



## From the Editor's desk:



•Atreyi Saha •Baishaki Bapat •Monika Gupte •Ashwini Shah

Denis Waitley has wisely quoted, 'There are two primary choices in life: to accept conditions as they exist or accept the responsibility for changing them.'

We at The Orchid School decided to go by the second choice.... the outcome of which is this year's brand new E-magazine, The Orchid Beat!

The entire magazine has been split into articles, stories and poems written by the students across all levels. The cover page has been adorned with splendid pieces of art, again, done by the students. And to add icing on the cake, the entire E-magazine has been designed by the alumnus of TOS, Krishna Kumar Pasupuleti.



So what are you all waiting for???  
Come, take a plunge into this galaxy of creativity and find yourselves surrounded by radiant stars and constellations.

**Happy reading, folks!!!**

## Directly Speaking

Dear students, teachers and parents,  
Another year has gone by. It is not another year, but the most challenging year. It has been the most “disruptive” year for changes. The year has taught us all how to manage change and for better.

Change is hard. Not just mentally—learning new skills, coping with new processes, people, and realities—but emotionally too. However it has helped us develop an attitude of viewing change as an Opportunity Culture for all. This year gave us an opportunity to:

- Tackle the hardest components of the organisation – people and policies that impact every student’s interest
  - Diagnose what we needed to change
  - Make changes explicitly and publicly so all stakeholders experience it.
- The outcome is here for everyone to see.

We are making genuine attempt to develop a culture of discipline: Start with professional ethics, behaviour and combine it with disciplined people, thought, and action.





Everyone has sensed the “heat” of renewed attempts to instil discipline for both students and teachers – coming in time, appropriate dress code , monthly , weekly submissions, completion of portion , error free reports to state a few. There is still resistance to some of these measures as old habits die hard. But we will be at it.

Another successful tool we have used is Online Student Feedback to assess teacher performance. Feedback as a tool for whole school improvement – especially Online Student Feedback is another measure that has given opportunity for teachers to improve their performance and celebrate when students score them high. Trusting students’ ability to give authentic feedback has given a boost to teacher performance. Students’ voice matters!

Organisations function well when its systems, processes are well defined, monitored and supported when required. This gives everyone a sense of safety network. This we saw this year with teachers. Teachers felt secure to work in an environment where the focus is on creative work, clearly defined steps and systems that support them. This is the first year when Orchid school has lowest attrition rate. This is also the year when super star teacher performers have emerged through student feedback.

Grown up people often say that they wished their significant adults pushed them during formative years for hard work, achievement, focus, etc. They have also expressed deep gratitude for adults who loved them but never given in to their tantrums. There has been much research and debate on how far schools should “push” students for discipline (not obedience) and achievement (at the right age).





I believe that schools have an important role to play –

To train students handle freedom with responsibility;

To help students enjoy liberty but not take it for granted;

To teach them so they know the difference between  
“liberal and permissive” environment;

To engage students so they use all the opportunities for a  
constructive student life;

To educate them on relating to people with respect and in  
informal ways;

To let them know that their actions or lack of it will have  
consequences;

To create a possibility for them to fail in safe and secure  
environment so they learn lessons for life;

To provide ways through which they can show mature behaviour  
(that will free them from the control of traditional systems);

To learn to negotiate for the right things and raise voice for the  
right cause;

To know that rules are mostly designed for common good and  
most adults don't derive any vicarious pleasure being a police;

To learn to deal with boredom without getting bored;

To let students know that he /she has potential to make it  
big or fail miserably and both options are in their hands;





To make them aware that success that comes out of hard, smart work is sweet and sustainable; borrowed or “stolen success” is very temporary;

To know every role has responsibilities and specifically with student’s role;

To sensitise students about the privileges they have and the hard earned money parents invest in must be used with great accountability;

To know that to become cool, one has to do “ real cool “ things; like being empathetic to others , respectful to fellow human beings, to create something that can save human lives; to contribute to the wellbeing of the world etc.;

To familiarise students so they know that there is time for everything– to playfully learn and use time constructively, to have fun and be focussed, to work alone and in group, to critically question the learning process and engage in classroom without disruption.

We are helping students learn – English, Maths, Science, Hindi, Marathi ....

We also help them learn to live!

*With love,*

*Lakshmi Di.*



## Run Your Own Marathon...

- *Namrata Di*

Let's take time to notice very insignificant things happening around us; colony of ants shifting from one place to another in a never ending queue; birds getting up and flying in every possible direction for food; a river flowing towards the ocean; a cloud in the vast sky rushing towards some destination and many more elements of nature around; even the EARTH seems to be moving on with some mission in life!



What are they competing with? Why can't they stop? Is there any compulsion for them to keep moving on? What will happen if they stop doing whatever they are doing? Chaos, this is what we all will say in answer to this question! If we expect all of them to keep moving on with any expectation; why cannot we expect the same from ourselves?



Why cannot we just keep doing what we should without diluting the very purpose of our moving ahead!

More than others we do good to ourselves by not stopping and by running this marathon of Life!



Giving meaning to each and every activity of life by not indulging in any unhealthy competition and by being aware of each consequence which we can go through for not following the rules of this marathon we need to be aware that success is an outcome of our diligence and failure is a product of our own shortcomings.



No one but our own understanding of our strength and weaknesses; our attitude towards our problems and the people around us determine the degree of our success. And we always feel that we succeed or fail because of others attitude, level of involvement, degree of help! We never give either the responsibility or credit of our success to our own efforts; because we are always so dependent on others for every little effort to win; as if this a race we are running with others.

We need to understand, specially the students, that this is your marathon; you can only set the target and time line for yourself, you only know your stamina and strength. This is the marathon which you run alone and for your improvement, your past performance is your parameter and your ambition is your finishing line.

How can you allow others to be the flag of this marathon of your life and how can others make you stand on the victory stand without knowing whether you have used your potential in a justified manner or not. Just reaching the finishing line is not called victory; each step which we take towards the finishing line shows the wisdom and thought process behind every move of yours. To make yourself magnificent, practice self-compassion. Having self-compassion means to honor and accept your own promise to your respectable self being. Self compassion is having grace for self-coaxing, never to quit but to keep moving on to improve your own performance.





The biggest achievement in life is to make oneself an exceptional fighter by demanding situation with a promise to never quit. To succeed you have to lead! Nothing succeeds without hard work, without determination and belief in oneself.

Sincere efforts in dire situations unlock one's potential to the maximum. Give wings of persistence to your effort; situations will turn to your advantage. Making calculations about where to sprint and where to change the gear or to halt is something that only you can decide. That's because no one knows you better than yourself. Circumstances provide opportunity, either you grow or ignore it. By depending on others for a pat or a push you are not only delaying your own success but are also disrespecting your own efforts.

This is a marathon of YOUR life and you have to run it alone by taking well informed decisions! So, make a dash for it!



“  
**NEVER  
GIVE UP.**  
”

# Creative Writing Section



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*“The original writer is not one who imitates nobody, but one whom nobody can imitate.”*

— Chateaubriand



# A Cocoon of Memory

- Rohan Kharwadkar, XI B

Our memory is a destination, a safe house. It is a place that harbors thoughts and feelings that belonged to a different version of us. We travel into the furthest corners of our mind, looking for the thoughts and feelings we no longer find in the chaos of the world around us.

We choose to hide our melancholy with a mask made from memories of days gone by. Each hit of reality further cements together blocks of our memories, slowly and steadily creating temples of thought.

We build cities on the foundation of our memories, temples, towers, and towns, places in which we seek shelter from the storms of life.

There comes a point of time when the magnitude of reality overwhelms us, the dam of hidden emotion breaks and begins to drown us in our misery, suffering and loneliness. It is at this point of time when we choose to permanently crawl into the darkest recesses in our minds and live in the utopian world we built for ourselves.



## A Talk with the Soul

-Shubhankar Gaikwad, XI A



Deep down my memory lane, when I sit back and sigh  
and try hard to peep into my soul, I find darkness wandering  
around like a vagrant; lost amidst the tenebrous shades of my life.

The traces of my shadows make me afraid, afraid to sense their  
darkness, to unravel my emotions and bring out all my deeds. I feel  
scared at times to walk through the lonesome road, daunted to go  
deeper within me as the path remains silent and lonesome all the time.

Taking a few steps back, I question my soul,  
"What is the mere existence of mine in this world?" And to the reply  
I hear nothing but just a deep fading silence. I wait for long in the  
silence, knocking at those shadows to find an answer to my life,  
but I hear nothing. Those ghastly things try to break me down and  
I feel weak.

The darkness pervades and it feels like an eon, everlasting throughout  
my life. My heart feels heavy to carry those shades alongside itself.  
And I shed a few tears as I reflect upon my shadows.  
I keep walking as the zephyrs of my soul flash over my eyes like an  
eternal darkness. They try harder to break me apart, but I remain still  
to ravel the truth.

The well of life appears really deep and dark and it takes a lot of my  
soul to bury deep into it. And with a lot of time passing by, I reach at  
its depth. It feels the same as it was in the beginning- dark and silent.  
I wait along for another while and then all of a sudden when I am up  
to break, a ray of light flashes along into my eyes.



It ambles all along eliminating the dawn like the rising sun and tints of my past, my memories run all over my mind. I see a white soul standing in front of me, illuminating its powerful aura over the dark vicinity. It walks forth towards me. Its charm epitomizes my life and heals my wounds and it talks with me, entangling my life.

It brings back every bitter moment from the past and at the same time makes me tougher and stronger for the future by condoling me and encouraging me. It shows me light and runs the lost happiness into my veins. It makes me self aware with its sparks.

It flashes the message into my ears like a solely whisper. It says "You might be darkness, darker than the prevailing, to engulf everything or a light brighter enough to kill the darkness all over." And then I smile as I get my answers and the white hand draws back into the deep well.

I close my eyes and come back and laugh. The solely talk that I had with my soul just healed me from every misery. And I get up moving into the reality, making better decisions, wiser enough to prevent the same mistakes that I made in the past. And this is the best experience that runs down my memory lane.



# A Visit To Fair

- Sarrveshkumar Tambe, I Honeydew

I went to the fair with my parents and cousins on Saturday. We went there in my papa's car. I saw many stalls in the fair. There were foodstalls, cloth stalls, toy stalls and a candy cane stall. Then I saw a poor girl selling whistle rings with her mother. I thought I should help her. I asked my mother, "Can I help her?"

My mother gave me two rupees and I gave them to the poor girl. I felt very happy. Then I ate candy cane and Papa bought bay blade for me. After some time we went to sit in the train, giant wheel and tora tora. We jumped on Mickey Mouse and Jumping Jack.

We enjoyed the fair. I wanted to stay for some more time but we all were feeling very sleepy. It was very dark. So we went home.





## Arunachal...way down the memory lane

- Gauri Gokhale, Front Office Incharge

Twelve of us were all set to go. To unleash and explore the heavenly abode in a row. Excitement, enthusiasm, zeal and anxiety were building a castle in our mind. Out there many things awaited for us to unwind. The destination was quite far. The beautiful, unexplored place for sure raised a bar. The positivity was flared up in the atmosphere. Unknown faces were warmly welcoming us with cheer. The nature worshippers indeed were superior in their deed.

A question ponders every now and then... why and what is this caste and creed?

The purity was in the air. To find it out here is very rare. The huge mountains with evergreen shades, the varied wildlife, the open wide sky, the pleasant smiles on every face, the breath taking scenic beauty around...each thing seemed so very profound.

The depth in the practiced traditions, cultures and rituals had its own uniqueness.

The various visits and the assorted interactions, made us realise that things for sure needed attention and immediate actions.

We met an idol of dedication; his work is his fascination.

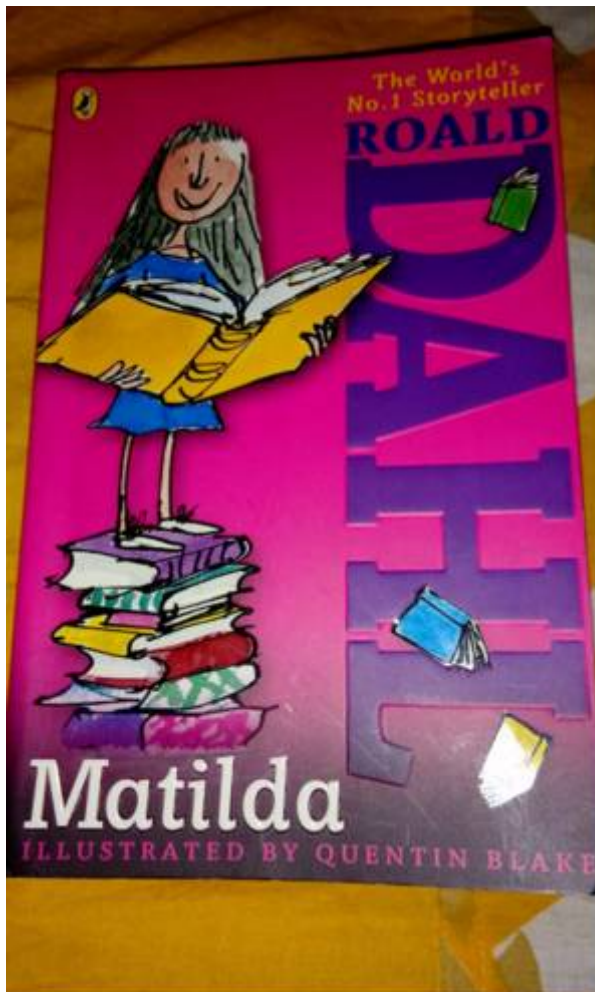
He did walk his talk, Swamiji you really rock!

No stone was left unturned - markets to shopping, cooking to ploughing, a walk through the river beds and last but not the least the elephant ride.

All the above was taken care of... with total pride. Looking back today and recollecting the occurrences.....a heartfelt gratitude says within loudly. "We are blessed in real terms, accept it proudly!!"







## Book Review

- Adrika Sen, V Aquamarine

Title

**MATILDA**

Author

**ROALD DAHL**

Illustrator

**QUENTIN BLAKE**

Publisher

**PUFFIN**

Age group

**6-12 YEAR OLD**

Number of pages

**233**

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Roald Dahl was born on 13 September in Llandaff in Wales to father Harald Dahl and mother Sofie. Roald was the only boy in the family of four sisters – Alphid, Asta, Astri and Else.

Roald was sent to boarding school – St Peter’s School in Western – super – Mare. Roald Dahl left school and went to work for Shell, the big oil company, because he wanted to travel to faraway places like Africa and China. He joined the RAF at the end of the Second World War. After his tenure with RAF he started writing adult and children stories. Gremlins was his first childrens’ book and was an instant hit.

He died on 23 November, aged seventy –four in the year 1990. Roald Dahl day is celebrated all over the world on his birthday.

## INTRODUCTION

Matilda is a five year old girl. There is more to her than what meets the eye – she is a genius. She is exceptionally intelligent, brilliant at sums, loves reading but very mischievous. Her parents are weird and pay no attention to her. They adore her brother Michael. The story has a very strict headmistress who hates small children.

In this story, Matilda uses her intelligence to help her teacher to come out of a very difficult situation.

## CHARACTERS

**Father: Mr. Wormwood**  
A dishonest car dealer

**Matilda: A girl with super natural powers**

**Brother: Michael**  
5 years elder to his sister

**Mother: Mrs. Wormwood**  
A bingo player

**Teacher: Miss Honey**  
Very kind

**Village Librarian: Mrs. Phelps**  
Adored Matilda

**Head Mistress: Miss Trunchbull**  
Horribly Strict

**Best Friend: Lavender**



## PLOT

Matilda, a little girl who taught herself to read at the age of three and by five was genius at solving sums. Her best friend Lavender loved her. Matilda's parents were very self centered and did not care about their daughter. The horrible headmistress at school abused the children in all her classes to no end. Matilda's class teacher Miss Honey discovered Matilda's intelligence and wanted her to go for higher education.

Matilda realized she had super natural powers and used this with her parents and headmistress. The climax of the book saw Matilda use her powers to scare Miss Trunchbull into leaving the school for good. She also helped Miss Honey get her house back.

## THE BODY

By the age of one and a half, Matilda's speech was perfect. She could read fluently when she was four years. Mr. Wormwood would sell second-hand cars while Matilda's mother would play bingo every afternoon. On the other hand, she had a very strict headmistress who did not like small children. Lavender was Matilda's best friend in school. One day, during class Matilda realized that she had super natural powers. Her super natural powers helped her to tip over, lift and move objects in the air anyhow she wanted without touching or going near the object. One afternoon, Miss Honey told Matilda that Miss Trunchbull is her [Miss Honey's] aunt. Miss Honey lost her parents when she was very small, so her aunt took over her house and treated her like a slave. Hence, Miss Honey had become very poor. Finally, Matilda helped her teacher get back her house by scaring away Miss Trunchbull with her eye power.



**OPINION – CONCLUSION**

In the end, her parents were moving to Spain and Matilda did not want to join them. So, she stayed back with Miss Honey. In my opinion, the book was very interesting. I think those who believe in girl power will like the book.

**MESSAGE-** Never underestimate the power of a little girl.



## Changing the world I live in

-Anahita Bhattacharya, V Aquamarine

As all of us know, the pollution causing global warming is definitely not good news. I thought about how we could try and end this torture.

Being an asthmatic, I say, we should at least try, if not succeed in making the world completely pollution-free. No offense.

If there are solar and battery powered trams running through cities across the globe, the chances to make the world pollution-free would increase. And if there are trash cans in every street and corner in every city, then I would say the same for that too.

Let's make sure we don't end up on Mars!  
If we start now, I'm sure we won't come to a dusty end.



## Dinosaurs

- Rayhan Khanna, I Pearl

**Dinosaurs were on earth many years back.  
All dinosaurs don't look same.  
Some are vegetarian, some are  
non-vegetarian. There were flying  
dinosaurs also.**



**One day all the dinosaurs died.  
This happened because a volcano erupted, and they were  
buried in lava. Now, the dinosaurs are gone;  
but the two reptiles crocodile and alligator are like  
small dinosaurs.**

## Universe

- Yash Rele, I Pearl

**We live on the planet Earth.  
Earth is a part of Milky Way Galaxy.  
Jupiter is the biggest planet.  
All planets revolve around the star – Sun.  
Monocerotis is one of the largest stars.**

# Down Memory Lane

- Aashna Pednekar, XI B

20

Eleventh grade along with being the start of a journey that will take us far has also brought an end to an adventure we will remember for the rest of our lives. When I sit in a classroom filled with new faces, faces about whom I know nothing about I visualize the people I grew up with, the class with which I shared so many stories, so much laughter. I remember how for the last four years, because of them, this school has felt like home. At these moments you feel lost, as if you are stuck in a past you can never experience again and a present you have to endure with this knowledge.

However it's been sixteen years and throughout them I have learnt a lot. I've learnt to understand that although it seems like it, the world does not revolve around my own immediate experience. That when memories come flooding back, and I think about how terribly unfair it is how I can never experience these moments again, that when I convince myself nobody has any clue how I'm feeling and that therefore when I am all alone, I am actually not. The fact is that all my classmates, all these new faces, are going through the same phase. Everyone is trying to cope with change in their own way, and that it is actually I who is being unfair by convincing myself nobody understands. Processing this, sharing my thoughts with so many other like-minded classmates and friends, I have resolved to try and shift the angle in which I perceive the concept of memories. I don't want to look at them as times gone by never to come back, a burden I have to endure, but a wonderful gift that will always guide me through life.

So its been sixteen years filled to the brim with moments that will last a lifetime, and although occasionally nostalgia might slow me down, I will smile at those old jokes and laugh at those silly pranks, but will always find myself cruising out of memory lane.



## DOWN THE MEMORY LANE

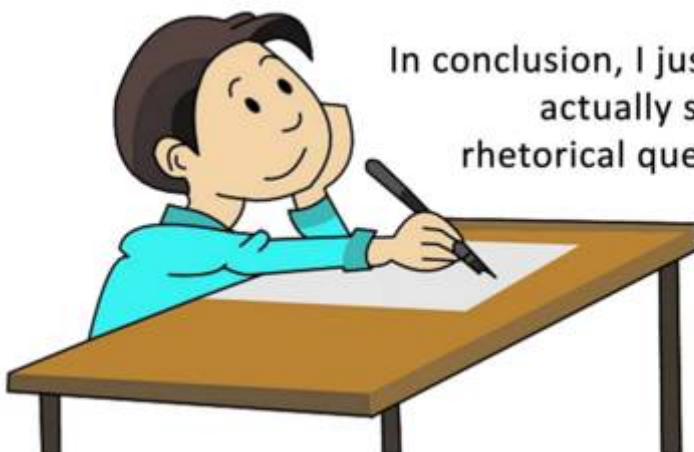
- Karthik Sridhar XI B

Stranded, Stuck or Helpless at some point of time? Yes, all of us have been through this, believe me. Let me share a somewhat stupid experience of mine when I was stuck and helpless.

It was about two weeks ago when I was home alone. Since it was Christmas, all the neighbouring families also were on vacation. My parents had given me money which was strictly only for emergency use. But as one would expect, every odd teenage kid like me would make use of the situation and eat up the money!

I spent almost three-fourth of the money the day before for yummy pizza. The following day I wake up to freshen up and I see myself in the mirror and BAM! I was shell shocked. Literally! I had rashes all over my body. I hit the panic button. Also, there was no one around for me to seek help from. I immediately picked up my cell and tried calling my parents. Nothing could get worse. Murphy's law decided to play and their phones were dead. Can any situation get worse? I was now worried about two things.

After sometime I thought of looking up for some home remedies on the internet. Without even checking the reliability of the source, I ran and grabbed the icepacks and sat in front of the air conditioner for some time to compress and cool down my body. After sometime, the rashes started to subside and everything was back to normal. I actually learnt a lot from the incident. This was one random experience I must say.



In conclusion, I just want to say that when you're actually stuck or come across one of the rhetorical questions above, you should try to respond and not react.

It does work, trust me. Thank you for your time and have a good day ahead!



## Downhill Mayhem

- Himanshu Sharma, XI B

Back in summer, during the vacations I was a lot into Downhill Mountain biking, a sport highly popular in the west but rather unpopular in India due to its very challenging goals and targets and also due to lack of trails and tracks around the country. So during the month of April, I had joined a Mountain biking camp initiated by one of India's fastest riders, Piyush Chavan.

It was a weekend course and whatever had been taught during the last two days of the week, the same was supposed to be practiced during the following week. As far as I remember my last session was on the Baner Hill and we were taught jumping and dropping from rocky terrains to flatlands in order to save time during the run. After hitting those jumps and drops more than ten times, I had decided to practice the same on the Vetal Hill near my house. But due to the six hour session the day before I had decided to take rest and proceed with my plan the day after.

So on the afternoon of 14th April, 2015 as planned I was ready with all my gear and the bike. But before leaving home at about two in the afternoon dense clouds started gathering round in the sky. But after checking the weather on Google and other websites I decided to go out and ride. By the time I reached the hill the clouds grew and my friend advised to return home and play GTA. But I was stubborn and stuck on my decision and explained to him that we did not come 12 km all the way to the hill to just turn and go back home. As we pushed our bikes up the hill, the dense clouds raged in the sky and slight darkness began to grow with no hope of getting some sun. While we almost reached the top we were welcomed by a two feet long Rat snake. After trying to get some pictures of it we continued our hike.

As we reached the trail I saw two jumps each about four feet in height. Due to the practice that I had done two days ago I was confident enough that I would easily clear both of them. After reaching the start line one part of my brain was ready but the other was full of fear as I recalled the crashes that my friends have had on the same jumps I was about to hit. I told my friend that I'd go for them some other day. But he shouted from the other end and said 'We didn't push our bikes for thirty minutes up the hill to hit the trail without attempting jumps. Come on go for it. You've got your guards and helmet on! You can do it!', and with that I decided to go on and continue.

I began pedalling vigorously towards the jumps and as I approached the first lip I suddenly wanted to stop but knew that now I couldn't and I over-shot the landing and landed directly on the lip of the second jump with my fingers off the brakes and feet off pedals. My front wheel landed in a rut and my bike threw me in the air as I landed on my shoulder breaking my collarbone and passed out for five minutes. After I woke up it took me five minutes to come to my senses. I felt something protruding from my left shoulder and I knew I had broken a bone.

My friend then showed me the slow motion video he had taken of the crash and we both laughed a lot and got down from the hill and straight rushed to the hospital. This was the most adventurous, painful and the most impacting memory that I could have ever experienced.



## I wonder where all the trees have gone....

- Herlin Rai Rathor, IV Peach

When I look at the empty lands, I think where have all the lush forests gone...And then with a sigh I think oh!!...These builders clear all the forests and make huge apartments for people to live. And I wish that I could stop them from doing this.

Trees are very beneficial for us. They give us oxygen, food and so many other things. Not only builders but children, adults, every one of us are responsible for damaging forests.

As children we waste loads of paper by tearing, scribbling, drawing, etc. As adults they waste resources which come from trees like food, wood, etc.

It's time we start focussing on saving our planet. Let's start that by planting some trees.



## Treeless Pune

- Herlin Rai Rathor, IV Peach

Ma tells me that there were many migratory birds like cranes, flamingos that used to visit Pashan lake. She used to visit these lakes for college trips. But now not even sparrows can be seen.

I have also seen ma's pics in pullovers and sweaters. On asking she says, "This is no old Pune...it has changed"....but now because of global warming and Pune being warm all the sweaters and jackets have to be kept in naphthalene balls. I do feel very sad about it.

I have visited university campus...the trees are less but still its cooler and beautiful. "Whole Pune was like that", ma says.

There's still time. We can save the environment and even Pune by planting more trees. We can encourage, motivate people to plant more trees. We should protest against these builders and corporates who cut trees. Let's plant trees in every nook and corner we have. We must also take care of plants.

COME ON WE CAN DO IT!!!! YES WE CAN....COME ON..AMIGOGES.... LETS GET GOING.... I KNOW THAT WE CAN DO IT!!!!!!!



## INFOSYS SPARK CATCH THEM YOUNG!

- Tanmay Goyal, VIII Lilac

Infosys Spark Catch them Young is a programme started by Infosys to develop an interest in information technology in school going, preferably middle school children. They conduct a two week programme for the high performing children from middle school on IT. The students are selected based on their performance in the entrance test.

I was selected to take part in this programme. First, we had to give our names and then a panel of teachers' shortlisted 21 students that is 7 from each section of Class VIII. Luckily, I was one of them.

We had no idea what to do except solving one of the sample papers which the Infosys team had sent to us. However, my friend Siddharth's dad, Mr. Ramesh Iyer, took a two day workshop to familiarize us with the pattern and the level of questions. The motive was to test our logical and analytical skills. He identified two areas where most of us had a doubt, Seating Arrangements and Blood relations. So we spent one full day practising questions based on seating arrangements and blood relations. The next day we practised all types of questions ranging from tricky Math questions to all types of patterns whether it was word patterns or number patterns. This workshop helped us a lot and I am really thankful to him from the bottom of my heart!

Finally, the day arrived 16th January was the day we had to appear for the entrance exam. The previous day, I was really anxious whether I'll get selected for the programme or not..! When we arrived at the Infosys campus, seeing the number of children I was nagged by that constant fear of me not getting selected. There were supposed to be just 300 students but when we went there, we got to know that there were a total of 450 students. Apart from our school, other schools like D.A.V. Public School, Vidya Valley, Indira National School, Sanskriti Educational Society and Abhinav Public School had also come.

Once I came to know that only 35 students were to be selected, it almost became a nightmare. My expectations were to be in the 15 students who were to replace someone if anyone of the 35 students withdrew.

Once we were seated, the papers were distributed. Seeing the paper, I ran out of breath! The paper wasn't the way we expected it to be... It was full of Math sums and less than 50% was logical and analytical skills. We had to attempt 40 questions in 60 minutes which seemed almost impossible seeing the level of questions. But as they say, even "Impossible" says "I'm possible", I finished the paper in 45 minutes so that I could recheck my paper. Once the paper was over, we were taken for a tour of the campus. The infrastructure was mindboggling! It was so awesome! Equipped with a cricket ground, football ground, tennis court and a swimming pool, this campus might be one's dream office!

We all were seated in the canteen where they were serving tea/coffee and biscuits. Then it was the time for the results. Everyone was very anxious. When the host said, "And the first person who will be a part of the CTY programme is.....", the anxiety grew. Out of 450 students, who can this person be... Well, lo and behold, it was me, the first student out of 450 students to qualify for this glorious workshop! It was such an awkward moment to be alone on the stage, with 449 students and almost 25 to 30 teachers watching you!

Well, in the end, two people from our school got selected for the workshop which was none other than me and my friend, Siddarth. Another student, Sudeep, was selected in the 15 students who were to replace someone if anyone of the 35 students withdrew. Overall, it was a fantastic experience. I am seriously waiting for the workshop. If the entrance test can be so exciting, then what all wonders can this workshop hold? That is why I am so excited about this workshop!

# Kala Ghoda Arts Festival

- Ashwini Rudrakshi



Visualising things with a unique perspective!

Kala Ghoda Association was formed in 1998 with an objective to maintain and preserve our heritage.

All set to go were a group of 12 students from TOS who are strongly inclined towards Art along with two composite fervent.....

Parag da and me, myself. The motive of our visit was to unfold the unexplored trail towards the expression of human creative skills and immense imagination in a 'Visual Form' known as 'Art'. The voyage

appeared long both ways; the outcome is overflowing with blooming rays.



There was a colossal display open for everyone who journeyed the fiesta.

The students got introduced to a kaleidoscope of visual arts along with music, dance, heritage, cultures, literature, theatre, architecture, various stalls and much more.

It seemed more like a multicolored pallet with number of colours blending and running into each other, taking new shapes and distinctive forms.

There were so many displays, splendid installations, in-depth creativity and opportunities for hands on experience.

There was no such thing which could be let go without viewing. Each location engrossed us enormously.

The personal interactions with the artists were a solid enlightenment for the students. Expressions from both ends were worth capturing.

The entire day invested appeared worthwhile. The dawn to dusk was indeed a visual treat for each one of us. The expedition concluded with wholesome and enthralling impressions spent all through the day. A wide spread and inclusive learning was taken back home which will be undoubtedly brought into service in alignment with 'TOS ETHOS and Ethics'

As few quotes proudly say, Life is about creating yourself.... Creativity takes courage and is also contagious which needs to be passed on....

The change doesn't start with action, it starts with vision.... Last but not the least, the 'EARTH' without 'ART' is just 'EH'





## The Land Of Three Moons

- Siddharth Kothari, II Fawn

One night in the month of October I woke up from my sleep and I saw strange things happening. Money was flying out from the drawer and one odd creature with four wings was flying. The radio screeched: ha la goa!!! This meant nothing.

I think I forgot to clean up my toys and now one of my cars was sitting on the bed with a hat. I saw three moons and it was night in my parents' room but day in my room!!!



# Lost in Forest

- Ansh, III Plum

It is a sunny Monday morning; Harry Hex's class is in Dapoli for their field trip. Harry and his classmates are very excited as they get off the bus. The teacher as promised

them a fun and adventurous trip.

Harry looks around with his big round black eyes at the tall coconut trees and shady mango trees. Harry is lean and his hair is curly and short. After a short snacks break, the

teacher informs them about the schedule, when Harry sees a swarm of beautiful butterflies have always fascinated Harry, so he follows them. Oh! Where do they go?

He has always been curious about them. He watches them hovering over some rose bushes and runs after them, when they move away towards the cashew trees. He's been following them

for some time now when they suddenly disappear near the water stream. Feeling sad he turns around and a chill runs down his spine as he realises that he's been separated from his group.

He starts retracing his path, feeling confused as the forest is thick. Then suddenly, he recalls his teacher mentioning about a bridge over the river where the cottages are.



## ME AND MY BATTY

- Aanya Acharekar, III Periwinkle

My interesting story with Batty started like this...One morning during my last summer vacation, I woke up at my granny's farmhouse and came to know that there were two bats trapped under a vessel in the balcony. My grandfather lifted them and put them in the box. One bat had a tear in the wing while the other had lost the front part of the limb.

My grandfather thought that they are fruit eating bats and so tried to feed them with Mango and banana but they did not eat. The next day the bat which had lost a part of its limb died and the other one also was not active.

The third day my parents came to pick me and my grandparents. I told my parents the entire story and that I wish to take care of the bat. Meanwhile I had named the bat as Batty. We were wondering as to what we can do, when I thought of looking through the internet. My mother and me looked through the internet and realized that they have to be kept well hydrated. We also gathered information on how to take care of it. We found out that being a nocturnal animal it has to be kept in a covered box and with proper care the wing can heal by itself in less than a month. We read that while feeding we have to take care and wear gloves.



My grandfather had already warned me that bat's bite can cause rabies. We fed it with salt and sugar water and warm milk by using the tip of the paint brush. Slowly it became active. Since it was the start of the rainy season, there were lots of small dead insects around. We tried giving it different dead insects like beetles, moth, butterflies but it didn't eat. Finally we gave it white ants and Batty loved them.

When we set for home we took it along. We carried a few white ants with us but they did not last for long. So we tried giving it cat food, dog food and even chicken, dried fish but Batty did not like anything. We realised that it was insectivorous and it may die of starvation but won't eat any other kind of food.

My mother called the Katraj Snake Park and they came and took Batty along. I was very upset to part with Batty but I knew that it would be well fed and taken care of by the vet. After around twenty five days we came to know that Batty's wing was healed and it was released in wild. I still miss Batty a lot.



## My First Road Trip

- Kavya Aeron, Class I Ivory

We went to Indore during this Christmas holidays. We went in our car. My father drove the car throughout the journey. We started at 6:00 am. We filled petrol in the car. It was very cold, we immediately got inside the car and got in the blanket.

During the journey we stopped at several places for tea, food and toilet. We saw various paddy fields. It was a tiring but enjoyable experience...





## My Little Colourful Bird

- Adit Shetty, I Honeydew

One morning I was cycling in my society. I saw a crow pecking at a small little colourful bird. I took the bird home. Then I put the bird in my toy basket. I gave the bird water and apple. The bird was hurt and couldn't fly. I took care of the bird for three days.

On the fourth day I kept the bird on my terrace. The bird had healed and had flown away when I came back from school. My dream came true.





## NEVER GIVE UP!!!

(Sports Day fun)

- Nikita Naik, IV Peach

When I was in Class III, I went to my Sports Day.

It was in Balewadi Stadium. I was excited as this was the first time that only students who came 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> would get a prize. I was in the broom ball race. I was a little overconfident. I said to myself, "Of course I am going to get a prize. I will come at least 3<sup>rd</sup>!"

As the sound of the clapper hit my ears I ran, but not the fastest I could run. I was in the third place but then when I hit the ball with the broomstick it went into the other track and I had to go and grab the ball back into my track. Alas! I came sixth. With my sad face, I saw the people who were getting a medal. After I went home, I cried my heart out.

One YEAR LATER.....

Now I am in Class IV. On the Sports Day I was confident that I will give my best this year. I was in the 100 m running race. I ran as fast as I could. I actually gave my best.

Even though I came fourth I was happy as I gave my best. Next year I will do even better and also win a prize.

The Orchid School has taught me not to be overconfident or think only about winning. Just give your best and never give up!!

## Our Concert

- Jia Soundankar, Il Khaki

I like the scene when the first narrator comes and begins the show. She sings a poem about Santa. All narrators wear red T-Shirt and black jeans/pants. The spotlight is on her only at the beginning of the show. Our concert is about 'How to be a Santa to others.'

The concert shows everyone that true happiness comes from making one other happy. We can be a Santa to others in ways like helping them, listening to them or playing with them. We can be Santa to our friends and family.







## **Ways to save water :**

- Myra Bhagwani, I Pearl

- 1. We should use bucket instead of shower while taking bath.**
- 2. We should repair the pipes and taps which have leakages.**
- 3. We should fill the containers more than required.**
- 4. We should not waste water for fun.**
- 5. We should close the tap while brushing teeth.**
- 6. We should use bucket instead of pipe while washing cars.**

# SECRETS OF ZYNPAGUA

## Return of the Princess

-Ananya Borde, V Aquamarine

### **The Secrets of Zynpagua – Return of the Princess**

**Author - Ilika Ranjan**

**Publisher - Partridge India**

**Number of pages - 219**

**Age Group - 9 to 12 years**

#### **INTRODUCTION -**

This story is about a ten year old girl named Anika. She lives in India but was born in Zynpagua-which was a part of this world but was cursed and slowly dispersed. She can read the stars. She has an adopted brother and an uncle. Her brother's name is Vivian and her uncle's name is Fredrick. Her mother is captured in the shadow of the moon. The villain is a scientist and his name is Drudan. She has to save the cursed land of Zynpagua through her powers.

#### **BODY -**

The Princess of Zynpagua, Anika reaches Zynpagua and finds out that she has to read the stars and impress them. She has to find true love to impress Venus. Venus does not have enough energy so the queen stays with them for a while. One day, Anika disappears. She finds herself on a mountain slope inundated with ice. She finds her uncle Fredrick. They find a map and go for an adventure.

**CHARACTERS -**

**Anika** : Princess of Zynpagua, 10 years of age.

**Sussaina** : Anika's mother and the Queen of Zynpagua who is locked in the shadow of the moon.

**Fredrick**: Anika's uncle who has been banished to an invisible world called Siepra Nevada near Spain. He is 21 years and speaks Spanish.

**Vivian**: (Anika's brother). He is 15 years old.

**Femina**: The most valorous girl in Zynpagua. She is 17 years old.

**Leo**: The missing son of Drudan.

**Drudan**: A malicious scientist who rules Zynpagua.

**PLOT** - The group knows the secret of Drudan, that he is banished from hurting anyone on Fridays. When the war starts Drudan forgets that it is Friday. The first strike was for Anika but it hit someone else. At that moment Drudan disappears and the good wins over evil.

**OPINION** - Secrets of Zynpagua : Return of the princess is the first book in the Zynpagua series. As the name suggests, this book marks the return of the princess along with her brother and uncle to save her family and people from the clutches of an evil scientist. This book tries to combine magic and science. The best author has tried not to make the story unfold in some foreign country, but has based it in India and in a mystical land of Zynpagua.



# Summer of '05

- Shreyasi Rao, XI B

I think I can safely admit by now that I have been well endowed with a photographic memory. Most people call it a blessing, but over absence, loss and most importantly, unapologetic time, it turns cursed.

Although photographic, my memory goes beyond my visual sense. It's a world of experiences in its own. I can still hear tunes playing or the sound of a loved one's voice, my olfactory sensors can remember specific scents, I can forever taste my grandmother's cooking and the shadow of every touch is somehow seared into my skin.

And although it seems so idealistic, the tiniest of triggers: the first few seconds of a song, a familiar phrase read or a passing picture in a slideshow can bring waves of emotion crashing through my ten feet tall yet paper-thin walls.

And in all my sixteen and a half years of existence, one memory in particular stands out in my vividly pictographic mind. A sepia filtered photograph, fraying at the edges comes swimming in front of my eyes. It's an image of a little girl of six, clutching on to her grandfather's finger, a happy gap toothed smile on her cherubic face.

It's safe to say that I still remember that walk in Kadri Park, Mangalore. Details are fuzzy, but it was the summer of '05.



Always the pampered one, my request for sugarcane juice had just been adhered to by 'Ajja' (as I fondly called my grandfather). The pockets of my red summer dress were filled with little clear stones I found in the sand and half a dozen pieces of 'Boomer': a bubblegum I still have a soft spot for (Ajja always bought them for his grandkids).

My never ending chatter was loud in the humid air but nevertheless patiently heard by the old man, good naturedly chuckling at my idea of a joke.

My memory of the incident has been watered down, but looking back, I still feel the irritating coarse sand in my flip flops and can hear the sound of my footwear slapping the pavement as I ran. I remember the 'crystals' and bubblegum weighing my dress down and the taste of spicy chaat stinging my lips. I still love the feeling of my minuscule palm wrapped around Ajja's calloused finger, clutching tightly.

And I swear; I swear I can hear him cooing my name, lovingly teasing me with a nickname I have now come to cherish.

It was then, an ordinary day, a routine summer evening spent in Mangalore-a time when everything seemed possible because life was limited to the swings in the park and sloppy attempts at sandcastles on the beach; a time when my choice of poison was cane juice. It's a memory, although my favourite, stored at the back of my mind. One I don't particularly recall unless I dig deep or something stimulates it.

Like the other day, a friend found me tearing up looking at a pink wrapper placed in my hand. And for the life of her, she just couldn't figure out why.

An old man and I,  
Bubblegum and sugarcane  
A long walk cherished.





# Sweet Memories

- Avni Dhoot, V Cyan



Life is full of surprises. Some days are happy and some are not. The ones that remain in our memories forever and bring a smile to our faces are the best days of our life. I think the best day of my life was the day when my aunt delivered a cute little baby girl. When I peeped in the room I saw a cute little girl crying in the sweetest way I had ever heard.

She was the prettiest girl I had seen in my life. The nurse was wrapping her in a white cloth. She was crying so loudly, that I thought my ear-drums would burst. When I was out of the room my grandparents were waiting to see her. I was sitting on a chair eating chips. I was super excited that soon she will call me "Didi". She was born in Oyster and Pearl hospital. She had soft black hair.

Her name is Aarna and she is now two years old. She is very playful. My aunt told me that you and Aarya are big Didi, your responsibility grows and you should take care of each other. Now when I go to her house she tells me in Marathi, "Come let's go to play Didi". I cannot forget the first sight of her, the day she was born.

Special days stay fresh in our minds forever, as though it happened recently. We must enjoy these special moments and cherish them always.



## 'THE DAY I LEFT HOME'

- Rishab Bajaj, XI A

I felt an alien uneasiness as I went to bed the night of 16th January 2015. I knew why - the next morning was going to be the first time that I would be doing something special for the last time. That something special was going to my school, St. Mary's.

As always morning came before I would have liked it to. As always I got up. Got showered. Got dressed. Got breakfast. Got into my car.

I felt a queasy feeling in my stomach and as I saw my dogs before I stepped out of my front door - was it my imagination or did their half-hearted wagging suggest that they could read my mind as only dogs can?

There was the familiar 7am chill in the air as I drove down the familiar route to my home away from home.

As I stepped out of my car and headed to the gate I felt a strange new bond with all that I saw. I felt a strange new bond with our school guard at the gate, often the target of my angst when he would confront me for being late - which, I have to admit, was not infrequent.

I felt a strange new bond with the path upto class, with the bricks, stones, birds, squirrels, leaves, and trees along the way that I had always taken for granted. I felt a strange new bond with my class as I entered it, with my desk and my chair, and with the window as it faithfully waved the warm sun in my face.



The day wore on as it always did, classes interspersed with short breaks and a long recess, but Class 10 D was a different class that day. It was a bittersweet class that stood at the crossroads of life - we were about to cross over from the school of our lives to the university of life itself. And what a school ours had been.....

The school of my mother and grandmother.  
The school of friends like siblings.  
The school of teachers like parents.  
The school of learning like loving.  
The school of wisdom like wealth.

As the bell rang out the end of our day for the last time, we said our goodbyes to each other over and over again as we headed back home. And as I turned back for one last look I knew why St. Mary's felt like my home away from home.

My home had sheltered my body and nourished my soul.  
My school had sheltered my mind and nurtured my intellect.

And so just as my heart always lies in my home, my school will always live in my heart.





## THE INTERNET

- Radhika Karve, VII Chrome

The Internet ..the thing which today's teenagers cannot live without. In fact, it is probably the thing that everyone cannot live without.

The internet has introduced things to us that we didn't even know existed. The internet, being a boon has brought many things to us such as social networking sites, chatting apps, musical websites, you tube and most importantly, lots of information. From a pen to every famous person's personal information, you name it, it's on the Internet.

But sadly as we know, the Internet is also a curse. It has also given the world depressed teens, eye problems, cyber-crimes, more suicides because of harassment on the Internet and most importantly, many addicts. I myself know many people who are online chatting addicts. These people usually get glasses. I personally chat online myself but I also keep myself in control.

The internet is also very inspiring as its system works so magically, all one can do is wonder how it all works. In my opinion, this coin is three sided – a boon, a curse and an inspiration.



# The Joy of My Life

-Shreyas Chavan, XI A

When I was young, I had no interest or hobby. One day, my dad took me to a concert. I was very inspired by the guitarist. It was a very important moment in my life, for that was when I realized that I wanted to take up an instrument. That moment of inspiration was the beginning of my unending fascination with music

After the concert, I went home and thought about which instrument I wanted to learn. I thought it best to play that instrument which I had been inspired by. My long journey in guitar began at that moment. Soon after, I joined a class and realized that not only listening to music, but also playing music made me happy.

Guitar is the one thing that has always been with me. In ups and downs, my guitar always sat there on its stand, almost looking at me forlornly, waiting for me to strum its strings and escape reality for a brief, fleeting moment.



## Trip Down Memory Lane

- Pareel Amre, XI A

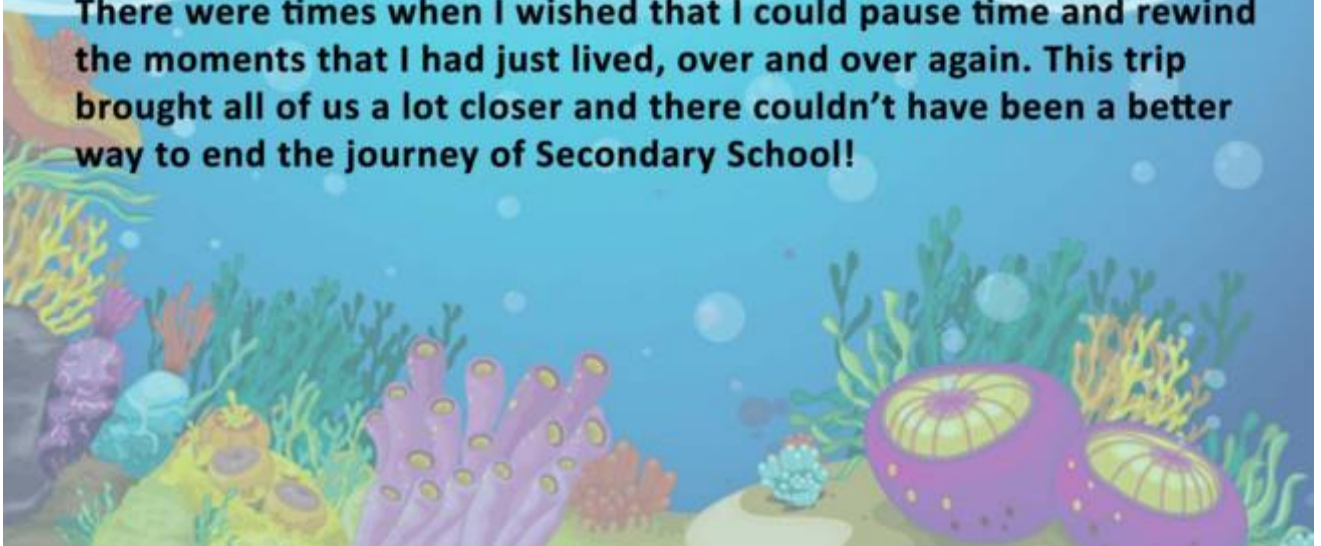
It was in April 2015, when my classmates and I had gone to Tarkarli, a beach about 300 km from Pune. Our boards had just got over and this trip was a needed one to gear me up for Std.XI.

It was as if our trip was straight out of a movie, 'Dil Chahta Hai' to be specific. Spending time with your friends at the beach, staying up straight for seventy two hours, going scuba diving, playing football with only piece of clothing on you being a pair of shorts!  
The highlight of the trip was on the second night, when my friends and I gossiped about other people while sitting on hammocks.

We even had some 'deep' talks which brought out some mindboggling questions. Then around 12:30 am, we went out for a walk at the beach which was quite nearby. The scene that welcomed us was surreal. A full moon's night, the glistening water gentle kissing the underneath of our feet accompanied by soft music.

I felt a sense of togetherness and at once realized that these set of friends are going to be there for me no matter what and that our bond runs way deeper than being just 'friends'.

There were times when I wished that I could pause time and rewind the moments that I had just lived, over and over again. This trip brought all of us a lot closer and there couldn't have been a better way to end the journey of Secondary School!



## Useful Forests

- Tanisha Sane, II Fawn

Forests are important because they have many trees. Trees are used to make medicines and furniture, but more importantly trees and plants give us oxygen and take our carbon dioxide. At night they throw out the carbon dioxide.

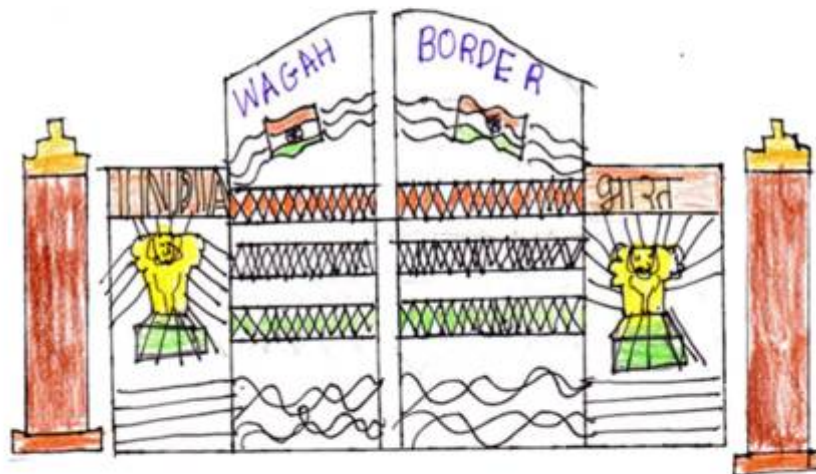
The roots of the trees hold the soil which helps in stopping floods. So if we cut trees we will have more floods and also not have pure air to breathe.

Cutting down the trees of the forests is called as deforestation. So let us all save the forests by not cutting down the trees.



# My Visit to Wagah Border

Srushti Tambe , IV Peach



During last May vacation I went to Punjab with my family. Before our visit, we planned to go to Amritsar. In Amritsar there are many places to visit, but we decided to go to Jallianwala Bagh, Golden Temple and Wagah Border. In the flight my mother told me all about the historical importance of each place. I was very excited to see all the places.

After visiting Golden Temple and Jallianwala Bagh, we went to Wagah Border. Mid-way there was a check point between Lahore and Amritsar. From this place Lahore and Amritsar is at same distance{33km}. There, security checks very strictly so that people do not carry harmful things. There were no vehicles allowed, so we went by walking till the sitting arrangement.

We reached there at 4.30pm. The evening ceremony started at 5.30pm. This ceremony is also called "flag lowering ceremony".

There were hundreds of people from all over country who came to see this ceremony. We sat in the first row as we had got VIP passes. There were two big metal gates. One gate was painted with tricolor, that is Indian and other was green with white star, it was Pakistan. We could see Pakistani audience from our place. The security soldiers were strictly guarding the gate. The soldiers were very tall having colourful caps on their head. After some time the parade started on music beat. It was wonderful to see. The audience from both countries started to cheer them. The Pakistani audience was cheering them –“Pakistan Jindabad”. We were cheering by saying- “Bharat Mata Ki Jay” and “Jai Hind” by waving Indian flag.

After the parade two soldiers came from both the countries and they took flag down on music beat. They lowered the flag in cross position. It was very great to see all this. Then gate opened for few minutes. At this moment there was pin drop silence. The soldiers marched one by one towards the gate showing their patriotism. The soldiers from both the countries doing the parade showed their bravery to each other.

They saluted each other to show their brotherhood and cooperation between two countries. Then two gates shut down with a loud clang. After that the audience from both countries came near the gate to take photographs as they were curious to know what was the other side.

We also took photographs there and went back around 7.00pm to go to the resort by traveller car.

While sleeping I felt very proud of my country. I love my India. Everybody should visit the Wagah Border at least once in their lives.

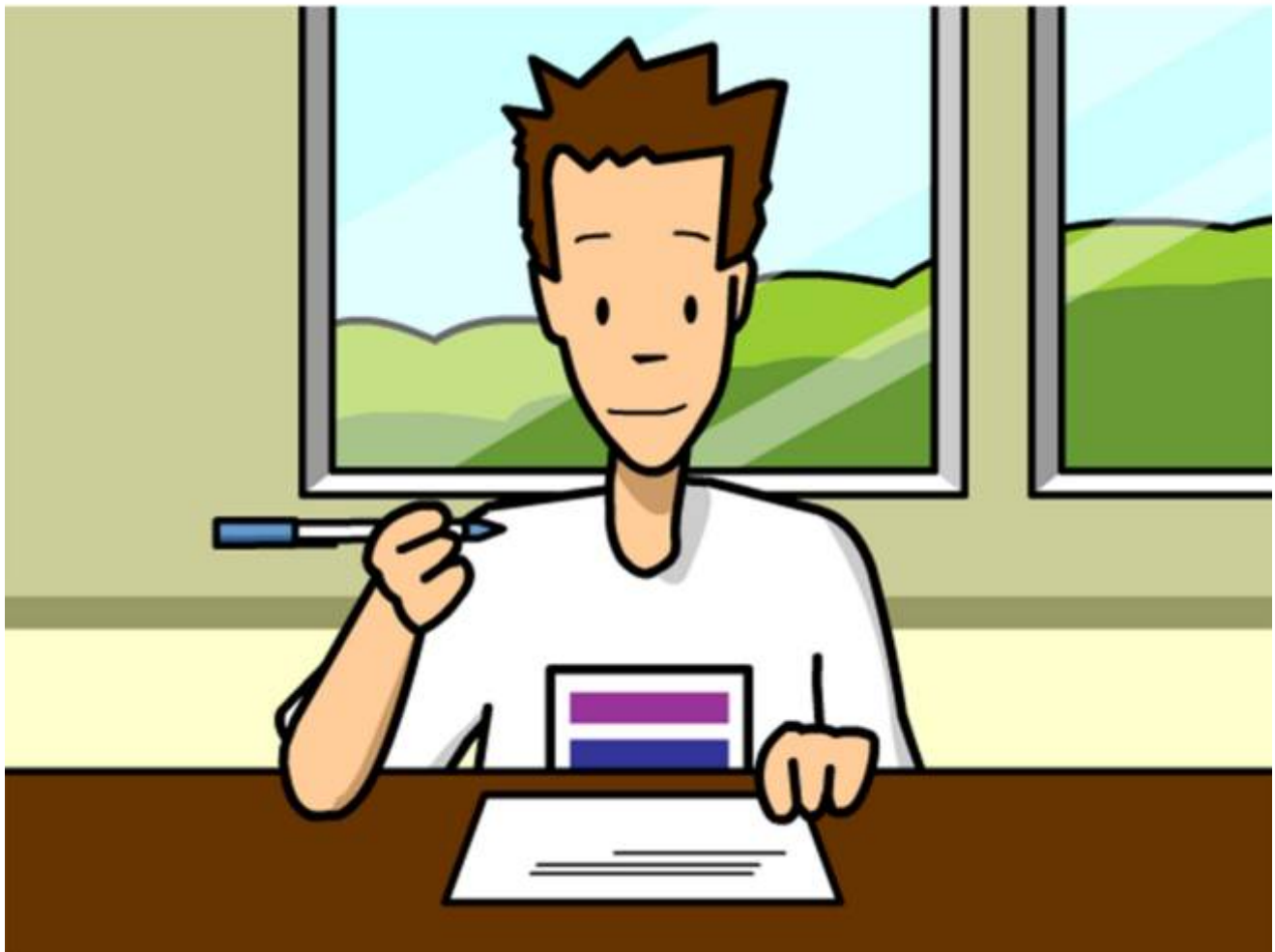
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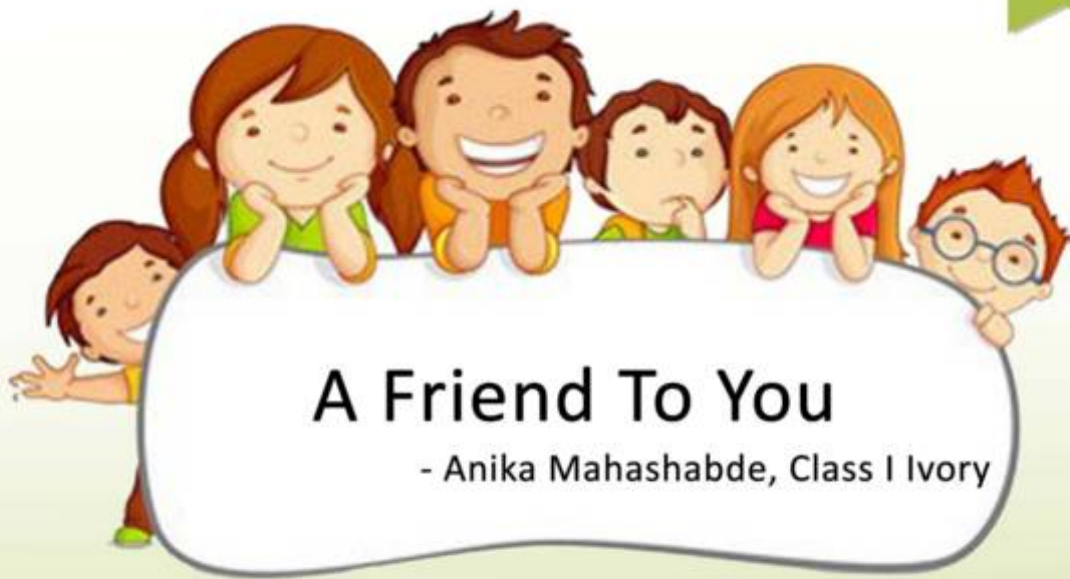


“

*“Sometimes I am not sure, if I am writing the poem  
or the poem is writing me.”*

— Sanober Khan





## A Friend To You

- Anika Mahashabde, Class I Ivory

When you are lonely and scared,  
imagine there are many children.  
And there is one child who is very kind.  
If you like that girl or boy  
make him or her your best friend.  
And that's why imagination is important for you.

If you achieve your dream it is really true.  
But don't act bossy and bully.  
Imagination is important for knowledge and mind.

This is a warning for no fighting.  
Keep this promise in mind.  
Or else you will not have even one friend.





**Angel that God gave me...**

**-Akshada Niteen, Adhi, II Khaki**

Mother you are as white as milk,  
 Lined with skin as soft as silk.  
 You are a fountain crystal clear,  
 And a golden treasure that's always near.  
 You make delicious food,  
 No matter what, always in a good mood.  
 I'm inspired by you,  
 You're awesome I always knew.  
 You're an eager beaver in races,  
 And keep everyone with smiling faces.

**OH! MOTHER OF MINE,  
 YOU ALWAYS SHINE.**

You're the best,  
 Like the Mount Everest.  
 You wipe away all my tears,  
 And scare away all my fears.  
 When I had a tough time,  
 You just told me a funny rhyme.  
 My love towards you is tremendous,  
 Yours towards me is stupendous.  
 You have a tender smile that lights up my way,  
 You are the sunshine that lights up my day.

# Barbie, The Princess

Sia Shukla, I Honeydew

Barbie is my favourite princess,  
Who brings a smile to my face  
I love to play and giggle,  
Cause that's the way to mingle

I have many Barbie dolls,  
I play with them in the hall.  
I love the accessories that  
Barbie wears,  
I don't like the toy that scares.

I have a cupboard full of  
Barbie dolls,  
But I still want more and more.  
I never listen to my mother,  
When she says,  
Sia.....that's it, no more!!



## Beautiful Hair

- Simran Barhate, III Plum

Hair oh beautiful hair!  
Look how you flow  
Over my head and down below  
You are so different,  
curly, brown or black  
Long and ticklish over my back

Washing you may be a bore  
But without it  
my head becomes sore

But at the end of the day,  
you are always there-  
forever keeping my head warm  
I am happy to have you there



## Beautiful Nature

- Neha Talathi, I Pearl

I want to fly,  
High in the blue sky,  
I want to see  
Inside the deep blue sea  
Tigers, wolves and camels,  
I like all the animals  
The sun is very hot, the moon is cool,  
I love flowers all beautiful  
May God bless our mind  
That is very kind



# My Dear Papa

- Aarav Dubey, I Honeydew

Papa, papa my dear papa  
Where are you going?  
Take me with you papa  
My dear papa.

Let's go to the zoo, papa  
I want to see animals  
I want to hear birds' chirpy sound  
I like the zoo.

Papa, I want to go to a picnic  
I want to play with mama and bhaiya  
I want to be like you, papa  
I love you my dear papa





## Fly Away

If the sky was blue enough to fit me in,  
I'd show I can go higher and fly away,  
I'd give myself the most colourful wings,  
Prove I'm not just a person 'alright' or 'okay'.



If the clouds were pearl white cotton floating,  
I'd sit there and look down at them every day,  
I'd show them hatred will not bury me down,  
I'd always fly above ground, come what may.



They'd see me flying after all their stamping,  
They'd be jealous and have horrible things to say,  
But I'd be high above them in the clouds,  
Burying their hurtfulness with rain I'd spray.

I have tried and tried and tried so many times,  
The sky turned sides, became sable-like grey,  
I can't fly anymore, can't get out of the soil,  
What have I done for this merciless betray?

The clouds don't glisten anymore, they went too,  
I won't accept loss, I'll hope it is all a delay,  
For all I want is just one chance to prove myself,  
Escape the ground, stand higher and fly away.

- Apeksha Lal, VII Chrome



## **Friends Forever**

- Pritika Ojha, III Periwinkle

**My best friends....**

**They are like the stars**

**Once on my birthday**

**They took me to Mars**

**On this calm beautiful weather**

**They even bought me two tickets**

**For the movie 'Haider'**

**On friendship day**

**We went to the mall**

**And shopped and shopped**

**Till our hearts content**

**My friends are the best.....**

**All of them are better than the rest.**



## Gone with the Sea

- Shreyasi Rao, Class XI B

You are the ocean on high tide.  
And I, a pebble on the limitless sand.  
With a roaring chaos you arrive,  
And with a calming breath you coax me away.  
You sweep me in, into your infinite depths,  
And let me drift slowly, passionately across your waves.  
And spend many a happy day living off your love.  
And finally when you're bored, and have had enough,  
Decide I'm worthless and are compelled to dispose.  
Again, with that rush of brute force,  
You drop me on an unknown shore,  
Lost, broken and helpless  
Only for you to draw in another pebble with you.







# My Breakfast

- Siddharth Kothari, II Fawn

Yum yum , my breakfast is yum.  
I start with bread on top  
And put nutella spread.  
Then I take another bread on it  
Spread almond butter and cover it.  
I eat it all up!!

I like almond butter's good smell  
and nutella's tasty taste.  
I like my cereal shaped stars and moon  
My mouth utters yummy yum yum.



## Nature

- Disha Jain, V Sapphire

Every morning and every night,  
We see a different light.  
Different plants in lush green,  
Is something I wish to see  
Buds and flowers, what a sight!  
Being in nature a true delight...

Birds, animals and insects too,  
What a plight! Are locked in the zoo  
Mom gives us birth  
But nature gives us life!



## One Dark Night

- Disha Jain, V Sapphire

Lucy loved the sun.  
It made things full of fun.  
There's one thing  
that she never liked,  
And that is going to bed at night.  
One dark night  
she couldn't sleep,  
She shut her eyes  
and counted sheep.  
Then outside she heard a sound,  
She lit her light  
and looked around.  
She went to the window  
and looked outside,  
She saw a cat move and hide.

But when she  
went to bed again,  
She heard the patter  
of the falling rain.  
Oh dear! It's just too bad,  
Then she remembered  
something she had.  
She went to the closet  
and pulled out ted,  
Then once again  
she climbed into bed.  
With ted by her  
side lying down,  
She slept each night  
sweet and sound.





## POEMS

- Adrika Sen, V Aquamarine

I write my poems in a diary  
Which is given to me by a fairy

The poems are written by 'Adrika Sen'  
And I decorate them with my glitter pen

They have many rhyming words  
Which are powerful as the swords

I love writing funny poems  
But I don't write them on sheets of foam

Writing poems is a great way to show our creativity  
And it is also a great activity

I love to write poems  
It is my favourite hobby  
We can write them anywhere  
Even in a hotel lobby

## The Magic of Sunlight

- Mihir Apte, I Pearl

After a cold winter night  
The morning sun feels just right  
A wall plain white  
Painted yellow in sunlight  
A poem I loved to write  
In the morning light.



## The Rabbit and the Snowman

- Avani Dongre, I Pearl

One day there was a snowman  
and then a rabbit came.  
It was hungry.  
The rabbit took the nose of the snowman  
which was a carrot and ate it!



## Reach for the Beach

- Aryan Shivdasani, III Iris

I want to go to the beach

How do I reach?

I need a map

Not a trap!

I have sand in my hand

I need a spade

not a blade!

To build a castle

not a parcel!





## Keep the Country Clean

- Sarvesh Madbhavi , II Fawn

Garbage, Garbage, Garbage!  
Put it in the dustbin.

Don't throw it on the roads,  
Nor in the water

Don't litter here,  
Or litter there  
Let's make our country  
clean and clear.





## Tell Me Why?

- Sia Shukla, I Honeydew



Mom, tell me why?  
Tell me why?  
Why are the clouds so high?  
Where are the snake's legs?  
Why do the people on the road beg?

Mom, tell me why?  
Tell me why?  
Why are there so many Gods?  
Why are people turning frauds?

So many questions in my small little brain,  
Still need to be answered.  
I think I will never stop asking,  
Mom, tell me why?  
Tell me why?





# The Memory Lane

- Arshiya Ahamed, XI B

Carrying her wings of iron and fear  
She set sail down the memory lane with cheer.  
Knowing she'd meet nothing but blissful pain  
Strapping on her armor, she sailed in vain.

'It's a long way down' she whispers,  
Accompanied with loud laughs and burning blisters.  
Pretending that everything will be okay,  
Realizing the sail has lead her astra.

Clinging on to what seemed real  
Blinded upon this black and white color wheel.  
Screams of the sail that never stop soaring.  
Memories of the lane that never stop pouring.



# The Moon

- Arya Bane, II Beige

I love the moon;  
I just hope I can see it in the noon.  
I also hope I can see it very soon.

The moon is so cool  
I've learnt about it in the school  
When I sleep I dream about the moon.


When I go to the terrace  
I see the moon talking to me  
I want to give it ice cream to eat  
Sadly, I can't do that as it is just a dream.  
Seeing the moon is fun...  
but not when there is the sun!



## Trails of Red

- Anitya Vilekar, XI A

They came into prominence slowly,  
As the meaning of life changed  
Religion became a corporate venture  
Love was all but meaningless  
Wars were being fought to maintain peace  
While that happened,  
They stepped in  
Wreaking havoc,  
And leaving trails of red behind them  
At first everyone thought they were demons,  
But they were worse  
They were Embodiments of Evil.



## Tree Story – True Story

- Arnav Kudale, Class I Ivory

Plant a plant small,  
And it will become a tree tall.  
A tree gives sweet fruits,  
has underground roots.

It gives beautiful flowers  
And shelter from rain shower.  
Birds build nest,  
On the tree they take rest.

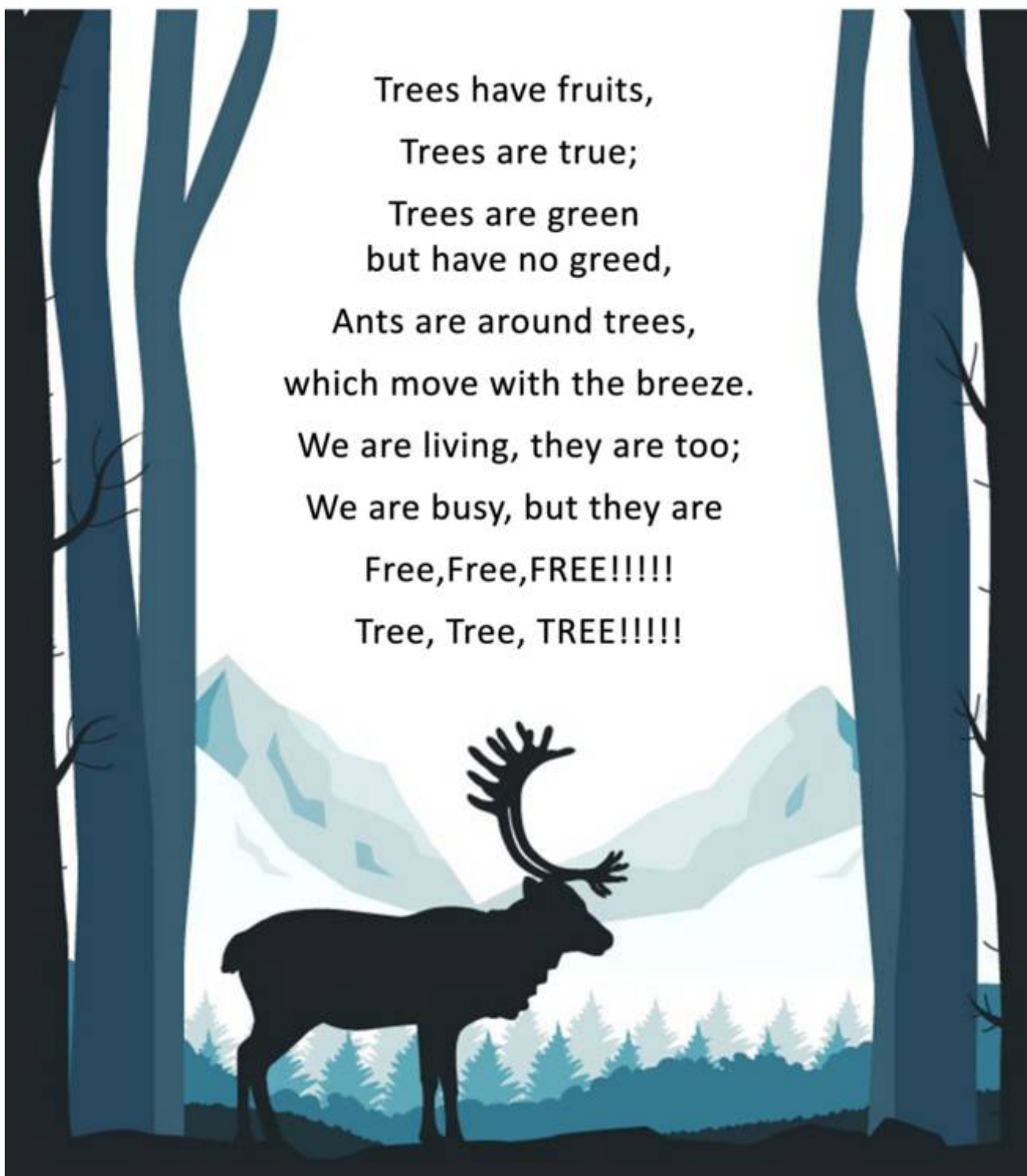
Plant at least one tree,  
Get oxygen, shade, fruits free.

-

# Trees

Shuchi Jha, II Beige

Trees have fruits,  
Trees are true;  
Trees are green  
but have no greed,  
Ants are around trees,  
which move with the breeze.  
We are living, they are too;  
We are busy, but they are  
Free,Free,FREE!!!!  
Tree, Tree, TREE!!!!



## Where is my Dog?

- Advait Deshmukh, Il Beige

Where is my Dog?  
Is he catching a ball or seeing the mall?  
Where is my Dog?  
Is he following a man or banging the pan?

Where is my Dog?  
Is he wagging its tail or looking at a white snail?  
Where is my Dog?  
Is he playing a bat or chasing the cat?

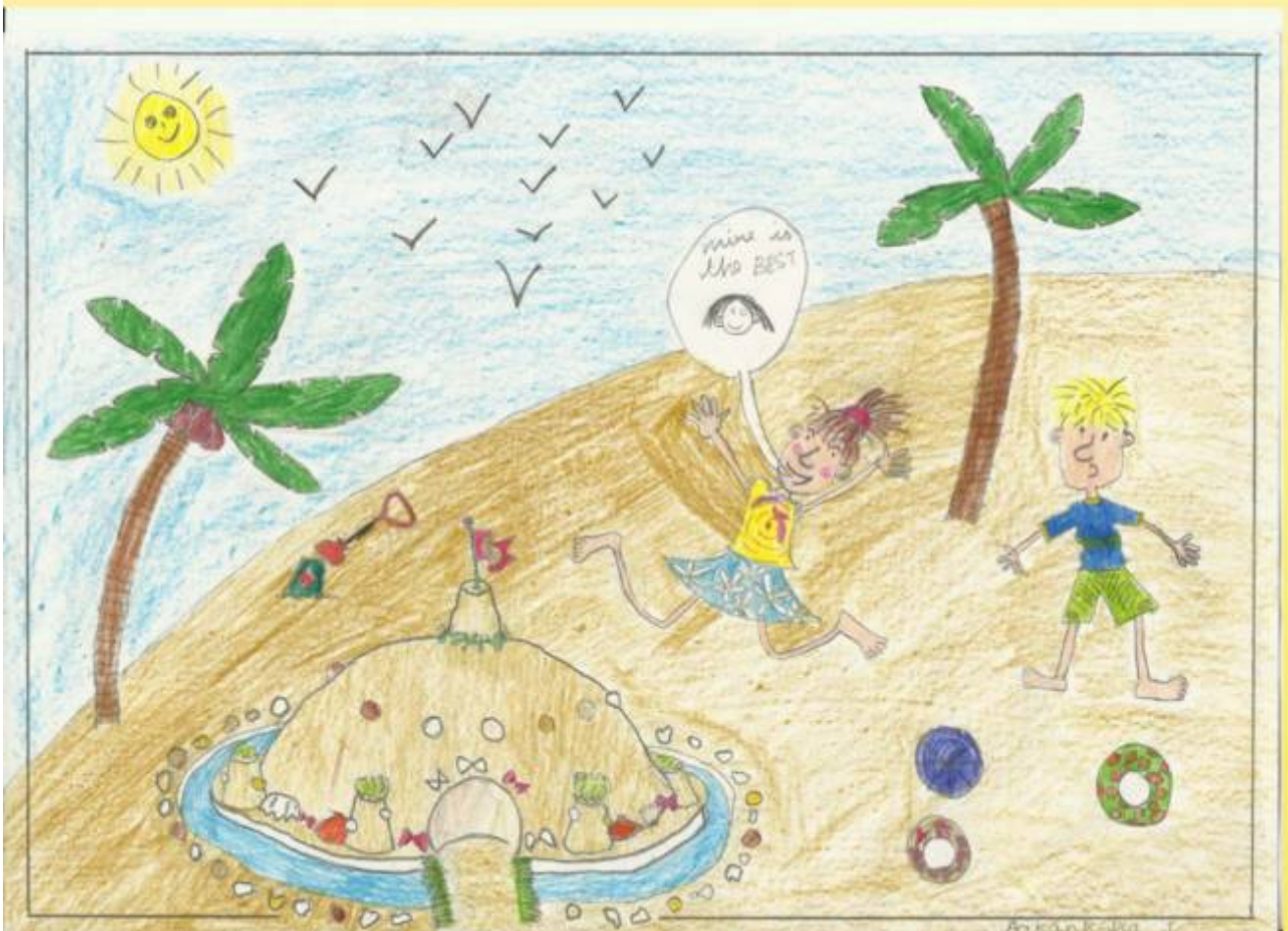
Finally...I got my Dog inside a log



# WIND IS MAGICAL!

- Aakanksha Javalkar, II Beige

A windy day at a windy bay....  
The sun is shining,  
The clouds are hiding,  
We are playing,  
The trees are swaying,  
The birds are flying,  
Children are lying,  
So many things we can see,  
Isn't it lovely, just like me.





Pradnya Niketan Education Society's

## THE ORCHID SCHOOL

### Our Vision

Locally Rooted Globally Competent Education

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### Our Mission

We believe that all children can learn once they are given the opportunity in an appropriate productive learning environment. As a result, we create a community of life-long learners through integrating student based learning, curriculum based learning and life experiences.

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Pradnya Niketan Education Society's  
The Orchid School (TOS), Pune &  
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Formed by a group of professionals – bureaucrats, educationists and entrepreneurs,  
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Baner Mhalunge Road, Baner, Pune - 411 045.  
Telefax : + 91 20 6620 2702 / + 91 20 6500 7681  
Email : [contactus@theorchidschool.org](mailto:contactus@theorchidschool.org)  
[www.theorchidschool.org](http://www.theorchidschool.org)