

EXPRESSIONS

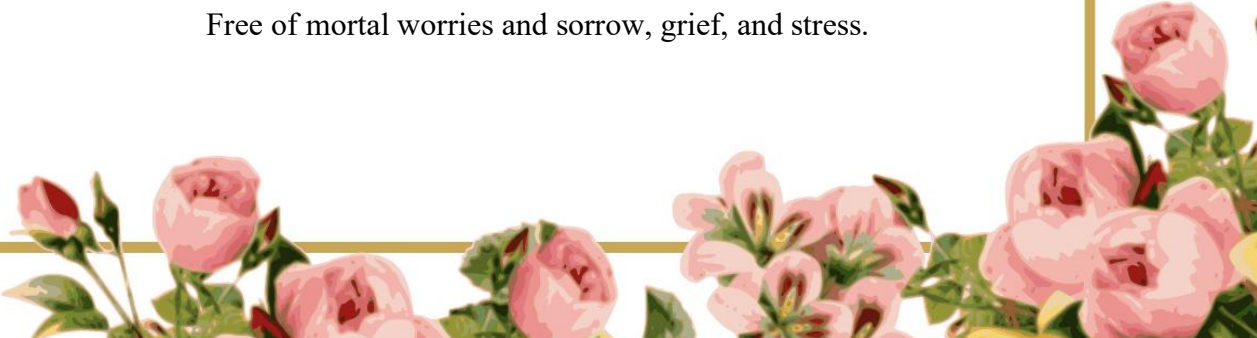
APRIL – JUNE
2026



Peace

Parnika Khatter -11A

Quiet, so awfully quiet,
My skeleton floated away in the river of sand,
My flesh, muscles relaxed, my body at peace,
and eyes closed.
Blood flowed through my veins and arteries,
My breath, slow and steady,
If not said, one could think I wasn't breathing at all,
Or maybe even that death had come for me.
The sun shone ever so brightly,
Not a single being in the scene, not even slightly.
Understood, roaming under the heat is suicide, certainly.
My soul drifts away once again in the rivers of sand,
With my own space, all alone,
The sand pricks my fingers as I slide my hand.
The sun doesn't allow me to open my eyes,
and so I just feel the sensations,
Sensations of the warm sand falling through my grasp,
Sensation of the warm sunlight on my face,
My cheeks are burning.
I am at peace, my brain finally empty and my chest light,
Free of mortal worries and sorrow, grief, and stress.





Flow as river to reach destiny

Vidhya P.V. – 10 F

I sat there bored, sad, emotionless, staring at the empty sky until the first droplets of rain fell softly on my face, and suddenly the dull sky from a minute ago was gone.

I still felt sadness seeing the rain, but not entirely.

The rain grew heavier, dancing on the empty road as if it was asking me to join.

Somehow, without thinking, I stepped into the rain and started dancing like crazy, happily, as if I was sharing my happiness with everyone around me.

I was smiling ear to ear while the rain washed away all my sorrow, as if it didn't want me to carry everything alone.

For that one moment, I stopped worrying about the future and the past and just lived in the present.


When the rain faded, a rainbow stretched across the bright sky, like a quiet promise of a new beginning.

Maybe life is like that too—some days are messy and beautiful like chapters in a book, and every chapter becomes part of our memories.

But we cannot rewrite what is done; we can only turn the page and move forward.

And that is what makes us human—to accept, to heal, and to love ourselves again.

Life continues softly, beautifully, like rain turning into bright light...





The Marks look fine; the student is not.

Aiden Anoop – 9 K

The classroom is loud. Students are laughing, the teacher is explaining the lesson, and the students are noting everything down in their notebooks. Everything seems normal. In the middle of it all sits a student smiling like everyone else. But inside, their mind is filled with stress, fear, and pressure that nobody can see.

The night before, that same student is lying in bed awake at 3 a.m., staring at the ceiling and thinking about their upcoming exams. Thoughts like “What if I fail?” or “What if I disappoint my parents?” intrude and keep repeating in their mind. Even though they feel exhausted and overwhelmed, they still wake up the next morning and go to school pretending that everything is fine.

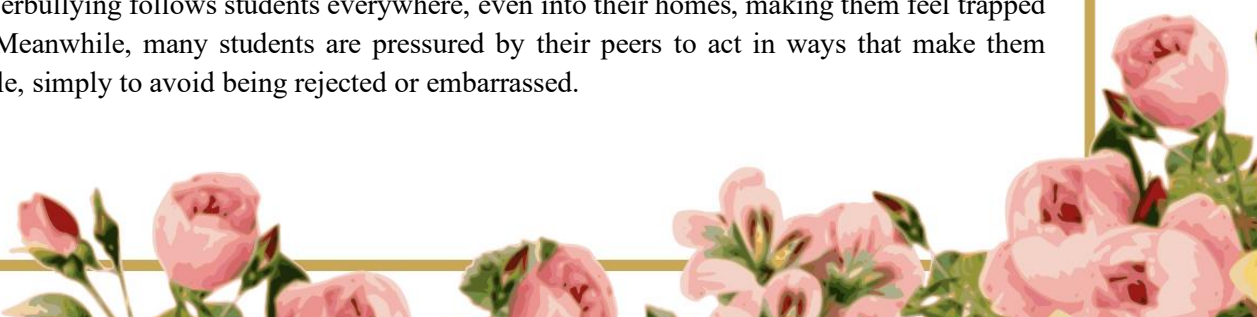
This is the reality for many students today.

In today’s world, students face pressure from every direction. Exams, homework, coaching classes, and family expectations make many students feel like their entire future depends on marks. At school, there is also the constant pressure to fit in, act a certain way, wear certain clothes, have the latest gadgets or electronics and many more. Many students fear being judged or left out if they are different. Instead of just being themselves, they bury it deep down all for the sake of fitting in.

From parents comes expectations regarding marks and academic achievement. They constantly push them to make their family proud and to choose a career path they would make the most income. A student might have a deep interest in art but due to the pressure from their parents they are forced to choose a different career choice such as a doctor or an engineer. This causes the students to end up resenting and disliking their job in the future. Parents will also compare their children to other students, which not only makes them more unmotivated but also start resenting their parents.

From their friends and classmates comes pressure to fit in. Their friends will coerce them to engage in activities that are illicit and the student is not interested in doing such as smoking, taking drugs, bunking classes etc. Their friends will also exert pressure on them to act a certain way, to have the latest gadgets and to wear fashionable and trendy clothes. This will make them lose their identity and question themselves about who they really are.

Social media has only worsened these struggles. Students are constantly comparing their looks, grades, popularity, and life to others online. Cyberbullying has become a serious problem. Hateful comments, rumors and online insults tear down confidence and leave students emotionally hurt. Unlike traditional bullying, cyberbullying follows students everywhere, even into their homes, making them feel trapped and alone. Meanwhile, many students are pressured by their peers to act in ways that make them uncomfortable, simply to avoid being rejected or embarrassed.

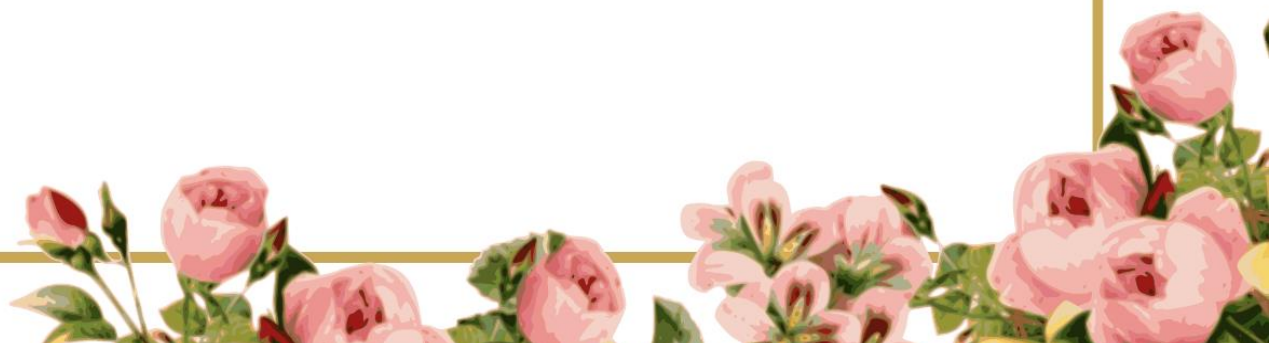




As a result, many students quietly struggle with anxiety, stress, loneliness, depression, and burnout. Some lose their self-confidence; some feel emotionally exhausted day in and day out. What's even sadder is that mental struggles are often invisible. A student may laugh with friends during the day and cry alone at night.

Mental health awareness is important because students are not machines made for marks and success alone. They are human beings with fears, dreams, emotions and struggles. Sometimes a caring teacher, an encouraging friend, or even just a conversation can make all the difference for a student.

Because behind every "I'm fine" may be a student silently begging for someone to notice their pain.





People

Pal Shah, XII-E

a simple poem about wanting safe silence with people you love

I love being around people
(I want to be left alone)

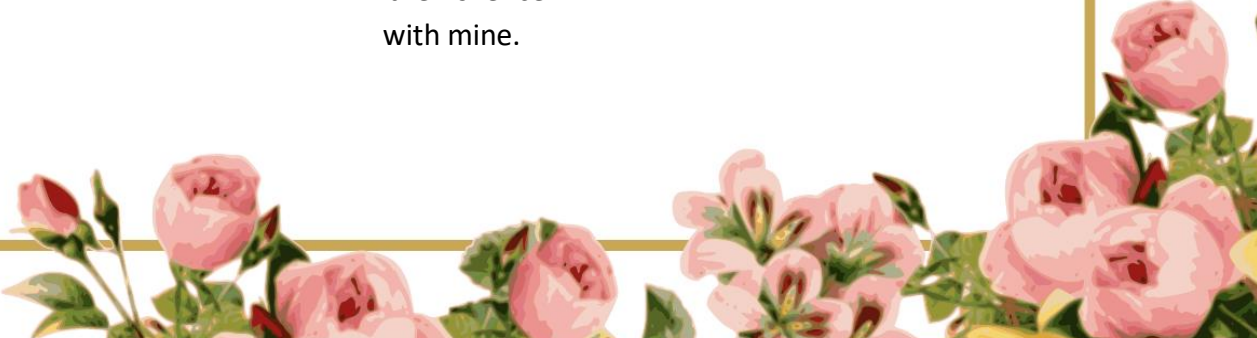
I'm finally by myself
*(I miss the people
I don't have anymore)*


Sometimes the people I still have
drift slowly out of sight.
Our bond has become
like Van der Waals
Too weak to fight.

I'm left alone
(Isn't that what I wanted?)
When all I wanted was for them
to be alone with me.

I love surrounding myself with people
*(Do they know me
beyond the noise?)*

I'm hopeless without them
But I'm fearless
in their silence
with mine.






I love talking to people
*(It's time I show them
that I can be quiet too.)*

When all I wanted was to
make them feel
my presence.

But I fear
them leaving me,
like the people
who stopped enjoying the peace
of sharing silence
with me
When I grew quiet.

My mouth is always
filling the silence around people
To make myself think
They care about my presence
When all I wanted was to be silent
with them
With *my* people.





Schizophrenia

Parnika Khatter -11A

Sometimes when I get bored and return to my home all alone,

He comes with his dog. I'm very scared of the dog.

I think it might bite me.

He asks me simple questions, and I give him not-so-simple answers
proudly.

My friend asks me who I'm talking to. She's so silly.

I have even made them talk before. How can she just forget suddenly?

I even drew him and his dog,

but my friend always denies ever meeting them.


He knows things that I haven't told him yet.

Smart fellow he is.

At times, I sit all alone and draw.

My friend sits beside me, quiet until I speak,

The walls covered with my face, she's not in a single frame





Start Anyway: Why Waiting Holds Us Back

Raima George – 10 G

Have you ever caught yourself saying ‘I’ll try this later’?

*When we’re less nervous. When we’re more confident. When we’re prepared.
When the time feels ‘right’.*

The truth is, there is rarely ever a perfect moment to start.

Waiting feels safe. It gives us the illusion that we are protecting ourselves from failure, disappointment or embarrassment. But in reality, waiting often does the opposite. Suddenly, an idea we once felt excited about has become ‘not good enough’ and we watch opportunities pass by as fear takes control.

What many of us don’t realize is: growth begins the moment we step out of our comfort zone.

1. Waiting only gives fear more time to grow.

*The longer we wait, the more room we give for doubt and overthinking.
“Maybe I shouldn’t try.”*

“What if I’m not good enough?”

And slowly, without even realizing it, we let the fear of failure become bigger than simply trying.

So don’t wait. Take the leap of faith anyway. Because readiness is not a feeling- it’s a decision.


2. Embrace the experience.

Starting gives you something waiting never will- experience.

I recently read this quote which stayed with me.

“Everything is a win when the goal is the experience.”





It changed the way I looked at trying new things. Confidence is something we achieve during the process, not before it. When you embrace the experience, you stop focusing on the fear and start focusing on what you can learn from it.

Once, there was a skit competition taking place in school. My English teacher encouraged me to try out and go for the auditions. Even though I had doubts, I still gave my name and honestly, that itself felt like the first step. The next day was the audition, but I somehow wasn't informed about the topic. I was told only five minutes before I had to perform. That really stressed me out because I suddenly had to speak with almost no preparation. Still, I quickly got together with a group of friends, and we managed to put together a short skit in that time. We went for it and performed to the best of our abilities. I remember feeling really proud that I didn't back out. I had at least tried. And then, I found out I got selected! I was genuinely excited at the idea of performing on stage with everyone. Later, when the results were announced, I was overjoyed to know that we had placed second. But more than that, what really stayed with me was the whole experience. It taught me that taking a chance, even when you're not fully ready, can lead to moments you wouldn't want to miss.

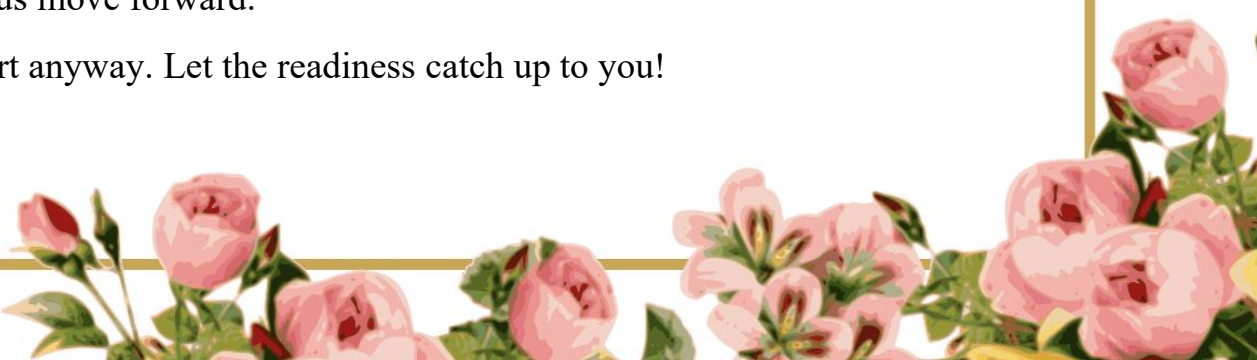
3. We'll look back on the moments we began, not on the ones we've waited for.

Looking back, we won't remember the times we've hesitated. Even if it was a small, uncertain step, we've moved forward. And sometimes, that's the bravest thing we can do.

In the story 'The Three Questions' by Leo Tolstoy, a king searches far and wide for answers to life's most important questions. One of them is 'When is the right time to begin something?' Through his humility and compassion, he learns the answer is simple: NOW.

Fear and faith both asks us to trust something we cannot see- but only one helps us move forward.

So start anyway. Let the readiness catch up to you!





FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE LAST BELL

Sarah Mohammed -- 9 K

The classroom clock ticked louder than usual. Only five minutes remained before the final bell of the academic year, yet, no one in Class 12 seemed ready to leave. They were just five minutes away from hearing the last bell of their school life.

The afternoon sunlight stretched lazily across the desks, bathing the classroom in a warm golden haze. Dust motes drifted through the air like tiny forgotten memories, glowing softly in the fading light. An unusual stillness lingered in the room - not the peaceful calm of an ordinary day, but something heavier, quieter. Perhaps it was serenity; perhaps it was sorrow. No one could truly tell. It felt as if time itself had slowed down, pausing respectfully before the inevitable end.

In that golden-tinted classroom, every second carried the quiet ache of goodbye. Some students laughed loudly, pretending this was just another ordinary day. Others secretly wiped tears before anyone could notice.

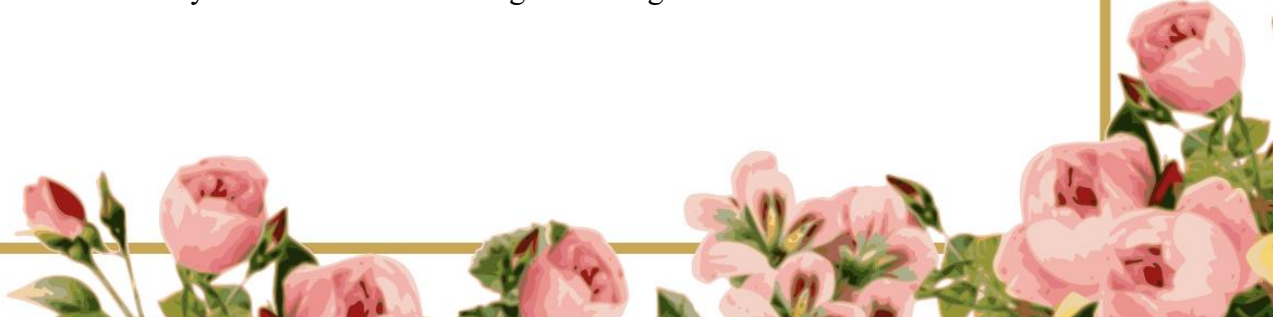
At the last bench near the window sat Aarav, staring at the football field outside. The field looked smaller now than it did when he first entered the school as a nervous little boy carrying a bag almost bigger than himself – that was exactly 12 years before!

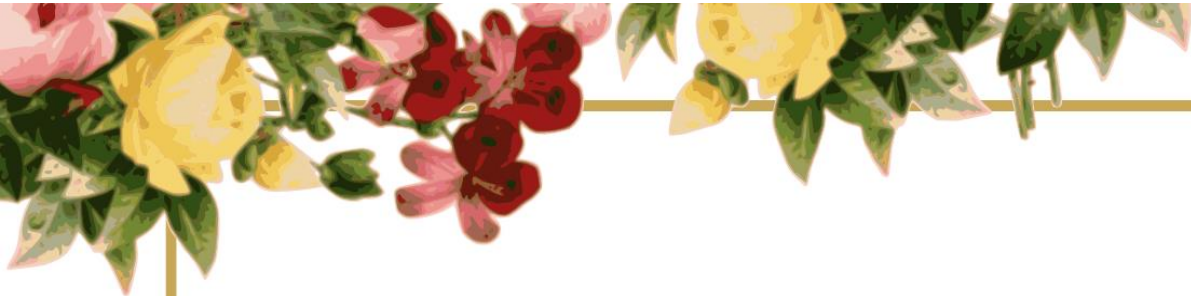
“Oi, philosopher,” Rohan joked, tossing a paper ball at him. “You planning to write poetry before the bell?” Aarav smiled weakly. “Maybe.”

Rohan sat beside him. For once, neither of them argued. Usually, they fought over everything — cricket teams, football matches, homework answers, even on whose turn it was to buy samosas after school. But that day felt different! That day felt heavy!

At the front of the class, Meera carefully removed photos from the notice board - annual day pictures - tiny pieces of memories being folded away forever! “Can you believe this is ending?” she whispered but nobody answered because nobody could.

The Class Teacher stood quietly near the door, watching them intently. Her eyes were softer than anyone had ever seen before. “You all spent years waiting for school to end,” she said gently “and now look at you!” A few students laughed through their tears.





Near the middle row, Sana opened her notebook and passed it around announcing, “write one thing you’ll remember.” The notebook passed quietly from desk to desk, carrying fragments of memories in hurried handwriting. Each student scribbled something onto its pages with trembling hands and bittersweet smiles — inside jokes, promises to stay in touch, little pieces of themselves they were afraid to leave behind.

He stared at the blank page for a long moment, his fingers resting motionlessly against the paper as though the right words were too heavy to write. Around him, the classroom buzzed softly with fading laughter, but he heard none of it. Finally, he lowered his pen and wrote slowly: "The people who made this place feel less lonely." For a second, his eyes lingered on the sentence, carrying an emotion he could not explain aloud. Then, before anyone could lean over and read it, Aarav shut the notebook quietly and passed it on. Outside, thunder rumbled softly and rain clouds gathered over the playground. Perfect timing, Aarav thought. The clock continued its slow march. **Three minutes left!**

Suddenly, the classroom lights flickered off. A loud groan erupted. “Great,” someone announced “even the electricity is emotional today.” Without the lights, the room grew strangely calm. The students sat together in the fading sunlight while rain tapped gently against the windows.

Then, unexpectedly, the Class Teacher walked to the center of the classroom and placed a small cardboard box on the desk.

“What’s that?” asked Meera.


“Confiscated items,” the Class Teacher replied with a smile. The class burst into laughter. “I kept them,” the Class Teacher admitted, smiling shyly. “I don’t know why.”


Inside the box were paper airplanes, comic books, balls, toy cars, friendship bands, cricket cards, and the list went on.

Rohan picked up a tiny rubber ball from the box with surprise “You took this from me when I was in seventh grade!”

“You were playing with it during the class time,” the Class Teacher replied with broken voice.

The rain grew heavier outside. Water streamed down the windows like tears. **Two minutes left!**






Then came the silence - the kind of silence that appears when people realize something important is ending. Aarav looked around carefully at the friends he had grown up with. He realized something terrifying. This would never happen again, not this classroom, not these people together in one place, not this version of themselves. Years from now, they would become busy with higher studies, jobs, responsibilities, and different lives. Some friendships would fade. Some people would move far away. But for these final few minutes, they were still children sitting in a classroom, waiting for a bell. **One minute left!**

The Class Teacher took a deep breath. "You'll remember who sat beside you when life felt difficult. You'll remember who made you laugh on bad days. That is what school truly gives you." Several students were openly crying now. Even Rohan looked down to hide his face.

The clock hands moved closer. RRRRRRRRIIIIIINNNGGGGG. The final bell echoed through the corridors but nobody moved. For the first time in their school life, nobody rushed toward the door because leaving suddenly felt harder than staying. The Class Teacher smiled sadly pointing towards the exit door "Go on - the world is waiting." Slowly, chairs scraped against the floor. Bags were lifted. Goodbyes began!

Aarav stood quietly near the doorway and looked back one last time at the classroom, glowing faintly beneath the rain-soaked evening light. The empty desks, the fading laughter, the memories clinging silently to the walls — all of it seemed frozen in that single moment. Then, with a heavy silence in his heart, he turned and walked away without looking back again. He whispered, "Some endings are not meant to break us but they are meant to prepare us for the beautiful beginnings waiting ahead. The hardest goodbyes often lead to the most meaningful journeys."






Let go-

Parnika Khatter -11A

I tried to fix everything
The broken chair and the broken glass,
The torn letters and the dried soft grass.
I tried to remove all grief, sorrow,
The dead bird and the stomped flowers
The cold heart and empty hours
I tried to remove the fear,
Of failure and of loss
Of death and decay and moss
I tried to make the sun shine the brightest all the time
But neither the chair nor the glass held weight
And neither did the words of the letter,
The dried grass, no longer straight
The bird and flowers didn't return, the misery did
The heart lost its warmth, and hours never filled amid
Failure, loss, death- decay, certain
And the sun didn't always shine the brightest,
with the drawn curtain
And so, I let go.





Symphony du Monde


Based on real life events


Anfaal Sheik 12-E

Who am I? A mere speck of dust in comparison to millions upon millions of people who have inhabited this realm before me, I am what I believe myself to be, unaware of the fragments of hundreds of people I have encountered since the first light of life. I was not born knowing laughter, envy or love, no one is, but they are taught to us by those we first place our trust in, our family.

Generations of lives add up to who I am today, they determine whether one's story begins in rags, in a mansion in Beverly Hills, or in the steady rhythm of a middle-class family. Yet no matter where we begin, the true challenge of life is to find our own rhythm and let the music flow at the pace we adore. Given to us as a school project, I had once registered for a volunteering opportunity at a handicap society nearby. There weren't any expectations for a reply, after all it was my 12th form and all of the prior ones were catching dust in my inbox. On a late Tuesday night, the glow of a notification lit up my face, it was a reply from the organization to meet up and finalize my dates of volunteering, quite restless over the opportunity, I barely got any sleep. I hurriedly rushed past the guard outside showing my email as he let me through, the place was beautifully decorated with pictures of all the underprivileged students and their achievements, the atmosphere felt warm and softly lit. I waited in the lobby, looking around the room lit by soft sunlight. My guide gave me my ID and set me up to volunteer for the coming week, possibly one of the best weeks of my life.

It was late evening when I arrived, the bus had made an extra stop that threw off my planned schedule. As the elevator door opened on the third floor, I heard loud yelling across the corridor, I walked in to a physiotherapy room where 4 people sat on wheelchairs yelling and playing with each other. Their bodies were stiff from years spent in wheelchairs, their expressions shaped by lives lived differently from my own, their only movements being the soft rhythms of their pupils. I tried mustering courage to keep myself together, all the whining I did on going out to a party, or a vacation in the Alps, about running for class president to complaining about my parents' rules, every single bit of me washed away with empathy, watching them smile through all the pain bottled inside, no one to listen nor anywhere to go.






I positioned the chair between two of them, the first patient was blind and lost her parents to an accident when she was little. Almost 60 years later, the softness of her hands as she grabbed onto mine made me realize how much I meant to her in that moment. Another patient was younger, more social, she was paralyzed from neck down, her only movement being her neck which she turned every time I got out of her sight. I took them both on rides in their wheelchairs around the place, getting to know their favorite colors and Mona even read a verse from the Qur'an for me. I played them the piano, they sat silently, listening more intently than anyone ever had. I promised to come back the next day for them and when I did, I heard one of them say my name across the room just by hearing my voice, even though she was blind. I found their case files, their family histories and their genetic disorders, something about seeing their childhood pictures made me feel at home, I realized how at the end of the day, we all were once just kids, the daughters or sons of someone. I snapped out of it when I heard them call out my name in the cafeteria, I walked in to see them throwing food everywhere as they fought over a kitkat bar.

Days passed and I grew busier, the last day flashed through and as I sped mona down the corridor, she grasped my fingers and kissed my cheek. I met others too but they didn't show any sort of interest or communication, but deep down I wondered if they were held back, they couldn't speak, how hard it must be to keep the world all to yourself, having not a soul to share any experience with, simply because you cannot.

I bid them farewell and talked to the nurses and their experiences, angels sent by God to take care of them every single day. I teared up as I hugged everyone one last time, the room feeling beautiful in a different way, promising myself that I'll always come back.

I looked out at the traffic lights, red, yellow... green, reflecting over the bus window. Rain drops drizzle on the window matching the pace of my tears. So different the whole world is, different families, different cultures, different backgrounds; yet everyone follows the same cycle of life and death. Millions of seconds pass between coming to life and returning to dust, filled with memories, moments, places, family, friends, and countless people. The world truly is a small place, and our differences are often negotiable when we approach it with empathy and openness.

These are the ones who shape us in ways we often fail to recognize, tuning us to a note we weren't even aware existed.





THE ATTENTION THIEF

Kamaliga Sudhakaran (12 G)

HAS any one of you ever picked up your phone to check the time and, somehow, ended up watching videos twenty minutes later? YES, that's just everybody at the point, Have you ever opened a textbook, wanting to study, but just found yourself rearranging your desk, checking messages, or staring out the window five minutes later? If so, you've already met the attention thief.

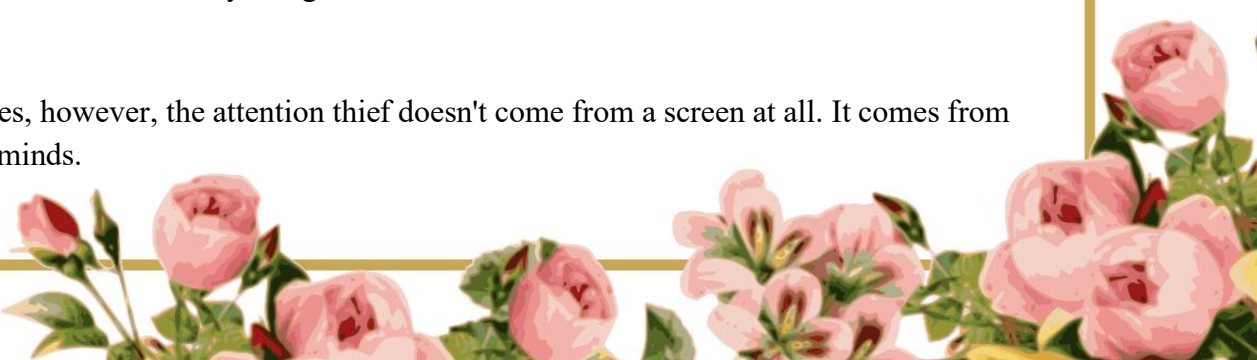
But unlike the thieves we see in movies, this one doesn't wear a mask, carry a bag, or sneak around in the dark., it doesn't even look dangerous at all. It often appears as a harmless notification, a funny meme, a trending video, or even a random thought that pops into your head. But every day, it quietly steals one of the most valuable things we possess i.e, our attention.


Think about how many times you check your phone without any real reason. Your hand reaches for it automatically. You unlock it, scroll for a few minutes, switch between apps, and suddenly realize you've forgotten why you picked it up in the first place.

Social media is one of the attention thief's favorite hiding places. Endless feeds ensure there is always something new to see. One short video becomes another, then another, and before long, an hour has vanished. The most surprising part is that it never feels like an hour.

But social media is not the only culprit. Notifications constantly interrupt our thoughts. Online games keep us engaged with rewards and challenges. Streaming platforms automatically play the next episode before we even have time to decide. Even advertisements are carefully designed to catch our attention.

Sometimes, however, the attention thief doesn't come from a screen at all. It comes from our own minds.





Have you ever started doing homework and suddenly remembered an embarrassing moment from years ago? Or begun reading a chapter only to drift into daydreams about the future? Our thoughts can wander in unexpected directions, making it difficult to stay focused on the present.

The effects of losing attention are becoming more noticeable. Many people struggle to read long articles, concentrate during lessons, or complete tasks without checking their phones. We often complain that there isn't enough time in the day, but perhaps the real issue is not time—it is scattered attention.

The good news is that attention can be trained like a dog. Small changes can make a big difference: turning off unnecessary notifications, keeping phones away while studying, setting focused time periods, and taking breaks without screens. Activities like reading, solving puzzles, or learning new skills can also strengthen focus.

Of course, distractions cannot be removed completely. The goal is to recognize them and decide what truly deserves your attention.

In a world full of endless distractions, attention has become a superpower. Every day, the attention thief waits quietly for an opportunity—sometimes as a notification, sometimes as a thought, sometimes as “just one more minute.”

The real question is simple: Are you controlling your attention, or is it controlling you?





The Mourning

L. Nipuni Malesha 9-F

As I watched the sunrise, I noticed how the sun bled colour into the gloomy sky. It was at that moment that I understood why the earliest part of the day is called 'morning' — the beginning of a day without the person who made living worth it.

I sat there, mourning, not quite sure what exactly. Maybe it wasn't a person at all, but a feeling. A feeling that was abruptly stopped with no proper ending. No funerals. No regret. No fancy *The End* signs. And certainly, no happily-ever-afters. It felt unrealistic. Unreal. I refused to believe it had happened, but at the end of the day, it was true. It was all true. I was left with nothing. Back then I said I had love. But now...? I don't have that either. I was left empty. Or maybe full of something. Full of love I wasn't able to give. What do I do with it? Love seemed useless now. Like a letter addressed to someone who had already left, carrying it around with me, unable to throw it away, yet unable to deliver it.

I looked up, startled by a little dove perched at my window. I smiled at the bird. I thought of how doves were often seen as a symbol of love, but people tend to forget that they also represent peace and the end of grief. I stared out the window at the sun. It was higher than it was before. I exhaled, feeling a sudden sense of calmness. Maybe I did know what to with all that love after all.

I gave it to myself. *I loved myself.*





THE SOUL OF MUSIC


Yoginya Velavan - 9G

It's more than notes that hit the ear,
Or rhythms measured out in time;
It's every hope and every fear,
One person's soul within a rhyme.

It speaks the things we cannot say,
The heavy depths that words would miss;
It carries what language throws away,
And finds a path to quiet bliss.

It holds a space for us to breathe,
Where weary minds can find their rest;
It helps the broken soul recover,
And mends the illness of the heart.

It clears a wide and silent screen,
A quiet void where thoughts can rise;
A blank space for the mind to think,
Beneath the noise of crowded skies.





Why I Want to Represent My Generation

Parmesh-9H

There I was one day doom scrolling, through YouTube reaction videos with my math test right around the corner, then I hear keys jingling inside the key hole and before I could put my phone away and pretend to study it was too late, I walked my dad and without missing a beat scolded me for being on my phone for the 8th time that day, but I am grateful for him scolding at me that day, which is not something you hear from children like me, every day.

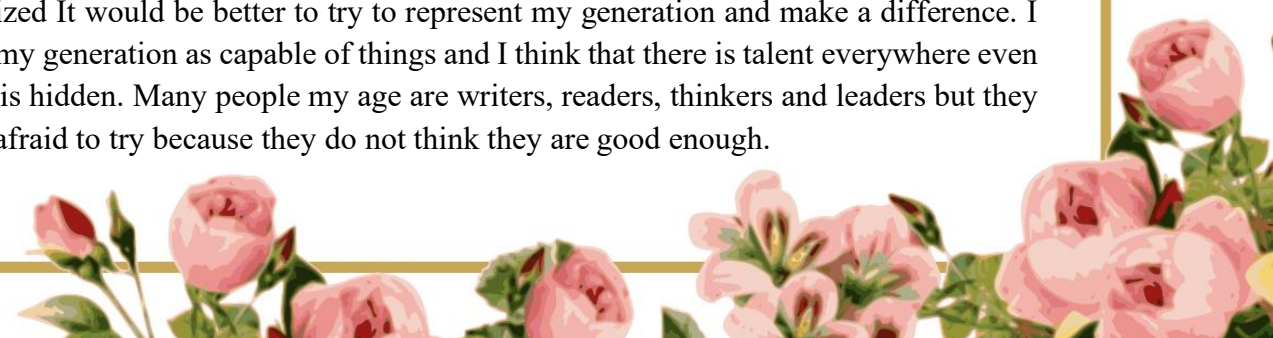
That one day let me realize that a lot of people think that my generation is lazy and easily distracted because we are always on our screens. I did not think that was true after I took the time to think about it. Many people think that my generation is selfish and distracted and they make judgments about us without understanding why we do what we do. It is more complicated than just us, as my dad would say, “staring at screens”

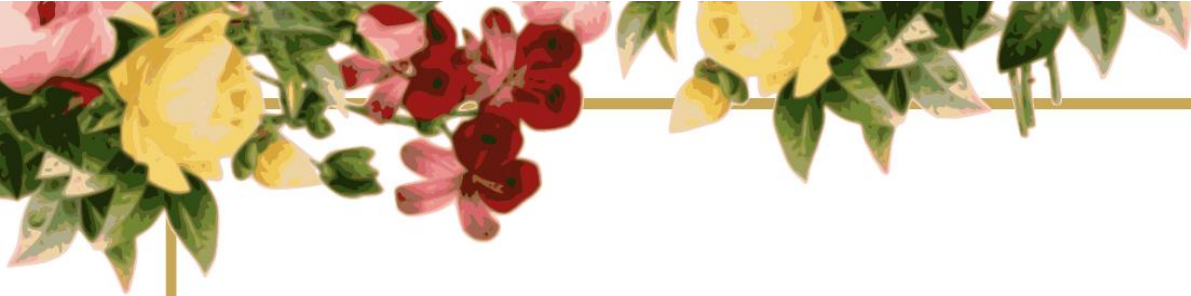
Schools put a lot of pressure on students to do well and get good grades. But at some point, students are just completely overwhelmed. Which is why students don't see social media as something that wastes time but rather a gateway to freedom. We are also worried about what we will do in the future. This makes us doubt ourselves and our abilities. What people see as laziness is actually just too much pressure.'

My generation has a lot of strengths that people do not see. We are creative and we can learn things quickly. We know what is important. These are the things that make my generation special and different. It is not fair to judge us based on what we seem like on the surface.

People do not take us seriously because we are young. Everyone calls us inexperienced. They do not listen to our ideas even though we have a lot to offer. We have a lot of vision and creativity that could help others and make our society better. We are expected to make the world a better place but we do not get to help decide how to do that.

At some point I learned that it was easy to complain about these things but I realized It would be better to try to represent my generation and make a difference. I see my generation as capable of things and I think that there is talent everywhere even if it is hidden. Many people my age are writers, readers, thinkers and leaders but they are afraid to try because they do not think they are good enough.




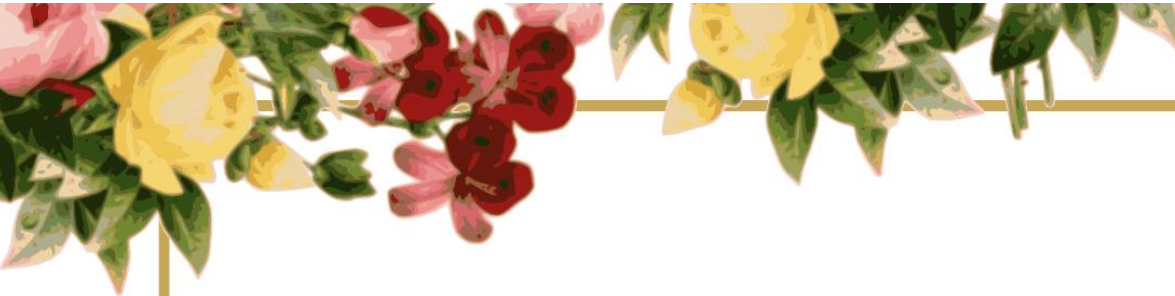


If I could represent my generation I would show off our skills and talents, make sure it's known that its ok to make mistakes and that its more important to act rather than complaining.

We are the generation to grow up with the internet and this has changed the way we think and interact with each other. The internet can be overwhelming. It can make us doubt ourselves and our abilities. If people are afraid to try things because they are worried about what others will think then they will never reach their full potential.

I see a lot of talent in my generation. It is being held back by fear, doubt and a screen. I would like to help create an environment where people feel encouraged to take risks and try things. I would like to help bridge the gap, between my generation and older generations so that we can learn from each other and work together. You may think that my generation is lazy and unmotivated. But the truth is that, behind that screen is a child who can change the world. I do not want to represent just any generation, I want to represent a generation that is real and authentic, and make sure that people don't scold my generation, like my dad did at me, without understanding what's behind that screen and inside us.





Beyond the Screen

Vignesh Nelloyappan-12 F

A world of wonders in our hands,
Connected through invisible strands.
We scroll through stories, near and far,
Yet sometimes forget who we truly are.
A message travels in a second's flight,
But a kind word spoken feels just right.
Technology helps us learn and grow,
Opening doors we never knew.
So let us use it wise and well,
With stories worth the world to tell.
For beyond each screen, bright and blue,
Life's greatest connections are waiting for you.





Death of the Long Story

Duaa Nafesa Manzoor Ali - 9 I

The world doesn't spin anymore. It scrolls.

Somewhere between Vine's six seconds and TikTok's sixty (seconds), we lost the art of sitting still. We forgot how to just... exist. Now, a full-length movie feels impossible without "just checking" our phones. Conversations get cut short because we're used to "Reacted ☐☐ to your message" or endless "wyd" texts that go nowhere.

Even a life-changing book or a song meant to be heard start to finish feels like it's asking too much. My brain is always ready to scroll, chasing that next dopamine hit. We say we "don't have time," but maybe we do, and we're just spending it in pieces too small to mean anything.

When everything's made to be consumed in seconds, undigested, art doesn't stand a chance. We lose patience with subtlety. We skip anything that doesn't deliver instantly, stripping away the emotional weight that only comes from sitting with something, like the silence in a film scene, the slow build of a book until the characters feel real.

We want the rush without the build-up, the trailer without the movie. That's why you're reposting Superman edits without watching the film. You like the feeling of the story, not the story itself. But those edits only hit because someone gave the whole thing time.

If we keep living like everything's a mixtape, we'll forget how to live the whole story. Sure, you can fast-forward a video, but not life.


Try watching something from start to finish. Call a friend and actually stay on the line. Read a chapter without checking your phone. Let yourself be bored! Boredom is where the good stuff hides.

This isn't just about movies or books, our speed obsession bleeds into everything. We're in "playlist culture" now, skipping to the chorus, the climax, the "best parts" of shows, songs, even conversations.

It's killing our emotional patience, too. The moment things get boring or complicated, we're ready to swipe or ghost, expecting relationships to move at snap-speed.

And then there's the "clip mentality": TikToks, movie snippets, sports highlights. Fun, sure, but they train us to crave peaks without the climb. Without context, those moments are just flashes exciting, but empty.

Somewhere in the rush for the high points, we've forgotten how satisfying the journey can be.



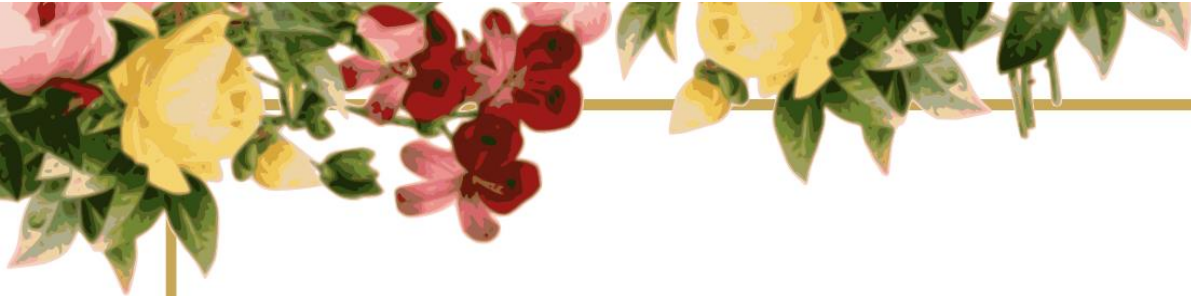


Alzheimer's

Parnika Khatter -11A

I used to sketch in my little grey dome,
In my sweet blue home.
Sometimes my favorite red vase looked at me,
And I looked at the four walls with no windows.
My sketch may be a little messy.
I sketched the door or the swans by the lake,
The flowers, or simply just a slice of cake.
I sat, and this one time I tried to remember,
And I tried and tried for a few hours, like seconds.
But what was I even supposed to remember?
I sat in my little grey dome in my sweet blue home.
The strange red vase stared at me, and I looked out the window.





Nameera
IG1 -A

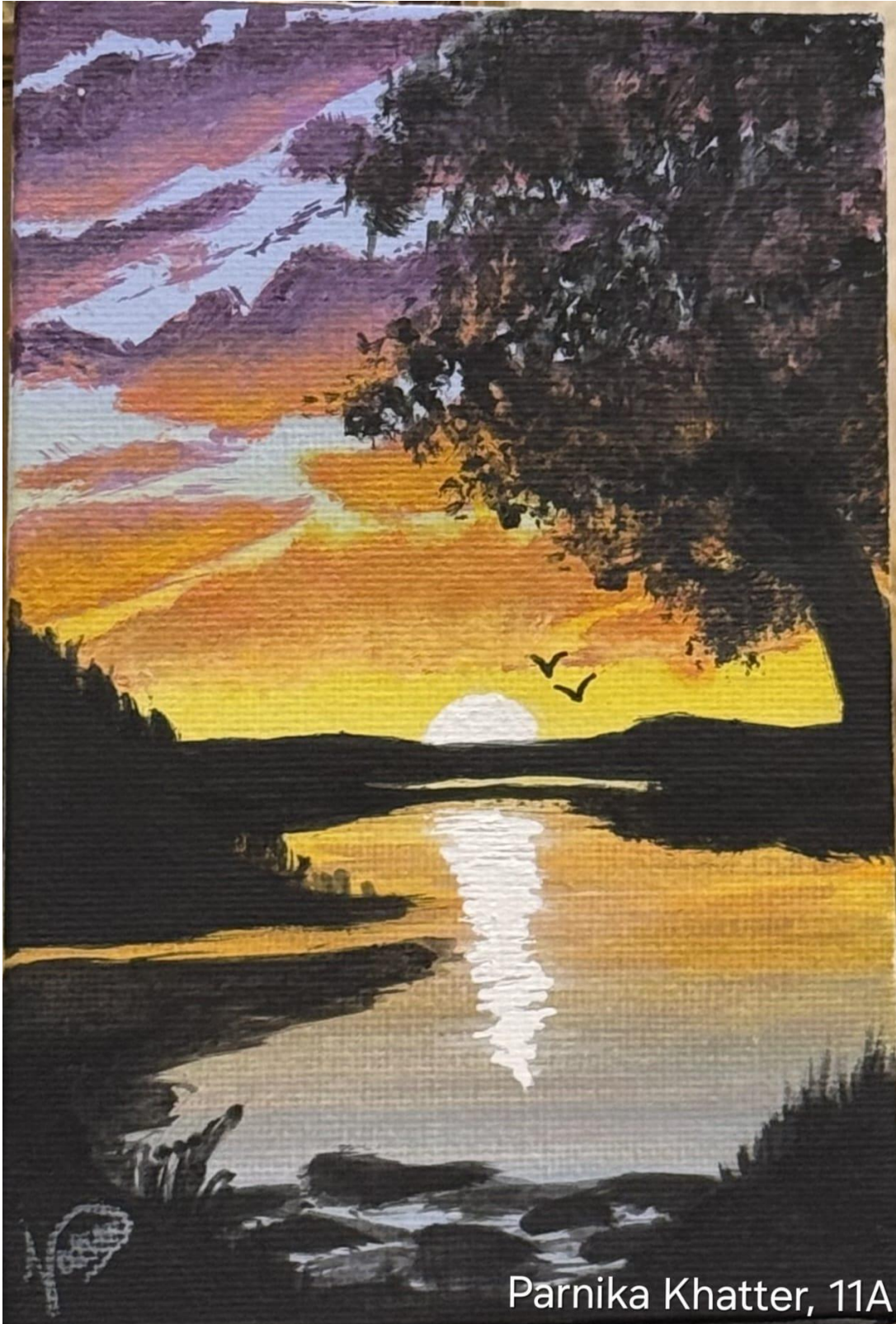
To Learn, To Grow

To learn, to grow, one day we'll know
the day our parents sent us there
to be educated and well-prepared.

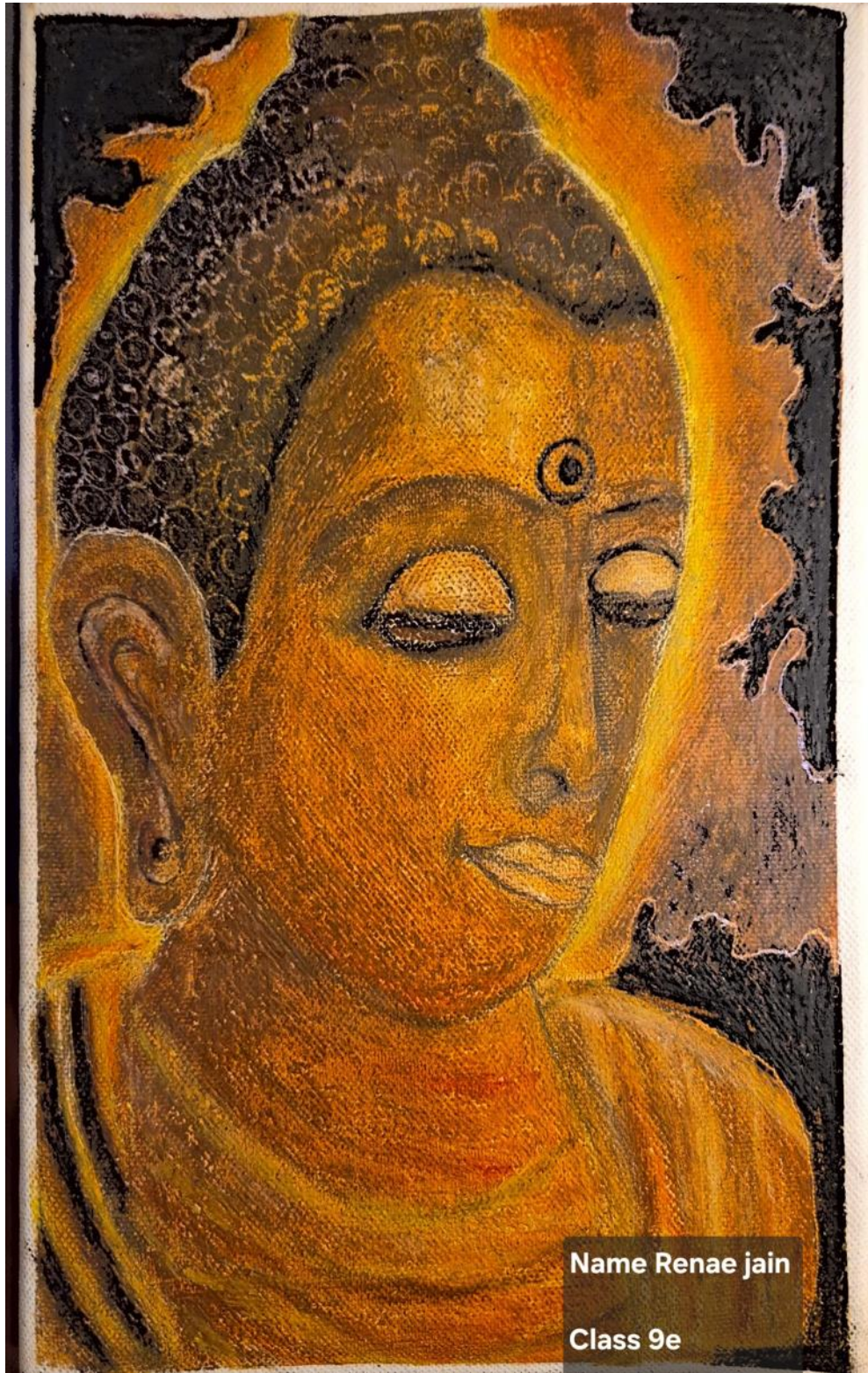
To shine one day,
our parents will say,
you worked so hard and found your way.

Through every lesson, through every day,
we try our hardest, give our very best.
Step by step, as years go by,
we learn to dream and
touch and reach the sky.





Parnika Khatter, 11A

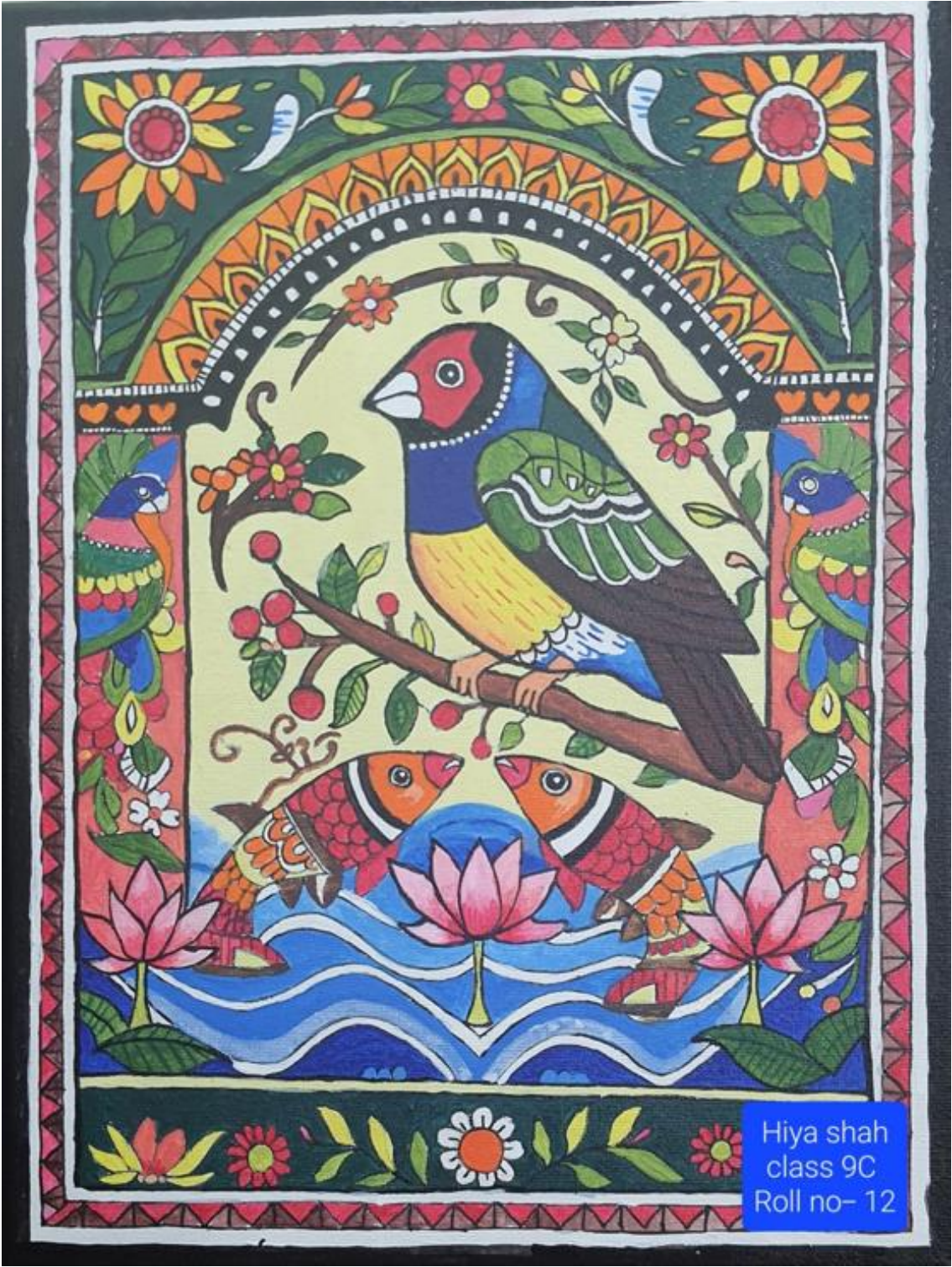


Name Renae jain

Class 9e



Parnika Khatter, 11A

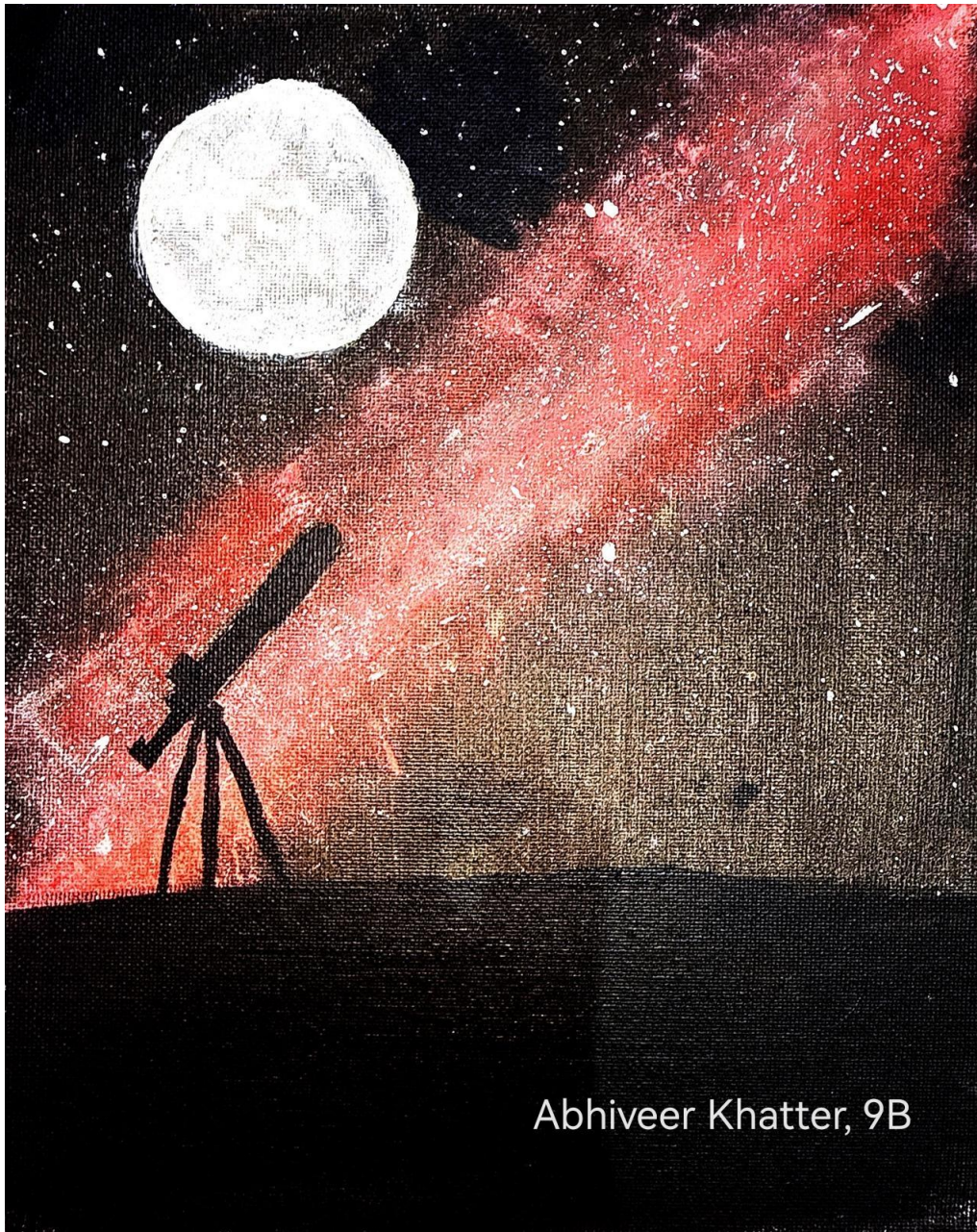


Hiya shah
class 9C
Roll no- 12



Charvik Manoj
9G





Abhiveer Khatter, 9B

