
NOSTALGIA



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Photo courtesy:
Master Syed Muhammad
Abdullah
XI D

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

INDIAN SCHOOL SALALAH



I am extremely sanguine that Indian School Salalah since its inception in 1981 has offered itself as a shell for sheltering and nurturing human minds from their raw state into matured and empowered citizens. Indian School Salalah has unlocked the storehouse of creativity and set buoyant the students' zeal by its curricular and

co-curricular activities. The need of the hour is to root students firmly in empowering them into constructive work. Indian School Salalah has always been a pioneer in working towards the holistic growth of the students with the support and guidance of Board of Directors – Indian Schools in Oman.

I hereby, wholeheartedly present “**Nostalgia**” - the E- magazine completed by students.

There is something for everyone here, the diversity and creativity of the poems and articles in the magazine represent the talents of our students. I congratulate the entire team for their hard work and dedication for making this magazine. The reflection of the students' creativity is personified in this magazine. I am sure that the positive attitude, hard work, sustained efforts and innovative ideas exhibited by our children will surely stimulate the minds of the readers and take them to the fantastic world of absolute joy and pleasure.

“Success comes to those who work hard and stays with those who don't take rest on the laurels of the past”

With warm wishes and God's blessings,

Mr. Deepak Patankar

PRINCIPAL

Indian School Salalah

FOREWORD

Nostalgia. A sentimental longing or wistful affection for the past. On any given day, nostalgia is nothing but a simple emotion, to be felt and forgotten. But in the aftermath of 2020, it is so much more. This embodies why we at Indian School Salalah have chosen “Nostalgia” as the theme of our e-magazine.

Before you ask us, “Why this sudden affection towards the past?” - here’s our answer. 2020, has been well ... let’s say eventful. The year as a whole has thrown us completely out of gear, making it difficult for us to improve the present, or imagine a beautiful future. In such a situation, we can do nothing but try to reclaim our past. In turbulent and challenging times people try to connect to their past and to things that made them happy. We find it much more comforting to look backward, rather than to look forward. The future, even in the best of times, has always got some uncertainty to it. Now that we’re surrounded by uncertainty of the present, we don’t really want to experience the uncertainties of the future. From looking back at a different time versus looking back at a different way of living, that’s how nostalgia has changed.

So today, we invite you to sit back and read. Read about the childhood experiences, read about the time before the pandemic, read the hearts and souls of our students poured out on paper. The present may not always be beautiful, but the past certainly is. And while it isn’t prudent to lose yourself in memories, navigating your way through them and finding your way forward is definitely the way to go. That being said, we wish you all a happy and prosperous new year - and may your past pave way for your future.

FADED

As our memories blend into the unknown mist,
As our stories fall into pits of the forgotten and
cease to exist;

A pleasant memory that dearly shared,
For which I was quite unprepared,
Intrudes my numb thoughts,
Persuades to reminisce our dear futile talks;

"All that glitters is not gold",
Wish I could've imbibed what they told;
But the sad reality hit without a warning,
Wish I could've had the time for a mere
mourning;

For all the treasured memories slowly fade away,
Into the oblivion beyond, unknown and far away;
And the only question that remain,
Is to hold on to history or to refrain.

- AYRA FAHAD
XII D

NOSTALGIA IN THE AIR...

Nostalgia. The word itself brings you mixed feelings. What is nostalgia? I'd say it is more than just a word. It has different meanings for different people. Nostalgia for you may be very different from nostalgia for me. Presently, when talking has become typing and listening has become reading, nostalgia has become a huge part of our lives. It has become common, and now everybody shares parts of their memories with others. After all, you never know when a moment becomes a memory. Let us visit some of my nostalgic memories.

I remember there was this old swing we had in our yard. I used to love it so much that I would never stop swinging once I started.

I felt like I was on cloud nine whenever I played on the swing. I would forget all my worries and just laugh as loud as I could. Nothing will possibly be able to ever replace that feeling.

When I was five I used to visit my neighbours a lot. We spent a lot of time walking around their garden and picking flowers. They had all types of flowers in their garden.

We were very close. I still remember how

I used to climb the small tree in their garden. On my birthday, they gifted me a book

It was a really nice book with lots of pictures. I was enchanted. I started reading it almost immediately. I was amazed. I loved that book. That created my interest in reading books and I started to love reading. And thereafter whenever I visited their house, I used to have something to read with me. We would sit on a bench and read for so many hours with no bother of the time.

When I started school, I wasn't a very social kid. But I liked going to school. I liked studying, I found it interesting and fun. I remember how sometimes I would pretend to be a teacher and teach an invisible class using the door of my room as my board, asking questions to those invisible students, taking attendance and asking for their homework. Being a teacher at that time was my way of acting like a grown-up, my way of saying that I wasn't a kid. It made me feel like I could do anything I wanted to. Sometimes I wish I could go back in life, not to change anything, just to feel a few things twice. But to go back in time still remains a dream and nostalgia remains my only escape from reality.

**After all, you
never know when
a moment
becomes a
memory.**

- Janhvi Mishra

XI A

AVANT

Remember the good ol' days?

When you could spend time in a 100 different ways?

People were engaged and life was hectic,
But the world was a prettier place before the pandemic.

A gentle push of wind, the rhythmic swaying of trees,
The fine chirping of birds and the sweet-smelling breeze,
The soft drizzling of rain, a tingling sensation,
Have all become sparse in the agony of isolation.

Stretching over the hills, the warm rays of
sunshine,
Rejuvenating leaves, on the branches of spruce and pine.
Crowded beaches ready to dive into the distant seas,
Could one ever imagine a life without these
ecstasies?

The blissful dreams we saw as a child,
Are now happy memories that make us smile.
In this world, turning into a dystopia,
What we must do is cherish our bitter-sweet nostalgia.

- Aril K Panda

XI B

NOSTALGIA

What are the benefits ?

Nostos-home and the accompanying pain -Algos

Nostalgia was referred to as a disorder ever since the name was coined in the 17th century by a Swiss physician who described both the physical and mental maladies of soldiers to their longing to return home . However, in this day and age nostalgia isn't what it was previously defined as.

Reminiscing about memories does not take away from living our life forward. It reminds of where we began and how our decisions have led us to where we are and who are now. It gives strength to our character and gives us the strength to surge forward. Nostalgia has been seen to curb loneliness and anxiety in conjunction to making people more generous to strangers and increasingly complaisant to foreigners .

Nostalgia was originally described as "a neurological disease of essentially demonic cause". Given that every coin has a flip side, nostalgia too has a more painful alter ego .



Nonetheless, it is a bittersweet emotion, but the aftermath makes life more meaningful and the death less tragic. At the end, when life throws us overwhelming, unforgiving circumstances, it is in human nature to feel lost . Drawing an analogy between such a predicament and writers block, often reading through completed chapters of our book, helps us write the next one.

- Zaara D'souza
XI B

Trapped in the memories of the past,
Time flies faster than light;
a spell had been cast by my soul,
to recall every bit once lost.

Blurred pictures,
Fading voices,
But the happenings still pretty vivid,
Taking a trip down the memory lane,
I realize what I lost.

Innocent laughs,
Fascinating toys,
So engrossed I was,
In living my vibrant life,
that I barely noticed how time flew.

My life flashed before my eyes,
took a second for me to realize,
The "best years" of my life ,
would hardly last for a breath.

If a genie appears before me asking for a wish,
Not a second thought would I take,
Oh genie! Please let me travel back,
To the golden days of my life,
My Childhood, it is.

- ANJALI HARISH
XI B



A WALK IN THE WOODS

Trees are one of the best things that mother earth has provided us. I always prefer to take walks in the woods when I am in my village. Once, I had been to my settlement in India. I went to my farm that resembled a miniature forest. My cousin and granny accompanied me. We hiked for about four miles chatting and playing with the beautiful white cows and little brown calves. The periwinkle blue sky was so transparent.

The sun shone with a cherry yellow radiance onto the path. The butterflies of all stunning colours settled on the bright flowers. The most beautiful birds were humming and chirping the prettiest songs one could have ever heard. The flowers had a hypnotic smell that could put anyone in a trance; the trees appeared like giants with long, dense branches. The land was moss-covered. I walked on, taking in the fragrance of minty grass and the damp earth. When I stopped walking, the sound ceased. All I could hear was nature. The area was so serene and lovely. The woodland was a droplet of paradise.

Walking ahead, I saw an enormous mango tree with large and small mangoes swinging on its branches. The tree had the most beautiful skin. Its golden and dark green leaves were shimmering in the dazzling light of the sun. The new shoots were reddish, the mature leaves dark green. The thin branches swayed easily, translucent green leaves flapping around uncontrollably. They rustled in the wind. I at once lost my mind and was mesmerized with its beauty. All I desired that very moment was to climb on its stiff branches. The spring foliage was so thick and glossy. I decided to climb the massive tree. I stepped on a bough and was trying to step on another one.

I climbed up steadily and finally arrived on a bough of the tree that was high. I sat on one of its boughs. I could feel the fresh wind and survey the view, and the weather was warm and sunny. I lifted my face, letting the light and shadow dance across my skin. Fresh sunlight penetrated through the branches of the tree. Of course, there were bugs, ants, and many other insects crawling on the tree. But it did not bother me much as it was so relaxing and cosy beneath the canopy of the tree. My cousin was trying to get some of those delicious and delightful sweet mangoes. He used a long stick that had a net on the top while my grandma was gathering fallen fruits. I had an unfamiliar feeling while sitting on its strong branches. It was as if the tree was hugging me and telling me not to leave. I loved that mango tree. I do not remember if the tree remembers me or not, but I very well cannot forget my beloved old friend who had once carried me in its arms. I felt a deep connection with trees and plants that instant. I felt like I was a part of nature. Soon, it was time for me to leave, so I waved goodbye to the mango tree, hoping that I would visit the tree someday.

I understood that trees are the friends who always give us everything without expecting a single thing in return. Trees help us feel less stressed and more restored. They are loyal to us. As it is quite evident, there are numerous similarities between a best friend and a tree. We see how trees do the same things for us, sometimes even more, as our best friends. They are always there when we need them. Trees protect us from everything, just like our friends do. They benefit us in several ways and enhance our lives by their presence, similar to best friends. I love trees, especially that mango tree. I am so glad that I found a new friend during the journey in the woods.

- Tejaswini J

Home is where you are

five of us 'round the dinner table
 your jholi bhaat the centerpiece
 rice of gold. our hands fight for
 second helpings
 and the funny thing is I hate rice
 but you are the alchemist who turns
 love into food
 they can feed me ambrosia and I'll
 still ache for your jholi.

jho-li-bhaat
 pa-ha-di
 daa-du

your food holds syllables of my roots
 records of my life before the
 migration

ties the nomad at the sea to her
 mountains

I take a bite of your jholi bhaat
 home explodes within
 warm sourness with a hint of spice
 tastes like monsoon mornings
 no hands make it better than yours
 no hands feed it better than yours
 give me the world, I say, and I'll still
 look for yours give me the
 emperors' feasts, I say,
 and I'll still crave for yours.

- Mansi Gururani
 XII B



ENFORCED PRESENTISM

Over the past few months, COVID-19 has completely changed our lives while the environment began to heal. People are caged indoors with the curb to meet their loved ones through video calls. In this time of anxiety and vagueness, nostalgia becomes a form of coping. COVID-19 has altered everything. Though we have found time for ourselves we do miss socializing. Our mobility has become severely restricted to jogs or walks around our house.

Perhaps less obviously, the lockdown has affected our experiences of time. Many of us will have already lost track of time wondering which day or week it is. It feels a bit as if time has come to a standstill. We all are stuck in the present combined with the inability to plan ahead. We currently don't know when we can see our loved ones again or when we can go on a holiday and mostly when we can go back to our school.

The facial expressions of people are hidden by a mask. Hanging out with friends or family members are now only a dream. We all had a very busy schedule and always waited for the weekend to come, now that everyday has become almost the same we don't find any changes. It's like we all are in the same rhythm over and over again. We can keep moving forward with hope that the pandemic will end soon amid the concern and uncertainty.

- Sona Deyo
XI B

THE POWER OF CHILDHOOD PHOTOS

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As years passed quickly like a rocket
Thoughts of the past started to spout out
Looking at photos filled with innocence
Memories of childhood brought smiles
So simple were our lifestyles

Now there's a sudden desire to go back once
Eagerness to time-travel grows more inside
Just to re-live, to cherish those moments
Filled with happiness and innocence

- AVISMIGA SARAVANESHBABU

XI A

SAVED BY THE BELL

It was a bright Sunday morning. After days of planning and packing, we were finally ready to move to Chennai as my father was recruited in an office there. I had been living with my grandparents for all my life till then which made it really hard to say goodbye. My mother wept as she bid farewell to her parents. Although I was just as sad to leave them, I was lot more excited about seeing new places. It would also be my first time in a bus. I had never travelled by a bus until then. At the bus station, my mother insisted my father to buy me some books to keep me busy the whole ride. I was nine at the time.

It was the age of reading Suppandi comics and Panchatantra stories as we had no smartphones during those days. Just as my father paid the shopkeeper for the books, a bus conductor, standing by a blue bus in his khakis, shouted out that the bus to Chennai was about to start its journey. He blew into his whistle three times. My father got into the bus and helped me and my mother get in. We got to our seats and sat there. The bus driver sat on his seat and asked the conductor if he could start. The conductor looked around and blew his whistle once again. And thus the journey began.

We went through the bustling streets. There was not a single child in the bus which dampened my mood but I didn't care. I was too enthralled by the sights outside. I looked out the window and watched everything with so much admiration. The morning went on quick. At noon, we stopped for lunch. We got into a small restaurant and had some rice and dal. It tasted fine but I felt that my grandmother could make it better. I was already missing her. To get over my sadness, I thought about what I would do in the new school and if I would make any new friends. Thinking about it didn't do much help. I decided to worry about it later. After lunch, we got back on the bus.

My mother got into reading a magazine she had carried with her and I decided to take note of all the cars that passed by. This was my hobby. I always carried a small pocket book with me which contained the details of all the cars I have ever seen on road. It was fascinating to look at the cars from the bus for they all seem so small from the bus. For almost two hours, I kept noting down the numbers, the names and the colors of the cars with some help from my father. I was too tired after that. I dozed off. By the time I was awake, it was night time.

We had our dinner and got back in for the long ride. Everyone took out their blankets and what not to get to sleep. My mother was reading her prayers while my father took to sleep on her shoulder. I was too energetic that night and couldn't sleep for whatever reason. It was pitch black outside except for the tiny spots of street lights here and there. Soon my mother was also asleep. The bus driver and I were the only ones awake.

Later that night, we reached a dimly lit gate. It was one of those railroad crossings. There was no train in sight at the moment so the gate keeper opened up the gate to let through.

Unfortunately, the bus broke down right in the middle of the railway track. No one seemed to notice it as they were all asleep. The driver got out of the bus to check what was wrong. I looked out the window and saw the gate keeper help him out. There was nothing I could do. I looked towards the railway tracks. Far off in the distance, I saw three tiny spots of light. I wondered what it was. For a second, they seemed to be moving. I thought I was hallucinating. Maybe it was time for me to get some sleep. I watched the lights move again but this time they were slightly bigger and hence nearer. That was when I heard it. The rumbling click-clack click-clack of the train was getting louder. I screamed at the top of my lungs shaking my parents awake.

All the passengers in the bus woke up. The bus driver got into the bus frantically. He turned his keys left and right. It wouldn't budge. Everyone seemed to have realized what was going on. They saw the train making its way towards us like a three-eyed giant. Some of them were screaming while some called all the gods from heaven above. The conductor ordered everyone to get out of the bus. Everyone shuffled their way out of the bus. My father picked me up and got out of the bus and my mother followed the lead. All of us got as far from the bus as possible. The gate keeper quickly went into his control room and signaled the train to stop by ringing a really loud bell. The train screamed down the tracks as it pulled to a halt just a meter away from the bus.

I saw the adults sigh in relief. My mother held me close to her and my father looked at me and smiled. He knew I was scared and confused but his smile assured me everything was alright. Everyone was safe and sound. In a few minutes, the bus was fixed and we got in. The driver started the bus with ease this time. We were all hazed by the fact that we almost lost our lives that day. We got out of there as soon as we could. 'What a turn of events!' I thought to myself and went to sleep on my mother's lap. This memory still lurks in the back of my head like a fever dream.

Adithi Dileep
X A

THE SOUVENIR

Through the windows of present, the views of past
Sitting by the window, staring, thinking like a widow,
With a blank heart and a souvenir in hand.
Thinking about the past, she had left behind.
Loving memories she left, Loving people she had.
She closed her eyes, to go back in time.
She could see herself, so young and bright.
She could see her parents, so loving and nurturing.
Next she saw was a, Jet dropping a missile.
She saw her mom run to her, and held her tight in her arms.
All that remain was just the souvenir, which had survived with her.

The golden bow on the souvenir, Reminds the golden memories she had.
The souvenir held the most dazzling memories, of her lovely past,
Which got scattered in a way that, Could never be fixed.
The dreams once forgotten, Will never be back.
Just like a memory holder, the souvenir in hand.

Her golden childhood, with her loved ones,
Was now just pictures in her memory holder.

There were beautiful black flowers that bordered the album.
She often equated herself to these lonely flowers,
Who stood at the edge of the book, just like she stood at the edge of time.
One wrong move and it's all over, which she had done in her past
By not enjoying every moment, of her dazzling past.
She could have done that, only if she had known her future.

Once again, taking her eyes from the souvenir, looking back
at the window,
Which revealed the present condition, of her lonely heart.
The beauty of the blue sky dissolved,
Into the Darkness of the clouds.
Just like the cloud of sadness, which hid the beauty of
happiness,
From letting it's lonesome light to shine.
She tried to wipe her tears of sadness, from her face but failed
to wipe it from her heart.
The smell of wet earth, Reminds the last fun she had
Before stepping into her dark life.
The scent was a memory that her heart could hold, but not the
souvenir.
The crashing of the trees, Reminds the crashing of her
memories.
Which had put a stop, to the lonesome light entering her dark
life.
The loving folks were lost, Leaving memories of sadness.

At the end of the album, where the pictures had come to an
end,
Still pages left, waiting to be filled
With new scented memories of joy.
But she knew she won't have one, for the lost could not be
regained

And just like the blank pages, her mind was.
Just don't know what to do or where to start,
For the explosion which murdered her loved ones
Had truly taught her a beautiful thought,
Which she may explain to her children in her coming life.
But this time the future could be good or mean to her once
again.
For now all she had was the souvenir, which brought the
memories alive,
To cherish it carefully this time.....

- HAZEL BABU
VIII B

WOULD ONE CONSIDER IT HEALTHY TO DWELL IN THE PAST?

Well up until fifteen years ago psychologists would have suggested otherwise. The habit of re-living a past memory was then thought of as the root cause of depressive illness. It had been contemplated a psychological disorder ever since the term was coined by a 17th century Swiss army physician who attributed the fragile mental and physical health of some troops to their longing to return home .

People long for stability. Change often disturbs well-being . This is mainly because it requires a new set of skills to meet new demand. Nostalgia is a bittersweet emotion. It's sweet because it allows us to recall good times , it's bitter because we know those times will never return. In troubled times, such as now, our mind reaches for our positive memories of the past. A 2015 study showed that nostalgic reminiscence can be a stabilizing force . It reminds us that we possess many powerful memories that are intertwined with our identity .

People who tend to be nostalgic more often than not are able to cope with adversity and change . They are also likely to avoid distractions that prevent them from facing their troubles and solving problems . Ultimately, nostalgia is a way to harness the past internally to endure change and create hope for the future.

- Zamohra D'Souza
VIII A



Golden Days

20

I was once walking through a road
Never felt like I was bored
Heard the birds' chirping sounds
Remembered of my childhood songs
Went through the forest
Saw the doves the fairest
Saw the swans on the lake
Remembered books of William Blake
Forever...Forever...Forever in my eyes
I see this...I see this
Can't forget those sights
We had no phones
Played with wooden drones
We had animals around us
Didn't make a lot of fuss
Climbing over the trees
Looking at the skies crease
We lived in huts
All we had was nuts
Forever...Forever...Forever in my eyes
I see this...I see this
Can't forget those sights
Then we had a lovely life
But...now I think we are not satisfied
I always wish I could go back
To those golden days...

- Valencia Ann Veronicah

VIII B

The Science of Nostalgia

The word “nostalgia” is defined by Oxford Dictionary as: a wistful or excessively sentimental yearning for return to or of some past period or irrecoverable condition. Nostalgia was considered a disease when the word was first used in the late 17th century as people used to believe that it was a cause of anxiety, depression and many other mental health issues. However, with extensive research possible in all different forms of fields in the modern day, we are able to understand the idea of Nostalgia much better and the implications that not only is Nostalgia not bad for you, it can actually improve the very thing it was thought to create in your mind. According to researches conducted by various universities and psychiatric associations, Nostalgia can improve your mental state by a significant amount.

The various reasons as to why this happens are:

- Nostalgia can improve your positive attitude:
- It is often that human beings find themselves in a state of mind where they believe they can never recover from, and then they are reminded of the ways they got through such situations in earlier times and thus work with an increased self-esteem and often escape these dark thoughts.
- Nostalgia helps in providing comfort:
- In a research conducted by the University of Southampton in 2012, it was shown that Nostalgia has a higher chance of occurring in colder months, and when felt, was described by the people as feeling coldness and darkness vanish and bring about heat and comfort in their body.

Nostalgia also has the power to turn negative emotions into positive ones: In various researches conducted over the years it has been shown how feeling nostalgic triggers electric signals which suddenly change your mood from depression/anxiety to a feeling of cheerfulness and joy and improve your feeling towards a certain thing pushing you down and helps you come out of it.

Therefore, it is very important to consider the importance of nostalgia in our lives, without it; there are so many situations where we wouldn't hope to get out off. It is only due to its help that hundreds and thousands of human beings have gotten out of the tightest situation. Nostalgia mustn't be considered as bad or unhelpful as was believed in the olden days when there wasn't extensive research possible on it, it must be considered as a good combination of emotions which triggers electrical signals in our body that help us cope with loss, depression, nervousness and many other things.

It is an ever-changing, ever-improving topic in modern day neuroscience and it as more research is being done on it; neuroscientists are able to link it to even more things that provide a positive ray of light in our minds. Hence, whenever you find yourself in a difficult situation or place, try to induce nostalgia by thinking of similar memories and listening to familiar music, looking back at old photos, family and anything that helps induce nostalgia and you might be able to get out of the situation and feel better about yourselves and be motivated to succeed.

- Antriksh Singh
XI B

EARTH ON ITS MOVE

Adding on a new page,
to the book so old,
To the book named EARTH
With imprints of gold.

Some have become a part,
Some have fallen apart.
While the nature is renewing itself
The existence craving for hope and some light

The beach on the north shore,
Yearning for a footprint.
Flowers that whined, of being plucked,
Now longing for a touch.
The stems so upright joked over climbers all
this while,
Now creeping themselves to reach out to life's.

Change, it has brought
Gradually, but this will end
We are a red family
We'll shade the earth
You and me will brighten this up

-Sirjan Kaur
XI A

BOTH MY BROWNIES

I sit in the hard ebony,
 looking out for her,
 searching through the morning-dewy.
 I see the maple wither,
 and inside I shatter.

A night since I lost her,
 not knowing where to hunt,
 I'm frozen altogether.
 I dearly miss her grunt,
 the day passes blunt.

The sun is ready for slumber.
 I retreat to my kitchen;
 oh! I see the wonder.
 I reminisce how great she was smitten;
 I start the process with a glisten.

I grab the fluffy flour;
 put in the chocolate and sugar;
 I blend the ingredients with all my power.
 I pull it out from the cooker,
 hoping the heavenly aroma would do the wonder.

I wait with it in the doorstep.
 I see her speeding around the crook,
 She slavers and whines and gobbles.
 There I have;
 my Brownie back with a brownie.

- Muthu Valliammai Saravanan

OOPS AND HOPES!

Covid-19 arrived with a boom
 Trapped us all in a state of gloom
 Masks and gloves were in vogue
 Quarantine became the disastrous epilogue
 Cinemas shut, cafe's closed
 Pyjamas became our favourite clothes
 TV and streaming were the new Kirk and Spock
 As Friends and fun were never to be seen, what a muck!

The 'Megxit' was a bombshell
 Postponing 'James Bond: No time to die' did not do us well
 Tik Tok dances were enormous
 Don't forget about the Murder Hornets!
 Twitter faced a horrible hack
 Google meet and zoom were back on track
 The only thing worse than lockdown dismay
 Was the week where we thought we would have President Kanye!

'Parasite' won the Oscar's Best Picture
 As Awkwafina won the Golden Globe with rapture
 Billie Eilish won all the Grammys
 Oh! 'Schitts Creek' won 9 Emmys
 'The Weekend' blinded all the lights
 BTS was dynamite
 'Annual crossing' was a blockbuster game
 As we all sat home, lame.

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Liverpool won the Premier League, Hurray!
 The cancellation of Olympics 2020 made us fray
 The Lakers won and honoured Kobe
 As Mumbai Indians lifted the IPL trophy
 The US Open was won by Thiem
 Djokovic was disqualified, what a shame!
 India versus Australia got us tweeting
 As the sporting world left us gleaming.

There is no need for desperation
 As long as there is aspiration
 The Covid-19 vaccine is now within reach
 Let's practice, not preach
 2020 destroyed all our plans
 Do not forget to wash your hands
 Here's wishing you an Amazing New Year
 Hope we will be together next year!

- MANITHRA CAMELIA AUGUSTINE
 XI A

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MY VISIT TO UNIVERSAL STUDIOS - A MEMOIR

27

When people ask me, “Tell me some place that would definitely make my vacation an adventure”, I have a direct answer to them –The Entertainment Capital of Los Angeles. Going there was like entering into a world of imagination and animation. When we got inside the amusement park, it was mind- blowing.

There were people, who were wearing costumes of character like Mickey Mouse, Spider- Man and Hulk. The place was like a city, there were maps directing you to the restaurants, rollercoasters, to the Jurassic world, YES! To the Jurassic world, there were robotic dinosaurs like velociraptors and even the most dangerous blood- thirsty, carnivore of the cretaceous period the Tyrannosaurus Rex, also known as T- Rex, after seeing this place it left me speechless. After this, we went to the Harry Potter world. The gates had a heading “Where the magic begins”, I was so excited my adrenaline was getting uncontrollable.

There was a roller-coaster, believe me I am not a fan of fast roller-coaster, but “fast roller-coaster” is an understatement because when we were on the ride, I was screaming half the time. It went zig-zag and then up and down, when the ride ended, it was just sheer relief and happiness to me. This was a life changing experience and I will always remember this memorable journey.

- Abhishek Shylesh





CREATIVE
CORNER

ART CORNER





Master Abhinav Suresh
XI A



Ms. Gayathri Nandakumar
XI B



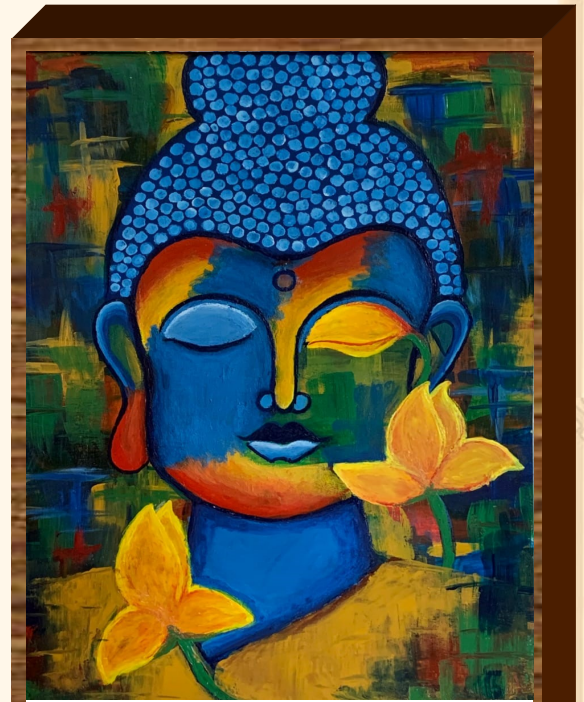
Ms. Hadiya
XII C





Kiran Chaloli Ramesan

X C



Ms. Abhirami Suresh

VIII B



Ms. Nada Basheer

X C



Ms Angel Mary Pinto

XI A



A hand holding an open book with a fountain pen nib pointing at the pages. The text "VIVID VERSES" is overlaid in the center.

**VIVID
VERSES**

THE PRISONER

Imprisoned in heaven, bound by the chains of love and care
stay I, a prisoner wounded quite unfair.
Yearning for the freedom that I once took for granted,
I feel my life stranded from those I wanted,
They say time is a healer but fate is an enemy
so the gates never open, not before me.

Through the window I see a forbidden world
where the guards whisper that a rival swirled.
Every soul that dare wander there turn back and flee.
If I am the one threatened,
why chain me?

LINETE LISA SAJU
XI-B



IN THE WILDERNESS

I sit still, like a fox on guard
Yet my mind blunders, like a waterfall.
Thoughts buzz around here and there, like bees
And memories get woven like a spider's web.

I feel lost, like a deer separated from the herd
Yet I feel like a caterpillar ready to grow wings.
My heart thumps like a racing cheetah
Yet I feel calm, like a sleepy sloth.

I'm nothing more than a human,
But I feel like I'm so much more!
Perhaps I'm the weed among the flowers -
Unwanted, but always adding to the beauty.

- Adiba Guchia

XI C



SLEEPING ON MY MOTHER'S LAP

Sleeping on my Mother's lap
I can happily soar and flap
All around the world, comfortably
With no boundaries, it is open gapingly

I pour out all my emotions
I express all my frustrations
My mother places her hand on my head
Her lap is softer than any fluffy bed. .

She seems to read my mind
Coming with a perfect solution to bind
All my problems and troubles
Telling me everything in all giggles

I feel to curl up there forever
I do not want to miss the feeling, never
Her positive energy flows with all her love
Sleeping on my Mother's lap is a feeling all
above!

- Sa^vanth G T
VIII A

SHADOW BY THE SIDE

Wailing and sobbing on the day you
passed away,
You left me hopeless and made me
mourn.
Why didn't you feel wistful for leaving
me all alone?
I touched your cold feet to sign a
goodbye.
Did you feel my quivering hands?
My tears dribbled on the floor full of
petals.
Did you see me weep with grief?
You pampered me more than anyone,
Showered your love and concern.
Why? Just to depart without any no-
tice?
You made me regret the few times I
put you down
Yet I cherished every second I was
with you.
I know that you are far far away
But you left your shadow by my side.

- Mathivadhani Venkatesvaran
-VIII C



THE SKY

It is wavy with clouds sometimes,
Shows its mood is good and spreads smiles.
As high I go above the clouds
It deepens and deepens it's blue
But that is not all its secrets revealed,
It has hidden much more in its heart concealed.

Its emotions are deep but strong at times,
It is sweet and pleasant breezing miles.
And showers its enchanting beauty everlasting,
Makes me run into the lush that is majestic,
With droplets that drizzles on deserted crust,
Wakes the little life to quench its thirst.

But it remains cheerful not always
It expresses in rage in a fearful blaze,
When it turns dark and showers strongly hit the ground,
When the thunder tears and strikes the wind with horren-
dous sound
to warn those who wake the dreadful
inside
Polluting the pure and transformed the
jovial ride.

- Manahil Ahmed
IX E



CREATIVE CAPTURES





JANHVI MISHRA
XI A



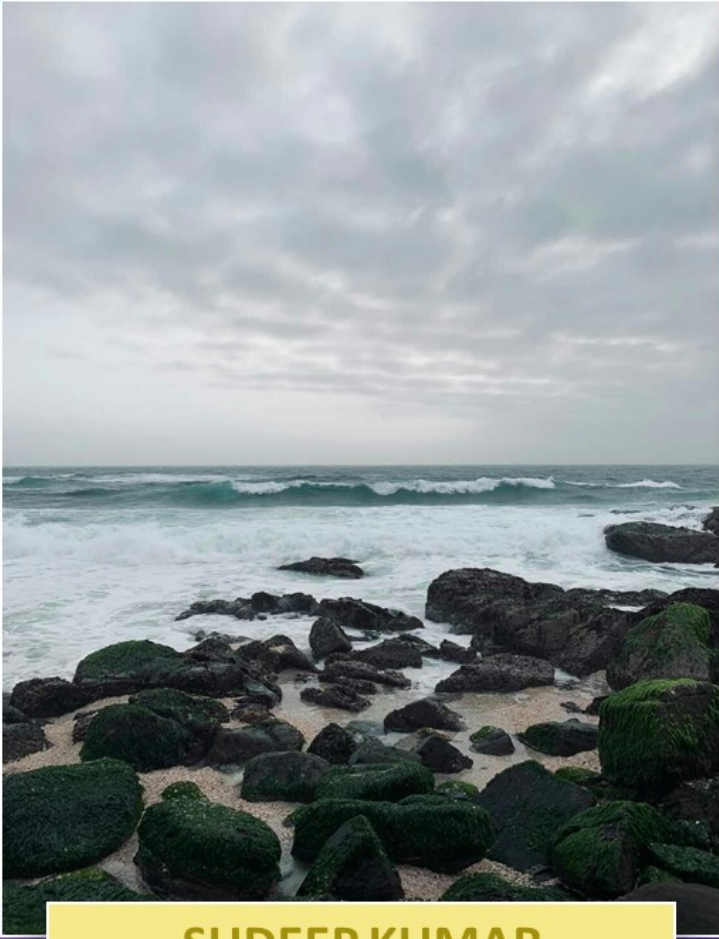
SARTHAK SHENOY
XII C



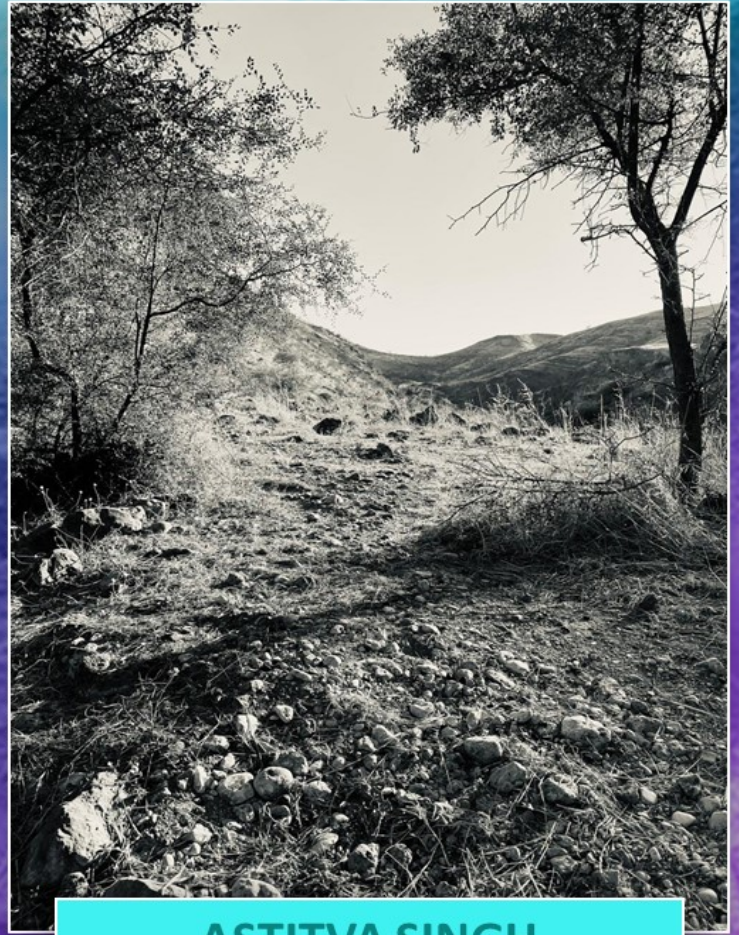
SUDEEP KUMAR
XI A



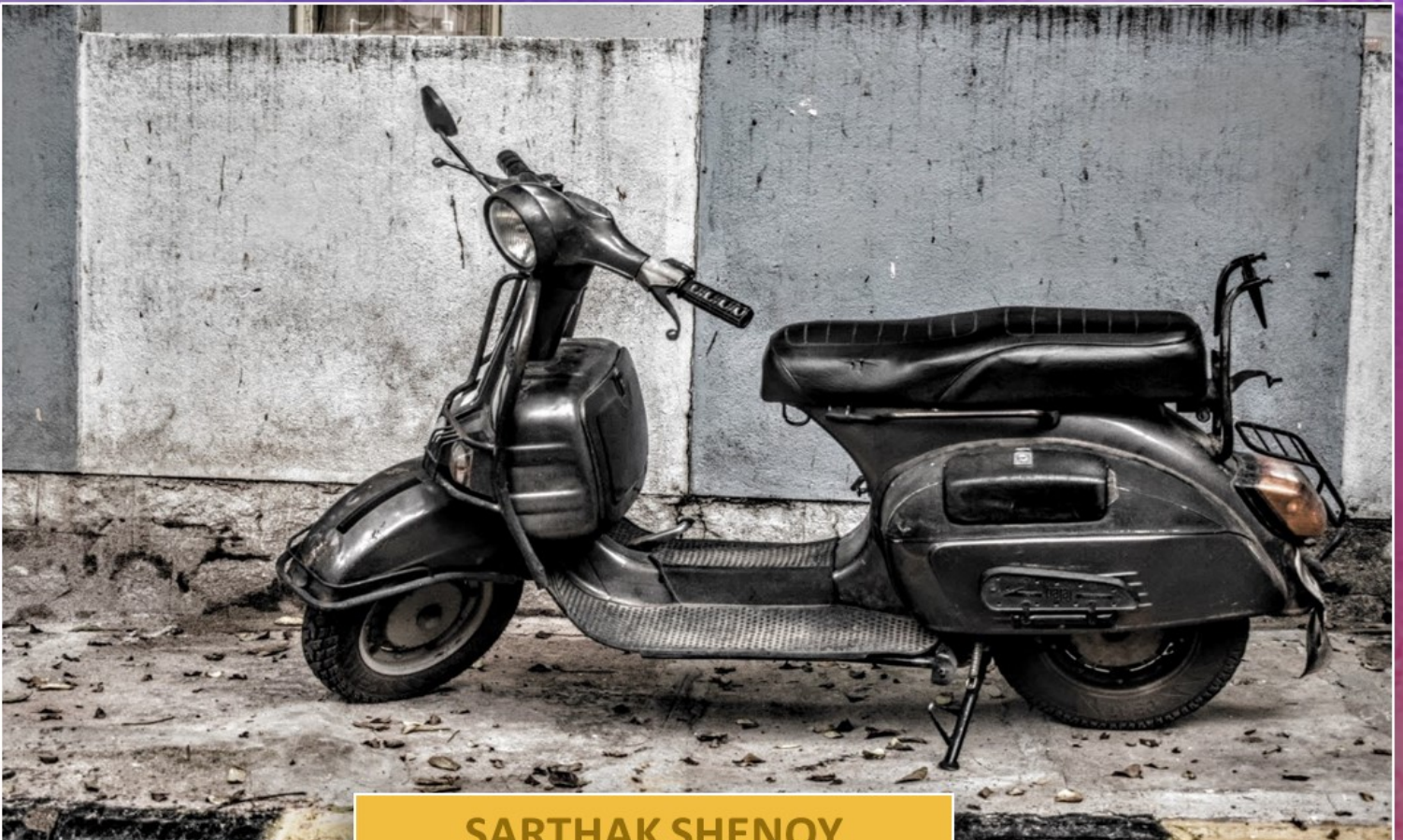
ADIBA GUCHIA
XI C



SUDEEP KUMAR
XI A



ASTITVA SINGH
XI B



SARTHAK SHENOY
XII C



PERPLEXING PUZZLES

FIND MISSING NUMBER

2	??	4	4
3	6	2	9
4	6	3	8

Done by
Mohnish Kumar
IX G

RIDDLE ME THIS

1. What do sea monsters eat?
2. You can skate on me and swim in me. I am of much use when I'm there and when I'm not. What am I?
3. When you don't have me, people want you to. But when you do, you don't want me. What am I?
4. I have no life, but I can die. Who am I?
5. What's blue and smells like red paint?

- Kashif Firoz

X A

Confused? Check out page 43 for the answers

WORD SEARCH

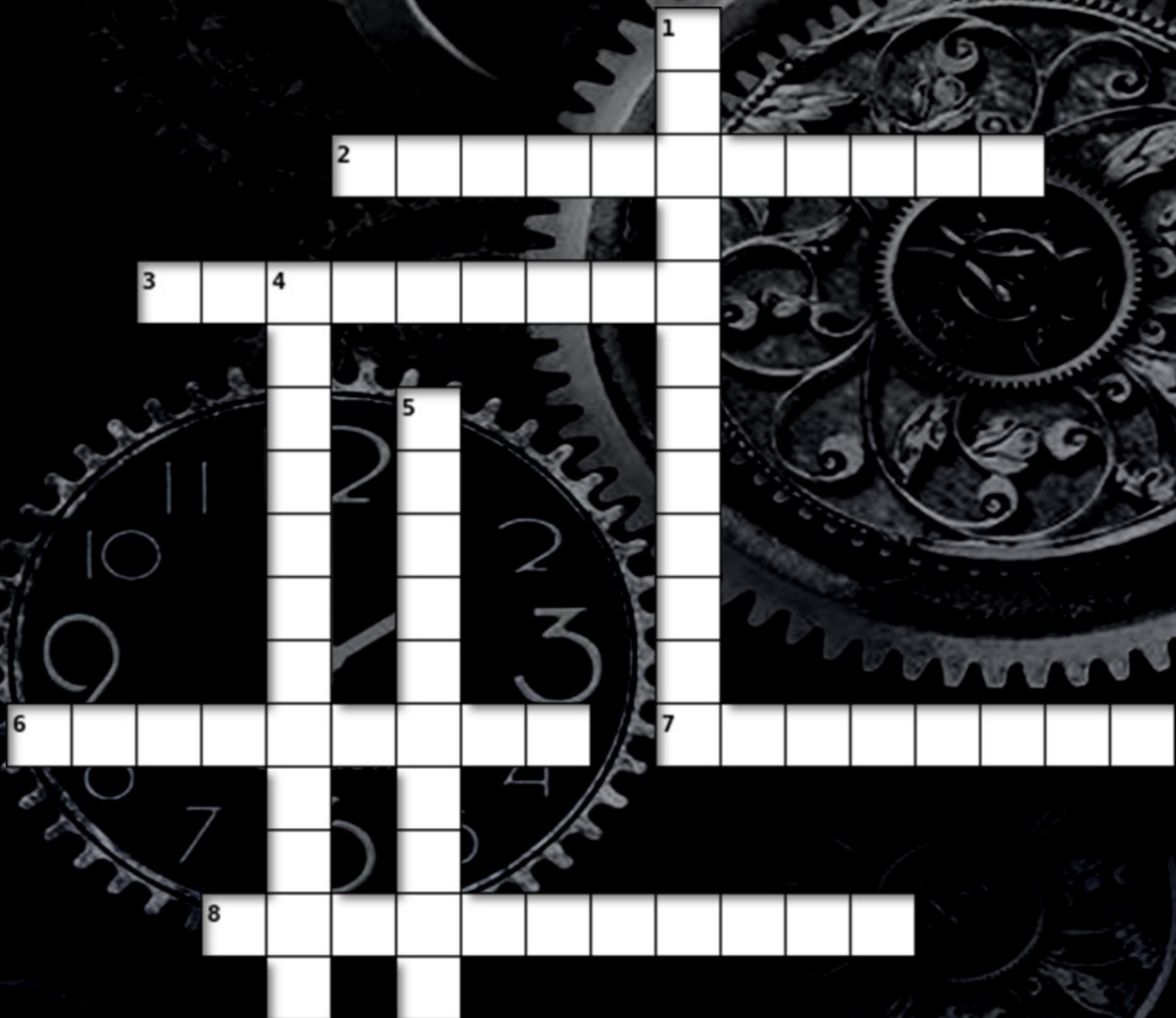
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W	Q	F	T	J	O	B	V	S	V	C	P	S	X	E
F	A	U	L	T	Z	M	I	P	G	H	Y	S	Z	A
B	Z	R	D	O	G	P	S	O	I	I	X	E	N	U
Q	U	Z	D	S	E	J	S	W	Z	C	V	L	U	T
T	M	T	X	Q	L	K	E	Y	E	K	B	T	P	I
S	N	P	T	F	D	S	R	X	V	E	U	N	P	F
U	Y	A	O	E	A	C	G	U	N	N	R	U	Y	U
O	W	D	H	U	R	R	G	X	C	Z	V	A	H	L
M	A	Z	F	P	V	F	A	L	Y	U	I	D	O	P
Y	X	V	G	E	E	P	L	K	E	F	F	I	G	Y
N	Y	R	C	V	J	L	J	Y	D	U	R	R	Z	C
O	U	C	H	A	N	D	E	L	I	E	R	D	X	Z
N	O	Q	W	I	O	E	H	F	B	S	F	N	C	G
A	P	N	V	Y	P	E	D	U	T	I	T	A	E	B

KEYWORDS

- Ant
- Aggressive
- Anonymous
- Beautiful
- Multitude
- Butterfly
- Chicken
- Chandelier
- Dog
- Dauntless

Alaysha Singh
VII H

THE LOST GAMES



ACROSS

2. Jump ropes without messing it up
3. If he starts by saying _____, everyone must do it
6. Square to square on one leg.
7. Contest of strength
8. Run and find ... I will still be there.

DOWN

1. Ready-made clues to the hidden surprises
4. Start the music and walk in circles
5. Pile the 7

Arjandeep Singh
IV D

Confused? Check out page 43 for the answers

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Find words related to the New Year in the word search below. The words can be found going forward, backward, upwards or downwards.

L	J	B	S	T	S	A	O	T	Q	Y
W	O	C	K	B	O	N	F	I	R	E
T	C	I	R	A	D	N	E	L	A	C
R	E	S	O	L	U	T	I	O	N	S
A	L	U	W	I	S	H	E	S	E	O
D	E	M	E	K	C	O	L	C	D	W
I	B	Y	R	Q	L	F	N	Q	A	C
T	R	E	I	J	A	N	U	A	R	Y
I	A	L	F	E	B	Q	O	J	A	J
O	T	H	G	I	N	D	I	M	P	Q
N	E	Y	I	T	T	E	F	N	O	C

PANDA IN THE PAGES!

Here's a little extra game - we've hidden a panda on one page of this magazine, can you spot him?

January
confetti
resolutions
bonfire
fireworks
toasts

calendar
midnight
tradition
celebrate
music
wishes

Nishita Marie Kunhiraman
III D

ANSWERS

FIND MISSING NUMBER

$$(2 * 8)/4 = 4$$

$$(3 * 6)/2 = 9$$

$$(4 * 6)/3 = 8$$

Therefore, the
answer is 8

RIDDLE ME THIS

1. Fish and ships
2. A lake
3. Your
conscience
4. A battery
5. Blue paint

THE LOST GAMES

ACROSS

2. Double
Dutch
3. Simon Says
6. Hopscotch
7. Tug Of War
8. Hide and
Seek

DOWN

1. Treasure
Hunt
4. Musical
Chair
5. Seven Tiles

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