

OCTOBER 2020

My GRAND-ma

My GRAND-ma is sweet, her love has no end,
When she is with me, she's my best friend.

With long silver hair and twinkle in her eyes,
Her 'Long Ago' stories add wrinkles to her smile.

Her favorite black shoes with open toes,
She puts them on, wherever she goes.

Her big brown bag with pockets so deep,
She carries with her, when she gets up and when she goes to sleep.

She brightens my day and blesses my night,
She's always there, with her hugs so tight.

My GRAND-ma stays in a land far, far away,
I am waiting to be in her arms, to love and sway.

BY-ARJANDEEP SINGH BHUTANI, IV D

Twenty-Twenty

Ah! I said 2020 is here.

Flowers blooming, trees growing and eager to start a new year

Suddenly, brings the news channel

a terrible news.....! "A new virus is here"

The virus wouldn't spread too much thought I.

It spread more and more before my eye.

Came the month of June,

Couldn't see my grandparents and monsoon

Here comes the month of September,

Learning for exams, in my chamber

I wish Covid and lockdown gets over

Could see the sun and play in the grass forever.

And see the blue seas and skies again.

All in 'HIS' hands now, to regain

Every day to 'HIM' I pray

And I hope 'HE' hears me someday.

By- SANGHAMITRA KARTHIKA VIPINDAS-VI H

WHAT'S UP CORONA

What's up Corona, you emerged from nowhere out of the blue.

Some say you came from the lab

While some agree you flew along with the bats.

You spared neither the young nor the old

You couldn't be killed by climate, whether it be hot or cold.

You've exhibited to the world your "dance of death".

By holding away the infected victim's breath.

You made the entire world sit in their homes

And punished those who didn't by sending them to their tomb.

We all wished to be negative while you taught us numerous positives

That everyone dies, while the self disciplined lives.

You've taught us the value of helping others

While the selfish and greed shall be doomed.

You have made the air much cleaner to breathe

You taught us to respect nature else upon us you will lay a wreath.

You have taught us new definition of hygiene.

If we want to survive then we stay clean.

You've taught that wealth, gold, property we should not hoard.
It is essential we require and rest must be limited that we need not hold.

What's up corona – you have taught us many things
But now say bye for it's time that you leave.

BY : AALISHA PINTO – CLASS VIII A

Gender Inequality - A Global Issue

Agnes Mary

Treating both men and women is one of the important aspects of life. 'Gender Equality' is all about treating all our fellow Human beings equally despite their genders, but it is disappointing that 'Not even a single country has achieved Gender Equality'. Gender Inequality is a serious issue faced globally.

Another word related to Gender Equality is 'Feminism'. This is one of the most misunderstood words. People seem to believe that 'Feminism' as a movement or ideology which support 'only females', but forgets that the actual ambition and idea laid is to achieve equality between the two sexes. **"Gender Equality is a Human Fight; Not a Female Fight"**. Most of the people who fight for gender equality are women, while only a few men come up to be feminists. People like Harry Belafonte, David Schwimmer, Malala Yousafzai, Gloria Steinem, Emma Watson, Sadiq Khan, and many others work for a better world that accepts all equally as one. Everyone has to accept the fact that 'soul has no gender' and work together to change the prejudice against women and help to make a better world for those 66 million girls who are locked up in their own house.

Boys and men must also come forward. Gender Equality is not just some people's issue, it's our issue too. **"It is time we all see gender as a spectrum instead of two sets of opposing ideas"**.

By AGNES MARY, CLASS: 9-A

REMINISCING

(An Anecdote)

Being under lockdown has given me a lot of time to reflect on my past and bring back some long lost memories. One such memory is of a friend I had back when I was seven. Things seem much simpler back then. She was a quiet girl. No one ever saw her talk in class and if she ever did, she talked with a slight lisp. She was a fair-skinned girl who had really long hair, always braided in neat plaits. Her long hair was something that always fascinated me as no one our age had such long hair. She never seemed to gather any attention from anyone.

I did not have a lot of people that I could call my friends back then. The ones that were (and still are) my closest friends somehow always got (and still get) put in different classes. One day, my teacher went around asking all my classmates who their best friend was. I was sure no one would consider me their best friend though I hoped someone would. Then, as some sort of miracle, the quiet girl who always sat in the corner of the class called out my name. I was taken by surprise. I never really talked to her so much but I always did my best to be nice. Her saying that I was her best friend had warmed my heart and made me feel really happy. Ever since that day, we were inseparable.

As second grade came closer to its end, all of us were eagerly waiting for the day we would never miss upon. The 'Class Photo Day' is what we called it. I remember how excited we were to have our photos taken as it was our last year in the 'new block'. Just as we were given our positions to stand for the picture, the photographer decided to put us together. To say that we were the happiest kids in the world that day would be an understatement. We decided that day was the best day of our lives, unaware of the days to come.

And days after, we were in third grade but were put in separate classes (again?!). We still swore to see each other during recesses and between classes. Two months into third grade, we were given summer break when most of us visit our loved ones back at our hometowns. I went to India and she went to her country whose name I never learned. Once the break was over we were all to come back

to school. On the first day after the break, I could not wait to see her. I went to her classroom in the hope of seeing her but she was nowhere to be found. I asked one of her classmates if she was present that day and that was when it all fell apart. Her classmate told me that she moved out of the country forever. I refused to believe it at first but she never came back. I did not understand why she had to leave. Moreover I did not understand why she left without telling me. I was mad at myself for not being able to see her for the last time before she left. I was upset that I could not bid her farewell. I have never seen her since then.

It is funny to look back at the photo from second grade and see how all of us have grown into different people from our old selves. Everyone in the photo is now older and much different from who they were back then except for one, the girl who sat beside me. She will forever be the seven year old girl who considered me her best friend. I wonder if she would ever recognize me if we were to, god willingly, meet one day. I wonder if I would.

BY ADITHI DILEEP, X A

Frailty and Vehemence

The night is a physical thing
more than a voice, a color, a million inferior suns
something forgotten comes alive
like a billion impossible futures.
cold and warmth are for dreams
what angst imprisons, the moon sets free.
pickpocket hurricanes, obtrusive and unrepentant-
kneel in the life of the night;
for each soul owns a sky,
sidewalk secrets and apologetic hands
years of a river that won't devour
forsythia fantasies, untame maestro
pummel into the silence, fractured by a squawking clock
a gardenia memory, unfleeting and icy beneath the petal
there's no faces in the night, only
something titanic than what was lost
hope is a word and all the world's multitude,
of light but found in shadow
and so owned by the night.
when thunder is not entirely itself, a
growl in an already unamorous sky
when what is not seen makes a thousand ghost echoes
a burning world and bare fingertips
a season without name
singular and infinite
made for anarchy and song.

HOPE

*Another effort drenched in vain ,
Another endeavor ends in pain ;
Another sweat bites the dust,
Another hope withers in a gust.
When solitude wraps its wings of discord and wrath ,
When isolation deceives us to another path ;
When life becomes a shout out to an endless void ,
When loneliness becomes an entity we cannot avoid.
As I scramble for answers in the shadows of despair ,
Lost , damaged , broken beyond repair;
My eyes caught magnificence yonder ,
As tears of revelation flowed in wonder.
As I welcomed the revelations with innocence ,
Of a child exploring life with curiousness;
That's when the blatant truth stroke,
When all my chaotic insights evoked.
Sometimes the treasures you want ,
Might not be the ones you need ;
Sometimes as we cross Oceans reaching out for our desire ,
It might be buried within us, underneath all that we aspire .
When the darkness consumes our heavenly light ,
When shadows tint our yearned delight ;*

*Remember the hope that awaits you in the dark ,
And let that not vanquish our spark .*

*Henceforth carry the torch of hope into the oblivious unknown yonder ;
For the Rainbow always blooms after the thunder .*

By AYRA FAHAD-12 D