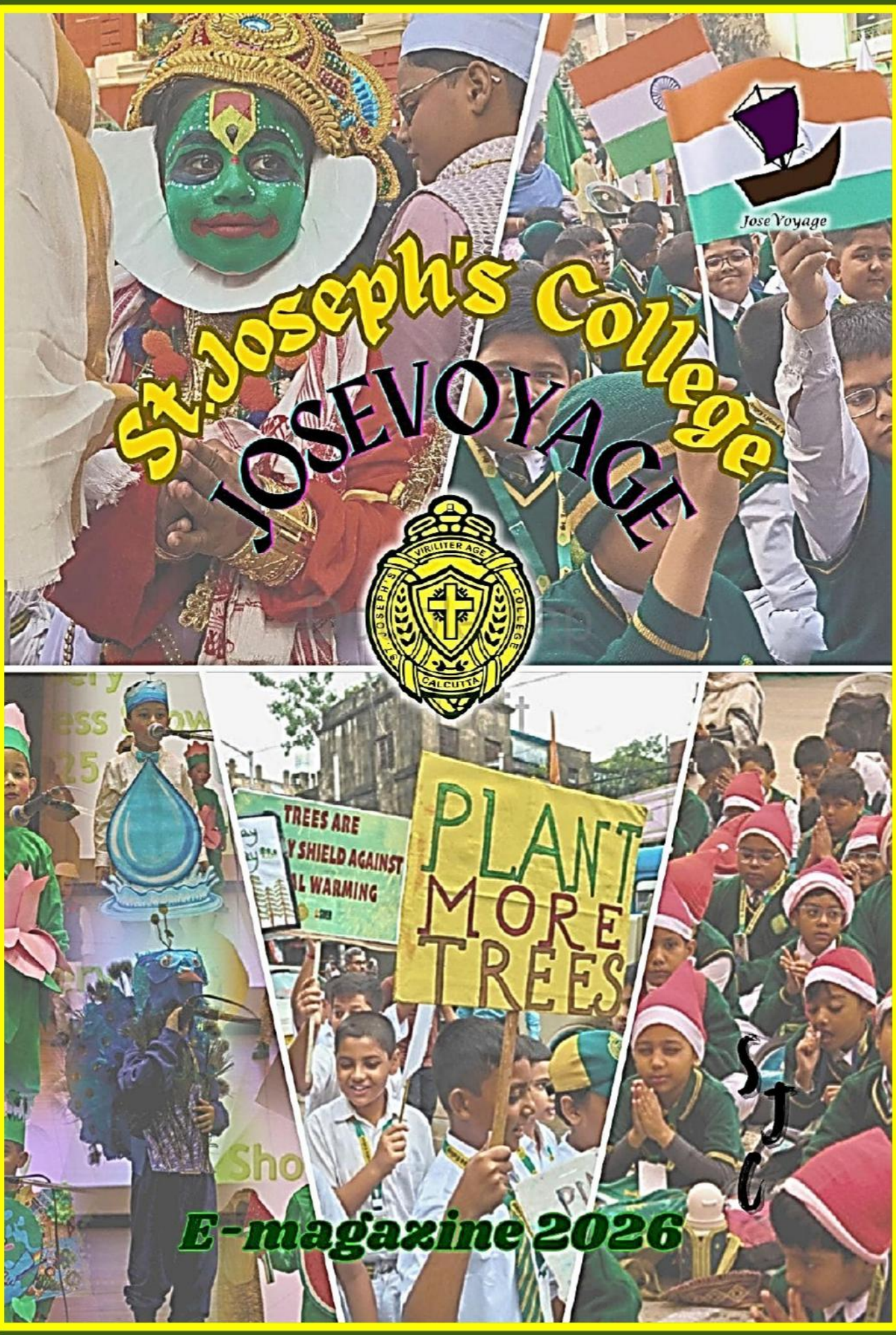
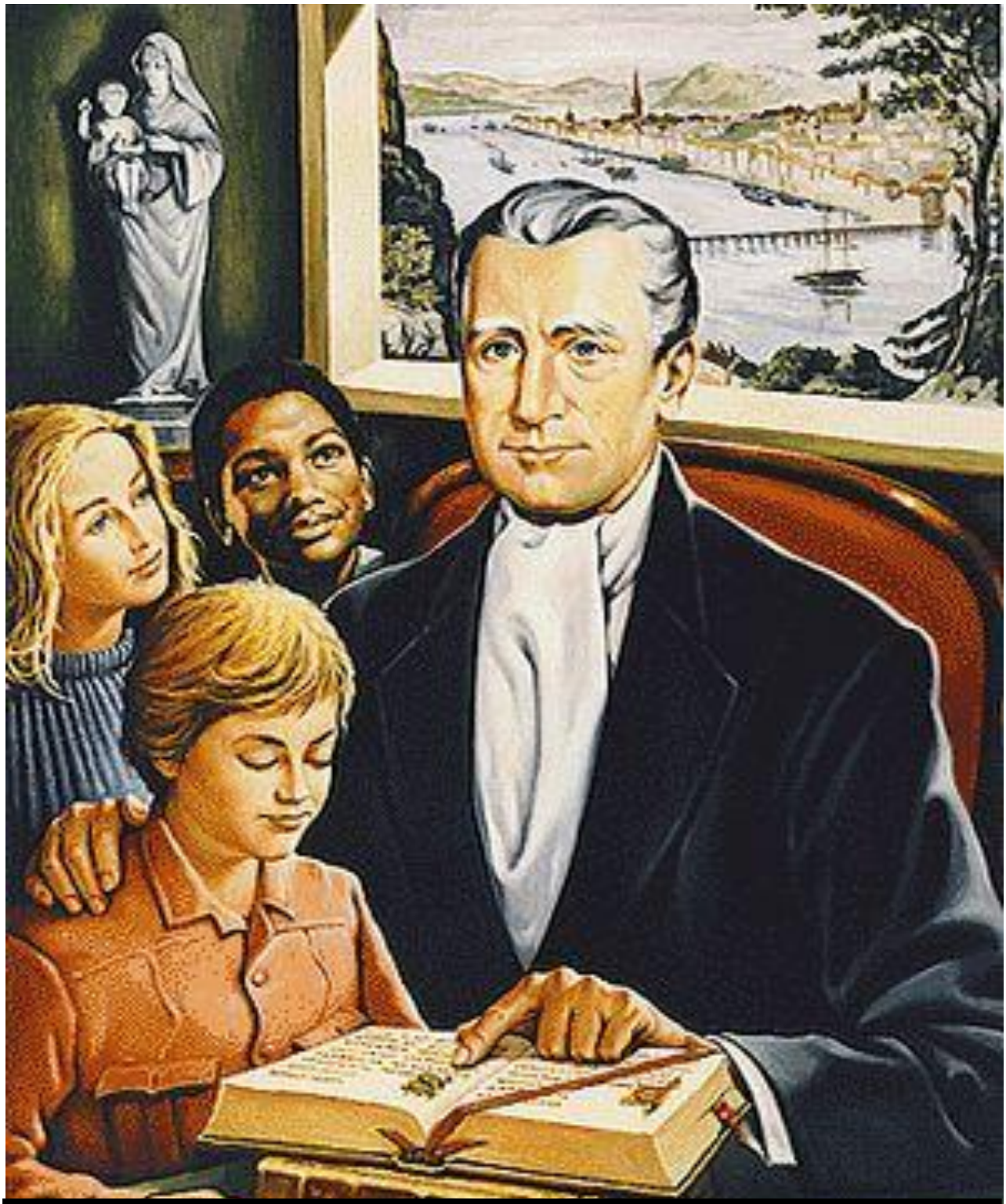

St.Joseph's College
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E-magazine 2026



"The will of God be done in this and everything we undertake."

— Edmund Rice, 1810

# The Ethos of Edmund Rice

Edmund Rice was born in 1762 in Callan, County Kilkenny, Ireland. He came into a world of deep injustice. Catholics could not own land, hold a profession, or send their children to school. The Penal Laws made sure of that. Poverty was not just common — it was crushing. The streets of Waterford were full of ragged, barefoot boys with no future ahead of them.

Edmund had been fortunate. He built a successful merchant business and became one of the wealthiest men in Waterford. But comfort never closed his eyes to suffering. He gave to the poor — not carefully, not sparingly — but, as he himself said, "give to the poor in handfuls." That one simple line tells you everything about the man. He did not measure mercy. He poured it out.

When his young wife Mary died after a riding accident in 1789, Edmund was shattered. Grief broke him open. He turned fully to God and never looked back. His faith did not make him passive. It made him restless — restless for justice, restless for change. He heard the words of Christ in every hungry face he passed. And he answered. He sold his business, gave away what he had, and opened a school for poor boys in a converted stable in New Street, Waterford, in 1802.

He was forty years old. He had every reason to do nothing. He did everything.

His love for God was the anchor of his mission. He wrote with certainty: "One thing you can be sure of: that whilst you work for God, whether you succeed or not, he will amply reward you." He did not need to see results. He needed only to be faithful. That quiet courage kept him going when the buildings were cold, the funds were low, and the task seemed impossible.

He believed that every child — no matter how dirty, how hungry, how forgotten — carried the image of God. To teach a child was to honour God. He had school uniforms made in different styles so that poor boys would not feel shame beside wealthier ones. He fed children who came in hungry. He saw the whole child — body, mind, and soul — and he served all three.

Justice ran through everything he did. The Penal Laws had stolen education from the Irish poor as a deliberate act of control. Edmund understood this. He knew that an educated person could not be so easily broken. His classrooms were, in the deepest sense, acts of resistance. He told his Brothers to press on, even when the work was hard. "Have courage," he urged one weary Brother in Gibraltar in 1837. "The good seed will grow up in the children's hearts later on."

He was not a man of grand speeches. He was a man of steady action. He trusted God completely and he trusted the work. "Cast all your cares into the arms of Divine Providence," he wrote to his brothers in 1829. And he lived by those words every single day.

His companions joined him, took religious vows in 1808, and the Congregation of Christian Brothers was born — from a stable, like something else the world once underestimated. By 1825, thirty Brothers were teaching more than 5,500 boys across twelve Irish towns. The tree, as one writer later put it, had been planted. The branches would stretch further than anyone that day could have imagined.

Edmund Rice died on 29th August 1844. His last recorded words were a prayer: "Praise be to Thee, O Christ." Not a word of regret. Not a word of pride. Only praise. That tells you the kind of man he was right to the very end.

A Living Legacy Across the World

Today, the Congregation of Christian Brothers carries Edmund's flame across more than forty countries on five continents. Five provinces continue his work in different corners of the world, each one rooted in his founding vision — justice, service, equality, and love of God.

The Oceania Province unites Australia, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, the Philippines, Timor-Leste, and the Cook Islands. There, Brothers and their partners in mission work alongside indigenous communities, support refugees and asylum seekers, and run schools that serve some of the most marginalised young people in the region.

The North American Province spans the United States, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Uruguay, Peru, and Dominica — educating thousands of young people across more than forty ministry sites, always with the poorest and most vulnerable in mind. Their motto mirrors Edmund's own: "Think differently. Act boldly. Inspire greatly."

The European Province, headquartered in Ireland, oversees the Edmund Rice Schools Trust — a network of dozens of schools across the Republic of Ireland — keeping the flame alive in the very land where it was first lit.

In India, the St Joseph's Province runs schools and colleges from New Delhi to the far south, reaching some of the country's most disadvantaged children and communities, just as Edmund reached the forgotten boys of Waterford.

In Africa, Edmund Rice Development supports work across Ghana, Kenya, Sierra Leone, Tanzania, Zambia, Zimbabwe, South Africa, South Sudan, and Liberia — building schools, running health outreach, standing beside communities crushed by poverty, conflict, and inequality.

What began in a leaking stable with one man's breaking heart now touches millions of lives across the globe. The faces are different. The continents are different. But the spirit is the same — the same spirit Edmund captured in words that still ring true today: "But let us do ever so little for God, we will be sure he will never forget it, nor let it pass unrewarded."

He did far more than a little. And the world is still feeling it.



**"I hope that all of us, will have a joyful experience recounting the events of the year"**

**Bro. E. L. Miranda**
(Principal)

Dear Parents, staff, Alumni, Parents and well-wishers,

The 2025-26 academic year will soon come to an end. Today, the students joyfully concluded the Final Assessments and there was a positive feeling about the short break before they commence a new academic year and move ahead another step in their school life.

Our class 10s and 12s shall be appearing for the Board examinations for most of the remaining part of this month. They seem to more than happy with the way in which they have answered most of the papers and we wish them every success for the papers which still need to be answered. With them, we look forward to the results, which should be declared sometime in the month of May.

For me the last year has been a roller-coaster ride! Just when one thinks that one can settle down to "quiet", "regular", "humdrum" routine – what should be quite bland turns into something very involved – mostly positive, I may add - always educative and life-giving (in hind sight!).

Many put the "blame" on the Principal for having so many activities! However, it's been the enthusiasm of the students and the life students need to be prepared for that we had scheduled so many activities during the year. I hope that the students have had a variety of positive experiences. I am grateful to the Staff and the students themselves who have worked with us, to make all these events memorable.

And now – it's over to the talented students and staff to put all these memories and experiences for us in the school's Annual magazine! I'm sure that they'll do a wonderful work of it.

I hope that all of us, will have a joyful experience recounting the events of the year. I'm sure that this will be a memorable record of these events through our history.

My special appreciation for all those who contributed articles to the magazine. Thank you for taking this opportunity to flesh out these various events of the year and for availing of the opportunity to exhibit your literary skills and improve ours by our reading. And finally, this Annual Magazine will be of special significance to our ISC 2026 batch. May the final year which you tried to make so wonderful be memorable to you and may this annual be a record of treasured times.

May God bless us all.

**Bro. E. L. Miranda**



**"When education begins with compassion and fairness, it nurtures not just learners but humane and responsible citizens of tomorrow."**

**Amarpreet Nagpal**
(Jr Foundation Coordinator)

Greetings to one and all !!!

As the **Jr Foundation Coordinator**, it fills my heart with immense joy to look back on a year full of curiosity, creativity, learning and happy memories. The Junior Foundation years are very special as they mark the beginning of a child's educational journey, a time when young learners take their first confident steps into the world of discovery. At this stage every smile, every question and every small achievement is precious and we strive to nurture these young minds with care while building a strong foundation through play-based, experiential and child-centric learning.

Throughout the year, our classrooms came alive with laughter, enthusiasm and meaningful experiences. Different activities such as Art, Craft, Music, Elocution, Fancy Dress, Creative Writing, Concert and Sports encouraged our children to explore their talents, express themselves freely and most importantly enjoy learning while growing with confidence, Each moment spent with them reminded us how wonderful it is to see children discover the joy of learning and friendship.

At St.Joseph's College, we believe that education begins with values. From an early stage, children are gently guided to practise **respect**, **compassion** and **fairness** in their daily lives. They learn to appreciate the efforts of others, acknowledge the contributions of our helpers and develop a sense of responsibility towards the environment. These values reflect our commitment to our school motto- **Compassion, Liberation and Justice in Education.** By weaving these principles into everyday practices our teachers help our young learners grow into thoughtful and caring individuals.

I express my sincere gratitude to our respected Principal for his guidance, leadership and for providing opportunities which help in strengthening these foundation years. I sincerely thank our dedicated teachers for their nurturing care and our supportive parents for their trust and cooperation. Together, we continue to create a safe, joyful and inclusive learning environment where every child feels valued and encouraged to shine.

With best wishes and love

**Mrs. Amarpreet Nagpal**



**"What truly makes our school special is its commitment to holistic development"**

**Manpreet Kaur**
(Jr. School Co-ordinator)

Warm greetings to our respected Principal, dedicated teachers, supportive parents, and our dear students! It gives me immense pleasure to welcome you all to this edition of the e-magazine of St. Joseph's College.

At St. Joseph's College, excellence is not just a goal—it is a tradition we proudly uphold. As a Coordinator, I feel honoured to witness our students growing confidently and enthusiastically through various competitions and programmes conducted this term.

The English Creative Writing Competition showcased the wonderful imagination and literary skills of our young authors. The Elocution Competition was equally inspiring, with students expressing their ideas with clarity, confidence, and remarkable stage presence. Their preparation and courage truly reflected their dedication.

Our much-awaited Sports Day was a grand success, filled with energy, discipline, and teamwork. The cheers on the field, the sportsmanship displayed by our participants, and the enthusiasm of the audience made it a memorable celebration. Cultural performances added colour and vibrancy, highlighting the diverse talents of our children.

What truly makes our school special is its commitment to holistic development. At St. Joseph's College, we nurture not only academic excellence but also strong moral values, leadership qualities, and compassion. With the continuous support of our management, teachers, and parents, our students are learning to become confident and responsible individuals.

I am immensely proud of our children who continue to inspire us through their dedication and achievements. May we keep striving together to uphold the proud legacy of our institution.

**Mrs.Manpreet Kaur**



**"St. Joseph's College stands as a beacon of excellence, committed not only to academic achievement but also to the holistic development of every child"**

**Monalisa Das**
(Middle School Co-ordinator)

Rooted in strong values and a rich legacy, our institution believes that true education goes beyond textbooks and examinations—it shapes character, instils discipline, and builds compassionate human beings.

At the heart of St. Joseph's College lies a value-based work culture that emphasises respect, integrity, responsibility, and service. Teachers and students work together in an environment of mutual trust, where learning is joyful, meaningful, and purposeful. The dedication and professionalism of our educators ensure that every child receives guidance, encouragement, and the confidence to explore their potential.

Our school follows a truly child-centric approach to education. We recognise that every learner is unique, with different abilities, interests, and learning styles. Through interactive teaching methods, practical learning experiences, and co-curricular activities, students are encouraged to think critically, ask questions, and express themselves freely. Equal importance is given to academics, sports, arts, and moral education, ensuring balanced growth.

St. Joseph's College also takes pride in nurturing socially responsible citizens. Students are sensitised to the needs of society and inspired to contribute positively through various initiatives, teamwork, and leadership opportunities.

With a harmonious blend of tradition and modern education, St. Joseph's College continues to mould young minds into confident, ethical, and responsible individuals—ready to face the challenges of the future with courage and compassion.

**Mrs. Monalisa Das**



**"The highest education is that which does not merely give us information but makes our life in harmony with all existence."**

**Amar Chand Boral**
(Sr. School Co-ordinator)

It gives me immense pleasure and pride to present the Annual School e-Magazine of St. Joseph's College .The publication of our e-Magazine year after year stands as a testament to the dedication, talent and collaborative spirit of our students and teachers. Each page beautifully captures the vibrant intellectual life of our school and showcases the literary abilities, artistic expressions and achievements of our boys.

I extend my heartfelt congratulations to all the students and teachers whose valuable contributions have made this edition possible. Your enthusiasm, creativity and commitment continue to uphold the tradition of excellence that St. Joseph's College proudly cherishes.

I would also like to sincerely acknowledge the tireless efforts of the teachers-in-charge — Ms. Mithu Pal, Mr. Debasish Bhattacharya and Mr. Raymond Das — who have diligently coordinated with the boys and fellow subject teachers to thoughtfully compile and organise the diverse topics and photographs featured in this magazine. Their guidance and perseverance have been instrumental in bringing this publication to fruition.

A special word of appreciation goes to all the members of the e-Magazine Committee who have worked selflessly and responsibly behind the scenes to ensure the smooth and successful publication of this edition. Your teamwork and dedication truly embody the spirit of our institution.

May our Annual e-Magazine continue to grow from strength to strength, inspiring generations of students to express, create and excel.

With best wishes for its continued success

**Mr. Amar Chand Boral**



**"I, in receiving the dignity of School Captain, solemnly promise to do my best to uphold the honour of the school at all times."**

**Ipshito K Ghosh**
(School Captain)

As Churchill put it best-"The price of greatness is responsibility." I was elected the School Captain for the Academic Year 2025-26 on the 19th of December 2024. When I officially planted the School Flag, I did so after swearing an Oath. This oath was not just a mere archaic formality. It was not just empty words to be recited and forgotten. At that point, I knew this oath meant to serve as the standard against which all my actions were to be judged.

*"I, in receiving the dignity of School Captain, solemnly promise to do my best to uphold the honor of the school at all times."*

Honour is not upheld only in moments of grandeur and celebration. It is most upheld in the quietest of times, when no one is looking. My very first engagement on assuming office was a simple blanket distribution programme, funded by the proceeds from the School Carnival. It was not a grand event, nor was it meant to be. It was a simple expression of intent and restraint, upholding our collective honour. The newly elected student council, with me at its fore, discovered that in this simple act, lay the core of our institutional values- compassion before celebration and purpose before prestige.

*"To this end, I promise, so to conduct myself, that by my personal example in the observance of discipline and good behaviour…"*

Discipline was seen in a new light. It was not rigidity or conformity but responsibility with consistency. This was felt during the Sports Day 2025, an event which demanded coordination, leadership and dedication. Through many weeks, the entire group worked hard in order to establish a smooth, organized flow of races, drills and other novelty events. Discipline was not enforced but embodied. In every role, seen or unseen. The day went off smoothly but behind the curtains lay the silent efforts of our teachers, my fellow student leaders and myself-in a combinational path to success.

The E-Magazine launch demanded a new type of discipline. The discipline of thought. This was a place for students to express their creativity, ideas and perspectives beyond the classroom and it was our responsibility to streamline the same. Watching the magazine take shape and be propagated as in evident if you're reading this, will always remain a place of pride for me. Leadership is not about claiming the prize, but making the place for others to shine.

*"…that I may inspire all those fellow pupils whom I will have the privilege to lead and guide."*

Inspiration cannot be instructed. It has to be imbibed. This came in focus during the inter-school fests we participated in. Taking part in fests outside of our school required a strong coordination and dignity in representation. The entire student council, came together, resilient and unified with the single purpose of never

letting the school down. We shone in our observance of purpose and that inspired the rest of the contingent to do the same. Through many fests, our disciplined manner was noted by several other schools and their representatives.
If inter-school fests were outward representation, Josephtsyna represented inner unity. It is perhaps the most defining experience of the entire year. It was never just an event. It was a rite of passage, heralded by the collective effort, pride and determination of the student body. As the stage lit up with talent, the corridors buzzed with excited anticipation and the audience coalesced into a single unified cheering of joy and celebration, Josephtsyna reflected the true essence of leadership. Watching one's peers transform stress into success. The student council was never disparate but unified. Each contribution was vital, each member indispensable. Any success attributed to me, belongs to them, equally, if not more. I remain eternally grateful for their unwavering support, commitment and camaraderie.
*"I promise to fulfil the trust reposed in me"*
Trust is a precious commodity of which a leader has great demand and little supply. It is fragile and difficult, growing slowly but losing swiftly. The two Concerts-Junior and Middle & Senior- were exercises in that. Entrusted with a group of young aspirants, ambitious performances and little margin for error- we worked tirelessly with members of the staff whose guidance anchored us through the worst of it all. These events reaffirmed a simple truth: Leadership thrives through collaboration, not commendation. The staff and the school management are some of the many people to whom I will remain indebted for their unceasing support, commitment, love and faith.

Taking part in Assemblies was a refreshing experience. It allowed me, for a brief moment, to transform from an administrator of student activities to another fellow student, navigating the same pressure. Interacting with Brother Principal and several other Senior Brothers throughout the course of the year shaped my understanding of a leadership grounded in faith, humility and service.
Participation in the Clifford Hicks International Debate 2025, was another milestone. It gave me much personal glory but that became secondary to the joy of representing my

institution. The platform stood testament that individual victory means more when defined by a collective identity. The applause was not mine, it was the institution's, which shaped my voice and values.

*"And by sincere devotion to duty, prove worthy of the name of School Captain"*
My final major engagement-the School Carnival brought the journey full circle. It was a celebration of community and purpose and echoed with the same spirit which began my journey as a student leader.

Throughout this year, in retrospect, I realize leadership was never about the title alone nor was it about keeping the front. Sometimes, it was to walk beside, sometimes, it was to take a step back. To listen more than to speak. If I have fulfilled my oath, becoming worthy of the name of School Captain, it is only because I was supported by an extraordinary student council, guided by dedicated teachers, trusted by Brother Principal and the school management and inspired by my peers.
As the years pass on, the name will change, the badge will circulate but the oath is the only constant. Those are words, all School Captains, past, present and future will live by and hold. As I mark an end to this chapter, the oath will continue to guide me throughout the life I lead ahead.

Viriliter Age
Act Manfully

**Ipshito K Ghosh**



**"Serving the school and community was not just a duty—it was a truly transformative experience that I will always cherish."**

**Param Dugar**
(Social Secretary)

My year as the Social Secretary of St. Joseph's College has been one of the most memorable and meaningful phases of my school life. It was an honour to be the first Social Secretary, as this was a newly introduced post, and the responsibility motivated me to give my best throughout the year.

I was also appointed as the first Edmund Rice International Ambassador of St. Joseph's College, which allowed me to represent and practice the values of Faith, Service, and Justice. I had the privilege of leading the Social Justice Team and hosting more than twelve major events, including environmental drives, outreach programs, awareness campaigns, and interschool activities.

A major milestone for me was becoming the first student to host an entire E-Waste Scavenger Hunt, managing the event from planning to execution. I also designed and launched a new E.R.I. flag, which stands as a symbol of commitment of the students of the school to social responsibility.

None of this would have been possible without my team. I was fortunate to have a dedicated and supportive team that was always ready to help. Their cooperation, effort and trust were the reasons every event ran smoothly and successfully.

Throughout the year, I participated in various workshops that helped me grow as a leader and individual. This journey was filled with learning, fun, challenges, games, love received, and love given.

**Param Dugar**

# Content



**Pg :15 – 49** Photo Gallery – *Browse through this section to see all the young Josephytes from Nursery to 12, the support-staff, the staff, and old boys association of St. Joseph's College who keep the school alive. This will also take you from Josephstyna 2025 to Josephtsyna 2026…*

**Pg :50 – 68** Flow of Events – *A very short glimpse of the year 2025-26 that has been for the school. Of course, much more has been done but this will walk you through the events of the school ,with the Office Bearers of 2025-26.*

**Pg :69-154** Articles – *This is a literary section where students and teachers have put in their thoughts. There were many more and we could not put them all. Read them to get enthralled.*

**Pg :155-164** Art work – *Enjoy the drawing and crafts made by the creative minds and fingers of the students of our school students. See the splashes of colours and the magic in their fingers take form.*







***EDITORIAL TEAM:***

AMANDEEP CHATTERJEE-9A,
AGNIK SEN-9A,
TRAVIS CHEN-9A,
ARKO DUTTA-11A,
MANNAN JAIN-11A ,
AYAAN JAISWAL-11A,
ATHARV JAISWAL-11A,
MANTHAN BHUTRA-11B,
ADITYA SHA-11B

March 2026

# Photo Gallery







**Class:** Nursery A

**Class Teacher:** Mr. Sutanay Dey



**3rd Row-**Adrit Nandy, Shaurya Gupta, Imaaduddin Sabeel, Rishav Singh, Md. Zubair Muzammil Lodhi, Shivansh Sen, Mohammad Musa Tai, Priyamjit Dhar

**2nd Row-**Rudransh Rajoria, Shivansh Gupta, Sriansh Routh, Elhan Ali Mir, Pragyan Karmakar, Sourajit Paramanik, Adriyan Sharma, Md. Arqam Ammad Ahmed

**1st Row-**Aadrik Bhar, Antariksh B. Sil, Aadish Kundu, Sriyansh Saha, Sheikh Al Mezaan, Kaisan Kashif Rahman, Arkodeep Hait, Nishiv Das

# **Class:** KG A
# **Class Teacher:** Ms. Indrani E. Das Gomes



**Left to right**

**3rd row-**Viaansh Ray, Praneel Paul, Archit Dutta, Aarish Basu , Eshaan Saha, Muhammed Umar Lodhi, Swarnava Chandra , Triyamb Jaiswal, Samrat Das, Pratyush Gupta, Vivaan Gupta, Omar Shariyar Baig,Adyant Gupta.

**2nd row-**Trivik Dey, MD. Zain , Shivansh Malakar, Viaan Gupta, Ashton Ali , Mohammad Zidaan Elahi, Kriday Jaiswal, Subhakrite Das, Samriddha Roychowdhury, Krishiv Jaiswal, Arush Kumar Singh , Vihaan Soni, Ayan Chowdhury, Shezan Haider, Hamza Ukani.

**1st Row-**Aditya Singh, Arush Shaw, Siddhid Mitra, Priyanshu Paul, Ayaansh Dattani, Soujanya Dutta, Akarsh Jaiswal, Zunair Alam, Shloke Podder, Riyanshu Sen, Tatharaj Seal, Atharva Gupta, Sushobhit Debsharma, MD. Mubashir Badgujar, Shahzain Ali.

# Class: 1A

# Class Teacher: Ms. Vanessa Chapman



**Left to Right**

**3rd Row-**Shivansh Sharma, Yusuf Kamal, Md Arham, Surjosnata Ghosh Dastidar, Arhaan Ahmed, Imad Wasim, Abdur Rahaman, Vaibhav Jaiswal, Surayansh Mishra, Khizar Ibrahim Badgujar.

**2nd Row:-**Ruhan Faiyaz, Utkarsh Chowdhury, Rakshit Jaiswal, Aryan Singh, Trishanjit Nandy, Samya Tribedi, Srinjoy Karmakar, Shaurya Shaw, Aathesh Jaiswal, P Mayan Rao, Md Ismail Khan, Kairav Hurkat, Shirshendu Goswami.

**1st Row-**Kabir Faiyaz, Azhaan Ali Hussain, Mohammed Shahzain, Utkarsh Gupta, Md Arhaam Wasim, Drishaan Dey, Antaryami Kundu, Ayush Jagga, Gaurish Mondal, Pratyush Chakraborty, Rishan Dutta, Ayaan Tai, Debjatik Chanda, Aadrik Dey,.

# Class: 2A

# Class Teacher: Ms. Lydia G. D'Gama



**Left to Right**

**3rd Row-** Mohammad Imaad Alam, Jonathan Joseph, Krishneel Ray, Ayaan Roychowdhury, Noraiz Alam, Asad Akbar, Krishab Ghosh, Vivek Vegad Gupta, Ishaan Jaiswal, Mohammed Arhaan, Ahan Chowdhury, Md Umar Toqueer Ayan Paul.

**2nd Row-**Adityashish, Kush Patel, Ridhaan Jaiswal, Hasan Jamil, Abdullah Shadab, Zayduddin Khalid, Adhvik Jaiswal, Mishuk Dhar, Syed Mohammad Zain, Kairav Upadhay, Namit Shaw, Zargaam Tariq, Snigdhadip Ghosh, Raayan Dutta, Souryadeep Pandit.

**1st Row-**Vinayak Shaw, Chris Aaron Machado, Shreeyansh Ojha, Jitray Saren, Aaranyak Patra, Arnab Shaw, Sankalpo Nandy, Samadarshi Seth, Shreyan Boral, Adway Gupta, Aniksh Shaw, Dhritiman Basak, Kritik Biswas, Aishik Patra , Mohammed Zaeem Lodhi, Anirved Paul, Rajdeep Pandit.

# Class: 3A

## Class Teacher: Ms. Shireen Dias



**Left to Right**

**3rd Row-**Susoumyo Dey, Sreemanta Kumar Ghosh, Vyaan Gupta, Tirth Hitesh Doshi,Rivan Pal, Md. Uzair Aftab,Aarav Rana, Rian Roy, Devang De,Gaurvaan Sharma, Md. Hammad Khan

**2nd Row -** Priyanshu Mondal, Nairit Chowdhury,Devansh Gupta,Rishaan Dasgupta, Ankush Giri, Devyaansh Paul,Ibhan Jaiswal,Rajveer Mishra, Aarav Gupta, Muhammed Ibrahim Lodhi, Yahya Humaid, Charvik Maity,Daksh Kumar Jaiswal, Vedanta Gupta

**1st Row-**Samyamoy Mitra, Arnav Jaiswal, Ibrahim Sarfaraz, Aarav Dutta, Raghav Gupta, Garv Shah, Anuj Paul, Shreyansh Joshi, Adan Abid, Muhammed Musa Ali, Adrij Dutta, Kavyaansh Shaw, Reyangan Pal, Daniyal Pawar.

# Class: 4A

## Class Teacher: Ms. Moumita Chatterjee



**Left to Right**

**3rd Row-** Avinash Kundu, Usayduddin Khurram, Almaas Agwan, Shayaan Afroz, Rishaan Dey Sarkar, Vivansh Jaiswal, Subranga Kundu, Mohammed Zayan Imran, Abdur Rahman Khan, Faizaan Abeer, Swarnava Sen

**2nd Row-**Protit Ghosh,Md. Ibrahim Shamsi, Ansh Shaw, Mohammad Rayyan Gaziani, Ashaz Matin, Saptarshi Sen, Md Usman Danish, Abdur Rehman Gaziani, Md. Ibrahim Khan, Reyan Mitra, Atharva Gupta

**1st Row-**Ayus Das, Akshat Agarwal, Harsh Bosmia, Shreyas Hazra, Somrik Saha, Anuj Agarwal, Md.Owais, Shreyan Hazra, Aryan Payra, Abdul Moiz, Md. Rayyan Aamir Ismail

# Class: 5A

# Class Teacher: Mr. Anirban Samanta



**Left to Right**

**3rd Row-**Souryaneel Biswas, Md. Hasnain Ali, Vishvam Jaiswal, Gunav Goenka, Mohammed. Zohair Tasheel, Aayansh Gupta, Abhiraj Das, Anchit Dutta, Rivan Jaiswal, Vedant Agarwal, Jaksh Jaiswal, Arjav Ghosh, Adrish Ray.

**2nd Row-**Abhighna Kundu, Simon Gomes, Govindh Singh, Sourish Hati, Yashesh Harsh Udeshi, Md. Hasan Sadique, Arhaan Ali Hussain, Anirban Paul, Prahan Dhar, Artha Jaiswal, Kingshuk Dhar, Raghav Kumar, Reuel Yishay Jana, Meeraj Ambia, Darpan Das.

**1st Row -**Md. Naumaan, Aarav Tibrewal, Soumyak Chakraborty, Sripandeep Saha, Daksh Churiwala, Somok Das, Divyansh Shaw, Nishant Sharma, Adarsh Kumar, Aihik Mukherjee, Ahan Majumder, Ikjot Singh.

# Class: 6A

## Class Teacher: Mrs. Mary Das



**Left to Right**

**4th Row-** Priyanshu Barman, Rayyan Babar, Aratrik Roy, Agnivesh Banerjee, Riyan Jignesh Patel, Angshu George Biswas, Swarnadeep Ray, Shreyan Palit, Adrish Saha, Swarnendu De

**3rd Row-**Rudra Jain, Prajwal Jaiswal, Mohammad Ateeb Asif, Zayn Rahman, Shronit Gupta, Girickraj Basu, Shyamantak Nandi, Aaryesh Prasad, Asmit Saha, Ryan Chakraborty, Zachariah Charles

**2nd Row-**Shivangshu Sarkar, Subhodip Das, Soumajit Paramanik, Anagh Sarkar, Daniyal Reza Rashid, Khidash Uddin, Advik Singh, Praayush Bubna, Khushal Jalan, Aarish Gupta, Sahishnab Dutta, Devpreet Singh

**1st Row-**Mohammad Faraz Athar, Amartya Bhattacharya, Pratham Udeshi, Arsh Faiyaz, Md. Armash Mishwaaz Feroz, Mrs. Mary Das (CT), Aarav Giri, Ishan Maity, Abhinav Rakshit, Jashmehar Singh, Yash Singh

# **Class:** 7A
# **Class Teacher:** Ms. Aindrilla Acharya



**Left to Right**
**4th Row**-Niladri Pyne, Rishik Banerjee, Ayush Mishra, Agnivesh Sharma Subendu Roy, Saurangshu Gupta,Siddharth Kumar Singh, Aaran Khan, Anshuman Pandey Nitesh Jaiswal, Mohammad Ibrahim

**3rd Row-**Mainak Chakraborty, Tejas Singh, Adhrit Singh, Md. Awaiz, Rungsith Bose, Vihaan K Vasa, Krishnendu Goswami, Ateeb Rahman, Md. Ziyan Khan, Vinayak Tiwari, Ayushman Basu

**2nd Row-**Syon Ghosh, Tuhin Das, Md. Iqbal Hussain, Rishan Pandit, Kinjal Mondal, Ayaan Jaiswal, Aharshi Rakshit, Kshitij Gupta, Kingshuk Saha, Kashyap Burman, Adnan Salim, Abdullah Afroz.

**1st Row-**Ashaz Khan, Ibrahim Ibn Mohammad, Syed Tamjeed Ahmed, Zayan Alam, Ayansh Roy, **Ms. Aindrila Acharya (CT),** Soumik Das, Zaidan Alam, Samvarta Bandhu, Mubashir Abid, Arav Jaiswal

# Class: 8A

## Class Teacher: Ms. Falguni Roy



**Left to Right**

**4th Row-** Souhard Basak, Sakhyajit Saha, Neelrudra Sarkar, Snehil Sen,Dipto Roy, Shourya Sengupta, Aniruddha Chanda, Shrinjoy Bose ,Nikhil Khetan, Anurag Singh, Archit S.M Banerjee, Pratayan Mullick.

**3rd Row-** Debayan Maity, Aishik Bhowmick, Souraaj Sarkar, Indrasheesh Ghosh, Rajat Jhawar, Dhanush Patel, Souptik Paul, Abdur Rehman, MD. Zyan Afroz, Md. Moaz Aslam, Amitrajit Bose.

**2nd Row-**Tanay Shah , Sheehan Dutta , Pravanjan Chatterjee, Adrij Saha, Saquib Akhtar, MD. Zeeshan Khan, Rajveer Singh, Aryan Kachhap, Arnab Paul, Daibik Nandy, Aryan Burman, Ishant Jaiswal, Uday Bhattacharya.

**1st Row-**Bipranko Chandra, Souhridyo, Moumin Ahmed, S.M Sameed Imam, Aryaraj Gupta, Aviral Singh, Rayaan Pal, FALGUNI ROY ( CT), Jayatra Das, Rounak Baheti, Amrik Dutta, Aishik Dutta, Aryav Arora, Rishav Kar, Reyannsh Mondal.

# Class: 9A

# Class Teacher: Ms. Soaiba Neshat



**Left to Right**

**3rd Row-**Spandan Dey,Naman Das,Aarush Bhattacharya, Adway Ghosal,Shreyansh Dubey,Aditya Chowdhury,
Ishan Das, Samya Majumdar, Aniruddha Das,Prothit Daw, Parnabha Sarkar .

**2nd Row-** Priyanshu Dey, Arhon Sen,Arham Rahman,Travis Chen,Shourjya Mazumder, Swarnadeep Kumar,Aarush Paul, Aarush Doshi,Yuvraj Goswami,Harsh Shaw,Aadipto Som.

**1st Row-** Priyank Gupta,Rudra Das,Sadrito Das,Hitarth Rajak,Aditya Vikram Gupta, Himaghna Basak, Pragyaan Paul,Anshumit Das,Avirup Pyne,Rudra Das.

# **Class:** 10A

# **Class Teacher:** Mr. Debasish Bhattacharya



**Left to Right**

**4th Row-**Naman Ojha, Avinaba Nandi, Debarghya Choudhury, Mittish Sahoo, Vaibhav Jaiswal,Debaditya Adhikari, Yusuf Imtiaz, Diptodip Roy

**3rd Row-**Imon Paul, Anurag Das, Yagnesh Shah, Yug Ashar, Ayran Balmiki, Pramit Dutta, Rurangshu Gupta, Abhijit Jana, Anshu Rajak, Nirvaan Shaw, Shuvam Saha

**2nd Row-**Aishik Nrayan Guha, Samyak Saha, Ayush Chatterjee, Rangan Ray, Tamoghna Ghosh, Sourish Paul, Swastik Mullick, Soubhanik Bera, Anubhab Sardar, Md Zayeem Zia, Jagraav Patel

**1st Row -** Sayam Kumar Dutta, Ishaan Basak, Oushnik Nag, Supratim Chandra, Pranjal Sur, Jeet Saha, Mr D Bhattacharya (Cass Teacher), Mainak Naskar, Soham Sen, Hrishiraj Basu, Ankit kumar, Gairik Dutta, Samrat Das

# Class: 11A

## Class Teacher: Mr. Dibyendu Nayak



**Left to Right**

**3rd Row-** Arnish Kumar Poddar, Harshit Mishra, Pinak Pani Chakraborty, Ayaan Jaiswal, Tribikram Kundu Chowdhury

**2nd Row -**NAITIK K VASA, AVIROOP DEY, ANKIT GUPTA, AHINJIT MUKHERJEE

**1st Row -**ISHAN DUTTA, AUSAF HAQUE, AVIRAJ CHATTERJEE, UTSAV SINGH

# Class: 12A

# Class Teacher: Mr. Anirudha Gupta



Left to Right

5th Row-Rwishya Pyne, AdityaMishra, Srijan Raj Pandey, Pratyush Debnath, Arnesh Banerjee, Saptarshi Raj Dey, Abir Dasgupta, Debanjan Nayak, Siddharth Som.

4th Row-Swastik Chowdhury, Aditya Shah, Debarpan Patra, Sambuddha Chattopadhyay, Manthan Roy, Ankush Das, Dominic Mondal, Tanishq Jaiswal, Pranay Soni.

3rd Row - Tushar Arora, Aryan Sharif Mollick, Himank Jeshwar, Sujash Gupta, Satyam Sharma, Amartya Chandravanshi, Ipshito Ghosh, Harshit Bihani, Adam Rangwala.

2nd Row- Subarna Roy, Aditya Kundu, Sayantan Das, Chantan Shaw, Soumya Podder, Ujan Gain, Sagnik Chandra, Soham Mullick.

1st Row-Moumita Chatterjee, Sarita Kumari, Dibendu Nayak, Mithu Pal, Br Erle Larry Miranda (Principal), Anirudha Gupta (Class Teacher), Amar Boral ( Senior Coordinator), Swagata Kundu, Sandip Samanta, Falguni Roy, Sonu Hela.

# **Class:** Nursery B

# **Class Teacher:** Ms. Shampa Ghosh



**3rd Row(L-R) :** Kiaan Senapati, Aarav Minz ,Zubayruddin Khurram, Om Sankar Chattopadhyay, Jaisvik Jaiswal, Alekhya Das,Md.Zohan, Md. Zohaan Hussain, Umar Ali

**2nd Row(L-R) :** Sriyan Datta, Krishank Seth, Aasim Rasul, Md.Shahzaib Siddique, Adideb Paul, Hamza Noaman, Mohammad Rayan,Md. Arham Anas, Charvik Arora

**1st Row( L-R) :** Shivansh Joshi, Soumith Hati, Mohammad Ahyan, Samadarshi Mitra Singha, Adhyan Das, Soumalya Saha, Pradyumna Acharya, Ayaansh Srivastava, Vivaan Jaiswal

# Class: KG B

## Class Teacher: Ms. Priyanka .B. Sardar



**3rd Row( L-R) :**Aarav Jaiswal, Mohammad Aqrab Khan, Yunay Jaiswal, Snigdhayaan Paul,

Priyanshu Mondal, Arjun Srivastava, Sahitya Malik, Mohammad Hamzah Qadir , Shivansh Kumar Shaw, Darshil Bothra, Rohaan Rafi, Krishiv Jana, Vivaan Khandelwal,

Atharva Yadav.

**2nd Row (L-R):** Prottyush Banerjee, Ribhav Jaiswal, Shreyank Nag,Md. Ibrahim Ammad Ahmed, Shivansh Shaw, Md. Ibrahim Khan, Arush Guha, Omkar Pal, Dhrubadrit Saha,

Sk. Aarav Rahman, Yuvaan Jaiswal, Hridan Basak, Md Arham Alam, Shubadip Das.

**1st Row ( L- R):** Yusuf Ahmed, Md. Aaheel Imran Khan, Nathan D'Cruz , Md. Umair Badgujar, Mohammed Saad Haque, Dhruvadeep Paul, Muhammad Abdullah, Jagrata Ghosh, Ruan Ghosh, Shreyansh Yadav, Samrit Roy, Md. Mezaan Alam, Girvaan Singh, Mohammed Ahmed.

**Class:** 1B

**Class Teacher:** Ms. Starina Harry



Left to Right

3rd Row - Ibrahim, Ayaansh, Affan, Shlok, Yasin, Shreyansh, Rayyan, Huzaifa, Athar, Ali, Aarush, Ishan.

2nd Row - Hiyan, Akshat, Umar, Kiash, Trishan, Viyan, Yusuf, Shivam, Rivansh, Jash, oighrig, Debadrito, Arham.

1st Row- Priyojit, Zehaan, Oishik, Zaeem, Pratyay, Adrish, Soudhardya, Arunangshu, Ruhaan, Soubhagya, Tufayl, Garvit, Paramjyoti, Shivaay

# **Class:** 2B

# **Class Teacher:** Ms. Susmita Chatterjee



Left to Right

**3rd Row( L-R)** : Aarav Sonkar, Keshav Bagri, Aban Ahmed Shamsi, Mohammed Asim Arbi, Musab Abdullah, Shivaansh Sahu, Mohtashim Asif Ali, Kaivalya Mishra, Atharva Jaiswal, Sourajit Dutta, Souryavo Paul, Niladri Chatterjee, Kabir Jaiswal, Abheek Bhunia, Md Riyazuddin.

**2nd Row( L-R) :** Talha Sheikh, Pulastya Sarkar, Jaden Liu, Shreyan Sharma, Adhrit Parui, Divyansh Jaiswal, Naman Jaiswal, Zeehan Ali, Arnish Law, Yuvaan Kareem Ranmal, Gulam Moin Alam, Muhammad Hasan, Vihaan Jaiswal, Syed Taifur, Qasim Ali, Musab Bin Sharique.

**1st Row (L-R) :** Onais Matin, Syamantak Rakshit, Rudra Singh, Samarth Jaiswal, Debrup Samanta, Anirudha Acharya, Hridaan Sarkar, Devansh Goyal, Sankhin Ghosh Das, Denzel Simeon Duffadar, Rishaan Chatterjee, Priyojeet Poddar, Etash Dey, Vinayak Tiwari, Musa Khurram , Muhammad Owais Eqbal, Hariyansh Kumar.

# Class: 3B

## Class Teacher: Ms. Rabia Malik



Left to Right

Third Row: Harshil Veeraj, Sreyans Roy, Sourayan Saha, Aarav Chakraborty, Kalparoop Das, Abhraneel Saha, Dakshesh Gupta, Kiyaan Bharati, Izaan Hussain, Zain Iqbal, Arush Shaw, Jishnu Sarkar, Crisleo Divit Das, Aadideb Bhattacharya

Second Row: Pushkal, Supratik Saha, Taksh Kumar Gupta, Devyansh Gupta, Shivangsh Dutta, Harshvardhan Bengani, Aarav Shaw, Kingsuk Bose, Adrik Auddy, Saptak Mullick, Justin Piyush Das, Kavish M. Dave, Jagrat Jangir, Aariyaan Chaudhuri, Abdul Bari Lodhi

First Row: Shreyank Banerjee, Humad Asil Sardar, Idhant Roy, Mohammed Zyaan Alam, Sreyan Basu, Aranya Goswami, Harmehar Singh, Abhirup Dutta, Kaunish Dass, Sheikh Mohammad Zayn, Sreyan Dutta, Mohammad Hassan Gandhi, Arha Basak, Keyansh M. Dave

# Class: 4B

# Class Teacher: Ms. Leena Patel



Left to Right

3rd Row (L-R) Rudranjan Giri, Devanshu Gupta, Abrick Kundu, Md. Sufiyan Shamsi, Shreyanjit Basu, Shresth Jaiswal, Shirshendu Ray, Muhammed Fawaz Aarbi, Adrito Chakraborty, Hammad Sultan Khan, Md.Umair Nasir, Abir Banerjee, Aahil Basu

2nd Row (L-R) Swarnodipto Sen, Aayan Sardar, Mohammed Shahroz Hussain, Shayan Siddique, Mayank Gupta, Aarav Gupta, Pranshu Jaiswal, Hamza Khurram, Muhammad Hussain Siddique, Aarav Shah, Ayush Kumar Dutta, Saptak Dutta, Arnav Shah

1st Row (L-R) Md. Zohan, Arha Dutta, Vivaan Singh, Ritaban Kundu, Reyansh Bhowmick, Adhiyagya Jaiswal, Medhaansh Saha, Aaron Somdeep Das, Ali Hasan Elahi, Md. Dariush Uddin, Abhiraj Mitra, Ujan Ghosh

# Class: 5B

# Class Teacher: Ms. Sayantani Podder



Left to Right

THIRD ROW :Priyanshu Modak, Devraj Sen,Aarav Koradia, Ashutosh Tiwari, MD Arham Khan,Aarav Banerjee, Heyan Bagchi,Aditya Dhar, Yusuf Hussain,Abdullah Tai, Arth Goenka, Adhiraj mullick, Shlok Singh,Abhigyan Pandey, Aagam Jain, Harshat Tiwari.

SECOND ROW : Rahul sen, Pratyay Mahanti, Adiraj Mukherjee, Shashwat Jaiswal,Priyankar Seth,Shreansh Dhar Sharma, Sayan Mondal,Siddharth Srivastava,Ivaan Chunder, Indrashish Chatterjee, Abhishek Narayan Behera, Atharva Gupta,Braeden Singh, Rehan Akhtar, Samridh Ghosh.

FIRST ROW:Mudassir Alam, Medhansh Jaiswal, Naman Shaw, Ayushman Kumar, Aryan Sutherland,Somraj Banerjee,Shreyan Paul, Pratham Karia,Arush Chourasia,Nilesh Dubey,Abaan Ahmed,Supratim Saha,Souroneel Sen, MD. Rayyan Shamsi.

# Class: 6B

# Class Teacher: Ms. Munira Hararwala



Left to Right

**Fourth Row ( L-R)** : Sanavv Roy, Hrishav Chattopadhyay, Ansh Sinha, Hrishikesh Panda, Amrit Hazra, Adhiraj Paul, Jishnu Ghosh, Syed Arhaan Haider, Adhyan Gupta

**Third Row (L-R)** : Pulkit Goyal, Moheed Ahmed, Devansh Pandey, Hrishaank Math, Naufil Husain, Ahan Gupta, Arnav Deb, Aryan Jaiswal, Aahan Ray, Ayush Chowdhury

**Second Row ( L-R)** : Mohammad Hamzah Nafis, Shatadru Sengupta, Sufiyan Abid, Tishan Basu, Mohiuddin Abdul Kareem, Pranay Mohta, Architman Mohanty, Mohammad Ammar Barkat, Shivang Pal, Anantram Kundu, Dutendra Nath Roy

**First Row (L-R)** : Shlok Shah, Omar Humayan, Hiranmoy Mondal, Priyam Popat, Smarto Biswas, Md. Ubaid Mudassar Lodhi, Zain Salim, Daiwik Mihir Mehta, Anirban Roy, Sanjivan Roy

# Class: 7 B

## Class Teacher: Ms. Sutandra Basu



Left to Right

First row(L to R)
Suryandu Roy, Saptajit Ghosh, Saiyan Danial Singh, Faizan Ahmed, Kishaloy Mahanti, Md.Humam Asif, Utsalok Mondal, Anubrata Das, Sourik Saha, Ethan Lindsay, Aryan Dey, Atharva Chaurasia

Second row(L to R)
Rupam Coondoo,Ridhaan Jaiswal, Hrudan Kundu,Chandravan Mitra,Debaditya Roy,Chandran Mitra,Aksh Shaw,Indranij Mullick,Shivansh Jaiswal, Tanish Sharma

Third Row(L to R)
Rounik Pan, Pratham Jaiswal, Rajveer Saha,Hetansh Damani, Debangshu Biswas, Owais Matin, Abhayam Jaiswal, Toshanjit Das, Aintik Hira,Vibhor Gupta

Fourth Row (L to R)
Md.Ahsan Zaki, Aniruddha Mishra, Ojaswa Sharma,Kumar Virendra Vijoy Singha Deb, Daksh Desai, Noman Danish, Mayank Gupta, Md.Uzair Ismail, Swapneel Pramanik, Rudra Nath Mitra, Trishankur Dutta

# Class: 8B

## Class Teacher: Ms. Pallavi Das



Left to Right

4thRow- Abhigyan Beraroy, Rachit Sharma, Arghyajit Majumder, Yash Pal, Md Sahil, Devagya Gupta, Apratim Sil,

3rd Row -Atharva Pratap Singh, Rayan Banerjee, Rajveer Singh, Ankur Rajak, Pratham Goenka, Manan Kothari, Eshaan Koradia, Unaan Chatterjee, Abirbhav Nath,

2 nd Row-Sayan Mukherjee, Nishant Pandey, Nilankan Saha, Dheehan N. Gandhi, Agniv Chakroborty, Anarannya Basak, Shryans Routh, Nathan ku,

1 st row -Riian joshua Gomes, Muhammad Yahya, Rudransh Gupta, Vansh Binani, Aarav Gupta, Muhammed Abdullah Lodhi, Arin chatterjee, Nabhya Prasad.

# **Class:** 9B

## **Class Teacher:** Ms. Gangotri Bose



Left to Right

**3rd Row ( L to R)-** Subhadeep Dutta, Aditya Jangir, Anish Tewary, Yatharth Khanna, Faheem Sikandar, Irfan Ali Khan, Riddhiman Paul, Roop Banerjee.

**2nd Row ( L to R)-** Harshvardhan Jaiswal, Md Usman Batla, Ashwin Chugani, Sanskar Chamaria, Vaibhav Gupta, Saaransh Gupta, Yug Jain, Rishabh Dutt, Rahmat Ali, Satyaki Dutt.

**1st Row ( L to R)-** Arihant Daga, Snehargho Nandi, Sreejit Shamooi, Dhairya Patodia, Murtaza Attari, Owais Ahmed, Mohammad Ziyaan, Mohammad Hanzala, Hanzala MD.

# Class: 10B

# Class Teacher: Ms. Debasree Pyne



Left to Right

(Row 1-top)- Shourya Jaiswal, Yuvraj Singh, SagnikSeal, Md. Kaif Alam, Aritro Das.

Left to Right (Row 2) – Naitik Shaw, Saiyam Gupta, Arghajit Goswami, Debayudh Kundu, Asmit Dutta, Swarnavo Sen, Avirup Mukherjee, Trysten Liao, Hamza Azam Khan, Viresh Agarwal, Aditya Surekha.

Left to Right (Row 3) – Yashraj Singh, Suyash Poddar, Dwijraj Acharya, Subhagata Talukdar, Sriyans Paul, Hussain Vana, Md. Taha Iqbal, Aarav Jaiswal, Shouya Jaiswal, Hanzala Shahab, Kushal Bothra, Dhairya Jain, Sahib Rahman.

Left to Right (Row 4)- Shaurya Kesharwani, Akshaj Gupta, Rudra Khanna, Sidhartha Banerjee, Rishi Srivastava, Amitvikram Samal, Ms Debasree Pyne (CT) , Aarav Jaiswal, Fauzan Yousuf, Reetambar Dhar, Smurti Ranjan Sahoo, Rituraj Ghosh, Pratyush Gupta.

# Class: 11B

# Class Teacher: MR. Raymond Das



Left to Right

**4th Row (L to R):** Aariz Hussain, Md Ayaan Khan, Nilesh Chanda, Om Dikpati, Ujan Das, Garvit Kedia, Sanyam Jaiswal, Ayaan Tariq
**3rd Row (L to R) :** Ishaan Das, Shreyan Chatterjee, Raghav Sharma, Mohammed Zidan Khan, Nashit Ahmed
**2nd Row (L to R)** :Ethan Chen, Rishith Shukla, Manthan Bhutra, Ashaz Bari, Aritro Sikdar, Kunal Jena, Arya Chakraborty
**1st Row (L to R)** : Manav Jaiswal, Supratim Sen, Siddharth Gupta, Mr Raymond Das (Class Teacher), Adil Shahin Syed, Priyankshu Das, Md Shayan Mumtaz

# Class: 12B

## Class Teacher: Ms. Swarnali Ray Banerjee



Left to Right

**ROW 6** (TOP – L-R) Yeek Ching Kevin Ho, Dev Mukherjee, Param Dugar, Benedict D'Cruze, Agnivesh Bhattacharyya, Vansh Shah, Shaurya Jaiswal, Tasdiqul Hoda, Om Rana, Pratyush Chandra, Adrish Ghosh
**ROW 5** (L-R) Raditya Sarkar, Ankit Biswas, Shaurya Singh, Krishav Shaw, Saurya Gupta, Md. Bilal, Md. Munaf Nasim, Vishikh Trivedi, Sayantan Paul, Nilanja Mukherjee
**ROW 4** (L-R) Dev Ghosh, Harpreet Singh, Mayank Gupta, Sachin Arora, Lakshya Ganeriwal, Hemansh R. Doshi, Kamal Jasani, Purab Kothari, Raghav Jhawar, Sayan Boral, Debopom Mitra
**ROW 3** (L-R) Bhavh Poddar, Ayush Kundu, Aritro Mukherjee, Moulik Udeshi, Al-Iqyaan M. Bharmal, Daksh Kapoor, Nikunj Gupta, Anthony Sharma, Rian Das, Abir Sarkar
**ROW 2** (L-R) Shreyas Jain, Rishab Tibrewal, Kabir Dutta, Vivek R. Mukherjee, Shashank Gupta, Debadrita Chakraborty, Granth Goel, Harsh Gunecha, Mohd. Tua Ha, Mohd. Ahmed, Satadru Roy
**ROW 1** (L-R) (Teachers) Mr. D. Nayak, Dr. S. Kumari, Mr. R. Das, Mrs. M. Pal, Br. E.L. Miranda (Principal), Mrs. S. Ray Banerjee (Class Teacher), Mr. A. Boral (Snr. Coordinator), Mrs. S. Basu, Mr. S. Chatterjee, Mrs. S. Kundu, Mr. S. Hela

# STAFF PHOTOGRAPH:



5th Row (L to R):Sandip Samanta, Sayantan Dutta, Anirban Samanta, Subham Shaw

4th Row (L to R):Shail Chawrasia, Sonu Hela, Bandana Singh, Soumebha Chatterjee, Sarita Kumari, Dibyendu Nayak, Joyshree Maji, Kaushik Karmakar, Mithali Biswas, Sutanay Dey, Shukla Seal, Robin Singh, Michelle Lyngdoh Pandey

3rd Row (L to R):Shireen Dias, Sayantani Podder, Moumita Banik, Swarnali Banerjee, Gangotri Bose, Anoushka Dutta, Debashree Pyne, Priyanka Das, Indrani E. Das Gomes, Sushmita Chatterjee, Munira Hararwala, Mary Das, Abarna Dey

2nd Row (Lto R):Priyanka Sardar, Soiba Neshat, Swagata Saha Chakraborty, Moumita Chatterjee, Anjana Mukherjee, Starina Harry, Venessa Chapman, Rabia Malik, Lydia G. D'Gama, Monalisa Pal, Deepmala Chaudhury, Shampa Ghosh, Suchismita Chatterjee, Aindrila Acharya, Sutandra Basu, Falguni Roy

1st Row (L to R):Monalisa Das, Amar Chand Boral, Pallavi Das, Anirudha Gupta, Leena Patel, Bro. E.L. Miranda(Principal), Mithu Pal, Debasish Bhattacharya, Amarpreet Nagpal, Raymond Das, Manpreet Kaur.

# G.B. of S.J.C. O.B.A. 2026-27:



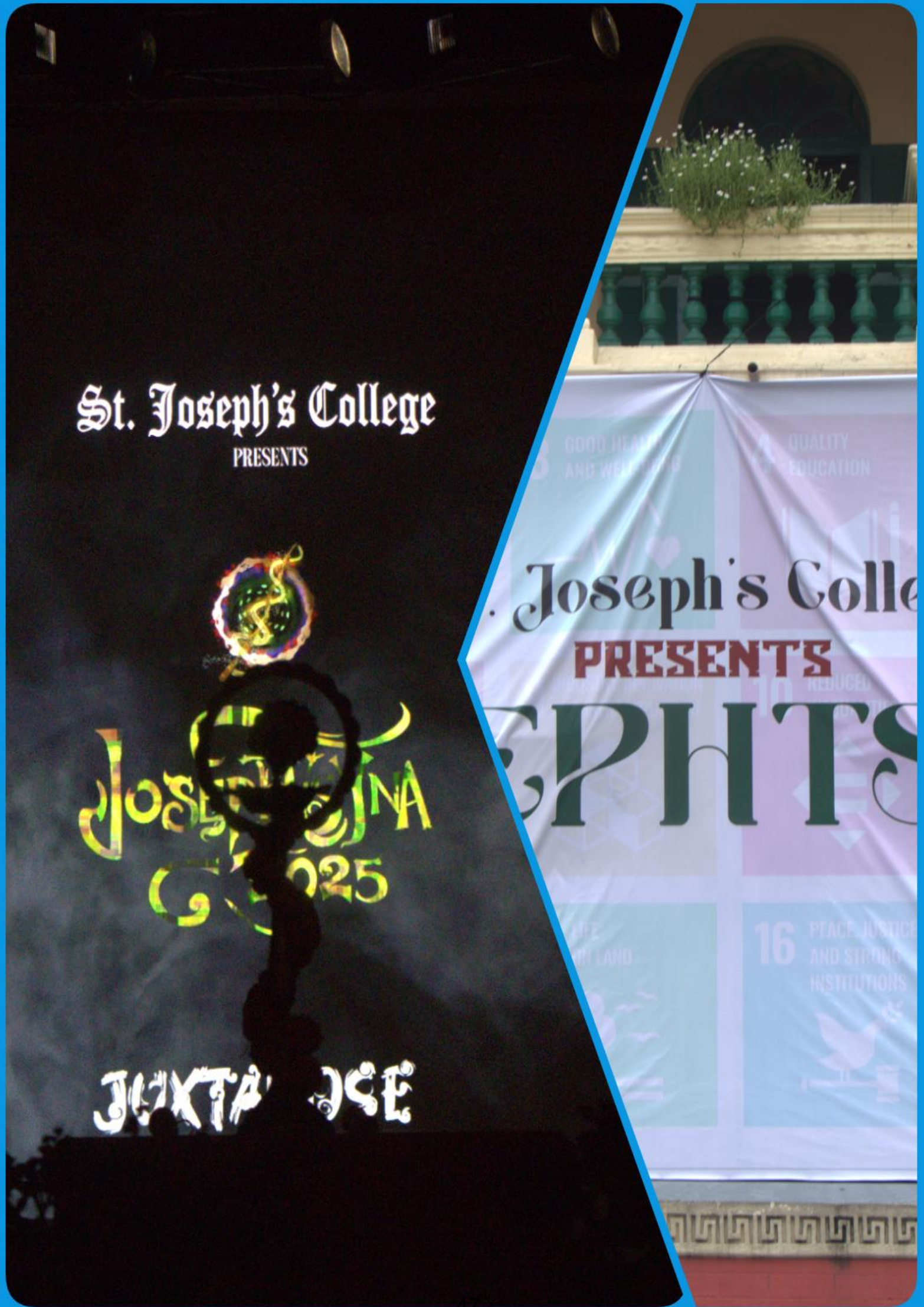
Left to Right: Gaurav Kapoor (1990), Rounak Mimani (2011), Amit Singh (2011), Md Yassir Baig (1997), Bro E.L Miranda, Tathagata Bhattacharya (2009), Saif Ahmed (1993), Rehan Waris (1997), Erfan Elahi (1997), Naveed Jahangir (1996), Sohail Anwar (2011), Debnil Hazra (2021), Vineet shaw (2009), Abhishek Khanna (1997)

# SUPPORT STAFF



**2nd Row (L to R):** Ajay Tigga, Bishnu Tigga, Robin Khalko, Ganesh Ch Nashkar, Anil Tigga, Dipak Tigga, Bijay Orang, Rakesh Hazra.

**1st Row (L to R)**: Arpita Bar, Khaitun Bibi, Debjani Ghosh, Kaushik Karmakar (Supervisor), Bro. E. L. Miranda (Principal), Zakir Hussain Gazi. Mintoo Bor, Sirajul Sardar, Sudipto Haldar.


St. Joseph's College
PRESENTS
JUXTA JOSE
Joseph's Colle
PRESENTS




JOSEPHTSYNA














JOIN
JUXTAPOSE
JUBILIATE
AN INVITATION
TO MOVE
FROM
JOSEPHTSYNA 2025
TO ...


25TH EDITION
of
2026
Josephtsyna
SHINE THROUGH EVERY SHADE


π
FLOW OF
EVENTS



Brother Larry's birthday was celebrated on 5th April 2025 at the SJC Library. The programme was attended by SJC staff members, who conveyed their wishes. The celebration fostered unity, respect, and a warm, joyful atmosphere.

The Middle and Senior School Investiture Ceremony was held on 28th April 2025 at the SJC Ground. All SJC members attended the programme. Student leaders were formally invested with badges and responsibilities, encouraging leadership, discipline, teamwork, and a strong sense of commitment towards the school.





Founder's Day was celebrated on 5th May 2025 at the SJC Ground. All SJC members attended the programme. The celebration honoured the institution's founder through speeches and activities, fostering gratitude, unity, discipline, and pride in the school's values and rich legacy.

The Western Music Competition for Middle and Senior School was held on 5th May 2025 at the SJC Hall and Library. SJC students participated enthusiastically, showcasing musical talent and creativity. The event promoted confidence, teamwork, appreciation of Western music, and healthy competition among students.





May Day was celebrated on 6th May 2025 at the SJC Ground. All SJC members attended the programme. The celebration highlighted the dignity of labour through speeches and activities, creating awareness about workers' rights and fostering respect, unity, gratitude, and social responsibility among students and staff.

The Neat Handwriting Layout activity was conducted on 7th May 2025 in classrooms. All SJC students participated actively. The activity aimed to improve handwriting, presentation skills, and discipline, encouraging students to develop neatness, accuracy, and pride in their written work.





Rabindra Jayanti was celebrated on 8th May 2025 at the SJC Ground. All SJC members attended the programme. The celebration honoured Rabindranath Tagore through songs, recitations, and speeches, promoting cultural awareness, creativity, respect for literature, and appreciation of India's rich heritage.

The felicitation of Ms. A. Nagpal and Ms. Michelle was held on 8th May 2025 at the SJC Ground. All SJC members attended the programme. The event honoured their dedication and service, fostering appreciation, gratitude, and respect within the school community.





The Eastern Music Competition for Middle and Senior School was held on 8th May 2025 at the SJC Hall and Library. SJC students participated enthusiastically, showcasing classical and folk music skills. The event encouraged cultural appreciation, confidence, creativity, and healthy competition among students.

The Creative Writing Competition was conducted on 11th and 16th June 2025 in classrooms. SJC students participated actively, expressing ideas through poems, stories, and essays. The competition enhanced imagination, language skills, originality, and confidence, encouraging students to think creatively and articulate thoughts effectively.



The JAM Competition was conducted on 11th June 2025 at the SJC Library for senior school students. Participants spoke confidently on given topics. The event enhanced communication skills, presence of mind, clarity of thought, and encouraged healthy competition among students.




The Dance Competition was held on 18th June 2025 at the SJC Hall for middle and senior school students. Participants performed various dance forms with enthusiasm. The event promoted creativity, coordination, confidence, cultural expression, and a spirit of healthy competition among students.



The "2 Minutes to Fame" programme was held on 11th June 2025 at the SJC Hall for middle school students. Participants showcased talents within a short time span. The event boosted confidence, creativity, stage presence, and encouraged students to express their abilities freely.



World Day Against Child Labour was observed on 16th June 2025 at the SJC Library for senior school students. The programme created awareness about the evils of child labour through talks and discussions, promoting empathy, social responsibility, and commitment towards protecting children's rights.






The "Creation from Waste" activity was conducted on 23rd and 25th June 2025 at the SJC Library for middle and senior school students. Participants created useful items from discarded materials, promoting creativity, environmental awareness, resourcefulness, and the importance of recycling and sustainable practices.



St. Xavier's Fest was celebrated on 10 July with great enthusiasm. Students participated in a nature-themed dance, eco-fashion show, T-shirt painting, and JAM competition. The event promoted environmental awareness and showcased creativity, confidence, and teamwork among participants.



The Photography Competition was conducted on 18th June 2025 for senior school students. Participants captured creative and meaningful photographs, showcasing observation skills and artistic vision. The competition encouraged creativity, technical awareness, visual storytelling, and appreciation of photography as an expressive art form.



St. Joseph's College Independence Day Celebration. Here we are celebrating the 79th year of independence as Azadi ka Amrit Mahotsav. We at St. Joseph's College celebrated this event with great fervour. They sang, they danced, recited poems in English, Hindi and Bengali, they walked the ramp to show the unity in diversity and they paid tribute to our national heroes by dressing as them. The teachers were also not left behind. Each class had their own special activity to mark this special ocassion.




On 16 July, the school celebrated "One Green Dream." Students from all classes brought potted plants and contributed to making the campus greener and more beautiful. The initiative promoted environmental awareness and encouraged students to care for nature responsibly.

On 16 July, students, parents, and teachers participated in an Awareness Walk carrying meaningful placards promoting environmental protection. The march concluded with a sapling exchange and a pledge to protect and preserve nature, spreading a strong message of responsibility.



On 23 July, a Poster Making Competition was held on themes related to August festivals. Students displayed creativity and artistic skills through colourful and meaningful posters, reflecting cultural awareness and festive spirit.



The English Elocution competition was held on 30 July with 6 choral and 24 solo entries. Students showcased confidence and expressive speaking skills. Class 6B won the choral category, while Yash Pal of 8B secured 1st position in the solo category.







On 23 July, Aditya Vikram Gupta secured 1st position in Bengali at the SAIoC competition. The achievement brought pride to the school and highlighted his dedication, hard work, and excellence in the subject.



The school organized workshop on Social Justice conducted by experts on the theme of inclusion. Students actively participated in interactive activities and street plays to spread awareness. The programme concluded with a month-long project that encouraged understanding, empathy, and respect for diversity.



Quantum Qubit was held from 31 July to 1 August, featuring activities on coding, robotics, and technology. Though participation was limited, students displayed strong effort, enthusiasm, and innovative thinking throughout the event, making it a meaningful learning experience.

On 31 July, the school participated in Genesis Fest and achieved remarkable success. Students won in the Vegetable/Fruit Design category and secured Runners-Up positions in Poetry and Dry Cooking. The school proudly received the Overall Runners-Up Trophy.



From 1–3 August, students participated in NOVUS Fest and delivered outstanding performances. The school secured 1st position in Shark Tank and Slam Poetry, and 3rd position in Ad Spoof. The achievements reflected creativity, confidence, and excellent presentation skills.



The school football team participated in a tournament at Kurseong. It provided valuable exposure to national-level competition. The experience enhanced players' skills, teamwork, and sportsmanship while allowing them to compete against strong teams from different regions.






Mathletes 2.0 was held on 1–2 August, where students secured multiple wins across various categories and groups. Their outstanding performances reflected strong mathematical skills and teamwork. The innovative aquarium working model received special praise for creativity and practical application.



On 1 August, students represented the school at the National Moot Court Competition and secured the 2nd Runner-Up position among 47 participating schools. Their achievement reflected strong legal reasoning, confidence, and exceptional teamwork.



A series of creative art competitions were organized in August. On 8 August, students participated in Charcoal Art, Non-Dominant Hand Drawing, and Umbrella Painting, showcasing originality and skill. On 12 August, a Monochrome Art competition was held, highlighting creativity through single-colour themes.



Students participated in Emblazon Fest held on 7–8 August, competing in multiple linguistic events. The fest provided a platform to showcase their language skills, creativity, and confidence, while encouraging healthy competition and literary excellence.

On 13 August, a Bengali Poetry Recitation competition was organized on themes of nature and patriotism. Students recited poems with expression and confidence, reflecting deep appreciation for the environment and love for the nation.





The Hindi Elocution competition was held on 12 August. Students participated enthusiastically and displayed confidence, clarity of speech, and effective expression. The event enhanced their public speaking skills and deepened their appreciation for the Hindi language.

On 7 August, students prepared creative plant charts, enhancing their knowledge of plant types and features. On 13 August, the "Make Your Own Papdi Chaat" activity was conducted, where students enjoyed preparing a healthy snack while learning teamwork and hygiene.






Students from Nursery to Class 4 enthusiastically participated in creative activities including peacock craft, thumb printing, tricolour crafts, and flag collage. These activities enhanced fine motor skills, creativity, and patriotic spirit among the young learners.

Representatives from 13 universities conducted informative sessions for students. The discussions focused on course selection, career pathways, and admission procedures. The sessions provided valuable guidance, helping students make informed decisions about their higher education and future goals.






The Fancy Dress competition for Nursery A and B was organized on themes such as nature, community helpers, SDGs, and national icons. The little participants dressed creatively and spoke confidently, showcasing imagination, awareness, and enthusiasm.

Students actively participated in badminton, chess, carrom, and football tournaments, displaying teamwork and sportsmanship. On 22 August, the school secured 2nd place in the Blue 'N' White Quiz, showcasing strong knowledge and competitive spirit.






The school appreciated students for their active participation in eco-initiatives promoting environmental awareness. Special awards were presented to Aarav Palit and Ipshito Ghosh for their dedication and outstanding contribution towards making the campus greener and more sustainable.

On 1 September, the D Division Football Tournament was held, where Class 5A emerged as champions. The team displayed excellent coordination, determination, and sportsmanship, bringing pride and recognition to their class and the school.





Class 1B engaged in creative worksheet activities that enhanced learning through fun and interactive tasks. Class 4A participated in leaf and vegetable printing, showcasing creativity while exploring different textures and patterns in art.

The C Division Quiz was held on 26 September with enthusiastic participation from all houses. After a competitive and engaging round of questions, Vincent House emerged as the winner, demonstrating excellent knowledge and teamwork.





An informative session was conducted providing insights into mutual funds, investment strategies, career opportunities in the finance sector, and relevant professional certifications. The session enhanced students' financial awareness and guided them towards informed career planning and skill development.

The "I Am a Rhymer" activity witnessed enthusiastic performances from both Nursery sections. The young learners confidently recited rhymes with actions and expressions, showcasing their developing communication skills and joyful participation.







Students from KG to Class 5 presented vibrant group and solo dance performances across diverse genres. The event showcased talent, coordination, and confidence. A surprise performance by the teachers added excitement and made the programme even more memorable.

Ipshito K. Ghosh of Class 12A won Best Speaker (Prelims), Best Speaker (Finals), and the Optimus Orator Award at the 9th Clifford Hicks International Debate Competition held at Calcutta Boys' School. The school congratulates Ipshito and Ayaan on this remarkable achievement.







Students presented creative performances based on class-wise themes including Ocean Life, Magical World, Community Helpers, Traditional Costumes, Role Models, and Literary Characters. The diverse themes encouraged imagination, cultural awareness, and confident expression among participants.

Students presented performances based on global and Indian stories, highlighting strong thematic interpretation and artistic expression. The programme reflected creativity, cultural appreciation, and teamwork. A captivating torchlight display added grandeur and brought the event to a memorable conclusion.






Students presented drama, dance, and choral performances inspired by world literature, showcasing creativity and expressive talent. The programme concluded with a heartfelt farewell song by Class 10 and a stirring anthem by Class 12, making the event emotional and memorable.

On 23 November, Catholic students participated prayerfully in the city Eucharistic Procession. The solemn event reflected deep faith, devotion, and unity, as students respectfully joined the procession with reverence and spiritual commitment.





The School Carnival was celebrated with great enthusiasm, featuring game stalls, food counters, and cultural performances. Students managed events responsibly, displaying teamwork and leadership. The vibrant celebration strengthened community bonds and created joyful memories for students, teachers, and parents alike.

On 18th December 2025, St. Joseph's College, with the Anti-Hunger Organization, conducted a food distribution drive at Nil Ratan Sircar Medical College and Hospital, Sealdah. Twenty-one students distributed over 250 food packets, fostering compassion, teamwork, and social responsibility.







The Nativity celebration beautifully depicted the birth of Jesus through a heartfelt skit, carols, and prayer. Students portrayed the Holy Family with reverence, spreading the message of peace, hope, and love. The programme fostered spiritual reflection and joyful celebration within the school community.

The Class 12 Farewell was held with warmth and nostalgia, celebrating the achievements and memories of the outgoing batch. Cultural performances, heartfelt speeches, and blessings from teachers marked the occasion. The event concluded with best wishes for their future endeavors and success.







The Middle and Senior School Sports Meet 2026 was held on 31st January at St. Joseph's College. Brigadier Russel D'Souza inaugurated the event. Students participated in march past, drills, novelty races, and tug-of-war. The Drill display and March past was won by Vincent House, followed by a close second by Patrick House in both the events. The Patrick House (Green) won the Cock House for the year. Edmund came second, followed by Anthony and Vincent.

Acknowledging Mr.Sandip Samanta for compiling the flow of events 2025-26.

Josephyte of the year : Ipshito K. Ghosh

Principal's Award : Vansh Shah

Commendation:

The following is the order for reading the commendation

1. Himank Jeshwar
2. Rwishya Pyne
3. Vansh Shah
4. Ipshito K Ghosh
5. Debopom Mitra
6. Hemansh R Doshi
7. Soumyajit Poddar
8. Sambuddha Chattopadhyay
9. Sayan Boral
10. Param Dugar
11. Ankush Das
12. Moulik Udeshi
13. Vivek Ranjaan Mukherjee
14. Siddharth Som
15. Manthan Roy

# THANK YOU
# OFFICE BEARERS



IPSHITO K. GHOSH

SCHOOL CAPTAIN



PARAM DUGAR

SOCIAL SECRETARY

## SCHOOL VICE-CAPTAINS



RWISHYA PYNE

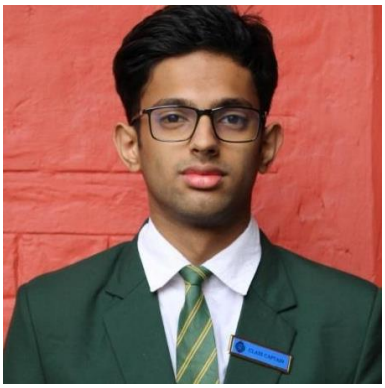


SAYAN BORAL

# EDMUND HOUSE



DEBOPOM MITRA
HOUSE CAPTAIN



PRANAY SONI
VICE CAPTAIN



HEMANSH DOSHI
VICE CAPTAIN

# PATRICK HOUSE



SIDDHARTH SOM
HOUSE CAPTAIN



SAPTARSHI RAJ DEY
VICE CAPTAIN



PURAB KOTHARI
VICE CAPTAIN

# ANTHONY HOUSE



ANKUSH DAS
HOUSE CAPTAIN



ABIR DAS GUPTA
VICE CAPTAIN



AYUSH KUNDU
VICE CAPTAIN

# VINCENT HOUSE



VANSH SHAH
HOUSE CAPTAIN



MANTHAN ROY
VICE CAPTAIN



VIVEK R. MUKHERJEE
VICE CAPTAIN



# বাংলা নিবন্ধ

## ***ঘুড়ি***



ঘুড়ি একটি খুব পরিচিত ও মজার খেলা। ঘুড়ি কাগজ ও বাঁশের কাঠি দিয়ে তৈরি হয়। ঘুড়ি লাটাই ও সুতো দিয়ে ওড়ানো হয়। নানা রঙের ও নানা আকারের ঘুড়ি হয়। ঘুড়ির বিভিন্ন নাম থাকে, যেমন চাঁদিয়াল, পেটকাটি, মোমবাতি ইত্যাদি। বিশ্বকর্মা পুজোর দিনে ঘুড়ি ওড়ানো হয়। একে অন্যের ঘুড়ির সুতো কাটলে "ভো কাট্টা" বলে মজা করা হয়। ঘুড়ি ছাদে বা খোলা মাঠ থেকে ওড়ানো হয়। ঘুড়ি অনেক উঁচুতে ওড়ানো যায়। আমার ঘুড়ি ওড়াতে ও ঘুড়ির কাটাকুটি খেলা দেখতে খুব ভালো লাগে।

~শঙ্খিন ঘোষ দাস

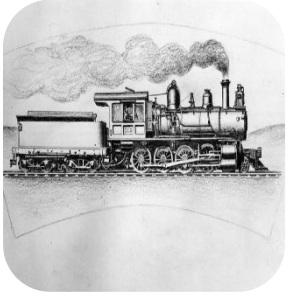
## ***আমার প্রিয় খেলনা***



আমার প্রিয় খেলনা হল বল। আমার বল খেলতে খুব ভালো লাগে। আমার কাছে অনেক রকমের বল আছে। আমার বাবা আমাকে বল কিনে দিয়েছেন। আমি মাঠে গিয়ে বল খেলি। আমার রঙিন বল খুব ভালো লাগে। বল নিয়ে খেলতে আমার খুব মজা লাগে। আমার বন্ধুদের সাথে আমি বল নিয়ে খেলা করি। বন্ধুরা বলে আমি বল খেলায় খুব ভালো।

***~হৃদান সরকার। দ্বিতীয় শ্রেণী । বিভাগ – খ***

## ***রেলেরগাড়ি***



ঝিক ঝিক ঝিক রেলেরগাড়ি
সবসময়য তার তাড়া ভারি
মাঠ নদী আর সবুজ গ্রাম
পেরিয়ে ছুটছে অবিরাম।
ভোঁ বাজিয়ে ধুলো উড়িয়ে
বন জঙ্গল পথ সব ছাড়িয়ে
ছুটছে সে যে দেশ থেকে দেশ
আহা!রেলগাড়ির মজা তো বেশ।

***~শঙ্খিন ঘোষ দাস ক্লাস – 2বি***

## ***বাগান***



শহরের কোলাহলময় জীবন থেকে বাগান আমাদের একটু শান্তির আশ্রয় দেয়। বাগানের সবুজ ঘাস আমাদের যেন বিশ্রাম নিতে আমন্ত্রণ জানায়। বাগানের পথগুলি প্রাণবন্ত গাছ দিয়ে সাজানো। বাগানের বিভিন্ন রঙের ফুল ফুটে থাকে। এখানে পাখিরা মিষ্টি সুরে গান গায়। বাগানের গাছগুলি আমাদের ছায়া ও আশ্রয় দেয়। বাগানে প্রায়ই পুকুর বা কৃত্রিম ঝর্ণা দেখা যায়। এখানে প্রকৃতি তার সৌন্দর্যকে মেলে ধরে।

আমার বাড়ির সামনে একটি বড় ও সুন্দর বাগান রয়েছে। এখানে অনেক ফুল ও ফল গাছ আছে। গোলাপ, গাঁদা, জবা নানা রঙের ফুল ফুটে থাকে। এছাড়াও বাগানে সবজিও চাষ করা হয়। যেমন টমেটো লাউ পালং ইত্যাদি। আমি প্রতিদিন বিকেলে এই বাগানে খেলা করি। প্রতিদিন সকালে আমি বাগানের গাছগুলোতে জল দিই। বাগানের ফুলের গন্ধে আমার মন ভরে যায়। এখানে সময় কাটাতে আমি খুব ভালোবাসি। এই বাগানটি আমার খুব প্রিয়।

***~শ্রেয়ন হাজরা। চতুর্থ শ্রেণী। বিভাগ– ক***

## ***পিকনিক***

সুন্দর একটি প্রাকৃতিক পরিবেশে সবাই মিলে রান্না করে খাওয়া ও আনন্দ করাকে পিকনিক বা চড়ুইভাতি বলে। পিকনিক বেশিরভাগ সময় শীতকালে হয়। কোন পার্ক, নদীর ধার বা খোলা জায়গা দেখে পিকনিক করা হয়।

একদিন আমরা বন্ধুরা এবং বাবা-মায়েরা মিলে ইকো পার্কে পিকনিকে গিয়েছিলাম। সেখানে আমরা সকাল আটটার মধ্যে বেরিয়ে



দশটার মধ্যে পৌঁছেছিলাম। খুব আনন্দ হচ্ছিল। সেখানে পৌঁছেই আমরা জয়নগরের মোয়া কেক ও চা দিয়ে ব্রেকফাস্ট করেছিলাম। তারপর আমরা ছোটরা ফুটবলার একেস নিয়ে খেলেছিলাম এবং বোটিং করেছিলাম। দুপুরবেলা ভালো ভালো খাবার খেয়ে পুরো ইকোপার্ক ঘুরেছিলাম এবং নানা রকম ছবি তুলেছিলাম। সময় যে কোথা দিয়ে কেটে গেল তা বুঝতেই পারলাম না। সন্ধ্যা সাতটার মধ্যে আমরা বাড়ি ফিরেছিলাম

পিকনিক হল এক আলাদা অনুভূতি। সেই দিন আমার মন আনন্দে ভরে গিয়েছিল আমি চাই এরকম পিকনিক আরও অনেক হোক।

***~সৌরায়ন সাহা। তৃতীয় শ্রেণী। বিভাগ– খ***

## ***একটি রাস্তার আত্মকথা***

আমি একটি রাস্তা।। আমার জীবন খুবই কষ্টকর।

সেই কথাই আমি আজ বলব।



আমি যখন প্রথম তৈরি হয়েছিলাম তখন আমি খুব খুশি হয়েছিলাম। আমাকে মসৃণ করার জন্য একটি বড় মেশিন আমার ওপর দিয়ে চালানো হয়েছিল। তাতে আমার একটু কষ্ট হলেও আমার নিজের রূপ দেখে আমি খুশি হয়েছিলাম। প্রথমে আমি খুব চওড়া ছিলাম। তারপর আস্তে আস্তে আমাকে সরু করে দিয়ে দুদিকে ধানের ক্ষেত করা হল।

এখন আমার বুকের উপর দিয়ে অনেক বড় বড় গাড়ি যায়। অনেক ছোট গাড়িও যায়। আমার একটু ব্যথা লাগলেও আমি খুব খুশি, এই ভেবে যে আমি মানুষের উপকার করতে পারছি। একবার খুব জোরে বৃষ্টি পড়ায় আমার গায়ে বড় বড় গর্ত হয়ে যায়। সেই গর্তগুলো এখনো মেরামত করা হয়নি, ফলে গাড়ির চাকাগুলো যখন সেই গর্তে পড়ে তখন আমার খুব কষ্ট হয়। এখন আবার কিছুদিন হল দেখছি কোন কোন মানুষ এসে আমার বুকের ওপরে অনেক আবর্জনা ও নোংরা জিনিস ফেলে যাচ্ছে। এতেও আমার খুব অসুবিধে হচ্ছে। আমার শরীরের ভেতর দিয়ে জলের লাইন করার জন্য আমাকে খোঁড়া হয়েছিল তখন যন্ত্রণায় আমার বুক ফেটে গেলেও কাউকে সে কথা বোঝাতে পারিনি।

যদিও মানুষ আমাকে এত কষ্ট দেয় তবুও আমি যে তাদের এক জায়গা থেকে আরেক জায়গায় যেতে সাহায্য করতে পেরেছি তাতেই আমি খুব খুশি।

***~ অর্হ দত্ত। চতুর্থ শ্রেণী। বিভাগ– খ***

## ***একটি ছাতার আত্মকথা***

আমি একটি সাধারণ কালো ছাতা। আমার জন্ম হয়েছিল একটি বড় কারখানায়। শক্ত ইস্পাতের কাঁটা আর মজবুত কাপড়ের পোশাকে সজ্জিত হয়ে আমি রোদ বৃষ্টির সঙ্গী হয়ে মানুষের সেবা করি। বর্ষায় মালিকের প্রতিদিনের সঙ্গী হয়ে আমি ভিজি, রোদে ছায়া দিই।



আমার জন্মের পর আমাকে একটি প্যাকেটে মোড়া হয় তারপর আমাকে পাঠিয়ে দেওয়া হয় একটি দোকানে। সেখান থেকেই বর্ষার এক দুপুরে এক ভদ্রলোক আমাকে পছন্দ করে কিনে নিলেন। দোকান থেকে বেরোতেই ঝমঝমিয়ে বৃষ্টি শুরু হল। আমার নতুন জীবনের কাজ তখনই শুরু। সেদিন আমি আমার মালিককে একটুও ভিজতে দিইনি।

মালিক আমাকে খুব যত্ন করতেন কারণ আমি ছিলাম তাঁর রোদ বৃষ্টি থেকে বাঁচার একমাত্র ভরসা।তবে সময়ের সাথে সাথে আমি পুরনো হয়ে গেছি। আমার ইস্পাতের কাঁটাগুলোতে কিছুটা মরিচা ধরেছে, কাপড়টাও আগের মত আর টানটান নেই। আগে বর্ষা শেষ হলে মালিক আমাকে যত্ন করে রোদে শুকিয়ে তুলে রাখতেন কিন্তু এখন আমি একটি অন্ধকার কোণে পড়ে থাকি। ধুলো আর মাকড়সার জালে আমার শরীর ঢেকে গেছে।

আজ আমি অবহেলিত, ভাঙা ছাতা হিসেবে এক কোণে পড়ে আছি। তবুও মানুষের দুঃসময়ের সাথী হতে পেরেছি এটাই আমার জীবনের পরম তৃপ্তি। হয়তো কোনদিন আবার নতুন কোন রূপ নিয়ে আমি আসব, মানুষের ছায়া হয়ে।

***~অব্রিক কুন্ডু। চতুর্থ শ্রেণী। বিভাগ–খ***

## ***আমি যদি মেঘ হতাম***

আকাশের দিকে তাকিয়ে যখন সাদা মেঘেদের দেখি তখন আমারও মনে হয় যে আমি যদি ওই মেঘগুলোর মত হতে পারতাম... আকাশের বুকে যখন মেঘেরা ভেসে যায় তখন তাদের দেখতে আমার খুব ভালো লাগে।



যদি আমি মেঘ হতাম তাহলে আমার জীবনটা হতো একেবারে অন্যরকম। কোন বাঁধা ধরা নিয়ম থাকত না, থাকত শুধু বিশাল আকাশ আর আমার অবাধ ভেসে বেড়ানো। আমি মেঘ হয়ে ভাসতাম, পৃথিবীর রূপ দেখতাম আর প্রকৃতির সাথে মিশে যেতাম। আমি মেঘ হয়ে এক দেশ থেকে অন্য দেশে উড়ে যেতাম। আমাকে কেউ আটকাতে পারত না। কখনো সাদা তুলোর মত শরতের নীল আকাশে ভেসে বেড়াতাম, আবার কখনো ঘন কালো মেঘ হয়ে বর্ষা আসার খবর দিতাম, বৃষ্টি হয়ে ঝরে পড়তাম যা ছেলেদের আনন্দ দিত। সমুদ্রের কোলে মাথা রেখে ক্লান্ত শরীর জুড়িয়ে নিতাম। আবার কখনো বরফ হয়ে জমাট বেঁধে পাহাড়ের উপরে বসে প্রকৃতির রূপ দেখতাম। আমি কখনো ঝড়ের রূপ নিতাম, আবার কখনো শান্ত হয়ে ভেসে যেতাম। কখনো পাখির মত ডানা মেলে আকাশে উড়ে বেড়াতাম।

আমি যদি সত্যিই মেঘ হতে পারতাম তাহলে সেই আনন্দই হতো আমার জীবনের সবথেকে বড় পাওয়া।

***~সপ্তর্ষি সেন। চতুর্থ শ্রেণী। বিভাগ– ক***

## ***আমি যদি নদী হতাম***

আমি যদি নদী হতাম তাহলে আমার মধ্যে নানা রকম মাছ থাকত। আমি নদী হলে আমার ঢেউ থাকত। পশু পাখিরা আমার জল পান করত। আমার জল ঠান্ডা হত। আমার মধ্যে লোকেরা স্নান করতে। আমার বুকের উপর দিয়ে অনেক নৌকো চলত। একটি পাহাড়ের মাথায় আমার জন্ম হত। কত শহর, দেশ ঘুরে তারপর আমি সমুদ্রে গিয়ে মিশতাম।



এই নদীর জীবন আমার ভালোই লাগত। এই আপন মনে বয়ে চলা আমি উপভোগ করতাম। কিন্তু যখন কেউ আমার বুকের ওপরে নোংরা ফেলত তখন আমার খুব কষ্ট হত। তাই আমাকে বাঁচিয়ে রাখার জন্য, সুস্থ রাখার জন্য সবাইকে অনুরোধ জানাচ্ছি।

***~শ্রেয়ংস রায়। তৃতীয় শ্রেণী। বিভাগ খ***

## ***আমি যদি কলম হতাম***

জীবনের চলার পথে কলম এক নীরব সাথী। এর মাধ্যমে মানুষ জ্ঞানের আলো ছড়ায়।



আমি একটি কলম। কারোর কাছে আমার মূল্য অপরিসীম, আবার কারোর কাছে কোন মূল্যই নেই। আমি একটি সাধারণ বস্তু কিন্তু আমি আবার অসাধ্য সাধনও করতে পারি।

আমি একটি কলম। আমি যখন যার কাছে থাকি সেই ই আমাকে লেখার জন্য ব্যবহার করে, মধ্যযুগে পালক এবং দোয়াতের মাধ্যমে লেখা হত। বর্তমানে বিভিন্ন ধরণের কলমের ব্যবহার চালু হয়েছে। আমি একটি আধুনিক কলম। আমি নীরবে মানুষের মনের কথা কাগজে তুলে ধরি। আমার মাধ্যমে জন্ম নেয় কত গল্প, কবিতা, উপন্যাস। ক্লান্ত হাতে ধরা পড়লেও আমি অভিযোগ করি না কারণ আমি জানি আমার মাধ্যমে কেউ নিজের ভাবনা প্রকাশ করে। ছোট্ট শরীর হলেও আমার শক্তি অপরিসীম, একটি কলমই পারে ভবিষ্যৎ গড়তে।

আমি মানুষের বহু সুখ দুঃখের সাক্ষী। কত লেখক বিখ্যাত হয়ে ওঠেন আমার সাহায্যে। আমার মাধ্যমেই এই পৃথিবীর ইতিহাস লেখা হয়েছে। আমার মূল্য অনেক।

***~কিংশুক বোস। তৃতীয় শ্রেণী। বিভাগ খ***

## ***আমার বিদ্যালয়***

বিদ্যালয় প্রত্যেক ছাত্র-ছাত্রীর কাছে অত্যন্ত পবিত্র একটি জায়গা আমার বিদ্যালয় আমার জীবনের এক বিশেষ স্থান।

আমার বিদ্যালয়ের নাম সেন্ট জোসেফ' স কলেজ। এটি একটি সুন্দর ও পরিচ্ছন্ন বিদ্যালয়। বিদ্যালয়ের চারপাশে সবুজ গাছপালা ও ফুলের বাগান রয়েছে। এখানে আমরা প্রতিদিন নিয়মিত পড়াশোনা করি। শিক্ষক-শিক্ষিকারা খুব স্নেহভরে আমাদের পড়ান এবং নানা বিষয়ে জ্ঞান অর্জনে সাহায্য করেন।



বিদ্যালয়ের একটি বড় খেলার মাঠ আছে, যেখানে আমরা বন্ধুদের সঙ্গে খেলাধূলা করি। এছাড়াও গ্রন্থাগার, বিজ্ঞানাগার ও কম্পিউটার ল্যাব রয়েছে যা আমাদের জ্ঞান আরও বাড়াতে সাহায্য করে।

আমার বিদ্যালয় শুধু পড়াশোনার জন্য নয়, চরিত্র গঠনেরও স্থান। আমি আমার বিদ্যালয়কে ভীষণ ভালোবাসি।

***~সাম্যময় মিত্র। তৃতীয় শ্রেণী। বিভাগ ক***

## ***আমার পড়ার টেবিল***

আমরা দুই ভাই। তাই আমাদের বাড়ির পড়ার টেবিলটাতে দাদা আর আমি দুজনেই পড়াশোনা করি। মাটিতে বসে পড়াশোনা করতে অসুবিধা হচ্ছিল বলে, বাবা আমাদের জন্য টেবিলটি কিনে আনেন। আমাদের বাড়ির একতলার ঘরের ঠিক মাঝখানে টেবিলটি রাখা হয়েছে। যাতে দাদা আর আমি মুখোমুখি বসে পড়া করতে পারি। মা ও আমাদের পাশে বসে আমাদের পড়াতে পারেন। আমরা এই টেবিলে বই খাতা রেখে সব বিষয় পড়ি ও লিখি, ছবি আঁকি, স্কুলের প্রকল্প বা হাতের কাজ সবকিছুই করি। মাঝে মাঝে মনে হয় টেবিলটি যেন আমাদের সঙ্গ উপভোগ করছে।

আমরা যখন সকালে স্কুলে যাই তখন টেবিলটি ভাঁজ করে সরানো থাকে, তখন ওকে দেখে খুব মায়া হয়। মনে হয় ও যেন আমাদের বলছে যে "এসো আমাকে আমাকে

পেতে আমার পাশে বসো"। যদিও টেবিলের প্রাণ নেই তবু মনে হয় ও আমাদের পছন্দ করে আমরাও এখন ওকে ছাড়া পড়ার কথা ভাবতে পারি না।

***~সুপ্রতীক সাহা। তৃতীয় শ্রেণী। বিভাগ খ***

## ***আজব দেশ***



আজব দেশের, আজব পাখি

করছে তারা ডাকাডাকি।

আজব দেশের, মজার মানুষ,

রাতের বেলায় ওড়ায় ফানুস।

আজব দেশের, মজার ফুল,

প্রভাতে ফুটতে করেনা ভুল।

এখানের মানুষ খুব ভালো,

মনে নেই তো কোনও কালো।

ভালোবাসা এদের একমাত্র বন্ধন,

খুব সুন্দর হয় এখানের রন্ধন।

আজব দেশে আসার থাকল নিমন্ত্রণ,

আমার মনে তোমাদের ভালোবাসা থাকবে চিরন্তন।

***~অ্যাড্রিক অডি ক্লাস -3 বি।***

## ***ডানাহীন পাখির স্বপ্ন***

শৈশবে স্মৃতি মানে নির্মল আনন্দ, উচ্ছ্বাস ও সরলতার গল্প। পরিবারের সাথে কাটানো মধুময় সময় ও নির্ভভাবনার এক পৃথিবী। তেমনি শৈশবের স্মৃতি বলতে আমার মনে পড়ে আমার এক ঝাঁক ছোট ছোট বন্ধুদের সাথে কাটানো মুহূর্তগুলো। যদিও আমার সেই বন্ধুদের এই সমাজে গ্রহণযোগ্যতা ছিল না কারণ তারা ছিল বিশেষভাবে সক্ষম। আমার বাড়ির পাশেই ছিল আশ্রয় নামক একটি আশ্রম যেখানে আমার বন্ধুরা থাকত।

আমার প্রিয় বন্ধুদের মধ্যে বিক্রম ছিল অন্যতম। সে সারাদিন হুইল চেয়ারে বসে জানলা দিয়ে আকাশ দেখতো তার স্বপ্ন ছিল পাখির মতো উড়ার। আমি রোজ বিকেল হলেই ওর সাথে গল্প করতে যেতাম। ওর সব বিষয়ে জানার খুব আগ্রহ ছিল। আমি আমার লাইব্রেরী থেকে পাওয়া বই বা জন্মদিনে উপহার পাওয়া বই ওর সাথে ভাগ করে পড়তাম। ওর স্বপ্ন ছিল ও অনেক পড়াশুনা করে পাইলট হবে কিন্তু সেটা ওর পক্ষে সম্ভব ছিল না। ও তাই আকাশে ওড়া পাখি ও বিমান দেখে নিজের স্বপ্নের জগতে বিচরণ করত। আশ্রমের সবাই ভাবতো বিক্রমের হয়তো মাথার ঠিক নেই তাই সে সারাদিন আকাশের দিকে তাকিয়ে থাকে কিন্তু আমি জানতাম তার স্বপ্নের কথা এবং তাকে উৎসাহ দিতাম ভালো করে পড়াশোনা করার জন্য।

আমাদের এই বন্ধুত্বে ছেদ পড়লো যখন আমার বাবা অন্য একটি শহরে ট্রান্সফার হয়ে গেলেন তারপর আমার সাথে বিক্রমের আর কখনো দেখা হয়নি। এখন আমি জানিনা বিক্রম কি করে বা এখনো সে আকাশের দিকে তাকিয়ে থাকে কিনা। কিন্তু আমি যখনই আকাশের দিকে তাকিয়ে থাকি উড়ন্ত পাখি বা উড়োজাহাজ দেখতে পাই তখনই আমার বিক্রমের কথা মনে পড়ে।

***~ইন্দ্রানুজ মল্লিক / সপ্তম শ্রেণী / ক্রমিক সংখ্যা ১৮***

## ***ছাত্রজীবনে নিয়মশৃঙ্খলার***

নিয়মশৃঙ্খলা—শব্দটি অনেকের কাছে শাসনের প্রতীক, কিন্তু ছাত্রজীবনে এটি আসলে এক নীরব বন্ধু। যে বন্ধু হাত ধরে শেখায় কীভাবে এলোমেলো দিনগুলোকে সুন্দরভাবে গুছিয়ে নিতে হয়।



ছাত্রজীবন ভোরের আলোর মতো—নরম, সম্ভাবনায় ভরা, আবার সহজেই হারিয়ে যাওয়ার আশঙ্কা আছে। এই সময়ে নিয়মশৃঙ্খলা হয় দিশারি নক্ষত্র। সে শেখায় কখন পড়তে হবে, কখন বিশ্রাম নিতে হবে, কখন নিজেকে থামাতে হবে। নিয়ম না থাকলে সময় শুধু চলে যায়, কিন্তু কিছু তৈরি করে না।

নিয়মশৃঙ্খলা ছাত্রকে দেয় আত্মসংযম ও দায়িত্ববোধের শিক্ষা। প্রতিদিন নির্দিষ্ট সময়ে পড়াশোনা করা, শিক্ষকের কথা মন দিয়ে শোনা, কাজ সময়মতো শেষ করা—এই ছোট অভ্যাসগুলোই ভবিষ্যতের বড় মানুষটিকে গড়ে তোলে।

কবিতার মতো জীবনও ছন্দ চায়। ছন্দ ছাড়া যেমন কবিতা অর্থহীন, তেমনি শৃঙ্খলা ছাড়া ছাত্রজীবনও দিশাহীন। শৃঙ্খলাই শেখায় প্রকৃত স্বাধীনতার মানে—নিজেকে নিয়ন্ত্রণ করার শক্তি।

তাই ছাত্রজীবনে নিয়মশৃঙ্খলা কোনো বোঝা নয়; এটি সেই মাটি, যার উপর দাঁড়িয়ে স্বপ্নগুলো একদিন আকাশ ছোঁয়ার সাহস পায়।

**~শৈলজ মুখোপাধ্যায় -৮ বি- ৪২**

## ***আমার জীবনের স্মরণীয় একটি দিন***

২০২৪ সালে ভারত পুরুষদের টি-টোয়েন্টি ক্রিকেট বিশ্বকাপে বিজয়ী হয়েছিল। বিশ্বজয়ের সেই দিনটি আমার জীবনের অন্যতম একটি স্মরণীয় দিন হয়ে আছে। প্রথম থেকেই ভারত ওই টুর্নামেন্টে খুব ভালো খেলছিল । গ্রুপ পর্যায়ে এক উত্তেজনাপূর্ণ ম্যাচে ভারত পাকিস্তানের বিরুদ্ধে জয় ছিনিয়ে নেয়। সেই ম্যাচের শেষে আমি আনন্দে আত্মহারা হয়ে পড়েছিলাম ।গ্রু প পর্যায়ে অপরাজেয় থেকে ভারত সুপার এইটে উঠেছিল । সুপার এইটে ভারত অস্ট্রেলিয়ার মতো ক্রিকেট মহাশক্তিকে অনায়াসে পরাজিত করেছিল। ভারত অপরাজেয় থেকে সেমিফাইনালে উঠে ইংল্যান্ডের মুখোমুখি হয়েছিল।সেমিফাইনালে ইংল্যান্ডকে অনায়াসে হারিয়ে ভারত ফাইনালে সাউথ আফ্রিকার মুখোমুখি হয়েছিল। ২৯শে জুন, ২০২৪,শনিবার ছিল সেই ঐতিহাসিক দিন।১৭ বছর পর ভারতের কাছে টি-টোয়েন্টি বিশ্বকাপে ফের চ্যাম্পিয়ন হবার সুযোগ এসেছিল।

ফাইনালের দিন সকাল থেকেই আমি ম্যাচটা নিয়ে খুব উত্তেজিত ছিলাম। বাবা সকালবেলা দুটো ইন্ডিয়ার জার্সি কিনে এনেছিল।সন্ধ্যেবেলা আমরা সবাই টিভির সামনে বসে পড়েছিলাম আমরা সবাই ইন্ডিয়ার জার্সি পরে খেলা দেখছিলাম। টসে জিতে ইন্ডিয়া প্রথমে ব্যাট করে গ্রেট কোহলির ব্যাটে ভর করে ১৭৬ রান করেছিল। বিরতিতে আমরা এই ম্যাচটা নিয়ে নিজেদের মধ্যে আলোচনা করছিলাম। মা এই সময় আমাদের গরম গরম পকোড়া খেতে দিয়েছিল । তার সাথে ছিল বাটার পপকর্ন আর কফি। জয়ের আশায় আমরা সবাই মশগুল ছিলাম কিন্তু খেলা যত এগোতে থাকল ছবিটা বদলাতে শুরু করল । সাউথ আফ্রিকানরা ধীরে ধীরে খেলার রাশ নিজেদের হাতে তুলে নিল।ভয়ংকর ক্লাসেন আর মিলারের ব্যাটিং দাপটে ভারত ম্যাচটা প্রায় হেরেই বসেছিল।পরাজয়ের আশঙ্কায় আমরা সবাই তখন খুব মনমরা হয়ে গেছিলাম। আমি মনে মনে ভাবছিলাম, "যাহ্! এবারেও আর জেতা হবে না।"। ঠিক সেই সময় ঘটে সেই অত্যাশ্চর্য ঘটনা । বাউন্ডারি লাইনে বাজপাখির মত উড়ে এসে ক্যাচ ধরে মিলারকে আউট করে সূর্য ।আর এরপরেই ভারত ম্যাচে প্রবলভাবে ফেরত আসে। স্লগ ওভারে পান্ডিয়ার আঁটোসাঁটো বোলিং এবং বুম বুম বুমরার বিষাক্ত ইয়ার্কারের সৌজন্যে ভারত সাউথ আফ্রিকাকে ১৬৯ রানে আটকে দেয়। ভারত ম্যাচটা ৭ রানে জয়ী হয়ে আবার টি টোয়েন্টি ক্রিকেটে বিশ্ব চ্যাম্পিয়ন হয়।

শেষ বলটা হবার সাথে সাথে আমরা সবাই আনন্দে লাফিয়ে উঠি।সকলে তখন ভারতীয় প্লেয়ারদের নামে চিৎকার করে জয়ধ্বনি দিচ্ছিল। আশপাশের বাড়ি থেকে আনন্দ উল্লাস, শাঁখের আওয়াজ, এসব শোনা যাচ্ছিল।কিছু ছেলে রাস্তায় নেমে বাজি

ফাটাচ্ছিলো। আমরাও সকলে ছাদের গিয়ে অনেক বাজি ফাটিয়ে ছিলাম।চারিদিকে সবাই খুব আনন্দ করছিল। আমরাও খুব আনন্দ করেছিলাম। ওই রাতের উদযাপনের কথা আমি কখনোই ভুলতে পারবো না ।

***~রায়ান চক্রবর্তী ষষ্ঠ শ্রেণি, সেকেন্ড-এ রোল – ৩৫***

## ***জীবনের পথে***

চেষ্টা করলে খুলকে জীবনের দ্বার.

স্বপ্নের আলো ডাকে বারবার।

কত কষ্ট পেরিয়েও আমরা চলি,

মনের কথা আজও লুকিয়ে বলি।

হার আর জয়ের মাঝে শেখা

চেষ্টাতেই গড়ে জীবনের রেখা।

রাতের আঁধারে জ্বালাই আলো,

ভোরের আকাশ হাসে ভালো।

সময়ে কেউ না চিনলেও কাজ।

পরিশ্রমই আনে জীবনের কাজ সাজ।

শক্ত হাতে ধরি ভবিষ্যৎ পথ,

সাহসের সুরে জাগে জীবনরথ।

***~নাম: কিংশুক সাহা | শ্রেণি: সপ্তম বিভাগ: এ | রোল: ১৯***

## ***বইমেলার আনন্দ***

"ও মা, আমায় বইমেলায় নিয়ে যাবে না!"
- এভাবেই আবদার করলাম মায়ের কাছে।

মা শর্ত দিল, একটাই বই কিনে দেওয়া হবে,তাহলেই বইমেলায় নিয়ে যাওয়া হবে। এভাবে আমার যাওয়া হলো এই বছরের কলকাতা বইমেলায়।




নিজের বই না হয় কম হল, প্রচুর বই তো দেখতে পারবো, এই আশা মনে নিয়ে ২৬শে জানুয়ারি স্কুলে প্রজাতন্ত্র দিবসের অনুষ্ঠান করে দুপুরবেলায় রওনা হলাম কলকাতা বইমেলায়। অটো করে ফুলবাগানে গিয়ে মেট্রো স্টেশন থেকে মেট্রোতে চাপলাম। নামলাম করুণাময়ীতে। বাইরে গিয়ে দুই পা হেঁটে দেখলাম, বিশাল বইমেলা!!! গেট নম্বর নয় দিয়ে ঢুকে পড়লাম। কত স্টল ! ভাবাই যায় না। আমি চাইলাম ইংরেজি বই দেখতে, মা চাইলেন বাংলা বই দেখতে । নানাদিকে তাকিয়ে দেখতে দেখতে আমি গেলাম ফ্যামিলি বুক শপে । লাফিয়ে লাফিয়ে ইংরেজী গল্পের বই ঘাটতে থাকলাম। পেলাম একটা মোটা বই - 'কমপ্লিট ওয়ার্কস অফ শেক্সপিয়ার', দাম ২০০০ টাকা। মা বলল, এত দামের বই কিনে দেওয়া যাবে না। আমি বললাম, মা, তুমিই তো পড়িয়েছিলে, কবি মুজতবা আলী বলেছেন - "বই কিনে কেউ দেউলিয়া হয় না।" একটু জ্ঞান দিতে আশেপাশের সবাই আমার দিকে তাকাতে লাগলো। আরো কিছু বলতে যাচ্ছিলাম, তার আগেই মা আগাম আভাস ও লজ্জা পেয়ে বইটা কিনে দিল। ও তার সাথে অ্যাডলফ হিটলারের আত্মজীবনী 'Mein Kampf' ও তড়িঘড়ি করে কিনে দিল।

তারপর মাকে নিয়ে অন্য বইয়ের স্টলে গেলাম। মাকে বিভিন্ন বাংলা বই নিয়ে নানারকম সাজেশনস দিলাম। কোনটা নেওয়া ঠিক হবে, কোনটা ভালো ইত্যাদি। মা নিজের জন্য কিছু বাংলা বই কিনলো ও আমি পছন্দ করে আনন্দমেলা ও 'কিরীটি অমনিবাস' কিনলাম ।

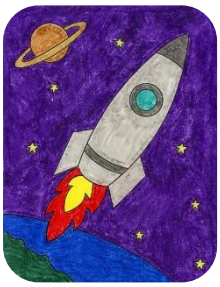
হাঁটতে হাঁটতে মেলার সকল কোণে ঢুঁ মেরে আমাদের দুজনের পা প্রায় কান্না জুড়েছিল। তাই 'জাগো বাংলা' স্টলে গিয়ে একটু বসে জিরিয়ে নিলাম দুজনেই। সেখানে একজন গুণী বাউল শিল্পী গান পরিবেশন করছিলেন। সেটা মুগ্ধ হয়ে শুনলাম। মা সরস্বতীর কুটিরের সামনে দাঁড়িয়ে 'বিদ্যা দাও মা, বুদ্ধি দাও মা' বলে প্রার্থনাও করলাম। প্রায় সবটা দেখে বেরোনোর সময়ে

গেটের মুখের একটু আগে একজন দাদা তার ব্যান্ড সহকারে হিন্দীতে 'বন্দেমাতরম' গানটি গাইছিল, সেটাও শুনলাম। তার ঠিক পাশেই একজন দিদি নাচ করছিল, তাও দেখলাম। 'রাত হয়ে যাচ্ছে' বলে মা এক তাড়া লাগাল বলে সম্বিৎ ফিরল। বাধ্য হয়ে বাড়ির পথে যাত্রা করলাম দুজনে। মেট্রো ও অটো যাত্রা করে যখন ঘরে ঢুকলাম ঘড়ির কাঁটা আট ছুঁই ছুঁই করছে।

শেষে একটি কথা না বলে পারছি না, মা বলেছিল, একটি মাত্র বই কিনে দেবে, কিন্তু ইংরেজি ও বাংলা বই মিলিয়ে তো চারটে হল! কি মজা তাই না!!!

***~দেবদিত্য রায়, সপ্তম বি, ১১***

## ***ভারতের সাম্প্রতিক চন্দ্রভিয়ন (চন্দ্রযান-৩)***



ভূমিকা: অজানাকে জানার বাসনা মানুষের চিরদিনের। এই নেশাই তাকে নিয়ে গেছে সাগরের অতলতলে, দুর্গম মেরুপ্রদেশে, এমনকি গ্রহ-গ্রহান্তরে। আধুনিক বিজ্ঞান ও প্রযুক্তির কৌশলকে কাজে লাগিয়ে মানুষ ইতিমধ্যেই বহু অসাধ্য সাধন করেছে। ভারতের সাম্প্রতিক চন্দ্র অভিযান তেমনি এক সাফল্য, যা পৃথিবীর আর কোন দেশ অর্জন করতে পারেনি।

মূল বক্তব্য: ২০০৮ সালে ভারত চন্দ্রযান-১ প্রেরণ করেছিল। এই অভিযানের লক্ষ্য ছিল চাঁদের রাসায়নিক ও খনিজ উপাদান সম্পর্কে জানা। এই অভিযান অনেকটাই সাফল্য লাভ করেছিল এবং চাঁদে প্রথম জলের অস্তিত্ব প্রমাণ করেছিল। তারপর ২০১৯ সালে চন্দ্রযান-২ প্রেরিত হয়। কিন্তু অবতরণের সময় এটি চাঁদের মাটিতে আছড়ে পড়ে এবং রোভারটি নষ্ট হয়ে যায়। দ্বিতীয় চন্দ্রযানের ব্যর্থতা ইসরোর বিজ্ঞানীদের হতাশ করলেও তারা হাল ছেড়ে দেন নি।দীর্ঘ সাড়ে তিন বছর পরিশ্রম এবং উদ্যম্যের ফলে ২০২৩ সালের ১৪ জুলাই চন্দ্রযান-৩ প্রেরিত হয়। শ্রীহরি কোটার সতীশ ধাওয়ান মহাকাশ গবেষণা কেন্দ্র থেকে এটি উৎক্ষিপ্ত হয়। ২৩ আগস্ট ঠিক সন্ধ্যার ৬টা ৪ মিনিটে বিক্রম সফলভাবে অবতরণ করে চাঁদের দক্ষিণমেরুতে। তারপর রোভার প্রজ্ঞান নামক রোবটটি তার চাকার সাহায্যে চাঁদের মাটিতে অশোক স্তম্ভ ও ইসরোর প্রতীক চিহ্ন এঁকে ফেলে।

উপসংহার : চন্দ্রযান-৩ এর সাফল্য ভারতকে অসামান্য ক্ষেতি এনে দিয়েছে। অমূল্য বৈজ্ঞানিক তথ্য সংগ্রহ করে চন্দ্রযান-৩ আন্তর্জাতিক স্বীকৃতি লাভ করেছে। খোঁজ পাওয়া গেছে অ্যালুমিনিয়াম,মাঙ্গানিজ,সিলিকন প্রভৃতি।

আবার চাঁদের মাটিতে অক্সিজেন অক্সাইডের খোঁজ মিলেছে। ইসরোর বিজ্ঞানীরা মনে করে না হাইড্রোজেনের অস্তিত্ব পাওয়া গেলে যাদের মাটিতে মিলবে জল। শুধু ভারতকে কেন বিশ্বের মহাকাশ গবেষণার ক্ষেত্রে চন্দ্রযান তিন নতুন পথের সন্ধান দেবে।

***~অর্ণব দেব | ৬ বি | রোল নং ১০***

## ***একটি ভিড় ট্রেনের আত্মকথা***

আমি একটি ভিড় ট্রেন। প্রতিদিন ভোরবেলা ঘুম ভাঙার আগেই আমাকে কাজে বের হতে হয়। শহরের এক প্রান্ত থেকে আরেক প্রান্তে মানুষকে পৌঁছে দেওয়াই আমার একমাত্র দায়িত্ব। আমার কামরাগুলো প্রায় সব সময়েই মানুষের ভিড়ে ভর্তি থাকে। সকালবেলা অফিসযাত্রী, ছাত্র, শ্রমিক ও ব্যবসায়ীদের ভিড় সবচেয়ে বেশি হয়। সবাই তাড়াহুড়ো করে ওঠে, কেউ জানালার পাশে দাঁড়ানোর চেষ্টা করে, কেউ আবার ধাক্কা খায়। এই ভিড়ের মধ্যেই আমি মানুষের ব্যস্ত জীবন খুব কাছ থেকে দেখতে পাই।

আমার ভিতরে নানা ধরনের মানুষের দেখা মেলে। কেউ সহযাত্রীদের সঙ্গে গল্প করে, কেউ খবরের কাগজ পড়ে, কেউ মোবাইলে গান শোনে। অনেক মানুষ সারাদিনের কাজের ক্লান্তিতে দাঁড়িয়েই ঘুমিয়ে পড়ে। কখনও ভিড় এত বেশি হয় যে মানুষের শ্বাস নিতে কষ্ট হয়, তখন আমার খুব দুঃখ লাগে। বর্ষার দিনে ভেজা জামা-কাপড়, কাদামাখা জুতো আর ছাতা হাতে মানুষ তবুও আমার কামরায় উঠতে চায়। কখনও দেরি হলে লোকজন রাগ করে, কিন্তু আমি জানি, তারা আমার ওপরই সবচেয়ে বেশি ভরসা করে।

দিনের শেষে যখন ভিড় একটু কমে আসে, তখন আমি যেন হাঁপ ছেড়ে বাঁচি। সারাদিনের কষ্ট সত্ত্বেও মনে একরকম আনন্দ থাকে। কারণ আমি প্রতিদিন অসংখ্য মানুষকে তাদের কাজ, পড়াশোনা ও স্বপ্নের পথে এগিয়ে যেতে সাহায্য করি। আমি একটি ভিড় ট্রেন হলেও, অনেক মানুষের জীবনের নীরব ও বিশ্বস্ত সঙ্গী।

***~নেম: আরাত্রিক সরকার | ক্লাস: ৪বি | রোল: ১১***

## ***হাসনুহানার গন্ধ***

স্কুলের গরমের ছুটি মানেই মামাবাড়ি। আমার মামাবাড়িটা ঠিক শহরও নয়, আবার অজপাড়াগাঁও নয়, বরং মফস্বল বলা যেতে পারে। স্টেশনের ধার ঘেঁষে ঘিঞ্জি বসতি শেষ হলেই শুরু হয় দিগন্তজোড়া ধানখেত আর আম-কাঁঠালের বাগান।

এখানকার বাতাসটা কেমন যেন মায়া মাখানো। এখানে এলেই আর আমার চার দেওয়ালের মধ্যে মন বসতে চায় না। আমার সঙ্গী মামাতো ভাই টকাই। বয়সে ও আমার চেয়ে ছোট, কিন্তু ও জন্ম থেকেই এখানে থাকে বলে এই এলাকা ওর নখদর্পণে।

ছুটির এক তপ্ত দুপুরে আমি আর টকাই বেরোলাম এলাকাটা ঘুরে দেখতে। হাঁটতে হাঁটতে আমরা পৌঁছে গেলাম বিশাল এক ঝিলের ধারে। কিলটা টলটলে কালো জলে ভরা, আর তার পাড়েই দাঁড়িয়ে আছে এক জীর্ণ, পরিত্যক্ত দোতলা বাড়ি। নোনা ধরা দেওয়াল, জানলার খড়খড়িগুলো ভেঙে ঝুলে আছে।

আমরা বাড়ির গেটের কাছে পৌঁছাতেই পাশের বাড়ির হরেনকাকা, টকাইয়ের প্রতিবেশী, লাঠি ঠুকতে ঠুকতে এগিয়ে এলেন। আমাদের দেখে তিনি গম্ভীর গলায় বললেন, "ওদিকে যেও না খোকারা। ও বাড়ি সুবিধার নয়। পাশে ওই যে ভাঙা মন্দির দেখছ, ওটার সঙ্গেই এ বাড়ির নাড়ির টান। বড় ভূতুড়ে জায়গা, বিপদ হবে, ফিরে যাও।"

হরেনকাকা যেতেই টকাই নিচু গলায় বলতে শুরু করল বাড়িটার ইতিহাস, "দাদা, জানো তো একসময় এই বাড়ির কর্তারা ছিল এই অঞ্চলের জমিদার। কিন্তু বছর পঞ্চাশ আগে এক রাতে এই পরিবারের একমাত্র ছোট ছেলে নিখোঁজ হয়ে যায়। লোকে বলে, বাড়ির মেজকর্তা সম্পত্তির লোভে তাকে গুম করে দিয়েছিলেন। সেই থেকে বাড়িটা ফাঁকা। কিন্তু অদ্ভুত ব্যাপার হল, দিনের বেলাতেও এখান থেকে হাসনুহানার তীব্র গন্ধ ভেসে আসে, অথচ আশেপাশে কোনও হাসনুহানার গাছ নেই! শুনেছিলাম, ছেলেটা নাকি সুন্দর গন্ধওয়ালা ফুলগাছ খুব ভালবাসত।"

টকাইয়ের গল্প শুনে আমার বুক ঢিপঢিপ করলেও কৌতূহল সামলাতে পারলাম না। টকাই একটু ভয় পাচ্ছিল, কিন্তু বড় দাদা হিসেবে আমি ওকে সাহস দিয়ে একপ্রকার জোর করেই বাড়ির ভেতরে নিয়ে গেলাম। সদর দরজাটা আধখোলা ছিল। ভেতরে ঢুকতেই এক গুমোট গন্ধ নাকে এল।

আমরা সিঁড়ি দিয়ে ওপরে উঠছি, এমন সময় হঠাৎ চারপাশটা বদলে গেল। কোথা থেকে এক অসহ্য মিষ্টি হাসনুহানার গন্ধ আমাদের আচ্ছন্ন করে ফেলল। বাতাসটা যেন ভারী হয়ে এল। আমার চোখ জড়িয়ে আসছে ঘুমে, টকাই তো প্রায় বসেই পড়ল মেঝের ওপর। আমি বুঝলাম এটা স্বাভাবিক নয়। কোনো এক মায়াবী শক্তি যেন আমাদের অবশ করে দিচ্ছে। টকাইকে টেনে তুলে বললাম, "পালা টকাই! এখানে বেশিক্ষণ থাকা যাবে না। চল, কাল সকালে আবার আসব।"

আমরা কোনো মতে প্রায় অন্ধের মতো টলতে টলতে বেরিয়ে এলাম। বাইরের তাজা বাতাস নাকে লাগতেই ঘোর কাটল। আস্তে আস্তে আমরা স্বাভাবিক হয়ে এলাম।

পরদিন সকালে পাড়ায় শোরগোল পড়ে গেল। গ্রামের প্রাচীন মন্দিরের কষ্টিপাথরের বিষ্ণুমূর্তিটি চুরি গেছে। প্রায় দু'শো বছরের প্রাচীন সেই মূর্তি, যার অলৌকিক মহিমায় বিশ্বাসী গোটা গ্রাম। পুলিশ এল, জিজ্ঞাসাবাদ চলল, কিন্তু কোনো কূলকিনারা হলো না। গ্রামের মানুষের মুখে ভয়ের ছাপ।

বিকেলে টকাইকে বললাম, "চল তো একবার ওই বাড়িটা দেখে আসি। আমার মনে হচ্ছে ওই হাসনুহানার গন্ধের আড়ালে কিছু একটা লুকোনো

আছে। আশপাশে হাসনুহানা গাছ নেই, তবু গন্ধটা কী করে আসে সেটা দেখতে ইচ্ছে করছে..."

টকাই প্রথমে রাজি না হলেও শেষমেশ আমার সঙ্গে এল।

বাড়ির ভেতর পা রাখতেই শুনলাম ফিসফিস। আমরা পা টিপে টিপে একতলার একটা বড় ঘরের জানলার ধারে বসলাম। ভেতরে তিনজন লোক চুপিচুপি কথা বলছে। একজনের গলায় দগদগে কাটা দাগ। সে বলছে, "আজ রাতেই মূর্তিটা বর্ডারে পাঠিয়ে দিতে হবে। বিদেশের বাজারে এর দাম কয়েক কোটা"

আমার রক্ত হিম হয়ে গেল। এরা সাধারণ চোর নয়, মূর্তি পাচারকারী। টকাই ভয়ে আমার হাত চেপে ধরল। আমি ইশারায় বললাম এখান থেকে পালাতে হবে। কিন্তু ফেরার সময় দুর্ভাগ্যবশত একরাশ শুকনো পাতার ওপর টকাইয়ের পা পড়ে গেল।

খড়খড় মড়মড় করে আওয়াজ হতেই মুহূর্তের মধ্যে ভেতর থেকে একজন যণ্ডা লোক বেরিয়ে এসে টকাইকে জাপটে ধরল। আমি ঝোপের আড়ালে ছিলাম বলে দেখতে পেল না। টকাই বীরের মতো চিৎকার করে বলল, "দাদামণি পালা। তুই গিয়ে পুলিশ নিয়ে আয়া"

আমি দৌড়াতে শুরু করলাম। মফস্বলের সেই নিঝুম বিকেল তখন এক বিভীষিকাময় নির্জনতায় ভরা। মেঠো পথ দিয়ে দৌড়ানোর সময় চারদিকের নিস্তব্ধতা যেন আমায় গিলতে আসছে। ঝিলের ধারের দীর্ঘ ঘাসগুলো আমার পায়ে চাবুক মারছে। পিছনে গুণ্ডাদের চিৎকার শোনা যাচ্ছে কি না বুঝতে পারছি না, শুধু নিজের হৃৎপিণ্ডের ধকধকানি শুনতে পাচ্ছি। প্রতি মুহূর্তে মনে হচ্ছে পিছনে শুনতে পাব অনেকগুলো পায়ের তাড়া করে আসার আওয়াজ।

কিন্তু না, অনেকক্ষণ পরও কাউকে ছুটে আসতে দেখলাম না।

হঠাৎ সেই হাসনুহানার গন্ধটা আবার পেলাম। এবার কিন্তু ঘুম এল না, বরং মনে হলো এক অদৃশ্য শীতল স্পর্শ আমার শরীরে বিদ্যুতের গতি এনে দিল। বাতাসের মধ্যে যেন শুনতে পেলাম একটা ছোট ছেলের গলা, ফিসফিস করে বলছে, "ভয় নেই, এগোও। আমি হারিয়ে গেছিলাম, কিন্তু আর কিচ্ছু হারিয়ে যেতে দেব না আমার মনে হলো, সেই অলৌকিক গন্ধে আমার ক্লান্তি নিমেষে উধাও হয়ে গেল। আমি ঝড়ের বেগে থানায় পৌঁছলাম।

পুলিশের জিপ যখন পোড়ো বাড়ির সামনে থামল, তখন সন্ধ্যা নেমেছে। পুলিশ আসতেই পচারকারীরা টকাইকে ফেলে পালানোর চেষ্টা করেছিল, কিন্তু দারোগাবাবু তাদের চারদিক থেকে ঘিরে ফেললেন।

ঘরের এক কোণে একটা নোংরা বস্তার ভেতর থেকে উদ্ধার হলো সেই জৌলুসপূর্ণ পঞ্চরত্ব নারায়ণ মূর্তি। টকাইকে অক্ষত অবস্থায় ফিরে পেয়ে আমি ওকে জড়িয়ে ধরলাম। ও কাঁপছিল, কিন্তু আমাকে দেখে ওর চোখে জল এসে গেল। পুলিশ অফিসার বললেন, "আজ তোমাদের জন্যই গ্রামের এই অমূল্য সম্পদ রক্ষা পেল। তোমাদের মতন সাহসী ছেলেই ভবিষ্যতে দেশের ও দশের নাম উজ্জ্বল করে।"

ফিরে আসার সময় নীলকুঠির সেই পরিত্যক্ত বাড়ির দিকে শেষবার তাকালাম। জানলার ওপাশে যেন একপলকের জন্য দেখতে পেলাম, চোখের ভুলও হতে পারে, একটা ছোট্ট ছেলে যেন উকি দিয়েই সরে গেল। সেই হাসনুহানার তীব্র সুবাস আবার চারপাশ ভরিয়ে দিল। মনে হলো, সেই নিখোঁজ হওয়া ছোট ছেলেটিই কি তবে দৈব সুবাস হয়ে আজও বিগ্রহের রক্ষাকর্তা হিসেবে বাড়ির সঙ্গে মিশে আছে?

হয়তো সেই ছেলেটিকে ঈশ্বর রক্ষা করতে পারেননি, কিন্তু আজ সেই ছেলেটিই যেন ঈশ্বরের বিগ্রহকে হারিয়ে যাওয়া থেকে রক্ষা করল।

**~নাম: অমিত্রজিৎ বসু | শ্রেণি: অষ্টম | বিভাগ: এ | রোল নং: ০৬**

## ***নিঃস্ব শিখার দহন***

হৃদয় ছিল এক চিলতে ঘর, আর তুমি ছিলে তাতে আলো,

অথচ বিশ্বাসের পিঠে বিঁধলে তুমি মিথ্যেবাসার কালো।

যে হাতে ধরলে হাত, সেই হাতেই ছড়ালে বিষাদ-ধুলো,

প্রেমের বদলে দিলে শুধু শূন্যতার মাশুলগুলো।

আমি তো সেই মোমবাতি, যে নিজেকে পুড়িয়েছে তিল তিল,

তোমার আঁধার কাটাতে সঁপেছি প্রাণ, হার মেনেছে নিখিল।

যতটুকু আলো দিয়েছি তোমায়, তা তো আমারই রক্তক্ষরণ,

নিজেরে ধ্বংস করে সাজিয়েছি তোমার উৎসবের অঙ্গন।

আমিই দোষী, আমিই অপরাধী- কেন তবে জ্বলেছিলাম?

তোমার পথের কাঁটা সরাতে কেন নিজের অস্তিত্ব হারালাম?

শিখাটা কাঁপে অভিমানে, মোম হয়ে ঝরে পড়ে জল,

বিশ্বাসঘাতকতার আগুনে পুড়ছে আজ আমারই হিয়া-তল।

"নিজেরে ধ্বংস করিয়া আমি দিয়াছি তোমারে জ্যোতি,

আমারই দোষে আজ আমারই বিনাশ, এ কেমন পরিণতি?"

আলোটা আমার শেষ দান, ধোঁয়াটা আমার দীর্ঘশ্বাস,

পুড়ে ছাই হয়ে গেলেই মুক্তি, শেষ হবে এই মরণ-বিলাস।

তুমি থাকবে তোমার নতুন আলোয়, সুখে থেকো অনায়াসে,

আমি না হয় ফুরিয়ে যাবো নিজেরই দহনে, একাকী মেঘেদের পাশে।

***~বিবেক রঞ্জন মুখার্জী / দ্বাদশ শ্রেণী / বাণিজ্য বিভাগ***

## ***চরৈবেতি***

জীবন নদীর স্রোতে ভেসে চলা তরী,

মায়ার বাঁধনে মিছে এ জগৎ গড়ি।

হাসি-কান্না, জয়-পরাজয় নিত্য আমার সাথী,

জ্বলে আর নেভে এ সংসারের কামনার মোমবাতি।

সবুজ প্রান্তর জোগায় কর্মের প্রাণশক্তি,

মাটির টান, বাংলার গানে জাগায় শুচি-ভক্তি।

স্নিগ্ধ নদী, কোমল আকাশ দেয় অনুপ্রেরণা, তবুও কেন?

কেবলই পথে বৈষম্যের লাঞ্ছনা।

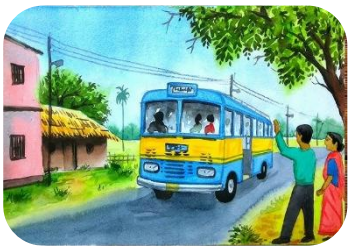
সময়ের অনুগামী আমরা, অপেক্ষার পথিক,

লোভ-হিংসা-পাপের জগতে অন্ধ মানবিক।

***~উৎসব শিং / একাদশ শ্রেণী / বিজ্ঞান বিভাগ***

## ***বাস স্ট্যান্ড***

"মানুষ আজও ভেতরে সেই গাছে উল্টো ঝুলে থাকা বাঁদরই হয়ে রইল।"



এই কথাটা আমায় অনেক কাল আগে আমার বাড়ির আয়নায় দেখা একজন মহাপুরুষ বলেছিলেন; তারপর থেকে অনেক কিছু দেখেই বলছি উনি কথাটা ভুল বলেননি। সে রীতিমত গাছে না ঝুল্লেও আমাদের যা অবস্থা, ওই আরকি উনিশ-বিশ। আচ্ছা, সেই আমাদের ভেতরের বাঁদরটাকে বার করা যায় কেমন করে? লোকে তাকে সামাজিক কারনে দমিয়ে রাখে, কিন্তু অত্যন্ত উত্তেজনায় সে বেরিয়ে আসে। আর একটা অবৈধ উপায় আছে বটে, যাকে অনেকেই ভালোবেসে নেশা করা বলে। নেশা করা তা বলে ভালো নয়।

শুনেছি নাকি নেশা করলে লোকে বেশি ছুটতে পারে না, কথায় কথায় হাপিয়ে পরে, সব জায়গায় বেশি আলফাল বকতে থাকে, অকারণে হাসে। আমি নিজে পবিত্র হলেও এমন লোকেদের চিনি যাদের ঝুলিতে অনেক অভিজ্ঞতা আছে। এই সূত্রে একজন আমার বন্ধু তার নিজের এক অভিজ্ঞতার কথা শুনিয়েছিল।

গল্পটা বোঝার জন্য ধরুন আমার বন্ধুটার নাম কার্তিক আর তার বন্ধুর নাম বাবান। তারা দুজনে কার্তিকের বারাসাতের পিসির বাড়ি দোলে ঘুরতে গেছিল। ফেরার পথে তাদের অজান্তে কেউ তাদের ভারী নেশার দ্রব্য খাইয়ে দেয়, এরপর আসল গল্পটা কার্তিকের মুখ থেকে যেমন শুনেছি তেমন বলছি-

"আমরা প্রথমে বুঝতে পারিনি আমাদের ওসব খাওয়ানো হয়েছে। আমি আর বাবান অবোধ হয়ে বাস স্ট্যান্ডে গিয়ে দাঁড়ালাম। জায়গাটায় বেশি লোক ছিলনা কিন্তু বেশ একটু অদ্ভুত লাগছিল। আমরা দাঁড়িয়েছিলাম গিয়ে বেলা করে। গাড়ি ওখানে দেরি করে আসে জানতাম, কিন্তু পর পর চারটে বাস প্রায় ১০০-এর বেগে আমাদের নাকের ডগা ছুঁয়ে  বেরিয়ে গেল। চারিদিক নিঝুম, কোথাও লোক নেই কোনো। গাটা কেমন ছমছম করছিল, শিরদাঁড়ার ওপর দিয়ে একটা ঠান্ডা হাওয়া বয়ে গোল। বাবান আমার পাশে দাঁড়িয়ে মুড়ি খাচ্ছিল। ওকে ডেকে বললাম, "ব্যাপারটা ঠিক ঠেকছেনা তো" ও আমার দিকে তাকাল, মুচকি হেসে বলল "হাত পাত"। আমি চুপটি করে হাত পাতলাম ভাবলাম মুড়ি দেবে। সে আমার হাতে কোথা থেকে একটা আস্ত বাঁধাকপি রাখল! আমি ফেল-ফেল করে চেয়ে রইলাম, ও বাঁধাকপি পেলো কোথাথেকে? আমাদের সম্পত্তিতে তখম এক বাক্স লাড্ডু ছাড়া কিছু ছিল না। আমি সামলে উঠতে না উঠতে দেখি যে সে এক দিকে তাকিয়ে আছে। দেখি একটা বাচ্চা মেয়ে, বয়স বোধহয় ৭-৮। তার মুখটা ভীষণ আবছা, আমি তাকাতেই অদ্ভুতভাবে সরে গেল। বাসের ব্যাপারটা আবার দুবার ঘটে গেল। বাচ্চা মেয়েটাকে আরো তিনবার দেখা গেল, আমাদের কেমন মেপে দেখছিল। কোনো কোনো কু-মতলব আছে বোধহয়। আমার ভয় করতে শুরু করল। আকাশে কেমন মেঘ সরে এলো। সূর্য বেশ নেমে এলো। বাসটা আবার ঐ বেগে সামনে দিয়ে বেড়িয়ে গেল। অনেক চ্যাচালাম কিন্তু সেটা শুনলো না। এমন সময় দেখি বাচ্চা মেয়েটা হনহন করে আমাদের দিকে তেঁড়ে আসছে; দেখলাম ঘন শ্যামবর্ণ, মুখে একটা ললিপপ। বুকটা কেমন দুরু দুরু করে উঠল। উলটো দিকে ঘুরে যেই ছুটতে গেলাম হাড়ে-হাড়ে টের পেলাম যে সেখানে একটা পুকুর ছিল। ছপাত করে পড়লাম ওতে আর জ্ঞানটা কেমন ফিরে এলো। কন-কনে ঠানডা জল থেকে হন্তদন্ত করে উঠে দেখি মেয়েটা জোড়ে জোড়ে হাত নেড়ে জিজ্ঞাসা করছে "এটা কি হলো, তুমি ঠিক আছো?" আমি কেমন একটা ভ্যাবাচ্যাকা খেয়ে দাঁড়িয়ে রইলাম। মেয়েটা বলল "আমি এখানেই থাকি, আমার নাম শ্যামা। সকালে এখান দিয়ে ইস্কুল যাচ্ছিলাম দেখলাম ওই দাদাটা তোমার হাতের ওপর একটা লাড্ডু রাখছে আর তুমি সেটা দেখছো বেশ তাকিয়ে। তারপর ইস্কুল থেকে ফেরার সময় দেখলাম একই ভাবে একই জায়গায় দাঁড়িয়ে বাসগুলোর দিকে তাকিয়ে আছো আর ওই দাদাটা একটা ঠোঙা চেবাচ্ছে। এখন মা বাজার থেকে জিনিস কিনতে পাঠিয়েছিল, দেখলাম আরো দুটো বাস দাঁড়ালো আর তোমরা তাকিয়েই রইলে। এই কড়ি ফিরছিলাম, এই দেখো এই ললিপাটা কিনলাম," বলে মেয়েটা নিজের হাতের জিনিসটা দেখালো। নজর করলাম যে মেয়েটার সেটা খেতে খেতে জিভটা টুকটুকে লাল হয়ে উঠেছে। মেয়েটা জিজ্ঞেস করল, "তোমাদেব কি বাসভাড়া নেই? তোমরা কি হারিয়ে গেছো ?" মেয়েটার কথা শেষ না হতেই খেয়ালে পরলো যে বাবান হাউমাউ করে কাঁদা শুরু করে বসে পরেছে।  চেঁচ্যাচ্ছে "মাগো মা তুমি এসেছো!" মেয়েটা ঘাবড়ে গিয়ে হাতের ললিপপটা ফেলে দিলো আর হাঁ করে তাকিয়ে থাকালো। বাবান মুখ তুলো দেখলো তার গায়ের রঙ, ললিপপে লাল হয়ে যাওয়া তার জিভ আর তার আচমকা ঘাবরে উঠে যাওয়া এক হাত। হুড়মুড় করে সাষ্টাঙ্গে শুয়ে বাবান চেঁচিয়ে উঠল, উঠল, "জয় মা কালী।" "

সত্যি, মানুষ সেই গাছে উল্টো ঝুলে থাকা বাঁদরই হয়ে রইল।

***~ত্রিবিক্রম কুন্ডু চৌধুরী | একাদশ শ্রেণি | বিজ্ঞান বিভাগ***

## ***প্রকৃতির পুত্র***

প্রকৃতির পুত্র~এই নামেই মানুষ একদিন নিজেকে চিনত, কারণ প্রকৃতি ছিল সর্বোচ্চ শিক্ষক, নীরব অথচ সর্বজ্ঞ, কোমল অথচ দৃঢ়, ধৈর্যশীল অথচ শাসক, যে মানবজাতিকে পথভ্রষ্টতা থেকে উদ্ধার করে আলোর পথে এগিয়ে নিতে সদা সচেষ্ট। প্রকৃতি মানুষের কাছে কেবল বন, নদী, আকাশ বা মাটি নয়, সে ছিল জীবনের প্রথম পাঠশালা, যেখানে ভোরের আলো প্রথম ঘণ্টা বাজাত, শিশিরের ফোঁটা ছিল শুদ্ধতার পাঠ, পাখির কণ্ঠস্বর ছিল সংগীতের শিক্ষা, আর বাতাসের প্রবাহ ছিল শ্বাসের ছন্দ। অথচ আধুনিক মানুষ সেই শিক্ষকের দিকে ফিরে তাকায় না, সে গ্রহণ করে, ভোগ করে, ভেঙে ফেলে, কাটে, পোড়ায়, দখল করে, কিন্তু ফিরিয়ে দেয় সামান্যই। তবু প্রকৃতি ক্লান্ত হয় না, সে মায়ের মতো আবারও শস্য দেয়, ধান দেয়, ফুল দেয়, ফল দেয়, ছায়া দেয়, জল দেয়, বাতাস দেয়, জীবন দেয়। প্রাচীন কালে প্রতিটি কাজের পূর্বে প্রকৃতির অনুমতি নেওয়া হত, সূর্য ওঠার মুহূর্ত থেকে সন্ধ্যার প্রদীপ জ্বালানো পর্যন্ত প্রতিটি ক্ষণ ছিল কৃতজ্ঞতার অনুশীলন। তখন মানুষ বলত, "ধন ধান্যে পুষ্পে ভরা এই বসুন্ধরা আমাদের জননী, তাকে আঘাত করা মানে নিজের হৃদয়কে বিদ্ধ করা।" সেই বিশ্বাস থেকেই জন্ম নিয়েছিল এক সম্প্রদায়, যাদের বলা হত কান্‌টুরি, যারা নিজেদের পরিচয় দিত "প্রকৃতির পুত্র" নামে, কারণ প্রকৃতি ছিল তাদের দেবতা, তাদের শিক্ষা, তাদের জীবন, তাদের মা।



মাটি ছিল তাদের শিকড়, শ্বাস ছিল বাতাসের সঙ্গে বাঁধা, রক্তে ছিল নদীর স্রোত, চোখে ছিল আকাশের নীলতা। তারা মাটিকে বন্ধু ভাবত, কারণ মাটি শুধু জন্ম দেয় না, শেষ বিশ্রামও দেয়। তারা বলত, "মৃত্তিকাই শুরু, মৃত্তিকাই শেষ, মাঝখানে জীবন কেবল এক পবিত্র যাত্রা।" এই বিশ্বাসে প্রতিটি সকাল শুরু হত সূর্যের প্রথম কিরণ স্পর্শের সঙ্গে সঙ্গে মন্ত্রপাঠে, প্রথম পাখির ডাকের সঙ্গে প্রণামে, প্রথম বাতাসের দোলায় কৃতজ্ঞতায়। শিশুরা জন্মের পর মাটিতে শুইয়ে আশীর্বাদ পেত, বৃদ্ধেরা শেষ নিঃশ্বাসে মাটির দিকে তাকিয়ে হাসত।

একটি কবিতা তারা প্রতিদিন ভোরে আবৃত্তি করত,

মা প্রকৃতি, আলো দাও, ছায়া দাও, শ্বাসে শ্বাসে প্রাণ জাগাও,

সবুজে ভরাও চোখের স্বপ্ন, নীলিমায় দাও শান্তি,মাটির বুকে রাখো মাথা, হৃদয়ে রাখো তাপ,

আমরা তোমার সন্তান, রেখো আমাদের আশীর্বাদে আপ্লুত।

কান্‌টুরি সম্প্রদায়ের প্রতিটি গাছের আলাদা নাম ছিল, প্রতিটি বৃক্ষকে তারা পরিবারের সদস্যের মতো সম্মান করত, কারণ সেই গাছই ছিল তাদের শয্যা, খাদ্যদাত্রী, আশ্রয়দাত্রী জননী। তারা বলত, "যে গাছকে কেটে ফেলে, সে নিজের ভবিষ্যৎকে ছিন্ন করে।" তাই তারা বৃক্ষকে আলিঙ্গন করত, শিকড়ে জল ঢালত, পাতায় ধুলো মুছত, ছায়ায় শিশুদের ঘুম পাড়াত। সবুজ ছিল তাদের আনন্দ, আত্মসম্মান, শিক্ষা ও মানবিকতার রং।

একটি ক্ষুদ্র ছন্দ তারা পথে পথে গাইত;

সবুজে প্রাণ, সবুজে গান,

সবুজে ভরে হৃদয় মান।

তাদের উৎসব ছিল শস্যের উৎসব, অগ্রহায়ণের সূর্য যখন নরম আলো ছড়াত, তখন দেবী শস্যের আরাধনা হত। ধানকে তারা বলত দেবীপ্রদত্ত অমৃত, কারণ সেই দানই ক্ষুধার অন্ধকার দূর করত। তারা বলত, "একটি ধানকণা পৃথিবীর সমস্ত সোনার চেয়েও মূল্যবান।" সেই দিনে মাটি, জল, আগুন, বায়ু ও আকাশ ~এই পঞ্চতত্ত্বকে স্মরণ করে তারা প্রার্থনা করত, কারণ তারা বিশ্বাস করত এই পাঁচ সন্তানই প্রকৃতি মায়ের চালক ও পালক।

আরেকটি কবিতা উৎসবে উচ্চারিত হত,

শস্যে শস্যে সোনা জ্বলে,

মাটির বুকে হাসি ফোটে,

মা প্রকৃতি হাত বাড়ালে,

ক্ষুধা হারায় নিজের পথে।

তারা কৃতিত্ব নিজের নামে নিত না, সব সাফল্যকে তারা মায়ের কৃপা বলত। বৃদ্ধেরা মৃত্যুর আগে বলত, "হে প্রকৃতি মা, তোমার কোলে আবার ফিরতে দাও।" মৃত্যুকে তারা শোক নয়, নতুন যাত্রার দ্বার বলেই মানত। যখন কেউ মারা যেত, তখন শোকযাত্রা নয়, আনন্দযাত্রা বের হত, ঢাক, বাঁশি, শঙ্খের ধ্বনিতে ঘোষণা করা হত যে এক সন্তান মায়ের কোলে ফিরে গেছে।

একটি ছোট ছন্দ তখন বাতাসে ভাসত,

ফেরা মানে শেষ নয়,

ফেরা মানে নতুন প্রভাতের রোদ।

গর্বাদরী নদীর তীরে তারা বাস করত, সেই নদীকে তারা পবিত্র ভগিনী বলে মানত। প্রতিদিন ভোরে নদীর জল নিয়ে তারা মন্ত্রপাঠ করত, সন্ধ্যায় প্রদীপ ভাসাত। তারা বলত, "নদীর স্রোত থামলে হৃদয়ের স্পন্দন থামে।" পাখি ছিল তাদের বন্ধু, হরিণ ছিল সহচর, এমনকি হিংস্র পশুরাও তাদের ক্ষতি করত না, কারণ এই মানুষগুলো প্রকৃতির সঙ্গে যুদ্ধ নয়, মৈত্রীর পথ বেছে নিয়েছিল।

আরেকটি কবিতা তারা শিশুদের শেখাত,

"পাখির ডানায় লিখি আকাশ,

নদীর ঢেউয়ে লিখি গান,

মাটির বুকে আঁকি স্বপ্ন,

প্রকৃতি আমাদের প্রাণ।"

তাদের শক্তি ছিল ঐক্য, হাসি, প্রফুল্লতা, সহানুভূতি। তারা জানত, প্রকৃতি বাঁচলে মানুষ বাঁচে, প্রকৃতি মরলে সভ্যতার স্তম্ভ ভেঙে পড়ে। তাই তারা উচ্চারণ করত, "প্রকৃতি বাঁচাও, উন্নতি পাও।"

একটি ক্ষুদ্র ছন্দ তখন শিশুরা খেলতে খেলতে বলত,

"গাছ লাগাও, প্রাণ জাগাও।"

ইতিহাস আজও ফিসফিস করে বলে যায়, প্রকৃতির বুকে কত স্মৃতি লুকিয়ে আছে। পাহাড়ের গায়ে সময়ের লেখা, নদীর তলায় সভ্যতার ছায়া, বনের নীরবতায় হাজার গল্পের শ্বাস। তারা বলত, "ইতিহাস ভক্ষণ করো না, তাকে সংরক্ষণ করো।" কারণ ইতিহাস নষ্ট মানে নিজের অস্তিত্বকে প্রশ্নের মুখে ফেলা।

আরেকটি কবিতা স্মরণে উচ্চারিত হত,

"সময়ের পাতায় লিখি নাম,সবুজ কালি, নীল আকাশ,ভবিষ্যতের চোখে দিই স্বপ্ন,প্রকৃতি হোক আমাদের প্রকাশ।"

আজকের মানুষ যদি কান্‌টুরিদের মতো প্রকৃতিকে ভালোবাসত, তবে দূষণ কমত, নদী হাসত, বন বাঁচত, শহর শ্বাস পেত। তারা আমাদের শিখিয়েছিল যে সকাল ছয়টার প্রথম আলো থেকে রাত বারোটার নীরবতা পর্যন্ত প্রতিটি মিনিট প্রকৃতির সঙ্গে সংযোগের সুযোগ। সূর্য ওঠার প্রথম মিনিটে কৃতজ্ঞতা, দ্বিতীয় মিনিটে প্রার্থনা, তৃতীয় মিনিটে শ্বাসের অনুশীলন, চতুর্থ মিনিটে পাখির ডাক শোনা, পঞ্চম মিনিটে শিশির ছোঁয়া, তারপর সারাদিন কাজের ফাঁকে ফাঁকে মাটিতে হাত লাগানো, সন্ধ্যায় নদীর ধারে দাঁড়ানো, রাতে আকাশের তারায় নিজের ক্ষুদ্রতা অনুভব করা~এই ছিল তাদের দৈনন্দিন সাধনা।

একটি ছোট ছন্দ রাতে তারা বলত,

"তারার নিচে মাথা নুইয়ে,

ঘুমে যাই শান্ত হয়ে।"

তারা বলত, "প্রকৃতিপ্রেম অশিক্ষিতকে সভ্য করে, আর সভ্যকে মানব করে।" আজ আমরা সভ্য হয়েও প্রকৃতির মাহাত্ম্য ভুলে গেছি, অথচ সেই প্রাচীন মানুষগুলো প্রকৃতির আলোয় আরও উজ্জ্বল মানব হয়ে উঠেছিল।

শেষ কবিতাটি তারা বিদায়ের সময় বলত, "মা প্রকৃতি, ক্ষমা করো ভুল,

দাও আমাদের শুদ্ধ বুদ্ধির ফুল,

তোমার পথে হাঁটতে দাও,

আলোয় ভরাও হৃদয়ের কুল। "

আরেকটি ক্ষুদ্র ছন্দ বাতাসে ভাসত,

জয় মা প্রকৃতির জয়।

এই আহ্বান আজও প্রতিধ্বনিত হোক, গাছ কাটার হাত থামুক, নদী দূষণের পথ বন্ধ হোক, মাটি

আবার শ্বাস নিক, আকাশ আবার নীল হোক, পাখির গান আবার শহরে ফিরুক। আমরা যদি প্রকৃতিকে মা বলে মানি, তবে আমরা আর কখনো তার বুকে ক্ষত করব না। "জয় মা প্রকৃতির জয়"~এই উচ্চারণে শেষ হোক আমাদের প্রতিটি দিন, শুরু হোক প্রতিটি নতুন সকাল।

***~প্রাজ্ঞান পল / ৯ এ / ২৮***

## ***অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা- জীবনের মাপকাঠি***

স্বাধীনতা পূর্ব ভারতবর্ষের ইংরেজ অধ্যাপকদের মাইনে ছিল দশ টাকা এবং ভারতীয়দের পাঁচ টাকা। বলা হত, যেহেতু বিলের বিখ্যাত ট্রিনিটি, ডোভের, প্রিন্সটন ইত্যাদি থেকে ডিগ্রী অর্জন করেছেন তাই মাইনের এই ভাগাভাগি। এমন প্রেক্ষাপটে কেবল দুজন ভারতীয় ইংরেজ অধ্যাপনার সফল দাবি পূরণ করতে পেরেছিলেন। পরিবার পরিজনের কথা না রেখে, তারা 'কালাপানি' পার করে সয়ং বিখ্যাত জীবতত্ত্ববিদ ডারউইন-এর শিষ্যত্ব গ্রহণ করেন। কলকাতায় ফেরার পর তারা এমন গবেষণা চালান যা সুদূর লন্ডনে রানী অব্দি পৌঁছায়। এরপর বিশ্ব এনাদের নানান স্বীকৃতিতে ভূষিত করেন। এই দুজন ছিলেন আচার্য জগদীশ চন্দ্র বসু এবং আচার্য প্রফুল্ল চন্দ্র রায়। আজ, তারা বিশ্ববিখ্যাত। কিন্তু সবকিছু শুরু হয়েছিল ওই বিলে যাত্রা দিয়ে যেটা সেকালের প্রেক্ষাপটে দেখলে অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা বললেই চলে। অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা মানুষের জীবন অসুখী একদমই করে তোলেন বরং সীমা ছাড়িয়ে মানুষের কার্যসিদ্ধিরপথে সাহায্য করে। তাই আলোচ্য উক্তির বিপক্ষে যেতে আমি বাধ্য হচ্ছি। প্রথমত, মানবজাতি আজন্ম কেবলই প্রত্যাশায় গড়ে উঠেছে। আজকের দিনে বলিষ্ঠ প্রযুক্তি, বিজ্ঞানের উচ্চমানের গবেষণা- সবই অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশার মধ্যে দিয়ে আমরা এগোনোর চেষ্টা করে চলেছি অনন্তর। উদাহরণ নিতে হলে, প্রযুক্তির কথাই বলি। আজকে আমাদের হাতে মোবাইল ফোন-এর মাধ্যমে বেতার যোগাযোগ করা সম্ভব হয়েছে। আজ, মার্কিন যুক্তরাষ্ট্রে বসে একজন একটি বোতাম টিপে ভারতবর্ষে কারোর সঙ্গে যোগাযোগ করতে পারে। কিন্তু এই প্রযুক্তির কথা প্রথম কে ভেবেছিলেন শুনলে মানুষ অবাক হয়। এটি ভেবেছিলেন সর্বপ্রথম লেওনার্দো দা ভিঞ্চি যদিও তিনি তার সমকালীন বিজ্ঞানের জন্য পুরোপুরি বৈজ্ঞানিক বার্তা দিতে পারেননি। পরবর্তীকালে বেতার তরঙ্গ আবিষ্কারের প্রায় একশো বছর আগে, নিকোলা টেসলা নাম এক অজ্ঞাত বৈজ্ঞানিক এটির কথা লেখেন এবং পদার্থবিদ্যার কিছু ব্যাখ্যা দিয়ে এটি প্রমান পর্যন্ত করেছিলেন। তার সময়ের জন্য নেহাতই অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা ছিল কিন্তু পরবর্তীকালে এগিয়ে এসে তারই গবেষণা এবং বিজ্ঞানমূলক প্রকাশনার মধ্যে দিয়ে গড়ে উঠেছে লন্ডন, প্যারিস, টোকিও, দিল্লির মতন বোরো বোরো শহরে মানুষের যোগাযোগের সমীকরণ। এই ছিল একজনের অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশার প্রতিফল। দ্বাদশ শ্রেণীর যে কোনো ছাত্র বারবার এই লোকটির নাম উচ্চারণ করে চুম্বক শক্তি মাপ করার সময়। এই ছিল অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশার মহিমা যা আমাদের মতন প্রগতিশীল জাতিকে আমাদের স্বপ্নের দিকে নিয়ে চলে।

দ্বিতীয়ত, অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা সাধারণ মানুষকে বেঁচে থাকার আশা দেয়। এগিয়ে যাওয়ার সাহস দেয়। যখন কোন মানুষের ইহলোকে বেঁচে থাকার কোন কারণ থাকেনা তখন শুধুই তার সেই প্রত্যাশা গুলির জন্য সে বাঁচে যে গুলি সে পূরণ করতে পারেনি। উদাহরণ আমি নিজের পরিবারের মধ্যেই দেখেছি। আমাদের এক আত্মীয়ার বৃদ্ধা বাবা-মা ছিলেন। এমন সময় হঠাৎ একদিন তার মা অসুস্থ হয়ে পরে। ডাক্তার বলে যান যে খুব বেশি হলে এক বছর। তার বাবা অর্থাৎ আমার মামাদাদু, তাকে নিয়ে তক্ষুনি বেরিয়ে পড়েন, যা যা এককালে তার অসাধ্য ছিল সেই সকল আশা পূরণ করার জন্য। অবিশ্বাস হলেও , সব আশা পূরণ হওয়ার ঠিক চার দিন পরে তার জীবনদ্বীপ নিভে যায়। ডাক্তারের ভবিতব্য মেলেনি। অসুস্থতার পর দিদা পুরো পনেরো মাস বেঁচেছিলেন। আরো আশ্চর্যের এবং দুঃখের বিষয় দাদু তার দু মাস পরেই দিদার খোঁজে চলে যান। এই দুটি মানুষ আমায় একটি খুব মর্মঘাতী অথচ সুন্দর জিনিস শিখিয়ে দিয়ে গেছিল । মানুষের জীবন কিছু অপ্রাপ্য আশা এবং অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা দিয়ে গড়ে ওঠে। এই প্রত্যাশা পূরণ হলে জীবন শেষ হয়ে আসে তাই যে জিনিস আমাদের জীবন গড়ন এবং নির্মাণ করে সে নিশ্চয় কেবল দুঃখ দেবে না। তাই অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা জীবনের অঙ্গ, বেঁচে থাকার অঙ্গ। তা

কখনই কেবল মানুষকে অসুখী করে তুলতে পারেনা। কিন্তু বক্তব্য বিষয় থেকে আরো একটি জরুরি প্রশ্নের উত্তর দেওয়া প্রয়োজনীয় হয়ে দাঁড়ায়। যদি মানুষের জীবনে অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা দুঃখের মূল কারণ নয় তবে কারণটা কি? এর উত্তর পেতে গেলে বিশ্ববিখ্যাত চিত্র পরিচালক সত্যজিৎ রায়ের নায়ক চলচিত্র দেখতে হবে। দুঃখের মূল কারণ মানুষের সন্তুষ্ট হয়ে যাওয়ার স্বভাব। চলচ্চিত্রের পর্দায় উত্তম কুমার একটি ভয়াবহ স্বপ্নের সম্মখিন হন যেখানে তিনি একটি টাকার গর্তে ডুবে যাচ্ছেন। তিনি এক পরিচিতের থেকে সাহায্য চাইলেও তা পান না। এই স্বপ্ন থেকেই রুপালি পর্দার নায়ক একটি গুরুত্বপূর্ণ শিক্ষা পায়। সে নায়ক হয়েছে বটে কিন্তু তা ধরে রাখার জন্যে তার আরো বেশি আগ্রহে কাজ করা দরকার। চলচ্চিত্রের প্রধান নায়িকা শর্মিলা ঠাকুরকে উত্তম কুমার ঠিক একথাই বলে। তার এক মাত্র ভয়- 'যদি আমার বাজার পরে যায়' দুঃখ কথা থেকে আসে সেটা নায়ক বুঝিয়ে দেয়। কিন্তু দুঃখ কিসে যায়? এই প্রশ্নটির উত্তর মানিক দা আমাদের দিয়ে গেছেন-

একবার ত্যাজিয়া সোনার গদি

রাজা মাঠে নেমে যদি

হাওয়া খায়!

তবে রাজা শান্তি পায়।

গানটির বার্তাটি অতি সরল। মানুষ যখন জীবনের দায়িত্ব এক মুহূর্তের জন্যে ভুলে নিজের আশা প্রত্যাশার মাঠে নেমে হাওয়া খায় তখনি মানুষের জীবনে শান্তি আসে। কিন্তু এখনো একটি জিনিস মাথা খোঁচা দেয়। সত্যিই যদি অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা ভালো হয় তাহলে প্রবন্ধের উল্লিখিত সকল চরিত্রের জীবনে দুঃখ কেন। এই প্রশ্নের উত্তর খুবই সহজ। যারা অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশার পাত্র তারা নিজের সময়কে পেছনে ফেলে সুদূর ভবিষ্যতের উপর চোখ রেখে এগিয়ে যেতে চায়। তাই জন্য তাদের সমসাময়িক মানুষেরা তাদের পাগল বলে কটুক্তি করতে বাকি রাখে না। অথচ সেই এক মানুষ কয়েক দশক কয়েক প্রজন্ম পরেই একজন মহাপুরুষ হয়ে দাঁড়ান। একদম উদাহরণটা আরেকবার যদি দেখি তাহলেই আমরা এর যথাযথ প্রমান পাই। তৎকালীন সময় একটি ছোট্ট ঘরের মধ্যে বসে আচার্য জগদীশ চন্দ্র বসু ক্রেস্কোগ্রাফ নামক এক যন্ত্র আবিষ্কার করেন যার মাধ্যমে তিনি দেখিয়ে দেন গাছের হৃদস্পন্দন। তৎকালীন জীববিদ্যা বিশেষজ্ঞরা বলে যে এটি অসম্ভব এবং বসু কেবলই সময় নষ্ট করেছে। কিন্তু বছর পরে জার্মান জীবতত্ত্ববিদ সচাঁইডেল(Scheidel) তার পেপার প্রকাশ করেন এবং জগদীশ বসু গবেষণা সঠিক প্রমাণিত হয়। অপর হাতে, প্রফুল্ল চন্দ্র প্রাচীন ভারতীয় রসায়ন প্রক্রিয়া নিয়ে দীর্গকাল গবেষণা করেন। তিনি 'ভাড়াটিয়া রসায়নের সম্পূর্ণ ইতিহাস' নামে একটি বই প্রকাশিত করেন। কোন রাসায়নিক বিজ্ঞানী তখন তার কথার দাম দেয়নি কিন্তু আজ প্রত্যেক কলেজ ছাত্র সেই বইটি পরে। তাই এটা মনে রাখা যে আমাদের কর্মের মাপকাঠি ইতিহাস। সেই ইতিহাসকেই মান্যতা দিয়ে আমাদের এগিয়ে চলা উচিত। কাজেই আমরা বলতেই পারি যে অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা দুঃখের কারণ নয়। দুঃখের কারণ অন্যান্যদের নির্বুদ্ধিতা আরেকটি গুরুত্বপূর্ণ বার্তা আমরা ইতিহাস থেকে পাই। যখনই মানুষ অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশার সঙ্গে পথে হেঁটেছে তখনই দেশ, রাজ্য এবং গোটা মানব সভ্যতার প্রগতি ঘটেছে। ১৯৪৭ সালে ভারত স্বাধীনতা পাওয়ার পর একটি ক্ষুদ্র রাজ্য হয়ে ওঠে পশ্চিম বঙ্গ। তখন বিভীষিকাময় অবস্থা মানুষের খাবার নেই, থাকার স্থান নেই, পয়সা নেই। এক অদ্ভুত পদক্ষেপে নেহেরু নিজের ব্যক্তিগত ডাক্তার কে এই রাজ্যের মুখ্যমন্ত্রী করেন। ক্লিতু সেই বিধান চন্দ্র রায় দু বছরের মধ্যেই বাংলায় সুখ স্থাপন করতে সক্ষম হন কেবল মাত্র কিছু প্রত্যাশার ভরে। তিনি নতুন শহর গড়ে তোলেন, ওভারবোর্ডগে নির্মাণ করেন এবং শোনা যায় যে রাস্তার মাপ ইচ্ছে করে চওড়া রেখেছিলেন যাতে পরবর্তী কালে যানবাহন বাড়লে অসুবিধা না হয়। এই ছিল প্রত্যাশার ক্ষমতা। মানবজাতি হিসেবে আমরা খুব সহজেই দোষ দিতে পারি। নিজের সমস্যার জন্য অন্য কাউকে দায়ী করা আমাদের প্রকৃতির এক অঙ্গ। এইভাবেই প্রত্যাশার এই ফল। আমরা কয়েকটা ধাক্কা এড়িয়ে চলার জন্য যুব সমাজকে স্বপ্ন দেখতে বাধা দিতে থাকি। তাদের প্রত্যাশা রাখতে না করি। এই জন্যেই দেশ হিসেবে আমরা পিছিয়ে পড়ি। আজও আমাদের দেশে কবি কিংবা সাহিত্যিক এর চেয়ে একজন বেকার বৈজ্ঞানিকের অনেক বেশি গুরুত্ব শুধু কয়েকটি বাঁধানো ডিগ্রির জন্য। তার ফলেই আমাদের

সাহিত্য চর্চা নিম্নমুখী। অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা দুঃখ দে না। অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা মানুষকে জীবনে বেঁচে থাকার আশা দেয়। মানুষের জীবনে গন্তব্য দেয়। মানবসমাজকে এগিয়ে নিয়ে যায়। একজন মহানায়ক একবার পায়ের উপর পা তুলে আরাম কেদারায় বসে বলেছিলেন "আমি তো আছি, Isn't that enough?" অর্থাৎ আমি আছি, সেটা কি যথেষ্ট নয়। জীবনের পথে নায়কের জন্য হয়তো নাই বা হতে পারে। কিন্তু আমাদের মোতে সর্বসাধারণ রক্ত-মাংসের মানুষের জন্য ওই প্রত্যাশায় যথেষ্ট। অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা মানে সাহস। অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা মানে প্রগতি। অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশা মানে পেছনে না তাকিয়ে এগিয়ে চলা। তাই জীবনের জন্য এবং জীবনের সত্যি হয়তো অত্যাধিক প্রত্যাশায় যথেষ্ট।।

***~ঈপ্সিত কে ঘোষ / দ্বাদশ শ্রেণী / বিজ্ঞান বিভাগ***

## ***বিদ্যালয়ের জীবন***



সকালবেলার
ঘণ্টাধ্বনিতে
শুরু হতো দিন,

সাদা-নীল স্বপ্ন
বুকে নিয়ে
হাঁটতাম নির্ভীক
মন।

চকের ধুলোয়
লেখা থাকত অজানা
ভবিষ্যৎ,

শিক্ষকের কথায় জেগে উঠত সাহস আর সত্য।

বন্ধুর হাসিতে কাটত ক্লান্ত দুপুর,

এক বেঞ্চে বসে ভাগ হত সুখ-দুঃখের সুর।

পরীক্ষার আগে ভয়, পরে স্বস্তির নিঃশ্বাস,

খাতার পাতায় লুকিয়ে থাকত হাজারটা আশ্বাস।

স্কুল মাঠে পড়ে থাকত ছুটির আনন্দ,

ছোট ছোট মুহূর্তেই গড়ে উঠত বড় স্বপ্নের বন্ধন।

ভুল করলে শাসন, আবার স্নেহের হাত,

এই জীবনই শিখিয়েছে চলার সঠিক পথ।

আজ বিদায়ের সময় চোখ ভিজে আসে ধীরে,

তবু মনে জানি—এই দিনগুলো হারায় না নীরে।

বিদ্যালয় জীবন, তুমি থাকো স্মৃতির ঘরে,

জীবনের প্রতিটি মোড়ে পথ দেখাও আবার ফিরে।

***~দেবপম মিত্র / দ্বাদশ শ্রেণী / বাণিজ্য বিভাগ***

## ***একটি অমাবস্যার রাত***



সুমন কল্যাণী বিশ্ববিদ্যালয় বোটানি নিয়ে গবেষণা করে ।তার বাড়ি বিশ্ববিদ্যালয় থেকে এক ঘন্টা দূরে একটি অজ গ্রামে । প্রায়ই তাকে অনেক রাত পর্যন্ত বিশ্ববিদ্যালয় গবেষনার কাজের জন্য আটকে থাকতে হয় আর বাড়ি ফিরতে রাত হয় । সেদিন ছিল অমাবস্যা । সেদিন তার কাজ সারতে একটু বেশিই রাত হয়ে গেল । বিশ্ববিদ্যালয় থেকে যখন বেরোলো তখন রাত বারোটা বেজে গেছে । শেষ সাইকেল ভ্যানটা সে আর পাবে না । সুমন কে আজ হেঁটেই বাড়ি ফিরতে হবে । তাই সুমন তাড়াতাড়ি পা চালালো যাতে সে তাড়াতাড়ি বাড়ি ফিরতে পারে । তার বুড়ি মা তার জন্য অপেক্ষা করে থাকবে। বড় রাস্তা দিয়ে কিছুক্ষণ যাওয়ার পরে সে গ্রামের সরুপথ ধরল । দুদিকে শীতের রুক্ষ ক্ষেত আর মাঝখান দিয়ে পথ চলেছে । পথের ধারে বিভিন্ন ঝোপঝাড় আর বাবলা গাছের জঙ্গল । যেতে যেতে কিছু দূরে সুমন হঠাৎ করে দেখল যে রাস্তার ধারে সাদা মতো কিছু । অমাবস্যার অন্ধকারে শুধু তারার আলোয় স্পষ্ট করে কিছু বুঝতে পারল না । আরো কাছে যেতে দেখলো যে পথের ধারে একটি বাবলা গাছের ডাল থেকে একটি সাদা জামা পরা বাচ্চা ছেলে উল্টো

হয়ে ঝুলে আছে আর দোল খাচ্ছে। ছোটবেলায় সুমনরাও এরকম অনেক গাছের ডালে দুলে খেলেছে তাই ব্যাপারটা তার কাছে অস্বাভাবিক লাগলো না। সে চুপচাপ ছেলেটির পাশ দিয়ে চলে গেল এবং ছেলেটিও তার দিকে তাকিয়ে একটি হাসির উপহার দিল। কিছুটা এগিয়ে যাওয়ার পরে সুমনের মনে হঠাৎ করে খটকা লাগলো। এই মাঝরাতে একটি ছেলে একা একা গাছ থেকে ঝুলবেও বা কেন। তারপরেই তার খেয়াল হল যে আরে বাবলা গাছ তো কাটায় ভর্তি, সেখান থেকে ঝোলা তো দূরের কথা, কেউ তাতে হাতও দিতে পারবে না। দিলে কাঁটায় ক্ষতবিক্ষত হয়ে যাবে। সঙ্গে সঙ্গে সুমন ঘুরে তাকালো কিন্তু অদ্ভুতভাবে দেখলো পেছনে আর সেই ছেলেটি নেই। যেন ম্যাজিক এর মত হাওয়ায় মিলিয়ে গেছে। ডাকাবুকো সুমন জীবনে প্রথমবারের মতো ভীষণ ভয় পেল। রাম নাম জপ করতে করতে সে বাড়ির দিকে দৌড় লাগালো। এক দৌড়ে হাপাতে হাপাতে বাড়ি ঢুকে সোজা গিয়ে বিছানায় শুয়ে পড়ল। তার আর কথা বলার মত অবস্থা ছিল না তখন। পরের দিন সকালে খোঁজ খবর করে সুমন জানতে পারলো যে তার ওই পথ দিয়ে যাওয়ার কয়েক ঘন্টা আগেই ঠিক সেই দিন, বিকেলে একটি স্কুলে পড়া ছেলে ওখানে গাড়ি চাপা পড়ে মারা যায়, এবং তারপরে সে একজনের থেকে সেই ছেলেটির ছবি দেখে বুঝতে পারল যে হ্যাঁ, গতকাল রাতে একেই সে দেখেছে গাছের ডালে ঝুলতে। সেই মুহূর্তে সে পুরো ব্যাপারটা তার কাছে স্পষ্ট হয়ে গেল। ভয়ে তার গায়ে কাঁটা দিয়ে উঠলো। সে বুঝতে পারল যে গতকাল রাতে তার ওই ছেলেটির অশরীরী আত্মার সঙ্গে দেখা হয়েছিল। খুব জোর বাঁচা বেঁচে গেছে সে। সুমন তাদের গ্রামের একটি জাগ্রত কালী মন্দিরে গিয়ে ভগবানের নামে পুজো দেয় এবং প্রতিজ্ঞা করে যে রাত্তিরবেলা আর কখনোই সে ওই পথ দিয়ে ফিরবে না।

***~অভ্রদীপ দে | শ্রেণী: নবম | বিভাগ: ক | ক্রোমিক সংখ্যা: ০৫***

## ***রূপোলি পর্দার মহানায়ক***

হৃদয়-সিংহাসনে আজও আসীন যে জন,
মায়াবী হাসিতে যাঁর মুগ্ধ চরাচর।
উত্তম সে নামখানি—সবার আপন,
বাঙালির আভিজাত্য, শ্রেষ্ঠ কারিগর।

ধুতি আর পাঞ্জাবিতে শাশ্বত সে রূপ,
মমতায় ভরা আঁখি, দৃপ্ত সে চলন।
কখনো রোমান্টিক, কভু বা নিশ্চুপ,
পর্দায় ফুটিয়ে তোলেন কত সে জীবন।

সপ্তপদীর পথে সেই যে পথ চলা,
অগ্নিপরীক্ষা শেষে অমর সে নাম।
হাজারো নারীর মনে না-বলা সে কথা,
মুকুটহীন রাজার তরে শ্রেষ্ঠ প্রণাম।

মরণোত্তরেও তুমি চির-অম্লান,
বাংলার গৌরবে তুমি চির-জাজ্বল্যমান।

***~হিমাদ্যুতি ভট্টাচার্য|১১এ|১৮***

## ***মান্না দে: সুরের এক মহতী অভিযাত্রা***

বাংলা ও হিন্দি গানের জগতে মান্না দে এমন এক নাম, যিনি টেকনিক্যাল নিঁখুততা এবং আবেগের



এক বিরল ভারসাম্য বজায় রেখেছিলেন। তাঁর ডিস্কোগ্রাফি বিশ্লেষণ করলে কয়েকটি প্রধান দিক ফুটে ওঠে:

১. হিন্দি চলচ্চিত্রের স্বর্ণযুগ

পঞ্চাশ ও ষাটের দশকে হিন্দি ছবিতে তাঁর দাপট ছিল আকাশচুম্বী। 'আওয়ারা' ছবির "তেরে বিনা আগ ইয়ে চাঁদনি" থেকে শুরু করে 'শ্রী ৪২০' এর আইকনিক ডুয়েট "পেয়ার হুয়া ইকরার হুয়া", প্রতিটি গান আজও মানুষের মুখে

মুখে ফেরে। তবে তাঁর কণ্ঠের আসল পরীক্ষা ছিল শাস্ত্রীয় সংগীত নির্ভর গানে। 'বসন্ত বাহার' ছবিতে পণ্ডিত ভীমসেন জোশীর সঙ্গে তাঁর "কেতকী গুলাব জুহি" গানটি ভারতীয় চলচ্চিত্র সংগীতের ইতিহাসে এক মাইলফলক।

২. বাংলা আধুনিক ও ছায়াছবির গান

বাঙালির আবেগের সাথে মান্না দে ওতপ্রোতভাবে জড়িয়ে আছেন। তাঁর বাংলা গানের সম্ভার যেন রত্নখচিত এক মুকুট।

- রোমান্টিজম: "হয়তো তোমারি জন্য", "আবার হবে তো দেখা", বা "তুমি নিজের মুখেই বললে সেদিন"।
- বিরহ ও দর্শন: "মানস কন্যা", "আমি যে জলসাঘরে", বা "এ কূলে আমি ও কূলে তুমি"।
- কালজয়ী আড্ডা: কফি হাউসের সেই আড্ডাটা গানটি ছাড়া আজও যেকোনো বাঙালির আড্ডা অসম্পূর্ণ থেকে যায়।

৩. শাস্ত্রীয় সংগীত ও ভজন

মান্না দে-র বিশেষত্ব ছিল তাঁর গায়কির ব্যাকরণ। কাকা কৃষ্ণচন্দ্র দে-র কাছে তালিম নেওয়া মান্না দে খুব সহজেই কঠিন তান বা সারগমকে লোকপ্রিয় গানে রূপান্তর করতে পারতেন। তাঁর গাওয়া ভজন এবং গজলও সংগীতে এক নতুন মাত্রা যোগ করেছিল।

৪. বৈচিত্র্যময় সহযোগিতা

কিশোর কুমার, লতা মঙ্গেশকর, আশা ভোঁসলে থেকে শুরু করে এস. ডি. বর্মণ কিংবা সলিল চৌধুরীর মতো কিংবদন্তিদের সাথে তাঁর কাজগুলি সংগীতে নতুন দিগন্ত খুলে দিয়েছিল। কমেডি গানেও তিনি ছিলেন অনবদ্য, যার প্রমাণ 'পড়োসন' ছবির "এক চতুর নার"।

মান্না দে-র ডিস্কোগ্রাফি কেবল গানের তালিকা নয়, এটি একটি আস্ত প্রতিষ্ঠান। প্রায় সাত দশকের কর্মজীবনে তিনি চার হাজারেরও বেশি গান গেয়েছেন, যা আগামী বহু প্রজন্মের কাছে সংগীত শিক্ষার পাঠ্যবই হয়ে থাকবে।

***~ হিমাদ্যুতি ভট্টাচার্য/১১এ/১৮***




***" কফি হাউসের সেই আড্ডাটা আজ আর নেই... "***

# हिंदी लेख



## *सब्जियों की बात*

आलू खा कर,
बना मैं भालू
पालक रोए,
खा लो मुझे काजू ।

साग और मेथी हँसती,
बार - बार यह कहती,
मैं न जानू कौन है ?
टमाटर और भिंडी।

शीत का मौसम आया,
गाजर, मूली, साग,
मटर, गोभी और सीम,
बाज़ार में छाया।

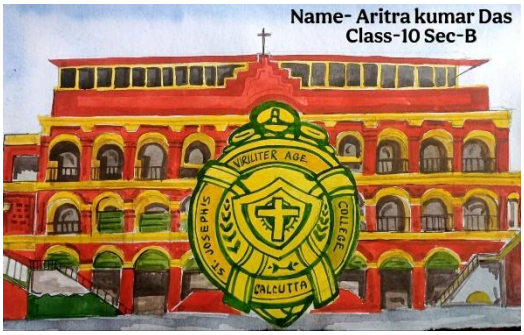
चलो बच्चों याद करो,
इन सब्जियों के नाम।
परीक्षा में आएँगे
इनके नाम ।

***-Shivansh Sharma, 1-B***

## *मेरा स्कूल*

मेरा स्कूल है प्यारा,
सबको यहां है सहारा।
मैं खेलूं और पढ़ूं,
दोस्तों संग हंसूं।
अध्यापिका मुझे सिखाती,
फूलों जैसे मुस्कुराती।

***-Md. Arham Wasim, 1-A***




## *मोबाइल और हम*

मै मोबाइल हूँ, मै एक छोटा सा मशीन हूँ पर मेरा काम बहुत बड़ा है।

आज के समय में, मै इतना ज्यादा जरुरी चीज बन गया हूँ, जैसे खाना और पानी के बिना आदमी का जीवन गुजर नही सकता वैसे ही मोबाइल के बिना आजकल हमारा जीवन गुजरता नही है ।

वैसे देखा जाए तो मोबाइल हमारे लिए अच्छा भी है और बुरा भी , लेकिन वो निर्भर करता है कि हम इसका उपयोग कैसे करते हैं ।

***-Shivam Prasad Modi, 1-B***

## *वसन्त ऋतु*

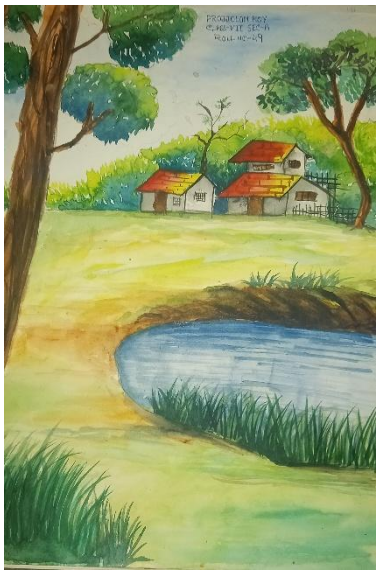
वसन्त ऋतु साल की सबसे प्यारी ऋतु होती है, जिसे हम 'ऋतुराज' भी कहते हैं। जब सर्दियाँ खत्म होती हैं, तब वसन्त का मौसम आता है। इस समय न तो हमें स्वेटर पहनने की ज़रूरत होती है और न ही बहुत गर्मी लगती है। चारों तरफ रंग-बिरंगे फूल खिल जाते हैं और बागों में सुंदर तितलियाँ उड़ने लगती हैं। पेड़ों पर नए हरे पत्ते आ जाते हैं और कोयल मीठे गीत गाती है। खेतों में सरसों के पीले फूल बहुत सुंदर लगते हैं। इसी मौसम में हम होली का रंगों भरा त्योहार और बसंत पंचमी भी मनाते हैं। यह ऋतु हमें खुशी देती है और पूरी धरती को सुंदर बना देती है।

***-Jagrit Jangir, 3-B***



## *जादुई झील का रहस्य*

कोलकाता के पास एक छोटा सा गाँव था, जहाँ अयान नाम का बच्चा रहता था।
अयान को एडवेंचर का बहुत शौक़ था। हर दिन वह नए-नए स्थानों की खोज करता और अपने दोस्तों को भी अपने साथ ले जाता।
एक दिन, अयान और उसकी दोस्त रीना ने गाँव के पुराने जंगल में जाने का निर्णय लिया।
लोग कहते थे कि वहाँ एक रहस्यमयी झील है, जो रात में जादुई रोशनी से चमकती है।
जंगल में पहुँचकर बच्चों ने देखा कि रास्ते में कई अजीब चीजें हैं।
पेड़ों की शाख़ें मानो हाथों की तरह हिल रही थीं, और फूल हल्की आवाज़ में गा रहे थे।
रीना थोड़ी डर गई, लेकिन अयान ने उसे हिम्मत दी।
अंत में, उन्होंने झील को देखा।
यह झील नीली और चमकदार थी, जैसे सारे सितारे पानी में उतर आए हों।
झील के पास एक छोटी नाव रखी थी। अयान और रीना उसमें बैठे।
जैसे ही नाव झील के बीच पहुँची, पानी में अचानक से एक रोशनी की किरण फैली।
पानी में प्रकट हुआ एक पुराना खजाना और रहस्यमयी किताब।
किताब के पन्नों पर लिखा था:
"जो इसे पढ़ेगा, वही इस झील का राज जान पाएगा।"
अयान ने किताब खोली।
हवा में चमकीले रंग बिखर गए और बच्चों ने देखा कि वे एक दूसरी दुनिया में आ गए हैं।
वहाँ पेड़ बातें कर रहे थे, जानवर उनके पास आ रहे थे, और फूल गा रहे थे।
एक पक्षी आया और बोला:
"तुम्हें तीन चुनौतियाँ पूरी करनी होंगी।"
पहली चुनौती थी सच का सामना करना।
बच्चों को झील के पानी में अपनी डरावनी छाया दिखाई दी।
अयान ने हिम्मत दिखाते हुए कहा:
"हम डरते हैं, लेकिन डर का सामना करना ही सच्चाई है।"
छाया गायब हो गई।
दूसरी चुनौती थी साहस की परीक्षा।
झील में तेज़ लहरें उठीं।
रीना डर गई, लेकिन अयान ने कहा:
"हिम्मत दिखाओ, और डर पर जीत हासिल करो।"
वे नाव को सही दिशा में ले गए और लहरें शांत हो गईं।
तीसरी चुनौती थी दोस्ती और विश्वास की परीक्षा।
एक जादुई जानवर आया और बोला:
"तुम्हें अपने साथी पर भरोसा करना होगा।"
बच्चों ने हाथ थामा और जानवर ने उन्हें खजाने तक पहुँचाया।
झील का रहस्य खुल गया:
यह झील बहादुर और सच्चे दिल वाले बच्चों के लिए जादुई दुनिया खोलती थी।
और खजाना था ज्ञान, दोस्ती, और साहस की किताबें, जो पढ़कर कोई भी अपनी अच्छाई खोज सकता था।
बच्चों ने देखा कि झील के पानी में छोटे-छोटे चमकते जीव थे।
हर जीव से हल्की आवाज़ आती थी, "स्वागत है, बहादुर बच्चों।"
गुफा में चित्र थे — पुराने साहसी बच्चों के।
हर चित्र से कहानी निकलती थी — धैर्य, विश्वास, और अच्छाई।
किताब के पन्ने खुद-ब-खुद पलटने लगे।
हर पन्ने पर लिखा था, "साहस और सच्चाई का सम्मान करो, यही असली खजाना है।"



बच्चों ने किताब को संभाला और झील के किनारे खड़े होकर सोचने लगे।
गाँव लौटकर, अयान और रीना ने अपनी कहानी सबको सुनाई।
शुरुआत में लोग हँसे, लेकिन जैसे ही उन्होंने झील की बातें बताईं, सभी हैरान और प्रभावित हो गए।
अब गाँव के बच्चे भी खोज और साहस में विश्वास करने लगे।
अयान और रीना अक्सर झील की ओर देखते।
उनकी आँखों में चमक थी, दिल में उमंग थी।
और हमेशा याद रखते थे:
सच्चाई, साहस और दोस्ती — यही असली खजाना है।

***-Mohammed Zohair Tasheel,5-A***

## *समय की आवाज़*

समय चुपचाप चलता रहता है,
न रुकता है, न थमता है।
हर पल कुछ सिखा जाता है,
जो समझे, वही आगे बढ़ता है।
बीता हुआ कल याद बन जाता है,
आज हमें मेहनत सिखाता है।
आने वाला कल सपनों से भरा,
उम्मीदों का नया सूरज लाता है।
जो समय का सम्मान करता है,
वह जीवन में आगे बढ़ता है।
हर कठिनाई को अवसर समझकर,
अपने सपनों को सच करता है।
घड़ी की टिक-टिक कहती है,
"उठो, अब देर न करो।"
हर पल अनमोल है जीवन का,
इसे व्यर्थ कभी न खोओ।
समय न किसी का मित्र है,
न किसी का शत्रु कहलाता है।
जो इसके साथ चलना सीख ले,
वही जीवन में सफल हो जाता है।

***-Rivan Jaiswal,5-A***

## *मेरे सपनों की उड़ान*

मेरे मन में सपनों की एक दुनिया बसती है,
जो हर दिन मुझे आगे बढ़ने को कहती है।
कभी धूप, कभी छाया राह में आती है,
पर मेहनत की रोशनी अँधेरा मिटाती है।
मुश्किलें मुझे रोक नहीं पाती हैं,
वे तो मुझे और मज़बूत बनाती हैं।



मैं गिरता हूँ, फिर उठ जाता हूँ,
हर हार से नया हौसला पाता हूँ।
मेरे इरादे सच्चे और साफ़ हैं,
मेरे कदमों में विश्वास की ताक़त है।
रास्ते चाहे कितने भी कठिन हों,
मेरे सपनों के पंख कभी नहीं थकते हैं।
मैं सच और मेहनत का साथ निभाऊँगा,
हर दिन कुछ अच्छा सीख जाऊँगा।
आज छोटा हूँ, यह सच है लेकिन,
कल अपने सपनों को सच कर दिखाऊँगा।

***-Vishvam Jaiswal, 5-A***

## *विज्ञान और हमारे जीवन में इसका महत्व*

विज्ञान ने हमारे जीवन को पूरी तरह से बदल दिया है। आज हम जिस भी सुविधा का आनंद ले रहे हैं, वह विज्ञान की देन है। बिजली, फोन, कंप्यूटर, इंटरनेट, ये सब विज्ञान के आविष्कार हैं। विज्ञान ने हमें न केवल आरामदायक जीवन दिया है, बल्कि हमें नई सोच और दृष्टिकोण भी प्रदान किया है।

विज्ञान की मदद से हम अंतरिक्ष की गहराइयों में जा सकते हैं, नई बीमारियों का इलाज ढूंढ सकते हैं, और पर्यावरण की रक्षा के लिए नए तरीके अपना सकते हैं। शिक्षा में भी विज्ञान का बहुत बड़ा योगदान है, जिससे हम नई पीढ़ी को बेहतर भविष्य के लिए तैयार कर सकते हैं।

विज्ञान का उपयोग सकारात्मक दिशा में करना हमारी जिम्मेदारी है। हमें चाहिए कि हम विज्ञान का लाभ उठाएं, लेकिन इसके साथ ही प्रकृति और समाज का भी ध्यान रखें।

विज्ञान हमारे जीवन का एक अभिन्न हिस्सा है। इसके बिना आधुनिक जीवन की कल्पना भी मुश्किल है। हमें विज्ञान का सम्मान करना चाहिए और इसे मानवता की भलाई के लिए उपयोग करना चाहिए।

***-Yash Singh,6-A***

## *प्रकृति – हमारी सच्ची मित्र*

प्रकृति देती जीवन दान,
सुंदर है इसका हर एक स्थान।
नदियाँ बहती, फूल खिलें,
पंछी गाएँ, सपने मिलें।




जल, वायु, धरती अपार,
प्रकृति है जीवन का आधार।
आओ इसे सदा बचाएँ,
तभी खुशहाल भविष्य पाएँ।

***-Aksh Shaw, 7-B***

## *भाईचारे की मिसाल*

विष्णु, अल्लाह एक ही भाई ,
हिंदू मुस्लिम भाई - भाई।

मजहब ने बांटा इंसान को,
हैं तो वह इंसान ही भाई।
हिंदू मुस्लिम भाई - भाई,

अल्लाह ने ना ये राह दिखाया।
ना दिखाया विष्णु ने फिर क्यों लड़ते हो भाई,
हिंदू मुस्लिम भाई - भाई।

रहते हो एक ही देश में,
करते हो एक ही काम।
ना कभी किसी इंटरव्यू में,
काम आएगी तुम्हारी मजहब और पहचान।
जब नहीं इन चीजों का मोल जीवन में,
तब किस बात का झगड़ा भाई।
हिंदू मुस्लिम भाई - भाई,

रहते हो हिंदूस्ता में
तब भी करते मजहब – मजहब।
किंतु आधार कार्ड या पैन कार्ड में,
लिखवाते हैं भाईसाहब हिंदूस्तानी।
जब हो हिंदुस्तानी,
तब काहे का हिंदू, मुस्लिम, क्रिस्तानी।
हिंदू मुस्लिम भाई - भाई,

माना सब धर्म की यह बात।
माना सब धर्म के अलग रीति-रिवाज,
लेकिन मजहब से बड़ा इंसानियत का धर्म होता है भाई।
हिंदू मुस्लिम भाई - भाई |

***-Abnish Jha,6-B***

## *वक़्त*

वक़्त एक पथिक है, चलता ही वह जाता है,
न रुकता, न ठहरता - कभी हाथ न आता है।
एक बार फिसल जाए, फिर लौट कर न आता है,
वक़्त एक मुसाफ़िर है, आता है और वापस चला जाता है।

कभी हाथ की रेत सा, उंगलियों से फिसल गया,
अभी यहाँ था, अब आँखों में धूल-सी मल गया।
आने वाले कल को, बीते हुए कल में बदल गया,
अभी तो वह आया था, अब वापस सफ़र पर चल गया।



आज के इन पलों को यादों में बदल दिया,
सबको छोड़ के पीछे वह,
अपने पथ पर बढ़ लिया।
चालाक वही जिसने कार्य वक़्त पर कर लिया,
मूर्ख तो वह है जिसने वक़्त को महत्व नहीं दिया।

ना ही अमीर की गुलामी करता,
ना गरीब से है लड़ता।
यात्री है वक़्त, वह तो सिर्फ पथ पर चलता,
इसलिए पूरा विश्व वक़्त से है डरता।

यह वही वक़्त है, जो काँटों को फूल बनाता है,
यह वही वक़्त है, जो घाव भरना सिखाता है।
यह वही वक़्त है, जो तक़दीर बनाता है।
वक़्त एक मुसाफ़िर है, जो चलता ही चला जाता है

***-Aarav Gupta,8-B***

## *रथ और सारथी*

आओ मित्रों तुम्हें बताएं कहानी शक्तिवान की, कहानी है यह तुम्हारे चहेते सरकार की।
धर्म की रेखा खींचकर सत्ता का रंग भरा गया, जनता बँटती गई, सच छुपता गया।
मेहनत यहाँ गरीब की, तनख्वा कम दिए, देशभक्ति का दिया संदेश, इन्हीं के बच्चे विदेश चल दिए।
सरकारी काम कराना चाहो, परंतु चाचा नहीं विधायक तुम्हारे? तो फिर दस दिन तक धक्के खाते रहो करारे।

यदि हो तुम दलित या प्रसाद, तो माफ़ करना, नहीं मिलेगा सरकार का साथ।
तुम कहते हो कानून है अंधा, जबकि असलियत है कि यह पैसे पर था तोला और बेचा गया। इसलिए अगली बार जब तुम दोगे वोट, तो रखना याद कि सरकार से तुम्हें न पहुँचे चोट। तुम रखना यह याद कि उंगली पर निशान से कुर्सी के आराम तक, नेताओं के कृष्ण समान सारथी हो तुम, रथ पर अर्जुन को बैठाओगे या दुर्योधन को, इसका सटिक निर्णय लो तुम।

***-Rajveer Singh, 8-B***

## *अरावली*

राजस्थान से लेकर दिल्ली तक एक पहाड़ी है
अरावली है उसे पर्वत का नाम
आज यह नेतागण करना चाहते हैं यह प्रतिमा का काम तमाम।
पहले हैदराबाद और अब उत्तर की बारी है।
उन्हें लगता है की प्रकृति अंत कर जी हमारी है।
जीव जंतु रोते रहते अपने घर को बचाने के लिए,
अब लगता है की कुर्सी बनी है पैसा खाने के लिए,
कलयुग का यह समय है
अब तो सब अपने भी पराए हैं
परंतु इसमें जानवरों का क्या दोष हुआ तो इस धरती पर जीने आए हैं
मत काटो यह पहाड़ी ना करें इसका विनाश,
अभी भी वक्त है वरना अंत है बहुत ही पास
नेताओं सुधर जाओ इसी में भलाई है
वरना इंसानियत और प्रकृति में एक बहुत गहरी लड़ाई है
अरावली ना रही तो नहीं रहेगा हमारा कल
अगर अभी भी इसे ना रोका तो हमें इसका मिलेगा बहुत ही करवा फल
जब तक जब हम अपने मन को खोते हैं तब होता है हमें दुख
प्रकृति भी तो हमारी मां है
क्या इसे काटकर मिलेगा हमें सुख
दबाओ मत हमारी इस आवाज को,
वरना तरस जाओगे हरी-भरी घास को
कहते हैं कि वक्त सबसे मूल्यवान है
और अगरz पहाड़ ना बचा तो हमारे मस्तक पर शनि सवार है
बचा लो इस पहाड़ी को समय रहते ही
क्योंकि वक्त बीत जाते जाता है कहते-कहते ही
चल कर सो आज कर आज करे सो अब
रोको इस अनहोनी को नहीं तो खत्म हो जाएगा सब
समझो मेरी बातों को ना करो इसको नजर अंदाज
वरना पहले की तरह कलयुग का अंत भी है बहुत ही पास|

***-Rishav Kumar Yadav, 9-A***

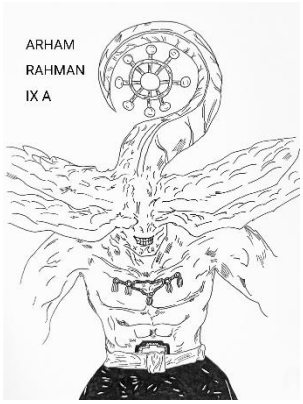
## *आर्टिफिशियल इंटेलिजेंस*

आर्टिफिशियल इंटेलिजेंस को आसान शब्दों में समझें तो यह ऐसी तकनीक है, जिसमें मशीनें इंसानों की तरह सोचने और काम करने की कोशिश करती हैं। आज हमारे रोज़मर्रा के जीवन में मोबाइल फोन, लैपटॉप और स्मार्ट डिवाइसेज़ का बहुत अधिक उपयोग हो रहा है। जब यही मशीनें हमारी मदद बिना बार-बार निर्देश दिए करने लगती हैं, तो उसे आर्टिफिशियल इंटेलिजेंस कहा जाता है।

आज के समय में रोबोट वैक्यूम क्लीनर, एलेक्सा, गूगल असिस्टेंट और ऑटोनोमस गाड़ियाँ इसके अच्छे उदाहरण हैं। इन तकनीकों की मदद से हमारा समय और मेहनत दोनों बचते हैं। उदाहरण के लिए, ऑटोनोमस गाड़ियाँ बिना ड्राइवर के ट्रैफिक नियमों का पालन करते हुए यात्रियों को उनके गंतव्य तक पहुँचा सकती हैं।

आर्टिफिशियल इंटेलिजेंस का उपयोग कृषि क्षेत्र में भी हो रहा है। एआई की सहायता से किसानो को फसलों की पैदावार बढ़ाने, मौसम का अनुमान लगाने और फसल तैयार होने के सही समय की जानकारी मिलती है। इसके अलावा, वर्चुअल पर्सनल असिस्टेंट हमारे सवालों के त्वरित जवाब देकर हमारे काम को आसान बनाते हैं।

हालाँकि, आर्टिफिशियल इंटेलिजेंस के कुछ नुकसान भी हैं। यह हर परिस्थिति में सही निर्णय नहीं ले पाती। तकनीकी खराबी के कारण कई बार दुर्घटनाएँ भी हो



चुकी हैं, जिससे लोगों की जान को खतरा हुआ है। ऑटोनोमस गाड़ियों में खराबी आने पर वाहन बीच सड़क में रुक सकता है या हादसा भी हो सकता है।

इसलिए, आर्टिफिशियल इंटेलिजेंस भले ही हमारे जीवन को आसान बनाता हो, लेकिन हमें इस पर पूरी तरह निर्भर नहीं होना चाहिए। इसका उपयोग समझदारी और सीमित रूप में करना चाहिए, ताकि तकनीक हमारी मदद करे, न कि हमारे लिए समस्या बने।

***-Arush Doshi, 9-A***

## *जहाँ प्रेम वहाँ भरोसा*

यह दुनिया प्रेम और भरोसे पर टिका है और चल भी रहा है चाहे वह दो लोगों के बीच का प्रेम हो या दो देशों के बीच का प्रेम हो दुनिया में प्रेम से ही अमन और शांति प्राप्त हो सकती है प्रेम से और आपस में बात करने से लोगों के आपसी भेदभाव काम होते हैं लोग अगर एक दूसरे से प्यार ना करें कर रहे होते तो वह कभी भी एक दूसरे के लिए खरीदना होते वैसे हैं वैसे हैं लोग अगर अपने देश अपने लोगों से प्यार ना करते तो यह देश नहीं चलता अगर हम लोग नेता और कार्यकर्ता को की मदद और उनसे प्यार नहीं करते कर रहे होते तो यह देश कभी नहीं चल पाता।

लोगों के बीच प्यार तब होता है वह लोग एक दूसरे को जानते हो पहचानते हो हम लोग नेताओं को वोट देते हैं उन पर विश्वास करते हैं ताकि वह हमारा और इस देश का भला कर सके और इस देश में नदी और प्रगति ले पर इस देश के नेता वोट जीतने के बाद कुछ भी याद नहीं रखते वह लोग आम जनता को धर्म और जाति के आधार पर लगाते हैं और एक दूसरे को के धर्म को बुरा भला कहते हैं और इसकी वजह से देश में आए दिन हत्याएं और दंगे होते हैं इसलिए हमें उन नेताओं का बहिष्कार करना चाहिए और हमें सभी लोगों को शिक्षा देना चाहिए और हम और वह भी मुफ्त ताकि एक गरीब बच्चा यहां ना कर सके कि पैसे ना होने के कारण हम अनपढ़ रह गए।

हमें हमेशा लोगों का साथ देना चाहिए और हमें उन लोगों का बहिष्कार करना चाहिए जो हमारे बीच आपसी मतभेद उत्पन्न करते हैं और हमारे बीच लड़ाई लगते हैं दुश्मनी करके हम कुछ नहीं कर पाएंगे परंतु इसमें हमारा ही खाती है बल्कि हमें प्यार रहना चाहिए क्या हमें प्यार से रहना चाहिए और ताकि हमारा और सबका भला हो हमें दूसरे देशों के साथ भी अच्छे रिश्ते रखने चाहिए ताकि हमारे लोगों का और देश का भला हो।

***-Rudrangshu Gupta, 10-A***

## *पड़ोसी हो तो ऐसा*

प्रेमचंद जी कहां करते थे एक अच्छा पड़ोसी आपके जीवन को आसान बना देता है। एक पड़ोसी वह होता है जो आपके घर के आस-पास रहे और आपके हर काम करने में आपकी सहायता करें पर इस आपका सबसे अच्छा मित्र होता है जिसके साथ आप ज्यादा वक्त बिताते हैं।

मेरे पड़ोस में शर्मा जी और उनके परिवार रहता है शर्मा जी पिछले 13 साल से हमारे पड़ोसी हैं वह दिल के काफी अच्छे आदमी है अपने जीवन काल में हराम का ₹1 भी नहीं लिया होगा शर्मा जी के साथ उनकी पत्नी और दो बच्चे रहते हैं उनकी पत्नी को मैं सांपा कहता हूं असल में उनकी पत्नी का नाम अनीता है मैं उनको सांपा कहता हूं क्योंकि वह हर जगह सांप की तरह चली जाती है।

मेरे घर में एक बात नहीं होगी जो उनको ना पता हो इन सब के बाद भी अनीता जी काफी अच्छी है वह हर काम में मेरी मां को मदद करती हैं बचपन में जब मेरे घर से सब लोग कहीं जाते थे तो मैं उनके साथ रहता था उनका स्वभाव काफी अच्छा है। उनके दो बच्चे भी हैं एक बेटा है जिसका नाम कुशल है और एक बेटी है जिसका नाम दिव्या है दोनों मेरे काफी अच्छे दोस्त हैं दिव्या 13 साल की एक सुंदर और अच्छी चित्रकार है कुशल 15 साल का एक नेक युवा है जो पढ़ाई में काफी अच्छा है पूरे परिवार का स्वभाव काफी अच्छा है शर्मा जी मेरे परिवार को हमेशा मदद करते हैं हम भी उन्हें हमारे परिवार का हिस्सा ही मानते हैं मेरे पिताजी कोई भी भरा निर्णय लेने से पहले उनसे बातचीत से जरूरी करते हैं।

उनकी कभी भी हार नहीं मानने वाली बात और हर वक्त खुश रहने वाली बात में जिंदगी भर नहीं भूलूंगा शर्मा जी और उनके परिवार ने मुझे एकता का महत्व समझाया है उन्होंने मुझे हर जगह पर कैसे दूसरों को बिना बताए उनकी सेवा करना सिखाया है शर्मा जी हमेशा कहते हैं कि हमेशा दूसरों की मदद करो ईश्वर आपकी मदद जरूर करेगा यही बात मुझे जिंदगी भर याद रहेगी।

***-Hussain Vana, 10-B***

## *यादें*

यह भी क्या जिंदगी
आज भी तू याद आता है,
तेरा ख्याल हर पल दिल को तड़पाता है।
याद है मुझे,
कैसे तू मेरी हर ख़्वाहिश पूरी करता था,
मेरी हर गलती पर भी
मुझे सही राह दिखाता
था।



आज भी तेरे जूते वैसे
ही चमकते हैं,
पर उन्हें पहनने वाला
अब इस दुनिया में नहीं
है।
तेरे बिना ज़िंदगी की
घड़ी
जैसे थम-सी गई है,
उम्मीदें सिमट गई हैं,
साँसें भी बोझिल-सी लगती हैं।
अब साथ में बस यादें हैं,
कुछ अधूरे वादे हैं।
काश तुम साथ होते,
तो यह ज़िंदगी और बेहतर होती,
हर उम्मीद पूरी होती,
और सच कहूँ...
ज़िंदगी सचमुच बहुत हसीन हो।

***-Harshit Mishra, 11-A***

## *महाभारत - एक गाथा*

एक कुरुक्षेत्र की थी भूमि, जहां था महाभारत का रण।
भाई से भाई टकराते थे , और चारो ओर था मरण।
रण भूमि के मध्य में थे केशव और अर्जुन,
एक था नार और दूसरा स्वयं ईश्वर निर्गुण।

अर्जुन का हृदय घबराता था, परिजन पर शास्त्र न उठाया जाता था ।पार्थ का हृदय घबराता था कैसे करु प्रहार शत्रु पर, यह शत्रु कभी मेरा भरता था लुटाया खूब स्नेह जिसपर।केशव की लीला थी अपरंपार, समझा अर्जुन का संकट ,समझा केशव ने यादि अर्जुन ने न शास्त्र उठाया ,भीषण विध्वंश है निकट।

केशव ने भीषण हुंकार किया अपना विश्वरूप विस्तार किया,थम गया समय और काल केशव ने दिखाया स्वरूप विशाल ।
अर्जुन हुए नतमस्तक देख के विवश्रूप की महिमा अपरम्पार, पाया केशव से गीता का ज्ञान शास्त्र उठा कर किया शत्रुओं का संहार।

एक ओर खड़े थे भीष्म पितामह देख रहे अपने वंश का अंत ,आखिर दुर्योधन को समझते कैसे, हो रहा पीढ़ा अत्यंत।
गुरु द्रोण का हृदय भी कुछ विचलित था शिष्यों पर बाण जो साधे थे, बिना पांच पांडव शिष्यों के गुरु द्रोण भी तो आधे थे।

देखे थे कई महारथी ,कई वीर कुरुक्षेत्र की धरती ने , उन में से एक था अभिमन्यु किया जिसको वंदन वीरता की मूर्ति ने।
आयु थी सोलह वर्ष की था वह सुभद्रा का लाल, जिसकी मृत्यु पर भूमि भी रोए ,वह शत्रुओं का काल था।

फ़ण शेषनाग का डोल रहा, विक्राल काल मुंह खोल रहा, भीम की गदा के बल के आगे हस्तिनापुर का सिंहासन भी डोल रहा।
बल सहस्त्र हाथियो का पाए थे, वह भीम आज कौरवों का वध करने आए थे।




माता गांधारी और धृतराष्ट्र देख रहे, अपने वंश का विध्वंश।
गांधारी मैया की आँखें न अब सोती थी , एक एक पुत्र के मृत्यु पर रात दिवस बस रोती थी।
महाराज धृतराष्ट्र का हृदय भी अब व्याकुल था , क्योंकि हो रहा था जिनका अंत वह उन्हीं का कुल था।
अब तो छूट रहा हस्तिनापुर का रुदन , आखिर उसी के लोभ में हुआ क्रूरवंश का दमन।

***-Rishith Shukla, 11-B***

## *तनाव मुक्त जीवन के उपाय*

आज की भाग दौड़ भरी जिंदगी में आदमी मानसिक तनाव से ग्रस्त है और मेरी नजर में यह आज की सबसे बड़ी समस्या है घर में तनाव दफ्तर में तनाव इस चीज का तनाव उसे चीज का तनाव बाल इतने झाड़े के की बड़ी-बड़ी कंपनियां खुल गई इसे रोकने के लिए।

पर मैं जानता हूं कि इसे आसानी से डाला जा सकता है और पूरी तरह खत्म भी किया जा सकता है अगर हम समस्या का मूल कारण समझ जाए तो क्या नहीं हो सकता और कारण है हमारी लापरवाही हमारा शॉर्टकट के प्रति झुकाव और हमारे बिना सोचे समझे काम करने की आदत अगर इसे तोड़-तोड़ कर समझा जाए तो हमें तनाव क्यों होता है जब कोई काम करना हो और समय ना हो तो हां समय की कमी है पहला कारण तो इससे बचना बिल्कुल आसान है अगर हम सुबह उठते ही योजना बना ले कि आज की क्या-क्या काम है और उनमें कितना समय लग सकता है उसे हिसाब से उसे अपने रूटीन में एडजस्ट कर लेते और बिना काम चोरी किया उसे काम को पूरे शिद्दत से उसे सुनिश्चित समय में करते का प्रयास करें तो हो सकता है कि हम सफल रहेंगे और तनाव के एक कारण को मिटाने में सफल रहेंगे ध्यान रहे कि काम की समय सुनिश्चित करते वक्त हम भावुक ना हो जाए और अपनी क्षमता अनुसार ही समय निर्धारित करें।



दूसरा कारण है उन कर्ण की वजह से तनाव जो तय नहीं होते जिनके होना ना होना हमारे बस में नहीं है जैसे कि क्या हो अगर पेपर मुश्किल आ गया तो क्या हुआ अगर लोगों को मेरा परफॉर्मेंस पसंद नहीं आया और क्या हो अगर बीवी जो कभी भी जी का मूड आज अच्छा ना हो तो तो मैं कहूंगा कि क्या हमारे सोचने से इन सब के नतीजे पर कोई प्रभाव पड़ेगा अगर नहीं तो व्यस्त तनाव क्यों।

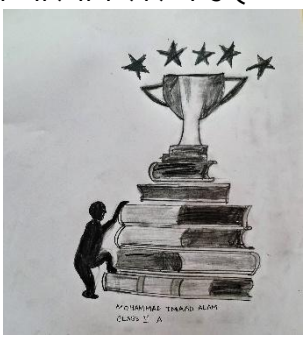
शायद अब मैं दुनिया का आधे से ज्यादा तनाव तो मिटा दिया है फिर भी अगर कुछ बाकी है तो आते ही आते हैं तीसरे कारण पे।

पैसों की दिक्कत इसका दाल अलग-अलग लोगों के लिए अलग-अलग है अगर आप अभी जब आने हैं और आपकी महत्वाकांक्षाएं बड़ी है तो मेहनत करिए ताकि आपके पास पर्याप्त धन हो उसे पूरा करने के लिए और अगर अब आप और पैसे नहीं कमा सकते तो अपनी महत्वाकांक्षाएं कम कर दीजिए और संतुष्ट रहना सीख जाइए क्योंकि तनाव तो इसका हल बिल्कुल भी नहीं है और सबसे जरूरी जीवन को अलग नजरिए से देखिए हर मुसीबत जितना बिगाड़ती है, उससे कई ज्यादा सीख देती है उसे सीखिए और आगे बढ़िया तनाव के लिए जगह ही मत छोड़िए।

***-Amartya Chanravanshi, 12A***

## *शिक्षा का महत्त्व*

मैं पक्ष में अपने विचार लिखूंगा की शिक्षा का व्यवसाय की कारण ही शिक्षा के स्तर में गिरावट का कारण है शिक्षा व चाबी है जिससे हम अपना भविष्य खोल सकते हैं शिक्षा सभी की जरूरत नहीं बल्कि सभी का हक है शिक्षा न केवल हमें शिक्षित करता है बल्कि हमारे साथ-साथ हम अपने देश समाज का भी आगे लेकर जाता है वहां कहा जाता है कि ही वही देश सफल होता है जिसके वास शिक्षित होते हैं क्योंकि शिक्षा का प्रयोग कर हम उन्नति कर सकते हैं सभी माता-पिता चाहते हैं कि वह अपने संतान को उत्तम शिक्षा प्रदान कर सके इसी कारण लाभ उठाकर आज के आज के समय में शिक्षा एक बहुत बड़ा व्यवसाय बन चुका है बहुत से ऐसी स्कूल से हैं जिनकी फीस हमारे सोच से भी पड़े हैं लोग इतने लालची हो गए हैं कि वह अच्छी शिक्षा प्रदान करना ही भूल चुके हैं और यही कारण है कि शिक्षा के स्तर में गिरावट आ रही है शिक्षा को व्यवसाय बनाने का यह कारण हुआ कि जो लोग धन के स्वामी नहीं है उन्हें अपने गहने खेत घर बेचना पड़ता है जी अपनी शिशु को शिक्षा प्राप्त करने हेतु जिसके परिणाम स्वरूप उन्हें अपना वर्तमान बहुत कष्ट पूर्वक जीना पड़ता है आजकल स्कूल के साथ-साथ कोचिंग ने भी शिक्षा को व्यवसाय बना लिया है जिसके परिणाम स्वरुप भारत का देश को की शिखर पर है जिसने शिक्षा को व्यवसाय बना दिया है यही कारण है कि हमारे देश में दूसरा कलम दूसरा विवेकानंद पैदा नहीं हो रहे हैं क्योंकि हमारे देश की शिक्षा का स्तर उन व्यवसाय करने वालों की वजह



से गिर गया है मुझे बड़ा खेत लगता है जब अधिक अधीन धन होने के कारण लोग मजबूर होकर अपने बच्चों को और नहीं पढ़ पाते मुझे लगता है कि अगर जल्दी सरकार ने इसके प्रति कोई कदम नहीं उठाया तो वह दिन दूर नहीं जब स्वयं देवी सरस्वती हमारे देश को छोड़कर चली जाएंगे और हमारा देश और देशवासी उन्नति से अगस्त रह जाएंगे तथा इसे काबू में लाने के लिए सरकार को शिक्षा का व्यवसाय करने वालों को समाज के सामने दंडित करना चाहिए ताकि दोबारा कोई ऐसा पाप करने का भी नहीं सोच बहुत से महान व्यक्तियों ने शिक्षा के गुना से हमें अवगत कराया है और हमारे सामने उदाहरण है कि कैसे अच्छा से पद है हमसफ़र का प्राप्त कर सकते हैं और दूसरों को भी प्रेरित कर सकते हैं ताकि दूसरे भी हमारी तरह बनने का सोच और यह ऐसे ही चला जाए तथा मैं फिर से कहना चाहूंगा कि मैं इसके पक्ष में हूं कि शिक्षा का व्यवसाय कारण हो शिक्षा के स्तर में गिरावट का कारण है शिक्षा शब्द में ही सफलता छुपा है |

***-Harshit Bihani, 12-A***

## *आज की आधुनिक नारी*

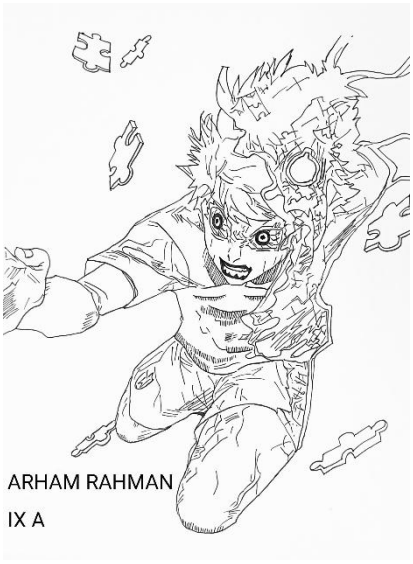
आज के समय में वह नारी ही है जो हमारे समाज के केंद्रीय भाग में स्थित है वह नारी है जिसके कारण हमारा समाज आज के युग में आगे की ओर बढ़ रहा है आज के समय में एक स्त्री न केवल घर में एक श्रेष्ठ भूमिका निभाती है बल्कि बाहर भी बड़ी-बड़ी चुनौतियों का सामना कर सफलता को प्राप्त करती है।

आज हमारे देश में ऐसा समय आ गया है जहां नारी न केवल अपने परिवार को जोड़ी रखती है बल्कि उसे नहीं नहीं ऊंचाइयों तक ले जाती है हम ऐसा कोई क्षेत्र नहीं कर सकते जहां पर नारियों ने अपनी कला का प्रदर्शन ना किया हो चाहे वह भी ज्ञान हो राजनीति हो उद्योग हो या फिर खेल कूद है नारियों ने यह दिखा दिया है कि वह हर क्षेत्र में बड़ी-बड़ी मुसीबत को पार कर विजय प्रताप का लहरा सकती हैं यदि हम विज्ञान की बात करें तो ऐसा कोई अविष्कार नहीं जिसमें किसी नारी का योगदान ना हो आज कल्पना चावला जैसी कई महिलाएं हैं जो बाहर अंतरिक्ष में जाकर अपने आप का एवं अपने परिवार तथा देश का नाम रोशन कर आए हैं स स्वास्थ्य के क्षेत्र में भी हर रोज कई नए-नए डॉक्टर आ रहे हैं जिनमें से ज्यादातर स्त्री हैं इससे हमें यह ज्ञात होता है की नई अब न केवल घी कार्य कर सकती है बल्कि हर कठिन से कठिन कार्य कर सकती है यदि हम राजनीति की बात करें तो यह कहना गलत नहीं होगा कि आज के समय में हमारा देश स्त्रियों के कंधों पर ही चल रहा है हमारे देश के राष्ट्रपति एक महिला है और हमारे बंगाल का भी देखरेख एक स्त्री के सिर पर ही है न केवल इन क्षेत्रों में बल्कि विभिन्न क्षेत्र जैसे शिक्षा कृषि विकास उद्योग वाणिज्य तथा खेलकूद में भी नारियों के सफलता प्राप्त की है इसका उदाहरण है कि हाल ही में ही महिला भारतीय महिला क्रिकेट टीम ने वर्ल्ड कप जीत कर यह स्थिति स्थिति कर दिया कि वह क्षेत्र में अपना योगदान दे सकती है आता हम यह तो



समझ गए हैं की नई घर और बाहर दोनों जगह अपनी भूमिका निभाते हुए नई चुनौतियों का सामना करती है परंतु हमें यह ध्यान रखना होगा की नई समाज के विकास में हम किसी भी रूप से बड़ा ना पड़े बल्कि हर एक नारी की सफलता को त्यौहार की तरह बनाएं ताकि वह आगे बढ़ते रहे और विकास में अपना बहुमूल्य योगदान देते रहे।

***-Vansh Shah, 12-B***



ARHAM RAHMAN
IX A

# ENGLISH

## ARTICLES

## My First Day at School

My name is Archit Dutta. I study in Class KG at St. Joseph's College.
I would like to share my first day of school.
On 1st April 2025, I went to school for the first time. I went with my big brother, who is already studying in the same school. I was very excited to wear my new school uniform with a tie, just like my elder brother.
My parents gave me a new school bag, water bottle, pencil box, and a tiffin box. My classroom was very colourful and beautifully decorated. I met many new friends and we played together. I learned new things and had a fun-filled day.
I was very happy to see the big playground in my school. I enjoyed my first day at school very much.

**- Archit Dutta KG-A**

## RAINBOW SMILES

Red and yellow,
Green and blue,
Rainbow colours say "Hello" to you.
They make me smile after rain,
Bright and happy once again.
Just like colours, I will be,
Kind and happy as can be.
I share my smile, big and wide,
With all my friends by my side**.**

**-Yusuf Ahmed KG-B**

## My Nature

Trees are green.
Flowers are bright.
Birds sing songs.
Sun shines light.

**- Md. Mezaam Alam KG-B**

## My Birthday

The day of our birthday is a very special and important day in our lives. On that day, we come into this world and see the light of the world for the first time. Therefore, we all want to celebrate this day with great joy.
My birthday is on 10th July, 2020. I enjoy my birthday with my friends and family**.**

**-Samriddha Roy Chowdhury KG-B**

## The Garden Stage

Singing birds inspire me—
Sing, sing, sing!
Buzzing honeybees invite me—
Dance, dance, dance!
Hopping grasshoppers grin at me—
Hop, hop, hop!
Marching beetles pass me by—
Stomp, stomp, stomp!
Pretty ladybugs greet me—
Go, go, go!
My garden is a stage today,
Where everyone comes out to play.

**-Dhrubhadrit Saha KG-B**

## My Sports Day on the 30th of January

My sports day was a very exciting day. I wore a white T-shirt with white pants and had colourful ribbons on my wrist. The was an Army Band which played lovely music for us. Our Zumba Dance Exercises were to a Taylor Swift song. We all took part in many interesting games. Our parents and our teachers also played games. We clapped and cheered loudly for all. It was a happy and fun day.

**-Aadrik Dey 1-A**

## The Curious Kite.

Up in the sky, my curious kite flies high.
Dancing with the cloud.
It silently whispers to the breeze,
happily dancing above the trees.
He flies to places where only strong winds blow.
Where he goes nobody knows**.**

**-Vaibhav Jaiswal 1-A**

## REMEMBER

Rich is poor
And poor is rich.
If you ask me why,
I'll tell you this:
Rich people can be mean, Poor people are kind.
Rich people think of themselves, Poor people share what they find.
Even if they have little,
They give it with a smile.
That is real richness,

And it lasts for more than a little while

- **Mohammad Umar 1-B**

## My Happy Nature

Sun wakes up and says "Hello",
The sky turns blue and clouds move slow.
Birds fly high and trees wave too,
Flowers smile in red and blue.
Wind goes "whoosh" and leaves all play,
Nature makes my day happy.

**-Aniksh Shaw 2-A**

## RAINBOW

When I was walking down the hills,
I heard the dark clouds roaring.
It was drizzling along the slopes,
And the Sun was peeping behind the hills.
Wow! Such a beautiful scenery,
The first rainbow of my life ...
It filled my heart with joy,
And wish to walk more down the hills.

**-Mishuk Dhar 2-A**

## The Man & The Gold Coin

Once upon a time, a fisherman lived in a small village. Though he used to catch the fish on a regular basis, one day he couldn't catch a single fish. He tried continuously for a long time, but didn't get any one fish in his trap. Then he recalled that his father used to say "never give up". Hence, he kept trying until he got something heavy in his net. When he pulled the net, he was shocked to see a box which was full of golden coins. From that day he became a rich man.
Moral: Keep trying until you succeed.

**-Ahan Chowdhury 2-A**

## A visit to the Kolkata International Children's Film Festival

Recently I visited the 12th Kolkata International Children's Film Festival (KICFF) at Nandan-Rabindra Sadan with my father and mother. This year the festival started from 23rd January and ended on 29th January 2026. It was organized by Shishu Kishore Academy. More than 180 Films from 32 countries were shown at 9 different venues. This year the theme of the festival was 'Treasure hunt. Since December I have been eagerly waiting for this Children's Film festival. The Nandan area was magically decorated with the theme of Alibaba and the Forty Thieves. There was a safari ride for kids also. During my visit I saw a Bengali film 'Royal Bengal Rahassya'. The festival was very entertaining and I will cherish the memories of this event for the rest of my life.

**-Denzel Simeon Duffadar 2-B**

## My Little Pet, Bhaktodas

I am very tensed for Bhaktodas, my little. pet parrot. I love him a lot. I love spending time with him. Our teacher said that we should not keep animals or birds as pets because they also deserve freedom. After hearing this my mind was messed up, so I came back home and told my grandma about it. My grandma told me that if we set him free other wild birds and wild animals might kill him, he might not be able to fly for long periods of time because he's born in a cage. He will not able for find food for himself and will struggle to survive in the wild. Now I am totally confused about what I should do with him.
Should I free him or not?



-**Priyojeet Poddar 2-B**

## Sweet Victory

The sun is out,
it's time to play,
I grab my bat and head away.
The bowler runs and throws it fast,
I hope this ball is not my last!
I hit it hard into the sky,
I watch the ball go flying by.
Six runs! I hear my teammates shout,
I'm so glad that I didn't get out.
I love this game, it's such a treat,
Winning a match is really sweet!

**-Souryavo Paul 2-B**

## Angels Are Always Around Us

My favourite teacher is Ms. Dias. She understands me even when I don't say a word. When I am scared to answer but know it in my heart, she waits for me and helps me speak. It feels like she can read my mind. When I am quiet or sad, she knows something is wrong and makes me feel safe.

Sometimes when I am naughty, she doesn't get angry. She tells me stories and teaches me gently. She helped me stop screaming and hitting and showed me that being kind is the most important thing. She also helped me know that I am valuable. Even when I felt unseen before, now I feel seen, loved, and confident.

**-Md. Ibrahim Lodhi 3-A**

## Heroes Passing By

In the darkest of the night,
When the Moon was shining bright;
From the street, I heard a noise,
Oh! There go all the boys!
I ran with them to see,
A house on fire, burning free;
Flames rise and sway,
Smokes choke, dreams burning all day.
There come the brave hearts in red,
Diving into the danger ahead;
When all gave, their hopes kept alive,
With their arm and ladder they save lives.
With hearts so bold and strong,
They fight with fire all day long;
The worry on everybody's faces fly,
They stand tall like HEROES PASSING BY!

**-Garv Shah 3-A**

## The World War

Oh! A world war is
Going on, who could win?
I think I know what to do.
The most polluted day ---
Pollution all around
Nothing to miss out.
Bullets, are here and there
Along with the sounds everywhere.
Oh! The world war is going
What shall I do?
People are dying, what to do?
Stories are made hiding soldiers
Everywhere ---
Pollution, wars, guns, bullets everywhere
Winners are here, let's celebrate!

**-Supratik Saha 3-B**

## The Magic Pencil

Once upon a time, there was a boy named Jack. One day, when Jack was coming home from school, he saw a pencil that was shining too much. He ran to his house and showed that pencil to his parents.

"Mom and dad, see what I have got." He said. "From where did you got this shiny pencil?" His mother asked " I founded it on the ground while coming home." Jack said. His father said that he must give the pencil to whom it belongs to. Jack got sad but he told his parents that can he use that pencil only for tonight. His parents agreed. He ran to his room, changed his clothes and started drawing with the pencil. First, he drew an apple, after drawing that, something shocking happened, the apple became real. "Oh my god! The apple became real." He said. Then he ate the apple. "It's real." Jack said. He ran to tell his parents. He said that the apple became real after drawing it. His parents did not trust him. Then he drew a teddy bear in front of them. The teddy bear became real. His parents were shocked. "What type of pencil is that, Jack? Get that out of the house!" His father said.

After that day, Jack showed the pencil to his school friends and teacher. He then founded his owner and then he realised that he must give the pencil to its owner.

**-Prahan**

## WHISPERS OF TOMORROW

The sun rose quietly that morning. A small town slowly woke up. Birds sang near open windows. The streets smelled of fresh rain.

A boy named Aarav opened his eyes. Today felt different to him. He could not explain why. He got out of bed silently. His wooden floor creaked softly. Aarav looked outside his window. The sky

was pale blue. Clouds moved like lazy ships. He smiled without a reason. His school bag waited near the door. Books were neatly packed inside. He checked them twice. His mother called him downstairs.



Breakfast was already ready. Warm milk filled the kitchen. Toast rested on a clean plate. Aarav ate quickly but calmly. His father wished him luck. Aarav nodded with confidence. He stepped outside his house. The road felt familiar yet new. Trees lined both sides. Leaves whispered in the breeze. Aarav walked towards school. His shoes tapped the ground. Friends waved from far away. He waved back happily. The school gate stood tall. Children filled the playground.

Laughter echoed everywhere. The bell rang sharply. Classes began one by one. Aarav listened carefully. Every word felt important. Time moved very fast. Soon it was lunch break.

Aarav sat under a tree. He shared food with friends. They talked about dreams. Some wanted to fly planes. Some wanted to paint worlds. Aarav stayed quiet. He looked at the sky again. Clouds were still moving. He felt brave inside. After lunch, classes resumed. A surprise test was announced. Students looked nervous. Aarav felt calm somehow. He wrote with steady hands. Ideas flowed smoothly. The bell rang again. School finally ended. Children rushed outside happily. Aarav walked home slowly. The sun began to set. Shadows grew longer. The sky turned orange. He reached his house safely. His mother smiled proudly**.** She asked about his day. Aarav told her everything. His father listened quietly. Dinner was served warmly. The family sat together. Laughter filled the room. Later, Aarav went upstairs. He opened his notebook. He wrote about the day. Every moment felt special. He realized something important. Ordinary days can be magical. Only if we notice them. He closed the notebook gently. Outside, stars began to appear. The night was peaceful. Crickets sang softly. Aarav lay on his bed. His heart felt light. Tomorrow felt full of hope. Dreams slowly surrounded him. Sleep came quietly. The town rested again. Lights turned off one by one. The moon watched silently. Another day was complete. Yet a new story waited. Morning would return again. With new chances. With new lessons. With new courage. Aarav smiled in his sleep. The world felt kind. Hope lived everywhere. Even in small towns. Even in simple days. Stories never really end. They just continue softly. One day at a time.

**-Vishvam Jaiswal 5-A**

## A Lost Puppy

One quite afternoon a little puppy named Max was playing near his house, when he suddenly ran too far away. A loud noise from the road frightened him and he ran without knowing where he was going. Soon Max realised he was lost. The streets looked unfamiliar, and he felt scared and hungry as well. As evening came, he curled up near a park bench crying softly. A young boy named Aarav noticed the Puppy while returning home from school. Seeing Max shiver, Aarav gently picked him up and decided to help. He took the puppy home gave him food and kept him warm. The next morning, Aarav and his parents walked around the neighbourhood asking people if they had lost a puppy. They also put up small posters near the park. After sometime, a worried family came running when they saw Max. The puppy wagged his tail happily and jumped into their arms in a second. They thanked Aarav for his kindness and care. Aarav felt very happy knowing he had helped a lost puppy find his home. From that day, he learned that even a small act of kindness can bring great happiness. This experience stayed in his heart forever

**-Aarav Tibrewal**

## MY DREAM CAR

My dream car is a BMW M5 Cs (competition sport) which was introduced in January 2021 by BMW Motorsport established on 7th March 1916 in Munich, Germany by Karl Rapp (founder of BMW Motorsport). BMW Motorsport was actually invented to manufacture planes for WW1 (World War1) but is now used to manufacture cars.

Actually, I want to rebuild the BMW M5 Cs to make it better as my dream car. At first I would turn it into a Transformer! And I would name it Nitro Fire bolt. Nitro could talk to me, play with me and we could do fun things like roaming around the city, playing football. Nitro would protect me from all danger. I will rebuild it also to turn into a fighter jet, boat, helicopter and a robot and also make it turn into any car even a truck! And it could customize itself. I want it to be a superfast and an invincible car. I want it to be the best car ever as I want to become an Automobile Engineer to manufacture my own car brand.

**-Aaron Somdeep Das 4-B**

## The Lost Puppy

It was a rainy, grey evening when Nick was hurrying home to avoid getting drenched. On the way, he heard a faint cry and discovered a soaked, shivering puppy. Filled with kindness, Nick took the puppy home. His parents warmly welcomed it, dried it with a towel, fed it milk and biscuits, and gave it a soft place to sleep. They named the puppy Pipin.

The next day, Nick decided to find Pipin's owner. He and his father put up pictures and asked neighbours, but no one recognized the puppy. Just when hope was fading, they met an old lady, Mrs. Gabriel. Pipin happily ran to her. She thanked Nick, teaching him that kindness always returns.

**-Abhigna Kundu 5A**

## THE DAY THE TREES STARTED TALKING

Greyville was known as a "perfect city."

Tall buildings touched the clouds, roads were always busy, and machines never rested. People believed progress meant concrete, speed, and noise. In this rush, they forgot something important—the trees. They stood quietly by the roads, in parks, near schools, giving shade and air, yet receiving no attention.

Ayaan was a simple schoolboy who liked silence more than noise. Every day, he sat near the classroom window because outside stood an old banyan tree. Its branches spread wide like open arms. Ayaan felt calm whenever he looked at it.

One afternoon, while the class was busy writing, Ayaan heard a soft voice.

"Ayaan…"

He froze.

"We are tired."

His heart began to beat fast. The voice was gentle but sad. It was coming from the banyan tree.

"You can hear us," the tree said. "Humans forgot how to listen, but you didn't."

That evening, Ayaan walked through the nearby park. To his surprise, other trees spoke too. A neem tree talked about polluted air. A mango tree spoke of birds that no longer came. A peepal tree whispered about its brothers being cut down for roads and buildings.

"We give humans air, food, and shelter," they said.

"But we are treated like obstacles."

Tears rolled down Ayaan's cheeks.

The next day, red marks were painted on the banyan tree. Bulldozers arrived. The tree whispered, "They are going to cut me." Ayaan ran and stood in front of it, begging the workers to stop. People gathered. Some laughed. Some shook their heads.

"It's just a child's imagination," they said.

The banyan tree was cut.

The following morning, something strange happened.

The trees stopped talking.

Days passed, and Greyville changed. The air became heavy. The sun felt hotter. Birds disappeared. Children coughed. Hospitals filled. Scientists warned that the city was losing its green lungs.

For the first time, people looked around and realized what they had destroyed.

They stopped cutting trees. They planted saplings. They protected parks. Slowly, the city began to heal.

One evening, Ayaan visited the place where the banyan once stood. From the stump, a small green shoot had grown. He smiled.

That night, a final whisper reached him.

"You listened before it was too late."

Ayaan understood the truth:

Trees don't speak to be heard.

They speak so humans remember they are alive.

Greyville slowly began to change its ways.

Schools started planting trees instead of cutting them.
Children were taught to water plants every morning.
Walls were painted with messages about saving nature.
People walked slower and noticed the green around them.
Ayaan was invited to speak at his school assembly.
He told everyone how trees feel pain and give life silently.
This time, nobody laughed.
Everyone listened carefully.
New parks were created in empty spaces.
Birds slowly returned to the city.
The air felt lighter and fresher each day.
Rain fell gently after a long dry season.
Smiles returned to people's faces.
Ayaan often visited the small banyan plant.
He protected it like a friend.
He knew it would grow tall one day.
And when it did, it would tell the story again.
The story of how listening saved a city.
MORAL OF THE STORY:
Respect nature before it goes silent,
because when trees disappear,
life disappears with them**.**

**-Mohammed Zohair Tasheel 5-A**

## WHISPERS OF DESTINY

A child explores a mysterious town learning courage friendship daily
The child meets strangers facing trials discovering strength within together
Quiet streets whisper
secrets guiding steps
through shadows and light
Every morning brings
challenges teaching patience
kindness and brave choices
A lost map appears
promising answers hidden
beyond old bridges



Following clues the child trusts instincts listens carefully moves forward
Storms arrive suddenly testing resolve teamwork hope and calm hearts
Friends gather sharing food laughter plans and unwavering support
Mistakes happen lessons learned apologies offered bonds grow stronger
Night skies sparkle reminding dreams remain possible despite hardships
An old clocktower rings marking time choices consequences and growth
Villagers tell stories warning dangers praising honesty and perseverance
The child helps others finding purpose beyond personal success alone
Fear fades gradually replaced by curiosity confidence and steady determination
Paths diverge decisions matter shaping futures relationships and self-belief
A festival begins celebrating unity resilience culture and shared memories
Music echoes footsteps dance smiles spread across lantern-lit squares
Conflict arises misunderstandings resolved through dialogue empathy patience
A rival appears challenging skills values and moral courage tested
Choosing fairness, the child earns respect transforming rivalry into friendship
Hidden tunnels reveal history mistakes wisdom preserved beneath town
Guardians explain responsibilities protecting balance truth and community trust
A journey outward mirrors inner change acceptance accountability compassion
When lost the child remembers lessons breathing thinking choosing wisely
Allies return offering help advice and hopeful encouragement freely
A mountain climb demands endurance teamwork planning and mutual reliance
At the summit clarity arrives goals align purpose sharpens vision
Returning home gratitude fills hearts recognizing growth shared victories
The town thrives inspired by example service integrity courage
Newcomers welcomed warmly learning traditions stories and supportive customs
A library opens preserving knowledge imagination and collective memory

Children learn together asking questions building skills dreaming boldly
Challenges persist but confidence steadies' responses and thoughtful actions
Leaders listen collaborate adapt guided by community voices
Seasons change teaching patience cycles renewal and acceptance
A promise made to protect fairness kindness and truth always
Farewells come gently knowing connections endure beyond distance
Letters exchanged sharing progress setbacks encouragement and joy
The child mentors others passing lessons learned responsibly
Hope becomes habit practiced daily through small actions
Courage shows quietly choosing right paths consistently
Friendship deepens through trust honesty laughter shared struggles
Failures no longer end stories they begin chapters
Wisdom grows when listening outweighs speaking assumptions
The town becomes home because belonging is built together
Morning light returns signalling another chance to choose well
The child smiles ready continuing the story ahead life disappears with them**.**

**-Rivan Jaiswal 5-A**

## Social Media

Social media has become a crucial part of modern life, offering platforms where people can connect, share and communicate. It helps us to stay updated with news and trends. However, its usage also brings about various challenges and impacts that are worth considering.
One of the main benefits of social media is its ability to foster connections and community. People can join groups and pages that match their interests, allowing for the exchange of ideas and support. It also provides a venue for businesses to reach their customers and individuals to market themselves. On the other side, excessive use of social media can lead to issues such as addiction, cyberbullying, and the spread of misinformation. These negative aspects highlight the need for responsible usage.
It is important for students to use social media in responsible and balanced manner to avoid the negative effects and take advantage of the positive ones. Parents and educators should also play an active role in educating students about the responsible use of social media. Parents should advise their children to spend time on E-learning, new skills and the Modern Technologies rather than wasting time on social media, likes and shares.
In conclusion, social media is a powerful tool with both positive and negative effects. Balancing its use can help maximize its benefits while minimizing its risks, making it a valuable part of our daily lives

**-Aarav Bannerjee 5-B**

## The Feeling of a Bookworm

I'm never bored, there's always more, I find in books what I adore.
The pages I turn, the stories flow. In every book, I learn and grow.
I feel at peace in the world so wide, with every story, I take a ride.
I lose myself in the world unknown, where every book feels like my own.
I turn the page slow and fast. In every book, I have a blast.
A book worm's joy, so pure and true, Is living a life in pages new.

**-Devraj Sen 5-B**

## My Day Out with Friends

Last Saturday, I went to Eco Park in New Town with my classmates and loving teachers from school. We went there by bus. We were accompanied by our class teacher and school nurse.
After reaching Eco Park, we sat under a tree and ate yummy snacks. The park was huge and full of trees, colourful flowers like marigold and roses. I also saw some unique structures which looked like large face masks with amusing expressions.

There were many people and children. Some of them were playing, while others were sitting on benches and enjoying nature.
I joined my friends in various games like catching paper balls, playing lock and key, cricket, football and hide and seek. I had a great time running across a grassy field.
We saw the replica of the Pyramid of Giza, Christ the redeemer, Stonehenge and the Taj Mahal.
Our class teacher clicked some lovely photos with us and then we boarded the bus to return.
It was a refreshing and delightful day filled with pleasant memories of bonding with my friends and teachers, and I look forward to more such day outs.

**-Shreyank Banerjee 3-B**

## A Funny Scary Story

Once upon a time there lived an eight-year-old boy named Ashok. Ashok was very fond of watching ghost movies and watched them quite often. His parents explained to him not to watch those movies so frequently; however, he still continued watching them.
One evening, when his parents went outside for some work, Ashok was alone at home. He quickly sneaked to the living room, switched on the television and flipped through the channels to search for any ghost movie being broadcast on the television. To his delight, a ghost movie was being streamed in one of the channels. Ashok happily grabbed a pack of potato chips from the dining table and sprawled on the couch to enjoy the movie.
Twenty minutes into the movie, Ashok felt someone sitting beside him! No sooner did he panic to leave the couch than the power connection got disconnected, making him feel all the more jittery. A faint red beam of light emitted from the wall and Ashok saw a tiny ghost appearing out of nowhere, with a sword on its left hand. Another nine identical ghosts, each holding a sword on their left hand followed the first ghost. Terrified, Ashok jumped to escape from there but all ten ghosts chased him! He kept on running around the room and the ghosts continued pursuing him with wicked smirk on their faces.
Ashok sat on the ground panting for breath and to his utter surprise, Lord Shiva appeared and vanquished each one of the ghosts by flinging His trident on them.
As Ashok stood up feeling relieved, another episode of horror unfolded for him. Lord Shiva turned into a huge ghost with two horns and let out a harsh laughter! This was actually a ghost who had appeared in the form of Lord Shiva.
When Ashok thought there is no way of escaping, he felt a strong palm caressing his head. He looked up and saw the real Lord Shiva standing beside him with an assuring smile on His face. He lifted his trident and hurled it on the ghost. It turned the ghost into ashes. Ashok fell at Lord Shiva's feet and thanked Him for saving him.
From that day onwards, Ashok promised to not watch ghost movies and worshipped Lord Shiva**.**

**-Shreyank Banerjee 3-B**

## My School

My school is nice and bright,
I love to learn and write.
Teachers help us every day,
They guide us in a gentle way.
I play with friends and have fun,
Learning here is never done.
My school is special, kind, and cool,
I'm happy to go to my school.

**-Muhammad Musa Ali 3-A**

## A Day I Will Never Forget

Some days pass quietly, but some stay in our hearts forever. One such day in my life was our school trip to a beautiful farm outside the city. I was excited from the moment I woke up, knowing the day would be special.
The journey was full of laughter and songs. When we reached the farm, everything looked magical—green fields, fresh air, and friendly animals. We fed goats, collected eggs, and enjoyed a pony ride. I felt closer to nature than ever before. While eating lunch under a large tree, we shared jokes and stories, making the moment even happier.
Suddenly, dark clouds filled the sky, and rain began to fall. Instead of feeling sad, we ran

around, laughing and splashing in puddles. Our teachers smiled as we enjoyed the unexpected rain. Soon, the rain stopped, and a beautiful rainbow appeared, making everyone cheer.
As we returned home, I felt tired but extremely happy. That day taught me that joy often comes from simple moments and surprises. It is truly a day I will never forget.
**-Reuel Yishay Jana 5-A**

## Rani Lakshmi Bai, Queen of Jhansi

Rani Lakshmi bai was not born a queen, but destiny shaped her into one of India's largest froggest and bravest warriors. Born in 1828, in Varanasi, she was named Manikarnika, lovingly called Manu. From a young age, she was different from other children. While many learned household skills, Manu learned horse riding, and sword fighting. Courage ran in her blood.
She married Maharaja Gajgandhar Rao, the ruler of Jhansi, and became rani Lakshmi bai. After the king's death, the British East India company refused to recognize as the rightful heir, they decided to take over Jhansi using the unfair doctrine of lapse. the rani firmly replied 'I shall not give up my Jhansi.
In 1857, when the first war of India independence broke out, rani Lakshmi bai emerged as a fearless leader, she trained women to fight, strengthened Jhansi's defence and prepared her army for battle. Dressed in warrior attire with her infant son tied to her back, she rode to combat with her horse basal – a legendary imagery.
When the British attacked Jhansi, the rani fought with unmatched bravery. Though outnumbered, she did not surrender. She escaped the fort where she had been living and continued fighting in other places like Kapli AND Gwalior. She leaded her troops to the front.
In June 1858, during a fierce battle near Gwalior, rani Lakshmi bai was severely wounded, refusing to be captured, she fought till her last breath, but her spirit lives on**.**

**-Vivaan Singh 4-B**

## School, My Second Home

My school is more than books and rules,
Its laughter shared and broken stools,
It's racing bells and giggling lines,
And trading snacks at lunch-time signs.
It's happy cheers on sports day runs,
And quiet dreams when the day is done.
A scolding here, a smile there,
Lessons of life are everywhere.
In every friend and teacher's care,
I find a world beyond compare.
My school holds memories, bright and true,
A second home where dreams grew too.

**-Gunav Goenka 5-A**

## The Little Lamp and the Wind

Once there was a small lamp in a quiet village. Every evening, the lamp was lit to help people walk safely on the dark road. The lamp was gentle and bright, and everyone felt happy seeing its warm light.
One night, a strong wind began to blow. The wind laughed and said, "I am very powerful. I can blow you out!" The little lamp shook but did not lose hope. It held its flame carefully and kept shining.
The wind blew harder and harder, but the lamp stayed steady. Soon, the wind became tired and went away. The lamp continued to light the road, and the villagers reached their homes safely. Everyone thanked the little lamp for being brave and kind.

**-Raghav Gupta 3-A**

## The Importance of Kindness

Kindness is one of the most beautiful qualities a person can have. It means being caring, helpful, and polite to others. Even a small act of kindness can make a big difference in someone's life.
We can show kindness in many ways; helping a friend with homework, sharing our lunch, speaking politely, or helping elders at home are all acts of kindness. Being kind does not cost money, but it gives happiness to both the giver and the receiver.

Kindness also makes our school a better place. When students are kind to each other, there is less fighting and more friendship. Teachers feel happy when students respect them and follow rules. A kind classroom is always full of smiles.



In today's busy world, people often forget to be kind. We should remember that a kind heart is more important than being rich or famous.

If everyone starts being kind, the world will become a happier and peaceful place. Let us promise to be kind every day and spread happiness wherever we place.

Let us promise to be kind every day and spread happiness wherever we go**.**

**-Aihik Mukherjee 5-A**

## THE DARK FOREST

It was a cold night outside the winter house. Sanjiv and Manish, two best friends, were staying in that winter house. It was a winter house for rent.

The night had become too cold. The fireplace was finally lit after a week. The house was pretty advanced. It had those electrocuting, circular wire mesh around the house. It was used to protect the visitors and the winter house from the wild animals. There was a remote with them to open the door, and it would save them from that electric shock.



Sanjiv was looking out of the window at the forest, which seemed so dark and horrifying.

Sanjiv was just about to turn around when he saw the owls in the trees fly away rapidly, making those loud hoots.

He remembered that the owner had told them on the forest trip that the owls there would not fly away seeing animals. These wild animals would come out in the morning, but not at night.

"Manish", he called out to him, "I have to go outside."

"But why?" he was so confused.

"The owner had said that there are no wild animals at night. And it seemed so for a week. But I saw the owls fly away. It is for our safety. He told us that we would be safe, but if there are wild animals, then we'll have to move out of here. I won't be able to sleep just like that!"

He told Manish to open the gate with the remote if he heard him shouting through the snow. He wore 2 sweaters and a jacket.

"Stay safe, Sanjiv" Manish warned him.

With that, he opened the gate with the remote and went out.

The cold was not normal. It was making Sanjiv shiver a lot. He went up the hill and into the forest.

It was so dark. Sanjiv turned on the torch, and started walking around the forest. He tried to look around the middle of the forest. He scanned every part of the grass and the forest around him. He thought nothing was there.

"I should not have suspected the owner."

Guilt was inside him, like a fire which couldn't be put out. He was about to cry, but then, he heard something behind his back.

With a lot of goosebumps on him, he turned around. There was nothing. He then went in that direction. But the impossible happened.

The torch – it went out.

Sanjiv tried hitting the torch, but it just flickered and went out again. With no choice left, he had to walk in the dark.

As he continued to walk in that direction, his legs hit something which didn't feel so hard. Sanjiv tripped and fell down. He regretted not checking the batteries of the torch. As he got up, he saw that it was the crocks Manish used to walk with. He would put 2-3 layers of socks before putting the crocks on.

Anger boiled inside him. He stomped hard on the ground, rage clearly on his face. He had told Manish to stay in the winter house for his own safety. He was now crying loudly, his cries muffled by the forest's long trees.

*"I thought he was my best friend forever."* Sanjiv's mind was racing with many thoughts, *"Doesn't he care for me? He thought scaring me would work? He's a demon! HE IS REALLY A DEMON!"*

He got up. He was ready to scream and Manish. But he heard something in the back. He thought that Manish was behind him. Sanjiv turned around, but saw nothing.

"I know you are there Manish!"

No sound. Pure silence. His words echoed through the forest.

"Manish!" he called out again.

He still got the same result. No answer, no response, no sound, nothing. This time, he had shouted so loud that his voice echoed more than the last time.

He looked around the forest even more carefully, as if he was seeing through the darkness. He was convinced that his friend wanted to kill him through something like a heart attack or something.

He again came back to the middle, and was standing on the flat rock the same as he was before deciding to search. He came down the rock, and started his search.

As he thought of calling out on the search, he again tripped over and fell down. It was not any light object; it was a medium – sized rock he didn't see through the dark. But, when he fell down, his head hit something. It had a circular part at the back. When Sanjiv's head hit it, the object flew a little and landed on his legs. He got up to see what it was.

They were the shoes that the owner had worn on the forest trip. He could not stop being in rage now. He got up with a sweaty face, took both the crocks and shoes in his hands, and went towards the house.

Sanjiv would not stop now. He had enough. As he was going down the hill, he heard the laugh of Manish.

This made Sanjiv's anger grow inside him even more. He thought that the owner and Manish wanted to make him run away.

He reached the door of the winter house, and took out the remote from his jacket's pocket. When Sanjiv was going out, he had wondered if Manish was in this or not. Since he had thought that it was true about Manish pranking him, he had secretly taken the remote and had gone out. He opened the door, and went in.

Manish got scared. "I thought you had left the remote with me." He took out his earpods.

"Turns out that you are the traitor!" He shouted at him.

"Have you gone out of your mind?" Manish told him. They had an argument. Sanjiv was still in the thought that Manish had pranked him. Manish kept on insisting that it was Sanjiv's misunderstanding. When Manish asked for proof, Sanjiv put both his hands forward. ''This! Your crocks and the owner's shoes!''

"Sanjiv, looks like you are mentally disturbed or something like that. Look at your hand."

When Sanjiv did so, the heavy feeling went out of his hands. He saw that he was holding nothing. This confused Sanjiv a lot. It scared him so much that he started crying loudly and hugged Manish. Manish calmed Sanjiv down. He gave him some water to drink. Then, he asked Sanjiv to explain what had happened. With broken speech due to getting scared, he explained everything – the crocks, the flashlight, the shoes, everything.

Then, Manish told the truth to Sanjiv. He had planned something for Sanjiv, which involved not scaring him. There were no wild animals out in the forest. The electric wire mesh was for making sure the intruders couldn't come in. He had talked with the owner before to tell Sanjiv and him that there were many wild animals.

He also explained that when Sanjiv told Manish about seeing something in the forest, explaining what the owner had said, Manish played it out. He also acted strange. He also explained that the laughter was because of him thinking about Sanjiv's misunderstanding.

They then decided to leave the winter house the next morning and live in a hotel instead. They were now too scared to live there.

As it dawned the next day, Sanjiv and Manish left the house, giving the remote to the owner. However, it did not stop Sanjiv's overthinking about ghosts being there in the forest.

**-Aarav Giri 6-A**

## Colour

Why is the sky so black at night,
Why is the sea so blue by day?
And the sun,
That burns so vehemently,
Yields red in the morning.
All these I write, unanswered.
Yet you see my paintings —
My trees, flowers, birds,
Or the simple portrait of a rustic girl.
And still you look on
As I grow defeated
In my search for colour
Pervading the sky, the sea,
And the sun.

**-Dutendra Nath Roy 6-B**

## The Power of Kindness

Kindness is one of the smallest actions that can make the biggest difference. A smile, a helping hand, or even a few kind words can change someone's day. In today's busy world, people often forget how powerful simple kindness can be.

Being kind does not cost anything, but it creates a positive impact on both the giver and the receiver.

Studies show that kind people feel happier and more confident. Kindness also builds better relationships and creates a peaceful environment.

We all must remember one thing in life that whatever we give to the universe comes back to us.

We all must try to spread kindness every day — at home, in school, and in society. Because a kind heart can truly change the world.

**-Sannav Roy 6-B**

## COMMON SENSE

Common sense is uncommon in common people. It is generally defined as the shared, practical judgment and basic knowledge that most people are expected to possess to navigate daily life safely and reasonably. It is often distinguished from "common knowledge," which is information gained through formal education; common sense is instead viewed as a natural awareness or intuitive logic. It's a collection of learned wisdom and cultural shortcuts that varies wildly between people. It is important because it serves as the "unwritten manual" for navigating daily life, allowing people to make practical, safe, and socially harmonious decisions without needing specialized education or formal instructions. Its core values typically centre on practicality, social responsibility, and logic. It is also the practical judgment and "shared understanding" that most people acquire through experience rather than formal study. It helps you navigate everyday life safely and socially.

**-Yash Singh 6-A**

## Why Saving Water is Important?

Water is a basic thing required by all living beings. We use water daily for cooking, drinking and cleaning purposes. It is an important thing which is required by all living beings for their survival.

About 70% of the Earth's surface is covered with water. Out of this 97% of the water is carried in the oceans,2% in the form of frozen glaciers and one percent in seas, rivers, lakes, ponds etc. However, only one percent of the water is available for use which is in the seas, rivers, lakes, etc. We use water for many purposes such as drinking, cleaning, cooking food, washing clothes, dishes, utensils and bathing and many other purposes. This is the reason we should conserve water. But nowadays due to pollution and over use clean water is becoming scarce in many areas. Many people are throwing garbage effluents from industries, sewage from houses is dumped into the oceans, rivers and seas polluting the water. When it's raining, many landfills leak which are causing the pollution of underground water. This underground water in turn mixes with the rivers polluting the water this causes risks in the lives of many aquatic animals. So, we should always try to conserve water and prevent throwing garbage in the water bodies and preserve water. Wasting water can cause serious problems in the future.

**-Arnav Deb 6-B**

## THINGS WORK OUT

Because it rains when we wish it wouldn't,

Because men do what they often shouldn't,
Because crops fail, and plans go wrong-
Some of us grumble all day long.
But somehow, in spite of the care and doubt,
It seems at last that things work out.
Because we lose where we hoped to gain,
Because we suffer a little pain,
Because we must work when we'd like to play-
But somehow, as day always follows the night,
Most of our troubles work out all right.
Because we cannot forever smile,
Because we must trudge in the dust awhile,
Because we think that the way is long-
Some of us whimper that life's all wrong.
But somehow, we live and our sky grows bright,
And everything seems to work out all right.
So, bend to your trouble and meet your care,
For the clouds must break, and the sky go fair.
Let the rain come down, as it must and will,
But keep on working and hoping still.
For in spite of the grumblers who stand about,
Somehow, it seems all things work out.

**-Adhyan Gupta 6-B**

## CRICKET

When you think you are sad,
It can't go more bad,
Then remember the cricketer,
Who lost his dad.
When you think life is worse,
It can't go more worse,
Then remember the time,
When the century was one run away.
When you think it's bad luck,
When nothing goes well,
Then remember the time,
When cricketers skyrocket.
When you think India is bad,
Nothing is good,
Then remember this thing,
Cricket is dominated by India.
When you think India has lost,
It can't win now,
Then remember the time,
When 3% win was turned 100%.
When you think you don't have partners,
You are always all lonely,
Then remember the saying,
"RO – KO is the best".
When you're bored from the match,
See Dhoni rock,
When you're scared for the win,
See that winning – boundary shot.
When a flower blooms,
It makes you happy,
It is just the same,
How cricket blooms.
Now finally you're happy,
All cricketers rock,
Don't forget the thing,
That it's all the magic of cricket.

**-Aarav Giri 6-A**

## Ayurveda Then – Science Now

Ayurveda is one of the oldest medical systems of the world, developed in ancient India through careful study and observation. It is based on the idea that good health depends on the balance of body, mind, and nature. Even today, many of its principles are accepted and studied in modern science.

Great scholars like Charaka and Sushruta played an important role in developing Ayurveda. Charaka explained diseases, medicines, and digestion in the Charaka Samhita. Sushruta gave scientific knowledge of surgery, wounds, and medical instruments in the Sushruta Samhita. Their work laid the foundation of medical science in India.

Ayurvedic Treatments Still Used Today: Herbal medicines such as neem, Tulsi, and turmeric. Oil therapy (Abhyanga) to reduce pain and stress. Panchakarma for cleansing the body. Yoga and meditation for physical and mental health

With time, Ayurveda was studied using modern methods, especially during British rule, which helped improve research. Today, Ayurveda works alongside modern medicine and continues to guide health practices

**Conclusion:**

Ayurveda shows that ancient Indian knowledge was scientific and practical. Its treatments, ideas, and values remain useful even today, proving that true science never becomes outdated.

-**Ayush Chowdhury 6-B**

## The Secret Garden

Scene-1:

Harry comes to the park with his friends to play football….

Harry: Hey, guys what's up!!!

Nigel: All good man, did you see the latest Real Madrid match?

Harry: Yes, I saw the highlights but it was equally entertaining as the full match. Did you see how the team turned the score from losing 1-0 to winning 6-1, oh boy they totally destroyed the opposition.

Jude: Yes, now let's not waste too much time talking our heads off we must start the game now!

Narrator: Everyone agrees and the game starts. After sometime the ball rolls near a tree. Harry goes to get the ball but finds that there is a hidden hole inside the tree through which a key can be passed and the tree trunk can be opened.

Enzo: Come on Harry what's taking you so long!?

Harry: Come over here, looks like I found something interesting….

Narrator: All the friends stand beside Harry as he points towards the lock. Everyone stares at it with blunt silence.

Rodri: It's a lock and if it's a lock then there must be a key to it somewhere around here.

Nigel: Then what are you waiting for! Get going, let's find the key.

Narrator: Everyone scrambles on their knees. Just then Dick starts coughing loudly.

Nigel: Hey Dick what happened? I think you should use your inhaler.

Dick: Thanks (Uses his inhaler). My doctor told me that I always have to carry this around (pointing towards his inhaler). I think I will never get rid of my asthma.

Enzo: Hey what is this?

Narrator: Jude is holding a piece of paper that looks very old.

Mason: It looks like it's older than our great grandfather.

Jude: Very funny….

Dick: See something is written on it, it says "if you want to get inside the tree than you have to Whisper these magical words"

Narrator: Just then all the boys went dead silent. They felt like they were being watched by something or someone. An uneasy silence floods the park.

Dick: Tippe tee taap… Tippe tee taap R.O.B.I.N help us through the magical gate.

Narrator: Just as Dick finishes saying those lines an eerie music starts to play.

Steve: What's that music? Its kind of strange.

Narrator: The boys turn their heads to the pace where the music was coming from. They saw an ugly looking small creature with wings sitting on one of the branches. All the boys were startled by what they saw made them back off.

R.O.B.I.N: No need to be afraid kiddos. I am going to help you get through the magical door.

Dick: (stammering) Let us through, give us the key.



R.O.B.I.N: Any one of you can pass through.

Narrator: The creature takes out a key from his mouth and hands it over to dick, signalling him to go through the door. Dick unlocks the door and moves inside. The door automatically closes behind him. After sometime Dick comes out from the tree.

Dick: What a wonderful place it was. It was a magical garden with beautiful trees which were touching the skies. The air there was so pure and clean that my asthma seems to have vanished.

**-Md. Ammar Barkat 6-B**

## The Purpose of Education: Beyond Grades and Degrees

Education is really a lot more than just getting a diploma or a good paying job. The main point of education is to help people change and become individuals. It should help people become more thoughtful and responsible and also more caring towards others. Education is about making people into human beings. As Nelson Mandela said, "Education is the powerful weapon which you can use to change the world." I think Nelson Mandela

was right when he said this about education. Education is the key, to changing the world and making it a better place.

**Personal Growth**

Education is really important for people. It helps people figure out what they are good at and what they like to do. Education also helps people learn what is important, to them. It makes people feel more confident and able to do things on their own. Education teaches people to be strong and keep going even when things get tough. This means people can make choices and live a life that matters to them. Education nurtures individuality. It helps people discover their strengths and passions and values.

**Critical Thinking**

Education is really important, in a world that's full of information. Education teaches us to ask questions look really closely at things and figure out what is true. It helps us be creative solve problems and have the courage to think for ourselves. Education does not want us to just do what everyone else is doing it wants us to think for ourselves and make our decisions. Education teaches us to be brave and think differently. That is what makes it so valuable.

**Contribution to Society**

Education helps people learn the things they need to know to do their jobs and it also teaches them how to get along with others care about people who are different from them and work together. When people have an education, the whole community is better off because it becomes a nicer place to live.

Education makes a society richer. It also makes people kinder, to each other.

**Responsible Citizenship**

Education helps people take part in the life of their community. It teaches them to respect the law and know their rights. Education also shows people that they have a responsibility to their community and their country. John Dewey said that education is necessary for democracy to work well. Education is really important for people to be citizens and for democracy to thrive. John Dewey was right education is essential.

**Lifelong Learning**

The world is changing fast. So, education needs to make people want to keep learning all the time. Education teaches us to be adaptable and open, to things. It also helps us to be strong when things get tough. Education is important because it helps us learn to deal with ideas and challenges. The main thing is that education makes us love to learn and that is what matters most for education. Ultimately, education is about creating good human beings with skill and expertise. It is not just preparation for life but a way of engaging with it fully and responsibly. By nurturing both mind and heart, education empowers individuals to live fulfilling lives and collectively build a better, more sustainable future.

**-Subendu Roy 7-A**

## MUSIC – THE POSITIVE VIBES OF MY LIFE

As we know, each of our lives has 'ups and downs', joys as well as sorrows, triumph and disaster, trust as well as betrayal. But we should enjoy our life, whatever comes. To enjoy it we have resources that always give us happiness. And that resource, for me, is music, playing the piano to be exact.

Music is not just an art; it is a love for many, including me. It gives me joy, happiness and affection even in times of grim, sorrow, despair and stress. And, the piano is a very soft instrument, enough for giving a lot of joy to the individual through melodious music.

The piano is regarded as the softest and most delicate instrument in the world. Till today there are many piano pieces that have been composed and many of them are very mild & quiet. For instance, Fredric Francois Chopin's "Nocturnes" are so soft that they can make an individual sleep. While, some pieces like Franz Liszt's "Transcendental Etudes" and Chopin's "Op. 12 Etudes" and "Op. 24 Etudes" are a bit hard, as they contain complex finger movements and showcase cognitive and hand-eye coordination skills of the composer and the player. I personally love Kanye West's "Runaway" as it is very quiet & calm. Some examples of my favourite pieces are Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake", Edward Grieg's

"Morning Mood", Beethoven's "Fur Elise", Chopin's "Fantaisie Impromptu" and so on.

Lastly, it can be concluded that we may not be in the right mood every time, but still, I have something, some positive vibes to always cheer me up.

**-Debaditya Roy 7-B**

## The Face I Fear

It was one of my worst experiences during Christmas last year. I had a project from my school on gathering information about the daily life of village people. So, I had to go to Sijimalli village all alone in Kalahandi district of South Odisha. I had to set off to Kalahandi on the night of 23 December on a bus with my baggage and a little excitement. I had my dinner by 10 p.m. and the bus was at its full speed by 11:30 p.m. There was a boy seated next to me whom I talked to for a while. His name was Percy. One odd thing about him was that he was wearing a mask and would not tell me why he was wearing it at any cost. I could not hold my eyes anymore. My vision got hazy, and what I could see was just a face. A face with a bald head, red eyes, tribal rings on the ears and nose, and an evil smile. Its sharp lips said "stop", and then suddenly I felt a big jerk and the bus stopped. My vision cleared slowly. The time in the watch showed 1:23 a.m. and the driver requested all the passengers to get off the bus as there was some problem with the engine. I was talking to Percy after getting out. He was asking me if I believed in ghosts. My rejection made him raise his hand and remove his mask. At once I saw the same face that came in my dreams. The same evil smile, but this time, the lips said, "dead". I fell down in cold perspiration and immediately fainted. When I opened my eyes, I was in the bus and the bus was still at its full speed. But the boy was no more there. When I forced myself to believe that it was a nightmare, I found a scribble on my left hand stating," Remember my face"

**-Aryan Dey 7-B**

## The Rise and Fall of the USSR

**Origins:**

The world map was redrawn after the First World War. One of the most profound changes was the emergence of the USSR.

Before 1922, a regime called the Tsarist regime ruled. This regime had oppressed many peoples. A new political party called the Bolshevik party was formed, led by Vladimir Lenin. The USSR unified many republics, such as Ukraine, Belarus and Transcaucasia.

In 1917, Lenin led a movement to overthrow the Tsarist regime. He succeeded in 1922. And so the state of Soviet Socialist Republics was formed. On 22 December 1922, at a conference attended by delegates from the Russian S.F.S.R. (Soviet Federative Socialist Republic), Ukrainian SSR (Soviet Socialist Republic), Transcaucasian S.F.S.R and the Byelorussian S.S.R all are the future parts of the USSR (Soviet Union) signed a treaty that led to the creation of the USSR.

**The Rise of Stalin**

On April 3 1922, Joseph Stalin was named the General Secretary of the communist party of the Soviet Union. By 1927, Stalin overtook everyone in the Bolshevik or Communist party and had established a totalitarian rule.

Many of Stalin's policies differed from Lenin. Lenin wanted to promote socialism globally while Stalin wanted to promote socialism within it. Stalin controlled all industrial enterprises and implemented forced establishment of farms.

His policies had bad results. One of them, undoubtedly, was the famines which occurred all over the country. Three to seven million perished. However, not all was bad. The country developed a robust economy.

Stalin died of a stroke on March 5th, 1953. He was seventy-four years old and was succeeded by the illustrious Nikita Khrushchev after a brief power struggle**.**

**World War 2:**

In the First World War, the Soviet Union was part of the Allied powers. Before the start of the Second World war in 1939, Stalin made numerous attempts to forge a military alliance with Britain and France against Germany. Stalin failed. So, to

take revenge, Stalin decided to support Nazi Germany in World War 2, joining the Axis powers. When Hitler invaded Poland, the USSR attacked from the other side. This officially ignited the flame of World War 2. Soon the USSR occupied Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Bessarabia, and northern Bukarina.This was made possible by the Moloto-Ribbentrop Pact signed on August 23, 1939.

Stalin's next move was to force Finland to move its border away from Leningrad. Finland refused. So, Stalin ordered to invade Finland. Soon after, the Soviet Union was expelled from the League of Nations for breaking the code of peaceful conduct.

Hitler invaded the USSR on June 22, 1941, for apparently no reason, starting a war known as the Great Patriotic War. At Moscow, the Red Army, the army of the USSR, met the German forces. They were completely defeated. A similar scenario occurred at Stalingrad, but with a much more profound effect.

The Eastern Front was a strip of land where battles between Germany and the Soviet Union occurred. Looking at the statistics, one can see the immense military power the USSR possessed. To give an example, Germany suffered eighty per cent of their casualties at the Eastern Front, while facing the Soviet Union. Another reason for this is that Hitler's troops were not used to the extremely cold winter at the Eastern Front. Germany finally surrendered in 1945.

**The Cold War:**

After the Second World War, a large arms race began between the United States and the Soviet Union. The teams became known as the Western Bloc, which supported the United States and Capitalism, and the Eastern Bloc, which supported the USSR and Communism.

The main goals of the Western Bloc were to help its members recover from the Second World War, exert its military supremacy and, most importantly, prevent Soviet influence. The Cold War had many positive effects on the history of mankind, but at the same time, many negative ones.

In 1962, the USSR deployed many strategic missiles on Cuba. The United States considered this a threat, mainly because of the phenomenal range of the missiles, some of which could reach Canada. President John F. Kennedy was immediately notified. Had it not been for his cool judgement, a nuclear war would have spawned and the world perhaps destroyed. Through diplomacy rather, Kennedy convinced the Soviet leader, Nikita Khrushchev, to remove the missiles.

The Cold War also spawned the Space Race. In it, Man went to space for the first time. In 1957, the USSR sent a satellite called Sputnik 1 to space, becoming the first man-made object to go into space. Sputnik 2 sent the first animal into space. And Sputnik 5 ensured the animal's return. Vostok 1 sent the first man into space. For a while, it seemed that the USSR had won the Cold War.

But then, John F. Kennedy gave his famous "We Chose to Go to the Moon" speech in 1961. In 1969, Apollo 11 successfully landed on the moon, ending and winning the Cold War for the United States.

**Fall of the USSR**

In 1991, the USSR was disbanded. Until the end of the year, the remaining republics discussed new models of the Soviet Union. However, none came into existence. On December 26th, 1991, the Belavezha Accords was signed declaring the end of the Soviet Union**.**

**-Chandravan Mitra 7-B**

## MENTAL HEALTH AWARENESS AMONG SCHOOL STUDENTS

***"Your mental health is everything — prioritize it. Make the time like your life depends on it, because it does. -Mel Robbins***

Mental health awareness is something very important for school students as most of their work puts pressure on their brain and demands a fresh brain that has the required space for storing all the knowledge that they gain during this stage of their life. Mental health is as important as physical strength. A person who will have the least mental pressure will always be fresh, energetic and cheerful whereas, one who is stressed will always be sleepy, snappy and lethargic. Meditation, yoga and even outdoor games play an important role in keeping us mentally healthy. Also, it is essential for fostering emotional well-bein g, enhancing academic performance, and reducing stigma surrounding mental health issues. With rising rates of anxiety and stress due to academic and social pressures, schools and institutions must provide supportive environments and resources to help students thrive.




Students should engage in open conversations and education to normalize their relationships with their classmates and with their teachers. They should be okay with seeking help from teachers regarding any kind of mental abuse or any difficulty they face in their daily life in school. They should be able to cope with their surroundings. Students should be able to recognize signs of distress in their peers and should try and promote a supportive environment for themselves. Students should receive enough sleep that would give the body some much needed rest.

Nowadays, the only form of entertainment students indulge in are social media platforms, television and mobile games, these not only harm a child's eyes but also contribute towards restlessness or reduced concentration. I think books or indoor or outdoor games are something that children should interest themselves in. Meditation and yoga also play a vital role in our mental stability as it calms ourselves down, and helps us focus better thus helping us improve our concentration.

There is "no health without mental health". By fostering a culture of compassion and proactive support, we can empower the next generation to not just survive their academic years, but to thrive as well-rounded individuals.

If the young generation gives importance to mental health and spreads awareness, everything that we dream for can be achieved, for mental strength is the fuel for success in the hearts of the youth because it is what helps us to work hard and be dedicated towards what we desire.

**-Indranuj Mullick 7-B**

## SHINE INSIDE THE BOTTLE OF AROMA
## 22nd June 1977

Scotland's biggest diamond importer and exporter, Mr. Alison Miles Prix, visited the United Kingdom to attend the Annual Meet of the United Diamond Nation. Coincidentally, it was also his 50th birthday. To celebrate, his best friend Antonio Vincent, a renowned Italian diamond merchant, gifted him twelve rare Italian diamonds, each valued at 2.5 billion euros, along with a Cadillac Eldorado Superfly, worth approximately $6,903 in the 1970s.

On 25th June, Mr. Prix returned to his ancestral home in Edinburgh, where the royal Prix family resided. The family consisted of four members: Mr. M. A. Prix, his wife Mrs. Elza Prix, their son Victor Prix, and their daughter Alexzandres Prix. The Prix family was known for being extraordinarily wealthy, mysterious, and distant. No one truly understood the source of their fortune or their silence.

Mr. Prix, the head of the family, was a man of few words. He rarely attended social gatherings and devoted himself entirely to his business, often staying away from home for long periods.

Mrs. Elza Prix was equally enigmatic—silent yet gifted. She was considered the finest painter in Scotland, spending most of her time alone in her studio, sketching endlessly, never discussing her past or forming friendships.

Their son, Victor Prix, was a passionate car enthusiast and owned the largest private car

collection in the country. Though quiet and reserved, he did not believe in the family's strange code of silence and secrecy.
In contrast, Alexzandres Prix, the daughter, was hot-tempered and constantly jealous of her brother. She felt ignored and unappreciated, often expressing her resentment through anger and complaints. On 30th June, Victor's birthday, his father gifted him a 1976 BMW 215, embedded with six Italian diamonds on its gearbox. The gift ignited Alexzandres' jealousy, filling her with rage.
Two days later, Victor went to his garage to take the car for a drive. As he opened the door and sat inside, his heart sank—the diamonds were missing. He immediately informed his father. Despite searching the entire house and garage, the diamonds could not be found.
Mr. Prix contacted the police at once. The department sent their most intelligent and capable detective, Alison Antonio. Upon entering the house, the detective sensed an eerie silence and cold mystery lingering in every corner. Victor explained how he had discovered the theft. Mr. Prix confirmed that no trace of the diamonds had been found. Mrs. Elza and Alexzandres both claimed complete ignorance.
However, Detective Alison noticed a sharp aggression in Alexzandres' eyes, arousing his suspicion. While inspecting the rooms, he noticed an unusual glass perfume bottle in Alexzandres' room. Later, alone in his cabin, the detective grew frustrated and smashed his beer bottle on the floor. As the glass shattered, an idea struck him. The next morning, he returned to the house and went straight to the ladies' room. Without hesitation, he slammed the perfume bottle onto the floor.
The bottle shattered—and six shining diamonds scattered across the ground.
The mystery was solved. But the story did not end there. Twenty-four hours earlier, Alexzandres Prix had left the house—and never returned.

**-Daibik Nandy 8-A**

## HUMANS VS AI

In the past, hard tasks took a long time. People had to spend hours hunting through heavy books for info or doing long math problems by hand. Everything changed with AI. Now, we have "robot brains" that finish those chores in a blink. AI is like a super-tool that never gets tired and never needs a nap. It has a massive memory, acting like a library that stays open forever to help us find what we need instantly.
Even though AI is a "brainiac" with facts, it is still missing the human spark. A computer can tell you it is raining, but it doesn't know how fun it feels to splash in a puddle. Humans have feelings, like kindness and bravery, which a machine cannot just download. We are the ones with "lightbulb ideas" and the imagination to create things that are brand new. While AI follows a list of instructions, we provide the vision.
Instead of a fight, we should see AI as our best helper. It is like a bicycle: the bike goes fast, but you are still the one steering it. We can let AI do the boring "brain-drain" work so we have more time to be creative and solve big problems. At the end of the day, AI has the speed, but humans have the heart. We make an awesome team.

**-Aratrik Sarkar 8-B**

## Fantasy: A Brief Guide

Fantasy has captivated human minds for millennia. Large popular franchises like the Lord of the Rings, Harry Porter and others have spanned across generations fascinating young and old minds. Today I would like to relate a bit of this large and important genre.

**Beginnings**

We can say that the first fantasy was a myth. This fantasy included impossible characters and feats. This is the *Epic of Gilgamesh,* a story of the redemption of a cruel king and his quest for immortality on losing a close friend.

Gilgamesh was the king of Uruk (this city really does exist). He was very, very strong. For, he was half-god, half-man. No one was strong enough to go against him. One day, he had a terrible dream. On asking his mother what it meant, he got to know that it meant that someone who *was* strong enough to challenge was coming, and he had to make friends with him, or die!

After this, one day he went to a wedding. Upon seeing the bride, he wanted her for himself. He grabbed her and went for the door. But then, a

man jumped in front of him. He was Enkidu, and he had been sent by the gods. He was half-man, half-animal. He challenged Gilgamesh, stating that he would not allow him to do this. Gilgamesh, enraged that someone was telling him what to do (which no one had done before) fought Enkidu. They were equally matched, and the food around them was crushed. Finally, Gilgamesh pinned Enkidu to the ground. But now, he was so tired that he could barely move! He from then on agreed to be friends with Enkidu.

Gilgamesh and Enkidu had many adventures together. Gilgamesh, through his friendship with Enkidu, became a better king.

But one day, the god's bull came from heaven. It terrorized Uruk. It was said that when it breathed, big holes appeared in the Earth. Enkidu did kill the bull and save the kingdom, but the gods in heaven were angry with Enkidu for killing their bull. They sent terrible illnesses, and Enkidu was infected. He suffered for a dozen nights, and then died.

Gilgamesh was overcome with sadness for Enkidu's death. He wanted to conquer Death, which had taken his friend from him. Therefore, he went to Utnapishtim, the only immortal man in the world. Utnapishtim prescribed two measures for Gilgamesh, but suffice it to say that Gilgamesh messed it up. Of course, after that Gilgamesh grew old and died like all men.

Of course, it is quite understandable *why* this is a fantasy. The impossible characters (Gilgamesh - half-god, half-man), the impossible feats of strength (the bull of heaven's breathing), and other impossible things, make this an unbelievable story. Even if we were told that that was true, we would have surely not believed it. A fantasy is, we must remember, a story which is, first and foremost, not true, and second, impossible. In the story there is no scientific explanation for the unusual happenings, so by no way can the story be factually correct. Also, we must remember that in science fiction, there *is* a scientific explanation. I shall address this issue more directly in the next section.

**What is Fantasy and What is Not:**

We are all captivated by all types of literature. We all know what types of stories we like, and what we do not. However, we never realize how thin the line between fantasy and science fiction (called 'sci-fi' for short) is. Sometimes there is a great confusion over how believable a piece of literature is, and why. For example, some die-hard Harry Potter fans may argue that J. K. Rowling's magical world hidden, away from our eyes. I, however, firmly believe that this is impossible; the laws of physics do not permit it. Anyway, there would be some indication.

This is the main difference between fantasy and science fiction. In science fiction a scientific explanation, however lame, is given. A few examples of stories like these are *The Terminator, King Kong, Godzilla, Star Wars, Transformers, The Lost World*, and *Jurassic Park.* The bulk of Asimov's works are also applicable. The most used explanation for the protagonist's strength is that they are not human. They are from an abnormally powerful race. However, the only problem is that in the majority of these stories, the heroes die, and are then resurrected. This might make the stories less factually correct, but that does not stop them from being labelled 'Science Fiction'.

**-Chandravan Mitra 7-B**

## Concert Skies

On a wintery November evening, when the cold wind begins to blow,
Every corner of St. Joseph's begins to celebrate their annual concert show.
A mother and her child walking beneath the dusky skies,
Their tender talk unfolds every joy, hopes and sighs.
"These concerts shrink your precious time", the mother softly said,
"Stay home and study child, let the glow of knowledge enlighten your head."
Her tone carried the essence of warmth and worry, her thoughts already drawn,
While the lantern lights were spraying their warmth all over the lawn.
The boy looked up with a glow of hope in his eyes and said,
"Ma, every stage I step upon becomes a glowing chapter where new courage is bred.
These little shows guide my steps to stand and speak without fear,

To let myself fight back the dreadful fear even when the crowd stands near".
The mother paused a moment once, her worries tenderly drawn;
She sighed and said "But your studies decide your future to rely upon
The world is vast my boy, with its path not so clear;
I fear the world may challenge you, that's all I hold so dear."
He answered with a soft grace, his voice both soft and strong, "Ma, these stages build skills that books can't store all along.
For someday I must face this world, with this confidence as my guide,
For these tender steps will help me to stand with great pride."
Her heart grew warm as her doubts began to fade,
She smiled and hugged her little love under the glimmering lantern's shade.
Her voice echoed softly saying "Go on, my little dreamer—shine tonight, let your spirit be redrawn"
As hand in hand, they drifted slow across the lantern-lit lawn.

**- Mainak Naskar 10-A**

**<u>You Know the Fix. You Choose Not to Fix It</u>.**

This is not a knowledge problem. It never was.
We know what is wrong. We always have. The facts are public, the consequences predictable, the solutions repeated so often they have lost their sting. Ignorance would have been an excuse. Awareness is not.
What stops us is not confusion, but comfort. Action costs something—time, convenience, certainty, approval. So, we replace it with agreement. We say the right things. We share the right posts. We feel the right outrage. Then we step back, satisfied that having an opinion counts as having done our part.
It doesn't.
Distraction isn't stealing our attention; it's renting it—with our consent. It keeps us busy enough to feel alive, but distant enough to avoid responsibility. We scroll past problems we should be standing up to, mistaking movement for momentum.
The most dangerous lie society tells itself is this: *someone else will handle it*. That lie survives only because millions of people repeat it silently, every day.
History does not collapse because people are evil. It collapses because people are passive.
The tragedy of our time is not that we don't know what to do.
It's that we wait for the moment when doing becomes unavoidable—when the cost is higher, the damage irreversible, and the choice no longer ours.
One day, we will be asked why we didn't act sooner.
We will have no answer.
Because we knew the fix. And we chose not to fix it.

**-Ayaan Jaiswal 11-A**

**CRYING IN SILENCE**

When the sun sets, and days turn to night,
I search for you to see if you are alright.
When shadows fall, you're there,
I reach for you, just empty air.
Much isn't remembered,
Much isn't required.
To feel the pain,
Which I had acquired.
Years have gone by, and I have grown,
But the pain I bear, I bear all alone
My pillars all have gone away,
And it burns to think about that day.
Love and Support, what I needed,
In my heart, a wound so deep, I pleaded.
When shadows fall, you're there,
I reach for you, still, just empty air.
Your touch, I felt after a Life,
I finally got this undeniable right.
I am walking towards a better place,
With someone who will show me the way.

**-Arhon Sen 9-A**

**Look Back**

I walk by a bridge, holding hands
While I abhor all notes
Do not worry, my partner
For months are yet to go.
I wake up in the morning
To a fresh plate of brunch
Eggs, Bread and Bacon
No one shall replace you
For days are yet to go.
You hold a special place in my heart
Yare, lying gallantly in thy crate
Black and white, was the dress code
For we are bereft of breath.
I wake up in the morning
To make a fresh plate of brunch
Eggs, Bread and Bacon
No one shall replace you
For you still live on in my heart.

**-Arhon Sen 9-A**

**The Night Wrote Me in Light**

A cool breeze drifts through my window, carrying the last trace of rain,
Soft against my skin, like a song without words.
The tree out sides' ways, its wet leaves catching the street light's glow,
Gold and green shifting, flickering, breathing.
The rain is gone, but it left something behind,
A quiet that lingers, a softness that settles deep

Far away, headlights glide over wet roads,
Their reflections stretching, breaking, vanishing.
Neon lights spill from apartment windows,
Washing the streets in quiet blues, soft pinks,
colours that feel more like memories than light.
The city hums, not loud, not restless, just...alive,
Moving just enough to remind me I don't have to.
And yet, I feel full.
Everything I love is here, stitched into the night.
For once, I don't feel like I'm watching from the outside. For once, the city doesn't just surround me,
it holds me, writes me, lets me belong.

**-Arunusman Dey 11-A**

**Petrichor**

When the first drop of rain,
kisses the earth;
My heart fills with a pleasure,
That can never be explained in words.
To the busy bees,
and the minds not so conscious;
It may seem like a regular event,
Nothing to mention as precious.
But the ones like me
who can perceive beauty everywhere;
Also gets hurt without bigger reason
can say, why ignoring this would be completely unfair.
Life is full of uncertainties,
Chances of losing it, never too far;
So, celebrate every single moment that you get,
With full spirit, leaving behind all fear.
And of course, the smell of the earth,
on that very moment;
fills my soul with enormous joy,
and one of nature's simplest yet utterly satisfying event.

**-Subhadeep Datta 9-B**

## THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR TEMPLE

Her eyes were gospels written in a glance,
her voice, the only prayer I ever knew;
to love her was a holy, sacred dance,
wherein the image of the maker grew.
To all the world I left, I send my praise:
for every hand that held my trembling own,
for all the beauty of those fleeting days
before I came to stand before this throne.
I thank the maker for this mercy shown,
to wash away the stains of youth and pride;
the weight of every sin I've ever known
has vanished like the ebbing of the tide.
But let the wheel of life forever rest;
I seek no other name, no other face.
I've worn the human heart within my chest,
and finished with the struggle of the race.
I would not be a seed within the earth,
to bloom and fade beneath a changing sun;
i trade the fragile cycle of a birth
for this great silence, now the work is done.
I've seen the face of God in those I knew,
and having loved them, I am finished too.
And so, I lay my own tired spirit down,
no more a son, a lover, or a friend;
i cast aside the heavy, mortal crown,
and let my long and weary vigil end.
For once, I give myself onto myself,
a quiet gift of mercy, soft and deep;
I leave the world of struggle on the shelf,
and sink into a kind and holy sleep.
The first and last time I am truly free,
to simply cease, and let the silence be.

**-Aritro Mukherjee 12-B**

## The Last Thing That Smelled Like Him

The last day
He left it there—white, trembling, fragile.
I grabbed it, pressed it to my chest, burning.
I wanted to tell him everything—
his laugh, his shoulders, his impossible warmth.
Friends shoved, laughed, signed shirts, snapped pictures.
He stumbled, alive, untouchable, and I froze.

After passing class 12, the city became haunted.
I chased shadows of him in every reflection.
Unsend texts piled up like confessions in amber.
Every silence tore me. Every glance mocked me.
I imagined him seeing me, locking eyes, knowing.
Sleep betrayed me; obsession became my breath.

I pictured him returning—hand grazing mine.
The chaos of that last day replayed endlessly.
Shirts signed, laughter spilling, heat brushing my skin.
Hope coiled in me like a serpent, hungry.
I wanted him in every impossible way.
Fire consumed me, fire I could not escape.
Love is strange, time loses its way.
Years pass, meetings return,
yet some soul is always missing
My heart refuses to stay, where he never stood,
O heart I am helpless, i can't find him!
My desires are relentless
Breaking my resistance.
How merry was that last day!
Everyone joyful, playful like a normal day in the universe
Except for me, silent at the corner seat.
My eyes shining with small dew drops,
Why can't I escape his thoughts?
Why does that scent hold me like thirst?
Why can't my heart accept he's gone?
Most regretful it is, I was unable to teach love to speak;
And now I can't teach it forever
No, I must!
If life would not learn love,
the lifeless body will.

-**By Arunusman Dey (11-A) and Debayan Saha (11-A)**

## The Early Riser

I usually get up 5 for school,
And I know you will call me fool.
But please don't call me fool for fun,
My mother says, "Get up, my dear son!"
The stars are fading, the air is chill,
The world around is quiet and still.
I rub my eyes and find my feet,
While half the town is fast asleep.
With heavy books and a sleepy face,
I'm ready for the daily race.
Though it is hard to leave my bed,
I've got a bright path up ahead!
I rub my eyes and stretch out tall,
I'll be the first one in the hall.
With books in hand and breakfast done,
My daily race has just begun.

**-Himadyuti Bhattacharya 11-A**

## The Darker Grace

In olden days, the pale was counted fair,
And light was deemed the only spark of grace;
But now is truth stripped of its borrowed glare,
To find its kingdom in a darker face.
For ebony holds depths no sun can bleach,
A velvet midnight etched in features bold,
With lessons that the shallow cannot teach,
And stories that the dawn has never told.
No art is needed here to paint the skin,
Where rich mahogany defies the light;
The purest glow is gathered from within,
To turn the day to envy of the night.
Then let the world its narrow visions flee,
For all the earth finds soul in thee.

**-Himadyuti Bhattacharya 11-A**

## Seven

They don't hug in the hotel lobby because that would require effort and honesty.
Instead, they insult each other, which feels safer and far more familiar.
"Bro, you got shorter," Arjun says, dropping his bag and stretching his shoulders like he's been carrying adulthood all day.
"You got louder," Rhea replies. "Which is impressive, honestly."
Kunal looks everyone up and down, hands on his hips, nodding slowly. "Six people, six cities, zero glow-ups. Time really said consistency is key."
Meera is already taking photos, angling the camera slightly too close. "Group picture before we start
pretending, we're very mature and sorted."
Someone suggests walking to the café down the road. Someone else suggests sitting down first. Someone finally opens Uber, because walking sounds ambitious, and they've all outgrown ambition.

The cab is late, which no one comments on because it feels expected.
When it arrives, they get in the way, people always do when there are too many people and not enough planning. Two in front, four in the back, knees bumping, elbows overlapping, everyone apologising and not meaning it.
"This cannot be allowed," Rhea says, adjusting her bag.
"We survived Class Twelve benches," Arjun replies. "This is fine."
The driver watches them through the mirror, listening quietly while they settle in.
"Uncle, reunion mood hai," Kunal says cheerfully. "Music chala do. Anything but breakup songs."

The driver nods and puts on something old, something that immediately gets everyone singing the wrong lyrics with complete confidence.
"This song used to feel very deep," Meera says.
"We were dramatic teenagers," Rhea replies. "The bar was low."

Outside, the city passes by in bits and pieces. Shops closing, lights flickering on, a chai stall doing steady business, a stray dog sitting like it owns the footpath.
"So," Arjun asks, leaning back, "do you guys miss school?"
"No," Kunal says without hesitation.
"Yes," Meera says at the same time.
Rhea thinks for a moment. "I miss not knowing what I was doing and still being praised for it."

They laugh. Meera scrolls through old photos, stopping occasionally to zoom in on faces and outfits. "Why were we dressed like that?" Rhea groans. "We thought we were iconic," Kunal says. "Every bad decision felt intentional."
Then Meera pauses.
"Wait," she says.
"What?" Arjun asks.
She looks up from her phone. "This driver… doesn't he look familiar?"
Rhea sighs. "Please don't start." "I'm just saying," Meera continues. "He looks like someone I've seen before. "Kunal leans forward slightly.
"Actually… farewell night. Doesn't he?". They all glance at the mirror again. The driver smiles politely. "Every Uber uncle looks familiar," Arjun says. "They have a universal face."
That explanation satisfies everyone enough to move on.
The car turns onto a longer road. The buildings thin out naturally, like they always do when you leave the main stretch. The conversation drifts easily, jumping from jobs to rent to how tired everyone feels all the time.



"I still wake up thinking I have an exam," Rhea says.
"I still feel guilty resting," Meera adds. "School really did a number on us."
They talk about farewell night again, mostly laughing.
"I cried like someone cancelled the internet forever," Rhea says.
"I signed everyone's shirt like it was a goodbye letter," Kunal admits.
"Someone wrote 'don't forget me' on my sleeve," Meera says. "We lived in the same city."
The driver chuckles quietly.
"You were happy that night," he says casually.
They glance at each other, then shrug.
"We were," Arjun says. "Overdramatic, but happy."
The road continues. They pass a Dhaba with stacked chairs and a man sweeping the floor lazily. Someone mentions they're hungry.
Someone else says they should eat later. No one agrees on anything.
A tea stall passes by on the side of the road, shutters down, signboard tilted. It felt as if a war crime was committed inside there. But in this city, you can't speak much.
"Is this the same one we passed earlier?" Arjun asks.
Rhea squints. "I don't think so. They all look like that."
"Yeah," Meera says. "Standard tea stall aesthetic."
They keep talking.

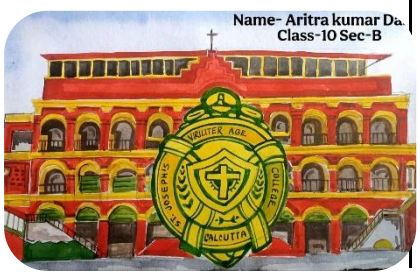
Kunal tells a story about his office. Rhea complains about deadlines. Arjun talks about how his hometown feels smaller every time he visits.
Meera checks her phone. "Network is terrible here."
"Give it a minute," Rhea says. "It'll come back."
They drive on.
Another bend in the road. Another stretch of trees. A banyan tree appears, large and old, roots spilling out into the ground. Kunal frowns slightly.
"This looks familiar. "Meera laughs. "Everything looks familiar if you stare long enough."
"No, I mean… we drove here that night, didn't we?"
"That night?" Rhea asks.
"Farewell night. We were shouting. Someone leaned out of the window."
"Oh," Arjun says. "Yeah, maybe."
They don't dwell on it.
A few minutes later, Rhea notices something outside. "Why are there graves here?"
They all look.
Small white markers line the side of the road, uneven and quiet.
"Probably accident memorials," Arjun says.
"People do that," Meera adds. "It's common."
"Accidents," the driver says simply.
The road bends again.
The tea stall appears once more.
Arjun leans forward slightly. "Okay, I'm not imagining this. That's the same stall."
Rhea hesitates. "Maybe there are two."
"Identical?"
The music fades out, not abruptly, just… ends.

"Uncle," Meera asks, careful but calm, "are we still on the same route?"
"Yes," the driver replies. "This road connects."
"To where?" Kunal asks.
The driver doesn't answer immediately. They pass the banyan tree again. Silence settles in, not dramatic, just noticeable. "There were six of us that night," Kunal says quietly, more to himself than anyone else.
"Yes," the driver replies. "There were."
Arjun's chest tightens. "And you?"
The driver looks at them through the mirror.
"I was driving. "The car slows, then stops. They notice the graves more clearly now. One of them looks newer than the others. Rhea's voice barely comes out. "Why is that one… fresh?"
The driver turns off the engine.
No one speaks.
Because sometimes remembering doesn't arrive with warning signs.
Sometimes it comes back like a familiar road, driven one too many times, until you finally recognise where you are.

**-Arunusman Dey (11-A) and Trivikram Chatterjee (11-A)**

## The Cello's Echo

The humid breath of June clung to my green blazer like a second skin as I descended the stairs into the Bowbazar underground. There was a school event in SJC. Outside, the sun was a relentless furnace, but the Metro offered its usual clinical, fluorescent reprieve. I, Aritro Mukherjee, was just another tired Class 12 student dreaming of a cold glass of lassi and the end of my Board prep. The platform was uncharacteristically quiet until the air began to vibrate—not with the rumble of an approaching metro, but with something far more haunting.
Leaning against a salt-stained red pillar was a man who seemed to belong to another century. He held a weathered cello, its wood scarred but glowing under the dim lights. As




his bow danced across the strings, the frantic energy of the city seemed to stall.
He wasn't playing a popular Bollywood hit or a frantic Tagore piece; he was playing a melody that sounded like falling rain—cool, rhythmic, and impossibly deep.
As the Blue Line metro screeched to a halt, the crowd surged forward. I paused, reaching into my pocket to drop a few coins into his open case. But as I looked down, my heart skipped. The case wasn't empty, but it wasn't filled with money either. It was filled with hundreds of handwritten letters, each addressed to people who no longer existed: historical figures, lost poets, and names from old Kolkata lore.
I looked up to ask him why, but the man didn't blink. He looked straight through me, his eyes the colour of a monsoon sky.
I stepped into the coach just as the doors hissed shut. When I turned back to the glass window, the pillar was there, the salt stains were there, but the man and his cello had vanished. The platform was empty.
I sat down, the vibrations of the cello still humming in my marrow. The heat of June was gone, replaced by a sudden, inexplicable chill that stayed with me all the way home. I was confused.
As the train lurched forward, pulling away from the platform, I pressed my forehead against the cool glass of the door. My mind was racing faster than the wheels on the tracks. I looked for the man one last time, but the station blurred into a streak of grey and yellow.
I reached into my pocket to pull out my phone, but my fingers brushed against something crisp. My heart hammered against my ribs. Tucked into my pocket—the same pocket I had reached into for coins—was a small, yellowed scrap of paper. I unfolded it with trembling hands. It wasn't a letter. It was a Metro token, the old plastic kind they hadn't used in years, and scrawled across it in faded ink were my own initials: A.M.
The other passengers were slumped in their seats, scrolling through their phones. The metro slowed down for the next station, but the announcement system remained silent. As the brakes hissed, the lights in the carriage dimmed to a ghostly amber. I

stood up, unsure if I should step out or stay hidden in the shadows of the car.
Was I even on the Blue Line?
The doors slid open with a heavy thud, revealing a platform shrouded in a thick, unnatural fog. Out of the mist, the faint, low hum of a cello began to play again—this time, it sounded like it was coming from inside the train.
I took a breath, stepped toward the threshold, and realized with a jolt of terror: I couldn't remember which station I was actually trying to go to.

**-Aritro Mukherjee 12-B**

## Where Childhood Grew into Confidence

From the very first day, I stepped into **St Joseph's College** as a tiny nursery student. My journey has been painted with endless colours of memories. I still remember the red corridors that seemed so vast to my little eyes. Those early days were filled with curiosity and the nervous excitement of learning new alphabets and poems.

As I moved through primary and middle school, the journey became more meaningful because of the friends and teachers who walked beside me. Friends turned ordinary days into memorable ones with shared lunches, laughter during break times, whispered jokes and teamwork during school activities. Some friendships stayed strong, while others faded with time, yet each played a role in my life. The teachers at SJC were more than educators. The teachers were guides and mentors. Their strictness often felt heavy but with time I realized it came from care and dedication. We became a tribe, navigating the academic challenges and the strict discipline of SJC together. I have vivid memories of huddled conversations in those familiar corridors, trading snacks and secrets while our white uniforms grew dusty from football and cricket matches during break time. Through our teachers remained our anchors, pushing us to embody the school's values and teaching us that character is built in the moments when no one is watching.

Now as a Class 9 student, the journey feels like it has reached a turning point. The white uniform I wear today represents a much taller, more confident version of that Nursery boy and the red corridors now echo with more serious discussions about the future. The pressure of board exams is starting to loom, yet the brotherhood I have built over nearly a decade makes it all feel manageable. Looking back, SJC has not just been a school, it has been the backdrop of my life's most formative chapters. Whether it was the nervous energy of the first day or the shared laughter of today. I realize that every brick in these walls has played a part in shaping who I am, turning a small child into a Josephyte ready to face the world.

**-Sreejit Shamooi 9-B**

## THE VICTORY OF THE LOSERS

Humanity has always obsessed over the winners. Those who come second are not remembered in the books of history. Yet the greatest winners are often the 'losers'. The ones whose mistakes have shaped humanity even more than the 'winners'.



No human has ever had the privilege of being born perfect. One should not fear failure but rather fear not having tried enough. As Niki Lauda, arguably one of the greatest motorsport personalities, once said, "I tell you from my own experience, winning is one thing, but out of losing I always learn more for the future. So, I grew stronger by losing.''

People consider the fear of failure to be the biggest enemy to creativity, often chasing after perfection in the first attempt itself, yet in the end, a winner was just a loser who tried one more time. It took Thomas Edison 1,000 attempts to finally create the electric bulb, but instead of treating those 1,000 attempts as failures, he considered them to be 1,000 ways that won't work.
So, instead of treating failure as a setback, one should treat it as an opportunity to improve and become better than ever.

**-Raghav Gupta 9-A**

## THE DIARY OF FEMINISM

***"Remember this, whoever you are, however you are, you are equally valid, equally justified and equally beautiful"*** **- Juno Dawson**

The society identifies the writer of the above quote, Juno Dawson as "no gender" in its gender norms, but I think this person was lucky enough to be free from such gender labels where we have to fight for our equality.

In this era of the 21st century, apparently all boys and girls are forced to abide by a set of rules. I am not talking about the mathematical rules they teach in school, I am talking about "gender rules". Well, I learnt my rules, when I fell down the stairs and it reminded me that boys don't cry.

Society identifies your gender when you follow these rules, and I personally don't know who has created them. Does our biological difference take away our equality?

On studying across a few literary texts, a word made me wonder a lot, it is 'feminism'. Many people think it is a broader term to matriarchy, then to them it would be better to make it clear that feminism does not only mean protecting the rights of females across the world, it means to bring equality between all genders. Feminism is about bringing fairness and not favouritism. So, my dear men, the next time you feel that feminism is not your fight, remember that every time equality is denied, you are losing your part of freedom too. Now the problem is not only when the people misunderstand it's meaning, the problem comes when people fail to follow the path that feminism leads to. A sort of guilt, masculine ego and most importantly lack of education make people fail to embrace the need of feminism.

As I have mentioned earlier, education is the key factor that pushes back the people from bringing the equality, now the question is that what kind of education is required? Well, it's not that bookish education I am talking about; it's the education that makes a boy treat every girl with same respect he would offer his own sister. This is why the current system fails: The ultimate problem lies with our education system which teaches algebra before empathy and wonder why society can't solve basic human problems.

Therefore, it is very necessary for schools across the country to conduct moral value classes to make the students learn how to treat every gender with equal respect and utilise the same in their daily life.

In this world of hell, where everyone seems to show their violence, the only blood that sheds without any violence is the menstrual blood. How strange is it not? Every minute, every second, millions and millions of women and girls are shedding this same blood, with immense pain. And surprisingly society treats this blood to be impure in temples but not dangerous in silence. Many women across the Indian culture take hormonal pills in order to participate in holy occasions, unknowingly making health risks of their own. Hormonal pills are usually used to delay or prevent periods, but sometimes taking such pills without proper doctor consultation may lead to DVT (Deep Vein Thrombosis), and could be fatal if serious actions are not taken. Our society becomes practical in following religious guidelines, but remains silent about the health risks a women endure to avoid exclusion.

I don't bleed every month, but I bleed when ignorance decides who matters. As a boy, I do understand the male ego, but does not this ego ache when we catcall women on the streets? does not this ego bleed when those dead faces in the photo frame cry for justice!?

**-Debayan Saha 11-A**

## A Trip to Nohkalikai Falls

Rachel and her friends- Shilpa and Agatha went to the East Khasi Hills, Meghalaya for a trip. She was an exchange student at IIM Shillong and the group had planned to go there for their winter holidays. During one of their scenic drives through the mountains, they decided to stop at the Nohkalikai Falls, the tallest plunge waterfall in India. They first went up the steep steps to get a bird's eye view of the waterfall. They clicked a few



pictures with the plunge fall in the backdrop. Rachel noticed a dark female figure near the foot of the fall, prior to which no one was there, she shrugged it off thinking the figure might be a lone tourist. Later on they descended from the viewpoint and she again noticed the same figure, the figure was in a dark dress, it was under the dark shade of a tree beside the waterfall. This time she felt a bit disturbed by this sighting, attempting to calm herself down she told to herself, "That is a tourist, Rachel, a tourist!"
Shilpa and Agatha decided to do a photo-shoot, Agatha called out to Rachel, "Come on Rachel, do you think you will get your dress wet? Come take a selfie with us." Rachel replied," You two go on; I do not feel like doing it." While they were posing, she noticed the dark figure again near a bush near the cliff. She tried to ignore it and tried to coax them to return to the hotel by stating that, "I am not feeling well"," I am feeling dizzy."
Later on, after entering the hotel room, she told both of them about the dark figure. Agatha told her, "According to local legend, in a village called Rangjyrteh, upstream from Nohkalikai Falls, there lived a woman named Likai who found she had no choice but to remarry following the death of her husband since she had to take care for her infant daughter and had very little money. She took up the job of a porter. After her second marriage, her husband felt jealous of her infant, since he felt that she gave too much attention to her child. She could not do anything since she got very little free time from her job which she dedicated to her child."
Rachel said, "That does not sound good."
Agatha continued, "The man murdered the child in cold blood, cooked her flesh, threw away the head and bones. Likai had returned home famished from her labour and saw a meal already prepared. She ate it and later she was horrified to find a severed finger near the place where she kept the betel nut and leaves. After knowing about it, she became frantic as she had unknowingly cannibalised her murdered daughter, she jumped off from the plateau. The fall from where she leaped from was named as Nohkalikai Falls."
Agatha stopped talking and there was a deep silence in their room and all that could be heard was the ticking of the clock.

**-Travis Chen 9-A**

**AI in the Classroom: A Tool or a Cheat?**

It is already 2026, and artificial intelligence has become a part of our everyday lives. From helping us search information to making work faster, AI tools are everywhere. So, bringing AI into classrooms is not very surprising. However, like every new technology, it comes with both advantages and disadvantages.

AI can make learning more interesting and easier to understand. Concepts can be explained through animations, videos, and interactive visuals instead of only textbooks and lectures. Small tasks such as attendance, notes, and evaluations can also be done automatically. In the future, classrooms may have digital screens instead of blackboards, with each student having a digital setup at their desk. Biometric systems like fingerprint scanners could even replace ID cards and make attendance quicker.

On the other hand, too much dependence on AI can be harmful. Students may lose the habit of thinking and working on their own, as everything would be available instantly. This could reduce concentration and interest in learning. Overuse of screens may also cause fatigue. Moreover, if proper security systems are not installed, data may not remain safe. In case of power failure, the entire classroom system could stop functioning.

To conclude, AI in the classroom is a modern and useful idea if used carefully. With proper safety measures and limited dependence, AI can support learning without replacing students' effort and creativity. Used wisely, it can truly bring a positive change in education.

**-Aarush Doshi 9-A**

## Oh Calcutta, my Calcutta!

Kolkata, the city of joy, has a legacy which follows through it. Thou have been shaped by your colonial past. You had once a divide between the cream of the rich Anglo-Indians and the commoners. You have broken walls of great authority. You are the one who had brought revolution to India in its colonial past. Your streets and narrow lanes sing the long-lost melodies and tunes of stories long forgotten. From the nostalgic trams rolling down the tracks, tearing through traffic, slowly, makes me forget everything. Everything about you, everywhere I see do I think that you have been stopped in time. As if you remind us that the past is what makes us great and it is what the future is dependent on. But thou are now bleeding as the city is in unrest. The blood of defying the authority has been passed down by us Bengali's. From a simple act of kindness to a ruthless murder, every memory gets embedded in you as time passes by. Your art deco's put me into awe, thinking about what we have left behind to crumble down into a pile of dust. Still, you are the inspiration to most as the most famous phrase goes by as" What Bengalis think today, India thinks tomorrow". Everything about you ignites the small fire embedded into the heart, from the ghats of Shobhabazar to the walls of Alipore jail. You have different emotions which you use to express yourself. From brave fire band revolutionaries like Rash Behari Bose and Subhash Chandra Bose to great singers and composers like Hemanta Mukhopadhyay have enchanted the people of Kolkata through their words. Kolkata's greatest poet" Kobi guru" Rabindranath Tagore has written verses in thy praise. Your cultural diversity shocks the world. You are the smaller version of world. From the narrow lanes of Nakhoda to the kitchens of Mocambo, your food magic touches the soul of every Bengali. At night you look like a queen who went to bed after a long day of work. As the crows start to caw at daybreak, the city wakes up. With newspaper men on Bengali cycles touring the city, distributing newspaper. The tea stalls jolt back to life with the men of households ready for their daily routine. Hand pulled rickshaws and yellow taxis patrol the city looking for customers. The iconic blue and yellow buses are packed with children heading towards school as the bustling city jolts back to life. The smell of slow cooked Nihari smell wafts through the air tickling into your nose and bringing water to your mouth. The sweets in Kolkata have no end to it. From Nobin Chandra Das's Rosogollas to Nakur Chandra Das's Sandesh, everything is mouthwatering. People line up by kachori shops just to buy some kachoris for breakfast. Oh Kolkata, do you win every heart with the smell of lovely flowers which fill the air at the famous Flower Market. The people of Kolkata now board buses bound to Sealdah and Howrah to catch trains to work. As evening sets in, couples gather near Park Street and New Market to spend time with their loved ones. The crowd at New Market starts to gather as vendors start raising their voices over the crowds, just to sell their goods. Kolkata, these Architectural marvels strike m heart. The intricate details on the buildings near B.B.D. Bagh still make me wonder the existence of these architects, the rich legacies they wanted to leave behind. Still does Kolkata evolve as Newtown and its satellite cities start building new offices for their employees. Kolkata's famous Howrah bridge still stands strong after so many years showing the strength of the British steel. And there are the festivities, where the people of all faiths come together to show their secularity. Durga Puja is celebrated with such grand splendour that the pandals intricate details will defeat the Taj Mahal in comparison. From pujas in *paras* to pujas in the grand *Bonedi barirs*. Mahalaya mornings are woken up by mahalaya on the radio by Birendra Krishna Bhadra. Eid and Christmas is celebrated with the same splendour. And Kolkata presents before you, Lalbazar, the headquarters of Kolkata police. It was once called the Scotland Yard of India. Old roads as Stanford and Park Street live as a memory to Kolkata's colonial past. Kolkata published its first newspaper" Hicky's Bengal Gazette". Oh, my Kolkata, my Calcutta, how proud am I to call you



home. Yours lanes echo with cries of revolution and now you are at a standstill.
Your beauty has even persuaded the famous poet Mirza Ghalib wrote in his couplet:
**"Kalkatte ka jo zikr Kiya tune Humnasheen, ek teer mere seene mein maara ke hay hay".** He writes that **"When you mention Calcutta, my friend, you shot an arrow into my chest and cried in exclamations".**
Such beauty thus thou pose, Oh my Calcutta!!

**-Aadipto Som 9-A**

## The Back Door

"Wake up, Varun, it's time for breakfast."
"Yes, Mom. I'm coming!" I said as I frantically hopped out of my bed, still in my pyjamas.

As I stormed down the stairs, the familiar smell of bacon and eggs filled the air. Maybe it was because I have been having it for breakfast for a very long time, but I never complain since I enjoy it. I head straight to the living room to watch my favourite TV show after eating breakfast. Until a certain day, I remember rushing off to school right after breakfast, but I don't really have much memory of that time, nor do I mind getting to watch my favourite show every morning. The dull murmuring of the television becomes tedious as the afternoon wears on, so I typically like to visit the local park, which is a few hundred yards from my house. I get ready to go out, just as I hear, "You're going to the park, aren't you? Well, remember not to take the back and stay safe."
I've been hearing the same order for quite a long time, yet I have never questioned it, since it came from my mother. The park is usually quiet, with an occasional few children who come to visit and play around. My mother always warned me not to talk to any children, so I just lay on the swing, quietly observing the cheers and laughter of the children playing.

When the sun sets and evening arrive, I gradually walk back home. I did try countless times to perhaps catch a glimpse of what lies behind my house, but it was always covered by dense outgrowths and trees, blocking the view. The street lamps flicker on, and the children rush back to their homes, awaiting a warm embrace from their mothers, yet when I walk into my home, I'm always greeted with the same "snacks are on the table" every single evening.
Night sets in, and my mother goes off to sleep, while I sit in my room, wondering about everything being so repetitive. This isn't my routine for one day – but almost every single day that follows. Is this how kids my age live their lives? Why did everything have to change? Why did Mom grow so cold? And the biggest question of all: what is behind our back door? So many questions, yet no one to answer.

I made my bed and prepared to go off to sleep, unsatisfied and unnerved, ending yet another day that followed the same pattern as every other. Suddenly, I realized that I had transcended into the world of my own consciousness and drifted into a dream, but this one was a little different. I was in the dining room, sitting down in a chair. Although I had no recollection of ever sitting down, it didn't feel strange to me. The table is set neatly, as if awaiting multiple guests for a feast, yet it was only my mother and father sitting adjacent to me. The food was still warm, as if someone had just left the room. Right across the table was another chair, pulled out, yet no one sat on it. I didn't touch my food—I wasn't hungry nor had any emotions to gulp the food down in compliance with the household norms, yet my father ate up quickly and left the table. I stood up, pushed the chair in, and started moving towards my room, but my feet automatically led me to the back door. Something was strange, however; Mother didn't warn me or call me back, and the silence was deafening. Soon, I reached the door and held the knob tightly, not letting any obstacles come in my way. As I finally turned the knob and heard the door creak, my alarm went off.

Life went on, days went by, and my body felt stiffer by the passing day. Whenever I tried to go to the dining room, I somehow ended up in front of the back door. When I tried to go outside, my

body instinctively led me to the back door, and all the while, there came repeated warnings from my mother. "Why do you always try to use the back door even after I tell you not to? You promised you wouldn't go that way again."

To me, my life seemed barren; nothing was enjoyable anymore, yet compliance was urged, and when I looked for answers, my words were silenced before they were even audible. I started to grow out of my enclosed shell, and when given the little time to go outside, I never went back to the park; instead, I wandered the streets. It wasn't just my house, but even the neighbours. Every day at exactly two o'clock in the afternoon, I heard the same song play, and the old lady danced along as if it were a common occurrence. The woodpecker pecked on the peepal tree with the same pattern every day, the cars all looked similar to one another, the roads felt like they were stretched on for unending miles, and whatever happened around me was all done in a pattern that I had memorized thanks to the countless days of being stranded in this strange reality.

Every evening at six, my mom set out the same plate of snacks in the same spot. Like clockwork, I took my seat, picked at the food, and felt her always keeping a watch on me – not in a sinister way but a subtle yet concerned one. Then, one night, I just didn't eat. The food sat there, untouched, growing cold. My mom didn't say a word. She kept watching, waiting for me to do whatever it was she expected. Eventually, she picked up the plate and carried it away, her footsteps soft as ever. That night, sleep wouldn't come. The whole house felt frozen, like a scene behind glass—nothing moving, just stuck. I got up and wandered into the hallway. Before I realized it, I was standing by the back door yet again, staring at the handle as if my body remembered something I didn't. I felt a familiar person standing behind me, and sure enough, it was my mom. Her voice broke the quiet. "Varun… come back to bed." I turned. She looked so tired, almost scared, but she didn't touch me or plead. She just asked. So, I went back.

The next morning, everything repeated. Breakfast. TV. The park was empty except for the same unease floating in the air. But inside, something had shifted. The sameness didn't feel safe anymore. It felt stale and suffocating. Time began to blur. Days bled into each other. Even the kids' laughter in the park sounded far away, like it belonged to someone else.



And always, the back door called—softly, patiently, like it knew I'd answer, eventually. One afternoon, with the sky washed out and pale, my mom dozed in her chair. The house was silent. This was my one opportunity to finally get an answer to all the questions I had left unanswered. I stood, walked to the back door, and this time, nobody stopped me. Nobody said my name. I reached for the handle. It felt warm and familiar. I turned it, and the door swung open with almost no effort at all.

Behind the house, there was no forest or magic—just a narrow road stretching forward. I started walking as my instincts led me. Each step felt lighter, like I was leaving behind something I hadn't realized I'd been carrying. The road led me to a building I knew before I saw the sign: a hospital, and a familiar one too. Inside, it was all white walls and soft lights, the air sharp with that hospital smell. Nobody noticed me as I walked down the hall, past empty faces, into a quiet room with a single bed by the window.

There, on the bed, lay a boy. Still. Pale. He looked like me—not exactly like now, but like I used to be. Smaller. Waiting. Machines surrounded him, silent and useless. The once fresh flowers in the vase had now rotted, and there was a calendar right next to it, open to a date I knew was long gone.

I leaned closer. The boy was me, but cold as ice. Or used to be. But it shouldn't be. How was this

possible? Nothing crashed over me, no shock or flood of memories. Just a gentle understanding, settling in, and making everything clear. The breakfasts, the TV, the endless days. My mom was holding on, keeping me in a world where nothing ever changed, where I'd always come home, always sit at the table, always stay.
I turned. In the corner, my mom—years younger—sat crying, whispering words I couldn't hear. She wasn't seeing me. She was remembering and reminiscing about her son.
For a second, I thought about going back. Back to the house, the routine, the table where she could still watch me and pretend. But that feeling faded, soft as a sigh. No sadness, no fear—just calm.

I left the room. Walked the corridor, past the silent lights, out the front door this time. The air outside felt different, and quite frankly, it felt real. Lighter than anything I'd breathed in years.
Behind me, the hospital shrank, then disappeared.

The road stretched ahead, wide open. For the first time, nothing awaited me when I turned back. But this time, I didn't.

**-Trivikram Chatterjee 11-A**

## Light in the Ruins

I have visited many beautiful places in my life. I have gone to foreign countries like Bangkok and Singapore. In India, I have seen Kerala's green nature and Shimla's cold mountains. Most of these places were crowded with tourists, traffic, and noise. I enjoyed them, but this time I wanted something different. I wanted peace. I wanted to feel amidst nature.



So, my friends and I decided to spend ten days in a small village far away from the city. We wanted to stay away from the usual crowd and busy life. The journey was long. First, we took a train, then a bus, and finally a small jeep that drove through narrow muddy roads. There were trees, farms, and open fields all around. When we finally reached, my phone had no network. I did not consider it to be a great problem.
Our hotel was small and simple, made of clay and palm leaves. It was surrounded by trees and open land. During the daytime, everything felt perfect. We walked through green fields, talked with local villagers, and ate fresh homemade food. We sat near a small river and dipped our feet in the cool water. In the evening, we looked at the sky full of bright stars. I had never seen so many stars in the city.
But there was one strange thing.
Just opposite our hotel, across a small dirt road, there was an old burnt house. The walls were black, the windows were broken, and part of the roof had fallen down. The house looked dark and scary even in bright sunlight.
When we went to a small shop, I asked a villager about that house. His face suddenly became serious.

He said softly, "Don't go near it. No one goes there. I once again tell don't go there."
I thought he was just trying to scare tourists, so I did not think much about it.

On Day 2, I could not control my curiosity anymore. In the afternoon, when my friends were resting, I quietly crossed the road and went near the burnt house. The wooden gate was making a creaking sound as I pushed it open. The moment I stepped inside, the air felt heavy and cold, very different from outside.
The walls were covered in black burn marks. The floor was broken in many places and filled with ash and dry leaves. Old books were scattered everywhere, their pages half-burnt and stuck together. A strange smell of smoke filled my nose. Even though it was daytime, very little light came inside the house.
As I walked further, I felt like someone was watching me. My footsteps echoed loudly. Suddenly, I heard a faint sound, like someone was calling my name. I turned back quickly, but there was no one. Fear slowly started creeping into my mind. My heart beat faster, and I felt uneasy.

Without staying any longer, I ran out of the house. Even after reaching the hotel, I felt that strange coldness around me.
That night, I suddenly woke up. I heard a soft voice singing. It sounded like a girl singing a sad song. I sat up and listened carefully, but after a few seconds, the sound stopped. I thought it was just a dream and went back to sleep.

But the next night, I heard it again. The same singing. This time I checked the time. It was 2 a.m.

After that, I heard the song every night. Only I could hear it. My friends said they heard nothing. I started sleeping less. Dark circles appeared under my eyes. Even during the day, I felt tired and scared.
Then came Day 7. It was a new moon night, and the sky was completely dark.
That night, the singing was louder than before. It felt very close. I got out of bed and walked to the balcony. My heart started beating fast.
I saw a dim yellow light inside one room of the burnt house.
Suddenly, I heard a girl's voice scream, "Save me… please save me. He will kill us."
Without thinking, I ran downstairs, crossed the road, and entered the broken gate of the house. I don't even remember how I got inside. The door was open.
The air inside was cold and smelled like smoke. It was very dark. I could see shapes lying on the floor, but I was too afraid to look properly. Then I saw someone standing at the top of the stairs.
It was a girl wearing a white dress. Her hair covered her face. Slowly, she lifted her head. Her eyes looked empty and black. Her fingers were long, and her nails looked sharp. She started coming toward me, not walking but floating.
I was too scared to move. Her hand came closer to my neck.
The moment the sharp nails were about to touch my throat, I heard a loud holy chant behind me. A priest rushed inside and threw holy water in the air. The girl screamed in a very high, painful voice. The light and the girl somehow disappeared.
The priest pulled me outside. I fell on the ground, shaking.
He told me that long ago, the house was a school. A music teacher named Meera taught children singing there. One night, someone who hated her set the building on fire. She died inside.

"Since then," the priest said, "on every new moon night, her spirit calls someone."
I looked at the house as the sun slowly began to rise.
And I realized… this time, she had called me.

**-Rupayan Ghosh 9-A**

# EDUCATIONAL TRIPS

**Educational Trip to Lion's Safari Park – Nursery A**

An educational trip to Lion's Safari Park was organised for **Nursery A** on **7th February 2026**, from **8:45 a.m. to 1:00 p.m**., with **22** out of 25 children participating enthusiastically.

Under the guidance of **Overall In-Charge Ms. M. Pal** and **Teacher In-Charge Ms. S. Dey**, **supported** by **Rakesh** and **Arpita di**, the children arrived well-prepared and departed after the **Lord's Prayer**, reaching the venue at **10:00 a.m.**

At the Children's Park, learning was woven into play through **action rhymes**, **vocabulary reinforcement, number counting, turn-taking, sharing,** and **social interaction**. Activities on **seesaws, swings, slides, the Big Slide House** and the **Toddler's Park** helped develop **gross motor skills, listening skills, confidence and cooperation.**

After **washing hands,** the children **shared lunch together,** strengthening **habits of hygiene,** independence, and **togetherness**. Group **photographs** were taken before returning safely to school by 1:00 p.m.

The trip offered **meaningful experiential learning**, making education **joyful** and **memorable** for the children of Nursery A.





Nursery Picnic Report

Venue : Lion's Safari Park

The Nursery Picnic was successfully organized on 7th February at Lion's Safari Park. Students of Nursery A and Nursery B participated enthusiastically in this outing. Both Nursery sections travelled together in one bus, while KG A and KG B travelled in a separate bus. The journey was safe, smooth, and comfortable, and the short distance made it pleasant for the young children. The students enjoyed the bus journey and reached the venue cheerfully.

On arrival, the nursery children were extremely excited and delighted to see the surroundings of the park. The venue was well-maintained, clean, and hygienic, with all necessary child-friendly amenities such as clean toilets and safe drinking water. The park was well-protected and secure, ensuring a safe environment for the children throughout the visit.

The children enjoyed their tiffin time, shared food with their friends, and happily participated in various enjoyable activities. The picnic provided a wonderful opportunity for social interaction, bonding, and joyful learning outside the classroom.

The picnic was conducted smoothly under the guidance of Ma'am M. Pal, the teacher-in-charge for both Nursery & KG . She was extremely helpful, supportive, and attentive, taking good care of the children and remaining cooperative with all the teachers throughout the trip. The support staff also played an active role and were very cooperative, ensuring the safety and comfort of the children at all times.

The children returned to school safely after a joyful and memorable day. Overall, the nursery picnic was a pleasant, well-organized, and memorable experience for the children.

Thank you

SHAMPA GHOSH

(Class Teacher

Nursery B)





St. Joseph's College, Kolkata

Educational Trip for the kindergarten students.

Venue- Lion's Safari Park

Date-7.2.26

Class KGA

On a pleasant Saturday morning (7.2.26), the kindergarten students were taken on an educational trip to the Lions Safari Park, where they had the opportunity to see different types of birds, flowers, and trees. The children looked forward to the day with great anticipation, and their eyes sparkled with excitement and energy on the way to the park.

They were able to apply what they had learned in class by naming the different trees, flowers, and play equipment they saw in the park with great fascination. The children thoroughly enjoyed playing on the swings, slides, and other play equipment.

They also enjoyed sharing their tiffin with their friends and learned the importance of keeping the place clean by responsibly using the dustbins to throw wrappers and waste. Overall, it was a wonderful experience for them, and I am sure they will remember this trip for years to come.

Thank you

Mrs Indrani Elizabeth Das

Class Teacher- KG A





**St. Joseph's College**

**Junior Foundation Annual Educational Trip**

**2025-2026**

**Class K.G- B**

*** Educational Trip to Safari Park**

The Kindergarten children enjoyed a delightful educational trip to Safari Park on 7th February, 2026 (Saturday). Under the guidance of Overall In-Charge Ms. M. Pal and Teacher In-Charge Ms. P. Sardar and Ms. A. Mazumdar, with the support of Prince, the trip was well organized. The children were well prepared and excited about the outing. Their adventure began with a cheerful bus ride, filled with excitement, songs, and curious chatter.

On reaching the park, the children sat together in a circle and enjoyed their food, learning the joy of sharing. They were then divided into Team A and Team B and eagerly took part in fun games like Passing the Hat and Postman, which helped them learn teamwork and cooperation in a playful way. A special photo session with their teachers and friends added to the joy, capturing smiles and precious moments to treasure forever.

The day became even more exciting as the children enjoyed the swings, slides, and merry-go-round, filling the park with laughter. The trip was a perfect blend of learning and fun, leaving the children with happy hearts and beautiful memories.

By Ms. P. B.Sardar

Class Teacher of KG-B.











**St. Joseph's College**

**Junior Foundation Educational Trip**

**Class I A**

On 7 February, the Junior Josephytes embarked on an exhilarating educational tour to Eco Park in Kolkata. The children were thrilled to be on an adventure, which allowed them to embrace their independence and keenly observe their surroundings. Eco Park, also known as Prakriti Tirtha in New Town, boasts themed gardens, a serene central lake, and diverse recreational zones. Its attractions include cycling , toy train rides,

and magnificent replicas of the Seven Wonders of the World. Dressed in their physical education uniforms, the children boarded the bus promptly at 9:30 a.m.

They began with a stroll through a section of the park, marvelling at the replicas of the Seven Wonders of the World and crossing quaint bridges over gently flowing streams. The group delighted in the vibrant winter flowers in full bloom and attempted some bird watching. They soon discovered a shady nook beneath a cluster of trees, where they sat together, sharing their packed lunches with joy.

After finishing their snacks, the children dashed off to play, imagining themselves as superheroes. They tumbled down grassy slopes and ran about playing 'Catch me if you can'. Their teachers joined in the fun, with a game of 'I Spy'.

In the latter part of the day, the group went for a nature walk, to identify the park's vibrant flowers and trees. The teacher helped in capturing numerous photographs of the children, which would later become cherished memories.

By. Ms. V. Chapman.

Class Teacher.





St. Joseph's College

Junior Foundation Annual Educational Trip

2025-2026

Class II A

Joyful Educational Trip to Eco Park for Class 2 A

Laughter echoed through the lush greenery of Eco Park as Class 2 students from St. Joseph's College embarked on their much-awaited Annual Educational Trip on 7th February, 2026. The little Josephytes arrived at school buzzing with energy, ready for a day of fun and discovery.

The adventure kicked off with a scenic bus ride from school. Upon reaching the sprawling Eco Park in New Town, the children were greeted by vibrant flower gardens and playful attractions. Under the watchful eyes of teachers the kids split into groups for activities. They ran , hopped and played with delight. They explored the mask garden, saw a toy train and various colourful flowers. They also caught a glimpse of the Seven Wonders of the world.

Lunchtime brought picnic favorites – sandwiches, fruits, and sweets – spread on mats under shady trees. Post-meal, it was time for games in the play area. Teachers wove in fun lessons on which the children are expected to do a small and simple project.

And when it was time to leave, tired but happy faces boarded the bus and we headed back to school. The picnic not only sparked joy but also instilled a love for nature in these young explorers.

St. Joseph's College looks forward to planning more such outings to nurture happy and eco-conscious minds.

Ms L. G. D'Gama

Class Teacher of II A





St. Joseph's College

A Joyful Learning Experience at Eco Park

On February 7th, Saturday, junior school students of Class 2 B from St Joseph's College visited the Eco Park, a wonderful learning experience. The students witnessed the beauty of nature , exploring attractions like the

Seven Wonders, Vista Dome Train, an idol of the Goddess of Justice & Death , and the stunning Flower Garden. The trip aimed to connect students with nature and promote environmental awareness.

The students of class 2 B enjoyed the scenic views interactive exhibits, ate , played and joyfully spent time together making it a memorable day. The trip was a great success, with students learning about the importance of eco-friendly practices.

~Class 2B,

Ms.Susmita Chatterjee

(Class Teacher of II B)





**<u>Learning Beyond the Classroom: Visit to Eco Park</u>**

An educational trip was organised for Class 3A to Eco Park, Kolkata on 7th February 2026. The class teacher, Miss Shireen Dias, was assisted by the P.T. master, Mr. Sonu Hela. We entered through Gate No. 4 and first visited the Seven Wonders, especially the Taj Mahal model, which amazed the students. As we moved further, we explored the huge park area and saw a toy train statue. The children enjoyed playing and exploring the surroundings.

Later, they sat on mats and enjoyed a picnic, sharing food like biryani and other items. This togetherness was lovely to watch. We left Eco Park at 1:15 p.m. and reached school by 2:30 p.m. The weather was pleasant, making the trip memorable.

*~Class 3 A*

*Class Teacher : Ms. S. Dias*






**Educational Trip - A Memoir**

The best education you will ever get is travelling. Nothing teaches you more than exploring the world and accumulating experiences. - Mark Patterson

Fulfilling the key ideas from this quote the Junior Josephytes went for an Educational Tour to Eco Park on 7 February, 2026.

They geared up in their best behaviour wearing their green P.T. uniforms and fancy caps and sunglasses. They learnt to value their belongings and be mindful of the things they brought.

The students brought light snacks and juice for themselves and their friends. They learnt to share food and games with their friends. They learnt to care for each other.

They boarded the bus with utmost caution and sang songs all through their journey.

On reaching Eco Park, first they sat to have their tiffin and soon after bolted to play in the apricity.

They played with their friends, rolled on the grass, took care of each other and had a wonderful day out. They were made to understand that grass on their clothes was not making them dirty.

They observed things and people around them so that they can do their Project work on their own.

**Ms. Rabia Malik**

**Class Teacher Class III B**





**Educational Trip to Eco Park – Our Learning Experience**

**An educational trip to Eco Park was organized by our school to give students an opportunity to learn beyond the classroom. It was an exciting and informative experience that combined learning with fun.**

**We reached Eco Park early in the morning along with our teachers. The park was beautifully maintained with lush greenery, water bodies, and themed gardens. Students were thrilled to see different varieties of plants, trees, and flowers. Our teachers explained the importance of nature conservation, biodiversity, and**

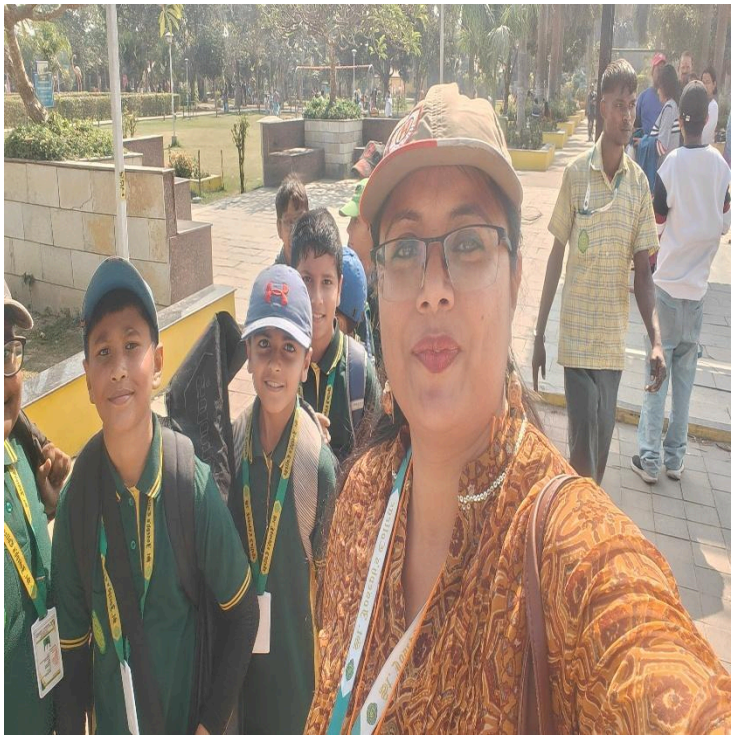
**eco-friendly living.**

**During the visit, students explored various sections of the park and learned about renewable energy, waste management, and the role of plants in maintaining ecological balance. Activities like nature walks and group discussions helped students observe and understand their surroundings better.**

**The trip also promoted teamwork, discipline, and responsibility among students. Everyone followed rules and showed respect towards nature by not littering.**

**The educational trip to Eco Park was a memorable experience. It helped students gain practical knowledge, develop environmental awareness, and enjoy learning in a natural setting.**

**Moumita Chatterjee (CT 4A)**





**Educational Trip**

**This year on 7th February 2026, we visited Eco Park with the children of Class 4.Children started planning the games and other activities for the trip. The children planned out everything, starting from games to food and even first aid if required. I could feel the excitement during dismissal on 6th February. They had so much to say and share.**

**On 7th February we reached school at 9:00am to welcome the children. Attendance was taken and we boarded the bus. The Principal was there throughout guiding and helping us board the bus.**

**Ma'am Maji and a support staff were there to assist.The journey started with music, fun and laughter. On reaching the spot children started playing and some started eating as they were hungry. They not only played with their class mates but with children from other classes too.The children were very well behaved and followed all instructions given. They were very cooperative and helpful towards each other.**

**It was a great learning experience for the children.They related the text book knowledge with real life. Travelling together made the children more responsible, cooperative and helpful. It also made them more confident and disciplined.**

**At 1:00pm we boarded the bus to return to school. The children sang and danced in joy in the bus. They started planning games for their next educational trip. It was a day full of learning experiences for the children. A successful Educational Trip indeed.**

**Ms.L.Patel (CT 4B)**





**<u>Educational Trip 2026</u>**

**St. Joseph's College organized an educational trip on 9/2/26. The spot of this trip was "Eco Park". The students of class V(A) reported in the school at 9:30 a.m. Then they made a line and boarded in the bus. The bus left the school at 10 a.m. They**

**enjoyed very much inside the bus. The bus reached the Eco Park at 11 a.m. Students**

**entered through the gate of the park. Then they visited the seven wonders.**

**Students noted down the items which they visited inside the park in their diaries. Eco park is a very big area. Inside the park there are several small grounds for playing. In some places there are small gardens which are full with flowers. Students were playing inside the park. Inside the park students were very much excited. They took their lunch at 12 p.m. After the lunch again they played. At 1 p.m. they assembled in a line. Then the students moved in a line and went out of the park. They boarded the bus at 1:30 p.m. We reached school at 2:30 p.m. Then parents took their child. Overall it was a very**

**enjoyable day.**

**Anirban Samanta**

**(Class teacher of 5A)**





***Fun with a Purpose: A Day of Learning at Eco Park***

- ***Sayantani Podder (Class Teacher 5B)***

***"The world is a book, and those who do not travel read only one page."***

**Learning does not live only within classroom walls; sometimes it waits beneath open skies and curious footsteps. On 7th February, our Class 5 students turned a new page of learning as they set out for an educational visit to the Eco Park. Excitement sparkled in their eyes as they travelled together, and by 11:30 a.m. we reached our destination, welcomed by nature's calm beauty and fresh air. The park stood like a green classroom, ready to teach lessons no textbook alone could offer.**

**As a teacher, it was delightful to watch young minds awaken to observation. The students explored the surroundings, noticed different plants, birds, water bodies, and eco-friendly structures, and learned how nature and humans must live in harmony. To give direction to their curiosity, they were assigned a project titled "Fun with a Purpose." The task encouraged them to write about what they observed and what they learned during the trip. Instead of merely walking through the park, the children learned to see to understand the importance of conservation, discipline, teamwork, and respect for nature.**

**The trip was not only educational but also enriching for their hearts and minds. Laughter blended with learning, and experience met imagination. As their teacher, I felt proud watching students grow beyond books, gaining lessons from life itself. The Eco Park visit reminded us all that education becomes meaningful when joy and purpose walk hand in hand.**





***EDUCATIONAL TRIP***

**I, Aahan Roy, a student of class 6B at St. Joseph's College, believe that the best lessons aren't always found within the four walls of the classroom. On February 14th ,2026, my classmates and I embarked on an exciting educational trip to Eco Park.**

**The morning was filled with wonder as we explored the lush greenery. We visited the Seven Wonders section, where the replicas of world monuments made me feel like a global traveller. At the butterfly garden, the vibrant colours were amazing but what amazed us was the new learning that these insects were crucial to our ecosystem. We saw how solar power is used across the park, a great practical lesson in science.**

**However, the day wasn't entirely perfect. In my excitement during the lakeside walk, I became a bit too energetic and ignored the instructions to stay in line. My boisterous behaviour and refusal to settle down during the briefing didn't go unnoticed. Consequently, Ma'am D. Pyne had to step in. On hindsight, I realise that my over enthusiasm could have led to a grave mishap. The vigilance by teachers is much appreciated.**

**It was a sharp reminder that while exploring the world is fun, maintaining the decorum of St. Joseph's College is just as important. As I boarded the bus, I carried two things with me: a new appreciation for nature and a firm resolution to improve my behaviour in the future.**

***Educational Trip 2026***

**On the 14th of February this year, the students of class 11A went to Eco Park for their Educational Trip.**

**For the students of class 11A, this trip was much anticipated as this would be the very last trip of our school lives. We all reached school excited for the refreshing day out with our friends. After the roll call, we boarded the bus and departed. Mr. D. Nayak, Mr. D. Bhattacharya and Mr. S. Chatterjee had**

**accompanied us on the bus. The bus ride to and from Eco Park was one of the most enjoyable moments of the entire trip as we played music and danced to our hearts content the entire way.**

**On reaching Eco Park, after certain safety regulations were explained to us, we were allowed to roam around with our friends. Most of us have already visited Eco Park multiple times but there is something different about going somewhere with friends, spending the day out and enjoying to our hearts content, its almost magical. We had our final exams coming up in 2 weeks, most of us didn't have our syllabus covered ,but for those few hours , all those worries seemed to have vanished giving us a moment of relief, a moment to look back upon with a smile in the future.**

**As soon as we were allowed to roam around ,we took to the fields and played cricket, football, badminton and much more till we couldn't even move a muscle. Many even played on the slides and swings in the park, acting like pre-school children, reliving one of the most cherished time in our lives. As of now, in a few months, many of us will be adults, expected to act and behave a certain way and this childish part of us will get buried underneath all of it. This trip allowed us to act freely without being judged by others for expressing the child within us.**

**As we came back to school with heavy hearts, filled with both joy and a hint of sadness as this was our last school trip, this extremely enjoyable day came to an end.**

***Arko Dutta***

***(Student of 11A)***





### *The Sea is Hiding Secrets*

Have you ever seen the sea?
How it meets the sky at the horizon!
Have you ever felt the soft sea-breeze?
Gently brushing your hair, unkempt!
The blue of the sea quietly blends into the blue of the sky.

As if they are one,
You can't tell one from the other.
It looks so serene and calm from a distance.
The hushing gust pass by you,
You can't see it coming.
Like a silent intruder.

A placid friend, brings a smile to your face,
reminding of someone you can't forget.
Have your ever seen the moon beam?
Its silver sparkle on the waves.
Or the grey sky?
On a stormy eve.
The glow spread over the multitude.
Brings peace to the soul.
The anger of the waves reflected-
On the sky above.
I don't know what the sea is hiding.
Or, maybe, I do.
To reach its depth,
One needs to look within one's own soul.
The sea gives and over view to-
Sweet scent of the sand,
The sublime sunset
And the exquisite moon rise.

I care about the answers no more.
The sea is too beautiful to let me think of all this when I stand facing it.

***-Ms. Rabia Malik***



### **Not too far away.**

I wasn't told you were going away,
I wasn't aware of the time of day.
I thought you would stay for good,
I had it all planned out, but it fell apart.
My plan was simple: You, with us forever.
We planned our future, with you there always near.
You gave us hope and strength to carry on;
When days were tough, you said, "Push on."
You became our rock, very early on,
You were the foundation we built our dreams on.
You meant the world to everyone,
Suddenly you were gone,
We are left here with no one.
Death came softly, early dawn, and you were ready to go,
But you said goodbye to all you know.
Now there's emptiness all around,
You're not here, but life goes on.
I hope you're happy now that you're with Dad.
Say a "Hi!" to him, and "We miss you too, Dad."

***-By Vanessa Chapman***





## *हिन्दी वर्तनी प्रतियोगिता*

विद्यालय में दिनांक 22 जुलाई को कक्षा 1 से 4 तक के विद्यार्थियों के लिए हिंदी रचनात्मक लेखन प्रतियोगिता का आयोजन किया गया। प्रतियोगिता का विषय विद्यार्थियों की आयु के अनुसार निर्धारित किया गया था। इस प्रतियोगिता की समय अवधि 40 मिनट रखी गई थी।

यह प्रतियोगिता विद्यालय स्तर पर आयोजित की गई थी, जिसमें विद्यार्थियों को एक कार्यपत्रक (वर्कशीट) प्रदान की गई। इस कार्यपत्रक का उद्देश्य विद्यार्थियों की हिंदी वर्तनी (स्पेलिंग) ज्ञान का आकलन करना तथा उन्हें हिंदी भाषा में स्वतंत्र रूप से कार्य करने के लिए प्रेरित करना था। विद्यार्थियों ने पूरे उत्साह और लगन के साथ निर्धारित समय में अपने कार्य को पूर्ण किया और तत्पश्चात अपनी कार्यपत्रक विषय अध्यापिका को जमा की।

इस प्रतियोगिता की प्रभारी हिंदी अध्यापिका थी। सभी विद्यार्थियों के कार्य का सावधानीपूर्वक मूल्यांकन किया गया तथा प्रत्येक कक्षा से प्रथम, द्वितीय और तृतीय स्थान प्राप्त करने वाले विद्यार्थियों का चयन किया गया।

यह प्रतियोगिता विद्यार्थियों के लिए अत्यंत ज्ञानवर्धक एवं प्रेरणादायक रही। इसके माध्यम से विद्यार्थियों की हिंदी भाषा के प्रति रुचि और आत्मविश्वास में वृद्धि हुई। विद्यालय ऐसे आयोजनों के माध्यम से विद्यार्थियों की भाषा दक्षता को निरंतर प्रोत्साहित करता रहेगा।

***-बंदना सिंह***







## *A Special Little Soul*

Everyone called him stubborn. Difficult. Too much.
But when I looked closer, I saw something else entirely—a child asking, quietly yet loudly, to be
understood.
He didn't want to fight. He wanted to feel calm. Safe. Heard.
What others saw as defiance was really pain spilling over, because he hadn't learned how to
hide it yet.
We all feel that pain—the sting of being misunderstood over the smallest things. Most of us
learn to swallow it, to carry it silently like a secret bruise.
But a special little soul doesn't mask the hurt. He shows it openly, like an exposed wound.
And maybe that's not weakness.
Maybe it's honesty.
Maybe he's just expressing what the rest of us have learned to bury.

***-Ms. Shireen Dias***

### *CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES*

To appreciate co-curricular activities, it is important to understand that learning and growth cannot be limited to gaining information from books alone. Learning by doing or experiential learning is important for better retention of the information, deeper understanding through personalized experiences and critical thinking. This is what holistic growth is all about.

Academics is essential for the expansion of knowledge. Activities such as sports, music, art, drama, debates and clubs nurture creativity, confidence and life skills. Participation in these activities helps children discover their interests and talents beyond textbooks. They promote physical fitness, emotional balance and mental well-being. These activities improve concentration and creativity that is reflected in studies. They help to build coping mechanisms to reduce stress.

Essential values like teamwork, leadership, =discipline and time management cannot be learnt from books. By participating in group activities, children learn communication skills, empathy and respect for others. They gain opportunities to face challenges, handle success and failure, and build resilience. Experiential learning is essential for shaping character and self-esteem. Knowledge gained from books, when not put to use even under controlled situations like in a laboratory, remains as rote learning and is often forgotten very soon. Learning through experience in a safe environment prepares children for real-life situations. Such children grow into confident, responsible and well-rounded individuals.

It is time that co-curricular activities are moved from optional extras and made into an essential part of meaningful education. Simple activity like preparing a bulletin board promotes critical thinking, better research ability and communication skills while boosting self-esteem in addition to fostering community bonding. Participation in competitions, exhibitions and performances build's confidence and helps children overcome stage fear – something that no amount of book-learning can achieve. Such activities nurture moral values like fairness, cooperation and respect for rules.

In today's fast-paced and competitive world, co-curricular activities provide a healthy balance to academic pressure, ensuring joyful learning. By integrating academics with co-curricular pursuits, education becomes more engaging, meaningful and effective for overall child development, making the child more ready for a balanced adult life.

***-MITHU PAL***



### *Nurturing Minds: A Call to Prioritize Mental Health*

As a school counselor, I've seen firsthand the impact of mental health on students' lives. The pressure to perform, social expectations, and uncertainty about the future can be overwhelming. That's why it's crucial we create a supportive environment where students feel comfortable discussing their emotions and seeking help.

Mental health isn't just about coping with stress; it's about developing resilience, self-awareness, and emotional intelligence. By prioritizing mental well-being, we can improve academic performance, relationships, and overall quality of life.




Here are some ways we can work together:

- Recognize early signs of mental health issues (changes in mood, behavior, or appetite)




- Practice self-care techniques like mindfulness, journaling, or talking to a trusted adult

- Seek help when needed – it's a sign of strength, not weakness

- Create a safe space for open conversations about mental health

Let's break the stigma around mental health and foster a culture of empathy and support. As students, you are not alone – we're here to listen, guide, and support you every step of the way.

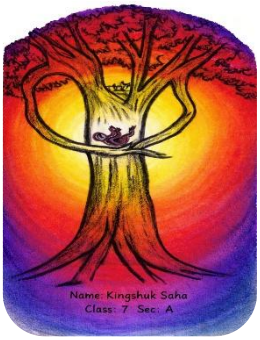



Remember, your mental health matters. Take care of yourself, and don't hesitate to reach out.

***- Anoushka Mazumdar***

***<u>Learning With Empathy</u>***

***Learning with empathy for nature and respect for the Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) is integrally embedded and a way of life in St. Joseph's College. The environment encourages children to observe nature closely and understand the delicate balance between people, plants, animals, water, air, weather around them and understand the impact on life at large.***







***Lessons connect classroom knowledge with real-world challenges such as climate change, conservation, clean energy, and responsible consumption. Respect for the SDGs helps students see how small actions can create meaningful change. Planting trees, reducing waste, saving water and choosing sustainable habits become part of everyday learning. These practices nurture a sense of responsibility toward the planet and future generations. Far from being a burden, care and nurture are intricately woven into the curriculum in a variety of***



*ways like curiosity raising case-studies, creative writing, fun-filled projects, illustrations on bulletin boards, fireless cooking and fashion shows with themes to name a few. Teachers guide students with compassion and understanding to ask thoughtful questions, explore solutions and work collaboratively to care for their surroundings. Learning becomes not only about academic success but also about building values of empathy, stewardship, and global citizenship.*

*The school aims to cultivate young people who understand that their choices matter. Education becomes a pathway to responsible and mindful living. Students learn that the Earth is not just a resource to use, but a living system that deserves care, gratitude, and protection. With holistic learning, children grow into compassionate individuals who strive to protect the planet and contribute to a more sustainable and harmonious world.* 🌱🌍



*Mithu Pal*



# WE LEARN AS WE PLAY!

Starting our school life journey from class nursery. From the taking the first step in the classroom, crying like anything and wants to go back home. From there getting stable, going to the first picnic of school life. Enjoying like anything, having fun.

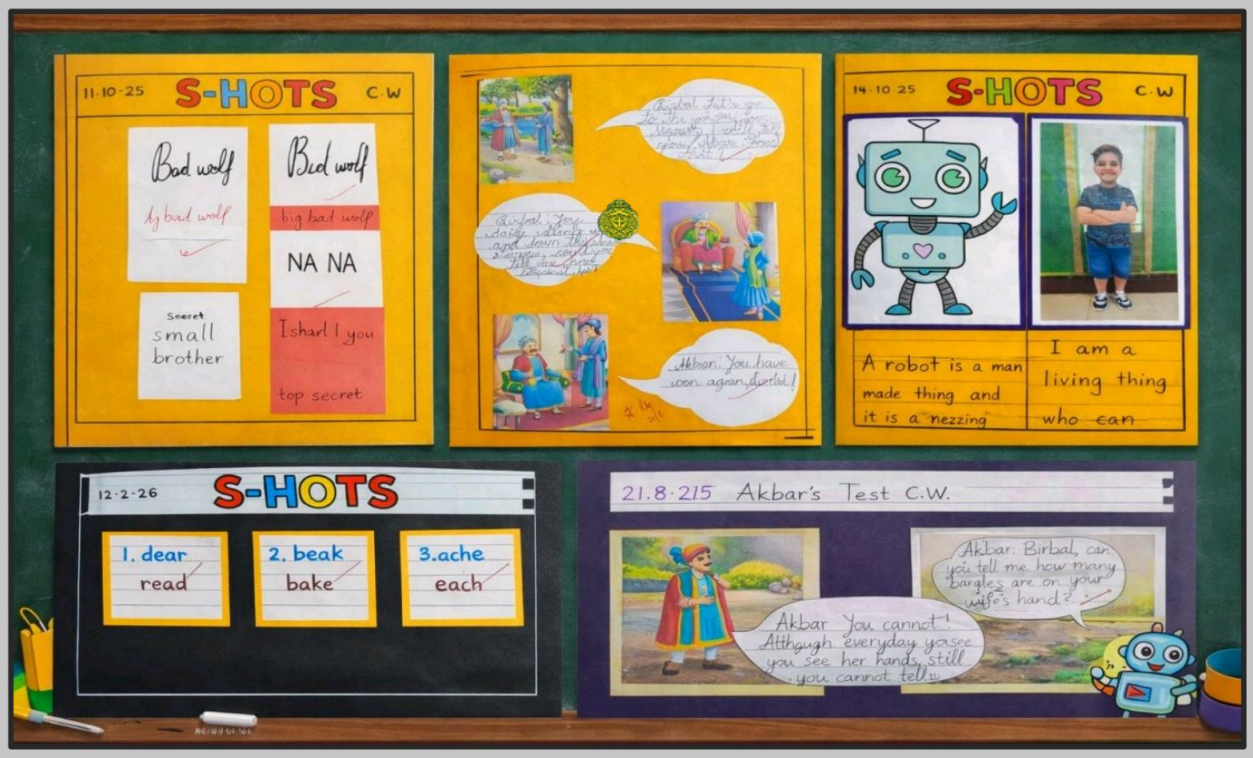
## LET'S RECAP A FEW MOMENTS FROM CLASS NURSERY BATCH 2025-2026:

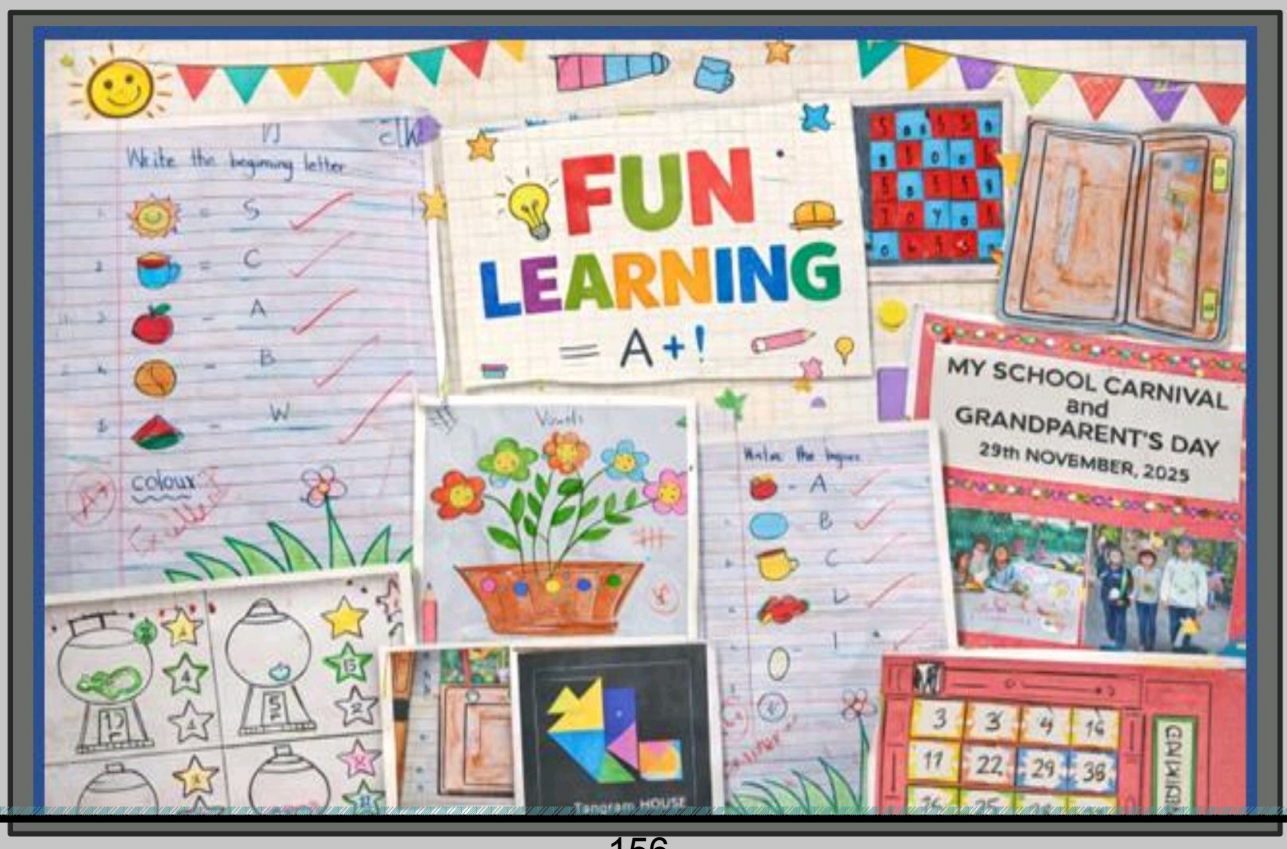



### HOTS-HIGHER ORDER THINKING SKILL



# THE JOURNEY BEGINS



# ART GALLERY

ADITYA VIKRAM 9A



RANBIR 6B



SRIPANDEEP 5A




RANBIR 6B



## Mythological Art



SWARNADEEP 9A



ANNIRUDHA 8A

# ART GALLERY



AARAV 8B



AARAV 8B

## Anime Zone



ARHAM 9A



Osamu Tezuka

FATHER OF ANIME

SADRITO 9A



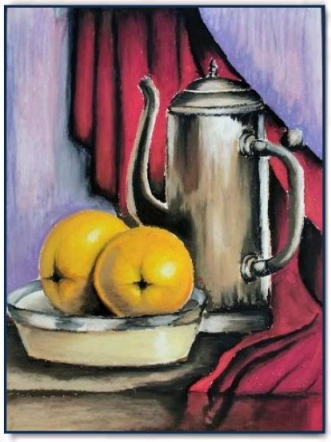



UJJAIN 4B

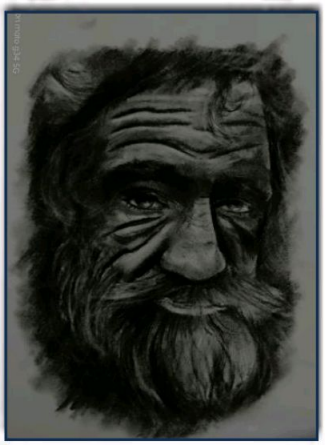
March 2026

# ART GALLERY

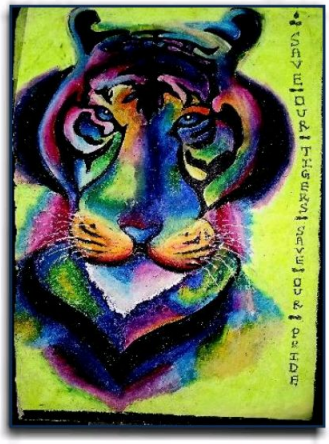
RAJANYA 11A



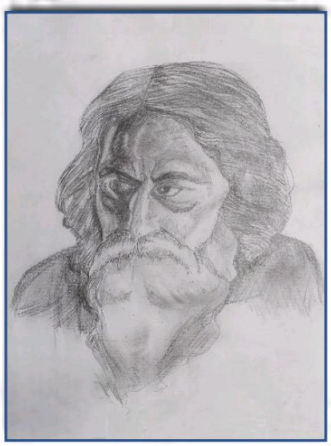
SADRITO 9A



UTSAV 11A



INDRANUJ 7B



ARIN 8A



ARIN 8A



## Magnificent Creation

March 2026

ART GALLERY

St Joseph's College, Kolkata

# ART

## PATROITISM



AYUSH 3B




DENZEL 2B




SAMRAT KGA



SAKIK 1B



VIYAN 1B

March 2026

St Joseph's College, Kolkata








# enjoy

ART GALLERY







March 2026

CRAFT TIME

# *CRAFTING IS THE WAY TO MAKE ORDINARY EXTRAORDINARY!*



NIMBLE FINGERS

# THE TRUE WORK OF ART IS BUT A SHADOW OF DIVINE PERFECTION!



## *Closing the Chapter with Memories*

