

EXPRESSIONS

November – December
2022

Strange Friend

Bryan Jacob – 7 K

I was reading a book when I looked up. As I opened the window, I saw an unusual-looking face. I was astonished! I got up from the chair and opened the window. To my surprise, it was an alien. Probably he was left behind by some UFO. I thought of asking him about it, so I gave him a friendly smile. Gathering his courage, the alien entered my room. He was looking strangely at all the things in the room. I tried to converse with him, but he could not understand me. I made some pictures on paper but all in vain. There was no communication between us.

As if searching for something, he appeared nervous and wandered around the room. I realized that he was hungry at that moment. The man shook his head when I asked him whether he would like something to eat in sign language. It was now clear to me that we could communicate through sign language. Despite my best efforts, he made some vague gestures as if to communicate with me. After that, he got up and stood by the window. He was staring at the sky. I noticed that his face had become bright. A few flashes of light appeared in the sky as I looked out. Suddenly, he started making strange noises and jumping. At a distance, the light stopped. I realized it was a spaceship. The alien rushed out through the window towards the spaceship. There was a loud noise when the spaceship started taking off. I didn't want my friend to leave me. I tried to stop him and then there was a loud thud. My eyes opened and I realized it was all a dream.

Arabian Times

Salma Adel - BC 8

I Wish to Be Transported,
To The Lands of The Khalifah,
Who During His Reign,
Many Stories Came into Creation.
Of Lands of Sand and Deserts,
And Boiling Hot Sun.
Of Lamps and Flying Carpets,
And Genies Waiting to Be Summoned.
Perhaps If I Meet One of Them,
And Wish for Adventures,
I'll Be Transported To
The Arabian Times of Happiness.
To The Seven Seas of Sindbad,
Or Explore the Streets of Baghdad,
But All I Know Is
The Arabian Times Are a Time of Good
Where There Is No War or Spillage of Blood

Nostalgic Thoughts

Saniya Shanawaz Petkar – 8 E

13 years of my nostalgic memories which I will remember till the end of my life and which will not come back. My sweet, loving, nostalgic memories of my school. That is how long I have been a part of this school. I feel a special connection to this place, forged by a routine of 5 to 6 hours every day, for 13 years. I remember the time when I was a little kid in KG, crying desperately and trying not to let go of my mother's hand. This place was too foreign and I was unwilling to accept it. I resented my mother's choice about making me come here. Little did I know that 13 years later I would feel the same about leaving this place. It was here that I found friends. I found sweet memories to last me a lifetime.

Kinder garten ended quickly. So I was introduced to a new set of kids in the first standard. Eventually, I was curious about the school. I wanted to discover and explore the school. Soon, this feeling of inquisitiveness and curiosity intensified into a thirst for knowledge, the thirst I have today.

We often talk about our "best years" in school. For me and all the students around the world, we will not forget this year, it was the year 2019 where I was in grade 5th. This year was an unforgettable year because it was the year where the entire country was standstill due to COVID-19 and the exams were cancelled and this was the first time in life of my history.

I remember there were final exams and that year every student was directly promoted to the next class. I still remember a lot of details of that time because everything was online and we all were working

online that was work from home. That year was very special to me because it was the last year of primary school. After two years spending at home, I could actually feel myself growing up within the four walls of my house where we couldn't even go down to play. Now I have come in grade 8th I began to understand the nature of the world, the deceptiveness of the world. Yet it was this world in which I created my own small world. A world where only I existed. A world of infinite possibilities. A world which the school helped me nurtures even by giving me knowledge and teaching me online. This shows that education will never stop you can get education through online too. COVID-19 has taught each and every one a very big lesson.

8th standard is the time when I found my best friends. I started to undergo a lot of change. I met positive people and negative people, crazy people. But the crazy thing was, I felt that all these people were my own kind. So in that sense each class became a big family. Also, it was here that my self-doubts increased. My trusting ability was tested. Yet it is a part of every teenager's. Here, the school helped me begin yet another journey, that of self-discovery. I no longer live under the Pretense, the safe bubble which I was in. I had come out of the cocoon of innocence. 8th standard is the year when I got the most encouragement.

It was a very colorful year, filled with surprises. I started to take things more seriously. Finally, my hard work was getting appreciated. Suddenly I was a famous kid in school, the one who knew everyone.

I am very proud of my school

Long live my school F.A.I.P.S

A special salute to my school F.A.I.P.S

I Woke Up As A Mosquito

Aiza Fatma- 7 E

It was a casual Monday morning, as the aroma of my mom's idlis that we all pretend to like spread. My father held a newspaper and a mosquito racket in each hand and my sister wasting her time as usual. She suddenly cried, "holy moly dad, there's an evil creature with reddish eyes." My dad flung the racket at me like Thor with his lightning bolt. I ran to my bathroom but what happened next shook my antennae's. In front of the mirror stood not my 12-year old-self but a mosquito, aaaaaaaaaa! Buzz! AAA! Buzz! AAA! I guess that's how a mosquito speaks. Hocus pocus oo lala! Hocus pocus oo lala, that's exactly what i tried doing for the next 10 minutes trying to fix myself. But it did not help, any way I had to reach school; I had my English exam today. Just then, my mom came in with bygone, the mosquito repellent spray. My heart beat rose, whatever I was I still thought of her as my mother. And I knew that either human or mosquito no one, no one my friends, no one can escape their mothers. She sprayed it right into my eyes and i collapsed. The last thing I saw was her mission accomplished feel.

It was several minutes before I could remember anything, when I saw the time. I was late for school.

I flew out of the house. When I reached school, Mrs. Maggi, my exam Invigilator started screaming on seeing me. She yelled out, "help! Help! There's a mosquito here, enough of these viruses and now this mosquito spreading malaria!" I could hear a student shouting, "Ma'am, please don't shout, your makeup is getting spoiled ma'am". Everyone started throwing books and water bottles

on me. I had run out of that place and I finally did It. There are a total of 500 known species of mosquitoes all around and from that only 6% are carriers of diseases.

Apart from that, these humans transmit Corona Virus and other diseases full 100%. So the next time I buzz around you, treat me with some dignity. For now, I am going to get lunch from Mrs. Maggi.

Flowers

Ishita Singh – 7 E

Something which the bees collect,
Is a thing called nectar.
But nectar is only found,
In one of the most beautiful structures.

Whose colors the rainbow cannot compete,
Which our eyes also cannot resist.
It is sure to stay in our mind all over,
And keep us happy forever.

And yes, they do blossom when the sun shines,
And sing melodically with the wind.
But without praising we walk away,
Not caring and nothing we say.

Though enjoying, we do betray them
But do they ever mind?
I wish someone cared to ask,
The caring flower in their vase.

The Other Me

Hemanyaa Raja – 7 D

Dr. Abigail was resolute and confident that this could work. Her invention could be a big contribution to modern science. She came downstairs from the control room and looked at her machine. It was big and smart and just a few meters from it was another machine similar to it. It was a teleporting machine. The machine was going to teleport someone from one of the machines to the other machine. The two machines occupied most of the space in the large empty, abandoned warehouse where it was kept. Dr. Abigail was an experimenter as well as the guinea pig. She couldn't hire anyone else as it was an illegal experiment.

She walked up quickly to the machine and stood on the platform. In ten seconds, Abigail knew that she could either change history or fail forever. The countdown began. "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, zero!" - a jet of blue light came from the machine and Abigail could feel pain piercing through her cells and atoms. After a few moments, the pain seemed excruciating and the machine shut down. "That shouldn't have happened" Abigail thought. The truth was clear. She had failed. She was standing in the same place where she had started. Probably it was a connection problem but what could she do? She couldn't try again; it would require more energy. She stood at the spot, sadly occupied in her paltry thoughts about failure when the cops came with their guns and torches outside the door. They had heard the noise from the machine.

Abigail came back to her senses. She quickly grabbed her suitcase containing a few formal copies, some money and other essentials and escaped through the back door. The cops came in with their torches and guns, but found not one soul. They soon left.

A few minutes later, the machine, still on but its connection broken for a while, regenerated again and it started working. The jet of blue light came again but for a little time only. The machine's connection fused completely. It was deadly silent, but then muffled footsteps and quiet whimpering were heard. The door creaked open and someone escaped like a shadow in that dreary night.

Five years later, Abigail was settled in a small city and had a family and a nice legal job. She had two kids and was happier than before. She had never told anyone about her incident with the machine.

One night as she sat waiting for a call from her fellow colleague, the phone rang. It was her colleague but he delivered a peculiar news. He said that she, Abigail, had come to the office and searched for something in her cubicle and went away silently, not saying anything at all. But Abigail knew she had been in her house the whole time.

She decided to investigate and was going to her office when she saw a person just like her but Abigail had no twin. and Abigail knew she was the imposter. She followed her and she came to a place, the place where the whole machine episode had happened. Abigail reluctantly continued tailing the imposter. The imposter walked in and Abigail saw her machine, still intact but not working.

Lost in wonder, Abigail pushed herself to the metal door and the imposter look behind. Abigail held her breath as the imposter came near. They were face to face when the imposter mouthed the words, "Help me". So now Abigail understood, that the imposter-, her clone couldn't talk, had something to do with the machine and wanted help. Abigail agreed.

The clone told her in signs what happened after she had left and Abigail, her creator had to figure it out. Abigail understood that her teleporting machine, instead of teleporting her atoms, it had copied

it and made her clone. The clone promised to leave her alone after she fulfilled its wish.

Abigail silently nodded but she knew that the clone had spied on her all along, that's how she found out about her office. If she gave it the ability to talk, then the clone will possibly kill her and take her place. She had to destroy it. The clone helped Abigail find a power source and regenerate the machine again. Abigail told it to stand in the platform and went to the control room, her hands shaking. She clicked the button that will destroy the clone and the light came again. The clone first looked happy but then its body pained vigorously and soon it was destroyed. Abigail switched the machine off, burnt her papers about the machine and went out. She promised herself never to get involved with these machines again.

Poem On Trees

Aiza Fatma- 7 E

Trees Are Epitome,
Of Love, Kindness And Beauty.
Beauty Of Nature,
How Beautiful Is This Creature.
Care For Monkeys And Hanging Bats,
Just Like Mums And Dads.
Having Happy And Jolly Mood,
Not Like People Arrogant And Rude.
Give Shade When It's Sunny,
Doesn't Ask For Any Money.
Ready To Serve Anytime,
Sweet As Sugar Not Sour As Lime.
Diamonds Are From Coal,
Trees Are The Seed Of Our Soul.

Blue Day

Nivaan Dakhera, 6A

The 28th of August
known as the blue day,
When schools open
Students say nay,

Waking up is the hardest part
Even when our body doesn't start,
Drinking milk that is so sour
Ensures that everyone gets the required power,

Waiting for the bus consumes a lot of time
Even the parents start to whine,
When the students reach the school
They see something not so cool,

Blue colour was painted on the building
Making the children's day way more thrilling,

English period was very weird
Meeting everyone after a long time period,
Chemistry as usual was interesting
As chemicals went into testing,

Finally, break period arrived
Making everyone still thrive,
The bell than rang so loud
Making a huge crowd,

Learning history was a challenge
Making the students in their books scavenge,
8th period was almost finished
Until sir called the principal, Prof. Spinashed,
He extended 8th period more
Which was sad because students wanted to snore,

At last, it was time for dispersal
Teachers made sure that there was not a circle,
The sun scorched their skin
The children were afraid to be slim,

Just a silly rumor around
Made the kids go round and round,
'Home sweet home' said John praying
Tomorrow will not be as hectic as the blue day,

My Time travel with Grandpa

Sujay Karthikeyan - 5 N

One night I was discussing with my Grandpa regarding the space, satellites and universe. My Grandpa got deep into the topic and he was explaining clearly about the space science.

Then we started walking in our street around 10.00pm Suddenly to our surprise we heard a lightning and thundering sound from the sky. We both pulled towards a powerful force, then we opened our eyes and saw that we were in a unique machine, it took us to the childhood days of my Grandpa. Later we realized that the machine called the Time machine.

My Grandpa's village name is Karur. People in that village can't feel our presence. We both felt so excited and started exploring my Grandpa's house, school, farm and agricultural land. First, we went to

Grandpa's house. To our surprise we saw my Grandpa as a small boy aged 10 years old studying 5th standard in Government High school, Karur. He wakes up early in the morning at 5:00 A.M. and started doing his morning chores like providing food, water to animals and clean their shelters. Then he collected food from his mom for his dad, went all the way to his field and gave food to his dad. There he supported his dad for agricultural activities. He took bathe in his own well and returned back to his home. By the time, my Grandpa's mom packed him home made millets food for his school lunch. He went to school by walk with his friends. We both started following my young Grandpa. At last he reached school with his friends. In his school he learnt many subjects in a practical way and spent more time for the physical education.

In the evening, all people in that village windup their daily activities before sunset. Because there is no electricity in those days, people used oil lamps to get light to do various activities like studying, cooking and travelling etc.

Then we saw many people in that village, they were so healthy and happy. We realized that there are no gadgets, equipment and machines during those days.

That's why people are healthy both physically and mentally. Main occupation for people in those days are agriculture and farming. Land, air and water are not polluted and corrupted in that time. People interact and

socialize each other in their day to day life. While we are walking in the fields of my Grandpa, I just slipped down, got hurt on my forehead.

Then I fainted and lost my consciousness. My Grandpa got nervous and he started shook my shoulders, "Sujay wake up", "Sujay, wake up". I just opened my eyes and saw my mother's face in front of me, she was awaking me for the school time. Later, I realized and smiled that, it's all my dream, not true about Time travel. It

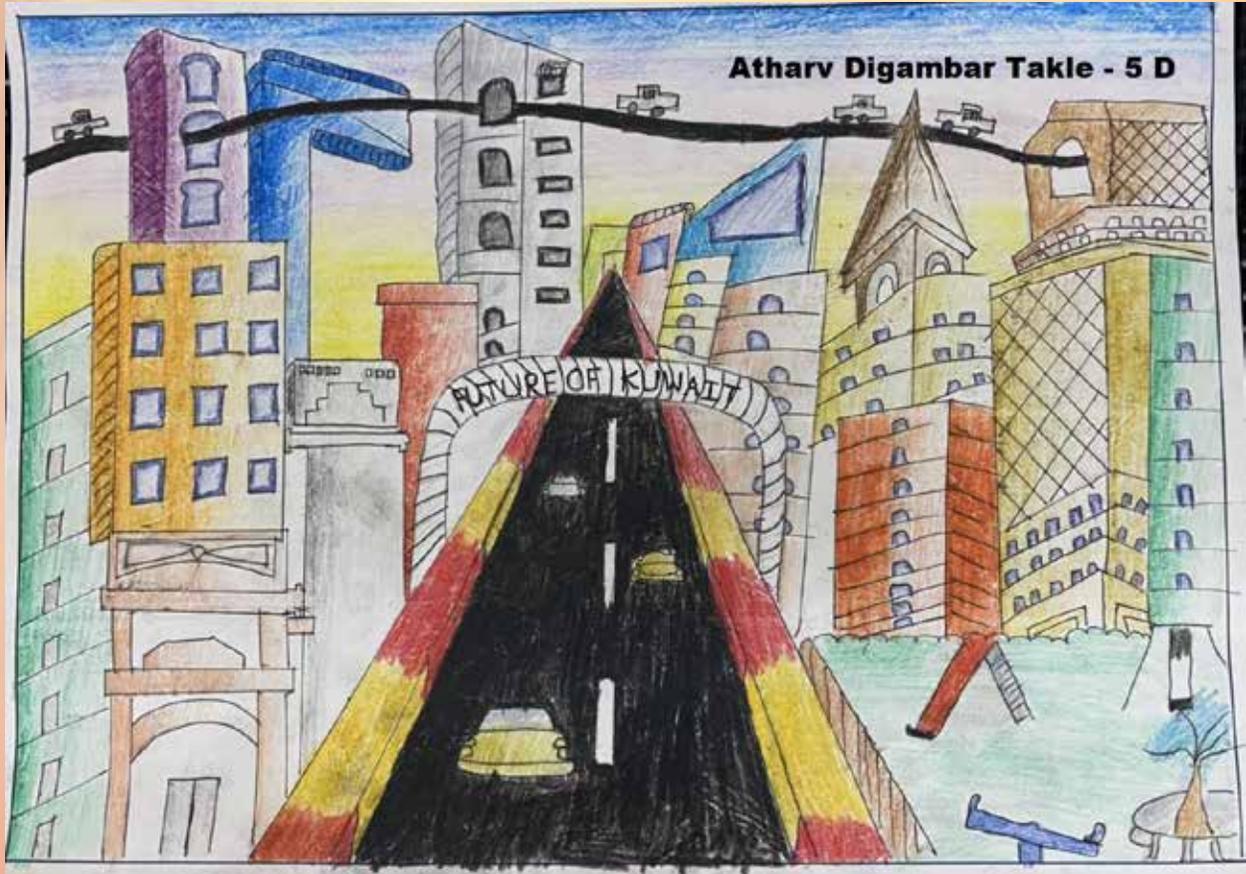
was a unforgettable dream...it just happened! My dream vanished but my Grandpa is still with me.....

From Painter's Brush





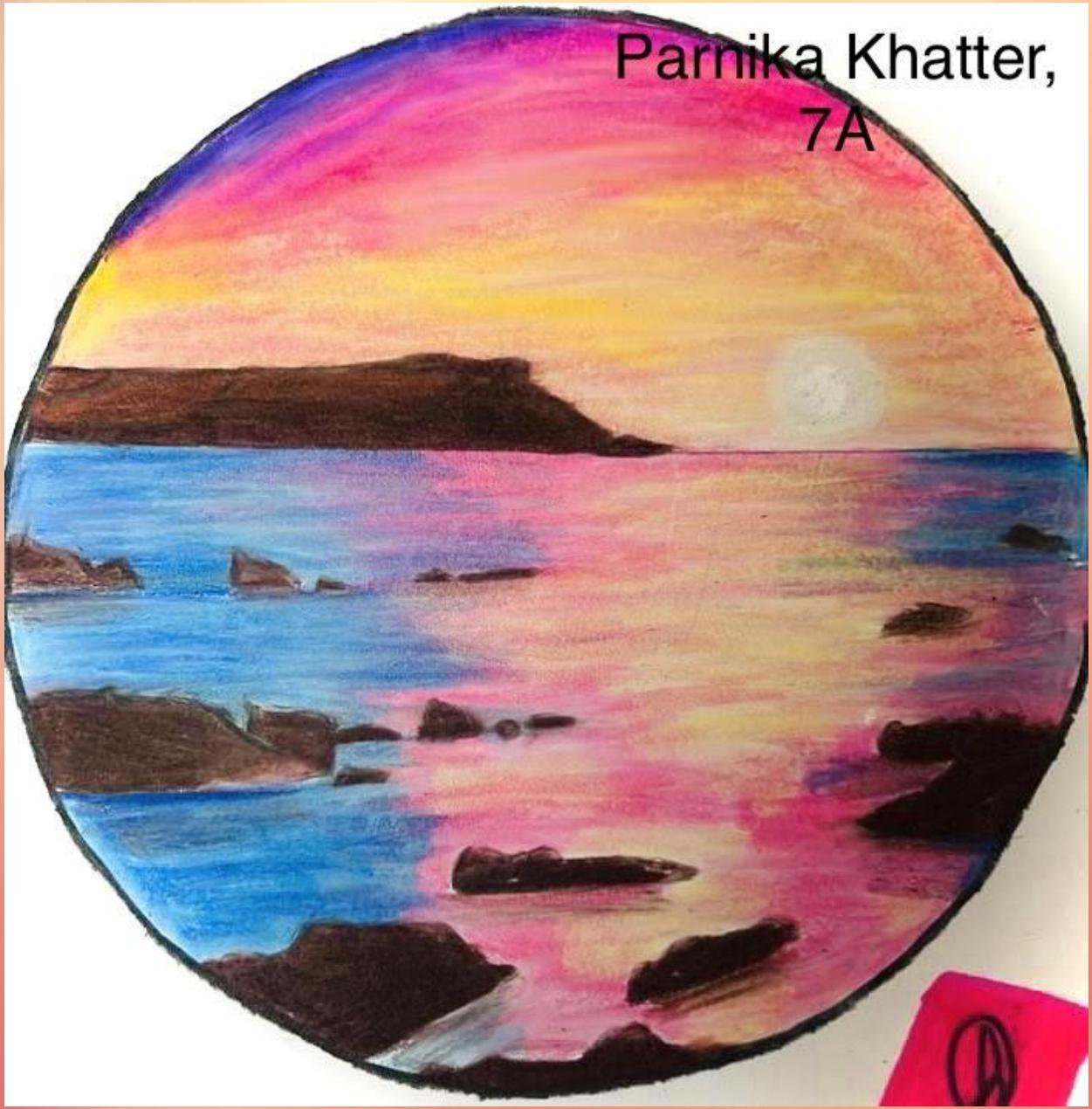
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5G





Alizah Qumar 5D

Parnika Khatter,
7A

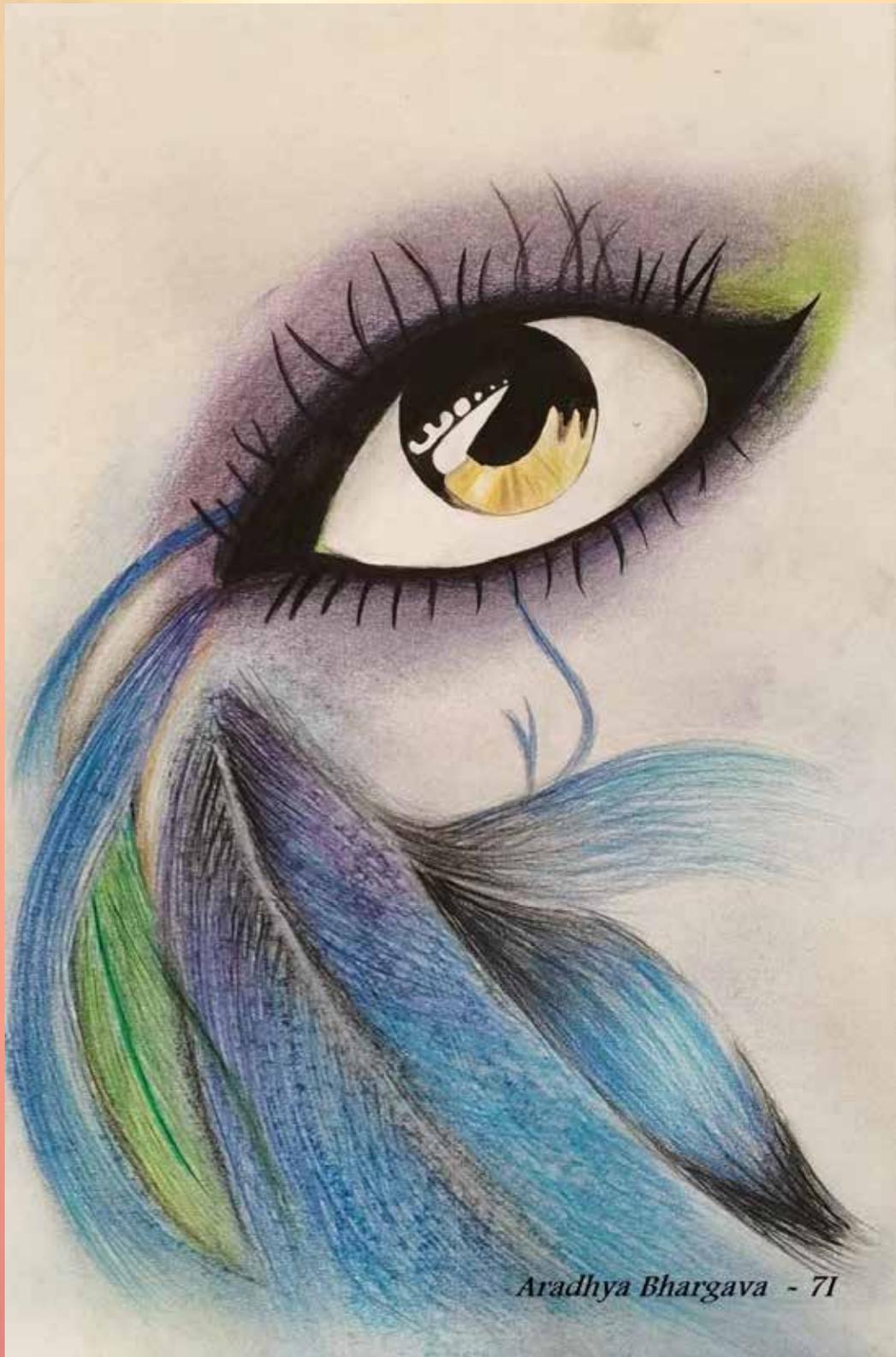




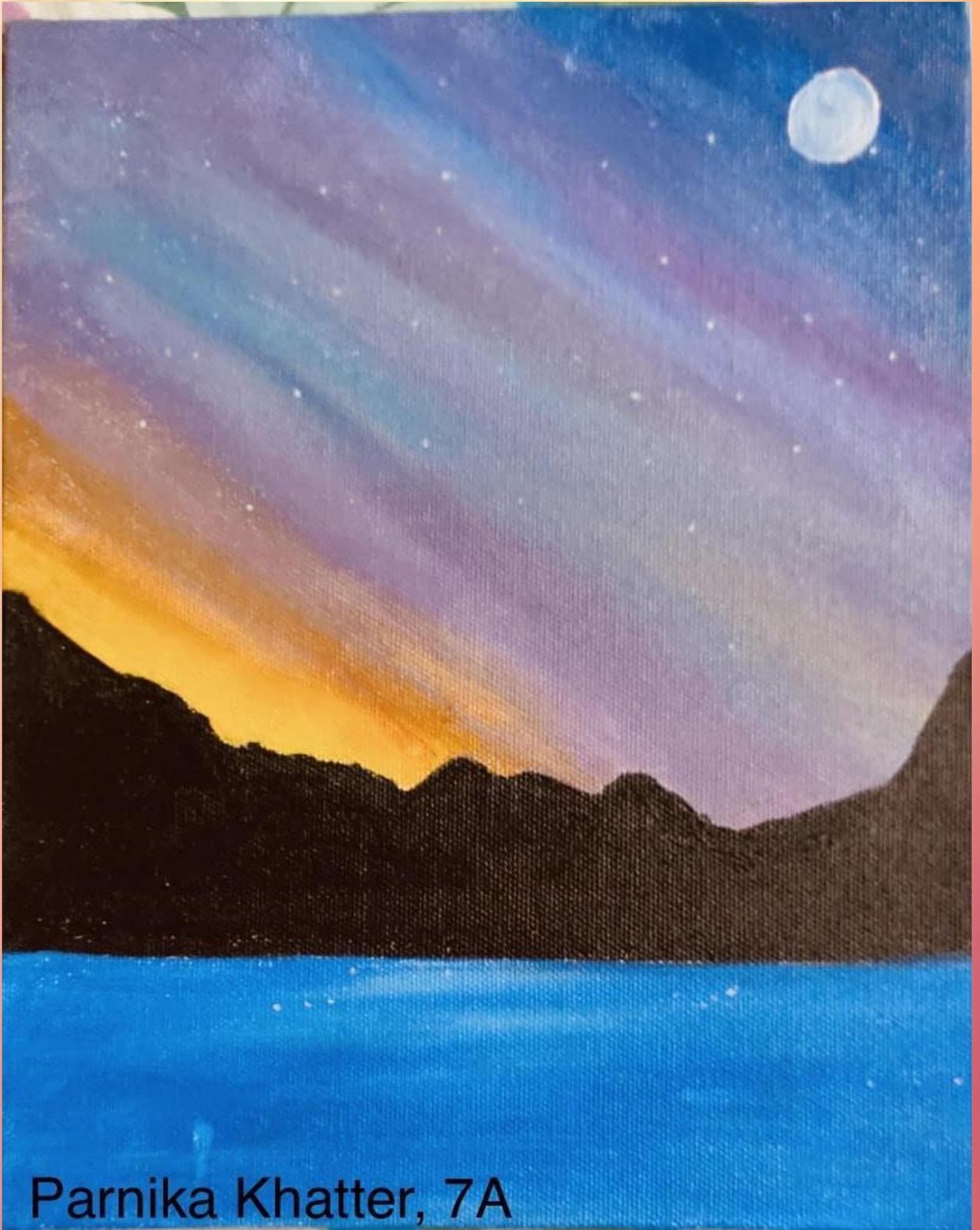
Ananya Jayakumar Pai- 8 C



Hajira Hussain class 5 G



Aradhya Bhargava - 71



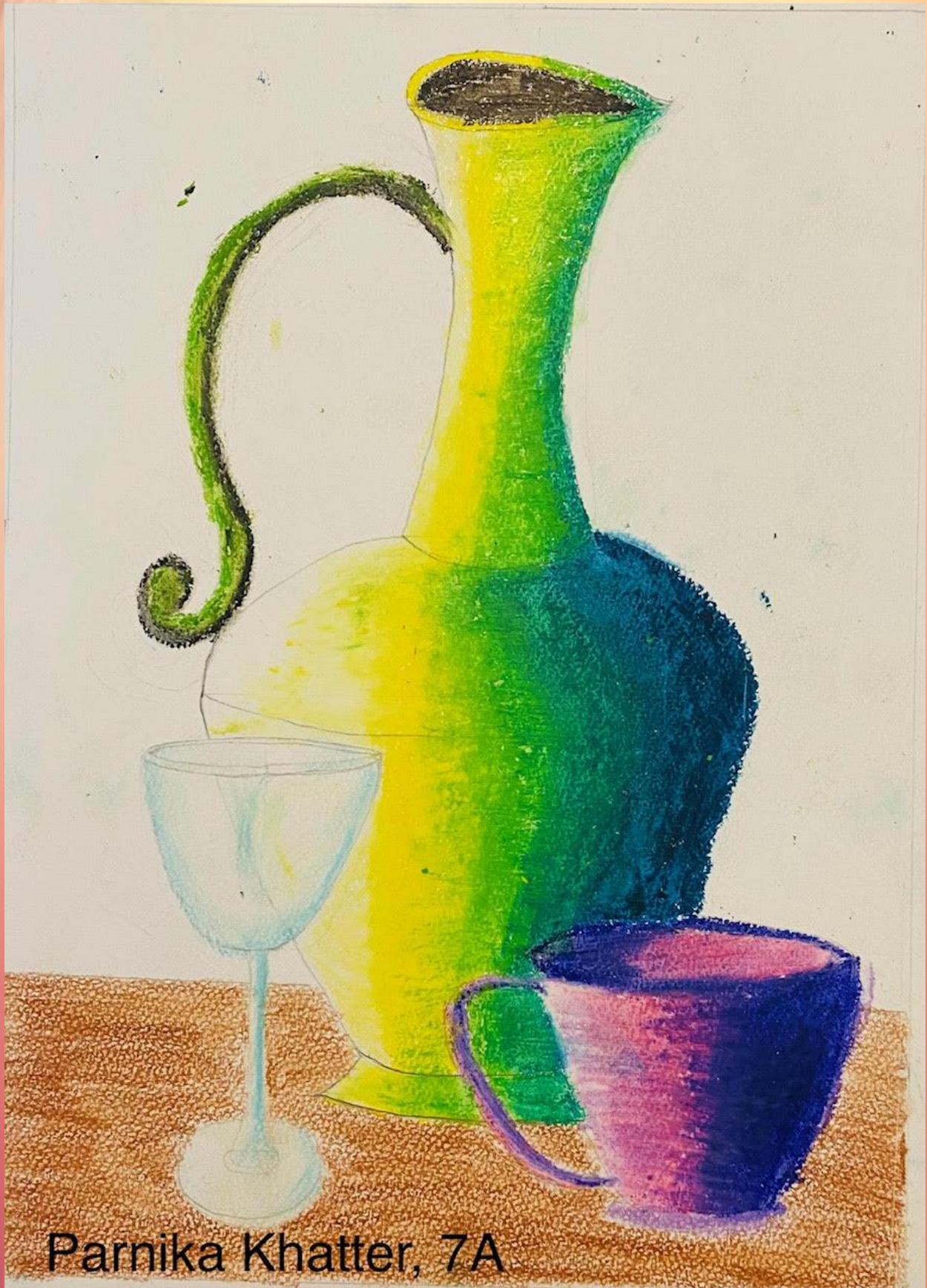
Parnika Khatter, 7A



L. Nipuni Malesha 5-M



Alizah Qumar - 5D

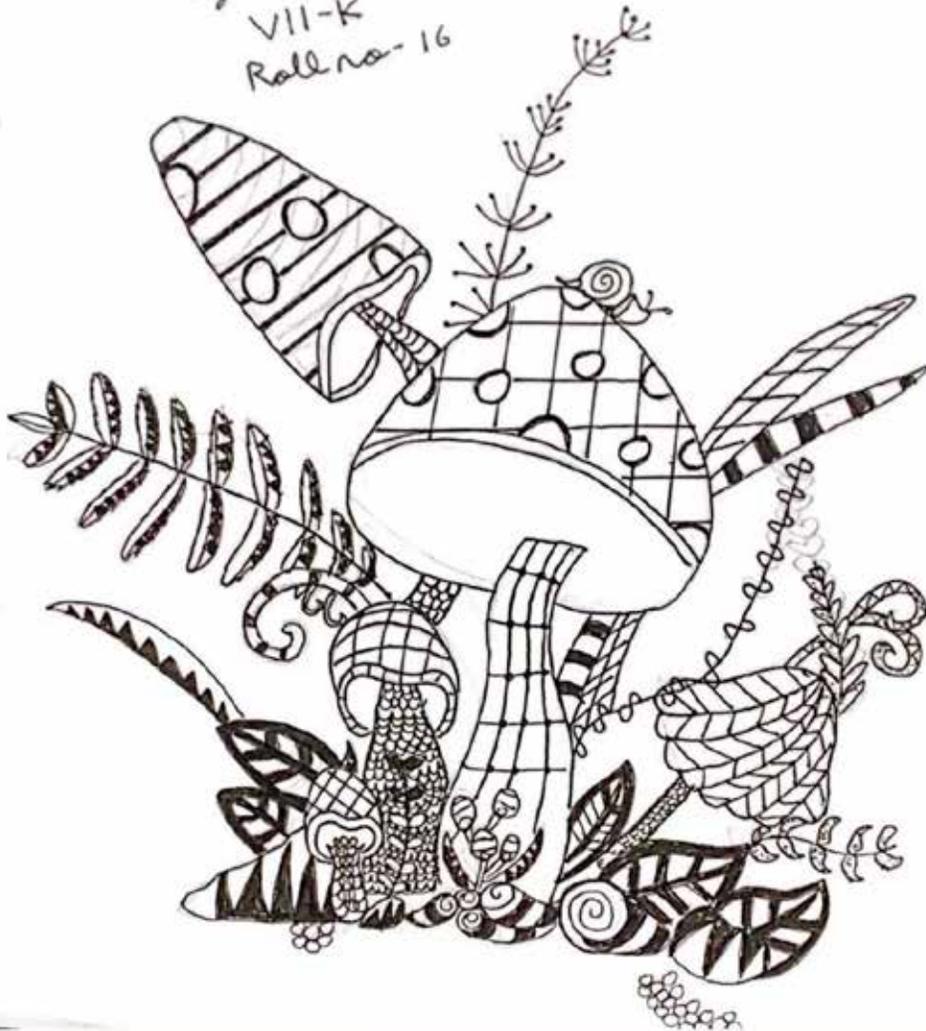


Parnika Khatter, 7A

Parnika Khatter, 7A



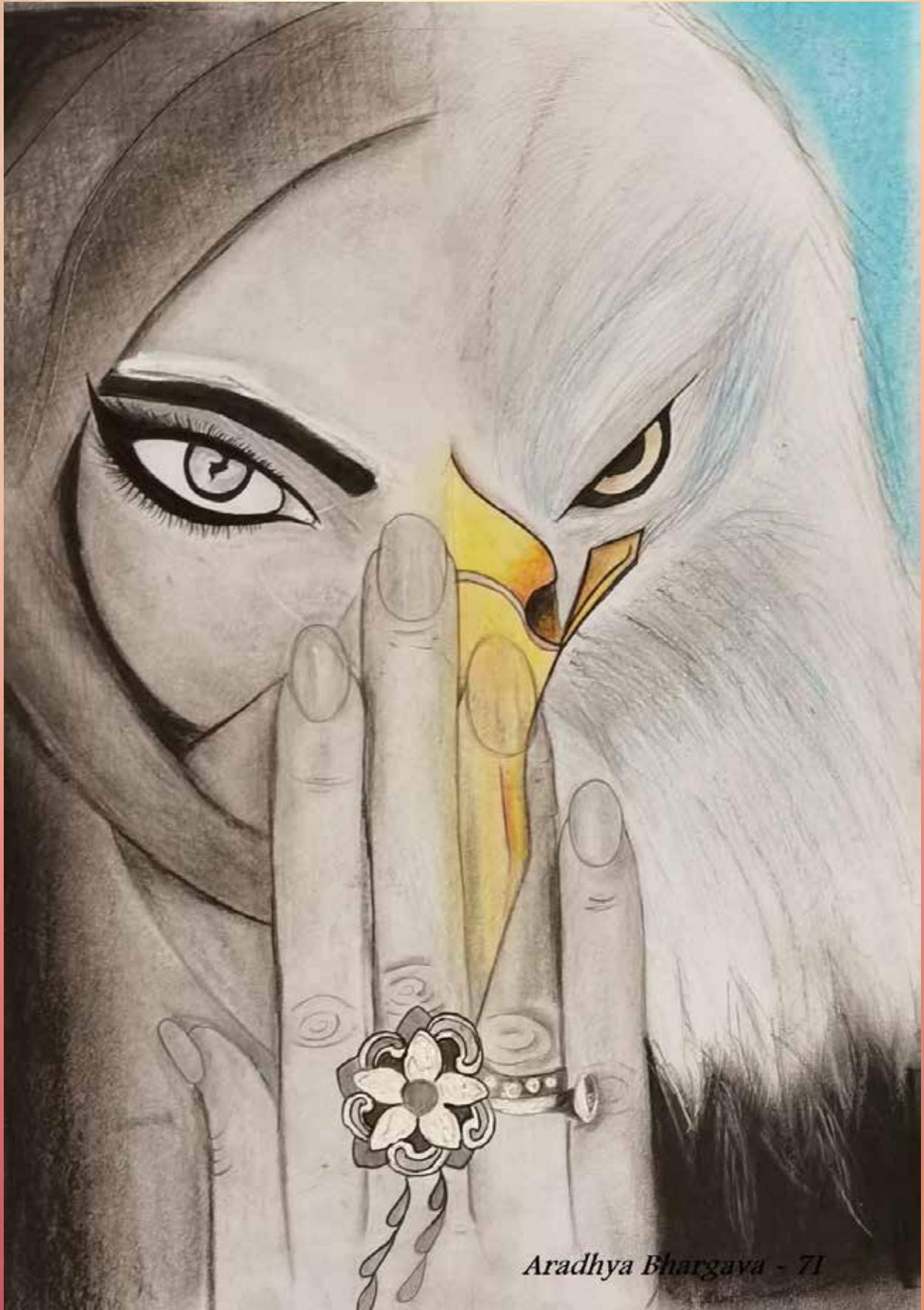
Zentangle Art
By Jeshna Mysterica
VII-K
Roll no- 16



Rugma R Nair - 6 D



Nisha Jain - 5 E



Aradhya Bhargava - 71



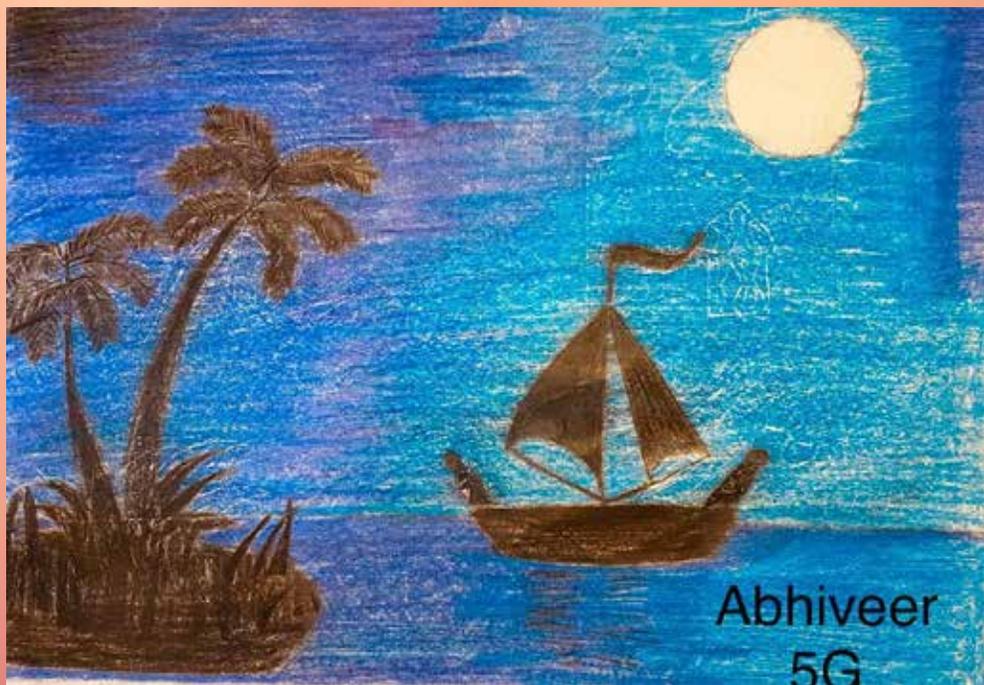
Priyanka Pradeep, 8-1

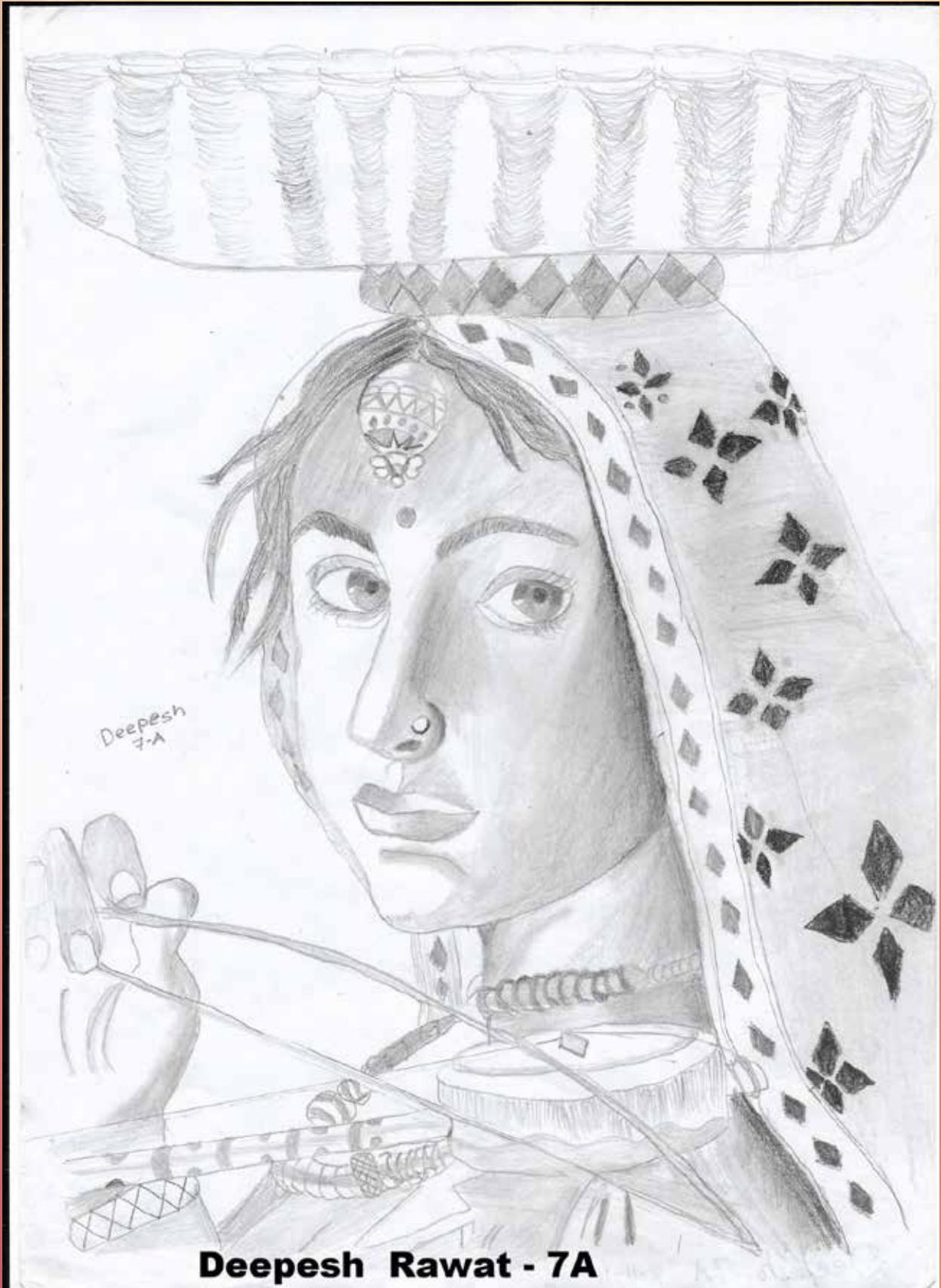




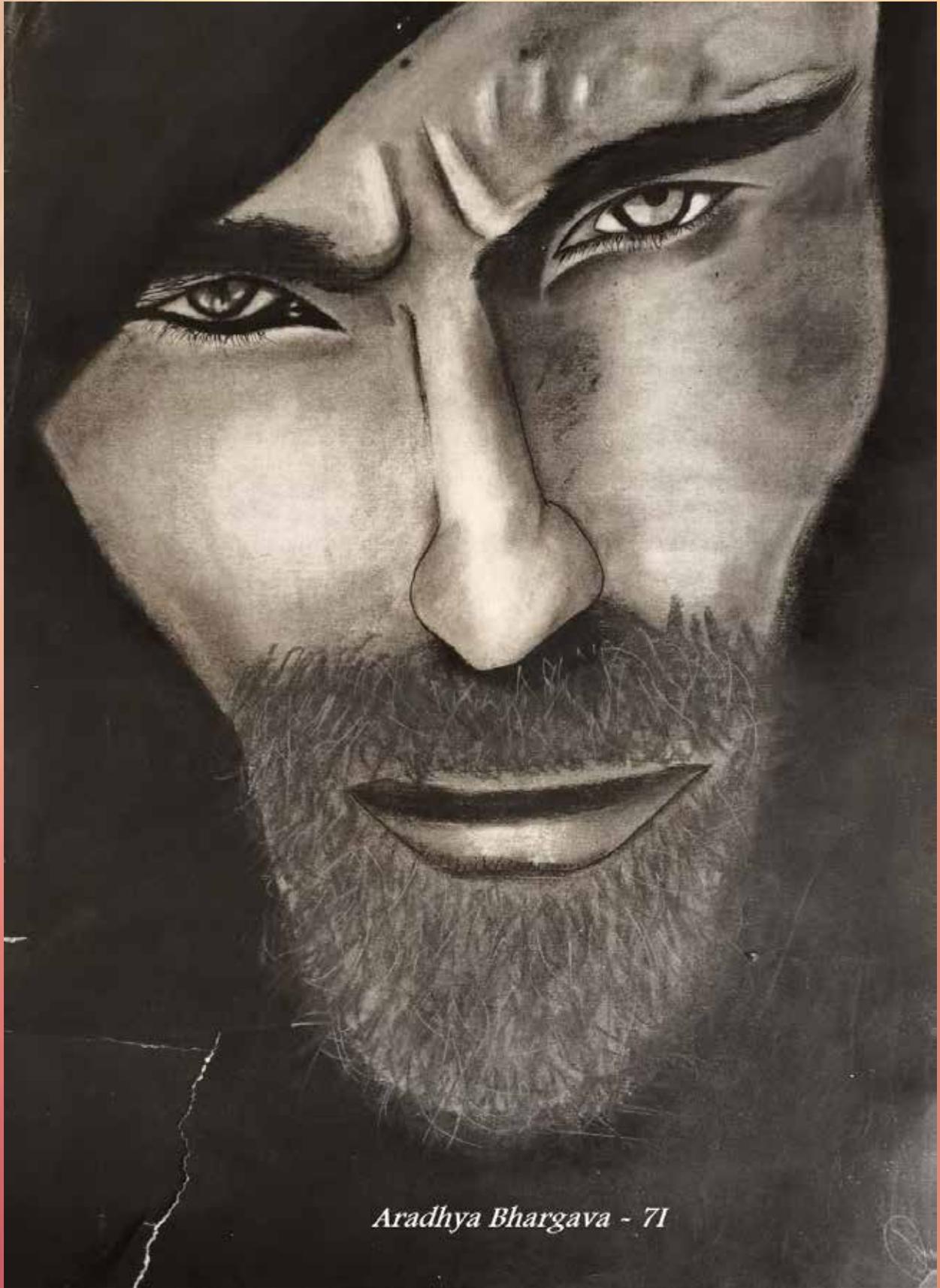
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Khatter, 7A

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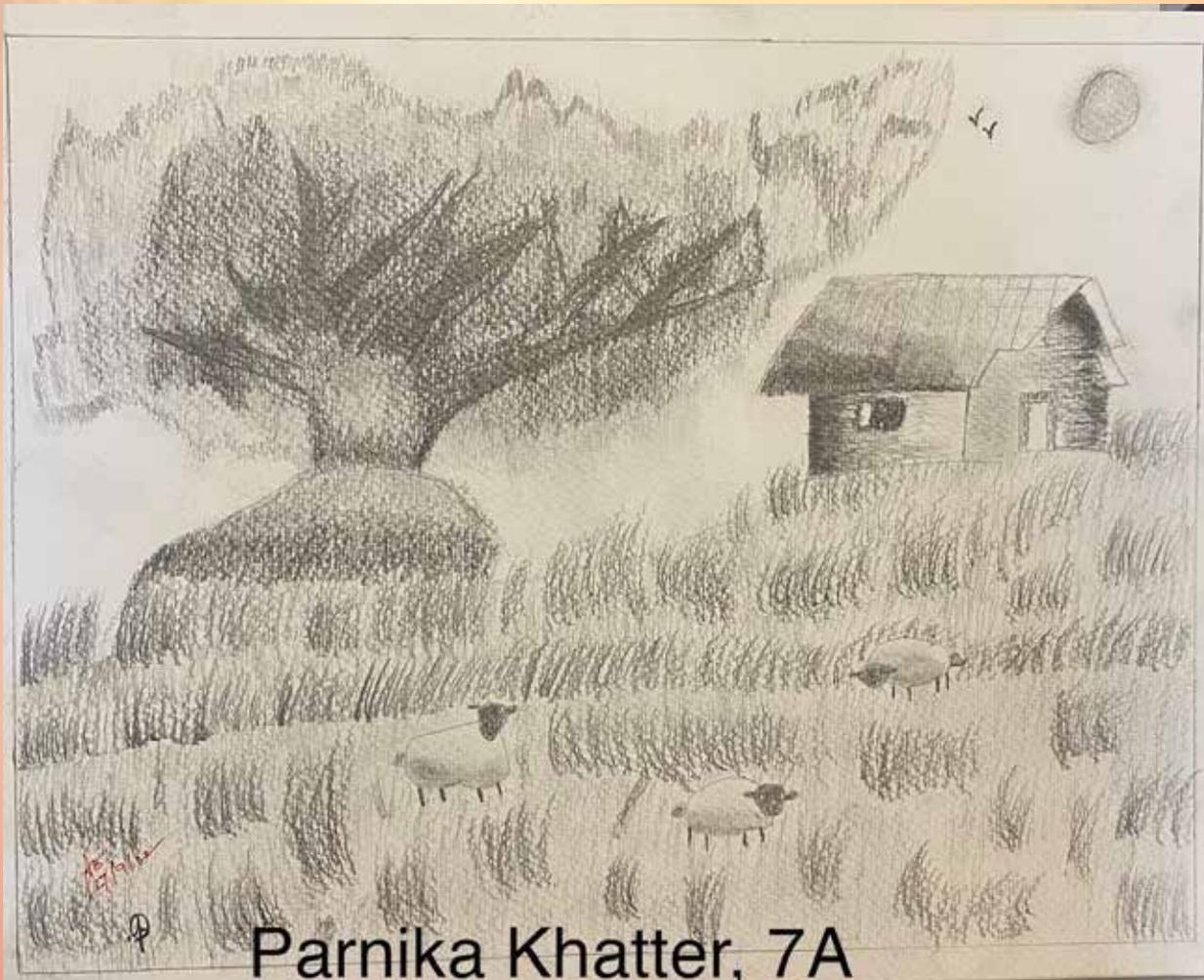




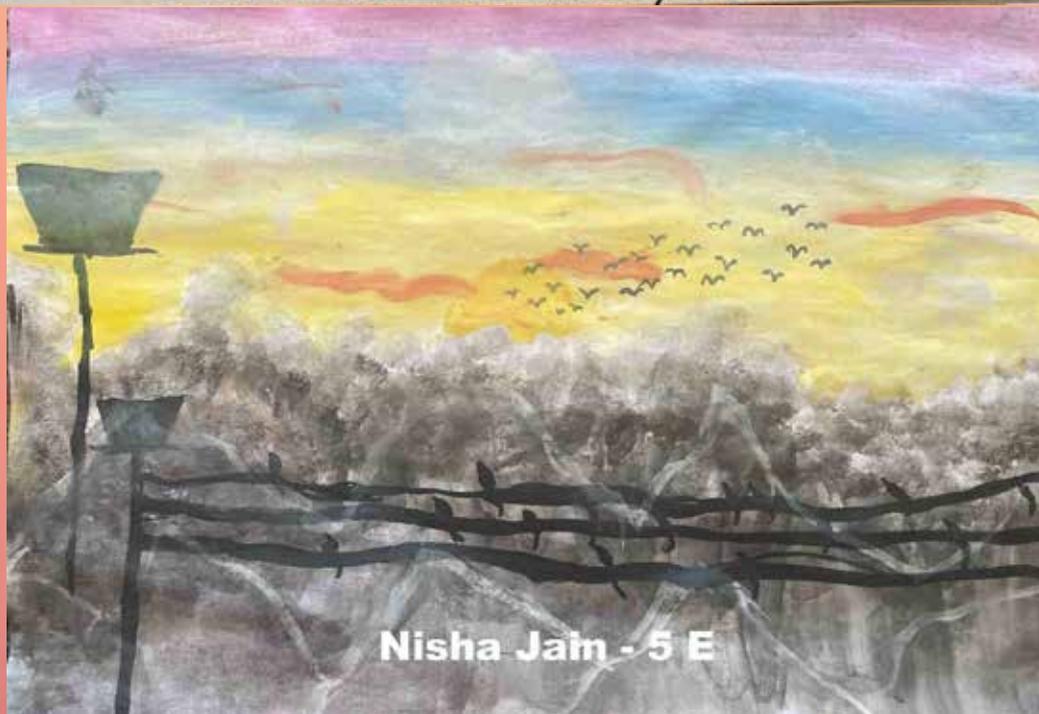
Deepesh Rawat - 7A



Aradhya Bhargava - 71

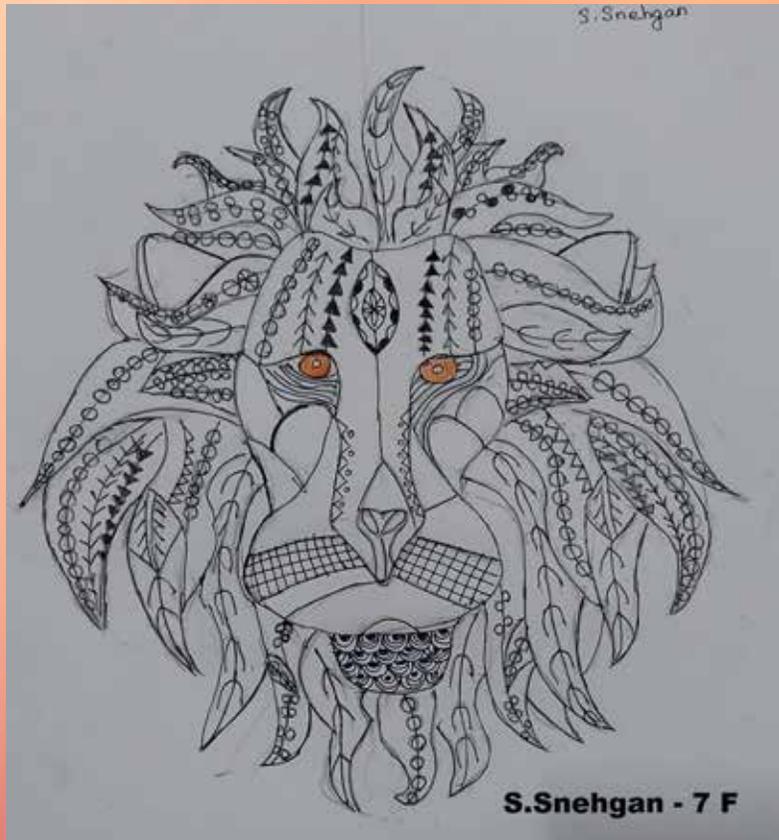
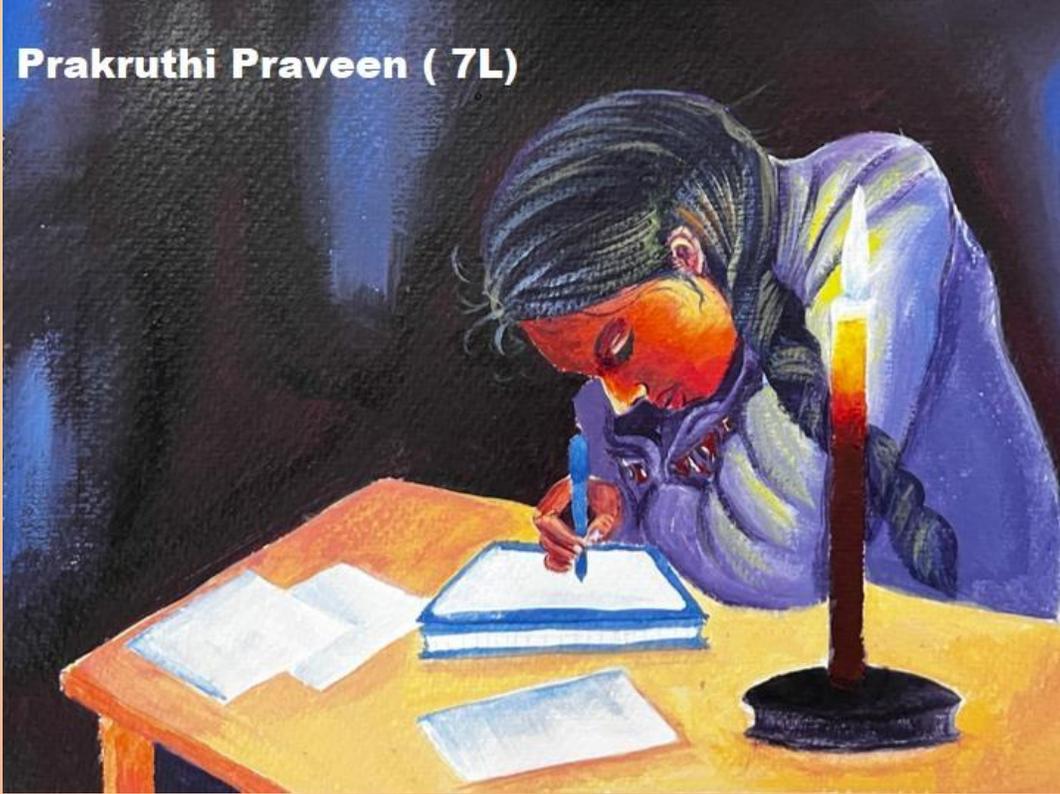


Parnika Khatter, 7A



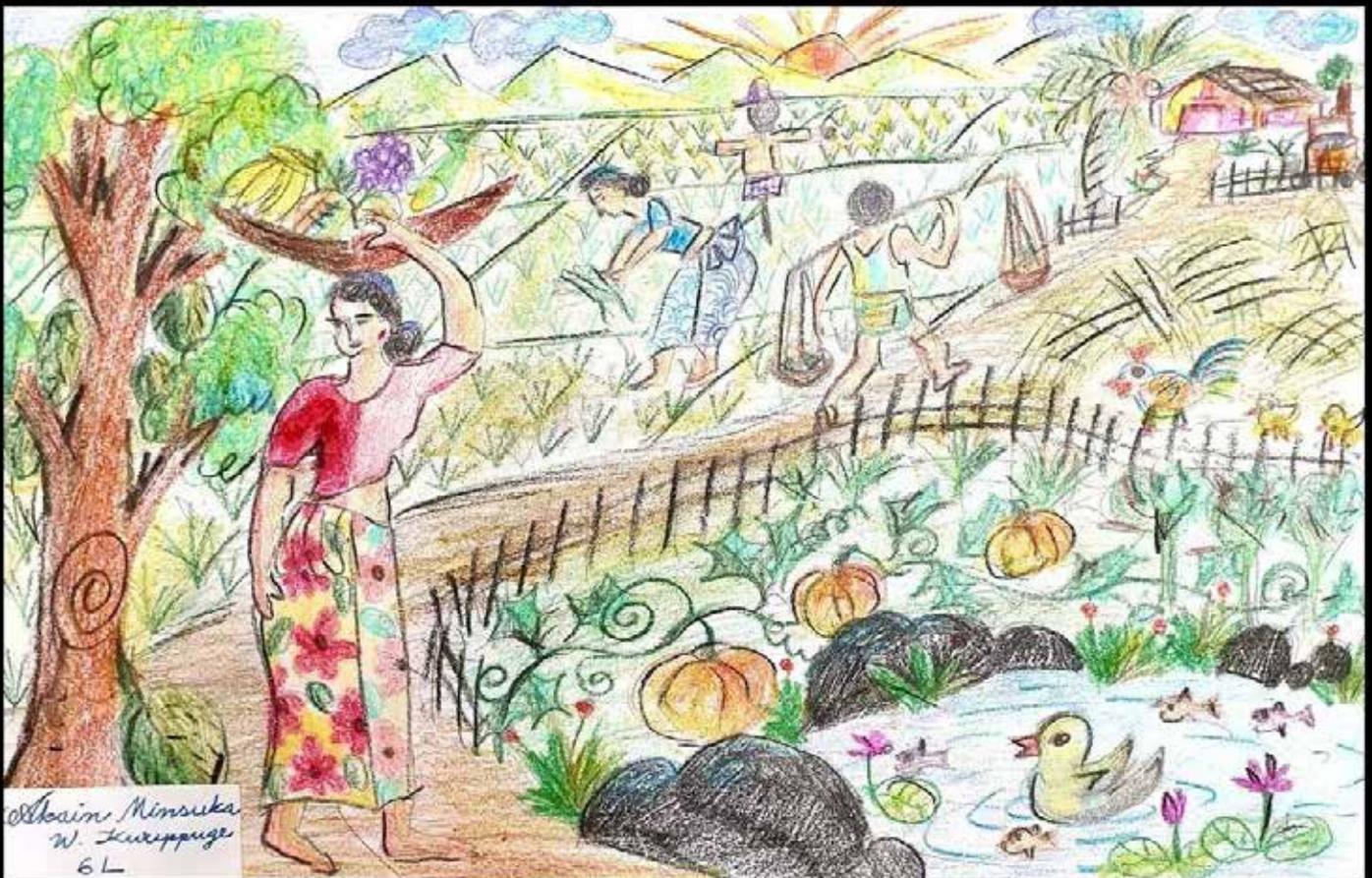
Nisha Jain - 5 E

Prakruthi Praveen (7L)





Mayura Nair - Grade 6-K



Abhinav Minsuka
W. Kuruppage
6L

Raima George 6-H





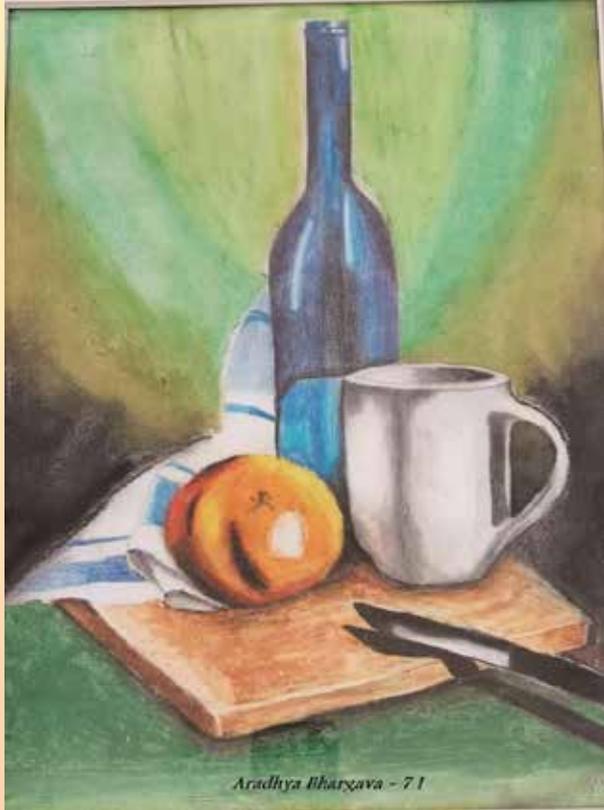
Parnika Khatter, 7A



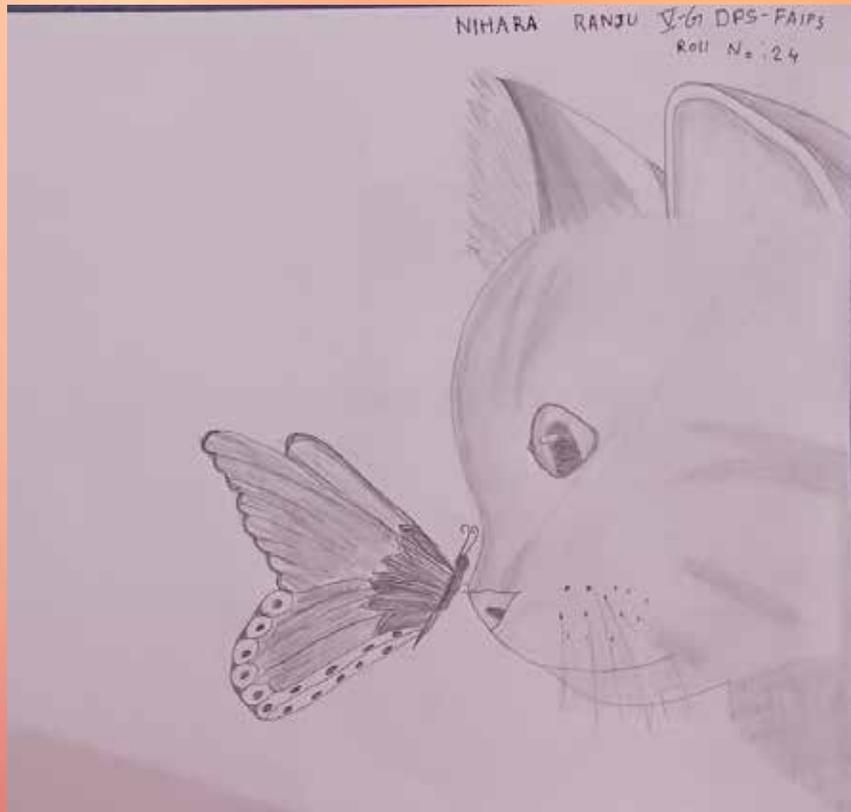
Aradhya Bhargava - 71

A. Samiksha Reddy
G.M





Aradhya Bhargava - 71



NIHARA RANJU
DPS-FAIPS
Roll No. 24

Thank You