better.

Sirish now spent time with his siblings, played with children and decided to balance his work life with his personal life.

One fine day, while returning from his office, he walked with a solemn look in his face that disguised the agony he felt within. He hardly noticed the paraphernalia of life that surrounded him, joyful faces of children, playing happily and the sun-lit visage of the folks at the park passed him by, leaving him oblivious to them all. Memories of the past came flashing back and wrecking the foundation of his present life because



PROSE

now he had lost the person who loved him the most, his mother. He missed his mother immensely and seeing all these had no effect on him as now he was all alone. After the counselling session, he did improve but this day made him remember how his cold-hearted behaviour made him lose his mother. He was in complete bereavement .He was culpable for this situation and the anguish he felt within himself worsened his situation adversely. He started mourning and panting. His heart rate increased and he had a quick flashback of his past. That night, he cried himself to sleep.

The next morning he did wake up but his soul was out of him. He had lost his life and had gone to the blessed region forever . When Sirish saw his own lifeless body laying in the bed , he however had no regrets since now he could spent his days with his mother in Heaven enjoying her company which he did not get during her last days. He felt that this was his destiny and life was just doing what it should have done .He saw an angel coming and departed with him happily .



Island Biogeography Doomed the Dodo

*Havamaya Lyngdoh,
XII Science B*

Raphuscuculatus or commonly known as dodo was a flightless bird which inhabited the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. Some consider this bird to be stupid which is the reason for its extinction. This is an unfair assumption to make, since it not only disrespects the species but also ignores the various other factors which led to its extinction. These factors not only affected the dodo but can even affect the species of today if certain measures are not taken. When Mauritius first peeked above the ocean surface, it was devoid of any life form. As time went on the island slowly received its distribution of flora and fauna. Birds that came to the island and settled down eventually evolved into the big, flightless avis that all of us are familiar with.

The history of Mauritius along with the Mascarene Islands began roughly 150 million years ago. A portion of southern India was separated due to a rift in the ocean floor and became the Chagos Lacadive Ridge. The Chagos Lacadive Ridge eventually produced a chain of submerged land forms. These land forms were the Mascarene Plateau. Only a few of these land forms were able to break above water such as the Seychelles, Rodrigues, Reunion as well as Mauritius. When these islands emerged out of the water, they were like rocks in the middle of the Indian Ocean but as time went on, these islands became populated with plant life through plant seeds that were transported either by the wind or by the ocean current. The presence of nutrient rich volcanic soil allowed plant life to thrive on the islands. The same cannot be said for animal show ever. The distribution of animal species on any island is based on two factors.

One being the distance between the Island and the mainland and the other the size of the island. If an island is far away from the mainland, then the number of species which can reach the island is low, as not many species will be able to travel long distances overseas. The size of the island determines how many species can manage to survive once they reach the island. Smaller islands hold fewer species while bigger islands allow more species due to abundant resources. Thus, Mauritius and the other islands show plentiful of plant life but very poor animal life. This is true with the exception of one class of animals, Averroes birds Approximately 4million years ago, a relative of the pigeon came to rest on a few islands in the Indian Ocean. One of these islands being Mauritius. When they arrived on Mauritius, they were welcomed with a place brimming with food with no predators to be seen. Naturally, the

pigeons settled on the island and began to adapt to the new environment. The food on the island allowed these pigeons to grow from half a foot in height to an astounding 3 feet. Their small and sharp beaks for eating seeds changed to large beaks adapted for eating the fruits found on the island. Their bodies grew bigger which made them one of the biggest animals on the island. The dodo became the dominant species on the island. However, these evolutionary changes also came at the expense of other traits that their ancestors had possessed. Their large bodies made them incapable of flying, rendering their wings completely useless. They lost all features which helped their ancestors to survive back on the mainland. The lack of any predators on the island had affected their psychology, they no longer fear any threat. Behaviours like fleeing from danger became out of use. This lack of fear made people think they are stupid. These losses may not have been a problem in their natural habitat but when humans came to the island, they brought along other animals who posed a threat to the dodo population.

At the beginning of the 16th century, when the Portuguese were moving spices between Asia and Europe, they saw Mauritius as a good stopping point along their long voyages. The Portuguese however, did not consider to make any settlements on the island. It was only after 100 years that the Dutch came to the island and tried to establish permanent settlements in 1638. When they arrived on the island, the Dutch found a population of large birds who were completely oblivious to whatever they did to them. The dodo did not identify the humans as a threat despite the fact that they were hunted by them. This is also the case when the Dutch brought with them animals like dogs, cats, rats, pigs, even monkeys. When these animals were released on the island, they experienced a paradise filled with food similar to what the ancestors of the dodo also experienced when they arrived on the island. However, to the animals the food was not the fruits growing on the trees but the dodos themselves. The defenseless nature of the dodo made it easier for these animals to hunt them and quickly multiply and overwhelm the dodo population. The Dutch settlers cut down trees for their farmland which destroyed the dodo's natural habitat. In less than 30 years the dodo became extremely rare on the island. The last confirmed sighting of the dodo came in 1662. Ironically, around this time even the humans were forced to leave the island as their homes were being overrun and destroyed by long tailed macaques which they had introduced in the first place. Therefore, the dodos were driven to extinction not because they were stupid but because they were non-competitive and grown used to the harmless and peaceful life on Mauritius. This issue is not exclusive to the unique environment of Mauritius. These effects of island bio geography are collectively called island syndrome. Island syndrome describes the differences in morphology, ecology, physiology and behaviour of species isolated from those of the mainland. These effects of island syndrome which the dodo falls under is called island tameness. Island tameness was described by Charles Darwin when he visited the Galapagos Islands in the

mid 1800s. He noted that animals on the islands were less wary of predators compared to their relatives on the mainland. Darwin reasoned that this tame behaviour evolved on remote oceanic islands where natural predators were rare or absent. Island tameness is evolutionary disadvantageous for animals such as the dodo. The concept of predators is brand new and they likely have no instinct to avoid them or consider them threats.

The biogeography of islands made them capable of providing some of the most unique but vulnerable species. It took the dodos less than 100 years to be wiped out from this earth after having lived on Mauritius for millions of years. The abundance of food as well as absence of natural predators on the island made the dodo depend on these conditions in order to prosper. The dodo fell victim to their own biogeography. There are many species in the world which are struggling to survive in this modern world due to human intervention. The first step to protecting such species is to understand how and why these species are becoming endangered. The dodo's extinction is unfortunate, these birds would have definitely been beneficial if they were domesticated, even kept as pets because of their docile nature had they still lived in today's world.



An Informal Letter to You

*K. Vansangpuii,
XII Science B*

Dear Junior,

This is a letter that you might need. I can't be too informal with you as it's likely we're not acquainted but I do have a few things I'd like to let you know.

When you see this letter, the year would probably be your last one as a high school student and I hope you don't miss the simple pleasures that come with it. If you have always been a late comer, I advise you to go to school early at least once just to enjoy the peaceful classroom and observe your classmates arriving. But, if you have always been early, I hope you'll run late at least once to experience what it's like to rush to class and the relieved feeling of reaching school after hitting the hasty road.

If you're like me and not good with interacting with teachers, I hope you build up some courage to go up to them if you have any problem. I remember the first time in April when I went up to my teacher to ask a question, it was a very simple one, yet my hands were shivering. But, they answered me with such eagerness and I'm sure all our teachers are just as willing.

If you haven't done so, last year, I hope you actually interact and get to know your classmates and create memories. Who knows, maybe in the future you'll miss playing a game of dodge ball during PT (which I would) or casually going home together with your friends after school. And when the colder months approach, I wish you layer up a bit or wear a muffler so you don't catch a cold and cough in the exam hall throughout your selections.

Also, I wish you meet a bad friend just so you learn how to appreciate good ones. I wish you rainy mornings with all your pants soaked so you appreciate bright sunny mornings. I wish you get heavily sick to the point you have to lie down in the sick bay so you learn how fortunate you are for your health.

Most importantly, I hope you focus on yourself as much as you do on your work. Whatever you do now will affect your future and yes, it is always nice to do well but let it not disconnect you from everyone around you. If this is your one chance, go: go live and laugh and eat food that you enjoy and make friends and fall in love with the world.

*With love,
Your Senior*

Paradise, Paradise Lost, Paradise: The Hero's Journey

*Raphael Lyngdoh Nonglait,
XII Arts C*

A paradise is a place of eternal bliss and perfection. Some of us have never leave the confines of our comfortable walls, not knowing the serpents that dwell in them, the tyranny we impose on ourselves, not reaching what we are capable of. We are in a state of an elusive paradise.

The story of the hero is archaic and is deeply embedded in our collective unconscious. From ancient tales to modern narratives, the hero's quest to regain the paradise or to transform oneself is a recurring theme.

Typically, the hero sets out on a journey, and it often begins with a call to adventure. In many stories, the paradise is a place of familiarity to the protagonist; filled with abundance and harmony. In "The Hobbit" for example, Bilbo Baggins a hobbit was content with a quiet and comfortable life. However, his life turned upside down when the wizard Gandalf and thirteen dwarves led by Thorin Oakenshield, arrived at his doorstep. This was Bilbo's call to adventure.

As the journey progresses, the hero has to face obstacles with thorns on his path. It is not astonishing to see him fail, to also see him in a state of misery, or him simply lagging behind. This is when his faith and resolution are truly tested. At this stage, what he had known, had lost its face with the unknown. He is filled with dilemmas.

Despite these trials and tribulations, the hero's journey often culminates in a redemptive arc. Here, the protagonist undergoes a process of transformation, renewal and potential for paradise regain. In "The Lion King", the protagonist Simba, looked deep enough into the abyss; he found profound wisdom (from his deceased father). The restoration of his kingdom from the tyranny of his uncle represents a symbolic paradise regained. Simba's discovery of his own potentialities, the rediscovery of values such as the virtues courage and selflessness, prevails over the destructive forces of darkness.

The archetype of the hero's journey, in the context of paradise, offers profound insights into human struggles and redemption. "The hero's journey or story serves as a collective yearning for transcendence". Perhaps this is the eternal story of 'Man'.

From Paddles to Podiums

*Labeeb Faisal Ahmed,
XII Commerce B*

When I first picked up a table tennis paddle at twelve years of age, little did I know it would kick off a wild journey from being the underdog to proudly donning the title of a national player. This ride has been all about hustle, bouncing back, and keeping that fire for the game alive.

Early Struggles

Unlike those folks who bagged titles early on, I was still title-less until 2019. Yep, you heard it right—I was the "bad player" in the community. But guess what? Those defeats and the not-so-favorable label just fueled my hunger to prove them wrong.

Dedication and Sacrifice

Becoming a national player meant pulling off more than just killer moves on the table. Juggling school, training, and some semblance of a personal life was like spinning plates. But that craving to succeed it's what kept me on the grind. Being tagged as a "bad player" only made me more determined to shake things up.

Triumphs amidst Doubts

Come 2019, the narrative took a turn. Local wins started popping up, giving the naysayers something to chew on. Those victories weren't just about scoring titles; they were about hushing the self-doubt and proving the skeptics wrong in the community.

Reflections on Growth

Representing my state in national competitions marked a turning point. Standing there, draped in the national flag, was like a mic-drop moment. Every bruise and bead of sweat became a badge of honour, screaming the story of transformation from the "bad player" to a contender on the national stage.

This journey screams loud and clear about the power of passion and keeping the hustle real, especially for those of us who didn't snag the victory cup early on. Embrace the challenges, learn from the face-plants, and let passion be your compass. The road might get bumpy, but trust me; the destination is a sweet victory. As I keep aiming for new highs in table tennis, I carry the lessons learned and the never-say-die spirit from this wild ride, proving that labels can't hold back the real champs—dedication and persistence are our game-changers.

A Year of Growth and Discovery

*Dean Malcolm A. Sangma,
XI Commerce B*

In the quaint hills of Shillong, nestled amidst the serene surroundings, my educational journey took a transformative turn as I entered St. Edmund's Higher Secondary School. The first year at this esteemed institution has been nothing short of a revelation, marked by a fresh environment, exceptional teaching quality, diverse friendships, and state-of-the-art facilities.

The moment I stepped onto the school premises, I was struck by the freshness of the environment. Surrounded by lush greenery and crisp mountain air, St. Edmund's provides a setting that is not only conducive to learning but also invigorating for the spirit. The serene beauty of the campus serves as a constant reminder of the privilege of receiving an education in such a picturesque location.

One of the standout features of St. Edmund's is its exceptional teaching quality. The dedicated and experienced faculty members go above and beyond to impart knowledge and nurture the intellectual growth of every student. The classrooms are not just spaces for lectures; they are arenas for interactive learning, fostering critical thinking, and encouraging students to ask questions. The teachers here are not just educators; they are mentors who are genuinely invested in the success and well-being of their students.

One of the most enriching aspects of my time at St. Edmund's has been the opportunity to make friends from different ethnicities. The student body is a melting pot of cultures, creating a vibrant and inclusive atmosphere. This diversity has broadened my perspectives and enriched my understanding of the world. Learning about different traditions, languages, and customs has been an education in itself, beyond the confines of textbooks and classrooms.

The school's commitment to providing top-notch facilities further enhances the overall learning experience. Modern classrooms equipped with the latest technology create an engaging learning environment. The sprawling football field, basketball court, and badminton court not only promote physical fitness but also instill a sense of discipline and teamwork among the students. Clean and well-maintained washrooms reflect the school's attention to every detail, ensuring that students have a comfortable and hygienic environment.

The student community at St. Edmund's is a dynamic and talented group. From academic achievers to budding athletes and artists, the school fosters an environment where every student can explore and excel in their unique talents. The camaraderie among students creates a sense of belonging, making the school feel like a second home.



PROSE

As a student from a different town, the transition to St. Edmund's has been smooth and welcoming. The warmth of the staff and students has made me feel like an integral part of the school community. The inclusive nature of the school has made it easier to adapt to the new environment, and I have found immense support in my fellow students and teachers.

In conclusion, my first year at St. Edmund's Higher Secondary School, Shillong, has been a journey of growth, exploration, and discovery. The school's fresh environment, exceptional teaching quality, diverse friendships, and top-notch facilities have contributed to an enriching academic and personal experience. As I look forward to the coming years, I am grateful for the opportunities and experiences that St. Edmund's has provided, shaping me into a more knowledgeable, open-minded, and well-rounded individual.



What, After Your World Ends

S K Pum Siam Mung,

XI Science D

All of us have an image of what the world is like in our minds (which I will refer to with a capital 'I' - Image- in this essay). We are also often unaccepting of the possibility that the Image could be wrong. And sometimes we're afraid of even realising that the world we know of (the Image) isn't complete and/or true. But, to emphasise, what we know of the world is only an image and it forever will be, and the Image we each have will always fall short of what the world actually is, just as how we all 'fall short of the glory of God'. But regardless, we need an Image so we can function as proper human beings because it is created by our individual values and perspectives to compromise for our insufficiency in understanding the objective world without flaw. In other words, we need to imagine what the world is like so we can pursue a goal, any goal, without falling into hopelessness and confusion the very moment we even begin planning such goals. But there are times when the Image collides with the 'real thing' and produces a spark that ultimately burns the imperfect image, leaving us without the foundation that supports our progress towards our goals. Collisions like these and the consequent burning of the Image are yet again, a necessity to move forward in life- contrary to what we may believe. But necessary as it may be, the burning of the Image to ashes hurts just as much as it would if our actual bodies were to burn.

The 3rd of May, 2023, Manipur descended into what one can describe as a form of Hell on Earth. Guns fired; cries of war could be heard in every corner of the streets; gas cylinders created vibrations so strong it shook our concrete houses; the old wooden houses behind our own crackled in flames; churches were burned as though they no longer represented a religion but rather the 'enemies' following it. The night was spent in the void-like silence of our homes, locked away from all the chaos outside hoping that none would get in. And all of this happened the night of that day, one on top of the other, just as quick as the reader may have read through.

The morning of that ill-fated day, from what I remember, seemed no different than any other day of the life we had lived until then. The only abnormality would be the ginormous rally taking place that day, which had already spread on social media like wildfire before I was even aware of any 'real' conflict. And I write this with no ill intent but Manipur has had conflicts ever so often that the news of another one seemed to my politically aloof self as 'just another 2-3 days of not going out'. In the same manner, no matter how out of the ordinary such news seemed, no one -at least that I had known of- let such an abnormality bother whatever drama was to go about their daily lives. As far as I was concerned, I would still be going to the same school,

meeting the same friends that I had practically grown up with, and graduate into an independent adult, assured that no matter what route I'd take in life I would always have the same memory-filled home to return to. But unfortunately for us, as the reader may already know, drastic changes awaited us like a beast ready to pounce upon its prey.

For those unfamiliar with the conflict that is taking place in Manipur, I'll try to brief it as best as I can and hopefully with no ill intent. The ongoing war is an ethnic one between two generalised communities of the people of Manipur: the Kuki-Zo community and the Meitei community. The two communities are in what I consider to be an implicit agreement that they are like oil and water. And I believe there was an intention to bring about a change on these differences, and also a consequent refusal to that change. Each for the benefit of their own kind, went to heights that only grew higher and higher as each measure taken by one only infuriated the other even more. And this tug-of-war ultimately contributed to the actual war that it is now.

I had grown up in the Imphal area of Manipur, a district rich of the Meitei community, whilst being someone born into the Kuki-Zo community. So, it was a given that those like myself, from either community, would inevitably suffer the sharper edges of the war. When I saw how stuck I was that night with my family amidst all that chaos, I found myself questioning how a 'harmless rally' could've turned our whole world upside down. With the life that we had known for so long turned into smoke, the future seemed dismal and engulfed by thick fog. What had been set on fire that night, and the days that followed, was not only the buildings or the houses but more painfully, the world itself.

Now, what burned most intensely, and rather psychologically, for survivors of such a war was not the actual world but rather the Image -strongly emphasised on in the introduction of this essay. 'This is how I believe the world works, and this is how I will achieve my goals accordingly', is the thought process we all follow -perhaps even intrinsically. But so often do we forget that the world we take into account when making such plans is incomplete and/or flawed, and is only an image. And so very often it is that 'This is how I believe the world works' turns into its prideful counterpart: 'This is how the world works'. So, when the plans do not go as planned, or something entirely out of our imaginations occur, the Image burns -along with any arrogant pride. And everyone's Image burned in that war to the point where it could no longer be helped. Pride was humbled, at best, but turned into insecurity, at worst. But hope follows when the realisation is made that the burning of the Image is not the end of the world.

The strongest in the relief camps were those who realised and admitted to themselves that their Image needed such burning and sought to create a new and improved one from the ashes of the Image that had been painfully burned. None could have brought back the life that they had lived for so long, not after the war had



PROSE

become what it was then, so they instead fixed the suffering by voluntarily catalysing the inevitable burning up of the Image, so that the suffering it produced would not hold them back from helping others. These were the youth I had witnessed come to front and provide their strength for those who had little. These were the elders who gathered the people in the camps to hold mass prayers, to remind us that we must not lose hope in our lives and in God, despite going through the same circumstances themselves. Those are the people who I personally admire, and would love to see myself become more like. I hope that by now, those heroes were able to create their own images of the world more beautiful, honest and complete than the one they had had prior to the suffering they faced, so that they can succeed in all that they wish for. But I hope even more so that they forever have the courage it took them to discard themselves (and all they consequently know of) if it meant they could reach higher heights and pursue deeper meanings to enrich their lives. And finally, I hope I was able to capture the best of our kind that presented itself in the midst of our worst, so that it may inspire the best in each of us to come forth at our most dire moments as well.



Is this the place I used to love?

Ebenezer Chen Lamin,

XI Arts A

1st Prize Winner:

Story Writing Competition, Talent Fest - 2023

The torments of war, grueling struggles and the mental participations can tend to change a man. It was 1947, two years after the end of the world's worst disaster, The Second World War. Despite numerous tensions, efforts were being made to settle down, to shift back to the former peace. And then there is the story of the Japanese in the Asia Minor islands. Not realizing the conclusion of war, they continued the fighting for two years; even more for some. But when the news and realizations hit these devoted soldiers, it hit them hard.

Then there is Foyu. He was stranded in Papua New Guinea, still in camouflage and fighting. Last time he heard, he had lost his family in the bombings. He was broken, but he believed that his struggles would lead to his country's glorious victory because for the Japanese, there is no greater glory than dying for the motherland. He was alone and soon found himself in captivity. He was human after all, despite his great skill in stealth. Fortunately, after a few days he found himself in the company of his Japanese comrades. He was returning home!

However, as for Foyu, he was broken more than ever now and he wished to just perish because his country had surrendered and he had nothing left to live for anymore. He arrived in his hometown, a different man, a Foyu that nobody has ever known before. He was in utter shock and embarrassment as the familiar faces around him had what appeared to be smiles. He was in denial. Unknown to him, the Americans (the former enemies) had acknowledged their inhuman act of war and presented assistance to the broken Japanese motherland, it was a happy recovery.

He walked in with a solemn look on his face that disguised the agony he felt within. He hardly noticed the paraphernalia of life that surrounded him. Joyful faces of children, playing happily and the sun-visage of the folks at the park passed him by, leaving him oblivious to them all. Memories of the past came flashing back and wrecking the foundation of his present life.

Unshakable Hope

Tachi Olivia N. Marak,

XII Commerce A

“He plunged into the promise and came up strong.”

-Romans 4:20

The doctor dresses the wound and God heals it. We were made to live a life that says “Look at God!” but hope is hard to come by these days because life is filled with problems. In this shaky world, we are constantly being pushed around.

Max Lucado's “Unshakable Hope” vividly illustrates the immense love that God pours unto us. Life can never be easy, there will be obstacles and fears that may hinder our progress in every effort we make. The top of the mountain may seem so far away, but our eyes and the way we approach a problem can deceive us. Things might be tough, but never impossible when you do it with God. I highly recommend one Bible verse—“I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me”, Philippians 4:13- which you can use as a chant or prayer every morning or at times when your confidence is shaken. All our achievements and successes were made possible through Him. Do you contemplate and appreciate the remarkable deeds of God?

I appeal to you to take a moment and think about the good and bad things which happened in life. Think about your darkest and miserable days, God has never abandoned anyone, and me standing here as I am right now and you reading this, is the greatest proof. For not only is God a promise maker; God is a promises keeper. He will provide what is needed to face the challenges of life. A rock cannot swim. A hippo cannot fly. A butterfly cannot eat a bowl of spaghetti. You cannot sleep on a cloud, and God cannot lie. God can be trusted to keep His promise.

If you criticize God for the things which didn't go as you planned, remember how even you let the lust for the worldly and bodily desires win over you, but unlike you, He will always be patient with you. Build your life on the promises of God. Since, His promises are unbreakable, your hope will be unshakeable. The wind will still blow, the rain will still fall, but in the end you will be standing- standing on the promises of God.

Let us sustain and nurture the tiny flame of hope and keep the darkness at bay.

P.S: Credits to Miss Rita Dhar for the love and support.

The Little Boy from Rosario, Argentina

*Rishan Dame Gympad,
XI Commerce A*

In the heart of Rosario, Argentina, a young boy with an unyielding passion for football emerged. Born on June 24, 1987, in a modest family, Lionel Messi's story is one of perseverance, dedication, and an unwavering commitment to his dreams.

From an early age, Messi displayed an extraordinary talent for the sport. His love for football was palpable, seen in the countless hours he spent honing his skills on the streets of Rosario. Despite being diagnosed with a growth hormone deficiency as a child, Messi's determination to succeed never wavered. His indomitable spirit propelled him forward despite the odds stacked against him.

At the tender age of 13, Messi left his homeland to join Barcelona's renowned La Masia academy, a move that would forever alter the course of his life. Overcoming the challenges of living far from his family in a foreign country, Messi immersed himself in the club's culture and training regimen. His talent was undeniable, and he swiftly rose through the ranks of Barcelona's youth system, catching the eye of coaches and fans alike.

In 2004, at the age of 17, Messi made his first-team debut for FC Barcelona. His electrifying playing style, impeccable dribbling, and instinctive understanding of the game mesmerized spectators. With each match, he showcased his exceptional talent, solidifying his place as one of the most promising young footballers in the world.

Messi's journey to greatness was not without its hurdles. He faced setbacks, injuries, and moments of doubt. However, his resilience and unwavering focus on his craft propelled him forward. His work ethic and dedication to improve every aspect of his game became legendary. As the years passed, Messi's influence on the sport transcended mere statistics and trophies. He became a symbol of inspiration for aspiring footballers worldwide. His humility off the field and his relentless pursuit of excellence on it earned him admiration and respect from fans, teammates, and rivals alike. Throughout his illustrious career, Messi shattered records, won numerous accolades, and etched his name in the annals of football history. He led Barcelona to numerous domestic and international titles, captivating audiences with his mesmerizing performances.

In 2021, after two decades at Barcelona, Messi bid a tearful farewell to the club due to financial constraints preventing the renewal of his contract. He then embarked on a new chapter, joining Paris Saint-Germain (PSG), continuing to showcase his unparalleled talent and passion for the beautiful game.

However, the World Cup, football's grandest stage, seemed elusive for Messi. Despite his immense success at the club level, capturing the elusive trophy with Argentina became a goal that continually evaded him. His efforts to lead his national team to World Cup glory faced heartbreak in the finals of the 2014 World Cup in Brazil, where Argentina narrowly fell to Germany in extra time.

In 2022, the World Cup held in Qatar became Messi's next opportunity. Determined as ever, Messi led Argentina through the tournament with sheer determination and skill. His performances were nothing short of spectacular, orchestrating the midfield, scoring crucial goals, and inspiring his teammates with his unmatched talent. His World Cup victory provided the crowning achievement to a career already glittering with success. Messi's dedication, perseverance, and unwavering commitment to his craft resonated profoundly, not just with Argentinians but with football fans worldwide.

The little boy from Rosario, Argentina, grew up to become a global icon, a symbol of perseverance, and an embodiment of the true spirit of football. Beyond the glitz and glamour, Lionel Messi's journey stands as a testament to the power of resilience, dedication, and an unwavering belief in one's dreams. His story continues to inspire millions, proving that greatness knows no boundaries, and with unwavering determination, anything is possible.



Exploring the Enduring Allure of Beauty in Keats' Poem

*Wanpynbiang Kharkongor,
XII Science C*

In John Keats' poem *A Thing of Beauty*, the poet explores the timeless nature of beauty, asserting that its allure remains undiminished over time. Beauty, according to Keats, is not subject to the erosion of age or the wear of temporal existence.

Keats begins by describing beauty as a 'joy forever', suggesting that its impact transcends the fleeting moments of life. The poet contends that beauty is not a transient experience but an enduring source of delight that persists throughout the ages. This assertion challenges the conventional notion that beauty is ephemeral, tied solely to the vigor of youth or the vibrancy of a particular moment.

The idea that beauty never fades is further emphasized when Keats refers to it as 'its loveliness increases'. This phrase suggests a continual growth and enhancement of beauty, defying the conventional narrative that associates aging with a decline in attractiveness. Keats invites readers to envision beauty not as a static entity but as a dynamic force that becomes more enchanting with the passage of time.

By the phrase 'mighty dead', the poet refers to individuals who have passed away but have left a lasting and influential legacy. Keats uses this term to describe great and influential figures from the past who, despite being deceased, continue to exert a powerful and enduring influence on the present.

By connecting beauty with these influential figures from the past, the poet suggests that the power and significance of beauty are not confined to the present moment but have roots in the rich tapestry of history and the contributions of those who had come before.

Moreover, Keats introduces the concept of beauty as 'an endless fountain of immortal drinks', implying that the appeal of beauty is not exhausted by repeated contemplation. Instead, it possesses an inexhaustible quality, providing an everlasting reservoir of joy and inspiration. The poet challenges the notion that familiarity breeds contempt, proposing that beauty's intrinsic nature is to elude saturation.



PROSE

To support his argument, Keats draws on the natural world, depicting various aspects of nature as representations of enduring beauty. The sun, the moon, trees, daffodils, musk roses and the summer's warmth are all presented as perennial sources of delight. By aligning beauty with these timeless elements, Keats underscores its ability to withstand the ravages of time and changing circumstances.

John Keats, through his poem *A Thing of Beauty*, persuasively suggests that beauty is not ephemeral but rather a joy that endures forever. By employing vivid imagery and drawing on the consistency of nature, Keats challenges the conventional perception of beauty's transience. In doing so, he invites readers to embrace a perspective that recognizes the everlasting allure of beauty, an eternal source of joy that remains undiminished throughout the ages.





Ko Mei Ko Pa Jong Nga
Davin Crespo Myllemngap,
XI Science A

Haba nga sngew duh mynsiem,
Dei maphi kiba ju ai mynsiem ia nga,
Ba ngan nang jam shaphrang
Ha ka jingim jong nga.

Lada ym don maphi Ko Mei Ko Pa!
Ha ka jingim jong nga,
Shaei shuh ngan poi
Namar ka jingim ka long ka bym thikna.

Hangne ha sla pyrthei,
Ia nga phi long kum ki Blei.
To ai ba ka mynsiem jong ngi,
Kan synshar da ka jingieit bad jingtipsngi.



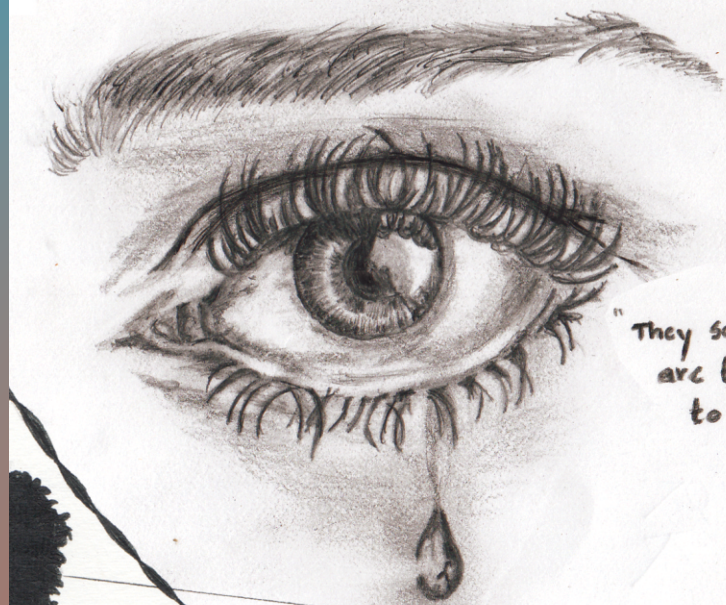
Ai Am Det *Wanrisalin Kurkalang,* *XI Commerce B*

Ha kawei ka sngi la wan kit ia u Bahrit uwei u samla na Ri-Bhoi ha kawei ka hospital ha sor Shillong ban thiah ban shah sumar. La don ruh iwei I Nos I ba ju dei duty ha ka kamra (ward) ba thiah u Bahrit. Ha kawei ka sngi u Bahrit u kham jur ka jingshitom bad ka jingshit met ka jur ia u bapli. U nongap (attendant) jong u Bahrit ruh u dang don shabar ha kata ka por bad u jah slem bha ba dang bang ka dih biri. Ita I Nos pat I wan iaaid ward bad wan lap ia u Bahrit ba kkih lynga marwei. Tang shu iohi ia ita I Nos, u Bahrit u halla bad ong, “Ai am det” (kaba mut ai um pjah, am ka mut ka um, det ka mut bapjah). Ita I Nos pat I ong ia u Bahrit “You wouldn't die dear, you wouldn't die, I am here with you.” U Bahrit u iai pyrta shi pyrta “Ai am det” bad ita I Nos pat I ong lem “You wouldn't die, I am here with you.” Da ka jingsngew ieid bad isynei ia u Bahrit ita I Nos I sei da ka rumal lajong ban pynñiad ia ka syep na shyllangmat u Bahrit, u Bahrit pat u pyrta da ka jingdom, “Dat is wet” (kaba mut, ngan shoh ia phi), I Nos samla I jubab lem da kaba ong, “It is dry, it is not wet” khlem ia pei shaei shaei.

*Ka ktien Bhoi “Ai am det”– ka mut ai um pjah bad
“Dat is wet”– ka mut ngan shoh ia phi.
Ha ha ha, ktien Bhoi ruh bym kai ho kum ktien phareng hi.*



Art Work



Name - Samshinguin Shullcu

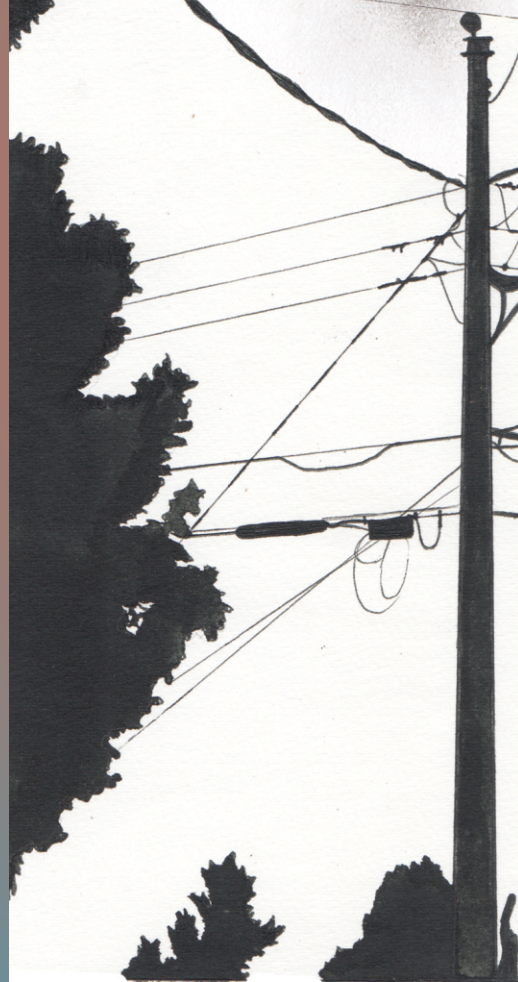
XI 'B' 'Art'

Roll No: 58

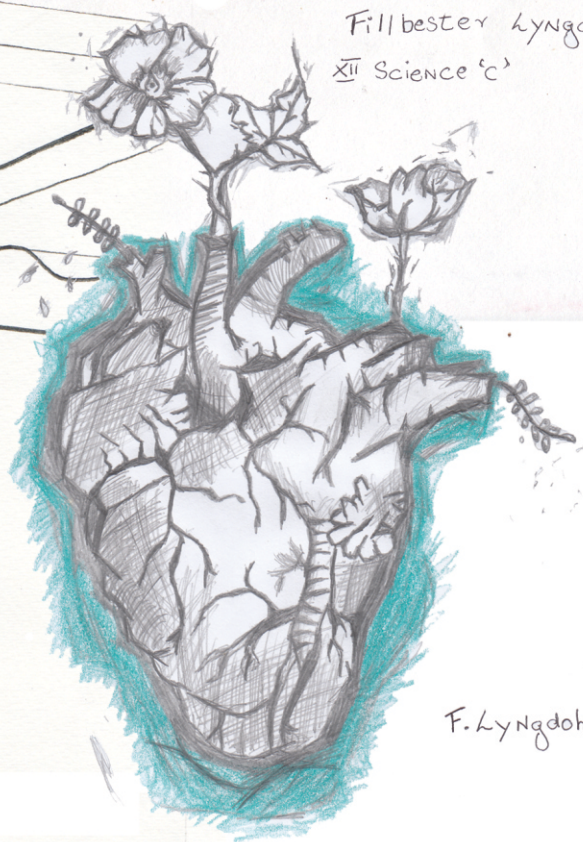
"They say the eyes
are the mirror
to the soul"

You must have
one beautiful
soul !!

Shullcu



Fillbester Lyngdoh
XII Science 'C'



F. Lyngdoh

Johanan Sohtun XII Sc - B

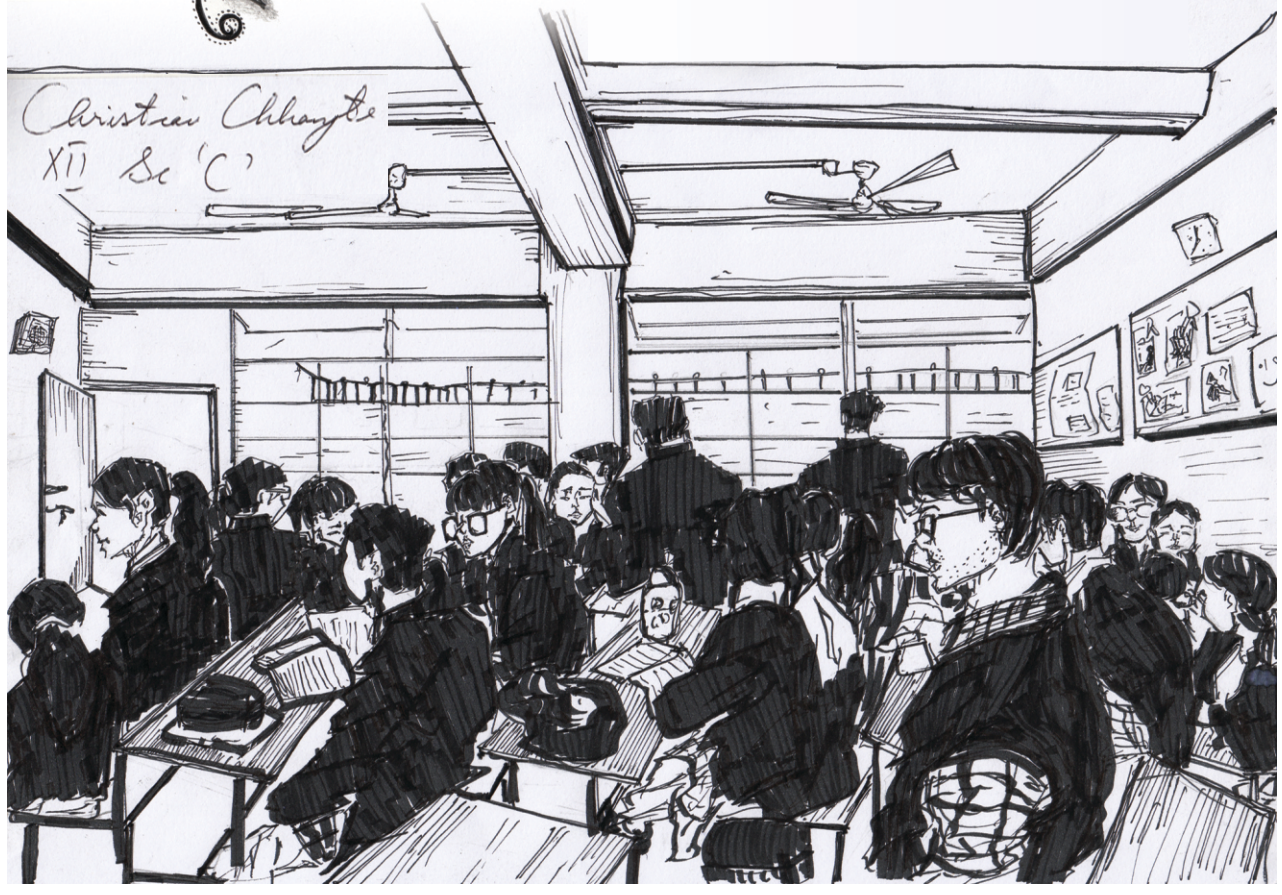
Art Work



Name-Geetika Dutta
Class-XI S(D)
Roll no.-21



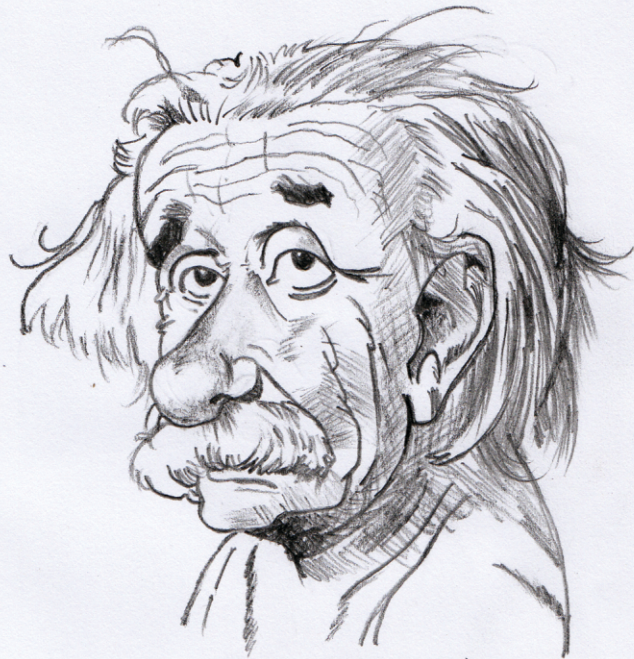
Name- Iadamae Suting
XI Science 'A'



Christina Chhaya
XII Sc 'C'

Art Work

Name - Shanshem Wahlaag Class - XII Science A



ALBERT EINSTEIN!

“Imagination is more important than knowledge”

NAME - Pynshiklong Bareth
CLASS - XI Science-D



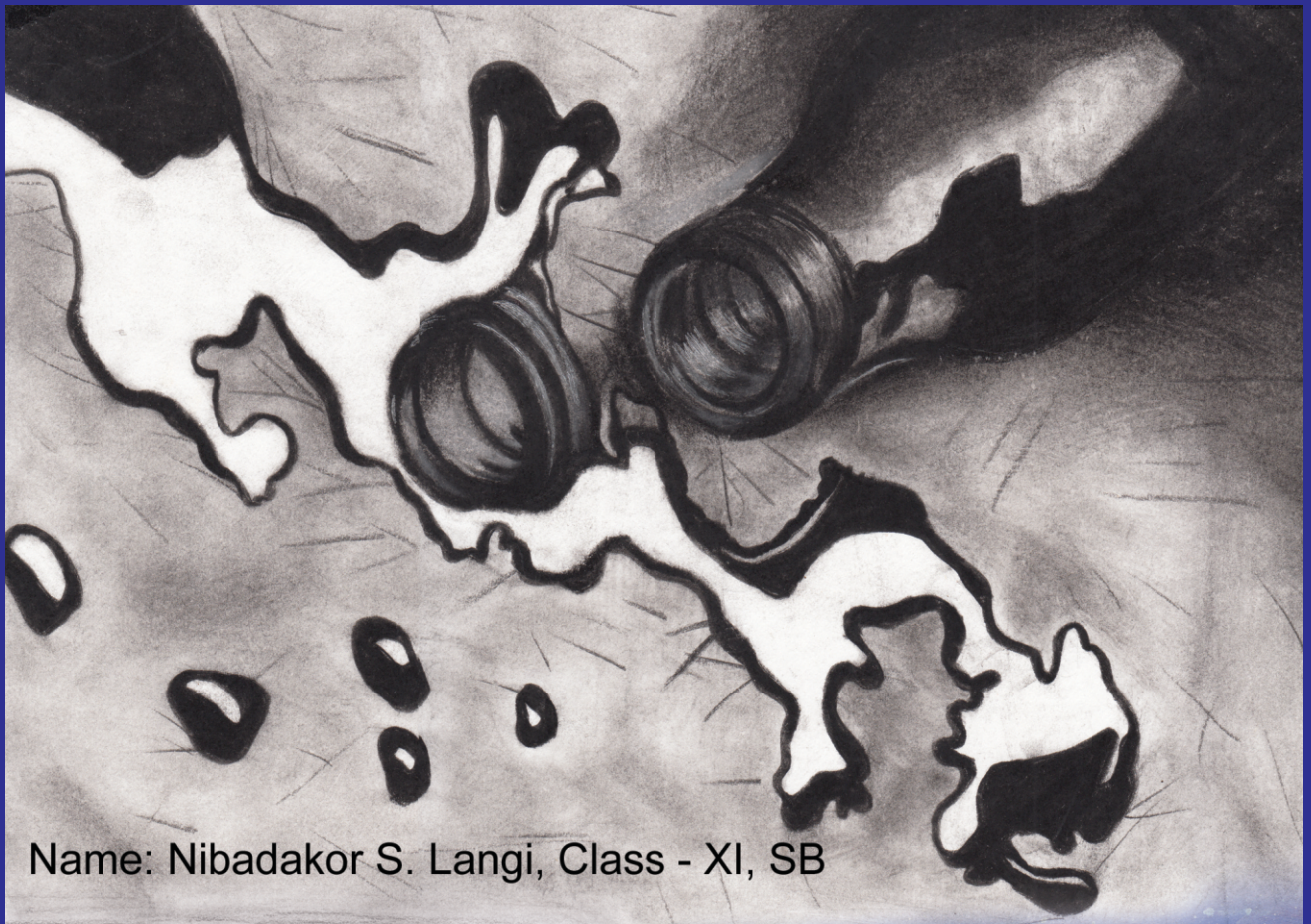
Kyntiaslin
Kynthiang
XII Arts C



Eathnal 2023

SAMULLAH KHAN
XI Science (D)

Art Work



Name: Nibadakor S. Langi, Class - XI, SB



IADAMANE SUTING
XI SCIENCE 'A'



Name - Irawanshwa Nongsiij
Class - XI] S c 'c'

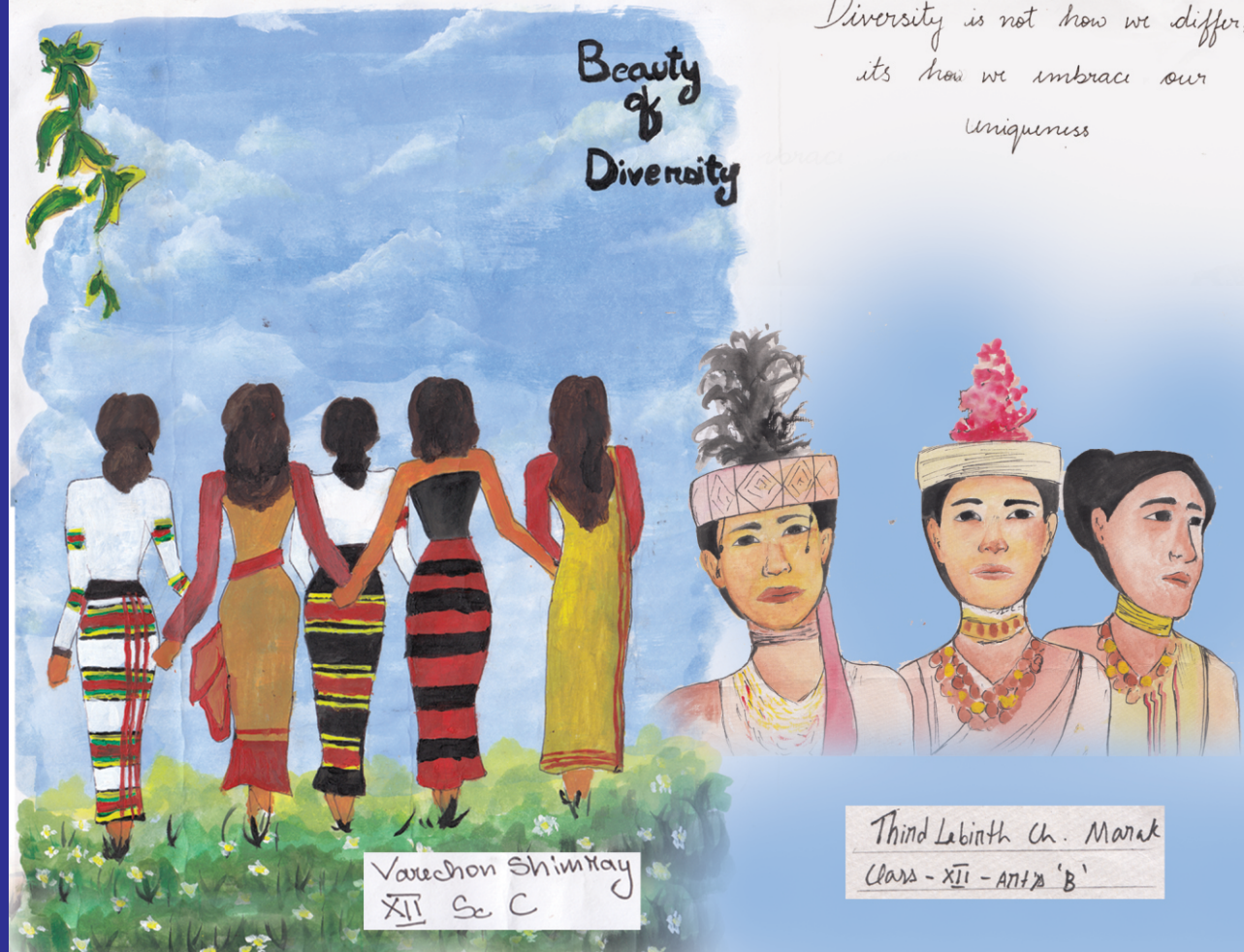
Art Work



Name - Isakaru Rynjalr.
Class - XI Commerce B

*Diversity is not how we differ,
its how we embrace our
uniqueness*

**Beauty
of
Diversity**



Varechon Shimray
XII Sc C

Thind Labinth Ch. Marak
Class - XII - ARTA 'B'