

2025-26

MIRROR

GLORIOUS
75
YEARS

1950 - 2025

1950

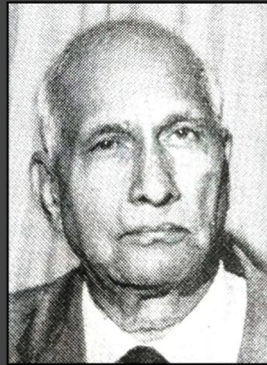
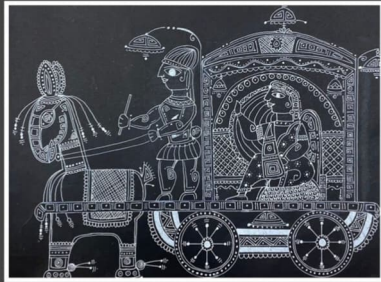
BALLYGUNGE SHIKSHA SADAN

75

glorious years
1950-2025

75 YEARS OF COMMITMENT TO EXCELLENCE

2024



A renowned industrialist and philanthropist of international repute. His name will go down in history for his association with Mahatma Gandhi and his support to freedom movement. He has made substantial contribution to industrial growth, advancement of education in India, establishment of the only planetarium in India, and renovation of temples of repute through-out India. He is the life and soul of the educational complex at Pilani in Rajasthan. The first girls school which ultimately flowered into Shri Shikshayatan owes its existence to the donation of building and meeting of initial expenditure by Shri Birla.

9/1 R. N. MUKHERJEE ROAD
CALCUTTA-1
11th December 1973

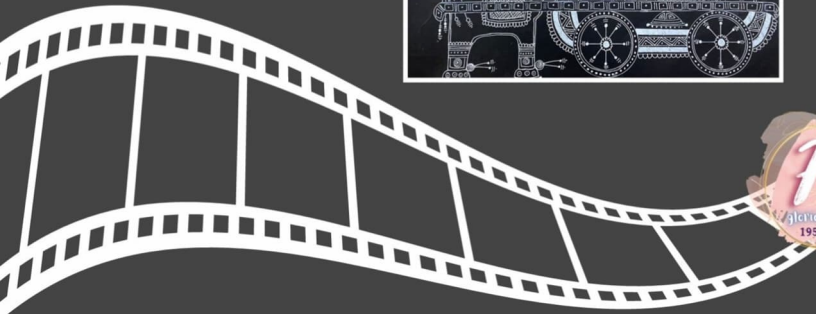
My dear Bhagwati,
Thanks for your letter.

I congratulate you on rendering a very useful service to the society by establishing a girls' school in Ballygunge. I am glad to know that you have completed twentyfive years and are going to celebrate the Silver Jubilee sometime in 1974. I send you all my good wishes and hope that the present institution will grow, progress and develop itself into a huge project.

With all my good wishes to you,

Yours sincerely,
(G. D. Birla)

Shri B. P. Khaitan,
Calcutta.





OUR FOUNDERS



Shri B P Khaitan
Founder President



Shri R P Khaitan
Founder Secretary

The power of education
lies in its ability to
transform lives.



Glimpses from the past...



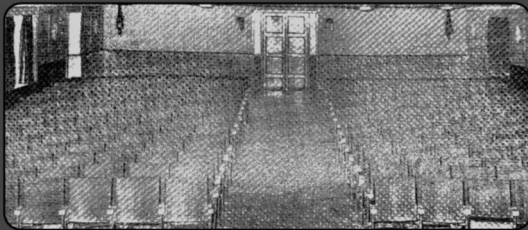
Opening Of Khemka Hall by Sir Ramaswami Mudaliar



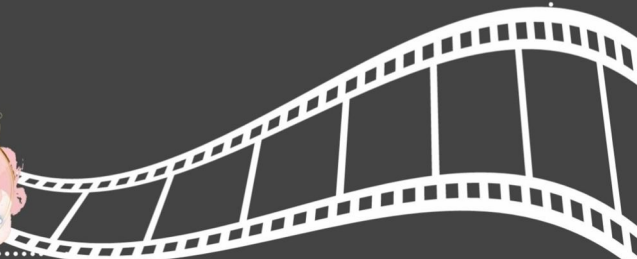
Nursery Class



School Library



Auditorium





Girls
receiving
Nabal
Kishore Dey
Memorial
Challenge
Shield



Children's Drama



Students attended
Mother Teresa's
Home to help in
tending and
feeding children



Trophie won by students





First school in Kolkata to start computer classes in the year 1988





“BSS, We Revere”

-MANAGING COMMITTEE MEMBERS-



Mr. R.N. Jhunjhunwala
President



Mr. N. Khaitan
Vice President



Mr. G.K. Khaitan
Secretary



Mrs. Dipti Khaitan
Additional Secretary



Ms. Sunita Sen
Principal (Ex Officio)



Mrs. Samita Pincha
Head Mistress



Mr. Halgreve Khaitan
Person Interested in Education



Ms. Ritu Jolly
Teacher's Representative
Junior Section



Ms. Srikanya Chakraborty
Parent's Representative
Junior Section



Ms. Sudeshna Ghosh
Teacher's Representative
Senior Section



Mr. Chirantan Kundu
Parent's Representative
Senior Section

From the Desk of the Secretary

MR. GK KHAITAN



Dear Students, Faculty, and Friends,

As we turn the pages of this edition of our school magazine, we are reminded of the vibrant community that makes our school so special. Each article, poem, and photograph reflects the creativity, hard work, and unique perspectives of our talented students and dedicated staff.

This year has been filled with challenges and triumphs, learning experiences and moments of joy. Our students have shown remarkable resilience and adaptability, whether in academics, sports, or the arts. Together, we have created a supportive environment where everyone can thrive and contribute to our school's legacy.

Let this magazine be a celebration of our achievements and a reminder of the bonds we share. It is not just a collection of our accomplishments, but a reflection of our stories, passions, and the spirit of collaboration. I encourage you all to explore the pages, appreciate the myriad of talents among us, and think of how we can continue to uplift one another.

Thank you for being a part of this wonderful journey. Here's to many more memories, experiences, and achievements together!

Warm wishes,
Girish Khaitan
Secretary, The BSS School

*From the
Desk of the Vice President*

MR. NIRMAL KHAITAN



My heart fills with pride and pleasure as I perceive the progress being made at The BSS. From its early beginning in the year 1950 - I have seen how the seed sown by an elite Society Leaders then, in the journey of empowering women this school has grown into a strong OAK tree.

The BSS's mission has remained constant to create an environment that promotes academic excellence, inspires intellectual curiosity, strong ethical values of integrity and respect for elders. I firmly believe that education should foster confidence, discipline, clarity in thought and decision-making ability to set and achieve goals, and above all social responsibility as a Life-long process.

I give all my good wishes to the staff, students, parents and all those associated with this Institution. I pray that God, in His divine benevolence, continues to lead and guide this prestigious Institution for generations to come.

With warm regards,
Nirmal Kumar Khaitan
Vice President, The BSS School

*From the
Desk of the Additional Secretary*

MS. DIPTI KHAITAN



Dear Students, Staff, and non-teaching staff,

It is with immense pride and gratitude that I address you in this edition of our school magazine. As a part of the Managing Committee of this esteemed Institution The BSS School, I have had the privilege of witnessing firsthand the dedication, passion, and excellence that define our school community.

Over the past year after the board has changed to CISCE, we have made remarkable strides in academic achievements and co-curricular activities. Our students continue to amaze us with their talents, their curiosity for learning, and their compassion for one another. Equally commendable are our teachers and staff, whose tireless efforts ensure that our school remains a nurturing and challenging environment for all.

I would also like to extend a special thank you to our parents, whose unwavering support plays such a crucial role in the success of our students. Together, we are not only fostering future leaders but also shaping responsible and thoughtful global citizens. As we look ahead to the seventy fifth year, I am confident that the best is yet to come. Let us continue to uphold the values that make our school so exceptional, and work together to achieve even greater heights.

Warm Regards,
Ms. Dipti Khaitan
Additional Secretary, The BSS School

From the Desk of the Principal

MS. SUNITA SEN



Dear All,

Education is not merely acquirement of facts but also of values which help us improve the different facets of mankind. A pivotal role of education lies in shaping the personality of a child into a healthy mind and happy soul, who is not only equipped with 21st century skills and aptitude required for academic excellence but also ready to face the challenges of life in a balanced and harmonious way. Therefore, the system of education should work as a catalyst in making each child a balanced human being having his core strengths embedded in the learning experiences.

At The BSS School, we enterprise to map academic excellence with a good human value system, which in myriad ways is ingrained in the culture of the school. To achieve this, we strongly feel that a paradigm shift in the minds of all stake holders should take place so that when the school becomes the hub to initiate and formalize education it has its tenets enshrined in a good value system; the extension of which is thereby taken home where it is further strengthened. With the change of Board to CISCE, its ethos is to motivate students to develop excellence and values, which are based on Indian and global experiences, and spiritual and cultural values.

In this pursuit of excellence, I appreciate our parent fraternity for supporting the school in every aspect. I also laud the relentless efforts of our teachers for giving their best in bringing out the best in each child. But I would exhort the students to be always modest, humble and disciplined, while being ready to expand the horizons of their knowledge and skills by dreaming big and working hard.

Each issue of our school magazine is a milestone that marks our growth, unfolds our imaginations, and gives life to our thoughts and aspirations. It unleashes a wide spectrum of creative skills ranging from writing to editing and even in designing the magazine. I congratulate the entire editorial team for their hard work and dedication in making this dream come true.

With best regards,
Ms. Sunita Sen
Principal, The BSS School

*From the
Desk of the Vice Principal*

MS. SUDESHNA BANERJEE



"Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world"

It gives me immense pleasure to write a few lines for the Annual School Magazine "Mirror" which has been conceptualised, designed and framed by our very own students and our dedicated group of teachers. The school magazine reflects the different areas of development of the students in both academic as well as co-curricular sphere and thus it will be a rewarding experience for all our beloved students.

Students are like buds in a garden and should be carefully and lovingly nurtured as they are the future of the nation and citizens of tomorrow. No subject is of greater importance other than Education. We, here at The BSS School, is continuously striving and working to achieve this goal by providing value based holistic education with special emphasis on character building and imparting high moral values in our students. I am very confident that The BSS School students will walk those extra miles and break all barriers to become empowered citizens of tomorrow and live up to the school motto of "Commitment to Excellence".

I do congratulate all my dear students, teachers and staff for their commendable achievements which reflects their hard work and dedication to take the school to reach greater heights of glory.
Thank you once again.

Warm Regards,
Ms. Sudeshna Banerjee
Vice Principal, The BSS School

*From the
Desk of the Academic Consultant*

MS. HILDA PEACOCK



Thank you once again for giving me this opportunity to be part of the school's annual magazine. I am truly proud and honoured to be able to send this message. 75th year is a very very special year. We look back over a time that has gone by, almost a lifetime and we are so grateful for gifts like health and wellbeing and ability to continue to serve both the child and through them the nation. BSS has done wonderfully well in this realm. What I really appreciate about this school is its inclusivity. Set up in the heart of a busy market area, the school stands tall. It invites girls from all socio economic and cultural backgrounds. Every morning we see thousands of girls walking into this place where they will spend the next six hours, not just learning to read and write but also to become dignified and empowered and independent woman, who in later years will take on roles of leadership. What more can a country ask of a school?

My wishes to you as you enter into a new year, a year of jubilee and celebration. May you continue to make education meaningful and inclusive. I am reminded of the words of the Kothari Commission report which begins with the words, "The destiny of India is being shaped in its classrooms." In your classrooms you are shaping the future of young women who will take on these roles of leadership. Every good wish and blessing be upon you as you continue to do this work which was begun 75 years ago. May the lamp continue to burn and shine, and may you continue to create leaders who will make a difference. Every blessing on you.

Warm Regards,
Ms. Hilda Peacock
Academic Consultant, The BSS School

*From the
Desk of the Dean of Academics*

MS. SHANTA KRISHNAN



I am delighted to be a part of this edition of our school magazine. MIRROR as it is called reflects what each one of us at The BSS School is. Our Children are like the mirrors in a kaleidoscope reflecting different colours and designs in the form of art, dance, sports, debates, academics and music. It is a pleasure to see our children so talented. The makers of this Kaleidoscope are our teachers who have brought out the all round development in each of our children.

I hope and pray that our children are passionate, and choose what they wish to do and in the pursuit to commit to excellence they as individuals give back to the society. The pages of our magazine will reveal the beautiful patterns that fold and unfold in the lives of our children.

I congratulate the editorial board for reflecting the various aspects of our school.

Warm Regards,
Ms. Shanta Krishnan
Dean of Academics, The BSS School

From the Desk of the Headmistress

MS. SAMITA PINCHA



Another year has gone by watching our students find their way in this rapidly evolving age fueled by digitalization. As we delve deeper in the digital era, we find ourselves trying to adapt, often witnessing the phrase "The Student becomes the Teacher" come to life. Headwinds from the rapid digitalization in education combined with the imminent onset of the new has propelled formal education in a new direction. National Education Policy has made students of us all. Nonetheless, we remain committed to our core ideals of "Commitment to Excellence" in providing a holistic, student centric approach to education, which has worked well for our students over the years. Our way of nurturing talents and honing soft skills is what sets our BSS School apart.

Besides, the seamless coordination between the management and teachers, the bond of teachers and students as well as timely support of Parents and the sincere effort and perseverance of our students is what allows us to work as a close-knit community in our search for knowledge and excellence, thereby preparing our children for a bright and prosperous future.

Warm Regards,
Ms. Samita Pincha
Headmistress, The BSS School

*From the
Desk of the Academic Coordinator*

MS. SUDESHNA GHOSH

The beautiful thing about learning is that no one can take it away from you. The BSS School offers a broad education focusing on the all round excellence of each student. We believe in moulding them to be good human beings with good values and helping them to reach the pinnacle of success. We pride ourselves on the "family feel" of our school and the relationships that are formed between the students, parents and staff. The year 2023 was a significant year for us, as the BSS school transitioned from the West Bengal Board to CISCE, alongside our existing Higher Secondary Board curriculum. Thus it marked an important milestone in our academic journey. Along with this, in 2023 we have also incorporated new Class XI syllabus, which will provide our students with a more comprehensive and challenging education. The year 2025 will see our first batch of students appearing for the ICSE exams. It has been undoubtedly a Herculean task to mould the students and raise their standards to acceptable levels as per the requirement of the new board within such a short span of time. This uphill task has been possible, only with the Management's tremendous support and cooperation at all levels. They have provided all the impetus to go ahead and make it happen. We are equally fortunate to have the support of the Administrative Heads who have stood beside us like pillars with their untiring effort and unconditional support and encouragement. The tenacity, dedication and unwearied endeavour of the teachers, the involvement, participation and cooperation of parents and of course the whole hearted commitment and diligence of the students, have helped us to move forward in our journey.

Warm Regards,
Ms. Sudeshna Ghosh
Academic Coordinator
XI-XII Arts & Commerce



*From the
Desk of the Academic Coordinator*

MS. DEBLINA MITRA



**"Education is not the learning of facts, but the training of the mind to think."
-Einstein**

Dear students,

As we step into the threshold of the 75th year of School's Foundation Day, we are indeed fortunate that all stakeholders of The BSS School have embarked on a shared journey with one goal in mind - to shape the future of the young students. Here, we encourage you to transform your curiosity into knowledge, to develop your critical thinking, to stand up for your rights and above all to learn to dream. You must learn "to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield" to any wrongs and adverse situations. Equip your minds with the tools to think deeply, to face challenges courageously and to contribute meaningfully to the society. It is here in this sacred and secured temple of learning, we believe you will grow strong and resilient with the support of your teachers and mentors. In our classrooms, let us together lay the foundation for a better world, one built on reason, compassion and commitment to the common good. We wish each young mind to blossom in the pursuit of truth, beauty and excellence. Cherish the thirst of knowledge for it will remain your guiding light forever.

Warm Regards,

Ms. Deblina Mitra

Senior Teacher of English & Academic Coordinator

VI to X

From the Desk of the Eca Coordinator

MS. NIDHI AGARWAL

We at The BSS School believe that extracurricular activities are an integral part of the educational journey as they are not just a break from the rigorous academic schedule but also allow students to engage their minds in creative and innovative ways, often leading to a deeper understanding of themselves and the world around them. As Albert Einstein once said, "Creativity is intelligence having fun."

To illustrate the impact of extracurricular activities, consider the example of one of the most successful entrepreneurs of our time, Elon Musk. As a student, Musk was deeply involved in activities outside the traditional academic sphere. These experiences, gained through self-driven extracurricular engagement, laid the foundation for his future ventures, including SpaceX and Tesla. Musk's story is a powerful reminder that the interests and skills developed outside the classroom can play a crucial role in shaping one's future success.

Moreover, participating in extracurricular activities teaches students valuable life skills such as teamwork, time management, and leadership. This is echoed by the famous saying, "Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much," by Helen Keller. These experiences are invaluable as they prepare students for the challenges of the future, both in their personal and professional lives.

In addition, extracurricular activities provide a platform for students to express themselves, build friendships, and develop a sense of community. As Aristotle wisely noted, "Man is by nature a social animal." By participating in these activities, students learn to navigate social dynamics and build relationships that often last a lifetime.

Warm Regards,
Ms. Nidhi Agarwal
ECA Coordinator, The BSS School



From the HEAD GIRL

2025, the 75th year of The BSS School, has truly been momentous. To even have the opportunity to be the Head Girl for the Platinum Jubilee Year of the school has been an honour and a privilege like no other. Throughout the years, The BSS School has taught me so many lessons, helped me face so many life events, and given me a home and a community and I can only hope I was able to give back even a small fraction of what the school deserves.

The 75th year has been full of important events, and all about honouring the school's legacy. It fills me with pride everytime I see the 75th year logo of the school, since it's a symbol which reminds everyone of the journey BSS has been through to get to this precious moment.

The BSS School has been in my family since before I even joined, since my sister was a student here as well, so I have a very special attachment to this place I call my second home. I remember playing on the ground during recess and making up different stories with my friends, participating in different events as a primary schooler, having rehearsals, going to fests as I grew up, and most surreally, organizing events for my very own school throughout this past year. Through it all, BSS has been a constant. It's helped to shape me into who I am today, as I'm sure it has done for every one of it's students.

BSS has always taught me how to be patient and compassionate and shown me how to be a good guide and mentor, which is exactly what I aspired to be as Head Girl to every person who's ever interacted with me, and I sincerely hope I've succeeded.

I feel incredibly lucky to be part of such a memorable year. From childhood elocutions to organizing farewells, it's given me memories for a lifetime. Thank you BSS, for giving me a chance to give back to you as well.

Dyuti Kundu, XII Arts
Head Girl



From the DEPUTY HEAD GIRL

As the Deputy Head Girl of the school, my role has always been about supporting, uplifting, and standing beside the student community—basically being the person you can count on whether it's for guidance, reassurance, or a friendly “you got this” look during stressful moments. I've learned that leadership isn't only about giving directions; it's about being approachable enough that people actually want to come to you... even if it's just to vent about how long the day feels.

My focus has always been on creating a space where discipline and warmth can peacefully coexist (yes, it is possible). I prioritize open communication, quick problem-solving, and keeping myself accessible so that students feel comfortable sharing concerns, ideas, or even last-minute requests that magically appear five minutes before an event.

Working closely with the Head Girl, teachers, and the student council has taught me that teamwork is less about perfection and more about understanding each other, fixing things together, and laughing through the occasional chaos. I try to lead through consistency—showing up, staying committed, and giving my best even on days when my to-do list looks like it has no mercy.

Being part of school initiatives and service activities has shown me how powerful small actions can be. Every project and campaign is a reminder that we all have something meaningful to contribute, whether big or small.

School life—with its deadlines, events, and last-minute “surprises”—can feel like a whirlwind. But I'm here to make sure every student feels supported, understood, and confident along the way.

Aarifah Khan, XII Commerce
Dep. Head Girl





OUR
ACHIEVEMENTS





মাননীয় মুখ্যমন্ত্রী
মমতা বন্দ্যোপাধ্যায়ের
উপস্থিতিতে

শিক্ষক দিবস
উপলক্ষে

শিক্ষাক্ষেত্রে অসামান্য
অবদানের স্বীকৃতি

শিক্ষারত্ন ও সেবা
সম্মাননা প্রদান
২০২৩

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SERA VIDYALAYA- AWARDED BY THE HONOURABLE CHIEF MINISTER MS. MAMATA BANERJEE

The TELEGRAPH School Awards



MOMENTS OF PRIDE



CELEBRATING SUCCESS



A GLIMPSE OF OUR CAMPUS





With immense pride, we welcomed **Hon. Sh. Firhad Hakim Sir**, Mayor, to inaugurate the stunning mural created by our talented students. This initiative symbolizes our commitment to rejuvenating the environment around the school and fostering a greener, more vibrant community for all!

Mural Inauguration





Our Annual Production

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang

The Car That Flew into Our Hearts



Over two evenings at Kala Mandir, our Annual Function unfolded like a storybook brought to life. Chitty Chitty Bang Bang filled the stage with colour, rhythm, and wonder, as a peculiar car, born of invention and belief, led us into a world where imagination ruled. From that first spark of an experiment gone wrong or two kids playing, the stage began to breathe with possibility. Music turned into motion, motion into meaning. Laughter resisted fear, hope, authority while freedom answered restraint with flight. The world of Vulgaria sharpened its edges, only to be softened by courage, love and song. When the car finally rose, it did so as a promise fulfilled – proof that dreams, when trusted, defy gravity. Across both evenings, Kala Mandir echoed with applause, holding the glow of a dream shared and the joy of having believed.







CLOSING CEREMONY

The Closing Ceremony of the 75th Year celebrations of The BSS School was held on 7th January, 2026. It commenced with an auspicious invocation to Lord Ganesha, setting a spiritual and solemn tone. This was followed by addresses from the Secretary, Mr. G.K. Khaitan, and the Principal, Ms. Sunita Sen. The programme was further elevated by the felicitation of the Chief Guest, **Colonel Dr. Sumita Patnaik**, and the ceremonial lighting of the lamp. Her address was deeply inspiring, motivating the students to dream big, remain consistent, and believe in the power of women empowerment. This was followed by an engaging question-answer session, during which students actively interacted with the Chief Guest and gained valuable insights. Her presentation on joining the Indian Army further enriched the programme, leaving a lasting impact and encouraging students to pursue discipline, courage, and service to the nation.



TRADITION • CULTURE • JOY



Vasant Panchami

"Learning is a treasure that follows its owner everywhere."



EARTH DAY



Rabindra JAYANTI



On Rabindra Jayanti, our school presented "Chitrangada", one of Tagore's "famous five" of dance-dramas, in which movement became representative of thoughts carrying meaning. The performance followed a single question central to Rabindranath Tagore's vision - whether love asks for transformation, or for recognition.

Chitrangada entered as a warrior, formed by discipline and certainty. When desire introduced the promise of beauty, the dance allowed that promise its full passage - brilliant, fleeting, and incomplete. The turning point arrived not in rejection, but in release, guided by Tagore's counsel : "শেষ যাহা হবেই হবে, তারে সহজে হতে দাও শেষ। সুন্দর যাক রেখে স্বপ্নের রেশ।" The choreography obeyed this wisdom, letting illusion pass without erosion of the self. What remained was Tagore's enduring truth, spoken without excess: "If you deign to love me, love me as I am." The presentation ended not in spectacle, but in wholeness - affirming that dignity is preserved only when the self is allowed to remain whole.



INDEPENDENCE DAY



01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12



Teachers' Day





Children's Day



SCHOOL HOUSES



love · courage · passion · strength

RANI LAXMI BAI HOUSE



*"A leader is one who can see the invisible, feel the intangible, and achieve the impossible." —
Dr. A.P.J. Abdul Kalam*

Leadership begins with responsibility, and serving as the Red House Captain of Rani Lakshmi Bai House has been a journey of learning and growth. The moment the badge was pinned to my uniform, I felt deeply honoured while becoming aware of the sincerity, dedication, and steady guidance the role demands. It reinforced the belief that true leadership is shaped by actions rooted in trust, discipline, and integrity.

Over the past two years, our house has actively participated in numerous interhouse events, reflecting enthusiasm and teamwork. In March 2024, our dancers achieved the Second Position in Folk Dance, marking a proud moment for our house. In October 2024, our speakers impressed with their clarity and confidence, securing Third Positions in both Bengali and Hindi Elocution. One of the most memorable achievements of the year was winning the First Prize in the Interhouse Talent Show, which showcased the collective creativity and unity of our house.

Our journey of progress continued in August 2025, with commendable performances including a Third Prize in Debate and a First Position in Hindi Elocution. These accomplishments stand as a testament to the dedication, cooperation, and perseverance of every member of Rani Lakshmi Bai House.

As captain, I am committed to upholding these values and strengthening the spirit that defines our house. I aim to encourage teamwork, lead with fairness, and support each member in growing with confidence. With shared determination and unity, I look forward to guiding Rani Lakshmi Bai House towards a future that remains strong, inspiring, and driven by excellence. *Leadership begins with responsibility, and serving as the Red House Captain of Rani Lakshmi Bai House has been a journey of learning and growth. The moment the badge was pinned to my uniform, I felt deeply honoured while becoming aware of*

SOHA KHALID, XII COMMERCE
CAPTAIN, RANILAXMIBAI RED HOUSE



Soha Khalid
Captain



Shreya Jaiswal
Vice Captain

growth · harmony · honesty · nature

SAROJINI NAIDU HOUSE

"Faith is the bird that feels the light when the dawn is still dark." — Rabindranath Tagore



Stepping into the role of Green House Captain for 2025–26 is a moment I'll always treasure. When I first joined house activities years ago, I never imagined that the cheers, banners, and friendly competitions would one day lead me here — wearing this badge with pride and purpose.

Over the years, I have come to understand what truly makes Green House special. It is not just the events or the victories; it's the unity, the teamwork, and the steady commitment of every member. Each success and setback has taught me that winning is more than trophies — it's about showing up, giving your best, and standing together no matter what.

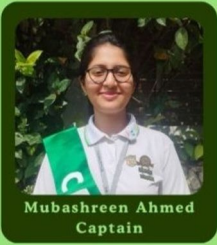
Being chosen as captain is both an honour and a responsibility. This badge reminds me to lead with honesty, to listen, and to support every student who carries the Green House spirit. My goal is to be a captain who encourages effort, celebrates improvement, and inspires all of us to aim higher together.

In the coming year, I want us not only to participate but to excel with discipline, pride, and passion. And yes — I will proudly be the one reminding everyone to wear their badges, attend assemblies, and show up with full enthusiasm, because every small act of commitment strengthens who we are.

As I enter my final year at The BSS School, I feel immense gratitude for this place that has become my second home. The friendships, lessons, and challenges have shaped me, and I hope to guide my juniors the way my seniors once guided me — so the legacy of Green House continues: strong, united, and full of heart.

*Here's to a year of hard work, joy, and unforgettable memories.
Go Green, Go Strong!*

**MUBASHREEN AHMED
CAPTAIN, SAROJINI NAIDU GREEN HOUSE**



**Mubashreen Ahmed
Captain**



**Shreya Bose
Vice Captain**

bravery · loyalty · wisdom · trust

MOTHER TERESA HOUSE

"Not all of us can do great things. But we can do small things with great love." — Mother Teresa

Mother Teresa once said, "Not all of us can do great things, but we can do small things with great love," and this belief forms the very foundation of our house.

As the captain of the Blue house, I feel immensely lucky to be chosen as the one who is thought to have the capability of leading this amazingly talented and high spirited house of the school.

From the very first day I have learnt that leadership means standing together firmly and caring for one another and this house has taught me countless lessons, unity and responsibility

As once quoted, "With great power comes great responsibilities", I took a vow to stand beside my house in both success and failure, no matter what challenges come our way.

To every member of the Blue House, your hard work and spirit inspire me every day. True victory is not only about winning, but about supporting each other and moving forward as one. Together, we will face every difficulty and rise stronger, united in purpose and heart.

In the last academic year, a number of events were held in which the Mother Teresa house truly outdid themselves.

In March, Blue house participated in the Inter-House competition, where we conquered the 1st position in Eastern Dance and Eastern Song and 3rd position in Western music.

After few months, in the month of October we secured 1st and 2nd position in Bengali elocution and Hindi elocution respectively.

Not every loss is a loss as Mother Teresa said, "It's not about how much you do, but how much love you put into what you do that counts.". Hence to conclude the report I would like to say

'I am immensely proud of the mighty warriors and talented members of this house. United in spirit, we look forward to carrying the legacy of the Mother Teresa House ahead with compassion and kindness.'

**ARUNIMA DAS, XII COMMERCE
CAPTAIN, MOTHER TERESA BLUE HOUSE**



**Arunima Das
Captain**



**Sanika Iqbal
Vice Captain**



wisdom · joy · optimism · creativity

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE HOUSE

"I attribute my success to this: I never gave on took an excuse." — Florence Nightingale



"Some roles are not remembered not for how loudly they shine, but for how steadily they hold things together"

Yellow House has formed a part of my school life since class I, and being entrusted with its captaincy in class XII felt like a quiet responsibility, rather than a highlight. This year was especially meaningful as we served as badgeholders during The BSS School's 75th year - a milestone larger than ourselves

Our role was often backstage: helping out at the opening ceremony, contributing to the rehearsal for the Annual Production, and assisting in the smooth conduct of school events. The notable moments of leading the Yellow House march past on Independence Day felt elating, carrying on the legacy of the Florence Nightingale Flag. The official badgeholders' photoshoot on the school terrace marked another quiet milestone - a reminder of how far we had come. Leadership lived in everyday moments, especially while supporting our senior batch (2024-'25) whenever help was needed.

I am deeply thankful to my Vice Captain, Snata Bhattacharya, and to our teachers for their consistent guidance. To the budding leaders who wear yellow with pride and excitement - remember leadership begins in how we support our house, stand by our peers, and carry our responsibilities with sincerity. As I step forward, I carry with me not just a title, but the quiet strength of Yellow House — learned through service, steadiness, and shared purpose.

KAUSHANI BARAL
CAPTAIN, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE YELLOW HOUSE



Kaushani Baral
Captain



Snata Bhattacharya
Vice Captain



CLUBS THAT ENRICH



ECO WARRIORS

(NATURE CLUB)

*Nurturing nature,
shaping tomorrow*



ALTIUS

(SPEAKING • READING • DEBATE)

Raising voices, refining minds



INTERACT

(SOCIAL WORK CLUB)

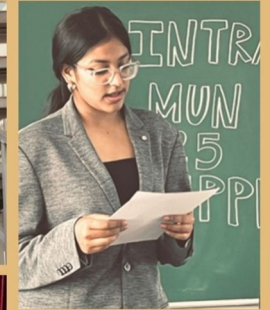
Service above self

Altius Club



The Altius Club functions as the school's leading intellectual forum, uniting students interested in literature, debate, oratory, and diplomacy. Through interactive discussions, simulations, and literary engagements, the club consistently promotes critical thinking, confident expression, and global awareness. Under the Multilateral Discussions and Youth Diplomacy Initiative, the club organised a structured Intra-MUN workshop and simulation on 26th and 27th March 2025 for students of Classes 7, 8, 9, and 11. Conducted over one and a half days, the programme combined training in Model United Nations procedures with live committee sessions. Participants represented the UNGA and the Indian Committee, engaging in resolution-based deliberations. While Day 1 focused on international diplomacy, Day 2 addressed Indian socio-political issues. The formal dress code aligned with the respective agendas, and the programme concluded with a closing ceremony recognising student participation. The Cultural and Literary Discourse Initiative was showcased through the Book Lovers Day Assembly, "Literary Passports: A Tour Around the World", held on 1st August 2025. Planned and conducted by the club, students presented literary analyses as delegates from various countries, emphasising cultural context and interpretative depth. Additionally, in collaboration with the Library Squad, the club curated a literary display board outside the library featuring excerpts, insights, and student-created illustrations, fostering sustained literary appreciation.

Sourosree Ganguly, XII Arts
Vice President, Altius Club



Interact Club

"ALONE WE CAN DO SO LITTLE:
TOGETHER WE CAN DO SO MUCH!"
— HELEN KELLER

The Interact Club of The BSS School has carved its own path through years of compassion, dedication, and teamwork. What began as a small school club has now grown into a name that shines across Kolkata and beyond, even on the international stage.

From river-cleaning drives and literacy workshops for underprivileged children, to organizing clothes drives during the festive and winter seasons, working hand-in-hand with specially-abled children, feeding stray dogs and cats, and hosting sustainability workshops promoting the "Reduce-Reuse-Recycle" model — you name it, and the Interact Club has done it all.

This year marks our 75th milestone, and our efforts have been recognised through numerous honours, including the International Recognition Award, Care for the Specially-Abled Award, and the River Cleaning Award at the Rotary Annual Interact Meet Awards, as well as the Sabar Pujo Drive Award and The Telegraph Anand Paul Memorial Award for Social Service, among many others.

Serving as the President of the Interact Club has been nothing short of an honour. From skipping classes to spend time with those who may never get the chance to be in one, to fulfilling my dreams through service, and earning international recognition — it has been an unforgettable journey.

A heartfelt thank you to The BSS School and Rotary for their constant guidance and support. The Interact Club will continue to serve with passion and uphold our school's commitment to excellence in all that we do.

Sania Chatterjee, XII Arts
President, Interact Club

Donations





ECO WARRIORS



Being a part of the Eco-Warriors Club is not just about the name on our badges, it is about the spirit behind it. In this special 75th year, we were fortunate to contribute so much toward nature and sustainability, and we believe that the smallest step toward sustainability can spark real change, and we set out to make that happen together.

The activities carried out by our club this year:

- Planted saplings in the school garden and later sowed radish and mustard seeds.
- Identified and labeled plant species throughout the campus, with each floor proudly named after a plant.
- Celebrated Earth Day and Tiger's Day through placards, play, presentations, and quizzes.
- Participated in online sustainability quizzes, securing first place twice.
- Created impactful charts on global warming and ozone depletion for display at the school gate.
- Designed a model of our school showing how we conserve water and energy through solar panels, reusing air conditioner and cooler water for mopping.

Looking back, this journey has taught me to be more aware, responsible, and active. I am grateful to my vice president, our dedicated members, and the teachers who supported us throughout. Together, we turned ideas into action — and that is what being an Eco-Warrior truly means.

Anisha Chaudhary, XII Science
President, Eco-Warrior Club

Choose Eco Not Ego



EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

learning beyond classrooms, shaping confident individuals





EASTERN DANCE



EASTERN INSTRUMENTS



EASTERN VOCAL



KARATE



SPECIAL ARTS



TABLE TENNIS



DRAMATICS



CHESS



WESTERN INSTRUMENTS



WESTERN VOCAL



CLAY MODELLING



SKATING



PUBLIC SPEAKING



SWIMMING



BASKETBALL



WESTERN DANCE



CHINEESE



SPANISH



FRENCH

ACTIVITIES



19 girls from classes 8 to 12 were taken to an event organized by the Indian Army at Dhanadhyanyo Manch, Kolkata where students and parents over the city were assembled and shown the different arms and the officers showcased their life during their training and war periods



The Interact Club members of The BSS School went to Jyotirmoy Public School on Children's Day 2024 where they met and had a fun time with the kids there and later distributed food packets among them



Christmas gifts distribution at Jyotirmai Club- initiative taken by the members of the Interact Club of The BSS School



On January 8, 2025, the Interact Club of The BSS School successfully organized a clothes donation drive under the Gariahat flyover to extend support to underprivileged individuals.



ACTIVITIES



A RALLY FOR SPREADING AWARENESS ABOUT THE DANGER OF USING MOBILE PHONES ON ROAD



ASTRONOMY WORKSHOP



ROBOT MAKING EVENT AT IEM



FILM & PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP



INTERACTIVE SESSION ORGANIZED BY NASA, WITH AEROSPACE ENGINEER AISHA BOWE AT THE AMERICAN CENTRE



INTRA-HOUSE DEBATE



TREE PLANTING ACTIVITIES



HISPANIC FESTIVAL AT KOLKATA BOOK FAIR



THE MARCH PAST TEAM WITH THEIR TROPHY



FIRST RUNNER UP AT AMERICAN CENTER THEATER COMPETITION



STUDENTS TEACHING AT JYOTIRMOI SCHOOL



150 YEARS HERITAGE TRAM RIDE & QUIZ CONTEST



WALKATHON AT NETAJI NAGAR IN AID OF CHARITY



HANDICRAFT

“ words may inspire but only *action creates change* ”

— Simon Sinek

INTER-SCHOOL FESTS



DON BOSCO- BOSCO FEST'24



CALCUTTA INTERNATIONAL FEST- CONFLUENCE'24



MHSI- SHOWCASE'24



LAKSHMIPAT SINGHANIA ACADEMY- EKALAKYA'24



THE HERITAGE SCHOOL- YOUTHOPIA '24



ST. XAVIERS- X-UBERANCE'24

SPORTS



THREE MEDALS IN ROLLER SKATING



CISCE RIFLE SHOOTING



FITNESS SESSION



U19 SKATING CHAMPIONS AT THE HERITAGE SCHOOL



GOLD MEDAL IN GOJU KAI KARATE COMPETITION ORGANIZED BY JEWISH GIRLS SCHOOL

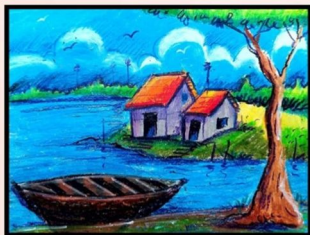


BASKETBALL TEAM OF BSS IN INTERFACE



PRIMARY SECTION

Art and Articles



Somajita Dasgupta
IV-A

A Visit to a Village

In the last winter vacation I visited a village named Mirpur. The village was very beautiful. My cousins live there with their parents. There I visited fields full of crops, grains and vegetables. I played with my cousins and my friends and enjoyed fresh delicious food cooked by my aunt. I came back from there with a lot of beautiful memories.
Koushani Chakraborty
I-B



Kaushani Dey
I-C

MY SCHOOL BUS

Every day I go to school by my school bus. It is lemon yellow in colour. It comes to pick me up at 08.00 am in the morning and drops me on time. It has very spacious and comfortable seats, it has six wheels and 47 seats. I go to school with my school friends. Our driver uncle drives the bus, our conductor uncle guides the bus properly and our bus didi looks after us. I enjoy my school bus rides a lot.

~Priyanshi Acharya,
II-A



An Experience

Today I am going to share one of my best experiences in my life. I was only five years old and I visited my village home. One afternoon my father took me for a ride on his motorcycle. I saw the sun was shining and it was raining in the distance. Then a beautiful and colourful half round arch appeared in the sky. My father said it is rainbow. It was the first time I had seen a rainbow, so I was very excited. I saw it has seven colours. My father told me how it is made. Rainbows are formed when sunlight reflects on raindrops. The rainbow is a combination of seven colours. The seven colours are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. In short form it is called VIBGYOR. As soon as the rain stopped, the rainbow faded away. I was very happy to see such a beautiful creation of nature that day and also gained some knowledge while observing the beauty of the rainbow.

Dishani Das
III-A

On a Christmas Eve

One Christmas eve, a girl named Jiya decorated a Christmas tree with Christmas ornaments. She went to bed after that. At midnight she suddenly heard a loud noise. As she came out of her room she saw Santa Claus near the Christmas tree. It made her very happy. Santa gave her a gift. That very minute the alarm rang. She realized that it was a dream. She woke up and saw a pencil box beside her pillow. She was surprised to see the beautiful box and understood that it was a gift from Santa. She thanked Santa in her prayers and she felt very happy.



Aarohi Bhattacharjee
UKG-B

Debadrita Saha
II-C

A mother is born

Roshni was counting the last minutes of her life. Her three year long battle with the ill fated disease was coming to an end. However before her time was up she had a 'Dream' to live and a 'Promise' to keep. In a feeble voice she calls her friend Shikha, her friend and partner in multiple crimes, to her bedside and entrusts her little 'bundle of joy' with her. The moment Shikha takes the newborn in her arms she experiences a surge of emotions, never felt before and thereby a Mother is born. She embraces the new role amidst the unpreparedness she has to grapple with. By a stroke of fate she embarks on 'Motherhood', one that defies Biology and is not restricted within the realms of science.

Juni Mazumder



Dishani Das
III-A



Samridhi Roy
V-B



Debporna Goswami
I-C

Life of a Tree

Once Upon a time,
I was a tiny seed.
After a little while,
I grew up well and shine.
Birds used to sing song,
Butterfly used to fly around,
People used to sit and rest,
Under my shade.
One day a man came
With a big saw and blade.
He cut down all the
Twigs and Boughs,
Not a single tree was left.
They took our life
And took our homes.
Made it barren
with no soul.
Himanya Bhardwaj
III-B



Benefits of outdoor play

Playing outside and moving our body is super fun! When we run, jump, and play, it makes our muscles strong, and we feel like a superhero. Breathing in fresh air while playing or riding a cycle makes us feel happy and full of energy. Outdoor exercise is not just good for our body; it helps our brain too! We get to explore, imagine, and learn new things. So, let's go outside, play together, and be healthy and happy.

Aishani Saha
II-C



THE SMILE OF THE SUN

The sky is light blue,
The ecstasy is new-
And the credit is won
By the smile of the sun.
The flower garden blooms.
The joys chase away glooms.
And all these are done
By the smile of the sun.
And fun is all around-
From the sky to the ground.
And who made all the fun?
Why, the SMILE OF THE SUN!

Sharanaya Banerjee
IV-A



TEACHING IS A WORK OF HEART

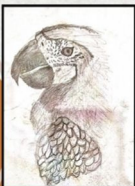
THANK YOU TEACHER

You're my Teacher, you're the best,
To me you stand out amongst the rest.
Helping me each day to learn,
With each day a page to turn.

The seeds you've planted will help me bloom,
But now is the time to say "Thank" to you.
For not just anybody can do the job you do,
It takes a hero, just like you.

So THANK YOU TEACHER you're an inspiration,
For all the students
You've provided education,
Lessons and motivation
So now it's time for a well-deserved vacation

Aarushi Shaw
III-C



Sumaiya Warsi
IV-B



Paws and Pawsitivity

In the bustling city of Zanadoodle, there lived a peculiar cat named Whiskerstein. Unlike other cats, Whiskerstein had an uncanny talent for playing the ukulele. One day, he decided to form a feline band called "The Jazzy Paws".

The band comprised Whiskerstein on the ukulele, Muffin on the saxophone, and Sparkle on the drums. Their first gig was at the grand opening of a fish market, and the excitement among the city's cats was palpable.

As The Jazzy Paws started their performance, something unexpected happened. A group of mice, led by Maestro Mousewitz, couldn't resist the catchy tunes and decided to join in. They brought tiny instruments and danced along with the music, creating an impromptu jazz party. The crowd, a mix of cats and mice, soon forgot their differences and united in a shared love for music. Whiskerstein couldn't believe his eyes - his feline band had unintentionally orchestrated a purrfect harmony between two rival animal groups.

Word of The Jazzy Paws and their magical music spread across Zanadoodle. Soon, they were invited to perform at various events, from rooftop parties to charity fundraisers. The band became a symbol of unity and harmony in the city.

In an unexpected twist, The Jazzy Paws even collaborated with Maestro Mousewitz and his mouse musicians to create a ground-breaking jazz fusion album. The album, titled "Paws and Pawsitivity", topped the charts and became a sensation far beyond Zanadoodle.

In the heart of the city, cats and mice continued to groove together, proving that music has the power to bridge gaps and create harmony where least expected. The legend of The Jazzy Paws lived on, inspiring generations of cats and mice to dance to the beat of unity.

Himanya Bhardwaj
III-B



Shazana Ali
III-B

Thank You Lord

The flowers, the colours
The sky and the oceans,
The birds, the stars
The sun and the seasons,
The trees, the hills
The rivers and the seas;
The snow and the rains
The breeze on the lakes,
The smiles of children
The happiness of heaven,
All has been given to us-
On this beautiful Earth!
Thank you, Lord!
For the gifts sent to us.

Aishani Das
IV-C



Soujanya Ghosh
NUR-C



Pushita Hanna
LKG-B



Janvi Chakraborty
UKG-C

To the 'Heaven on Earth'

We went to Kashmir in the month of July. It was my first trip to the mountains and I was very excited. We flew to Srinagar which is the capital of Kashmir in summer. In Srinagar I visited the Shankaracharya Temple and the Mughal Gardens.

Nothing can beat the shikara ride on the beautiful Dal Lake surrounded by the majestic mountains. Next, I travelled with my friends and family to Pahalgam. I forgot everything about the outside world as I looked out of the window of the car. I was held speechless by the beauty of nature - the snow-capped mountains, the dense population of cedar trees and the crystal-clear water of the Lidder river following continuously along our road are memories which are still fresh in my mind. We also went for trekking to the Aru Valley. I enjoyed my trip a lot and loved visiting Kashmir, famously also known as, 'Heaven on Earth'.



Sprisha Pal Sen
LKG-A



Rysha Biswas
II-B



Subhangi Ghosh
LKG-C



Rushita Halder
I-C

The boy and the oldman

Once upon a time, there was a little boy named Anand. He was a kind and responsible boy. When he was seven years old, his mother died due to corona virus. So, he stayed with his father. One day, while going to school, Anand saw an old man lying under a tree. Anand was very scared but still he went to the man and asked "Excuse me! What happened? You look so sad." Then the old man asked him to give him some food because he was very poor and hungry. Anand picked up his bag and took out his tiffin box. In his tiffin box, there was a muffin, a carrot, laddoo, two gulabjamuns, some rotis and potato fries. He asked the old man to eat some food from his tiffin box but the old man thought for some time and said "This is your tiffin. Why should I take some food from you?" Still Anand replied "Even though it is mine, you can have it. You don't have anything to eat." The old man smiled and took the laddoo and the carrot. He was very happy with the food he ate. Actually, the old man was Anand's fairy Godmother. She was only testing Anand to see how kind or unkind he was. At night, when Anand was sleeping on his bed. Suddenly, his Fairy Godmother entered his house and she left some money and lovely clothes for him and his father to wear. She also left some tasty snacks for Anand so that he can take those the next day to school as tiffin. The next day, when Anand woke up, he was surprised to see such lovely gifts! He knew it was the work of his Fairy Godmother. He thanked her and he never stopped helping poor people.

Adrija Roy
III-C

MY TRIP TO KERALA

Travelling is one of the most beautiful hobbies in our lives. Travelling helps us to see a lot, to know a lot and to gain a lot of happy moments. To satisfy our hunger for travel we went to Kerala last year. It was a six-day trip from 26th August to 31st August. I went with my parents, elder sister, maternal uncle and aunt and my little cousin. The spots we chose to visit were- Munnar, Thekkady, Alappay and Kovalam. We spent two days amongst the breathtaking hill top views and tea gardens of Munnar. My family arranged a surprise birthday party for me there as it was my birthday on the 26th. It was the most memorable day of my life. At Munnar we visited the Ripple Waterfalls, Rose Garden, sunset point etc. After spending quality time at Munnar, we moved to Thekkady. On our way to Thekkady, we went for an elephant ride which was the best experience I had. We spent the next day visiting the spice gardens and the tea estates. This was followed by a night-stay in a houseboat in Alappay where we enjoyed the backwaters. Since we visited Kerala during Onam, we were lucky to enjoy the festivities and witness the famous snake boat race. Our last destination was Kovalam. We stayed at the beautiful Taj Resort which had a private beach along the shores of the Arabian Sea and even a lagoon inside. There we enjoyed a boat ride in the evening. We also celebrated my cousin's birthday at the beach that night. Since it was monsoon during our time of visit, we experienced a heavenly climate amongst the natural beauty of Kerala which justified why the state is known as "God's Own Country!". We relished their local food like the typical Malabar cuisine and the traditional Onam thali. We clicked a lot of pictures and enjoyed the trip very much.

Arna Pahar
III-C

An enhanced life

There was a girl who lived in the forest. No one quite knew her name. She was a nice, kind-hearted girl and was friends with the forest animals. Elephants, giraffes, lions, tigers, monkeys were her best friends. One day one of her best friends, who was a lion found a crowded rich city near by the jungle. The lion told his friends about the city. They all wanted to go to that city. The girl and others made a boat and started sailing towards the city. When they reached, they all saw rich people, statues, roads and vehicles. They all thought they could stay there forever. Suddenly a man saw them and got scared. The man shouted in fear and called the police. When the police arrived, they found a place to hide. Later, they sailed back to the forest. They spent their lives in the forest enjoying nature while the people of the city had problems every day. They chose to live in the peaceful forest which they thought, is better than living in the chaotic city.

Shinjini Chatterjee
IV-B



An Encounter with The Forest Fairies

During the winter holidays, my parents took me and my sister, Shridatri to Doorgs. We had our stay right in the outskirts of the forest. During the jungle safari, we were all mesmerised by the grandeur and serenity of the forest. Lots of birds, few spotted deer and one peacock made our day by their appearances.

The splendour of the forest was so captivating that my sister and I couldn't resist ourselves from making a plan to visit the jungle once more. My sister, who I fondly call Diya, thinks that she is my guardian in the absence of our parents although she herself is in her teens. When we were making plans, the caretaker of our hotel told us not to go to the forest as it is not safe for children.

"It's alright", said Diya, when he went away, "We'll sneak out through the back gate of the hotel."

Finally, we managed to escape to the forest as per our plan. Strolling through the jungle we reached near a pretty crystal-clear river.

"Good Heavens!", I cried, "That house looks older than the ogres!" When Diya looked up, she saw what I meant. On the other bank of the river stood a rather withered house. It looked more like a pile of old sticks and stones, instead of a house. "Let's go there", insisted Diya. I agreed. Just as we were about to cross the river, a few young maidens stopped us and said, "This house is haunted, don't go there." But Diya was adamant. The eldest maiden gave us a bell and a packet containing a mixture of sugary water and dead flowers and said, "Whenever you are in need, ring the bell and at the same time open this sachet. We will appear before you." We thanked them and went on our way.

When we reached the steps of the house, I suddenly found myself being dragged behind. I tried to call Diya, but my voice had been drained out. By the time she realised I was gone, it was too late. She said to herself "What will Mum and Dad say?" All of a sudden, she remembered the maidens and instantly rang the bell and opened the sachet. When the maidens appeared, she asked them "Where did my sister go?"

"Your sister has been kidnapped by Ghost Gordon. He took her to the peepal tree on the other side of the forest," said the maidens. Diya said that she couldn't walk so much without resting or having food and water. The maidens assured her not to worry as they had plenty of food and water with themselves.

When they reached the peepal tree, Diya anxiously started looking for me through the leaves and branches, but couldn't find me. "My sister is not on the tree!", screamed Diya. "Ah, but she is under the tree, not on it," said the youngest maiden. Then she instructed Diya to sprinkle some potion from the sachet on the bottom of the tree. As soon as the drops touched the tree, it tilted to one side and Diya was surprised to find me under the roots. I rushed to embrace my sister and said, "Diya, let's go back to the hotel!" However, we both realised that we were already lost in the jungle.

The maidens smiled and said, "We will help you go back." Saying so, they took the sachet and sprinkled some potion on us. Within a blink of an eye, we were back in our hotel. Later that evening I asked my sister, "Diya, who were those maidens?"

"I don't know..." said Diya, "But I think they were the Forest Fairies..."

Sharanya Banerjee
IV-A

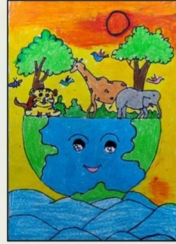
Adventerous Rohan

Rohan was a polite and well-mannered boy. He lived in a small village named Charkhol in North Bengal. He was very good in studies. He had many friends in school. All his friends also loved him as he was the school topper. However, he was very adventurous. There was a thick forest a little distance away from his house. Every day while going to school, Rohan wished to explore the forest. One day when Rohan was eating his breakfast, he asked his mother, "Mom, I want to explore the forest". His mother refused as there were many animals in the forest. Rohan did not take his mother's words seriously. One day out of his curiosity, Rohan went to that forest on his way to school. After some time, he found a very old temple. It had two rusty pillars which were covered with vines. Rohan bravely entered into the temple and saw a big statue of a sixteen handed Durga. There was a big stone on the crown of Goddess Durga. Rohan was amazed to see the stone. By that time, he decided to return, the sun was setting. Rohan did not fear as he had brought a torch with him. When he reached home, he told his mother about the stone. His mother got very angry and said, "How dare you go to that forest? Don't you know that there are many wild animals in that forest? What would have happened if a lion had attacked you? Never go to that forest again." Rohan did not listen to his mother, and he went to that forest again the next day and brought the stone home. Rohan's mother was amazed after seeing the stone. She showed the stone to Rohan's father, who was an archaeologist. He said that the stone might be very precious. Rohan's father showed that stone to his senior who was an expert in that kind of materials. He said that the temple was built hundreds of years ago by a zamindar. He was a great devotee of Goddess Durga. He had a very precious stone and was afraid that the stone might get stolen. One day a gang of dacoits attacked and killed him. The dacoits wanted to steal the stone but they couldn't enter the temple because there was a strong ray of light from the temple that made the dacoits blind. From that day, nobody could enter the temple. But as Rohan was a very good boy, he could enter the temple and take the stone. Rohan's mother asked how much the stone would cost. The expert said that it would cost approximately seven lakhs. However Rohan and his father did not want to sell the stone. They kept the stone safely in a casket and took it to the museum. Rohan's exploration was engraved below the casket. Rohan became a very famous boy in Charkhol and in his school.

Devangana Paul
III-C



Vidyanjali Majumdar
V-B



Aarshi Saha
IV-B



Anayah Iqbal
IV-B



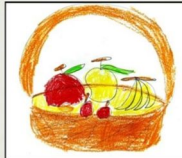
Samadrita Banik
V-C



Shazana Ali



Aarusha Das
II-B



Daita Panda
NUR-C



Aradhya Das
UKG-A



Koushani Chakraborty
I-B



Paloma
UKG-A
Chowdhury



Saanvi Ghosh
NUR-A



Atreyi Das
IV-B

Equality: Nation's Dream, the World's Roar

"As we walk past the street
Where people of all colours and faith meet
Where there is no longer any reason to cheat
As there are more individuals and faces to greet."

Good morning everyone! I'm Saujanya and I am honoured and privileged to have this platform to address an issue that I feel I should highlight. No wonder lines from the poem 'The Lost Key to Equality' by Marria Atar have already given you an idea for what I am going to take a few precious minutes from your life. In spite of knowing that my audience today comprises of many distinguished dignitaries, I would like to consider you as my friends so that I can speak my heart out today, with a message to convey.

'Equality', I first came across this word on the front page of all my text books where the Preamble of our constitution is written. On asking the meaning, my mother explained to me that as a citizen of our country we have certain 'rights' and among them is equality.

Equality means we get equal opportunity to be educated and to be treated respectfully irrespective of our caste, religion and sex. However, when my mother was explaining this to me, a boy of almost my age came from the shop across my house to deliver our monthly groceries and seeing that my faith in our wonderfully drafted constitution vanished. I could not relate what my mother told me to what I was seeing. I started thinking about what made him do this work instead of going to school.

Yes, I am talking about those children who are the most unfortunate victims of inequality. Wherever we may go, whichever highway we may take. We always find a 'Chottu' either cleaning the tables for us or bringing our tea. However, this inequality is not a phenomenon found only in India. It is deep rooted and can be seen across the world in several forms. I researched a bit and found that in many European countries children become the victim of racism. I read the autobiography of the famous African American civil rights activist Ruby Bridges where she mentioned how she had to struggle in the formerly whites-only William Frantz Elementary School in Louisiana.

But where there is a will, there is a way. In Ruby's struggle, she had Barbara Henry who stood up against all social taboos to teach Ruby. Now I want to become the Barbara Henry in every Chottu's life in India with your help. You may think I am 'TOO SMALL' to dream about this but trust me, friends, we can do it by sharing our knowledge with those who are not as fortunate as us.

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace
You

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
[I hope someday you'll join us](#)
[And the world will be as one.](#)

Remember these lines from Imagine by John Lennon? Equality, I do believe, is something with which every child is born and it is our duty to create a world where we all get it without any discrimination.

Martin Luther in his historic speech said 'I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up, live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.' And our former President Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam made us believe: Dream is not the thing that you see in your sleep but is that thing that does not let you sleep.

I have already taken a baby step with my neighbours by informing all the shop-owners of our locality that we would not buy or accept anything if children are employed even if they are their sons or daughters. EQUALITY is a must, EQUALITY is inevitable. Let us make it a nation's dream, the world's roar which should be echoed so hard that it will break all barriers.



Saujanya Bhattacharya
V-C



I Have a Dream

Among all the books I have read in my lifetime, 'The Diary of a Young Girl' by Anne Frank is one of my favourites. It is the narrative of Anne's life and the tortures her family and friends had to face during the Second World War, only because they were Jews! Through Anne's diary we get to see how a girl of my age had to give up all her hobbies, dreams and aspirations due to the discrimination inflicted upon the Jews under the Nazi regime. The diary is not a mere memoir of a fourteen year old; it stands as a symbol of the oppression and discrimination faced by millions of people all around the world on the grounds of race, religion, caste and culture.

Last week, before going to bed, I reread Anne's Diary. That night, I had a beautiful dream.

I was standing in front of a large warehouse. It was winter and there was snow all around. All of a sudden, I heard people screaming and bullets being fired. Fighter planes were flying over me. Many armed policemen appeared on the streets; I noticed all of them had the symbol of the 'Swastika' on their arms. My suspicions were confirmed, I was sure I had been transported into Anne Frank's Diary.

I entered into the warehouse and went up to Anne's 'Secret Annexe', the tiny hideaway where eight Jews were forced to stay cooped up for two long years! I saw a girl with dark brown hair, brown eyes and crimson lips writing away with utmost concentration. I saw the Franks and the Van Daans gather for a meagre meal containing nothing but half rotten tomatoes and spinach. I saw how they could not make a single noise after 6 o'clock, in case anyone heard them. Whenever they heard about air raids or the Gestapo arresting more Jews, their faces turned white with terror. How many days left for them to be taken away to the concentration camps?

But suddenly, something changed in my dream. I saw the world transform altogether. There were no wars, no concentration camps and no massacre. I saw Anne and Margot leading a normal life and attending school like any other girl. All Jews in the city were availing public transport, going to the cinema, using public tennis courts and visiting Christian friends — there were no restrictions. They were happy and content. The yellow star of discrimination did not exist. I also saw Anne grow up to be a well-known journalist.

This dream will be etched in my memory forever. It was like a fairytale but it made me feel how the everyday lives of millions are completely destroyed by discrimination and inequality. It reminded me of Anne's famous words, "...I can feel the sufferings of millions and yet if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty too will end, and that peace and tranquillity will return again."

If there were no discrimination in this world, the world could be a heavenly place with no racial conflicts. All people could grow up to their full potential and live life to their fullest.

अगर मैं चिड़िया होती

अगर मैं चिड़िया होती तो, मैं आसमान में उड़ती पंख पसार।

मैं खाती दाने और फल, मां बूलाती पढ़ने बैठो उड़ जाती मैं फूर-फूर-फूर। सारा दिन मैं उड़ती रहती इस डाल से उड़ डाल।

तोता, मोर, गौरैया, बूबबूब को बनाती अपना मित्र। कोयल और मैना से सीखती मीठे - मीठे गीत।

घूमती-फिरती एक शहर से दूसरे शहर।

बिना किसी टोक-टोक के मैं करती पूरी दुनिया की सैर। और जब थक जाती तो घोंसले में सो जाती चैन से।

लावण्या रजक
II-C



मेरे जीवन का लक्ष्य

हर किसी के जीवन में एक लक्ष्य होना महत्वपूर्ण होता है। बिना लक्ष्य के कोई भी जीवन सफल नहीं होता है। मेरे जीवन का लक्ष्य यह है कि मैं बड़ी होकर अपने समाज को बदलना चाहती हूँ। क्योंकि आजकल के जमाने में बहुत अनहोनी चीजें हो रही हैं जैसे - "चाईलड लेबर" मतलब की आजकल छोटे-छोटे बच्चों की पढ़ाने - लिखाने के बजाय उन्हें चाय की दुकानों में, होटलों में, ढाबों में काम करवाते हैं। नन्ही-नन्ही लड़कियों को घरों में नौकरों की तरह खाना बनवाते हैं, कपड़े धुलवाते हैं, बरतन धुलवाते हैं आदि काम करवाते हैं। मैं यह चाहती हूँ कि मैं बड़ी होकर इन सब बच्चों को पढ़ा - लिखा सकूँ और उन्हें कामयाब बना सकूँ। ताकि हमारे देश से गरीबी का नामों-निशान मिट जाए, और हमारा देश सब देशों से ऊँचा नाम कमाए। आजकल कई जगहों में औरतो को भी सिर्फ घर में काम करवाते हैं। उन्हें बाहर काम करने नहीं देते। मुझे बड़ा होकर इस सोच को बदलना है कि वह घर और बाहर दोनों का काम कर सकती हैं। मेरे जीवन का लक्ष्य यह है कि मैं बड़ी होकर कुछ ऐसी बन्नी जिससे मैं इन्हीं चीजों पर टोक लगा सकूँ।

Ruhi Mullick
III-C



पेड़

टो-टोककर एक पेड़, लकड़हारे से एक दिन बोला क्यो काटते हो मुझे ? और मैया ! तू है कितना भोला।

सोच समझ फिर बता मुझे, मैं तुम्हारा क्या लेता हूँ? मैं तो तुम्हें, और जग को देते ही जाता हूँ। पी जहरीली वायु, तुझे मैं शुद्ध पवन देता हूँ। शीतल छाया देकर तेरा, हर दुख हर लेता हूँ। स्वयं धूप में तपकर, तेरा ताप मिटाता रहता हूँ। अंदर-अंदर रोता फिर भी, बाहर गाता रहता हूँ।

Anamta Tabassum
IV-A

मोबाईल फोन का फायदा और नुकसान

आजकल के युग में मोबाइल फोन का एक आलंग ही महत्व है ! इसके बिना हर व्यक्ति अपना जीवन अधूरा मानता है। मोबाइल फोन को "सेल फोन" भी कहते हैं। पहले के जमाने में इसका इतना चलन नहीं था लेकिन अब इसके बिना हम इसान चल नहीं पते। जैसे सिक्के के दो पहलू होते हैं। वैसे ही मोबाइल फोन के भी दो पहलू होते हैं। एक फायदा और दूसरा नुकसान। मोबाइल फोन से हम लोग एक दूसरे से बात कर सकते हैं और सुन भी सकते हैं। वीडियो कॉल से हम लोग दूर के दर्शन को देख सकते हैं। मोबाइल फोन के गूगल से हम लोग कई चीजों भी जान सकते हैं। जैसे की आनलाइन खरीदारी करना। जो हम इसके दुवारा और ऐसी बहुत सारे चीजे कर सकते हैं। यह पर दूसरी और मोबाइल फोन आने से हमारा मूल्या वान समय बर्बाद होता है। आजकल सब अपना काम छोड़ कर मोबाइल फोन पर गेम खेलते हैं वीडियो देखने लगते हैं। रोड पर बाइक चलते समय फोन पर बातें करतें हैं। जिसके कारण बहुत घटनाएँ घट रही हैं। ज्यादा फोन देखने से अखे कमजोर हो जाती है जिससे भवीसीय में काम दिखाई देने का समस्य होती है। मोबाइल फोन से निकलने वाला रेडियस हमारे स्वास्थ्य के लिए हानिकारक होते हैं। अतः हमें फोन का इस्तेमाल करेन चाहिए जितनी हमें जरूरत हो क्यो की हमारा जीवन बहुत मूल्यवान है ,इसे मोबाइल फोन जैसे यंत्र के कारण नहीं करना चाहिए।

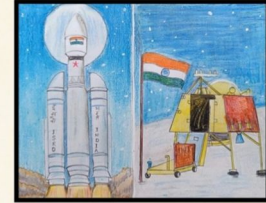
Aradhya Gupta
III-B



पर्यावरण

हमारे आस पास के वातावरण को पर्यावरण कहा जाता है। पर्यावरण सभी तरह से जैविक और अजैविक प्राणियों से मिलकर बनता है। इसमें सभी तरह के जानवर, नदी, समुद्र, पहाड़, पेड़ पौधे आते हैं। पर्यावरण से मनुष्य और दूसरे जीवों को भोजन, पानी तथा रहने के लिए स्थान मिलता है। पर्यावरण हमारे जीवन का अभिन्न हिस्सा है जिसके बिना हमारा जीवन असंभव है। वर्तमान समय में पर्यावरण संरक्षण का महत्व बढ़ गया है। प्रदूषण इसका एक मुख्य कारण है। पर्यावरण प्रदूषित होने से ऑक्सीजन की मात्रा कम हो जायेगी जिससे सारे जीवों को बहुत मुश्किलें होंगी। प्रदूषण कम करने, पेड़-पौधों की रक्षा करने, और जल बचाने के लिए कदम उठाना हमारी जिम्मेदारी है। पर्यावरण की रक्षा करके हम अपने भविष्य को सुरक्षित रख सकते हैं। पर्यावरण जितना शुद्ध रहेगा हमारा जीवन उतना ही खुशहाल होगा। हर वर्ष 5 जून को विश्व में पर्यावरण दिवस मनाया जाता है।

आरुषि साव
III-C



Srijee Nath
IV-A



Kavya Shaw
IV-B

আমার প্রথম সিনেমা দেখা

আমার বাবা কাজ থেকে বাড়ি এসে যখন আমাকে জড়িয়ে ধরে বলল আগামীকাল আমরা 'হলে' গিয়ে সিনেমা দেখবো। তখন আমার কি আনন্দ আর কৌতূহল! আমি কৌতূহল বলে বাবাকে জিজ্ঞেস করলাম 'হলে' মানে কি? বিশাল ঘর? বাবা বললো হা। বাবা আরও বললো অনেক চেয়ার থাকে। অনেক বড় পর্দায় ছবি দেখা যায়। আমার আরও মজা হলো। সিনেমাটি হলো কবিগুরু রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুরের কাবুলিওয়াল। সঙ্গে করে নিয়ে গেলাম পপকর্ন ও চিপস। গুটি থেকে নেমে সোজা হলের ভিতর ঢুকে সবাই নিজের জায়গায় বসে পড়লাম। সিনেমা শুরু হলো গমগম আওয়াজ চারিদিকে, আমার খুব ভালো লাগলো। এই সিনেমা দেখে আমি অনেক কিছু শিখলাম। আমি যেখানে বসে পড়ছিলাম না, আমাকে মা সুন্দর করে বুঝিয়ে দিয়েছে। সিনেমা শেষ হওয়ার পর আমার পার্কস্ট্রিট গির্জায় গেলাম। বহুদিনটা খুব ভালো করে আনন্দ করে কাটলাম।

আমার নাম
III-A



বন্ধুত্ব

মিনি খুব ভালো স্বভাবের মেয়ে। সে কলকাতার একটি নামী স্কুলে পড়ে। তার ক্লাসে খুব বেশি বন্ধু না থাকলেও সবাই তাকে খুব ভালোবাসে। সে পড়াশোনাতেও খুব ভালো। একবার তাদের স্কুলে আঁকা প্রতিযোগিতা হচ্ছিল তখন হাতে রঙ লেগে যাবার জন্য মিনি বাইরে যায়। ফিরে এসে দেখে মিনি আঁকাটি কেউ নষ্ট করে দিয়েছে। মিনির চোখ ফেটে জল এল, পরে সে জানতে পারে যে অনু নামে একটি মেয়ে এই কাজটি করেছে। এর কিছুদিন পর মিনিদের স্কুলে বার্ষিক পরীক্ষা ছিল। বিজ্ঞান পরীক্ষায় আঁকার জন্য রঙ ব্যবহার করতে হতো। অনুর কাছে রঙ না থাকায় সে কীভাবে শুরু করে তখন পাশে বসা মিনি তাকে সাহায্য করে। রঙ পেয়ে মনিকেকে অনু ধন্যবাদ জানায়। সাথে বলে 'সেদিন আমি তোমার আঁকা নষ্ট করি'। মিনি বলে যে, সে এই ব্যাপারটি জানে। অনু বলে 'মিনি তুমি আমার বন্ধু হবি?' মিনি অনুর সাথে বন্ধুত্ব করে। তারা এরপর থেকে চিরদিনের জন্য বন্ধু হয়ে রয়ে গেল।

শিঞ্জিনী চ্যাটার্জী
IV-B



আপন জন

সম্পর্ক যেটা চিরকাল হয়, পৃথিবীতে আপনজন তারই তো কই। ভালোবাসা ভালোলাগা সারা জীবন রয়। তোমার আপন আমার আপন আপনজন সেই ভালোবেসে আগলে রাখে কিছু না ভেবেই। ভালোবাসা ভালো থাক, কর্ন হোক ভালো, সেখানেই দেখবে সবাই চির সুখের আলো। একই রকম গড়া হলে আত্মীয় ডাকি, সঠিক অর্থ মেরা কেউ ভুলে থাকি। আত্মার সাথে যুক্ত সেই জন বোঝে, তোমার উপস্থিতি সে সর্বত্রই বোঝে। কি পেলাম, কি দিলাম ভুলে যাক মন, আনন্দে ভরা থাক, সবার আপনজন।

সোনারিকা চ্যাটার্জী
III-B

আমার পুরী বেড়াণো

এবার পূজোর ছুটিতে বেড়াতে গিয়েছিলাম পুরীতে। সাগরের সাদা সাদা ঢেউ আর বালিতে পড়ে থাকা ঝিনুক দেখে আমি অবাক হয়েছিলাম। বাবার কোলে চড়ে জগন্নাথ ঠাকুর দেখে আমি খুব মজা পেয়েছিলাম। এছাড়া দেখেছি ধবলগিরি, উদয়গিরি, লিসরাজ মন্দির, সূর্য মন্দির ও সবশেষে চিন্তা হ্রদ। চিন্তা হ্রদে ডলফিন দেখেছি আর বড়ো বড়ো চিংড়ি মাছ ভাজা খেয়েছি। সব মিলিয়ে বেড়াণোটা খুব মজার ছিল।

আদুতা ঘোষ
II-B



Sriya Barua Chowdhury
II-A

শীতের ছুটি

শীতের ছোট ছুটিতে সুমনার বাবা-মা ওকে নিয়ে দিঘা বেড়াতে গেল। কিন্তু পরিচিত হোটেল কোন ঘর পাওয়া গেল না। তাই তারা অন্য হোটেল গিয়ে উইল সন্ধ্যাবেলায় ও ক্লাস্ত হয়ে তাড়াতাড়ি রাতের খাবার খেয়ে শুয়ে পড়ল। একটু পরে জল পড়ার শব্দ শুনে সুমনার ঘুম ভেঙে গেল। ও বাথরুমে গিয়ে দেখল ভিতরে আলো জ্বলছে ও কল থেকে টপ টপ করে জল পড়ছে। আলো ও কল বন্ধ করে শুয়ে পড়লেও সুমনার আর ঘুম আসলো না। শুয়ে শুয়ে ও চারিদিক দেখতে থাকল ঘরের। হঠাৎ ওর চোখ গেল বিছানার পাশে থাকা জানলার পর্দার দিকে। ও দেখল পর্দাটা নড়ছে। ভয়ে ওর হাত পা ঠান্ডা হয়ে গেল। মা বাবাকে ডাকার জন্য গলা দিয়ে আওয়াজ বেড়ালো না। এরপর ও দেখল পর্দা টা আস্তে আস্তে সরে যাচ্ছে। সুমনা ভয়ে চোখ বুঝে নিল। আর ঠিক তখনই ঝুপ করে আওয়াজ করে এক মস্ত বিড়াল লাফ গুলে ওদের বিছানার সামনে। আচমকা এই দৃশ্য দেখে প্রবল জোরে চোঁচিয়ে উঠলো ও। ওই আওয়াজে সুমনার বাবা মা জেগে উঠে বিড়ালটি কে দরজা খুলে বার করলেন। তারপর সব শুনে সুমনার বাবা বললেন, "এমা! তুমি কি ভুতের ভয় পেয়েছিলি নাকি? আমি আসলে জানলা বন্ধ করতেই ভুলে গেছিলাম মনে হয়"। সবাই মিলে একসঙ্গে হেসে উঠল। দুইদিন আনন্দে কাটিয়ে ওরা কলকাতা ফিরে এল।

মোহনা দাস,
III-B

তিতলির বন্ধু

মেনি তিতলির বন্ধু। মেনির যখন একদিন বয়স, তখন থেকেই মেনির সঙ্গে ওর ভাব জমে ওঠে। মেনিও তিতলি ছাড়া যেন কিছু বোঝে না। তিতলির পড়ার টেবিলে, খাবার টেবিলে, এমনকি তিতলির নেপের ভেতর ঢুকে না শুনে যেন ঘুম আসেনা। তিতলিরও এক অবস্থা। তিতলি মেনির সব কথা বোঝে। তিতলির বাবা বলেন, "ওতো সবকিছুতেই 'মিয়াও' বলে। তিতলি বলে, "ওর সব ডাক একরকম নয় গো তোমরা বুঝতে পারো না। আমিতো দিঘি বুঝতে পারি" মেনিও তিতলির কথা সহজেই বোঝে মনে হয়। তিতলির সব আবদার রাখা বাঁড়ির অন্য কেউ ওকে একটু বিরক্ত করলেই খ্যাক খ্যাক করে ওঠে। কিন্তু শীতের বেলে তিতলি ওর গায়ে পা তুলে দিঘি ঘুমোয়। সেই মেনিই একদিন তিতলিকে কাঁদিয়ে চলে গেল। শীতকালের বৃষ্টি খুব বিরক্তিকর। তিনদিন ধরে বৃষ্টির খামার নাম নেই। কাল থেকে মেনিকে খুঁজে পাওয়া যাচ্ছে না। তিতলি সেই বৃষ্টিতেই অনেক খুঁজছে মেনিকে। এ-বাড়ি, ও-বাড়ি। কোথাও পায়নি। অবশেষে হাল ছেড়ে মনখারাপ করে বসে রইল। পরদিন সকালে বৃষ্টি থেমে গেছে। তিতলি ঘর থেকে বেরিয়ে দেখে দরজার পাশের পেয়ারা গাছতলায় গুটি গুটি মেরে পড়ে রয়েছে মেনি। ঠাণ্ডায় থরথর করে কাঁপছে। তখনো সারা শরীর ভেজা। তিতলি তাড়াতাড়ি ওকে ঘরে নিয়ে গেল। গা মুছিয়ে দিল। একবাটি গরম দুধ খাওয়ালো। কিন্তু শেষ রক্ষা হলো না। সেদিন রাতেই মারা গেল মেনি, তিতলির বন্ধু। তারপর দুদিন কিছু মুখে তোলেনি তিতলি।

অর্চনা ঘোষ
IV-B



Priyanshi Saha
LKG-C

প্রকৃতির কোলে কয়েকদিন

এই শীতের ছুটিতে মা-বাবার সাথে ঘুরে এলাম উত্তরবঙ্গের বেশ কয়েকটি জায়গা। ২০২৪ সালের প্রথম দিনেই ব্যাগ গুছিয়ে গেপে বসলাম কাঞ্চনকন্যা এন্ড প্রেসো। শীতের রাতের ট্রেনমাটির অভিজ্ঞতা আমার এই প্রথম। তবে হাড় কাঁপানো শীত আমার উৎসাহ বা উত্তেজনা এতটুকুও কমাতো পারেনি।

পরদিন সকালে পৌঁছলাম নিউ মাল জংশন। ওখান থেকে গাড়ি করে সোজা লাটাগুড়ি। পথের দুপাশ জুড়ে জঙ্গল-কোথাও পাহাড় উঁকি দিয়ে হাসছে, কখনও বিস্তীর্ণ এলাকা জুড়ে চা বাগান- অপুর সব দুশা! মাথার উপর রোদঝলমলে আকাশ যেন আগাম জানান দিচ্ছে আমাদের আগামী কয়েকটা দিন কতখানি উজ্জ্বল হতে চলেছে।

হোটেলের পৌঁছে স্নান-খাওয়া সেরে খানিক বিশ্রাম নিয়ে আমরা চললাম জঙ্গল দেখতে। সাফারি জিপে চড়ে জঙ্গলের নুক চিরে চলার পথে খুঁজতে থাকলাম হাতি, গন্ডার, চিতাবাঘ। কিন্তু দু'জনের বিষয়, ময়ূর আর হরিণ ছাড়া আর কিছুই চোখে পড়ল না আমাদের। তবে জঙ্গলের নির্জনতার মাঝে নানান রকম পাখির ডাক, কখনও বানার কখনও বা হরিণের চিৎকার, ঝিঝিপোকোর একটানা ঝি ঝি... সবকিছু মিলে মনে এক অদ্ভুত অনুভূতি জাগিয়ে তুলল। জঙ্গল সাফারির পর আদিবাসী নাচ দেখার পালা। শিল্পীদের সাথে পা মেলালে মা আর আমাদের দলের অন্যান্য মহিলারা। ত্রিমি ত্রিমি মাদলের তালে দুলে উঠল মন।

পরদিন দল বেঁধে যাওয়া হল ডুটান সীমান্তে- ঝালঙ আর বিন্দু দেখতে। পথে পড়ল মূর্তি নদী। এই সফরে আমরা সাক্ষী হয়ে রইলাম প্রকৃতির ভিন্ন ভিন্ন রূপের। মূর্তি নদী শান্ত, অন্যদিকে জলঢাকা দামাল। পাহাড়ের বাঁকে বাঁকে কত বৈচিত্র্য, কত রঙ! হাজার হাজার বুনে ফুল পাহাড়ের গায়ে রঙ ছড়িয়েছে যেন!

পরের দিনের গন্তব্য লাভা এবং রিশপা খাড়া পাহাড়ের গা বেয়ে বিপজ্জনক পাকদণ্ডী। প্রকৃতির সেই ভয়ঙ্কর সৌন্দর্য ভাষায় বর্ণনা করা আমার পক্ষে অসম্ভব। বাবা মজ্জমুগ্ধ হয়ে বললেন, 'নৈসর্গিক... আর আমার মা তো বিশ্বায়ের ঘোরে ছবি তুলতেই ভুলে গেলেন। রিশপের সর্বোচ্চ বিন্দু থেকে আমরা দেখতে পেলাম কুয়াশায় মোড়া কাঞ্চনজঙ্ঘা, অনেক নীচে খুঁদে খুঁদে পাহাড়ি গ্রাম আর ঘন পাইনের বন।

লাভা একটি পাহাড়ি গ্রাম যেখানে মেঘ আর পাহাড়ের রঙ মিলে মিশে যায়। এখানে একটি বৌদ্ধবিহার আছে। প্রকৃতির কোলে শান্ত স্নিগ্ধ একটি শিক্ষালয়। প্রার্থনা করছে তথাগতের বিশাল এক মূর্তি। আমরা ঘুরে ঘুরে বিহারের জীবনযাপনের আভাস নিতে থাকলাম। লামাদের সাথে অনেক কথা হল, সানদেপে ছবিও তুললেন তাঁরা আমাদের সঙ্গে। লাভার বৌদ্ধ বিহার থেকে বেশ কিছু স্মৃতিচিহ্ন কিনে আমরা ফেরার পথ ধরলাম।

বাড়ি ফেরার দিন মন ভালোলাগায় পূর্ণ। প্রকৃতি যেন অক্লান্তভাবে তার রঙ রূপের পসরা সাজিয়ে আমাদের চোখ জড়িয়ে দিয়েছে। সেই রঙের বেশ মনে মেখে ফিরে এলাম সমতলে- আমার নিজের শহর কলকাতায়।

শান্তিনিকেতন সম্বন্ধে কিছু কথা

আমি মা এর সাথে ২৫ ডিসেম্বরের ছুটিতে শান্তিনিকেতন বেড়াতে গিয়েছিলাম। ১৮৬০ সালে কবিগুরু রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুরের পিতা মহর্ষি দেবেন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর একটি সুন্দর নৈসর্গিক, শান্ত জায়গার খোঁজ পেয়েছিলেন এবং সেখানে একটি আশ্রম প্রতিষ্ঠা করেছিলেন। পরবর্তীকালে সেই স্থানটি শান্তিনিকেতন নামে পরিচিতি লাভ করে। ১৯০১ সালে কবিগুরু রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর এখানেই একটি বিদ্যালয় শুরু করেন।

শান্তিনিকেতনের আশেপাশে যে দর্শনীয় স্থান গুলি রয়েছে সে গুলি হল - ঠাকুরের আশ্রম, উপাসন ঘর, কলা ভবন, আমার কুটির, ছাত্রমন্ডল ইত্যাদি। শান্তিনিকেতনের প্রধান আকর্ষণ গুলির মধ্যে অন্যতম হল শৈশব সেনা। কবিগুরু রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর ১৯০১ সালে যে স্কুলটি প্রতিষ্ঠা সেটি বর্তমানে বিশ্বভারতী বিশ্ববিদ্যালয় সুপরিচিত। শান্তিনিকেতনের পরিবেশ আমার খুব পছন্দ হয়েছে। রবিঠাকুর যে তালগাছ টি দেখে "তালগাছ" কবিতাটি লিখেছেন সেটা দেখে আমি অবাক হয়েছি।

শান্তিনিকেতনের পরিবেশ টি ছেড়ে আমার বাড়ি ফিরতে ইচ্ছে করছিল না। আমি আবার শান্তিনিকেতন যেতে চাই।

অতথা সিনহা

IV-A

মেরে দাদা জী

मेरे दादा अच्छे हैं,
अच्छी से भी अच्छे हैं।

बड़े-बूढ़ों में बड़े-बूढ़े,
बच्चों में वे बच्चे हैं,

मेरे दादा अच्छे हैं।

उनकी मीठी-मीठी बातें,
अंगूठों के गुच्छे हैं,
मेरे दादा अच्छे हैं।

बढ़िया कहें कहानी लेकिन,
उनके किस्से सच्चे हैं,
मेरे दादा अच्छे हैं।

बाबूजी जयसवाल

III-A



আমার মা

মা যে আমার চোখেরমণি
স্নেহ রসে ভরা

মা যে হলো পরশমণি
অমৃতের সিন্ধু ধারা।

মা যে আমার বন্ধু ওগো
মা-কে ভালোবাসি

বিশ্ব মাঝে মূল্যবান
যাহা কিছু আছে

মায়ের মতো বড়ো কেহ
নেই যে আমার কাছে
তাই মা-কে ভালোবাসি
আমি মা-কে বঙ্ধ ভালোবাসি।

ব্রীজ নাথ

IV-A

জাতীয় পতাকা

আমাদের ঐ জাতীয় পতাকা ;

তিনটি রঙে রাঙা ,

উপরে গেরুয়া

মাঝখানে সাদা

নিচে সবুজে ভরা।

তারি মাঝে এক

নীল চাকা

অতি যত্নে আঁকা।



যাকসেনী নন্দর
II-C

ইচ্ছে করে ডানা মেলে উড়ে বেড়াই

আমাদের বাড়ির বারান্দায় অনেক রকম পাখিরা আসে। তাদের মুখে দেখি কি সব থাকে, ওগুলো নিয়ে এসে তারা বাসা তৈরী করে। পাখিরা মুখে করে যা সব জিনিস নিয়ে আসে সেগুলোকে খড়কুটো বলে। আমার খুব অবাক লাগে ওইটুকু খড়কুটো এনে অতগুলো পাখি থাকার মতো বড় বাসা কি করে বানায়? যাইহোক রোজ জোরে পাখিদের কিচিরমিচির ডাকে আমার ঘুম ভাঙে। মনে হয় যেন বড় পাখিগুলো শিশু পাখিদের কিচিরমিচির করে ডেকে বলছে "ওঠো ভাগ্যে হয়ে গেছে এবার আমাদের উড়তে হবে খাবার আনতে হবে"। কি সুন্দর যে ডাক কি সুন্দর গা। আমি উঠে বারান্দায় তাদের বিস্কুট টুকরো টুকরো করে দিই। দেখি ওরা নেমে এসে বিস্কুটের টুকরোগুলো তাদের ছোট্ট ছোট্ট ঠোঁট দিয়ে টুকটুক করে খেয়ে নেয়। ছোট্ট ছোট্ট পাখিগুলো যারা এখনও ভালোভাবে উড়তে শেখেনি নিজে নিজে খেতে শেখেনি তারা অপেক্ষা করে কখন মা পাখি তাদের খাইয়ে দেবে। আমার সেটা দেখতে কি ভালো লাগে। সকাল বেলাটা এইভাবে আমি পাখিদের সঙ্গে খেলা করি। তারপর মা ডাকে তৈরী হতে হবে স্কুলের সময় হয়ে গেছে। দুপুরে স্কুল থেকে ফিরে আমি খেয়ে দেয়ে ঘুমিয়ে পড়ি। সন্ধ্যাবেলায় আর ওদের দেখতে পাই না। মা বলে ওরা সন্ধ্যা হওয়ার আগেই বাসায় ফিরে ঘুমিয়ে পড়ে, কারণ ভোরে উঠতে হবে তো।

কিন্তু বর্ষাকালে ওদের জন্য খারাপও আসে। প্রচণ্ড বৃষ্টিতে শেড়ের তলায় কোন কিচির মিচির না করে চুপচাপ থাকে। মনে হয় শেড় ফুটো আছে, সেই ফুটো দিয়ে জল পড়ে ওদের ভিজিয়ে দিচ্ছে। আমার খুব মায়াময়। কিন্তু ভীতি করবে ওরা যে ধরা দেয় না।

শীতকালে ওরা কেমন ঠান্ডায় শিটিয়ে বাসার মধ্যে থাকে। আমি বিছানায় কশ্বলের তলায় শুয়ে শুয়ে ভাবি আহা পাখিগুলো কি কষ্ট পাচ্ছে। হয়তো বাচ্চা পাখিগুলোকে শীতের থেকে আড়াল করে জড়িয়ে ধরে ঘুমোচ্ছে তাদের মা। বসন্ত আসার পর আন্তে আন্তে দেখলাম আমাদের বারান্দায় খাবার খেতে বিভিন্ন রঙবেরঙের কতো পাখি আসতে শুরু করলো। আমি ওদের নামও জানিনা। কি সুন্দর ওদের জীবন লেখাপড়া নেই। কোন সুন্দর ইচ্ছে মতো উড়তে পারে। ওরা কতো স্বাধীন। কতো মুক্তা। আমি শুধু ঘরে আটকে থাকি আর পড়াশোনা আর পড়াশোনা। মনে হয় আমার যদি দুটো ডানা থাকতো ওদের মতো উড়তে পারতাম!!! কেউ বকতো না কেউ পড়ার কথা বলতো না। আমি মনে মনে নূর থেকে এদের সঙ্গে খেলা করি, আর ভাবি আমার যদি দুটো ডানা থাকতো।

আহানা চক্রবর্তী

IV-A



একটি মেয়ে

এক যে আছে মেয়ে,
খুব শান্ত সে,
বই-খাতা, স্কেল-পেন্সিল বিছানায় ছড়িয়ে,
গায়ে হাতে কালি,
কাগজ ফালিফালি,
খেয়াল খুশির খেলায় সময় যায় গড়িয়ে।

কবিতায় আর ছড়ায়,
মনের দোরগোড়ায়,
ভাবনার শ্রোতের ছন্দ।
শিখতে শিখতে খেলা,
লিখতে লিখতে বেলা,

সময়ের নেই হিসেব তার কতোই যে আনন্দ।
মনের মধ্যে যখন,
কতো চিন্তাই তখন,
হাতে বিনুনি চুল -
ছবি আঁকতে বসে,
মান সাহস কবে,
আর খাতা ভর্তি ভুল।

জানাল দায়ে দেখে,
বাইরে তেমন রেখে,
চশমার ফাঁকে দিদিমাণির বক্তব্য চোখ-
মেয়ে তখন ভাবে,
টিফিনেতে কি খাবে,
এখন ক্রাসে পড়াশুনা যা হচ্ছে হোক!

ছুটির সময় গড়ির লাইনে,
পেছনে-সামনে, বাঁয়ে-ডাইনে,
দেখে সে উঁকিছুঁকি -
মা আছে দাঁড়িয়ে
যায় যদি সে হারিয়ে, ডাক দেয় হাত বাড়িয়ে,
“আয় তোরে টুকটুকি”।

বাড়ি ফিরে বায়না,
হাতে চিকুপী-আয়না,
মনে খেলার ধুম-
মা বলে, “আরনা,
ভাতটা খাওয়া সারনা”

বিষাদ মনে খুঁকির চোখে চলে পরে ঘুম।



Soujanya Ghosh
NUR-C



Raima Das
NUR-A



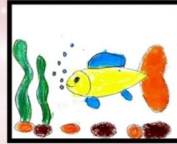
Parnakshi Das
V-B



Shayan Sinha
LKG-A



Pushpita Mann
LKG-B



Samprita Chakraborty
LKG-A



Yashika Das
NUR-B

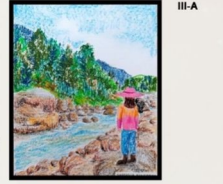


Aaheli Das Roy
V-C

দার্জিলিং ভ্রমণ

এই গ্রন্থের হাত থেকে বাঁচার জন্য আমরা গ্রন্থের ছুটিতে দার্জিলিং গিয়েছিলাম।
আমরা শিয়ালদহ স্টেশন থেকে দার্জিলিং মেল ধরে যাত্রা শুরু করলাম।
নিউজেলপাইণ্ডি স্টেশন-এ নেমে আমরা দার্জিলিং-এর দিকে রওনা হলো।
এই শহরে দেখার অনেক জায়গা আছে, যেমন - টাইপার-হিল, জু-পার্টেন,
বাতাসিয়ালুপ, ম্যাল, বৌদ্ধমঠ, ইত্যাদি। সকালবেলা সূর্যের রোদ যখন কাকনজঙ্ঘার
চূড়ায় এসে পড়ে তখন তাকে খুব সুন্দর দেখায়। উঁচু-নিচু পথ পেরিয়ে আমরা জীপ
এ করে টাইপার- হিল পৌঁছানো। এই পথ যেমন ভয়ের ছিল, তেমন সুন্দর ও ছিল।
রাস্তার একপাশে গাছের সারি, এক পাশে পাহাড় ও মাঝখানে রাস্তা ছিল। সেখানে
কোথাও বৃষ্টি হচ্ছে, আবার কখনও রোদ উঠছে।
বাতাসিয়া লুপে আমরা টয়ট্রেনে চড়েছিলাম, আর সেখানকার পোশাক পরে ফটো
তুলেছিলাম। দার্জিলিং এ বিখ্যাত খাবার হল মোমো। এখানকার রাস্তাঘাট খুব
পরিস্কার আর মানুষজন খুব শান্ত স্বভাবের। চা বাগান দেখে নিজেকে সামলাতে না
পেরে আমি তাদের সাথেই চা-পাতা তুলেছিলাম। আমার চোখে দেখা সে এক অপূর্ণ
দৃশ্য। আমার এই শহরটা ছেড়ে আসতে খুব কষ্ট হয়েছিল।

সূজা হালা
III-A



Sharanya Banerjee
III-A



Sumalya Warsi
IV-B

সকলের জন্য শিক্ষা

শিক্ষাই জাতীয় জীবনের মূল। জাতির জীবনে শিক্ষার যত ব্যাপক প্রসার, সেই জাতির সর্বাঙ্গীণ প্রগতির তত বেশি উজ্জ্বল
সম্ভাবনা। শিক্ষার বিস্তার যেখানে যত বেশি জাতীয় জীবনের প্রাঙ্গণসত্তা সেখানে তত বেশি তাই স্বামী বিবেকানন্দের ভাষায়
শিক্ষা হল - “মানুষের অভ্যন্তরএর নিজস্ব পূর্ণতার প্রকাশ”। তিনি জাতির নানা ক্ষলন্ত সমস্যার পরিপ্রেক্ষিতে সেই সময়ের
শিক্ষাব্যবস্থা নিয়ে চিন্তা করে তিনি দেখিয়েছেন - “বিদেশী ভাষায় অন্যের ধার করা মন দিয়ে পড়াশুনা করা, তাই দিয়ে
মগজ ভর্তি করা আর কতকগুলো বিশ্ববিদ্যালয়ের ডিগ্রি অর্জন করা, এতে তোমরা নিজেদের শিক্ষিত বলো। এই কি শিক্ষা
?। যে শিক্ষা সাধারণ জনগণকে জীবন সংগ্রামের জন্য প্রস্তুত করতে পারছে না , যে শিক্ষা চরিত্রের স্বস্তি ও দুর্ভা
আনতে পারছে না, লোকহিতৈষণার চেতনা আনতে পারে না, সিংহের মতো সাহস যোগাতে পারে না - তা কি প্রকৃত শিক্ষা ?।
আমরা সেই শিক্ষা চাই যার দ্বারা চরিত্র গঠিত হবে, মনের জোর বাড়বে, বুদ্ধির প্রসার ঘটবে এবং যার দ্বারা নিজের পায়ে
দাঁড়াতে পারবে। আমাদের যার দরকার তা হলো বিদেশি নিয়ন্ত্রণ মুক্ত শিক্ষা দ্বারা নিজেদের জ্ঞানের বিভাগীয় বিন্দ্যার্চা এবং
সেই সঙ্গে ইংরেজি ভাষা ও পাশ্চাত্য বিজ্ঞান জানা। আমাদের কারিগরী প্রযুক্তিবিদ্যা বা অনুরূপ যা কিছু শিল্প গড়ে তুলতে
সাহায্য করবে, তা দরকার। যাতে মানুষ চাকরির জন্য ভিক্ষা না করে নিজেদের প্রয়োজন অনুযায়ী আর করতে পারে এবং
নিজেকে রক্ষা করতে পারে। সমস্ত শিক্ষা, সমস্ত প্রশিক্ষণের শেষ কথা হল মানুষ তৈরি করা। সব রকম বিন্যানুশীলনের লক্ষ্য
ও উদ্দেশ্য হলো মানবজাতির বিকাশ। যে অনুশীলনের দ্বারা মনের শ্রোত ও প্রকাশ নিয়ন্ত্রিত থাকে এবং ফলপ্রসূ হয় তাই
হলো শিক্ষা”।

শিক্ষার ক্ষেত্রে ধনী- দরিদ্র- নারী ও পুরুষের সমান অধিকারের কথা আধুনিক যুক্তির মানদণ্ডে সর্বজনস্বীকৃত শিক্ষাই সমগ্র
জাতির জীবনের মেরুদণ্ড, সেরুদণ্ডের সামান্য অংশ শক্ত এবং অধিকাংশ অংশ দুর্বল হলে যেমন মানুষের স্বাস্থ্যরক্ষা হয় না
- তেমনি জাতির একটি অংশকে কেবল শিক্ষাদীক্ষায় উন্নত করলে সমাজের প্রকৃত স্বাস্থ্যরক্ষা সম্ভব নয়। তাই প্রয়োজন
সকলের জন্য শিক্ষা।

A classroom setting with rows of wooden desks and metal chairs. In the background, there is a bulletin board on the left with various papers pinned to it, and a framed picture of a trophy in the center. To the right, there is a large window with a grid pattern. The text is overlaid on a white, torn-paper-like background.

SECONDARY SECTION

Art and Articles

DIVERSITY IN CELEBRATION: TAKE A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S MOST UNIQUE FESTIVALS.

Festivals are an integral part of human culture, showcasing the rich diversity and traditions of communities worldwide. From vibrant parades to spiritual ceremonies, these events bring people together, fostering unity and joy. Here's a look at some of the most famous festivals around the world:

Carnival of Rio de Janeiro: Held in Brazil, this festival is renowned for its extravagant parades, samba music, and elaborate costumes. It's a week-long celebration of music, dance, and culture, attracting millions of visitors worldwide.

Diwali: Celebrated in India and other countries, Diwali is the Festival of Lights, symbolizing the triumph of good over evil. The festival features fireworks, traditional sweets, and the lighting of lamps, bringing families and communities together.

Mardi Gras: Held in New Orleans, USA, Mardi Gras is a vibrant celebration of music, dance, and culture. The festival features colorful parades, elaborate costumes, and traditional Creole cuisine.

Glastonbury Festival: Taking place in the UK, Glastonbury is one of the world's most famous music festivals, featuring a diverse range of artists and performances. The festival celebrates music, art, and culture, attracting visitors from around the globe.

Holi: Celebrated in India and other countries, Holi is the Festival of Colors, marking the arrival of spring. Participants throw colored powders and water, symbolizing the victory of good over evil.

Chinese New Year: Taking place in China and other countries, Chinese New Year is a significant cultural event, featuring traditional dragon dances, fireworks, and family gatherings.

Prakriti Ghosh , VII C



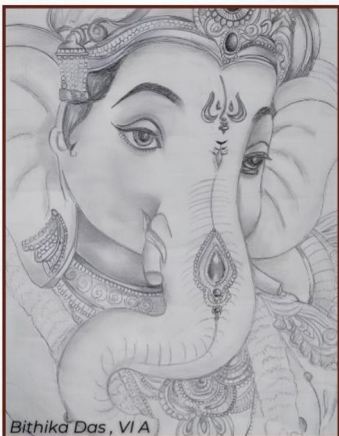
Vaibhavi Shaw , XI SC



Tora Guha , VIII-C



Pratistha Saha , X A



Bithika Das , VI A



Sreetama Bhattacharjee , VII B

LUNA, THE MOONLIGHT BEAUTY

In a realm where time is as elusive as the fog that clings to the mountains. This place, veiled in secrecy, is the Sanctuary of Night, a place where reality is as fluid as dreams. There's a legend barely whispered among the few who dare to remember about Luna, who was once just a stargazer, and became the night's sentinel through her curse-turned-gift.

At the core of this nocturnal place blooms an extraordinary flower known as the epiphyllum. To those who are steeped in old lore, it's the 'Night's Watcher', bearing witness to the sober beauty of the world when bathed in darkness.

Embedded within the cosmos of this garden is the spirit Luna, a cosmic guardian who tends to the night with the tender care of an artist touching up a masterpiece. Her nightly ritual is to embroider the sky with twinkling stars and coax the moon to cast its silver glow across slumbering lands.

Luna, while entranced by her duty, is also shackled by an eternal solitude. Her vigil keeps her distant from the very souls she watches over, locked in her celestial tower, yearning for the warmth of humanity. Her existence was that of solitude and longing, since her eternal vigil prevented her from facing the tenderness of day, daylight and the colors of sunshine.

Luna wasn't always the mystical spirit of Night and had began her journey as a mortal stargazer. She had the ability to capture and portray the stars like no other. Her amazing talent captured the attention of an evil deity, who out of jealousy, cursed her to be a spirit bound to the night sky. Luna was isolated from her beloved people below. She was like a dream that disappeared overnight.

Driven by a deep desire to touch the lives she so tenderly guards, Luna infuses her essence into the heart of the Sanctuary. There, from her untold yearning, sprouts the epiphyllum, a vessel for a fragment of her immortal spirit.

This flower that bloomed like a dazzling light under the moonlight, becomes a bridge between Luna's world and ours. It's said that to gaze upon the Night's Watcher in full bloom is to peer into the emotional tapestry of Luna's heart, a connection so profound that it leaves an indelible mark on the soul. Even though Luna had gained power over the heavens, separated from the mankind, she remained connected, she created the flower in the garden, reminding the villagers, that though out of sight, she continues to protect and guide them. Her creation served as ray of hope and a testament to the unseen forces watching over us, making sure we are never actually lonely at night.

The legend of the Night's Watcher is not just a story. It's a symbol of the unspoken bond between light and dark, spirit and mortal, the protector and the protected. It reminds us that even in our most secluded moments, we are not truly alone. The unseen watchers, the quiet protectors, they are always there, guiding, loving, and caring from a world away.

It tells us that the most profound beauty, the most impactful connections may well be those that are not immediately seen, but rather felt in the depths of our being. It tells us that no distance can sever the ties that bind us to those we cherish.



MY RED LETTER DAYS

Board, chalks, duster, chairs and tables are all nonliving.
But laughter and love are what makes a classroom
joyous and living.

It is during the exams that the students strive.
Roars, giggles and silent whispers is a classroom called
life.

Scolding from the teachers, sweet hugs from friends,
"Move in a straight line" is what the Head girl says.
Sleeping during lecturers, alive when the bell rings.
Fumbling during Viva, shouting and cheering when the
break begins.

Homeworks done in class, class works done at home
Roaming in the corridors, when the teacher has not
shown.

These are my red letter days, unforgettable,
A perfect combination of love and chaos, all memorable.

Ruhee Afreen Haque , X C

NIVORA

I have to always be a whisper trapped between heartbeat and thought, a tremor that the world skips over but never quite forgets. I collect fragments smiles folded into paper, conversations that dissolve before anyone notices, echoes that taste like moonlight and old rain. I have to be the first to reach, the one who carries stars of warmth in invisible pockets, the slow ache and the burning pain that no one names. I have storms that destroy my sideways, teaching the stars how to bend, how to live and linger where no one expects. Still I bloom in silence, not for applause, not for recognition, but because my bones remember the weight of every hand I have held, every hand I've let go. Luminara, Solivoria the art of giving everything the yearning of a true moment where You understand who I am.

Neelakshi Dutta , X C

MY SECOND HOME

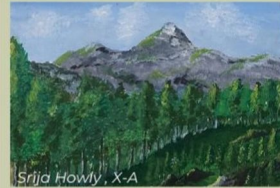
Oh, the memories that the four walls of my
classroom holds,
Are enough to make me love this place for a
lifetime untold.

The laughter, The people, The teachers, The
grace
All whisper softly, "Keep going, embrace"

From the morning prayers, to the silent tests
We've learned to try, to give our best
The canteen smells, and the lunchbox swaps
Oh, in these little moments, I wish the time
never stops

Oh, I just know, no matter where I go I will love
my second home, forever and whole.

Sumedha Das , VII A



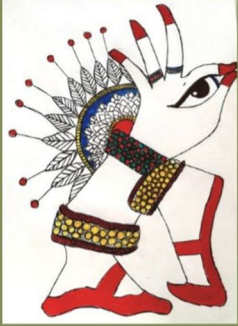
Weight of Words

Words as daggers or words as
feathers, Bitter as medicine or sweet
as sugar. The words spoken, impact
uncertain, Creating scars, developing
wounds. In the gardens where grew
flowers of happiness, Now lurk the
shadows of sadness. In the dark
wildernesses of night, Murmurs the
words that bite. The tongue as sharp
as knife, The words as pointed as
thorns. First pricks then stabs and
ever it bleeds, Though pain invisible
and unseen it holds. Think thrice
before a word you speak. A word of
yours and a tear of theirs. Words as
daggers or words as feathers, Bitter
as medicine or sweet as sugar.

Zoya Nesar Falma , VIII B



Anohita Ray , VIII C



Rashika Mukherjee , IX-C



Pratistha Saha , X A



Shagun Agarwal IX C



Anwasha Sinha , XI SC

Inside the well

I walked into the monastery absolutely tired. My eyes still caught the beauty of it's interior. The monastery was undoubtedly the most beautiful place in the whole Dirang . Although I didn't have a tour of the whole Dirang because we were stuck in the homestay, near the monastery for past three days because all the tourist spots were now dangerous to visit because of heavy rain and landslides. It was my third day of the trip, and it was a dark and foggy night unlike any other night. Since I was bored for two days I decided to take a look at the monastery. I started with the left side lawn area which was filled with different flowers which gleamed in the moonlight and various writing of Buddha were inscripted on the wall to spread positivity. The whole monastery was quiet . It felt quite refreshing there until I noticed a well like structure a little far from where I was. I went towards the well. When I reached I noticed it was the back side of the monastery and comparatively darker than other places, there was no light rather. It was cold and cool breezes were blowing. I felt very strange and suddenly scared. My eyes began to pain and it was all watery. I felt very dizzy and started seeing blurry. Without my knowledge I started walking towards the well. My hand touched the well and a picture came in front of me, inside the well it was all red and something was moving. Something that wasn't holy or normal. As I tried to figure out what it was I learned towards the well and it felt like someone was pulling me inside the well. My whole body began to pain and I felt something twinging inside me. I wanted to shout out loud but my mouth was all stuck. By this time my legs were in the air and I was entering into the world unknown.

Aishika Boral , X-A

Lesson from a rose

The rose stood tall, with thorns so bold,
Dew drops sparkled, like diamonds new
to hold.

She whispered secrets to morning
breeze,
And smiled with petals, soft as spring's
ease.

Her thorns protected her tender heart
that shone bright,
A strong defense, from harm's dark,
endless night.

The dew drops cling to her beautiful face,
Morning's scenic beauty, a peaceful
space.

The rose stood proud, with thorns so fine,
A symbol of love that's truly divine.
Her thorns reminded me of love's sharp
pain,

But her beauty was worth the risk to
gain.

The rose and dew, a perfect, loving pair,
A love so strong, that's beyond compare.
A quick glance, a moment's tender share,
A memory that's forever there.

It may just be a flower, but it teaches us
to love with an open heart,
But to be strong and never stay apart,
And guard our hearts with gentle might,
And bloom with beauty, our inner,
shining light.

Monsoon Raha , VI-C



Adrita Das , XI SC



Oishi Das , XI SCI

The art of flavor

In the warmth of the kitchen, I feel alive,
Where spices weave together, flavors
thrive.

With every slice, a new creation begins,
In bubbling pots, my heart spins.

The crackle, the steam, the scent in the air,
Each plate a story, made with love and
care.

From simple ingredients, brilliance
blooms,
In every stir, my spirit assumes.

The pleasure of taste, a rhythm so pure,
A blend of colors, flavors to endure.
Cooking's more than a craft i've learned,
It's where my soul and senses are burned.

Trisha ghosh, X C



Aratrika Chatterjee XI SC



Sania Sultana Halder , XI SC

Home, Not Alone

*I build the walls to keep us safe,
Lay the stones, each task engraved.
And I paint the skies where dreams can fly,
With whispers soft, we'll never die.
But what's a house without a fire,
Or plans without a soul's desire?
You're the warmth my hands can't mold,
A love that keeps the nights from cold.
"Does this road we pave lead us home?"*

*Only if we walk it, not alone.
The world needs strength, the world
needs art.
And we're its rhythm, beating heart.
So let the bricks and sunlight meet,
Feel love rise steady, bittersweet.
For every structure needs a soul,
To heal the cracks and make it whole.*

Ishani Sarkar , X C

The Uninvited Melody of the Third Floor

It was the heart of summer, the air a lazy warmth scented with sun-baked earth. Boredom, a restless current, led me to gather my four friends—Ria, Rahul, Deepak, and Gaurav. Amidst our idle chat, Gaurav proposed an antidote to the dullness: a thrilling ghost hunt at an abandoned hotel on the city's fringe. Though Ria voiced her fear, cautioning against the old, unsafe ruin, our excitement won her over.

We set out the next morning, our parents none the wiser, bicycles cutting silently through the dew. The hotel loomed, a decaying monument draped in moss and creeping vines. Pushing the door, the temperature plunged; a startled flock of bats erupted above us, slamming the door shut in their wake. Dust lay thick, and spiderwebs spanned the gloom like shrouds.

We crept higher, floor by floor, until a sound froze us on the third level: a woman was singing. Her voice, eerily beautiful, echoed from the corridor's end. There, a figure in a muddy white gown swayed, her back to us. Terror rooted our feet.

She turned. Her face, a grotesque mask of fire scars, and her head seemed impossibly loose. Her beautiful song dissolved into maniacal laughter before she twisted her body and scuttled toward us on all fours, her bones popping. That sickening sight snapped our paralysis. We fled, tumbling down the stairs and bursting out the door. The last image seared into my mind was the woman standing in the doorway, her smile impossibly wide, just before the door slammed shut. Ria fainted.

Safe at home, our parents' scolding was a small price for being alive. Even now, a shiver remains: Is she still singing there, waiting?

Depanweeta Kar , VIII A



Before Time Runs Out

I'm almost sixteen, I boarded the taxi alone today.
I have seen last rites, fresh breaths, and sighs
And I do not know what tomorrow awaits.

Sometimes I open my eyes and breathe in the dawn,
I think of all the days bygone.
I think of the firsts, the lasts, the in-betweens,
The people, the lessons, the songs, and the scenes.

The classroom is a field, a stage, the crossing and your home,
It is the restaurant, the park, and the places where you prayed,
It is only a great unknown world,
In which a home is to be made.

So tomorrow when I board the taxi, I'll roll down the window and let the
rain in If I catch a cold, I'll take the medicine, But I have to make it worth
the while, I have to, I will.

I am almost sixteen; someday I will be seventy, And it's funny that I will
be someone's mother or wife, But I'll hum the same tune and wake up
again, To live with the lessons, from this classroom called 'Life'.

TIYASHA PAL , X A

THE FINAL CASE OF DETECTIVE ADRIAN VALE

“Every crime hides two stories — one that’s told to the world, and one that dies with the detective.”

The Murder at Grayson Manor

The rain fell in silver streaks over the cliffs of Devonshire when Detective Adrian Vale stepped out of his car, his coat flapping like a black wing. Inside Grayson Manor, chaos ruled — Lady Eleanor Grayson lay dead near the fireplace, a single wound to the heart. “Clean cut,” Vale murmured, kneeling beside the corpse. “The killer knew exactly what they were doing.” The constable hovered nearby, notebook trembling. “Think it’s her husband, sir?” Adrian’s gaze flicked toward Richard Grayson — pale, shaking, eyes bloodshot. “We’ll see,” he said softly. He always said that.

The Investigation

Through the long night, Vale questioned every soul in the house. The maid sobbed. The butler mumbled about strange noises. The husband stammered about an argument and too much brandy. Adrian noticed the perfume bottle shattered on the stairs, the smudge of lipstick on a glass, the single glove beneath the sofa. Each clue fit together with terrifying neatness — too neat. Because Adrian had placed them himself.

The Accusation

By midnight, thunder rolled across the manor like the growl of a beast. Lightning cracked — white and blinding — illuminating the grand drawing room where everyone had gathered. The fire sputtered. The portraits on the walls seemed to watch. Adrian Vale stood before them, drenched in authority and calm menace. His shadow stretched across the rug like a blade. He began softly, his voice steady but charged. “The killer,” he said, “is not a stranger to this house. He walks these halls freely. He dines with the victim. He knew her every secret.” Richard Grayson rose from his chair. “Detective, if you’re suggesting—” Vale cut him off. “I’m not suggesting, Mr. Grayson.” He stepped closer, eyes burning with cold fire. “I’m telling you. The air turned to ice. You loved her, yes. But you also hated her — for the affairs, for the humiliation, for treating you like a guest in your own home. You broke that bottle of perfume in rage. You followed her down the stairs. You plunged the knife into her heart.” Richard staggered back, shaking his head. “That’s a lie! I—I wasn’t even there!” Adrian slammed a file onto the table. Inside: photographs, notes, a glove. Evidence. Perfect evidence — all placed by his own hand. “Don’t insult me with denial,” he said, voice now low, venomous. “You were the only one who could’ve done it. The truth is as clear as the rain outside.” Richard’s face twisted into despair. “You’re framing me!” Adrian leaned in close, so only Richard could hear. His voice dropped to a whisper. “Framing implies innocence. Richard. And innocence is such... a fragile thing.” Gasps filled the room as constables seized Richard. His screams echoed through the corridors as thunder drowned them out. Adrian Vale stood motionless by the fire, the faintest smile touching his lips. The world saw justice. He saw art.

The Last Breath

Years passed. Fame followed. But so did age. Adrian Vale, once the nation’s most celebrated detective, now lay in a hospital bed, frail and fading. Beside him sat his loyal lawyer, Mr. Halden. “Promise me something,” Adrian whispered, his voice rasping like torn paper. “When I die... publish the manuscript in this envelope. My final book. My truth.” Halden nodded solemnly. “Of course, sir. What’s it called?” Adrian smiled faintly — that same knowing smile from the old days. “You’ll see soon enough.” And then, he closed his eyes forever.

The Revelation

Months later, bookstores across the country displayed his final work. Fans lined up, eager for another brilliant detective story. But when they turned the first page, silence filled every room. In elegant letters, the title read:

*“Whispers of the Dead: HOW I MURDERED PEOPLE
AND SOLVED THEIR CASES”
by Detective Adrian Vale*

by Vidyanjali Majumdar, VI C

THE INK IN THE PAGES OF HISTORY CANNOT BE ERASED

'The ink in the pages of history cannot be erased', our teacher wrote in moon-white on the raven-black board. "This is going to be your topic for the internals," she said as she left the classroom without any further explanation. We were left with our hands on our heads. Our classroom was just like a beehive buzzing with agitated bees. "What does she even mean by this?" said one. "I think she overdosed on history. This is way more ambiguous than the letter sent to Brutus by Cassius," said another person. The door flung open, as a girl came in saying that we could do anything, but that anything had to be relevant to the topic. Throughout lunchtime, not a single bit of food went down my food pipe. My whole body was involved in the intense brainstorming going on within my skull.

Throughout the pitch-black night, my room was the only source of light. After hours and hours of 'internal turmoil', I decided to seek help from the AI app that allowed people to converse with historical figures. Creepy, isn't it? And that too in the middle of the night! Everybody was using this, so why would I be the exception when I was an exception in nothing? I opened the application. A dialogue box appeared- I had to choose the period. I chose 'BCE'. Choosing the era in which I already exist would be utter stupidity. I looked around my room, cause this was more like performing planchette than actually doing a project. Chanting several mantras to prevent any unnecessary unnatural occurrence (prevention is better than cure, they say), I set onto browsing personalities compatible for conversing in the middle of the night. However, there was something else that was waiting for me.

A dialogue box appeared several times- Artemidorus, it said. Was this a glitch? I thought. On clicking it, there was only one sentence- Do what I could not do. What sort of a riddle was this? But then, it suddenly dawned on me that he was the one who wanted to stop Julius Caesar from going to the Capitol. This man could have changed the history. But he could not. I might not be able to re-write the essay that my teacher asked me to redo, but I certainly thought of giving this a shot. What if I could rewrite the pages of history? I immediately went to Julius Caesar's portfolio. This was after all a machine-dominated activity, and therefore writing in pure English, be it archaic or modern, would sound silly. I tried to apply everything I learned in computer applications and tried to sound a little cryptic. "Ee sure to keep your ears unlocked, move your eyes, and smell the air around you" I wrote.

Ping! The message was sent to get processed. Finally, I was able to rest my vertebral column against my chair. I closed my eyes and thought of all the possibilities. I dreamed of having my name in the Guinness Book of World Records for making the impossible possible. All my glamorous thoughts were interrupted by a sound downhill, causing me great upset when I saw the notification. But then I realized that after all, the ink in the pages of history cannot be erased.

Shoostaa Chakraborty , XI-Science



Zoya Nesar Fatma , VIII B



Zoya Nesar Fatma , VIII B



Shrestha Adhikary , IX C



Torri Roy , XI-Arts

The Advantages and Disadvantages of Being Young

Youth is often romanticised as a golden interlude, a luminous stretch of life where the world appears infinitely pliable and every dream seems only an arm's length away. To be young is to stand at the threshold of possibility, with a heart that still brims with jejune optimism, sometimes naïve, yet undeniably radiant. It is a season when courage is almost ubiquitous, blooming as naturally as wildflowers along an untrodden path. Every dawn feels like an invitation, a whisper promising that greatness is not a distant summit but a climb that begins today.

One of the most profound advantages of youth is the sheer elasticity of time. Days feel spacious enough to cradle both ambition and folly, and mistakes are not life sentences but stepping stones. Failure, in this era, is not the feared spectre it later becomes, but an eccentric mentor who teaches more through missteps than through mastery. The young move through the world with an electric curiosity, sometimes resembling a yokel gawking at city lights, but this wide eyed wonder is precisely what allows them to reinvent, to challenge, to create without inhibition.

Yet youth is not the flawless paradise adults nostalgically pretend it to be. For beneath the veneer of freedom lies a tangle of uncertainties that can feel overwhelming. Choices loom like monoliths, college, career, identity, and the pressure to sculpt a perfect future becomes almost suffocating. Society often expects young people to be polished and profound, but condemns them the moment they stumble, turning any misjudgement into a travesty magnified by scrutiny. The world demands maturity while simultaneously denying the time and space required to grow into it.

Moreover, the young mind, vibrant yet malleable, is easily swayed. Idealism can blur into impulsiveness, and confidence can tip into arrogance with startling ease. Friendships fracture, insecurities mushroom, and emotions burst forth with a ferocity that can feel both exhilarating and terrifying. The heart, still learning its own boundaries, is prone to bruising, breaking, and healing all in dizzying cycles.

Ultimately, being young is a paradox, an exquisite chaos where potential and confusion dance in the same breath. It is an era of firsts: first victories, first heartbreaks, first awakenings to the world's splendour and its cruelty. Perhaps its greatest charm lies in its fleeting nature. Youth does not apologise for being turbulent, nor does it strive to be perfect. It is raw, untamed, and irresistibly alive.

And that is why, despite its trials, being young is a privilege. It is the chapter where we begin to script who we are, armed with nothing but a restless spirit, a curious mind, and the audacity to imagine ourselves extraordinary.



Charvi Pande, X B

Golden Stars

Admiring the golden stars is all we can do
from afar. For sky's the place it suits the best,
the wish to hold it finds no rest.

Too far to touch, too bright to claim, yet stirs
the soul like a whispered flame.

No need for more, no need for near, some
things feel close just by being there.

So let it shine where it belongs, in skies that
hum a distant song. 'Cause some lights aren't
meant to be possessed just watched, admired
and softly blessed

Aishee Baidya, VIII A

9:17 - When the World Forgot to Move Three frozen minutes. One unforgettable truth about time.

It was exactly 9:17 a.m. on a Monday morning when everything stopped. The classroom was buzzing a second ago pencils scratching, chairs creaking, the ceiling fan humming lazily. I was halfway through drawing a tiny sun in the corner of my notebook when my world... just froze. The chalk hung in mid-air, our teacher's mouth stayed open mid word, and the clock's second hand stood still like a frightened bird. For a moment, I thought it was some strange prank until I realized I could still breathe.

And in the middle of that impossible silence, I heard something faint - like a whisper calling my name. I stood up slowly, my heart thudding louder than ever in the silence. The sunlight pouring through the window seemed frozen too - like golden dust trapped in glass. I waved my hand through it, and tiny sparkles scattered in the air. That's when I noticed it - a faint glow coming from the teacher's desk. Curious, I walked closer. Lying there was an old silver watch, its face cracked, but its hands moving - backward. It tickled softly, even though everything else had stopped. When I touched it, the classroom around me flickered. For a second, I saw strange images - my friends laughing years from now, my school empty and old, trees growing through the walls. It was like time was showing me its secrets. Then, I heard whisper again - clearer this time.

"Don't waste me".

It wasn't scary. It was gentle - like a reminder.

I looked around at the motionless faces of my classmates and suddenly understood how precious each second really was. Before I could say another word, the light from the watch faded. The whisper grew softer until it vanished completely. I blinked - and suddenly, the world began to move again. The chalk hit the board with a small click. The fan spun back to life. The fan spun back to life. The teacher finished her sentence as if nothing had happened. Everything was normal - except me. My heart still raced, and my fingers felt warm from holding the glowing watch. I glanced at the clock again.

It was 9:20. Only three minutes had passed - but it felt like I had lived a lifetime in between them. The night I couldn't stop thinking about those words, Don't waste me. I realized how often we rush through life - complaining about time, chasing it, wishing it away. But maybe, time isn't something to fight against. Maybe it's a gift that just wants to be noticed. Now everytime hear the ticking of a clock brings a smile to my face and reminds me that what silence sounds like when time takes a break. And maybe, just maybe, it will stop again - when I need another reminder.

Adrika Chakraborty, VII B



Ritaja Chakraborty, X B

Time is what we want most
but what we use worst.
- William Penn

রক্তিম বর্ণের মেঘ

সত্যের মুখ চেপে রাখিয়া কষ্ট পাই রে মা, মনে,
দিক-বিদিক শূন্য হইয়া পুড়িতেছি মোর এ জীবনে।
সাফল্যের বৃকে তীর ছুড়িয়া ফাসিলাম রে এই
মায়াজালে,
সে তীর যে এক পথ গমন করিয়া,
ভেদ করিল মোর হৃদয়স্থলে।

সে খুন যে বন্ধ হওয়ার নাহি রে মেয়ে,
বহিয়া চলিল প্রহরের আশা মোর শূন্যদয়ের
অন্তঃস্থলে।
প্রতিটি প্রশ্বাস একটাই কথা কয়,
হাল ছাড়িসনে পরামুখী,
জীবনের পথে লড়াই করিতে পাইয়া, তুই রে হইলি বড়
সুখী'।

মন স্তব্ধ, কর্নে নিজো হৃদয়স্পন্দন,
স্বাস রুদ্ধ, নয়নে ভরিয়া অশ্রুজল,
লাল সুতোয় বাঁধা হওয়া সে চিঠিটি,
যেন শীতল ছোঁয়া ঠেকায় মোর হিয়ার মাঝে।

কবে হইবে এই দৌরান্তের অন্ত?
কবে পাইবো সে চিরন্তনের মুক্তি?
সেই প্রত্যাশার মন্থনে বাঁপ দিয়া রে হাবুড়বু খাই,
কিন্তু অন্তিমে আদও মিলবে কি মোর কোনো ঠাই?

Madhusree Debnath , XI SC

কে হে তুমি?

জীবন নিয়ে খেলো তুমি
দাও কাওকে নাও
কে হে তুমি?
শুধু শক্তিপূর্ণ মূর্তি তো তুমি নও।

জন্ম দিয়েই কাদাও তুমি
আবার পরে হাসাও
কে হে তুমি?
শুধু মাটির গড়া মূর্তি তো তুমি নও।

অস্ত্র ছাড়া লড়াই করাও
দিয়ে মনের শক্তি
কে হে তুমি?
জানি তুমি নও কো শুধুই মূর্তি।

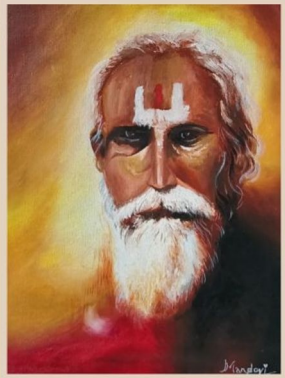
বিপদে আপদে ডাকে তোমায়
সত্যি কি তুমি আছো?
দেখা না দিয়ে কি তুমি
সবার মধ্যে থাকো?

কে হে তুমি?
না শুধু মাটির প্রতিমা তুমি নও।

Ananya Hazra , VII A



Yashasvi khaitan , IX-C



Mandovi Roy , XI SC



Atreyi Das , IV B



Arunima Das XII COM



Sahla Sultana Halder, XI SC

সূর্যের ক্যানভাস

সূর্য আমায় দিচ্ছে আলো
পর্দা ঘেরা জানালায়,
ক্যানভাস টা রইল ফাঁকা
আমি রইলাম নিরালায়।
আমার যত রঙের তুলি
রইল পড়ে অবহেলায়
আমার শিল্পী মনটা আজিই,
রঙিন হলো তার ছোঁয়ায়।
সূর্য তুমি আমার রাজা
আমার পৃথিবী -
তোমার সাতটি রঙের খেলায়
আমি মানবী।

Anurati Sinha, VII A

এ আমার দেশ না

রাস্তার মোড়ের চায়ের দোকানে বসে আছে
বাবরি চুলওয়ালা লোকটা,
মুখে নিয়ে একটাই প্রশ্ন আর গরম চায়ের চুমুক
ওখানে মন্দির ছিল না কি মসজিদ?
কেউ বিড়ি ধরিয়ে ছিল কি সে দিন,
আমি খেঁয়ার গন্ধ পাচ্ছি,
বাতাসে মেশানো লাশের গন্ধ পাচ্ছি
কেউ পুড়ছে, কিছু পুড়ছে...
একা মুখ বুজে পুড়েই যাচ্ছে,
আমার দেশ, ভারতবর্ষ।



Rusha Chatterjee, IX B

কবিরা তো বলেই খালাস...

"এই মৃত্যু উপত্যকা আমার দেশ না..."

"এই জল্পাদের উল্লাস মঞ্চ আমার দেশ না..."

তাহলে কোথায় আছে আমার দেশ?



Mandovi Roy, XI SC

ট্রেনে, ট্রামে, বাসে দেখা,
রুক্ষ, কঠ, রিক্ত, জীর্ণ
ভূতের মতো কিছু প্রতিচ্ছবি...

যাদের থাকা বা না থাকাই হয়তো কারো
কিছু এসে যায় না।
হয়তো বা আবার...

কোথাও জ্বলে উঠবে আবারও কোনো ট্রেন,
যার জ্বলন্ত আগুনের শিখা-ই জ্বলবে আমার
দেশ

মোমবাতির মিছিলে হারিয়ে যাওয়া সেই
মুখ,

আবারও দেখা যাবে...

পরদিন আবার ট্রেন চলবে

নতুন কোনো বিস্ফোরণের আশায়,

নতুন কোনো মৃত্যুর আশায়।

তাই আমরা আজও বাহমান,

কাল থেকে কালান্তরে,

তাই আমরা আজও বেঁচে আছি,

ইটে, কাঠে, পাথরে, পাথরে....

শতকোটি জনতার ঝংকৃত ধ্বনি,
অনেক না পাওয়ার মধ্যেও বেঁচে থাকে....

তোমার আমার মাটি,

তোমার আমার দেশ,

ভারতবর্ষ।

Anushka Karmakar, XI SC

The Walls

Some sort of blues is stuck with me.
It bites like a dog at the hem of my frock,
and does not wish to leave.
I think of the scene, I look at the room, think of the
sleep and the days gone by, and
the room that does not speak of her emptiness
when the ones that once lived, come by.
The walls stand in silence and bite at their own
plasters, to keep themselves mum.
There are evenings when the air feels still, and I
can travel through time,
you know, I try to reimagine myself in my old life.
My life has always been the same yet I label it with
a fragment of time; tenses, we call it.
The people, come and go, like the leaves of April
and June,
and the wind of change pushes me forth to a place
I never saw before.
But here I stand, and I feel, now is so much more
different than then.
I imagined, what if all my evenings were still the
same.
If I still were star crossed, made my way to the
other house and laughed merry,
red and sweet and young
as the winter's cherries.
The rhymes are rusted, the days are not morbid.
I am happy where I am. The happiest, might I add.
But there's this, disturbance, this hesitation that is
drawn in, when the winds of the old days blow
through my hair again.
I stand like the walls of my room.
Quite not reconciling with how I've felt about
the past fusing with the present.
We chip away. But I, write.
The last two lines are nothing more than a waste,
But so are these words, aren't they?
They come out of nowhere only to go nowhere.
The words, still the words, they speak.
Yet they bite at the dots and crosses of their
letters, to keep themselves mum.

Tiasha Pal , XA

Mother's Arrival

After so many years, this time Soumi is coming to her ancestral village to celebrate the Durga Puja. She currently works for a multinational company in Japan. Soumi thinks that not much has changed in the village over all these years...if only her mother were here! Last time, her mother had strongly insisted on her coming for the Puja, but managing so much work at a private company, and coming all the way from Japan, was no easy feat! How could she have even imagined that this would be her last conversation with her mother! A few days later, her mother's sudden cerebral attack brought everything to an end. Soumi snaps back to reality at her brother Arko's words: "Hey, try on the new Puja saree...you'll give the anjali, right?" "I'm coming..." Soumi answers. The anjali is about to begin. The priest is calling everyone to offer flowers. Arko is fidgeting, wondering why Soumi hasn't come yet. Suddenly, his eyes are drawn to the stairs. His sister looks so beautiful! She's wearing the yellow jamdani saree with a red border that their mother wore during the last puja. She looks just like their mother! The smell of incense and dhuno is drowned out by the scent of their mother's body. From Soumi's sari, the smell of their mother's body seemed to fill the entire puja pavilion. How do they get this sweet smell from a new saree? Both the brother's and the sister's eyes filled with tears! Mother has come today, truly!

Soumili Sengupta , VI

Perfection is a lie

The sunlight dripped like honey, through the gauzy curtains The artist stood before the blank canvas, not empty, but with unseen worlds.

Brush in hand, silent strokes, felt like a whisper from the dreams, colors blooming like spirits The air full of oil and paint, it is a stardust they seem to mix, tracing beauty with hands.

Mid-motion, the brush fell-but the painting waited As the painter's soul slowly stopped painting his heart knew it was unfinished, a whisper of what it was meant to become Perfection is a prison, beauty is born where edges fray

The painting did not mourn, but smiled knowing... That it's incompleteness, made it timeless.

Anurati Sinha, VII-A



When the Last Bell Rang

"Switch on the fan!" – "No, switch it off!"
Those little fights still make us laugh.
Divided by sections, united by breaks,
We shared our smiles, our silly mistakes.

Exams are done, the years have flown,
Yet school's the place we've truly grown.
We carved our names on every desk,
Where memories sleep, and hearts still
rest.

Heavy bags once weighed us down,
Now it's memories wearing the crown.
New kids will sit where we once sang –
But we'll live forever, when the
last bell rang.

Trisha Ghosh , XC



ঝতু রঙ্গ

বৈশাখ জ্যৈষ্ঠ নিয়ে
আসে গ্রীষ্মকাল
আষাঢ় শ্রাবণ বর্ষা আসে
অবিরাম বৃষ্টিতে পথঘাট ভাসে
পেজা তুলোর মেঘ
আনে আশ্বিন
পুজোর সাজে আকাশ
বাতাস সব রঙিন অগ্রায়ন নিয়ে শীত
আসে
পিঠে হয় পৌষ মাসে ফাগুনের
রঙে মেতে ওঠে মন। চৈত্রে চরকে
নাচে সব সং
এইভাবেই বছর
শেষ হয় সব ঘরে ঘরে
নতুন বছর এসে দাঁড়ায় আমাদের

Prakriti Ghosh , VII C

হাসিতে খুশির আলো

প্লে স্কুলের পর ছোট্ট কোজাগরী বড় স্কুলে ভর্তি হয়েছে। তার
স্কুল ঝাঁ চকচকে, এক কথায় নামকরা। লাল, নীল রঙের ছোট
ছোট চেয়ার দিয়ে ক্লাসরুমগুলো সাজানো। আর ব্ল্যাকবোর্ড,
স্মার্টবোর্ডগুলোর দিকে তাকালে তো কথাই নেই, মন আনন্দে
নেচে ওঠে। স্কুলে লেখাপড়া, খেলাধুলো, সে এক হই হই
ব্যাপার।

তবু প্রতিদিন ছুটির সময় কোজাগরীর মুখ অন্ধকারে ঢেকে যায়।
মন খারাপ করে সে বলে, 'বাবা, আজও আমি একটাও স্মাইলি
পাইনি। আমি কি কোনও দিনও স্মাইলি পাব না বাবা?'
'কেন পাবে না?', কোজাগরীকে আশ্বস্ত করে বাবা বলেন, 'তুমিও
স্মাইলি পাবে, তবে তার জন্য আরও খাটতে হবে।'
দিনের পর দিন পরিশ্রম করে কোজাগরী। কচি আঙুলে শক্ত
কাঠের পেন্সিলের চাপে কড়া পড়ে যায়। তবু হাল ছাড়ে না
কোজাগরী। সেদিন ছিল সোমবার। দুদিন ছুটির পর পরীক্ষাটা
হয়েছিল হঠাৎ করে। ফল বেরোলো ছুটির আগে। আর
কোজাগরী বেরোলো ক্লাসরুম থেকে তার ডান হাতটা লুকিয়ে।
বাবা দেখলেন সেই হাতে স্মাইলি না, বালমল করছে সোনালি
রঙের একটা তারা।

Rukmini Mukherjee
Class – VI – A

भयानक रात

एक समय की बात है, एक छोटे गाँव में एक पति पत्नी रहते थे।

वर्षों की रात थी और पलक की शादी को दो दिन हिये थे। वह उस दिन ही एक नए घर में गये थे। पलक के पति अपने ऑफिस के काम से बाहर गये थे और पलक घर में अकेली रह गयी थी। रात के १२ बज रहे थे और बाहर तूफान आ रहा था।

पलक अपने कमरे में बैठी थी, तभी उसे अजीब सी आवाज़ सुनाई दी जैसे कोई उसे बुला रहा हो। उसे लगा जैसे कोई उसके कमरे के बाहर खड़ा हो और उसे देख रहा हो। उसने डरते हुए पुछा, "कौन है?"

लेकिन कोई जवाब नहीं आया। उसने फिर से पुछा लेकिन फिर भी कोई जवाब नहीं आया। तभी पलक की नज़र कमरे के एक कोने में रखी एक तस्वीर पर पड़ी। उस तस्वीर में पलक के पति और पलक थी, परन्तु अब वह तस्वीर बदल गयी थी। पलक के पति का चेहरा अब एक भयानक आदमी का था और वह पलक को घूर रहा था। उसने डरते हुए तस्वीर को देखा और तभी उसे लगा की उसके पीछे कोई खड़ा है। वह घबराकर पीछे मुड़कर देखी लेकिन वहाँ कोई नहीं था। तभी उसे फिर से आवाज़ सुनाई दी, "पलक..... मैं आ गया।"

उसने दर के मारे अपनी आँखें बंद कर ली और तभी उसे लगा की कोई उसे पकड़ रहा हो।

उने अपनी आँखें खोली और देखा उसके पति का भयानक चेहरा उसके सामने था। पलक ने चिल्लाने की कोशिश की लेकिन उसकी आवाज़ नहीं निकली। वह वाही बेहोश हो गयी।

सुबह जब वह उठी तो अपने पति को पास पाया। उसने अपने पति को देखा तोह वह सामान्य थे। लेकिन तस्वीर में उसके पति का चेहरा अभी भी भयानक था....।

Avishakshi Singh , IX B

विद्यार्थी जिन का महत्ति

विद्यार्थी जिन मनुष्य के जिन का सबसे महत्तिपूर्ण और आधारभूत चर्र होता है। इसी समग्र व्यक्तित्व अपने भविष्य की दिशा तय करता है। इस अस्थि में जो आते, विचार और मूल्य विकसित होते हैं, पूरे जिन पर प्रभि डालते हैं। इससलए विद्यार्थी जिन का सही उपयोग करना बहुत आश्यक है।

विद्यार्थी जिन किल पढाई और परीक्षाओं तक सीसमत नहीं होता। यह समय अनुशासन, समय प्रबंधन और कज्मिरी सीखने का भी होता है। ननयसमत अध्ययन से ज्ञान बढता है, जबकक खेल, योग और अन्य गनतविधययाँ शारीररक और मानसक विकास में सहायक होती हैं।

आज के विद्यार्थी कल के नागरक और िश के ननमाणता हैं। यदि ि ईमानिरी, मेहनत और सकारात्मक सोच के सार्थ आगे बढें, तो िश का भविष्य उज्ज्विल बन सकता है। विद्यार्थणयों को अच्छे और बुरे में अंतर समझना चादहए और सही मागण का चुनिा करना चादहए। इसके सार्थ-सार्थ विद्यार्थणयों को समाज के प्रनत भी अपनी कज्मिरी समझनी चादहए। सच्चा विद्यार्थी िही है जो न किल अपने सलए, बक्क समाज और रात्र के कल्चर के सलए भी सोचता है। इससलए विद्यार्थी जिन को आत्मविकास का सशतत माध्यम बनाना चादहए।

Daksha Chhetri , XI ARTS

नया सवेरा

बीत गई जो रात, अब सूरज मुसकाया है।
ओस की नन्ही बूंदों ने, धरती को सहलाया है।
चिड़िया की वह मीठी बोली, कानों में रस घोल रही।
मंद पवन की शीतल लहरें, पत्ते पत्ते डोल रही।
मृत बैठो तुम हाथ धाम कर, लक्ष्य अभी भी बाकी है।
होटलों की उड़ान भरो तुम, आसमान अभी बाकी है।
हर मुश्किल को पार करोगे, मन मे यह विश्वास रहे।
संघर्षों की इस राह में, चेहरे पर मुस्कान रहे।

Shanaya Shabbir , VI A

स्कूल की एक रात

बहुत समय पहले की बात है जब गाँव के स्कूल के पुराने भवन में शीतल अकेली थी। स्कूल की छुट्टी हो गयी थी, लेकिन वह अपना प्रोजेक्ट के कुछ काम करने के लिए वही रुक गयी। अब रात के आठ बजे थे, और स्कूल का भवन खाली और शान्त था।

वह अपनी कक्षा में बैठी थी की तभी उसे किसी की पुकारने की आवाज़ सुनाई दी। वह खिड़की के बहार देखते हुए डरते डरते पूछती है, "कौन है?" लेकिन, कोई जवाब नहीं आता। उसने दो तिन बार पुछा परन्तु कोई जवाब नहीं आया। तभी उसकी नज़र स्कूल के पुराने लउंज पर पड़ी। वह लउंज हमेशा बंद रहता था। शीतल डरते हुए लउंज के करीब गयी और देखा। उसे लगा मानो कोई उसे देख रही है। उसने आस पास देखा परन्तु वहाँ कोई नहीं था। तभी उसे लउंज के अंदर से फिर आवाज़ सुनाई दी, "तुम अकेली नहीं हो.... मैं तुम्हारे साथ हूँ।"

वह बहुत दर गयी लेकिन जिज्ञासा के कारण उसने अंदर जा कर देखने का सोचा।

वह जैसे हि लउंज के अंदर गयी, तभी दरवाजा बंद हो गया। उसने दर के मारे अपनी आँखें बंद कर ली और तभी उसे ऐसा लगा की कोई उसे पकड़ रहा हो। उसने अपने आँखें खोली और देखा की एक पुरानी छात्रा का भयानक चेहरा उसके सामने था।

ओह शीतल को घूर रही थी और उसकी आँखें लाल हो रही थी। शीतल डर के वजह से मानों वहाँ जम सी गयी। तभी सब कुछ काला हो गया ओ शीतल वाही बेहोश हो गयी।

सुबह जब शीतलको होश आा तो उसने खुद को लउंज के बहार अपने दोस्तों से घिरा हुआ पाया। उन्होंने शीतल को उठा या ओ शीतल ने सभी को देखा। वह सभी सामान्य थे। लेकिन उसने देखा की लउंज का दरवाजा अभी भी खुला था और वहाँ किसी की परछाई थी।

Bushra Shamim , IX B

अभया

उसने एक ख्वाब था देखा, दुनिया की सेहत को जाए संवारा। माता-पिता की दुलारी, दोस्तों की आँखों का तारा।

परन्तु उसे क्या था मालूम कि यह उसकी नादानी थी, जब अस्पताल के अन्य साथियों पर, उसने भरोसा जताने की ठानी थी?

छत्तीस घंटों के परिश्रम के बाद जब उसने आराम के लिए आँखें मूंद लीं, तब भाग्य ने निर्णय लिया कि यह उसकी आखिरी नींद होगी।

वह घीखी, वह चिल्लाई, परन्तु अपराधियों का तरस जीत न पाई। चिकित्सक तो भगवान का रूप होते हैं, तो फिर क्यों उसकी जान पर बोली लगाई?

अखबार के लेख, नेताओं के भाषण, उस भोली लड़की का संघर्ष बताने से न कतराए। परन्तु यह बात सब भूले, कि मर्दानों में गिद्ध है समाए।

इसके बावजूद वह लड़की ही दोषी ठहराई, क्या औरत का विश्राम ही गुनाह है, न कि गुनहगारों की नज़रों की नीच गहराई, जो उनकी मलिनता छिपा न पाई?

विरोध की आवाज़, मोमबत्तियों की रोशनी, उसके परिवार का अंधेरा नहीं मिटा पाई। उस रात उसके भय की कोई सीमा न थी, इसके बावजूद अभया कहलायी।

Kashish Singh IX-A

TANVI DAS, X-B



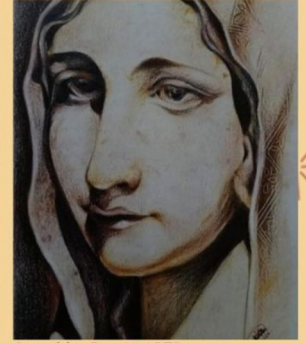
Anohita Ray, VIII C



Anushka Sinha, VIII C



Shreya Dey, X B



Surochita Das, XI ARTS

में अपनी राह खुद बनाऊँगी

मैं पत्थरों से डरकर रुकी नहीं मैंने पत्थरों को रास्ता बनाया जिन्होंने कहा 'तू कर नहीं पाएगी', उन शब्दों को मैंने हौसला बनाया।

हर सुबह एक नयी चुनौती लाती है। हर शाम एक नयी सीख दे जाती है। मैं गिरी संभाली, फिर चली आगे क्योंकि मेरी मंजिल मुझे बुलाती है।

मेरी तकलीफ़ मेरी क़मजोरी नहीं मेरी तकलीफ़ मेरी पहचान हैं। जो सहकार भी मुस्कुरा सके, वहीं सच्चे शब्दों में महान है।

मैं दूसरा जैसे बनने नहीं आयी, मैं अपनी अलग कहानी लिखने आयी हूँ। दुनिया चाहे जितना भी रोके मुझे, मैं अपनी राह, खुद बनाऊँगी, खुद निभाऊँगी।

Ridhima Gangawat, VII B

समय का कमरा

एक पुराने शहर के कोने में एक बहुत बड़ी हवेली थी, जिसे लोग "शून्य हवेली" कहते थे। उस हवेली के मालिक, प्रोफेसर अवस्थी, एक महान वैज्ञानिक थे जो गायब हो चुके थे। उनके पोते, आर्यन करें वसीयत में वह हवेली मिली। हवेली की सफाई करते समय, आर्यन को लाइब्रेरी की एक पुरानी अलमारी के पीछे एक छोटा सा पीतल का दरवाजा मिला। जब उसने चाबी घुमाई और अंदर कदम रखा, तो वह दंग रह गया।

वह कमरा बाहर से छोटा था, लेकिन अंदर से अनंत लग रहा था। कमरे के बीचों-बीच एक विशाल घड़ी लटकी थी, लेकिन उसमें सुइयों नहीं थीं। दीवार पर तीन अलग-अलग रंग के दरवाजे थे: सफेद, काला और सुनहरा।

मेज पर प्रोफेसर की एक डायटरी रखी थी, जिस पर लिखा था:

"इस कमरे में समय नहीं चलता, यहाँ समय ठहरता है। तुम जिस दरवाजे में जाओगे, समय का एक अलग रूप देखोगे।"

उत्सुकता में आर्यन ने सफेद दरवाजा खोला। वहाँ उसने अपने बचपन को देखा - यह पल जब वह पहली बार साइकिल चताना सीख रहा था। उसे लगा कि वह वहाँ रुक जाए, लेकिन उसे धाद आया कि बीता हुआ समय सिर्फ मादों के लिए होता है, जीने के लिए नहीं।

फिर उसने काला दरवाजा खोला। वहाँ उसे अपना भविष्य दिखा वह बूढ़ा हो चुका था और अकेला था क्योंकि उसने अपनी पूरी जिंदगी सिर्फ काम और पैसे के पीछे भागने में बिता दी थी। आर्यन डर गया।

अंत में, वह सुनहरे दरवाजे की ओर बढ़ा। उसे लगा कि वहाँ उसे बहुत सारा धन या सफलता दिखेगी। लेकिन जब उसने दरवाजा खोला, तो उसे कुछ नहीं दिखा... सिर्फ "वर्तमान" दिख रहा था। यह इस वक्त कमरे में बाड़ा था और गहरी सांस ले रहा था। तभी दीवार पर लगी वह बिना सुइयों वाली घड़ी जोर से धड़कने लगी। आर्यन को समझ जा गया कि प्रोफेसर अवस्थी क्यों गायब हुए थे। वे भविष्य देखने के चक्कर में वर्तमान जीना भूल गए थे।

उसने समझा लिया था कि सबसे बड़ा रहस्य भविष्य में नहीं, बल्कि उस पल में है जिसे हम अभी जी रहे हैं। जैसे ही वह बाहर निकला, लाइब्रेरी की अलमारियाँ खुद-ब-खुद वापस अपनी जगह पर आ गईं। आर्यन ने हाँफते हुए अपनी कलाई चढ़ी देखी। उसे लगा था कि वह अंदर घंटों से है, लेकिन बाहर की दुनिया में एक सेकेंड भी नहीं बीता था।

उसे अब समय का डर नहीं था, क्योंकि उसने जान लिया था कि असली जादू घड़ी की सुइयों में नहीं, बल्कि दो धड़कनों के बीच के उस छोटे से पल में है जिसे हम 'जीते' हैं।

अदृश्य शत्रु

कहाँ से आया था वह? छूकर हमारे हृदय को कहीं गया, उसे ढूँढो हमको तो अपने काम की परवाह थी।

वह रोज अपनी शक्ति बढ़ाता गिरता, संभलता, आगे बढ़ता धीरे-धीरे सबको अपने कब्जे में करता था वह। हम सब मास्क और सैनिटाइज़र खरीदते वह बस फैलता ही जाता कभी इस घर, कभी उस घर हर ओर हाहाकार मचाता था वह।

दिन-रात वह हमें डराता, कई लोगों के घर उजाड़ जाता, फिर भी हमने हिम्मत न हारी, और अंततः उस पर प्रहार किया। इस अंधेरे ने हमें यह सिखाया, लापरवाही सबसे बड़ा रोग है, सावधानी, धैर्य और एकता से हर अदृश्य शत्रु कमजोर है। जब इंसान साथ मिलकर जागता है तब महामारी हार जाती है।

Ashwini Singh , XI COM

स्मृतियों की अमर छापा

नाना की आँखों में अनुभव का उजाला, नानी के आँचल में सारा जग समया। उनकी गोद में पनपा मेरा बचपन जहाँ हर सपना था सुरक्षित, पावन।

नाना के शब्दों में जीवन की सीख, नानी की मुस्कान में ममता की झील। उनके स्नेह ने मुझे उड़ना सिखाया, हर कठिन राह को सरल बनाया।

समय की चारा भले आगे बह जाए, पर उनकी छाया साथ-साथ बल जाए। हर प्रार्थना में, हर साँस की कहानी, अमर बनी रहती है नाना-नानी

आज भी जब मन धककर रुक जाता है, उनका आशीर्वाद राह दिखा जाता है। शब्द कम पड़ते हैं ऋण को बताने में, पूरा जीवन लग जाए उन्हें चुकाने में।

Prabhkirat Kaur , XI COM



सबको जल्दी है

सबको जल्दी है, कहीं पहुँचना है, बिना रुके, बिना थमे, बस आगे बढ़ना है। किसी को फुर्सत नहीं आसमान देखने की, किसी को वक्त नहीं अपने आप से मिलने की। भागते क्रदमों में छूट जाते हैं एहसास, हँसी कहीं पीछे, रह जाती है उदास। सबको जल्दी है, मंज़िल पाने की चाह में, और जिंदगी स्वामोश खड़ी है, एक सवाल में।

Ayesha Majeed , XI SC

जिसे घर कहते थे

(background)Shrestha
Banerjee , XII ARTS

में अक्सर सोचती हूँ... अगर आप उस वक्त वहाँ होते—
तो आप भी देख पाते कि 1947 का बैटवारा
सिर्फ नक्शों की लकीर नहीं थी,
वह तो दिलों पर खिंची एक नासुर-सी दरार थी।

मुझे याद है, बुजुर्गों की आँखों में एक अजब-सी चमक
और धुंध...
वे कहते थे—
"बेटा, उस रात मिट्टी को नहीं, मोहब्बत को बाँटा गया
था।"

मेरे सुनती था, और मेरे सामने दृश्य खुलने लगते थे।

पंजाब की सरज़मीन...
सबह की आस से भीगी हरियाली...
हवा में गेहूँ के खेतों की मिट्टी की महक...
लेकिन इसी खूबसूरती के बीच
एक अचानक-सी अफरा-ताफरी थी,
एक भगदड़, एक खामोश दहशत—
जैसे ज़मीन तो वहीं थी,
मगर लोग अपनी ही जड़ें छोड़कर भाग रहे थे।

किसी माँ की पुकार दौरे से आती,
किसी बच्चे का रोना बाएँ से उठता—
और यतु सब मिलकर
एक ऐसी दर्दभरी धुन बनाते
जा शायद आज भी हवाओं में कहीं दबे सुरों की तरह
गुंजती हैं।

मेरी दादी कहा करती थीं,
"हम घर नहीं, अपनी रूहें छोड़ आए थे उस पार..."
"जिस आँगन में हैंसते थे, उसी में आखिरी बार रोए थे।"

मैं यह सुनकर हमेशा खामोश हो जाती।
सच कहूँ—आज तक समझ नहीं पाई
कि वह आँसु किसके लिए बहते थे—
छूटे लोगों के लिए, या
छूटे गई ज़मीन के लिए?

नदियों तब भी बहती थीं—
लेकिन पानी का रंग
गंगा-जमनी नहीं,
विरह का लगता था।
लहरें जैसे पछती थीं:
"कहाँ है वे कदम, जो कभी किनारे पर छप-छप करते थे?"
एक भाई उस पार खड़ा है,
दूसरा इस पार।
दोनों हाथ उठाते हैं, पर मिलते नहीं।
सिर्फ हवा है,
और हवा में एक ऐसी कमी
जिस सिर्फ जुदाई समझ सकती है।

और फिर दादी की आवाज़—
धैर्य, दुःख पर असरदार:
"बेटा, मुल्क तो बन गए... पर दिल नहीं सँभल पाए।
जहाँ हम रहते थे,
वह जगह आज भी हमारे अंदर रहती है।"

मैं आज भी उस बात पर ठहर जाती हूँ।
क्योंकि सच यही है—
बैटा भारत-पाक नहीं,
बैटा तो बस ईसान का दिल था।

खेत, नदियाँ, हवाएँ—
सब वहीं थे।
बस लोग नहीं थे,
और न ही वह हँसी थी
जो इन जगहों को ज़िंदा रखती थी।

और मैं...
मैं जब भी यह कथा सुनाती हूँ,
तो लगता है जैसे मैं भी वहाँ थी—
उन गलियों में, उन खेतों में,
जहाँ मोहब्बत, डर और विछड़न
एक ही साँस में घड़कते थे।

"|| सरहदे तो बस खिंची थीं...
असल में तो दिलों का जुआ हुआ था।||"

Parneet Kaur , XI ARTS



Teacher's Section

BRATATI SARKAR
ART & CRAFT TEACHER
SECONDARY SECTION



Success

The journey of success is,
Full of sorrow and joy,
Beauty is hidden in that truth,
When life sees it to foy;
Major spend the time,
In search of that treasure,
They forget to know
the trick,
And even fail to measure;
Somebody are lucky enough, to knock the right door,
By lifting their inner glow,
Lit up that toil floor;
The path of this fairy tale,
Unreal without pain,
Believing the omnipotence, is the right key to gain.

DEBAPRIYA SENGUPTA
MATHEMATICS TEACHER
SECONDARY SECTION



WANDERLENS



Earth tones



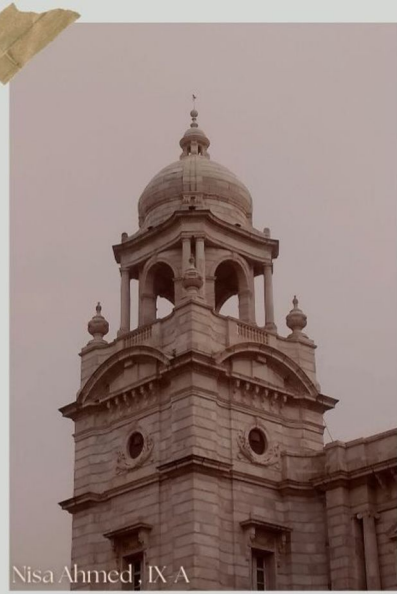
Ishani Sarkar , X C



Arunika Chatterjee



Shrestha Banerjee , XI ARCS



Nisa Ahmed , IX A



Aryaa Chatterjee , XII B



(Gigi and Bella)
Naurah Akram , XI SC



Soumili Shaw



Soumili Shaw

Adrita Das , XI SC

Skybound



Shot on motorola edge 40 neo

31 Oct 2025, 9:48 am



Oishi Das , XI SC

*Where the blue sky meets the green
calm, the road finds its peace.*



Riddhima Majumdar , IX B



Nausin Maria , VII-B



Jeba Tahsin , XI SC

Leaf and light



Ishani Sarkar , X C



Shooshtaa Chakraborty , XI SC



Sania Sultana Halder , XI SC

*Between a flutter and a bloom,
the world pauses – to show that
even in stillness, life paints its
most beautiful moments.*



Hrishita Bhattacharyya, VII C



THE ACADEMIC FACULTY
AND
THE STUDENT COUNCIL

2025-2026

PRIMARY SECTION TEACHERS



SECONDARY SECTION TEACHERS



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

2025-2026



little moments, big smiles

The Creative Board

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XII Arts
Chief Editor



Sania Sultana Halder
XI Science
Editorial Support





Ms Nidhi Agarwal
ECA Coordinator
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WHERE COMMITMENT SHAPES MINDS AND EXCELLENCE DEFINES FUTURE.

Designed by Shrestha Banerjee
(XII Arts, Batch of 2026)
Published by The BSS School.
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