



Aurora Mentis

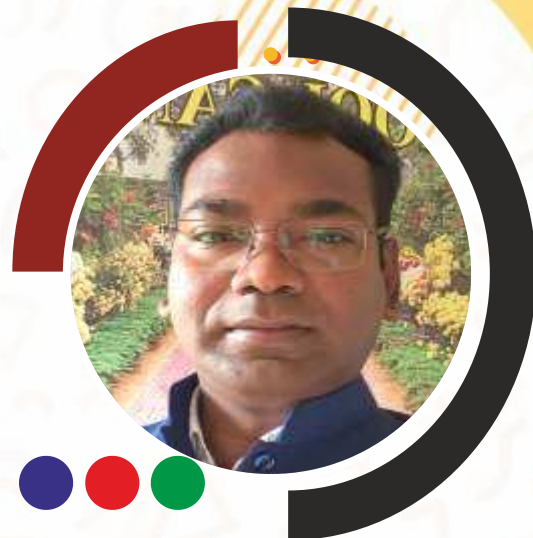
THE DAWN OF THE MIND

E-magazine: St. Montfort's Sr. Sec. School, Kolkata

Second Edition: Nov 2025 - Jan 2026



Message from the Vice - Principal



It is with immense pleasure that St. Montfort's Senior Secondary school presents the second edition of school e-magazine, a testament to the vibrant creativity and intellectual curiosity of our students and faculty. This edition, which follows the success of legacy, embodies the ethos of our institution and celebrates the diverse talents within our community. The magazine is a platform for our students to express their thoughts, ideas, and dreams, and we hope it serves as a source of inspiration for all who read it. The second edition of the school magazine, a series of activities, a collection of articles, poems, stories, and artwork that showcases the incredible talent at our school. The contributions reflect the spirit of collaboration and creativity that we encourage,

providing a glimpse into the minds and experiences of our young writers and artists. This "herculean task" would not have been possible without the sincere support and hard work of everyone involved, from the enthusiastic young writers to the dedicated educators who guided them. As you flip through the pages, we hope you are entertained, inspired, and filled with pride for our school's achievements. We extend our heartfelt congratulations and thanks to the entire editorial team and all contributors for their dedication and hard work in bringing this publication to life.

Bro. Pradeep Kr. Horo, SG
Vice- Principal

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Editorial Board of Aurora Mentis expresses its profound gratitude to Brother Jayapal Reddy, Principal of St. Montfort's Senior Secondary School, Baruipur, for his constant encouragement, valuable guidance, and unwavering support in the successful publication of this magazine.

We are deeply indebted to Brother Pradeep Horo, Vice Principal of St. Montfort's Senior Secondary School, Baruipur, for his insightful suggestions and timely assistance throughout the process of compilation and editing.

Our sincere appreciation is extended to all the faculty members and students who contributed their literary and artistic works, thereby enriching the content of this issue. We also acknowledge the efforts of the design and technical team for their meticulous work in layout, formatting, and presentation. The Editorial Board remains thankful to all who, directly or indirectly, contributed to the successful completion of this publication.



Members of Editorial Board (Aurora Mentis)

1. Bro. Pradeep Horo
2. Mrs. Rinky Saha
3. Mrs. Rupa Das
4. Miss Priya Singh
5. Miss Jayati Sarkar
6. Mrs. Debjani M. Naskar
7. Miss Joseline P. David
8. Mr. Santanu Panja
9. Monikarnika Sarkar (IXC)
10. Aurkomit Haldar (IXA)

Mont Exhibido-5

A Confluence of Art, Science and Innovation



The school proudly organized and participated in a series of exhibitions that showcased students' talents, technical skills and artistic expression, making these events memorable highlights of the academic year.

On December 13, 2025, the school organized a grand Exhibition on Literature, Robotics, Electronics and NCC, celebrating students' achievements across diverse disciplines. The exhibition was inaugurated by the Chief Guest Bishop Shyamal Bose, Bishop of Baruipur Cathelic Diocese. He appreciated the school's consistent efforts in promoting holistic education and fostering all-round development among learners.

The Literary Sections, featuring creative works in Hindi, Bengali and English, highlighted students' innate abilities through poems and essays, dramatization. The displays reflected the richness of language, culture and literary imagination, leaving a lasting impression on visitors.

The Robotics and Electronics Section drew widespread attention with innovative working models such as automatic doors, smart dustbins and sensor-based systems. These projects demonstrated students' ability to apply scientific knowledge to real-world situations and showcased their growing interest in technology and innovation.

Adding a patriotic dimension to the event, the NCC cadets presented an inspiring display highlighting discipline, leadership, national service and unity. Their presentation reinforced the values of responsibility, teamwork, and dedication instilled through NCC training.

Alongside the academic exhibition, an Art Exhibition added colour and creativity to the event, displaying students' artworks, crafts and imaginative expressions.

A lively School Fete was also organized, featuring games, food stalls and fun activities, creating a joyful and festive atmosphere for students, parents and visitors.

The combined exhibition, art display and fete made the event a memorable learning experience, blending knowledge with creativity and enjoyment.



Mont Exhibido-5



CRESCENDO 2025

(Inter-school meet, a festival of music)

An Interschool Music meet was hosted by Holy Cross School, Baruipur on 8th November, 2025. This event aimed at promoting musical talent among young musicians. The competition featured various categories including classical and semi classical, vocal, folk song, duet song, Nazrul Geeti, Rabindra Nritya, folk dance, group dance on poetic theme, group dance on fairy tale theme, classical and semi classical dance performances.

St.Montfort's Senior Secondary school emerged the Champions in vocal event. The day concluded with prize distribution ceremony, where medals and certificates were distributed to the winners for their outstanding performances.

It provided a valuable platform for students to showcase their skills and learn from their peers.



English Handwriting Competition

English Handwriting Competition was held on November 13, 2025 for classes 1-5. It was conducted section-wise. The students formed letters nicely and had a good grasp of basic hand writing skills. Cursive writing competition emphasize the importance of handwriting as a foundational life skill. The practice required to achieve neat, consistent, and legible cursive writing instills important life skills such as patience, discipline and attention.



Paragraph Writing Competition

Students of class 1-5 nurtured their love for writing by participating in the paragraph writing competition held on December 8, 2025. It was conducted section-wise, ensuring active participation from every class.

The event aimed to encourage young learners to express their thoughts creatively and improve their writing skills. Under the careful guidance of subject teachers, students enthusiastically expressed their imaginative ideas and wrote on age appropriate topics.

The competition not only proved to be a wonderful learning experience but also boosted confidence and self-expression in the young minds.



Karate Event (Yellow Belt Examination)

Our school proudly organized a Karate Event (Yellow Belt Examination) on 22.11.2025 that brought together talented participants our school.

A total of 92 students enthusiastically took part in this exciting event, which was held in the school campus.

The event was graced in the presence of His Royal Highness Prince Dr. M.A. Ali, Padjadran Kingdom Indonesia and a renowned Karate versatile Genius.

The participating students were divided into different groups based on their age and skill levels to ensure fair examination. The participation of the students was intense and that showcased the remarkable discipline and skill. The event was managed efficiently with the support of our teachers and student volunteers, who made this auspicious occasion an enjoyable and memorable for everyone.

At the end of the examination, prizes (certificates & belts) were distributed to the students of various categories. The Belts and Certificates were awarded to recognize their hard work and achievement.

Additionally, to appreciate the efforts of brilliant participants (28 students) who scored 80% marks and above were provided with an opportunity to represent India in Thailand.

Overall, the school karate event was a great success. It not only provided a platform for students to demonstrate their martial arts but also promoted sportsmanship and camaraderie among students.

We look forward to organizing similar events in the future to encourage more students to engage in physical activities and build confidence.



Proud Moment for St. Montfort's Sr. Sec. School, Kolkata

Our school achieved a remarkable milestone by securing the 3rd position in the Inter-Province Quiz Competition, held on 19 November 2025 at Bengaluru. This prestigious event was conducted by Wisdom Montfort International School, Bengaluru and witnessed enthusiastic participation from talented teams of school in India representing various provinces.

The quiz tested students on a wide range of topics, including academics, current affairs, general knowledge logic and reasoning. Sankarshan Mandal and Monikarnika Sarkar of Class IX-C, St. Montfort's,

Kolkata, proudly represented the Ranchi Province in the Inter Province Quiz Contest. They displayed an exceptional presence of mind, teamwork and intellectual depth throughout the competition, earning appreciation from the judges and audience alike.

This achievement is a matter of immense pride for our school and stands as a testimony to the students' hard work, dedication and the constant guidance provided by the teachers. The event also offered a valuable platform for interaction, learning and healthy competition among students from different regions.



Kho-Kho Tournament



Kho-Kho is popular traditional Indian game and with great pride we continued this tradition in our recent school tournament. On 01.11.25 our school witnessed a fierce yet friendly competition. In the Senior Group, Blue House stood first among boys', while Red House led the girls'. Runners-up position was secured by Green House in both categories. In the Junior Group Blue House dominated in both boys' and girls' categories, Green and Red House came runners-up, respectively. There was electrifying excitement with cheering, lightning-speed pursuit, and jubilant displays, capturing the raw emotional feel of this most cherished game.



Outstanding Performance in VVM 2025

St. Montforts Sr. Secondary school proudly witnessed enthusiastic participation of 121 students from Classes VI to XI in the Vidyarthi Vigyan Manthan (VVM) 2025, a prestigious national-level science talent search programme aimed at promoting scientific temper and innovation among students.

With sincere efforts and dedication, our students delivered an impressive performance. Out of the 121 participants, 45 students successfully qualified for Level 2, showcasing their strong conceptual

understanding and analytical skills in science. In addition to this achievement, 16 students adjudged school toppers, bringing great honour to our institution.

This commendable success reflects the students' hard work, curiosity and passion for learning along with continuous guidance and encouragement provided by the science faculty. Such achievements motivate our learners to explore science beyond textbooks and strive for excellence.



Stellar Space Quiz Competition 2025 A Galactic Showcase of Young Minds!

The Stellar Space Quiz Competition 2025 proved to be an exciting and intellectually vibrant event as the students of our school participated to test their knowledge of astronomy, space science and emerging space technologies. Organized with great enthusiasm, the competition was divided into three categories: Junior (Classes III – V), Middle (Classes VI – VII) and Senior (Classes IX – XII) – ensuring that students of all age groups had the opportunity to shine.

Each category featured three winning teams, securing the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd positions, with two brilliant members in each team. The atmosphere buzzed with curiosity as participants tackled challenging questions that ranged from planetary science and space missions to astrophysics and cosmic discoveries, making the event truly stellar!



Winners of Stellar Space Quiz Competition 2025
Junior category (III - V)



Winners of Stellar Space Quiz Competition 2025
Middle School category (VI - VIII)



Winners of Stellar Space Quiz Competition 2025
Senior category (IX - XII)

Panel Discussion on Careers in Design



Five students - Smiti Nandi, Shaunak Ghosh, Tanay Ghosh, Tanmoy Ghosh and Tutan Gayen of Class XII C, from the Commerce stream of St. Montfort's Sr. Sec. School, accompanied by Mrs. Rinky Saha, attended an insightful Panel Discussion on Careers in Design at

Park Hotel, Kolkata on 28 November, 2025 which highlighted that design is "not only about fashion designing."

The session brought together experts from reputed design institutions across the nation who discussed the wide spectrum of career opportunities available in the field of design, including graphic design, interior design, product design, communication design and digital media. The panelists shared valuable guidance on required skills, career pathways, portfolio development and future prospects in the creative industry.

The interaction helped students understand how design education can blend creativity with commerce, entrepreneurship, marketing and management. It encouraged them to think beyond conventional career options and explore interdisciplinary fields aligned with the changing demands of the global market.



Scientific Exploration Beyond Campus

St. Montfort's Senior Secondary School continually encourages students to extend their learning beyond the classroom by engaging in platforms that foster scientific inquiry, creativity, and innovation. During the academic year, students proudly represented the institution at various inter-school, collegiate, and regional-level science exhibitions, gaining valuable exposure and recognition.

i. At the Inter-School Science Exhibition hosted by St. Mary's School, Masaurhi, Patna, the project "Liquid Level Guard", aimed at preventing water wastage and promoting sustainability, was effectively presented by Anuraj Bhattacharya and Spandan Bhattacharjee of Class XI A. The project was widely appreciated by judges and visitors for its practical application in households, schools, and apartment complexes.

ii. Students also participated in the Science Exhibition hosted by Swami Vivekanand Mission College, where the project "ABO Blood Grouping", presented by Aritra Kumar Das and Aditya Chandra of Class XII A, secured the Second Prize, bringing pride and recognition to the school.

iii. CBSE Regional Level Science Exhibition: A Journey of Excellence

The school achieved notable success at the CBSE Regional Level Science Exhibition, reflecting the scientific acumen and innovative spirit of its students.

The "Gear Box Model," presented by Piyash Banerjee and Anuraj Bhattacharya of Class XI B, was selected for the regional level owing to its scientific merit, clarity of concept, and effective presentation.

iv. Another commendable achievement came through the environmentally relevant project on "Biodiesel," presented by Ashmita Mondal and Nilankan Naskar. Demonstrating the production of biodiesel from vegetable oils and organic waste, the project was selected for the CBSE Regional Level Science Exhibition due to its scientific relevance and environmental significance.

These achievements were met with immense appreciation from parents, guests, and educators. They reflect the spirit of St. Montfort's Senior Secondary School, where scientific curiosity, innovation, and responsible thinking are nurtured to prepare students for a dynamic and sustainable future.



Seminar for School Co-ordinators



A seminar for School Co-ordinators was successfully organized under the aegis of the Montfort Brothers of St. Gabriel, Province of Ranchi, at Montfort Centre Ranchi on 22nd and 23rd November, 2025. It was attended by Vice Principal, Br. Pradeep Horo and our Academic Co-ordinators. Mrs. Lydia Ghosh (Montessori), Mrs. Debjani Mondal Naskar (I - V), Mrs. Rupa Das (VI - X), Mrs. Rinky Saha (XI - XII).

The programme witnessed the enthusiastic participation of co-ordinators from various Montfort institutions. The sessions focused on strengthening professional competencies, collaborative leadership, innovative pedagogical practices and the role of coordinators in fostering a value-based learning environment.

The highlight of the event was the felicitation ceremony, where the participants were awarded certificates in recognition of their active involvement and commitment to educational excellence. The dignitaries and resource persons appreciated the dedication of the teachers and encouraged them to continue working with renewed zeal and responsibility.

The seminar proved to be an enriching and motivating experience, reinforcing the Montfortian vision of quality education rooted in values, discipline and service. It was truly a step forward in nurturing competent educators and strengthening the academic framework of Montfort schools.



Spell Bee Competition

The English Department of St. Montfort's Senior Secondary School, Baruipur, organised an exciting and enriching Spell Bee Competition for the students of Classes VI to VIII. The event was aimed to enhance vocabulary, improve spelling skills, and encourage healthy competition among the students.

The first round, held on 7th November, 2025, saw enthusiastic participation from all students of Classes VI to VIII. The preliminary written round tested their spelling accuracy, vocabulary knowledge, and ability to decipher tricky English words. The atmosphere was charged with excitement as students attempted to qualify for the final round.

After careful evaluation, a selected group of finalists advanced to the final round, which took place on 12th November, 2025 in the school auditorium. Their confidence, presence of mind, and command over the language were truly commendable.

The event concluded with the announcement of the winners.

Among the students of Class VI, **Arnadip Naskar** of section B secured the first place, **Aishik Maity** of section C claimed the second position and **Anjishnu Mondal** of section D bagged the third prize. From Class- VII, the first, second and third positions were secured by **Sk. Rayan Ahmed** (Sec- D), **Avinandan Purkait** (Sec-C) and **Deepon Halder** (Sec-C) respectively. Finally from Class-VIII, the students securing first, second and third rank were **Swarnavo Chakraborty** (Sec-B), **Ritam Chatterjee** (Sec-C) and **Rik Baidya** (Sec-B) respectively.

The Spell Bee Competition was a grand success and provided students with a platform to showcase their language skills and develop a deeper interest in English vocabulary.



Spell Bee Image Gallery



Special assembly on Children's day

"Every child is a different kind of flower; together they make a beautiful garden."

To describe how special children are, the day started with a special assembly by their beloved teachers. It started with special prayer, followed by songs, audio drama and a poem. The speech reminded them all of Pandit Nehru's vision, inspiring them to dream big, learn with curiosity, and grow into responsible citizens. The Principal motivated the students with his inspiring words. The Children's Day assembly was a vibrant success, ending with the National Anthem and a promise to cherish every child's potential.



Participation of St. Montfort's Sr. Sec. School Teachers in NSH Hindi Educators' Conclave 2025



NSH Hindi Educators' Conclave 2025, was organized by New Saraswati House on 7th December, 2025 at Hotel Hindustan International, Kolkata. Mrs. Rinky Saha and Ms. Nisha Singh, esteemed teachers of St. Montfort's Senior Secondary School, had the honour of attending the prestigious conclave marking its 75 years of excellence in education.

The conclave was a Hindi seminar aimed at promoting the effective teaching of the Hindi language, literature and pedagogy in schools. The event provided a valuable platform for Hindi educators from across the city to exchange ideas, explore innovative teaching methodologies and discuss contemporary challenges and opportunities in Hindi education.

“A symphony of Talent: The Annual Concert”

The much awaited Annual Day Programme 2025 was held on 20th December, 2025. The theme for this year was “Heritage of India”. It was a spectacular evening that left the audience in awe. The event was a grand celebration showcasing the talents of Montessori and Primary students of St. Montfort’s Senior Secondary School. The programme commenced with a grand welcome of our Chief Guest Shri.Chitradip Sen, S.D.O. of Baruiapur and guests of honour, Rev. Bro. Satheesh K. Don, Provincial Superior of Ranchi Province and Rev. Bro. James T. K., Founder Principal of St. Montfort's Senior Secondary school.

The Annual Concert played a vital role in the holistic development of students as it helped to build self-confidence, stage presence and communication skills. The concert strengthened the bond between students, teachers and parents and also helped in overall education beyond academics. The success of the Annual Concert 2025 was not only about the performances also it was the result of months of preparation. We would also extend our gratitude to our parents for their love, motivation and support.

The annual concert commenced on an auspicious note with the lighting of the ceremonial lamp, followed by a soulful prayer song and a graceful welcome dance presented by the students of Primary section. After the welcome dance, the Rev. Bro. Jayapal Reddy, the Principal addressed the gathering with a warm and inspiring welcome speech. The performances by the students of Montessori and Classes I to V were very impressive and well appreciated. As the night drew to a close, the stunning performances of Orchestra and Grand Finale brought the concert to a peak. During the annual concert, the academic toppers of the board examinations were honoured and felicitated by Bro.Satheesh K. Don, Provincial Superior of Ranchi.

To conclude, the Annual concert wasn't just about performances; it was a true celebration of hard work and dedication of our entire school community. The gala evening concluded with applause, smiles and unforgettable moments that will be cherished for years to come.





Montfest 2025

A Vibrant Celebration of Creativity and Young Talent

Montfest 2025 was celebrated on 15th November with great fevour in the school, creating an atmosphere filled with colour, joy and enthusiastic participation. The annual event provided students across all levels with a platform to showcase their creativity, confidence and diverse talents.

The MMH section set the tone for the day with delightful presentations in Fancy Dress, Animated Rhymes, Dance, Solo Singing, and Thumb and Spray Painting. Their performances were marked by innocence, imagination and expressive charm.

Students from Classes I–V participated with equal enthusiasm in dance, solo singing, non-fire cooking—featuring refreshing mocktails and sandwiches in Animated rhymes, English and Bengali recitation. Their contributions reflected both cultural engagement and growing communication skills.

The older students of Classes VI–XI demonstrated commendable poise and creativity through dance, solo singing, badge making and declamation. Their performances highlighted craftsmanship, confidence and artistic maturity.

A significant highlight of the event was the participation of students from the Montfort Centre for Hearing Impaired (MCHI), who impressed the audience with their skills in sandwich making, bottle painting and paper mask making. Their involvement reinforced the school's commitment to inclusivity and holistic growth.

Montfest 2025 concluded as a memorable celebration, capturing the spirit of togetherness, creativity and joyful learning.



Montfest 2025 Gallery



Montfest 2025 Gallery



Montfest 2025 Gallery



PEER LEARNING - SECONDARY

Empowering Learning Through Student Leadership

Students of Classes VIII and IX of St. Monfort's Senior Secondary School conducted learning-based classes for students of Classes III, IV, and V in October. Through interactive teaching methods, they helped younger students understand lessons in an engaging and friendly manner. This activity

encouraged peer learning, teamwork, and leadership among senior students while making learning enjoyable and effective for junior students. The initiative created a positive and supportive learning environment for all.



RED DAY

On Friday 5th December 2025, Montfort Montessori Home celebrated Red Bagless Day (Christmas celebration) with great enthusiasm and excitement. The day began with special assembly by Mont-II students, followed by Red Day speech by M-II and M-III students. The students of Montessori introduced the concept of Red Day through rhymes and few students also showcased their red props and shared their knowledge about the red objects that are all seen around us.

A prayer song was performed by M-III students. A skit based on Christmas was performed by the M-III

students. As red is the colour of Christmas the teachers of Montessori sang the Christmas Carol followed by Red Day song.

Throughout the day various other craft activities were also done by the students in their classrooms and some outdoor activities were also performed by the students about the Red Day. The event was a resounding success, with active and energetic participation from students and teachers. Overall, it was a delightful celebration that will be remembered for a long time.



77th Republic Day Celebration

The 77th Republic Day was celebrated with great pride and patriotism in our school. The programme began with the unfurling of the National Flag, followed by the National Anthem. Students participated enthusiastically in various cultural programmes such as patriotic songs, dances, speeches, and skits highlighting the values of the Indian Constitution and the sacrifices of our freedom fighters. The Principal addressed the students and spoke about the importance of Republic Day and the

responsibilities of citizens in nation-building. The celebration filled everyone with a sense of unity, discipline, and love for our country, making the day memorable and inspiring



A Day of Memories: ADIEU XII

The air at St. Montfort's Sr. Secondary School, Baruipur, Kolkata shimmered with nostalgia and excitement on 31st January 2026, as the corridors echoed with laughter and memories during the much-anticipated Class XII Farewell Ceremony.

The programme commenced with a solemn invocation, followed by a warm welcome address that set the tone for the day. The presence of the Principal, Management, teachers and students added grace and significance to the occasion. Words of encouragement and blessings reminded the outgoing batch that while they were stepping out of school, they would always remain a part of the Montfort family.

The cultural programme was a spectacular blend of talent and emotion. From foot-tapping dance performances to heart-stirring acts, every presentation captured the spirit of celebration. A humorous act titled "Back to School" had everyone in splits, while a group

rendition of favourite school-time songs brought tears to many eyes.

The highlight of the farewell was undoubtedly the much-awaited Miss and Master Montfort 2026 Contest. The contest was a graceful celebration of personality, confidence, intelligence, and elegance. As Swastika Chattopadhyay of XII C as Miss Montfort 2026 and Ujan Giri of XII B as the Master Montfort 2026 were announced, the audience erupted in applause, celebrating not just the winners but the spirit of participation and self-expression.

As the afternoon drew to a close, emotions ran high. Hugs were exchanged, photographs were clicked and promises were made to stay connected. ADIEU 2026 was not merely a goodbye – it was a celebration of a journey, friendships forged, lessons learned and dreams ready to take flight.

Class XII will always remain Montfortians at heart.



ART GALLERY



ADRITA MONDAL, M2C



DIBYANGSHU BHUNIA, M2C



SK ARISA RAHAMAN, M2D



SAKSHAM AGARWAL, M2D



DEBAYANI SARKAR, M3B



TRINESH BHOWMICK, M3B



ANUPRIYA KARMAKAR, M3C



LABANYA MONDAL, 1B

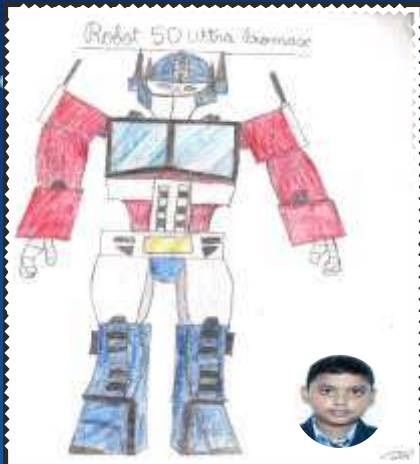


RISHIKA GHOSH, 1D

ART GALLERY



ADWIT MITRA, 3A



VIHAAN GHOSH, 3B



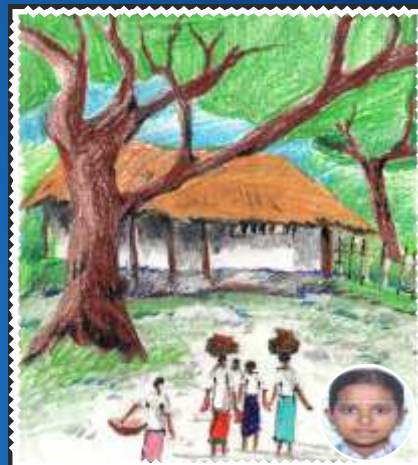
RIDWANUL KARIM, 3C



ARUSHI MEHTA, 4A



RITARNA GHOSH, 4A



SNEHANKITA BISWAS, 5A



MD. AARIZ TASEEN RAHAMAN, 5B



SARNABHA DAS, 6A



ARMIN HASAN, 6B

ART GALLERY



PRATITI GHOSH, 6C



ADITYA BHOUMICK, 6C



DEVARNI PURKAIT, 7D



SROTOSHREE PATRA, 7D



PRATYUS PAL, 6D



ARITRIKA KUNDU, 7D



SRIPARNA MONDAL, 8B



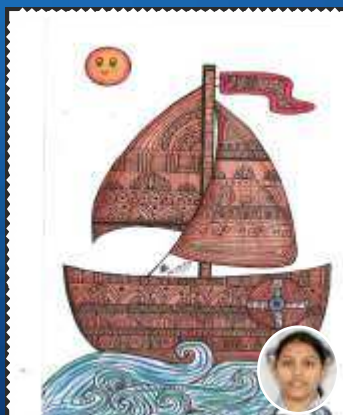
DISHAN PRAMANIK, 9A



LIZA LASKAR, 9B



TANJORI GHOSH, 9C



SHINJINI PRAMANIK, 10A



MALABIKA HALDER, 11B

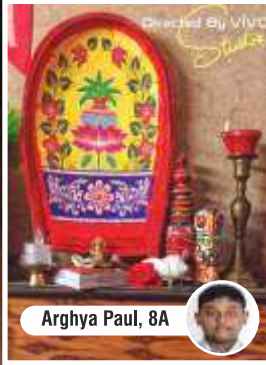
Photography Gallery



Arghya Paul, 8A



Arghya Paul, 8A



Arghya Paul, 8A



Arghya Paul, 8A



Arghya Paul, 8A



Sankarshan Mandal, 9C



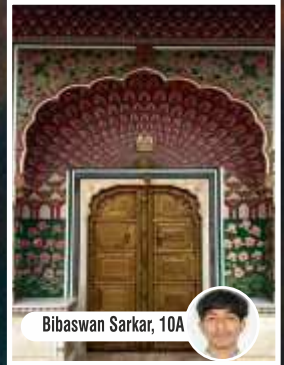
Bibaswan Sarkar, 10A



Bibaswan Sarkar, 10A



Bibaswan Sarkar, 10A



Bibaswan Sarkar, 10A



Bibaswan Sarkar, 10A



Prajukta Biswas, 11A



Prajukta Biswas, 11A



Samadarshi Mondal, 12B



Samadarshi Mondal, 12B



Samadarshi Mondal, 12B



Samadarshi Mondal, 12B



Samadarshi Mondal, 12B

Writing Montessori Section

স্কুলের প্রথম দিন

ছোট আমি, খেলতাম রান্না বাটি
ভাঁড়ার ঘরের জিনিসপত্র করতাম সব মাটি,
বছর তিনেক পর, মা বাবার হলো চিন্তা,
ভাবেন বসে, কাটাতে কেমন, স্কুলের প্রথম দিনটা।
এবার যখন দিনটি এলো, বাবা দিলেন স্কুলে,
স্কার্টটি পড়ে গেলাম, হেলে দুলে।
দু একদিন অন্যদের দেখে ভাসলাম চোখের জলে,

ম্যামেদের ভালোবাসাতে সবই গেলাম ভুলে।
এভাবেই কাটছে দিন
হেসে খেলে তা-ধিন্ তা-ধিন্ ।

Adrita Mondal
Class:M2-D



CHILDREN'S DAY REPORT

Children's Day was celebrated in our school with joy. The day started with a special assembly. Our teachers danced and sang for us. We usually hear our teachers in loud voices, but it was amazing to see that our teachers are very talented. Our Principal gave us a short message and told us why Children's Day is important and inspirational. We came to school in colourful clothes. We got sweets from the school and felt very happy. Children's Day is celebrated on the birthday of Jawaharlal Nehru.

Abhisree Khamaru
Class: M3-A



MY FIRST ACHIEVEMENT

My first achievement is the moment when I was selected as "Star of the year", and the prize was given in the Annual Programme of our school. Then I was three years old. I still remember that day when my class teacher, after my going to school, came and took me by the hand from my parents to enter a big stage. I was very scared of seeing such a big stage but when my name was called out for the star of the year. I became extremely

glad and slowly moved forward to receive my trophy. The gallery of audience clapped their hands at that moment. My parents were very proud for my big achievement.

Adrija Naskar
Class: M3-B



DAILY SCHOOL LIFE

My school name is Montfort Montessori Home. Everyday" I wake up early in the morning, I wear my school uniform and eat a quick breakfast before going to school. My school is far away from my home. So, every day I go to school by bike with my parents. In school, we study different subjects like English, Maths, Bengali, Activity, science, etc. I have many friends in the school. We play together during breaks. I do my homework after coming back from school. My mother helps me to complete my studies. I like going to school. I learn new things and have lots of fun with my friends. So, I try to

remain present every day. The motto of my school "LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE" always motivates me to be present in school. Every day I strike to gather more knowledge through the joyful and creative learning. I really enjoy my daily school life and the different activities take place in the school.

Parnab Goldar
Class: M3B



MY MOTHER

My mother is the most special person in my life. She wakes up early every day and takes care of everyone at home. She works very hard but never shows her tiredness. When I am sad, her smile makes me happy. She helps me in my studies and teaches me good manners. My mother understands my feelings without words. She cooks tasty food and listens to my small stories patiently. Her love is like a warm blanket that

keeps me safe. I feel strong and confident because my mother is always at my side. I love my mother very much.

Aryasri Ghosh
Class: M3-B



MY HOBBY

Playing Cricket is my favourite hobby. It is an outdoor game. It can be played by men, women and children. There are usually 11 players in a team. It play on the ground with bat and ball. I started to play cricket when I was five years old. I Love batting. Virat kohli is my favourite batsman and my inspiration. I play with my friend in summer and winter holidays. **I also Summer me to join cricket academy.** It helps me to learn teamwork, discipline, sportmanship, patience. It helps

me to learn that Success and Failure are handled with patience. So, I also want to become cricketer to represent my school and later my country.

Shreyan Mondal
Class: M3B



A SMALL KITTEN LOOKING FOR LOVE

On a small farm lived a tiny kitten named Mimi.
Mimi was soft and cute, but one day she felt lonely.
She wanted a warm hug.

First, Mimi went to the cow.
"Can you hug me?" she asked.
The cow said kindly, "I am too big, little one."

Then Mimi went to the ducks.
"Can you hug me?" she asked.
"We are busy playing!" the ducks said.

Next, Mimi went to the dog.
"Doggy, will you hug me?" she whispered.
But the dog was too sleepy and went back to sleep.

Mimi sat under a sunflower and felt sad.
"No one can hug me..." she thought.

Just then, a little child came by. She saw Mimi sitting alone.

She picked Mimi up gently and said, "Do you need a hug?"

She gave Mimi the warmest hug ever.

Mimi felt warm and happy.
She learned something sweet-
If you ask with a kind heart,
love will always find you.

Moral: Love comes easily when we are kind.

Aarushi Dutta
Class: M3-C



LIFE CYCLE OF A BUTTERFLY



Hello everyone, my name is Chitra Mondal. I read in Mont. - III, C. Today, I would like to say about "The life cycle of Butterfly". I had presented a model, related to "Life cycle of Butterfly" at the Mont Exhibido, 2025.

Butterfly has four stages of life cycle. Butterfly lay their eggs on leaves. Young ones hatching out of the eggs are called caterpillars. Caterpillars eat leaves as their food. They grow very fast. The caterpillar makes a cocoon or a case around itself. At this stage, the young one is called pupa. The caterpillar keeps changing inside the cocoon. The pupa changes into a beautiful butterfly. And then finally it comes out from the cocoon.

I am very much thankful to my respected class teacher for giving me this kind of opportunity.

Chitra Mondal
Class: M3-C



হরিণ ছানা

এক যে ছিল হরিণ ছানা
দেখতে ছিল বেশ,
জঙ্গলেতে খেলে বেড়ায়
আনন্দের নাই শেষ।
মা তারে কয়, সোনা আমার
পড়তে বসা চাই,
সোনা বলে, মা গো আমার
বই খাতা যে নাই।

- শ্রীদাত্রী প্রামাণিক
দ্বিতীয় শ্রেণী (ঘ)



My Promise

I am standing in the middle of a big hall. There are too many lights green, red, yellow colour; flashing the sound of claps is reaching into my ears suddenly my name was announced, I got the first prize.

Since childhood it was my dream to make the world's fastest car and I did that. I made an unique designed car that declared as the fastest car. A big golden huge trophy has come in my hand on the stage and everyone is clapping for my success. The light are flickering and it is making me very happy.

Suddenly the sounds of claps starts fading, lights keep on fading. I realise that everything is changing slowly.

“Ah! what this? I am laying on my bed. Was it just a dream? I became shocked. I sat up on the bed slowly; looking through the window which is right next to my bed. Suddenly I noticed there is a huge golden trophy kept on my study table. It is exactly the trophy, I was dreaming. It made me realise that success isn't very far for me. I made a promise to myself and to God that I'll give my best to achieve this, because handwork, never fails, I know I can do it and I'll.

Shaikhya Dhar
Class: III-C



AUTUMN

The air goes crisp, the sun declines,
The maple's burst in burning signs.
A gentle chill sweeps through the glade,
Where summer's green starts to fade.



Shantanu Adhikari
Class: IV-C



WHISPER OF THE RAIN

Where hills once held their quiet crowns
The sky broke-ragged sheets of rain,
Rivers awoke in roaring gowns,
Forests wept, the land in pain.

The hills weep silver tears,
Devouring Teesta roars in anger
Dooars, Darjeeling, Kalimpong, Mirik mourn for shelters
Human life and wildlife both are in danger

Tea gardens on rolling slopes,
Now shrouded in mist and muddy tide;
Harvest lost-farmers clutch their hopes,
Watching fields where dreams once did abide.

North Bengal trembles, weeps - but knows
The flood can wash the land, not the soul;
Between the ruins, a silent rose
Waits for the sun when water go

The dawn will rise, the sun will shine,
Life will call with a brighter breath,
The flood may claim the form divine
But never the soul, nor faith in death.

(Based on very recent flood in North Bengal)

Samriddhi Mandal
Class- IV-C



Flower of Dreams

Petals soft as whispered prayers,
Dreams unfold beyond the air,
Moonbeams dance, a gentle sway,
And you feel like a day of peace
In the night, Your heart's at play.

Anushri Bhattacharjee
Class: V-B



About My Thoughts

In this short story, I would like to share one of the most important thought of my life. If I say about my thoughts, I would like to describe my thoughts of becoming successful person in my life. According me and my thoughts, I would like to say that a successful person need to stay alone in their life and need to fight against all the danger by their own. A successful person should never leave any opportunity. Now, many of the people will ask me after reading my short story that they have tried hard, they have fought against all the danger tirelessly and live half of their life alone but, still they did not become a successful person. Generally, to became a successful person, we need to discipline and follow a strict routine but, if God don't want you while working then, it is very

difficult for us to this also that it doesn't matter that you have to know that my parent will laugh at me and they did that, and told me, to focus on study instead of dancing and doing other activities. I felt very sad and I was just thinking of stop kept trying and, then, suddenly I realise that successful person never breakdown by hearing what in the exam only but, to learn something new So, remember your goal that you have to become a successful person.

Priya Smita Mondal
Class: V-B



The Underworld

It was a cold night, when I was returning from my friend's house. It was just then when I saw two boys bulling a little boy. I rushed to the little boy and helped him. Then I asked him "Who were they"? He replied that they were from the underworld. I did not understand what he was talking about. I asked him what did he meant by the underworld. He told me to keep it a secret and whispered that they are a part of deadly gangster's team.

As a detective, it is my job to find and arrest them. So I investigated about them on the internet and found out that their headquarter is in London, so I booked the flight ticket to London to find their Headquarters along with my friends Ankush, Ramim and Anik. We spent days and nights to find their Headquarter. Files and newspapers were scattered on our desks. It gave us signal that we were noticed by them. After a long enquiry we found that their Headquarter was an abundant warehouse in the forest.

Our plan was simple, just go with the police and arrest them. But things never go as planned. In the morning, we went to the police and explained them about the gang, but they replied that they have tried many times but could not catch them so we decided to go alone. When we went there we saw many strong people with

guns but they did not shoot us. Instead, they offered us to join with their team. We did not have any options to escape from there, so we had to join their team but with a plan. After some time when they gained their trust on us it was the time to execute our plan. We went to the police again to tell them that we had found their Headquarter. The police went with us and we were able to nab them. But their commander managed to run away with some of the gang members.

The news said that there was a terrorist attack and when I saw the face of the terrorist, I realized that it was the gang leader. I informed our team and the national forces about it. The national forces said that they will help us to capture him. I My team and I went from one way and the national forces went from another way. When he noticed the national forces were involved in it, he was scared and tried to escape. But before he could run away, the national forces came and arrested him and imprisoned him for life in a high- security prison.

SK. Nadim Rasil
Class: V-B



SECONDARY SECTION

A Heart That Waits With Grace

I said too little, I felt too much,
In silent Stores and passing touch.
you looked at me like I was known,
But left me standing all alone.

Still in your eyes, a question stays,
like sun through clouds on quiet days.
You never speak, but still, you see -
And in your silence you carry me.

I wrote my heart in folded lines,
Not asking fate for clearer signs.
Not every love is loud or wide -
some blooms in corners, deep inside.

So I will wait, but not in pain,
Not tied to hopes that fall like rain.
I wait with grace, with open air,
knowing I was brave to care.

And if you turn, one quiet day,
And meet my eyes in your own way -
Then you'll know what I always knew:
The softest hearts are strong and true.

Samriddi Halder
Class: VI-D



A Nostalgic Evening

I was by the window - pane –
Reading a book,
And steadily a petrichor came;
A capricious weather made me take an outside look.

A pleasant gate came -
Which flew the curtains and surffed pages
And without my tame,
My mind sailed to a foul game.

I went to my fun days -
From beginning, when I saw the light of this world
To when the downpour starts
From the cloud of grey

Torrential rain starts,
Destroying the small growing plant,
Destroying the valiant will,
And a second bite of cherry we may get!

The leaves flew here and there -
No route to go in this maize of rain
Where the water went high, to enjoy in heaven
Did it do any crime that it is getting back again?

Finally, the spectral light came out,
Which moved the grey of demolition,
I saw, in a glance - the whole catastrophe storm
My eyes filled with tears to say "There is always
A spectral light to remove the sabotage in which we
stay".

Parijat Halder
Class: VI-D



THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST

It was a moonlit night. The whole surrounding seemed to be bathing in darkness. I suddenly woke up from my sleep; I was alone. It was very hard to wake me up at dawn so I was surprised a little bit. I didn't try to sleep. Instead, I started walking around a bit. I opened one of the windows and a chilly, cool breeze came in. I was clueless what to do and started searching the cupboards. But there was nothing to do so I grabbed my ball and started playing with it. I was

always interested in bowling and had zero interest in batting. I practiced my yorker perfection till I was tired. I sat down to rest. At that sudden moment, I heard footsteps from upstairs - the loudest ones I have ever heard. I thought my father had woke up and went to talk with him as I was bored and tired. But, my father was sleeping. I got a little bit afraid and tried to calm my mind, thinking it was just my fancy. After some time, I dozed off but a loud thud from the terrace

backed me up to my senses. I became scared. I was always afraid in ghosts and all these paranormal activities. But my curiosity dragged me up to the terrace. It was cloudy outside and a cool breeze soothed me. I checked the attic and it was dusty. I thought of cleaning it out. While cleaning the attic, I discovered an old dusty notebook tucked inside a wooden chest. Curiously, I opened it and found it filled with strange sketches of unknown places with mysterious riddles. I have never seen it before. Then I studied the notebook for some time and recognized the place at once. It was my neighboring areas! In the map, there was a marked place with 'DANGER' written on it. I knew the place! But I never went there. Curiosity kept dragging me there. I packed my stuff and wrote a note and stuck it to the mosquito net. It read "WENT TO AN

ADVENTURE". I started walking and soon found the place. There was also a sign written as 'DANGER. Finally, I went in. It was a jungle and it was crazily dark inside. There was an eerie silence but soon it broke out at the cry of a girl. I was afraid, thinking it to

be a ghost as I have read stories where the same thing happened. I guessed the direction and went on. I had to turn on my torch. I accidentally banged on a metal object. When I shone my torch onto it, it read, 'DO NOT GO FURTHER. I thought about going back home but there was no turning back at that moment. Suddenly, a big branch fell down just in-front of me, blocking my way. But I made my way and went further. I didn't like my surroundings. When I was looking here and there, I saw 2 red eyes staring at me and it became closer and closer. I tried to run away from there but bumped into a skeleton. I didn't even have a closer look and fled from there. I ran till I tripped and fell over a wooden log. When I opened my eyes, I saw myself on my bed and my mother looking at me anxiously.

Mayukh Marick
Class: VII-C



Blue Flame in the Quiet

There are nights when the moon feels closer,
as if it leans in just enough
to whisper a truth I already know-
that some connections burn softly,
yet brighter than any fire.

A tide moves without a sound,
but every rise and fall
Carries a memory-
of being drawn towards something
without choosing it,
the way water finds the shore
even in the dark.

Stars don't confess their glow,
yet they shine differently

when the right presence
steps into their sky-
a swift so gentle,
only the heart notices.

No words were needed;
the air between us.
already knew the story-
written in the sparks,
soft reactions,
and the warmth that stayed
long after you walked away.

Sk. Sarah
Class: VIII-A



My Last Day at School

(Planet : E070)

When I passed the main gate and then entered the campus, I was shot by charm in its very first glance. A big 4-storeyed school building, an entrance garden with a fountain, an activity building and a huge playground.

I was ready to make thousands of memories, but I didn't expect the very first day to be so dramatic.

My mom came in upto the Principal's office. I was a little shy of it, but mom wouldn't listen to me, anyway. Principal was actually an acquaintance of my mom. As a result, I was greeted with warmth. Principal ma'am's name was 'Mrs. Petty'. She was bright, jubilant and a bit plump, and short - even shorter than me.

Mom left shortly for her office and Mrs. Petty walked me to my class. On the way to the class, she told me, "Remember to keep your calm, Mr. Heins. There have been some disciplinary issues lately and we're trying to solve it." I nodded, but little did I know then that the statement was so true.

I'm not good at speaking, but I introduced myself to the class as, "I'm Victor Heins, aged 14. I'm 5'4", I weigh 53kg and I love to play football or soccer, as you call it. I hope we can make great memories. Thank You!"

At this introduction, most looked annoyed and hardly seven clapped. Ma'am didn't waste time further, showed me my bench and started the class. It was mathematics class and for your information, it was my favourite subject too.

But this all is boring stuff, Let's go to the time when interesting things started, i.e., lunch break. As the bell for the break rang, the class instantly became wild. Before I could settle in the moment, I saw some boys flocking together, some jumping, some running, some gulping food. I bet, I also saw someone standing on the bench, trying to touch the fan. Seeing the wilderness, I decided instantly to keep a safe distance.

But many-a-times, things don't go as we plan it. Seeing me avoiding them, I do believe, they chose me, to bully. I realised it when I was going out of the class and someone stepped on my left foot and suddenly someone pushed me from my right and I almost fell, but Arin, who was sitting nearby,

managed to catch me in time. I got up and turned to view the executive, but found no one.

It's indeed difficult to save yourself, if you don't know the enemy and the same happened with me. I was constantly targeted for the rest of the day, atleast until the P.E. period.

I was fed up. I was pushed and chits came flying to me. I tried not to react and remember Mrs. Petty's words, but everything has a limit. I was just a step away from reacting, when a joyous message came to me. "It's P.E. period. What should we play?" "Football?". And sir agreed. So, almost an army of boys marched to the soccer ground and the game began.

I realised that some boys play really well, but the game was too rough. Probably an effect of Rugby being famous around. But I noticed, I was tackled very often and I got a serious injury in my left shin. But I couldn't leave the game unfinished.

'The time is almost up. Scoreline 2-2, Victor in the left, ball passed to him. He starts a sprint along the left wing. Only the opponents left back. He can dribble him past. Defender tries to lag, but a bit of body feint, and he's out of way of Victor. Now he turns to the goalpost. Only the goalkeeper. He slows down a bit, takes the correct position. Takes the shot, ball turns a bit, in the corner, away from the goalkeeper. And Goal!!!!..'

"Ouch". I suddenly felt a crowd around. My teammates were surrounding me in joy. But someone delivered a blow in my left shin. I fell on the ground out of pain. Others fell on me feeling I am celebrating, not realising my injury. A whole team above me. I was hardly able to breathe, everything was dark. And suddenly a surge on my belly, an unbearable pain, and I couldn't breathe anymore.

And that's how, my first day at school, turns into my last day in school.

I see the END, or a beginning.

Souhardya Mondal
Class: VIII- A



LITERATURE IS THE REFLECTION OF SOCIETY, BUT SOCIETY IS NOT ALWAYS THE REFLECTION OF LITERATURE.

"Literature is a reflection of society" - is a popular, widely-believed saying. The thought I want to explore with all the readers of this magazine today is "Literature is the reflection of society, but society is not always the reflection of literature." Considering the first section of my assertion, all the notable writers, poets and playwrights are said to be exceptionally observant to the societal practices, their virtues and vices. They are said to be grounded enough to notice how these societal changes or normalcies affect people belonging to all classes of society. Hence, they together produce a diverse spectrum of views regarding a society. We may draw from this a perception that literature is a wide range of mirrors, ranging from minor to major, reflecting almost all points of view of multifaceted people. In fact, we may actually say that "Literature is a collection of reflections of society", instead of rendering it "the reflection". I assert this in accordance to a large variety of literary work, including the following: Charles Dickens' novels reflect the stark disparity between the rich and the poor in industrial England; Rabindranath Tagore vividly presents the emotions, daily lives and troubles

of Bengal, The bestseller "To Kill a Mockingbird" by Harper Lee showcases the contemporary injustice and racism in modern America.

Now, for the latter part of my statement, society isn't always a reflection of literature. Although, some utterly surprising and unexpected changes occurred due to the sole influence of literature. A remarkable example is Thomas Macaulay's "Minute on Education". Even Governor-General Lord William Bentinck simply accepted Macaulay's ideas and passed the English Education Act, which officially made English the medium of instruction in higher education. Sometimes, though societal changes are inspired through literature, society doesn't make itself merely the mirror of the latter. For personally, bearing in mind the number of persuasive essays, articles, stories and poems written regarding the drive to be eco-friendly, we should've become completely sustainable long back.

Asmita Mallick
Class: VIII- B



WHERE THE QUIET ONES STILL BLOOM

In the hush before dawn,
When the sky is a half-written confession
As the earth has not yet remembered its reason
For noise,
Beauty rises-uninvited, unannounced –
Like a patient; Truth returning to a room
We once abandoned for more convenient lies.

I watch it settle on the city's tired shoulders;
On rusted railings that swallowed yesterday's rain,
On cracked pavements where the children once played
Before fear learned their names,
On the weary faces of strangers
Who no longer wait for kindness
But still carry its ghost in their pockets
As if it might return someday.

There is a strange tenderness
In how this world keeps breaking -
Not in the quiet erosion of what we sore to protect:
Curiosity dulled by endless scrolling,
Empathy thinned by the hunger to be right,
Truth dressed in costumes to please the crowd,
And beauty-poor, persistent beauty,-
Scrambling to be noticed between advertisements
And the flicker of our borrowed attention.
I do not pretend to be innocent of
These small betrayals.
Even I have walked past a man
Who held his exhaustion like a begging bowl,
Looked away from a woman
Whose silence was louder than her breathing,
And dismissed the trembling grace of a wild flower.

Growing stubbornly in the wound of a side-walk
Because I was late, tired, or, simply human,
Which is both explanation and indictment.

And yet,
In the folds of this frayed civilization,
Something refuses to die.
A woman plants saplings beside a polluted river
As if to argue with despair.
A young boy sketches galaxies
On the back of his father's unpaid bills.
Two strangers share an umbrella
Without exchanging names.
And an old man hums a forgotten poem
To remind the wind the memory still matters.

Beauty persists-quiet, bruised, deliberate
Not as decoration,
But as rebellion.
A reminder that in a world
So quick to trade wonders for convenience,
There are souls who still pause,
Still witness,
Still ache in ways that make them gentler.

(If there is hope in us,
It is not in the noise we make
But in the tenderness we manage to keep-
In the hands that lift instead of point,
In the eyes that moments choose to see
Instead of skim,)
And in the moments we dare to be honest
About our own shattering.

For beauty is not the absence of ruin-
It is the refusal to be defined by it.
And somewhere, even now,
In the quiet corners we've forgotten to visit,
It blooms-
(patience as forgiveness,
fierce as truth,)
waiting for us
to slow down long enough
to recognize it.

Ritam Chatterjee
Class: VIII-C



'WELL-WISHERS'

I'm full yet starving,
Sitting at a table with all my well wishers,
While all they wish for,
Is for me to fit in their perfect little carvings.
All that I think I am is none that fits in their mind,
And all that I try to become;
Is shut by their cunning eyes.
My wings flutter, flip and fall.
My cat like soul,
Now sits like a dead fawn.

The road I was about to take is full of dead grass and
Hays,
And til' now my well wishers think,
All that I'm made for,
Is just to obey.

SOHA ALAM HALDER
Class: IX- A



Solitude

In this cold distant world,
lingers the whispers of memories,
In the valleys of the heart that they once carved,
Far from them, none you gain,
but only misery and pain.
And when you do,
do not cry, for you're not a coward
and do not beg, for you're not a begger
but carry on, for the pain is waiting for you,
and the trenches of your soul waiting to be healed.
Though words remain unspoken,
feelings are shared through the eyes,

and though many-a-great things,
were given and taken,
nothing they were but hopes and lies.

In solitude you shall find,
the remedy for your heart and mind
and you shall continue, for you have promises to
keep and miles to go before you sleep

Shahim Khan
Class: IX-B



Still Here

I saw your smile fade into the night,
Words hot and heavy, nothing felt right.
You said you're tired, you wanna go,
But my heart's screaming what you don't know.

I'm not perfect, I never claimed to be,
But every broken part of me chosen you.

I'm still here, holding on,
Even the light feel gone
If love is a storm, I'll stand in the rain,
I'll call your name through the pain
Don't walk away when its hard to breathe,
I'm Still here, please stay ever with me.

Memories echo in quiet rooms,
Every laugh, every late-night truth,
We built dreams with fragile hands,
Don't let fear tear what love began

If you're lost, let me be your road,
So you don't have to carry this load alone.
I'm still here holding on,
Believing in us, staying strong

If hearts can heal, then let ours try,
Don't say goodbye - not tonight
Don't walk away when you still believe,
I'm still here, please stay with me ever.

Love's not easy, it bends, it breaks
But real love fights, for what it takes
Take my hand, feel what's true,
I'd cross the world just to reach you.

I'm still here, not letting go,
Even when the answers are slow
If there's a chance, even a small spark
let's find our way back from the dark
Don't walk away from what we can be,
I'm still here, loving you endlessly ever.

Debarpan Mistry
Class: IX-B



A secret that changed everything or - What I learnt from losing.

I searched around but I didn't find anything
I didn't know what it was, but it was definitely something.

Not a person, not a thing, may be a feeling?
Or the secret of healing?

Everything was making me feel anxious and suffocated
It felt every one was far away, and I was the one to be hated
It was confused which made me trip at every step
And it was difficult to come out of the depth.

I hoped someone will come, who will take me out from this pain
But not a help come from anyone's side.
I was broken, everything about me was shattering
Then I got to know that the secret that changed everything

No one came after hearing the cry of my help
It didn't matter how much I yelled
Then I realised it was no one other than me
Whom I have to help and the one who needed help

I struggled a lot deep down, but I made it
I didn't require anyone's help to come out of this phase

I made it to the light after the haze.

May be it was the secret which made it possible
It was it, which made me realise I have to live.
Fight, struggle and make myself as strong as a brick

To know at the end of the day its you
You who must matter to yourself and the world
It was the secret of life which I realised
May be late in life but I hope everyone realises it too

Yasum Nahar Biswas
Class: IX-B



Spectral Truth

Who are y-y- you? I asked, my hands trembling with terror. "I am you" the voice replied back to her deep calmly, smirking a little, "NO, no, this doesn't make any sense" I said looking at the mirror that I had bought last week (as drops of sweats farmed my flowing down the side of my face) where the fear was visible.

One Week ago

The sunlight on my skin fell very comforting and warm as it was December 31st. My birthday was coming on So I was out shopping for my birthday gift with my mother. As we were strolling through the shops on streets, my eyes fell on a mirror in an antique shop. The mirror had flowers engraved on its borders. Yellow chrysanthemum and lilies were engraved on the sides of mirror. The moment I laid my eyes on the mirror, I knew, I needed it in my new room. I turned to look at my mother "Can I please get this for my birthday? I pleaded pointing at the mirror. My eyes were gleaming with hope and happiness. My mother looked at the mirror "It is such a lovely mirror, your choice is really good, Pauline and it would look lovely in your room." She said smiling at me with appealing eyes. The mirror is supposed to be delivered to my room after a week and till then I will have to keep a lid on my feelings.

After a Week

The Mirror was finally shifted to my room after the delivery. The wall of my room is painted in the colour of flower lilac, the mirror had blended perfectly in my room.

Back to present

The mirror that had attracted me towards itself like we are unlike poles of a magnet, was now the reason behind my shaking hands and my tangled labyrinth of

thoughts. Because instead there was a girl holding a single daffodil flower which was half "Crumpled" and she was standing on a rotten daffodil field, claiming to be me. "No-N-n-no tell me who you are you can't be me. Are you a ghost perhaps?" I said with my voice shaking of fear. "A ghost? really? I am much worse than that darling" The girl replied as she recalled herself emerging from the darkness behind her. She was wearing a blue top with random grey patterns paired with brown sweatpants and it was really me standing in the mirror. "Now do you believe me? it you all alone in the first paced world trying to live through another day" my lookalike said starring at me blankly. "No, No, Why? Where are my parents? My friends? My Cat Anne?", I screamed. No one is there for you, only you having a pathetic life", "No!" I screamed in horror and punched the mirror with all my strength, not caring about the shattered pieces piercing my skin and blood coming out of it. I sat straight on my bed panting, sweat dripping from my forehead even through it's January." Was it all just a dream?; I asked myself. I looked normal in the mirror which was looking normal like a mirror should. But still I got of the bed, turned on the lights and flipped the mirror. So its back will face towards me as I was about to turn off the lights and go back to sleep. I noticed something in the mirror back, something was engraved on it with a sharp knife or a object, and when I read the engraved words my blood ran cold. It was engraved "Want to see you're the worst fear?".

Upasona Naskar

Class: IX-C



Solitude

In shadows a cast by tumult's might,
A childhood marred, devoid of light.
Parent's clashes. love estranged,
In the echoes of pain, a soul unchanged.
A crush that bloomed, love sincere,
Yet whispers betrayed, love dissappeared.
An Addiction grip, a speeding ride,
Seeking solace where pain can't hide.
A chance encounter, a kindred soul,
Two wounded cores, stories unfold.

Yet the mirror of doubt reflects the past,
Love offered, but rejected fast.
Beneath the weight of self - derision,
A plea for love, met with cold interdiction.
In the haze of regrets and shattered dreams,
Hope still flickers, as redemption gleams.

Deshan Rudra

Class: X-A



The Quiet Hunger

Our neighbourhood has lights so bright,
But some homes hide a quiet plight
A pantry bare, no food to eat,
Just empty cupboards on the street.

Awareness asks us not to wait,
To help our neighbours, it's not too late.
Sharing food and showing care,
Means no one has an empty shore.

Ayush Bhattacharjee

Class: X B



Class 10 "The Turning Point"

The session begins with hopeful eyes,
Dreams growing tall, aiming for the sky.
I stepped into the classroom
Believing light was meant for myself too.

Everyone said "This is the most important phase"
I seemed to whisper to myself,
"This will be my year to scintillate"
When everyone said, "Class X changes everything."
I seemed to inquire, "Does it really require?"
And Yes. It did.
Just in a way that I could never imagined.

At first, I kept up,
Laughing easily, moving
With the same pace as everyone else.
But before I understood what was happening.
My body spoke in pain
And loud aches,
I couldn't explain.

Bit by bit, I fell behind,
Losing pieces of myself I couldn't find.

I watched the ones who always stood tall,
Their marks climbing higher,
Never making a fall.

I watched the carefree ones laugh loud,
Books unopened, heads unbowed.

I watched the ones in the middle row,
Trying harder than we'll ever know.
And I caught somewhere in between,
Just trying not to crumble, not to be seen.

Marks dropped, Confidence crashed,
Dreams I quietly held so close, turned to ash.
Everyone kept winning like they were meant to,
But wasn't I also too?
My desk got emptier, breaks felt long,

I watched life happen, not just where I belong.
I learned the art of hiding pain.
behind a practiced expression.

Home felt like only a shelter,
Laid, never calm or kind;
Every evening echoed with storms
No windows could keep outside.

I learned to wipe my tears in silence,
To live each day as a test of violence.
Paying with my strength, my sleep,
and my all.

Still, there I stand,

A Girl they might forget, but I still grow,
I may no longer shine as before,
But I'm still fighting more and more.

The clock keeps moving.
Each tick is a step the days take,
Without asking of it was ready yet.

The clock never paused
To see why I lagged behind;
It turns into another day,
Another chance
To Try, to stand, to stay.

Success has many faces, not just
The top few;
Sometimes the bravest ones
are the ones no one knows.

The clock keeps moving
And so does I - 'LIVING'....

Mansum Nahar Biswas

Class: X-A



Envoy

Under the serene moon,
light shines through the midnight June.
A hollow soul reeks for a heart
For it as always hurt
Drifting left, drifting right
without the will for anything to fight.

Longing for love,
longing for joy -
for it is the desire every heart enjoys.

As the path to bliss goes to narrow
the soul drowns into utter sorrow
but amongst this utter sorrow
a ray of hope shines through

Now, the hollow soul is no more shallow,
as it now has a heart but not sorrow,
for it is now no more hurt
No more drifting left or right
for now it has the will for something to fight
No more longing for love
Nor for joy,
for now it is no more despire envoy

Anuraj Bhattacharya
Class: XI-B



Power of Silence

In a world filled with noise - notifications, opinions
And endless world - we often forget the quiet strength
Of silence. Silence is not emptiness; it is a space where
Thoughts grow, where emotions settle and where truth
Finds its voice.

In classrooms, silence teaches us the art of listening.
When we remain quiet, we are able to understand
Lessons better and respect the ideas of others. Silence
Creates an environment where learning becomes
Deeper and more meaningful. It allows students to
Focus, think and absorb knowledge instead of getting
Distracted.

Silence also helps us to understand ourselves. In quiet

Moments, we can think clearly about our actions and
Feelings. It teaches patience and self-control. Nature
Too shows the beauty of silence through peaceful
Mornings, flowing rivers, and quiet nights.

In the noisy world, silence is a strength. It does not
Make us weak; instead, it makes our words thoughtful
And powerful.

Silence therefore and powerful.

Silence therefore is not emptiness - it is wisdom.

Adrito Purkait
Class: XI-B



আমার ভেতরের গোপন খবর

আমি একটি চিঠি, যা একটি পুরানো বইয়ের আলমারির পিছনে লুকিয়ে রাখা হয়েছে। বাইরের পৃথিবীটা আমি দেখতে পাই না, কিন্তু আমি জানি আমার ভেতরে কী ভয়ংকর রহস্য লেখা আছে। আমার বুকের ওপর কালির অঙ্করে একটি পুরানো সিন্দুকের ঠিকানা দেওয়া আছে, যেখানে অনেক দামি কিছু লুকানো ছিল। যে মানুষটি আমাকে লিখেছিল, সে হয়তো ভয় পেয়েছিল যে অন্য কেউ এই খবর জেনে যাবে, তাই আমাকে আর পাঠানো হয়নি।

আমি অন্ধকারে চুপ করে শুয়ে থাকি আর ভাবি, কেউ কি কোনোদিন আমাকে খুঁজে পাবে? আমি জানি আমার ভেতরে কী লেখা আছে। কিন্তু আমি নিজে তো নড়তে পারি না। মাঝেমাঝে মনে হয়, কেউ যেন আমাকে খোঁজার জন্য আলমারির আশেপাশে ঘুরছে। আমার ভেতরের এই গোপন খবরটি যদি কোনোদিন প্রকাশ পায়, তবে অনেক বড়ো একটি রহস্যের সমাধান হবে। আমি শুধু সেই দিনের অপেক্ষায় আছি।

- রিখিমা মন্ডল
পঞ্চম শ্রেণী (খ বিভাগ)



সুখ-দুঃখের আয়না

নরম হাওয়ায় ভেসে আসে পুরোনো গান
মনের অলিতে জাগে কত অজানা টান
সময়ের আয়নায় দেখি বদলে যাওয়া মুখ,
হাসির আড়ালে লুকিয়ে থাকে কত না বলা দুঃখ।

শহরের ভিড়ে মানুষ একা হয়ে যায়,
ভিড়ের মাঝেই মন নিঃশব্দ পথ হারায়,
তবু একফোঁটা আলো, একটুখানি বিশ্বাস,
অন্ধকার ভেদ করে দেয় আমায় আকাশ।

কিছু স্বপ্ন ভাঙে, কিছু রয়ে যায় বুক
কিছু কথা হারায় নীরবতার সুখে।
ভুলের মধ্যেই শেখা জীবনের পাঠ,
পড়ে গিয়েই তো মানুষ চেনে নিজের হাত।

রোদে পুড়ে, বৃষ্টিতে ভিজ়ে যে পথ চলা,
সেই পথেই লেখা হয় জীবনের কাব্যকথা।
সব কিছু নিখুঁত এমন হয় না জীবন,
অসম্পূর্ণ তাতেই লুকিয়ে থাকে আপন।

শেষ পর্যন্ত থাকে শুধু অনুভবের রেশ,
মুহূর্তের স্পর্শ, স্মৃতির আবেশ।
এই নিয়েই জীবন, এই নিয়েই গান -
অল্প সুখ, অল্প দুঃখ, মাঝখানেই প্রাণ।

- ঋতম চ্যাটার্জী
অষ্টম শ্রেণী (গ বিভাগ)



ফিরে চাই শৈশব

হারিয়ে গেছে সেই ছোটবেলা
কে সে পথের বাঁকে.....
তবুও তাকে খুঁজে বেড়াই,
মোর, কাজের ফাঁকে ফাঁকে।

মিষ্টি সেসব দিনগুলো কি,
ভুলতে কি কেউ পারে?
বিকেল হলেই জুটত সবাই
সেই খেলারই মাঠের ধারে।
আজগুবি সব গল্প কত,

কিসের সে সব টান
হেসে সবাই গড়িয়ে পড়ত,
কথার নাইক থাকত মান।
ফোন ছাড়াই চল তো কথা,
অভাব ছিল না কিছুর
সরলতা ছিল সবার মনে,
হিংসা ছিল না কারুর।

শৈশবের সেই দিনগুলো হায়
যদি, আবার পেতাম ফিরে!
নতুন করে হারিয়ে যেতাম,
সেই, প্রিয় বন্ধুদের ভিড়ে।

- সপ্তর্ষি নন্দর
নবম শ্রেণী (খ বিভাগ)



বোধোদয়

আম খেতে কার না ভালো লাগে? বাঙালি গরম কালে আম ছাড়া অন্য কোনো ফলের কথা ভাবতেই পারে না, ঠিক যেমন শ্রদ্ধা, শিল্পা, সুদীপ আর সুমিত ও ভাবতে পারছিলো না। ওরা চার ভাইবোন। যৌথ পরিবারে বড়ো হওয়ার দরুন ওদের সম্পর্ক খুব ভালো। ওদের বাবা-ঠাকুরদাদের পাড়ায় খুব সম্মান। পাড়ার সবাই সবার সাথে ভালো সম্পর্ক রাখে, শুধু একজন ছাড়া। ওদের বাড়ির পাশেই থাকেন এক বুড়ো, যার তিনকুলে কেউ নেই, বিয়েও করেননি। অত কিপ্টে হলে কে বিয়ে করবে! বুড়োর নাম পরেশচন্দ্র পাল। সবাই তাকে পাঁচু দাদু বলে ডাকে। বুড়োর অনেক বড়ো বাগান, বাগানে আম, লিচু ও পেয়ারা গাছে ভর্তি। বাগানটা ওনার বাপ-ঠাকুরদার সময়-এর। ওনার মালি এই বাগানের যত্ন নেয় সারাদিন ও রাতের বেলা চলে যায়। রাতের বেলা বুড়ো একাই থাকে।

বুড়ো কোনোদিন পাড়ার কাউকে আম দেন না, পেয়ারাও দেন না। চিনির মত মিষ্টি হওয়ার জন্য এই আম-এর সুনাম আছে। একবার একটা গরিব বাচ্চা ছেলে খিদের জ্বালায় একটা পেয়ারা গাছের যে ডাল পাঁচিলের বাইরে ঝুলেছিলো সেখান থেকে পেরে খেয়েছিল। বুড়ো জানলা থেকে সেটা দেখতে পেয়ে এমন - ‘চোর-চোর’ চৈঁচালো যে পাড়ার লোকেরা ভাবলো যে ডাকাত পরেছে! সবাই এসে ছেলেটাকে চেপে ধরে। একজন জিজ্ঞাসা করে - ‘কি চুরি করেছে ও?’

বুড়ো বলে - “আমার গাছ থেকে একটা ডাঁসা পেয়ারা চুরি করেছে ও! ওকে আমি পুলিশ-এ দেব!”

এই কথা শুনে পাড়ার লোকেরা ছেলেটাকে ছেড়ে বুড়োকে গালাগালি করে চলে যায়। সেই দিন থেকে পাড়ার লোকের সাথে পাঁচু দাদুর মুখ দেখা বন্ধ।

এ প্রায় চার বছর আগের কথা। এখন বুড়োর আরো বয়েস হয়েছে। শরীরে আর অত জোর নেই। মাঝে মাঝে তাকে বাগানে দেখা যায়। মুখের অপর ফুটে ওঠে বয়েসের ছাপ, একা থাকার যন্ত্রণা এবং এক অব্যক্ত কঠোরতা। মালি ছাড়া পাড়ার কাকুর সাথে তাকে কথা বলতে দেখা যায় না। মাঝে মাঝে চৈঁচিয়ে বলেন - “আমার কারুর দরকার নেই। আমি একা এই সম্পত্তি ভোগ করবো”।

বুড়োকে কেউ মনে রাখুক না রাখুক, তার আম সবাই মনে রাখবে। ওরম চিনির মতো মিষ্টি আর বোধহয় স্বর্গে দেবরাজ ইন্দ্র রুটির সাথে খেতে খেতে তার স্বাদ উপভোগ করেন।

একদিন গ্রীষ্মের দিনে, যখন গাছে আম ভর্তি, তখন একদিন সুদীপ ও গাছের দিকে তাকিয়ে জিভের জল হাত দিয়ে মুছে, বলে - “আহা! এই আম যদি আমরাও পেতাম রে!”

শ্রদ্ধা, ওদের দিদি, ওকে বকুনি দিয়ে বলে - “কেন তোকে কি আম বাবা কিনে এনে খাওয়াচ্ছে না?”

শিল্পা, আহ্লাদ অথচ দুঃখের সুরে বলে - “আরে সেই আম আর এই আম!”

সেইদিন রাতে এক কান্ড ঘটে। তখন রাত প্রায় সাড়ে বারোটা। পাড়ার সবাই গভীর ঘুমে আচ্ছন্ন। পাঁচু দাদুর মালি চলে গেছে বাড়ি। সুদীপদের বাড়ির একটা বারান্দা থেকে বুড়োর বাড়ির বাগান ভালো করে দেখা যায়। সুদীপ আর শিল্পা ঐ বারান্দায় বসে বসে পড়ছিলো। ঝাঁঝির ডাক ছাড়া কিছু শোনা যাচ্ছে না। রাস্তার ল্যাম্পপোস্টের আলোটার কি হয়েছে কে জানে, একবার জ্বলছে একবার নিভছে। অমাবশ্যার রাতের ঘুটঘুটে অন্ধকার পুরো জায়গা চিঠির খামের মতো মুড়ে ফেলছে। পড়তে পড়তে কখন রাত দুটো বেজে গেছে শিল্পা আর সুদীপ লক্ষ্য করেনি। হঠাৎ সুদীপের কি মনে হলো, ও বললো - ‘চল শিল্পা চাঁদ ছাদ থেকে ঠান্ডা হাওয়া খেয়ে আসি’।

শিল্পা রাজি হয় এবং দুজনে মিলে ছাদে যায়। শিল্পার একটা টর্চ হাতে ছিলো। রাতের ঠান্ডা হাওয়া ওদের মন থেকে সব ক্লান্তি দূর করে দিচ্ছিলো। হঠাৎ শিল্পার চোখ পরে নিচের দিকে। ও দেখেই ভয়ে লাফিয়ে ওঠে - “ভুউউউত!”

সুদীপ এতক্ষণ যে আকাশে মেঘ করেছে কিনা দেখছিলো, শুনে চমকে ওঠে - ‘কি?’ ‘নিচে দেখ’ পাঁচু দাদুর বাগানে কয়েকটা কালো মানুষরূপী মূর্তি পাঁচিল পেরিয়ে বাগানে ঢুকলো। ঢুকে বেশ কয়েকটা আম পারলো। একটা বাগানের ভেতরে ঢুকে আবার পাঁচিল পেরিয়ে চলে গেলো। চাঁদ থেকে সুদীপ দেখতে পেলো যে কিছু দূরের কালী

মন্দির-এর সামনে রাখা সাইকেলে চড়ে ওরা ক্রমে অন্ধকারে অদৃশ্য হয়ে গেলো।

সকালে ওদের ঘুম ভাঙে পাঁচু দাদুর চোঁচানিতে।

“চেংড়া ছেলের দল যত। খেতে পাস না নাকি? এসে আমার গাছ থেকে চুরি করতে হবে! এই না পাশের বাড়ির চক্রবর্তীরা? আমি কি কিছুই বুঝি না? তোমরা এই কাজ করেছ”।

ইতিমধ্যে, সুদীপ আর শিল্পা, সুমিতকে সব কথা বলেছে।

সুমিত একটু আমতা-আমতা করে বলে - “ইয়ে, বলছি যে, না খেয়ে অপবাদ বহন করার থেকে খেয়ে করা ভালো নয়?”

“কি বলতে চাস?”

“আজ রাতে, যদি.....”

“আমিও তাই ভাবছিলাম”

“শুধু দিদি আর মা-বাবা না জানলেই হলো”

রাত তখন দুটো বেজে গেছে। শিল্পা একটা মোমবাতি জেলে আসতে আস্তে সদর দরজার দিকে এগিয়ে গেলো, পেছনে সুদীপ আর সুমিত, সবারই পরনে কালো কাপড়। তিনজনে বেরোনোর পর পাঁচিল টপকাল। সুদীপ আম গাছে উঠলো। দুটো বুড়ি নিয়ে শিল্পা ও সুমিত দাঁড়ালো। এরকম করতে করতে প্রায় আড়াইটে বেজে গেছে।

“এই দাদা। এইবার নেমে আয় আড়াইটে বাজে!”

সুদীপ গাছ থেকে নেমে এলো।

“চল, এবার পাঁচিল টপকাতে হবে তো”

এই বলে যেই ওরা পাঁচিল টপকাতে গেছে, অমনি ওর

মনে হলো কেউ যেন একটা ওর পিঠে হাত রেখেছে।

সুদীপ পিছন ফিরতেই ওর সারা শরীর ঠান্ডা হয়ে গেলো। সুমিত আর শিল্পার হাত থেকে ফলের বুড়িটা পরে গেলো। ওদের সামনে দাঁড়িয়ে পাঁচু দাদু, পরনে সাদা ধুতি আর পাঞ্জাবী। দাদু কয়েকটা আম হাতে তুলে নিয়ে সুদীপ-এর হাতে দিয়ে বললেন - “এই আমগুলো তোরা নিয়ে যা। সারাজীবন তো অহংকার আর কিপেটমি করে কাটালাম। কোনোদিন বুঝিনি যে একদিন তো মাটির সাথেই মিশে যেতে হবে, এই বাগান কি সাথে করে নিয়ে যেতে পারবো? তোরা আমার নাতি-নাতনির মতো। তোরা এই আম খেলে হয়তো আমি মরে শান্তি পাবো”।

এই বলে যেন পাঁচু দাদু অন্ধকারে অদৃশ্য হয়ে গেলেন।

পরের দিন সকাল ঠিক সাড়ে ছয়টা, শিল্পার ঘুম ভেঙে দেখে যে চারিদিকে ‘বল হরি, হরিবল’ রব। একটু বারান্দায় গিয়ে ভালো করে দেখলো, যে কার একটা শব্দেই গাড়িতে তোলা হচ্ছে। কার একটা গলা নিচে থেকে শুনতে পেল - “আরে পাঁচু দাদু রে। কাল রাতে ঐ আড়াইটের দিকে গত হয়েছেন। রাতে তো উনি একাই থাকেন। সকালে মালি এসে দরজা ভেঙে দেখে যে দরজার সামনে মরে পরে আছে”। শিল্পার শরীর থেকে একটা ঠান্ডা শিহরণ বয়ে গেলো। পিছনে ফিরে দেখলো, সুদীপ আর সুমিত দাঁড়িয়ে আছে। সবার মনে এক প্রশ্ন - “কাল রাতে তাহলে ওটা কে ছিলো?”

- মনিকর্ণিকা সরকার
নবম শ্রেণী (গ-বিভাগ)



কথাকলির রঙে সাংস্কৃতিক সৌন্দর্য



এই চিত্রটি কেরালার বিখ্যাত নৃত্যশৈলী কথাকলির এক অত্যন্ত রঙিন ও আকর্ষণীয় চিত্র। চিত্রে দেখা যাচ্ছে, শিল্পীর মুখে ঐতিহ্যবাহী সবুজ রঙ, যা নায়কোচিত চরিত্রের পরিচয় বহন করে। তাঁর চোখের চারপাশে গাঢ় কালো রেখা ও উজ্জ্বল লাল ঠোঁট ছবিটিকে আরও জীবন্ত করে তুলেছে। মাথার উপরের উটিল মুকুট ও বিভিন্ন রঙের নকশা কথাকলির সমৃদ্ধ সাংস্কৃতিক ঐতিহ্য তুলে ধরে। গলার কাছের সাদা পোশাক ও সূক্ষ্ম বিন্দু-নকশা শিল্পীর সাজসজ্জার নিখুঁততা প্রকাশ করে। সার্বিকভাবে এই চিত্রটি ভারতের দক্ষিণাঞ্চলের শিল্প, সাংস্কৃতি ও নাট্যরূপের সৌন্দর্যকে স্পষ্টভাবে ফুটিয়ে তুলেছে।

- শিঞ্জিনী প্রামাণিক
দশম শ্রেণী (ক বিভাগ)



মেশিনের মগজাস্ত্র

সবাই আসলে খুব ভয় পাচ্ছি আমরা। একটা অনিশ্চিত ভবিষ্যৎ। আর যা কিছুই অনিশ্চিত তাই হয়ে যায় তর্ক, বিতর্কের হটটপিক। বর্তমানে, তেমন একটা বিষয়, বেশ মাথা ঘামাতে বাধ্য করেছে। সেটা হল কৃত্রিম বুদ্ধিমত্তা বা আর্টিফিশিয়াল ইন্টেলিজেন্স।

প্রথম প্রশ্ন, চাকরি থাকবে না। সত্যি বলতে এখন ও নেই। তবুও একটু ভালোভাবে হিসেব নিকেশ করে দেখলাম এই এ.আই কি সম্ভাব্য থ্রেট? দেখতে গেলে এমন কি কি কাজ এ.আই পারে যেগুলোতে আরও উন্নতি করলে মানুষকে আর লাগবে না।

এই মেশিনারি মগজাস্ত্র খুব অল্প সময়ের মধ্যেই তৈরি করে ফেলতে পারে কয়েক হাজার শব্দের গদ্য, পদ্য অথবা কোন শিল্পীর আঁকা ছবি অনুকরণ করে এঁকে ফেলতে পারে ছবি, করে ফেলতে পারে জটিল থেকে জটিলতম অঙ্ক। বানিয়ে দিতে পারে রুটিন। দিতে পারে পরামর্শ।

মানুষের ইচ্ছামত তাদের জামাকাপড় পালটে তাদের দাঁড় করিয়ে দিতে পারে পৃথিবীর যেকোনো প্রান্তে, যেকোনো মানুষের সঙ্গে, (অর্থাৎ, আমি চাইলে নিজের এমন এক ছবি তৈরি করতেই পারি যেখানে দেখা যাবে আমি এবং সত্যজিত রায় একসঙ্গে কোন সিনেমা বানাচ্ছি)। তবে এগুলো নিছকই মজা করে করা হয়।

কদিন আগে আমার সঙ্গে একজনের কথা হল। এই ব্যাপারেই, ভদ্রলোক একটি পত্রিকার প্রকাশক। তিনিও খুব চিন্তিত, তাঁর পত্রিকাতেও তিনি কিছু গল্পের প্রচ্ছদ নির্মাণ করেছেন এ.আই দ্বারা। পত্রিকার প্রচ্ছদ নির্মাতাদের তবে আসন্ন বিপদ?

উত্তর, না। আমরা এখন যে পৃথিবীর নাগরিক, সেখানে বুদ্ধিমত্তা ছাড়াও আরও অনেক জিনিস কৃত্রিম। শহরাঞ্চলে বহুতলের ছাদে, কৃত্রিম ঘাস ব্যবহার করে গড়ে উঠেছে ‘টার্ফ’, যেখানে ঘন্টাপিছু মোটা অঙ্কের টাকা দিয়ে ছেলেমেয়েরা খেলতে যায়, কৃত্রিম চুল এসেছে, যা কিছু ইন্দ্রলুপ্ত লোকেদের একমাত্র ভরসা হয়ে দাঁড়িয়েছে, বা ধরে নিই, মানুষ তার অক্ষমতার তোয়াক্কা না করে কৃত্রিম পদ্ধতিতে এখন গর্ভধারণও করছে। মাথায় মাথার শ্যাম্পু কেনার সময় ‘ন্যাচারাল প্রোডাক্ট’ খুঁজি, তখন কৃত্রিম কেমিক্যাল কিন্তু এড়িয়ে যাই। কেন? যা কিছু আর স্বাভাবিক ভাবে হচ্ছে না, সেই সব কিছুই কৃত্রিম পদ্ধতিতে করতে বাধ্য হচ্ছে মানুষ। এখন শহরে খেলার মাঠ কোথায়? যেখানেই চোখ যায়, বিরাট বিরাট অট্টালিকা। হাজার হাজার গাছ কেটে ফেলার পর তৈরি হচ্ছে কৃত্রিম ইকোসিস্টেম, এগুলো সাধারণত চোখে পড়েনা, কারণ এই ছোট ছোট পরিবর্তনগুলো খুব সূক্ষ্ম ভাবে ঢুকে গেছে মানুষের যাপনে। কৃত্রিম বুদ্ধিমত্তা নিঃসন্দেহে “সেকেন্ড

অপশন”। এখনও সবার কাছে স্বাভাবিক, অরগ্যানিক জিনিসই বেশী কাছের। একজন শিল্পী তাঁর সারা জীবনের অভিজ্ঞতা কাজে লাগিয়ে একটা শিল্প তৈরি করেন। সেই মেধার কাজ করা এই মেশিনের পক্ষে একটু চাপের। লেখালেখির ক্ষেত্রেও তাই।

তবে সমস্যা একটা হচ্ছে, সত্যিই হচ্ছে। মানুষ ক্রমশ অতিনির্ভরশীল হয়ে উঠছে এ.আই.-এর প্রতি। প্রতি বিষয় পরামর্শের জন্য দ্বারস্থ হচ্ছে তার। এতে মানুষের নিজের চিন্তাশক্তি ক্রমশ দুর্বল হবে। সিদ্ধান্ত নেওয়ার ক্ষমতা লোপ পাবে। এই যে প্রতি পদক্ষেপে সাহায্য চাওয়া, প্রাথমিক ভাবে আত্মবিশ্বাসেও একটা ধাক্কা মারে। এবং এই সমস্যা কিন্তু উদ্ভ্রমুখী। ফলে উপরিউক্ত উদাহরণের সঙ্গে এই আসন্ন বিপদ কোথাও না কোথাও কিন্তু মিলে যাবে। যেখানে মানুষের বুদ্ধির আর কোন ক্রেডিবিলিটি থাকবে না তখন এই সেকেন্ড অপশনকেই বেছে নিতে হবে। এখন আমরা শর্ট কাট মারতে গিয়ে সাহায্য নিচ্ছি। কিন্তু বহু যুগ ধরে মণিষীরা বলে আসছেন, “শর্ট কাটে মহৎ কাজ সফল হয় না”। ফলে আপাত দৃষ্টিতে যা মনে হচ্ছে মজাদার, তা পরে যে একটা বিপদ আনতে পারে, সেই সম্ভাবনা থেকেই যায়। তবে মানুষের পুরোপুরি বোধশূণ্য হতে প্রচুর সময় লাগবে। যেমন কয়েক লাখ বছর ধরে লেগেছে এই বোধ গড়তে, তেমনই, অবস্কয়েরও সময় লাগবে খাণিক। তবে যেহেতু এই বিষয়টি পুরোপুরি মানবনির্মিত, ফলে সময় আছে এখনও। সৃষ্টির স্রষ্টাকে ছাপিয়ে যাওয়ার ব্যাপারটাকে আটকানোই যাবে, যদি এখন আমরা একটু সচেতন হই।

এছাড়া নিরপেক্ষতা বজায় রাখার জন্য আমি এক নামি এ.আই.কেও জিজ্ঞেস করেছিলাম, যে তার কি মনে হয় এই তর্ক বিতর্ক নিয়ে, তাতে তার বক্তব্য স্পষ্ট। “হ্যাপি টু হেল্প”। তার বিবেক নেই। তার চেতনা নেই। তার ব্যক্তিগত অভিজ্ঞতা নেই। তার খাদ্য ডেটা যা খেয়ে সে সারা দুনিয়ার খবর রাখে এবং শুধুই অনুসরণ করতে পারে। তার মধ্যে বিপ্লব আনার ক্ষমতা নেই, সে পারবেনা এম্ফুনি স্বাধীন কোন বিষয়ে নিজের মতো কাজ করতে। এবং তাই সে সাহায্য করেই খুশি। এই কৃত্রিম বুদ্ধিমত্তা নিপাট ভালো মানুষ অনুগত। যা মানুষের ভবিষ্যৎকে আরও উন্নতির পথেই নিয়ে যাওয়ার ইচ্ছা আছে। বাকিটা তো আমাদের ওপরেই নির্ভর করে। ভবিষ্যতে কি হবে তা তো ক্রমশ প্রকাশ্য।

- প্রত্যক চক্রবর্তী

দ্বাদশ শ্রেণী (খ-বিভাগ)





अलबेला मोर

सुंदर पंख, सुंदर आँख,
बदन में तेरे रंगों का मेला,
सबकुछ ही है सुंदर तेरा,
सबकुछ ही है अलबेला॥

— सौमीली सरदार, २डी



डरावना सपना

दार्जिलिंग की हमारी यात्रा का वह तीसरा दिन था और हमने सूर्यास्त देखने के लिए टाइगर हिल जाने का फैसला किया। यह स्थान हमारे होटल से काफी दूर था। इसलिए हमने टाइगर हिल जाने के लिए गाड़ी बुक की थी। हम सूर्यास्त देखना चाहते थे और वह जगह हमारे होटल से काफी दूर था। इसलिए हमने आधी रात को ही अपनी यात्रा शुरू कर दी। जब हमने अपनी यात्रा शुरू की तब समय था तीन बजकर तेरह मिनट। हमारे साथ तीन परिवार और थे। हम यात्रा के लिए तैयार हुए और अपनी-अपनी सीटों पर जाकर बैठ गए। उस समय सबको नींद आ रही थी। मेरे और स्वाति के अलावा धीरे-धीरे सभी सो गए। मैंने, स्वाति से पूछा, “तुम सोई क्यों नहीं”? उसने जवाब दिया, “यही सवाल तुमसे भी”। मैंने कहा, “क्योंकि मुझे नींद नहीं आ रही”। उसने जवाब दिया, “यही जवाब तुम्हें थी”। लेकिन असल में वह मुझसे नींद भरी आवाज में बात कर रही थी कुछ देर बाद वह भी सो गई। मैं ही अकेली थी जो जाग रही थी। पर पता नहीं कैसे, लेकिन धीरे-धीरे मैं भी गहरी नींद में सो गई।

अचानक मेरी आँख खुल गई। मैंने देखा की गाड़ी में मेरे और स्वाति के अलावा कोई नहीं था। वह सो रही थी। मैंने उसे जगाने की बहुत कोशिश की लेकिन वह इतनी गहरी नींद में थी कि वह मेरी आवाज भी सुन न सकी। गाड़ी एक पुराने विशाल और अनोखे घर के सामने खड़ी थी। तापमान बहुत कम था। मैंने एक

और जैकेट पहन लिया और गाड़ी से उतर गई। मैं डरते-डरते उस घर के अंदर गई। अचानक मैंने स्वाति को देखा वह सफेद कपड़ा पहने सीढ़ियों से पहली मंजिल की ओर जा रही थी। मैंने बस चुपचाप उसका पीछा किया। वह एक कमरे में प्रवेश कर गई। कमरे के सामने लिखा था “स्वाति का रहस्य”। मेरे दिल में डर ही डर भर गया था। धीरे-धीरे मैंने अपना कदम आगे बढ़ाया। मैं धीरे-धीरे कमरे के अंदर गई। वह कमरा मेरे हुए लालों, कंकालों, खून और हर तरह की भूतिया चीजों से भरा हुआ था। मैं चीख उठी “आह”! मैं बेहोश हो गई।

कुछ देर बाद मुझे महसूस हुआ कि कोई मुझे बुला रही है। “उठो क्या हुआ तुम्हें? क्या तुम ठीक हो?” मैं जाग गई। तब मुझे एहसास हुआ कि मैं यह सारी भयानक बातें सिर्फ सपने में देख रही थी। मेरी माँ ने कहा, मेरे साथ जल्दी चलो, नहीं तो तुम सूर्योदय मिस कर दोगी। फिर खुशी-खुशी हमने साथ में सूर्योदय देखा।

ऐशी पॉल, ५ सी



पारिवारिक समस्याएँ : बच्चों का मानसिक आतंक

परिवार हमारे जीवन में एक महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभाता है। यह हमें प्यार, समर्थन और सुरक्षा प्रदान करता है। लेकिन कभी-कभी, परिवार में भी समस्याएँ उत्पन्न हो सकती हैं। जो हमारे जीवन को प्रभावित कर सकती हैं।

परिवार की समस्याएँ कई प्रकार की हो सकती हैं:

१. आर्थिक समस्याएँ : जब परिवार के सदस्यों की आय कम होती है या जब परिवार के सदस्यों को नौकरी नहीं मिलती है, तो यह परिवार के लिए एक बड़ी समस्या हो सकती है।
२. अति सुरक्षा : परिवार के सदस्यों की अति सुरक्षा भी एक बड़ी समस्या हो सकती है। जब माता-पिता अपने बच्चों को बिना कारण अधिक सुरक्षा प्रदान करते हैं तो इससे बच्चों को अपने निर्णय लेने और जिम्मेदारी लेने का मौका नहीं मिलता है।
३. साथियों का दबाव (पीयर प्रेशर) : जब बच्चे अपने साथियों के दबाव में आते हैं, तो इससे उन्हें हताशा भी हो सकता है। जब बच्चे अपने परिवार की तरफ से दोस्त बनाने का उत्साह नहीं पाते हैं तब वह निराश होते हैं और उन्हें सामाजिक संपर्क बनाने में परेशानी होती है।
४. कैरियर का दबाव : जब परिवार के लोग बच्चों पर अपने इच्छा और फैसला थोपने की कोशिश करते हैं तब कैरियर

दबाव उत्पन्न होता है। वे अपने बच्चों को एक विशिष्ट कैरियर के लिए दबाव डालते हैं, भले ही बच्चे की रुचि और क्षेत्र में न हो। कई समय ऐसा होता है की इसके कारण बच्चे अपने शौक को पूरा कर नहीं पाते।

५. पारिवारिक झगड़े : जब परिवार के सदस्यों के बीच झगड़े होते हैं, तब इससे परिवार का माहौल खराब हो सकता है और परिवार के सदस्यों के बीच दूरियाँ बढ़ सकती हैं।
६. परिवार द्वारा तुलना : कभी-कभी, परिवार द्वारा बच्चों की तुलना, बच्चों के आत्मविश्वास पर बहुत बुरा प्रभाव पड़ सकता है। हमेशा बच्चों की तुलना उनके भाई-बहनों या दोस्तों से करके परिवार के लोग सोचते हैं कि इससे बच्चे को प्रेरणा मिलती होगी लेकिन वास्तव में, यह तुलना बच्चे को निराश और असुरक्षित महसूस करा सकती है।

इन जैसे कई और पारिवारिक समस्याएँ हमारे जीवन का एक हिस्सा हो सकता हैं, लेकिन हमें इन समस्याओं का समाधान करने के लिए अपने परिवार के सदस्यों के साथ खुलकर बात करनी चाहिए और समस्याओं के मूल कारण को समझने की कोशिश करनी चाहिए और एक-दूसरे की भावनाओं का सम्मान करना चाहिए।

— ओपालिना बेरा, १९



अद्भुत पेड़ का रहस्य

आठवीं कक्षा में पढ़ने वाला राघव एक साधारण लड़का था, जो हमेशा अपने आप को कामजोर और दूसरों से पीछे समझता था। उसकी कक्षा में सभी होशियार बच्चे थे, और वह खुद को उनके सामने छोटा महसूस करता था। एक दिन, जंगल में घूमते हुए राघव को एक सूखा और बेजान सा पेड़ दिखा। पेड़ के तने पर कुछ लिखा हुआ था: “अगर तुम सच्चे दिल से मेहनत करोगे, तो मैं तुम्हें अपना रहस्य दूंगा।” राघव को समझ नहीं आया, लेकिन उसने पेड़ से वादा किया कि वह रोज मेहनत करेगा। उसी दिन से उसने अपनी पढ़ाई और खेल दोनों पर ध्यान देना शुरू किया। राघव हर दिन स्कूल से आकर उस पेड़ के पास जाता और उसे बताता कि उसने क्या-क्या किया। धीरे-धीरे उसकी मेहनत रंग लाने लगी। पढ़ाई में उसके नंबर बढ़ने लगे, और खेल-कुद में भी वह अच्छा प्रदर्शन करने लगा। कुछ महीनों बाद, राघव को एक प्रतियोगिता में भाग लेने का मौका मिला। उसने मेहनत की और उसमें पहला स्थान पाया। वह दौड़कर उस पेड़ के पास गया और खुशी-खुशी कहा, “मैंने जीत हासिल कर ली! अब तो मुझे अपना रहस्य बता दो।”

अचानक पेड़ के पत्ते हरे हो गए, और तने पर नई लाइन ओभर आई – “रहस्य यह है कि तुम्हारे अंदर ही सारी ताकत छिपी है। बस, उसे पहचानने और मेहनत करने की जरूरत है।” राघव समझ गया कि उसकी सफलता का असली राज उसका खुद पर विश्वास और मेहनत थी। उस दिन से उसने ठान लिया कि वह कभी हार नहीं मानेगा।

सीख: हमारे अंदर ही वो ताकत छिपी होती है जो हमें महान बना सकती है, बस, उसे पहचानने और मेहनत करने की जरूरत होती है।

अद्वितीय हालदार, १सी



Teacher's Corner



The Moons

There are two moons tonight—one is bone,
The other a bruised fruit. I watch them
Duel in the scabbed sky,
Each with a mouth full of mirrors.
One calls me daughter, the other thief.

I am forked at the rib,
A twin-spined girl with a laugh like glass breaking.
One of me lives in the hush of velvet—
Darning wounds with silver thread.
The other gnaws the hours raw,
Fingernails bitten to moons.

I walk between them like a ghost in rehearsal—
left foot in dreams, right in the morgue-light of
Waking.

Each moon stitches me tighter
Into her tide.

How can the soul be such a corridor,
Mirrored on both ends,
Echoing with names I did not choose?
My face splits like ripe fruit—
skin, then blood, then pit.

They orbit me, or I them.
I can't tell anymore.
But I know this:
when they finally eclipse,
I will vanish—
a shadow that swallowed its own source of light.

Bohemian Rhapsody

Out of the sun, into the shadow;
Time quavers in its blazing flame,
Folding withering hands to adieu
Burnt out cigarette ends,
Uninterrupted electronic sound,
Micro-mini-skirts and dark suits—
That the pathless city callously claims.
Evenly the elusive entity is fraught with,
Heavy moaning, rhythm of pulsing,
Squirming bodies in a
Punching serenity of silence.
Midnight is approaching, accompanying
No gleam, air along with law,
Yet abides beaming wintery chill,
Causing perspiring window panes,
Obstructing perennial claw,
Owing to naked crimson teeth,
However it feigns.

I, an old soul;
A dreary head in a vivid world,
Bitten by words, whispers and maze,
Ceaselessly counting blank brazen papers,
In this shadowy nuisance;
To end, to calm, to hush
The muffled, frazzled pace.

Thousands small deliberations grow from within,
An abysmal chasm takes place...
Do I dare? Do I seek?
Is it me who is insane?
Or is it me who begets eternal peace?

Slowly but steadily
Pregnant silence reigns;
With a smoky candle,
Beside a bottle of cocaine.
Then it starts pounding in my veins.
Neither quiet, nor transparent,
Nor is it neutral.
But undoubtedly tries to intervene.
It tries to give a concrete form of
A silhouette—that I know,
He often frequents in ripples
Bearing warm hands and immortal glow.
I reach there in a whirl to last.
I see him there...
But he is past.

Gargi Chatterjee
Assistant Teacher
TGT English

Dreams, Detours, and Destiny

Life does not always reward effort the way we expect, but it always teaches us something valuable.

There are moments in life when we spend years nurturing something deeply precious—a dream, an ambition, or even a relationship. We invest our time, energy, and emotions into it. We work hard, make sacrifices, and give our hundred percent, believing that sincerity and dedication will surely lead us to success. Yet, life does not always move according to our plans.

Sometimes, despite honest efforts, dreams shatter. No matter how much we try, reality remains unchanged. Accepting this truth is painful, but it is also an important lesson. In the pursuit of one goal, we often become so focused that we unknowingly distance ourselves from people who truly matter—our family, friends, and the simple joys of everyday life.

Life gently teaches us that while ambition is important, balance is essential. Not everything lies within our control. Hard work never goes to waste, but outcomes are not always in our hands. Loss does not mean failure; it means growth and understanding. What sustains us during such moments is faith—faith in the ultimate power and belief in good karma. Every good intention, every honest effort, and every act of kindness returns to us, if not immediately, then at the right time and in the right form.

“Dream big, but don’t lose yourself along the way.”

Miss Priya Singh
Assistant Teacher
PGT English



जीवन: एक संघर्ष

क्या करूँ; ऐ जिंदगी!
रुकूँ, झुकूँ या चलूँ।
या फिर, भीड़ से लड़ूँ

लड़ना भी प्रयास है,
जिंदगी का हिसाब है,
शिकायतें तो बहुत है तुझसे, ऐ जिंदगी!
पर खामोश इसलिए भी हूँ कि,
जो दिया है तूने,
वो भी बहुतों को नसीब नहीं होता।

दिल में हौसला है जब तक,
साँसों में अरमान है तब तक,
बढ़ते जाएँगे, ऐ जिंदगी!
तू, देखता जा तब तक।

करते जाएँगे कोशिशें,
पहुँच जाएँगे, मंजिल तक।
बस तू शाबाशियाँ देता जा तब तक।

Ms. Nisha Singh
Assistant Teacher
TGT Hindi



सर्दी की आहट

जब पत्तों पर गिरी हुई काँच सी
चमकती ओस की बूंदों की चमक,
सर्द झोंकों की चोट से थरथर काँपते
पत्तों की घुंघरूओं की ठुमक,
बर्फीली रातों की कहानी गुनगनाती है,
तब, सर्दी अपने आने की आहट सुनाती है।
रात की शहर के सन्नाटे में बुझी हुई
राख की गरमाहट संकता हुआ
वह पिल्ला जब बैठकर ठिठुरता है,
जब चाय की दुकान पर बैठा
वह बूढ़ा, काँपते हाथों से
चैन की गर्म चुस्कियाँ लेता है,
सुस्त सुबह में जब कोहरे की घूँघट ओढ़े
सड़क नवेली दुल्हन सी लजाती है,
तब, सर्दी अपने आने की आहट सुनाती है॥

Mrs. Poly Ghosh (Bose)
Assistant Teacher
PRT Hindi

