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CLUB MISTRESS' ADDRESS

..... and then, I have nature and art and poetry, and if that is not enough, what is enough? – Vincent Willem Van Gogh

With vehement hearts, fervid yearning and dreamy eyes, literary enthusiasts have always looked forward to vivaciously leaping into the serenity of Summer, stealing inspiration from the indomitable rays of the brightest star while marvelling at its propensity of illuminating the darkest corners with hope and optimism; gaining motivation from its tenacious demeanour of being therapeutic and antidotal to the sullen who hanker for physical and psychological recuperation; and acknowledging its wondrous virtues of humility and unconditional love, in spite of, playing a pivotal role in supporting life on this humongous planet.

'Nature' – the ethereal enchantress- adorned in grace and divinity, dazzling in the effervescent sunshine, radiating its charismatic tranquillity and resonating prophetic chants of the season's propitious promises, allures creative and insatiable minds to wrap themselves in its mystical domains, seeking stimulation to unleash their poetic fervour. A writer can't ask for more than spending invaluable time in the lap of nature, watching mortals mingle and bond; examining minuscule creatures hop around; adoring the vibrant hues of flora and fauna; basking in the sun while lying on the luscious green grass, contemplating on the unfathomable mechanism of the cosmos.

Sunshine and the celestial realms of Nature are presumably a prerequisite haven for any aspiring writer/poet who endeavours to put into profound words his emotions, thoughts and perspective. Thus, validating the consequential role played by 'Summer' in enlightening the minds of the legends of yesteryears as well as the amateur writers of today, we, with overwhelming pride and jubilation bring forth the first edition of the Newsletter 2024- 'Summer Siesta', which encapsulates the brilliance, ardour and inconceivable insight of our potential literati. We hope that our readers are entranced and segued into a resplendent world of ingenuity, rejuvenation and grandeur.

Happy Reading!

Mrs. A. Francis Literary Club Mistress

CLUB MISTRESS' ADDRESS

In the conundrum of this irresolutely altering life, infused with ambitions and drenched with expectations, taking out time for oneself is not merely an imposed question of luxury but has rather become an intrinsic necessity. And adhering to this prerequisite, summer vacations are no less than a siesta, condoning students to take a step back from the mundane and harken to the callings of the season's bliss that Mother Nature has so benevolently blessed us with.

This phase of rejuvenation sanctions the budding writers to reconnoitre and augment their literary prowess, concurring with what Samuel Lover had aptly said, "When once the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen." Taking forward the bequest of three long decades, it is such literary novices, that the Literary Club of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School, aids, to discern their writing competence by breaking the shackles of their inhibitions and hesitations and diving into literature's abyss.

In this rat race of life where the melody of chirping birds is subdued by brash music, where the sanguinity of stunning sunsets is outshined by bustling concerts, where the mystic and charm of books is rapidly being replaced by their sterile cinematic adaptations and where all the stateliness that Nature as well as literature have to offer are unfortunately being supplanted by that which is mechanical or fabricated, it is an ardent need of the hour that these splendours of life do not fall prey to oblivion.

With this fervent aspiration and inestimable pride, we are immensely elated to release the Summer edition of this year's Newsletter— 'Summer Siesta', that is not only an assortment of articles and poems but also a testament to the rich legacy of the Literary Club. I sincerely hope that this Newsletter fulfils its purpose of quenching the thirst of avid readers and igniting a flame of writing among them as a consequence.

"Literature adds to reality, it does not simply describe it. It enriches the necessary competencies that daily life requires and provides; and in this respect, it irrigates the deserts that our lives have already become."— C.S. Lewis

Miss M. Khan Literary Club Mistress

CLUB PRESIDENTS' ADDRESS

John Keating, in The Dead Poets Society, said, "We don't read and write poetry (literature) because it's cute. We read and write poetry (literature) because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion."

Literature is constant, boundless and timeless; it is avant-garde personified. So seamlessly beautiful, so imperfectly perfect. Literature is perhaps the one thing that grounds all of humanity. It is the invisible string that ties us all together in a bond of commonality.

This ever-binding connection represents the fact that no matter how different we may appear, we are, at the end of the day, mere mortals. Mortals who play multiple roles in their lives, mortals who yearn for acceptance, mortals who seek love and mortals who read to escape the bounds of reality. The simplicity of this fact is both comforting and overwhelming.

The Literary Club of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School, as the flagbearer of the rich legacy left behind by generations of diverse ingenuity, serves as a haven for blazing souls. Year after year, it exceeds expectations and transcends impediments, serving as a cathedral of nuance and finesse.

This year, with its Summer Edition—'Summer Siesta'—the Club aims to rekindle the joy and love for reading among all who are inquisitive enough to glance and bold enough to continue. The theme underscores the felicity of summer days and the beauty of its star-studded nights. It is a whirlwind of innovation and ethos united.

With my heart filled with fondness for this newsletter and all that it symbolizes, I hope in earnest that this issue is not just well received but read to the heart's content by all.

Maahim Fatima President, Literary Club



HELIOCENTRIC SERENDIPITY

He seldom gazes beyond the ivory sheets drenched to the rim, With the lexicon stretched into an endless loop of longings and whim.

The sun basked creature never utters more than thoughts that take flight,

As summertime blesses him with mellow bliss and the curse of an endless plight.

Apollo inquires the mortal dwellers that cry in sepulchre,
What makes this fickle existence worth more than a dream?
This mere state of being that ceases with the stars,
What peace could it carve over the price of our scars?

In prayers the dwellers piece a tapestry woven of candour grace,
That beckons the cosmos to utter the unseen truths of their
meagre race.

In your stride lies the answer, they beseech the golden lord,
Our ancestral spirits followed and flourished with thy endless
accord.

In the season of the sun, when the gold wrought prince takes the reins,

Our humanity oft ponders the scorching spells, our orisons begging for relieving rains.

But beyond the distressed comfort lies a lesson to be heard,
That alike the heat of the flame is the soothing warmth of the
heart.

If with dusk comes the forlorn night to taint our spirits drab and blue,

Dawn brought upon our sinful lands the serene light to render us anew.

The sunshine wrought joy that drips of nostalgic euphoria, Is the sweet nectar of existential epiphany, casted in the dancing wisteria.

Come solstice, the heavenly bard was no longer perplexed in pious pity,

Dwelling over the dweller's words, he discovered truth traced with serendipity.

For Helios' successor heard echoes of creatures that love despite malice and crime,

The Heavenly poet's verse unuttered, in contrast to the serene symphony of summertime.

Janvi Singh 12C

THE MANGOES THAT SAVED LIVES

Everyone hates summer these days. The season has become synonymous with incessant perspiration, extreme heat and ennui. Understandably so, but is it? I remember a time when families would sit in verandahs on the charpoy, gathering to discuss matters—some important, some gossip—eating this and that, but the highlight of these conferences was always the luscious mango. But what do I know? I'm an old woman stuck in this car, clutching the sides of its leather seat, to all but save my life.

"Would you slow down? Nani is sure to have a heart attack." Kriti, my granddaughter, spoke first, without lifting her head from her mobile phone.

Pooja stared ahead, indifferent to her daughter's remark about the speed limit and how she was violating it. Like most mothers, Pooja had a tough time with her daughter. Unlike most mothers, she was unable to communicate it verbatim.

I peered out the window of the car—the blue sky shone bright with yellow and orange streaks and a green haze of forested land flashed by us as we followed the familiar road to The Hospital.

"I hope you did not forget to keep last time's prescription. The doctor said she wants to go over it." Pooja said, hinting at exhaustion from work and life.

I heard some shuffling in the back seat and a humph followed soon after. Why these two can't talk using words is beyond me.

Time goes by and I don't realize it passing. It's as if it has its own pace and we have our own. Old age does that to you. This time when I peer out the window, the orange has engulfed the yellow and blue of the sky. I look and I look and I look and that is when I see a man and a big brown cart with the most magnificent yellow mangoes.

For the first time since I stepped inside the overpowering interiors of Pooja's car, I lift my hands from the sides of the leather seat and speak, my hands holding her arm.

"Mangoes!" is all I come up with. Maybe they got the 'speaking less' thing from me after all.

Pooja pulls the brakes immediately, taken aback by my sudden outburst.

"Nani?" Kriti chimes in to voice her mother's flummox.

"It has been so long since I last had a mango."

Albeit indignant, Pooja got out of the car, crossed the distance to the mango cart, bought what I think are a dozen mangoes and scurried back into the car.

She pushed the packet toward me, gesturing for me to keep it with me and eat later. But as soon as I looked into the packet, all thoughts of resistance were lost.

"Let's stop and eat first, shall we?" I said.

"Sure, what is one more appointment lost?" Pooja said with what can only be described as sarcasm, but I take it as submitting reverence to her mother's wish.

While Pooja drummed the steering wheel with her fingers, I took out the mangoes. They were all different. One was slightly ripe, another just enough and a third completely. I gave them generously to Pooja and Kriti.

One bite in, Kriti spoke almost pensively, "This tastes exactly like the ones Nani used to send for us when Papa was—"
Silence.

Then Pooja spoke as though reminiscing, "Yes, he loved these, you know. Used to make a big deal out of taking the mangoes out, keeping them prim and proper and then cutting them with his 'mango knife.' Used to gather the entire neighborhood to flaunt his mangoes."

"He used to call it 'the best thing his mother-in-law ever gave him," Kriti added with a slimy mango-studded smile.

At this, all three of us started laughing. Staring at the setting sun in front of us, talking of forgotten things, incidents and people—just us and our mangoes. We talked for what felt like minutes because once again, time has a way of itself.

Pooja started the car once again, having finished her mango; this time with the hint of a yellow smile.

We covered some distance but were stopped by an avalanche of people, police cars, ambulance and what seemed like a bridge that had given way. It was the bridge we had to cross for The Hospital. The one that we did not take because of the mangoes and a trip down memory lane.

Maahim Fatima 12A

AN ODE TO DAYS OF THE SUN

Have you ever watched the sun set?

Not just watching it disappear behind the horizon,
Or simmer with its orange hue behind the clouds.

But actually, slowly watched it go down and down into the horizon,

As if fading, being whisked away, and leaving?

Or have you ever heard the chirping of birds so that it's the only thing you hear?

Above the traffic,

In the serene morning, and the hush of dawn.

Amidst the chaos, have you seen how they talk?

Or you must've experienced the conundrum in the eeriness of the night.

How it's so quiet, but so loud at the same time?

Has the silence ever spoken to you?

Or the fireflies that dance around as you point to the stars;

Do they ever remind you of life being something more than a mere existence?

I'm sure you've heard how the waves crash at the shore,
How they remind of possibilities, manifesting dreams and
hopes

But have you seen how relentless the shore is?

Getting eaten and then restoring itself again?

Even the waves that collide and break,

Don't they scare you so much that you stay away?

You must've noticed how summer alludes to happiness,

Despite the scorching sun, the undue humidity and the hot madness.

You must've seen smiles brighter than the sun, eyes that sparkle because isn't summer fun?

But summer is more than beaches and friends,
It's a chance to be alive, and live fully until our end.
It's a day in the murkiest of nights,
A light in the most obscuring darkness.
A hope in a myriad of disappointing hopelessness,
And a victory in a world of endless defeat.

Summer is not just a season,
It's a reason to be alive.
To be young, to be free, and to feel,
The very breath that you take,
And the very air that brushes your hair.
Even the scathing heat that penetrates your skin, have you ever been so alive to feel it in?

This summer choose to listen to the birds that sing,

Watch the sun rise and sink.

Dance around with the fireflies in the night,

Then stare and dream, watching the white light of the moon.

Count the stars, loose your count and start again,

Be alive to feel and feel to be alive.

Believe me, this could be the best summer of your life.

Zoya Irfan 12A

SUMMER'S ELIXIR

The golden orb embellishing the azure sky, casting its light as well as shadows around the earth by the sun's tender touch, is the very essence of summer. Fields of golden wheat sway lazily in the gentle wind, their tops crowned with a halo of light, yet shadows play hide-and-seek among the tall grasses, shifting and changing as the sun climbs higher. The sun dawns upon the earth with both light and shadows in hand.

The light catalyzes the breathtaking nature of the world. This light represents clarity, hope, and the beauty of the world in its most radiant form. It invites us to step into its warmth, to see things as they truly are and to embrace the energy it offers.

Conversely, the shadows formed by this same light weave patterns of mystery and depth. They provide contrast, defining shapes and spaces and reminding us that there is more to the world than what meets the eye. Shadows can evoke a sense of calm, offering cool refuge from the sun's intensity or they can harbor the unknown, stirring our imagination and fears. One's perception is key to navigating both the realms of light and shadows.

Perception is the lens through which we interpret the world and by refining this lens, we can unlock a deeper sense of contentment and well-being. The world is always moving in equilibrium. You and I may even think the tilt is towards the bad, but that's just our perception. We focus more on the bad inherently. Practically, there are both good and bad things happening to us simultaneously.

We just don't pay attention to the light as much as we do to the dark.

It's vital to remember that life flows from us and not merely towards us. We can bask in the light, focusing on the positives, the opportunities and the beauty that life offers. This perspective can fill us with optimism and drive, guiding us toward growth and joy. Alternatively, we might find ourselves lingering in the shadows, contemplating the mysteries, the challenges and the unseen aspects of our existence. There is value in this too, as the shadows can foster introspection, resilience and a deeper understanding of life's complexities. Yet, if we dwell too long in the shadows, we risk losing sight of the light and the hope it brings.

Ultimately, the interplay of light and shadow is a dance of balance and perspective. By recognizing and appreciating both, we can live more fully, understanding that neither light nor shadow exists in isolation. Our world is woven with the invisible string of codependency, much like the sun and the moon. While the moon's glow is ricocheted from the sun's ego, one's eyes rest only on the soothing sight of the moon in all its glory, proving that where there is ego, there can neither be tranquility nor love. Yet, there cannot be one without the other, just like the light and shadows of the sun. We can choose to embrace the light, welcoming its warmth and clarity, while also acknowledging the shadows, respecting their place in the natural order. In doing so, we cultivate a harmonious existence, appreciating the fullness of life in all its illuminated and shaded glory.

Insha Khan 12B

HALCYON DAYDREAMS

Beckon me,

When the seashells cascade on the shore with cadence, When the sound of the blue jay serenades us.

Beckon me,

When the sky is cerulean blue,

When the golden coastline meets the ocean's sapphire hue.

Beckon me,

When the solstice of the torrid days engulfs the world, When the sundresses of May seem to herald.

Beckon me,

When the grass seems greener on my side,
When the Levanter of the dog days takes away the anguish of
the past and bids it goodbye.

For as I sit in this cage of mine,

I pray to the heavens to stifle my cries.

My feet fail me now as I tread with frostbite,

A purple and red undertone they hide.

And the walls start caving in,

When the icicles sharp as shards point at my deepest hesitations.

Frozen am I in time,

Frozen is the soul of the one who waited for her glittering prime.

For the fog's too thick to search for daylight,
The sleet's too precarious to walk on at midnight.
So, while my hands shudder from being unmoored,
I pray to the skies to take me home.

Beckon me,

When the sun shines brighter than yesterday,
When the clouds subside and keep the cold at bay.

Beckon me,

When the warmth can thaw the Siberian winter,
When the sight of sunflowers can paint a winsome picture.
Beckon me, when my days are no longer sullen and grey,
Beckon me, when summer is here to stay.

Anisha Singh 12A

ENVIRONMENTAL EPIPHANY

In the bustling lives of today's generation, one often overlooks the appreciation of the natural beauty around us. Engrossed in fast-paced technology, never-ending work and the complexities of mind and body, we fail to cherish the splendor and magnificence of the intrinsic wonders that forever surround us. From recognizing the significance of the sun peeking through towering edifices, endeavoring to illuminate the world with glory and radiance, to the gentle caress of a refreshing summer breeze, from the melodious chirping of birds, to the vivid brilliance and aromatic fragrance of fresh flowers, it is inherent in human nature to realize the importance of everything once their presence is absent.

The current summer season, marked by scorching heat and the fiercest of hot winds, has made us realize the importance and value of a sweet, soft breeze that once gracefully swept across the continent, now disappointingly subdued due to the lack of trees. This underscores the impact of the environmental changes on our daily lives, making us realize our responsibility to nurture and protect the planet.

Moreover, as we navigate through the complexities of our lives, we must value the beauty and serenity of what our nature provides, from the fast gushing streams, to the quietness and solitude of forests, from the freshness of the first light of dawn, to the playful dance of sunlight on the earth, making intrinsic patterns for us to cherish forever. These experiences not only refresh our senses but also reconnect us with our roots, reminding us of our intrinsic bond with the natural world. The summer season teaches us that the comfort of shade and the relief of a cool breeze are not mere conveniences but vital aspects of our existence that we must actively preserve.

As the sun scorches the earth, it also enlightens us, illuminating the path to environmental stewardship. It implores us to recognize the urgency of safeguarding our natural heritage, not only for the aesthetics and sensory pleasures they bestow, but for the survival and well-being of our future generations. In this light, summer becomes not just a season to endure but a season to engage deeply with our role as guardians of the Earth, inspiring us to take meaningful action towards the protection and rejuvenation of the world we so dearly depend upon.

Japneet Kaur 11B

THE THIEF OF MEMORIES

I know a nefarious thief. The most quintessence of them all, Who'll surely spare me in doom. He takes it all Everything's that's loved, And by the position of the stars, He's always unloved. And all my efforts are, but futile No one has ever halted him So how can I? My knees are raw, But he's malevolent. None but Erebus has mercy for him. It wreaks me, How he won't perish, In scalding waters and scorching flames. He bothers not, How everyone loathes him. The worst thing he steals are memories. It haunts me, How willingly they sneak through my eyes. Like unbeknownst they're mine, But be-known they belong eternally to time. Hopelessly I sham myself, That it's his shenanigans, That don't somber, While leaving me in shambles. Oh! To know my conundrum,

When time steals memories.

SWEATINSTYLE

The change of season calls for a change in our wardrobes, whether it is by pushing the heavy overcoats further back in the closet and bringing the linen pants to the front or by buying a whole new set of clothes; an inevitable change is made.

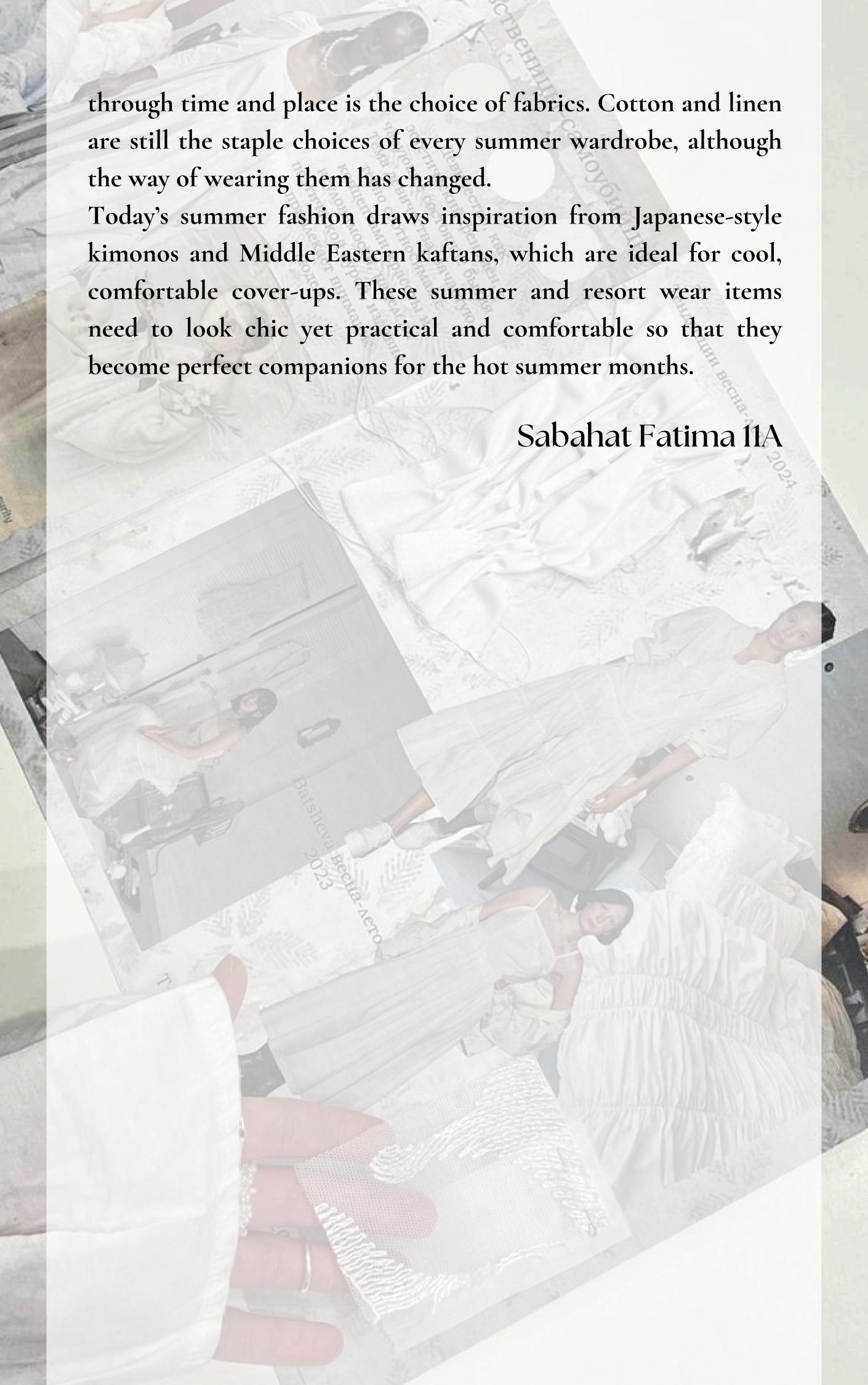
Clothing for summer is often airy and made of breathable, moisture-wicking, and lightweight fabrics. This season is often more colorful and features blouses, skirts, summer dresses, shorts and swimwear.

The idea of recreational travel and holidays didn't become a thing until the 1920s, so there wasn't a need for distinct summer clothes in countries where there is little difference between "fall" and "summer." Victorian seaside visitors, for example, wore heavy petticoats, corsets and full-length skirts with their toes dipped in water. Although for us continental Indians, summer is very much distinct and lengthy.

Since time immemorial, people have had to wear clothes to be accepted in the society, even in the months where wearing clothes was not less than torture. To beat this heat, Indian women have adopted different styles while also keeping up with fashion trends. Earlier, women would go for cotton and linen sarees made from flax taken from trees, sometimes even without a blouse underneath, using only that 9-yard cloth to cover themselves, white being the most dominant color.

Although women in rural areas still wear a similar outfit, women in metropolitan areas wear brightly colored sundresses, linen pants and skirts, cotton shirts and t-shirts and kilos of sunscreen. The mass use of air conditioning has opened a wide spectrum of clothing choices for us and allowed us to layer and experiment with our clothes, regardless of the weather conditions outside.

Amongst the changes, one thing that has remained constant



REMINDINGS OF THE SUMMER

The picturesque beauty of summer, Called me upon,

To visit her grassy lawns and the summery dawn.

She knocked at my window pane,

Asked me to write about her children playing in the lane.

The scorching heat of the sun insisted the little buds to grow,

Into the beautiful flowers they would be in the days to show.

I sat under the shade of a tree,

With its wild beauty setting me free.

And when I felt the wind blow,

I could feel its rejuvenating flow.

The eternity of this summer shall not fade,

For I ponder remaining nestled within these summery day's

embrace.

When I see the crawling of the bugs and bees,
How do i release all that this summer has
bestowed upon me.

The watermelon popsicle or the dew in the grass I walk upon, All remind me of the summer with its magnifique so outliving and so warm.

Prianshee Sonkar 10C

Cuffs and Crowns: An Exclusive Interview with Lady Macbeth

We saw the metal board saying "Shakespeare's Shameful Shackles". Whoosh! The door swung open.

We could not help but feel a sense of foreboding. The building loomed before us, the paint on the red walls chipped off; weathered and worn. The sun found its way through the window like the tethered souls residing inside did. The entrance was a heavy wooden door with a large rusted knob. The prison bars carried the burden of sinners.

Upon entering, we were greeted by a stern-looking guard with a rifle.

Guard: Who are you here to see?

Reporter 1: We are not here to occupy much of your time; we are merely reporters to see Lady Macbeth.

The guard led us through a series of dimly lit corridors, the air thick with mold and decay.

In the scarcely lit corridor, we saw the worst miser there ever was; Shylock stood shaking like his last ducat, "My daughter, my ducats, my Christian ducats. Exchanged my beloved Leah's ring for a monkey, my beloved that made my heart sing."

Prison had made a poet out of Shylock. Clearly.

Moving forward, we made our way to the interrogation room that we were assigned.

<u>Lady Macbeth:</u> Visitors are not what any of us get here very often. What is it that you want?

Reporter 2: We are reporters. We would like—nay—hope to have a quick discussion about your time as wife of the Thane of Cawdor of Scotland.

<u>Lady Macbeth:</u> (sighing) Is that how I am known, "wife" of Thane of Cawdor? You rancour ranyon, I am Lady Macbeth. The one and only. Do you think I do not have my own prospects?

Refer to me as Lady Macbeth and Lady Macbeth only. Now before you begin with your hopefully competent questions, get one thing straight—I'm not here to make friends but to make statements like Taylor Swift. Are you ready for it?

Reporter 1: My apologies, Madam. Indeed! To establish the lines of communication between yourself and us, would you like to tell us what your thoughts are going into the interview?

Lady Macbeth: Usually I am seen plotting about Macbeth killing that old haggard Duncan and then eventually taking on the throne like a competent young monarch that I am sure to be. However, it's Wednesday today and on Wednesdays I wear pink, metaphorically of course. No thoughts of slaughter and imperial doom on my plate.

Reporter 2: Next, there have been rumours about you having some unsettling dreams lately. Do you have something to say on that?

<u>Lady Macbeth:</u> How dare the word spread, WHAT OF MY REPUTATION... Oh, those silly doctors and their "analysis". A future queen cannot be blamed for having an exhilarating imagination?

Reporters 1: (Aside) Isn't this woman aware, the world knows of her indiscretions and treachery?

(Aloud): So, Lady Macbeth, what does a typical day look like for you here?

Lady Macbeth: Well, I wake up, I look around, brood a little, count the rocks, plan to plot my escape by midnight, and sleep an ever unrestful sleep. Then wake up again, realise it was a dream and repeat.

Reporter 2: What about the guilt; do you feel remorse for your past actions?

Lady Macbeth: Guilt? Remorse? Ha! Beware of darkness within. Do not underestimate the allure of darkness; even the purest hearts are drawn to it.

Reporter 1: Nice to know this place has done nothing to your views. Let's talk about your husband, Macbeth, shall we?

<u>Lady Macbeth:</u> (scoffs) That man? That milk-livered, spineless, shameful fiend? He is probably out there, wandering somewhere, searching for those god-awful witches. You know I was always the real deal. I did the work—

Reporter 2: I bet Macbeth might have a different scenario too— Lady Macbeth: I was the real one who deserved to wear the crown.

Reporter I: Do you have any message for our readers out there? Lady Macbeth: Well darlings, my advice is simple—don't be afraid to get your hands bloody. Whether it's in chess or the court, power is acquired through murder and scheming. Do not let anyone tell you that you are too weak to make a difference. Remember, once I was like you after all.

Reporter 2: (Aside) We will be deleting this. Note to self—write something motivational.

The Chief Officer enters.

Officer: Sorry to interrupt your interview, but I believe bad luck flows from one person to another; the visiting hours for your shift are over.

Lady Macbeth: The only crime I have committed is that I am a woman, a woman who wears a crown, and you shall suffer greatly for it.

Officer: Actually, madam, you are here because you are guilty of murder, treason, inciting hatred among Lords and Ladies and these are just the few felonies that I can recall. But whatever helps you sleep at night.

Reporter 1: Delightful, thank you for your time and patience. We will bid adieu. You clearly have things to sort. Fare thee well.

Samridhi Gupta and Amina Fatima Ansari

I REMEMBER

I remember my grandma's house, the one that we used to go to,

I remember the giddiness I felt prior a day or two.

I remember that secret door behind her room,

I remember how her presence laid a mesh of comfort upon me like the moon.

I remember her weaving stories at night,

I remember how everything felt befitting at that time in my life.

Oh! how I miss those days,

Those days filled with bright sunshine rays.

When I never wanted to sleep,

And just learned to frolic endlessly,

Like every day was my birthday.

Everything is so different now,

All the experiences are unfamiliar,

In a haste to embrace adulthood,

We overlooked the joys of yesteryears.

Pranaya Agarwal 9C

THE SAGACITY OF THE SOLSTICE

What is it to not love about the days in the sun? Whether it is the ecstasy of gobbling a mango ice cream and devouring it with an analogous amount of merriment or slivering a watermelon to relish it with your amigos. Yet deep down, it is an epoch that reminds us to be insouciant in soul and mind. It isn't incarcerated by the excruciating heat but by the state of mind wherein the cosmos reminds us of tranquillity and its significance to our cores. It knells us to interlude on this dreary voyage of ours and pause for a moment to have a goblet of pineapple piña colada. Verlyn Klinkenborg, in his book 'The Rural Life,' mentions, "Summer is the season in which leisure swells like a tomato, until it's round and red and ripe." I couldn't have acquiesced more. Who doesn't fancy reading 'Malibu Rising' over a cup of mocha by the beach, wearing a floppy hat and adoring the empyrean firmament? In the fullness of time, one comprehends that it lies solely with us whether we take it to be a fortuity leading to a soirée or aridity, because it is on us to make it a summer smelling of roses and sunshine sprinkled like powdered gold over the grassy hillside. It is for a reason that you can bet your bottom dollar that either this solstice is one full of drabness or the shimmer of the sun on your cheeks, the aroma of the exhilarating strawberry slush, and the apple pie topped with a cherry on the meridian.

Nehal Vishwas 11B

Summertime

Heeding to the extravagant strain,
Where the existential noise is louder than silence,
We'll find our own sound of peace,
Through everything, the worldly pain.

Where everybody's soul asks for reparation,
In the darkness where orbs find consolation,
It's a boon, thou reapers, these work ethics,
Not allowing thyself to withhold peaceful eternity, needs to be fixed.

When heat and light take their toll,
On an already drought struck body,
We'll seek amenities, a peaceful serenity,
A summer siesta, enough to feel a soothing sobriety.

Dua Khan 11A

WHISPERS OF THE BANYAN TREE

Once upon a time in a quaint little village in the heart of Spain, the summer sun beat down fiercely, making the air shimmer with heat. The villagers sought refuge from the scorching sun by taking their afternoon siestas under the cool shade of the ancient banyan trees.

Among them was a young girl named Madison, known for her love for stories and vivid imagination. One sweltering afternoon, as the village lay quiet in the embrace of the midday heat, Madison found herself nestled under the largest banyan tree, its sprawling branches offering a sanctuary from the blazing sun.

With her eyes closed and a gentle breeze rustling the leaves above her, Madison drifted into a dreamy state between wakefulness and aleep. In this liminal space, she began to weave a tale in her mind, where the trees whispered ancient secrets, and the birds sang lullabies to the drowsy villagers.

As hours passed, the village seemed to come alive in Madison's imagination. The golden sunlight filtered through the leaves, casting dappled patterns on the ground. The fragrance of the blooming flowers mingled with the earthy scent of the soil, creating a symphony of senses that enveloped her in a cocoon of tranquillity.

In Madison's story, the summer siesta became a magical time when the ordinary world transformed into a realm of enchantment. Mythical and legendary creatures danced in the shadows, and the boundaries between reality and fantasy blurred into a tapestry of wonder.

When the village slowly stirred back to life as the sun began its



VERANO SUMMERS

The season of youth,
With long days and small nights;
Gives one ample time.

To teleport through books
Or to explore the world ,with your own eyes .

Summers: the season to dare,

To do things rare.

To survey yourself,

To find the true 'you'.

Cause to dare is to do

Summers: the longest season here,
When sweat trickles down like fear;
But is the time to finish off your bucket list,
In the vacation or at the weeks wrist.
Cause every single second counts.

Summers: the unnoticed 'Cyrus',
Which awakens the 'leo' within us;
The 'kaimbe' within us.
As powerful as 'Dylan',,
But still as humble as 'Moses'.

Daniyah Aamir Qidwai 10A

FROM BUSTLE TO BLISS: THE POWER OF SUMMER SIESTA

In a quaint Mediterranean village, the tradition of summer siesta is more than just a break from the scorching sun; it is a time when the villagers step away from their mundane lives to recharge. During this time, it appears as if a curfew silences the otherwise bustling streets. The hustle and laughter of the villagers give way to pin-drop silence, with closed shops lining the quiet streets.

The allure of this village—its natural beauty, peace, and solace—drew me here. There was no trace of the loud honks from city highways. Additionally, the village is renowned for its world-famous produce: juicy apples, apricots, sweet avocados, tarts, bitter grapefruits, and the sour yet sweet cherries, tangerines and strawberries.

When I first arrived, I was shocked by the eerie daytime silence. I wandered through the empty streets, marvelling at the stillness. However, as I got to know the natives, I became acquainted with the concept of summer siestas. Initially, it felt uncanny, as I had never encountered such a custom before. Back in the city, I was perpetually sleep-deprived, overwhelmed by countless reports and essays. Surrounded by the four walls of my room, I had forgotten to cherish and enjoy life.

My primary motive behind visiting this place was to complete an essay assigned as holiday homework, describing Mediterranean traditions. Coming here not only brought me closer to these traditions but also enlightened me about the depth of the siesta concept. Despite its revolutionary nature, the practice of

summer siestas remains largely unknown, confined to poor peasants who toil under harsh weather conditions.

Who wouldn't want to take a break, rest, and dream? Everyone deserves a break and summer siestas provide exactly that. This custom alleviates tiredness and stress, enhancing our productivity. Although siestas were once common, our busy schedules have relegated this tradition to the pages of a few books.

People often view siestas as interruptions, whereas in reality, they boost productivity and in our fast-paced lives, we leave little room for traditional siestas. However, considering their cultural and health benefits, we should promote and revive this lost tradition. Summer siestas can significantly improve our mental well-being, calm us, and allow us to engage in sweet, adventurous dreams. To gain the power needed for our work, we must take short naps to boost ourselves and approach life without overburdening ourselves with stress and work.

By spreading awareness, we can bring back this valuable tradition, helping us find balance and joy in our daily lives. Summer siestas offer a unique blend of rest and rejuvenation, reminding us to take a moment to breathe and dream amidst the hustle and bustle of modern life.

Lavanya Jayaswal 10C

SUNSET REVERIE

Golden hues spill across the sky,

As day and night embrace in twilight's sigh.

The sun dips low, a weary traveller,
Painting clouds with fiery fervour.
Silhouettes dance upon the horizon,
Trees whisper secrets to the fading light.

In this tranquil moment,
Hearts find solace.

As shadows lengthen,
And worries take flight.

Dreams awaken,
Woven in amber strands,
As stars peek through the azure veil.
We sip from the cup of evening's grace,
Lost in the softness of a sunset's tale.

Samridhi Bajpai 11C

SUMMERS DON'T LAST LONG

It has been rightly marked by William Shakespeare, "Summer's lease hath all too short a date." Although summer tends to feel fleeting, it cannot be denied that it leaves an indelible effect on one's mind. It not only happens to be a season which holds paramount importance as far as betimes are concerned, but its warmth and goodness also act like catalysts in cherishing days of childhood, reminiscence and nostalgia. Apart from having a dynamic and zestful impact on us, its favourable influence on both flora and fauna, is indeed indisputable. From the blooming of the ravishing Jasmine to the stimulating growth of aquatic ecosystems, from defrosting snow on hill-tops that takes the shape of streams to ensuring continuation of life cycles of countless species, Summer does it all! Its warmth, light and comfort fabricates an environment, supportive of growth and procreation of all organisms.

How often do we encounter the feeling of mellow and sultry sunshine on our skin, or the sentiment of composure and tranquillity while leaning back on our couch on a calm, sunny afternoon? Vacationing just happens to be a breath of fresh air during the warm days. Witnessing the streams and rivulets sparkle as the sunshine glitters on its gleaming waters or the pleasure attained when a light breeze stirs the leaves in its path and makes its way to provide us with relief, is indeed unmatched! It is the time when crickets, cicadas, katydids get chirpy and lively, and riding down our bicycle on the hillside while getting a thrill out of the gushing wind gets exhilarating. Summer's the time when stepping into pools instigates vigor and refreshment, and camping amidst nature and placidity becomes unsurpassed.

We sure cannot neglect the barbeques and roasts over wood and coal fire or the delight received when taking the first bite of our ice cream on a warm day, which creates a moment of pure indulgence. Spending quality time with family or playing with friends outdoor is indeed an icing on the cake. The bright sunlight energizes everyone and seems to sterilize the air around, forging a fresh and comforting atmosphere for all.

It cannot be denied that summer days feel long-lasting, yet the season transitions into autumn in the blink of an eye. This summer, let's take a moment to embrace this season and make the most of its unique offerings, along with enjoying the vibrant sunset and creating long-lasting memories with loved ones.

Zainab Syed 10B



Alimmers of Summer

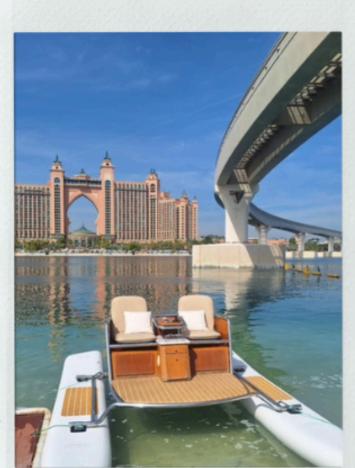


Sun-kisses Shorelines

— Aliza Ali Zaheer 10C



Petal Perfection
— Shrijay Chaddha II B

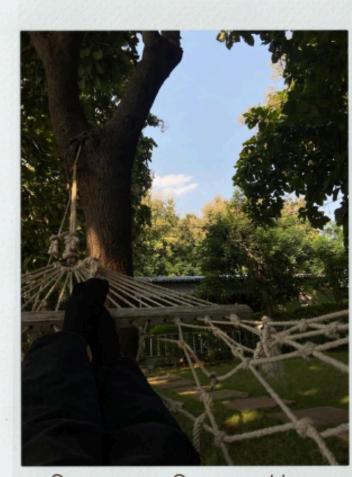


Winsome Wonders

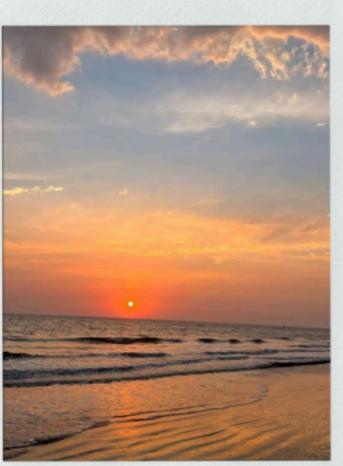
— Anisha Singh 12 A



Sundown Serenity — Vriti Bagga 12 B

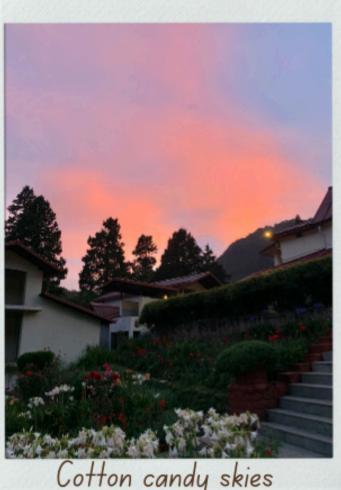


Swaying in Summer bliss
— Sabahat Fatima II A

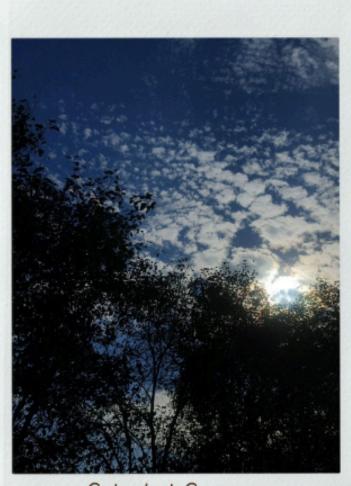


Sun, Sand and Waves

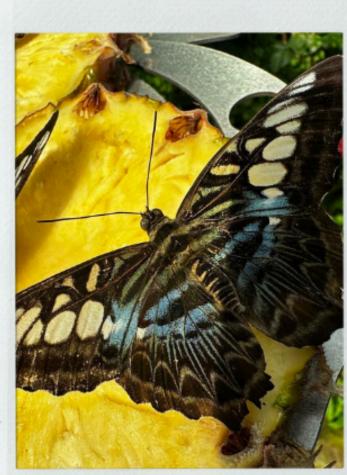
— Amina Fatima II A



Cotton candy skies — Samridhi Gupta II A



Celestial Canvas — Japjyot Kaur Chhabra 12 B



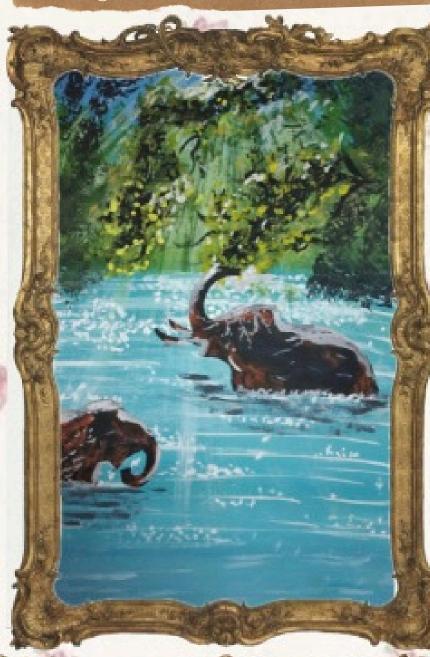
The iridescent Butterfly
— Punya Malik II A

MOIETS MUSE

CA Sunflower-y night Swara (Agarwal 11 B



Tranquil Tusker Amber Fatima 10 C



Vide's Embrace Prisha Kriplani 11 B

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Metamorphosis Myra Walia Siddiqui 11 CA

A moment of Bliss -Mitisha (Agarwal 8 C

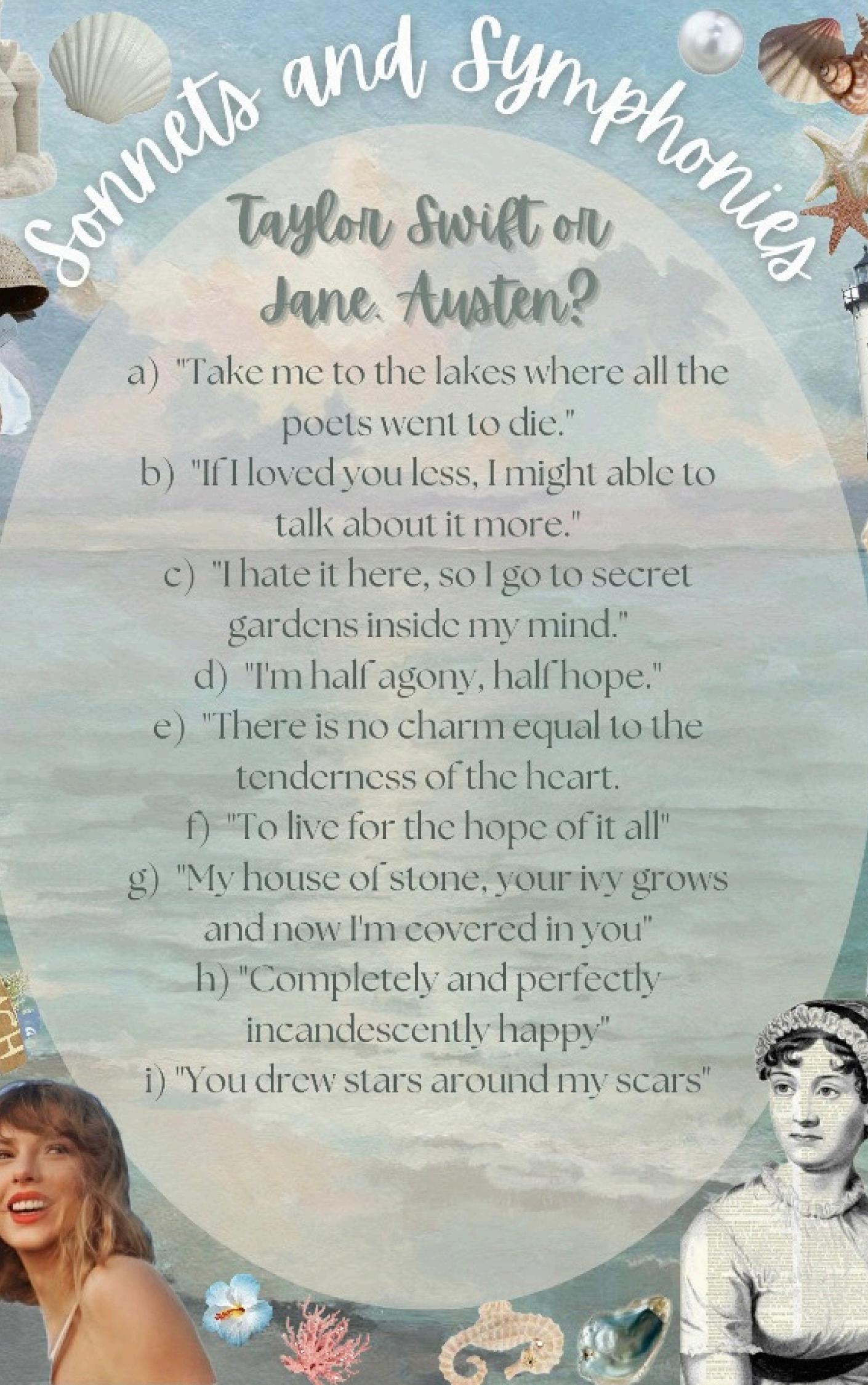




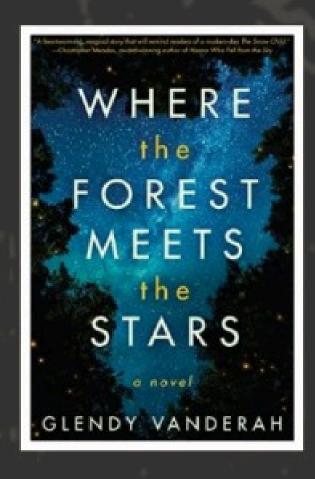
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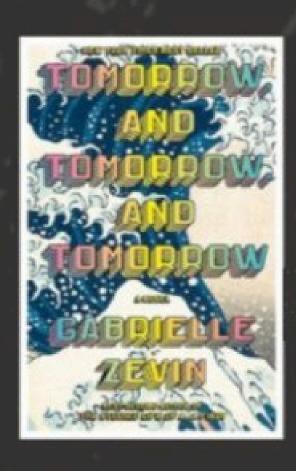
Your Summertime Essentials

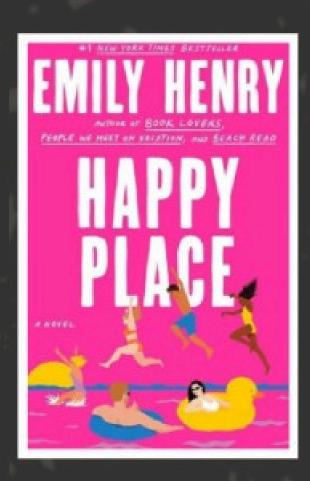


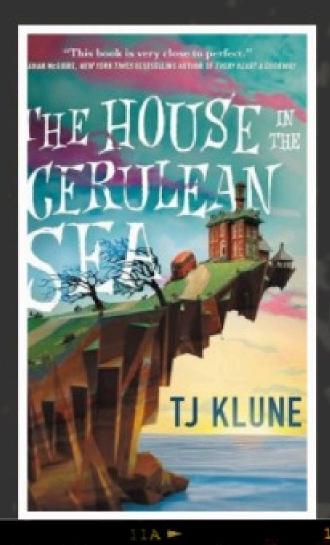


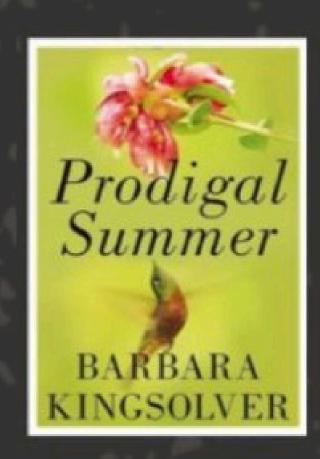
ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE

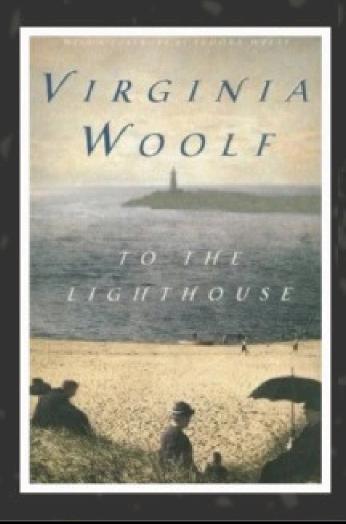












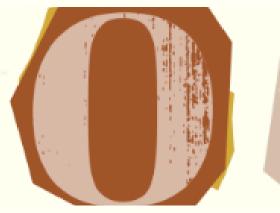














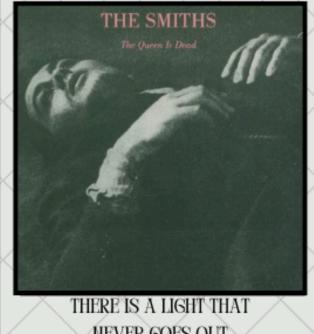




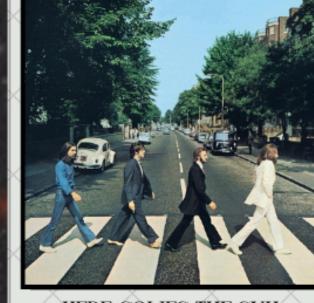


SNOW ON THE BEACH - TAYLOR SWIFT FT. LANA DEL RAY

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NEVER GOES OUT - THE SMITHS



HERE COMES THE SUN - THE BEATLES



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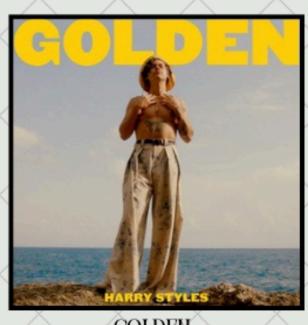








MALIBU - MILEY CYRUS



GOLDEN - HARRY STYLES

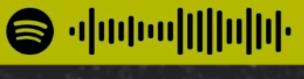


SUMMER IN JULY - YUKON BLONDE













Engage. Learn. Inspire

