

September comes from the Latin word 'septum', which means seven. In the Roman calendar, September was the seventh month of the year. The Roman calendar had only ten months, and used to begin from the month of March. According to the modern day Gregorian calendar, September is the ninth month of the year.



Milestones in September

Indian Standard Time

On 1st September, 1947, the Indian Standard Time was introduced as the official time for the entire country. India is five and a half hours ahead of the Greenwich Mean Time. It is high time that Indians stick to the IST ,i.e., the Indian Standard Time, and discard the 'stretchable' modification, and respect the value of time.

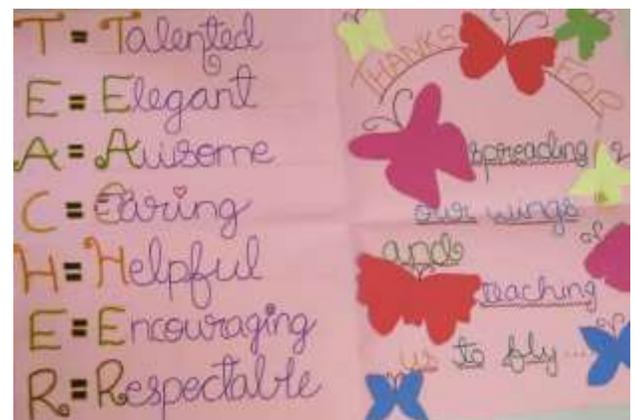
Ganesh Chaturthi

The spectacular eleven day Ganesh Chaturthi festival was observed in September. Ganesh is believed to be the remover of obstacles and also considered the God of wisdom and new beginnings.



Teachers' Day

Teachers' Day is observed in India on the 5th of September, to acknowledge the contribution of all teachers in shaping the lives of their students.



Art work by Sarah Pawar – 5B

Chandrayaan 2

We are indeed proud of the ISRO chief, Dr.Kailasavadivoo Sivan, and his team who executed Chandrayaan 2 mission to the Moon's South Pole.



The missed landing was a partial failure, but there will be another time not only India but the entire world is applauding the ISRO for daring to discover the dark side of the moon.

If you fail, never give up. **F** is First

A is Attempt

I is In

L is Learning

There is always a next opportunity. Let's be optimistic.

A Poet Who Shaped My Belief

***"What do you sell O ye merchants?
Richly your wares are displayed,
Turbans of crimson and silver,
Tunics of purple brocade"***

These are verses of a famous poem "*In the bazaars of Hyderabad*", written by none other than a great freedom fighter and a poet Sarojini Naidu. This poem reflects the feelings of nationalism, love for swadeshi and portrays the traditional market of Hyderabad. Being the nightingale of India, she has inspired thousands of people, including myself. This poem had a great impact on me and changed my perspective towards life.

Sarojini Naidu was one of the great leaders, who participated in India's freedom struggle. She ignited the minds of several women to participate in the freedom movement against the evil British rulers. She played an important role to promote women emancipation. She influenced many through her writings and believed that the pen is mightier than the sword.

At the tender age of ten, when I was in class six, for the first time, I read her poem "*In the bazaars of Hyderabad*". I could visualize the entire market scene and feel all the emotions depicted in the poem. I was mesmerized on how the poem had beautifully portrayed the boycott of foreign goods and instilled love towards swadeshi. This poet and freedom fighter inspired me to start my journey of writing short stories, articles and poems. My love for reading and writing started from then and I always treasure the powerful words of Sarojini Naidu in my mind. I wrote my first poem, which I had dedicated to my father on his birthday. My interest soon arouse and eventually books became my best friend. Sarojini Naidu wrote numerous poems and played an important role in India's freedom struggle. She was jailed multiple times but had not given up on her struggle for India's Independence. After knowing her more, through her work, I learnt the values of dedication and service towards our nation.

Post-Independence, she became the Governor of Uttar Pradesh. Today we all stand free between the flaming colours of pride, after the immense hardwork and bloody sacrifice of such leaders. I indeed raise my head high and can say that I am a citizen of an Independent nation and will always be grateful to all the freedom fighters. Naidu had surely won the hearts of millions through her selfless work for the nation. Unfortunately she left this material world on 2nd March 1949. She left a legacy behind which has a deep impact in my belief, values and personality.

I imbibed three characteristics of Sarojini Naidu which are service orientation, constant improvement and fearless writing. "*In the bazaars of Hyderabad*" left an indelible mark in my mind and inspired me to pick up the pen and write something on my own, which is nurturing a budding poet in me. I also have a desire to inculcate fearlessness in my writing like Sarojini Naidu and serve my society in my own little way. Jai Hind.

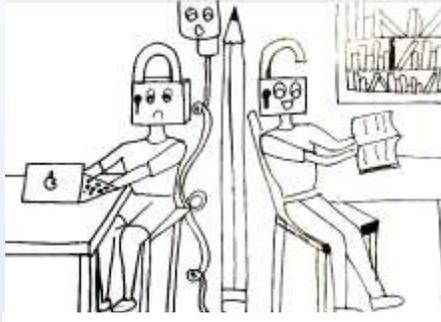


Vaishnavi Singh – 9B

Technosavy or Technoslavery

In this fast progressing world, there is development in every sector. The foundation of every institution relies on the technological development of the company. Though technology has augmented our lives with values and wonders of the world and has indeed made our lives invigorating, I personally think that the world has become overly dependent on this artificial intelligence.

The world today though calls itself to be “Techno savvy”, I believe it has fallen into the clutches of “Techno slavery”. This interdependence in every walk of life on the usage of gadget, cell phones and specially computers has indeed deteriorated our social life. Not only this, the usage of computers has indeed made us overly dependent on them. Though technology has laid an somewhere it has resulted in the in the people to complete their availability of all sorts of notes and and the effortless spoon fed study traditional institution of knowledge: everything over the Internet knowledge provided at school. The a puppet whose words of wisdom knowledge of some technological wis



Art work by Navya Sharma – 9C

In the sector of health though computers have made an amazing impact it has somewhere also covered up for the doctors who are not professionals but by the outward show of these flashy machines aim to fleece out the money from the people who are unaware and naive . It is rightly said by William Shakespeare, “There is no vice that assumes a little of virtue on its outward side”. Similarly the computers and the other gadgets though have provided us with utility it has somewhere drained down the feelings of self-sufficiency and integrity.

In our social life, technology has helped us to link with the people all over the world, make new friends and associates but it has not given us the ability to respect and feel grateful about the presence of the one right next to us. We are connected to the people in distant lands by means of the Wi-Fi or the Internet but what about the connection that we are supposed to build through the heart with our dear ones?

According to me the keys of the keyboard have become a shining bracelet called handcuff on our hands and bounded us by our weakness, thus exploiting us. This world of technology is what I could call the largest non-drug addiction that mankind has ever faced. I therefore conclude by saying that people have become overly dependent on the computers and that we are now a part of the race enslaved under them.



Aanshuvi Shah 10 B

A Good Teacher

*A good teacher,
Has love for all and hatred for none.
She is like a lotus in muddy water,
Like a rainy day's first Ray of Sun.
Like a beam of hope inside a hopeless heart,
Like a beautiful rose surrounded by thorns,
A good teacher has a brilliant smile,
And is kind, confident and compassionate when she performs.
They teach us with all their heart,
That's the goodness of teachers.
They are our doors to success,
They have all the important features.*

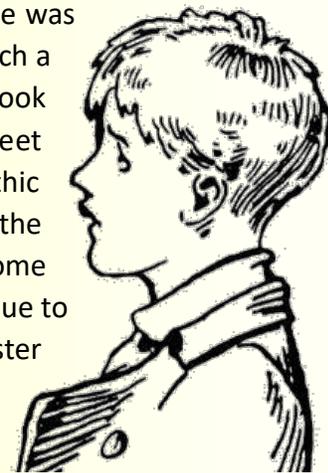


Diya Choudhary 6 C

A Boy named Jeremy

The city looked positively bleak and shrouded in the dying light, as if everything had been painted with only black and white. The smell of earth after rains filled the air as the clouds began gathering on the top of the tallest buildings there. The streets were unusually empty with only a few police cars patrolling. The eerie screeching of the cricket, gloomed the environment further.

A young lad of about twenty- one had put on a bulky coat and a pair of black boots. He was alone, was it because he had no friends around him or was his life spiralling down at such a young age; it is not known. He walked up to his favorite coffee shop at the corner of Brook storm Street, from where he purchased an espresso for himself and hurried down the street to savour it as soon as possible. He directly went to his hideout spot, the Elizabethan gothic structure near the Sistine Chapel which was not known to many. He spread a rug on the driest part of the floor so that he could make himself comfortable there, as he had no home to return to. The boy was a gift from the God to the couple, who later abandoned him due to their financial situation. Jeremy spent countless days either in the orphanage or other foster homes, which he rarely liked. He sat down, took a big gulp of coffee and started to write his masterpiece for the best buyers. He made Dante his ideal and went on to write his own version of 'The Divine Comedy' which was flawless though it reflected parts of Jeremy's life. The boy painted on the sides of his poetry pages which was a source of entertainment in his rather lonely world.



Jeremy was shocked when he saw a man dressed in a black outfit and polished shoes with a stern face approached him and smiled at him. It showed as if he did not do that often. Jeremy asked the man about the purpose of him being there but he dodged the question. He talked with Jeremy for some time, then he went on to read Jeremy's version of 'The Divine Comedy'. Jeremy felt like he saw a father figure in this man and was enthusiastically offering him to read his poetry. The man was impressive in nature and had a poetic aura around him. The man's eyes patiently scanned through the pages of the book. He glanced at Jeremy after the completion of every verse. His black eyes peered through Jeremy's soul.

He was delighted to find a boy so gifted. He took a spare copy of Jeremy's writing of Dante's masterpiece and left a note for him .Jeremy searched for the man but couldn't find him; he picked up a piece of note written by the man and it had his favorite lines from the book and it was signed under the name -Dante Aligheri.



Sanskriti -9 B

Helping Our Parents

We should always help our parents in their work. The value of parents in our lives can never be ignored.

Our parents take care of us, hence we should take care of them too. We can help our mother in cooking, cleaning, drying clothes etc. We can help our father by bringing the things that he would need for his work like his laptop, charger, wires etc. so that he doesn't need to get up and get it himself.

When we help our parents, friends, relatives, classmates or someone else, we get a proud feeling that we did something for the good of others. Thus, we should always help each other.



Sriya Desai 5C

I Just Needed To Explore

Yesterday, on my way to school, I saw a little shining box in the nearby garden. I was very curious to go and see what it was but I was getting late for my class. So, I decided to come check it out later after attending my classes. The whole day I was praying that no one else finds it and it remains untouched. After my classes got over, I ran to the garden as fast as I could and was relieved seeing it there. I dug it out using my hands and saw every single detail on it. It was studded with gems, painted with bright colours and was made of pure gold. Curiosity made me open it revealing an incomplete puzzle.

I lived in a village which was very boring, so I thought I might complete this puzzle for fun. There were no pieces, only 4 chits which turned out to be the clues leading to the four missing pieces. I decided to go find the missing pieces using the given clues and complete the puzzle so that I wouldn't die of boredom. I opened the first chit which read, "I fall and I'm wet ". I knew this one, waterfall! I ran towards my village waterfall where the ladies usually washed clothes. Was it only my dream or was I really amazed by the view the waterfall had? There was clean water, chirping birds and beautiful creepers. I was really wanting to stay back but had to complete the puzzle. I found the first piece on a rock & put it in my pocket.

I opened the second chit which read, "I am high and I am strong". It took a bit of time, but I figured out the answer, Mountains! I ran to the nearest mountain and was speechless looking at the view. Trees, lakes, waterfalls and houses looked so mesmerizing, but I could not stay back and watch as I had to find the piece. I found it on the ground and opened the third chit, which read, "I am tasty and I am yellow". Mangoes, of course! I ran to the village mango tree and saw a little nest with small baby birds. It was a very cute family. I found the piece on a leaf and opened the last chit.

It read, "I have seven colours, but I am united". This was a rainbow for sure. I ran towards the rainbow end and found the missing piece. It was so beautiful and shiny, but I anyways ran to the box and placed the pieces at their respective positions to come face to face with a burst of glitter. As the glitter faded, it revealed an old woman who asked me one question, "What did you see?". I replied, "My village, like never before". She nodded at my reply and walked away making me realize that all I needed to do was to explore.



Art work by Navya Sharma – 9C



Avantika Mishra 8B

India – My Country! My Pride!



India is my country,
'm blessed to be born here.
With love and care and Right to Education,
For a future without fear.
Where children play, sing and study
And no one sheds a tear,
A land where farmers and scientists, both are held dear.
Salute to the freedom fighters,
For their bravery so sheer,

My country counts on me,
So I'll always be near.



Shaurya Pillai/Vivaan Chowta 4C

Ms. Tapasya Narvekar, our **Class 9-C** student's story was selected in top 52 stories amongst the 42000 entries that had arrived and was published in the Book – **'Young Story Tellers – A collection of 52 Stories'**.



The Library of Truths – Part 2

Summary of Part 1 published in August Issue:

The protagonist Lillian Saggitarius enters the library where the Nazi's have hidden their secret plans. She successfully gets the plans though at a very steep cost of knowing terrible secrets. She unites with the brother she thought was dead.

Continuation

She was about to object and convince him but she saw an obsidian black ring glistening on his middle finger. Without thinking for a split second, she unveiled her hidden dagger and started slashing it at him. He was mildly amused as well as shocked but his training was enough for the reflex action.

He took his sword and lunged at her but she deflected it with a swift blow. She now went for her groin and he anticipating the move, stepped back gracefully. He beamed at her precise timings but also found a dent in her armoire ducked low and attacked her uncovered left arm. She winced in pain and staggered back but with the last bit of energy left in her, she pulled at the ring in his finger as he attacked again. The ring came off smoothly, unbounding him from his promise of loyalty. In spite of the stabbing pain in her arm, she smiled because the liberation had made him crumple. She quickly tore a piece of cloth from her shirt and tightly wound it around the cut. After aiding herself, she walked to him and embraced him tightly. Her coconut hard exterior had softened for her brother. He slowly looked up from her lap and sobbed on her shoulders as he tried saying a sorry through his muffled sobs.

She then slowly let go of him and whispered in his ears with an affectionate tone. "We need to escape, now". He curtly nodded a yes but unfortunately the first ray of sun had illuminated the library. The inspectional walk had begun. He quickly scrambled to his feet and clasped her hand in his as they took off in a sprint for the backdoor. Unfortunately, they were spotted. A heavily armed man hurled a dagger at them and it fortunately hit the wall next to them, going deep in it. Lillian wondered---What if it had been their heads. She shoved the thought aside and sprinted towards the backdoor. They reached the backdoor and pushed their way out but they ended up attracting a lot of attention.

The members of the royal guard were behind their heels, not ready to fret but ready for open firing. They were a few miles ahead, but their head start would not last for long. All of a sudden when death was an inch apart from them, an arrow whizzed past Logan's ear and hit the bulky guard behind him. He was confused, unable to figure out what had happened but Lillian gleamed with satisfaction when she saw her comrades perched high on the trees, firing and shooting like wrathful Gods trying to eliminate evil. She stopped running and turned, picking up the twin swords dropped for her by her comrades. Her eyes were more ferocious and sharper than that of a wounded lioness. She handed Logan her revolver and started walking towards her enemies with calm wrath. She started fighting the ancient way, with long curved blades rather than the thunderous bullets. She slashed, parred and slit every man who came her way. She was utter destruction herself.

She thought she won, she triumphed over those dreadful demons but a painful scream made her ears ring. Logan, her Logan had fallen. Not surrendered but sacrificed. She zipped past through the thick battlefield but she was too late. His eyes had rolled back, his pulse had slowed down as if it were never there. She howled and bewailed till unconsciousness took over her. She woke up the next morning on the warm, fluffy yet simple bed. Her head spun and it took her a minute to register her surroundings. The cries of the battlefield weren't engulfing her but a cold, heavy silence was. A middle-aged man with electrifying blue eyes walked in and stopped dead at her bed.

"I am sorry for your brother. I can understand your pain", he said, grief gripping his firm voice.

“No one can know”, she replied with glistening tears rolling down her cheeks.

“I know it is not alright, you need your space and I will give it to you”, he said, slowly leaving her chambers.

She thought to herself, “I ponder in awe at the games of the muses of tragedy, the way they craft our lives with highs and lows. I fulfilled my duty and a moment of overjoy swept over me as I saw him again, but truthfully he was taken away “. Even when grief took over she smirked and whispered to herself, “It is true that libraries are so full of ideas that it makes them the most dangerous and deadliest of all weapons.”

The End

The Precious Gift!

“Why can’t I get what I wish for?” Rakhi asked her mother. Her mother said to her, “I am trying my best to keep you happy. I may not be able to get you the best and expensive gifts that you dream of, but it’s just a matter of time till you will have your dream gift.”

“Mother, do not give me the false hope of trying your best to keep me happy. I do not get the things I wish for!” Making this statement, Rakhi stormed into her room. Her mother was left speechless and eventually fell into tears. That night when her husband came home and asked her, “Why are you crying?” She responded, “I am trying all my best to keep her happy but seeing her unhappiness and anger makes me feel bad.” “Rakhi is just a child and she will take time to understand”, the father said. The next day the father, after finishing work, wrote a letter and then gave it to Rakhi. Rakhi opened it and it read:

My dear daughter Rakhi,

We may not be able to afford the best things out there, but we devote our free time towards you so that you do not feel lonely. We may not have a lot of money, but we give all our best efforts to keep you happy and smiling. Your mother does not go out because she loves to spend time with you. The money that we do not have may come back someday, but the relationship with a daughter does not come back in life.

Your loving father.

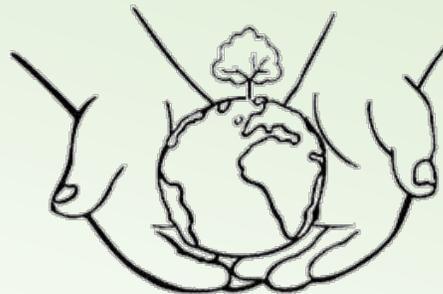
Rakhi fell into tears after reading the letter. She ran to her parents and hugged them tightly. The important lesson in life is that the relationship or bond we have with someone once broken, cannot be joined again. The money lost can be returned someday, but not the relationship with your family. The value of relation is more than that of money, gold, silver and diamonds or any other riches.



Krish Tendolkar 7C

Nature

Go green, keep the nature clean.
People are polluting the air,
Smoke and harmful gases everywhere.
Animals are getting trapped in snares,
But we cannot tell where.
So, keep nature safe,
And the earth will be a beautiful place.



IV C : Aakash, Bhargavi, Dhruv, Idhant, Teesta, Saimai, Sahil, Krishiv

A Day of Heavy Rain

The clouds burst and poured down with a roar.
Nothing could halt. This frightening downpour!
Sitting inside the house made me feel lazy,
Not doing anything made me go crazy.
A board game we can play,
On such a rainy day.
I can dance, colour and sing,
I can jump and blow soap rings.
Mom made pakodas and hot soup,
Butter corn for me and my friend's group.
Outside the wind was blowing hard,
Traffic jams, weather clogging kept us on guard
The whole day outside was dark,
The Rain God was leaving his mark!
The trains stopped running, house lights went off!
For everyone it was a day, which was tough!



Pashmira F Kapadia 4A

अगर पेड़ भी चलते होते!
अगर पेड़ भी चलते होते,
कितने मजे हमारे होते,
बांध तने में उसकी रस्सी,
चाहे जहां कहीं ले जाते।
जहां धूप सताती,
उसके नीचे झट सुस्ताते,
जहां कहीं भी वषाे हो जाती,
उसके नीचे छिप जाते।
लगती जब भी भूख अचानक,
तोड़ मधुर फल उसके खाते,
जब जानवर आ डराते
झट से उसके ऊपर चढ़ जाते
अगर पेड़ भी चलते होते,
कितने मजे हमारे होते



Deyani Dubey 8C

Pitter Patter

Pitter patter pitter patter, down they come from the slope.
Sometimes they look like pearls and sometimes as snow.
Sometimes they make me gloomy.
Sometimes they bring cheer.
Trees love them the most, and happily they swirl.
Pitter patter pitter patter, down they come the slope.
Pitter patter pitter patter, rain brings cheer and hope!

Ira Moitra, Vivaan Bubna, Mandeep Singh, Rudra Mishra,
Rishabh Agarwal, Tanishka Dadhich, Tapassya Kapoor -4 A



Divyanshi Divanji 5C

My Hardworking Father



We all know our fathers work so hard to earn a living for their family.
Their hardworking spirit always inspires us. I am also inspired
by my father's hardworking spirit. He is an architect and is
recently working on four sites, two in Delhi and two in

Mumbai. His sites are very far from our house and he frequently travels out of station to visit the sites. My father is really hardworking and always cares for us. I love him a lot and he does the same too. Due to his work, he gets less time for his family but still tries to be with us. He is the best father in the world!



Nimisha Khare 5A

A Citizen of the World: A Global Citizen

The concept of citizenship is not new to a layman. Anyone might associate themselves with a particular country and derive its right to be the permanent resident of it. A question might arise here 'What is Global Citizenship?'. Global Citizenship has various meanings and is a broad concept. In order to understand the meaning of it, one needs to understand that we belong to a world with diverse ethnicity, cultures, traditions, languages and customs . Global Citizenship in simple terms means being a citizen of the world. This makes us citizens of the world and not only of our nations.



In today's world of inter- connectedness and inter- dependence being isolated is not a practicality. Our economy, politics, international relationship, trade and society are linked not only with our neighbouring countries but also with the world. Communication has brought the world closer and made it a Global village. As a student what you all can do to be an effective global citizen is as follows:

- Believe that you are a part of a global community and find ways to celebrate your connection to the community.
- Have an open mind to accept the positive change in the society. Always remember that society is ever changing and with this we need to change our perspective while keeping our moral values intact.
- Unity in diversity is the key to be an active member of it. We are fortunate to encounter and experience varied religions, languages, cultures and traditions in our country. Utilize this experience on a global level and accept the customs and beliefs of others while still holding on to your own.
- Respect the differences not only within the classroom but also with the people you will meet in future from different parts of the world.
- Become aware about global policies and programmes. Any global policy might affect the emerging country for e.g. New Visa procedure of USA, Open invitation to be a citizen of Canada. To become aware about the current affairs will give you a broad idea about it.
- Participate in community service programmes because these are the core for building moral values like dedication, empathy, gratitude, respect, love, kindness etc. in you.
- Nurture a lifestyle that favours sustainable global development. Our actions, lifestyle and behavior impacts the quality of life on our planet. Inculcate and implement environmental friendly strategies.
- When you travel during vacations to an unexplored places try to communicate with the locals. This will give you an insight of their lifestyle, mindset, social, political and economic background and might encourage to adopt positive aspects of it.
- Always give a thought to a particular issue as an observer. This will enable you to think divergently too.
- Communicate and reach out to people in need, whether it be your class, society or the world. Communication has brought the world closer and expressing your opinion and providing a helping hand has become much easier.
- Brain Drain is a Brain Gain situation to the world. We might think of losing a brilliant and skilled human resource to another country but have we pondered over a fact that it's a situation that a country gains a Goodwill for herself/himself. This is not only a progress of a specific nation but the world. It's a macro progress and not micro.

It is rightly said by Dr. A.P. Abdul Kalam - "Where there is righteousness in the heart, there is beauty in the character. When there is beauty in the character there is harmony in the home. When there is harmony in the home there is order in the nation. When there is order in the nation there is peace in the world". A phrase written in the Maha Upanishad 'Vasudhaiva Kutumbakam' sums up Global Citizenship 'the world is one family and we are its family members.'

Social Studies Department, Secondary Section

The bizarre new creatures discovered at the bottom of Atlantic Ocean

Oddly-shaped, brightly-coloured or even transparent, these are some of the bizarre creatures that scientists did not even know existed until recently. They are among a host of new animals that scientists have just uncovered in the hidden depths of the Atlantic Ocean during a new study which has 'revolutionized' thinking about deep-sea life. Scientists believe they have discovered more than 10 new marine species by using the latest diving technology during the groundbreaking study.



A Benthic Holothurian (Peniagone diaphana) from the mid-Atlantic ridge, which was caught swimming above the sea floor



A Polynoid Polychaete worm, caught at approximately 2,500m below sea level in the Atlantic Ocean during the new voyage

A group of creatures thought to be close to the missing evolutionary link between backboneed and invertebrate animals are among those captured by the team on the MAR-ECO international research programme. Many other samples of rare animals were collected on the six-week voyage aboard the research ship James Cook.

Details of the trip were revealed by scientists at the University of Aberdeen, who are leading the UK contribution to the project exploring marine life along the Mid-Atlantic Ridge between Iceland and the Azores. Using the UK's deepest diving, remotely operated vehicle (ROV) to reach depths of between 700m and 3,600m, they focused on the area beneath the cold waters north of the Gulf Stream and the warmer waters to the south. Professor Monty Priede, director of the University of Aberdeen's Oceanlab, said: 'This expedition has revolutionized our thinking about deep-sea life in the Atlantic Ocean.'

Science Department, Secondary Section

BRAIN TEASERS:

TASK No. 1

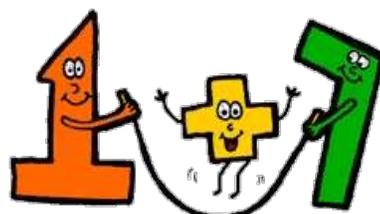
Fill in the vacant boxes with appropriate numbers:

Cross Math					
	+		×		= 20
+	■	×	■	-	
	×	8	×		= 48
-	■	×	■	+	
	×		-		= 38
=	=	=			
0	80	10			

TASK No. 2

Can you plug in either addition (+), subtraction (-), multiplication (x), division (/) and parenthesis among five number 7s to make a target result number 50?

$$77777 = 50$$



Mathematics Department, Secondary Section

Solution & Explanation

$$((7 \times 7 \times 7) + 7) / 7 = 50 \text{ or } ((7 / 7) / 7 + 7) \times 7 = 50$$

Show and Tell Competition was conducted for the students of Class 1 and 2 to foster their communication skills.



Courage is what it takes to stand up and speak! Hindi Elocution competition was held for the students of Class 5 and 6 and **Ms. Aarya Mahit from Class 7** won this competition



Creativity is Contagious! Inter-House Hindi Advertisement Competition was held for the students of Class 6 to 9. **Sera House** were the winners.



**UPCOMING
 EVENTS**

In October....

- Middle School History Quiz Competition – 4th October
- Sub. Jr. Inter Class Recitation Competition- 10th October
- Juniors Inter House Science Quiz Competition – 17th October
- Diwali Activity –18th October
- Diwali Vacation – 19th October to 3rd November