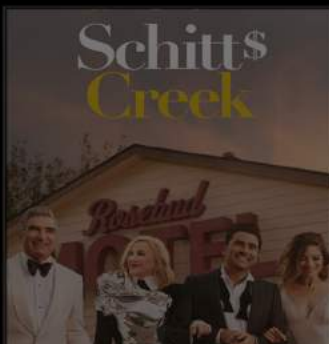
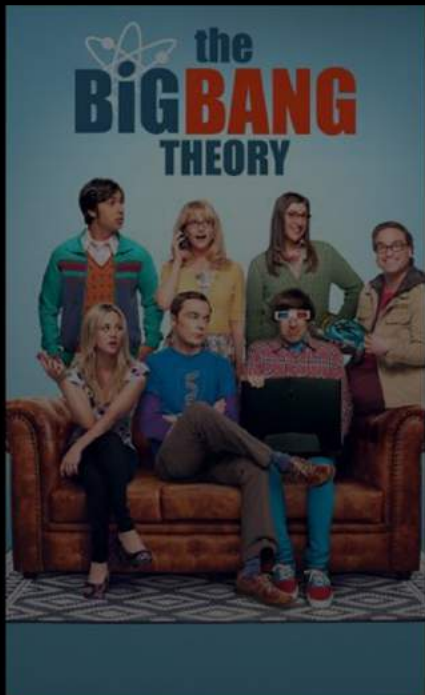


SPRINGVIEW 2022





MISSION STATEMENT

Hill Spring International School is committed to developing a holistic programme of intellectual rigour and high academic standards by ...engaging young learners and ensuring that they evolve into well-rounded citizens. The emphasis will be on imbibing a strong sense of national pride, international understanding and responsible citizenship while being conscious that an ever-changing world will place a great onus on all people.

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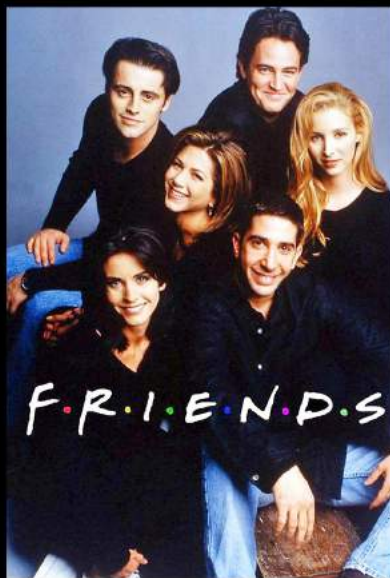
FROM THE DESK OF

- A. CHAIRMAN
- B. MANAGING DIRECTOR
- C. PRINCIPAL
- D. IBDP COORDINATOR
- E. IGCSE COORDINATOR
- F. PYP COORDINATOR
- G. PRE PRIMARY COORDINATOR
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CLASS PHOTOS

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- A. SPRING MUN
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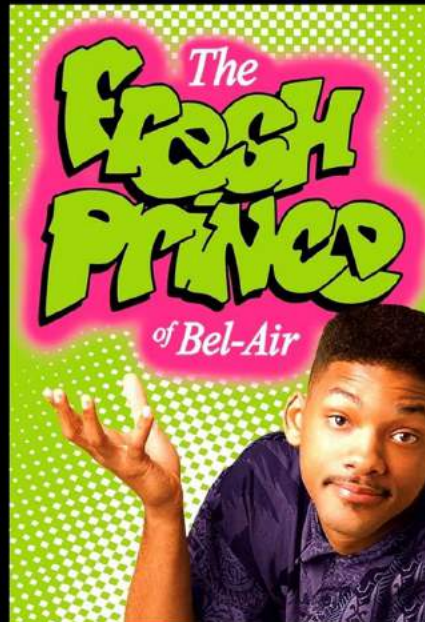
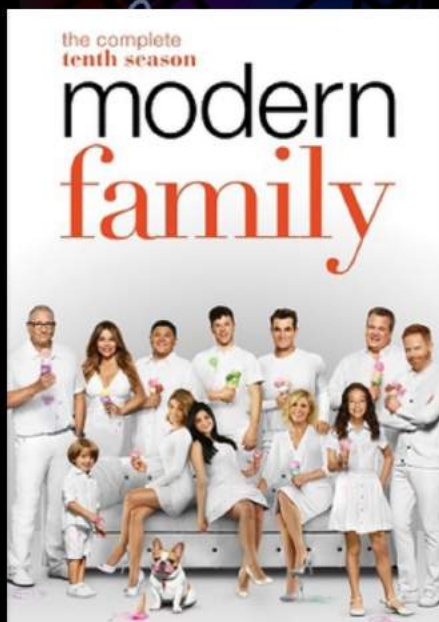
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STUDENT CONTRIBUTIONS & INITIATIVES

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



From the Desk Of



FROM THE DESK OF THE CHAIRMAN



Dear students,

It has indeed been a year of hope when our resilience in the face of these two years is paying off. The situation looks brighter for our keen learners as physical school has begun once again. We are officially in the new normal and it looks quite optimistic. We remained resilient through the pandemic, to finally come to an unpredictable yet joyful end. But this wouldn't have been possible without our teachers, our staff, our parents and most importantly, our learners. We have begun our offline curriculum successfully and we're incredibly grateful for that. We have followed the norms of social distancing and safety precautions, and have turned around this year for all the members of HSI. These two years were also bearable because of one of the greatest inventions of mankind, television. Watching some of our favourite shows with the family gave us the much-needed respite that we needed. It was our daily solace as a family but my favourite show is Family Man. The effortless versatility by Manoj Bajpayee is exceptional and I am looking forward towards more of Indian content coming on OTT. Indian content has come a long way and I cannot wait to see what's new in the future across different viewing platforms. Stay safe and have a great year.

Regards,
Dr. Jaydeep Mirashi
Chairman

FROM THE DESK OF THE MANAGING DIRECTOR



Dear learners,

“Resilience is based on compassion for ourselves as well as compassion for others” - Sharon Salzberg. This can be said for everyone striving to save lives and make a difference in these two years. We owe them a great debt of gratitude for their generous acts. We are grateful to the entire HSI family that saw each other through this difficult phase.

Keeping hope and resilience has been a theme that was displayed throughout this academic year. As everyone slowly returns to a semi-normal life and the pandemic begins to ease down, meeting our students has been the ray of sunshine for all of us.

We as a school stuck together whilst standing six feet apart and continue to keep the faith that this pandemic will soon come to an end for good.

But this year we consumed so much content as individuals and family that so many conversations begin and end with discussions about what’s showing on the next OTT platform. Our favourite one has been House of Cards which is an American political thriller which kept us on the edge of our couch throughout. Since this is my most liked genre, I keep looking forward to thrillers.

This year has indubitably been better as we got to meet each other. I wish you all the best for the upcoming academic year.

Regards,
Dr. Pratibha Mirashi
Managing Director

FROM THE DESK OF THE PRINCIPAL



My dear Students & Parents,

"So no one told you life was gonna be this way..."

After almost 23 months of shut down, 2nd February, 2022 will go down as a Red Letter day for all of us at Hill Spring. The school gates ceremoniously rolled back with the premiere of Season 2: "UNLOCKING HSIS".

It was universally debated whether schools and students had "been on a break"... but just like Ross and Rachel the reunion was something everyone had been rooting for.

The ENTRY PASS was THE MASK. Colourful, compact and compulsory with a muffled, soft voice behind it. After many months of classes in pyjamas, the uniforms made us want to say "Could I be wearing anymore clothes?" like Joey Tribiani.

Our live audience aka students were so excited to be ushered in by their favourite actors aka teachers. They had missed their performances and conversations in IRL. The eagerness to interact, talk and just catch up was like a gathering at Central Perk.... All we were missing was Gunther and the coffee.

The weekly Episodes go on and the actors and audience have taken forward our very own SITCOM - UNLOCKING HSIS - with the determination to continue performing while following all the necessary rules and safety regulations laid down.

Season 2 closes on a very happy and successful note end May 2022. Season 3 will debut in July, 2022!!

Happy Summer holidays. Don't miss coming back for SEASON 3!!!!

Warm regards,

*Nalini Pinto
Principal*

FROM THE DESK OF THE IBDP COORDINATOR



I remember watching the popular sitcom “Mahabharat” on television every Sunday morning when I was in college. At the beginning of every episode, the wheel of time was shown rotating with a voice-over saying, “Main Samay hoon”. The voice announced how the happening of each of the current events laid the foundation for the next upcoming major event.

In the same way, the pandemic allowed the students and teacher to improve their computer skills and develop their online working etiquettes. I am very sure this will help students to prepare for a professional future, in which I presume the world will start working online to the large extent with the rate at which the fuel prices are rising.

I connect the happening of events that we experience over the last two years and the wheel of time. It has completed a full circle now that we are back in school. I hope it stops turning now and that we regularly attend school to spend quality time with our students in the teaching and the learning process.

On weekdays evening, I use to excitedly wait to watch the “Charlie Chaplin Show” at 8.30 pm on television. I had the same excitement when the Government announced that the senior classes of the school can start attending school physically. I was waiting to meet so many of my “Young Sheldons” who may experience social anxiety in attending school physically. But, to my amazement and surprise, they were “Friends” in school and equally comfortable. Like any sitcom, which cannot be successful without the backend team which consists of individuals who are responsible for organizing and running the show, the contribution of administration staff, the security incharge, the school maintenance team, the laboratory assistants, and the gardeners cannot be overlooked. They maintained the school premises so that the lead actors our students could come to school and start performing to the best of their abilities.

I would like to thank my colleagues who worked tirelessly and transitioned from offline to online schooling and back to offline again. We can call this “IBDP at HSI season 2”, which, I pray to God, must not ever end.

I would like to share that Eight students of the cohort of May 2021 got a perfect score of 45 points, the highest possible score at the IB Diploma Programme final assessments. This is an outstanding achievement for our “Young Sheldons” who will now be part of the University and will go on to discover “The Big Bang Theory”.

Warm Regards
Prashant Gohil

FROM THE DESK OF THE IGCSE COORDINATOR



The academic year began as unprecedented as the year that had gone by! The uncertainty still kept crawling in and speculations about the future were confusing.

Once again, the school teachers and the students managed to work towards 'Resilience and Hope,' the theme chosen for this academic year. Schedules were handed out to one and all and everyone was warned to expect any sudden changes in the schedules. The monsoons in Mumbai rolled in peacefully and many were grateful that they didn't have to travel to school during the heavy showers. The days spent at home were not all that unpleasant. Many found ways to circumvent their boredom and resorted to timely breaks away from schoolwork to restore their energy levels. I, for one was no different from the others.

The SITCOM that I watched most frequently, was my computer screen and Microsoft TEAMS!! Beginning from early morning until late evening. I was most often glued to the screen, watching my favourite students dodging the class in progress while they switched off their videos only to be told to switch them on again.

My favourite dialogues were the complaints I heard from teachers regarding Internet issues faced by the students and non-submission of assignments and we were perplexed as to how to deal with the defaulters. But things did set into place with all the plans that we spent HOURS working on.

July and August saw us meeting the Parents during the online Parent Teacher Meetings (PTMs) and the much looked forward to - IGCSE Results. This year we canned the plan to have our Annual Concert EXPRESSIONS, as it was difficult to coordinate with the students and organise the event.

September was also the month for the IB Evaluation and that was another physical SITCOM that we had to work on, giving the polishing touches to the documents to be uploaded. All Student Progress Reviews (SPRs) were conducted online very successfully and it was decided that this would be a trend for the years to come.

October and November had us planning hybrid classes for the students, while some merrily came to school for physical classes, the other stayed home for the online class. Mixed feelings arose as each one had their own preferences. A transition into the next NEW NORMAL, a HYBRID mode of Teaching and Learning.

During December, students of grade 10 sat for the Half Yearly examinations in-school, while the rest of the school did their Half Yearly examinations online.

We began the new year in January 2022 with a very promising outlook but once again closed school physically for all, due to speculations that were not conducive to social interactions. Towards the middle of January, the Government decided to slowly open schools in a phased manner and all began to breathe a sigh of relief. February saw a better response to offline schooling with many more grades coming into school physically, which allowed many of the teachers to take a break from watching their daily Sitcoms...the ONLINE classes!

The school has now begun to be fully operational OFFLINE and has sadly or gladly stopped us from watching our favourite Sitcoms while at home. What the future holds for us, is anyone's guess but the main aim looking forward seems very promising as the world slowly creeps back to the pre-pandemic days. Learning and un-learning has taken place, technology has become a boon rather than a bane and WE have gone down in the annals of HISTORY, as a generation that has braved a dangerous and frightful Pandemic. Many lives were lost and many careers have shifted base but the Human race continues to remain HOPEFUL and has learnt the art of being RESILIENT. Keeping this in mind, we look forward with Hope in our hearts that the future will be much brighter than the past.

Regards,
Wilhelmina Athaide
IGCSE Coordinator

FROM THE DESK OF THE PYP COORDINATOR



Dear Students,

One of the shows from many that I enjoyed watching during the quarantine was a Netflix series called *Brainchild*. It is an entertaining and educational show that I thoroughly loved. It is appropriate for children aged eight and up, also if you do not understand what is going on, the show will always explain it in their conclusion. My favourite episode was "Motivation," discussing motivation's positive and negative aspects. This was something we needed spoonful of it, during the online sessions.

This show prompted me to think critically in a lighthearted, non-serious manner. It sparked interest in science, our surroundings, social activities, and critical thinking. When young children watch shows and reenact it in real life through pretend plays it builds on their empathy, compassion, and self-efficacy.

The goal of *Brainchild* is to make science enjoyable for children. Whether it is using clever experiments to tackle big topics like the impact and implications of social media or asking life's big questions like "how big is the universe," or "what exactly are memories," the show covers a wide range of topics that kids have questions about, that may not be covered in the traditional school curriculum.

The production does not lecture youngsters but encourages them to participate and draw their conclusions. Sometimes through entertainment complex issues can be tackled so beautifully, and specific interactive challenges and segments will undoubtedly appeal to children rather than adults.

Brainchild also has something more going for it: it is hosted by a woman of colour, Indian American Sahana Srinivasan, which is crucial when diversity is still scarce on our television screens.

It is a pity there does not appear to be any sign of a second season. I'd want to see more of this type of series.

Apart from *Brainchild*, there was something else that I enjoyed watching thoroughly - *MasterChef Junior*. It is a show where children from age 8 to 13 must cook for judges within a time limit and endure a lot of mental stress and pressure during the task. However, I was amazed at how the children handled all the challenges with sheer resilience and perseverance. Apart from the competition, the contestants are friendly and encouraging to each other, which is very wholesome and something we can take a leaf out of their books.

Regards
Ms. Nisha Vahi

FROM THE DESK OF THE PRE PRIMARY COORDINATOR



"Hope springs eternal" was the sentiment that heralded in the year 2022, despite the arrival of the Omnicron variant on its very heels. As we at Hill Spring readied ourselves to welcome back the students after a span of close to two years, the gamut of emotions experienced were ones of extreme excitement to utter uncertainty. But at the heart of every decision made, the one unwavering certainty was the best interest of every child.

It would be prudent to draw a parallel between sitcoms and the school community-all stake holders navigating the days and months of the academic year, creating shared memories, laughter and tears-just as characters in episodes of a sitcom would invoke. Happy memories of celebrating birthdays and festivals, forging new bonds and friendships. Innocent laughter reverberating online and now in the homerooms in school-no sound is as beautiful as the spontaneous and joyous laughter of a child. The shrieks that rent the air of a once silent basketball court, the wonder of stories in the LRC, the finer nuances of pitch and rhythm during music and dance, the expression of creativity through drama and art, enriching parent sessions-a journey that's begun with miles to go.

The school bus is more than just a means of transportation, it is a hub for social interactions, and the all important "bus snack", which is fastidiously saved in the snack box and relished and shared with friends on the journey home.

It has always been our endeavor to help learners grow and develop a broad range of competencies and skills in and out of school. To reinforce, complement, and bring to life learning experiences by regularly assessing students' skills and tailoring learning opportunities to meet the needs of students. To prioritize healthy mental and physical development using every path possible.

The academic year 2022 resonates with the school theme "Beyond hope and resilience". There is a glimmer of the rainbow beyond the gloomy clouds of the pandemic, a hope for a better world, and a determination in educators and students alike to face challenges with renewed vigour and a new found resilience.

*Regards,
Mansi Paralkar*

FROM THE DESK OF THE EDITOR



Most people picture sitcoms as the hilarious, light hearted T.V. shows that grace the screens of our televisions, but through the course of this year, My peers and I at the publications club, have embarked on a journey of discovery, as with every "episode" we learnt that these specimen of pure entertainment travel far beyond our T.V. screens.

The very first class, or our pilot episode, left me nostalgic, as I called out the names of all those part of the publications club, as mine had been called countless times before. That feeling of overwhelming nervousness, yet unlimited excitement is one I shall never forget. Just as every sitcom needs that group of unique, gleamy eyed individuals, with unlimited ambition and the insatiable yearning to achieve the impossible, there is no better way to describe the students of the publications club than the perfect sitcom characters; and in that moment I knew that this year was going to be like no other. What began with a list of names on an attendance sheet, would conclude with that list of names in the publications club history books.

However, no sitcom is complete without those unprecedented plot twists and unexpected revelations, known famously to create shockwaves more powerful than those felt by the citizens of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. Similarly, the publications club had their own fair share of struggles. From deleted files to contrasting opinions, with the added malice of the neigh undefeatable lethargy, the students of the publications club encountered countless boulders on their mountainous path towards the pinnacle of success. At multiple points through our cumbersome journey our goal seemed impossible, but in those moments, it was such, that the word impossible had found itself missing from the English dictionary, for the determination, grit, and passion of every student was truly omnipotent.

It is undeniable that every sitcom gets its storybook ending, but not without every character pouring their blood, sweat and tear into turning that dream that they once started out with, into a reality. Therefore, as a culmination of every member of the publications club's tremendous diligence, resilience, and dedication, I proudly present to you "Spring View 2022." I would like to thank my assistant editor, Zara Shah, our mentor, Ms. Khushboo and every student who made the publications club what it is, for I have never been more proud.

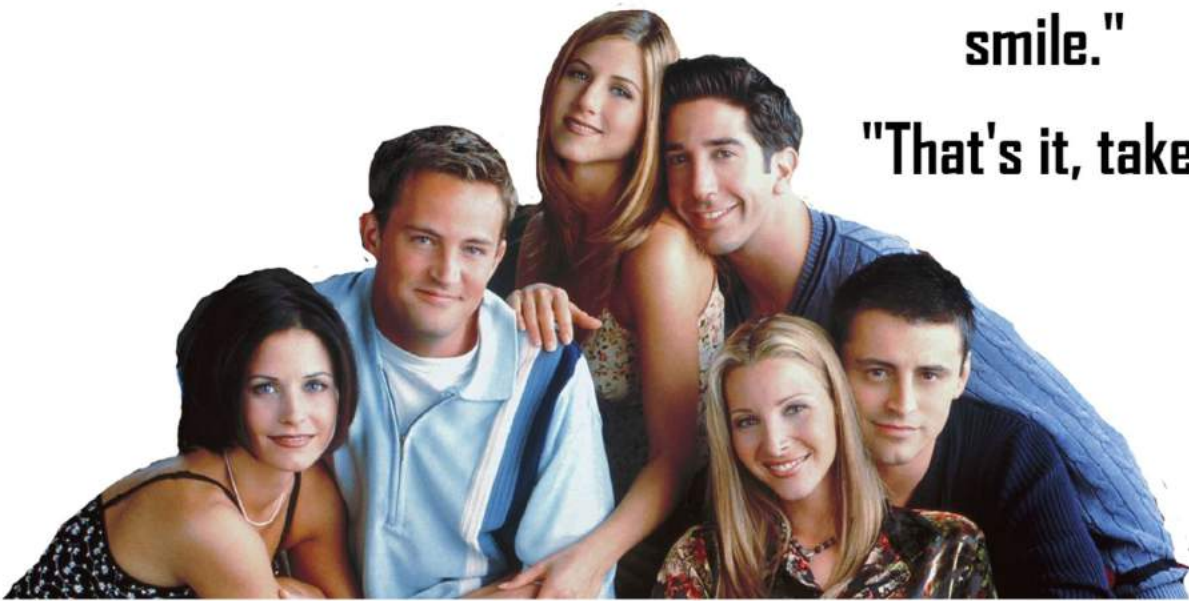
As said by Tony Robbins, "The only impossible journey is the one you never begin."

Best,
Parth Vora
Editor 2021-22

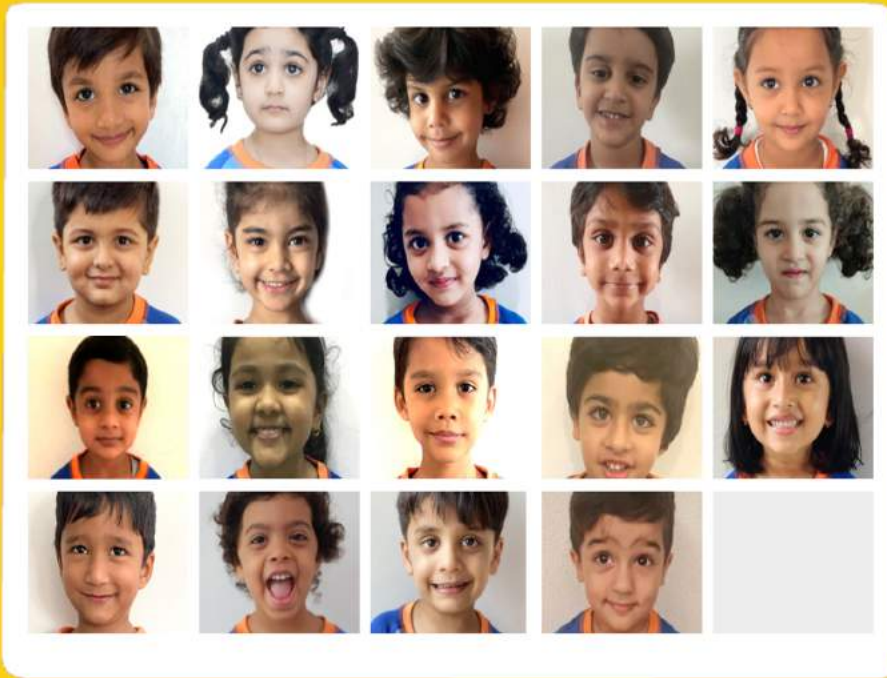
Class Photos

**"I know you can do this
you have a beautiful
smile."**

"That's it, take it!"



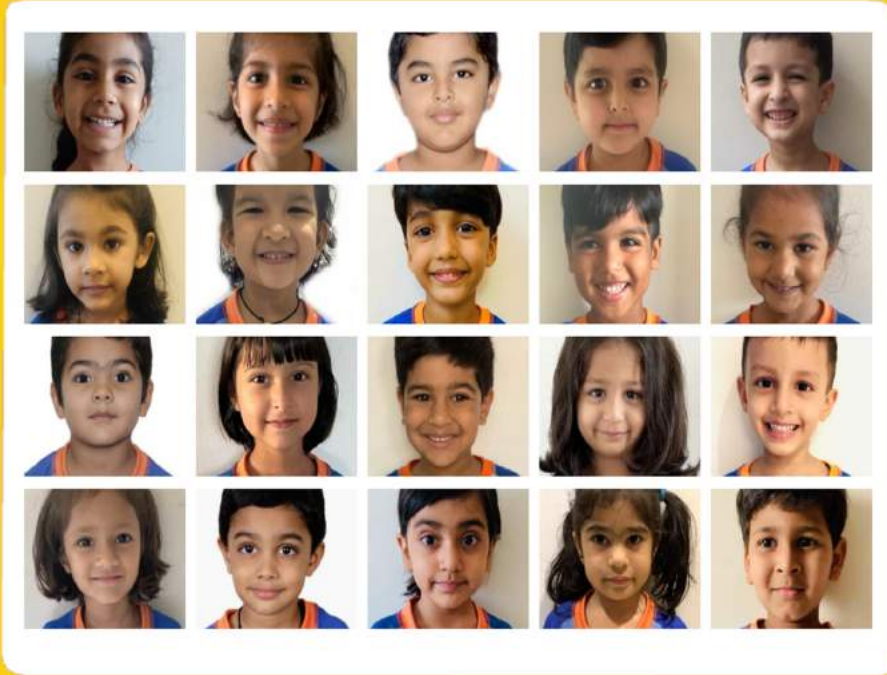
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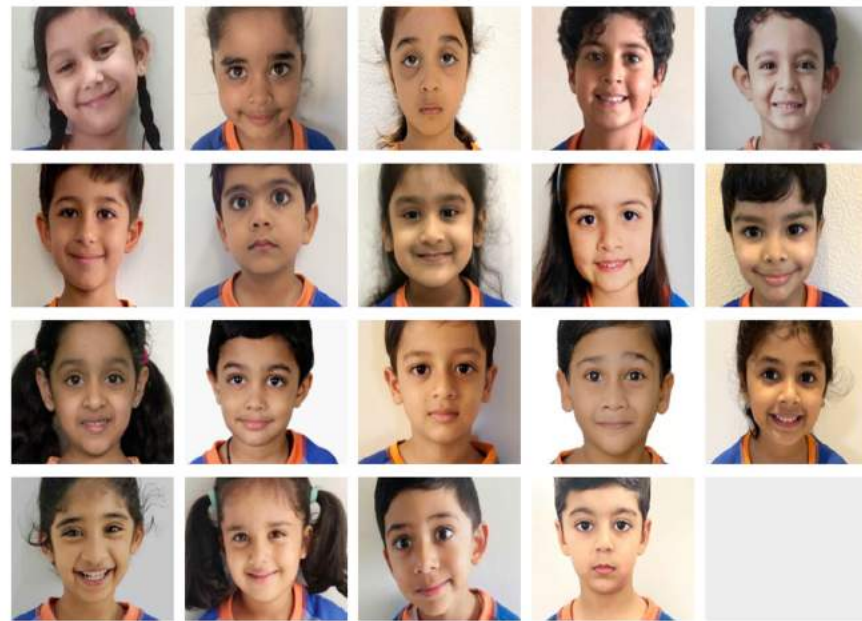
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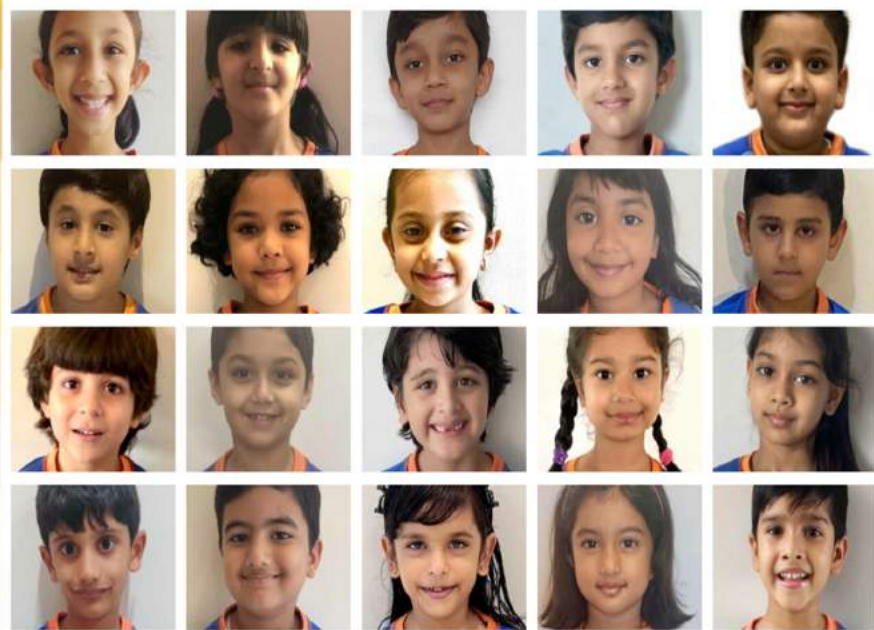
JUNIOR KG A



JUNIOR KG ALPHA



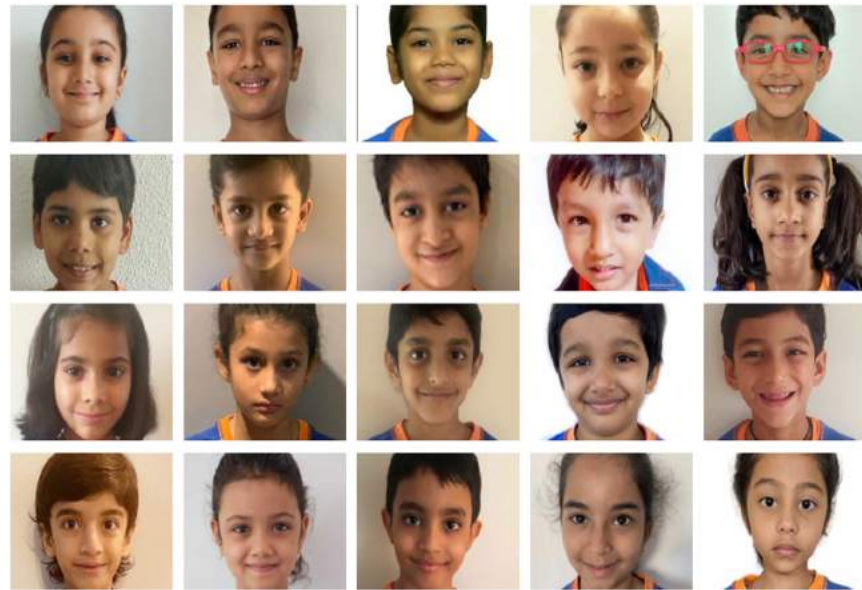
SENIOR KG A



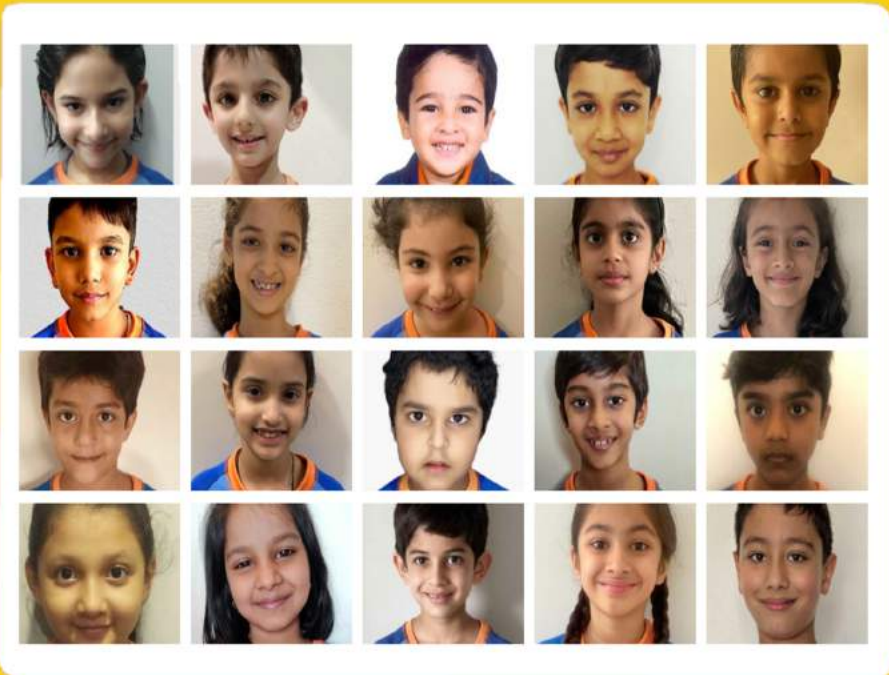
SENIOR KG ALPHA



GRADE 1A



GRADE 1 ALPHA



GRADE 2A



GRADE 2 ALPHA



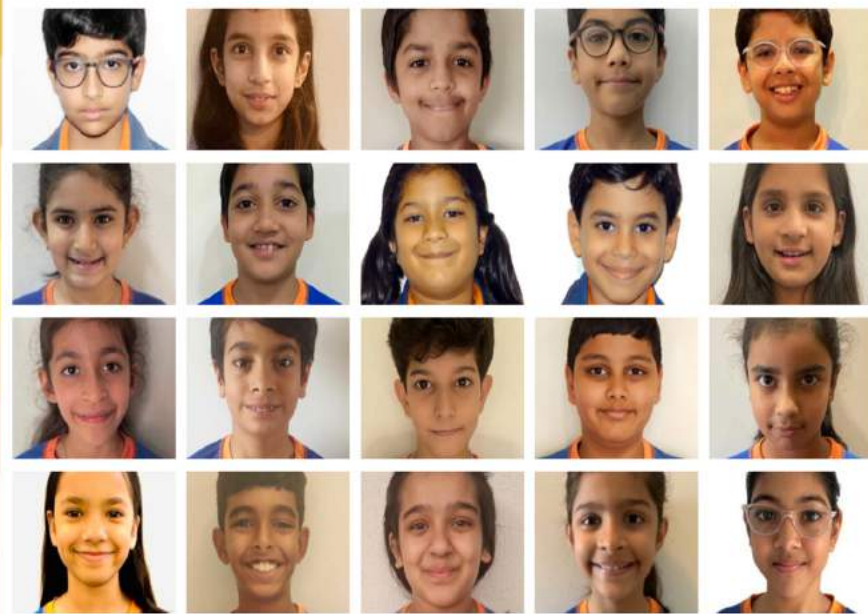
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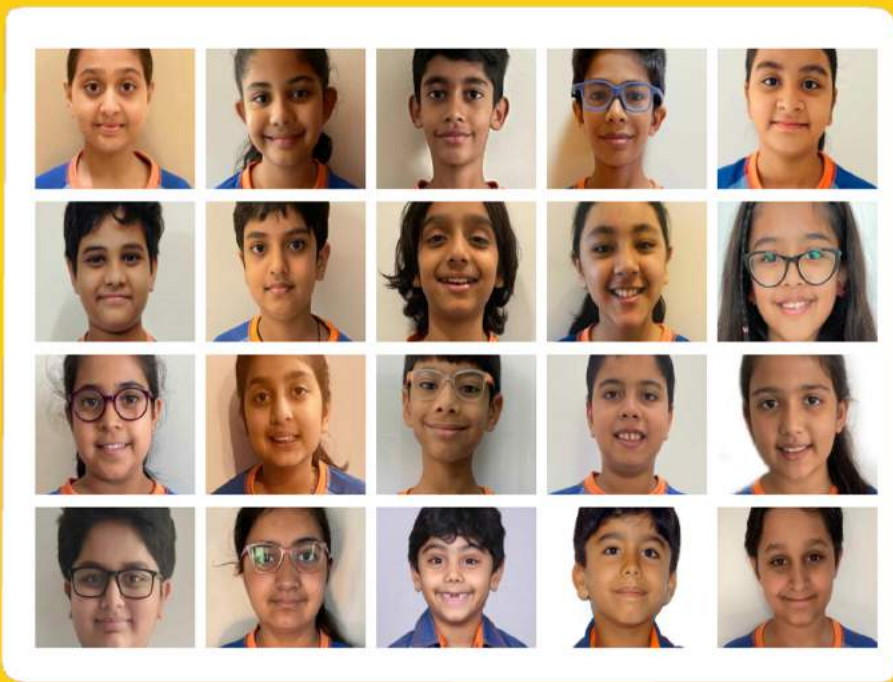
GRADE 3 ALPHA



GRADE 4A



GRADE 4 ALPHA



GRADE 5A



GRADE 5 ALPHA



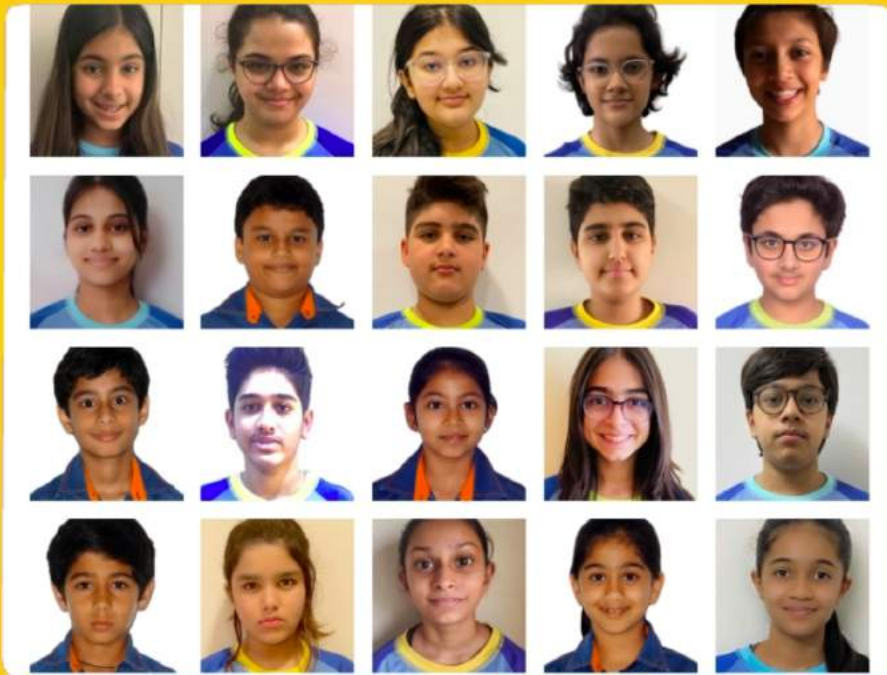
GRADE 6A



GRADE 6 ALPHA



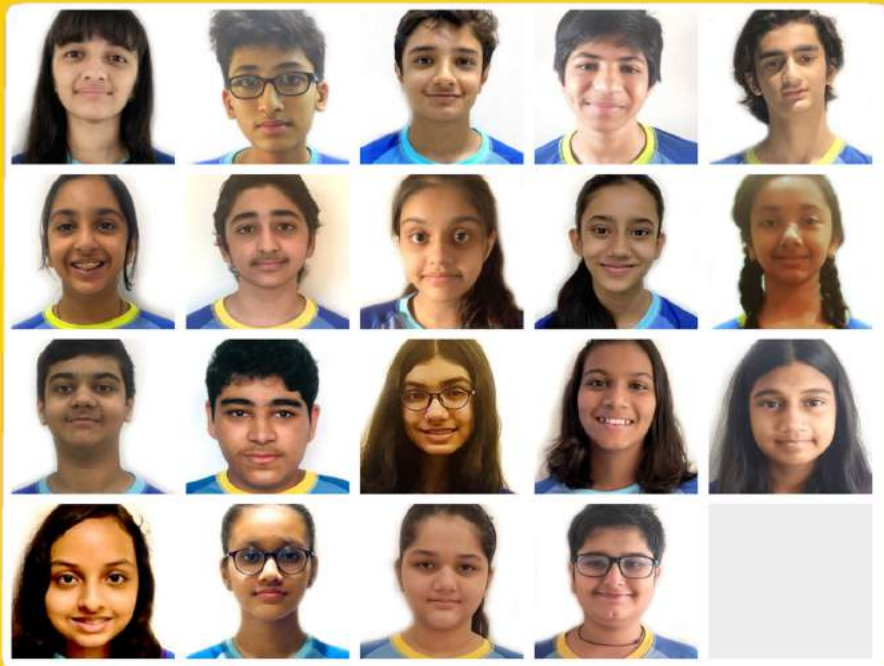
GRADE 7A



GRADE 7 ALPHA



GRADE 8A



GRADE 8 ALPHA



GRADE 9A



GRADE 9 ALPHA



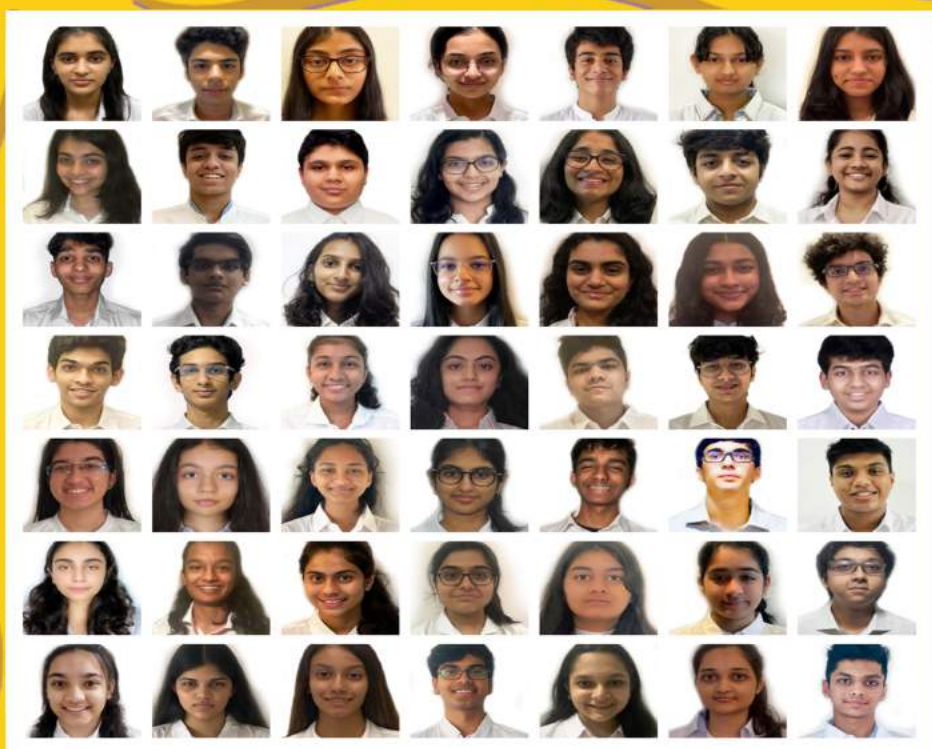
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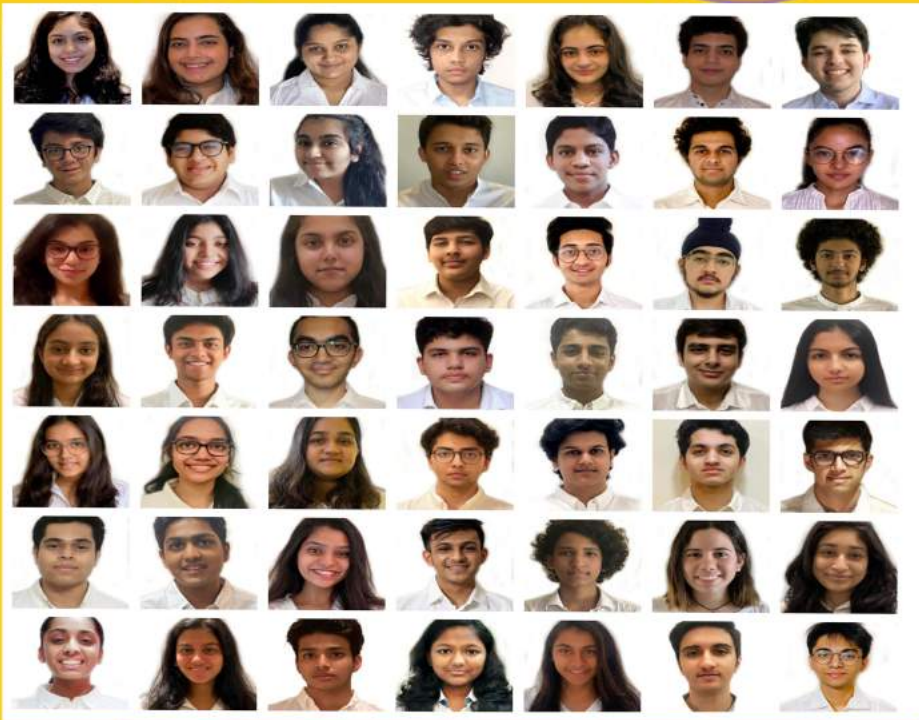
GRADE 10 ALPHA



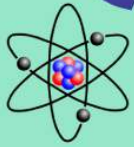
GRADE 11



GRADE 12



COMPETITIONS



"Any team that I'm not on
has a decided disadvantage."





Math Olympiad

The Hill Spring Math Olympiad (HSMO) took place on February 11 and 12, 2022. HSMO was a thrilling learning experience for the participants. The HSMO was an even to behold with students beginning preparation in November.

The first round was a traditional individual – styled MCQ round. Based on their performance, teams qualified to day two for an interactive and exciting round of Jeopardy.



Spring MUN

This year our school hosted the Spring MUN where delegates from all across India tackled numerous crises. A lot of students attended Spring MUN to showcase their debate skills. With the current global calamities being the topic of discussion, each delegate had an intriguing perspective, making MUN 2022 a huge success. Spring MUN was hosted on the online platform 'Zoom' hence giving students the liberty to attend from the comfort of their own homes.





assemblies

“Dance until your feet
hurt, sing until your lungs
hurt, act until you’re William Hurt”

Gandhi Jayanti

Students composed an event to celebrate the Father of our Nation on Gandhi Jayanti. This outstanding performance was assembled by the PYP students. Learners exhibited their talents through various means. They performed a folk dance from Gujarat called Tipanni. There was also a musical performance with instruments like the sitar and tabla.



INDEPENDENCE DAY

For the Independence Day ceremony the students put up a delightful play. This show represented our nation's history. The students told us the beautiful story of India's independence. There was a fusion of Bharatnatyam and Modern dance which was the true depiction of unity in diversity.





NATIVITY PLAY

The PYP students put on a wonderful Christmas play by displaying skits, puppet shows, musical performances, Christmas carols and dances. This cheerful performance got even the online students in a festive mood and shared the Christmas cheer. The students taught us about the principle teachings of Jesus Christ.





REPUBLIC DAY



The learners made our 73rd Republic Day a memorable one. They displayed their skills through contemporary dances, plays, and arts. They performed the play in Hindi and taught us about the Constitution of India.



CO-CURRICULAR DAY

Co-curricular activity As we are aware of, the students of IGCSE had chosen their co-curricular clubs in the beginning of the academic year 2021-2022. This year, students from various clubs have put up a fascinating display of their works and contributions in their respective clubs.



A young man with a pink cap and a striped shirt is leaning on a roll of paper. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The background is a light green wall with a dark green shadow behind him. The text is in a bold, pink, sans-serif font.

"I'm intelligent and competent and I can handle my own affairs."

**STUDENT
INITIATIVES
& CONTRIBUTIONS**

ARHAM & SOHAM DOSHI



Arham Doshi competed in
NIJF National Karate Championship 2021 held at
 Kota, Rajasthan from December 25-26, 2021.

Arham was awarded two **Bronze Medals**,
 one for Individual Kata and
 one for Individual Kumite
 in the age category of 10-11 yrs. old Competition.
 He was part of the Maharashtra Team
 amongst 23 other states of India.

NIJF Karate Do Federation of India was under
 RSOA affiliated with Indian Olympic Association



After a special rigorous training of 6 months
 that ends with 14 hours of examination,

Arham Doshi
 was awarded the rank of
Sho Dan Ho - Junior Black Belt
 in the **Goju Kyu Karate - Do**
 December 13, 2021



Soham Doshi competed in
NIJF National Karate Championship 2021 held
 at Kota, Rajasthan from December 25-26, 2021.

Soham was awarded **Gold Medal, 1st Place** in
 Junior Team Kata Competition.
 He was part of the Maharashtra Team
 amongst 23 other states of India.

NIJF Karate Do Federation of India was under
 RSOA affiliated with Indian Olympic Association.

COVID Help : During COVID both Soham and Arham were touched by the plight of their fellow human beings. They raised funds to feed over 1000 people who were cut off from their daily source of income and couldn't afford to feed themselves. During the migrant crises they raised funds to give the migrants going on the trains back home with water bottles and dry food for the trip. Last but not the least during the 2nd lockdown they became aware of the acute crisis of oxygen and once gain raised funds and procured to oxygen concentrators to be distributed to the people in need.

Panjarapol: Both Arham and Soham have been involved in a permanent camp for cattle in Gujarat. The camp has over 700 cattle and some of them with life threatening diseases. They have been instrumental in raising funds for feeding them on a daily basis and have raised funds to make sheds for the cattle need tender care. This shed is installed with a sprinkler system to sprinkle water droplets on the cattle so that they are cool even on the hottest of days

Door Step School : a few years ago we as a family challenged the kids to come up with 2-3 ideas each for areas where they would like to donate their funds and time to help the underprivileged. The idea was to inculcate used funds to make sheds for the cattle need tender care. This shed is installed with a sprinkler system to sprinkle water droplets on the cattle so that they are cool even on the hottest of days

AARYA SHAH

7A

The Last Fallen Petal

Tightened the shawl because of the freezing cold
I take a few steps ahead.
I look up and see a castle
Just like the tales of old.

My eyes trace the broken bridge t
hat desperately needs a mend.
Below is the frozen river
that seems like the squirrel's only friend.

Step by step I approach the castle; careful not to fall
The white gets brightened by the colours of these petals.
The trees always seem to stand tall.
I glance up at the castle again when I hear the sound of a kettle.

Oddly I wonder if there's a cursed beast waiting in this castle.
Hoping to be saved before the end of the fall.
You can't really blame me as I'm a Disney fan after all.

Trees coated with hues of white
Each fall counted by the clock.
I open the doors and gasp at the sight
I never expected to unlock.

DHIYAAN TANNA

3 ALPHA

If there were no trees

If there were no trees
Then, the birds nor the animals would ever be free
Trees take out CO₂
But in return, what do we do

We cut them down, by the load
We cut them down, if they look like they're falling on a road
We make forests into deserts in a day
But for people like us there is another way

We can use double sides of a paper
Once the trees are grown, we might even get more water vapour
But if we cut them down
Mother earth will get a frown

Global warming will increase
And it will not cease
The glaciers will melt
And the Earth will have felt

If there were no trees
There will be no home for bees
Our civilisation will be consumed
It's not the best we can assume

Everything will all go so dry
Everything will die
So everybody needs to pitch in to help
But if nobody helps there will be no underwater kelp

So if we don't give one helping hand
There will be only sand
Our Earth will crumble
Like a heavy dumbbell

So, let's all give it our best
Because trees work day and night without any rest

DHIYANA SHAH

6 A

THE BALLAD OF A FALLEN ANGEL

He falls through the air,
Wind whistling past his ears
As a fallen angel plummets
From the heavens to the earth;
His roaring blood is all he hears.

He crashes into the mortal world,
Stripped of his divinity,
Rid of his white plumed wings;
His roaring blood is all he hears.

The fallen angel glares at the heavens,
The land that had forsaken him;
He turns his back on god
And hoped the god are ready to be shaken.

The sky eyed boy,
For many days and nights,
Makes a treacherous journey to hell,
Where lost souls writhe.

He strides to the blazing gates,
A beautiful creature among demons,
His decreasing divinity still radiates
And forges through the Land of the Dead.

On the other end of hell, yonder,
Resides the devil himself,
The Lord of Hell, Lucifer;
Wary of the fallen angel's presence.

The Lord's curiosity overcomes him,
So he mounts his skeletal stallion
And ventures to the fallen angel;
Lost in the inferno.

He searches the Underworld, far and wide,
For where the divine aura resonates,
Skeletal steeds soar over vales of lava
And not far from the gates,
The boy from which purity radiates.

The fallen angel is brazen
For entering territory that was not his own,
But the Lord of Hell takes pity on him
After seeing the scars of his plight,
Which Lucifer knew, only too well,
For he was once amongst the angels
Before he went rogue.

The devils crimson eyes softened
As he gazed at the fallen angel,
He noticed deep wounds on the boy's back
Where his wings once used to be.

Lucifer flicked his wrist,
From the fallen angels back emerge
Large ravenette wings,
A column of flames rise from behind him;
He had turned to a demon.

"You are now a demon" the Lord declares
Shocked at how smitten he is
By the electric blue eyed demon,
Who seems to be staring at Lucifer too.

The air grows thick,
It almost crackles,
No doubt fallen angel and devil,
Were washed in the others elegance.

They admire eachother,
Expressions impassive,
As stark blue gazes into blood red;
They were dipped into darkness,
All stilled around them,
They were alone.

Their blood ignites,
As both of them fall,
Head over heels for each other;
As they experience impermissible love.

"If you so desire" continues the Devil,
"You could be my demon"
The Lord of Hell proposes,
Sensing that the fallen angel
Was felling the same as him.

The boy's eyes widen
Stunned by the Lord's suggestion;
What both of them felt,
Surely it was forbidden,
He's then reminded of his vow,
To mutiny against the heavenly kingdom.

He raises his newly acquired wings,
His mouth twists into a grin,
And he accepts,
Not only in hopes to rebel against the heavens
But he felt things
That he had never experienced before.

Lucifer takes his demonic angel
In his arms and caresses his ebony hair,
They then take to the skies,
Both filled with verboten adoration
With no one but each other
In their eyes.



KAVYA BANG

3 A

Mouse In the House

In my house,
There is a mouse.

I am so scared,
It is so rare.

The mouse is brown,
She wears a gown and a pretty crown.

The mouse has a lot of fur,
When the cat sees her my cat makes a loud purr.

She has wide ears,
Everything she properly hears.

She has a long tail,
And she never fails.

She is so strong,
And she loves the game ping pong.

She Is so smart,
And has a charming heart.

KRISHA BANG

8 ALPHA

Path of Doom

"Oh, my! What do I do now?", exclaimed Zella Zeroni in despair, as she gazed at the broken crystal ball.

Zella Zeroni was a curious young girl, fascinated by the art of fortune-telling and crystal balls. She and Mr. Habrow, the fortune teller, had always been on friendly notes, but Zella, like all others was forbidden from touching his crystal ball.

However, that afternoon, she couldn't resist the temptation to touch it. She had picked it up to study it, but had jumped in the air in fright at the sound of footsteps. The crystal ball flew into the air and fell hard on the ground with a crash, breaking into pieces, scattering all around.

Zella Zeroni knew that she had a guilty conscience and went and truthfully admitted her blunder.

"You touched my crystal ball and broke it! Inobedience!" he bellowed furiously. He sent Zella off onto the Path of Doom to make a new crystal ball for him.

She headed up the mountain, stopping by the river in which the water ran uphill. She took out a glass vial from her bag filled it to the brim. She smiled in satisfaction at completing the first part of her journey safely by getting a vial of water from the River of Petosa.

On the other side of the mountain, she saw a vast grassy field. She walked ahead, mesmerized by its beauty.

In the distance, she could see a wounded unicorn. She proceeded towards it slowly to show that she was a friend. She was relieved to see that it was a minor gash which she knew how to heal. A drop of honey and an Echinacea leaf had always done the trick. After aiding the injured unicorn, she was granted one wish which she used to get a unicorn's horn, the second ingredient needed to make a crystal ball.

She now needed a drop of dragon's blood to have all three ingredients. The only dragon existing was Medona, the guardian of the Temple of Megrasa, where she needed to conduct a special ritual in order for the crystal ball to be complete.

As soon as she reached the temple she began playing her harp in the hopes of calming down the mighty beast. The melodious tune reached the dragon's ears and he was reminded of the happy times. He curled up into a ball and slept soundly as he ventured into the Past.

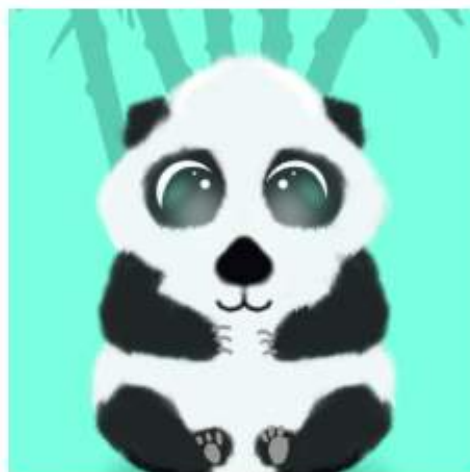
She quickly made a small cut at the tip of the dragon's tail and saved the blood in a container.

The temple was an assortment of 4 pillars standing together. She placed the ingredients side by side. She chanted the words engraved on the pillars, with power and confidence. Before her eyes, the ingredients merged together and formed a perfect crystal ball.

Back home in Latvia, she presented it to Mr. Habrow. He was proud of her and said, "You have proved to have all the qualities needed in a good and successful fortune teller." She blushed at this, but let him continue. "I am an old man and so I declare you to be my replacement once I leave this world. I name you Zella Zeroni, the future fortune-teller of Latvia. May you be blessed."

MAHIRA JAIN



5 A





<https://animaltriviasalad.wordpress.com/>





MANAN PARIKH 6 ALPHA





My favourite corner in my apartment,
Which is where most of my time is spent.
This place is where people read,
It is the only place I need.





I just sit and recline the chair,
All the noise around me I don't even care.
My mother has to drag me from the room,
"Go to sleep!!!" she says with a boom.



That place is where I usually relax,
I read while I am munching on snacks.
I read books about robbers and crooks,
Or pirate captains with shiny hooks



When I am tired
I go there,
And sit in my spot-
The reclining chair.



This is my happy place
Where I need to be.
This is what I call
"My Own Library".



NYSHA ZAVERI

GRADE 7 A

The Things I've seen...

I have seen everything I need.
To want more would simply be greed.

I have seen things beyond my imagination,
But the things I have seen are far from salvation.

I have seen the pinprick of light in darkness,
And the existence of heroism in viciousness.

I have seen the darkness in light.
Though, I have yet to see one as noble as a knight.

I've seen what I choose, and I've seen what I need,
And all I ever learnt was, nothing is guaranteed.

I've seen what I was, and all I will ever be.
I've seen everything there is, and now there's no more to see.

Faces...

Some faces show simplicity, some show pristine,
But which are the ones that always go unseen?

Crudeness, rudeness, fury and abnormalities,
Are hidden faces because they're repulsive brutalities.

One person can have many faces that are kept hidden,
Because to them showing imperfection is forbidden.

I might see sunshine in a person, but you might see purity,
And a third might see one penetrated with insecurities.

How can you judge the only face you saw?
When there's several hidden inside, deep in the core.

When you've seen all the faces, is the only time,
You can judge someone without committing a crime.

This crime goes unsaid, never judge the face you see,
Because you don't know if it's a hoax, there's no guarantee.

RUDRA MEHTA 7 ALPHA



SHARLENE BAMJI

8 A

Light at the end of the tunnel

Hard days accompanied by hard nights
Are certainly to no one's delights
Yet we pull through, for we must
In that, I urge you to trust

The hours spent behind a small screen
Makes our exhaustion seep through and be seen
Our eyes ache, and our brains pray
That something will make all these troubles go away

It did not help that our learning was disturbed
And we were truly perturbed
Every hour spent awake was a trouble
And late at night, our stress increased to double

We were hunched over books, mindlessly staring at laptops
We were no more than a living corpse
We were agitated, irritated, no one was elated
And I assure you none of this is exaggerated

But the days got brighter, the nights grew cool
Suddenly we were all looking forward to school
Out were the worries of disease and contamination
In were the fresh droplets of hope and imagination.

Times grow dark, but brightness and shine always finds a way
And put faith in life to never lead you astray
Although it may seem like you will struggle
There will always be light at the end of the tunnel.

SOUMYA NIGAM

8 A

Garden Of The Mind..

The garden of the mind
Has plants many a kind
What you choose to sow
Will take root and grow
Grab your gardening glove
Plant seeds of love
Sweet-scented roses will bloom
And destroy all the gloom
Orchids of peace
Decked with the Golden Fleece
And daffodils of care
Can also grow there
Pride and joy take stem
Every flower a beautiful gem
But amidst this garden serene
Weeds too may grow unseen
Tiny shoots of revenge and hate
Shoot up at an alarming rate
Spread sadness, misery and despair
Regret and loathing everywhere
They have so much power
They poison every flower
Suck the happiness and the light
Original beauty is nowhere in sight
Darkness swamps the bowers
Beheading the sunflowers
Lilacs and marigolds fade to grey
Tulips of hope wither away
Dead is the dazzling daisy
The sun's shine is hazy
Roses hang limp and wilt
But the garden can be rebuilt
Pull out all the weeds
Re-plant the right seeds
Care for them well
Soon they'll cast their magic spell
Even more beautiful than before
A place to love and adore
What you sow is what you find
In the garden of the mind

SOUMYA NIGAM

8 A

First Day of the Rest of my Life

The world is flooded with golden light,
As birds chirp and swoop into flight
The sunflower raises its weary head
And I smile as I get out of my bed

The house chimes with our chit-chat,
Cereal is warmed and pancakes are pat
Love and laughter ring through the air
And I count my stars for those who care

They leave for work with coats and briefcases,
And grins that light up their entire faces
And though I've done it a million times before,
I can't stop smiling as I step through the door

The boredom, the tears, the endless grey
I'm leaving them all in yesterday
I'll smile through all the stumbles and strife,
Of the first day of the rest of my life

VEER MEHTA

2 A

Deforestation

Trees are glued to the ground,
They have roots that hold them without any sound,
They need water to survive,
Light from the sun to thrive,
Animals need them for shelter,
But it's a place where they can't move
Helter-Skelter

The plants use a method called photosynthesis,
But it is different from biosynthesis,
Plants are food for many,
But they don't cost a penny,
Fruits are hanging all around,
But they aren't easy to be found,
Trees give us a lot of wood,
And after we cut them, the animals feel that their
habitats are misunderstood,
Plants are part of terrestrial habitats,
They are cacti in deserts and with green leaves in a
jungle which are full of spooky bats,
When a tree is chopped down, its roots get loose,
That causes the rocks and dirt to move and causes
damage,
The damage is bad and can get even worse
but if we don't chop trees, we shall sing a short
happy verse!


VIVAAN VERMA

5A




Shark in the Twilight
A Tale of Hope, Courage and Resilience


Weather: Stormy, Time: Late Night, Condition: Exhausted, Fatigued




The waves churned to froth around me, my makeshift raft dotted with tooth marks. Dorsal fins rose from under the wave, and unnaturally strong snouts bumped into the craft I had fashioned out of floating leaves, sticks, and a few lumps of seaweed. Grabbing my oar, I paddled furiously towards a rising wave of tropical salt – water. My raft rose up to the height of a three-story building, before it came crashing down at great speed, reaching terminal velocity before crashing into another wall of water. Coughing and spluttering water, I saw the unmistakable silhouette of a Great White looming in the distance.




Weather: Calm, Time: Probably Mid - Morning, Condition: Drained





The calm weather and the twilight sky did no wonders for me. My mind wandered, and images of my island home came to mind. "Don't think about it," I chided myself, "You'll only feel worse." However, I couldn't stop myself. I remembered the last day I had on those white sands, before the funnel of wind dragged me away. I blinked my eyes and shook my head, a small part of me hoping that stopping the imagery would take away everything that ever happened to me. When I opened my eyes, a cone of water, a waterspout, was racing towards me.





Weather: Unpredictable Time: Late Afternoon, Condition: Sleepy




A dorsal fin poked up 5 metres ahead of me, and the waterspout was still travelling ahead. Before panic could enter my mind, I assessed the situation. I could either face the storm, or the Great White, and I chose the latter. I remembered that my best hope was to keep my nerves under control, stay still, and gently back away. My hair stood on end as I slowly pushed backwards. Time stood still as the shark inched forward, but realizing that I was not a seal, it backed away.



Weather: At the edge of the storm, Time: Early Morning? Condition: Hungry, Fatigue
Digging through my last week of rations, I found a golden chocolate energy bar. I tore the wrapper, crushed it into crumbs, and stuffed it into my mouth, with pieces of it falling into the sea. Waves crashed into my sides, the salt stung my eyes. I looked at my last few cans of water and lay down miserably. The rocking of the raft reminded me of rocking hammocks from a lullaby I sang often a few years ago.



Shark, why do you swim,
When we rock on our hammocks and the light is dim?
"Oh! I cannot pause alone.
While I have the strength and fins to reach my home."
Suddenly, I sat up straight knowing what to do. I had to just keep rowing, come what may. No shark or storm could stop me, I would cross the eye of the cyclone, for I had the strength and fins to reach my home.



SHUBH MEHTA

7 A

I blog daily about super cool cars seen on our own Mumbai roads, it could be a supercar a vintage car or even a hypercar. As long as it's on four wheels I blog about it.

Follow @smcarblogs



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