

The cover features a light green background with a large purple rectangle on the left and a dark blue rectangle on the right. At the bottom, there is a green wavy line representing grass.

FAIPS *EXPRESSIONS*


October
2023

"Chandrayaan - 3: A Leap Towards the Stars - India's Ascent to the Lunar Frontier"

As I sat in front of my television screen, watching the successful landing of Chandrayaan-3 on the moon, a sense of pride and exhilaration swept over me. This was not just a mission to the Moon, but a testament to India's ever-growing prowess in the field of space exploration. Describing India's lunar landing Prime Minister Narendra Modi hailed it as "one of the most inspiring moments of the century."

The Chandrayaan-3 mission represents a significant milestone for India, setting the nation firmly on a path of technological innovation and global leadership in space. The relentless hard work, unflinching dedication, and visionary approach of our scientists at the Indian Space Research Organisation (ISRO) have once again made our tricolour flag fly high in the lunar sky. This mission, building on the experiences and lessons from Chandrayaan-1 and -2, opens new avenues of research and development. The lunar landing will help us to unravel the mysteries of the Moon's composition, topology, and possibly the presence of essential resources. This knowledge not only contributes to global scientific understanding but also paves the way for potential utilization of lunar resources.

But the ramifications of Chandrayaan-3 extend beyond scientific achievement. It inspires us, the youth of India, to dream big and reach for the stars. It shows us that with determination, dedication, and a spirit of inquiry, nothing is impossible. It encourages us to pursue careers in Science,




Technology, Engineering, and Mathematics, areas that are not just vital for space exploration but for the progress of our nation as a whole. Moreover, Chandrayaan-3 is a symbol of India's increasing self-reliance in technology. It is an example of 'Atmanirbhar Bharat', showing the world that India is not just capable of following but leading. This indigenous development reinforces our standing in the international community, and we can now collaborate with other nations on an equal footing.

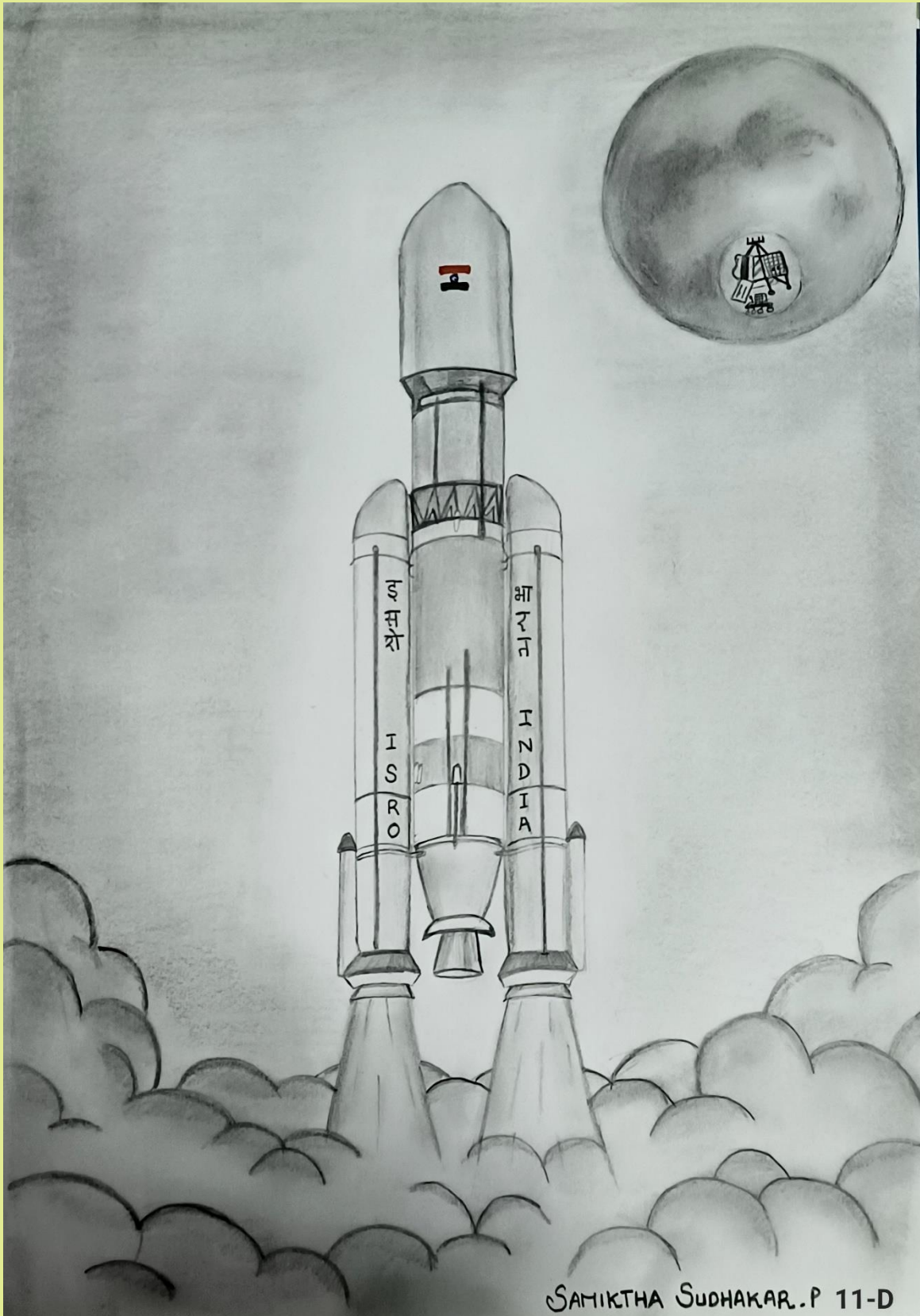
The landing of Chandrayaan-3 on the moon also sets a precedent for future missions. The moon is just a beginning. With Mars, asteroids, and even deep space on the horizon, the sky is no longer the limit for India's space ambitions.

As a 11th grader, witnessing this magnificent feat, I feel a profound sense of connection with the collective journey of our nation. Chandrayaan-3 ignites the imagination and fuels the dreams of millions like me, who see in it a reflection of India's bright future. The spark ignited by this mission will undoubtedly light the way for many future scientists, engineers, and dreamers. It holds a promise, a glimpse of a future where India is not just a participant but a leader in the conquest of the final frontier - Space. Let us all take a moment to celebrate this incredible achievement and look forward to the limitless possibilities it unlocks. For Chandrayaan-3 is not merely a mission; it is a beacon of hope, aspiration, and the indomitable spirit of India.

Anagha Panicker

Class: 11-C







The Rain in Our Hearts

O please!
When the black clouds hover in the sky
A fear arises among us
Do not scare the little ones with your tremendous sound
Do not bring the thundering clouds
Isn't it one of god's most powerful power
He scares and puts the entire state into trouble
He truly reminds us of the gifts that
we are granted with
He created destructions through it
Losses through it,
Everyone, everything at once came to an unexpected halt
Hopes and desires at once felt drowning
A chillness that came into our hearts when it rained, soon turned into a
longing for it to come to an end
Humanity arouse among the folks
When fear struck, there courage united
A time when everyone became a hero...
With hopes of revival, they continued....

Janis Mariam Vinod
Class : 10 C



The Man Amidst the Books


After that... I never saw him again.

I frequented the local library almost every day for a week, hoping to find him in the exact spot I met him 3 weeks before.

Flashback to that moment. He was sitting at a table by the fiction section and reading an excruciatingly boring Russian author. I was trying to get a Charles Dickens from the top shelf and the books just toppled onto the floor. To my surprise, the man didn't even bat his eyelids, much less help me! I turned around after I put the books back up and questioned him indignantly, "Excuse me, not to be rude, but shouldn't a gentleman like you help a young girl?" He replied, "Oh, I'm sorry, I was too busy reading this Russian novel. Pushkin can be quite engrossing at times. Perhaps you should try it? I'm Arun." "Hi, I'm Shakti." "Well, Shakti, what book were you trying to get?" I responded with, "Great Expectations by Charles Dickens. It's for a school assignment. But I can't find it." "Oh, It's on the shelf, second from bottom."

Everyday since then, I visited the library to read recommendations that Mr. Arun gave me. We chit-chatted and I sometimes vented about my issues at home and he helped me with my creative writing assignments as well. I missed a day due to some chores and was sorely disappointed.

The next day, I rushed to the library, expecting to see Mr. Arun's friendly face. Instead, the chair that always seated him was empty.



After nearly a week, I finally gave up and asked the grumpy librarian. “Excuse me, have you seen my friend who visits every day? He dons a grey suit and a goatee.”

“Listen here, child. First of all, we thought that you were a bit crazy to be talking to yourself all this while. By the way, going by your description, are you referring to this man?” She pointed to a little framed picture behind her desk.

“Yes, yes, that’s Mr. Arun...the man I was talking about. You see, I wasn’t crazy after all!”

“Shakti, there you go again. Mr. Arun passed away 5 years ago in a car accident. He founded this library.”

I stood there, speechless.

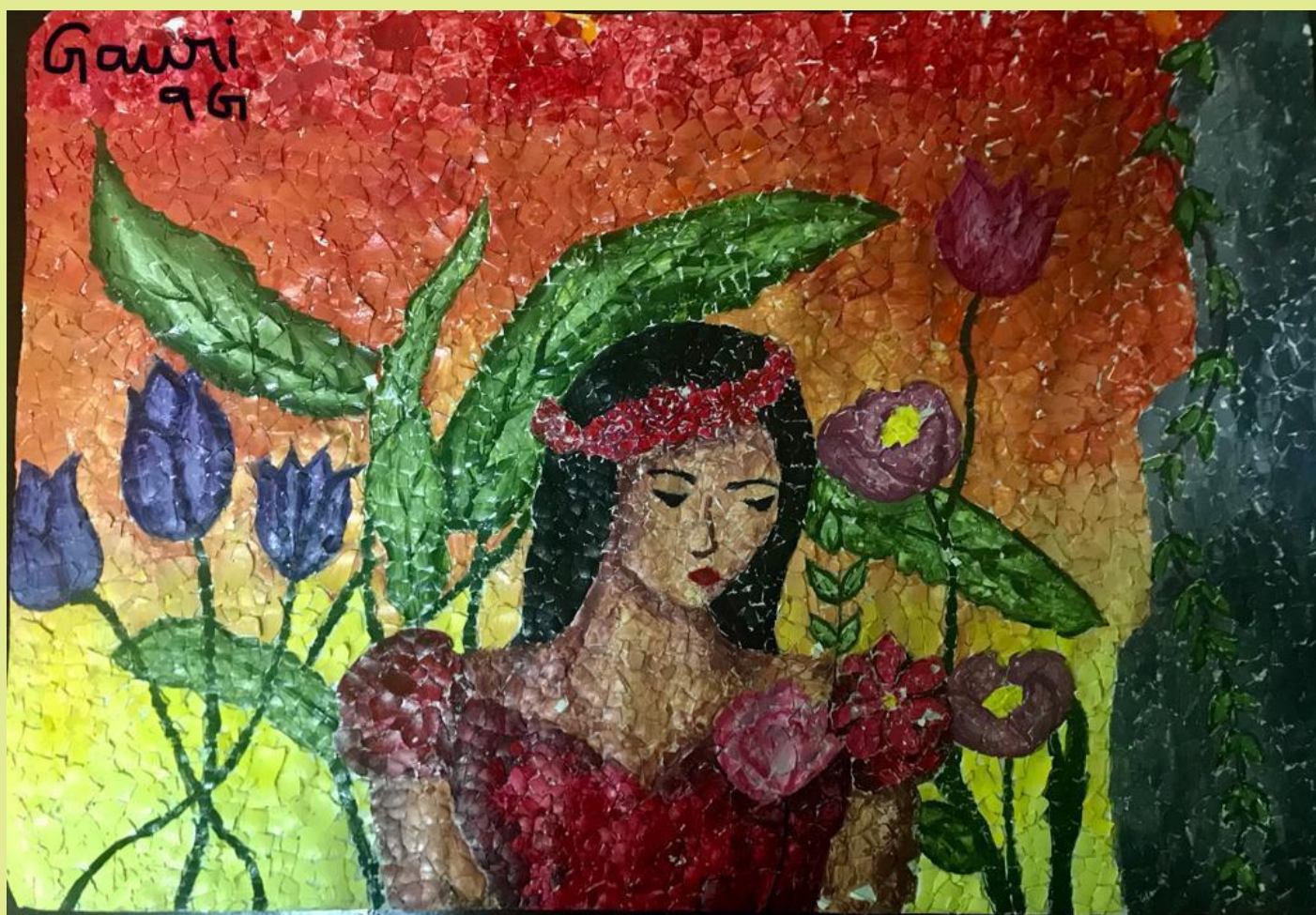
Going back to his seat, I saw a little note peeking from one of the Dickens books:-

“Dear Shakti, am sorry that I won’t be able to see you anymore. Believe me, this place will help you discover the world in a new way through so many brilliant authors. Never let life hold you back from unraveling these treasures.”

Sahana Rammohan,

Class: IG1 C







Golden Age

No one ever told me how fast time could go by
I stood there in the hallways of my school
Tick tock tick,
Yesterday turned into a year.

My dad always told me school age is the golden age
But I always said I don't like it in rage
I prayed this day would come
But never realized the price it promised.

For one last time I stood in the same hallway
Afraid to say goodbye
I wish I could deny
But how fast did the time fly.

How lovely were those days
Only if I could stay
But my golden age seemed to fade away.

Zoya Irshad Dingankar

Class: 9 H






Exams


Are exams stressful?
But we need to be successful.
Must study with concentration,
With no time for relaxation.

Yes, it's an examination!
Only preparation, preparation, and preparation
Students must study every day.
But that's the only way.

Books of every kind,
Stored in our mind.
Vast are the portions,
With so many distractions!

So much tension,
That we can't mention
A lot of attention
And a bit of exhaustion





I hope that we remember everything.

And forget nothing.

Everyone wants perfection,

With a reason to celebration

Life without exams?

When there is nothing to bare

But that life is so rare!


Isn't it worth in the end?

Safa Irshad Dingankar

Class: 9 I



A SHIP IN THE STORM



Sun hides behind the blanket of sky
Its rays get away distant and shy,
The blue turned to black and dark
Lightening struck, I saw the spark.

The celestial sphere cracks and split
lashes me with rain, and throws a fit,
High sea soars to its peaks
My windows break, my floor creaks.

The mammoth sea has plans for me
But I am no stranger to thee,
My hurting back and paining shrouds
Encourage me to look through clouds.

My Eyes are set on the shore
The dawn will bring hope and more,
I have learnt that dreams come true
So there's no quitting till I'm through



Scanned with CamScanner

VASU
9-C

Krishnacharya Shankar

Krishnacharya was born in the 19th century near river Kaveri and the famous forest Mayans(known at that time). Krishancharaya's parents were a part of the royal family but were sent on an exile due to their blunder of killing an innocent monk for asking the king to abdicate the throne for Lord buddha,thinking that he was a terrorist. Krishnacharya learned all the tricks and skills of the forest.He was commonly known as puyal (tornado) due to his skill for hunting animals , on the other hand he learned all the religious practices of the forest like the chamakas and the namakas. For an example he learned how to use the most rarest weapon Triqasta(triple headed hammer),which cannot be learned easily due to its weight and width.He lost his parents while they were hunting for a boar in the forest. He was just 15 when this happened. Soon enough the exile period came to an end and the night before that day there was some suspicious activity outside the forest. The British were planning to kill and annex the Madurai part of Tamilnadu and for entering such a vast and secured city was not easy. They tried to get through the forest where krishnacharya was. When Krishnacharaya Shankar was resting beside a tree ,he could see almost 500 cavalries ,bulls and horses , he realized that something was fishy , when he closely watched them and understood who they were,krishnacharya immediately knew he had to fight them out but the whole forest was asleep not even the animals were awake that is when he knew he needed to do everything by himself. He took the powerful triqasta and masdatri and put on his rubber leaf cloth to protect himself from injuries.

To destroy them they needed to be diverted so he shooted several fire shots into the sky and when the British diverted in different directions. He pounced on the first segment of the army and cavalry and he fought fearlessly with the triqasta. Seeing the fight, many others joined from other segments but single handedly he defeated and killed them. One of the spies in the forest saw all this and immediately reported to the king of Madurai. When inquired he got to know about the valiant and smart Krishnacharya shankar, he immediately went to krishna and asked him to come over the throne. He was terribly confused but it was later cleared by the detailed explanation of the king. Being used to the austere living in forests he refused to take over the kingdom but his forest members had also requested as he was the son of the royalty family which made him to take over the kingdom but promised never to forget them ever for their rending support to Krishna's family. A grand Patabhishekum took place and he was crowned king of the might Madurai.


As soon as that happened, he sent a letter to the British telling them to retaliate from there however he was shortly received with a letter which was written in extremely undelightful words and almost insulting him to leave the throne and live in his 'dirty kingdom'(forest). He knew soft words won't settle this. he immediately went to the south and northwest of Tamilnadu to ask for their help. He was received with 6000 cavalries and 9000 army members to help him. He soon got to know about the padi britishers(hiding and spying britishers) waiting for their move on the Tamil nadu. The smart krishna charya immediately cleared the area with just 20 cavalries and 500 army members.

This gave goosebumps to the britishers and they knew they needed to retaliate back, however it failed but the britishers were not done yet. In the middle of

this catastrophe he got a letter from Haryantha Chandra, he got to know that he was an educated minister of the Deceu kingdom and that his area next to the Deccan plateau needed help to fight off the cruel British and their alliances, he was warned in the letter to first come and rescue him on solo reach so he could explain more. So, one night, Krishna left with his chariot to save haryantha. He got to know that haryantha was the saver when his father was terribly ill, this motivated him to save Haryantha as a return for his favour to his father However he was shortly meet with enormous British forces at the borders he came to know that haryantha was forced to write a fake letter, to trick Krishna. However there was no time to think, he had to fight them alone, haryantha was killed in front of him. This enraged him and he started fight valiantly but he couldn't do much he was finally killed by the British and his body was thrown far, far away. When the king did not return the next morning they got to know through information about the solo war and how he died and even before his death. An injured translator to the British told how he was the most valiant and ever sacrificing king, his last words were Tamilian jaikum(Tamilian will win). His body was later found in the River kaveri (the same place he was born in) and was buried next to his parents with a sword in his right hand. In the 20th century, another person named rajacharan was born in the kingdom to one of the servants. The legend continues.....

Vrattesh Anand

Class: 10 I



More Mukut
Makar Akriti
Kundal Aur
Bajanti Mala
Baso More
Nainan Mein
Nandala!


Made By:
BANI - 9A




Human Life

There was a Rich, old man.
He had the world in his hands.
He roamed around the streets,
With the world beneath his feet.
He slept on His soft cotton bed,
With a feathered pillow under his head But,
OH, how many tears every night he would shed!

There was a poor homeless man,
Fighting for his life in the war that the world began.
He roamed around the streets,
Hoping to find food beneath his feet.
He sat beside a garbage can and slept.
With his head against the can
OH, how many tears every night he would shed!






Both had a life,
One better than other,
But they both wept because
The rich old man,
Had the world, but he became a prisoner of his land.
The poor homeless man,
Had freedom, but no food in his hands.

Sneha Kadiyala

Class: 9 C







Ethan Vinu 10F



Poems by Valliammai

1) Tunes of freedom

The escape from one's soul

The escape from the thoughts formed

The tunes of melody, like the tunes of Freedom

Ropes of responsibility untied, with the rhythm of heart

Music the body of life

Read to embrace you through every fight.

2) Shattered pieces

Clouds are shattered

Broken into pieces but clustered at a place

Going back to that one place

Where everything is unknown

Unknown to us, known to the clouds

Do the clouds represent our minds or do they represent our hearts.



3) Embracing the beauty

Still like the wind in October
Finding what to do than be sober
Through the window cold air rushes
The thoughts of life pauses.
The beauty of nature, appreciated by few
Nature appreciating the few
Connecting with her is
Connecting with thyself
Nature oh mother nature.


4) Rhythm of Soul

Dance the rhythm of soul
The movement of joy
Expressing the self,
By connecting to another world
A world made of imagination,
The imagination being shown
Shown through the eyes of a dancer,



5) **Hidden Within the Stars**

Under the dark,
I wonder where it all got lost
The stars in the sky are a testimony
That it remains buried alive in the dark
Deep in the hearts with hatred
Shallow and seen in a few
It has yet to be discovered
By the living who have a due
It has got to be found
Before the stars all start burning away.



6) A drop of Anger

A subtle white glow was expected to rise, but
A drop of blood smeared across the vastness of the sky.
The anger felt through just a mere glimpse,
scaring the ones who have never seen it.
The ones who forced it to be hidden,
Now witness the rage that was once to be let out.
The rage which cannot be controlled even by a power above it.
An element of earth which we always perceive to be portrayed as beauty,
Now stands in front of us expressing her emotions, once masked.
The sudden confusion spread across us,
The sudden feeling of everything not being in place,
The sudden bafflement that occurs,
When, the beauty does not remain the same.

Valliammai

Class: 12 G



Epiphany

Once upon a time, centuries ago
A girl was seen staring at herself in a glistening lake
Life for her at least felt like a race
Somewhat of a masquerade
For she was hiding her face not out of the allure of mystique
But out of self - doubt and shame
It felt like absolutely nothing was going her way
Spinning in her mind not once but about 3 - 4 times she asked herself
“Am I meant to dazzle the world with my exuberant talents? Or quietly dance
in the moonlight never to be seen or heard of?”
Slowly, she tilted her head up high and admired the mesmerizing skies above
her.
“for the universe is abundant and opportunities are always knocking on her
door she was just too scared at the thought of opening it”
Not anymore she was prepared to face her fears
She was NEVER going back

Ibtisam

Class: IG 3A