



CAMBRIDGE
International Education

Cambridge International School IN781

THE BLUEPRINT

THE NEWS MAGAZINE OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL



**VISION OF THE
THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL**

“Life has a Deeper, Higher and Wider significance and
it is the concern of education to come upon it”

EDUCATIONAL MOTTO
“Dare to be Free”

EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY

“Living and Learning, without Comparison and Competition,
in an environment of total inner freedom.”

EDITORIAL BOARD

MADHUNISHA RAJESHWARAN
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Front & Back Cover - Arion, Avaneesh, Iza, Ridhanya, Nirav, Ved

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EDITORIAL NOTE

Dear Readers!

It gives me immense pleasure to present this year's edition of the *Blueprint* — a celebration of creativity, expression, and the vibrant spirit of our students. Within these pages are memories, reflections, achievements, art work, and experiences that together capture the essence of our school community. Every contribution stands as a testament to the enthusiasm, imagination, and collaborative effort of our students and teachers.

This edition holds a special significance as it reflects the evolving world our students connect with today. Pop culture has become closely intertwined with education, acting as a bridge between everyday experiences and classroom learning. From films and music to social media and contemporary trends, it shapes conversations, inspires creativity, and encourages self-expression. Recognising this connection, the front and back covers of this magazine have been thoughtfully designed by our Grade 9 students, drawing inspiration from the influence of pop culture on modern learning and youth identity. Their work beautifully reflects the voice, creativity, and perspective of this generation.

As you turn these pages, I hope you will discover not only talent and achievement, but also the warmth, individuality, and shared experiences that make our school community unique. May this edition leave you inspired, nostalgic, and deeply appreciative of the many stories woven into it. Happy Reading!

Madhunisha R



The Editorial Team

Standing (from left): Madhunisha, Seetha, and Ved
Seated (from left): Arion, Iza, Ridhanya, and Nirav
Front: Avaneesh

FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

Dear Parents, Staff and Students,

“Dare To Be Free”, our School Motto, is not just a motto but a quiet invitation to think independently, to live meaningfully, to grow with courage, to discover joy in simple things and to cherish beautiful moments of everyday life.

In a world that constantly urges youngsters to chase, to move faster, to compete, and to hold on to material things, we at BMS ensure that children also learn something deeper: to pause, to notice, to appreciate, to reflect and to value simple pleasures that hold together and nurture relationships and friendships.

Be mindful that freedom is not the absence of restriction. True freedom lies in becoming compassionate human beings – to be thoughtful, kind and aware. It lies in learning to live without fear, prejudice, judgment, and ridicule.

The true purpose of education is to help you find out what you really love doing, so that you can give your whole mind and heart to it. This creates excellence in whatever you do. In true intelligence, there is a capacity to feel and to reason for which there must be unity in mind and heart. This alignment of purpose is what creates true excellence in whatever you pursue.

True intelligence does not merely mean being clever, informed, or academically successful. It flowers when the mind is free — free from fear, prejudice, constant judgment, and the anxiety of ridicule. A fearful mind imitates, conforms, and hides. A free mind observes, questions, understands, and learns deeply.

Fear narrows intelligence.

When we are afraid of failure, we stop experimenting.

When we fear judgment, we stop being authentic.

When we fear ridicule, we stop asking questions.

And when we carry prejudice, we stop seeing people and situations clearly.

To be truly intelligent:

Listen without immediately concluding.

Observe without prejudice.

Question without arrogance.

Accept mistakes without shame.

Learn from everyone; from children, from nature, from silence, and from experience.

Have the courage to stand alone when necessary.

Be inwardly secure enough not to want constant approval.

A mind burdened with comparison and judgment becomes noisy. A quiet, attentive mind becomes perceptive. Real intelligence is not accumulation alone; it is sensitivity, clarity, compassion, and awareness.

Children especially must know that.

It is safe to ask.

It is safe to fail.

It is safe to think differently.

It is safe to be kind.

For where there is fear, intelligence withers.

Where there is freedom and affection, intelligence awakens.

As J Krishnamurti said:

“It is no measure of health to be well adjusted to a profoundly sick society.”

And perhaps true education is this:

Not merely preparing a child to earn a living, but helping them live with clarity, goodness, courage, and an unafraid mind.

Let us, therefore, embrace our motto. Let us Dare To Be Free, not just to excel, but to live well.

Karuna Senthilnathan



ACCEPTANCE THEME FOR 2025–26



As we come to the close of another meaningful year, we reflect on the value of Acceptance — learning to recognise, respect, and appreciate one another for who we are. Acceptance goes beyond simply acknowledging differences; it is about building a community where every individual feels included, understood, and valued. It encourages us to respond with empathy, kindness, and an open mind in all that we do.

At The Blue Mountains School, this value has found expression in the everyday moments that shape school life. In our classrooms, dormitories, playgrounds, and shared experiences, students have learned to listen, support one another, and grow together within a close-knit residential community. These interactions have strengthened bonds of friendship, mutual respect, and a genuine sense of belonging.

Together with parents, we remain committed to nurturing a safe, thoughtful, and caring environment where children feel confident to express themselves and develop into compassionate individuals. As this academic year draws to a close, we hope the spirit of Acceptance continues to inspire our community to celebrate diversity, build meaningful connections, and carry forward the values that unite us.

This year has reminded us that when people feel accepted, they gain the confidence to learn, connect, and truly flourish.

THE YEAR GONE BY

TERM 1

SESSIONS, SPEAKERS AND OUTDOOR PROGRAMMES

- *Nilgiris: A Shared Wilderness* was watched at the Assembly Rooms, Ooty.
- A Walk through Wellington Wetland by Middle School. This was later taken up as a project with a model and presentation.
- Independence Day celebrations on Campus.
- A sponsored Pizza Party for all to share the joy of achieving good school results.
- Nilgiriscape 2025 – presentations by our students at HADP Auditorium
- Data Centres and Associated Career Opportunities by Mr Parthiban Kandappan-Director of Operations – META.
- Visit to St Stephen's Church by Junior School
- Bonfire Night at school
- Teachers' Day celebrations organised by Grades 8 & 10
- Simply Being Indian by Mr C.J. Mathew – Member of the Customs and Excise Service
- Civil Services – The path and the purpose – Ms Rema Mathew, Member, Administration, Central Administrative Tribunal
- Anti-Drug awareness and education – By School counsellor Ms Nivitha and Dr Sonia
- The Parable of the Eagle- Dr Mala Pandurang-Principal, Dr BMN College- Mumbai
- Wild, Weird and Wonderful – Remembering Jane Goodall – Mr Janaradhan Nanjundan
- Failure teaches Success – Mr Vikram Aditya Ramani – CEO – J P Morgan Securities India
- The Fun of Books – Ms Sangeetha Shinde – Editor and Author
- GREAT Workshop for young scientists – British Council and University of East Anglia
- Interaction with Ms Angela {retired science teacher} and Mr Mike {Ex UK Navy} from UK
- Visit and interaction with the Class of '75 on campus.

THE NEWEST MEMBERS OF OUR BMS FAMILY

Teaching Staff:

- Ms Sarah Saji – English Teacher for Elementary School
- Mr Adya Shankar Pandey – Dorm parent and Hindi teacher
- Ms Deepthi Anoop – Culinary expert for Cooking classes

PARENT VOLUNTEERS

- Mr Abhirama volunteered for the chess club.
- Ms Seetha Natesh helped out with the Library, the Blueprint and the Book Club.
- Ms Krithika conducted Bharatanatyam classes.
- Ms Sangeetha Ravikumar conducted art classes.

EDUCATIONAL CONSULTANT

Dr Sonia- she enhanced teacher development to build community connections, strengthened institutional branding, fostered student growth and streamlined operational processes.

GUEST ON CAMPUS

Ms Delnaz Irani from Mumbai visited BMS and stayed on campus with her son, Shaun. She volunteered to teach English, helped with reading and had a couple of creative writing sessions. She has given feedback about the school.

LEARNING SPACES

- **ONGOING** - Robotics, Math Activities, Science Experiments, Chess corner, MUN and Debating Society and Dance classes.
- We have introduced **French** as a language and **Well-Being** as a subject for Elementary and Middle School.
- **STEM** Classes have been introduced this term.
- **Bharatanatyam** classes have been introduced.
- **Yoga** has been introduced to our residential students.

- Our educational consultant, Dr Sonia, is working with our middle school students to reorganise the library and update the system, and her programme is **Library Quest to curate, categorise and connect**. BMS is very grateful to her husband, Dr Aivonor, who lends a helping hand for this.
- We have **3 new projectors** for all our audiovisual classes. These have been donated to the school by Alumnus Mr Vishnu Meyappan.
- **Music**- Classes have been going well for Indian musical instruments, namely the Flute, Harmonium, Mrudungam, Tabla and Veena. Two students have cleared the Trinity Piano exams, and four students will be appearing for the Grade 2 **Trinity Practical/ Theory exams** for Piano. 2 Students have cleared the Acoustic **Guitar Trinity Exams**.

MODEL UNITED NATIONS - MUN

- The IIMUN Club at BMS is going well, and weekly sessions are being conducted. Specifically for Middle School.
- Our third batch of **SIX** students registered and attended the **MU20 CONFERENCE** at Pune in the second week of August 2025. Aayush Gupta was awarded the **Promising Delegate Award** at the MUN.

A COFFEE EVENING

One coffee evening has taken place this term.

PARENT REPRESENTATIVES FOR THE TERM

Ms Krithika, Ms Seetha and Ms Sukanya for First Step, Junior and Middle School, respectively.

DONATIONS

- We received books, board games and three projectors from Mr Vishnu Meyappan
- Ms Anjana Senthilnathan donated many books for the library and toys for First Step.
- Students Nirav and Tanav donated books and two footballs.
- Class of '75 donated blankets for all the teachers and support staff on Teacher's Day.
- Alumnus Mr Karthik donated Rs 2500/-

TEAM BMS continues to focus on every child to achieve his/her potential in all areas of learning – intellectual, emotional, physical, social, moral, spiritual and cultural.

- **Field trips** have been organised and ably handled by our teachers.
- **Spell Bee** has been introduced for all grades to improve spelling and the use of appropriate language in all writing pieces.
- To make a positive impact on the **learning of English** by our students, we have analysed and are working on filling the gaps in the junior classes.
- **A Monthly BMS Newsletter**, handled by students and staff, has been a learning experience in designing.

SCHOOL EDUCATIONAL EXCURSIONS

Our experience has shown that **experiential learning** and better bonding between students and between students and staff happen when they travel together. The **Educational Excursion** of BMS this term was to the city of Kochi in Kerala. It was a comprehensive learning experience. Day students have also been permitted to participate in and benefit from this learning.

Junior School had a refreshing and educational day out at the Tea Gardens. This was an opportunity to explore nature and enjoy a fun-filled day outdoors. All staff and support staff participated.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Representatives to the council for the current academic year were elected democratically by students in August. The Council has regular meetings twice a month and functions smoothly. Minutes of the meetings are recorded by the students. The system put in place last year is paying rich dividends now, and our students play an active role in the day-to-day running of the school by giving valuable suggestions and taking on responsibility and ownership.

OUT-OF-CAMPUS PROGRAMMES

The school registered its Debating team for an Interschool **Nilgiris District Debating contest** at the Nilgiri Library. Slowly but surely, BMS is making its presence felt in the local community.

PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT

- Training and workshops for teachers are ongoing programs.
- Mr Nelson completed training for **Biology for A levels**.
- Mr Praveen completed his Cambridge training with a Focus on the **Assessment for AS and A-level accounting** syllabus.
- **Workshops** were conducted on many topics.
- **In-house training** for the Cambridge curriculum is being done by our senior staff.

SPORTS DAY

The Annual Sports Day of The Blue Mountains School was held on 17th September at the HADP Grounds with great enthusiasm and spirited participation from students, staff, and parents. The event commenced with a disciplined march past by the three houses — Camellia, Jacaranda, and Magnolia — followed by the lighting of the torch and the oath-taking ceremony, symbolising unity, commitment, and fair play.

The **Chief Guest** for the occasion, BMS Alumnus **Mr Vaman Apte**, declared the meeting open and addressed the gathering, emphasising the importance of sports in fostering perseverance and teamwork.

The **Guest of Honour**, also an Alumnus, **Ms Ayesha Billimoria**, a renowned athlete and coach inspired the students with her insightful words on dedication, fitness, and the spirit of healthy competition.

Our School Director, Shri Kannan and Trustee Shri Chockalingam graced the occasion with their presence.

A wide range of track and field events, including sprints, relays and shot put, gymnastics and performances kept the atmosphere charged with excitement. Events were organised for Parents, Alumni, Staff and Support Staff too. The vibrant display of skill, energy, and sportsmanship reflected the holistic development that the school stands for.

In keeping with the school's inclusive spirit, every participant was recognised and awarded. A certificate celebrating effort, participation, and perseverance over competition.

The Annual Sports Day was a true celebration of enthusiasm, unity, and the joy of participation — a memorable day that reflected the school's belief that every child is a winner.

COUNSELLING

Regular sessions are conducted by our School Counsellor, Ms Nivitha, on topics relating to students' mental and physical well-being. We have introduced the subject of **Well Being** from grades three to eight. Ms Nivitha also handles **Psychology and Sociology** for Grade 8. This again is a newly added class.

BREADS AND CAKES/DAINTY BITES FROM BMS CAFÉ

Fresh, high-quality breads and buns, cookies, doughnuts, carrot, zucchini and sponge cakes, tiramisu, fruit truffle, confectionery, vada pav and pizzas now adorn our dining table.

ESTATE

- The **RR** wall behind the security guard's quarters has been constructed.
- Bush cutting, pruning and garden **maintenance** are regularly being done.
- **Solar and sensor lamps** have been installed in the top field and near Grant Hall.
- The **Basketball Court** at school has been redone and is being regularly used by the students. **Athletics practice** and **Morning Fitness** happen in the top field.
- **Mosquito nets** are in place in the Yellow and Green Dorms.
- We have a **dedicated Piano classroom** now. The room has been done up to keep the pianos safe and warm.
- Students and staff have done the **wall painting** in the back lawn.
- Front passage outside the yellow dorm was extended, and the **outdoor tiling** work was done, leading to Grant Hall.

TERM 2

NEW STAFF:

- Mr Anbukumaran for Physics,
- Ms Ramalakshmi for Chemistry,
- Ms Lavanya for Nursing and the dispensary in charge,
- Ms Samira – volunteer for Special Needs, Theatre and English

ACADEMIC ADVANCEMENT & CAMBRIDGE INTEGRATION

• The "Questioning" Culture:

Following a visit from the Tamil Nadu Cambridge Schools Coordinator, students are being pushed to:

- Analyse and interpret raw data.
- Conduct independent research and "Vertical Age Group" projects.
- Use mathematical thinking in real-world scenarios (Quick Math).
- The library is undergoing a complete **overhaul of its indexing**. New reference books have been added based on faculty recommendations to support the "READ" programme.
- Field trips have been organised.
- Junior School went on a school picnic to Thunder World.
- A coffee evening was scheduled for parents.
- Monthly BMS Newsletters were released.
- Book club meetings were conducted.
- PTA Meetings conducted.
- Book Fair organised on campus.
- A Biology project on creating a Herbarium for the library has been initiated, encouraging students to explore, document, and appreciate the rich diversity of plant life while contributing a valuable educational resource for the school community.

PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT

- **Training and workshops** for teachers are ongoing programs.
- All our **Science and Mathematics teachers and School Counsellor** attended online training programs.

- **Workshops** were conducted on many topics.
- **In-house two-day training workshop** for the new subject **Design and Tech**, conducted by Trainer Naren Nagarajan
- **In-house training** for the Cambridge curriculum is being done by our senior staff.
- Two senior staff attended the **National Conference on Education** at Vidya Vanam School, Anaikatti. The Theme was AI in Education.
- Our senior staff, Praveen, has completed Cambridge training for **Assessment Practice**.

CO-CURRICULAR & CULTURAL IMPACT

Silapathikaram

This was the term's flagship event. This rendition by the whole school of prose, poetry, drama, dance and song served as a vehicle for classical Tamil literature, stagecraft, and team discipline. It remains a benchmark for our "holistic learning" commitment. Costumes, props, music compositions and stage settings were handled by the students and staff at school.

MODEL UNITED NATIONS (MUN):

The IIMUN Club is now integrated into the Middle School schedule, fostering early diplomacy and public speaking skills.

SCHOOL TRIP TO ANAIKATTI

This was enriching and provided a refreshing break. It offered students an opportunity to connect with nature, teamwork and experiential learning. The group explored the scenic landscape. Observed the rich diversity of the region and participated in outdoor activities that encouraged cooperation, leadership and resilience.

ARTS & MUSIC

Strong focus on Indian and Western Classical instruments (Flute, Veena, \Mridangam, Piano and Guitar). International standard achievement: **Two students cleared Trinity Piano exams**; four more are currently preparing for Grades 1 and 4.

COMMUNITY VOLUNTEERS

- Ms Krithika for Bharatanatyam,
- Ms Seetha Natesh for Book Club and the Blueprint
- Mr Arvind and Ms Dhanya for Quick Math
- Ms Ankita Varun for the Entrepreneurial Mindset session
- Mr Jayaprakash Subban for farming at school
- Mr Solomon – Public Health Community – David Attenborough’s 100th birthday celebrations at BMS – Film, Quiz and colouring activity.

INFRASTRUCTURE, ESTATE & SUSTAINABILITY

The physical campus has seen targeted improvements to ensure safety and aesthetic alignment with the Nilgiris landscape.

Major Projects:

- Completion of the **RR wall** (Security Quarters).
- **Full tiling** of High School classrooms and Biology/ Chemistry lab.
- Renovation of the **Basketball Court**.
- **Picket fencing** in the pathway towards the sports field
- **Sports room** in the Top field
- **Gate constructed near the red steps** - Elementary classrooms
- **New mattresses** for the dorms
- **Dining tables** sport a new look

SUSTAINABILITY & COST CONTROL

- Installation of **solar and sensor** lighting in the top field to reduce electricity overheads.
- Workable option initiated for the use of **firewood for cooking** in the kitchen to mitigate the recent shortage and increase in expenditure on LPG for cooking.
- **Sanitation:** Established a strict cleaning cycle for all water tanks and kitchen filtration systems.

STUDENT WELL-BEING & COUNSELLING

Under the guidance of Ms Nivitha, mental health has been institutionalised as a subject.

- **Subject Introduction:** "Well-Being" is now a formal part of the curriculum for Grades 3 to 8.
- **Dispensary:** General health and mental well-being have improved significantly.
- **Digital Hygiene:** The **No Gadgets on Campus** policy remains strictly enforced, encouraging more physical play and social interaction.

DONATIONS

- **Crockery and cutlery set** donated by the 1975 Alumni batches to the tune of Rs 1,50,000.
- A total donation of **Rs 5,22,700** has been received from our **Alumni**.
- Generous **Rs 50,000** donated to the school by Mr Vikramaditya Ramani of Mumbai.
- **Learning, Activity and Sports materials** donated by Ms Anjana Senthilnathan to the tune of Rs 25,000.
- Alumnus Vishnu Meyyappan has donated **8 MacBooks Neo** to the IT laboratory.

BUILDING A STRONGER LEARNING COMMUNITY

- With a student-teacher ratio of 4:1, the school is able to provide individualised attention and meaningful engagement for every child. While this remains one of our greatest strengths, it also brings with it the challenge of ensuring fair and sustainable staff compensation.
- Suggestions and feedback from parents have been thoughtfully considered and addressed wherever feasible. Some require more study and planning, and it is being considered and done.
- We are also consciously creating opportunities for parents to engage with the school in a more informal and meaningful manner. Inviting parents to join us for lunch and spend time on campus is one such initiative aimed at fostering connection, openness, and a stronger sense of community.

PROPOSED INITIATIVES

STEAM/DESIGN & TECH LAB

To offer *Design & Technology* as an IGCSE elective, we are investing in a dedicated lab. Initial staff training by Mr Naren Nagarajan has already been completed. We are in the process of setting up our new lab.

Karuna Senthilnathan

CAPTURING LITTLE SMILES





A PERFECT PICTURE OF FRIENDSHIP AND FUN



ONE PHOTO, COUNTLESS MEMORIES



YOUNG VOICES, BRIGHT IDEAS



NEYMAR

Neymar is short, but fast like a falcon

Neymar is good at tackling
sometimes he eats junk food
sometimes he doesn't eat at all
he has got many tattoos on his face
he always chews gum when he plays a match

when he takes a penalty, everyone
cheers loudly

I like him because he is a hero and I
want to be like him

- Nadheeran, Grade 4



FOOTBALL

Football is my favourite game to play with my friends. I love kicking the ball and running fast on the ground. When I score a goal, I feel super happy and excited. My friends and I cheer loudly for each other. The football looks like a small round planet to me. I like pretending I am a famous football player. Sometimes I fall down, but I get up and keep playing. Playing football makes me strong and active. I enjoy playing it every evening after school. Football is not just a game, it is so much fun.

- Mivaan, Grade 3

REAL MADRID

I love football and Real Madrid is my favourite team. It feels like more than just a team. Based in Madrid, Spain, the club has built a huge fame by winning many trophies, especially in the UEFA Champions League.

Real Madrid is inspiring to students like me. Legends like Cristiano Ronaldo show us that success comes from hard work, discipline, and never giving up on your dreams. Even when things get tough, he always pushed himself to be better. Another amazing player, Luka Modric, proves that you don't have to be the strongest to succeed. You just need skill and discipline. Players like Vinicius Junior and Jude Bellingham play with confidence and they are inspiring in many ways.

Watching Real Madrid matches is always thrilling. The team never gives up, even in difficult situations, and sometimes they score goals at the last minute. It reminds me of an important lesson to always keep trying.

Real Madrid is not just about football. It's about passion, teamwork, and chasing your dreams. That's why it is one of the most inspiring teams in the world.

- Preneeth, Grade 3



WHY CAN'T FOOTBALL BE A SUBJECT LIKE ENGLISH?

I love sports more than anything, especially football. Whenever I see football, I just want to play. I enjoy running on the field, kicking the ball, and scoring goals. It makes me feel happy.

Sometimes everyone tells me to focus more on my studies, but I'm always thinking about football. Even in my English class, when ma'am teaches me about nouns, I think about football, and verbs, I think about running in the field. Guess I'm learning English with football! I just can't stop imagining myself playing a big match and winning for my team.

I know studies are important, but football is what I love the most. One day, I hope to become a great football player and make everyone proud.

- Vijay, Grade 3

RONALDO, MY HERO!

My favourite football player is Cristiano Ronaldo. He is very fast and strong on the field.

I love the way he kicks the ball and scores amazing goals. When he jumps, it feels like he can fly in the air. He works very hard to become the best player. I like his confidence and never-give-up attitude. He started playing football when he was very young. He practised every day to improve his skills. He has won many trophies and awards. I enjoy watching his matches on TV. His famous 'Siuuu' celebration is very fun to copy. He inspires me to play football better. I want to be a great player like him one day. He shows us that hard work can make dreams come true. Cristiano Ronaldo is my hero!

- Rithvick, Grade 3



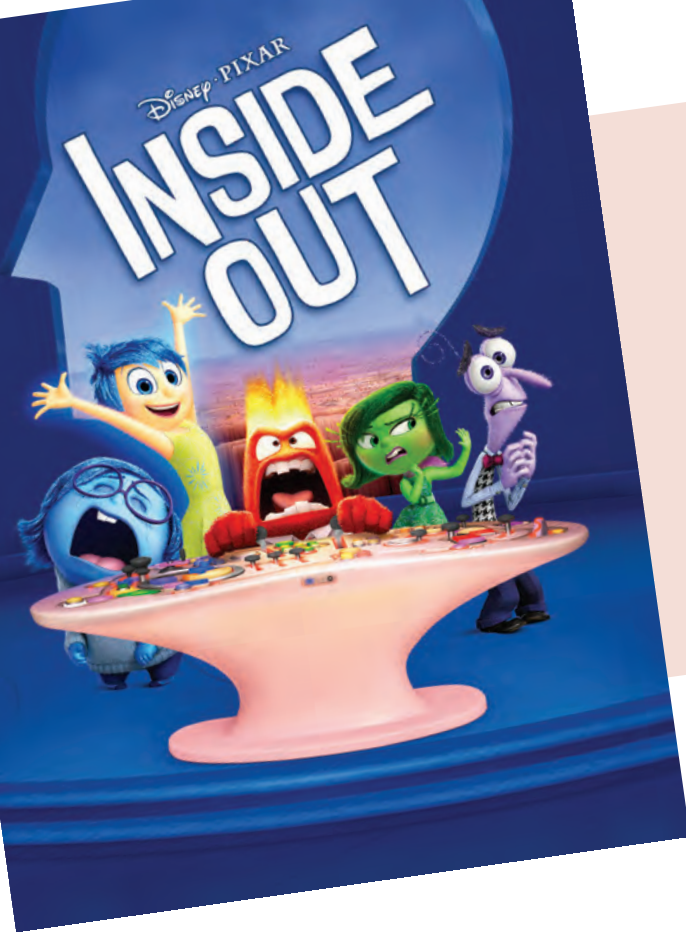
OUR FOOTBALL MATCH WITH CLIFF SCHOOL

We had a football match in our school. It was between our school and Cliff School. I got this wonderful opportunity to be a part of it. I was the right-side forward player and I was feeling butterflies in my stomach all along. We won the toss and we chose to take the start. They scored the first goal after a while and it really made me anxious. Even as halftime approached, we weren't able to score anything, and it was getting really tense for us. During halftime, Eric sir, our coach, encouraged us to try and score

a goal, and not just pass the ball. We were trying really hard but then again our opposing team scored another goal which really made us furious and passionate. Our friend Advyth finally scored a goal, which made our stadium scream with joy. It added to our confidence. Although we lost the match with Cliff, the experience was really amazing. It taught us to practice fiercely for our next match.

- Litesh, Grade 3





MOVIE REVIEW: **INSIDE OUT**

I loved the movie *Inside Out* because I watched it with my friends. I don't know how my friends felt, but I loved the movie. I would probably rate it 9/10. The character Anger is my most adored character, which is what I would say. He is funny in some parts and angry in most parts. I'm always ready to watch thriller movies, and this was awesome.

- Kayan, Grade 3

CLASSMATES

In my class, there are only four students, including me. We are a very small class, but we are very close to each other. There are two girls and one boy besides me.

Zara is smart and reads really well. She always helps us when we don't understand something. Tiara is kind and friendly, and she makes everyone feel happy. Inniyan is my other friend who is a very good football player, and we all enjoy playing with him.

I really enjoy being in this class because we are like a small family. We learn, play, and laugh together every day. I hope we all stay together and grow up with each other as good friends.

- Krithikesh, Grade 2

BEACH

The Beach was Beautiful.

The sky was as blue as the sea

And I played on the beach.

The sun went down and I sat on the sand and
watched the sun set.

It was so beautiful, I even saw the moon rise above
the horizon.

- Adithi, Grade 4



EMOTIONS

In Riley's head, there are emotions
Joy, Sadness, Anger, Fear, Disgust, and her
Imaginary friend Bing Bong
Joy makes Riley happy.
Sadness makes her sad.
Disgust makes her not like some stuff.
Fear makes her afraid
Anger makes her angry. These are
emotions that make us human and alive.

- Zara, Grade 2

RILEY'S FEELINGS

Riley is a girl who likes pizza and hates
broccoli, but she is a good hockey player.
She gets angry easily. I love Riley because she
has big feelings. I also have big feelings. I love big
feelings, so I show my big feelings to other people.

- Advait, Grade 3

DELICIOUS KOCHI, YOU STOLE OUR HEARTS

The sea welcomed us with love
The beach waved hi
The birds chirped in the park land
Wonder-la was a blast
The rides took us in for the fun
The boat trip sailed us to the sky of enjoyment
The bus journey was filled with laughter
We saw the world of supercars
The food was mouthwatering
And we were soaked under the waterfall
The Chinese net pulled up excitement
The dance hour was bursting with dammakkas
Ved was our stereo
Nirav was our fun master
Aayush was our moonwalker
Sam was pro in cracking jokes
Kheerthan our secret joy
Avaneesh our dream maker
And Arion was wondering where we can buy
Chinese products
And well, Iza took care of us like a big sister
And as we left Kochi
We waved the waves goodbye
With a heart full of memories and melodies.

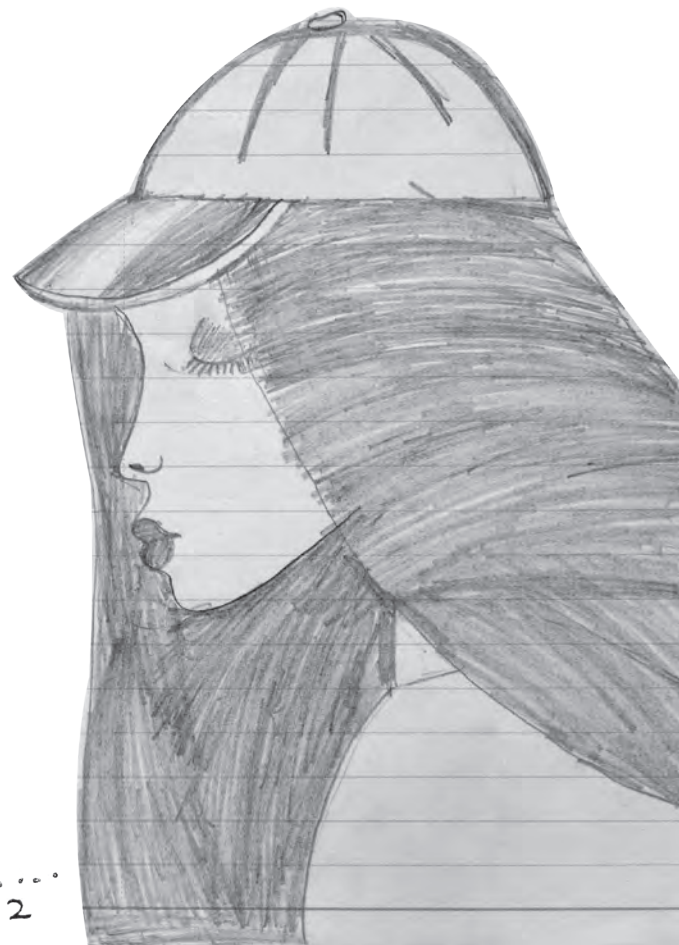
- Grades 4 and 5



RILEY IS A ROLLERCOASTER

Riley has got big feelings
joy, sadness, disgust, anger and fear
they live in her brain
joy makes her feel better
sadness makes her feel lonely
anger makes her furious
disgust makes her dislike broccoli
fear makes her scared of new things
riley likes hockey and ice skating
and she loves to slide down the rails
she likes playing with her friends
although new people make her anxious
she likes cat and pizza
she loves her family very much
that's how feelings work for her

- Grades 2 and 3





THE RIVER

I come from lands beyond.
Where dawn spreads her golden wings
and rivers hum like silver strings
while mountains wear their misty crown
I walked through dreams that bloomed like flowers
each petal burning soft and bright
a living sun against the night
the grass bent low to hear my song
their eyes alight with gentle grace

- Veronica, Grade 5

The river splashed water on me
the river told me to swim
I saw the reflection of the sky, clouds and the sun
the river looks like a platinum plate

- Advyth, Grade 5

As I flow to a place I belong,
Yearning to reach,
I think about the place I started,
A misty mountain

I see the sights of my life,
But all I want is to go faster
I try to call the people
But they can't hear me
I reach a cliff
And I started to fall like a waterfall
Sad to see people polluting

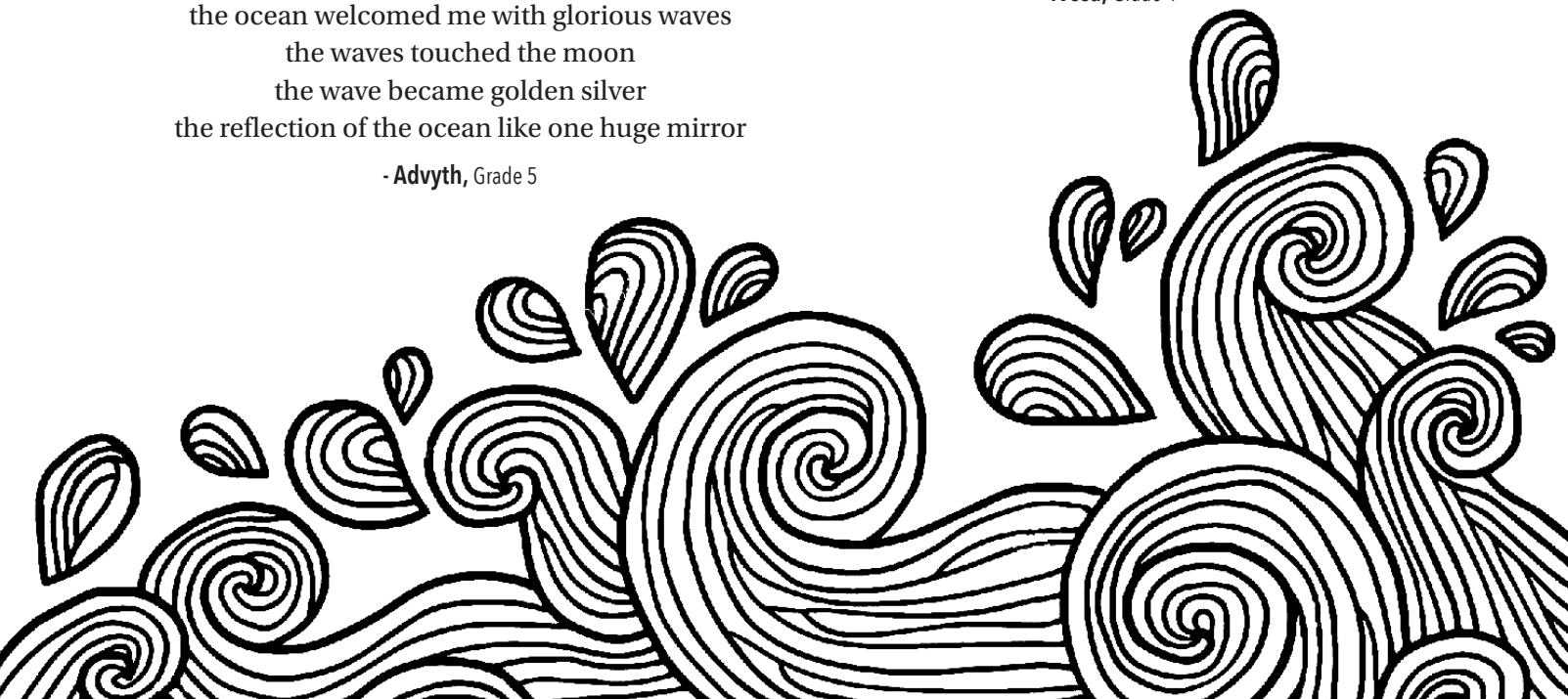
As I near the place I belong, the sea
I get a glimpse,
The waves a blanket,
The sun is the sky,
The beach,
Oh my!

- Tvesa, Grade 4

OCEAN

the ocean welcomed me with glorious waves
the waves touched the moon
the wave became golden silver
the reflection of the ocean like one huge mirror

- Advyth, Grade 5





SPACE

I love space. I love how the universe hangs out there in the void. It is undisturbed by the wind or the voice or the rush that we feel here on earth. Space is like a huge dark sky filled with tiny shining stars. I feel like the stars are little lights twinkling just for me. The Moon looks like a friendly face that follows me at night. The Sun is very bright and feels like a warm smile in the morning. Planets look like colourful balls floating far away in the sky. I think Saturn is special because it has beautiful rings around it. Mars looks red, like it is covered in dust and secrets. I wonder if there are aliens living on other planets. Maybe they are friendly and want to play with us. Astronauts are like superheroes who travel in rockets. Rockets zoom into space faster than anything I can imagine. Space feels very quiet, like a place where no one can hear you. I wish I could float and fly like astronauts do. There are so many things in space that we still don't know about. Space makes me dream about adventures far beyond the Earth.

- Kayan, Grade 3

HOW ZEBRAS GOT THEIR STRIPES

Once upon a time, Zebras had white bodies without stripes. One day, King Zebra was grazing in the field, but it was too hot and sunny. His back was burning, but he couldn't find shade to protect himself. He desperately wanted water to drink. He went to the nearby river, but it was blocked by men. He tried to overcome the obstacle of drinking water. But Men had an orange flame in their hands. King Zebra didn't know it was fire and how dangerous it was. Men saw Zebra trying to get to the river and so they attacked him with the fire. Zebra was burned severely but his life was saved. However, King Zebra was left with black scars from the attack. Ever since then, Zebras have had black and white stripes on their body!

- Nivu, Grade 4



THE WATCHING EYES

The girl was sitting on her veranda one fine evening, sipping her tea, staring at the setting sun. Suddenly, she felt that the world went quiet. The birds weren't chirping anymore, the wind wasn't blowing, and the trees weren't moving. Something eerie, her bones felt the cold. She heard a low growl from outside and it felt so close. She saw a pair of eyes sharp and fixed, staring into her soul. She saw a tiger stepping through the gate. It moved slowly but powerfully, its muscles tense and ready. The girl's heart started pounding, and she felt a chill run down her body. She didn't dare to move or make a sound. The tiger looked around, letting out another deep growl, making the moment even more frightening. She sat frozen, terrified, hoping it would leave without noticing her.

- Adithi, Grade 4

NEW SCHOOL, NEW HOME

I came to a new residential school after studying as a day scholar in my old school. In the beginning, I felt nervous and missed my home and family a lot. Everything was new including the classrooms, the teachers, the students, and even the place where I stayed.

Slowly, I started talking to my classmates and made new friends. We began to study, play games, and spend time together every day. They helped me feel comfortable and happy.

Now, I don't feel as homesick as before. My friends and teachers are very kind, and my new school feels like my second home.

- Inniyan, Grade 2

COTTON CANDY

Cotton candy
Tasty
Colourful, soft, yummy
Melts in your mouth
Yummy!

- Veronica, Grade 5

MADURAI, HERE I COME...

Madurai is a beautiful city full of tasty food and amazing buildings. I love eating soft and fluffy idli with yummy chutney. The crispy dosa is my favourite breakfast. I also enjoy sweet and cold jigarthanda on hot days. The streets are full of shops selling delicious snacks and sweets. The Meenakshi Amman temple looks very colourful and grand. The tall towers of the temple are covered with beautiful statues. I feel amazed looking at the detailed carvings on the walls. The old buildings in Madurai tell stories from long ago. Madurai's food and architecture make me feel happy and excited.

- Nethra, Grade 3

THE MISTY MOUNTAINS

The mountain murmurs in morning mist
a mighty monarch crowned with snow
its stony heart beats calm and strong
like a guardian far below
sunlight slides on its silver skin
a river wraps it, whispering low
like lace upon a royal gown
the trees bow in breezy grace
it stands a dream,
a timeless soul,
a sculptor's hope,
a poet's prayer
its breath is fast, its gaze divine

- Veronica, Grade 5

JETS

Jets
Fast, dangerous
Flying, soaring, roaring
Fighting in the sky
Dead

- Rithuvasan, Grade 5

HOT WHEELS

I really like Hot Wheels because they are small, colourful, and super fun to play with. My favourite part is racing them on tracks and seeing which car goes the fastest. Some cars look like real race cars, while others are cool and funny with big wheels or bright designs. I like Pagani the most.

I love cars in general because they are fast and powerful. When I see real cars on the road, I try to guess their names and imagine driving them someday. Playing with Hot Wheels makes me feel like I am part of a big race.

Sometimes I build my own tracks using books and boxes, and I create jumps and loops. It feels like my cars are going on an adventure. Hot Wheels are my favorite toys because they let me use my imagination and have fun every day.

- Aadhvik, Grade 4

SUPERCARS

I come in many models
and each and every model has something great
about it

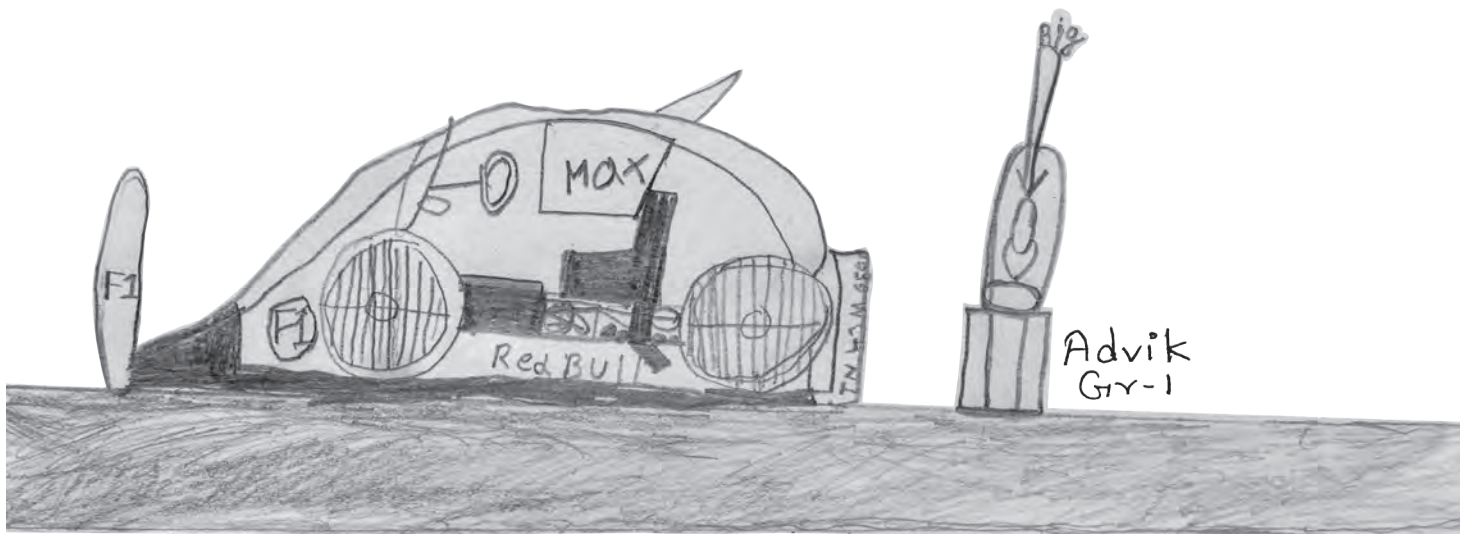
I am very fast but I cost too much
everyone wants to buy me
all the kids look at me with amazement
everyone dreams about me
but only the rich can afford me

I look cute but I am dangerous
I roar through the city and get attention
everyone loves me
and I like that

- Rithuvasan, Grade 5



- Kayan.N
Gr-3



Advik
Gr-1

THE RIVER INSIDE

The river flows as fast as a cheetah
soft silk flowing through the water, the wonderful
water flowing around.

Reflections throughout the water
freezing and melting in the winter and summer
all around the world.

Children are playing on the beach while people
Watched the sunset at the golden hour and others
who were collecting pretty seashells, which were
submerged in sand.

- Neha, Grade 5



I AM A SUPERHERO

I am a superhero,
Flying high wearing my cape.
I zoom around,
Helping people when they are in trouble.

If someone is sad, I make them smile
I stop the bad and help the good
Doing everything like a hero.
I can fly over mountains
And across the sea,
Nothing can frighten me.
When there's trouble, I'm always there,
Ready to help with my muscle
I may be small, but I am brave,
Saving the world is what I do.

- Sukanth, Grade 3

FAMILY

My mother works far away in Canada, and I miss her every day. I wish she was here to hug me, help me with my homework, and tell me stories at night. Sometimes when I make cards, or draw something interesting, I feel I want to share it with her. I think about her a lot.

I live with my father, and he takes very good care of me. He tries his best to make me happy every day. He cooks for me, helps me with my studies, and even plays with me when he is tired. He brightens up when he sees me bring small gifts to him like my drawings or things I make. He loves me a lot.

I am always waiting for the day my mother comes back home. I imagine running to her and hugging her tightly. I love my parents so much, and I hope we can all be together again soon.

- Tiara, Grade 2

MY FRIEND WITH A TAIL

I live in a residential school named BMS, away from my home, and I have two dogs named Luck and Lucky. They are my best friends. They are very playful and always run to me when I come home. We used to play every evening, and they would follow me everywhere.

Now I am staying here for school, and I miss them a lot. Sometimes I feel sad because I don't have them with me. I think about them every day and wonder if they are waiting for me too.

I am always excited for my holidays because I know I will go home and see Luck and Lucky again. I imagine them wagging their tails and jumping on me when I arrive. I can't wait to hug them and play with them again. Luck and Lucky are not just my dogs, they are my best friends, and I miss them so much.

-Vihaan, Grade 3







-By. Kayan.N
Grv 3

SONIC



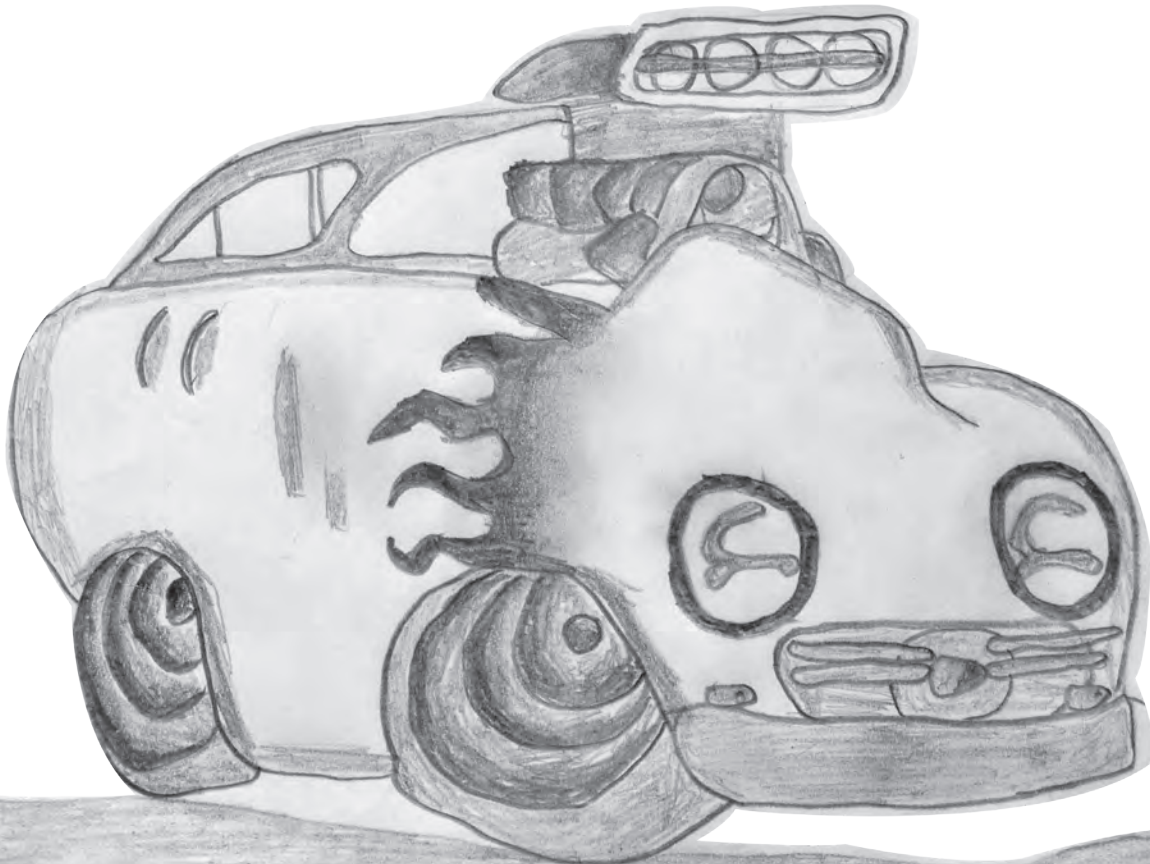
Litesh
Grv-4



Vivan
Gr-6



Litesh
Gr-4



Vivan
Gr-6



Rithvik
Gr-3

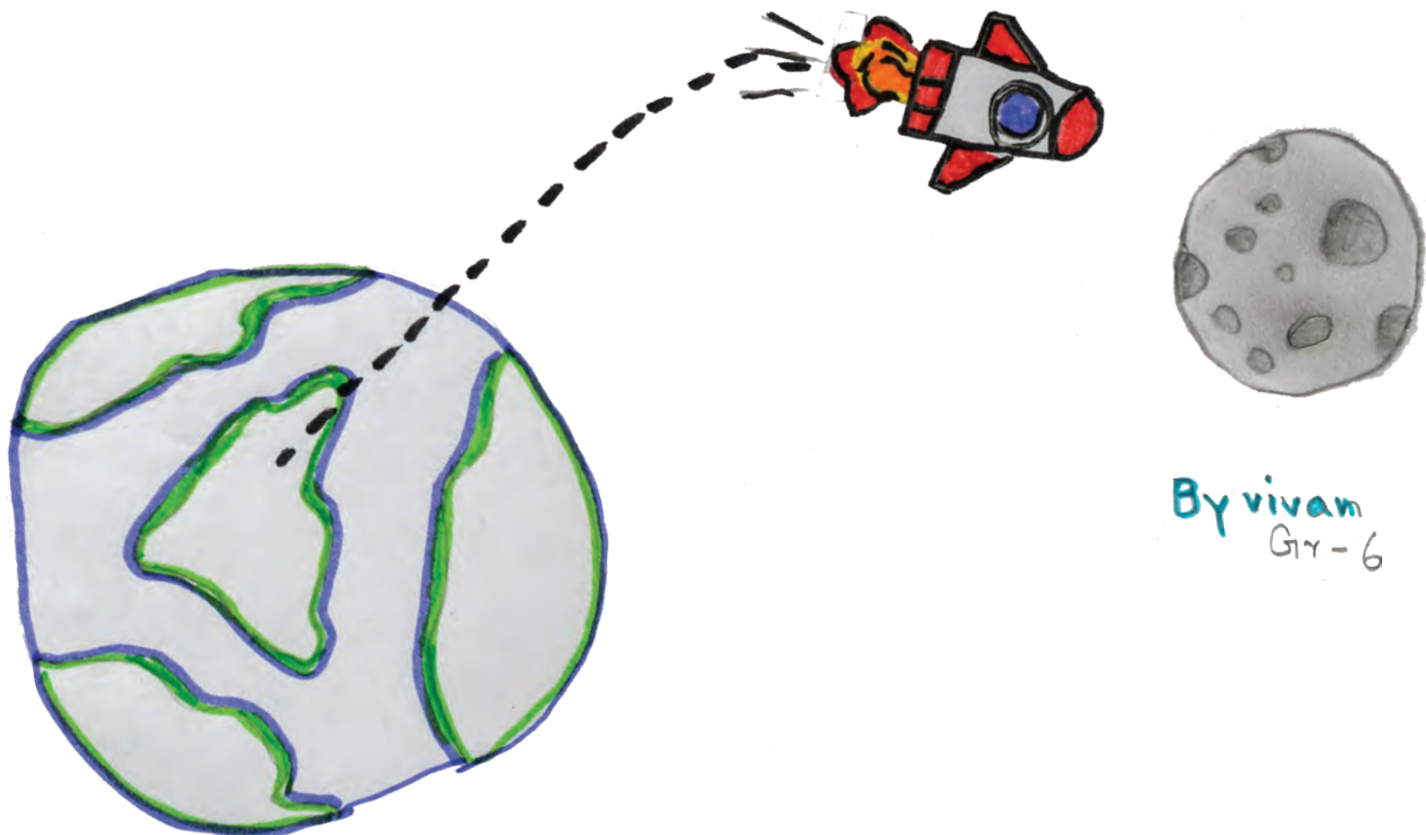


Preneeth
Gr-3



Nethra
Gr-3





By vivan
Gr-6



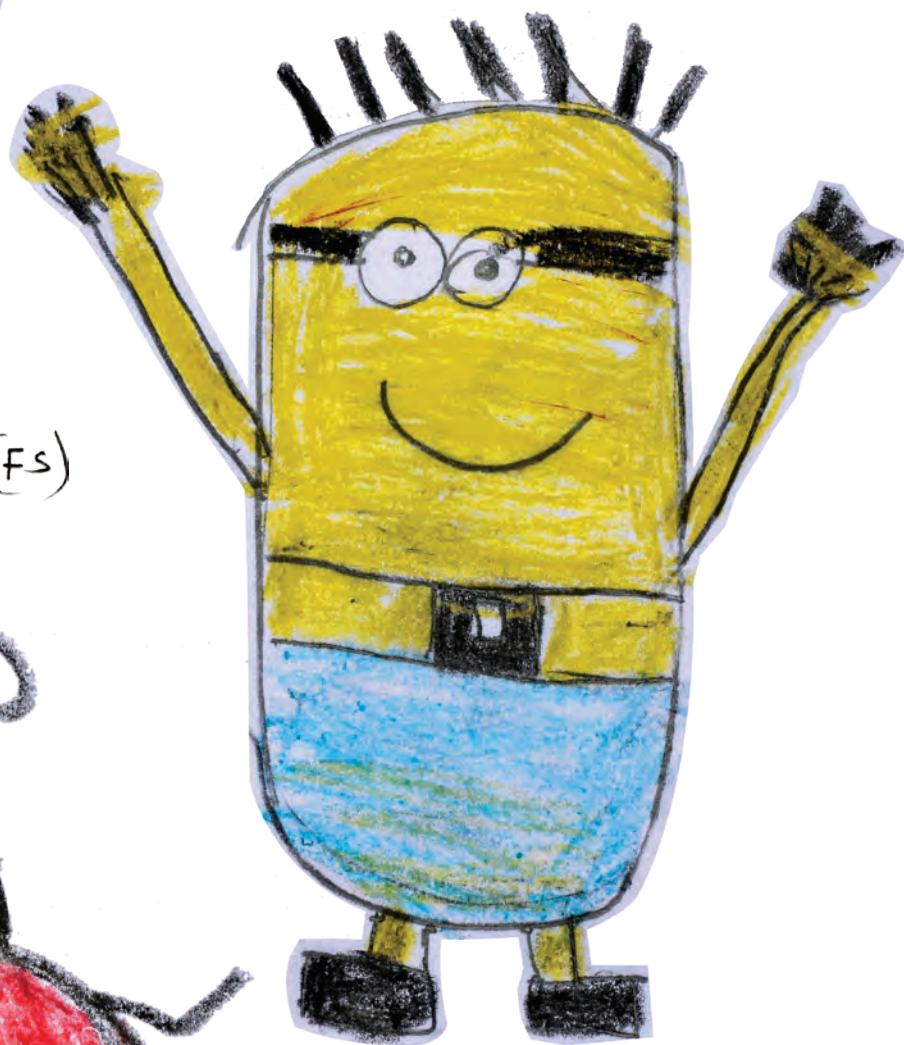
Maiyuran(FS)



Yuvan
FS(5+)



Avyaan (Fs)



Yuvaan (Fs)



Mahitha (Fs)



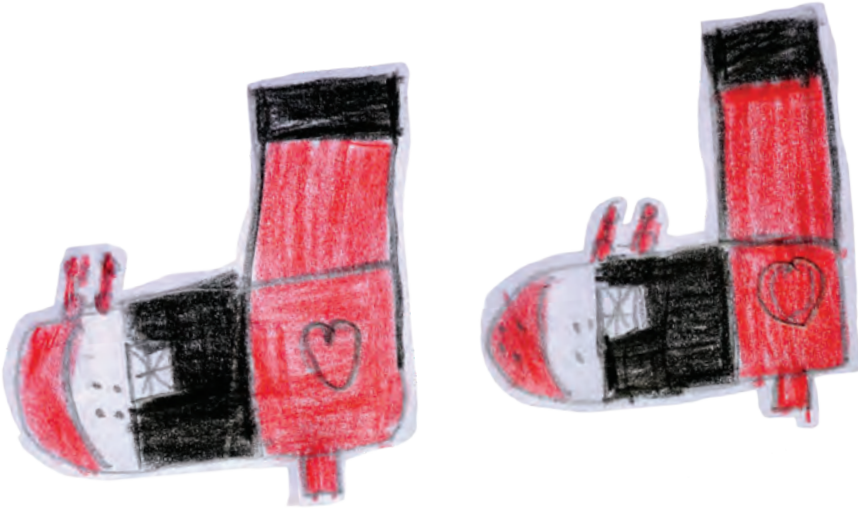
Nethra
Gr-3



Aavya (FS)

TINY WRITERS

SHARING BIG IDEAS



My Dad bought a new shoe for me. And it is red in colour. I like to wear it everyday.

- Advik
Gr 1

I Like butterfly.
They are colourful.
The butterfly is an insect. I like to catch them.

- Kayra
Gr-1

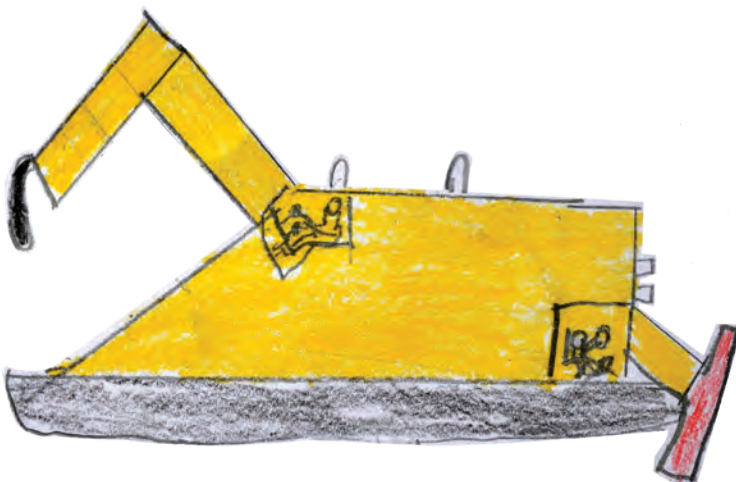


I like JCB's.

When I grow up I want to drive a JCB.

JCB's are yellow in colour.

- Aaran
Gr-1



My best friend is Maeva
I like to play with
her.

- Airaa
Gr-1



The rainbow is colourful.
It comes when it
is sunny and rainy.
It is very nice to
watch. It is very
bright.

- Maeva
Gr-1



My dream
Rocket

My dream is
to go on a
rocket and
see the
space.

Thava (FS)



I like to be in my house. My house is painted in pink colour. I live with my parents.

I love to play with my parents.

- Maanvick Jain
Gr 1



I have a unicorn. It has magical powers. My unicorn is colourful and I like it very much.

- Krish
Gr 1

My favourite place is rose garden. I can see the garden from my house. There are so many rose in the garden.

- Shayaan
Gr 1





My favourite doll Pinku.

My favourite doll Pinku.

I love my doll very much.

I will play with my Pinku everyday.

Pinku is very soft.

Pinku is my good friend.

maithri. (FS)

My best friend Ben.

This is my best friend Ben

My doll dog. He is soft

and fluffy. I love to

play with my doll.

everyday. - Artha (FS)



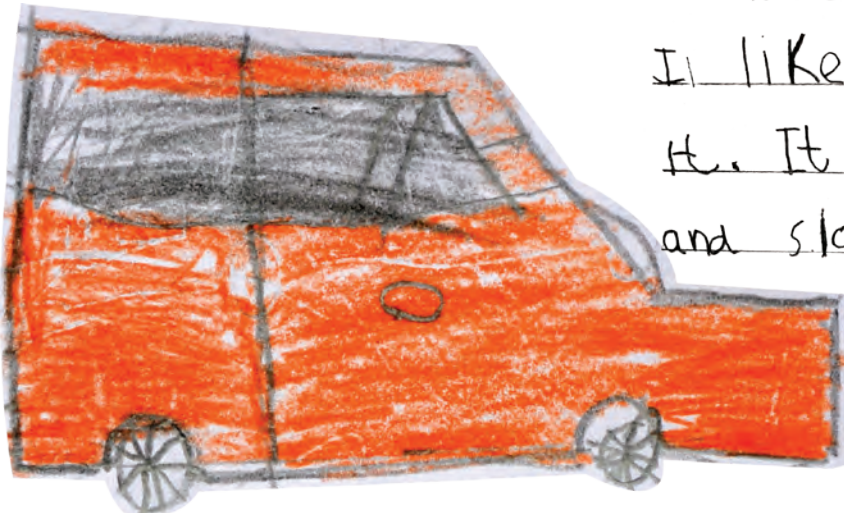
I have a BMW car.

I like to play with

it. It can go fast

and slow.

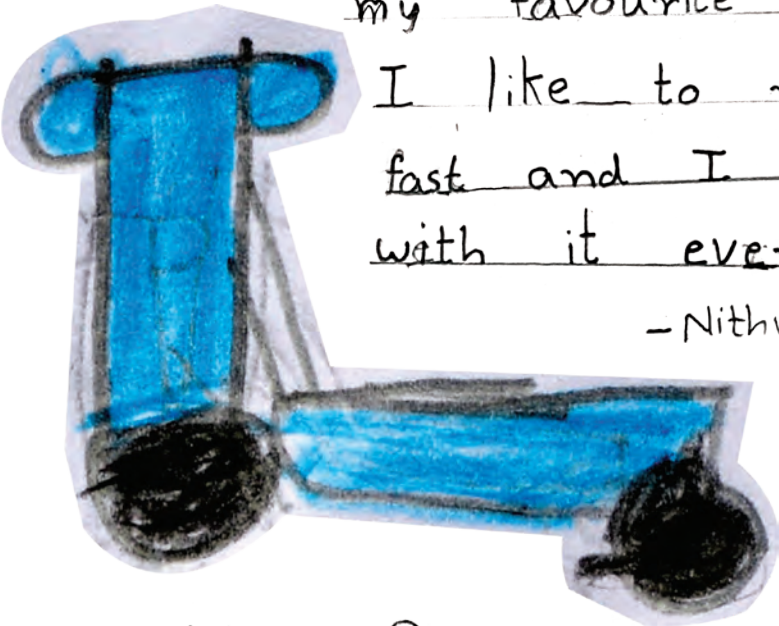
- Mrinal
Gr 1



I have a blue
colour scooter. It is
my favourite toy.

I like to ride it
fast and I play
with it everyday.

-Nithvik, Gvi



My favourite blanket

This is my favourite blanket. It is purple
in colour. My blanket has light and unicorn.
It is very soft. My blanket is beautiful.

Iqrah. FS



My favourite baby doll

My baby doll is sweet
and cute. I like to
play with my doll always.
She is pink and sweet.
I like to play spend my
time with her
Ella (ES)

CREATIVITY IN WORDS

THE FIG

Their land was beautiful with the cherry blossoms; the vibrant colours made the land one in a million. The fig made the land even more special. The soft ripened flesh of the fig tasted like the warmth of the sun.

Soon the world turned cruel and unfair. The winter only made it worse.

They had to cut down all the trees to save the child from dying. they were running to the city, but the bombs came, they fell everywhere, the hospitals, the market place, cafes... their life was compressed on a boat...

all they did was float...

He called his son ocean because he loved the sea...

they just wanted to be free...

from the darkness...

So they hid...

just like the fig...

- Neyah, Grade 6



ONE IN TWENTY-THREE YEARS

A land like never seen before.

New life starting in the spring, the beautiful mountains and sweet figs during fall.

The speciality of our country.

They burned the branches for warmth, preventing from dying.

Power was down.

All the trees down except for one.

Ripe fruit, dried branches.

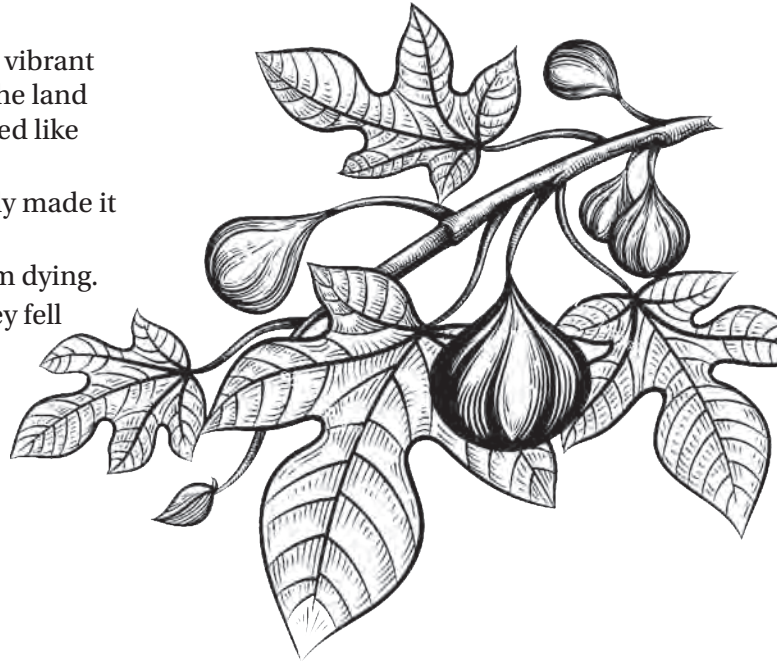
The city swarming with bombs.

The land scratched.

Fig is not really a fruit.

The flower will turn in on itself.

- Shreyansh, Grade 6



THE LAND OF BEAUTIFUL NATURE

The juicy cherry blossoms.

The creative world of poetry.

When you taste the fig you die of the flavour of richness.

and realisation that fig is not a fruit, and the fig were one gift to the world.

- Nihal, Grade 6

IT IS A HIDDEN FIG! I MEAN... FLOWER!

As there was only one fig on a tree...

I saw it closely; wait I was wrong!

It's a flower!

It's like the world's beauty has just unfolded.

And now I wonder why can't fig actually be a flower instead of a fruit?

Well there is no answer for that question.

Nobody can judge it.

Nobody can change it.

Nobody can do anything to it.

And that is the only place I am correct about figs.

- Ishika, Grade 6

THE SORROW OF WAR

I look in front of me, at the aftermath of what's been done. The piercing gunshot from the rifle on my side, the deafening boom of the artillery landing on the enemy...and some of us. I stay kneeling, unable to move, in the middle of the battlefield – staring – the whole world and the universe had imploded. The apex of my thoughts focused on what I did to the man – the man with his eyes gouged out, the back of his head caved in as fragments of his flesh lay on my uniform. Had I done that to a man?

The blood splatters on my face as one of the comrades pierce a man's bowel and hack through it like a meatloaf. The guts spilled on the ruined, hard mud of the gruesome battlefield. All this death, this pain, this suffering – for our country? For our nation?

The shrill screeching of the men as they suffer as the medics arrive late for their duties. Oh ... the blood, the torture, the pure feeling of guilt. Is all of this needed? NO! this is not right. I miss my wife. I miss my children. I can't afford to lose them.

I can't. I won't. I wouldn't.

Legs broken; bones jutting out. Their faces off, bloody mess. Eyes gouged out, jaws broken and missing bowels, torso, chest... all ripped through and slit... again and again. It never ends, does it?

I feel something hit my back – a bayonet pierces through me.

Not seeing my wife. Not seeing my kids. It's over. I'm at peace – finally.

- Happy, Grade 7



LOST IN THE FOREST

My friends and I were on a trek in a nearby forest... oh! I forgot to introduce my friends. They are Thanie, Tan, Adhu, Kiri and Nir. We had planned a holiday to the Nilgiris and our lodge was close to a forest. After much discussion the trek was decided.

The lodge had arranged a guide who knew his way around the forest like I knew the back of my hand. He had informed us that there would be no signal in the forest, so we didn't carry our mobiles.

Loaded with many Odomos, trekking sticks, food, chemical ice packs and life straws, we set out early in the morning. Nir, who had brought his camera to photograph nature and birds, kept himself busy. We stopped at regular intervals to hydrate ourselves with sips of water.

We saw elephant footprints and lots of elephant dung. The dung was fresh and we were both excited and nervous at the same time. A couple of minutes later, we heard some rumble and the breaking of branches nearby. Tan was most excited and grabbing the camera from Nir ran towards the sound in the forest. He froze as he saw this big creature not so far away from him.

"The creature looked fierce", he told us later.

Tan screamed and started running. We ran towards him only to find that he was running towards us screaming, "aaaahhhhhhhhhh! Heeeeellpppp!! Ruunnnnnnnnn!!!"

We ran for our lives and literally kept running till we found ourselves safe. We found a cave opening, and decided to make that our lunch stop. We ate a bit of the food that we had carried with us.

As we began eating, we heard a low growl coming from inside the cave. Kiri walked in feeling a bit brave with his torch. A few seconds later he ran out screaming. This felt like a déjà vu as we ran for our lives – yet again, leaving our food behind. When we came to a stop, we realised we had lost our guide. We didn't have the time to go looking for him presuming he could find his way back.

Were we lost, or was he?

- Viswak, Grade 7

POEM

Look at the page,
feel its secrets unveiling

A precious part
torn from the heart,
taken from the mind
and its bloody lining.

So sure of the past,
like a book's reading,
document it all
so people know-
this crazy of a feeling

Journal, journal, journal
all day long
Keep it from becoming a finding
Thy fragile truths lie
In these whites.
They speak of every single bit
that goes unspoken

The mind,
a ceaseless time
within a gasp of mine,
no that is not the truth

For no such man
ever existed before
No one can grab
what hasn't been
since the lore

A time when I can't find
What reality holds
No glimpse of the beyond
In this lonely cold
And its million pound snow.

-Linisha, Grade 7

I DARE YOU GIRL...

I smelt her before I saw her
Climbing sideways through the mist

Click, click

My breath tells her I'm near,

Up she goes,

Foolish girl chasing heights

Where I make my nest

One slip

One stumble

And il be waiting on the rocks below

The mountain is mine

The mist my cloak

The wind my song

Climb on little girl

I'll be there when courage runs dry

Shreyansh, Grade 6

WINGS OF DREAMS

I'm passionate about planes. Here are some cool facts about planes.

The first airplane was made by Wilbur Wright and Orville Wright. It was a simple glider. Later, they built a plane with an engine that flew over 1,000 times!

Fun fact: The brothers tossed a coin to decide who would fly first—and Wilbur won!

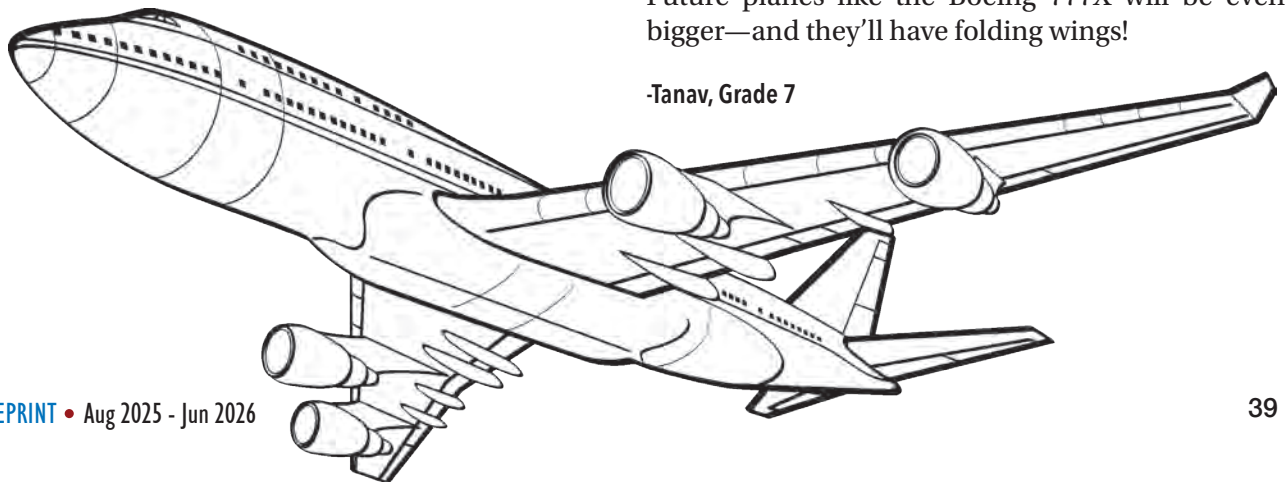
Have you heard of the sound barrier? It's like an invisible wall in the sky. In 1947, Chuck Yeager became the first person to break it using the Bell X-1.

Big passenger planes can carry hundreds of people but don't fly faster than sound. The Boeing 777 is one such plane—it's big, fast, and fuel-efficient!

One of the biggest cargo planes ever is the Antonov An-225 Mriya, with huge wings.

Future planes like the Boeing 777X will be even bigger—and they'll have folding wings!

-Tanav, Grade 7



MOVIE NAME
THE BLACK PANTHER

IMDB rating-7.3

Cast: Chadwick Boseman, Michael B Jordan,
Martin Freeman

The black panther is set in Wakanda, a fictional country in the heart of Africa. The storyline is about the successor to the throne of Wakanda – T'Challa. He is about to be crowned king but a US mercenary called Killmonger challenges him to fight for the throne. The tradition in Wakanda is that when a person is crowned king a person can challenge him to a duel for the throne. The person who challenges the king can withdraw in the middle of the duel or fight to his death.

Killmonger was T'Challa's cousin. His father was killed by T'chaka; father of T'Challa. He was murdered because he sold vibranium to people outside Wakanda. Vibranium is a metal that is lighter than steel and could absorb energy making it durable. Killmonger challenges T'challa to a duel where he successfully defeats T'challa and becomes king of Wakanda. He also burns the herb garden and takes the last one for himself. The heart shaped herb is a plant that can give people superhuman abilities when consumed. Shuri the sister of T'challa was not convinced that T'challa was dead and the duel took place on top of a mountain so she went to the bottom part of the mountain to check if he was alive. T'challa was alive but badly wounded. Killmonger gave a lot of vibranium to groups that were all around the world and told them to overthrow their government.

In the last 30 minutes of Black Panther, T'challa successfully defeats Killmonger. T'challa offers to help Killmonger but Killmonger declines the offer and realizes a bit too late, the mistake he has made.

This was a very exciting and thrilling move and I could always rewatch the movie anytime.

- Kirithin, Grade 8



GRATEFUL

Splash, splash! It was a great downpour. I swiftly moved across the street. I hid my school books under my jacket but I was completely drenched. I always cycle back home after school but this morning I was early, so I decided to walk. I checked my watch, it was only 4'o' clock. I still had half an hour more to spend before my parents start to worry. My house was only two streets away but I always went the longer way which took ten more minutes to reach home. The shorter route was through the main road. I was not allowed that way because of the constant movement of vehicles. Just then a small plastic bag flew next to me. I sprinted towards it and caught it. Then I carefully put my school books in it. By then, the rain grew heavier, and my soggy hair annoyed me. I cursed under my breath as the wind blew towards me. Suddenly a little girl ran to a house nearby. She had dark curly hair and beautiful brown skin. She was also drenched but she seemed to be happy unlike me. She wore a small and dirty frock. She happily ran barefoot towards a lady and called her 'ma'. The mother was a bigger version of her daughter. Same jet black hair and sparkly little eyes. The pair walked towards the house as an old woman walked out with two chapatis and a spoonful of pickle. They thanked the old woman whole heartedly. The mother pulled out a small plastic bag and put the food in there. They left their little parcel on a black slab nearby and ran into the rain. The little girl ran around in joy and laughed whenever her mom slipped. I stood there watching them, stunned. Was that little girl laughing and playing while I was cursing and grumbling in the rain? Well, yes! I saw real happiness in that little street girl. When I reached home, I received a long lecture from my mom, but that was one of the eye-opening days of my life.

- Smrithi, Grade 6

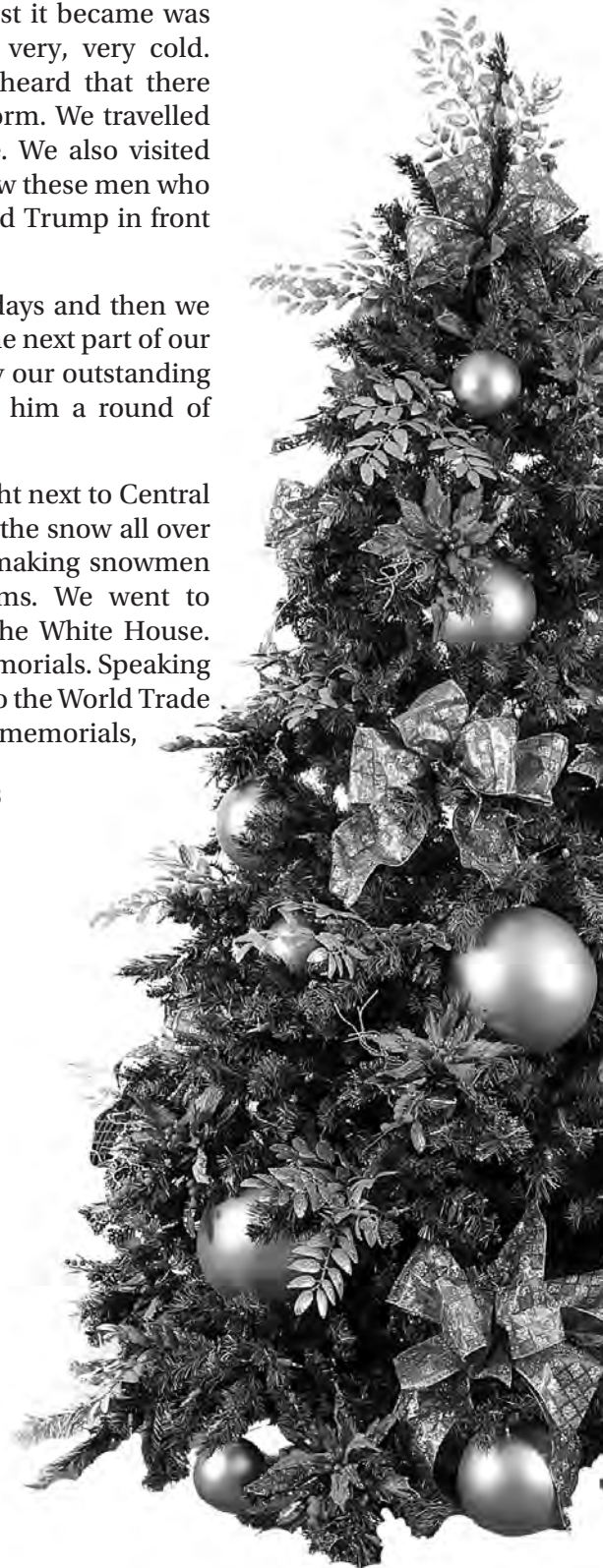
A WHITE CHRISTMAS

Hi all. Today I am going to tell you about our December trip to America. We started in Coimbatore and then moved to Kochi. From there we flew over Abu Dhabi and took a connecting flight to New York where our Uncle and Aunt live. We flew by Etihad. It was -1 degrees when we reached and it did not become any warmer. The coldest it became was -18 degrees, which is very, very cold. Just after we left, we heard that there was a terrible snow storm. We travelled by subway everywhere. We also visited Washington DC. We saw these men who were mimicking Donald Trump in front of the White House.

We stayed there for 4 days and then we came back from DC. The next part of our trip will be recorded by our outstanding reporter... Elisha! Give him a round of Applause Folks!

Our Apartment was right next to Central Park and we could see the snow all over it. We found out that making snowmen is harder than it seems. We went to Washington and saw the White House. We also saw a lot of memorials. Speaking of that, when we went to the World Trade Centre and saw a lot of memorials,

- Elisha and Jonathan, Grade 8



THE BOY AND THE WOLVES

Once upon a time in a cave, there was a pack of wolves in which there was a family, where a mother gave birth to a baby wolf. The parents did not like the cub because it was very different from other cubs. From that day the cub didn't have any friends. The parents left the cub, so it felt alone and there was no one to support it.

One day near the cave, there were four hunters ready to hunt the wolves. The cub tried warning the parents to not go out, but the parents thought the cub was lying and they didn't believe the cub.

They went out. The mother got killed and the dad was also shot dead, and the other wolves got scared and stayed back. As time passed, the hunters left and the other wolves were normal again.

The next day there was no wolf in the cave they went to hunt. Only the cub was there and there was a boy. He saw the cub and thought, "Why don't we take the cub home and keep it as a pet?"

So the boy took the cub home and the boy's parents saw it and thought, "We will keep it as your pet." But the cub didn't know that the parents were hunters and the father was the one who shot the cub's mother.

Will the cub know that the boy's parents are hunters...

- Thanesanth, Grade 7

THE POEM OF OUR LAND

The beautiful land
Cherry blossoms in winter
Sweetness of figs in autumn
Figs in all tips
Names sound like poetry
Burnt trees to keep themselves from dying
But left one to live
The war was on
They destroyed everything we had nothing but a
twelve metre boat

- Appanna, Grade 6

THE GIRLS BEHIND THE BRICK WALL

Behind the bright red wall, faded hum
Just her and the wall forever now
She could only see the sky which forgot its blue
Silence and loneliness was her life.
The stubborn wall, tall and worn
She never dared to go and look
But no one climbs and no one knows
What she does behind the wall
Her cries and whispers are all they know
Sometimes, when her shadow falls -
they feel her there behind the wall.
Flowing hair, mysterious laugh, makes
them wonder about her, behind the wall
And every night pencil drawings fly
over the tattered wall..

- Chamrethi. S, Grade 7



BEING A YOUTUBER

I started my YouTube channel 6 months ago, and I am already at 106 subscribers, just the beginning of my journey to 100 million!

I love creating all kinds of content, from gaming videos and editing challenges to fun, random ideas that make people smile. Lately, my Shorts have been doing really well, and hitting 1.2K views felt amazing! I have also been trying out memes, trends, reels, and dancing videos to keep things fresh and exciting.

But the best part of this journey? It all started with my very first video with my best friend Chirag. We were just having fun, laughing, and creating something together and not worrying about views or numbers. That moment is what keeps me going, reminding me why I started and pushing me to dream bigger every day.

And this is just the beginning.

- Vivan, Grade 6

BOOK REVIEW: **FRANKENSTEIN**

by Mary Shelley

The book *Frankenstein* by Mary Shelley is a tale of horror, hope and courage. It starts on a small sailing ship which is in danger, while the crew saw a man covered with snow and had a sledge. The crew's English Captain named Robert Walton commands them to help the snow-covered man. As soon as the man is rescued, Robert Walton makes the man feel comfortable. The man is skinny and seems sick. As he gets better, he is questioned by Robert who has asked him how he ends up where he is now, that is where it all begins. The man starts off by introducing himself as Victor Frankenstein. He now tells his twisted life story, where he grows up with loving parents, two brothers and a girl named Elizabeth Lavenza. He talks about his struggle and about his mother dying because of high fever. After that, Victor and Elizabeth get married and everything is bliss. Victor then goes to a university to study science, which he is very passionate about. He meets a supportive Professor called Waldman. But one day, he thinks of doing something that nobody has thought of, bringing the dead back to life. As he brings the human to life, he is disgusted thinking, it looks like a monster and he runs away from it. That night, he tries to sleep but he is too disturbed by his discovery. The next day, he meets his life-long friend Henry. Henry helps Victor feel better without his family knowing.

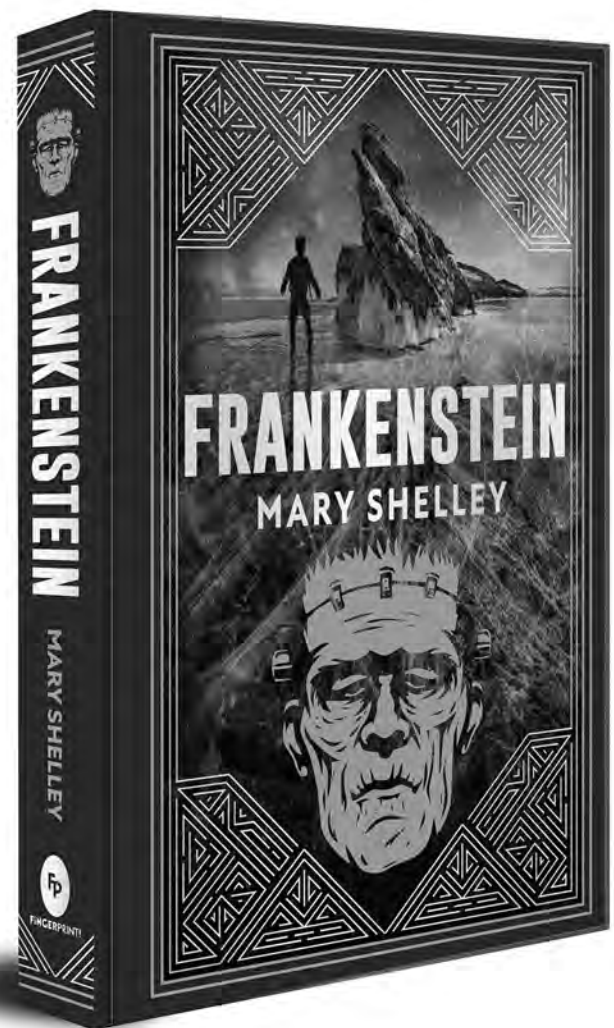
The book concludes with Victor sobbing about how his whole family dies because of the monster he created. It leaves the future untold after Victor dies and the monster disappears on seeing Victor's dead body and feeling guilty.

In this story, I enjoyed the positive parts of his life story, his journey through his education and moving on to university. The invention he created which destroyed his family and made him regret his life, is the part which I mostly disliked because of how sympathetic it had made me feel.

The story could be changed by giving a happy ending. This is how my ending would be!

Elizabeth would still be alive. The monster would come back and spend the rest of its life with Elizabeth. Victor would continue to be known as a famous scientist for creating humans from the dead.

- Ishika, Grade 6



SOMETHING CALLED HOME

I finally understand now what that alumnus had meant when he said this place will become home, and you won't even realise until one day when it may just be too late. This place really has become home, a sacred source of comfort. Despite all the brawls and the fights among people, even if there are some that I may dislike, they are, even if a tiny fraction of my how and why.

I understand now- this is a place, even though there have been many issues, that I call a comfort zone. A second home, if not a first. How could one get used to not being around pretty flowers; games of tag among grades; someone being scolded for pushing another; the nurse calling for someone; all of it and then the bell rings. You won't ever realise how many snacks go by before you already have to leave. Then, even when you spread the wings, you will keep coming back. But never like how it all began- you as a kid.

- Linisha, Grade 7

THE MOST ANNOYING PERSON

They talk too much
And do so little
They don't have luck
And make a mess
When they face their test...
They're usually a pest
They are cocksure –
But not so sure

This is the person –
I cannot endure

- Tanav, Grade 7

NATURE, MY THERAPIST

As I sat, I closed my eyes
And felt nature
The birds chirping
The wind whistling
I felt better

The greenery looked homely
The quiet, the calm, the peace
It took away my stress
Now I understand myself a bit better.

- Ishika, Grade 6



CALM MOON

The calm moon shinning
Brighter than ever since then
Getting dimmer now.

- Jignesh, Grade 7



TIME IS MONEY

Time is money,
don't waste it.

Each second you waste,
makes you regret for hours.

Don't try to turn curd back to milk,
cause that is considered a waste of time too.

Stop worrying about the past,
focus on the present and build your future.

- Smrithi, Grade 6

GOLDEN MANGO!

The man jumped
like a kid in a trampoline park
You could see his joy
sparkling through his eyes
He jumped high
with his short hand held high
to get the golden mango
ripe and yellow and full
swaying in rhythm
in the gentle wind.
He finally caught one,
Yes, he plucked a juicy mango
He couldn't resist the temptation,
He took a bite,
His teeth piercing the flesh
Causing the yellow blood to ooze out
Down his fingers
To his wrist and below
The juice dripping down
Through the corners of his lips
The flesh melted in his mouth
And a half moon appeared on his face!

- Nihal, Grade 6

CYCLING

The day started off with us having breakfast. Then we got to ride our bicycles on campus for a while. A little later we were instructed to be in line and I was at the end of the order. After that we were led by Eric sir who was on his bicycle and Girish sir who was on his motorcycle; he was so fast that we couldn't keep up with him.

Our fruit break was on Elk Hill. This was a well required break. We then rode on to Lovedale where we met Abhirama Uncle, who gave us bananas

for a treat. We rode past Lovedale Railway Station towards Valley View. From this view point, we could see right down to Mettupalayam. It was clear, sunny, yet misty at the same time. We rode back to Trident, where we had yummy chicken biriyani. With full and happy stomachs, we rode back to school.

It was a memorable day and I will remember it for a long time.

- Thanesanth, Grade 7





AMULET

By Kazu Kibuishi

Amulet is a fantasy graphic novel series by Kazu Kibuishi, made up of 9 exciting books. The story follows Emily Hayes and her brother Navin Hayes as they enter a magical and dangerous world.

After their mother is taken by a monster, Emily and Navin travel to a place called Alledia to rescue her. There, Emily discovers a powerful amulet that gives her special abilities and makes her a 'stonekeeper'. However, the amulet also tries to control her mind, so she must learn to stay strong and not let it take over.

As the story continues, Emily and Navin meet many friends like robots, talking animals, and brave fighters who help them on their journey. They face many enemies, especially a powerful elf king who wants to control the world using dark magic.

Throughout the 9 books, Emily grows stronger and learns how to use her powers wisely. Navin also becomes brave and helps in important battles. Together, they go on dangerous missions, fight evil forces, and try to bring peace to the world.

The series is full of action, adventure, and emotion. It teaches us about courage, making the right choices, and standing up for what is good, even when things are very difficult.

- Appanna, Grade 6

BOOK REVIEWS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

By Charles Dickens

Great Expectations is a novel by Charles Dickens. It is about a boy named Pip, who is orphaned and left in the care of his sister, and brother-in-law. Everyday he visits his parents' tombstone after school. One day he encounters an escaped convict who forces Pip to bring him some food and a file(knife). From there Pip's adventure begins.

Later he leaves for London. He soon finds out someone is secretly giving him money, soon discovering that his secret benefactor was none other than the escaped convict.

Great Expectations focuses on psychological and moral growth and change of Pip from his childhood to adulthood. It is an excellent book and is remarkably interesting. It forces you to stay engrossed till the end. Charles Dickens authored the book to show how the life of a child in London was. There are many climaxes and a few breathtaking moments. It has a touch of mystery as well as comedy and as the book progresses there is a sense of action as well. It is very thrilling because many of the chapters end in suspense. I have a few favourite parts in the book. One of them being at Miss Havisham's house.

The book was an interesting read, and the story takes place in London.

In conclusion, the book was wonderful and I highly recommend it to the other readers out there.

- Jonathan, Grade 8



Jun 2026



THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The Hound of the Baskervilles is a truly fascinating book that is described by many people as a book of mystery and horror. The book starts with a supernatural hound that has killed Sir Charles Baskerville near the moor of Dartmoor. Can Sherlock Holmes and Watson solve the mystery in time before another murder is committed and Henry Baskerville is killed or not?

The book brings out a feeling of indescribable wonder and unspeakable amazement as I think of how Sir Arthur Conan Doyle presents the book in such a creative and mysterious manner. The book creates such a fabulous sense of suspense that any mortal man cannot withdraw from it.

The starting is utterly amazing, and the suspense continues throughout the book. The dramatic scenes and slow unravelling horror leaves you speechless. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is such an ingenious mystery writer that throughout the book he creates a sense of confusion and wonder so that one cannot guess the solution to the mystery.

For example, we can never predict the conclusion to *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Only at the end of the story do we uncover the genius of the mystery and of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

In conclusion, *The Hound of the Baskervilles* is truly a marvellous book and I would encourage anybody not knowing this book to read it. It will leave you speechless.

- Elisha, Grade 8

DIARY OF A WIMPY KID DIPER, OVERLOAD

By Jeff Kinney

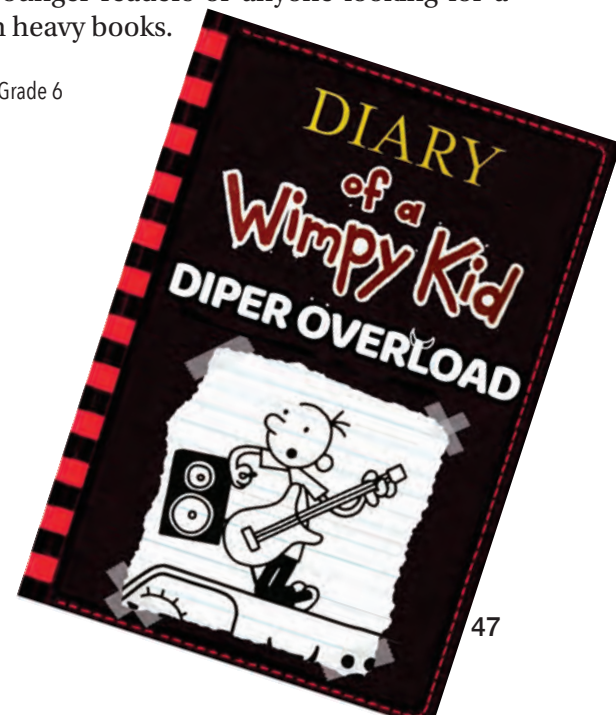
Diary of a Wimpy Kid by Jeff Kinney is a funny and relatable book that follows the life of Greg Heffley, a middle school student trying to survive school, friendships, and family life. Greg Heffley soon finds out that the road to fame isn't thrilling as it looks and faces many challenges. When he chooses to join his older brother Rodrick's band, he doesn't know what to expect. He quickly realises that late night practices, unpaid gigs, fights between band members and ongoing issues are all part of the rock and roll life.

One of the strengths of the book is its humour. Greg often tries to take shortcuts or make selfish decisions, which usually backfire in funny ways. His friendship with Rowley is also an important part of the story, showing both the ups and downs of middle school relationships.

The story is written in a diary format, which makes it feel personal and easy to read. Many readers, especially teenagers, find Greg's experiences very relatable—whether it's dealing with embarrassing situations, school struggles, or friendships.

The book keeps its signature diary style with cartoons, making it easy and fun to read. While it's a bit different from the usual school-based stories, it's still enjoyable and refreshing. Overall, *Diary of a Wimpy Kid* is an entertaining and light read. It's perfect if you want something funny, quick, and relatable without being too serious. It's especially great for younger readers or anyone looking for a break from heavy books.

- Shreyansh, Grade 6



OUR HIMALAYAN SUMMER CAMP TREK

On the 27th of March, after the Silapathigaram play, I left with my mother and my brother Nivu for Bangalore, because on March 30th, Nivu and I were going on a Himalayan summer camp trek called Ali Bedni Bugyal.

On March 30th, me and Nivu went to the airport, and we met our friend and cousin who were also coming to the summer camp with us. Our parents were not coming with us. We reached Dehradun airport and got out of the flight. After that, we waited in the airport with most of the rest of the summer camp people for our tempo traveller to arrive to take us to the Rishikesh Live Free Hostel at Rishikesh. The next day, we all woke up at 4:30 in the morning because we had to leave the hostel by 5:30 because the drive till the base camp of the trek was 11 hours from the Rishikesh Live Free Hostel.

On the way to the basecamp, we saw the Deva Prayag, which is the starting point of the Ganga,

where the Alakananda River and Bagirathi River join and change into Ganga. Then, on the drive after that, the trek leader who was with us told us about the Pancha Prayag and how the Alakananda River meets five rivers. In all the five places, it is the dominant river, and it continues, but in the last one, at Deva Prayag which we saw, it joins Bagirathi and changes into Ganga.

We reached the base camp, Lohajung at around 5:00, and our trek leader briefed us about the whole trek and told us about the route and our itinerary. The next morning, after having our breakfast, the trek leader told us that there would be four teams of the 27 people in the summer camp. He made the teams and said that there would be four days of trekking, and each day would be led by one of the teams.

That day we were to walk eight kilometres. After walking for four kilometres, we stopped at a river. The river was called Neel Ganga. We had our lunch there,



and after that we had fun making stone structures with the stones and pebbles which we found.

After finishing lunch, we walked the remaining four kilometres to reach the first campsite called Gehroli Patal. We reached the campsite at about 4:00 or 5:00 in the evening. The next day we were not going to trek; we were going to remain in and around the Gehroli Patal campsite. That day we learned how to find out which direction was east and west and, accordingly, find the rest of the directions without the compass.

The method is not to just look at the Sun, as it will not be completely accurate. You have to insert a stick which casts a shadow on the ground. After that, you should place another small stick at the end of the shadow. After about half an hour, you should place another stick at the end of the shadow. The line formed by those two sticks would form the east-west line.

We also learned how to make fire using a flint and steel or a magnifying glass, and we also played a game to get to know the other people on the trek.

The next day, me and my team were the leaders. That day we left from the Gehroli Patal camp site and we started walking to the next camp site. It was a 4-km walk. On the way, we reached one of the summits called Bedni Bugyal. Bugyal means meadow, and there was a huge meadow. There was also a temple there in the meadows, and our trek leader told us that many people believed that that is where Lord Siva and Parvathi got married. We had our lunch.

There was some snow in the meadow, and our trek leader claimed that he could beat all of us single-handedly in a snow fight, but we beat him. I also saw another interesting sight while eating lunch.

After we finished lunch, we went to the highest point in the meadow, and we took photos. After that, we continued the hike till the final camp site, and we reached the camp site at about 2:30, though the predicted time of arrival was 4:00.

The next day, though we were supposed to remain in the campsite, our trek leader told us that we would be doing the second summit on that day. Once we returned, we would have to build a shelter and spend the night outside in the shelter which we built ourselves as a team and also make food with the ration which he gives.



But just as we started making the food, it started snowing outside, and within half an hour it was completely white. My friend made a snowman.

That day, at the evening briefing, our trek leader told us that we were supposed to go back to the base camp through a different way than where we came. But because there was a water crisis in that campsite, we had to go back to the Gehroli Patal Camp site, which was our first campsite.

The day after that, we trekked back to the base camp, but while we were having lunch, it started hailing and we had to walk in the hail for about 3 or 2 km, but actually we were very lucky because all the other treks which were happening on the same Ali Bedni Bugyal route had to be cancelled because of the bad weather, and everyone had to come down to the base camp.

- Kayo, Grade 8

ONE PIECE

I am a huge fan of *One Piece* because it is full of adventure, excitement, and strong friendships. The story is about pirates travelling across the sea to achieve their dreams, and it always keeps me interested. I enjoy watching their journeys, the challenges they face, and how they never give up. From *One Piece*, I learn many important things. It teaches me the value of friendship and how friends should always support each other. It also shows that we should be brave, work hard, and believe in our dreams even when things are difficult. Watching *One Piece* inspires me to stay positive and never lose hope. It reminds me that with determination and good friends, we can overcome any problem and achieve our goals.

- Piranaw, Grade 6

SPORTS DAY



The school and house captains light the ceremonial torch



Our Principal with Ayesha Bilimoria, the Guest of Honour, and Vaman Apte, the Chief Guest



Taking the Sports Day Oath



All set to kick off Sports Day



Junior School Drill



Boys' gymnastics drill



Alumni's balancing act



Shot-put event



1,500m marathon



Teachers participate in the hula hoop race



Fathers compete in the hopping race



Mothers' bunny race



Akkas striding in the lemon and spoon race



Girls dancing to pop tunes



Handing over certificates to the students

GROWING MINDS SHAPING THE FUTURE

"DARE TO BE FREE"- THE EPILOGUE

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players; They have their exits and their entrances, And one man in his time plays many parts..."

—William Shakespeare

The props were then each one picked up and hauled into storage, the chairs and tables cluttered and crashed. The luminaires were dimmed, the carpets were rolled up, the audience began to pick up their respective belongings, and made their way towards the exit. The actors fell into shadow and proceeded to their green rooms, their faces obscured and unreadable. Until I was now alone, standing erect with bare feet against the pale, cold steel structure, which was what remained of the stage. The murmur of the crowd distant, fading, silent. The light illuminating me, growing faint, feeble and then black. Within the still gloom I pondered. What were my first steps?

The crimson curtains parted without warning, slinking apart to reveal me. I was hastily ushered in by an obscured hand. Following my untimely departure, the curtains melted together to form a barrier to deny me return.

There I was, about knee length, plump as a peach, stumbling onto the stage oblivious.

This platform was unusual, it was like one I've never beheld before. Too many props, brown wooden benches, a fireplace, white painted walls and the scent of dust. A warm illuminating light showered down upon me

I was trying to soak in all the details, but it was as though I was filling a cup already filled to the brim. The more details I tried to absorb, the more slipped from my cup.

After thoroughly examining my setting, I turned to stare upon the audience. Their soft murmurs and comments were following my every movement. Silence if I stood still, sighs if I wandered around, curious whispers if I tried doing something novel.

Hung upside down on the benches, rolled on the carpet, to their laughter.

The curtains that spat me out, parted with jolting ripples to disclose scores of actors that marched up on stage to invisible fanfare. I couldn't recognise a single face. They had quickly found their respective places on stage, and to an invisible cue, leapt into character and proceeded with their natural practices. With wide eyes, I searched. Children of all ages, moving to and fro in a blur, along with adults that I understood were authoritative. All knew what role to play. What was to be mine?

It is then that my gaze found those of identical cluelessness, knee length like me, only many were not so plump. With some unknown desire, perhaps driven by curiosity, I do not remember now. I strolled upto a boy, with a confused pair of eyes and said

"Hello".

And thus sparked the first flames of friendship.

It was only after a prolonged amount of time, I had realised that I was to play the role of a kindergartener, which I found quite suitable given my height, build and knowledge at that particular time. I fell into character with the rest of my classmates, learnt my addition and subtraction, ate my fruit, drank my milk.

In those times, the audience filled the stage with hearty laughter, much to my embarrassment.

They guffawed at the many times I tripped on twigs, spilt food upon myself and also whilst I struggled to tie my shoelace. I did not take much notice of their titters and just proceeded my learning and acting on stage, for what else must a kindergartener act like, if not clumsy and ignorant of all things.

Many scenes past, my shoelaces correctly tied, I had somehow lost my way. As I was beefier than most of my classmates in the play, I had somehow devised in my unscholarly little brain that I could, if I wanted to, boss them around and give them a slight bonk on their head if they do not comply. I have to say,

the violence was thrilling, the audience gasped and gushed at my bullying.

Not long after, a new character entered the stage and meticulously placed me at the receiving end of my very own treatment.

What a change in perspective! A change in roles! Is this really how it felt? How horrible, how helpless. If only I had known. But my skills of observation at that time gave me little ability to sense how the other characters would feel, and be affected by my actions. I was yet to learn that empathy is an almost elementary characteristic that all of us must become competent in.

Watching the scene lead way to scene, I observed the props change, the stage expand, why I was provided props of my own. Books and stationery. My familiarity and awareness of the characters and the ever reorganising stage elevated. The audience knew it within their hearts, and I knew it too, so far my role was a rather insignificant one. A blur in the background whilst the mature characters that towered over me dominated the stage.

My friendships were of noteworthy importance to me, as of my progress in learning, well at that time I was quite unbothered. I was beginning to love the characters that I spent hours acting with, through the days and nights which were symbolised by the lighting instruments fixed far above the stage that brighten and dim the lights.

The audience seemed quite bored with me, for I was rather stationary in my role. Until once again I gave them reason to mutter and mumble in frustration.

I was waist length at that time, and I had gone astray once again. I had devised a brand new method to disrupt the roles of others. Dishonesty.

Oh how I spun tales within my dialogues with other characters, especially those closest to me. How the audience whispered forcefully, abashed with my crude behaviour. They hissed warnings, tapped their feet impatiently hoping I would catch on. I was deaf to their forewarning hints, and went completely off-script.

Lied about topics within the classroom setting, persisted lying still when the prop change transported me home. Wherever the remodelling stage took me, I brought along my wild imagination and untrustworthiness. The crowd now booed my presence on stage. I was least bothered of course.

Until those that I used to exchange dialogue with, on a frequent basis, stopped reading their lines to me. The interactions ceased, with my behaviour the role I had put myself in was one that was avoided. For where dishonesty is tilled, trust cannot germinate. Some of the audience snickered at my plight, as I had outright ignored their cues, whilst some sniffled in pity.

The solitude drove panic into my mind as I started doing ridiculous actions to gain back the attention of the audience and return to my role within the play. As a last resort, an act of aggression that harmed a friend. Damage was not delivered to the flesh as much as it impacted the characters being. There is no medicine that has yet been produced to treat that category of wound.

A line had been crossed, the entire play was disrupted.

“He is not fit for the stage”

“He has breached the rules of acting”

“The play will never flourish with him here”

“He must leave”

The most authoritative and highly acclaimed gathered to discuss my fate. The audience was awfully hushed. So curious were they who wanted to hear my verdict.

Most of them wanted me out, a lost cause. Unfit to belong on their stage. I felt I already knew my sentence. Prepared for the worst outcome, I stood at the edge of the stage where they will part the curtains and cast me. An unforeseen character, one who was held in the highest regard and was most commanding, spoke dialogues that made the rest of the stage wonder. Is the script being followed?

“Give him a second chance”

“Let him reflect on his actions”

The immediate gasp of the audience filled my ears.

I do not know how it exactly happened to me then, or why it had to happen at that time, but my entire role was rewritten, my character rebuilt from scratch. I felt as though I was reincarnated.

Now it was time to portray my new role but if only it were as easy as that. Not all was forgiven by everybody as there were only a few who believed in second chances. The audience sighed as they solemnly watched me proceed from one character to the next and was denied forgiveness each time. Shunned by most, targeted by most. I cried for many

nights snuggled within my prop bed underneath the dimmed stage lights. How was I to convince them of my change?

A good actor, it would seem, was one who not only possessed a clear strong voice, but also one who could convey great meaning through silence alone. I helped arrange the props, cleansed them, aided the fellow characters where I could, no matter their perceptions of me.

The audience offered their compliments in hushed tones, urging me on. I was elated as I could discern the subtle changes in my role as I grew to elbow height. The roles were changing, being redefined once again, the characters expressed themselves in engaging dialogues, they could no longer deny the reality that my role had morphed to become. All was forgiven, those who were wounded by me were healed by my care and kindness. The characters that I was scripted to indulge in the greatest tests of conflict would be transformed into endearing actors that I cherish till the end of the play.

The lights have dimmed to turn day to night thousands of times, hundreds of scenes have passed since. I was no longer waist length, and could see eye to eye with many. So were all of the actors who entered the stage with me. My role was redefined and morphed constantly, never staying permanent. Became less plump, folded into a senior figure for the setting. The audience came to be profoundly responsive to the movements of me and those who were with me.

In this time period, various actors, unique characters moved downstairs to the green rooms, some deserting us temporarily and some vanishing into thin air, whilst we were slowly moved upstage. I witnessed the introduction of various little ones, still fathoming their character, evolving their roles.

I help out when I can. As a taller, senior figure, along with my classmates and friends, we were provided the centre stage.

I have learnt a great many things participating in this play, and there is more to be discovered. The audience have shed tears watching me, they've guffawed, grunted in frustration, cowered in secondary embarrassment, chuckled at my attempts at romance and observed countless other plots.

Conflicts? There were plenty, but I have come to realise that a script absent of any conflict fabricates a rather boring play.

It was well past time that I undertake my final role for this play. Many of those who were with me have departed, their roles in this play fulfilled. I was blessed with the company of one actor who the script writers deemed was to see me through the play, from start to finish.

We were now the stage hands, we changed the props, ignored by the audience, shaped the setting of those who were to come after us. We shuffled behind the scenes and watched proudly as the little ones moved upstage and learned their roles, delivered their dialogues, and changed their plots.

Watch them sprout from little seeds to eventually grow into blossoms.

We are now at the end, our roles fulfilled.

The spotlights brightened and irradiated us with a golden glow. With eager smiles, we took our bow. The audience were first deathly silent. The stage then reverberated with thunderous applause.

I remember when my classmates struggled with simple addition. One of my friends used to chew with his mouth open, whilst the other one was scared of being short. One cried over a broken pencil, the other always walked on tip toe and me, how I strived to just tie my shoes.

How all of us have grown, because there is no other word to describe it but growth. How we first staggered onto stage, roles unknown, dialogues undecided. How the setting changed, unrecognisable to what it was, the actors who have left and arrived, the different roles we've indulged in. And to finally face our curtain call when our part in this play was concluded.

Here I am now shrouded in darkness, casting my mind back to my first step.

Ahead of me, in the shadow, crimson curtains gently peeled back to let in a warm ray of light.

Another stage, another audience, an abundance of characters old and new. New roles, new dialogues. The play will go on.

- Damien, A-Level

WHERE THE MOUNTAINS BECAME HOME

There are some places in life that slowly become a part of you without you even realizing it. Not all at once, but gradually, through familiar faces, everyday routines, laughter in the corridor, casual conversations sharing memories, and moments that seemed ordinary at the time but later become unforgettable. For me, The Blue Mountains School was one of those places.

As I prepare to leave school after completing my A Levels, it is unbelievable that this journey is finally coming to an end. I joined The Blue Mountains in August 2016 as a child in Grade 3, carrying nothing but nervousness into Sheeba mam's Hindi class. At that age, I could never have imagined that this school would shape such a huge part of who I am today.

Somewhere along the way, it quietly became a second home. I think what made this school so special was its simplicity. We were never a very large school, and strangely, that became our greatest strength. The small population created a bonding that is very hard to find in other schools. Everybody knew everybody, faces never felt unfamiliar. That closeness created warmth, a kind of warmth you carry with you long after you leave.

The teachers were never just people who walked into class, taught lessons, and left. They knew us beyond academics, our personalities, our habits, our strengths, our weaknesses, and sometimes even the mischief we were planning before we actually did it. They worried about us, encouraged us, laughed with us, and supported us through different phases of growing up. In many ways, they were more than teachers. They became mentors, guides, and sometimes even family.

Because of the environment it used to have, I never felt homesick or any sort of discomfort. There was always someone to laugh with, someone to sit beside, someone who understood you, and somewhere you could simply be yourself without pretending and being institutionalized.

When I look back now, the memories that stand out the most are little moments we never realized would matter so much someday. Trying not to laugh during assemblies, running through corridors during breaks like life had absolutely no worries, doing mischievous things with friends and then acting innocent seconds later.



There were definitely times we tested people's patience, broke a few harmless rules, got caught doing things we clearly should not have been doing, and somehow still ended up laughing about it afterwards. Looking back now, those moments feel so special because they remind me how carefree those years were.

The overnight trips and excursions are memories I know I will carry forever. One memory that still makes me laugh, was during an overnight trip to Leopard's Rock. In the middle of the night, I somehow ended up kicking my bedmates in panic. I only realized the chaos the next morning when I woke up to find one of the students sleeping safely on the floor instead. Moments like these, filled with laughter and complete randomness, are what made life in BMS special.

Those trips were never really about the destination. They were about the journey itself, the chaotic bus rides filled with terrible singing, the endless laughter, the midnight snacks, staying awake much longer than we were supposed to, random deep conversations at odd hours, and inside jokes that still make no sense to anyone outside our friend groups. For those few days, the entire school felt like one giant family.

Over the years, morning assemblies also became something much more meaningful to me. When we were younger, assemblies often felt routine. But as I grew older, I slowly began to understand the depth behind the words spoken by BJK Sir and Sophia Ma'am. Many of those talks give a deeper understanding of life as I reflect. Through their reflections inspired by the philosophies of F. G. Pearce and Jiddu Krishnamurti, I began to understand that education was never only about marks, grades, or achievements. It was about understanding yourself. About learning how to think independently. About awareness, kindness, simplicity, discipline, curiosity, and becoming a better human being.

These lessons cannot be learned from textbooks, and I think BMS gave us many of those lessons quietly, without us even realizing it at the time. Helping me grow not only as a student, but as a person.

As the years passed, the school naturally changed in many ways. New students arrived, seniors graduated, teachers changed, routines evolved, and the atmosphere slowly became different. That is simply what time does. But somewhere deep inside me, I still hold onto the older spirit of the school,

the quieter days, the innocence, the simplicity, and the closeness that once defined life here so strongly. There was something about those earlier years that felt deeply comforting in a way that is difficult to explain but impossible to forget.

Maybe that is just nostalgia. Maybe memories become softer and more beautiful with time. And now, standing at the end of this journey, everything feels bittersweet.

For so many years, school life felt endless. I always assumed there would be more time. More assemblies. More lunch breaks. More trips. More random conversations. More laughter. More memories.

But suddenly, without warning, I arrive at the final chapter. It is strange how the things I once took for granted become the things I miss the most.

I know I will miss the misty mornings of Ooty. I will miss walking into the Physics lab that became so familiar over the years. I will miss hearing laughter echo through the corridors. I will miss the everyday interactions that once felt so normal. I will miss the teachers who patiently guided me through every stage of growing up. I will miss the friendships built over years of shared experiences.

Most of all, I will miss the feeling of belonging.

Blue Mountains was one of the few places where I truly felt seen, known, and understood. It was where childhood slowly turned into adolescence, and adolescence slowly turned into adulthood. Almost every version of myself exists somewhere within this campus.

A part of me grew up here.

And although I now leave as a graduate, I know I am not leaving empty-handed. I will leave carrying years of memories, friendships, laughter, mistakes, growth, and life lessons that have shaped the person I am today.

No matter where life takes me next, a part of me will always remain here, in the classrooms, the assembly hall, the top field, the laughter-filled corridors, and the quiet moments that made this place feel like home.

Thank you, for giving me some of the most meaningful years of my life.

And most importantly, thank you for being home.

- Iniyan, A-Level

THE GOODBYE I WAS NEVER READY FOR...

My journey in BMS began in February 2014, when I was hardly three years old. I vaguely remember the first few days of school, when my mother and a few other parents would stay within the school premises, especially near the library, so that we would not feel lost in the new environment. Because of this warmth and care, I rarely heard children crying the way they usually do in many other schools.

Within a few days, I had already made friends with my classmates, and soon I was no longer worried about whether my mother was nearby or not. From that day on, there was no turning back. BMS slowly became my second home.

My very first teacher in BMS was Ms. Meena Lawrence. Her daughter, Sarah, whom we lovingly called “Barbie,” was also my classmate. Ms. Meena taught us phonetics, and even today, I remember the patience and dedication with which she guided us through our first lessons.

I also fondly remember Ms. Chandrima, who was always kind, gentle, and patient with all of us. Even now, I feel she was one of the best teachers we could have asked for. Looking back, I realize it was teachers like them who made BMS feel less like a school and more like a family.

I was a very temperamental child, and I remember how Charanya Ma’am always understood me. In Grade 2, my mother, Rashmi Sriram, became my class teacher — what more could I have asked for?

The distinction of being my class teacher twice goes to Sheeba Ma’am. She knew all my tantrums and still handled me with care and patience.

Online classes during COVID turned out to be surprisingly memorable because of Karuna Ma’am. Her virtual classes were truly one of a kind. I think she was the only teacher who could come up with virtual field trips and skits to make online learning so interactive and engaging. She even made cooking classes exciting — I still remember the lemon soufflé and cookies we made.

There are many other teachers I can never forget. Latha Ma’am, who taught us gardening, needlework, and Tamil; Sumaiya Ma’am, our extravagant chemistry teacher; and Sabesha Sir, who made even the most complex concepts in physics seem simple and easy to understand.

Vishal Sir, my dorm parent and economics teacher, knew exactly how mischievous I was. Agila Ma’am believed in my mathematical abilities more than I believed in myself and constantly encouraged me despite my struggles with the subject.

Hema Ma’am was someone I was always comfortable talking to, and she made ICT genuinely interesting. Sumitha Ma’am, my English teacher, understood and related to all the funny moments and problems we went through as students.

Last but certainly not least, Praveen Sir, who later became both my dorm parent and teacher for Business, Accountancy, and Economics, was one of the most skilled and hardworking people I have known. I troubled him a lot, but his involvement and guidance truly helped shape me into a better person.

One particular memory that has always stayed with me was when I visited my cousins in Hyderabad. I loved the city and enjoyed spending time with them, but when I visited their school, it felt too big and complicated. It seemed unfamiliar and distant — nothing like BMS.

I remember telling my parents that although I liked Hyderabad, I wished BMS existed there too. That was the moment I truly realized how attached I had become to this school.

Over the years, BMS has given me countless memories and some truly wonderful friendships. I do not think many schools can compare to the camaraderie shared here. I have friends across different classes, and there is always a feeling that everyone knows everyone. We are like one large family.

Of course, there have been misunderstandings, petty fights, and disagreements along the way, but at the end of the day, there has always been one thing that held us together — the feeling that we all belong to the same institution, the same home.

A school becomes special when it starts feeling like home.

That was BMS.

– Kheerthan, Grade 10

BOOK REVIEW: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**

By Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens was born on February 7, 1812 in the United Kingdom. Charles was the second of eight children. He faced a lot of financial hardships, later he moved to London, aged ten he dropped out of school to work. Three months he worked at a blacking warehouse pasting labels on bottles. He wrote *David Copperfield* in 1849, a novel loosely based on his early life!

The book is written in the genre bildungsroman. The setting being Victorian England in the early nineteenth century.

The novel starts off with a wonderful part of David's life with his mom and Peggotty the house keeper.

His life then takes an unexpected turn when his mother marries again. His father was a ruthless man named Murdstone. The death of his mother, death after which he was sent to London to work. David then escapes his workplace and sets off to find his great aunt Betsy Trotwood. She takes him under her wing and gives him a place to stay with a proper education. Throughout the book he meets many people, some supportive like Micawber and Peggotty and some hindrances like Uriah Heep and James Steerforth. Later, David marries Dora, but is unhappy due to her immature behaviour. After his wife dies and his friend turns around he realised he has always been in love with Agnes and that love results in a happy marriage and a happy end to the book.

The story depicts the hardships of life and the way the beautiful things in life are able to overshadow the dark. Like the death of a loved one, to marrying the girl you love. It taught me that no matter before life could throw at me and it might even be more privileged to have a better start than David did.

"Procrastination is the thief of time" — D.C.

- Ved, Grade 9

Charles Dickens



David Copperfield

MY JOURNEY WITH SCHOOL

My journey through school has been unforgettable and full of memories. I made amazing friends who supported me during happy and challenging times. Together, we laughed in classrooms, played together, and enjoyed unforgettable moments. Sports days brought excitement, teamwork, discipline, and confidence into my life while creating memories of victory and joy. This school helped shape my character, improve my skills, and teach life lessons. Leaving now feels emotional, yet I will always remain grateful for the friendships, fun experiences, and memories created throughout my journey.

- Samuel, Grade 10

BOOK REVIEW: HOW TO BUILD A CAR

By Adrian Newey

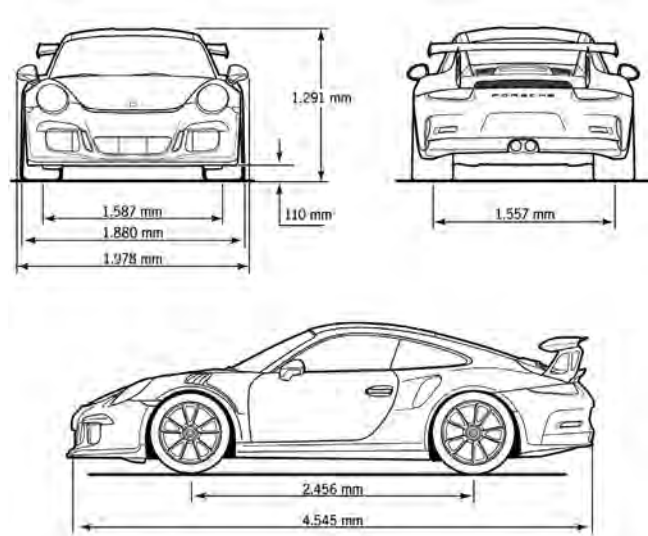
Few people in any sport can claim to have shaped their era the way Adrian Newey has shaped Formula One. As the chief technical officer behind championship-winning cars at Williams, McLaren, and Red Bull Racing, Newey has been the invisible hand behind some of the most dominant machines in the sport's history. His memoir, *How to Build a Car*, is his attempt to explain how — and the result is one of the most insightful, technically honest books ever written about motorsport.

What the book is

Structured around the cars he has designed rather than a conventional chronological life story, the book lets the engineer do the narrative heavy lifting. Each chapter centres on a specific machine — the Williams FW14B, the McLaren MP4/13, the Red Bull RB6 — and uses it as a lens through which to examine a particular period of his life, the technical challenge at hand, and the personalities involved. It's a clever device. Rather than drowning in dates and anecdotes, the reader always has a physical object — a racing car — as an anchor.

Who wrote it and why it matters

Adrian Newey is the engineer behind some of the most successful racing cars ever built. He has helped teams win over ten Constructors' Championships, and his designs have been driven by legends like Ayrton Senna and Sebastian Vettel. *How to Build a Car* is his story — told not as a typical "here's my life" memoir, but through the cars he designed. Each



chapter focuses on a different car, and through it, we learn what was happening in his life and career at the time.

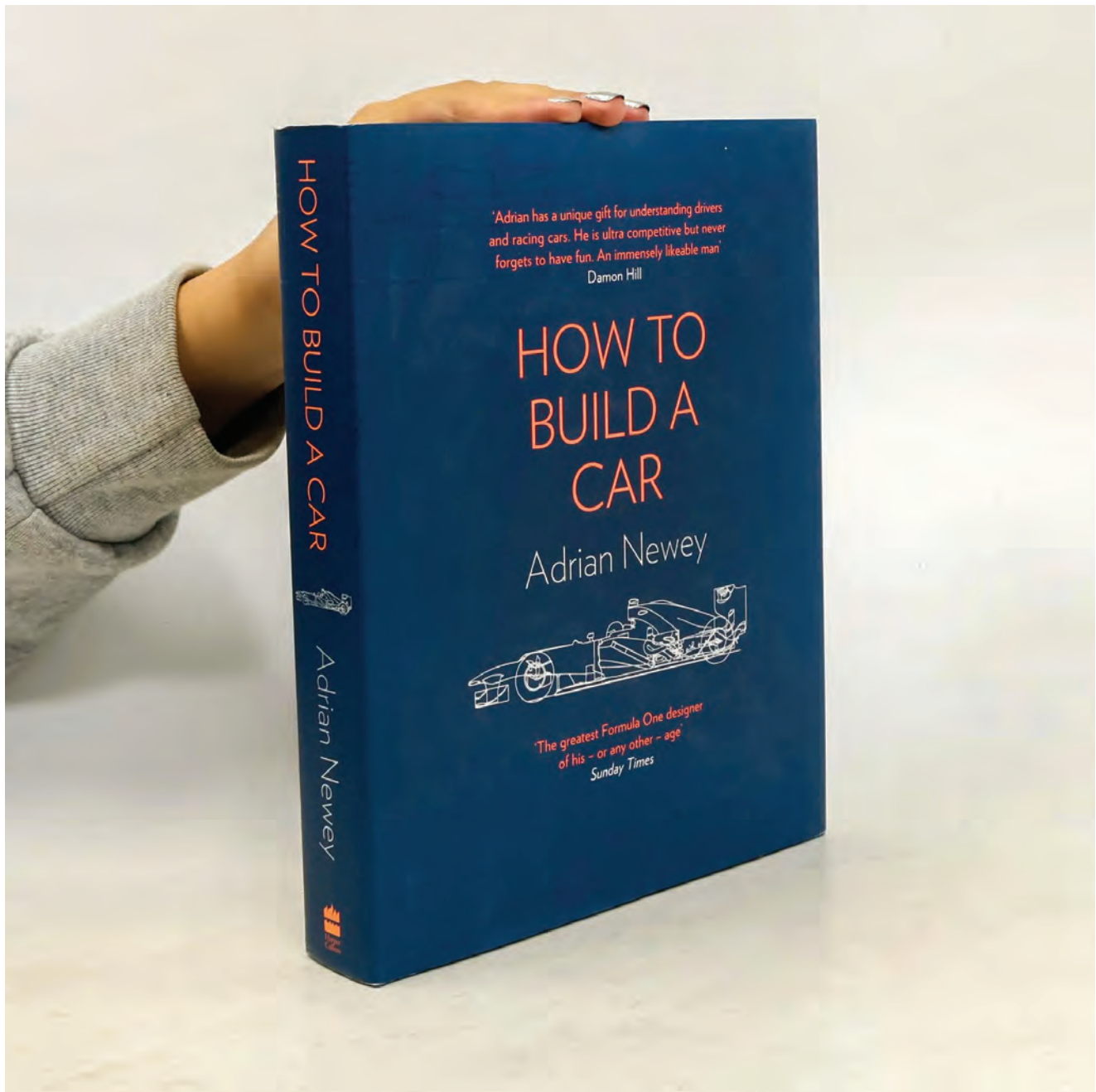
The engineering is the star

Newey doesn't dumb things down, and that is to his enormous credit. He explains ground effect aerodynamics, diffuser geometry, and suspension kinematics with the patience of someone who genuinely loves these ideas and wants you to love them too. The passages describing how airflow beneath a car generates downforce, or how tiny changes in rake angle can transform a car's handling balance, are written with a clarity that most science communicators would envy. For readers with an engineering background, this is simply thrilling. For those without, it requires some concentration — but the rewards are real.

The human drama is unexpectedly rich

What surprises most is how Newey is about failure, rivalry, and regret. He is unflinching about his role in the 1994 San Marino Grand Prix weekend that claimed Ayrton Senna's life, and these pages are among the most affecting in the book — quiet, sorrowful, and utterly without self-exoneration. His complicated relationships with team principals Ron Dennis and Frank Williams are sketched with genuine nuance. He neither flatters nor condemns; he observes. There is also warmth in his recollections of drivers, particularly his obvious admiration for Senna and his professional affection for Sebastian Vettel.





Where it falls short

The book is not without its limitations. Newey's personal life — his family, his first marriage, his inner emotional world — receives comparatively thin treatment. At times, the narrative momentum stalls when he lingers too long inside a particular technical problem without connecting it to the broader human stakes of a race or championship. And readers who come expecting juicy paddock gossip will find themselves largely disappointed; this is a book written by an engineer first and a storyteller second.

The verdict

How to Build a Car is a rare thing: a technical memoir that genuinely earns its place on both the engineering shelf and the sports shelf. It will not convert casual fans into aerodynamicists, but it will give any curious reader a profound appreciation for the invisible craft behind the spectacle of Formula One. Newey emerges from its pages as a singular mind — obsessive, humble about his failures, and utterly devoted to the pursuit of the fastest car. That devotion, more than any championship trophy, is what makes this book worth reading.

- Nirav, Grade 9

NILGIRISCAPES 2025



NILGIRISCAPES 2025

HADP Hall, Ooty | 21 & 22 August 2025

The Blue Mountains School Students are going to present...

- **Grade 9**
Wellington's Wetland Restoration Site, role of wetlands & aquifers, scale model of wetland functionality
- **Grade 8**
Causes of species endangerment, conservation strategies, interactive case studies
- **Grades 6 & 7**
Documenting campus flora & fauna, ecosystem enrichment, biodiversity model of our campus
- **Grades 4 & 5**
Nilgiri Tahr: features & habitat threats, why protection matters, fun facts

Interdisciplinary Learning | Environmental Awareness | Student-led Exploration

✦ Explore our interactive stalls with models, exhibits & student research!



WORDS FROM OUR VISITORS



Blue Mountain School

Congratulations !

I loved your presentations

About the wetlands, the school
environment etc

I hope all of you will become
lifelong trustees of our beloved
biosphere !

Keep it up

Rohini Nishank

It's wonderful to listen to students presenting visually with a model of ecological restoration that they learnt just a week back. Keep exploring such initiatives and connect the dots! Every student enthusiastically presented! All the best!

It is really cool to see children with such enthusiasm on conserving nature. I wish they pursue their careers in environmental sciences as they appreciate the nature around them hence they have the sense of ownership to it. I hope they ~~have~~ ~~they~~ grow in the field and achieve great adventures.

— Adishyan S. Nair

I am Karthika Sivashankar. The Blue Mountain School Students explained well about Biodiverse Reserve. They answered the question very well with good communication.

Mr. Pranav is very keen in explaining in detail about the Nilgiri Thar. I can see that he has done his own research and really wants to have a better future for them. Glad you are making every student aware about each and every detail about the Protecting Nilgiris at a very young age.

- Mahima.S
KCLAS
Coimbatore.

Rithun(Tahr) & all the other students have been very enthusiastic & amazing in presenting & explaining about NilgiriTahr & its livelihood, how its been preserved.

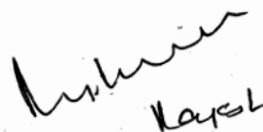
Amazing job

Kudos

Kirithin has Informed me a lot about the Nilgiri Thar and its eco cycle. It was very Informative. Thanks Very much in deed.

 Ashok

Kirithin has very good knowledge about the eco system. I really appreciate that Blue mountain school has taken up to treat awareness among students.

 Kirithin
Karthik

Thank you Bro... Because I heard about this but
don't have time understanding about the Nilgiri tiger.
So your presentation was informative. Thank you
once again for giving me information. It was
nice experience to me
Thank you

Syamjith P.K
Keystone foundation

Arion & Anandesh, both amazing students
They educated me on how the
99 year bore taken by the Defense
(Wellington) is being affected by the
encroachments happening, I didn't know
there is a wet land here, Until now,
Amazing research & well presented

Kudbs-

The Students of the Blue Mountains School has explained very well
about the Nilgiri Tiger. It was very informative. I have learned
new information about this endangered species. I appreciated their
efforts and spreading knowledge to the communities.
All the best!

Kind regards,
Muryanjy
P. S. R. Thapali

The students of the Blue Mountains schools explained everything
with so much patience and in elaborate detail. I loved
learning from them. Great work :)

Really great to see youngsters so passionate about the
environment-

Arijit Michael, Kodaikanal-

THE DIAGRAM OF THE SCHOOL AND OVERVIEW OF DIFFERENT SPECIES WAS VERY WELL DONE, I REALLY ENJOVED HEARING ABOUT THE HOODED AND JACARANDA.

I ALSO LOVED THE TALKER EXHIBIT AND LEARNED A LOT ABOUT THREATS TO THIS UNIQUE SPECIES :)

MURA

What a wonderful presentation by a superbly motivated & very well informed group of 'Kids

Well done!

They are a credit to the Blue Mountain School!
Hadees

Hi Karuna. Thank you very much for making us feel so welcome today. I have just read your prospectus and it has further reinforced how lucky the pupils are to attend such a wonderful school. I'm sure both Mike and I would have thrived in your school, rather than managed, in my case and I feel sure that Mike would have actually attended!

Angela

Dearest Ms. Karuna.

Thank you for allowing my son, Shaun and I to be a part of The Blue Mountain School for ten days. Working with your teachers was a wonderful experience, each one of them has their own style, keeping the value of the school in mind. Coming from a structured set up where there is cut throat competition not only among students but also teachers, working at BMS was a refreshing change. I have been researching for a good boarding school for my son for the last few years but none of them are close to what BMS has to offer. The Time Table that the school follows from the time the children wake up to the time they go to bed is well planned keeping it child centric. The activities in your school time table are unbelievable, keeping a balance between academics and co-curricular activities. My son couldn't believe that there is pottery, robotics, cooking, farming and learning how to play a musical instrument in school, during school hours. Even the mid day-break has a fruit served in school unlike other schools that offer biscuits.

The meals are delicious and nutritious. Though it was strictly vegetarian, I didn't miss having a non-vegetarian meal. BMS would go one step further by serving different kinds of kash-ayams after dinner. I enjoyed the one with coffee and ginger. Miss, I am truly grateful that you welcomed my son and me in your beautiful school which is one of a kind and I believe it to be so because you are a great team leader. Every member in your team is happy and secure because you create that kind of trust for the teachers, students and support staff. It was a wonderful experience to come and live on campus and have a first hand experience of the school.

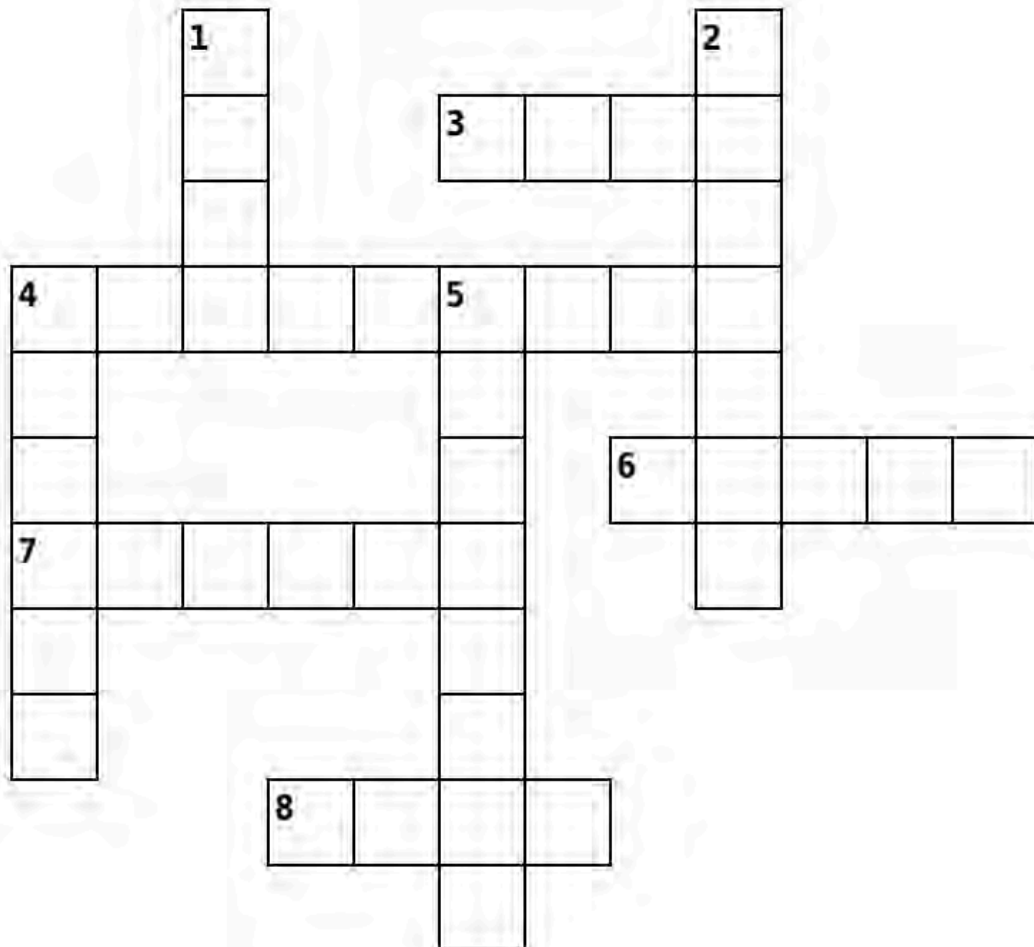
I wish more like minded parents get to know of BMS so that the school could thrive at its full capacity.

Thank you.

Warm Regards.

Mrs. Delnaz Irani Afagh

PUZZLE CORNER

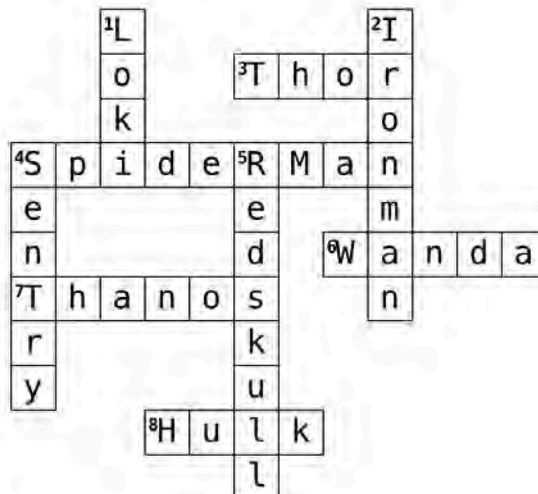


Across

3. "Let's play 'get help'!"
4. Spider themed superhero
6. Main villain in multiverse of madness
7. "You should have gone for the head..."
8. Strongest avenger

Down

1. "I've been falling, for 30 minutes!!!"
2. "Friday, suit up."
4. Golden hero that is afraid of his own powers
5. Cursed to be the Keeper of the soul stone



- Elisha, Grade 8

QUICK MATH

A glimpse from a Quick Math course taken by 2nd to 5th graders. No pressure

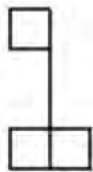
Let's look at some line drawings by Pablo Picasso, a Spanish artist with a complicated legacy. The drawing consists of a single line. Try to draw the camel without lifting your pencil off the paper.



BMS was founded in 1961. Decode this cipher based on the 3 clues and write the year in the language of Cistercians.



6641



9990



1090

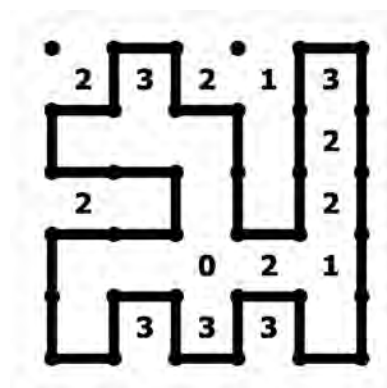
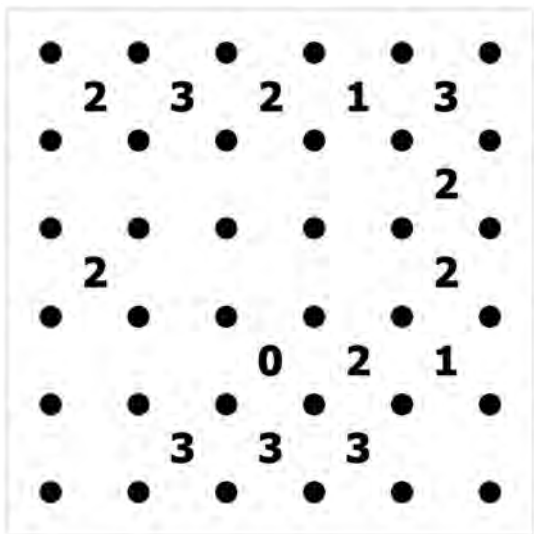


1961



Solution

SOLVE THE LOOP THE LOOP PUZZLE. Rules : You have to draw lines between the dots to form a single loop without crossings or branches. The numbers indicate how many lines surround it. At every dot there is at most 1 ENTRY, 1 EXIT



தமிழ் அரசங்கம்

பள்ளி நிறுவின் தினவிழா

மார்ச் 27-ஆம் நாள் எங்கள் பள்ளியில் நிறுவின் தினவிழா கொண்டாடப்பட்டது. அதில் இந்த வருடம் சிலப்பதிகாரத்தை மையமாகக் கொண்டு நாடகம், நடனம் மற்றும் இசைக் கலந்த கலைநிகழ்ச்சி நடைபெற்றது. இந்த விழாவில் பெற்றோர்கள் அனைவரும் விருந்தினராக அழைக்கப்பட்டனர். நான் அந்த கலை நிகழ்ச்சியில் வீணை இசைக்கருவியை வாசிக்கும் வாய்ப்புக் கிடைத்தது. அதை நான் சிறப்பாக வாசித்து அனைவருடைய பாராட்டுகளையும் பெற்றது மிகவும் மகிழ்ச்சியாக இருந்தது.

நான் வாசித்த ராகத்தின் பெயர் குறிஞ்சி ஆகும். கடந்த மூன்று வருடங்களாக நான் வீணை வாசிக்கும் கலையைக் கற்று வருகிறேன்.

-காயோ சிவ்தாஸ் (எட்டாம் வகுப்பு)

சிலப்பதிகாரம்

எங்கள் பள்ளியில் கடந்த மார்ச் மாதம் பள்ளி நிறுவனர் விழா கொண்டாடப்பட்டது. அதில் இந்த வருடம் நம் பண்டைய காப்பியமான சிலப்பதிகாரத்தை நாடக வடிவில் நடித்து அனைவருடைய பாராட்டினையும் பெற்றோம். இதில் நான் மாதவி கதாபாத்திரத்தில் நடித்தது எனக்கு மறக்க முடியாத ஒரு நல்ல அனுபவமாக இருந்தது. மேலும் இதனை பெற்றோர் முன்பாக நடித்தது மகிழ்ச்சியாக இருந்தது.

- ஸ்மிரதி (6-ஆம் வகுப்பு)

ஏனக்கு பிடித்த கதை

குறிஞ்சி என்னும் சிறிய கிராமத்தில் இரவும் பகலும் அமைதியாக இருந்த ஒரு வீடு இருந்தது. பல ஆண்டுகளாக அந்த வீட்டில் பேய் இருப்பதாக அனைவரும் நம்பி வந்தனர். ஒரு நாள் ஐந்து பயணிகள் அந்த ஊருக்கு வந்தனர் பேய் இருப்பதாகக் கூறப்படும் அந்த வீட்டில் தங்கி அதில் பேய் இல்லை என்பதை மக்களுக்கு நிரூபிப்பதே அவர்களின் முக்கிய நோக்கமாக இருந்தது.

இவர்கள் சாதாரணமானவர்கள் அல்ல அவர்கள் கட்டுக்கதைகளை உடைப்பவர்கள். அவர்களின் பெயர்கள் முகேஷ், ரமேஷ், காமேஷ், ராஜேஷ் மற்றும் சுரேஷ். கிராம மக்களுக்குப் பேய்கள் இல்லை என்பதைக் காட்ட அவர்கள் உறுதியாக இருந்தனர். அந்த நாளுக்காக அவர்கள் தயாரானார்கள் அந்த நாள் வந்ததும் அவர்கள் வீட்டிற்குள் நுழைந்தனர். இது அவர்கள் ஆராய்ந்த முதல் கட்டுக்கதை. அவர்களுக்குப் பயமாக இருந்தாலும் அவர்களின் உறுதிப்பாடு முதல் நாளிலேயே அவர்களை உள்ளே அழைத்துச் சென்றது.

சில நாட்கள் கடந்தன கிராம மக்கள் தொடர்ந்து காத்திருந்தனர் ஆனால் அந்த ஐந்து பயணிகளும் வெளியே வரவேயில்லை

- ஸ்ரயானஷ் (6-ஆம் வகுப்பு)

सुरभि

द ब्लूमाऊटेन्स स्कूल की आत्मकथा

मेरा नाम द ब्लूमाऊटेन्स स्कूल है। मेरा जन्म वर्ष 1961 में तमिलनाडु प्रांत के नीलगिरि (ऊटी) जिले में हुआ है। मैं दुनिया के विशेष विद्यालयों में से एक हूँ। मैं अपने छात्रों को न पुरस्कृत करता हूँ न ही उन्हें दंडित करता। मेरा मानना है कि जो काम प्यार से किया जा सकता है वह डरा या धमकाकर नहीं। उन्हें मानसिक स्वतंत्रता का अर्थ बताया जाता है। मेरा मानना है कि प्रत्येक जीव को स्वतंत्रतापूर्वक जीने का पूरा अधिकार है। मैं चारों तरफ से पेड़-पौधों से घिरा हूँ जिनके कारण मेरी सुंदरता और बढ़ जाती है। मेरे यहाँ से शिक्षा प्राप्त करने वाले छात्र आत्मनिर्भर एवं स्वावलंबी बनकर निकलते हैं। मेरे यहाँ के बच्चे मन के सच्चे और ईमानदार होते हैं।

शिक्षक जो यहाँ पढ़ाते हैं, वे अनुभवी, ज्ञानी और चरित्रवान् हैं। हर कक्षा में 8 या 10 से अधिक छात्र नहीं होते हैं। लड़के और लड़कियों का अनुपात समान होता है। एक अलग तरह का विद्यालय होने के कारण दुनिया में मेरा नाम है। मुझे इस बात का गर्व है कि मेरे यहाँ मानवता का पाठ पढ़ाया जाता है। मुझे पूर्ण विश्वास है कि मेरे जैसे और भी विद्यालय खुलेंगे जहाँ पर बच्चों को डर और दबाव के बिना शिक्षा दी जाएगी, जिससे बच्चों के साथ अन्याय न हो।

लिनिशा, वाणी
कक्षा - 7

पॉचवीं कक्षा



हम द ब्लूमाऊंटेंस विद्यालय के कक्षा पॉचवीं के हिंदी के छात्र हैं। हमारी कक्षा में कुल हिंदी के चार छात्र हैं- जिनमें एक छात्र और तीन छात्राएँ हैं। हमारे नाम हैं रितुवासन, वेरोनिका, नेहा तथा त्वेसा। हम सभी कक्षा में एक अच्छे दोस्त की तरह रहते हैं। हमेंशा एक दूसरे की मदद के लिए तैयार रहते हैं। प्रतिदिन कक्षा में नई- नई गतिविधियों पर कार्य करते हैं - जैसे हिंदी में संवाद, अभिनय फूल, फल तथा सब्जियों के चित्र बनाकर उनके नाम हिंदी में लिखकर सीखते हैं। कक्षा में हमेशा हिंदी में बातचीत करते हैं। हमें कक्षा बहुत अच्छी लगती है।

वेरोनिका और नेहा
कक्षा - 5

SILAPATHIKARAM

A TIMELESS TALE RETOLD





EXCURSIONS

SCHOOL TRIP TO KOCHI
8 - 11 OCTOBER 2025
For Residential Students and Day Scholars from Grade 4 onwards
STAY AT MARINE INN, KOCHI

DAY 1
WEDNESDAY, 8TH OCT

- 05.00 am • Leave the school campus
- 08.00 a.m. • Breakfast at Mettupalayam
- 02.00 p.m. • Arrival at Kochi. Check in at the hotel and have lunch
- 03.00 p.m. • PQ Exotic Bird Park
- 05.30 p.m. • Michelle Sunset Lake Cruise
- 07.30 p.m. • Cruise ends. Arrive at hotel, check in
- 07.45 p.m. • Dinner at Sultan Grills & Rice
- 09.00 p.m. • Lights off

DAY 2
THURSDAY, 9TH OCT 2025

- 09.00 am. • Buffet breakfast
- 09.40 a.m. • Explore Fort Kochi (Chinese Fishing Nets, St. Francis Church, Santa Cruz Basilica) and Mattancherry (Dutch Palace, Jew Town, Spice Markets)
- 01.30 p.m. • Kerala meals at Panampilly Nagar
- 03.45 p.m. • Explore Cherai Beach
- 07.00 p.m. • Return to the hotel and freshen up
- 08.00 p.m. • Fun music and dance
- 09.00 p.m. • Buffet dinner at the hotel and lights off

DAY 3
FRIDAY, 10TH OCT 2025

- 08.30 a.m. • Buffet breakfast
- 11.00 a.m. - 05.30 p.m. • Enjoy a full day of land and water rides at Wonderla
- 05.30 p.m. • Depart from Wonderla
- 07.30 p.m. • Return to hotel
- 08.30 p.m. • Buffet dinner

DAY 4
SATURDAY, 11TH OCT 2025

- 07.30 a.m. • Buffet breakfast
- 08.30 a.m. • Check out of the hotel
- 11.00 a.m. • Athirapally Waterfalls
- 01.30 p.m. • Lunch en route
- 06.00 p.m. • Arrival at school campus













JUNIOR SCHOOL PICNICS









FIELD TRIPS

STEPHEN CHURCH & NILGIRI LIBRARY



WELLINGTON WETLANDS RESTORATION SITE



CAIRN HILL



RADIO ASTRONOMY CENTRE & COSMIC RAY LABORATORY



CELEBRATIONS



Independence Day



Onam



Teacher's Day



Children's Day



Republic Day



Holi



Rakshabandan



100th birthday of David Attenborough

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THE HEART OF OUR SCHOOL COMMUNITY



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GOLDEN MEMORIES REVISITED



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THE SPIRIT OF BMS
LIVES ON THROUGH
THE YEARS.**



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