

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

"For everything that is really great, and inspiring, is created by the individual who can labour in freedom" said Albert Einstein the world's greatest scientist. As we celebrate the 75th anniversary of our Independence Day, we should continue to achieve great and inspiring things and make our nation great.

FORTS

Jaigarh Fort

Jaigarh Fort is situated on the Cheel ka Teela (Hill of Eagles) of the Aravalli Range. It overlooks the Amer Fort and the Maota Lake, near Amer in Jaipur, Rajasthan. The fort was built by Jai Singh II in 1726 to protect the Amer Fort and its palace complex and was named after him.

The fort is similar to the design of the Amer Fort, and is also known as the "Victory Fort". It has a length of 3 kilometers (1.9 miles) along the north-south direction and a width of 1 kilometer (0.62 miles). The fort features a cannon named "Jaivana", which was manufactured in the fort premises and was then classified as the world's largest cannon on wheels. Jaigarh Fort and Amer Fort are linked by walls and tunnels and are considered as one complex.

- Kavyesh Rajaram 5C

The Kumbalgarh Fort

The Kumbalgarh Fort is located in Rajasthan. It was built by Mahrana Kumbha in the fifteenth century. It's built over several hilltops and is 11,000 meters above sea level. It has a long walking ramp. Even its walls are 36 km long! Due to its structure, it had been captured only once by enemy hands.

Once you start walking in, you'll meet the first of the 7 gates in the fort. This gate is 'Arait Pol'. One and a half kilometres ahead is the second gate 'Hulla Pol', and the main gate, 'Hanuman Pol'. The other gates soon follow, 'Ram Pol', 'Bhairon Pol', 'Paghara Pol', 'Top Khana Pol' and 'Nimboo Pol'. The highest part of the fort is Badal Mahal, so named because one gets the feeling of being among the clouds. Maharana Pratap was born in this room.

The Kumbalgarh Fort has now been declared a UNESCO World Heritage Site. The speciality of this fort is that in spite of being at such a height, it can't be seen from below because of the trees and the greenery. There is a lake, pool, residence, agricultural land and 300 temples in the fort. If you ever go to Kumbalgarh Fort, do go to the Kumbalgarh Sanctuary and the sound and light show at night, based on the fort's history.

- Pratyush Mijar - 6E

Red Fort

The Red Fort or Lal Qila is a historic fort in Old Delhi, Delhi in India that served as the main residence of the Mughal Emperors. Emperor Shah Jahan ordered the construction of the Red Fort on 12 May 1638. The fort represents the peak in Mughal architecture under Shah Jahan.



The fort was plundered of its artwork and jewels during Nadir Shah's invasion of the Mughal Empire in 1739. Most of the fort's marble structures were demolished by the British following the Indian Rebellion of 1857. The fort's defensive walls were largely undamaged, and the fortress was used as a garrison.

On 15 August 1947, the first Prime Minister of India, Jawaharlal Nehru, raised the Indian flag above the Lahori Gate. Every year on India's Independence Day (15 August), the Prime Minister hoists the Indian tricolour flag at the fort's main gate and delivers a nationally broadcast speech from its ramparts. The Red Fort was designated a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 2007 as part of the Red Fort Complex.

- Niranjhan Rajeshkumar, Grade 6E

The Palakkad Fort

What is the History of The Palakkad Fort?

The Palakkad Fort is an old fort situated in the heart of Palakkad town of Kerala. This fort is believed to have existed from very ancient times but was built to the current form by Sultan Hyder Ali of Mysore in the year 1766 and was later taken over by the British in 1790. In early 1900s it was converted into a taluk office.

Why was the Fort constructed?

By building The Palakkad Fort with bastion, the Mysore ruler Sultan Hydra Ali sought to keep an army of ten thousand soldiers safe for a long time. It was a part of his aggressive strategy in the region.

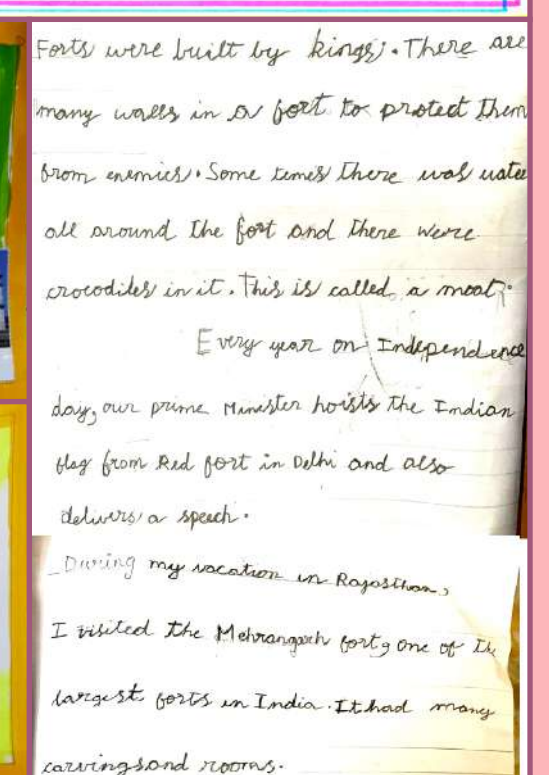
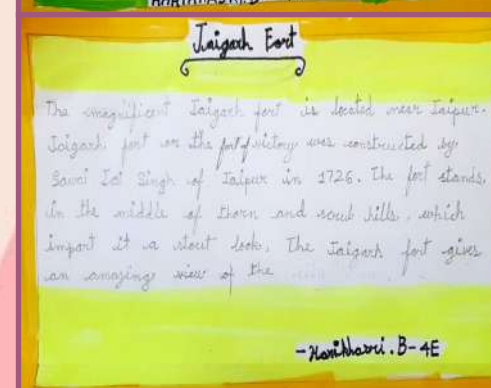
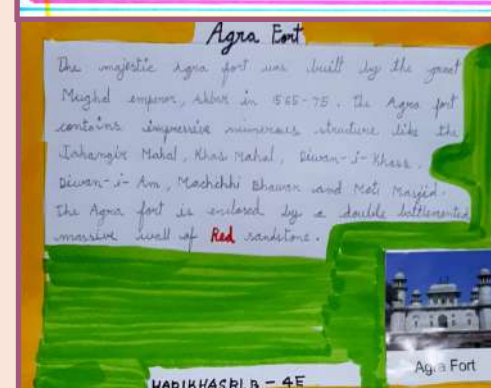
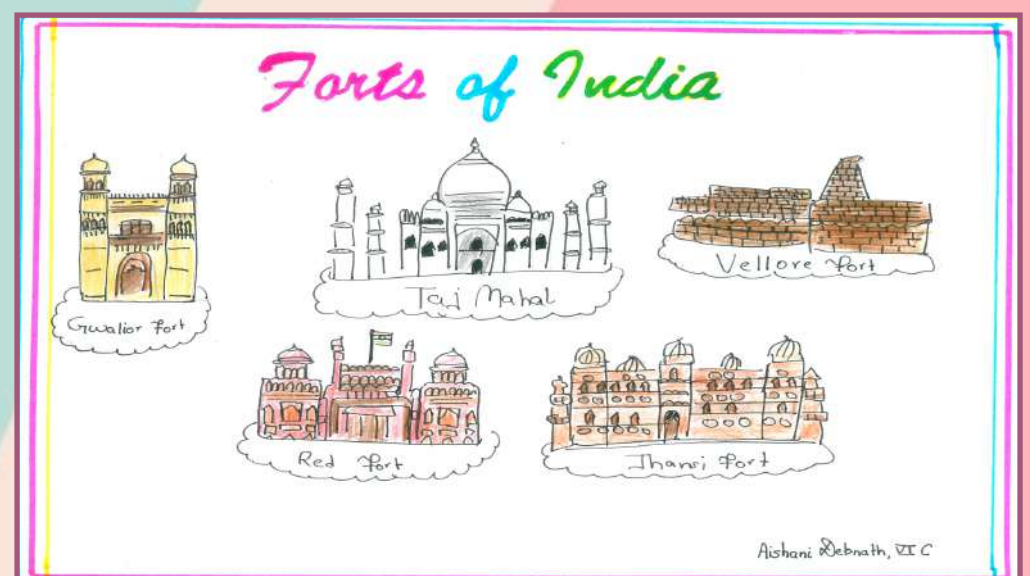


The current status of the Fort.

It now remains as one of the best-preserved forts in Kerala. There is a large ground between the Fort and the Palakkad Townhall, known as Kota Maidanam. The ground is now used to stage cricket matches, exhibitions, and public meetings. An open-air auditorium called "Rappadi", currently under the preservation of the Archaeological Survey of India, is also located within the spacious grounds of the Fort. Additionally, there is a children's park on one side of the Fort. This children's park is known by the name "Vatika", which has a beautiful garden alongside outdoor playground equipment's for kids.



-Rishaan Shabeer



Special Assembly by 6th Graders

We, the students of grade 6, had our Special Assembly on 30th June 2022. In line with the theme adopted for this year 'Resilience', all the programs that were showcased by us, the 6th Graders resonated the same spirit. Resilience means the capacity to rebound quickly from difficulties; toughness which is very much applicable to us during this pandemic time.

We all had an exquisite time exhibiting our talents. It was challenging to make this show flawless. We had our ups and downs during the practise sessions, but with the help of our headmistress and teachers we could pull the show off. When the show started, we were so tense about whether we would it successful, here I am talking about everyone. When we began our performance, we could see the happiness in our parents and teachers face and they encouraged us perform our best. We tried our best to make this show vibrant and triumphant.

Can you imagine we the 6th graders managed to explain 'Resilience' in 5 languages (Hindi, Sanskrit, Kannada, English, and French)? It also contained a mixture of skits, dances, and singing.

As 6th graders, we felt proud to pull this show off by ourselves, Of course not possible without the help and support that we got from our teachers and IT department. We are sure that our parents and our principal Mrs. Shanti Menon too had a pleasant and unforgettable time watching our show. A very big 'THANK YOU' to all the teachers and the IT Staff who helped us to make this show a big success.

- Roza Paul 6A



Installation Ceremony – Interact Club

The rotary club is a club that serves, helps and carries out social projects for the community. This year is a fresh opportunity, with new students and a new team working together. During the inaugural ceremony of the rotary club, the president and the other club members were appointed by the President Rotarian. We listened to the plans of action by the incoming president and learnt a lot by the speeches made by the distinguished guests present in the ceremony. The students of eighth grade are excited to make a change in the society and socialize with each other.

- Aahana Kalshetty 8D



POEMS BY GRADE 7

An Ode To Potato Fries

Such a delicious dish, it was,
Lying on the polished table.
Everyone liked it because
This dish was quite a fable!

I hope you do realize,
Than as an effect,
This dish is quite idealized
As a favorite- quite perfect.

Do you know what it is?
It may come with a drink with fizz.

So come try this dish,
Quite delectable is it!
Oh, how much I wish
To forever eat it, bit by bit...

It's popular- and sometimes paired
With tomato sauce, you are ensnared
But no one ever even dared
To eat this alone- never shared.

Have you guessed its name yet?
If not, I'll be upset.

Here, let me open your eyes,
The name of this dish- potato fries.

- Aaratrika Rai 7A

Ode to A Pea

On a well garnished delicacy
lay still a round object
It was attractively green;
and shining under the blue
stood in the shape of a ball,
a wonderful green pea.

It was so perfectly green
that I could not but look
So fresh and round it was
it reminded me of a gemstone
There it lay, filled with pride
and outstanding bravery and
confidence.

Its texture like marble from outside
but like velvet from inside
When suddenly, swooping its wings
Came a majestic, magnificent eagle
and stole it from me.

- Nirnay Agrawal 7A

Ode to the Football

There it stood proudly
A brilliant contrast of black and white
Staring down at me, waiting to be kicked
For it was in the shape of a ball the one and
only football

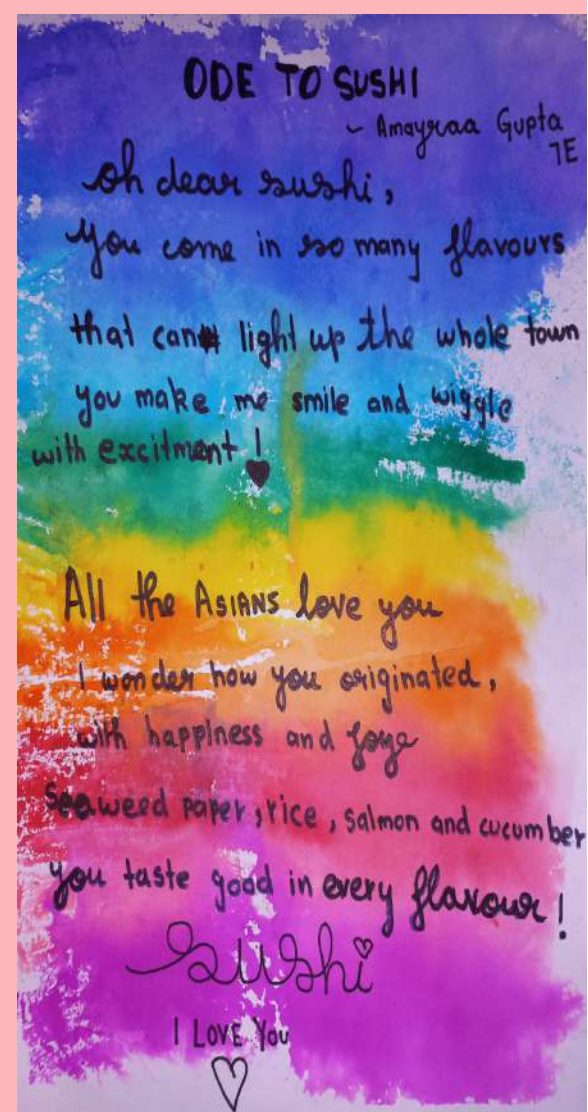
For years it's been sitting on my shelf
Upset and very lonely
As COVID19 had spoilt its life
Which hurt it miserably

Then one day I took it to the field
The ball as eager as I
Then one shot the ball went zooming
Screaming with great joy

The joyous thing was in the shape of a ball
The one and only football

- Siddhanth .G.S 7A

ODE TO SUSHI



Hidden

A radio jockey discovers a secret about India's past. Follow her as she tries to find it, though. A question lingers. Is humanity ready for what this secret entails?

“So, on today's broadcast we talk about Bhangarh Fort. Reportedly the most haunted fort in India. Following the tragedy in a town near the alleged Fort, with the roof falling down.” I started, my supervisor, Sonia, gave me a thumbs up. I was live. “ There are multiple stories on how exactly the fort got haunted. Some stories say that there was a sage who meditated on the grounds where a king wanted to build a fort. After much cajoling the sage agreed on one condition. The shadow mustn't ever touch him. The king agreed and went on his merry way. But as I've come to know, things are NEVER this easy. The king built his fort, but as the years went on the king kept on expanding the fort, VERTICALLY. I swear, people ALWAYS keep on forgetting super important magical ' forget this and it will spell your doom' things. This is another 'Kansa' situation yet again” I said, throwing my hands up in annoyance in reference to this show's most iconic joke.Sonia chuckled silently at my rant. I continued “ Anyways because the shadow touched the sage, the terms of the agreement have been broken. There cannot be peace! So the sage cursed the fort and the cities. What was the curse, we don't know! Thanks ancient reliable sources!”.

The studio was getting hot. And lunch time was nigh so I quickly continued with the second story “ Second and much more common story revolves around princess Ratnavati. The story starts with an enchanter falling head over heels for princess Ratnavati , wait is it head over khadau? Whatever. Princess Ratnavati says no to this suitor, so he starts plotting to kill her. Like one does when you get faced with rejection.” I said, giving a thumbs up, even though no one would see it in the final broadcast. “ After multiple failed attempts he tries to sneak a potent potion that does, well sources depend. Some say it turned you to stone, some say it legit just killed everything in a 1 km radius. Either way this does not work as Ratnavati ends up throwing the potion out of her window. After a series of consequences the enchanter dies. He curses the kingdom and the fort. Specifically the fact no one will ever live in Bhangarh fort. To this day, this holds true. Old timey curses are no joke. Nowadays of course you can say a string of deserts in hindi and people will believe you.” I say, faking seriousness towards the end. I see Sonia signalling, it's time to wrap this up. “ What did we learn today? Read your magical terms of service, and overacting is ok. Well, I hope you enjoyed today's broadcast, we shall come tomorrow with yet another .” I said wrapping it up, a small ping echoed through the room. I let out a breath, it was over. I got up from my chair, and carefully pulled the headphone from my head, setting it on the table. Sonia came up to me and said “Good job, like always. Also me, Ankita, Rahul and a few others are going for dinner, wanna come?” “ Sure, why not.” I replied. As we were walking down to the cafeteria a thought came to me. “Apparently one of my ancestors lived near Fort Bhangarh before the crazy stuff started happening.” I said randomly .Sonia's interest visibly spiked, she asked curiously “ Will you be able to get something, We might be able to squeeze this topic dry while we can”. I laughed and agreed.

The cool summer breeze hit me in the face, I allowed it to nip at my hair, the sunlight was filtering through the leaves. It was perfect weather. I heard a piercing whistle. I sharply turned my head around, then regretted it as a ping of pain travelled through my neck. I was of course greeted with the face of my brother, and my nieces and nephews. I ran towards them, my luggage hitting my back and ankle but it was worth it as I was basically attacked by my family. “ Where's the rest of them?” I asked as I scooped up 2 of my nieces. “ Off to school, let's go back home. It'll be a great surprise for them. My brother, Ashok, responded. I agreed and piled into the car. We were going to my grandma's home, the place me and my sibilings practically grew up. I reached the cottage, a simple 2 story house, with a sprawling backyard, food gardens, and the thing I was here for, an attic that took up most of the 2nd floor. I walked in, immediately noticing 2 things, 1 the smell of my grandma's famous mango chutney. And second a mango tree, not special but I recognized it as the tree me and my sibilings used to spend half our summer days on, climbing it, tossing rocks on the mail man who would come near our house. Till the sun dipped under the water, till our mother dragged us by our ears home.

The sun started to dip, and I realised that I haven't even done what I came here for. I excused myself as I slowly stalked to the attic. I walked up the stairs, seeing a door to the attic. This was something we weren't allowed to enter. But I still entered, having no ideas of the horrors that were about to beseech me. “ Lord, this is so dusty. I may develop a dust allergy just being here” I said to myself. The door creaked behind me, I looked back and saw the door closing. I searched through old cloaks, scarfs, artefacts, manuscripts before something catches my eye. A leather diary, an indecipherable symbol on it. It had a silver clasp, the only thing between me and maybe a promotion. I moved things here and there trying to find space in the musty attic. The longer I was here, the more absurd things I noticed. Like a leak in the roof, insulation that was rotting. The smell of rotting, everything. Leather, cloth, even food. I sat down and opened the clasp. More like gently prying it open. Inside lay an old tan page, probably parchment. Inside that were the lines “ A diary belonging to Megasthenes”. This was interesting. I got up and made my way through the attic before reaching the door. I made a grunt as I forced myself out of the attic, taking deep breaths. I felt like I had never enjoyed fresh air more in my life. I made my way down to the main house. I put the diary down on the table, forgetting about it as I went outside to the mango tree, ready to surprise my nieces and nephews.

It was getting even more late, as the stars had started to shine. I saw people retiring from the plantations. But I continued to chase my niece Sunchita through the rice plantations, and now through the mango plantations. I stopped to appreciate the view. There were lights placed all over, cutting contours of the land. The plaintive cry of the bird in the distance. The mango trees stood tall and proud casting geometric shadows on the ground. A worker I knew stood up, wiping sweat off her head. She was gathering leaves for shawls, rugs etc. I felt a tugging of the hem of my pants, I turned to look at what I had caught my leg on when I saw my niece Sunchita “ Ria, what happened? Are we not playing anymore?” She asked innocently. I scooped her up in my arms, balancing her on my waist as I let her see the view. “ Nothing kuttu. Just the view” I said, calming her down, using the nickname our family had given her. The only thing that came out of her was a wow. I started us back to the house, It was late and we were quite far away from the house. Then I heard a sharp ring of my phone. It lit the otherwise dark path back to our house. Kuttu lifted her head a bit at the unwelcomed light, I tapped her back as she went back to sleep. Reducing the brightness of my phone, I answered the call “ Hello, Ria?” I heard a voice ring through my voice. I replied “ Yes, Sonia. What happened?”. She exhaled at the sound of a pressure cooker going off. After a few curses and banging of metal she got back on call “Sorry about that, anyways. Any info on the Bhangarh fort thing?” She asked. “ Oh god I completely forgot about that” I thought to myself. I resisted the urge to facepalm as I told Sonia “Yah, I found this diary by a dude called Megasthenes, That might be cool.” “ Ok, tell me tomorrow if you have any more info, k?” she told me. I confirmed with her and hung up the call. By that time I had reached the house. I got in and I was met with the face of my grandma. In a plain pink cotton sari. “ Had fun?” she asked in hindi. I agreed as I passed her Sunchita to put her in bed. After that, I moved to the table where the journal sat in the same position. I picked it up and moved to the veranda, where a swinging chair lay. It's built like a nest, with blue cushions inside. I remember swinging in this chair reading my books, my parents picking me up to take me back to eat. I sigh and sit on the chair, slightly rocking it as I open the clasp once again. This time I skip the first page and move on. Reading the journal.

This, this is odd . But important. I am Megasthenes, an explorer to this strange land. I have come with a purpose. I have an item, one to change the world. Yet I know the dangers if it were to get in the wrong hands. I've seen it with my very own eyes . Yet this land promises change to me. The people are kind and resourceful. Kings are benevolent, not harsh. Not ones to dip your tongues in silver for 'a silver tongue'. It's a land to document. I have started. But my purpose is greater than to write. I shall see what I can do.But whether this land fulfils my requirements or not, it's one I'll remember.

I was frozen in shock, I remember Megasthenes wrote *Indica*. How India got its name. He had another journal, one with a greater purpose. What greater purpose? And 'If it got in the wrong hands'? What on earth? I continued to flip the pages, now invested in this story, I saw Ashok, peeping his head out “ Ashok, go away I'll come.”. He looked startled but didn't say anything as he went back inside the house.



I have stayed here for more time. Turns out that this land had its faults. Some people aren't allowed things because their lord has cursed them. But other than that. It's nothing like Hellas, the people are nothing like Hellenes. Here some weave stories, some make things come to life with their hands, some weave like the real world captured in cloth. Everyone has a place, like an intricate puzzle. I look like what I am, a foreigner. All the lands around them are like them, unlike me. My fair skin is a contract to their sun beaten skin. My soft hands in contrast to their calloused hands. Our quiet nature, to their loud one. The children laugh while they chase each other through the grass, men laugh in the fields, women laugh in the market. This land is bountiful. The merchants sell exotic and sweet fruits, rivers carve their way through the land. Mountains stand tall and proud. This land, I aren't to stay here much longer, for if I do I may never complete my job. We shall see.

Yet again, I am taken aback by this writer. The way describes the land. He can't stay here much longer? Well, I don't know what to do other than continue flipping the pages. The only illumination is the moon's silver rays, the only sound is the bristling of trees, and the chirp of crickets. I feel encapsured as I continue reading more.

My mission has come to an end. I have found the meaning of this land. I was in the market, and a woman offered me a yellow, oddly shaped fruit she promised was sweet. I was about to accept it when I saw a man. He was in white cloth. And a younger man. He talked to his 'master' though they looked like equals. Only change was riches on one, and cloth on another. The master asked the servant to get him a certain thing, yet the servant refused. I heard the words ' It is simply not the custom'. The master nodded as they both went further into the market. Though that gave me a valuable insight, the people of this land were superstitious. As I went on, I saw more and more of this. The women didn't touch certain jewels, The kids didn't play in a certain pond. I understood what to do.

There is a fort as the people call it, being built. It's called Bhangarh. It's the perfect place to hide it. Spread rumours about there being demons, and snakes. They will stay away. Hopefully long enough. To understand whatever's there. I shall give this to a local, they will keep it. Till the world can understand what this is. I couldn't believe it, the stories of Ratnavati, the sage. All a ruse, for this Greek's ideas. All for it. I wonder, we have come a long way, we may be able to understand it. I get up from my seat, looking into the house, not a sound is there. The lights have been turned off. I tiptoe through the night before reaching my room. I creak the door open and slip in. I somehow get into bed but can't help tossing and turning. Like sleep was somewhere on top of the Eiffel tower. The thing keeping me awake, the thought of something lost to time. In a palace hidden, not by traps, or horrifying monsters. But by rumours, hearsay and superstition. And when sleep finally reaches me. My dreams are captured by this idea. Of 3 sons building forts, one with traps, one with monsters. And the 3rd nothing or so it seems. I get up to rays of light trying to pry my eyes open, I reluctantly agree. When I open my eyes, it's not a moment till last night reappears in my mind. I try to go through the day, but the diary plagues me. I'm back in bed and yet again, the cycle repeats. Till I'm shot up in bed, sweat beading down my forehead finding its way to my collar bone. “ That's it! I am going to Bhangarh, Anything to placate this.” I think to myself, or maybe I yelled I don't remember. I tell Sonia that the diary was nothing. Now as I leave I wish everyone good bye. Knowing my next destination. Fort Bhangarh

The sand kicked up from the ground, my eyes could only see dusty sand for as far as the eye could see. Only thing in the distance was Fort Bhangarh standing tall. It was made of dusty stone. Intricate patterns carved into the fort. It was surrounded by roofless houses, the thing that brought me here in the first place. I walked in, instead of feeling dread I felt nothing. I continued to walk through the fort. The only thing I felt was awe at the architecture of the fort. I was walking through an unsuspecting room before I felt a bump. Contrary to the fort's perfect design. I knelt down and ran my hand over the area, and I continued to feel the bump. My eyes frantically looked around before spotting a rock. I picked up and started banging it against the bump. After a minute there was a hole large enough to put my hand in. I looked at my hands, there was a bit of skin peeling off. I picked at it, and idly noticed blood trailing down my forearm. I reached down and started yanking the floor .

At the end I was left with a very bloody hand a hole big enough to remove whatever was inside. There I saw a wooden box with a silver clasp on it, much

similar to the diary. “ Huh? Guess the guy was very fond of silver clasps.” I thought to myself. I gently pried it open and saw what was inside. I gasped in wonder not caring if anyone heard. I gently picked it up and examined it. Then I looked at the box, it had survived remarkably well for how long ago it was made. Only having some residue on the box. As I turned the object around I realised Megasthenes was right. No one should have any knowledge of this, we still weren't ready.

- Aishani sahay 6A

The Terrific Trek

Makalidurga, around 60 kms from Bangalore, is a picturesque hillock, perfect for a day of adventure and oneness with nature. Our school recently took us to the paradise itself, Makalidurga. As we got on the bus, it was about 6:45 in the morning and the sky had a dimly lit ping pong ball floating in it. We were on for a long 45-minute ride in our yellow school busses through a highway full of vegetation and pulchritudinous views along the way. These alluring sights were a photographer's utopia. As we got off the bus in the middle of a highway, we stopped at a restaurant to eat our breakfast. I was very famished and my stomach felt as if it was digesting itself. After a wholesome meal we headed back to our busses so that we could reach our final destination, Makalidurga.

Once we finally reached after a couple of hours in the bus talking with our friends, we all sprang outside the bus like wild animals in the midst of excitement. I suddenly felt the immense scorching heat of the blinding sun, which in comparison to the early morning looked an infinite times more luminous and lit up the sky. Meanwhile, the blistering heat was hot enough to make a slice of toast. Next we did a few warmup exercises and commenced the trek. We went up the hill stepping on old, corroded rocks, submerged in lichens and algae having white arrow signs to guide our way. It had been roughly half an hour since the beginning of the trek and we were climbing uphill the entire time, so we took a break and sat down for a while, drank some water to extinguish the ever-lasting fire in our parched throats. We brought along a few snacks and energy bars as well to keep us going. As I was eating my nutrition bar I stood up and saw the most visually appealing sights. At the centre was the Gundamagere Lake, in the background there were a few hills which were clearly seen and downhill you could see a number of boulders surrounded by grass. It was indeed a sight for sore eyes. There were a few houses and paddy fields sprinkled around the lake, and there was greenery in every corner and nook.

As we went uphill, it seemed as if we were going on forever, as if there was no peak to this hill but the view only got better as we went up. We saw a lot of the ruins of the Makalidurga fort which was just a pile of rocks at this point. The natural forces here were powerful enough to reduce this place's history to a few rocks and boulders. After another few hours of trekking we reached our final destination! The peak of the Makalidurga hill. We were at an altitude of more than three thousand feet. We climbed and walked so much, at this point my legs felt like spaghetti. So, for once, I sat down, relaxed, inhaled the fresh and oxygen rich air of the hills and saw the breath-taking view from the peak through my very own eyes, and not some camera or any artificial lens of any sort. When we headed back downhill, I had finished 2 litres of water, yet I still felt thirsty. We all bought some coconut water and quenched our thirsts. Finally, after 12 exhausting yet enriching hours, we headed back for our homes. When I reached I told my parents of this unbelievably flabbergasting trek and showed them all the photos of the wonderful sights. Yes, I was exhausted. The hot sun sucked out every last carbohydrate and from my body, I couldn't feel my legs, my entire face looked more red and saturated than a tomato and I turned in early, but even then, I had a smile on my face thinking about the amazing time I had there.

This was the first outing I had gone to in two long years and this was perhaps one of the best field trips I have ever gone to. The teachers and guides took the best care of us and provided us with first aid even if we got a scratch. They made sure we were hydrated and safe and ensured that we wouldn't slip off the rocks. We formed tiny groups amongst ourselves and went in a line along with the guides and teachers so that we do not lose our way. My friends and I were on the top of the world during this experience! On our way back home all we talked about was how fun and enjoyable this trek was. I will never forget this experience and all the wonderful memories I made along with it.

- Siddharth Narayanan



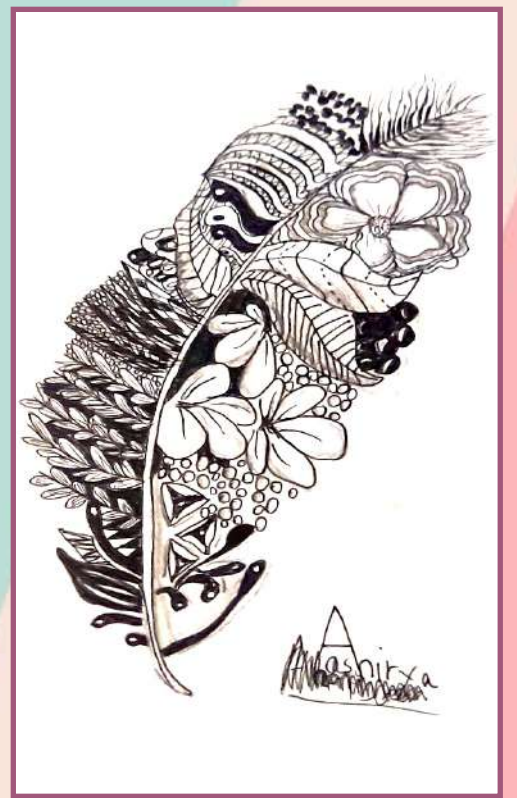
The Best Trek

Towards the north of Bangalore, lies the most beautiful hill ever. I am talking about the iconic Makalidurga hill. Due to its endless amount of greenery, the fort and the view, Makalidurga has evolved into an extremely special trek and is unlike many of the other treks in and around Bangalore. Makalidurga gets its name from the Makali Beru or Makali root, the juice of which is used for a health drink. It is also full of legend and history, because it is believed that Markandeya Rishi performed penance here. The excitement for the trek began a day before, the talk was all about the trek and we found it really hard to study. I made plans with my dear friends, and the feeling was amazing.

It seemed like an eternity, but finally the day of the trek arrived, I can't express in words how ecstatic I felt while packing my bag for the trek. We boarded our bus at around 6:30am and stopped for some delicious breakfast on the way. We reached Makalidurga train station at 8:00am, did some warm ups which was essential and finally we started the much-awaited trek. The trek itself was no easy task, there were big boulders which required us to walk like monkeys and some places where we had to make difficult maneuvers. Half way through, the trek seemed impossible, however impossible separated says "I am Possible" and with that in mind I continued with the trek. The greenery around me was breathtaking and that provided me with refreshed energy which helped me reach the top of the hill. Hard work is never fruitless, and that was reinforced in my brain when my eyes feasted on the beautiful view. I could see a lake, buildings and a lot of greenery. To add cherry on the cake we had a bite of lunch on a huge rock, which believe it or not was able to seat above 100 students comfortably.

The trek down was twice as hard as the one upwards, we couldn't afford to make a single mistake and hence every step had to be taken with caution. However, with the guidance of the hardworking teachers and guides we all made it down safely and to say the least happily. To celebrate the successful trek, I treated myself to some coconut water and juice, and shouted out, Hurray! The trek taught me an important lesson. Our life is too short to spend even a minute in sadness, we must enjoy every moment of it in Nature and with our friends. Doing group activities such as trekking are great for bonding and I could feel that immediately. I understood my best friends much better and they too seemed more comfortable with me. I will never forget this trek and it will stay in my heart.

- Manav Bhatia, 7D



INDEPENDENCE DAY AT DEENS

On 15th August 2022, India celebrated its 75th year of freedom! The atmosphere was optimistic and everyone was in high spirits. Throughout the country, special celebrations took place. In Deens Academy, the occasion was equally special. The parents and students assembled together at the ground, where a series of events were showcased. The programme started with our principal, Mrs. Shanthi Menon, hoisting the flag. As the confetti fell from the flag, the national anthem started playing. The choir sang beautiful songs which ignited the feeling of nationalism in all of us. There was even a dance by the students of grade 6 and 7, which celebrated the various cultures and traditions in India. It also showcased the different dance forms present in different states. Then, the prefects and heads of the four different houses – Flavus, Prasinus, Rubrus and Caeruleus— marched around the ground and saluted the flag. Finally, the vote of thanks was given by the seniors and chocolates were distributed among the students. It was a truly memorable event, and we all wish the best for our country in the coming years. Jai Hind!

- Anvita Goidani 8E



Physics - Pinhole Camera - Grade 6



6C-PBL Activity-Jute Vs Plastic



Molecular Arrangements-6C



Physics - Poster Making - Friction as a Necessary Evil- Grade 8



6C-Activity on Molecular Arrangement



6C-Activity on Molecular Arrangement-1

