



EXPRESSIONS

English E-Magazine



(For private circulation only)

CONTENTS

- 
- Chairman's Message: Page 3
 - Educational Advisor's Message: Page 4
 - Editorial: Page 5
 - Ghost Of Rebecca Rordan: Page 6
 - The Girl In The Broken Shell: Page 7
 - The Right Place: Page 7
 - My Best Friend & My Worst Enemy: Page 8
 - Social Apathy-Plaguing The Youth: Page 9
 - The Key Of Life: Page 9
 - Memories Last Forever: Page 10
 - Doubt Drowns You: Page 10
 - Better Now: Page 10
 - Books Are Our Best Friends: Page 10
 - Importance Of Discipline In Students Life: Page 11
 - Patience-The Best Medicine: Page 11
 - Be Proactive, Not Reactive: Page 12
 - Adversity Brings Out The Best In A Man: Page 12
 - Beauty Has An Address - Oman: Page 13
 - Along With Nature: Page 14
 - The Brighter Side: Page 15
 - Laughing Gas: Page 15
 - Poetry Pack: Page 16 - 29

Chairman's Message



Dr. Baby Sam Saamuel
Chairman, Board of Directors
Indian Schools in Oman



Dear All,

India is a land of diversity. Like our motherland, the Indian Schools in Oman too is a beautiful mixture of cultures, languages and ideas. As children grow, especially in cities with limited interpersonal interaction, they need outlets for mental stimulation and creativity to learn and develop critical skills such as social learning.

As the Board of Directors of Indian Schools in Oman, we strive to ensure that our children receive every opportunity possible to develop, enhance & showcase their skills. Our ultimate vision and aim, captured by Vision 2020, is to ensure that every child from our schools will undergo transformative learning and be equipped with the knowledge, skills and well-being to find their identity and purpose in life.

It is thus in this light that we are launching annual E-magazines in various languages like English, Hindi, Malayalam, French, Sanskrit and Arabic to promote a love for the written word among our children.

As social animals, communication is at the heart of human experience. While other animals too signal and convey messages in some form or the other, what differentiates the human species is our ability to respond rather than react to immediate stimuli. Our ability to think & express our abstract thoughts. Our creativity is continually improving our languages. For humans, language is a cultural phenomenon that is more than just innate biology.

We hope this e-magazine

- enlightens and educates
- inspires you to express your thoughts &
- sparks a love for the language

It is thus with great pleasure that we welcome you, dear reader to the first edition of the Indian School e-magazines - a collection of stories, poems & articles written by our children & curated and edited by our school resources.

Here's the first edition, dedicated to all the amazing people who have made this magazine a reality.

So, read on, ponder and participate.

With Love.

Educational Advisor's Message



Mr. M.P. Vinoba
Education Advisor
Indian Schools in Oman

The Language magazine is yet another new initiative of the Board of Directors of Indian Schools in Oman. This novel idea of having magazines in different languages aims to encourage creative writing among the student community in the language of their interest. Through creative writing children can express their innovative ideas, emotions, thoughts etc. It helps not only in enhancing their imaginations and writing skill but also provide a platform for expressing emotions, especially for those who are hesitant to do it otherwise.

On behalf of the Board of Directors, I would like to place on record our sincere thanks to all language teachers for their invaluable support in making this dream a reality.

Our appreciation to all the young writers, who have contributed their writings to this magazine and we wish them best to become well-known writers of tomorrow.

As it is said, every long journey begins with a single step; I hope this initiative will create a lot of creative writers in days to come.

Happy reading.

From the Editor's Desk



Mrs. Susan V D'souza
Chief Editor



Mrs. Geethu Elizabeth
Associate Editor



"A school is a building surrounded by four walls with the future inside." A school plays a great role in changing the society and its people in the sphere of academics, social, mental, moral and physical development.

We at Indian Schools in Oman try our best to let our students, who are away from their hometown, get a glimpse of the culture and unity in diversity that prevails in our motherland, India. We strive hard to inculcate strong values combined with academics and extra- curricular activities in the students.

'EXPRESSIONS' is the first English E-Magazine to have come up in the history of Indian schools in Oman. The aim of this E-Magazine is to encourage our students to develop their writing skills and encourage their enthusiasm in writing articles, poetries, stories, etc. Through this E-Magazine we wish to provide a platform to our young minds to publish their work. We also would like to motivate the other students to believe in themselves and learn to express their thoughts in words.

I would sincerely like to thank the Board of Directors, Chairman, Dr. Baby Sam Saamuel and directors for giving our students a platform to display their work. I would also like to thank the Principals of all Indian schools for cooperating and supporting us in the best way possible.

It is rightly said, "A flower makes no garland." Thus, this magazine is not the outcome of the effort put in by an individual, but the immense effort put forward by Dr. Alex Joseph, who has meticulously supported and guided us, Mrs. Leena Francis, Principal of Indian School Al Seeb, who has provided her constant support and guidance, Mrs. Shiney Roy, Vice- Principal of Indian School Al Seeb, who has given her prudent advice from time to time and Mrs. Geethu Elizabeth, the architect of creativity, who prepared the layout of the magazine. The teachers of all Indian Schools who have collected and screened the articles by our budding writers and forwarded it, also deserve a special mention. Last but not the least, our budding writers, who have contributed their articles to this issue are to be applauded for their creativity.

Let me now present to you our first English E- Magazine, **Expressions**. As you browse through these pages, witness how the student's thoughts, attitudes and aspirations vastly differ from those of adults. These young budding flowers with their well embedded roots and spreading petals are the promise of tomorrow.



EXPRESSIONS

-English E-Magazine



Safwa Mohammed
Grade VI
Indian School Al Seeb

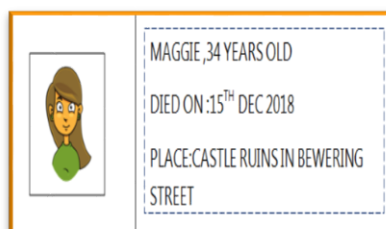
GHOST OF REBECCA RORDAN

-English E-Magazine

DONE BY: SAFWA MOHAMMED, GRADE VI, INDIAN SCHOOL AL SEEB

"Legend says that this was a castle before. It belonged to an old lady named Rebecca Rordan. She was a very kind lady. But once, she was found dead in her room. It is said people who don't believe in her die." said Maggie, my babysitter. The next day as soon as I returned from school, I rushed to Maggie. I wanted to know more about the history of the castle and Rebecca Rordan. "She was a person who was always busy dealing with her problems. She was a girl who had no one to talk to, share her joy and sorrow. She had no friend. Her father then married again so that Rebecca could communicate and socialize with others. Her stepmother had two children from her previous marriage.", "Feels like Cinderella", I said. "Yeah! She is famous and well known. But people fear her now. They say she has turned evil because of all that stress." She continued. "You believe in all that?" I asked. "No! But people have been found dead near the castle." I heard the honk of a car. My parents had returned, the very thought relieved me from the horror of the castle. "How are you doing?" asked my dad. "I'm fine." I replied. "Madam, I'm leaving" Maggie said to my mom. "Maggie it's midnight!" I said. "Oh, come on. It's okay. I don't believe in ghosts!" she said smiling and walked into

the streets. Next day, I stared at the newspaper. I was shocked.



Yesterday she was with me. "It's so sad" my dad said, "How could she have died?" But I knew how she died. Our house was surrounded by the police and I still couldn't tell them how she died. They just wouldn't believe.

OTHER ARTICLES

SOCIAL APATHY - PLAGUING THE YOUTH

Article describing the indifferent attitude of youngsters towards the society

Page 4



The Glass Window

Poetry highlighting the thirst for humanity in the current world

Page 26

The Girl in the Broken Shell

*Cuddled into a ball....
Thinking this is all....
Tears gushing out....
Heart aching hard....
Don't want to lose....
Criticising myself the most....
Good for nothing....
Hopeless and taunting...*

I just longed for someone to hold my hand and pull me out from that drowning mist. Someone to say to me, "I will let you share your darkest truth yet love you the most". Someone to peek through my eyes and traverse the path to my heart where, in the blinding darkness, was a girl, all bound up in heavy chains that dangled behind her as far as the sky could unwrap. She bitterly wept, furiously yelled and acted like a maniac. She needed aid but her chilling screams drowned out before they reached an ear. That was me. The fear of losing was shaking up my senses. My outside seemed washed of all emotions but inside a terrible flood dwelled that sometimes made its way through the crevices of my eyes and ran down my cheeks.

I looked at the sky with the futile hope of someone holding me tight. Yet no one seemed

to know what I was enduring. The sun's rays heated up my cheeks and I felt as though the nature could somewhat understand me. But its dumbness ignited my frustration to such an extent that I wanted to scream, "Why can't you understand me?" It was like being buried alive in a coffin amidst other corpses and fearing that you will end up like them. It was like being locked up in a soundproof cell.

But I did not want to share with "them". I knew they would understand and immediately pull me out of this quicksand but I was afraid. Afraid that I would pull them down. My mind seemed blocked. Heart ached a lot. But lips remained motionless. I tried to console myself. I tried to gulp the bitter truth that this was it.

"Now you are all alone. Abandoned in this vast stretch of scarce land." The sky was empty, so was the land. If I wanted I could wait more, for someone to cross this vastness to heal my wounds. But the hope and patience that fuelled me till now was all gone. I am not a failure. I will not let myself be one. These arms have to break the chains. I have to be my own trunk. These feet have to tread this vastness. These eyes have to be the compass. I have to be my own captain and crew. No more waiting for a rescue ship. I have to find the lighthouse all by myself. I have to lay the bricks on my own. I have to carve out my own path. I have to succeed. Failure is not meant for me. I am not destined for it.

And one fine day, the fragrance of sand

stimulated my instincts. I made it. I had done it, all by myself. And there it stood, majestic, divine, and curious with a serene smile on its face. The curves of the brine dashed the edged rocks, as if they announced my arrival and return to my shell, healed and repaired. And suddenly it was all clear as a crystal. All the pages turned one after the other and nothing needed to be explained. I was my own guide. All this time, the never ending search, the intense yearning, the ardent desire for someone to tend to my unspeakable agony that fluttered restlessly like the blue wings in the vacuum within the bell jar, was for none other than me. I had looked to and fro, near and far and all around. I had looked at a distance but remained oblivious to the coolness that gushed between my toes, that encased my binoculars, my compass, my pole star- me, myself. My wounds were meant to be healed by me. I was my own guide. And now I just flip my log for others.



By Eshat Jahan Nur Jhui,
Indian School Ibri



DID YOU KNOW?
A camel's hump lets it store upto 80 pounds of fat, with which it can survive for weeks.

The Right Place

By Joshua George, Grade VII, Indian School Al Mabela

A mother and a baby camel were lying under a tree.

The baby camel asked, "Why do camels have humps?"

The mother camel considered this and said, "We are desert animals so we have the humps to store water so we can survive with very little water."

The baby camel thought for a moment then said, "Ok...why are our legs long and our feet rounded?"

The mama replied, "They are meant for walking in the desert."

The baby paused and after sometime asked, "Why are our eyelashes long? Sometimes they get in my way."



The mama responded, "Those long thick eyelashes protect your eyes from the desert sand when it blows in the wind."

The baby thought and thought. Then he said, "I see. So the hump is to store water when we are in the desert, the legs are for walking through the desert and these eyelashes protect my eyes in the desert. Then why are we in the zoo?"

The Lesson: Skills and abilities are only useful in the right place at the right time. Otherwise, they are a waste.

COMING UP



LAUGHING GAS

Collection of jokes by Shaik Muhammed Touseef,
Indian School Ibr



Mother

Poem on Mother's love

COMING UP

ARTICLE BY ARIN IDHANT

Memories

Last Forever

ARTICLE BY NEERAJA RAJU

ADVERSITY

Brings out the best in a man

POEM BY BYAYRA FAHAD

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

PAGE 27



*"Speech is Silver,
Silence is Golden"*

My Best Friend and My Worst Enemy

By **Merwin Chris D'Souza**
Grade III
Indian School Al Buraimi

We all may have one friend or another, who can be considered a best friend and the best friend always helps us to do good things, right things.

So, there is a part of our body, a sense organ, which can be called our best friend and that best friend is OUR TONGUE.

So, let us see, how this 'best friend' helps us to do the right things.

1. The tongue helps us to greet our elders, our teachers and others.
2. The tongue helps us to say kind words to others, crack jokes and make others happy.
3. The tongue helps us to say our prayers. It helps us to pray for ourselves and for others.
4. The tongue helps us to apologize whenever we feel that we have hurt others.

And, just like a best friend, there is a sense organ, which can be our worst enemy, and that is our tongue, again!

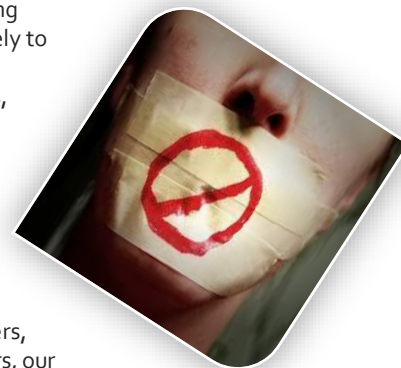
Because,

1. There are times; the tongue is used to say words that are unkind, thus hurting others, especially those near and dear to us, like parents, teachers, our colleagues etc.
2. There are times; the tongue is used to show our anger or frustration.
3. There are times, the words that come out of our tongue discourage others.

4. The tongue is used to say lies, to misguide others.

How to keep my best friend always with me, and the worst enemy away from me? One of the best ways is to always be positive. When we think good things or about good things, naturally, only good words come through our tongue.

Speaking positively to our parents, family



members, teachers, our classmates and all the people we get to speak to. We should take responsibility for the words we speak. Once we speak, the words can never be taken back. We should check with others whether what we speak is offensive or hurts them.

Ask for forgiveness for any unkind word or attitude. Learn to speak words that will encourage, comfort, inspire, and educate others. If we do all the above...the tongue will remain our BEST FRIEND ... and in return, we will have many more friends.

SOCIAL APATHY - PLAGUING THE YOUTH

We, now live in an era where most of us are hooked on to those tiny virtual worlds that we create through social media, spending hours at a stretch gazing on to those illuminated screens. In this process, social responsibility has been reduced to hitting the like button for posts concerning viral social issues. Almost 1.8 billion of the world's population comprises of smart and vibrant youth, the highest proportion of the same that the history of humankind has seen. But, the proportion of humanitarian issues is notching up the scales without even a hint of depreciation.

The youth is busy paving paths for their own

benefits and success without a bit of consideration to lend a helping hand for another fellow human being in distress. This is the attitude that should be changed, so that faith in humanity can be restored. Violating traffic rules, littering, wasting public resources, etc. should be eliminated and this will be a remarkable exhibition of social responsibility. The above issues may sound trivial, but it's from these 'harmless' issues that the attitude for causing bigger trouble or receding into background at the time of an issue, occurs.



By **Elsa Mariam Eldhose**
Grade XI
Indian School Salalah

I was always a huge fan of ancient Greek, Egyptian and Roman mythologies. But the Egyptian mythologies had a special place in my heart. This love was shared among my friends Luka and Brooke as well. Our knowledge came only from books. Luka had even learned the language of ancient

structures were built without modern day tools, is unimaginable. After a few minutes of amazement and gazing, I challenged Luka and Brooke to a race to the top of the pyramid. As usual Brooke got a head start as she was the slowest. After 20 min of an exhausting climb,

"These mummies must be the pharaoh's royal guards". We couldn't wait to have a first look at a mummy which might be 6000 years old. When we opened the coffin the pharaoh was holding in his hand a golden ornament which resembled a key. I grabbed the key to have a closer look at the writing, but as soon as I took hold of the key, the mummies started arising. We did not waste a moment and started running towards the

The Key of Life

Egyptians out of interest. We never actually got a chance to witness what we have been learning for years. But this week, we decided to go to Egypt to see as much as possible.

We landed at Cairo's International airport on 24th October. Our excitement was indescribable. As soon as we kept our luggage in the hotel, we boarded the nearest taxi to the pyramids. The three of us were peeping out of the windows trying to spot the pyramids first. It didn't take long until Brooke started pointing. "The Pyramids. Look!!"

The basic thought of how these humongous



we reached the top. What caught our attention was that the tip stone had a compass which did not point to the North. We knew for sure that this was no ordinary compass. We decided to follow it for as long as it takes.

The compass did not point in a fixed direction all the time it pointed in different directions. As we moved further, at one point the compass started rotating with high speed. We started digging. At around 1 meter depth, there appeared a gateway. Once we opened it, black sand out of nowhere started shaping in ancient letters which Luka translated as "Leave all hope yee who enter". Brooke said that this must be a way to scare thieves from stealing the enormous wealth which may be lying inside. After a long argument we decided to enter.

As we took the first step inside, a long path lit up. At the end of the path there was a large room, on the right side of the room lay a large number of mummies and on the other side lay mountains of gold and jewelry. These were arranged around a golden coffin which I presumed belonged to a pharaoh. I said



gateway.

But as we ran the guards caught hold of Brooke who was a slow runner. I had nothing in my hand other than the key from the pharaoh's coffin. I threw it with all my might. As soon as it touched one of the guards, all the guards changed to dust. Later on we understood that this key was the key of life and no dead can get hold of it but only the ones who are alive.

By **Manwil Bahaa Zaki**
Grade XI
Indian School Ibri

Memories Last Forever



By **Arin Idhant, Grade IX, Indian School Al Seeb**

The night sky was clear of stars or so it appeared due to the dark melancholic clouds. It gave one the delusion that the clouds had swallowed the stars. There was a steady downpour, I stood underneath a shed and beside me was my good friend, my companion in mischief - Arshiyani. I had spent the entire evening with him... It was brilliant. Catching up with old times, visiting my once humble abode and meeting all my friends there, was all extremely splendid. And soon it was time for me to go home... Uncle would be there any moment.

Time had just gone by so quickly... I could not help but feel blue, for I would not see Arshiyani again for who knows how long. I could no longer resist my emotions and I burst up in tears. Seeing me cry Arshiyani (as though naturally), moved forward and gave me a warm and comforting hug.

Then it happened...



Our feet were no longer on the ground...Were we flying? Arshiyani held my hand tightly as we started to zoom through the sky. The city grew smaller as we darted through the dark clouds and into the starry utopia beyond. We were overjoyed as we flew closer to the stars and farther away from reality itself. In this absolutely magical and enchanting moment our eyes met and I saw the same face that had accompanied me in countless mischiefs. Seeing him smile in that wild manner brought back countless memories and I was engulfed by nostalgia.

The memories were so fresh it felt like experiencing them for the first time.

Years later, I still think of this incident. I learned a valuable lesson that day. Memories stay with you for all of eternity; they accompany you through life and through death. *Memories last forever...*

Doubt Drowns You

A teacher had a student, who lived in a hermitage. One day, the disciple was going somewhere. He hadn't gone too far when suddenly it started raining cats and dogs. He returned and reported the matter. He told the problem to his teacher. The teacher said, "You should have faith in God. He will save you from all problems." The disciple obeyed and resumed his journey. He kept reciting the name of God and cleared all the hurdles. The next day, the teacher had to go on the same route. When she reached a deep drain, she doubted whether God would save her or not. The teacher got drowned.

Thus, doubt drowns and faith saves you.



By **Sumeet Shanbhag, Grade VII, Indian School Al Maabela**

Better Now



By **Anurag, Grade XI, Indian School Al Seeb**

Life isn't a thing to be experienced inside the four walls of a room but to be lived to its extreme level. I felt stress pouring down on me at certain times. In such a situation I decided to head for the garden near my house. I got to a bus at sharp 6 in the morning and I happened to meet some good old people in there, who made my day. In a while, I reached my destination.

When I took the first step into the garden, a sudden cool and soothing breeze touched my body, it seemed to be rendering me with a lively welcome through the carpet of red roses. As I walked ahead I saw huge pine trees dancing with the rhythmic waves of cool breeze.

Just then my mind struck about photosynthesis. I felt as if they were having a party because the roots were providing water as a drink for the entire plant and all of them were preparing food for their lunch. That pleasing moment of a sapling rising from the soil was unforgettable. There was a similar yet bigger sized plant

beside the sapling just like our very own dear moms waiting for us to be born. I walked further ahead. In the blink of an eye, it started drizzling silently, I felt as if nature was showering its blessings on me. Over there on one of the branches rested a handsome white peacock. It was the drawing card for the visitors. In a while, I had decided to pull back from the beautiful sceneries as I had an exam the next day. On the way back to the bus, I fed the little pigeons with some groundnuts. I reached home in a few minutes. Wow! That had been a wonderful experience for me I felt positive and what more! I was flooded with joy.

Books Are Our Best Friends

It is sure that books are our best friends. They are our



never failing and truthful companions.

Mahatma Gandhi says,

"When I am in distress, I go to the lap of mother Gita to get solace."

By mother Gita, he means Bhagavad Gita- the book of truth. All the great books of the world have been useful to us. They have done us good in the form of changing our attitude towards life. They have cheered us. They have helped us. A lot of books are now available. Many are meant for serious reading. They are read for success in life. Some are read for recreation and entertainment. They are there to give a word of advice, a word of hope. So friends, read as many books as you can.



By **Yahya Jamal, Grade VIII, Indian School Al Maabela**

Importance of Discipline In Students Life

By **Shaima Shaji Khan, Grade XI**
Indian School Al Seeb

It's a well-known fact, that nowadays indiscipline in schools and colleges are more in numbers than it was before. These cases are at its peak in this modern age and it has been a great issue in schools and colleges. Why are the cases of indiscipline being frequent these days? Is it because of lack of responsibility of schools and colleges? But the actual fact is that the lack of responsibility of educational institutions also play an important role in the rising number of unruliness in schools and colleges. In fact, this is not the only cause, lack of care and support from family is also a major reason behind such cases.

In order to reduce the number of such cases in educational institutions, discipline has to be there in each and every individual and for this, certain rules and regulations or norms have to be implemented in all schools and colleges so that discipline is maintained by all the students.

Discipline is very important in our life as it is the only thing that leads our life to a good path and gives us more achievements in our life. Without discipline life is nothing and is a big zero. So we need to ensure more disciplinary laws in schools and colleges and effective actions should be taken against students who are disobedient.

Not only in educational institutions, discipline should be taught at home too, as home is the first foundation of a child. Instead of phones, give them books to read. Too much use of phone also leads to indiscipline as students get attracted to the games and other mass media and even get influenced by it. Let the students be the disciplined ones as they are our future generation.

To maintain discipline in life one has to understand his or her sense of duty and obedience to his or her work in life. There should be an order for everything in our life, so that discipline gets maintained in our life. Proper counseling and guidance by parents and teachers has to be given to the students and they have to make them aware of their duties so that the students are able to have a stress free life and it will also help them to come out of their confusions in life regarding their studies, choosing a friend or a partner in life, selection of job, etc... The correct mode of reward or punishment by parents and teachers for the act done by the students will also help in the maintenance of discipline in their life.

To maintain goals in our life it is very important to stay disciplined. It helps the students to stay motivated. By staying motivated students can achieve all the impossible things and walk towards their goal. Discipline is essential for the students to complete all their assignments. So, maintaining discipline in a student's life is the main step towards having a bright future in his / her life. Therefore, discipline needs to be maintained in our life right from the beginning to the end of our life to have a successful life.

Patience - The Best Medicine

By **Riya Mary Vaghese, Grade IX**
Indian School Muladha

"Patience is the best remedy for every trouble"- Plautus

Patience is the capability of accepting delay with equanimity – that is, to be persevering or diligent. The ability to wait for something without getting upset is a valuable quality for our health and happiness. To keep our relationships healthy,

meaningful and inspiring, patience is most essential.

Patience is the key that connects our efforts to success. Patient people are ready to wait for the appropriate time to achieve their goal. One of the most important elements in the learning and teaching process is patience. To master any art or enhance our talent, we need to make continuous efforts with patience. Health professionals also agree that patience is required to give the best care to their patients.

Being patient helps us to understand and view things through different perspectives. One of the greatest examples of success through patience is Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. As a result of his patience, he could change the views and beliefs of an entire nation. The power of patience helps to empower life. Thus, developing a good deal of patience helps to lead a satisfying life. A man who masters patience, masters everything else.

COMING UP

POETRY HIGHLIGHTING THE ILL EFFECTS OF
MOBILE PHONE ADDICTION

CONNECT

PAGE 20

COMING UP

POETRY ON PEACE

A PLEA FOR PEACE

PAGE 25

"Learn the art of Patience. Apply discipline to your thoughts when they become anxious over the outcome of a goal. Impatience breeds anxiety, fear, discouragement and failure. Patience creates confidence, decisiveness, and a rational outlook, which eventually leads to success." Brian Adams

BE PROACTIVE, NOT REACTIVE

All of us encounter experiences in life when we may be overwhelmed by a negative emotion. In these situations, how we master the moment can make the difference between proactive and reactive; success and failure. Being proactive signifies taking control over your life and working to achieve your goals. It means that rather than merely reacting to events as they happen, you consciously engineer your own events. Instead of worrying about conditions over which they have

little control, proactive people focus on things which they can control.

However, most people think reactively, as is the natural human tendency. Their lives are largely out of their direct control and they exert their human endowments only when necessary. But when things are pretty good, their lives are mostly on autopilot. Nonetheless, do you think anything that happens "out there" will determine how successful you'll be in your endeavours? Not if you're proactive. If you feel discouraged, distract yourself with constructive activities and bounce back from failures and setbacks.

Thus, in order to lead a successful life, you must be a creator of circumstances, rather than just a creature of circumstances. So, what are you waiting for? Start swimming against the currents!

By **Anshitha Fichel, Grade IX**
Indian School Sohar

"Adversity is the diamond dust, heaven polishes its jewels with."

The history of the world is the story of the survival of the fittest, of those who fought against adverse circumstances and achieved great victories. The people who faced adversities bravely eventually won, and became an inspiration for the generations to follow. Since the dawn of time, it

'We will overcome.' These words kept cropping up everywhere when Kerala was struck by havoc and devastation due to flood. Much before the NDRF, the Army, the Navy and the Coast Guard were deployed in Kerala's sinking villages and towns, the locals, realizing the ferociousness of the floodwaters, bonded together to help save people's lives. They turned out to be superheroes, evacuating people from inaccessible areas and through turbulent waters. Together, the people who probably didn't even know each

men who suffered from adversity. Surdas, Milton and Homer were blind poets but they wrote immortal verses. Shakespeare is an immortal writer because he gave us his tragedies.

Adversity saves us from false notions; it is an eye-opener. It relieves us of our idle dreams and idealistic fancies. It takes us nearer to God. Shakespeare is right when he says, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." It is well said that prosperity multiplies friends and adversity tries them and is a touchstone to judge true friendship.

Adversity Brings Out the Best in a Man

was adversity coupled with necessity, which gave rise to inventions. From fire to antibiotics, it was man's intrinsic quality of rising to the challenge, which made humanity the top inheritor of the earth.



There are personalities who have left an impact working against all odds. APJ Abdul Kalam, Sania Mirza, Kalpana Chawla are some of them. These people have been renowned in their respective fields through sheer optimism, hard work and an urge to fulfil their ambitions.



other's names, stuck their necks out for each other, showing remarkable courage in the face of adversity. A bridge of peace and communal harmony was built.

Adversities teach us many valuable lessons of life. They train and develop the natural instinct of a man just as herbs give out their sweet fragrance when they are crushed.

Adversity is a boon to the artist. It stimulates his artistic qualities. Great tragedies were produced by

Adversity is one of the best teachers since it helps us to know how to grip our moods as well as balance ourselves in practical lives achieving steadiness and strength without getting additional burden. Adversity teaches us more about life, compared to prosperity. Parents should allow their children to face a certain amount of struggle in life as it will make them stronger.

By **Neeraja Raju Grade XI**
Indian School Muladha

PLACES TO VISIT IN OMAN



SALALAH

Where nature unfolds its beauty



Musandam Fjords

Northernmost portion of Oman

PLACES TO VISIT IN OMAN

Ras Al Jinz

A turtle reserve that helps to populate and protect the sea turtles of Indian Ocean

Wahiba Sands

True, authentic and traditional Oman

Jebel Akhdar

CONTAINS THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE ENTIRE COUNTRY OF OMAN



Beauty Has an Address ~ Oman

By Alan Saji
Grade VIII
Indian School Al Ghubra

Oman is one of the best places to visit in the Middle East. The tourism of Oman has fascinated people from all over the world with its culture and tradition.

An adventurous ride through the graceful wavy sand dunes inhabited by the Bedouins would be an exhilarating journey. A must visit destination in Oman is the mountains, Jebel Akhdar. It is located 150km away from the city and is 2200m above sea level. It has a pleasant climate throughout the year. The look from the top will surely get you goose bumps.

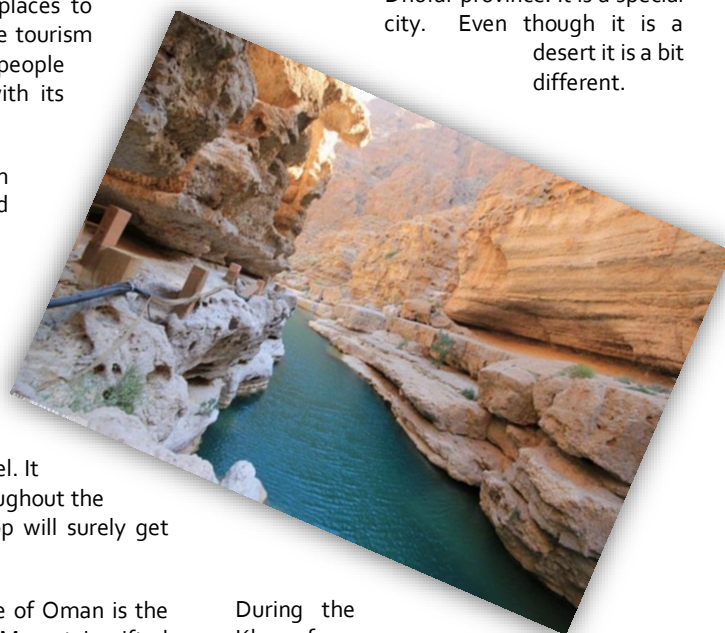
The capital of the Sultanate of Oman is the wonderful city of Muscat. Muscat is gifted with beautiful parks and beaches. The tourists coming to Oman can relax in these lovely areas. The capital is home to the massive, contemporary Sultan Qaboos Grand Mosque, and the old waterfront Muttrah region with a labyrinthine souk and busy fish market. A walk along the corniche, breathing the fresh air and watching the sea will surely remain in everyone's heart.

Another suggestion would be Sur, about 200 km away from the magical city. Sur is another city at the outskirts of Oman. The speciality of Sur is the giant sea turtles that come from the Arabian Gulf to lay eggs in the shores of Ras al Jinz (Sur). The turtles can be seen only early in the mornings or late at nights.

Salalah is the capital city of southern Oman's



Dhofar province. It is a special city. Even though it is a desert it is a bit different.



During the Khareef season, an annual monsoon, transforms the desert into a lush, green landscape. The main highlight of Salalah is the mind blowing blowholes. They are located a few steps away from the Marneef Cave. The blowholes are also known as Mughsayl Blowholes, named after the nearby beach of Mughsayl in Salalah.

Tourists visiting any place will surely experience something unique. In Oman it is the Anti-Gravity spot in Salalah. It is a point where your car goes up a hill without any acceleration. The car goes up the hill on neutral gear.

These are few ideas for you to visit Oman, there is much more to know, as well as visit in Oman. The eternal beauty of Oman awaits you.

ALONG WITH NATURE



It was a long weekend. I woke up late in the morning when the sun was all high up in the sky and the birds were done with their morning chirping and singing.

I heard my parents discussing about the weekend plans. My parents and I have been planning for a Sunset cruise trip for long. Probably the day has dawned for it. Instantly, I felt that though I had missed my sunrise, the sunset would be captured in my camera.

We drove down from Seeb towards Marina Bandar Al- Rowda at 3 p.m. It was quite a hot and sunny afternoon, the sun was still blazing at us. The roads were covered with mirages but still we could enjoy a lovely breeze. Being a holiday afternoon, the city was relatively calm with less traffic at that time.

As we drove leaving behind the tall buildings, lush green gardens, some deserted land, the mountainous roads and the palms bearing tasty dates. I wondered how the sea would be with just waves by its sides.

We reached Marina Bandar. We were greeted by the travel guide.

Lots of small semi-covered boats were tied to its berths. We got to know from the guide that "berth" is the term used for where the vessel may be moored.

The small cruise boat could comfortably accommodate 20 passengers along with the Helmsman. We were seated in a lovely white cruise boat and began our two hour Muscat Sunset Cruise.

I could see so many beautiful cruise boats around. There was one that caught my attention, a handcrafted wooden sailing vessel which had been used for centuries around the Arabian Peninsula.

Just like medieval traders once drifted along Oman's rugged coastline, we headed northwards past the Hajar mountains to the secluded bay and picturesque hamlets.

Gliding past the Muscat Yacht club, and fishing boats of Sidab to cemetery bay and the old Muscat Harbour

TRAVELOGUE

By Pushpasree
Grade VII
Indian School Al Maabela



where cliff paintings depict ships that have docked there through ages. We could catch a glimpse of Jalali and Mirani, 16th century fort, the tower above Al Alam palace.

From Muttrah harbour, we could view the white washed edifices of Muttrah Corniche.

Sailed by the exclusive Ritz- Carlton Hotel of Al Bustan Palace, tucked against the mountain fringed bay – A sight to see!

Last was a perfect ending to the cruise tour with a lovely sunset reflecting the fiery glow on the water. A refreshing beginning and a new travel experience being close to nature, around the waters, surrounded by nature.

An unknown happiness and peace surrounded us, like the lovely sea breeze that we joy as we sail past the Oman's rugged coast.

People generally jump to the conclusion that being a single child is a slice of heaven. But the part no one tells you about is that the abrupt silence when your

The Brighter Side

parents aren't home and the

melancholic loneliness that is deafening. When I was 7, I remember closing my eyes as hard as I could in front of my pink princess shaped cake and wishing that I could have a little sister. Turns out wishes don't really work in the real world.

Picture this, the sun is just streaming in and the morning air is wafting into your room like the scent of freshly baked pancakes.

You slowly rise out of your incessant coziness and lazily lift your head up to look at the clock on the wall, it's just 9 am. BAMMMMMMM, sissy open the door "My Barbie doll is in there!" and there goes your calm. In my case, I don't get such an aggravating wake up call.

My parents always told me that I'd never have any competition and that I'd never have to be stuck on the bitter road to becoming 'the star child' which was quite true. The fact that I'd be way more independent than most people or that I'd get my parents' undivided attention all the time is something worth having pride for. But all its perquisites were hidden by one nitty-gritty light, I was alone.

The funny aspect of human nature is that people never realize how much they have because they're stuck in the spiral of counting what they don't have. This strident reality often puts us in a sort of binding black light and when we finally realize that the grass was always greener in our story, it's too late.



By **Zareena A Mather**
Indian School Al Ghubra

Laughing Gas

- Why don't polar bears live in South Pole?
Because they live in the North Pole.
- Have you heard of the guy whose entire left side is paralyzed?
He's alright now.
- Black and white pictures find coloured pictures quite HUEmorous.
- What did the zero say to the eight?
Nice belt.
- An employee at a glue factory made a mistake, causing the factory to explode.
The employee was stuck in a sticky situation.



By **Shaik Mohammed Touseef**
Indian School Ibri



The Writerly Constitution

We, the writers
 Twirls of paradoxical
 avalanches, holding
 The uncapturable hostage
 Worlds of weathered faces
 with rich smiles,
 Smiles dripping gold flecks
 of imprisoned sunshine.
 Laughter saturated with hurt,
 chuckles void of light
 Belief still wedged into
 corners of peppery
 skepticism.
 Of powder yellow and fresh
 red dusks delaying
 The victory of stars.
 Looking, crumbling,
 extending
 Silent moments that last for a
 heartbeat but remain for a
 lifetime.

Restrained tears, heralded
 responses;
 Picking up traces of tense
 movements, wearisome
 minutes.
 Dainty eclipses teeming with
 irksome centuries bearing
 down powerfully.
 Unintentional transparency,
 barricaded feelings, forced
 out ice.
 Giving away shape, form,
 smell, feel, breath,
 To figures in the clouds.
 Faces in dreams.
 Angels in the dark.

Whimpers gone unknown,
 meanings in muggy
 quietness.

Embraces that spoke
 libraries.

We, the immortalizers
 Responsible for seconds that
 live on,

Wishes come true, dreams
 that never die;

Finding reward in big little
 things,

puddles of warmth, peals of
 joy.

Even with intimate
 foreigners, clumsy moments.

In roadside winters,
 marooned eves of
 celebration.

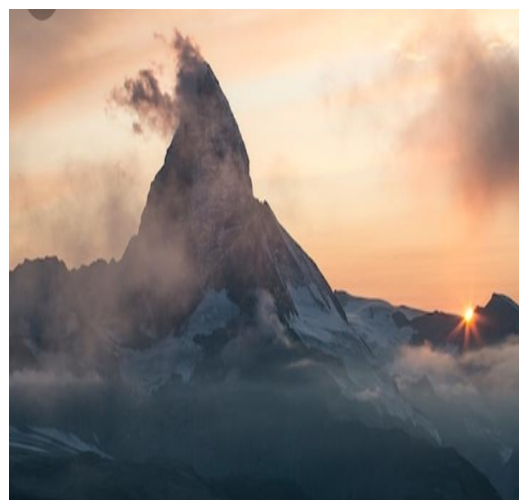
We make life cascade in
 uneasy hours.

Hope get through corroded
 walls.

Hope bloom in eroded hearts.



By **Sahana M**
Grade X
 Indian School Salalah



Mountain

Mighty strength upholding
 within and

Overwhelming with beauty
 of nature

Undergoing the harsh treaty
 of winds and

Nurturing within the enigma
 of tranquility

Tall as the giants of early and
 its

Ambience of austerity
 reflecting within

Intensified with arrogance of
 its highest level

Nestled in its arms assorted
 power of nature.

By **Johana Arun Arackal**
Grade VIII
 Indian School Jalan

“PRECIOUS PEARL”

*First time when I cried,
And my mom’s smile was wide.*

*I was a little girl,
Dad called me, “My Precious Pearl”.*

*I opened my mouth to speak,
And their happiness was at its peak.*

*I was a little girl,
Dad called me, “My Precious Pearl”.*

*I took my first step to walk and I fell,
Dad’s hands picked me and made me feel all is
well.*

*Still I was a little girl,
And will always be my dad’s Precious Pearl.*

By Fatima Shams
Grade V
Indian School Al Buraimi



LIFE

*Life's so beautiful and wonderful,
Only if you be so cheerful.
Rainbows and sunshine,
Are not only yours, but mine.
Mountains and hills,
Have the height of your wills.
You may have ups and downs,
And smiles and frowns.
But don't look back to the past,
Don't be anxious about the future,
Live in the present,
And your life will have no end.*



By Evette Josephine Burrows
Grade 10
Indian School Al Buraimi

JOURNEY OF RAIN

*I come with a signal of thunder,
And make the people wonder.
I come from dark cloud
And make the noise loud.
I spread all around greenery
And take away my aching misery.
I give farmers a charming smile,
By making their produce till a mile,
I fall with the droplets of diamonds.
With mortals I had a lot of fun
And now I am giving a way to sun.
I am sweetly known as Rain
With a lot of fame.*



By V Gautham Sidharth
Grade 6
Indian School Ghubra

CONNECT



By Ananya G V

Grade IX

Indian School Salalah

All day, all night
Guess what I see?
You, on your phone
Not talking to me

The photos you 'like'
Do you even know,
The people in them
You blindly 'follow'.

New 'status' at dawn
Fake 'stories' at night
I really don't think,
You're doing things right.

You think you're the master

To me, it's just chaos,
For only I can see
That your phone is the boss.
I know I'm being preachy
But, just listen to what I say.

Put down your phone
And connect the right way.
Live your life
Don't forget to play
Have fun, work hard
Seize the day!
Emotions, not emojis
Speech is the best tweet
Love is the greatest filter
Make every day complete.

DERANGED



This world
Which I rather call the world of settlers
Is deranged for a paper.

A piece of paper,
To which they give their entire importance
For it gives them happiness.

The ways to bring a smile on the face
Might be limitless,
Ways that are endless.

But this world finds their smile by just one way
One piece of paper
Which is known as
Money.

By Manpreet Kaur
Grade X
Indian School Nizwa

Beauty of Life

When you see an egg
cracking,
Holding on for a while.
And when the chick puts its
leg on earth.
You see the beauty of birth.

When a toddler runs around
the house,
Smashing plates and cups,
With lots of merry in the
kid's mood.
You see the beauty of
childhood.

With lots of laughter and
hangout friends.
With lots of parent's plans in
store.
Including anger that no one
has ever seen,
You see the beauty of teens.

When a person takes a move
he wishes,
With lots of talent and hope.
When they get the problems
to come to a halt.
You see the beauty in the life
of adults.

With lots of patience and
steadiness,
And eyesight getting numb.
When they wait for their last
breath to mould.
You see the beauty of the old.

When you read these lines,
Rolling your eyes.
You see the beauty of life!

By Likitha
Grade X
Indian School Nizwa

Nature's Way

On a bright sunny day,
I thought of going on nature's way.
Smelling the scent of fresh air,
Feeling the breeze swishing through
my hair.

I took a look around with eager eyes,
Saw the beauty of the pleasant skies!
I touched the flowers with quivering
hand,
Oh! I thought I was in fairyland!

I heard the buzzing of the bees,
Saw the trees swaying in the breeze.
Heard the birds fluttering and singing,
'Beautiful' seemed to me each and
everything.

When nature lay with beauty abound,
I laid myself on the ground.
And took a moment to inhale,
And listened to Nature tell her tale!



By Sanchita Swami
Grade IX
Indian School Sohar

THE RULER OF THE NIGHT SKY

When darkness swallows the earth
And the sky turns dark as coal,
The moon rules the night sky,
With his thousand shining princes.

He rules his kingdom all with pride,
With the light he has stolen from the Sun.
And his kingdom shines in his light...
As he looks down to see his people.

Looking up to see his majestic crescent,
He smiles and brings back the joy,
That was stolen by the Sun's descend to the
heavens.

And while the owls come out to feast,
He takes a stroll through the clouds with
elegance,
Casting his shadow on the preys
To protect them from the fierce eyes hunting
them.

His people wait for his arrival to call it a night,
And to fall in his spell of a deep sleep,
While he and his princes guard the kingdom,
With his glory and protect them from the evil
eyes.

While his people wake up from the spell,
The ruler and his princes can no more be seen
And his people believe that he has cast himself
And the princes to a temporary spell.
Until they are not blinded by their shades of
envy.



By Asin Fathima
Grade VII
Indian School Al Wadi Al Kabir

Mother

Mother is a treasure,
Whose love has no measure.

Mother is everything,
The world without her is nothing.

Her gentle touch and tender words,
Makes me cheerful as the birds.

She is my teacher and my guide.
Nothing from her can I hide.

She is the candle who lights my life.
She teaches me to handle strife.

Thank God for giving me such a loving
mother,
Whom I love more than the world.



Someone whom I always want around,

Her concerns about my whereabouts,
Make me feel shielded throughout.

Mom, how can I thank you,
For all the things that you do.

My breath and my heart,
Echoes a single thought
You are special and I love you a lot.



By Charu Misra
Grade VIII
Indian School Sohar

Mom is someone whom I can't live without.

SOUND OF SILENCE

Sometimes in my mind,
I am left with thoughts
Of guilt,
Did I do it right? Did I do it wrong?
I don't know where
I belong.

I think and I think deeply
Voices in my head,
Making up a conversation
Perhaps an argument.
I feel like shouting,
Like a cannon ball firing
But I cannot utter a word.

When I walk down my
Memory lane, recollecting incidents
I cry with pain.
The troubles that I have caused and
Was accused of;
Broke my heart into
Thousand pieces.

I drowned in a sea of grief
Nobody gave me a hand,
I was weighed down by guilt;
I was on a rollercoaster of emotions
Failing to express myself,
The stench of failure filled up the air.
Storms shook the ocean of my life,
I am a puppet dancing to the strings
Of fate.

I wear a mask everyday hiding my
Soul deep inside,
Feeling blue.

I sat staring outside my window,
Charming the sound of silence,
The sound of silence is the balm to my soul.
Enjoying the scene but
Hiding my feelings under the veil
My ship of emotions has set sail.



By Ashtami Manoj
Grade VIII
Indian School Ibra

Sea

When I stand at the shore of the
sea,
I wonder how far I should see!
Series of waves which keep
hitting the shore,
I wonder how many more are
there in store.
When there is a high tide, the sea
is on the ride.
And when it's on low tide, I
wonder where the water goes to
hide!

The mystery of the deep blue
waters having so many tales.
Having countless schools of tiny
fish along with the whales.
Can take you around the world.
Diving deep can give you lots of
beautiful pearls.
The colours of the sea are blue
and turquoise
Ponder offering prayers to him
can fulfil my wish.



By Krishna Khot
Grade VI
Indian School Al Maabala

MY BEST FRIEND - MY LIFE'S PRICELESS TREASURE

Dear friend,

You are a priceless treasure,
Whose worth, I can never
measure.

You are the ray of light,
Who makes my life so cheerful
and bright.

I believe you have been sent by
God above,
Because he knows the strength of
your love.



When times are tough, I know
you are there,
To render support and show you
care.

Every second we spent together,
Always flashes in my mind like
thunder.

We did everything with
happiness,
I thought it was forever.

Why did you have to go?
I need you,
I need your love,
Life seems hard without you.

I want all those moments back,
Laughing on silly jokes, all hands
into the same tiffin,
Teasing without any reason,
fighting over small things,
And the list just goes on.
I used to think about this
And cry, pondering why did we
separate.
But I know we are always tied
together by our hearts.

And remember,
I am always there for you,
Whenever you need me.
This poem can't express
everything I want to say,
But this is enough to apprise,
How much you mean to me.

Finally,
I thank you for all the times we've
shared,
You have been my best friend
ever,
Even when we go our separate
ways,
The bond we share I'll never
sever.

By Lindsey . R .Macedo
Grade XI
Indian School Ibri

A Plea for Peace

I am living here in great pain.
My clothes have become dull and
plain.
Above me I can hear nothing; but
the war-planes.
Oh! Why have humans become so
vain?
All that I can do right now is yell.

Because they have closed our
sustainer- the well.
There's none for our rescue.
Not even the fire brigade.
What have I done to deserve this?
At such a tender age?
Isn't there someone who can help
us?
To protect us and our homes.
Long before when we had
abundant wealth;



And were all in a pink of health;
But for food and water- now we
crave.
What I need is peace on earth.
I should be in my cozy house,
Sipping warm milk or tea,
Resting on pillows;
My mother's lap of downy silk.
But here I stand,
struck by pain;
Oh! Why have humans become so
vain?



By Nazal Maharoor
Grade VII
Indian School Al Maabela



THE GLASS WINDOW

By Geethu Peter
Grade XII
Indian School Nizwa

The girl in that frock
Tattered and mended
a million times,
Stood staring at
the glass window,
Under the scorching sun.
Her eyes wide
and face muddy,
Hands of hers binding
a rusty iron can.
Stood she, her feet bare.

Pairs of eyes moved
around in time,
Went in a few
to the glass window.
Stood she merely staring
at her dream.
Her craving in pain.
The pain devoured me.

The clock did tick,
New pairs moved around,
And stood she staring
at the glass window.
Then came a hand on her.
Fell she violent,
the pain still in.
Crawled she away,
Still staring.

I compare not humans
And animals,
Do they have a heart
and humans don't.
Dusk darkened the street,
And shutter pulled before.
Opened was the glass window.
Now lay that cake
on the leaves and dust.
I hear the pain.
Yet, I can do nothing
As I'm just a statue
by the fountain.

MOMENTS

Let me take a moment
To relish the loving sight,
Of a butterfly that goes winging
by,
A singing bird comes after,
Bubbling with joy and laughter.
Let me take a moment,
To think where the wind comes
from,
Where it goes and where it
sleeps,
What it whispers to the waiting
trees.
And how it awakens and inspires
a spirit in us.

Let me take a moment
And admire the beautiful
flower,
That never questions "why?"
But beautifies the world for
us.

Let me take a moment
To write on my empty page.
I wonder what story I will
afford to write.
But I know only I can write it
better,
Others can only help.



By Adrika Zaara Arun
Grade IV
Indian School Salalah

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

The Earth has enough for our need,

But not enough for our greed,
These words reflect the truth indeed.

We send airships to the infinity and beyond,
Hoping that one day we will be gone,
From our planet so blue and benevolent,
Exploited by humans, so self-seeking and malevolent.

But Alas! Despite knowing that the day will come,
When our resources will become,
Utterly exhausted and thoroughly utilized.
But we humans still continue our deed,
To satisfy our greed,
On the fossils, flora and fauna,
Leaving the future in a lifelong trauma.

Numerous spread awareness day by day,
But trees get demolished each day.
Animals choking helpless,
On plastic rings and bottles,
They are desperate.
Having no means of expression,
They advance in silence towards extinction.

Marine lives end up dead,
Coastlines and shores being their deathbeds.
They are just manifestations,
Of the grieving Earth's depression.

No matter where we roam,
The earth will always be our home.
Mars nor Moon nor Jupiter can replace,
Our Mother Earth's colossal solace.

So let us do more than just lament,
And let us all repent,
By giving away love endless,
To our fellow creations who are helpless.

It's never too late to save,
Our planet: our breath,
our quench and our life.
And hence, if a clean Earth and a future is what we seek,
Then let us not delay our most daring feat,
For its Better Late Than Never!!



By Byayra Fahad
Grade X
Indian School Salalah

OCEANS

Oceans wide and blue
Salty water flowing through,
Ships and boats sailing past,
Connecting countries far apart.

Ocean creatures big and small,
Some are lovely, some are scary
Diving with a school of fish,
Is my long time wish.



By Tania T Joseph
Grade IV
Indian School Ibra

KARNA - The Mighty Son of the Sun

Born with an armour,
Abandoned by his mother.
Left in a river,
Raised by a charioteer.
The mighty son of the Sun
The example for friendship,
His life full of hardship.
A warrior par excellence.
Known for his benevolence.
The mighty son of the Sun
Also known as Radhaeya
He was the sworn enemy of
Kountaeya.



A very skilled archer,
Cursed by his teacher.
The mighty son of the Sun
Friendship was his dharma.
Charity was his karma.
Warrior like none other,
He will be remembered forever.
The mighty son of the Sun



By Atul Srikanth
Grade VII
Indian School Al Wadi Al Kabir



Why and why and why,
Why can't I fly
And see the world from up high
Fly with the birds until I become
tired and tell them bye
And then come back to Earth,
Where I can hear thousands of
people cry.

Why can't the stars take me with
them?
To a place that no one has ever
seen.
A place which is better than a
dream.
A place that has no start and no
end.
A place where you can twinkle
like a star.
A place where a star whispers to
me.
And says, 'You are the child of the
universe.'

Why can't I always dream.
Dream about a ship sailing in the
sea.

Waiting for someone,
Hoping to rescue her from the
world's cruelty.
And never giving up,
Because she knows that giving up
is worthless.

Why can't the moon talk to me,
We could have had a talk about
everything.
About how he feels up there
Is he happy or is he scared,
Happy to guide the lost,
Or scared to be in the darkness all
alone.

Why can't I go to sleep,
Sleep and sleep and sleep.
Sleep so deep
But I have to hurry
To catch the new 24 hours.

By Rania Ahmed Galala
Grade VII
Indian School Jalan



The Army's Call

Oh my dear friends,
Listen to our need,
Understand what we feel,
And.....don't forget to shed
a tear for us, oh friend!
When the wind goes whistling,
When the leaves flutter,
And the moon appears,
When the birds disappear.
We stand to protect,
Whether it's day or night,
When the danger surrounds,
There is darkness all around,
When people are sleeping,
We are standing and suffering.
While we stand and protect,
Our dreams direct.
Do light a candle on our grave,
And always keep us
in your heart and mind,
Oh my dear friend.



By Aanya Misra
Grade VI
Indian School
Al Wadi Al Kabir



The Mirror of Truth

The mirror of truth does not lie
It shows the coarseness, cruelty,
cowardice, callousness.
Every word that defines
inhumanity.
It does not hide delusions, but
pierces the veil of ego.

The mirror of truth is a loving
master, a humble stone meant to
trip our feet.
That turns us towards joy
And away from the bonds of
slavery.
It may not like reflecting icy eyes
and the lips of pride,
the mirror of truth gives to
reconstruct your image.
Show me that your soul does not
belong,
To the deepest, blackest pits.
Show me that even the cruelest of
human beings can submit to their
Own sorrow and fears.

You may not be able to see
your reflection
in the mirrors of truthful pools,
but God does,
And he knows exactly what to
do with it.

By Kashish Bharti
Grade VIII
Indian School
Jalan

To The Old Me

Nostalgia cannot be seen
without rose-tinted glasses
All drizzled on top, sweet
candy and molasses.
If the future seems ever so
unclear, like my eye sight,
Remember that it is in darkness
that stars shine bright.
If wrinkled with age, musty
memory overtake,
And if sadness is the only
emotions my eyes can make,
Then in gloom, full bloom; for
to live long,
Happiness is the only virtue,
life's only song.
When people topple down like
pawns on a chess board
And if I feel loneliness and
dejection is what life has stored,
Let tears stream down; just a
tiny, tiny bit.
Then have a good laugh, then
kindness knit.
For to be sad is sorrowful, to be
glee is happy.
So 'tis best to choose the latter;
life is just like coffee!



By Sumitha
Grade XI
Indian School
Al Seeb

*“A writer only begins a book.
A reader finishes it.”
-Samuel Johnson*



(For private circulation only)