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SILVER POINT SCHOOL

ANNUAL MAGAZINE - 2025 - 2026

SCRIBED GLORY

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SILVER POINT SCHOOL



SCRIBED GLORY

Silver Point School Annual Magazine 2026

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

William Faulkner once said, "The problems of the human heart in conflict with itself... alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat." In the complex dynamics of modern psychic tensions, literature may become the most fulfilling and relieving escape into a desired and ideal world. Young authors may find a solitary and productive refuge to nurture their creative minds and refine their uplifted imagination to shape a peaceful centre to their fond worlds. Under the scorching heat of an unsparing hemisphere, the verses and fiction, the rhymes and phrases are undeniably capable to restore faith in an otherwise degenerating society where in the name of development, a civilisation bargains the serenity of nights in torturous insomniac plight.

Writing is not just a habit but a convenient escape into the acceptable, a preservation of the collective intellectual nobility when the rat race ignores comfort and existence doubts its purpose. It is satisfying to see the young talented writers of our school taking serious and consistent interest in writing creative specimens of their ever flourishing thoughts, pouring their concerns, advocating healthy practices, voicing their opinions and promoting positive changes in favour of a welcoming and progressive society. Over the last few years, students have indulged in writing stories, composing poems, painting imagination onto blank yet promising canvases, designing comics and clicking photographs that establish their prowess in the chosen domain.

As editors and teachers of the annual magazine, *Scribed Glory*, it gives us immense pleasure to witness the excitement among our students, readers and authors who felt ambitious and driven to the cause of writing literary works of sheer merit. We congratulate all the contributors of their brilliant commitment and sustained efforts. We acknowledge the sincere efforts of our sub-editors Himangshu Mitra (XII Science) and Arko Das (XI Science) for shouldering the responsibilities of completing the editing of the magazine and preparing it for awaited publication.

We also thank the school authority and management for entrusting us with this huge yet enriching duty that has only made us grow as human beings. We hope to perfect our capabilities with every passing year.

With faith, hope and best wishes,

Madhumanti Goswami, Ashima Chakravorty and Sutapa Ray

Editors, 'Scribed Glory', 2025-26



FROM THE SUB-EDITOR'S DESK

“Words are, in our not-so-humble opinion, our most inexhaustible source of magic.”

— J. K. Rowling

A magazine is not merely a compilation of pages, but a space where ideas meet expression and where thoughts find permanence. *Scribed Glory* represents that record — an expression of the collective imagination of our school, where ideas have been carefully scribed and given space to shine.

Within these pages reside reflections born of observation, creativity shaped by experience, and expressions that remain personal, yet find belonging within a shared voice. Each contribution reflects a willingness to think, to feel, and to articulate—revealing the quiet courage it takes to place one's thoughts into words.

The journey of shaping this magazine has been one of collaboration, patience, and learning. As sub-editors, we worked closely with contributors to refine their ideas while preserving the authenticity of their voices. Each piece presented here has undergone thoughtful revision, not to alter its essence, but to strengthen its clarity and impact. This experience has also taught us the value of teamwork and attentive listening. Behind every polished article lies discussion, careful editing, and mutual respect for diverse perspectives. *Scribed Glory* is therefore not only a publication, but a shared achievement shaped by collective effort.

We hope that as readers turn these pages, they find inspiration, curiosity, and the courage to express themselves freely. May this magazine remind us that when words are nurtured with care, they possess the power to inform, inspire, and endure. In preserving these voices, we also preserve a moment in time—one shaped by curiosity, sincerity, and shared effort.

May *Scribed Glory* stand as a quiet testament to the belief that thoughtful expression, once written, continues to speak long after the page is turned.

Himangshu Mitra, XII Science. Arko Das, XI Science

Sub-editors, 'Scribed Glory', 2025-26



Message From The Principal

Every page written with sincerity becomes a quiet witness to time. Scribed Glory stands as a testament to the power of words that record effort, nurture imagination, and preserve the spirit of Silver Point School.

This magazine is not merely a collection of articles and artwork; it is a reflection of young minds discovering their voices. Through essays, poems, sketches, and ideas thoughtfully put to paper, our students have transformed thoughts into expressions of confidence and

creativity. Each contribution carries within it discipline, curiosity, and the courage to be heard.

In an age of fleeting digital impressions, the written word retains a unique dignity. It teaches patience, clarity, and depth—qualities we strive to instill in our learners. Scribed Glory celebrates this enduring art while honouring the dedication of our students and the guiding hands of our teachers who continue to inspire excellence.

I extend my heartfelt appreciation to the editorial team, mentors, and every contributor who has made this publication possible. May this magazine encourage many more to write, reflect, and rise—leaving behind their own lines of glory, carefully scribed for the future.

With best wishes,

Sucharita Roychowdhury

Principal, Silver Point School



Message From The Principal Incharge

“Do the best you can until you know better. Then when you know better, do better”, as said by Maya Angelou, I strongly believe that each child is unique in their respective imagination as well as creative expression. I am honoured to step into the vibrant ecosystem of Silver Point School, Kolkata-700042. As the Principal In-Charge the bonds we’ve forged in a very short period of time are deeply special. Each interaction, each spark of curiosity in a student’s eye, vividly gives the impression of the incredible young minds who are being nurtured at the school. I have been introduced to the annual magazine *_Scribed Glory_* and I am elated to find the meaningful and inspiring contributions by the talented young authors who are keen on indulging in their literary endeavours to protect attentively and admire lovingly a domain of artistic pursuit that is fast fading in modern times. It is rather relieving to see the future of intellectual and emotional verve in safe hands and I wish them wholeheartedly to march on the paths, laid beautifully by evolutionary thoughts and majestically profound words.

Warmly,

Kankana Das Gupta,

Principal In-Charge, Silver Point School





Message From The Vice Principal

To Lead with Purpose and the Power of Positivity

As educators, we have the privilege of shaping young minds and inspiring future leaders. Leading with purpose means embracing our responsibilities with passion, integrity, and enthusiasm. It's about creating a positive and inclusive environment where everyone feels valued and empowered to grow. A positive attitude is contagious, and as leaders, we must model the behavior we want to see in our students through multiple means, of which publishing the annual magazine, *Scribed Glory* may be considered as one.



By focusing on the good, celebrating successes and learning from setbacks through creative writing, we can create a culture of optimism and resilience. This mindset helps our students see challenges as opportunities for growth and development. At Silver Point School, we strive to cultivate intellectually and creatively superior minds who exercise kindness, empathy and purpose.

Let's harness the power of positivity to inspire, motivate, and transform our student community through literary practices, making it a place where everyone thrives. This magazine hopes to create a supportive and inclusive domain that fosters academic excellence, creativity, and innovation to raise confident, compassionate, and responsible individuals, equipped to make a positive impact on the world.

With best wishes,

Joydeep Dutta

Vice Principal, Silver Point School



Message From The Headmistress

Building Character and Empowering Young Minds

As educators, we often say that our goal is not just to impart knowledge, but to shape the minds and hearts of our students. At Silver Point School, we believe that building character is just as important as academic achievement. By instilling values like empathy, kindness, and responsibility, we empower our students to become matured individuals.

Through the annual magazine, *Scribed Glory* we provide our students with a platform to discover their creative strengths and develop a taste for literature. Our students are encouraged to take risks, explore their passions, and learn from their mistakes through regular curriculum. This magazine being a component of the holistic approach to education helps our students develop into well-rounded individuals, equipped with the thinking skills and values necessary to succeed in life.

As Headmistress, when I see them taking interest in writing, I feel proud to see our students grow into capable and caring individuals, ready to take on the world. They are our future leaders, innovators, and change-makers, and we are committed to nurturing their growth and development.

With best wishes,

Nina Dutta,

Headmistress, Silver Point School





Message From The School Captain

As I pen down these words my heart is filled with gratitude and pride. My journey in this institution began in Class I as a small child learning alphabets, values, and discipline. Today, standing as the School Captain, I realise how deeply this school has shaped my character and perspectives. I feel truly honoured by the trust and faith shown in me by our respected teachers, students and the non-teaching faculty. Every word of guidance, each rectification made, quiet or pronounced words or gestures of encouragement and the love expressed and nurtured has generously contributed to the leader I hopefully could somewhat become.

The post of the School Captain is not merely a designation, it is a responsibility to lead by example and serve with sincerity. I learnt that leadership is not just authority but it's about influence, it's about to listen before speaking and to serve before commanding . Hearing my name echoed by the youngest students with their pure and innocent hearts humbled me deeply and reminded me that true pride lies not in being known, but in being looked up to. As the famous saying goes, "If your actions inspire others to dream more, learn more, do more and become more, you are a leader." The council members who worked alongside me became my worthy team with whose able support and preparedness, I tried to serve the duties assigned against the honour of my badge. They walked shoulder to shoulder through the demands and necessities of each special occasions or every routined regularity. As the Captain at the helm, I have tried to lend my ears to all the rushing blows of the storm. I succeeded to tackle some and I learned to anchor better with the failed venturings. My life and times spent as the School Captain of my alma mater where I have spent over a decade will survive in me as the most fruitful and enriching experiences.

From being one among the numberless aspiring students with wide dreams and vast scales of hopes for assumed responsibilities to leading it from the front has been a journey that is precious beyond words. As I step forward, I carry with me memories that will forever remain close to my heart and a silent promise to always uphold the values that my school has given me.

Chandan Roy , XII Commerce
School Captain, Silver Point School, 2025-2026



Message From The Vice School Captain

It is a privilege to serve as the Vice Captain of our school, an institution that has shaped not just my academics but my character, values, and voice. This school is more than textbooks and exams, it is where discipline is tested, resilience is built and leadership is learned through action. I accept this responsibility with conviction and purpose.

This role has challenged me to think independently, lead with intent, and learn from real experiences. I am grateful to our teachers for their guidance and trust and to my fellow council members for their dedication. Leadership is not about authority, it is about setting the right example. And to every student whose energy brings life to this school, I would like to express my gratitude.

One lesson that stands out for me is that standing for what is right is never optional. Even if it means standing alone, integrity must come before approval. Progress begins when we question what is easy and choose what is right. Doing the right thing may invite doubt, criticism, or misunderstanding, but that should never stop us. At times, misplaced priorities allow some actions to be overlooked, while principled decisions are questioned. Like Aladdin's three wishes, we are given limited chances to learn from mistakes, making every decision count. This journey has particularly helped me to operate with logical and impartial judgements, thoughtful analysis and a genuine empathy for all the students beyond all possible or estimated differences.

I encourage everyone to keep growing, pushing limits, and questioning comfort. Stand for what is right, take chances, and lead with courage. Let us move forward with confidence, commitment, and unity, building a school we can all be proud of and leaving an impression that truly matters.

Ishu Singh, XI Science
Vice Captain, Silver Point School





Message From Sports Captain and Vice Captain

As the Sports Captain and Sports Vice-Captain of our school, our main responsibility was to lead the sports teams with discipline, unity, and confidence. We were also responsible for taking care of the sports field, maintaining discipline during matches, and managing the crowd during sports events. We promise to be fair, responsible, and hardworking leaders even in future. We shall encourage all students to participate in sports and always play with honesty and respect. We have tried to motivate our teams to give their best and to play with true sportsmanship, accepting both victory and defeat with grace and dignity.



Our experiences as Sports Captain and Vice-Captain have been truly wonderful. We have successfully managed and organized various tournaments such as the Handball Tournament, Throwball Tournament, and Football Tournament. Working together has taught us the importance of teamwork, patience, leadership, and time management. These experiences have made us more confident, disciplined, and proud to represent our school.

Simran Kumari Shaw, Class XII Humanities, Sports Captain

Subham Kumar Panda, Class XI Commerce, Sports Vice-Captain

From the NCC Incharges



Our tenure as the NCC Incharge and Deputy NCC Incharge of our school has been a truly rewarding experience for us. Working with our cadets every day has shown us how much energy, discipline, and potential young minds carry. From morning drills to camps and parades, every activity has helped shape not only the cadets, but also us as mentors and guides. NCC is not just about uniforms and commands, it is about building character, confidence, and a sense of responsibility. Watching cadets improve their discipline, teamwork and leadership skills has been our biggest achievement. Camps, training sessions, and school events have taught everyone the importance of cooperation, patience, and perseverance.

What makes this experience special is seeing the cadets grow more confident, support one another, and take pride in their duties. We are grateful to the school for its constant support and encouragement. Together, we continue to uphold the values of NCC and guide our cadets to become responsible, confident, and disciplined citizens.

Priyanshu Dey, XII Science, NCC Incharge

Kritika Ganguly, IX, NCC Deputy Incharge



From the Discipline Incharge and Deputy Discipline Incharge

We, Sulagna Roy and Rishan Samanta, Discipline Incharge and Deputy Incharge at Silver Point School, embraced the vital role of fostering a harmonious learning environment. Discipline isn't about strict rules; it's about inspiring self-respect, punctuality, and mutual respect among peers. Daily, we monitored assemblies, resolved conflicts with empathy, and organized awareness sessions on cyber safety and anti-bullying. This position has honed my leadership skills, which taught us patience and fairness while promoting academic focus. Together with teachers and students, we've reduced tardiness by 30% this year, creating a safer, more productive campus.



Proudly, we can strive to build a disciplined community where every voice thrives, paving the way for future leaders. Discipline has forever played a vital part in the life of a student and we hope that the students of the school learn to lead a disciplined life not only for the sake of following the guidelines but also to inherit the sense of healthy organisation in their lifestyle and habit. Even if we could alter the unruly mindset of one miscreant and make the student reflect and choose to alter behaviour into refinement, we would believe that we have accomplished the demands of our designated roles.

Sulagna Roy, XII Humanities, Discipline Incharge

Rishan Samanta, XA, Discipline Deputy Incharge

From the Adornment Incharge and Deputy Adornment Incharge



It is the quiet steps and shared strength that truly give shape to leadership. Unity emerges when voices blend, hands join, and every individual feels valued and seen; this is what we have learned through our work as the Adornment Incharge and Deputy Incharge.

As part of this role, our responsibilities extended beyond the external appearance alone. We helped plan, organize, and execute adornments for school events, coordinated with the council and volunteers, managed time and resources, and ensured that every space reflected discipline, creativity, and the spirit of the occasion. The role demanded responsibility, cooperation, and attention to detail, while also teaching us how to lead effectively.

The post of Adornment In-charge holds great value for the Council, as it transforms ideas into visible impact. Adornments set the tone for events, foster school pride, and bring unity through collective effort. Being part of this process showed me how even subtle contributions play a crucial role in the success of larger initiatives. We came to understand that leadership is not about standing ahead, but about standing with others, listening, learning, and guiding with patience and respect.

To my teachers and fellow students, thank you for walking alongside me and helping shape me into a better leader, a stronger learner, and a more mindful person. Let us continue to grow together with purpose, in unity, and with hope.

Nayab Mirza, XII Science, Adornment Incharge

Ananya Naskar, XII Commerce, Deputy Adornment Incharge



From the House Captains and Vice Captains (Raman House)



Many of you may know me, Ishan Haldar and Suvodip Das as the Captain and Vice Captain of one of the most successful houses in the history of Silver Point School. It's a title that reflects years of dedication, discipline, and teamwork, values that our school has always stood for. Our trophies and victories speak of commitment, effort, and the strong sporting culture that Silver Point proudly nurtures.

But what makes this house truly special goes beyond medals and scoreboards. Raman House has always aimed to shape well-rounded individuals, students who excel not only on the field but also in classrooms, on stage, and through creative expression. Sports have given us strength and unity, while academics, culture, and the arts have given us depth and direction.

Our house is filled with diverse talents. Athletes who inspire us with their perseverance, students who challenge ideas with curiosity, artists who bring imagination to life, and leaders who quietly hold teams together. It is this balance that makes a house strong and a school exceptional.

Leadership, for us, was never just about a badge or a title. It was about contributing to a system that encourages respect, growth, and inclusion, a system where every student feels valued and safe to express themselves. Silver Point has provided us with that platform, and it is up to us to use it wisely.

As we move forward, may our definition of success continue to grow, embracing not only victories, but values, creativity, and character. That is the legacy worth carrying forward.

Ishan Haldar, House Captain, Raman House

Suvodip Das, House Vice Captain, Raman House

From the House Captains and Vice Captains (Derozio House)

As the House Captain and House Vice-Captain of Derozio House of Silver Point School, we are proud to lead and represent our school community. This journey has taught us many valuable lessons in leadership, teamwork, and time management. We have gained important experience in organizing events, resolving conflicts, and inspiring our peers to work together.

As leaders, we understand the responsibility that comes with representing our house. We strive to set a positive example, take difficult decisions when required, and motivate our fellow students to give their best in every situation. Leading the house is not an easy task, as maintaining discipline and decorum while handling serious issues requires patience and maturity. However, we approach these responsibilities with passion, dedication, and determination to achieve the goals set for our house.

Our future goals include fostering unity and inclusivity, promoting academic excellence, and creating a positive and encouraging environment for all students. We aim to empower our peers to become responsible leaders and active citizens who contribute positively to society. Together, we remain committed to upholding the values of our house and school, and to making a meaningful and lasting difference in our community and beyond.



Rabina Prasad, XII Humanities, Captain

Manojit Kundu, XI Science, Vice Captain



From the House Captains and Vice Captains (Naidu House)

We, Mrinmay Das and Sagnik Sarkar, had a phenomenal experience serving as the Naidu House Captain and Vice-Captain respectively this year. It brings us great pleasure to know that the authorities believed in us and trusted us with these responsibilities. We tried our best to live up to everyone's expectations and faith, giving our efforts to complete every task with utmost dedication and sincerity. Through this wonderful journey, we learned many new things such as healthy competitiveness, teamwork, resilience and strategic planning, qualities that strengthen our beloved institution and its student community. We also gained a deeper understanding of leadership and coordination, learning how important it is to listen, support, and work together as one team.



Our dedication towards our school grew stronger, which increased our involvement with the school student council. We worked together to face challenges, support one another, and contribute towards making our school a better place for everyone. This journey was not only about leadership and teamwork, but also about self-discovery, understanding who we are and what we are capable of achieving. Over time, we learned to be more confident, to take risks, and to believe in ourselves. This experience has shaped us in ways we will always cherish. We are grateful to every member who supported us and made this journey memorable. Together, we learned, grew, and moved forward with pride and purpose.

Mrinmoy Das, XII Commerce, Captain

Sagnik Sarkar, XI Commerce, Vice Captain

From the House Captains and Vice Captains (Teresa House)



“If you want change, BE the CHANGE.”

As we are writing this, we are filled with gratitude. This journey wasn't just about winning trophies, but about effort, tries, and belief. Home is a place surrounded by comfort where every effort counts and no one judges you. That's exactly what our house stands for. We, Mohit Singh as Captain and Ankit Das as Vice-Captain, carried the responsibility of keeping all our members motivated and becoming their supporters. With every loss, we discovered new lessons that led us to greater heights. Our job was never to stand above and control the crowd;

it was to stand with them and support them to shine by standing beside our team in victory and defeat, in joy and disappointment.

In cultural activities, we all gave our best and proudly made our place at the top. In sports, we faced many problems, but even then we secured second position with commendable statistics. The dream to be recognised as the best house for the session seems to be a possible reality due to the shared dream for which each member has worked unitedly with pride.

Ankit and I are grateful to all the house members and teachers who contributed unconditionally. We are truly thankful for the opportunity to serve our house. By following these two morals, pride and responsibility, we hope to see our house stand tall, shine with honour, and continue to grow brighter with every new challenge.

Mohit Singh, XII Science, Captain

Ankit Das, XI Commerce, Vice Captain



SINCE 1997

SILVER POINT SCHOOL

CBSE AFFILIATED

Class X AISSE RESULTS

SESSION : 2024-25

Student's Name	Percentage of Marks
JAYDEEP PRASAD	94.40
ARKO DAS	93.60
SWAENABHA DUTTA	91.40
MANOJIT KUNDU	91.40

Class XII AISSCE RESULTS

SESSION : 2024-25

Student's Name	Stream	Percentage of Marks
ANUSHKA MUKHERJEE	HUMANITIS	97.40
Srijoyan Das	COMMERCE	95.40
Uzair Bin Ibrahim	SCIENCE	94.80



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Inventing a New Game for Friends

One rainy afternoon me and my friends were trapped inside my home. Our usual board games felt tired and their strategies exhausted us. Suddenly I declared that let's invent a new game. I said holding up a blue square and we called it "Skimmer". The game was very simple. Flicking the coasters across the smooth coffee table and aiming for a goal zone drawn in dry erase marker. The real fun began with the game.

By the time the rain stopped, we had a fully functional game. After inventing this game we shared creativity and the unexpected joy of turning a dull afternoon into a core memory of laughter and invention.

—Priyansh Chatterjee, I A

Kittu – Dogo

When I was in UKG, one winter afternoon I was out with my Dad. We went to Rabindra Sarobar Lake for a walk. Suddenly we saw a kitten and a puppy under a bush. They were feeling uncomfortable due to the cold weather. We didn't find anyone to look after.

So I requested my Dad to take them to our home. Dad said "yes" and we did so. At home we protected them with an old bedsheet to give them warmth, give them milk & juicy food.

Since then they have been with us. Now they are bigger than before. They often go out of our house to roam here and there, but in the evening they return back.

I call them Kittu and Dogo. They play with me. They don't fight with each other. Our family loves them very much. I want to tell others to save and protect animals from danger and love them. It is a noble deed.

—Sunayana Chakraborty, II B

The Secret Life of a School

When night comes and the school is closed, something magical happens. All the objects in the school come to life! The decorations on the walls wake up first. They start whispering to each other. They share stories about the children and laugh softly so no one can hear them.

The blackboard also comes alive. It quietly walks through the school hallways. It peeps into every classroom to check if everything is neat and tidy.

Before morning comes, all the objects go back to their places. When the students return, the school looks normal again—but the secret remains hidden.

— Srijani Das, III A



The Blessings Seed

Once upon a time, there was a girl whose name was Lakshmi. She was born in a poor family. One day, she was playing outside her house with her neighbours. There she met a rich merchant. He gave her a tiny seed, telling her, “This seed holds a special promise. Plant it with care.”

Lakshmi was very excited and planned to plant the seed the next day.

The following morning, she woke up early and planted the seed in a safe corner of her yard. After some days, the small seed came out from the soil as a little sapling.

After a few more days, the sapling grew into a plant with lots of leaves. One day, Lakshmi noticed that beautiful golden flowers had bloomed on the plant. The flowers brought joy to Lakshmi’s family and their poor neighbours. They even helped cure their illnesses.

Lakshmi’s parents were very proud of her, and they all lived happily ever after.

— Aayushi Dalui, IV A

The Last Resident

Suntan, Srijit, Tanish and Ayan were best friends from the same school. One day, they all decided to go somewhere nearby during their vacation. After some discussion, they planned that the following Saturday they would travel from Kolkata to Mohanpur. They decided to stay there overnight and return the next day. They travelled by train, and it took them about two hours. After reaching Mohanpur, the four friends enjoyed themselves to their fullest, exploring the place and trying out new dishes.

However, in the afternoon, the sky became heavy and dark clouds enveloped the sky, heralding an impending downpour. Soon a fearsome north- western storm came down, followed by a heavy rain. To prevent themselves from being wet, they ran to find a shelter . Far away, they could see a large mansion, standing in a desolate alley. Its haunted appearance sent chills down their spines. With no other choice, they decided to take shelter there until the storm and rain stopped.

Tanish started to take out food, as they were very hungry. Srijit asked Tanish “ What are you eating ?”. Tanish replied, “Pasta”. Ayan was trying to get signal

in his phone, while Suntan carefully observed the place, scrutinising the area. Suddenly Suntan spotted an eerie figure, not more than 10 hands away. Suntan, mustering his courage, asked in a feeble, shaky voice, “Who are you?”. But there was no reply, only the relentless sound of rain pelting the roof and the occasional crack of lightning echoing through the empty halls.



Hearing Suntan talking, Ayan rushed over to see what was happening, and his friends followed him. As he came closer, he noticed the tall figure clad in darkness. Srijit froze in terror, shouting, “It’s a ghost !” before collapsing unconscious on the floor.

The shadow began slowly gliding towards them, as their hearts raced in panic. The bravest and strongest, Tanish mustered his courage and delivered a powerful punch to the shadow. The figure lied unconscious. Approaching cautiously, they realised that it wasn’t a ghost but a thief! They quickly called the police, who arrived and apprehended him. Later they realised that it was the same thief who always scared off the people who came near the house, but over time, rumours had turned the mansion into a supposedly haunted place. As they began returning home, Suntan glanced back, wondering why the door to the second floor hadn’t opened while he was examining the rooms. But he felt frightened when suddenly he saw someone staring at them from a second-floor window. Fear gripped him.

— Tatin Bairagi, VI A

A Life of Mudras and Taal

My journey into dance is a story of love and a dream passed down from my mother. She always wanted to become a dancer and she was a good dancer but life didn’t give her the chance. As I grew up I felt her silent passion that made me want to pick up the ghungroos , she never got to wear. One day, I saw a woman performing on stage. Her grace and power were so moving that, at that moment I knew that I had found my path. That woman is now my dance teacher (Guru Hrishita Saha). My dance teacher gave me the support as much as needed for me to become a dancer and I also realise that dance is not only not my passion, but it is my love. Whenever I dance, all my stress just flashes away from my mind. I fell in love with Bharat Natyam, a beautiful south Indian classical dance form that feels like a spiritual meditation. I am deeply inspired by legends like Guru Bala Saraswati, the queen of expressions and the pioneering Thankumani kutty. My performance journey started when my dance teacher gave me a chance to perform on a stage . I was very nervous as that was my first time. Finally the time came when our group got onto the stage and I was in the first line and as our dance finished the prize distribution began. Our dance group got second position. After that programme my confidence level increased a lot. Since then, I have done many dance performances. I hope I can continue it as long as possible. My ultimate aim is to become a dancer like my teacher who shows me that every mudra and taal is a way to speak without words. I know I might not become a famous legend but I want to work as hard as I can to be the best version of myself. I hope I can turn my mother’s old dream into a beautiful reality.

— Oishi Dutta, VI A



A Voice for the Voiceless: A paragraph on humans and wildlife in India

As a person whose entire personality revolves around wildlife and animals, it deeply saddens my soul to see poor beings get mistreated, let it be a humungous elephant or a puny spider. Every creature has its place in the world, yes, even mosquitoes. They are ravishing miracles of life that we may never be able to replicate with our soulless mechanical heaps of metal called robots powered by God-forbidden artificial intelligence.

India is an interesting case when it comes to human and wildlife-conflicts. On one hand, animals are worshipped as valiant steeds of gods and goddesses, on the other is a balancing scale of trust which can tip anytime. Lions are worshipped as Maa Durga's Vahana while in Gujarat young male lions are venturing out of the Gir reserve for territory and wandering into cities and scaring the people there. Leopards are another instance of big cats venturing into towns and cities. They are masters of stealth, lurking in alley and using the shade of night as an advantage to move in and out of the cities anytime. Moving away from big cats, elephants are also a very weird case. Lord Ganesha's head is that of an elephant and Lord Vishwakarma's loyal steed is one too. Yet they are mistreated like the infamous and tragic "firecracker fruit" incident in June of 2020 where a pregnant elephant was fed a pineapple stuffed with firecrackers. Speaking of elephants, let's cover the one in the room, poaching, a grotesque act fueled by greed and shameless excuses of humans. There is a special chamber in my heart for hatred against poachers.

I sincerely apologise for the abrupt end, as if I didn't, I'd write an entire novel on my love for animals and hatred against poachers. Animals are an important part of our environment; we need them, and they need us too. Let us never mistreat animals and be a 'Voice for the Voiceless'. In conclusion, I wish to summarise with a quote from the great Mahatma Gandhi: "The greatness of a nation and its moral progress can be judged by the way its animals are treated".

— Samanyu Dutta, VII A

A Story of an Urban Legend

El sinbon or The Whistler is a Venezuelan urban legend who is famous for haunted stories related to it. He is associated with the Los Llanos region. The stories related to him arose between, 19th century, usually described as the lost soul. He is a wanderer with a sack of bones, generally considered to be his father's. He is a punisher who punishes those who are drunkards or those who do wrong things. His whistle is his signature, heralding his presence. He is a 7.5 feet tall horror urban legend. People from Colombia and Venezuela contribute to his popularity through generational word of mouth traditions. But one most popular story about him is:



Once upon a time there lived a rich family. The family consisted of a rude and greedy child, his mother, his father who was always ready to do anything for his beloved son, and his grandfather. One day the boy ordered his father to bring the meat of deer from the forest. His father, following his son's demand, went to the forest to hunt a deer. The son waited. After a long interval of time, maybe over six hours after waiting, his father did not return. So the son decided to go to the forest. He took an axe and a sack on his shoulders. He told his mother that he would return after a while. Over an hour later, the son returned to his house with a bag full of meat. He told his mother that his father gave him the bag of deer meat and told him that he would return home after a while. Believing him, his mother did not think further of her husband and started making the dish.

However, his grandfather sensed something fishy about the bag. When he checked it, he stood aghast to find severed fingers and eyes. This gave him a clue that his grandson had killed his son. So in punishment he hit him very badly by tying him up with a tree. He was very scared of dogs so his grandfather told his dogs to chase him down. A few days later, news spread that the grandson's dead body was found with a bag of meat.

People say that if you go out at night, you should always take a dog with you.

— Satyaki Das, VII A

Through the Time Portal

When my eyes opened, I saw myself in the store room. I didn't remember what I was doing. It was 8 o'clock in the morning but something was different. I went downstairs but there was no one. I checked the rooms, all were sleeping. I thought today was Monday..... Papa had an office, Ma had college and I had school but no one was awake. Why? Has something happened? But what? I thought of checking with the neighbours. As I stepped out, I saw our school bus standing. My friends were there but no teachers. They came out of the bus and said that all the parents were also sleeping. Sohini said that her parents woke up and ate all the chocolates she had received on her birthday. Then suddenly we saw our parents come out and started playing games as they used to play when they were children. Some of them wore old dresses from their childhood. We began to see old cars from the early 1900s. Sayani came running.....we asked her what had happened. We were shocked to hear it. Nikhil rushed to my house and we followed him. All were confused about what was happening. Rakesh understood what Nikhil was doing so he turned on the TV. Papa came rushing and pushed us to watch the news. It showed "BREAKING NEWS - There is a fair going on, in the school field. Papa shouted, "Anu get ready, we are going to a fair". Ma said, "YAY !!" What a fair in our school, for parents. Impossible!! We got on the school bus and Nikhil drove it to our school. When we reached, we saw the parents were playing Gilli - Danda, jumping on the bouncy castle, running, buying toys and our Principal was singing. We were shocked to see all these. When we were searching for our parents, the field was getting cleared and the crowd was getting inside the school. In the crowd, I spotted my father and yelled "Papa !!",



but he couldn't hear who was calling. After all was cleared, we went to see where they were.....

Vanished !! ... all vanished in a minute.

“ Anu , who are you looking for ? ”

I turned back and saw my grandfather.

— Grandpa , please help us.

— What happened ?

— All parents went to the school and vanished.

— Parents ? Vanished ? Why ?

— Suddenly, they were behaving like children. When they heard about the fair.....they came rushing.

— Let me remember..... Oh ? Yes , my mother once said that a holy man told her....this kind of situation can happen in future. Then all of a sudden, we fell into the darkness.

—Aeindri Singha Roy, VII B

MR. ENGINEER

I was traveling by train to Dhakuria and was sitting alone in my seat. Suddenly, a father and his son came and sat on the opposite seat. The boy was wearing black sunglasses and was a little chubby, while his father was also heavyset, wearing a checked shirt and full pants. I sat silently with my luggage between my legs. The boy's father soon started interacting with me and asked where I was going. “Dhakuria,” I replied with a smile. He said, “We are also going to Dhakuria. “Hehe, got a partner for the journey.” I smiled. His son began playing with my keychain, so the father scolded him and then took the keychain, examining it closely. “Oh, you work in a big engineering company? You are a big engineer—great!” he said. I smiled again.

The boy asked, “Papa, papa, what is an engineer?” His father replied, “It's a very respectable and big job. You will also become a big engineer like Dada.” He then told me that he was a businessman and had more than enough money, but he didn't get much respect or value in society, so he wanted to make his son an engineer. I smiled again but replied, “So you want to make him an engineer because of social status? Ask him what he wants to be. However, he is too young for this question.” The man quickly said, “No, I didn't mean that.” I replied, “If not, then what did you mean? Listen to my story, and I hope you will understand.” He nodded excitedly, and I began.

It all started eight years ago on the last day of my school life—the result day of Class XII. Everyone was enjoying themselves outside, but I was sitting on the teacher's desk, waiting for my friend Saikat. We had been



friends since Class I. He came and sat beside me, and I said, “So, our school life ends here.” He replied softly, “Hmm... So what are your plans for the future?” I told him about my love for writing stories and poems and my dream of becoming a writer. He asked if my father would agree, and I said I would try to convince him. Soon, our other friends came, dragged us outside, and wrote names, jokes, and nicknames on our school uniforms. After that, Saikat and I went home together.

At home, I was writing a new story in my diary when my mother called me for lunch. I went, planning to tell my father about my future plans, but before I could speak, he announced that he had already admitted me to an engineering college in Bangalore and that my train was the day after tomorrow. After lunch, I returned to my room and continued writing, though my mind was elsewhere. I stared at the ticket in my hand as the letters blurred, my chest tightened, and my pen slipped from my fingers. I called Saikat and asked him to meet me at Dhakuria Lake, where I told him everything. He said, “Maybe this is our last meeting. Maybe God wanted this. But don’t forget me, dost.” I replied, “Shut up. What ending is this? I will return after five years, and we will call each other at least once every day.” He smiled, threw away his clay tea cup, said it was time to leave, and walked away. I went home and finished my story.

Early the next morning, my father spread the news everywhere that his son was going to study engineering in Bangalore. He took me out shopping for new clothes and gave me a new haircut, and the day passed so fast that I didn’t even realize it. The next day at the station, I saw Saikat waiting for me. He didn’t say anything—he simply handed me a big tiffin carrier filled with dal, chicken, roti, and all my favourite food. I said, “Bye, Saikat,” but for the first time, he didn’t reply. He walked away without looking back even once. On the train, as I ate the food, I realized it was the same tiffin carrier he used to bring to school, and memories of us sharing food together flooded my mind.

After three months, I returned home. My mother was shocked and asked why I was back, then went to serve me lunch. While I was eating, my father entered angrily and asked why I was there. I told him I didn’t want to study engineering. He shouted, “Then what will you do? Work at a tea stall?” I told him that I wanted to be a writer and asked him to believe in me. He went to my room, found my diary, and burned it despite my repeated pleas. That day, I left home with a new diary, leaving behind my friends, relatives, my mother—everyone.

Now, after eight years, I am returning because I heard my mother is unwell. The tiffin carrier is still with me, and I tried many times to contact Saikat to return it, but I couldn’t. So I told the man on the train to put aside his social status and let his son choose his own future. I then picked up my luggage and walked toward the gate, breathing in the familiar air of the place where I was born. Looking toward the platform, I noticed Saikat. He didn’t recognize me at first. When I asked his name, he replied, “Yes, Mr. Engineer,” and we both laughed and hugged. I returned the tiffin carrier and asked how he knew I was coming. He simply said, “Leave it. Your mother is well now. Go home and meet her first.”



When I reached home, I learned that Saikat had taken my mother to the hospital at midnight, but while returning, he met with an accident and died. I looked up at the sky and saw a blurred image of Saikat, which slowly faded away forever. This is everything that happened today, my diary. I don't know what tomorrow holds, but if the sun rises, maybe my story isn't over yet. It hurts to leave you, but I will come back again if I see tomorrow's sun.

Bye-bye.

—Aritra Naskar, VII B

Between Thought and Probability : My Theory of Consciousness

I have always pondered since I was a young child what awareness is, how something can be alive, feel alive, whether free choice exists, etc. The idea of the multiverse and how worlds can branch was first presented to me when I was around eight years old. I believed that everything is predetermined, even awareness, like universe animations. As I became older, I rejected the notion and eventually forgot it.

I had a different thought this year. Since I first became aware of the idea of quantum physics, I thought about consciousness once more. To me, consciousness felt erratic. What else is unpredictable, I reasoned, but quantum physics? And I hypothesised that, knowing how the quantum computer functions, in a section of the brain, there might be quantum particles working in coordination like the quantum computers people have recently invented, and in this process, consciousness is created.

As for our thoughts, our decisions are always based on chance; they are not absolute, and the outcome of the thoughts depends on the things we learn, the knowledge we get throughout life. A toddler might get the idea of swallowing a pen cap; an adult won't.

This was my original thought. I did not know about the quantum theory of consciousness until I learnt of Orch OR, the theory made by Roger Penrose, a legend known for his contributions to physics. I surprisingly had independently synthesised the theory. I learnt that Penrose and Stuart Hameroff had deduced that the computations may operate in the microtubules, a part of the neurons.

The theory, however, is controversial. Many things disprove it. People say that the brain is too wet and noisy for quantum stuff to even happen. Penrose said that gravity is key. However, there are claims of the existence of phonons (phonons are like wave packets of sound; they are mostly virtual, unlike photons, which are wave packets of light) in the brain.

There are many accepted theories of consciousness, but all of them suggest that consciousness is rigid. But I don't think so. I disagree. The whole point of science is trying to disprove and prove facts. Quantum science in the brain has always been forbidden, but I choose to defy it, because my altered version of Orch OR seems to fit in every part of science, even psychology.

But discussing my connections to my altered version of Orch OR with psychology is a topic for another day. However, I can tell you one thing: a part of the stuff we dream, even a tiny part, might be obtained from



the entanglement of our microtubules, precisely the pituitary gland, and our brain processes it and provides its own input.

Now, about free will. After everything I theorised, if you still think that there is free will, then free will might be just a game of chance. Even if free will does not exist, this doesn't mean that your future is the way it will be. You can still acquire knowledge and change the wrong decisions that you might have made, and shape your future to be great.

—Aditya Sarkar, VIII A

The Shadow Of The Border

Long ago a boy named Rahul was selected as the soldier of Indian Border. He was born in a small village and at the time he was born, his mother died. Rahul lived with his father and sister named Vanshika. As time passed Rahul grew up and took exams for selection in the Indian Army. He was selected and went to many places to protect the Border like:- Uttarakhand, Sikkim, Mizoram, Punjab , West Bengal etc.

This time he was sent to Jammu and Kashmir , because of the Pakistan Invasion Report. Around 3 am at midnight, he saw someone in the dark. He got up from his tent and walked towards the shadow. At first he thought it must be some other soldier or maybe Pakistan's soldier. Rahul took up his shotgun and walked forward. Something strange happened . Rahul saw , as he moved forward, the shadow moved. At a much younger age when Rahul was 12 years , some of his friends had pranked him like this. So, he thought it might be a soldier from Pakistan. But it was so dark that he couldn't see anything. He became a bit frightened. He shot the figure but he saw that the bullet passed through the body and was shot on a tree. He understood it was not a normal human figure.

For a moment he couldn't believe his eyes. He chanted the name of Sri Hanuman as Lord Hanuman is represented as the destroyer of Evil spirits. Being terrified, he looked back and thought the shadow would disappear but to his surprise the shadow kept standing. Whenever he moved back, he saw the same shadow standing. He shouted "Akash , help me! Akash, please come quickly!". Soon Akash, his military partner, came running and asked "What happened?". The shadow disappeared. When Akash heard about the incident, he was terrified too.

Soon everyone gathered there and the commander came up with an old story behind this incident. The commander started, "Once one of our soldiers died here. Two of our trusted soldiers killed him. At midnight around 3 am, Samir (the dead soldier) was thirsty and went to a nearby river to drink water there. The two other soldiers surrounded him from front and back. They stabbed him with a sharp knife and threw his body into the river. From that day, the spirit roamed around this place. Later they were sent to a trial and executed". The Commander also said that nobody is allowed to venture out at night. Rahul was lucky because till now those who saw the shadow never survived.

— Susmita Zamadar VIII A



Moral Responsibilities of Cinema to Impact the Society

Cinema is one of the most powerful means of communication in the modern times. It not only entertains us but also influences our thought, behaviour and emotion. Since films reach millions of viewers, filmmakers and producers have moral responsibilities. The impact of cinema can be both negative and positive depending on the message it conveys. Films can do more than making us laugh or cry. It can make us aware of the various problems in our society. Through cinema people can learn about issues like- poverty, gender discrimination, corruption and environmental degradation. A well made cinema will definitely inspire people and make questions about societal norms. That is why the filmmakers should aim at spreading positive morals and ethics.

Dangal, a movie directed by Nitesh Tiwari, teaches us that girls can excel at any field be it wrestling or cooking. Quoting the famous dialogue- “Mhari chhoriya chhoron se kam hai ke?” (Are my daughters any less than sons?). The film strongly challenges gender disparity and stereotypes. Similarly, The White Balloon, an Iranian film directed by Jafar Panahi, explores themes of innocence, futility of actions that often go unrewarded in this selfish world.

Just as a coin has two sides, cinema is not an exception to that. Glorifying crimes, violence, stereotypes can have a detrimental impact on society. Especially on children- who tend to imitate each and everything they see on the big screen. On top of that cinema has a duty to represent the society equally and inclusively. Spreading communal hatred or disrespect to any particular religion or culture is highly irresponsible.

In conclusion, cinema is not just a source of entertainment- it is a tool for social change. Filmmakers must realise that their work holds immense power to mould the society. With that power comes responsibility- responsibility to guide, inspire and educate audiences while also raising awareness about important issues. When used thoughtfully, cinemas become more than a piece of entertainment; it becomes a force capable of reshaping society and nurturing a kinder, more compassionate world.

—Aashmita Mondal, VIII B

A Dreamy Encounter with Magic

“Hmmp.” Stretching and yawning, I opened my eyes. I had to crane my neck to see the top of the huge, suspicious mansion in front of me. Its tall roofs and beautifully engraved towers looked like they scraped the low clouds. Rubbing my eyes, I couldn’t believe what I was seeing and walked right toward the mansion. From the outside, it didn’t look like much, but as I stepped through the front gate, I realised that the whole place was covered by a thick wall of protective energy. Also I learnt that I am a good student at this school of magic, taught by the great magician Augustine Parkar. The school’s Head suddenly announced during assembly: “Good morning, dear learners. The teachers and I have a task for you. You must spend a week practicing spells and charms. On the weekend, you will show us everything you learned. No excuses are allowed. Be ready—tomorrow is



the day we start.” The next day, we all rushed out of our dormitory, for we needed to be in the classroom at once. The Head’s words made my stomach a little more hungry than I usually am in the morning. A whole week? Master Parkar expected me to be the best, so I couldn’t just do basic magic. I had to master a really hard spell—the one Master Parkar taught me called the ‘Mirror Shield’ (the shield that reflects the power that might hurt one too deep to be unconscious for many years or even be pushed to death).

I needed a quiet and silent atmosphere, so I didn’t go to the busy library. Instead, I headed to the old garden behind the school. It was always empty, filled with weird, unique glowing plants and even trees. I took out my magic wand and found a clear spot among the tall, dark bracken. Taking a deep breath, I started the chant for the Mirror Shield, because deep breaths are always helpful. My voice was shaky. I needed the shield to shine bright Celeste, but the air around me just turned dull. Nothing happened. I tried again and again, focusing harder, remembering Master Parkar’s every little move. Still nothing. The school bell rang, loud and jarring. It was only the first day, and sigh I was already failing.

The next day we arrived for practice, only to find the entire main hall was buzzing as if honey bees had attacked us. After carefully noticing it wasn’t just us—a group of students in maroon robes stood near the Headmaster. They were from Meigui Academy, our biggest rivals. The Headmaster stepped forward, tapping his support stick against the floor for silence. “Learners, due to an unexpected challenge, your practice week has been moved up. Meigui Academy believes their students are superior in any kind of magical skill. We will have a small and on the spot competition to settle the matter: a simple task of detection of a magic pearl.”

My rival, Elias Wood, from my school, sneered at me. I ignored him. This was better than a boring practice week. This was a chance to make Master Parkar proud right now. The task was simple: hidden somewhere on the school grounds was a small, glowing crystal, in which embedded was a gorgeous red rose that was enchanted to resist detection. Each school would send three students to search and retrieve it. Meigui sent two senior students and one with abnormally long teeth. Our school sent Elias, a nervous girl named Aqua, and, to my surprise, me.

The Headmaster yelled, “Begin!”

Elias took off immediately, throwing quick but messy spells that waned near the buttercup gardens. Aqua used slow, complex charms, searching the path. They were focused on coercion. I stopped and looked around. I didn’t rush. Master Parkar always taught me to look at the caster. This crystal wasn’t just hidden; it was enchanted to trick. I used an illusion-breaking charm—a spell that hardly anyone else knew except Master Parker. Suddenly the air shimmered and I saw a faint, violet glow coming from the statue’s eye. I raced over, but one of the Meigui students reached the statue first. He yelled in excitement and grabbed the eye. But it wasn’t the crystal. It was a normal rock, rigged with a minor curse that made him start coughing blood and becoming extremely weak. Elias and Aqua, seeing this failure, slowed down, unsure how to proceed. Their heads dropped in frustration and looked beaten. I took the opportunity. I stepped up to the fountain, ignoring all the distractions. I whispered a simple but powerful Charm—the first spell Master Parkar ever taught me. The violet glow vanished, and a brilliant, soft ball-sized white crystal popped out of the fountain’s water, floating in the air and then landing in my hand. I held it up. The hall erupted in joy. The Headmaster



announced, “Victory! Congratulations to this brave and courageous learner for completing the task!” I looked at the students in Maroon, at Elias’s stunned and green face, and felt a surge of confidence and energy.

Then suddenly everything vanished with the sound ‘Beep-Beep-Beep’ growing more obvious.

— Anusuya Baidya, IX A

A Scandal In Kolkata

An entire city gathered at the gates of Salt Lake Stadium, congregating at what felt like the doorsteps towards heaven, not only to witness greatness but rather to behold the Almighty of their faith, only for devotion to be answered by disgrace, and for a scandal to unfold that would be remembered forever in Indian football history. What was meant to be the shrine where people would have a glimpse of their footballing divinity instead became a graveyard of promises that buried thousands of hopes. When Lionel Messi’s arrival in Kolkata for his “G.O.A.T. India Tour 2025” echoed in the air, it was more than a mere announcement of a footballer’s visit to fans across the city. It was a promise — sublime, luminous, and sacred to millions whose lives have long found refuge in the rhythm of his enchanted left foot. Blue-and-white Argentine-coloured jerseys flooded the area outside the stadium, bound by overflowing emotions to see the living legend touch a ball before their eyes.

For decades, Messi has perhaps been the most enduring ambassador of the sport, a global icon who defined the game with his brilliance on the pitch at the biggest stages of European and world football. To billions across the planet, especially in Bengal where football is a heritage, a lifeline rather than leisure, seeing Messi was a vision of a dream coming true — a dream cherished for a lifetime through belief and unyielding passion. That truth was brutally ignored. The Shatadru Dutta initiative was a dream marketed relentlessly, polished by grand words, inflated expectations, and unspoken assurances that sacrifices would be worth it. The public believed and bought tickets priced beyond their affordability. Many skipped sleep the night before, afraid that rest might steal even a second from destiny, for which they did not hesitate to spend the majority of their salaries. Among those unfortunate fans were people who postponed family rituals, travelled overnight, sold cherished belongings, or borrowed beyond dignity, not for luxury, but for a few memorable hours they believed would justify their hardships.

These are not exaggerations; they are testimony to what Lionel Messi represents beyond football. Many may dismiss this as a waste of money, arguing that spending so much for a few fleeting hours is hardly a rational choice. Yet watching Lionel Messi rise above logic, it is a surge of indomitable emotion that defies language itself. For fans, it is priceless. That is the emotional economy football operates in, and it was recklessly gambled away. The event that unfolded in the name of satisfaction became a collective heartbreak that marked one of football’s most shameful betrayals. The heart of this tragedy lay not in Messi’s presence, but in the management’s absence of conscience.



King Leo — the icon shaped by humility and genius, alongside his companions Luis Suárez and Rodrigo De Paul, became distant silhouettes, shielded by the dark figures of powerful politicians. Salt Lake Stadium turned into a theatre of broken faith, where hopes were sold at premium prices and returned in ruins, exposing a monumental disaster. Gradually, dreams fractured and frustration erupted as fans realised they were not part of history, but spectators in a commercial script. The masses saw their legend more through banners than in physical presence, surrounded by organisers and celebrities themselves. It was a masterclass in administrative negligence, mismanagement so severe that those in power enjoyed the feast while the masses were denied, despite their sacrifices. By using Messi as a golden key to unlock purses, as bait without respecting the weight his name carries—the management transformed the event into a political agenda for self-fulfilment. Tickets bore photographs of ministers, but accountability was nowhere to be found, nor was adequate security. The planned two-hour visit was reduced to a twenty-minute chaos as the worshipped “G.O.A.T.” departed from the regarded “Mecca of Indian Football.”

As trust shattered and expectations burned into flames, chaos erupted. Posters flew, chairs broke, and fans stormed the field. They were herded like cattle, their questions unanswered, their loyalty betrayed, and their passion mocked. Amidst this scandal, Lionel Messi emerged as a victim — a man who has always let his boots speak louder than his mouth. Imagine a man selling his watch, gifted by his late father, to witness Messi’s aura, only to end up watching black silhouettes from the stands and celebrities whom everyone sees daily. Such cruelty was the extent of this scam. The public was wronged, their hopes exploited, and the very essence of sport collapsed before money. The organisers forgot that sport is built on ethics, passion, and emotion.

The emotional scenes — faces drained of joy, voices hoarse with protest — were a reminder that football’s greatest stakeholders are rarely those seated in boardrooms. The ending of this 13th December saga leaves a bitter taste that no apology or refund can easily cleanse. It is a lesson in how devastating betrayal of faith can be. Lionel Messi’s legacy will remain eternal and beyond anyone’s reach to destroy, but Kolkata will forever bear the weight of a massacre associated with football’s “Greatest of All Time.”

--- Ankur Das, IX B

The Sunflower under the Banyan Tree

Struggling with his work life, taunts from his parents and the horrors of what if’s would make Rivaan depressed throughout the day but still not in the evening. In the evening he would spend time with his one and only school friend who is still with him, Jiya. Everyday after Rivaan’s 9 to 5 job, they would meet under a Banyan tree and Jiya would ask questions and Rivaan would answer her set of silly questions. It would cheer Rivaan up after such frustrating days. Her questions mixed with fictional instances and nonsense



things were Rivaan's heartbeat that kept him alive. On 27th September, Jiya made Rivaan recollect that it was their friendship day, since on that specific day something happened that made them such close friends.

It was Class VII, Jiya and Rivaan were like the best known enemies of the class. Both were toppers, both were outstanding athletes and both were the top creative sources in the school. Whether it was the school exhibition, decorating the school house tents during the annual sports or it be pre-festival celebrations at school, where Jiya and Rivaan were present, there was no need to check whether the decorations looked good or not. Both having these qualities in common, made them born rivals.

But one day, 26th September, came their new G.K. teacher. On the first day itself, she saw them fighting indirectly and heard that they were very good students and they competed to show each other who's better, almost everyday. On the next day, 27th the teacher picked them up from class and had a talk with them. She asked if they had ever been into an armed fight or if they had ever said anything bad to each other. She found a common answer from both that no they had not done anything like that to each other. She further asked why they hated each other if none of them had not caused any harm to the other. They said, "People would tell us that she/he was the competition so we started to hate each other." The teacher told them to become friends from then on and gave them a sunflower and told them to see it forever as a symbol of their friendship. The result of the teacher's influence on them still continues today.

They got so much inertia that no external force was able to separate them. They celebrated their friendship day by eating their favourite snack, the egg roll from a shop in the neighbouring area. Days passed, their laughter remained as raw and sweet as it was from the start. Even people would look up to them saying 'How are you guys still together?'

7th March, 2025,

"Hello Rivaan, I am Jiya's mother and she had an accident. Please come to the Lighthow Hospital as soon as possible... Doctors say that an operation has to be done"- the phone slipped off the hands of Rivaan. He rushed to the hospital, the operation started. Rivaan quickly left the hospital and went to the nearby temple and took some holy flowers from the feet of the goddess. The doctor came out from the Operation Theatre and said that the operation was successful but still there was a big chance of her...dying. He requested the doctor to touch the flower on her head and so did he. That night, at the hospital he slept on the chair outside her cabin, praying to God. Destiny pre-written and love deep-rooted along with a bit of sacrifice is the most powerful combination in the world. Destiny pre-written was maybe heard by Rivaan. That night, Jiya's condition became well and she was back to her normal condition by morning. But on the same night, pre-written destiny occurred on both sides. Rivaan died from a heart attack on the seat, beside the cabin waiting for her best friend to get cured. No one noticed as they thought, he slept off. But on the other side, the grass was not greener it became grey...

Years passed by, and Jiya is still seen on 27th September buying two egg rolls from that shop and a bouquet of sunflowers, keeping them under the Banyan tree where they used to sit and talk.... further



giving people another chance to say...“Ohh, they are still together...”.

Their story was as raw as the beauty of nature, as pure as a drop of water, as genuine as a piece of soil and as deep as the root of the universe. The sunflower remains as a testament of their true and uncompromising love for their best friends, that is for each other.

— Avinava Das, IX A

The Station

On a fine morning, a man who seemed to be a respectable employee in some sort of government service arrived at the station. He might have loathed his workplace, or perhaps the station itself but he could not escape from it. As a matter of fact, he was worried about not reaching his office rather than some sort of fatal illness he had. The station had reasons to be loath. It was made of pale grey structures, with monitors showing the schedule, lifeless voices making the announcements. He often felt from his childhood to be an outsider, but as he grew up, his feelings grew different, he considered himself to be stranded in a cemetery.

There was destitute begging, with the police beating time off. A certain thought came to his mind, yet he did not know what, but the atmosphere itself conveyed something even his mind could not. Perhaps it was the feeling of witnessing something he had lived a thousand times in himself. Perhaps it was his fate that made him sell himself for paper currencies, which themselves are paler than the faces of those who earn them.

Suddenly a police officer grabbed him by the neck and held a gun on his head. Though the employee felt immense vexation towards the police, he refused to create a drama out of it. “Sir, you have been caught breaking the rules imposed by the authorities. Despite the fact that you seem to be a dignified individual, it is a shame that someone as honoured as you have committed a petty crime.”

The employee was left speechless for a while.

“A mistake must have been made, for I am innocent. It must be a mistake, you can check my records.”

“Sir, you are in fact guilty, the authorities say so, and your crime is to be informed to you by the executioner” said the officer.

The employee wanted to defend himself. But what was he to defend himself against? Were his thoughts leaked to the authorities? Or was it something incomprehensible, something only the law understands?

His journey to the executioner was not so smooth. He was dragged, for nearly half an hour, until they reached the building, beaten and shamed. As he entered the building, it reminded him of some place he visited on a daily basis during his childhood, except on the weekends. In the distance, he could see a room with the executioner waiting for him. “You are to be seated here” said the executioner. “You have not bought the ticket for the train, and if some petty criminal like you slips their way through, just because of being a government employee, it is a disgrace to the law.” “Well sir, you are in fact mistaken, I have bought the ticket, and it would not cost me much time to throw it on the face of a spineless liar, that is, you.” The employee had indeed gambled his already thin chances of going out of the building alive. As he opened the suitcase, the ticket was missing, and the commission showed him the footage of slipping his way through.



“This footage is in fact forged, I had bought the ticket, my transaction history proves it.” To his surprise, it did not. There were no transactions that took place through his bank account that morning.

“What lies are we going to hear from you now? I might be a spineless liar, but you, you do not merely lie, you worship your lies. Does it not make you equally spineless, dear sir?” said the executioner, throwing his half burnt cigarette towards the bin. The employee had no other way to defend himself. He himself knew that he had bought it, and the people who had seen him doing so (there were two of his colleagues) denied the fact that he bought the ticket. The employee was met with an immeasurably absurd situation, everything was a question to him. How were things changed? Or perhaps, why? He tried to speak, but even his voice was against him, for only his lips moved when he tried to talk.

“Sir you might not be doing us a favour by giving us such an expression.” Said the executioner, taking the employee into a room. After exactly one minute, the executioner came out of the room, and not a single trace of that employee was to be found, as if he never existed, as if his whole existence was merely a lie. This spectacular incident must have been broadcasted throughout the nation, with people watching it with utmost interest.

—-Rudra Chakraborty, X B

Success Is Not the Same for Everyone

Success in human life is a timeless aspiration. Whether in the form of wealth, fame, respect, or personal peace, everyone embarks on a journey toward success. However, success is not a matter of chance; rather, it is the result of hard work, discipline, and the right mindset.

A student may consider success as passing an exam or improving their performance. On the other hand, an artist may see success in expressing creativity, while an athlete may define it as discipline and progress rather than merely winning medals. The problem begins when everyone is judged using the same standards, forgetting that every individual is unique. Constant comparison makes us forget our own progress. A student who improves little by little is often overlooked, even though their effort matters just as much.

Not everyone starts from the same place, so reaching different goals does not make anyone less capable. We grow up hearing that there is only one path to success: score well in exams, choose the “right” career, and follow what is considered safe. But real success lies in doing what gives us purpose and peace. A student who grows from failure to confidence is just as successful as a topper.

Comparing ourselves to others can make us feel inadequate, even when we are trying our best. What we do not see are the struggles behind someone else’s achievements. The truth is that our definition of success may never perfectly align with other people’s definitions. Our unique goals, values, and priorities create a distinct picture of what being “successful” means to us. The sooner we set out on this journey of self-discovery, the sooner we can channel our time and energy into things that genuinely make us happy.



Success does not always come with applause. Sometimes it is silent—it is about waking up every day and trying again despite fear, pressure, or self-doubt. Choosing a path that feels right, even when it is not popular, also takes courage. Instead of chasing someone else’s definition of success, we should focus on our own growth. Real success is not about being better than others, but about becoming better than what we used to be.

In the end, success is personal. It is about being content with one’s actions, and that is what makes it meaningful. We should always remember that a person who remains steady in both happiness and distress is truly successful and is certainly eligible for liberation.

— Prokriti Mondol, X B

Behind The Mask of Fame

Nayak, a Bengali film, was written and directed by Satyajit Ray in 1966. The main characters are Arindam Mukherjee and Aditi Sengupta, played by Uttam Kumar and Sharmila Tagore respectively. The plot revolves around Arindam Mukherjee, a Bengali superstar who is torn between his inner insecurities, personal hardships, and his idolised public image. During a train journey to Delhi to receive a prestigious award, he meets Aditi Sengupta, the editor of a women’s magazine, who is not a great admirer of Bengali cinema as she feels it lacks realism.

Arindam is worshipped and loved by the masses for his charm and acting, but beneath this glamorous fame lies a deeply complex and vulnerable mind, constantly haunted by the fear of failure and the possibility of being forgotten. On his journey to Delhi, partly to distract himself from the underperformance of his recent film, he meets Aditi Sengupta, who is sharp, ethical, compassionate, and a keen observer. She initially approaches Arindam to interview him in order to boost the circulation of her magazine. Although she is a career-oriented woman seeking a sensational story, as Arindam begins to unburden himself, revealing his insecurities, regrets, and moments of moral compromise, she finds herself facing an ethical dilemma.

Ray beautifully portrays Arindam Mukherjee as a famous yet troubled film star. While he appears confident and charismatic on the surface, he is deeply insecure and lonely within. He can often be arrogant, emotionally distant, and willing to use his fame for personal gain rather than for the greater good of society. The film explores how his past continues to haunt him, tracing his journey from an idealistic young man to a cynical actor driven by box-office success. Through meaningful conversations with Aditi, he confronts his fears, inner emptiness, and constant need for validation. Arindam thus represents the darker side of modern fame and the conflict between art, popularity and self-worth.

Aditi, on the other hand, is an insightful journalist with the ability to see beyond the “star” image Arindam presents to the world. Although she initially meets him for professional reasons, her response



changes as Arindam opens up about his anxiety, remorse, and moral ambiguity. Instead of exploiting his vulnerability for career advancement, she responds with empathy and understanding. Through their honest discussions, Aditi helps Arindam reflect on his past choices, allowing him to momentarily remove the “mask” of celebrity and confront his authentic self.

Despite the film being a cinematic masterpiece overall, the two scenes that personally elevate it to another level are the first dream sequence and the scene where Arindam gazes at the railway tracks. In *Nayak*, both these scenes reveal Arindam’s inner turmoil and the emotional cost of fame. The storytelling exposes his subconscious fears of irrelevance and guilt over moral compromises, using symbols of wealth and success to show how stardom has trapped him and hindered his personal and ethical growth. Similarly, the railway tracks act as a metaphorical iron cage, symbolising the rigid and inescapable path his successful life has taken, pulling him further away from his ideals.

Finally, the scene where Aditi tears up the interview and says, “Mone rekhe debo,” is deeply significant. It reflects her strong moral values and empathy. Despite being ambitious and career-driven, she refuses to exploit Arindam’s emotional honesty for professional gain. By choosing to remember his confession rather than publish it, she places human dignity and compassion above journalistic success. This moment highlights Aditi’s ethical integrity, sharply contrasting with the exploitative nature of fame, while also offering Arindam a rare experience of trust and understanding. Ray concludes the film on a quiet, realistic note, suggesting that transformation is internal and that even small moments of truth can leave a lasting impact.

— Ahana Das, XI Science

The Role of Youth in Nation Building

The youths of a nation are its greatest strength and its most valuable resource. They represent energy, enthusiasm, and the hope for a brighter tomorrow. Every great nation has progressed because its young people have dared to dream, to innovate, and to work tirelessly for change. Nation building is not just the responsibility of leaders or policymakers, on the contrary it is a shared duty, and the youth plays the most vital role in it. Young people possess fresh ideas, creative minds, and a passion for improvement. Their curiosity drives them to question the old and search for the new.

In today’s rapidly changing world, where technology and global connectivity shape every aspect of life, the youth stands at the center of transformation. Through education, community service, innovation, and awareness, they can address social challenges such as inequality, environmental degradation, and unemployment. However, to play their part effectively, young people must first equip themselves with knowledge, discipline, and a sense of responsibility. Education empowers them to think critically and act wisely. At the same time, moral values like honesty, empathy, and respect for others ensure that their actions contribute positively to society. The youth must also participate actively in civic life by volunteering, engaging in debates, or simply by being responsible citizens who care for their community and environment.



Today's students are tomorrow's leaders, scientists, teachers, and citizens. Their choices will shape the nation's destiny. When youth combines their dreams with dedication, they have the power to transform societies, uplift communities, and lead their countries toward progress.

The journey of nation building begins with each young person taking small yet meaningful steps such as helping others, standing for what is right, and working hard for self-improvement. The future of any nation lies in the hands of its youth, and when those hands are guided by purpose and integrity, the nation is bound to shine.

—Swarnabha Dutta, XI Science

The Eternal Legacy of James Bond

“He always runs while others walk, he acts while other men just talk.” From the moment those words were sung in *Thunderball* (1965), James Bond became something more than an average spy. He became cinema's greatest myth. Yet long before the screen, Ian Fleming birthed him in *Casino Royale* (1953). Fleming's Bond was cold, intelligent, and deeply human. He was a professional killer blending duty and elegance perfectly. The films transformed this sharp literary agent into an iconic character for eternity.

Every great franchise has a starting point. Bond's epic run started with *Dr. No* (1962), where Sean Connery first portrayed the spy, becoming a timeless statement. His “The name's Bond. James Bond” line, raised eyebrows, and the “shaken, not stirred” Martini redefined cool. George Lazenby added rare emotion to Bond, love and loss, in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1969). Roger Moore infused humor and glamour, from *The Man with the Golden Gun* (1974) to *The Spy Who Loved Me* (1977). Timothy Dalton's darker Bond in *The Living Daylights* (1987) was the closest to Fleming's vision which was duty-driven, exhausted, quietly furious, speaking less but feeling more.

Pierce Brosnan's balanced charm and steel in *Golden Eye* (1995), where Bond was reborn for a modern world with sleek action that honoured the past. As times grew darker, the audiences craved depth behind the tuxedo and then entered Daniel Craig in *Casino Royale* (2006). His Bond bled, loved, lost, and rebuilt, pushing realism further than Dalton's take on Bond. This Bond was grounded in vulnerability and moral conflict, making him profoundly human.

The villains matched the hero's icon status. *Dr. No's* coldness, *Goldfinger's* greed, *Blofeld's* obsession, *Scaramanga's* lethal art, *Silva's* cyber wrath. Each amplified Bond's light against the darkness.

And the music? A Bond film demands its title track. John Barry's *Thunderball* theme, Shirley Bassey's “*Goldfinger*”, Paul McCartney's “*Live and Let Die*”, Adele's “*Skyfall*”, each captured danger, desire, and destiny in an unforgettable melody.

Six decades later, Bond reflects time itself, the tuxedo, Aston Martin, gadgets, and calm. A legacy shaken, not stirred, forever unforgettable.

—Soumalya Sikdar, XI Science



A Sweet Soothing Note

It was a dark, cold, rainy night. Megha was alone in the house. She was doing her final revision for her NEET examination, which was scheduled for the very next day.

Around 1 a.m., Megha's parents called to check on her. She assured them that she had already had her dinner and would continue studying. They exchanged only a few words before she refocused on her revision.

An hour passed.

Suddenly, a sweet, soothing note broke her concentration. The sound was faint, yet it had a strange effect on her. She peeped out of the window beside her. Then a realization struck her hard, during such heavy rain it would be impossible to hear a faint sound unless it was very close. She immediately turned around and scanned the entire room for any possible source. Finding nothing, she sighed with relief, convincing herself that she was only imagining things. After drinking some water, she resumed her work.

Some time later, she heard it again. But something felt different. She sensed that the intensity of the sound had increased. The change wasn't significant, but unmistakable, as if the source was slowly, yet surely, drawing closer. She tried to brush it off, but uneasiness crept in, and she could no longer concentrate.

Again.

This time, the sound felt continuous, and its intensity had increased considerably. Fear rushed through her body. She sat frozen, unable to move. Her muscles refused to respond, not even allowing her to grab the phone lying right beside her to call for help. The same sweet, soothing note echoed again, this time right beside her ear, as if someone was ringing it directly into her head. But now, it did not stop. It continued relentlessly, growing louder and more intense each time. The note was soothing no longer. She screamed at the top of her voice, pushed her chair aside, and ran like a madwoman. But the note did not cease. Instead, it became more violent.

Megha flung open her bedroom door, jumped onto her bed, and buried her face into a pillow, hoping the sound would stop. But it didn't. It continued at its own dreadful pace. She could not endure it anymore. She screamed and cried in agony, and the next thing she knew was darkness—an empty void—free of the devilish sweet note, which vanished as if it had never existed.

But did the sweet, soothing note truly disappear?

Or was it Megha who had lost the ability to hear it?

And what was the note in the first place that drove her to such terror?

Will Megha be able to return from the darkness into which she fell?

— Heeya Datta Gupta, XI Science.



Whispers of the Sunken Crown

The attic smelled of dust and forgotten secrets. Josh crouched beside an ancient wooden trunk, its iron lock rusted and warped. When he lifted the lid, a single object lay inside, a rolled parchment, yellowed and brittle with age. Maya gently unrolled it, tracing the faded lines with wide eyes. “This... this is a treasure map,” she whispered. “And not just any treasure. It leads to The Sunken Crown.” Legends spoke of the ship as though it were alive, a vessel swallowed by the sea centuries ago, carrying riches guarded by curses and monstrous creatures. Despite the warnings, their hearts burned with excitement. Josh, naturally commanding, assumed the role of captain. Maya became the navigator, while Tim and Alice prepared the supplies. Together, they set sail on a crisp morning, the horizon promising adventure.

The first few days were calm and felt like a relaxed journey. But on the fourth night, dark sails appeared against the silver moon. Enemy pirates, ruthless and cunning—surged forward, their eyes fixed on the map. “They want our treasure!” Alice shouted. Cannon fire from the enemy ship cracked their mast. Tim swung from the ropes and cut the loose sails to slow them down, while Josh steered sharply, narrowly avoiding jagged rocks. Maya guided them through a narrow channel she had memorized from old sea charts. Then, as if the sea itself conspired with them, a dense fog rolled in. In that ghostly mist, the attacking ships vanished from sight, and all breathed a sigh of relief.

Their victory was short-lived. Storms rose like mountains, tossing the ship with extraordinary fury. Waves crashed onto the deck, lightning split the sky, and rain blurred their vision. It was the second time they had faced such adversity since leaving on the journey. Yet fear found no place in their hearts. Together, they fought—Tim secured the ropes, Alice bailed out the water, Maya shouted directions, and Josh held the helm with unwavering determination. At last, the ocean felt eerily calm. Beneath them, the sea shimmered with unnatural light. The shipwreck of The Sunken Crown lay hidden below, its broken mast mirrored like a skeletal shadow beneath the waves.

But the sea does not surrender its treasures lightly. A monstrous shape erupted from the depths, scales glittering like black emeralds, eyes glowing with ancient rage. Its tentacles smashed against the deck, ravaging the wood and sending the crew reeling. “Hold steady! We fight smart, not just with strength!” Josh roared, unsheathing his blade. Tim hurled harpoons while Alice loaded the cannons, aiming for the creature’s glowing eyes. Maya noticed symbols on the wreck identical to those on the map. “It’s bound to the treasure! Destroy its hold, and we can survive!” she screamed.

With courage born of necessity, Josh and Maya dove into the turbulent waters, fighting against fierce currents and the creature’s thrashing limbs. Inside the wreck, they found the treasure chamber, piles of gold scattered around a glowing crown resting atop a stone altar. Shadows seemed to dance across the walls, as if the ship itself remembered its glorious days. On the surface, the monster lashed out again, smashing the mast. Tim rushed forward and severed a tentacle while Alice narrowly avoided being thrown overboard. Though water surged through cracks in the deck, their resolve never faltered. Below, Maya carefully placed the crown back onto its carved pedestal, completing the mystical symbol. A blinding light surged through the water, and the sea monster let out a final, bone-chilling roar before dissolving into the mist.



When Josh and Maya resurfaced, the storm had passed. The horizon glowed gold with dawn, painting the waves in warmth. Exhausted yet triumphant, the crew gathered with their hearts still racing. They had survived death, monsters, and the sea's fury together. They took a portion of the treasure but left the crown behind, understanding that some power belongs to the depths. As their ship sailed toward home, the crew laughed, shared stories, and silently acknowledged a truth they had discovered: the greatest treasure is not gold, but the bond forged through trials and shared danger. To Josh's eyes, his friends were no longer mere adventurers—they had become legends. They had chased myths, battled monsters, and faced the unknown, and through it all, they had found something far richer than treasure: courage, friendship, and the knowledge that unity could conquer even the darkest seas.

— Abhigyan Roy, XI Science

The Used Shell

Alas! Woman

Who does a plastic bottle resemble?

A very uncommon but an important question. Just spend a minute and think about it.

Yes! You are right. A plastic bottle resembles us. The women of the society, somebody's mother, somebody's daughter, somebody's sister and somebody's wife. But, how can we compare a plastic bottle to a human being? The answer is very simple. Our society does not consider women as human beings. For them, women are even less than plastic bottles.

Many of us compare the curve in the body of a plastic bottle with the figure of a young and beautiful lady. But there are many other things to be compared.

Have you ever seen the company label on the body of a plastic bottle? It resembles the mark of marriage of a woman. The mark which a woman has to carry throughout her life, until her husband is dead, just like the bottle carries the label until the company is banned. The marriage mark determines the family of a woman, just like the label determines the company of the bottle.

Next comes the marked price or the MRP of the bottle. It can be compared with the value of a woman in society. Sometimes we bargain and reduce the price of a bottle just like a man teases a passerby girl as a valueless dog on the streets.

Gulp! The plastic bottle holds no value without water in it. We can compare the water with the self respect of a woman. When we buy a bottle of water we find it filled with its contents just like a newly grown up girl with self respect, enthusiasm and dreams filled in her.

Next comes the sealed cap of the bottle. It is just like the reserve of a woman. It is very hard to open. But when you open it, you will find her always beside you as your friend, as your love.

After production, the bottle is ready to be sold. It is the most unfortunate stage in the life of a woman



when somebody sells her in the market as a thing. Just like the water in the bottle, somebody buys her at a value for his amusement and his own use, then drinks away all her self respect in a single breath.

There ends the need for a woman and a bottle. You must have noticed that many people crush the bottle after use. You must have heard the cracking sound of a plastic bottle while we crush it. It is nothing else but the result of a woman. The sound is nothing else but the cry of a woman. She cries, she shouts when people torture her limitlessly after use. Then they throw her in the drain just like a useless bottle. They forget her to be a human being. They forget her to be one of them. They forget that once they were born out of her. They forget her existence on the earth just like a plastic bottle lying in the drains after use.

In spite of all these similarities, there is a difference between a plastic bottle and a woman.

A plastic bottle can be recycled. But a woman cannot be.

— Ananya Chakraborty, XI HUM

Kashmir : The Paradise

Kashmir isn't just a place filled with thrill and excitement; it's better known as a breathtaking destination often called 'The Heaven on Earth'. It's a place where the river flows gently down the hill, all you can hear is birds chirping, and the season envelops you. And yes, I felt that too—witnessing the majestic scenery before me was truly breathtaking.

It took us about eight hours to reach Jammu Tawi (JAT) from Delhi, where we had to wait a few minutes for someone to guide us to our cab. On our way, I glimpsed a glorious sight of the mountains that I couldn't take my eyes off them. Subsequently, we reached Srinagar and went to our hotel, where we received the keys to our respective rooms. Since we were all feeling fatigued, we rested for a while. Afterwards, we prepared ourselves for our next day's itinerary.

The following morning we got ourselves ready to explore Kashmir. On our first day, we headed to Sonamarg where I was excited to play with the snow. It was the place where I could try Kashmiri kava, which is indeed good for health. As planned we ought to go to Dudpatri on our second day, but halfway there, we had to turn back as a VIP person passed away, hence we went sightseeing in Srinagar instead. All of us were mesmerised by the beauty of the tulip garden.

On the third day, we became captivated by Dal Lake. As we stepped onto a traditional Shikara boat, we were welcomed by the serene water, the boat being adorned with lively flowers. The magnificent mountains surrounding us created a surreal reflection. While we came aboard the houseboat, we were intrigued by the traditional and antique designs of the rooms. Departing from the tranquillity of the river, we embarked on a journey to Pahalgam, spellbound by the marvellous mountains, enchanted by the people and the flowing rivers.

Soon after we reached Pahalgam we heard some unpleasant news that there was a horrendous landslide caused by a cloud burst blocking our way to Jammu Tawi (JAT) station. Therefore, we had to book flight



tickets. Shortly after leaving Pahalgam the tragic incident occurred. The cries of a mother, a father, a sister, a brother, a wife, a daughter and a son still echo there. Someone once said that the Kashmiris were forced into a submissive position — yes, we experienced that. We were unable to go anywhere due to the ruthless incident, but the guides we relied on allowed us to stay at their place and treated us like family. They didn't even let us pay for our stay. The day we were about to board the plane I saw three people who had been badly injured in the Pahalgam attack, on the plane with us. By divine intervention, we made it out safely and I feel a profound gratitude for the new life we were bestowed with.

— Bidisha Pal, XI Humanities

They Laid Flowers Together

It was around 4:00 pm and everyone in the office was in a cheerful mood, and every now and then, screams of laughter broke out in response to the jokes of Bhupen, clerk at Lily's office. Lily was almost 25 years old and was a sarcastic woman, independent in nature. She was a bit different and didn't like to join the evening 'chit-chats' with her colleagues and the rest of the staff. So, she was sitting at her desk and checking her mail. While she was taking down something important, something unusual caught her attention to the smooth, golden light of dusk. A very usual thing, unusual to her busy life and late-night shifts. The window-glass reflected the light, the wonderful golden light and a part of it fell on her white desk and on her computer screen. This urged her to go out of the 4 walls of the office-room and enjoy the cool and pleasant weather of mid-April.

She took permission from her boss and took a leave from the rest of the day's work. Just as she stepped outside, she felt an awesome delight and relief. The evening breeze touching her thick dark black hair, the golden light falling on her fair skin, and increasing its beauty, the dupatta of her neck swinging mildly from side to side, everything pleased her. She decided to take a walk and after walking for a while, she noticed a park. She felt something special about it and she got attracted towards it. She went inside and sat on a bench. She breathed some fresh air and sat in silence. The chirping of the birds created a nice ambiance. No one was there except Lily, the chirping birds and her files piled up beside her.

Suddenly, she heard a voice, a very familiar one, "Lily". She turned her head and looked behind. She saw a beautiful girl of her age, wearing a nice looking chiffon saree and bangles in both hands. Lily asked "Mmm..do we know each other? Sorry, can't recall actually, " and smiled helplessly. The girl replied "Lily! can't recognize me? Forgot me so early? I'm I'm..." By then, Lily had recognized the girl and her eyes started to shine with joy and she called out "Malvika?" The girl smiled and continued with her to lay flowers on that flower bed beside the bench. "We had promised to do it everyday, to keep in touch even after school was over. You stopped coming 7 years ago and I still lay flowers here everyday sharp at 4:30 pm. You broke your promise, Lily you became way too messed up in your routine and you forgot me. But I am left here, bound by the promise I made to you. For seven years I've waited and today at last, you are here". By then, tears were streaming down Malvika's cheeks. Lily also couldn't resist her tears. She felt guilty, she felt desperate that she broke her promise made to her best friend. How could she forget this? How?...



Lily said, “I am very selfish Malvika, very very selfish..please forgive me dear, please do..please..this time I’ll not forget, I’ll keep my promise. Again we’ll lay flowers together. We’ll be best friends once again, everything will be alright..please...please..” She broke into tears and clenched the hands of Malvika. Malvika quietly replied “It’s too late by now dear, too late by now..too late and then, Malvika was nowhere simply nowhere..vanished.. Lily had no clue what had happened. She just kept staring at the flower bed while dusk was being followed by DARKNESS...

—Ananya Baidya, XI Humanities

Visitors of the Night

I sat there all alone, in the garden in front of my house. Not a soul in sight, and I was busy stargazing. Not a human was visible for at least five miles. Then, out of the blues, a brilliant flash of blue light temporarily blinded my vision. This was followed by a streak of white light. But by then my eyes grew accustomed to the flashes. I could clearly see what they called a UFO. I never believed in them, thought of them only to be a figment of imagination. But I saw one, not more than about 20 feet away from me!

Slowly, a door opened, silently. It was pin-drop silence. The first thought that came to me was “Run! Run for your life!” But my feet refused to move. Then, gathering every ounce of energy and courage I had, I ran – ran for my life.

Only a few moments later, a stream of pink waves – maybe it was light – came through the open door and hit me. Suddenly, I felt weightless, and could feel myself falling, not toward the ground, for my feet touched it – but toward the spaceship. It was as if it were a giant magnet pulling a light iron nail. When I regained my senses, I found myself in a pristine, white room without any doors or windows. The room was bathed in soft, white light, light without any known source. It seemed to come from, or be reflected from everywhere. And then, suddenly, out of nowhere, a voice pierced through the silence. Well, I actually didn’t hear it, but could sense it in my subconscious mind. It was such a voice which couldn’t be heard, but felt. It was a feminine voice – “Welcome, Earthman, to our spaceship. I understand that your name is Shivaditya. I can read the minds of other people. There is no need for your introduction. My friend and I already know all about you.”

“But.... But..... ho.... How do you.... Communicate? I can’t hear anything!”

“Our people at XNB-20018F have developed a sort of.... Umm..... telepathic communication that you Earthlings would say. But it’s a bit too advanced and complicated for your type to understand.”

I’ve heard the name of the thing they mentioned – either in the news or in an article or magazine. It was a new exoplanet about a few light years away. I fired questions like a machine gun shooting bullets “Where are you? What do you look like? Why are you here?”

This time, a masculine voice replied. “We are, as you’ve already been told, inhabitants of XNB-20018F. We have developed exponentially over the past few centuries. We have attained what you people may call



‘immortality’. We can live for eternities. We have no size, shape, or form. In fact, we are right in front of you now.” I groped here and there, like a blind person, to feel whatever may be present around me. Needless to say, it was in vain. “It’s no use. You won’t even be able to feel us.” This time, the female voice chuckled. “We’ve heard that you always indulge in war among yourselves. While you’ve simply wasted your resources for war, havoc and pollution, as you still do; we worked together to develop what we are now. We have even unlocked the key for interstellar travel”.

“Well so what are you going to do with me now?” I asked. The masculine voice answered, “We would like to conduct a few tests on you, for our scientific research, and then release you.” The feminine voice now said, “Behind you, you will find a pair of what you all call dark glasses and headphones. Please put them on and relax. We promise, you won’t be harmed.” Like an obedient child, I did as I was told. “We’ll start now. Relax.... Relax... Rel” The voice slowly faded and I blacked out. I could have been unconscious for seconds, or even days! I lost my sense of time!

When I finally regained consciousness, I found myself on my bed. I looked out of the window. Everything was normal. I went outside – everything and everyone looked normal. The grass didn’t look like anything or anyone had been on it, let alone a spaceship. “So, it was a dream after all”, I said to myself. Saying this, I went back into my house and strolled back into my bedroom. Immediately, I was taken aback! There they were – right next to my pillow. I even picked them up, and got lost in thought – an endless stream of thoughts. A pair of dark glasses and headphones!

—Shivaditya Dey, XII Science

The Last Dance Together

A Personal Note To All Inconfident Dreamers

I never thought that the last dance would arrive so soon. Standing backstage at the school exhibition, moments before our final Nukkad Natak , I felt a strange stillness. I looked at my house participants, my team, my comrades, who were once strangers but have now become a family in the last few years. The memories rushed back.

We had started as Inconfident Dreamers, unsure and naive , and yet , here we were today stronger , brighter and prouder. This was when I realised something beautiful, I realised that endings don’t always come with sadness , sometimes they come with magic . Because at that moment, we were no longer just dreamers. We were Doers; Believers ; Achievers. And this truly was, Our Last Dance .

Mine wasn’t always the team that the students held with regards. In fact there were times when we were overlooked, unrecognised and unheard as the incompetent ones. But things changed, not overnight, but with steady, stubborn belief. And today we were standing as a team that won several competitions with participants earning their esteem , holding all opponents in respect.



Over time, I also realised that winning was never just the goal. It was rather a byproduct of showing up, participating and loving what we did. The real reward was always the satisfaction of standing and staying together through ups and downs, and walking away with pride irrespective of having the trophy or not.

In this entire journey, I watched many people grow. I still remember my first debate competition, terrified and unsure, standing at the podium with shaking hands. And then there was my teammate, Anjishnu, confident and encouraging who motivated me to give my best. I wasn't perfect but I stayed, and that made all the difference. From the shaky beginning and frightened version of myself, I became a revered and worthy debate team with Sayan, another remarkable boy, a junior who befitting the crown of "The Brother Mischief" who grew up before eyes and became matured and responsible during this journey, just as I did.

What made the experience of representing my team truly unforgettable for me was the energy that we shared, the humour, warmth and support that each member brought in. We used to wait impatiently for the cultural events just because it gave us the time away from repetitive classes, paving a joyful and productively creative realm with time to practice, to laugh, to nurture, to succeed, to fail, to cry, to tease and to simply belong to a space where we were allowed to flourish as entities we actually held potential for. Those long rehearsals in empty classrooms were the memories that we carried home, stuffed in our hearts.

The joys and laughter, the grinding and exhaustion, the early mornings, late evening, the tears and shared hugs and the screams of celebration backstage, all of it builds a story that I will carry forever. It was never easy, never perfect. But it was real, and it was Ours as it will forever be mine, intensely non-negotiable and deeply personal.

— Baishnavi Prasad, XII- Commerce

Five Minutes Late

Asish had been five minutes late to almost everything, the school assembly, the train station, even on birthdays. His teachers had stopped scolding him, his friends stopped teasing him and his mother didn't bother to wake him up anymore. He had even earned a new name - the five minute boy.

On the morning of August 12th, Stephen's High School looked mostly ordinary. Birds chirped around the gate and students roamed in their blue and white uniforms. Asish, of course, was still tying his shoelaces at home.

"You'll miss the bus again!" his mother shouted.

"I won't, Maa. I'll catch the next one," he replied, slipping his phone into his pocket.

He did miss the bus. He always did. But today, it didn't matter. Because exactly at 8:55 a.m, five minutes before the morning bell, something strange happened at St. Stephen's.

When Asish reached school, five minutes late, he noticed something odd. The entire school was silent.



The usual rustling before assembly wasn't there, but an unnatural stillness, as if the world had just paused itself. The guard at the gate wasn't moving. "Sir?" Asish called out, stepping closer but his voice just echoed, like shouting inside a tunnel. No response. As he rushed inside, his heart just skipped a beat. The school clock read 8:50 a.m. The exact time he was supposed to be in the assembly.

And then he saw her. A girl stood by the chemistry lab door, staring directly at him. She wasn't from his school. "You're not supposed to be here," she said. "This time pocket wasn't meant to trap anyone from the past."

"What?" Asish stammered. "What's going on? Why is everyone frozen?"

She sighed looking at her device. "I don't have much time to explain. I'm from the year 2080. A temporary anomaly occurred here, a glitch in the time caused by an old experiment your school conducted today."

Asish blinked. "You mean a science experiment stopped time?"

"Not exactly. A small energy reactor in your chemistry lab was going to explode at 8:40 a.m. But the explosion caused a time distortion before it happened. This distortion froze the timeline just before the blast. Everyone is paused in the last five seconds of normal time except you.

"Why me?"

She gave him a brief smile. "Because you were five minutes late."

He stared at her. His curse of always being late, the thing everyone scolded him for, had somehow kept him outside this time trap. The girl continued, "If the machine isn't stabilized before time resumes, the explosion will destroy everything in this school.

Can't you fix it?"

"I need help. This won't let me enter the lab, like I am an external element. But someone native to this timeline can."

"Me," Asish realized. "Yes. Follow my instructions exactly."

They sprinted toward the lab, passing by frozen classmates. Inside, the air was charged with energy. In the center of the room stood a strange device, a miniature power cell connected to a complicated circuit. It vibrated faintly, emitting pulses of light. Asish approached it cautiously. "This looks like something out of a sci-fi movie."

"It's a prototype for an experiment your physics teacher was testing, but someone accidentally triggered resonance in the wrong frequency. See that dial?" "Turn it counterclockwise, slowly, until it reaches zero. But don't let the energy spike above 70 units. If it does, the loop will collapse."

His palms were sweating. "Okay, okay. I can do this." He gripped the dial and began to turn.

"Faster, it's destabilizing!" she shouted.

"I'm trying!"



Suddenly, the floor shook, and a bright blue light surged upward. Asish instinctively closed his eyes. When he opened them, the reactor was still. The glow had vanished. “Did we fix it?” he asked.

The girl smiled. “We did. Time will resume in three seconds. Remember, no one will know this ever happened. For them, the clock will simply tick forward.”

“Wait, what about you?”

Her form began to disappear. “My job here is done. But remember this, Asish, sometimes being late means being exactly on time.”

“How did she know my name?” The world flashed white.

When Asish blinked again, the bell was ringing. Students moved, talking, laughing, unaware of what had just happened. Everything was normal. Asish looked around. There was no sign of the girl. No blue light. He joined everyone else. For the first time in his life, he didn’t mind being late.

That evening, as he packed his bag, he noticed something at the bottom, a small metallic badge shaped like an infinity loop. He smiled, holding it up to the light.

Five minutes late. Right on time.

Himangshu Mitra, XII Science

My Dream

I close my eyes and start to sleep,
In my dream, secrets I keep.
I fly so high up in the sky,
With birds and clouds passing by.
Dreams are happy, soft, and bright,
They come to me every night.
When I wake up, I smile and say,
I’ll dream again another day.

—Shriyan Das, I B

My Teacher

You light a lamp in my mind,
And teach me how to find the truth.
With gentle words, so calm and kind,
You leave your wisdom as aid behind.
You show me stars beyond the sky,
You make me dream, you make me try.
When lessons end, your care stays near—
A guiding voice I always hear.
So I thank my teacher, every day,
For showing me the brighter way.
Your lessons bloom, both kind and true,
The world feels better —
Thanks to you.

— Anushka Ghosh, VI A



Autumn

The pleasant wind of autumn .
So cool and light.
When it blows away .
It feels so fresh and bright
And when I go out
It's the wind I feel about .
And when it blows
Within my heart flows.
For a season with a peaceful grind,
Find autumn and its wholesome light.

—Soujanya Sengupta, IV B

House of Fear

Two divisions, one home;
Just like a world where wars often unfold.
Two divisions, one home;
Oh, how is it like to be born
in a house where love is not gold?
What a disgusting shade of gray hue!
Trapped in a house, forced with a hopeless glue.
The walls are trembling,
After all, how can it bear all the
secrets and whispering?
The hurtful words I never wished to hear,
Yet I am still asked;
Why I cower in a house where
fear shouldn't have appeared.

—Ritupriya Bose, IXA

When Marigold caught dear Jasmine...

Lily couldn't but help laughing
And the big Banyan stopped walking.
At the joy of the sight,
A merry Dahlia tuned to singing,
To its beat was the Sunflower dancing.
The trees are happy thinking in gay
When humans come with axes to slay,
They will turn and run away...

—Ushnish Singha Roy, VIB

Love: A Community Definition

Well, how do you define love?
Is it something materialistic, or a possession?
Or just a four-letter framework,
shaped by countless interpretations?
While Shakespeare calls it a “union of two minds,”
The Bhagavad Gita deems it “selfless soul-devotion.”
Even Google has no perfect answer to it—
or is it nothing but just an illusion?
If I had to define what love is,
it'd be a lifelong commitment with feelings and emotion.
But trust me, it's all our thoughts and views
that shapes its ideal construction.
Perhaps love was never meant to be defined,
but lived in fragments of dedication.
A mystery that escapes from everyone's mind,
yet calms our restless ocean.

— Samprit Biswas, XII Science



A Brighter Tomorrow

There are moments in life when nothing seems fair —
When the people you love leave too soon,
And the dreams you chase slip through fingers,
When the roads ahead look long, uncertain, and bare.

And in those moments, it is easy to believe
That life is nothing but a trail of losses —
A collection of almos and what-ifs.

But what if every wrong turn
Was leading you to the right place?
What if every closed door
Was simply protecting you from a clueless maze?
What if one day, to you, the worlds converse,
Beneath every struggle, every heartbreak,
Every tear that you shed
There laid a quiet yet glorious purpose?

Maybe not today,
Maybe not tomorrow,
But one day —
When the weight has lifted,
And into the memory has faded the sorrow —
You'll understand why it had to happen this way.

Hold on for that day.

—Megha Mukherjee, VIB

Forgive Me !!

Forgive the shine that ignores the dims
Forgive the colour, for too proud it seems.
Forgive the plants that bear sour fruits
Forgive the dress which never suits .

Forgive the moon which begins the night
Forgive the agree that ended on a fight
Forgive the rush that made you angry
Forgive the load that you had to carry .

Forgive the cut that causes you harm
Forgive the eyes that show only charm
Forgive the hate that is actually not
Forgive the fear that you caught .

Love the person who cares for you,
Forgive me because I LOVE YOU !!

—Ahona Roy, IX B

The Torn Book

Soft like a flower, acts like fire,
Pale skinned, dense hair that touches her ear.
A warrior she became grudgingly travelling time.
She was curious to learn about the world, and found two planks by climb.
The riches, the poor, the born, the gone, the achievers, the decliners faces came and disappeared...
In the torn book of her history, there are people alive
And some...
Some evident to the clocks that wound and jibe.

—Tapaswani Tripathy, VII A



Doors Once Closed Aren't Meant To Be Knocked Again

Some doors, once closed, aren't meant to be knocked again.
Maybe they remember the storm we brought in,
Or maybe they're tired of the echoes that ring
With the hollow hope that a "someday" might bring.
Tell me, why do I stand there, a ghost in the hall?
Hand half-raised, waiting for a whisper or call—
Heart half-uncertain, caught in the lie
That I forgot the key, and that's the reason why.

Sometimes, it's not the efforts
Neither the plea.
It's just the importance — how one soul stayed awake in the dark
while the other slept in peace and glee.
Tell me, why does affection feel like drowning
in a sea where the other never learned to swim?
"Don't rush, even the delayed trains reach the station," they say.
Yet no one warned me that some hearts, it's true,
Never find the platform they meant to run to.
I kept waiting — counting moments like old coins,
hoping with warmth to join..
And sometimes...
it's not just forgetting — it's teaching your heart
that "it's really over."

How do you convince the sea that the shore is far to chart?
The eyes never lie;
They speak mystery with light to undie.
Mine still shimmer when someone says your name,
like windows that remember the rain.
Some nights, the urge to leave
and disappear feels holy —
to vanish without warning,
like a song fading when the world starts burning.
You ask why I write, and you say it's a bore,
But paper has patience that people ignore.

The ink doesn't interrupt; it listens, it stays,
Holding the pieces I lost in the ways.

Maybe in another universe,
our dreams of togetherness came true.
But here I am silent, with words left unsaid.
Some feelings are meant to stay unheard,
some letters, forever unsent.
That may be the cruelest of all truth —
sometimes, you already know the answer.
But the stubborn child called heart
keeps knocking at the same door,
hoping this time someone will whisper.

---Sayantani Sen, VII B

Dear Nature

You are,
Intriguing as an abandoned castle,
which smiles and makes my eyes startle.
Magical as a waterfall in mist,
with its running flow from nature's wrist.
Enhanced by a starlit sky,
you remind me of blue mesmerizing eyes.

No one can describe your beauty,
because you are—
Tranquil as mountain lakes,
Peaceful as sunlit meadows,
Timeless as ancient ruins,
Fresh as a blooming flower,
Majestic as mountain ranges.

You are God's most wondrous art,
A precious gift from His heart.

---Anwesha Pramanik, VIII B



Reality of Life

The clock never stops, whether we are fast or slow
We run as mad horses trying in a race to get food.
That's the reality of life.

People see the success, not the pain, nor the toil.
That's the reality of life.

In a world of fools ,
Haunted by the lies we choose
And regret to lose cool.
A person, good and true
Is a failure, all over and through.
That's the reality of life .

A character once fixed;
Is forced to change by others.
At your fall, they cheer,
Of your rise, they fear
That's the reality of life.

When love is a choice and hate is a habit,
The Kings have a voice and poors die morbid,
And...that's the reality of life.

—Sohini Kar VII B

My Ray of Hope

In the depths of sadness, where hope was low,
I saw her eyes full of heavenly glow,
The world went silent but my heart spoke instead,
A thousand were thought , none were said.
Time used to slow down when she was near ,
Even life's chaos seemed to clear.
And even now when the nights feel long ,
Her memory kicks in like a melodious song.
Seeing her smile, giggle and laugh makes my day bright,
In her, I see a hope of light.

—Swapnil Das, IX B

Midnight Lessons

It's midnight now — the world is still,
Yet pages hum beneath my will.
Equations blur, the letters spin,
I wonder where the dreams begin.
My lamp is warm, my eyes half-closed,
The future waits, politely posed.
I tell myself, "Just one more page,"
But time has slipped beyond its cage.
Outside, the stars have learned my name,
They blink as if to cheer my aim.
For every tear and restless night,
They shine — reminding, "Hold on tight."
Because this path, though steep and long,
Will teach you how to stand up strong.
Tomorrow's dawn will find its way —
Through every test, through every day.

—Simran Sharma, VIII B

Blessing in Disguise

Those beady eyes of yours,
Tells several knotty prose.
Deeper than oceans, clearer than sky,
Sometimes they scream but never die .
Neither tears nor fright,
Could swallow innumerable slight.
They are the bard of your patience,
Yet their innocence breaks your silence.
On delving in your serene, deep eyes,
A mortal says:
Having them is blessing in disguise,
A canorous escape to paradise.

—Surbhi Swarn, XI Commerce



An Unsure Heart

They said “ Sometimes you have to start form the last of the race to be the first “

But what if I was winning

What if I was about to touch the finish line?

But I fell on the track

Lost a position supposed to be mine .

They said “ Failure is a part of success “

Then why do I feel guilty ?

Because I never faced it .

But I wasn't supposed to be like this

I was never this , even a bit .

They said “ it's okay , it happens sometimes “

But it never happened in the past .

Then why did it happen this time?

Maybe it was my fault

My insufficient effort failed to climb.

They said “ don't cry or be emotional “

I never show people my tears

I don't even cry .

Then why can't I hide feelings

Even if I try .

They said “ don't OVERREACT , its ok “

Showing my feelings is a rarity

For that I never had to be checked .

Now I feel like a maligned effigy

Always carved to be perfect .

They shout “ Move forward , you will do it !”

Yet I thank you for being beside when I was blue

To the one who I believe, she will never quit .

At last I have one thing to ask you

Can I really do it ?

—Anushka Maitra, IX B

As It Was

Those were the days, the golden hours
Of chalky boards and paper towers.
Of morning bells and canteen songs,
Where laughter danced and days were long.

We raced through the halls with
Dreams so wide ,
No fear, no mask, no need to hide
With pockets full of jokes and cheer.
Each moment bright , each friend so near.

When teachers left, we ruled the ground
Our laughter was the only sound.

Pen fights clashed and flew in air,
And a ton of games erupted there.

Thumb fights raged with grins so sly,
Each second passed like wings to fly.

Now campus walls may rise and gleam,
Yet hearts still drift to that old dream.

The playground calls in whispers deep,
Awakening joy we tried to keep.

We still see those benches etched with names,
The echoes still ignite our flames

We wore no crowns, but were kings,
Of simple joys and silly beings.

Assignments now may rule the day,
But school time clouds never fade away.

For in our hearts, that school bell still rings,
And every chime—a memory sings.

So here's to friends, both near and far,
Who shaped us into who we are.

Though time has flown, one truth remains—
We live those days in memory's lanes.

As it was—and ever stays,

The schoolyard sun still lights our ways.

Yet when I wake, it chills my gleam—

It was all a dream, so strange and ghostly,
Still I pray to stay together, steadfastly.

—Debanjon Dey, IX B



Echo

I feel anger, I feel rage,
At the sudden demise of those good old days.
When laughter echoed, wild and free,
And innocence danced with glee.
Memories of playgrounds, swings and all,
Friends forever, till the day was gone.
Summers were meant for ice cream delight,
Winters for stories and peaceful nights.
Those days of joy have faded forever,
Now joy bows down to exam's cruel fever.
Those peaceful nights have turned sleepless,
As I batter through to a dream endless.
Yet my heart still lingers as echoes stay,
Guiding me through life's dull grey.
Though time has caged my carefree art,
The child still beats within my heart.

—Arko Das, XI Science

Faith

The humming of the bees
That haunted in the Autumn evenings,
Drowned with the fragrance of
Some wild unknown bloom
Kept me alive,
As I rested
On your cosy embrace.
It still feels like wonder
How I survived
Seven long winters of
Siberian silence
From where the civilisation
Seemed like a distant dream.
I mourn you in my dirge.
Where every minute of lament
Is a praise of your existence
I bear in my heart's bouquet.

—Ayanava Mukhopadhyay, XI Science

The Unsung Heroes

Not all heroes wear a cape, nor wield a sword of fame,
Some hide behind tired smiles, yet love burns just the same.
They quit their dreams midway, so ours can find their flight,
Trading their dawns and dusks, to keep our world alight.

Some work overtime in silence, counting coins, not sleep,
While pain beneath their laughter runs oceans deep.
They swallow every insult, still whisper, "It's okay,"
For your peace means more than the words they cannot say.

They wear fake smiles in storms, their eyes still soft and kind,
Bearing chaos alone, with strength we'll never find.
Hands calloused from struggle, hearts stitched with care,
They give all their tomorrows, so ours bloom fair.

They mix blood with sweat, to build our golden lane,
Endure the thunder, to shield us from pain.
In the quiet corners of night, when we dream unaware,
They stare at ceilings, whispering a wordless prayer.

No medals, no glory, no spotlight or name,
Yet they're the fire behind our flame.
These selfless souls, both mother and father too,
Are the real superheroes — and they live for you.

—Sinchita Pal, XB



Different, Not Wrong

Have you ever lost your path, even when you had the map?
Followed others blindly,
Let them choose your direction,
Let them decide your destiny?
Isn't that what we're doing?
Copying others.
Judging others.
Living lives that were never truly ours.

It's not our mistake
We were born carrying the weight of expected glory.
In an age of needs, we were taught to chase their wants.
It's not our fault; we were simply taught wrong.
We've been forced to act out roles
We were never born to play.
That's how the system works.
People tell us to make a difference.
But when we actually try,
They treat us as "different."
Then they isolate us from society.
The world's a group of orthodox thoughts
Without real meaning.
When you finally open your eyes,
You'll see the dark truth about people:
They speak of logic
But rarely live by it.
It's a completely different world than they pretend it is.
Most of the lessons taught by humans
They are not just flawed, but even in silence, they're wrong.

—Mohit Singh, XII Science

Last Journey

Breathe comes when I am that low
Rain stops when the sky is yellow
Sins are to baptize your real souls
Nobody runs after if you carry on
Your voice in your beloved heart core.

Good games doesn't exist in real
Dodge your fears until you find out
No need of many to lean on indeed
Spot your one in this busiest crowd

Run your feet until you break bones
Call my number if you really can recall
Don't think you're now better on own
The hidden smile looks bad with frown
My soul can never be trapped below

This piece I show isn't the last of mine
But it's true you won't see it anymore
In these new pages with others to hide
Still I'll be alive in my world to be grown.

This isn't my end at all my dear
Sorry no dear, but to return surely
In the face of a new different build
Till then this is my last journey here.

—Deepa Kumari Chauhan, XII Science



It's been long since I saw you smile...

It's been long since I saw you smile,
Or those eyes that still outshine the rest,
They hold the sun's warm gentle rays,
And the moon's calm light in their nest.

I still wish we were together,
Sharing dreams and a heart of fire,
I still wish I looked a little better,
To be the man you'd once desire.

I still remember the sea that day,
The waves spoke soft, the winds were kind,
I built a boat with trembling hands,
To find the piece of you and mine

To find the voice your heart once spoke,
The peace that hid beneath your pain,
To feel the warmth your silence broke,
And make it whole again.

I wish to live that life again,
With your hand safe holding mine,
To face the pain, to stand, to gain,
With you beside, I'd just be fine.

So here I pause this story,
To chase your light through rain and time,
Until the stars forget to shine,
I'll still be there, trying to make you mine.

—Ishan Haldar, XII Science

Some of Me

There are thousands of me inside me,
where some of me are free from a cage,
while some of me still haven't found the key.
Some of me are lost in a desert,
while some of me drowned in the sea.

Some of me are open books,
Some of me remains a mystery.
Some of me are forgotten poets,
while sometimes we ourselves are poetry.

Some of me are panacea to a curse,
while some of me are cureless cancer.
Some of me are questions unasked,
while some of me is the blunt answer.

Some of me are as brave as a wolf,
while some of me are afraid of the dark.
Sometimes we are a star full of fire,
but some of me are still a spark.

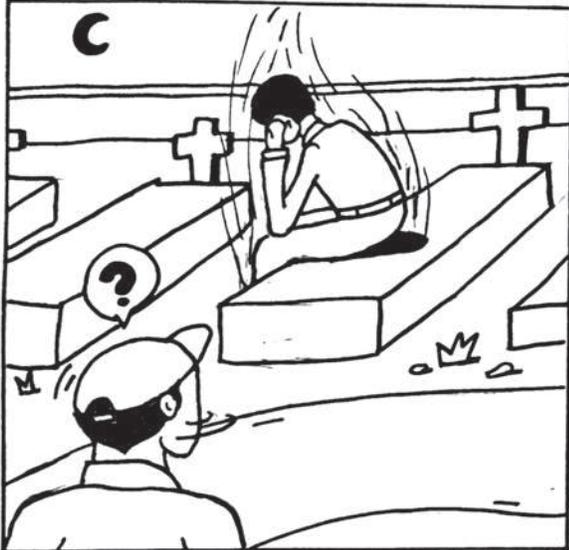
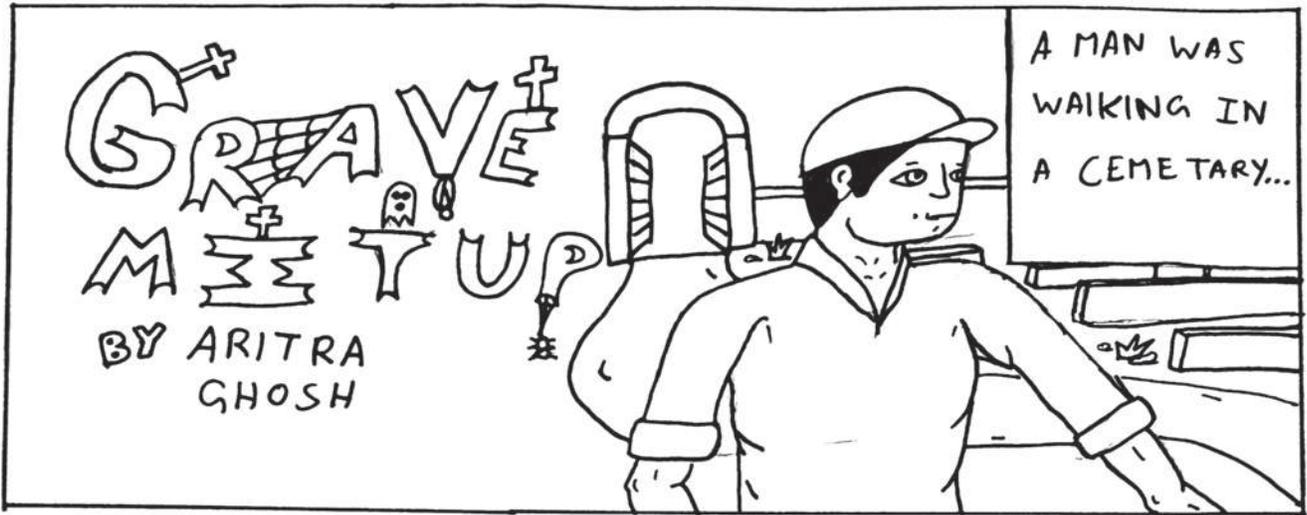
Some of me are as cold as an iceberg,
while some of me are yet to burn.
Most of the time we stay forever,
but once we leave, some of me never return.

There are thousands of me inside me,
some of me are hidden deep, some of me you see.
Some of me are known to you all,
while some of me are even unknown to me.

—Debolina Sil, XII Science

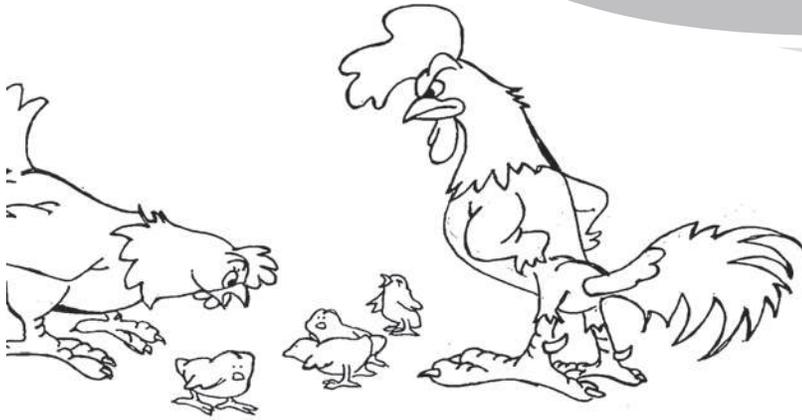


Comics



— Aritra Ghosh, IX B

Comics



SILLY SYMPHONY

Sayan
Manna



BOOQUET!

— Sayan Manna, X A



वार्षिक पत्रिका २०२५

(सिल्वरप्वाइंट विद्यालय) विषय : कविता

चंदा मामा

चंदा मामा आ जाना,
साथ मुझे कल ले जाना ।
कल से मेरी छुट्टि है,
ना आए तो कुट्टी है ।

नाम : आध्यान इस्लाम खान
कक्षा : पहली, विभाग : क

तितली

तितली हु मैं, तो तितली हूँ
सारे जग में न्यारी हूँ
फूलों का रस पीती हूँ
पृथ्वी पर सैर करती हूँ
एक जगह नहीं टिकती हूँ
तितली हु मैं, तो तितली हूँ ॥

विभिन्न प्रकार की होती हूँ
सभी लोगों की प्यारी हूँ
पर कभी न पकड़ में मैं आती हूँ
तितली हु मैं, तो तितली हूँ ॥

मैं बहुत ही चंचल होती हूँ
मैं एक कीट के रूप में जानी जाती हूँ
सभी कीटों से सुंदर दिखाई देती हूँ
मैं अनेक रंगों में पाई जाती हूँ
तितली हु मैं, तो तितली हूँ
सभी के मन को भाती हूँ ॥

नाम : प्रियल कुमारी
कक्षा : तीसरी, विभाग : क

गर्मी पर कविता

गर्मी की छुट्टियां है आई
बच्चों के मन है भाई
मौज मनाएंगे नाचेगे गाएंगे,
मिलकर सब खुशियाँ मनाएंगे ।
सर्दी गई, गर्मी आयी
अपने साथ छुट्टियां लायी ।
नानी के घर जाएंगे,
आइसक्रीम -मिठाईयाँ खाएंगे ।
गर्मी की है छुट्टि,
पढ़ाई से मिल गई मुक्ती ।

नाम आयत खान
कक्षा -तीसरी, विभाग-क

पेड़ लगाओ ऐसा

पेड़ लगाओ ऐसा जो हो जादू के जैसा ।
बिस्कुट के पत्ते हो जिसमें
फल हो टॉफी जैसा ।
आइसक्रीम का रस हो जिसमें
गोंद हों च्युइंगम जैसा ।
दूध बहे कुछ ऐसा
दही, मक्खन, बर्फी बन जाए
डाल पकड़कर अगर हिलाएँ
टप-टप बरसे पैसा ।
पेड़ लगाओ ऐसा
जो हो जादू के जैसा ।

नाम:- श्रुति मंडल
कक्षा : पहली, विभाग : क

हम कैसे लिखें

हम कैसे लिखें तारे-सितारे, हमें दिखते लंबी इमारतें और शोर हैं ।
हम कैसे बोलें मीठे बोल, जब हर रोज कानों में बजते हार-जीत के ढोल हैं ।
हम कैसे लिखें पहाड़, परबत, नदी, आसमान, जब उन्हें निहारने के दो पल न हों ।
हम कैसे जिएँ जन्दिगी, जब जी रहे एक आस पे हों
वो आस कभी न टूटे ये मन में उछलते कुछ ख्वाब हैं ॥

नाम : तपस्वनी त्रिपाठी
कक्षा : सातवी, विभाग : क



आईने के उस पार

अमीरों की बस्ती में चाँद अधूरा लगता है,
फकीरों के आँगन में वही चाँद पूरा लगता है।
बड़े लोगों की नजरों से आसमान भी छोटा है,
फकीरों को यही एक हसीन ख्वाब सा लगता है।
अंबर तक पहुँचना है चाहत सबकी,
खुली छत वालों से पूछो अहमियत इसकी।
बड़ी सड़कों पे जहाँ गुजरती सवारी दिखती है,
वहीं टूटी गलियों में दौड़ती एक चिंगारी दिखती है,
पैरों में रफ्तार, हाथों में मशाल, और ख्वाबों में अरमान लिए भटकता,
आईने में वही चेहरा एक खुद्दार सा दिखता है।
आज यही खुद्दारी दिखाने वाला आईना रिश्वत लेते पकड़ा गया,
दिल में दर्द था, और चेहरा हँसता हुआ पकड़ा गया।
ये झूठी हँसी भी अब धीरे-धीरे सिमट गई,
देखते ही देखते, कई हस्तियाँ राख में लिपट गई।
महँगी ही रह गई वो ख्वाबों की तिजोरी,
जिनके लिए हमने अपनी नन्ही गुल्लक है तोड़ी।
और उतार लाया हूँ मैं पैरों की ये जंजीरें,
अब बस इन सोचों से पुरानी गुलामी उतारनी है बाकी।

चंदन रॉय

कक्षा : बारवी, कॉमर्स

सपनों की दुनिया

सपनों की दुनिया में
मैं खो जाती हूँ
उस काल्पनिक दुनिया में
जहाँ पेड़ सोने के हैं
फूल चाँदी के
पक्षी सुंदर गीत गाते हैं।
नदी, तालाब, झरने का पानी
सूरज की किरणों से चमकता है।
रात के अंधेरे में
चाँद की रोशनी बाँस के पेड़
पर, तालाब में कमल के फूल
चाँदी की कटोरी की तरह चमकते हैं।
सपनों की दुनिया में
मैं खो जाती हूँ
चारों तरफ हरियाली
एक सुंदर सपना लगता है।
नाम - प्रज्ञा कुमारी
कक्षा - सातवी, विभाग-ख

एक निष्पक्ष दौड़

एक दिन, शेर ने सभी जानवरों को बुलाया और कहा, चलो एक दौड़ लगाते हैं। जीतने वाले को मुफ्त खाना दिया जाएगा। तय दिन पर, हर जानवर को अलग अलग शुरुआती बिंदुओं पर खड़ा किया गया। कछुए जैसे जानवरों को तेज दौड़ने वाले जानवरों की तुलना में पहले रखा गया। शेरनी निर्णायक थी। जल्द ही, दौड़ शुरू हो गई। कुछ घंटों बाद, एक तेज गड़गड़ाहट की आवाज आई और हवा का एक झोंका शेरनी के पास से गुजरा। जैसे ही धूल जमी, उसने देखा कि एक मृग ने दौड़ सबसे पहले पूरी कर ली। शेरनी उसे विजेता घोषित करने वाली थी। लेकिन तभी, चीता चिल्लाया, रुको! मैं असली विजेता हूँ। मैंने रेखा पार कर ली है, लेकिन जल्दी में, रेखा का ध्यान नहीं रखा और आगे बढ़ गया। अंत में, शेरनी ने कहा, अगर आप सही जगह पर नहीं रुक सकते, तो तेज होने का कोई मतलब नहीं है। इसीलिए मैं मृग को विजेता घोषित करती हूँ।

नैतिक शिक्षा: अपनी प्रतिभा का सही समय पर उपयोग करें।

नाम- थानेशवर साव

कक्षा- 4, विभाग- अ



हम भी सीख रहे हैं

हमसे अक्सर कहा जाता है कि कक्षा 9 जीवन का एक मोड़ है। सच कहूँ तो यह सिर्फ किताबों का बोझ नहीं, बल्कि खुद को समझने की शुरुआत है। बचपन पीछे छूट रहा है और बड़े होने की जिम्मेदारियाँ धीरे-धीरे हमारे कंधों पर उतर रही हैं। हम सीख रहे हैं—

गलतियों से डरना नहीं, बल्कि उनसे आगे बढ़ना।
अंकों से खुद को तौलना नहीं, बल्कि मेहनत से खुद को पहचानना।

कभी हम सवालों में उलझ जाते हैं—

मैं क्या बनूँगी?, क्या मैं कर पाऊँगी?

लेकिन इन्हीं सवालों के बीच हम अपने सपनों की पहली आवाज भी सुनते हैं।

क्योंकि हम सीख रहे हैं—

सिर्फ किताबों से नहीं, बल्कि जिंदगी से।

हम अभी रास्ते में हैं—

डरे हुए नहीं, बस सीखते हुए।

नाम - रिमझिम राय

कक्षा - नवी, विभाग - ख

सफलता की कुंजी

मिट्टी से ही जन्म हुआ,

मिट्टी में ही मिल जाना है,

धरती पर सजे सपने

पर सपना तो सपना ही रह जायेगा,

जब तक मेहनत नहीं करेंगे, हम मेहनत ही ऐसी चीज है,

जिससे हर कठिन से कठिन काम आसानी से कर सकते हैं हम,

जब एक नन्ही सी चींटी हार नहीं मानती तो,

हम एक इन्सान हो के इतनी जल्दी हार कैसे मान सकते हैं।

तो हमें भी मुश्किलों का सामना डट कर करना चाहिए

तभी मेहनत रंग लाती है,

हमें अपने आप में विश्वास रखना चाहिए

पर एक बात ये भी है कि कोशिश करने वालों

कभी हार नहीं होती है

मेहनत ही सफलता का स्वरूप होता है।

नाम : समायरा खान

कक्षा - तीसरी, विभाग : क

मेहनत की राह

सपनों की राह कठिन सही,
पर चलकर देखो तो सही।
हर मंजलि दूर लगे पहले,
कदम बढ़ाओ, मिल जाएगी।

धूप में तपकर सोना बनता,
मुट्टी भर मेहनत धनता।

हार मिले तो रुकना मत,

जीत किसी मोड़ पे रहता।

अँधेरी रातों के बाद ही,

सुबह का सूरज मुस्कुराता।

छोटी कोशिश भी मेहनत से,

बड़ा करिश्मा दिखलाता।

गिरना तो सीख का हिस्सा है,

संभलकर फिर चलना होता।

जो सच्चे मन से लग जाए,

उसको मंजलि मिलती सच्ची।

कदम थकें तो दिल मत थकना,

तू ही अपनी सबसे बड़ी शक्ति।

मेहनत की राह पे चलने वाले,

हार से आगे जीत ही पाते।

नाम - ऋषभ साव

कक्षा - नवी, विभाग - ख



पिता

माँ का त्याग तो सबने जाना पर,
पिता को कहा किसी ने पहचाना।

मां ने जन्म दिया, पिता ने जीवन सँवारा
पर उन्हें बस 'जिम्मेदार' कह कर पुकारा।
मां की ममता तो सबने जाना
परपिता का स्नेह कोई कहा देख पाया।

माँ का प्यार शब्दों का झरना है
पिता का प्यार कर्मों से बंधा है।
माँ रोते हँसते सब कह जाती है
पिता सब चुपचाप कर जाते है।

कि उन पर कितना गर्व मुझे,
उनके स्नेह ने सिखाया जीवन का अर्थ मुझे।
उनकी हिम्मत से है बल मुझे,
उनसे ही जीवन का हर हल मुझे।

मां को अगर ममता का रूप माना,
तो पापा को अपनी पहचान का कारण माना।
माँ को अगर दिया माना,
तो पाँ को उसे जलते दिए का लोह माना।

माँ का अगर त्याग माना
तो आज मैंने पिता को पहचाना।

नाम :- नियती भाला

कक्षा:- बारवी

क्या हो अगर

क्या हो अगर
सपनों के परिंदे
असलियत में उड़ जाएँ,
मन की खाहिशें
गीतों में बदल जाएँ।

क्या हो अगर धूल चेहरा
मुस्कान से भर जाए,
और नम्रता को असीम प्रेम पाए,
और दुनिया प्यार से सावन पाए।

क्या हो अगर
दर्द को अपने तराने बाँट लें,
दुख को कोई
हँसी में बदल दे।

क्या हो अगर
हर इंसान इंसानियत समझे,
भेद-भाव की दीवारें
खुद ढह जाएँ।

क्या हो अगर
सपनों का छलावा सच हो जाए,
हर सुबह उम्मीद की किरण बन जाए।

नाम रौली जैन

कक्षा:- दसवी, विभाग :- ख



বার্ষিক পত্রিকা ২০২৫ (সিলভারপয়েন্ট বিদ্যালয়) বাংলা বিভাগ

স্বপ্নের ট্যাক্সি

হাহ!, বলে নাকি স্বপ্ন না পূরণ হলে,
মানুষ যায় মরিয়া।
মানুষের স্বপ্ন পূরণ না হওয়ায়,
সে খুঁজে পায় বেঁচে থাকার কারণ।
যদি একদিন সব স্বপ্নই পূরণ হয়ে যায়,
তবে জীবনটাই হয়তো হবে নষ্ট।
স্কুল শেষে ভালো নম্বর পেয়ে,
দেখলাম স্বপ্ন সুট বুট পরে চড়বো এক ট্যাক্সি।
কিন্তু ভাগ্যের সাথ না পাওয়ায়,
কেটেছে জীবন,
কখনো সেই ট্যাক্সির ড্রাইভার হয়ে,
কখনো আবার দুচাকায় চড়ে,
ডাব বিক্রি করে, আবার কখনো
কোন ৫তারা হোটেলের নাইট গার্ড হয়ে।
জীবনে থেমে থাকিনি, এক একদিন এক এক রূপে,
বাঁচতে শিখেছি, কখনো ডাবওয়ালা, কখনো ড্রাইভার।
হয়তো এখনো পূরণ করতে পারিনি সেই স্বপ্ন,
তাই আজ পরে গেছি জীবনের প্রেমে, হয়নি স্বপ্ন পূরণ,
কিন্তু পূর্ণ হয়েছে আমার জীবন সীমা।
ক্রমশ অন্ধকার হয়ে আসছে সব, দেখছি সব বাপসা,
এগোনের ইচ্ছে থাকলেও, আজ ফুরিয়েছে আমার রাস্তা।
হঠাৎ দেখি, আমিও ছিলাম,
মা'র কোলে শুয়ে, ছিলাম আমি,
মা বাবার একমাত্র ছেলে।
মনে পড়ে গেল কর্ম যা যা,
করেছি সারা জীবন।
মনে হচ্ছে এইগুলো সব কালকে করে,
যাচ্ছি আজ চলে।
তাই বিদায় বন্ধু, বিদায়।

অরিত্র নস্কর,
শ্রেণী - সপ্তম, বিভাগ - খ

গ্রীষ্মকাল

বৈশাখের প্রচন্ড রৌদ্রে
আগমন হয় গ্রীষ্মের।
সবেরই একদিন শেষ আছে,
তেমনি এই বিষন্ন দুঃখের।।
বর্ষা! কিন্তু সেও তো আছে
অনেক দিন বাকি।
কিভাবে কাটানো যায়
জ্যৈষ্ঠের এই দিন কটি।।
চারিদিকে পাখি সব
হারালো যে জ্ঞান,
এর জন্য দায়ী শুধুই
আমাদের বিজ্ঞান।
বিজ্ঞানের আবিষ্কারে
মুখরিত জগৎ
তারই অপব্যবহারে খুলেছে
দুঃখের জানলা বৃহৎ।।
তাও তো থামানো যায় না
ওই কংক্রিটের জঙ্গল,
এরি জন্য বেড়েই চলেছে
পৃথিবীর অমঙ্গল।।
ওই অমানুষ গুলো যদি
দীর্ঘদিন কাটে গাছ।
সবই শেষ হবে একদিন
উদ্ভিদ, প্রাণী থেকে মাছ।।
বিশ্ব উন্মায়নে হয়
পৃথিবী অচল।
বৃক্ষ-ই হল একমাত্র পথ
যা করবে পুনর্সচল।।
এইভাবেই রচিত হয়,
পূর্ণ ছয়টি কাল।
তারই মধ্যে একটি হলো
মোদের গ্রীষ্মকাল।।

বুদ্ধনীল দাস,
শ্রেণী - চতুর্থ, বিভাগ - খ



লাল পাড়ে, হলুদ শাড়ি

সাল ১৯৪৩, দীপ্তাজ্ঞ কলকাতা থেকে শারদীয়ার ছুটিতে বাড়ি ফিরছিলেন। বাড়ি গিয়ে প্রতি বছরের মতো নিজের গিন্নিকে ডাকলেন ও তাকে তার জন্য কলকাতা থেকে আনা শাড়িটি দেখালেন। তটিনী, দীপ্তাজ্ঞের স্ত্রী, শাড়িটি থেকে চমৎকার উৎসাহিত হয়ে, তাদের মেয়ে, বর্ষাকে ডাকলেন। বর্ষা বলল, “বাবা মায়ের শাড়িটা তো তুমি মা কে দিলে আমার জন্য কিছু আননি”। কথাটা বলার সঙ্গে সঙ্গেই সে নিজের হাতের পুঁটুলিটা থেকে একটি সুন্দর ফ্রক বার করে বর্ষার হাতে তুলে দিলেন। বর্ষা খুশি হয়ে ছুটে গিয়ে ফ্রকটা পড়ে আয়নার সামনে দাড়িয়ে দেখতে শুরু করলো যে তাকে কেমন লাগছে। তার বাবা যে তার জন্য এত সুন্দর একটা ফ্রিক আনতে পারে, সে সেটা কল্পনাও করেনি। তারা গরীব, ছোটো বেলা থেকে সে এইটাই জেনে এসেছে, কিন্তু ফ্রকটা পেয়ে সে ভাবলো যে হয়তো তাদের পরিবারের আর্থিক বৃদ্ধি হচ্ছে। এ কথা সে ভাবছিল, ঠিক তখনই তার মা ঘরে এসে বলল, “বাহ! কি মিষ্টি লাগছে আমার মেয়েটা কে, যা গিয়ে বাবাকে দেখিয়ে আয়”। এ কথা শুনে সে তার বাবার কাছে নিজেকে জামাটা পরে কেমন লাগছে তা দেখতে গেলো।

বর্ষা যাওয়ার পর তটিনী ভাবলো যে সেও একবার শাড়িটা পড়ে দেখবে যে তাকে কেমন লাগছে। সে শাড়িটা পরলো ও নিজের দিকে তাকিয়ে দেখলো যে তাকে কীরকম দেখতে লাগছে। তটিনী রূপবতী, তাকে ওই লাল পাড়ে হলুদ শাড়িটি পরে চমৎকার দেখাচ্ছিল। সে বাইরে এসে নিজের স্বামী ও মেয়েকে নিজের শাড়িটি পরা অবয়বটি দেখালো। তটিনী, দুই জনের থেকেই খুব প্রশংসা পেলো ও ঘরে গিয়ে শাড়িটি ছেড়ে সাধারণ বস্ত্র ধারণ করলো।

এইসব চলছিলই, এমন সময় তিনজন সরকারি কর্মকর্তা তাদের বাড়িতে ঢুকে আসে। সংবাদ দেয় যে দীপ্তাজ্ঞকে ব্রিটিশদের হয়ে দ্বিতীয় বিশ্ব যুদ্ধে লড়াই করতে হবে। পুরো পরিবারটির মনে আতঙ্ক ফুটে ওঠে। তটিনী বলে ওঠে, “না উনি যাবেন না, আমি বলছি”। কর্মকর্তারা বলে “সরকার থেকে নির্দেশ এসেছে, আমাদের কিছু করার নেই”। আরো আলোচনার পর যখন দীপ্তাজ্ঞ যেতে চায়না, তখন তাকে বেঁধে জোর করে নিয়ে যাওয়া হয়। পুরো পরিবারটা ছিন্ন-বিচ্ছিন্ন হয়ে যায়। তারপর থেকে প্রত্যেক দিন যখনই তটিনী পূজো দিতে বসত সারাক্ষণ একটাই প্রার্থনা করত তার স্বামী যেন সুস্থ থাকে। শাড়িটি যত্ন করে সে তুলে রেখেছিল যে যখন তার স্বামী আসবে তখনই সে শাড়িটি পড়বে।

কিছু দিন পেরোতে না পেরোতেই বাংলায় দুর্ভিক্ষ দেখা দিলো। চারি পাশে মানুষের মৃত্যুর ছড়াছড়ি, শিশুরা, বড়রা সবার মৃত্যু হচ্ছে, খাদ্যের অভাবে।

খবরের কাগজের দ্বারা জানা গেলো যে এই দুর্ভিক্ষের আসল কারণ হলো যে ব্রিটিশরা ভারত থেকে খাবার নিয়ে তাদের সৈনিকদের, যারা যুদ্ধ লড়াই করে দিচ্ছে। এর মধ্যে মুখার্জী বাড়িতেও খাদ্যের অভাব হল। খাদ্যের উঁচু দাম, আর যে খাদ্য পাওয়া যাচ্ছিল তাও অপুষ্তিকর। তারা তাই কিনে জীবন-যাপন করতে থাকলো, কারণ তাদের কাছে আর কোনো উপায় নেই। এই দুর্ভিক্ষের মধ্যে, এই খাবার খেয়ে, বর্ষা অসুস্থ হয়ে পরে। আর্থিক পরিস্থিতি ভালো না হওয়ার কারণে, তার চিকিৎসা করানো যাচ্ছিল না। এমন সময়, এক ধনী ব্যক্তি, যাকে তটিনী ২ বছর আগে পথ বলে সাহায্য করেছিল, তার পরিবারটি দেখে কবুণা হয়, বর্ষার চিকিৎসার খরচ নিজে ওঠায়। বর্ষা শীঘ্র সুস্থ হয়ে ওঠে ও আবার নিজের স্বাভাবিক অবস্থায় ফিরে আসে। এই সাহায্যের জন্য পরিবারটা লোকটার প্রতি চির কৃতজ্ঞ থাকার প্রতিশ্রুতি দেয়।



বর্ষার অসুখের এক বছর কেটেছে— একদিন একটি চিঠি এলো— “তিনি মুখার্জীর নামে চিঠি আছে”। তিনী চিঠিটি পড়ল সেটি দীপ্তাঙ্গ তাকে ফ্রান্স থেকে পাঠিয়েছিল। চিঠিটা পড়ে তার হৃদয়ে একটি আশার কিরণ ফুটে উঠল। চিঠিটিতে তার স্বামী লিখেছিল যে সে সুস্থ আছে, ভালো আছে ও সে তাড়াতাড়ি বাড়ি ফিরে আসবে। সে মনে মনে ভাবলো যে তার সিঁথির সিঁদুর এখনো অক্ষত আছে তাহলে, সে বিধবা নয়। সে খুশীতে আত্মহারা হয়ে ওঠে।

কিছু মাস পরে দীপ্তাঙ্গ ফিরে আসে, এবং সেই বছর শারদীয়ার সময় তিনী সেই লাল পাড়ে হলুদ শাড়িটি পরে তার স্বামী ও মেয়ে বর্ষার সঙ্গে কলকাতায় দুর্গা প্রতিমা দর্শন করতে এলো।

অভিনব দাস,

শ্রেণি - নবম, বিভাগ - ক

মানুষের অর্থনৈতিক স্বচ্ছলতাই কী সুখী জীবনের মূল চাবিকাঠি ?

মানুষের জীবনে অর্থনৈতিক স্বচ্ছলতা একটি অত্যন্ত গুরুত্বপূর্ণ দিক, যা অনেক ক্ষেত্রে সুখী জীবনের ভিত্তি তৈরি করে। যখন একজন মানুষ তার আর্থিক চাহিদাগুলো পূরণ করতে সক্ষম হয়, তখন তার জীবনে অনেক সুবিধা আসে। প্রথমত, অর্থনৈতিক স্বচ্ছলতা মানুষকে মৌলিক চাহিদাগুলো যেমন খাদ্য, বাসস্থান, পোশাক, শিক্ষা, এবং স্বাস্থ্যসেবা নিশ্চিত করতে সাহায্য করে। এসব চাহিদা পূরণ হলে মানুষ স্বাভাবিকভাবেই মানসিক শান্তি এবং নিরাপত্তা অনুভব করে, যা সুখী জীবনের জন্য অপরিহার্য।

অর্থনৈতিক স্বচ্ছলতা মানুষকে জীবনে উন্নতি করার সুযোগ দেয়। এটি মানুষকে তার শখ পূরণ করতে, ভ্রমণ করতে, নতুন কিছু শেখার সুযোগ নিতে, এবং এমনকি নিজের পছন্দের পেশা বেছে নিতে সাহায্য করে। এসব কিছু মানুষকে তার জীবনে আরও বেশি আত্মতৃপ্তি এবং সন্তুষ্টি এনে দেয়।

তবে, একথাও সত্য যে শুধুমাত্র অর্থ দিয়ে সুখ কেনা যায় না। অর্থনৈতিক স্বচ্ছলতা সুখের একটি দিক হলেও, তা সম্পূর্ণ সুখ কখনোই দিতে পারে না। সুখী জীবন গঠনের জন্য প্রয়োজন ভালো সম্পর্ক, পারিবারিক সান্নিধ্য, বন্ধুত্বপূর্ণ পরিবেশ, এবং মানসিক শান্তি। অর্থ থাকলেও যদি পরিবার ও প্রিয়জনের সঙ্গে সুসম্পর্ক না থাকে, তবে মানুষ প্রকৃত অর্থে সুখী হতে পারে না। এছাড়া, মানুষকে তার জীবনের উদ্দেশ্য এবং মানসিক শান্তি খুঁজে নিতে হয়। অনেক সময় দেখা যায়, অর্থ থাকলেও মানসিক অশান্তি বা জীবনের লক্ষ্যহীনতা মানুষকে অসুখী করে তোলে। সুতরাং, অর্থনৈতিক স্বচ্ছলতা সুখী জীবনের একটি গুরুত্বপূর্ণ উপাদান হলেও, সম্পর্ক, মানসিক প্রশান্তি, এবং আত্মতৃপ্তির মতো অন্যান্য বিষয়গুলো ছাড়া এটি অসম্পূর্ণ।

সুতরাং অর্থনৈতিক স্বচ্ছলতা মানুষকে একটি সুখী জীবন যাপনের সুযোগ দেয় ঠিকই তবে এটি তার একমাত্র চাবিকাঠি বলা যায় না। সুখী জীবন গড়তে হলে অর্থের পাশাপাশি অন্য সব উপাদানকেও গুরুত্ব দিতে হবে।

হিমাংশু মিত্র,

শ্রেণি - দ্বাদশ, বিজ্ঞান বিভাগ



যে মাটি হার মানেনি

ক্ষমতার লৌহকপাটে, প্রশ্ন জাগে বজ্রকণ্ঠ—

এই ভূমি কি কেবল দাসের এ জীবন কি কেবল দণ্ড
গঙ্গা-যমুনার প্রতিটি চেউ, রক্তে লেখা মুক্তির গান,
ভুলিনি আমরা কেউ এই মাটিতেই জাগে প্রাণ।

আজ আমি স্বাধীন—

এই আকাশে নিশ্বাস নিই অবাধে,

তবু কানে বাজে সেই চিৎকার, সেই প্রার্থনা, সেই অগ্নির দাহে।

আমি জানি, যে মাটিতে আজ হাঁটি গর্বে,

সেই মাটি একদিন কেঁপেছিল যন্ত্রণায়—

রক্তে, অশ্রুতে, মৃত্যুর ভয়হীন ভালোবাসায়।

কেন নত হবো আমি

এ মা তো দিয়েছে জন্ম, প্রথম নিঃশ্বাস;

যে বুকো মাথা রেখেছি, তার ওপর কেন অন্যের ত্রাস?

এই ভিটেমাটি আমার, এই মাটিতে লীন পূর্বপুরুষ,

কাড়তে চাও এই অধিকার?

তাই জেগে ওঠে বুকোর ভেতর অদম্য রোষ!

এই ভূমি কেবল মাটি নয়—সে এক মা,

যার প্রতিটি বুকো জেগে আছে ত্যাগের ধ্বনি, প্রতিবাদের ছায়া।

যে সন্তানেরা নিজের চেয়ে দেশকে বড় ভেবেছিল,

তাদের রক্তেই লেখা আছে স্বাধীনতার আয়ু।

রক্তে লেখা ইতিহাস, অশ্রুতে ধোয়া জননীর কপাল,

প্রতিটি বীজে আগুন, প্রতিটি নিঃশ্বাসে জয়ধ্বনি কালকাল।

এই মাটির প্রতিটি ধূলিকণায় বাজে সেই নাম—

যাদের রক্তে লেখা আছে মুক্তির দাম।

ওরা হার মানেনি—কারণ চোখের জলও ছিল প্রতিজ্ঞার শিখা,

বোনের কান্না, মায়ের প্রার্থনা,

স্বীর নীরব চোখে জ্বলে উঠেছিল আগুন।

ওই আগুনেই পুড়েছিল ভয়, জন্মেছিল স্বাধীনতার প্রভাত।

তারা সহ্য করেছিল নির্যাতন, শিকল, অনিদ্র রাত,

তবু বলেছিল গর্বভরা কণ্ঠে—

“আমার দেশ বাঁচবে, আমার মা হাসবে!”

নারীর চোখে ফুটেছিল সাহসের আগুন,

যে আগুনে ঘরও পুড়েছে, তবু জাতি জেগেছে।

তারা চেয়েছিল সম্মান, যা অনেকে পায়নি,

তবু লড়েছিল তারা কারণ শক্তি তখন ছিল ন্যায়ের পক্ষে,

মাতৃভূমির পক্ষে, জীবনের পক্ষে।

আজ আমি দাঁড়াই— তাদের ত্যাগে গড়া আকাশের নিচে,

চোখে গর্ব, মনে কৃতজ্ঞতা নিয়ে।

ওরা চেয়েছিল শৃঙ্খল পরাতে, নিভাতে আগুনের দাহ,

কিন্তু জননীর সন্তান জেগে বলল—

“এ দেশ কারও দান নয়, এ দেশ আমাদের মহাকাব্য!”

কৃষকের ঘামে, সৈনিকের রক্তে,

শিশুর কান্নায় গড়া এই ভূমি,

যেখানে প্রতিটি ধূলিকণা বলে—

“আমি হার মানব না, মায়ের ঋণ এখনো বাকি।”

আজও প্রশ্ন জাগে—

“কেন লড়েছিল তারা কেন দিল প্রাণ?”

উত্তর আসে প্রতিটি ধূলিকণা থেকে—

“কারণ এই মাটি কেবল দেশ নয়,

এ মাটি মা, যার বুকো আশ্রয় আর আগুন একসাথে জ্বলে।

যে মায়ের কোল হারিয়ে গিয়েও, সন্তান হাসতে শিখেছে,

যে যন্ত্রণাকে আলিঙ্গন করেই জন্মেছে মুক্তির ভোর।

আমরা হার মানিনি, হারব না—

যতদিন এই আকাশে সূর্য ওঠে ভারত বলে,

যতদিন মায়ের নাম শুনে চোখ ভিজে যায় গর্বে।

এই রক্ত, এই অশ্রু, এই ত্যাগ—

আমাদের ধর্ম, আমাদের পরিচয়।

কারণ আমরা সেই সন্তানেরা,

যে মাটি হার মানেনি—

আর সেই আগুনই আজও জ্বলে আমাদের প্রাণে!”

সায়ন্তনী সেন,

শ্রেণি - সপ্তম, বিভাগ - খ



অ্যাসিস্ট

রোজকার বিকেলের প্র্যাকটিস সেরে ট্রেনিং গ্রাউন্ড থেকে বেরিয়ে বাস ধরলো শ্যামল। মাথার চুল উষ্ণ, গা ময়লা, মাথা থেকে বারছে ঘাম। জানলার ধারের সিটে বসে গায়ের জার্সিটা দিয়ে ঘাম মুছলো সে। আজ সঙ্গে রণজিৎ নেই, তাই একাকীত্ব এড়ানোর জন্য চলন্ত বাসের জানলা দিয়ে সে বাইরে একদৃষ্টে তাকিয়ে রইল।

শিয়ালদহতে নেমেই সে দেখতে পেলো বাসস্ট্যাণ্ডে দাঁড়িয়ে আছে তার বন্ধু ও সতীর্থ, রণজিৎ। শুরুরই পড়তে হলো প্রশ্নের সম্মুখে।

রণজিৎ জিজ্ঞেস করলো, “কিরে, আজ এত দেরি প্রায় ১৫ মিনিট অপেক্ষা করছি।”

শ্যামল বলল, “নতুন মরশুম শুরুর তো আর তিনদিন বাকি। তাই অবুণদা কিছু স্ট্র্যাটেজি বোঝাচ্ছিল।”

অবুণ চৌধুরী ক্যালকাটা ফুটবল লীগের দ্বিতীয় ডিভিসান এর দল দমদম ইউনাইটেড -এর বর্তমান সেক্রেটারি। অত্যন্ত শৃঙ্খলাবদ্ধ, সচেতন ব্যক্তি এবং ফুটবল সম্পর্কে অগাধ জ্ঞান। রণজিতের পায়ে পরশু চোট লাগার ফলে সে দুদিন প্র্যাকটিসে যেতে পারেনি। আড্ডা দিতে দিতে দুজনে এগিয়ে চলল খাবার দোকানের উদ্দেশ্যে। খেতে খেতে দুজনের আলোচনা শুরু হলো।

শ্যামল প্রশ্ন করলো, “কালকে যেতে পারবি তো কালই শেষ প্র্যাকটিস। তারপরই তো মরশুমের প্রথম ম্যাচ।”

“হ্যাঁ, পারব মনে হয়। ব্যথা অনেক কম।”

খাওয়া শেষে দুজনে বাড়ির উদ্দেশ্যে রওনা হলো।

অবশ্য শ্যামলের বাড়ি বলতে ভাড়া নেওয়া এক কামরা ঘর। সে প্রত্যন্ত গ্রামের ছেলে, সংসারের অভাব অনটন তার পড়াশোনা বন্ধ করলেও তার ফুটবলের প্রতি আগ্রহ কমাতে পারেনি। গ্রামের পাড়া ফুটবল ও এলাকায় টুর্নামেন্ট জেতার পর সবাই তার প্রতিভা ও দক্ষতার পরিচয় পায়। বেশ শক্তসমর্থ সবল চেহারা তার, যেমন গতি তেমনি বলের উপর নিয়ন্ত্রণ। জেদ, আত্মবিশ্বাস ও মনের জোরে সে কলকাতায় এসে হাজির হয়। গ্রামের ফুটবল ক্লাবের প্রধান তাকে সাহায্য করেছিলেন। তার সুপারিশে শ্যামল স্থান পায় দমদম ইউনাইটেডের তাঁবুতে। অবশ্য অবুণদার কথাবার্তায় সে বুঝেছে, তার খেলা, গতি, পাসিং, স্কিল তিনি বেশ পছন্দ করেন। আগামী শুরুর প্রথম ম্যাচের প্রথম একাদশে নাম থাকলেও সে আশ্চর্য হবেনা।

কিন্তু তিনি বলেন, “আমাদের মত ছোট ক্লাবকে অর্ধেকের বেশি সময় ডিফেন্স করতে হয়। স্কিল নিয়ে বেশি মাথা ঘামাস না। বল ক্লিয়ার করে কাউন্টার করতে হবে। দম বাড়ানো আর শূটিং এ জোর দে।”

দমদম এর তাবুতেই শ্যামল আর রণজিতের প্রথম দেখা হয়। প্রথমজন উইজ্জার, পরেরজন স্ট্রাইকার। রণজিৎ বড়লোক ঘরের ছেলে। ফুটবল তার নেশা, যাকে বলে “প্যাশন”। লম্বাচওড়া মজবুত দেহ, দুই পায়েই প্রচণ্ড শট। বল “হেড” করতেও সে দক্ষ। কলেজের প্রতিযোগিতায় দুবার সে সেরা খেলোয়াড়ের পুরস্কার পেয়েছে। পেনাল্টি বক্সের মধ্যে বল পেলে বল জালে জড়ানো প্রায় নিশ্চিত। তিন চারটে ডিফেন্ডার একা কাটিয়ে গোল দেবার ক্ষমতাও সে রাখে। দুমাসে তাদের বন্ধুত্বের পাশাপাশি বেশ ভালো গড়ে উঠেছে তাদের বোঝাপড়া ও জুটি। এমনকি সন্ধ্যার খাওয়ার টাকাও রণজিৎই দেয়। ভিন্ন পরিবেশ, সম্পূর্ণ দুই আলাদা পটভূমি থেকে আসা দুই বন্ধুরই স্বপ্ন মোহনবাগানের সবুজ মেরুন জার্সি পরে খেলা। পরিশ্রম, বিশ্বাস ও চেষ্টার মত দামী অথচ ছোট ছোট পদক্ষেপ যেমন খুলে দেয় বড় বড় স্বপ্নপূরণের দরজা, তেমনি দমদম ইউনাইটেড থেকে শুরুর হলো তাদের যাত্রা।

নতুন মরশুমের প্রথম ম্যাচে শোভাবাজার আথলেটিকের বিরুদ্ধে দুজনেই একাদশে স্থান পেলো। বাঁ দিক থেকে



শ্যামলের মাইনাস করা বলে ম্যাচের একমাত্র গোল করল রনজিৎ। ক্রমেই তাদের জুটি হয়ে উঠলো দলের ভরসা।

অরুণদা তাদের যুগলবন্দিকে প্রাধান্য দিয়ে নতুন পদ্ধতি সাজালেন, “শোন, তোরা ৯ জন পেনাল্টি বক্স ঘিরে থাকবি আর বল ক্লিয়ার করবি। চেষ্টা করবি শ্যামল বা রনজিৎ কে দেবার। ওদের ওপর আমার ভরসা আছে, বাকিটা ওরা দেখবে।”

এই পদ্ধতি কাজও দিলো। দমদম ইউনাইটেড হারল মাত্র ৩টে ম্যাচ। শ্যামল-রনজিৎ জুটির সৌজন্যে ৬টি ড্র ও ১২টি ম্যাচ জিতে তারা রইলো লীগের চতুর্থ স্থানে, বাকি ১টি ম্যাচ। তাদের কাঁধে ভর করেই সিঁড়ি উঠলো ক্লাব। কিন্তু সমস্যা অন্য জায়গায়।

২১ ম্যাচে শ্যামলের নামে ৭টি গোল এবং ১১টি অ্যাসিস্ট। এদিকে রণজিতের গোলসংখ্যা ১৫, অ্যাসিস্ট মাত্র ২টি। ১৫টি গোলের অধিকাংশ শ্যামলের অ্যাসিস্ট করা, ৩টি আবার পেনাল্টি। প্রশংসা করলেও নিজেদের সমর্থকদেরই কটাক্ষ চলত গ্যালারিতে।

“রণজিৎ তো শুধু বল পায় আর ঠেলে দেয়, গোল তো আসলে শ্যামলের।”

এমনকি দলের বাকিদেরও মত শ্যামলই দলের প্রাণ। সেটা রণজিৎ অস্বীকার করেনা। সে জানে কতখানি তার অবদান আর কতখানি তার বন্দুর। কিন্তু দর্শকদের কটাক্ষ, তাদের ব্যঙ্গ লেগে থাকত তার কানে, মনে হতো কাটা ঘায়ে নুনের ছিটে। সমালোচনা করা লোকের কাজ, কিন্তু তার জবাব দিয়ে যে নিজেকে প্রমাণ করতে পারে, সেই আসল জয়ী। সে যে নিজেই নিজের খেলায় সন্তুষ্ট নয় তা সে জানে। নিজের যোগ্যতায় সন্দেহ তৈরি হওয়ায় ভিতরে ভিতরে জ্বলে উঠছিল একরাশ অভিমান, বেদনা আর এক অদম্য অগ্নিশিখা।

লীগের শেষ ম্যাচ, প্রতিপক্ষ ভবানীপুর স্পোর্টিং ক্লাব। মাঠে উপস্থিত মোহনবাগান ইস্টবেঙ্গলের স্কাউটরা। অরুণদা আগেই তাদের দুজনকে ডেকে বলেছিলেন, “তোরা নিশ্চই পরের মরশুম আর এখানে থাকতে চাইবিনা। তোদের খেলা আছে, ইচ্ছাশক্তি ও আত্মবিশ্বাস আছে। তোদের ওপর বড় ক্লাবের নজর আছে। আজ শেষ ম্যাচ, সেরাটা দেবার জন্য খেল, গোল করতে পারলে বড় ক্লাবে সুযোগ বাঁধা।”

নজর দুজনের দিকেই। প্রথমার্ধ থেকেই হারানো ছন্দে ফিরল রনজিৎ। দুবার বল পেয়ে সে নিজের দক্ষতায় গড়ে তুলল বিপদজনক আক্রমণ। একটা শট বারপোস্ট ঘেঁষে বেরিয়ে গেলো। গ্যালারি থেকে আওয়াজ ভেসে এলো, “শাবাশ রণজিৎ!” প্রথম গোল পেলো বিপক্ষ দল। নিস্তব্ধ দর্শকদের জাগিয়ে তুলে কর্নার থেকে হেড করে সমতা ফেরালো মিডফিল্ডার সোহম। বিরতিতে স্কোর ১-১।

দ্বিতীয়ার্ধে শ্যামলের শট বাঁচিয়ে দিল গোলরক্ষক। হাড্ডাহাড্ডি খেলা পৌঁছলো শেষ ৫ মিনিটে। পায়ে বল পেয়ে রণজিৎ এগিয়ে চলল গোলের দিকে। সোহমকে পাস দিয়ে নিজে ঢুকলো পেনাল্টি বক্সে। দুর্দান্ত নিয়ন্ত্রণের সাথেই স্কিল দেখিয়ে দুজনকে কাটিয়ে একেবারে গোলের সামনে পড়লো সে। সামনে কেবল গোলরক্ষক।

“শট! শট নে! এবার নিজের গোলটা কর।”

এক মুহূর্তের জন্য চোখের সামনে পাল্টে গেলো পৃথিবীটা। হাজার দর্শকের আওয়াজ ও উড়ন্ত পতাকার মধ্যে ডানদিকে শ্যামলকে ফাঁকা দাঁড়িয়ে থাকতে দেখল সে। নিজেকে প্রমাণ করতে পারত রণজিৎ, পারত সমালোচনার জবাব দিয়ে নিজের মূল্য বোঝাতে। কিন্তু তার চাইতেও বড় কিছু প্রমাণ করার ছিল - অ্যাসিস্ট কখনো কখনো গোলের চাইতে দামী, যে স্বার্থহীনতা অহংকারের চেয়ে শক্তিশালী, বন্দুত্ব প্রতিযোগিতার চেয়ে বড়।

এক নিখুঁত পাসে সে বল ঠেলে দিলো শ্যামলের পায়ে। ফাঁকা গোলে বল পাঠিয়ে দিলো শ্যামল আর মাঠ ফেটে পড়ল চিৎকারে।

অঙ্কুর দাস,
শ্রেণি - নবম, বিভাগ - খ



স্বপ্নের ভ্রমণ

সকালে উঠেই মনে হলো
আজকের দিনটা হবে ভালো ॥
ব্যাগ কাঁধে নিয়ে বেরোলাম,
মনের ভেতর স্বপ্নের আলো ॥
গাছেরা যেন ডাকলো আমায়,
পাখি গাইলো গান ॥
রঙিন প্রজাপতি নাচলো এসে,
হাসলো নিচে আকাশখান ॥

ছোট নদী পেরোলাম আমি,
পাতায় নৌকায় চড়ে ॥
মনে হলো আমি অভিযাত্রী,
ঘুরছি রূপকথার ঘরে ॥

হঠাৎ, মায়ের ডাক কানে এলো,
স্বপ্ন ভাঙলো ধীরে ॥
তবু মনে রইলো হাসি,
এই স্বপ্ন চিরতরের ॥

সার্থক সরকার.

তৃতীয় শ্রেণী.. বিভাগ-ক

ফুলের কথা

বাগানে ফুটে রঙিন ফুল,
হাসে সকালবেলা ॥
গোলাপ, জুঁই, গাঁদা সব,
ভরে মন খেলা ॥

ফুলেরা বলে ভালোবাসা,
নেই কোনো ভেদ ॥
হাসি দিলে হাসি পাবে,
এই তাদের বেদ ॥

সৃষ্টি ময়রা,
তৃতীয় শ্রেণী, বিভাগ -

পুজোর মজা

সপ্তমীতে রোল খাওয়া
অষ্টমীতে ফুচকা,
নবমীতে পাপড়ি চাটের
স্বাদ যাবে না ভোলা ॥
দশমীতে ফুলকো লুচি
সাথে ছোলার ডাল—
পুজোর কদিন খাওয়া-দাওয়া
টক, মিষ্টি, ঝাল ॥

তোর্সা দাস,

শ্রেণী - তৃতীয়, বিভাগ - ক

আহ্বান

দেখো শিরার পথে রক্ত জমেছে,
আবার অল্প আঁচে ভেঙে পড়েছে কত অক্ষমতা,
তারা ঝরে চলেছে রক্তের ধারে
হিংস্র দেহ বেঁচে উঠেছে ধীরে ধীরে...

সব সূক্ষ্ম আঘাত গুলো
জমকালো এক জমট বেঁধেছে!!

পড়ে থাকে দেহ যত
হারিয়েছে স্বপ্ন তত,
সেই স্বপ্নগুলো সব স্বপ্নই রয়ে গেল!
ভেঙ্গে পড়ার স্বপ্নবান
জানিয়েছে আহ্বান
এবার তাকে আটকে রাখো,
আঁকড়ে বাঁচো আবার ॥

মহুল বাগচী

দ্বাদশ শ্রেণী, বাণিজ্য বিভাগ

জীবন মানে

জীবন মানে ওঠা পড়া
জীবন মানে যুদ্ধ,
জীবন মানে একটু হাসি
একটুখানি দুঃখ ॥

জীবন মানে হার মানা নয়
জীবন মানে জয়ও,
জীবন মানে ঘুরে দাঁড়িয়ে
দূর করে দাও ভয়ও ॥

জীবন মানে কখনো রোদ
কখনো বা বৃষ্টি,
জীবন মানে মিলে মিশে
অপরূপ এক সৃষ্টি ॥

ঐন্দ্রী সিংহ রায়

রথযাত্রা

রথ এসেছে রবিবারে,
পাঁপড় ভাজার গন্ধে ভরে ॥
রথের ভেতর জগন্নাথ,
সবাই ডাকে দিন রাত ॥
রথের চাকা গড় গড়িয়ে,
চলল মাসির বাড়ি ॥
জগন্নাথ দেখতে কালো,
বলরাম দেখতে ভালো ॥
জগন্নাথকে দিয়েছি মিষ্টি,
বলরাম তাই দিয়েছে বৃষ্টি ॥

বুদ্ধনীল দাস,

শ্রেণী - চতুর্থ, বিভাগ - খ



ভূত

একদিন খুব বড় হচ্ছিল। একটি কাঠবিড়ালি ভূত দেখেছিল। ভূতটাকে দেখে কাঠবিড়ালি বলে ওমা গো ভূত, পালাও, পালাও। সবাই শুনে ঘরে চলে গেল শুধু একটি বিড়াল একটি পেঁচা ও একটি কাক শুনেনি বলে, ঘরে যায়নি। হাওয়া বইতে থাকে, ভূত এবারে বিড়ালের কাছে গেল বিড়াল ভূত টাকে দেখে ভয় পেয়ে মাটিতে লটকে পড়ল। আবার হাওয়া বইতে থাকে। পেঁচাটা ভূতকে দেখে বেচারী মরে গেল। এবার ভূত কাকের কাছে গিয়েছিল, কাক দেখে কা কা করে পালিয়ে গেল। শেষে বৃষ্টি পড়তে লাগল, তখন ভূতটা ভিজে গেল। তখন জানা গেল কাকুর খবরের কাগজে কে ভয়ানক মুখ ঐকে সবাইকে ভয় দেখানোর চেষ্টা করেছিল।

সৃজনী দাস

তৃতীয় শ্রেণি - বিভাগ-খ

একটি ব্যাগের আত্মকথা

আমি হল্যাম একটি সুন্দর দেখতে স্কুলের ব্যাগ। আমাকে বাকী সব ব্যাগেদের সাথে একটি গাড়িতে তুলে নিয়ে যাচ্ছিল। কিছুক্ষন পর দেখলাম একটি বড় ও সুন্দর দোকানের সামনে গাড়িটা থামলো। যেহেতু বাকি ব্যাগেদের মধ্যে আমাকে সবথেকে সুন্দর ও ফান্সি দেখতে তাই বড় দোকানের ডিসপ্লেতে আমাকে রাখলো। তখন আমি অন্য সব ব্যাগেদের থেকে আলাদা হয়ে গেলাম। একা একা আমার খুব দুঃখ হচ্ছিল। কিছুক্ষন পর একটি ছোট ছেলে এল তার বাবা মা র সাথে। বাচ্চাটার চোখ আমার ওপর পরতেই সে জেদ করতে থাকে যে সে আমাকেই কিনবে। অবশেষে সে আমাকেই কেনে ও গাড়িতে করে তার বাড়িতে নিয়ে যায়। সে আমাকে খুব যত্ন করে রাখত, স্কুলে নিয়ে যেত। বন্ধুদের সাথে আমায় আলাপ করিয়ে দিল। আমার গায়ে ধুলো, বালি এমনকি একটা আঁচড় ও কাটতে দেয় নি। আস্তে আস্তে আমরা বন্ধু হয়ে গিয়েছিলাম। সে যেখানেই যেত আমাকে নিয়ে যেত। দুবছর পর একদিন আমি তার হাতে নতুন একটি ব্যাগ দেখলাম। তারপর থেকে সে আমাকে আর ব্যবহার করত না। আমার গায়ে ময়লা পরতে শুরু করল। একদিন ছেলেটা আমায় অশ্রুকার ঘরে ফেলে দিল। সেদিন আমার খুব দুঃখ হয়েছিল কারণ সে নতুন ব্যাগ পেয়ে আমায় ভুলে গিয়েছিল।

মেঘা মুখার্জী

ষষ্ঠ শ্রেণি - বিভাগ-খ

বন্ধু

শহরে কোলাহলটা বড্ড বেশী।
ব্যস্ত সবাই সর্বক্ষণ।
মৌন হয়ে মুঠোফোনে,
করছে জনসংযোগ।
আকাশ ঢেকেছে বিজ্ঞাপনে,
করছে নক্ষত্রদের গোপন।
কৃত্রিম আলোয় দৃষ্টি হারায়,
ভুল হয়ে যায় সঠিক নির্বাচন।
বাতাসটাও ভীষণ ভারি,
শ্বাস নেওয়া দায়। মনে হয়,
মেঘেদের সাথে ভেসে
অনেক দূরে চলে যাই।
যেথায় পাবে স্রোতস্থিনী।
মাথায় নীলাকাশ।
সবুজ বনানী সর্বদা,
ঘিরে থাকবে আমায়।
জ্যোৎস্না মেখে, ফুলের বনে
আলাপ জমবে চাঁদ, তারা সনে।
ভোর হতেই সূর্যকিরণ এসে,
ডাকবে আমায় ঘুম থেকে।
নাম না জানা পাখিরা সব
শুনিয়ে যাবে অমৃত গান।
পলাশ আমার ভীষণ প্রিয়,
আগ্নেয় প্রেম করবে নিবেদন।
জন্মাবধি প্রকৃতি আমার
সঙ্গে সারাক্ষন।
তোমার মতো এমন বন্ধু,
আর তো হবেনা কেউ।

অদ্রীশ মালাকার।

ষষ্ঠ শ্রেণি, বিভাগ- ক,



তৃষ্ণিত

আমি বরাবরই শুষ্ক মানুষের দলে ছিলাম, যারা বৃষ্টির জল ছোঁয়ার যে অনুভূতি তা জানেনা, তাদের অন্তরাঝা কোনোদিনও তা জানার চেষ্টাই করেনি। আমি তাদের দলে।

আমার কাছে এক অচেনা শব্দ ছিল বৃষ্টি, আমার জীবনের একটি অসম্পূর্ণ ব্যাকরণ। এক মেঘলা দিনে আকাশের বুক থেকে আসা বৃষ্টির শব্দ কানে অস্বাভাবিকভাবে তীব্র হয়ে উঠেছিল।, কৌতূহলী হয়ে জনলার পাশে গিয়ে দাঁড়িলাম।

কিছুখন চুপ করে দাঁড়ানোর পর মনের ভেতরে এক অচেনা প্রশান্তির স্বাদ অনুভূত হলো, কিন্তু সে শান্তি আনন্দের ছিল না, ছিল একধরনের সমঝোতা নিজের সঙ্গে এবং সেই মেঘলা সময়ের সঙ্গে।

বৃষ্টি হয়েই চলেছে আর আমি ক্রমে উপলব্ধি করছি যে, এই বৃষ্টি সঙ্গে আর প্রেম সম্ভব নয়, কারণ আমরা পরস্পর বিরোধী। বৃষ্টি যেখানে সব ধুয়ে মুছে ভুলিয়ে দিতে পারে আমি সেখানে মনের খাচায় বন্ধ করি প্রতিটি অনুভূতি।

আমি জানি আমি কাকের বাসায় পড়ে থাকা কোকিলের ডিমের মতো একটি প্রাণ! তবুও আকাঙ্ক্ষা প্রশমিত হয় না। মনে হয় যদি আকাশের শরীরে একটুও ক্ষমা জন্মাত, যদি সব ধুয়ে মুছে দিয়ে বৃষ্টি আমাকে সামান্য স্বীকৃতি দিত, তবে হয়তো এই শহরের সব কোলাহল কিছুক্ষণের জন্য থেমে থাকত। কিন্তু বাস্তবটা এমন নয়! তা বেদনা বিরহের সঙ্গে জড়িত, তার বিচার কোথাও হয় না, প্রমাণ মুছে যায়। আবার কোথাও হয়তো জীবন নিজেই মৃত্যুর সাথে সমঝোতা করে। আর আমি !! বৃষ্টির পাশে গেলেও, তাকে ছুঁতে চাইলেও, ছুঁতে পারিনা।

অনন্যা নস্কর

দ্বাদশ শ্রেণি, বাণিজ্য বিভাগ।

থ্যালাসেমিয়া: এক রক্তক্ষণ

রক্তের মাঝে খেলা, লোহিত কনিকা বাঁচে কত বংশধারার গোপন কথা, জীবন চলে বয়ে শত ক্ষত।
এক ফোঁটা রক্ত, কতশত স্বপ্ন কত আশা!
থ্যালাসেমিয়া সে তো এক নীল ভালোবাসা।
মাতাপিতার জিন-বীজে লুকানো তার নাম,
দু'জনের ত্রুটিতে হয় রোগের পরিণাম।
অভাব সেথায় হিমোগ্লোবিনের, গড়ে ওঠে না সে ঠিক,
ফ্যাকাশে মুখ আর ক্লান্তি রোধে জীবনপথের দিকে।
প্লীহা বাড়ে, যকৃত কাঁদে, অস্থি হয় ক্ষীণ,
প্রতি মাসে রক্ত চাই, কাটে অস্থির রাত্রি-দিন।
তবুও জীবন হাসে, স্কুল কলেজে ছোটে,
প্রতিটা দিনের লড়াই, সাহসের জোরেই কাটে।
হাসপাতালের শয্যা যেন দ্বিতীয় ঘর তাদের,
শিরার মাঝে প্রাণ ফেরে, নতুন আশা বাঁচার।
বাবা-মায়ের চোখে জল, বুক নিয়ে ভয়,
তবু তাঁরা বলেন, 'আমরা আছি, হবে না পরাজয়,
গবেষকরা খুঁজছেন পথ, আশা নিয়ে মনে,
অস্থিমজ্জা প্রতিস্থাপন এক নতুন জীবনের সন্ধান।
সচেতনতা পাক আলো, দূর হোক মৃত্যু ভয়
জেনে রেখে বন্ধু, এ রোগ কোনো অভিশাপ নয়,
ভালোবাসা আর যত্নে সব বাধা হবে জয়।
এক পৃথিবী গড়ব মোরাও, যেখানে থাকবে সবাই সুস্থ,
প্রতিটি শিশু, প্রতিটি গোষ্ঠী হবে থ্যালাসেমিয়া মুক্ত।

তানিশা সাহা

একাদশ শ্রেণি, কলা বিভাগ।



আমার ছোট বন্ধু গাছটি

আমি সুজয়ী। আমি তৃতীয় শ্রেণিতে পড়ি। আমাদের বাড়ির পাশে একটি ছোট বাগান আছে। বাগানে একটি ছোট আম গাছ আছে। গাছটি আমি নিজে লাগিয়েছিলাম। প্রতিদিন সকালে ঘুম থেকে উঠে আমি গাছটিতে জল দিই। আমি তার সঙ্গে কথা বলি। মনে হয় গাছটি আমার কথা বোঝে। একদিন আমি স্কুল থেকে ফিরে দেখি গাছটিতে ছোট ছোট পাতা হয়েছে। আমি খুব খুশি হলাম। কয়েক মাস পর গাছটিতে ছোট আম ধরল। আমি আমার মা—বাবাকে দেখালাম। তারা আমাকে বলল, “গাছের যত্ন নিলে গাছ আমাদের ফল দেয়।” আমি গাছটিকে খুব ভালোবাসি। গাছ আমাদের অক্সিজেন দেয়, ছায়া দেয় এবং ফল দেয়। তাই আমাদের সবাইকে গাছ লাগাতে হবে ও গাছের যত্ন নিতে হবে। গাছ আমার সেরা বন্ধু।

নাম: সুজয়ী পাল

শ্রেণী: তৃতীয় বিভাগ : ক

শেষ ঘণ্টা

স্কুল বিল্ডিংটা সম্ভ্যার আলোয় একদম স্বাভাবিকই লাগছিল, কিন্তু প্রজেক্ট শেষ করতে দেরি হওয়ায় রিয়ার মনটা অকারনেই অস্থির হচ্ছিল। একে একে সব ছাত্রছাত্রী চলে গেল, শিক্ষকরা দরজা বন্ধ করলেন, আর ঠিক তখনই শেষ ঘণ্টা বাজল— ‘টিং... টিং...’ খালি করিডোর জুড়ে প্রতিধ্বনি তুলে। রিয়া ব্যাগ গুছিয়ে সিঁড়ির দিকে এগোলো, হঠাৎ পেছনে পায়ের শব্দ— ‘টীপ... টীপ...’ সে, সে ঘুরে তাকাল, কেউ নেই। নিজেকে সাহস দিয়ে সে এগোতে লাগল। বিজ্ঞান ল্যাবের পাশ দিয়ে যেতে যেতে দেখল একটি ক্লাসরুমের দরজা ধীরে ধীরে খুলছে। ঠান্ডা হাওয়া মুখে এসে লাগল। ভেতরের ব্ল্যাকবোর্ডে সাদা চক দিয়ে লেখা—

‘তুমি এখনও এখানে কেন?’

রিয়ার বুক ধক্ করে উঠল, সে পিছিয়ে যেতেই দরজাটা সজোরে বন্ধ হয়ে গেল। আলো কেঁপে উঠল, করিডোর আন্ধার রঙ অন্ধকার হয়ে গেল। সে দৌড়োতে শুরু করল, আর তখনই সব ক্লাসরুমের ঘড়ি একসঙ্গে জোরে টিক্ টিক্ করে বাজতে লাগল। হঠাৎ কানের পাশে ফিস্ ফিস্ করে একটা আওয়াজ— ‘শেষ ঘণ্টাটি তুমি মিস্ করেছ।’

ভয়ে চোখ বন্ধ করে রিয়া চিৎকার করল।

“রিয়া! ওঠো!”

মায়ের ডাক, সে নিজের বিছানায়, পাশে স্কুলব্যাগ, হাঁফ ছেড়ে বাঁচল— স্বপ্ন!

পরদিন স্কুলে বিজ্ঞান ল্যাবের পাশ দিয়ে যেতে গিয়ে যে সে থমকে গেল। ব্ল্যাকবোর্ডে হালকা করে লেখা— “শেষ ঘণ্টার পরে দেখা হবে।”...

সেদিনের পর রিয়া আর কখনও দেরি করে থাকেনি।

অম্বিকা বেরা,

সপ্তম শ্রেণি, বিভাগ-খ

EVENT REPORTS : APRIL 2025 - DECEMBER 2025

APRIL

Baishakhi Celebration—The primary and pre-primary students of our school celebrated Baisakhi and Nabobarsha with great enthusiasm.

Earth Day Celebration—"Our students embarked on an enriching journey to connect with the five elements of nature, fostering a deep sense of belonging to our planet. In a creative twist, we repurposed recycled materials to craft bird feeders, which were then hung around the school compound to nourish our feathered friends."

Scout and Guide Investiture Ceremony—The Investiture Ceremony of the Bharat Scouts and Guides of Silver Point School was held at the school campus where all the members of Cubs, Bulbuls, Scouts, and Guides were present. Students were highly motivated to embark on new training that will hopefully make them responsible citizens.

MAY

Prize Day and Investiture Ceremony—The School's Annual Report for 2024-2025 was presented by our Principal Ma'am, supported by a PPT. presentation. Then the Prize Distribution began. Foremost, the highest-score achievers (board toppers) for AISSE and AISSCE recipients were awarded medals, books, and certificates, followed by the award ceremony for the Foundational Stage (Nursery to II), and then the primary, middle, secondary, and senior secondary sections.

JUNE

SPIC Macay Programme qt IIT Hyderabad— "Our week began with an orientation that introduced us to the themes of the convention and set the tone for what was to come. We attended classical dance and music performances, interacted with Gurudev Swamis, and participated in workshops that focused on inner growth and community values. One of the most memorable events was the musical evening, where artists from across India performed with passion and grace."

"NCC CATC CAMP Kb-02 At Kanchrapara"—All the cadets were taken to Kalyani for firing class. They were selected based on their performances. A firing competition was held. On the 10th day, all cadets were dispersed. It was a great experience for all the attending cadets.

"Day Against Anti Child Labour, 2025"—To mark the observance of Anti-Child Labour Day, a small program was organized by a team of 16 Interactors supported by their teacher coordinators. Interactors from Classes IX, X, and XI staged a thought-provoking skit titled "Let Children Dream."

"Educational Trip to Botanical Gardens, Shibpur, Howrah."—Twelve student members of the Adventure Club, along with three teacher members, visited the Botanical Garden at Howrah on June 21, 2025, at about 11 a.m. The students had an opportunity to see the Great Banyan Tree, which is age-old



and occupies a vast area. The students were enthusiastic to learn the scientific names of the trees and plants. More visits of this kind, which would help in growing enthusiasm among the students and enhance their knowledge and experience, would be organized by the club in the future.

"Inter House Skit (Short Play) Competition."— Silver Point School hosted the annual Inter House Skit Competition in the school auditorium. Teresa House emerged victorious in the senior section, followed by Naidu House in the junior section. The Inter House Skit Competition was a resounding success, achieving its objectives of promoting artistic expression and fostering a spirit of camaraderie among students.

JULY

BLOOD DONATION CAMP—Silver Point School Interact Club organized a Blood Donation Camp with the theme "BE A LIFE SAVER FOR SOMEONE, DONATE BLOOD" to commemorate the death anniversary of Founder, Late Shri Pannalal Roychowdhury, the trailblazer who built the path the Silver Point family walked on. The program was to remember the pioneer who shaped the story of the esteemed institution. This event was organized in collaboration with 'Project Life Force,' a registered organization whose mission is to make 'A zero blood deficit West Bengal'.

"Waste Handover by Eco Club to Vital Waste Organisation"—A systematic waste collection drive was led by the Eco Club on campus, urging participation from students and faculty members to submit recyclable items such as used paper, cardboard, PET plastics, metal scraps, and electronic waste. To ensure proper recycling, the collected waste was handed over to Vital Waste, Kolkata's first professional waste management and recycling service. Known for its ethical and efficient waste processing solutions, Vital Waste bridges the gap between waste generators and industries that reuse recyclables as raw material.

"Field Trip Report – Visit to Spice Bageecha and Jute Factory."—Students of Silver Point School, as part of the Eco Club initiative, visited Spice Bageecha in Garden Reach, a beautiful biodiversity park lovingly created by Mrs. Lata Bajoria. Surrounded by rare plants, medicinal herbs, butterflies, birds, and animals, students experienced a slice of nature in the middle of the city. The visit continued with a guided tour of Mrs. Bajoria's eco-friendly jute factory, where students observed every step of jute processing—from fibers to fabrics. This helped them understand sustainable production and the importance of using natural fibers over plastic.

"28th FOUNDATION DAY of Silver Point School."—"Under the initiative of the Interact Club, all students of the school donated Rs. 1,06,799/- to Helpage India for cataract surgeries for the elderly residing in rural areas of West Bengal. Shabnur Nahar, a 7-year-old girl, has been suffering from Thalassemia for the last two years. Her parents find it difficult to bear the expenses of her treatment. Silver Point School donated Rs. 15,000/- to her family for her medicines and treatment. The Silver Point School family was applauded for their teamwork, making the 28th Foundation Day a success."



AUGUST

Celebration Of Brotherhood During Rakhi Parv, 2025.— "A team of 30 Interactors along with their teachers organised a PRE–RAKHI CELEBRATION in collaboration with NOBLE MISSION, in Mukundapur, Kolkata. It is a Centre For Training and Empowerment of Individuals With Intellectual and Developmental Delay. One of the highlights of the celebration was the symbolic gesture where in the children of both institutions tied rakhis to each other promoting a message of mutual respect and protection beyond familial boundaries. Teachers also participated, adding to the spirit of togetherness."

Education Fair 2025— The Education Fair is a golden opportunity for students regarding their choice of career and education. The scope and options are vast. The main purpose of the education fair is to guide students about their careers.

International Youth Day Celebrations 2025— The theme of International Youth Day varies each year, focusing on different aspects of youth development and empowerment. This year's International Youth Day theme was presented in a Power Point presentation, which highlighted the role of youth in education, health, politics, governance, and technology. The relationship between youth, human rights, and sustainable development was also discussed.

Independence Day Celebrations— The celebration commenced with a March Past by the NCC Cadets, led by the School Captain and Vice-Captain, accompanied by the rhythmic beats of the drum. The cadets' disciplined performance set the tone for the day. A series of engaging events followed, including cultural performances and football matches between Teachers vs. Class XII Students and Teachers vs. Ex-students. The excitement of the matches was further elevated by the enthusiastic running commentary given by student commentators.

Eco Club Workshop— Ganesh Idol Making with Clay and Seeds. The Eco Club of Silver Point School organized a creative and sustainable workshop on Ganesh Idol Making with Clay and Seeds on August 18, 2025. The session was facilitated by Ms. Shital Bavishi, representing Beejum Social Initiatives. The activity not only nurtured creativity but also instilled the values of environmental stewardship, linking cultural traditions with ecological responsibility. The interactive session highlighted the deeper meaning of devotion—caring for the planet while celebrating our festivals.

Educational Trip To Manovikas Kendra— The event took place at Manovikas Kendra on Monday, August 18, 2025. We reached the venue sharp at 11 a.m. with the students of Class XII, Department of Psychology, comprising both Science and Humanities sections. It is a rehabilitation center, more than 50 years old, for children with special needs, with a team of special educators, therapists, doctors, psychologists, scientists, and caregivers.

Inter House Debate Competition— This year's topic, "The Artist is a Casualty of Modern Technology," stirred deep thought and generated engaging perspectives from all four houses. Each participant was allotted 5 minutes to present their views, either for or against the motion.



SEPTEMBER

Grandparents' Day Celebration— The Grandparents' Day celebration at Silver Point School was a memorable and meaningful event. The children, with the guidance and support of their teachers, engaged in various artistic and craft activities designed to create personalized gifts for their grandparents. The primary goal was to foster love and respect, instilling in the children a deep sense of love, respect, and gratitude for their grandparents' role in their lives.

An Awareness Session On Mental Health And Suicide Prevention— "Suicide is a major public health challenge, claiming the lives of more than 720 000 people every year. Each life lost has profound social, emotional, and economic consequences, deeply affecting families, friends, workplaces, and entire communities around the world. A team of 12 Interactors with their teacher Coordinators organized the programme to create awareness among the students how to cope with stress and maintain mental well being. "Conducted by: LIFELINE FOUNDATION.

OCTOBER

Sylvan 2025— Silver Point School hosted its Annual Art & Craft Exhibition, SYLVAN 2025, celebrating creativity, inclusivity, and talent. Over 80 children from NGO-run schools participated in competitions like KARUKRITI, PATACHITRA, MUKHAVARAN, PUSHPACHITRA, and Fancy Dress, while vibrant stalls showcased handmade crafts and food. Highlights included musical performances by Mr. Meghdut Roychoudhury, Inter-House Dance, Nukkad Natak on Peace, and room decorations. Rs 10,000/- was donated to Lifeline Foundation for mental health awareness. The event concluded with awards, certificates, the School Song, and the National Anthem, inspiring creativity, compassion, and a vision for a peaceful tomorrow.

NOVEMBER

Visit to the Botanical Garden—At the Botanical Garden, a wide variety of flora was maintained, and students could view the different plants and gain a deep understanding of them. It was an enriching experience for the students.

Children's Day Celebrations at Silver Point School—The two-day Children's Day extravaganza was a resounding success, made possible by the tireless efforts of the organisers, teachers, and staff. The event not only brought immense joy to the students but also created lasting memories that celebrated the spirit of childhood and togetherness.

A School Trip To Taki, Bashirhat— The team of teachers and students took a sumptuous meal in the afternoon, boarded the bus, and came back to school. These kinds of trips are really remunerative for the students as they can enhance their communication and leadership skills. Hope to see more such trips in the future.



Ganga Ghat Cleaning Drive— A team of six Interactors from Silver Point School, along with their teacher coordinator (and other participating schools), assembled at the Kashinath Mitra Cremation Ghat. They were guided by esteemed Rotarians from the Rotary Club of Calcutta Youth Service and District Interact, RID 33291. All participants, equipped with gloves, garbage bags, and cleaning tools provided by the club/sponsors, were divided into teams and assigned specific sections of the ghat, covering the areas of Kashinath Mitra Cremation Ghat, Kumortuli Ghat, Champatala Ghat, Ahiritola Ghat, and Nather Bagan Ghat.

DECEMBER

Junior And Senior Sports Day 2025— "The Sports at Silver Point School showcased the boundless energy, teamwork, and enthusiasm of our young learners as they participated with great excitement. The Senior Sports reflected discipline, determination, and sportsmanship, with students displaying remarkable skill and competitive spirit."

Silver Point Annual Sports Day (Senior).—4th Silver Point School Scouts and Guides group—1st Annual camp— Camp was held on our school grounds. Forty Cubs, Scouts, Guides, and Bulbuls were present at the camp. Five teachers were present at this camp. D.C. Guides Madam, all school members, and Principal Madam were present at this camp and extended their support to us. Flag break, activities, games, sessions, STA, and a campfire were held as per routine at this camp. The camp started at 8 a.m. and ended at 4p.m.

School Health Check-up Report (IAP Growth Chart Study).— A School Health Check-up Programme was conducted in the school as part of a multicentric nationwide growth study undertaken by the Indian Academy of Pediatrics (IAP). The study aims to develop updated growth charts for Indian children, reflecting current health and nutritional trends. The program was conducted by the research team from HCJMRI Hospital, Pune, under the IAP Growth Chart Study, with prior permission from the school authorities.

Annual Children's Treat-2025— "The interactors of Silver Point School helped in distributing food packets and goodie bags among invitee Children. They accompanied the children and enjoyed the free rides. The performance of the music band was loved by all. The endeavors by Silver Point School Interact Club members were appreciated by Rtn Dr. Ramendu Homchoudhury, District Governor, RID 3291, Rtn Dr. Debnath Chattapadhyay, President, Rotary Club of Calcutta Rtn Ashok Basu, Secretary, Rotary Club of Calcutta, Rtn Purnendu Roy Chowdhury, Past President, Rotary Club of Calcutta, Rtn Saswati Mukherjee, Youth Service Chair, Rotary Club of Calcutta and all esteemed guests present at the venue.

Christmas Celebrations— Our school's Christmas celebration filled the hall with festive cheer, featuring beautifully decorated classrooms with twinkling lights and a Christmas tree, vibrant performances like carols and nativity skits, a dance (Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer), and fun activities like Secret Santa gift exchanges and treats from a special menu of cupcakes and juice. All culminated in Santa's visit to spread joy and candy, emphasizing the spirit of love, sharing, and unity before winter break.

AWARDS & ACHIEVEMENTS - SILVER POINT SCHOOL

Silver Point School takes immense pride in the remarkable achievements earned by the institution, its Principal, teachers, and students during the academic year 2024–25. These accolades reflect the school's unwavering commitment to academic excellence, leadership, social responsibility, and holistic development.

Rotary Endowment Awards 2025

The Rotary Club of Calcutta annually confers Endowment Awards to individuals and institutions for exemplary contributions in various fields.

The Silver Point School Interact Club nominated Sumit Kumar Singh, a meritorious student of Class XII (Commerce), for the Rotary Endowment Awards 2025.

Annual Interact Meet 2024–25

Silver Point School achieved outstanding recognition at the Annual Interact Meet:

Care for the Elderly – 2nd Prize

Community Economic Development – 2nd Prize

Thalassemia Awareness – 1st Prize

District Governor's Choice Award – Cervical Cancer Awareness

Guiding Light – A Tribute to Educators 2025

Silver Point School shone across multiple categories:

Category A: School Award — Changemaker School Award

Category B: Principal's Award — Harmony in Holistic Education Award

Mrs. Sucharita Roychowdhury

Category C: Teacher's Award

Vintage Educator Award

Mrs. Moushumi Ganguly

Student Achievements

Jaydeep Prasad – Topper Award, Class X

Anushka Mukherjee – Topper Award, Class XII

Times Edushine Awards 2025

Class X Board Examination

Jaydeep Prasad, Arko Das, Swarnava Dutta, Monojit Kundu

Class XII Board Examination

Anushka Mukherjee, Srijoyan Das, Uzair Bin Ibrahim



Institutional & Principal Recognition

Silver Point School received prestigious accolades for leadership and academic excellence:

Performance Award for Excellence 2024–25

Silver Zone Olympiad Foundation – For consistent success in Olympiad examinations

Times Edushine Award 2025 – Certificate of Honour

Awarded to Mrs. Sucharita Roychowdhury for outstanding leadership and commitment to a dynamic learning environment

Pratibha Samman & Guru Samman

Pratibha Samman: Awarded to Class X & XII toppers for academic excellence

Guru Samman: Teachers and Principals from various schools were felicitated for their dedication to education

The Telegraph School Awards for Excellence 2025

Held on 23rd August 2025 at South City International School, Silver Point School received 27 Honour Certificates.

Institutional Excellence

Excellence in Maintenance & Eco-Friendly Initiatives

Social Service

Extra-Curricular Activities

Certificate of Appreciation – The School That Cares Special Recognition

Heeya Datta Gupta – Courage Certificate

Cultural Excellence

Dance: Ahana Das, Tiyaasha Shaw

Acting: Shibam Bhattacharjee

Art: Shrestha Banerjee, Sourajit Sarkar

Sports Achievements

Chess: Abhirup Rakshit

Yoga: Poushali Saha

Cricket: Ashutosh Chetry

NCC: Swarup Chandra

Karate: Srestha Barik, Shivangi Nair, Krittika Ganguly

Musical Brilliance

Abhigyan Roy – Certificate of Honour

Ayush Mondal, Sulagna Roy, Ushashi Sarkar – Certificates of Merit



Parents' Honour – “Thank You Baba-Ma” Award

Meena Chetri, Putul Sk, Mithu Maity, Shining Star Honours, Anibrata Das, Tapas Biswas, Saurya Basu

Principal's Prestigious Awards & National Recognition

PPCL – Pioneer of Progressive Leadership Award 2025

Awarded to Mrs. Sucharita Roychowdhury on 4th December 2025, hosted by IEM's International Institute of Hotel Management

Edvantage Education Laureates Awards 2025

Distinguished Educational Leadership Award

Held on 6th December 2025 at The Tollygunge Club, Kolkata

Edu-Visionary Summit & Awards 2025

Organized by IEDUCATIONALIZE on 13th December 2025, Kolkata

Recognition for visionary leadership, academic excellence, and innovation

Adamas Samman 2025

National-level felicitation by Adamas University on 20th December 2025

Honouring the Principal's contribution to educational leadership, social responsibility, and student success.

Silver Point School has achieved a remarkable milestone by being honoured by the Education World Grand Jury India School Rankings 2025–26 for Community & Social Impact.

● All India Rank: 5, ● West Bengal Rank: 1, ● Kolkata Rank: 1

This prestigious recognition is a testament to the collective efforts of everyone who makes every initiative count. It is truly a proud moment for the entire Silver Point family.

We are also delighted to announce that Silver Point School has been ranked 2nd in South Kolkata (CBSE Board) in the Times School Survey 2025.

This achievement belongs to every teacher, student, and parent whose trust, dedication, and belief continue to inspire excellence.

PAINTING BY STUDENTS



Aeindri Singha Roy
Class-VII



Nandini Ghosh
Class-VIII, A



Biswarup Das
Class - IX



Rajnandini Kurmi
Class - VI



Nandini Ghosh
Class-VIII, A



Rudranil Das
Class-IV



Mehuli Adhikari, Class - VI



Arijit Das, Class- VIII



Swapnendu Chakrabarti, Class - IV



Anwasha Pramanik
Class-VIII

PAINTING BY STUDENTS



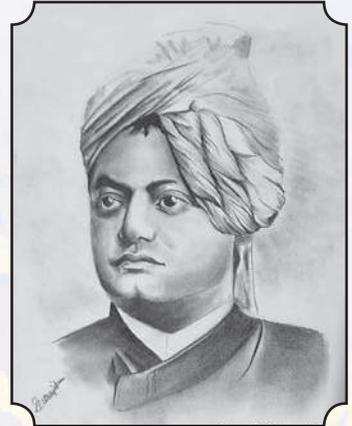
Anurag Yadav
Class- X



Rupbrata debnath
Class-VI



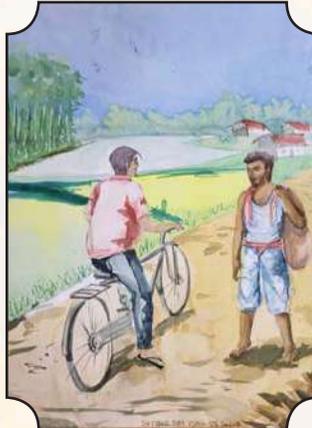
Tirtha Ghosh
Class-VI



Sourajit Sarkar
Class-IX



Kamalakshi Sharma
Class-IX



Satyaki Das
Class-VII



Shrestha Banerjee
Class-IX



Simran Sharma
Class-VIII



Sourajit Sarkar,
Class -IX



Swarnamitra Chakrabarti
Class - IV

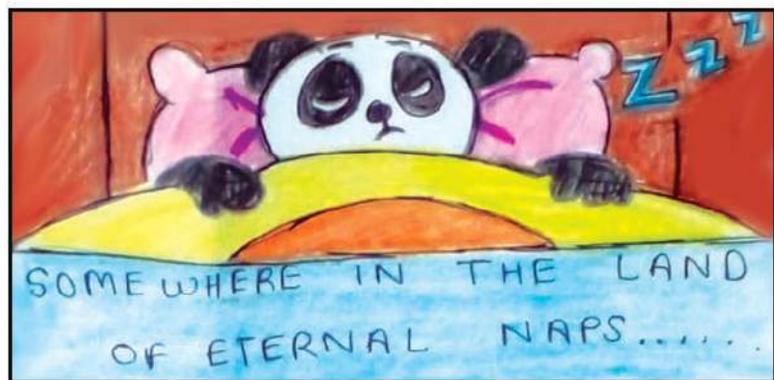


Stuti Dutta, Class-III



Trisha Sarkar
Class-XII

THE LAZY PANDA



ACHIEVEMENTS 2025





ACHIEVEMENTS 2025



SILVER POINT SCHOOL
CBSE AFFILIATED

ON 7TH MAY
SILVER POINT SCHOOL ANNUAL INTERACT MEET, 2024-25

THE INTERACT CLUB LIVES THE ROTARY MOTTO: "SERVICE ABOVE SELF."

SILVER POINT SCHOOL
CBSE AFFILIATED

We're overjoyed to announce that our school has achieved the prestigious

2ND RANK
IN SOUTH KOLKATA (CBSE BOARD)

As per the Times School Survey, West Bengal 2025

SILVER POINT SCHOOL
CBSE AFFILIATED

TIMES EDUSHINE AWARDS
DHONO DHANYO AUDITORIUM, ALIFORE

FOR THE CLASS 8 BOARD EXAMINATION

- ANURAG K. MUKHERJEE
- RAJIVRAN DAS
- UZAY BIN IBRAHIM

FOR THE CLASS 10 BOARD EXAMINATION

- ZAYNEB PARAG
- ARO DAI
- SWANNAKA SUTTA
- MONOLITA KUNDU

THE TOPPERS OF CBSE CLASS X AND XII BOARD EXAMINATIONS 2025

SILVER POINT SCHOOL
CBSE AFFILIATED

AWARDS FOR EXCEPTIONAL LEADERSHIP & ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE

The principal of the school, Mrs. Sucharita Roychowdhury has been recognized with two distinguished accolades.

SILVER POINT SCHOOL
CBSE AFFILIATED

SILVER POINT SCHOOL RECEIVED

CELEBRATING COLLECTIVE SUCCESS: AWARDS FOR

ACTIVITIES 2025





ACTIVITIES 2025



EVENTS 2025





EVENTS 2025



SILVER POINT SCHOOL
SINCE 1997
Organises
Education Fair
Career Counselling Expo

Participating Universities

- GLA University
- Pragman Education
- Parul University
- Chandigarh University
- ICFAL India
- Amity University
- FIIT-JEE, India
- Flame University



EVENTS 2025





EVENTS



SCHOOL TRIPS AND TOURS



JUNIOR SPORTS 2025





SENIOR SPORTS 2025



SENIOR SPORTS 2025





SENIOR SPORTS 2025



CHILDREN'S DAY





NCC AND CUBS AND BULBUL ACTIVITIES



NCC AND CUBS AND BULBUL ACTIVITIES





NCC AND CUBS AND BULBUL ACTIVITIES



JUNIOR CONCERT 2025



JUNIOR CONCERT 2025





SYLVAN 2025



SYLVAN 2025





PRIZE DAY 2025

Congratulations to our AISSE 2025 Toppers!

Top Performers



Congratulations to our AISSCE 2025 Toppers!

Top Performers



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDENTS



Srijon Das, IX B



Sagnik Das, XI Commerce



Aritra Naskar, VII B



Mohini Paul, XI Science



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUDENTS



Sagnik Sarkar, XI Commerce



Raj Gayen, IX B



Rimjhim Roy, IX B



Sampurna Ghosh, IX A



Silver Point School



Class: X Section B Class Teacher: Ms Mousumi Ganguly
Session: 2025 - 2026



Silver Point School



Class: X Section A Class Teacher: Ms Ratna Chanda Roy
Session: 2025 - 2026



Silver Point School



Class: XII Science Class Teacher: Mr Soumyajit Sen
Session: 2025 - 2026



Silver Point School



Class: XII Humanities Class Teacher: Mr Abhishek Dutta
Session: 2025 - 2026



Silver Point School



Class: XII Commerce Class Teacher: Ms Koel Sarkar
Session: 2025 - 2026

We're in the NEWS!

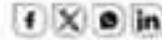
edugraph

CAREER CAMPUS COLLEGE NUMBER 11 WORKSHOP

SILVER POINT SCHOOL, KASBA

Silver Point School Annual Sports Day: A Celebration of Fitness, Unity, and Fun

By Correspondent
 Posted on 26 Jun 2025 10:22 AM



The event started with a welcome speech delivered by the director of the ceremony, focusing on the significance of the day, which involves three years of memories shared at Silver Point School. Head of all ceremonies greeted the audience with a well-timed song which announced the beginning of a grand evening.



Teachers' Day of Silver Point School was observed by the students of the institution with much zeal and enthusiasm. Students of classes 1 to 12 organized the celebration for all the teachers from 15 am onwards. The programme began with the school captain and vice captain paying Homage to Dr Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan. Indian songs, Group dances and instrumental music presented by the students on stage were presided by of teachers.



ANNUAL INTERSCHOOL SCIENCE EXHIBITION



Silver Point School, Kolkata hosted their esteemed Annual Interschool Science Exhibition, Silver Synergy, themed on Energy and Electricity. The event was graced by Dr. Rajeswar De, retired Chemistry teacher of Modern High School, Ms. Lorraine Muza, Academic Head of Don Bosco School, and Dr. Swati Nandi Chakraborty, a renowned environmental researcher. Students from eminent schools participated, showcasing innovative models on Natural Farming, Waste Management, Hygiene, Transport, and Communication. The exhibition provided a platform for young minds to demonstrate scientific intelligence, creativity, and problem-solving skills, making it a resounding success.

EDUTAINMENT AT ITS BEST FOR YOUNG READERS

Young World Club is a fun-filled online edutainment portal, from The Hindu, packed with rich multimedia content to make learning fun. It offers children new ways to learn through its interactive sections on Think, Read, Do, Travel, Play, and Change. The content is presented in various interactive formats such as quizzes, crosswords, sliders, puzzles, dialog cards, flash cards, presentations, videos, games, timelines, and so on. Exclusively curated for children of ages 8-15, this web platform offers children new ways to understand diverse topics.



Silver Point School organised a cultural programme to pay tribute to the brave martyrs and remember the sacrifices of the freedom fighters, who fought hard with great patriotic spirit to get their motherland free from the British regime. Source: Silver Point School

Holistic development in the focus here



Students of Silver Point School with their award.

...the school has started several programmes aimed at holistic development of students. The school has been successful in this, working towards being the cradle of high-achieving students.

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THANKS

SILVER POINT SCHOOL

Affiliated to CBSE

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