

**FAIPS**  
EXPRESSIONS

May 2019

# A Theoretical Rant

Hana Shabeer (XI-F)

Me? I was once highly toxified with pure ambition. I yearned for big strides, huge leaps. But right now, my mind, it's Damsel in distress's. I thought of nothing less. Now, I've reconciled to the fact that my life is never going to be the American Dream. I've lost so much of me, I do reckon that. No one else around me does. That honestly hurts. Yet, they say they've stuck with me through all the thick and thin and will always continue to do so. I don't blame them or in fact, chide none around me. I do not intend to do so.

I have so much anger in me. I'm livid. I'm being naïve about everything that's happening around me. I'm not angry at anyone, but myself. I hate myself for muzzling the ignited fuel in me. That ignition, would blow up a gust of confidence in me before those competitions I used to represent my school in. The thirteen year old me lived her life. Is there something called self-inferiority issues? If that does exist, right now, that defines me. Is this teenage fever? I'm sick of all the hyped-up people around me.

Why do I let myself down so much? Why was I an over-achiever? I'm like a wilted dandelion in a prairie, waiting to be blown away (to where, I'm not sure). I'm so lost in the labyrinths of my own thoughts. I'm so paranoid of judgements. I crumple paper, every night. The intricacy of random thoughts blow me up, all the time. You might think, I put effort to pen these words to make them sound beautifully crafted, wrong! I've only splurged the entangled mess in my head to this paper. I feel liberated.

## ART ISN'T JUST ABOUT.....

Apoorva Sivkumar (XI F)

Three letters so deceiving, so deep in meaning. Art isn't about just about drawing figures and diagrams. It is the portrayal of beauty through writing, sculpting, singing, dancing, and other personal means of expressing ones thoughts. An artist portrays beauty the way he beholds it for others to perceive. I believe I am an artist. I am incredibly passionate about discovering beauty. I am passionate about displaying my imagination into fictional realities. I believe that having an eye for beauty can change the way we eye life.

I go into this whole different dimension when I begin to write and express my thoughts on paper. The greatest asset to me is imagination. And indeed, I am fond of making use of mine. I fathom things in ways that do not exist, making my own reality. When I gaze at a field of flowers, my mind becomes tranquil and hopeful. I depict what I observe. There could be a million things that can calm me, yet I'd find composure just by phrasing my perception of beauty and art. As a child I was always distant from the rest of the world as I habitually wandered off into a world of fiction where I'd build substantial amount of allegories. I have known true passion through my longing for writing and portrayal of beauty. It absolutely thrills me to discover beauty wherever I go. It is said, "Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder".

I believe in order to seek beauty in thing and in people, one should possess beauty on the inside. The root only grows what one is capable of. There lies beauty everywhere – in the leaves that descend during early winter, in the bestial waves of an ocean during a thunder storm and in the embrace of warm summer nights amidst a dark forest with the light of fireflies. Beauty doesn't cease even when we lose the ability to see. When you are passionate about something, there is nothing stopping you. The same way I knew I was meant to put my thoughts on paper.

# The Butterfly Effect

Devanshi Dutta – XI-C

It's fascinating, how the smallest action, or even word said by someone which might seem extremely insignificant during that very moment, might very often lead to a revolutionary change. This phenomenon is known as 'The Butterfly Effect'. The butterfly effect was a shocking discovery by the meteorologist Edward Lorenz, which stated something as a single butterfly flap, can cause a massive change in the weather of another place somewhere situated miles away. However this term is often used in a metaphorical sense also. It indicates how a small change could cause a tidal wave.

To dwell deeper upon this topic, it makes us realize that everything happening around us is the result of the butterfly effect. Maybe it's just the universe's way of reminding us that we're just a step away from making a huge impact in this world. The greatest discoveries, the raw outburst of bottled up human emotions, the shifting phases of nature, the good, the bad and the evil; everything is just another proof in our daily life about the wonders of the butterfly effect.

Another perspective about the butterfly effect is that it signifies how a single decision might alter the lives of millions. It might make the world a better place to live in, or create a catastrophe. Very often we might be a reason for such a massive change but we're not in charge of it. It may not be our fault but in a very twisted way, we're responsible for it. History has time and again been a witness of such happenings.

An elaborate example of how the butterfly effect has a huge effect is how the rejection of an art application led to world war 2. In 1905 a young man applied for the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna. However the odds weren't in his favour and he got rejected twice. Due to these unfortunate circumstances he was financially unstable and was forced to

live in the slums of his city where his anti-Semitism grew. He soon joined the German army and became a reason of doom in this world. The man was Adolf Hitler.

We're just a very small part of this universe. So small, that if we try to look at the bigger picture we tend to realize we're just an obscure part of it. Yet, according to the butterfly effect we're big enough to make a drastic change-maybe not to this entire universe, maybe just to this world, our nation or even the future.

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## Right and wrong- a perspective

Sambhavi (11 H )

Our society has been dividing what it calls “good” and “bad” for centuries. We tend to follow the trend without any questions or objections. We have never stopped and thought why someone or something is “good” or “bad”.

For years, the winner has been writing the history, and his glory is sung until posterity. The history written mentions nothing about the vanquished. The “noble” king Ram of the Ramayana destroyed the “evil” Raavan, the demon king of Lanka, who kidnapped his wife Sita. We praise Lord Ram for his nobility and criticize Raavan for his misconduct. But Raavan had kidnapped Sita as he was consumed by his brotherly love for his sister, who was insulted by Ram and his brother Lakshman. Moreover, he treated Sita like a queen and hosted her in his beautiful garden. He was also a great king of Lanka and a veena player. But his story remains neglected till date and he is loathed by all.

Many famous movie plots have highlighted the antagonist as a person with a good motive, which is generally misinterpreted by the audience.

In the movie “Avengers: Infinity War”, the antagonist, Thanos, aims to destroy half the population of the universe to solve the problem of overpopulation. This was seen as ruthless by many, but the problem of overpopulation is something we seriously need to think and talk about.

Even Adolf Hitler was inspired to become “The Great Dictator” by his patriotism towards Germany. He was shook by Germany’s pitiable condition after the First World War. He initially wanted to improve Germany’s economic conditions and also introduced various favourable economic policies. But this patriotism is not remembered by Germany and the rest of the world, and his name became associated with only the word “racist”.

Today, we have forgotten to form our own opinions. We remain mere sheep of the “opinions” formed by the society and the “victorious”. It is high time that we look at both the sides critically and form an opinion accordingly, as what may be a mistake for one, may be the best decision of another.

# CREATURES

Nanda Shajan XI-E

I am nothing but a creature

That rules with my heart

Emotions flood me with every word I hear

It is my reaction that sets me apart

The fears and tears deem me weak

The miles I run and smiles I wear

Is apparently the basis for the judgement of my strength

Judgements that can estimate results as to how much I can bear

The choices I make are only right

If society accepts it too

“why does their opinion matter in my decision?”

Sadly, it just has to

I am bound by chains

Not one, but many

Forced to hide the truth that I want to scream

But whispers say “if its no use to you, it’s no use to any”

The demons in me like the vast ocean

My mind, an ignorant swimmer

Sucking me in while I struggle to escape

Stuck in between the sea and the devil, perspectives either brighter or dimmer

We live in a world where fiction is taken for reality

Lost in between costumes and masks

Failing to realise the truth of the conditions

Of people undertaking arduous tasks

We are nothing but creatures

That rule with our hearts

Wandering in a simulation world

As mere characters, pawns or parts.

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## Let's Join Hands

Dwiti Ponda XI E

Nature is symmetrical; you only get what you sow. Exploitation of nature leads to climate change which bars us from sustainable development. Honorable secretary of UN Ban Ki Moon said, " We are the first generation to be able to end poverty and the last generation that can take steps to avoid the worst impacts of climate change." A good care of the environment is the best gift we can leave for the coming generations. Environment pollution is the greatest challenges that world is facing today. It has been started within the industrial revolution and worsens day by day. It has caused irreparable damages to



earth, After all, Earth is what we have in common and it is our duty to save it for our future generation.

Reckless use of cars and other transports, continues emissions of toxic gases by power plants, cutting of trees to build houses and bridges are major reasons of humans' interference with nature. Emissions of carbon dioxide and other greenhouse gases have led to an increase in the average global temperature.

Impacts of the climate change are not visible suddenly and this problem unfolds slowly. Presently we are seeing chaos due to this problem in the entire world.

Even if we stop emitting any greenhouse gas at once the earth will still continue to heat up due to the existing amount of greenhouse gas in the atmosphere. We humans are the primary cause of this problem but we must not forget that humans are the most intelligent species. If we can join hands and work together then we will surely be successful in setting the base of a perpetual journey of sustainable development and a greener environment.

Let us lay the foundation stones of a long hard road but of course at the end of this road our children and future generations will be breathing easier.

# Experience- a strong tool of life

Pratibha (XII G)

“Don’t cry because it’s over...Smile because it happened.”

Experience is something we all go through in our lives. To be honest, it is the most beautiful feeling that a seed experiences in order to become a full grown healthy tree. Likewise, from the time we are born and new lives emerge on this planet, there is a sense of experience till the time we become adults, going through different phases of experience.

Mostly keeping in mind about the critics, the experiences we go through always tend to make memories that give an impact on our livelihood. They tend to be emotional, social, traditional and cultural etc.

Experiences brings joy in the eyes, replenish the old memories that people who had once lived it. It is a feeling that can be also experienced again. It can be captured in a video, picture, or any particular thing.

They make a person to evolve around the society....with a much skillful experience in terms of work, strong relations in terms of emotions and so on...

Don’t cry because it’s over...Smile because it happened.

Our parents, friends, teachers and the society would give the best experiences to the individual... To continue its friendship and bonding with its two mates i.e. maturity and situation.

“Experience is the best teacher. It teaches us as well as tests us.”

**It felt like...**

Shaima (X D)

It felt like happiness had welcomed her forever

It felt like yesterday didn't exist, never

Nothing could ever stain this atmosphere

Nothing could ever bring back yesterday's fear

Dancing in the great starlit night, she was

Singing among those nightingales, she was

Her feet were way above the skies

Yes that's right; she was lost in his eyes

# It's stabbing his chest

Shaima (X D)

It's bleeding down his chest

But you can't see it on that vest

It's tearing away his heart

And his feelings apart

It's stabbing his chest

And now he regrets leaving his nest

Back then he lived behind shadows

But now he's confronting the dark crows

The thunderclouds struck harder

As the pain on his shoulders grew louder

If only humanity wasn't that bad

Maybe life wouldn't have been this sad

# Her First Smile

Khushi Sarvesh (IX E)

Her first smile made her eyes bright,

Her heart melted like a cube of ice,

Her child's dreams were flying like a kite,

Her life was going to be like a rolling dice.

Her every cry made her run,

Every time she smiled at her made her succumb,

The tears in her eyes made her cry,

She hugged and gave her courage when she became shy.

The problems she faced for her wee a lot,

She fell in love with her at the first shot,

Slowly and gently she learned to walk,

Looking at her, her mother had to talk,

"Oh dear! Thank you for coming to my life,

My love for you is rife",

On hearing this when she smiled,

Her heart once again melted like a cube of ice

# Sunrise

Khushi Sarvesh (IX E)

That beautiful break of dawn,  
As the beautiful colors welcomes the morn,  
Oh! That bright yellow  
And that orange mix gives a shine to the meadow.  
That light blue sky,  
In front of those bright colors  
Become a little shy.  
Far away, far away,  
Looking like in the lap of eastern bay,  
That beautiful bright sun which finally comes out,  
With a loud scream, the children shout.  
Oh dear Sun! Oh, dear Sun!  
Listen to me, Oh! Dear Sun,  
How are you so beautiful?

How are you so playful?

From morning to evening you shine

In the darkest days

And the darkest time.

Aren't you tired

Of never getting rest, as you are always required?

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## Hate

Khushi Sarvesh (IX E)

It eats you up,

It finishes you till the end.

It fills you from down to up

And it can never mend.

It will control you,

It will never end.

It will poison you,

And it can never mend.

Only one thing can stop,

That is your kind heart.

Once it recognizes it,

The control of hate will start.

It is best to not begin it at first,  
'Cause it can stay with you till the last.  
Keep a good heart's thirst  
So that one day,  
The shadow of a good person would cast.

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## LIVE, LOVE AND LAUGH

Arfa Arshad (XI-E)

The three L's are extremely important for each one of us. Each has its own significant meaning, own importance. Each one of us is living but are we really living our life to the fullest?

“Live life to the fullest and focus on the positive.”- Matt Cameron

In this world of competition, we are running, no matter what we lose. We have to secure first position and in this ‘race’ we forget to live. Living doesn't mean just breathing, it means to explore the world with a vision. In our life we leave relations and run behind money but unfortunately, we forget that after our death there will be no use of such paper. We get only one life and that is short.

Never was Oscar Wilde wrong in saying “To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all.”

No one has seen the future. When, where and how life ends no one knows. Every second we lose is lost. So, live to the fullest because ‘Zindagi na milegi dobara’ (you will not get



life twice). It is correctly put by Louis Tomlinson “live life for the moment because everything else is uncertain”

Love is that power which unites everyone. It is a strong feeling of affection. Without love our life will be miserable. Love makes us realise that there are people who support us. Start loving and appreciating even the tiniest of beauty, you will then see a world with a different vision.

The minute you start loving your own life, thing will definitely change. Love yourself; love your body no matter how it looks and what people say about it. Love has the power to repair and mend everything.

“When you love what you have, you have everything you need.”

Laugh. How much ever you can. Laughter not only decreases stress hormones and increases immune cells thus improving our resistance to disease but it also brings out the little child which is hidden in everyone. Laugh at yourself it will definitely give you more courage. When your haters laugh at you, laugh with them. It will give them shock and help you to be away from anxiety and depression.

“Life is short. You have to be able to laugh at your pain or you never move on.” – Jeff Ross

People will always have a negative opinion about the way you live your life. But remember, life neither has a rewind button nor pause button. What you do today will reflect tomorrow. So live the life you have, love your life and laugh at various points in life.

**The Portrait of Portia**  
**Adapted from ‘The Merchant of Venice’**  
Marian Magdalene Grajo (IG 2 C)

Sweet, smart, Portia

What a burden it must be

So many men have come to woo thee

But failed so miserably.

Many played this game

To see what they would gain

Their greed! Ah! What a shame

With fickle minds as flimsy as the rain.

Only one won her hand

And gained her love and trust

A simple merchant from a foreign land

Not noble or royal; only true and just...

So, Bassanio married the lady

In a garden cool and shady

Won her heart and crown

And lived to be an old man in the happy town.

# A Peacock's Beauty

Marian Magdalene Grajo (IG 2 C)

There are so many beautiful creatures  
From sea to land to sky  
And each has their specific features  
And I can tell you why.

The peacock's beauty is exquisite  
Like that of a colorful fan  
Its colors are my favorite  
Couldn't be made by man.

But alas! The truth I have to speak  
I long to see a dancing one  
A simple wish I seek  
Its tail wide spread to catch the morning sun.

# HEARTLESS

MEERA (XII B)

Intricate carvings on a disguised mind

The subtleties seldom noticed

A reflection might aid the blind

And spill the hidden treasure

A prayer birthed by a misty fear

The red herrings in the story

What would a scar be, if not for

The ballads that sing its glory

Will caskets of gold suffice?

It is the vain, miserly eye

That skims past the poignant lies

The eternal search for reason

# Mother

Maria Agiya (XI F)

Those beautiful hands are her love bands  
Through Sahara's sands she searched for errands  
Suffered sleepless nights and conquered her fights  
Fights for lives, fights for rights.

Blue light on her eyes  
Which are filled with tears  
It's only my soul that cries  
And tries its best to reach the skies.

Her love for someone else leaves me speechless  
If I put her to the test,  
I'll be swallowed by my own nest.

# MUSIC

Usri Banerjee (XI G)

Music. People of all age groups listen to some sort of music or the other. But why is it, that there are millions out there, trying their utmost best to make a living out of it? Why do many people hunt for new and different types of music to listen to? Scratch that. Why do people even listen to music in the first place? What is it about music that draws people in so easily? Is it because they provide us with a way for letting loose our emotions and not judging us when we do so? Or is it because it takes us under its wing and provides us with solace when we require it? The answer is all of the above and a lot more.

Music has been the universal language for centuries now, bridging gaps between different cultures, generations, etc. Music, is like a Chinese portrait. Each song could be interpreted in numerous different ways. Hence, a song could possibly have, an end number of meanings behind it. But when and where did people first get into this habit of listening to music?

The origin of music is unknown as it occurred prior to recorded history. Some suggest that the origin of music likely stems from naturally occurring sounds and rhythms. Human music may echo these phenomena using patterns, repetition and tonality. Even today, some cultures have certain instances of their music intending to imitate natural sounds.

It is probable that the first musical instrument was the human voice itself, which can make a vast array of sounds, from singing, humming and whistling through to clicking, coughing and yawning.

Music has definitely changed over the years. From an orchestral style of music during the romantic era (1830-1900), to jazz during the early 1910s, to rock in the early 1950s, and

finally to pop in the 21st century, music as well as musical preferences of the general mass has changed over the years and is still, undergoing change.

It is a scientifically proven fact, that different genres of music have different kinds of effects on our brains.

Reggae, Hip Hop, Techno, Pop, Country:- These genres have been classified together because, roughly speaking, they produce the same effect due to their overall catchy, constant, and repetitive backbeat. These kinds of music increase your pulse-rate and make you more hyper.

Metal:- Most people who don't listen to metal, but have friends who do, have probably heard of metal music actually making people calmer. This is both true and false. Due to its dense structure and often fast tempo, metal is going to immediately get anyone's blood pumping. The overall calming effect that many allege is likely an indirect one, due to this music causing the brain to light up with lots of activity, drowning out feelings of stress and anger, as well as providing an outlet for these emotions.

Classical:- Classical music is a great stress reliever. It activates more areas in the brain than popular music due to its focus on complex juxtapositions of higher and lower note sections that merge to create new chords and progressions.

Jazz:- Jazz music is highly complex, and because much of it is improvised, it has an experimental nature that also focuses on what the listener wants to interpret, rather than solely on a specific melody and pattern being expressed. Jazz also tends to rely on "call-and-response", a style where certain musicians "talk to each other" via their instruments, which in turn activates the area of the brain that correlates with language syntax.

Hence, as Plato rightfully said, "Music is a moral law. It gives soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, and charm and gaiety to life and to everything."

Music is something that everybody, regardless of age, gender, religion, or any other factor,

love listening to. The various kinds of music that one can create, either with existing music, or completely from scratch, are endless. For many music, is a safe haven, a getaway from their problems. For others, it might be a simple pastime. But whatever it may be, music plays a highly important role in our lives either directly or indirectly.

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## My Mother

Zahraa Panju (XII E)

Like the sun that dawns the mountains

And the water that adorns the fountains

There is one who like the rain,

Washes away my pain

She washes the cloth

And cooks the broth

She scrubs and drains and cleans and shines

But never bends just as the great pines

Her eyes as brown as bark

Her hair curly and dark

Her skin as soft as petals

Beautiful as it settles

She is like morning dew

Seen and known by very few



But like an engraved scar  
Would be remembered afar  
She hums a melody in solitude  
Her pitch scaling the altitudes  
Her love for me is bare  
And so is her care  
She soothes me in my hours of distress  
Drowning me in a love so boundless  
She looks back at times that were forgotten  
The times before I was begotten  
She loves me with all her heart  
Even though at times our minds do part  
We shout and scream and bang and fight  
But are never oblivious to the light  
For a mother and daughters relationship  
Is far more complicated than The Sunken Ship  
I am but growing now  
Obliged to leave town  
And so with a heavy and reluctant heart  
I await the day I am to part

# My Unforgettable Italian Escapade

Shad Ahmed (XI C)

## Bari

This summer of '18 was highlighted by my indelible trip to Italy with my family. Our first destination in Italy was Bari, and we arrived there on the 1<sup>st</sup> of July. Apart from a slight complication we had where our luggage hadn't arrived with the flight, our stay at Bari was a rather peaceful sojourn. We were at Bari for only one day during which we visited its Old Town, and on the second we left for another city, Alberobello.

## Alberobello

Alberobello is an exotic and cartoonish town, packed with peculiar stone huts called trullo. These trulli are the primary attraction point for tourists to visit Alberobello as they have rich historical significance and their simplicity yet striking marvel make them fascinating and add unique flavor to the town. We stayed at one of these little one-storeyed lime stone huts for our duration at Alberobello, and the story behind its construction and its amicable hosts made us love it. We went around the city and roamed the streets as we began to appreciate the town's significance and even visited some important landmarks like the Trullo Sovrano, the only two-storeyed trullo in Alberobello.



## Rome

Next and most anticipated on the list was Rome, which was essentially the heart of Italy. We arrived there by plane after a train ride back to Bari, and our hotel was located in the immediate vicinity of the Colosseum.

Our first destination at Rome was technically another country, Vatican City, which lies entirely within Rome. Being the smallest country in the world, we were able to cover its main tourist spots in around half a day with the interesting insights provided by the tour guide. We first went to the museums of Vatican, which had one of the most diverse collections of various art pieces including paintings and sculptures related to Vatican and Rome. We proceeded to visit the Sistine Chapel on whose ceilings the works of the legendary Michelangelo are imprinted.

This was the epitome of the Vatican trip as we couldn't even begin to take in all that we saw. The high ceilings were painted with around 300 different works by Michelangelo, among them the ever popular *The Creation of Adam*. The paintings were embellished with impeccable detail and perfection, and some even appeared to physically stand out from the ceiling. Our breaths taken away, we went to the St. Peter's Basilica, the largest church in the world. Once again, we were surrounded by ornate sculptures and paintings on the vast ceilings and walls, utterly enthralling us. We then spent some time roaming St. Peter's square just outside the basilica, and we soon left the unforgettable Walled City of Vatican.



After a quick rest at our hotel, we were back in the streets of Rome and headed to the Piazza Navona (Navona Square), which is popular for its Ancient Roman obelisk erected on a fountain. We proceeded to have the greatest Tiramisu we'd ever tasted from a little restaurant nearby and then headed to our next destination which was the Pantheon, whose magnificent stone pillars and history fascinated me. We next visited the Trevi Fountain, a very popular wishing fountain with various sculptures of personifications of the sea surrounding it. Our final destination for the day was the Spanish Steps, which was an open area with a small fountain and a wide set of steps leading up to another square of Rome.



We woke up early next morning in anticipation of what one would consider the very symbol of Rome or even Italy, the Colosseum. As I approached it, I was able to admire the ingenuity of the ancient builders because of how well the overall structure was preserved, in spite of some damages. I got an audio guide once I was inside, and the amphitheater's past didn't fail to amaze me. The elaborate way in which the gladiator fights were planned and how the society itself was structured around the Colosseum lent me great insights about the Wonder of the World and Roman culture. As we left the Colosseum, we didn't have to walk very far for our next destinations as they were all in its immediate vicinity. The Arch of Constantine and the Arch of Titans were two beautiful

and detailed arches we encountered. We then climbed up the Palatine Hill and took a walk around the Roman Forum which had copious excavated monuments ranging from shrines to ancient government buildings, effectively making it the heart Ancient Rome. As we headed back home, we stopped by the Altare della Patria, a monument erected in the honor of the first king of a unified Italy, to take a few pictures, but didn't go inside.



## Pisa

On the next morning, we boarded a train to Pisa. Our hotel there was a stone's throw away from the Leaning Tower of Pisa. After freshening up, we went to visit the Leaning Tower, which was beside two other structures: the Pisa Cathedral and the Pisa Baptistery. The Leaning Tower's tilt and the way it stood so precariously, as though on the verge of falling any second, was astonishing. We took a few pictures with the classic "Leaning Tower of Pisa poses", and then took a walk by the Arno riverside. After roaming for quite a while, we had dinner and returned to the hotel.

The next day we explored the three above-mentioned structures more (although we didn't enter any of them) and the area surrounding them. As there wasn't really much else to do

in Pisa, we decided to just take to the streets once more to shop for souvenirs and uncover whatever bit of Pisa we'd missed.



## Venice

The last city we were to visit in Italy was Venice, which we reached the next day by train. What set Venice apart from all the other cities we'd visited was how it was in fact a cluster of 118 islands as well as its unique, traditional design. By the time we'd reached Venice, it was late in the evening, and so, on the first day, we only roamed some streets that were nearby our hotel.

Our next day at Venice was to be a very eventful one. First, we went by ferry (the usual mode of transport at Venice) to the island of Murano. There we visited a glass factory where we were able to witness a glass piece, a horse figure, being made by traditional craftsmen. The dexterity of the craftsman and the love he showed for his craft were simply delightful to watch. After we saw the demo, we were taken to a shop adjacent to the factory, containing the glass art pieces and figures that were made by the craftsmen of the factory.

The shop itself was divided into many chambers, with each chamber displaying a different type of glass figurine. The individual chambers had copious varieties of products, each unique as they were handmade, and each piece done simply perfectly. There were animals from horses to dolphins, chandeliers, feather-light glass cups, clocks and even glass aquariums with glass fish inside them. The majority of the pieces were expensive, but we did manage to grab a few showpieces including a glass Venetian boat as well as a glass chess board.



We then headed to another island, Burano. Its vivid, bright, colorful, small and cuboidal houses were the main attraction there. These houses were occupied by the local fishermen and were located on either side of some crisscrossing small canals. We also bought some biscuits at Burano, since it is popular for its unique and delicious S-shaped biscuits, the Essi biscuits. After we'd had lunch and explored the small island of Burano, we returned to our hotel. Later that evening, we went on a ferry tour on the Grand Canal.

It was a most singular experience as we sped by the various islands and attractions of Venice by ferry. We got off at St. Mark's Square, where we wandered through the streets for a while. We had dinner there, and then returned to our hotel via the same route we took with the ferry.



The next day, we walked to St. Mark's Square again. There, we had a look at the Doge's Palace, and went inside St. Mark's Basilica, which was connected to it. The Basilica's resplendence and gold ground mosaics were fascinating to behold. Next we went to a famous bridge in Venice, the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the New Prison to the interrogation rooms in Doge's Palace. It was famously named so because a convict would last 'sigh' at the beautiful Venice before his imprisonment. We then walked to the Rialto Bridge, the oldest and most famous bridge spanning the Grand Canal. We went to the terrace of a shopping mall nearby that offered us a vantage point from where we could take in most of the Grand Canal and Venice.

The breathtaking view of Venice, with its houses, bridges, shops and the Grand Canal I was offered there has been imprinted in my mind since.





And finally, on the next and last day of our tour of Italy, we left the magnificent country and headed back to Kuwait. Most of the memories of Italy, especially those of Rome and Venice, are still sharp in my mind. The monuments and the people I met left an indelible impression on me, and led me to exalt the beautiful nation of Italy.

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## Peace after War

Anusha Devi Akella (X-G)

The dark clouds take over the sky and engulf me

It's the beginning of a storm, of rage and fear.

Poisonous raindrops blind my eyes and there's nothing to see

We can only hope for the safety of near and dear.

Peace is kept aside as destruction overtakes.

With each step forward, our humanity is lost

There are more than just lives at stake,

And nature's beauty becomes a thing of the past.

Finally, a ray of hope peeks out from the clouds.

It surround, comforts us and gives us light.

The tears of the sky fall upon us and wash away our doubts

Faith in humanity is restored, everything seems alright.

All that is left is a faint sigh  
As the mist and fog embrace us somberly.  
Amidst all the broken promises and lies,  
There is place in our hearts for friends and family.

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## The Interview

Rohita Mahesh (XI E)

*The story of an orphan girl who discovers that the world is indeed a small place after all.*

I returned home from work, exhausted. To say I hated working as a waitress would be an understatement. The measly tips was definitely not worth the long hours and sore feet, but it was an easy job and gave me enough to support myself.

I collapsed onto the big fluffy sofa that sat right in the center of my studio apartment and glanced at the clock. It was half past ten, meaning that I could probably get around 8 hours of sleep before I had to wake up and go to the interview at J&J. Just thinking of that made me a nervous wreck.

I had always wanted to work as a software developer and to get a job in the prestigious J&J Technology would be a dream come true. When a friend of mine told me that there was an opening as a junior software developer, I jumped at the opportunity and sent my application.

I kept my hopes low and decided there would be no way that I would ever even be considered because a job like that would probably be snatched up by someone more qualified than a 23-year-old waitress with negligible experience.

Surprisingly, just a week later, I was informed that I would have to report to a personal interview and present a brief project on a specific topic. That was when my hopes soared higher than ever before.

That day passed by in a blur of images, all painted with distinct joy. I don't think I'd ever wished harder for my parents to be there to celebrate with me.

The clock struck eleven, effectively snapping me out of my thoughts, and I decided to go to bed early. I would need all the rest I could possibly get so I could be alert and attentive at the interview the next day.

I had just settled under the warm covers of my bed when my mind started racing with all the possible outcomes of the interview. There was always the extremely probable chance that I wouldn't get the job at all because I messed up the interview.

I mean, what if I stammered or didn't know how to reply to the questions asked? What if I embarrassed myself by rambling about something completely irrelevant? Or what if I became so flustered that I wouldn't answer the questions at all? What if the interviewer thought my presentation was terrible? What if it wasn't informative enough?

My breathing picked up pace as I started worrying about every single thing that could possibly go wrong at the interview. I turned around in bed and the framed picture on the bedside table caught my eye.

It was a sweet picture of a tanned man with bright blue eyes that were in stark contrast with his brown hair that was spotted with snowflakes. He had his arm around the shoulder of a beautiful blonde lady with green eyes that matched mine exactly. The two of them were busy laughing their heads off when the candid photo was taken in the winter wonderland but their love for each other was obvious in their eyes. It was the only picture I had of my parents but that was luckier than most others in the orphanage. Lots of them didn't even have a picture of their parents. I was lucky enough to have been named by my

parents and have a couple of memories of my mom and a locket with a picture of my parents in it.

I lifted the wooden frame to my lips and set it back down. Suddenly, I felt a lot more optimistic about the interview. After all, there was also an equally likely chance of being selected for the job. And I knew that wherever my parents were, their blessings were with me.

I touched the heart shaped locket my mom had given me and went to sleep with a smile on my face as I dreamt about my mom and dad.

—————x—————x—————

I woke up and immediately slammed my hand down on the alarm that blared loudly. My eyes flew wide open when I realized that I was nearly an hour late. I'd somehow managed to snooze my alarm enough to be delayed by exactly forty-one minutes.

I practically raced through my morning routine and pulled on a grey blouse that I thought made me look very professional and a black pencil skirt that I soon realized was not great to move quickly in. I stuffed a slice of toast into my mouth and gulped it down with a cup of coffee as I grabbed the briefcase, checking twice to see if my laptop and reference papers were in it.

I raised my wrist and glanced at the dial of the tiny watch that sat on it. Somehow, I managed to move even faster after I realized that I was expected to be at my interview in eight minutes.

I surprised myself by arriving two minutes early but I spent them trying to regain my breath outside the admittedly fancy building. I couldn't very well present myself as a huffing and puffing mess, now could I?

I smoothed down my hair and entered the building, making sure that my back was straight and my chin was up. As soon as I walked in, I had to remember to keep my jaw from dropping.

The interior was almost entirely white and gray, and the steel and wood accents complemented it beautifully. Light streamed in from the high windows, glinting off the steel accents that made everything look modern. The domed ceiling that was at least two stories tall imparted a look of magnificence to the entire lobby and a huge chandelier hung from its center, sunlight catching on its crystals and sending beams of light everywhere. People bustled around me, all of them dressed impeccably, and suddenly, I knew that this was where I wanted to work. I wanted to be just like them.

I walked to the receptionist's desk and tried my best to hide the anxiety that threatened to overwhelm me. 'Good morning', I said to the blonde-haired lady whose clothes were almost identical to mine. 'I was asked to come here for an interview for the position of a junior software developer.'

'Of course,' she replied, quickly typing something into the computer she had in front of her. 'Just a minute', she said as she picked up a phone and spoke into it.

'Dana, the last one's here.' I heard the muffled response before the receptionist, whose nametag read Sarah, put the phone down. 'Dana will be here soon to take you to the interview. In the meantime, you can wait over there', she said, offering me a warm smile that managed to take the edge of my worry.

I walked to the grey armchairs that were off to the side and sat down. I stared at the vibrant green potted plant that stood out among all the white and grey. Its leaves drooped a little bit and I found myself absently wondering if it was made of plastic in a vain attempt to distract myself from thinking about the interview.

I'd just decided to touch the leaf and find out whether it was artificial when a lady who couldn't have been more than a couple of years older than me came up to me. My hand immediately stopped in mid-air and I found myself mildly annoyed at the unanswered question but mostly embarrassed of the compromising position.

'I was just checking to see if it had been watered correctly', I said nervously, before regretting ever saying such a terrible excuse.

She smiled knowingly at me and I ducked my head to check the contents of my briefcase and conveniently hide my flushed face.

"This way, please," she said, gesturing for me to follow her. She led me to the glass elevator and I listened to the music that was probably supposed to be calming, but seemed to only agitate me further.

She stepped off on the second floor and I followed her down the hallway. My heeled shoes tapped out a steady rhythm against the polished floor and I found myself staring at the elegant hairstyle her brown hair was wrapped into.

She guided me into a smaller room that was brighter and more comfortable. "Wait here," she said before leaving. I sat down on the orange sofa and waved to an older woman who was probably in her early 30's sitting across from me. She waved back.

After a couple of minutes of awkward silence, the tension in the room was thick enough to be cut by a knife.

"So," I started in a desperate attempt to diffuse it, "are you nervous?"

"Of course I am. Especially after seeing all the others."

"Were they all that good?" I asked, any hope of securing the job quickly deflating.

“Oh, no, that’s not it,” she said. “Well, of course they were good, they were great, in fact. But that’s not what I meant.”

“Oh?” I asked, curiosity getting the better of me. She leaned forward, a strand of her black hair falling in front of her eyes. She tucked it behind her ear and looked in both directions to make sure nobody was listening before speaking in a conspiratorial tone.

“For some reason, today, *William Saunders* is interviewing us”, she said, as if the information was a prized secret.

I nearly gasped. “The CEO? But why? The position of a junior software developer isn’t *that* significant.”

“And that’s not the worst part”, she said, an excited glint in her eye. “Every single one of those who have gone in have come out dejected. One lady even started crying.”

“Why?”, I asked, this new piece of information not helping with my anxiety in the least bit.

“It seems like he’s a very rude man. Tony, the man who was waiting here before me, told me after he came out that he was asking the most difficult questions ever. In fact, he asked him questions about C programming, even though in his application, he’d stated that he only uses C++ and Java.”

My heart started racing. All the negative possibilities I’d imagined the night before suddenly seemed infinitely more possible than ever before. My hand automatically drifted up to the necklace and I started fiddling with the locket.

She leaned back, a sort of smug smile on her face, as if my reaction was exactly what she had wanted. “I’m Samantha, by the way. Samantha Brewer,” she said as she extended a hand to me.

I examined her manicured nails for a moment and then shook it with my own. “Julia Jacobs.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Julia.”

“Likewise.”

There was silence between the two of us for a couple of minutes before curiosity urged me to ask one more thing. “Samantha, why do you think the CEO is interviewing us? Is it normal?”

“I think he probably does it every once in a while. You know, to see the kind of potential candidates that apply here.”

“But wouldn’t he just check the files of the applicants?”

She shrugged, obviously not too concerned about it. To be honest, I’m not sure why I was. Probably to distract myself from the thought of being interviewed.

Just then, the door swung open and a rather tall man walked out, looking down at the floor as he walked away as fast as he could without running. It was obvious that the interview didn’t go as he would have liked.

“That’s another one”, she said, clicking her tongue, her expression resembling that of a sly fox. I was starting to think that she was happy that it didn’t work out for the others. It was almost like she was opportunistic.

Just then, Dana walked in. “Ms. Brewer, Mr. Saunders is expecting you now,” she said as she turned sharply on what was probably a three-inches-high stiletto heeled shoe. Quite an impressive feat, especially to someone like me who could barely walk in kitten heeled shoes.



She stood up and took in a deep breath. Her lips tilted to form a cross between a smirk and a smile.

“I’m sure you’ll do well,” she said, and one would have thought she meant it if they hadn’t seen the glint of insincerity in her eyes. The fact that she thought I wouldn’t do well got on my nerves.

I didn’t dignify her statement with a response. Instead, I merely pursed my lips and crossed my legs. She looked mildly insulted before following Dana out of the room. I resisted the urge to childishly stick my tongue out at her.

While she was gone, I searched for something to do that wouldn’t involve worrying. I ended up staring at a potted plant that looked suspiciously similar to the one in the lobby. I looked around to see if there were any spying eyes and when satisfied, I reached out to touch the closest leaf.

The soft touch of a natural leaf blade met my fingertips and I found myself running a finger over its veins.

I’d just set my hand back in my lap when the door swung open again and out rushed Samantha, face shielded from my sight by a hand while the other clung tightly to the handle of her briefcase. She passed by me and, maybe I imagined it, I heard her snuffle. I shouldn’t have smiled to myself because of that, but I did.

Less than a minute later, Dana came by and asked me to follow her. I stood up and smoothed out any wrinkles my skirt may have had. I picked up my briefcase and walked to the now menacing doors and paused before them, mentally preparing myself for the interview.

I did my best to calm my frayed nerves and tucked the locket I’d been fiddling with under the collar of my shirt. I pictured the portrait of my parents in the tiny heart-shaped locket

and walked in, trying to exude confidence through the radiant smile that now graced my face.

The first thing I noticed was the sheer elegance of the room. It was minimalistic in design and stuck to the same color scheme of grays, whites and browns as the lobby. A slightly wrinkled but still handsome face stared at me as I strode into the room. ‘Good morning’, I said to him, before seating myself in the chair that was positioned in front of the desk. He replied gruffly, still looking down at my file, skimming over it for details.

When he finally looked up, I felt my smile drop a little as I struggled to place the familiar blue of his eyes. From up close, you could see stubble dotting his jaw. “Your name is Julia Jacobs?”

I nodded in confirmation, his baritone intimidating me. A corner of his lip tilted upwards, the first sign of emotion I’d seen from this seemingly stoic man. I ignored it, assuming he knew somebody by that name. It wasn’t exactly the most unique one out there.

“It says here that you work as a waitress. What experience do you have that would make you suitable to work here?” he asked, a cold look in his eerily familiar eyes. It was only the first question, but I found myself already unable to answer.

“I interned at the renowned institute Technophiles for about six months and the experience truly helped enrich my knowledge of—”

“And what qualifications do you have?” he asked briskly. It took me a moment to register that he’d interrupted me and another to register his question in my mind.

“Well, I graduated from—”

“It says here that you’re proficient in C programming, C++ and Java. What are the differences between the three?”, he asked as he leaned back in his large cushioned black chair. This time, my temper flared at the interruption.

“Well, firstly, C++ is basically a type of C programming.” I paused as he *steeped* his fingers, seemingly bored by my answer. He gestured at me to continue, picking up what was presumably the file of the next applicant. At this point, there was no reason to remain polite if he was already rejecting me. So, I decided that I would at least make him realize how rude he was.

“Oh, so you aren’t going to interrupt me this time?”, I asked, injecting as much cynicism as I could into the syllables. This seemed to catch his attention as he looked up from the file, his eyebrows furrowed in disbelief of what he just heard. When he realized that I had actually said that, he chuckled.

“You”, he said, pointing at me, a grin revealing a dimple and straight white teeth. “I like you.”

For some reason, that just made me angrier. I had to close my eyes and calm myself down. A picture of my parents popped up in my mind and I gasped out loud as my hands flew to my gaping mouth. Instantly I knew why his blue eyes seemed familiar.

“What?” he asked, turning to face the wall to wall window that gave a magnificent view of the city line. He tried to figure out what had caused that look of shock on my face but I was far too busy evaluating the possibility of him being my father. The chances were so slim, I felt like I was mistaken. I examined the image of my father in my head and compared it to the face that stared at me. The eyes matched exactly and everything else could easily be a match, give or take a few kilos and wrinkles.

“Ms. Jacobs? Ms. Jacobs?”

I snapped out of my thoughts and viewed his face in a new light. Mr. William Saunders, the CEO of J&J Technology, was apparently my father.

“Ms. Jacobs?” he asked again, sincere concern displayed in his eyes.

“I’m fine,” I replied, my voice shaky. I cleared my throat and repeated it. “I’m fine.”

“Okay”, he responded, still looking worried and maybe a bit suspicious.

He glanced at the file again and asked me something but I was too focused on figuring out a way to confirm my assumption. An idea struck me and my eyes brightened.

This time, I interrupted him and he looked bewildered by it. “Mr. Saunders, I was asked to prepare a presentation giving the brief details of all the programming languages I know. May I please present it right now?”

Confused, he simply shook his head as he agreed. I grabbed my laptop out of my briefcase and placed it in front of him. I went to stand by his side and made a big show of dusting my laptop off to draw his attention to it. I made sure his eyes were trained on the laptop’s screen as I opened it. His jaw dropped and that in itself was enough confirmation.

It took a while before he spoke again, but when he did, his voice was low and raspy. “How do you.... How do you have that picture?” he asked, his voice trembling as he stared at the wallpaper of my laptop. His eyes were wide as he took in the background of my laptop, the picture of my mom and him in the snowy outdoors.

His hand clasped over his mouth and he looked at me, tears twinkling in those big blue eyes I’d only ever seen in a picture.

“Hi, Dad.”

Tears ran freely down his face as he stood up and pulled me into a tight hug. I started crying, too, right into the expensive coat he was wearing.

“Julia, Julia, Julia”, he repeated as he kissed the top of my head and cried tears of joy.

I could only cry, my heart somewhere between happiness and relief.

After a couple of minutes, he pulled away and held me by my shoulders. “Where’s your mother? Where’s Jennifer?”

More tears ran in tiny rivers down my face.

“Mom died when I was three, Dad.”

He collapsed into his chair, a look of complete shock on his face. “Mom gave me this”, I said, tugging on my locket and showing him the picture inside. He broke down again when he saw it, his fingers lightly running over its surface.

“I gave it to her on our second anniversary”, he said and despite wanting more details, I didn’t ask for them.

Instead, I simply wrapped my arms around him and the both of us held each other as we sobbed in both joy and grief.

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## SHE

Priya Elizabeth Jogy (XI-F)

She should be thin

She should have perfect skin

She should always smile

For any man, young or senile

She should be like the princesses

In those fairytales

Who wait to be saved for their prince charming

Never ever for once believing that she could do it herself

No, don't you dare to dream

You are a girl

So even if you're in agony

Don't let out a scream

Everyday they whispered into her ears

"Be the best for your man,

Don't go out in the sun lest you'll get tan

Oh and don't release your tears

They'll ruin your mascara"

She's only a girl, not a boy

She's no human, only a toy

She should never stand up to fight

Even today or in the times of Troy

But she's tired of all of this

Running away from death's kiss

She's harassed day and night

And she's trying to keep up the fight

She was always told what she *should* do

But no one ever thought about what she *could* do

She's only a girl not a boy

She's not human she's only a toy

But just for once if you let her go

If you just let her be

If you could open the cage door and let soar for a while

You would see what she could do

It would be more beautiful than those masks of make up

It would be more graceful than those painful corsets

It would be better than what says the society

And for once it would be just for *She* and not for *He*

# STAR STELLAR

KANNAN SURESH (XII G)



FRENKIE DE JONG – AFC AJAX

## I) EARLY STEP

“De Jong is a better version of Franz Beckenbauer, because he has speed and passes the ball easily”.

Born on 12th may 1997 in a small beautiful village of Arkel, Netherlands, Frenkie just like any other Dutch kid, he loved to play football and started playing football at a very young age. Both his dad and his grandfather were amateur footballers and dad being more successful in their local club ASV



Arkel. At the age of 5, many clubs were knocking at his door for Frenkie's signature.



But Frenkie decided to play for his boyhood club ASV Arkel and decided to join willem II.

## II) STAR IN PROGRESS

Being a youth product of Willem II, Frenkie became a star out there, his technical abilities, dribbling etc. were just too good. It was around 2015, AFC Ajax, The best football club in Holland and known for their youth academy systems and flourishing star players like Johan Cruyff, Ruud van Nistelrooy, Luis Suarez etc., called up Frenkie and signed him for a million euros. This was a huge step for Frenkie as he can develop and can turn into a player he wants to become but he was loaned back to Willem II for a season and then to Jong Ajax or Ajax 2.

Frenkie had a breakout season during 2015-16 and 2016-17 Jupiler League (youth first division league). He won the talent of the season for 2016-17 season and got huge promotion to the first team where he played for Ajax in the UEFA Europa League final against Manchester United.





Under Erik Ten hag, Frenkie kept working hard and discovered how to play the beautiful game.

His excellent versatility on the position, he can play any part of the midfield in fact as a ball playing center back. Often regarded as a genuine game-changer, his attributes include a penchant for long, accurate, cross-field passes to teammates, dribbling past opponents and absorbing attacking pressure. The way he twists and turns past players in a sweet, exquisite fluid movement and creates and finds spaces to exploit with his pin-point passing has earned him comparisons to former Barcelona and La Masia legend Andres Iniesta & Xavi Hernandez and current barca player, Sergio Busquets and as well as former Netherlands, Ajax and Barcelona legend and proponent of Total Football Johan Cruyff, which is quite extraordinary for a player never coached and developed at La Masia. Pundits, experts, fans and legends to regard him as a player with

"Barça DNA" ingrained into him and as a "player born to play for Barcelona". de Jong has himself described himself as a player "who likes to have the ball a lot and play possession". As mentioned earlier, de Jong can function as a regista, defensive midfielder, central

midfielder, holding midfielder, box-to-box midfielder or even as a centre back when the need arises, in spite of possessing the natural instincts of a midfielder. When the need arose, de Jong partnered his compatriot Matthijs de Ligt for his boyhood club Ajax and for Netherlands national team. As a centre back, he plays a clean game devoid of fouls and based more on positional sense, has a knack of winning the ball back from opponents and also for producing clean, effective tackles, waving past the forward press and putting up pass which splits the defence apart.

### III) SEASON THAT CHANGED HIS LIFE

2018-19 season might be one of the best season AFC Ajax ever had in their recent years, Under Eric ten Hag, they ripped every team apart. Frenkie and Donny van de beek playing the role of shattering the defences apart and Frenkie had a huge part to play. His excellent season caught everyone's attention, Pundits, Analysts, experts, legends, everyone's lips had one name and that was Frenkie de Jong.

Due to his consistent and excellent performances, He earned his move to Futbol club Barcelona, his dream club, his aspiration to play with the greatest player of all time, Lionel Messi.



On 5th of march 2019, the Inevitably happens, Real Madrid failed to beat Young guns of Ajax and Frenkie had a huge role, being a holding midfielder, he was the linchpin of the midfield, the creator, controlled the game by himself and definitely he did dethrone Luka Modric.





Ajax went on marching, won their Quarter final match against the Mighty Italian Giants, Juventus.

Ajax for the first time in 5 years have a chance to win their league and domestic cup and a chance of going through the Final of UEFA champions league but again an obstacle which is to face Mauricio Pochettino's Tottenham.







It is so difficult to pinpoint Frenkie de Jong and to completely grasp everything he does on the pitch makes for a great argument why every single big club is waiting in line for his signature. Master on and off the ball, creator, defender, and attacker, you name it and he has probably done it. What is actually most frightening is that he is only, 21, which means that his prime is still far away down the line. Managers love players who can play multiple positions, but at the moment, no one really compares to Frankie de Jong. His numbers are really unbelievable. You could say that the level of competition is not the highest in the Netherlands, but with Ajax now competing in the Champions League once more, Frankie will have the chance to demonstrate his skills on the biggest club stage of them all.

Frankie is a STAR STELLAR and you better believe it because I certainly do.



# THE MOON

ANUSHA DEVI KELLA (X G)

A midnight glimmer in the sky

Floating against the velvet night

A faint ripple of light in the sea

Such is the moon's beauty

A shapeshifter throughout its life

An endless guide in the darkest of times

Surrounded by glowing guardians for eternity

Such is the moon's beauty.

# To her Daughter

Priya Elizabeth Jogy (XI-F)

Oh these labor pains

Like blows from a thousand canes

My strength has deserted me

Like a disloyal friend to be

The constant beating of my heart is ebbing away.

These nine months of suffering

These nine months of waiting

In a few moments, I shall behold

The life worthier than gold

The beloved I never saw

But loved from the moment I felt the gentle kick

The beloved I never heard

But loved from the moment I breathed for those tender lungs

Memories I have made

Yet never once have I left my thoughts to wander away from you.

A baby girl, you say, thou gentle nurse?

Oh my joy knows no bounds!

These nine months of suffering is anything but a curse

Tell the doctor on her rounds  
That my gratefulness surpasses all.  
  
Into my arms, gently place her  
Her tender body, I shall embrace  
This breathing gift from the All Giver  
I shall cherish with loving grace  
All I have is for you my child  
  
You have your father's eyes  
Soft, gentle and hazel brown  
You have your mother's nose  
Curved and sharp as ice  
  
Your rosy lips are a wonder  
I know not where you get them from  
But not even the most beautiful women  
Can resist their jealousy toward them  
  
Yet my love, now I'm consumed by a sudden fear  
For this world you have come to

Is nothing more than hell bound

Sin and hatred every corner 'round

Predators of evil, by the minute, near.

Rapists are welcomed with garlands

Victims with death threats

Victims are driven away to faraway lands

Rapists are sheltered by fusses and frets

A woman's voice is too feeble to be heard

Or rather, it is suppressed too hard

Even when you aren't the one at fault

They shall justify assault

Forget not my love

That what begins must end

Many in the world pretend

That death is but a myth

Yet nothing has changed

Despite man's desire to immortality

Remember my child

Of the Creator

Of the Loving Hands that gave your life

When in fear

Know that He is near

Faith is your strongest weapon a

The world is in chaos

War devastates

Blood is laid waste

Yet

My love shall be your greatest defense

Neither the cold winter nights nor the hot summer noons

Will ever wear out my love for you.

## To my Angel, my first Love

Rose Mary Felix (XI F)

My little one; there you are in a brown box

Holding your little frame; scared and lonely in soft winter socks.

Separated from your look-alikes; brown and white and black

Dad promised me; white furred puppies, but I got you from the pack

Disappointed was I, soon to realize my frail thinking; I began to love

If not then but, slowly accepting as a gift from above.

With your tiny wagging tail, I could hear you wobble your way in and out

My eyes filled with bittersweet tears; finally a reality but not as expected without a doubt

Sitting under the music rack; curled up in the corner, perhaps waiting for your mother to return

Those black and white streaks on your fur reminded me of a bear in a barn

And those biscuits every child would crave for; "Yes Oreo!!! so I named you

Every morning waking me, to see the sun bursting forth with magnificent colours

The pleasant warm light glistening your caramel brown eyes on our walks and tours

As months passed by, we grew fond of each other

Never leaving to sob all alone; the other always to bother.

It was not; love at first sight, as to how people would say

But I saw in you a person beside me every day

I remember this once when we both sat on the porch,

barking and watching the busy traffic, children and the torch

and lo! I promised to never let you go.

You knew well to eat, growl, bite and poop, and I; only to console

You lay on the kitchen floor watching Mama make her famous chicken roll

The aroma filling the kitchen space and your whining all around the house

Soon a year went by, you grew so quickly letting forth your soft cotton hair arouse

Your ears, they were like the petals of a rose, delicate and soft

Your nose cold and wet which I always touched when in the loft

We have fought, but I never could stay angry with you anytime

Seeing and caring for your was my favourite pastime

There would be times when I was disappointed with myself and the world

Maybe unhappy with who I was; Oreo, but you were with me in every fold

You taught me to love, regardless of who it might be

and what some might have said or done to me

You're my Angel; an angel in disguise.

Not accepted by the world standards, but I would rather learn from you

And in the end, I knew I always had you.

Years went by, we spent each day treasuring memorable ladders

the chewy noise to snuff treats, disperse soft toys and tear tissue papers

Although you do not remember it at all

the very next day to do again; should I say it all

But soon after your third Birthday, I couldn't keep you anymore

It will always be the biggest regret I ever have; as I soar.

A newfound friend and family to take care of you; so

I couldn't be happier for you to go

But grateful to God; to let go the one, who does not know how to hate.

Nevertheless, I am sure that you are doing great

I know, they treat you well, grown to become a valiant big girl.

And now you have a new sister to take care and curl.

Forgive me Oreo, I broke my promise, but it was never my choice.

And so I lost a sister; I never had another, my eyes were moist

Oreo; my happiness lies with you; although my heart tore.



Though you may be gone; your love glows in me evermore.

I thank God and this family, not anymore to roam

to give my little girl, a very cozy home.

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## Life of an Orphan

Nael Abdul Hakeem (IX- I)

People are dark and dreary,

There is no light for a fairy.

For nobody knows,

That he's taking the blows,

But, the dark is the life of an orphan.

He may never complain,

But for us it is as dark as rain.

We may give donation,

Yet, dark is the life of an orphan.

They have no one to guide them,

Cracked walls and grey lines define them.

Such is the state,

Some think it is great

Yet dark is the Life of an orphan.

Although I have said this much,

Their state may be mended as such,

With a helping hand,

We can make him grand,

And better the life of an orphan.