

रंगों की पहचान

- अमिता जैन

आखिर कौन जाने क्या हो जायेगा
पल में, इस उलझी दुनिया में

कभी तूफ़ान की उचाईयाँ निगल जाती हैं,
धरती से आसमान की सारी गहराइयाँ....
कभी तूफ़ान खुद बन जाते हैं पतवार
टूटी कश्ती के ।

जीवन भी एक ऐसा ही रेला है
ज़िंदगी के उतार चढ़ावों का....

इस जीवन के मेले में अनगिनत रंग हैं फैले चारों ओर...
कुछ धीरे खिलखिलाते हुए, कुछ हलके मायूस से,
सुख दुख की भावनाओं का परिचय देते...
ज़िंदगी से रूबरू कराते हुए ।

रंगों के इस रंग मंच की कुछ मानयाताएँ हैं अजीब सी...
कभी इनकी घेराईयों पर मनाये जाते हैं पर्व कई,
कभी इन्हीं खूबसूरत रंगों पर उड़ा दी जाती है सफ़ेद चादर..

ऐसी हे रंगों की पहचान,
कभी खुशी कभी ग़म से भरी

चमकीले चटकीले खुशीयाँ बिखेरते रंग..
अचानक फीके पड़ते ही,
ज़िंदगी को बहा देते हैं आँसुओं के तूफ़ान में ।

शायद, किसी किनारे की आस में ।



नक्राब

- सारिका अग्रवाल

ज़माने का बहुत तमाशा देखा
हर चेहरे पर नक्राब देखा ।
गुज़र गई ज़िन्दगी बेनक्राब करने में,
बेनक्राब करते वक़्त,
अपने चेहरे पर भी एक नक्राब देखा ।
इंसानियत ढूँढते ढूँढते
खुद को भी लड़खड़ाते देखा ।

शोरगुल में ख़ालीपन देखा,
तनहाइयों में शोर देखा ।
मजबूरियाँ में फ़ायदा उठाते देखा,
फ़ायदे में इंसानियत को मरते देखा ।

दोस्तों की रंजिश को देखा,
अपनों की साज़िश को देखा ।
हँसते हुए को अंदर से रोते हुए देखा,
और रोते हुए को मुस्कुराते हुए भी देखा ।
क्या खूब हमने ज़माने का यह तमाशा देखा
हर चेहरे पर नक्राब देखा ।

Raichak on the Ganges (Ffort)

- Abheek Dutta, Grade IV

This year we went to Kolkata for my summer vacation. My mother and I went early and then my father joined after one and a half weeks. If you're wondering who I am then let's just say the name's Abheek, Abheek Dutta and I live in Tokyo with my mother and father. At Kolkata I stayed with my grandparents. Last year in the winter we had gone to the Sundarbans for a two day trip. It was hot and rainy in Kolkata and we planned on a two-day trip to Raichak to see the Ganges and relax at a hotel this summer vacation.

On the day of the trip I woke up at 8:15am to go downstairs (my grandparents' house has 2 floors). I had breakfast which was the usual milk and cornflakes and two slices of bread. When we were done we all changed our clothes and took all the suitcases downstairs and my grandfather put them in the trunk of his car.

My father along with my grandfather sat at the front of the car. My grandmother, my mother and I sat at the back. My father opened Google Maps on the phone so that he could direct my grandfather to the hotel since the road was to go through lots of small towns and villages. According to Google Maps the journey would take one and a half hours. Getting out of Kolkata was difficult, there were cars and trucks and buses and rickshaws and autos and scooters and motorcycles and people on the road. Then there was a big traffic jam at Amtala and it took us forever. We saw three accidents on the way. The journey took us more than two and a half hours.

When we reached the place, it was really grand and fancy. I got out my suitcase and ran to the reception desk and waited for my parents and grandparents to come. A bellhop escorted us to our rooms (511 and 512). There was an elevator that was quite slow (and really old, it looked like it dated back to the time of the British rule over India). The elevator had wooden walls and brass buttons. As we went up inside the elevator with the Bellhop, the elevator made some sudden stops which scared me quite a lot.

When we reached the 5th floor the bellhop escorted us to rooms, 511 and 512 and showed us how to unlock the door with the key card. When we went into our rooms I decided to stay in room 511 with my grandparents. I went to the balcony and looked outside and saw the Ganga River along with the Adventure zone and a spa in the hotel grounds. After my first look at the Ganga River I asked myself whether it was a river or the Indian Ocean because it was humongous. It also looked quite muddy because there was a lot of fertile soil in the river. The quantity of all that soil increases after every shower as the soil slides down into the river. The river currents were also very

strong. I wanted to swim in the river, but the river banks were fenced, and it was also a bad idea to swim in a river with such strong currents.

After refreshing up a bit we went down to the restaurant, Indian Quarters for lunch. First, we ordered our food (I ordered mushroom and chicken pasta with white sauce) then we got our appetizers, a bowl full of papad and then we got our main course. I wolfed my food down like a king who hadn't eaten food for 2 hours. After everybody finished their meal, we went outside to the Adventure zone and I started climbing on the balancing ropes.

As it was the monsoon season, a little while later it started raining and suddenly turned into a shower. We hurried to the greenhouse as there was nowhere else to go without getting drenched from head to toe. When we reached the green house there was a man sitting on a chair. After that we realized that we hadn't gone to the greenhouse as there were no plants but cycles and the same man sitting on a chair.

My father asked him how to go to the Ffort. The man said that we had to turn left and go up a bridge which we used to drive on. We waited for a while for the rain to get a bit weaker so that we could go. When the rain did get a bit weaker we walked to the Ffort and while we were walking up the bridge I and my dad noticed a huge chess set with very big chess pieces. My dad said that we could play just before dinner.

We went back up to our rooms and watched a little T.V. After that me, my parents and my grandfather went to look at the Infinity pool. When we arrived, we realized that a movie shooting was going on near the Infinity pool. My mother said that the actress was a very famous actress. We watched the shooting for a while and then watched them packing up. As my father said, we played a game of chess after that and my father had to forfeit.

When we finished, we went back to our rooms and refreshed up a bit and then went to the Oriental restaurant for dinner. We ordered our food (I ordered steamed rice and black bean sauce chicken). When everybody finished, we went back to our rooms and slept. It was really quiet, there was no noise at all.

The next morning I went out to the balcony and saw many big ships on the river. I stared at them in awe for a while. The Ganga is really big. After that I changed my clothes and went down to the Indian Quarters for breakfast. There was a Buffet and I had cornflakes, buns, donuts, vada and fries. After breakfast me and my parents went to the Adventure zone. Me and my father did boating and archery (my mother was busy taking photos). I did ziplining 3 times from the 4th floor. It was scary at first but fun. It was the best part of the trip.

After that we packed up, checked-out and got in the car and headed back home. Luckily there was no traffic jam on the way back! ■



Secret Agent Man

- Arnab Karmokar, Grade VI

My name is Michael Moore, and 'Mike' is the nickname in close circle.

It was October 21st, and I just came back from school. I came into my Dad's room, and noticed that Dad was sitting in his chair talking on his iPhone and looking into his MacBook Pro at the same time. The Ventures, my favorite band, very well known for their wonderful guitar riffs, was playing on the speaker. He nodded and quickly typed something down and said, "bye" and hung up the phone. He looked at me and gave me the 'how was school' look, and I quickly said to dad, "I'm fine. School was fine. Everything was fine, dad."

It looked like he was wondering why I had a lot of dirt on my arm and why my leg was bleeding. However, before he could ask me, I went upstairs and I quickly locked the door. I jumped onto my bed and sighed. School was not fine. In fact, school was terrible. One thing popped into my head when I thought of school; School Bully Joshua Huntington. He was the reason my leg was bleeding, and had dirt on my arm. Just like his name, Joshua might have hunted tons of kids. However, one thing I noticed all along in my school life here in The USA was that he kept bullying me. I would like to give you a few examples on how bullying went on throughout the day.

Today, when I got onto the bus, the first thing Joshua did was, he snatched my backpack away from me, took out my lunch-bag, and then threw out my backpack to the back of the bus. Then, he ate my lunch in a minute or two, and handed me back the scraps and the leftovers. I got kicked because lunch was not good enough. I didn't know what was there in my lunch bag, so I had nothing to argue about it. Thereafter, he bullied me everywhere I went. However, another thing I noticed was that he always stopped bullying and became super nice, when a teacher or principal was around. For example, he kicked me in the shin on our way to library class today, but when we got into the library, he gave me a book to borrow, though I already read that book last year. But, sadly on the way home, he took away my bus snack, kicked me because snack was not decent enough for him, and at the end, he literally threw me out of the school bus at my stop. That was my miserable life. Two assertions; School was not fine, and, Joshua Huntington Bullied Kids.

I lied down on my bed and took out a favorite book from my shelf, 'Stay away from School Bullies', by Rick Pauls. I opened the last chapter, which was named 'Be the Star'. It had two sentences, and the sentences were as followed; 'If you want to stay away from bullies, then you have to prove that you are worthier than him/her. Show him/her that you can be amazing at all times and that you are not only bullying material, but that you are an important human being who exists in this world.' I thought about what that really meant, and I tried using that on Joshua Huntington. The first strategy I used was to try to become friends with him, but that turned out to be more of throwing me out of the bus. He explained that friends should 'obey' friends. The second strategy I used was standing up to him. That too resulted me in having bullied double the amount per day. That same week, I had to place a cast on my leg due to his enormous kick. No wonder he was a good striker in our

School Soccer League (SSL), I was being his training material without wanting to be!

The song 'Secret Agent Man' by The Ventures was coming out from the speaker downstairs. That was my favorite song, which had only one line repeated many times. The one line was the obvious: 'Secret Agent Man'. I started singing it, thinking that I had an imaginary electric guitar, which sat on my lap. I kept doing the guitar riffs while I sang in the places I was supposed to sing. Then, an idea popped into my head. I quickly grabbed the book and wondered, 'what if I become the Secret Agent Man at our school', and I came up with a plan.

The next day, I looked at the bus, and I saw that Joshua was already in the bus. It looked like he was practicing to kick me. At the bus stop, the door opened but I didn't go in. I told the driver to go on, so he did. After the bus left, I quickly grabbed my bike, and started heading the same way the bus was headed, school. I saw Joshua raging with anger inside the bus. He kicked another kid instead, to make himself feel good. I wrote that down in my new notebook, which was labeled 'Secret Agent Man'. My plan was 'to write down everything he did wrong, and then after school, go up to the teacher and spill the beans'. Similarly, an agent kept track and spied on the bad guy, and finally, caught the culprit in a good chance. That was exactly what I was going to do today.

When I reached school, I quickly went to find Joshua, but made sure he couldn't find me. I spotted him punching another kid. I made a note of this and made a theory that he was going to continue to do his daily routine on other kids. After Joshua went to hang his backpack in his locker, I went up to the kid and asked his name. His name was Daniel Pauls, and I promised him that I would make the bullying stop.



When I reached class, I saw Joshua looking at me with enormous eyes, something that I had never seen before. But as he stood up to start punching me, the school bell rang, and our homeroom teacher came into the room. I could see him sitting down, still both of his eyes peeled on me. Teacher started explaining us how Linear Equations worked, and then quickly handed out sheets to work on. When she came to pass out papers to me, I asked if I could get a drink of water from the fountain outside. I needed time to write down some other notes in my notebook while I was in my drink break. After I got permission, I went outside and stood in front of the closed door, to hear what was going on in class. I heard Joshua asking and pleading our homeroom teacher if he could also go out to drink water. But the teacher reminded him about the '1 person at a time' rule, and no matter how much he pleaded, she wouldn't

be letting two kids out at once. I could hear a thump and some laughing going on in class. I saw Joshua kneeling down on the ground, begging her to let him have a drink of water. I saw this through the room entrance's glass window. After laughing at his actions, I quickly drank water, and jotted down some useful notes required to prove the bullying going on. Then I came back into the room, I noticed that Joshua was kicking Daniel who, unfortunately, was sitting next to Joshua today. I again wrote that useful information down in my notebook.

After classes and short breaks, it was lunchtime. I took out my lunch bag, the one that I specially cared, because Joshua hadn't targeted it. Before he saw me, I went up to my homeroom. I ate there for two main reasons; to stay away from Joshua Huntington, and to finalize my notes. I wrote the following down in my notebook; Joshua Huntington was found to be kicking specific kids on the morning bus bound for the school. He was again found kicking the same specific kids, during break times, and in class when the teacher was not looking at the moment. There were a lot of victims, such as Daniel Pauls, and other students. There were also a lot of eyewitnesses. This was needed to be stopped; he needed to be punished very severely.

I closed my notebook, ate my lunch, and thanked my teacher for lending her room. After this, I put my lunch bag away, and I went to spy on him, just in case he made a fool of himself, and so that I could have more evidence to prove my assertion; Joshua Huntington Bullied Kids. I saw, Joshua laughing at Daniel, who was crying. I quickly got out my notebook, and wrote my latest entry. I kept looking at him, and noticed that he had caught a glimpse at me. He started to come towards me. I started running away, but he quickly caught up to me. He grabbed me by the collar and said, "You know that I am watching you, Michael. If I see more spy stuff going around, you'll be more than sorry."

He pushed me down to the ground, and the asphalt hit the back of my head really hard. Then, he picked me up, and strongly kicked me in the stomach. I fell head first, and noticed that blood was coming out of my head. I saw him, and after he laughed, he stomped on my glasses. He went laughing while I was all bruised like a peach. Everyone came and surrounded me on the ground, and asked me if I was okay. But I never really answered, because... I fainted.

I woke up in the hospital wing in our school; I saw our head nurse and principal. Our nurse gave me a cup of hot chocolate. I saw my principal who sighed in relief, as she asked me about my notebook in my pocket. I took out my notebook, and I showed her, what I wrote in it. She looked at the notes, and then looked back at me, then back at the notebook. It looked like she was confused about what was going on. After a few minutes of carefully reading my entries and asking me what this was all about, she quickly got up and told me that she was going to ask Joshua Huntington, to come in the principal's office. I sat up, and then, I heard the most amazing thing.

"Joshua Dum-Dum Huntington, Joshua Dum-Dum Huntington, please report to the Principal's Office immediately. I repeat, Joshua Dum-Dum Huntington, Joshua Dum-Dum

Huntington, please report to the Principal's Office immediately."

And something funnier had happened. The principal forgot to turn off the microphone and the speakers, and so the whole school heard Joshua 'Dum-Dum' (since this was the first time I ever knew his middle name, I laughed at this) Huntington getting his punishment. I kept listening to it from my hospital bed, thinking of how much Joshua would feel embarrassed by this. I wondered, 'was our principal turning on the microphone and the speakers on purpose, or is this a plain accident?' Our principal talked to Joshua about not being safe, honest, respectful or responsible. Then we heard Joshua crying and demanding who 'snitched' (told) on him. She quickly responded, "Michael Moore". 'Oh Nuts', I was going to be more than sorry. I felt like running away. I felt like I was going to be doomed for the rest of my life. And thanks to that, I fainted... again.

I revived from fainting, for the second time. Then I saw, Joshua Huntington in front of my face. I screamed, and I jumped on to the floor, and I tried to run away, but then I noticed that the principal was right beside him. I tucked myself back into my bed. The principal looked at Joshua and then he mumbled these words, "I'm sorry, Michael, for being so mean to you and everyone else in the grade. I will be in detention for the rest of the school term to improve my anger management skills and think about what I had done wrong. Again, very sorry."

Wow. That was really cool. The school bully had to say sorry to me. However honestly, I felt sad for him. It was only October, and he had to stay after school for an hour and half extra per day, than everybody else. Nevertheless, he did things that were supposed to be wrong, and, the big thing was that he deserved it. I could see tear marks on his cheeks, and I thought that he cried hard. I quickly responded "no problem", and then I saw him been escorted by the principal to the next room.

He was kept under watch, being escorted class to class throughout the year, and during lunch break, he ate and sat quietly inside the principal's room. Even during classes, excluding the first teacher who was teaching, they also had another teacher making sure that there would be no problems during class. But yes, about twice after that, Joshua was caught saying mean words to Daniel, and was sent to the principal's office.

The good part of all of this was, Daniel's dad was actually the author who wrote 'Stay Away From School Bullies', and he signed my copy in front of me, when he came to thank me for helping Daniel get through his bullying problems. He even wrote a book about our school, and my heroic events. This book became very famous, and he was awarded the Newbery Medal, and the Caldecott Medal. Daniel and I became close friends, and we had a lot of fun in school.

Now, I am very popular, thanks to getting the school bully in trouble. I now get high fives daily. The school is now fun like before, and I thank The Ventures, for making the song, 'Secret Agent Man'. That song will always be my favorite. Thank you, The Ventures. ■

Being a teenager

- Akanksha Mukherjee, Grade VIII

Becoming a teenager is like a new phase in life, a phase where you start to become more matured, and get more responsibility. There are some kids who can't wait to be thirteen, while on the other hand, some kids don't want to be a teenager. This year, I turned thirteen in March. At first, I couldn't help feeling excited to finally become a teenager. I thought that being a teenager was like getting more freedom and becoming more independent. It has already been a couple of months since my birthday passed, and from my experience, I can tell you what it feels like to be thirteen.

First, I will start by discussing how people change when they turn into a teen. At this age, people start developing strong likes and dislikes, and start making their own choices without their parents telling them what to do. Rather than being a good kid and following what your parents say, you do what your heart wants to do. People choose their own path, and have their own values. When you are a kid, you are safe at your home, where your parents can protect you and take good care of you. But as a teenager, you start facing and knowing more about the real world.

When you are a teenager, your mind becomes more mature and confusing. Your mood keeps changing. One day, I feel thrilled and excited, and the next day I become moody and get irritated over the smallest things, which lead to big arguments. Somedays, you may even feel depressed and

gloomy. You also face a lot of issues, such as bullying, stress, relationships, self-esteem, pressure and a lot more. I also sometimes get the feeling that no one understands me, even though at times it's hard for me to understand myself.

As a kid, you love to be around your parents, and you follow them around wherever they go. You get a lot of attention from everyone for being cute and sweet. But as a teenager, you prefer to be surrounded by your friends more than your parents. On one hand, you want to grow up but on the other hand, you wish you were still a kid. Now, I am given more work and more responsibilities, not just by my parents, but even at school. I get lots of homework which I just don't feel like doing. All the homework and tasks that I am given to do just adds more stress to my mind.

However, being a teenager is also fun. You get more opportunities to hang out with friends and go to places with them. You are also allowed to access social media and meet new people. At this age, your parents become less overprotective of you, so you can access more freedom and privacy. Now, I can finally go out without my parents worrying and I feel a lot more independent. This is a chance for me to try new things, learn new skills, and become more knowledgeable. This is also a phase where people can get to learn more about themselves and choose their direction of life. ■

Thoughts for teenagers by Swami Vivekananda

- Talk to yourself once in a day..otherwise you may miss meeting an excellent person in this world.
- The power of concentration is the only key to the treasure-house of knowledge.
- Youth is the best time. The way in which you utilize this period will decide the nature of coming years that lie ahead of you.
- Who is helping you, Don't forget them.
Who is loving you, Don't hate them. Who believes you, Don't cheat them.
- The more we come out and do good to others, the more our hearts will be purified and God will be in them.

Everyday, a New Image

- Ananya Sharma, Grade IX



I was always interested in photography and in the eighth grade I decided to take a formal class to learn more about it. I like photography because you get to show your perspective of what you see through your own eyes. You get to show your creativity through images rather than words. There are no restricts on how to take pictures. Photography is an inspirational art form which uses different techniques such as shutter speed and aperture. I would like to take more pictures of my travels and showcase that. Here, I am share some of my pictures that I have taken during my holidays, in and out of Japan.

The photo on the left is from the Pantheon in Paris. The whole view of Pantheon looks very exquisite and different from other places that I have seen before, which got me to take this picture.

Digital photography is a form of photography that uses camera containing array of electronic photo detector to capture images focused by a lens, as opposed to a exposure on photography lens. Kodak invented the first digital camera, the company however didn't see themselves moving into the digital photography realm. Soon, several other companies picked up on the invention and refined it. Today the most famous digital cameras are Nikon, Canon and Fuji Film.



On the left, is the picture of Notre-Dame in Paris. All the small details on the Catholic cathedral really got my attention, getting me to take a picture of it.



The above picture was taken of the big Buddha in Kamakura. The whole framing of the Buddha and the sunlight reflecting on him shows clarity of the statue.



The picture on the left is the Bosphorus Strait dividing Europe from Asia. I took this picture because of the different silhouettes of the clouds with the halo light around the boat and bridge.



The picture of the colourful glass in the Sainte-Chapelle is located in Paris. I took this picture because of the ravishing color contrast of the glasses in the Chapelle.



The panoramic view of Paris was taken in the Pantheon. I thought the view was so gorgeous especially with all the sculpted.

My favourite picture that I have taken so far is this close-up of the tiny blue and grey butterfly. I was able to use depth of field, which we learned in class. In this picture, the leaf on the left is blur while everything else is in focus.

This picture is a Roman Catholic church in Paris called Sacré-Coeur. I felt like this picture was very basic but it is able to show the beauty of church with the blue sky and I hope you enjoyed the pictures as much as I liked taking them. ■



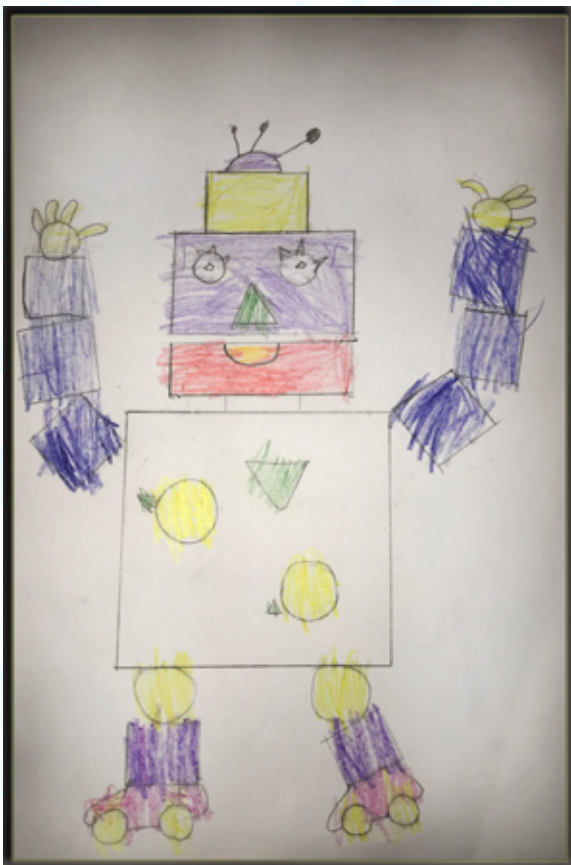
DRAWINGS



Rainbow Tree - Aahan Maiti 2yrs



Fish Family - Dian Kar 2.5yrs



Robot - Soham Kundu KG



Himawari Flower - Kenta Bhowmik Grade I



Seahorse - Advika Ghosh Grade I



Sunrise in pixel art - Ayana Roy Nandi Grade IV



Cats in the Forest - Zinniya Maya Dhar Grade III



Live Now - Sponge painting on Canvas - Pramiti Hebbar 11yrs.



Maa Durga - Siya Pritha Paul Grade III



Buddha - Kavya Sharma



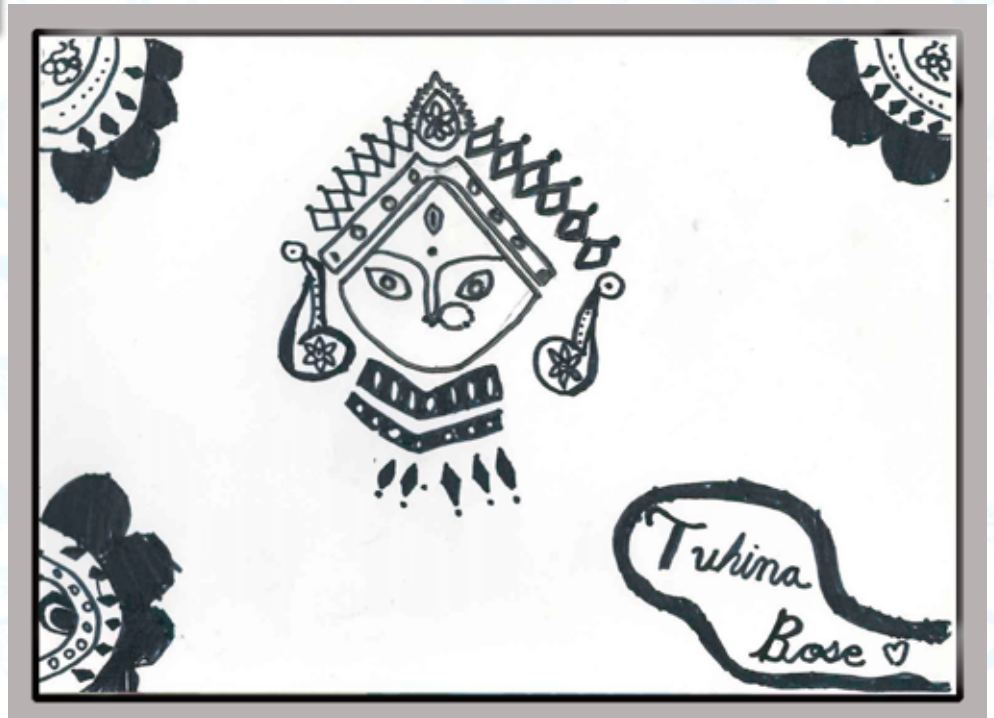
Maa Durga - Souhardya Kar 10yrs



Maa Gayatri - Gaurika Srivastava Grade VIII



Maa Durga - Shounak Das 4yrs



Maa Durga - Tuhina Bose 10yrs



Maa Durga - Aahana Bose 7yrs.