

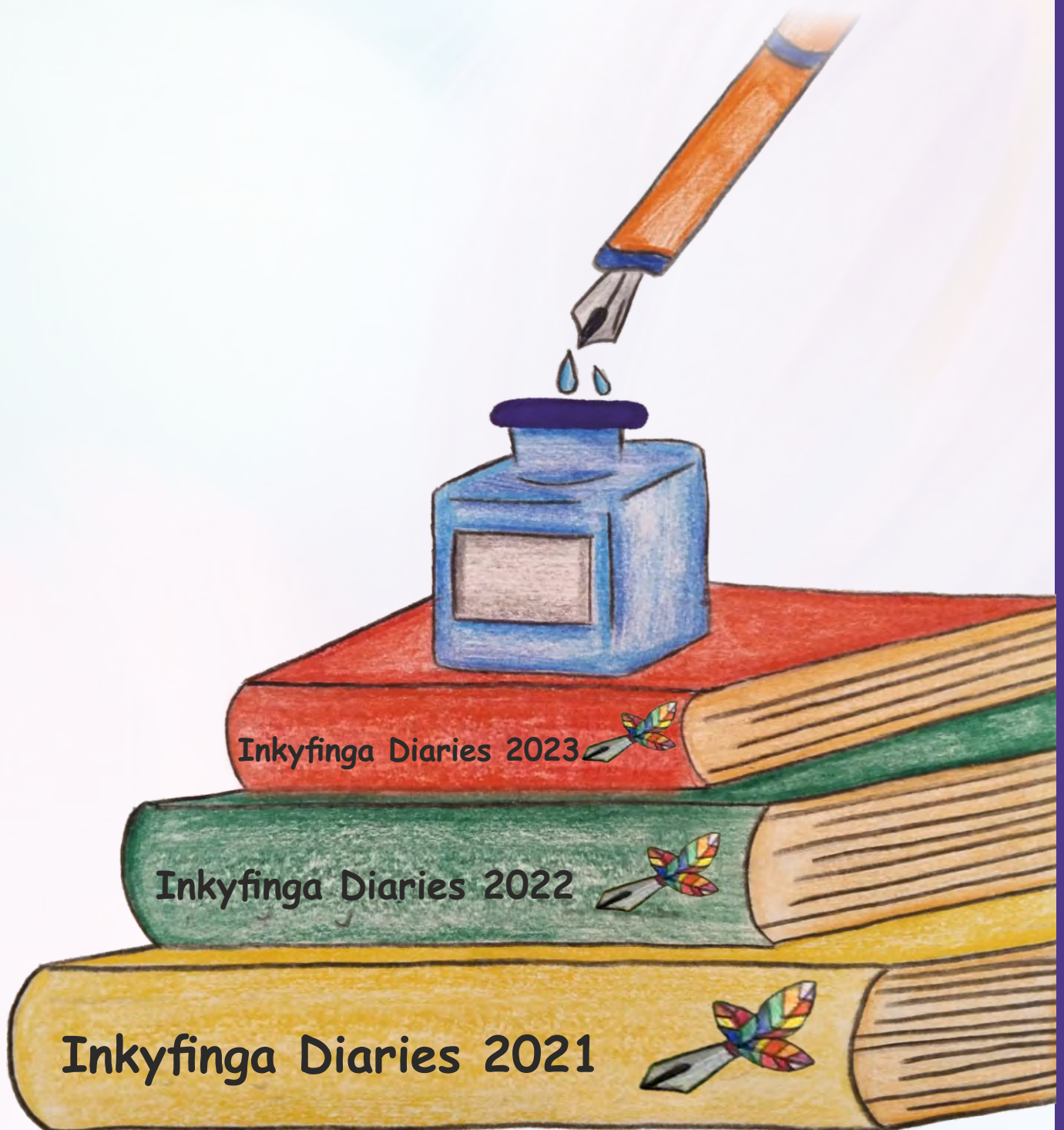
February 2023



Issue 3

Inkyfinga Periodical

Voices of Young DPS Tapi Writers



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PREFACE

The InkyFinga Periodical achieves a hat-trick with this third issue. What began online during the Covid pandemic lockdown as a vent to express students' pent up thoughts and emotions, has become an 'addiction' to writing as a daily or weekly 'fix'. This publication is only the tip of the iceberg, a mere selection from the members' regular posts on the InkyFinga LitClub stream and [Blog](#).

This session, a member came up with the idea of writing acrostics, which we all enjoyed. A few acrostics at the beginning of this issue give you an idea of the range and variety of ideas in their acrostics. Apart from acrostics, our members enjoyed writing poetry in different moods from teenage angst to motivational outpourings, as well as experimenting with archaic and modern English words to create 'sound effects'. It is good to read the spontaneous outpouring of their creative imagination – be it philosophising on the nature of friendship, love and loss, or speculating on the evils of power framed within time travel in multiverses – and to understand how deep and varied is their range of ideas. They do not just experience life but also stand back to analyse their response to it in thought and feeling. It being the trending form of this season, let me sum up the essence of **LitClub** in an acronym:

Listen to your thoughts:
Intense and deep as they are,
They capture the rhythm of life.
Could we find adequate words,
Life itself would become a poem
Underpinning the weave of time
Beyond death's censoring scythe.



Dr. Sanjukta Sivakumar
Principal



A Few Acrostics by LitClub Members

Dream

Dare the odds
Rise above the herd
Embrace your life with courage
Acknowledge every failure
Move forward in life



Debanjana Ghosal
I-0018-21, X-A

Verity

Vicious it might be,
Enigmatic even, at times.
Reaching the conclusion,
It may make your head reel.
Truth can be devastating,
You need courage to face it.



Divya Sharma
A-0088-15, VIII-B

Ideas

Impression in your mind,
Discovering something new.
Expressed with clarity and
Accepted by all who get it,
Singing of new possibilities.



Lavanya Khatri
E-0083-19, VIII-B

Star Gazing

Sky dark, yet arousing my curiosity,
Terrestrial knowledge surpassing,
Astronomy truly is the Mother of all sciences;
Reaching for stars through my binoculars:
Gas giant Jupiter or Saturn's spectacular rings,
Asteroid belt in outer space and much more,
Zooming in through telescopes, I see,
Inter galactic views and comets too,
Night sky to sunrise, time flies past, as
Galaxies, nebulae, supernovae reveal secrets.



Yaadavi K.
G-0055-21, VIII-A

"One Bite and You are Mine!"

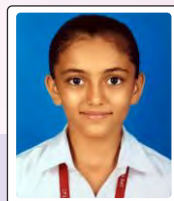
Voracious for human blood, yet
Away from sunlight they stay;
Murderous so, to meet at night.
Perhaps Count Dracula was fictitious,
Inch long, sharp fangs are still scary,
Reaching your jugular to suck blood.
Ending with a new vampire made.



Pratham Vaghela
N-0126-13, VIII-A

Fear

Feeling very nervous as
Every bone in your body shakes
An impossible mission
Roaring loudly in your ears



Jiya Kanani
A-0133-17, VI-B



Still Pondering the Question



Have you ever wondered how people get on the train after missing it? I have always pondered this mystery. In a childhood full of questions, this one had the most importance. Well, now I do have the answer. Like we all learn after an important episode in life, I did too.

That memory will never blur. I was a little girl of seven, going by train to visit my grandparents in summer vacation. Grandparents are the best people with whom to enjoy holidays and their house is the finest place to chill out. My mama and I love train journeys as they fill the trip with memorable experiences. I recall that when the train stopped at a station, my mama got off to fill her water bottle. I was glued to her mobile phone, totally oblivious to my surroundings. So, I didn't realise when the train started moving or that my mother had missed it. I had her phone and purse, and she had... only a water bottle! How was she supposed to get back? But I didn't panic. I just sat there, worried and confused about how to tell my grandparents that my mother, a grownup, was lost! How could she be so careless? First, she had left her phone behind (with me), and second, she had no money or luggage. Good thing, that, as no one could rob her. But now, I had to be extra careful although, if I was robbed, mama wouldn't be there to scold me for it.

Suddenly the phone rang. It was an unknown number. Now arose the question: should I answer the call or just let it ring and pretend that I didn't hear it? Both decisions could land me in trouble. But being in an emergency myself, I decided unselfishly to help the unknown person. I answered and heard the familiar voice of my lost mama say, "I'll be there soon. Keep an eye on the suitcases and money and stay out of trouble". Great! She was the one in trouble, not I. And she calmly assumed that I was FINE being suddenly left all alone. She didn't even ask if I was okay. Ugh! So unlike other parents who would at least worry about their child when separated!

When the train stopped at the next station, I soon caught sight of my mama's familiar figure approaching me. It turned out, she had jumped on to the next passenger local and caught up with our train at this station. As stories tend to, the gossip spread throughout our family over the vacation. Everyone knew about it. And when they asked about how I coped, they would all start laughing. I wonder if they'd think it as funny if I had missed the train, instead of mama?

*Arjita Biswas
D-0052-17, IX-A*

The Stranger



It all happened on what had been, until then, the happiest day of my life. I had just been appointed to a new job in an international company and was celebrating over a cappuccino, when a little fellow, just over five feet tall walked into the café. He was thin, wore shoes with pointed ends and a brown overcoat and fedora. I stopped humming as he stared hard at me with bright green eyes. He walked up to me and said, "Aren't you Mr. Wennly?"

"Yes, I am John Wennly," I replied. "But who are you and how do you know my name?"

The little man ignored my questions and exclaimed with an uncanny smile, "Just the man I needed!"

Without heeding my protests, he pulled and dragged me into the narrow, dark alley behind the cafe, saying, "Do help me find my Portal Key. I think it fell out of my pocket here. It's round and blue, about the size of your forefinger, you know. It's urgent, and you're the only earthman to have seen it before!"

I was very confused. "What's a portal key? I've never seen one or you before! I think you have the wrong man."

Ignoring my raised eyebrows and protests, he begged and pleaded that I should help him find his lost gadget. I agreed as the little man seemed very upset. As we were both bent over, searching the alley, I suddenly caught sight of a round, blue object. Picking it up, I turned to him and asked, "Is this it?"

He pounced on it with a cry of joy and kissed it repeatedly. Then he turned to me and said, "Didn't I just say you were the man I needed?"

I smiled and waited to see what the strange fellow would do next. He fiddled with the object, adjusting something. To my astonishment, he threw the object into the air and it began to rotate, glowing blue and buzzing. It also began growing in size till I could look right through it. I could see a pale green sky with the waving tops of strange red plants.

"Take a peek," said the man, pointing to the large ring.

Now, what happened afterwards remains a complete blank in my memory! I remember waking up in a hospital bed, where the café owner had transported me, after finding me lying unconscious in the alley. Ever since, my life has been a complete misery. What did I see through the ring? Why can't I remember? Who was the strange man? Will I ever find out? But if you meet anyone like him, PLEASE contact me immediately!

*Malhar Chotaliya
E-0068-17, X-A*

InkyFinga Periodical

Frosty Thoughts

Whose hair is that? I think I know.
 Its owner is quite happy now, though.
 Full of joy like a vivid rainbow,
 I watched her laugh, despite falling hair.
 She gives her hair a shake,
 And laughs until her belly aches.
 The only other sounds, are the breaking
 Of distant waves and chirping birds.
 her hair was long, beautiful and dark,
 But she had another promise to keep.
 After chemo and lots of travail,
 Sweet dreams come to her pillow.
 She rises from her gentle bed,
 Into another life with other thoughts.
 Does she have long lustrous hair,
 As she smiles, ready for the day ahead?



Debanjana Ghosal
 I-0018-21, X-A

A Toast to Courage

To the brave souls,
 Those vulnerable hearts,
 Shielded within burly frames,
 Who took death in their stride!
 Inspiring and sublime,
 They truly deserve my panegyric.
 They gave their lives to keep us safe.
 Now the country must respond in kind.



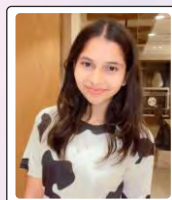
Every soldier had a family:
 A granny and a mother,
 A daddy or maybe a sister,
 Who stay true to his pride,
 Now, a warrior in the sky!

Together let us make our nation proud.
 Make sure to keep our patriotism alive!

Dhunn Gupta
 M-0014-11, IX-A

Would I Do It Again?

Lying there, I wondered, was it all planned?
 The betrayal and the heartache,
 you said you wouldn't, yet went right ahead and did it
 And I wondered, was it all a mistake?
 I talked to you, revealing my vulnerability.
 Then, all my secrets were no longer mine.
 People kept asking whether I was fine.
 I wondered, given the chance, would I do it again?
 To feel as I now do, against how happy I was,
 Would I risk the same ending again?



Ada Fatima Imran
 E-0086-19, VIII-A

Festival of Kites

When the festival arrives
 To the beach my uncle drives.
 I see red, brown, green diamonds
 Floating in the sky,
 To which I wave and say,
 "Goodbye!"



I hear people shout in joy
 I also hear the birds crying,
 "Kaipyo chhe!"
 As kites cut kites and birds' wings too.

I sit in the sun and wonder
 How human joys give pain
 To nature's innocents
 Does anyone care?

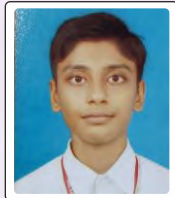
As the sun sank to rest,
 Floating lanterns lit the sky.
 Granny full of loving care,
 Cooked special festive dishes.
 Nobody remembers now
 Or hears in the dark outside,
 Cut kites and wings cry.

Debasi Majumdar
 M-0041-13, VII-A

Forever Memories

I didn't think that it would affect me too much:
 Your smile and gentle chirping and your soft touch.
 I know that you loved me
 And obviously, I love you too.

I try to remove our love from my mind
 But I always feel your shadow behind.
 Without you, the days become longer.
 Without you, everyday I try to be stronger.



In the middle of our love, you left me alone
 To fly freely in the endless sky, to me unknown.
 I hope that you are still safe and happy.
 Then I will be content with your loving memory .

You were far more than just my pet bird.
 You were a friend that I will never forget.
 We are forever separated and far apart
 But you always have a special place in my heart.

Dhairya Singh
 B-0061-16, VIII-B



Lavanya Khatri, VIII-B

New Year



Another year has passed away
 Leaving a feeling of being left over,
 Forgotten, with no ray of hope in my heart.
 But despite it, see, I have made my way,
 Not too late, though time has flown fast away.
 Some say too fast, others say too slow:
 But the answer, we all know.

Wait! There's a spark!
 From the rising of a great spirit.
 The feeling of it is awkward,
 Yet it motivates you to step forward.
 Someone cries out, Take the leap!
 Come on! Get over the wide gap!
 Overcome all obstacles and move on.

My mind cries, Hey! Wake up!
 My heart replies, I am awake;
 Not just for your sake,
 But to fill my life's lake
 With thrill, glee and excitement.
 And so, to feel the joy of this new start,
 Says my curious heart.

Dhruvansh Patel
A-0087-15, VIII-B

Nameless



Is there a God in Heaven?
 Or is all guided by insanity?
 If yes, O God of Death,
 Thou art a merciless demon!
 Answer me! Why dost thou take
 From man, Foremother of all beauty
 Leaving him defenceless
 Against monsters of depravity?
 Heaven to hell hath forfeited
 when taking from me my most beloved
 O God! Wilt thou break thy silence foul?
 Art thine ears too deaf to hear
 Me in mortal grief howl?
 My beloved, didst thou call to me?
 Or hast thou away by demons been carried?
 O God! Overlong have I tarried
 On this earth damned.

Eshaan Dubey
H-0032-22, VIII-A

Misleading Track



Right path or wrong,
 I made a choice.
 I didn't know what to do:
 So, I followed my inner voice.

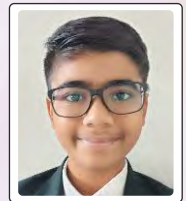
I yearned for the distant beam
 Lighting up the end.
 I crawled through rough patches,
 Sure, my chosen path was right.

Once I followed this dark way,
 Then, there was no going back.
 But when I reached the light,
 It was the dead end of the track!

Jiya Gohil
N-0143-14, VII-B



Rain



Ah! What's that feeling?
 Cool, slow drops on my face,
 Soothing my soul, refreshing my spirit.
 Followed by the gushing roar of nature
 From thunderous clouds, lightning lit.

Finally, the summer ends
 As the scorching heat bends
 Under the weight of endless droplets!

I'm soaking wet and cold,
 Dark clouds cover the sky.
 Oh! A flashing spark above,
 Roads flooded with water.
 I see also. a paper boat sailing
 No, there's another, no more.

Cats and dogs are crying
 Running in search of shelter
 From the rising flood
 That can even drown them.

The rain gives new life to plants,
 Spreading greenery in fields.
 But in the city, people cooped up
 At home, wait for it to end.

And the rain slows down,
 Sprinkling fewer showers from clouds.
 Cool, slow drops on my face,
 Rain, next year, do come again.

Maan Limbachiya
P-0085-14, VIII-B

Phoenix Self



Sometimes,
Trust seems shattered
And hope dashed,
As dear ones disappear.
Yet, I arise again.

I arise, by resting
By pausing and pondering my mistakes.

I call out to my dear self,
Telling my stories of betrayal and hurt.

I recall and embrace
My best memories
Alongside the worst;
Shedding tears nobody sees.

And that's how I arise
Like a carefree teenager
Back again, to the top.

Gargi Kumar
N-0106-12, IX-A

Death



Be aware
Death ends all.
Yet, learn not to fear it
But to accept.

Try that when you perish
Others do not weep
But your achievements, cherish.

If your existence
For others, has no feeling.
Then your life and death
Will have no meaning.

The bread of life
Was once a grain
That flourished in storms
And later ripened into harvest.

Do not waste life's harvest.
The dying grain
Should bring new life
As bread to the hungry.

Janmey Parmar
N-0072-11, X-B



Anusha Kumari, VII-B

I Thought I Knew You

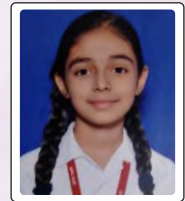


I thought I knew you from the start,
I thought I understood and knew you best.
But I was wrong, as it turned out.
You lied to me and betrayed my trust
And were never there when I needed you the most.
Then, when I asked you why,
You stared right through me and walked coldly by.
Since, then, I've never had a smile nor friendly word
From you, behind your cold silent wall.
Once, we were close but now we are divided,
So far apart, it seems you forgot our vow
To never forget our friendship strong.
I thought I knew you but I was wrong.

Hritika Chand
E-0091-20, VII-B

Disconnect

The crowded world should be noisy;
Yet, I hear no voice nor sound.
The more I cry out and question,
The more it feels like an illusion.



Living in this here yet distant world,
My disconnect with it increases
Like an alien trapped in a virtual simulation.
This world where I am invisible and unheard,
These people unaffected by my plight!

I cannot stay here and feel alive,
Without any communication.
It is like my most fearsome nightmare,
Floating disconnected in isolation.

Kinjan Tahiliani
N-0145-14, VII-B

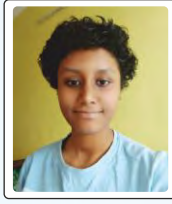
A Priceless Treasure

My friend and I,
Together we try.
A friend's someone we treasure,
For a friendship is beyond
measure.
Whenever I'm in trouble,
You give my spirits a lift.
Spending time with you,
Is my greatest happiness.
It's impossible to envisage,
How I'd survive without you.
I am grateful every day for you,



Hiya Patel
P-0094-14, VIII-B

Moon Memories



The moon might seem a little boring
But it holds a thousand memories of stories.
It reminds me of those sleepless nights
When stories emerged from the cold moonlight.

The silence which engulfs the night
And the cold wind on my face,
Feels like a hug from a lost friend.

Blotting out cold stares and false smiles,
While the moon brings these stories to light.

Its white sphere pocked with deep shadowy craters,
Holds a thousand memories with their own stories.

Asmita Dash
P-0078-13, IX-A

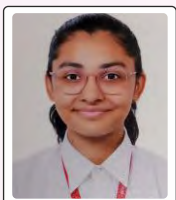
Disturbance to Humanity

That night when she screamed for help
But humanity was not by, except one.
The rendezvous night with her beloved,
When romance morphed into horrible crime.
And her life was raped by fatal violence.

In seven years of waiting for justice,
Of recapping her night of horror
Over and over again in her head,
She has patiently waited for answers
From authorities who delayed and dallied.
Seven years, she suffered and questioned,
Why men should unleash inner demons
On unoffending and innocent women;
Or commuting alone on a bus be an offence;
Or having a boyfriend be provocation;
Or night make spaces unsafe for women.

The lingering defilement of her selfhood,
The hatred that churned into her entrails
And snatched away her shivering humanity,
Despite her begging for merciful release:
She remembers that night of hell.

Now, her tears dry and long wait ended,
She "lean'd out from the gold bar of Heaven:"
Looking down at her tormentors and judges;
Those four being sent to hell's prison, wondering,
Did this make things right and even?



Kavya Gandhi
N-0098-12, IX-B



Yaadavi K., VIII-A

Thinking Makes It So

Your thoughts very considerably
Connect you to the universe
And bring to you what you desire.

Your thoughts, if mighty enough,
May help blur memory of failures
Or become the path to more desires.

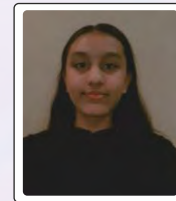
Your thoughts can be challenging,
And help manifest your ambitions
Or even destroy you with frustration.

Your thoughts, when undemanding,
Can make you everyone's beloved
And smooth away all hatred.

Your thoughts, if positive,
Make you rule the world within
And keep you from every sin.

But your dark and negative thoughts
Will bog you down and baffle you,
Making you lazy and despondent.

Your thoughts build your future
Your thoughts create your universe
You are what you think.



Jiya Mehta
N-012-16, VIII-B

Free Your Mind

Free your mind from all superstition,
Hope for the future with a smile.
Free your mind from the bonds of negativity,
And embrace the positive air outside.

Let go of the past with its regrets,
Focus on the here and now.
Forgive yourself and other people,
Enjoy the moment in music and dance.
Live your life full of joy and fulfilment.



Lavanya Khatri
E-0083-19, VIII-B

From the Shotput Champ's Diary

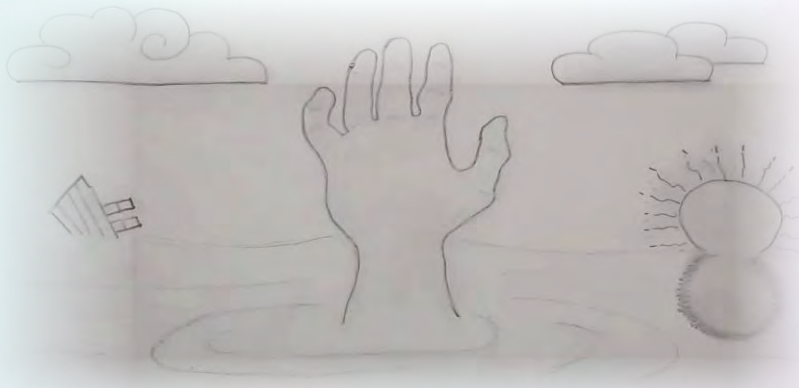


Solar-day, 3 Aug-2064: What did I do, wrong? I was quietly playing on my PlayStation 12 when my mum entered my room and began to rage and shriek at me for no reason. Well, her reason was that this was the umpteenth time she was reminding me to drink a glass of milk and that I didn't appreciate her effort. I repeated as I had before, that I would, after I finished my game. Fuming, she slammed the door and left. She didn't talk to me at all after that. Her silence continued when I left for Shotput practice and upset me but my friend, Vivaan consoled me that mums are never quiet for long.

Lunar-day, 4 Aug-2064: Life is back to normal. Today, I woke up to mum sitting on my bed. We both apologized to each other. Today, our 56-year-old history teacher Suhana ma'am taught us something very interesting about a Corona Virus pandemic in 2020 that killed nearly 5 million people worldwide. She was only a teenager then and, as a weakling with low immunity, lucky to escape infection. She said that all schools and colleges went online for two years and students studied from home. I thought she was making up stories until she showed us digi-pics. Also, today, my classmate Ayaan's PlayStation which he had smuggled into school, was confiscated, with a lot of drama!

Thunder-day, 7 Aug-2064: Hey diary, sorry I couldn't write for 2 days. It's been uneventful, except for the 'Cute Dog' incident. Vivaan and I were walking to shotput practice, when Vivaan saw a black dog and said, "How cute!" But the dog was angry and chased us all the way to Oneiros Sports Club. I think that dog was as good as Manish Sir, who puts us through countless drills and exercises every day. But we have all started improving gradually. Now, bye as I have to upload a gigabyte of home assignments. I wish pandemics had not vanished from the planet!

*Manan Sonani
D-0053-17, IX-A*



Maan Limbachiya, VIII-B

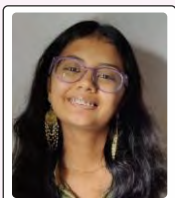
And Still I Rise

Shattered and disintegrated,
Demoralised by others' stories of
success,
Yet still, I rise.

Fear whispers in my ear,
Warns of defeat and challenges me
But still I rise.

You shall have hope for
Miracles happen magically.
Faith in God and Trust in myself,

And that's why
Still, I rise!



*Dhruvi Shah
H-0030-21, IX-A*

The Abandoned Ship

The abandoned ship
has lost its grip
and is slowly sinking into the sea.

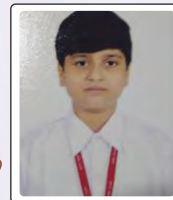
The hourglass of time
has stopped its rhyme
with seconds ticking away.

The tired and broken soul
has finally paid its toll,
silently falling.

The sickness without cure
has taken over, for sure,
hear the monster calling.

Life is absurd
but death is even more,
and now, both are ending

*Ashwin Adarsh
A-0118-17, VI-B*

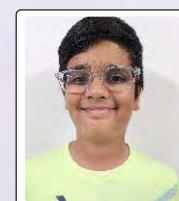


A Friend

He is so special,
Like a treasure.
Meeting him in my leisure,
Is a pleasure.

When I am lost,
He helps at any cost.
When I am hurt,
He makes sure
That I get cured.

To help each other,
Is our duty.
And our friendship is full of beauty.
He is my friend,
My best all time buddy.



*Dhyey Patel
N-0171-14, VII-B*

I Raised My Hand

I raised my hand in class,
So, the teacher would call my name.
But she looked around for others to ask,
With a twinkle in her eye.

Teacher picked one student,
Who got the answer wrong.
She asked, "Anyone else?"
But no one else raised their hand.

I waved at her vigorously,
So she would pick me next,
But, no, she still didn't!

I sat there waiting for her to respond;
Seconds passed by,
And I felt invisible.

I began wishing I was home,
And when school would end,
When suddenly, she asked me for my answer.
"Did she read my mind?" I thought.

I stood there, gaping,
My mind very empty.
At last, I said, "I forgot!"
And everyone laughed.

Navaj Jani
N-0140-14, VII-A

Night Time

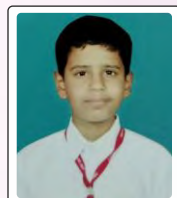
The night is dark,
When hungry dogs bark.
The luminous Moon,
Is like a boon.

A beam of light,
When you need it
At midnight,
With no other light.

You wish for bright day
When you're alone in the dark.
You pray for courage
Avoiding all fearsome thoughts.
That's when you find
Who you are.

On a stormy night.
You are very scared,
Starting at every sound,
Shadows appear like monsters
Against the lightning.

Sleep comes at last,
And the storm quiets
Inside and out
Time passes and the moon,
Soon, it is day.



Aayush Bharti
D-0072-19, VII-A



Failure

Failure isn't what you cry over,
It's what makes you try harder.

Alone and sad, sitting outside,
Watching others' success ride high
When you've failed in life,
And want to set your goals aside,
Isn't the way to win the race of life.

Believe in your soul inside,
Never let your courage flag.
For everyone fails a few times,
To learn what they didn't get right.

So failure is not to be avoided in fear
But faced to correct your learning.

Navya Ritika
E-0094-21, VI-B

Children's Day

I woke up on Children's Day,
Thrilled about school;
Got ready and went to the bus stop,
Wondering how things would be cool.

But at home room my dreams were shattered
By the news that excursion was cancelled.

Our class groaned, downhearted at this:
What a bad start to Children's Day!

The rest of the day was actually fun,
With enjoyment, frolic and games;
But timing is crucial, you see:
Bad news shouldn't start a special day!

Navya Jani
N-0140-14, VII-A

When Life's Unfair

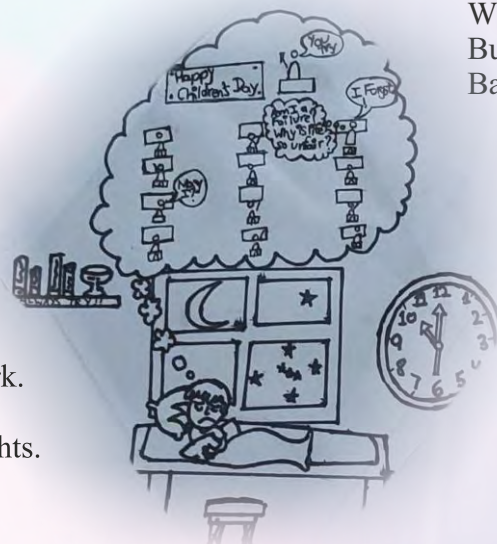
Life can be unfair, it's true.
It doesn't always go as planned.
Sometimes it throws us a curveball
That we don't understand.

We try to do our best,
But at times it's not enough.
We feel like we're stuck in a rut
And life can be tough.

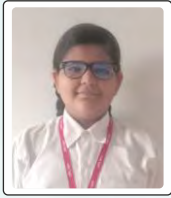
We wonder why things fail;
Why some things can't change;
And why it's so difficult
To cross life's ups and downs.

Life's a constant flow of energy.
So, when you feel down and low,
Just remember, you are strong too
And you'll certainly make it through.

Omsai Singh
A-0060-13, X-A



Dhruvansh Patel, VIII-B



Reading and Writing

Reading and writing
After a long, tiring day,
Before going to bed
Is how my day ends.

I like to read the books
Which I found the best.
The world of books
Seems like treasure.
The story, its climax and
Closing give me pleasure.

Diving deep into my book
I enjoy many adventures
With Cinderella or the Wimpy Kid.
I write a story in any genre
And twist it beyond
The expectation of readers.

Whenever I have time
I like to read and write.
It makes me very happy
As it freshens up my mind.

Anusha Kumari
A-0102-16, VII-B

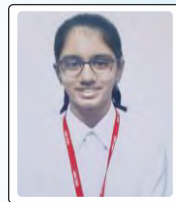
Soul

Soul so pure, of divine light!
Beacon in the darkest night,
Guiding force towards a dream and
Source of strength to see us through.

So fragile in transient pleasure,
Yet so strong in times of pain.
A pure soul is constant bliss,
Brightening every day with hope.

The gentle breeze of knowledge deep,
Moves the soul with grace and ease:
Source of comfort and guiding hand.

So, cherish this pure, glowing flame
Of your soul: free in joyous harmony.



Siya Malavia
G-0049-20, IX-B



I Lost You

I've been trying to reach you
For so long, but oh, I can't!
I cannot have you with me
Yet, you're what I want most.
I may as well look at the stars
And hope to catch one,
Or keep the shiniest diamond close,
As impossible to have you as mine.
Like a bud about to blossom,
Burnt to ashes by harsh sunlight;
Or a misstep on the last foot of the climb,
In a fraction of second in time
I lost you, before I ever had you.
Now wishing I could lose hope too,
I sit back and peep at your bright star;
I'll still treasure you from afar,
Consoling myself with the ashes
Of a mission that once held hope.

Simra Imran
G-0044-19, X-A



Dhairya Singh, VIII-B

Key to the Multiverse: The Cycle of Life

Zach and Simon, friends since childhood, had been joint guardians to a utopian world of boundless technological advancements and multiple realities. Access to teleportation devices had first piqued their curiosity about the legendary Key to the Multiverse that could unlock the secrets of existence and grant its wielder the power to travel in all dimensions. The subsequent grand adventure of their voyage into the unknown, overcoming the strangest obstacles and perils is a well-known tale. Their curiosity and wanderlust unsated by gaining possession of this mysterious Key, their mastery over the multiverse enriched them with experiences beyond human comprehension, changing them forever, excepting only their abiding friendship, forged through adventure and discovery. Destined legendary protectors of the key, eventually, their time came to an end but their legacy lived on.

However, they had revealed the Key to the Multiverse with its countless dimensions to be discovered in infinite possibilities. Unlocking these mysteries brought in its wake, unimaginable horror, culminating in the apocalypse of Kael, the power-hungry tyrant, who exploited Time to extend his domination of the multiverse forever. The Resistance battled Kael in varied dimensions of time and space, but in the end, their never-ending wars destabilized the fabric of the entire multiverse.

The multiverse was no more. The quest for its Key had ultimately led to the downfall of the multiverse. Yet, Kael had initially perceived himself a visionary, determined to create a new world order by controlling the Key to the multiverse. Now, the lone survivor in the void, victorious at great cost, Kael pondered his own role in this fiasco. Bitter agony and remorse came with the realization that power is inherently evil. Kael's story is a reminder of the destructive nature of unchecked ambition, the inner Evil, waiting to be unleashed. But such hubris is misleading. The DNA of the multiverse replicated itself again, decoding and eliminating the previous error of humanity. The entropy of destruction imploded into itself and with a new Big Bang the Cycle renewed itself.



Swayam Marfatia
N-0069-11, X-B

How Can You Be So Selfless?



Every flower blooms in your guidance,
Every face's gloom vanishes at your word.
Teacher, why do you work so hard with us,
When you want nothing in return?
It is your duty, you say,
But more a sacrifice, I think.

When do I not admire you?
You give all your time to us,
Leaving no leisure for yourself.
How do you always keep smiling?
With so little personal space or peace?
How can you be so selfless,
To treat every student as your child?
Our mother away from home,
You gently scold or sternly correct,
Only to change us for the better.

To ensure our welfare, everything you do;
Never can we recompense our debt to you.

*Yaadavi K.
G-0055-21, VIII-A*

Universe(s)



Living in one's own universe(s),
Multiple in dimensions, yet all one,
My universe is still beyond the observable,
And where does yours exist?
Thoughts strike the brain,
At the speed of light;
Information and ideas expand,
Burning like a star
And perishing like it.
Vastness is inside you.
Beauty is in your attitude.
Complexity is phenomenal
Like synchronized universes.
Is it – really?
That's when you ascertain
The power of the universe(s)
Inside your brain.
Your nature is to be limitless:
Nothing can stop you.
Why limit your capabilities,
When you have endless abilities?
Yours are the embedded universes,
Grow into their expanding vastness.



Navya Ritika, VI-B

*Vedangi Chaudhari
D-0049-16, X-A*

Life in Changing Time



As the earth rotates and revolves around the sun,
A lot in life changes with time.
It sometimes is fun and sometimes sad:
A lot can happen in many years.

At new year's I always wonder what has changed;
And then I realize that more will change in the
future
Looking ahead is always frightening:
Trying to see where I will be.
What will I be doing?

But there is always a bright side.
The people who love you
Will always help you find the light.
They will always be with you in spirit
Throughout, helping you prosper.

Change will remain eternally inevitable.
So, cherish those around you.
Help others throughout your time in this world
But after everything you've done,
Time will move on, changing all.

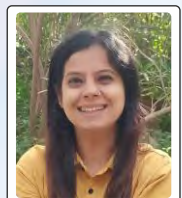
*Lakshya Patel
M-0025-12, VIII-B*

Anatomy of Maturity

Maturity is
No longer seeking validation from others,
Not changing yourself to fit in,
Walking away from a toxic environment,
Respecting your own and others' boundaries.

Maturity is
Having fewer friends but better friendships;
Practicing detachment from transient things
To become your authentic self,
Finding solace in solitude.

Maturity is
Recognising your own worth;
Prioritizing your peace of mind,
And following your own purpose
To stay unapologetically happy!



*Priya Ghumnani
English Teacher*



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