CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION~2018

THE PRESENT EDUCATION SYSTEM VIS A VIS THE EVOLVING WORLD
The Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations is synonymous with high standards of education, innovation and the nurturing of creativity. Throughout its sixty years as an examining body, it has consistently tried to reinvent itself to keep pace with the needs of the changing world.

The Albert Barrow All India Inter School Creative Writing Competition is one of the most well-known initiatives of the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations. Not only does this competition encourage creativity among the students studying in schools affiliated to the Council, but it also gives them an opportunity to voice their views and concerns about the world around them. To this end, the Council chooses themes which are of interest to the present society.

In its sixtieth year the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations chose as its theme, 'The Present Education System vis a vis the Evolving World.' The contributions of students from both categories were interesting, informative and thought-provoking. The students presented their ideas on the subjects taught to them, teaching-learning techniques, skills learnt in school, the effects of technology on education and so on. It is heartening to note that our students have made full use of the opportunities provided to them by the schools affiliated to the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations. Their writing reveals remarkable maturity and sensitivity to educational issues.

The efforts of the students which have been chosen for publication are indeed praiseworthy. I am deeply grateful to all the Principals and teachers of the Council’s schools for nurturing such talent. I also take this opportunity to invite more and more schools to participate in the competitions organised by the Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations. My congratulations go out to all the students who have captured the spirit of the topic and expressed themselves with such clarity, creativity and precision.

The publication would not have been possible without the concerted effort of the Council’s officials and I commend them for their effort.

(Gerry Arathoon)
Chief Executive & Secretary
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“The challenge is not to repair the education system but change it: not reform but transform it.”

- Sir Ken Robinson
THE INTERNET HAS OVERTAKEN THE LIBRARY

On that dreary August afternoon, the skies had been painted in streaks of grey, with blinding flashes of lightning. Sixty year old Mrs. Jones walked slowly with her head down, braving the inclement weather. Her only protection was an old tattered umbrella which vainly tried to shelter her from the driving wind and the icy pellets of rain. No one paid any attention as the old lady walked up to the doors of the weather beaten, ancient looking edifice. All the people in the street, were hurrying along, concentrating on making it out of the blinding rain. They hurried past the ancient building, hardly sparing a glance at it, the imposing structure with the sturdy pillars, a building which had stood there impossibly for as long as anyone could remember. Few knew what lay inside. Buffeted by the strong wind, Mrs. Jones unlocked the front door of the building and stepped into her haven.

At once the storm outside seemed to recede as the calm soothing silence of the building entered her being. She stood completely alone in the spacious room, but she still felt that she was in the loving company of her oldest, truest friends, for she was! In every direction, wherever one looked, there were volumes of books, stacked, carefully arranged in different sections, rows and rows of them. There seemed to be over a million books in that public library. Mrs. Jones had been the librarian, the custodian of these books for what seemed her entire life.

Switching on a few lights, Mrs. Jones walked slowly down the labyrinthine aisles of the library, running her fingers lovingly over the spines of the books arranged on the shelves. She knew that this would be the last time that she would do so. Many times in the past, when everyone had left, she would walk down the aisles in this manner, touching the books which had become old friends.
In these books she had found comfort and a sense of belonging. She had found food for her mind and sustenance for her soul. Turning over the pages of some of the books she would be transported to strange galaxies, to ancient Greece and Rome, to the wilds of Africa. As she walked through the library, she finally came to terms with reality. The library's days were numbered. Very soon it would be closed down as very few people used the library now a days. It had outlived its use. The books would be given away; the building would be torn down to make way for something "new and exciting," a shopping mall perhaps.

She had entered the library as a nervous young librarian. Mr. Butler the senior librarian, an awe-inspiring figure, who seemed to know everything about books, had shown her the ropes. She had been a quick learner and very soon she began to feel at home in the vast library. When Mr. Butler retired, she had stepped into his shoes and occupied the main desk in the centre of the room with great confidence. Now, so many years later, as she wandered around the dimly lit library, she remembered the days when it had been a bustling place with young children running about the children's section spilling the comics to the floor, serious young scholars who would spend entire days at the small tables dotted around, completely immersed in their reading, the young ladies who would come to exchange their library books and the elderly people who would spend the afternoons poring over the newspapers. Many of the young students would seek her help to find the correct books for their reference. She knew exactly where each book was and would gladly help them out. She would gently guide the young children to books which would help their minds to grow.

A stray tear found its way down her wrinkled cheek as Mrs. Jones remembered those days. Slowly, imperceptibly, things began to change. As computers started taking centre stage, internet cafes grew up in the neighbourhood. The cold artificial screen gave them the information that they wanted faster and people found that they did not have to sit around for long hours reading through several books to get the information that they wanted. In the age of instant gratification, the internet was just the thing that they wanted. Information was at their fingertips. A click of the button would provide them with all they required. Few people wanted to revisit their old friends, the books that they would love. The internet offered a new wondrous world which could be a feast for the eyes. They could surf the net, watch films, make friends. Not many paused to wonder whether all that they receive from this new tool was desirable or even valid.

The young ones were the first to go. Mrs. Jones could only watch helplessly as the internet cafes in the neighbourhood lured her readers away. The municipal corporation had been slow to equip the library with computers. Digitisation had begun but by then the regular readers had started leaving. Readers discovered eBooks and did not come to the library anymore. If anyone still had the desire to go through a good book, the internet offered the option of doing so without the trouble of physically finding the book and going through the tedious process of having it issued. It even threw in digitised pictures, videos and everything which would not tax the mind of a person. The reader no longer needed to use his imagination as everything could be visible on the net.

Yet, in her indignant mind, Mrs. Jones believed that nothing could replace a good old-fashioned book. There never could be anything to rival the feel of flipping through the pages of a book, the smell of paper and the sense of anticipation as one turned the pages as a poem, a story invaded one's senses like a drug. However she seemed to be the only one who thought so. As people all around her surrendered to the internet she found herself more and more alone with her books and her library. She lovingly wiped the dust off some of the books and wondered whether people would have to check the internet to learn what a library was. Turning the lights off she slowly walked out of the building. Across the road, the bright lights of the internet cafe blinked invitingly as a bunch of youngsters hurried in.
THE INTERNET HAS OVERTAKEN THE LIBRARY

'Boom!' the loud thunderclap of sound echoed from the muzzle of the pistol, signalling the start of the marathon. 'Library', the reigning champion, as usual, was expected to win comfortably. Up against him was a debutant. Not many people knew him. Those who had heard of him as a prodigy, laughed at the idea of him even challenging the experienced champion, 'Library'. Very few believed in him. In truth, this newcomer was hardly mature, a youth, who had not yet gained confidence in himself. His name was 'Internet'. Those who truly knew him had predicted that he would make history. A lot of expectations and interest was riding on him indeed.

'Library' got off to a great start and had already pulled a comfortable margin over 'Internet'. It was almost as if 'Internet' was scared to push his limits. As they crossed the halfway mark of the twenty-first century, it was looking like the prodigy was already down and out. But then, something happened. The prodigy felt as if something was pushing him. He started to find his rhythm and started gaining speed. He caught up with 'Library' and this took him by surprise as he had never felt that 'Internet' had it in him. He was flying on the winds of 'Change' and 'Progress'. He easily caught up with 'Library' and soon crossed him. 'Library' was taken by surprise. Secure in his monopoly as the disseminator of knowledge and information, he had never imagined that he would be defeated at his own game. People realised that a dramatic power shift had taken place. It was 'Internet's' moment in the sun. 'Library' had begun his retreat. He had begun to realise that his day was over.

This scenario summarises the current situation.
Picture this - There is a candle burning in the eerily silent hall. A man is sitting on a bench, deeply engrossed in a book. Beads of perspiration are trickling down his forehead, but he does not seem to care about his discomfort. Page by page, he sifts through the information on Abraham Lincoln. A stack of books is beside him and he turns from one to another, desperately searching for the information that he needs. Fast forward to the current scenario, where that same person's grandson, a boy of thirteen is sitting in his room, scrolling through and tapping away at his laptop, typing in the request for the information required. He can adjust the brightness of his screen for his convenience. The information appears on his screen in a flash. When he doesn't understand a word, he simply highlights it with one tap and gets the meaning then and there. Easy. The word enters his active vocabulary.

Since its advent in the nineties, Internet has truly grown by leaps and bounds. In fact it is still growing and making us realize that the sky is the limit. Mankind's inherent desire for progress and convenience has indeed led to the creation of the Internet. So much so, that the Internet has become an integral part of our lives. It was designed to make information and communication easy and it has more than met its goals.

Today we often wonder, 'What if there was no Internet?' It is difficult, now, to even imagine our lives without the Internet. In contrast, libraries are slowly fading away. In this fast-paced world very few people have the time to visit the library and patiently spend time to get the information that they want. Now a days everyone, from school students working on their projects to research scholars writing their thesis, prefer using the internet to a library to access the information or knowledge that they require. The Internet has won over the Library on the count of time and convenience. In many areas there might not be a library, or the library may not have the particular book having the required information. This is not the case with the Internet.

Even libraries have understood that they have to change with changing times. Rare and precious books have been digitised and libraries have gone online so that a researcher in Delhi can access information from a library in U.S.A. or Britain by availing the online services of the library. However, the Library was a safer place than the Internet. The Internet in fact can be a Frankenstein which has to be handled with care. It gives a power that can enable us in many ways. At the same time that power can be used to destroy and harm. The examples around us are too varied to even enumerate. Of course, even today, there are many die-hard believers in the importance of the library, but their number is fast shrinking. Libraries are closing down all around us as more and more people are lured away by the easy accessibility offered by the Internet. Perhaps this is what change is all about. The old order - the Library, has given way to the new - the Internet.

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**The most technologically efficient machine that man has ever invented is the book.**  
— Northrop Frye
I DARE TO DREAM OF THE IMPOSSIBLE TO HAPPEN

Dreams Like Rain
They said I was insane, as I danced to a mad girl’s love song.
They reminded me how the poets had ended,
How Art was corrupted and Love was gone.
But what is stronger than the human heart
Which breaks over and over but still hopes?

The Fallen One watched and watched
As He ordered him to release the Apocalypse.
But the Fallen One replied, “My Lord,
You created the Universe but could you
Find anything as beautiful and rare as the Human Heart?”

We are drenched in sorrow and we reek of murder.
Wallowing in self-pity we do nothing but watch-
    A ragged urchin, impoverished,
    A naked body, raped,
    A young face, mutilated,
    Our Society, crumbled.
They tell us girls to be cautious and let their boys go out to play.
Next morning my picture, on milk cartons and newspapers,
As I washed my bloodied hands, a reminder;
Forgive and you will heal.
So I dreamt and dreamt, like a dream within a dream.

All the nukes were released into space.
They burst like fireworks but no harm came.
No more weapons, no more superpowers, no more war.
Allah, Ram and Jesus were all the same
Nobody fought over ‘your’ or ‘my’ God, or in his name.
Fraternity was the only prayer.
No starving mouths, no ‘blacks’ or ‘whites,’
Life is no longer a game of chess
Here we live, not just survive.
Girls are safe, not killed at birth
Not disfigured by acid by frustrated youths,
No molested if they stand up for their rights,
The stand tall with their honour and respect intact.

Art is patronised by all and urged to live free,
Not as the thrall of the privileged few.
Culture is valued at all costs,
As a mark of a perfect society.

Education is not bought at a high cost.
It is open to all and free
Only the deserving and the sincere
Get the chances that they deserve.

Children are not prematurely exposed
To all that is evil and unclean.
Their innocence is not lost too early,
Their’s is the time to play and be carefree.

Jobs are available to all,
Not only to those paying a bribe.
Good work is rewarded, not flattery,
The way to the top is clear.

Governments care for their citizens,
They look after their welfare.
The government is truly for the people
And not only for a favoured few.

Man lives close to Nature
And not in a concrete jungle.
To stay fit and healthy,
Is considered the main aim of living.

I did not dream of an impossible Utopia;
In my world human emotions earn respect.
Thoughts, feelings and actions are in harmony
As we are free, but we think before we act.

Personal goals are merged with those of many;
‘We’, not ‘I’ is our main concern.

When I love my neighbour as myself,
Where is there time to only think of my selfish needs?

When Man is ruled by Love not Hate
The Sun rises and sets to give us joy;
The mountains are filled with the rustling
sounds of leaves,
Not of machines eroding the rocks.

Love animates our lives with exhilaration,
For, at last, we are on the right path, I feel.
The stars watch as the Moon flirts with the Sun,
And Mankind realises that in the world there is only love.

We have faces of coal, but hearts of gold;
Treading the memories of the past,
So little profit I got and yet,
My days go on.

I’m not alone now; I know you dream it too;
The lovely vision, no matter how impossible.
I planted the tree for you with my dreams.
It is your tree now to nurture and love
So see that it grows straight and tall.

Love, joy and truth will be the means,
To nurture the tree of my dreams,
Jealousy and hatred will make it shrivel and die,
As will harsh words and unkind words.

All the negativity in our world,
Those that turn our world grey
Should be allowed to atrophy
So that truth will find a way.

Say goodbye to nightmares
And let dreams of goodness hold sway.
This is not a prayer or a promise.
But a clear picture of the vision I see.
Unconditional love and a beautiful world.
Is the dream that I dare to dream.
**THE SKILLS I LEARNT IN SCHOOL**

School, so rightly known as our second home, Necessary for all, though attended by only a few, Which we join crying and leave with tears in our eyes, Which even after leaving, in our hearts forever lies!

School – the foundation, School – the source of inspiration, The most beautiful moments of our lives Here we spend and even afterwards Cannot really get out of our minds.

The only way to boost our confidence, The only place to test our individuality and independence, The paradise to encourage sharing, It is in school that we experience caring.

Caring for our friends, buddies and classmates, Looking at everyone with fear on knowing the exam dates! Experiencing friendship- the elixir of life, Together, facing each and every strife.

One’s loyalty and faith is also tested, One’s mind is stretched to go beyond books and notes Finding a true friend is an achievement so huge, The fun lies in together finding from the wrath of teachers, refuge.

The guidance of teachers and seniors is always present, Seniors without a thought will always their notes lend. The prefects and monitors are there for supervision, To make us perfect is their vision.

Though fun with friends is infinite, We learn skills like working to complete assignments in one night. School has taught us to know ourselves to a greater extent, We take pride when for our school we win prizes in the competitions To which we are sent.
The extra-curricular activities lend lustre to our lives,  
As they shape our minds and souls  
We learn that being the topper is not the only goal,  
We must also learn to play in society our true role.

With huge work comes great responsibility,  
School is where we discover our hidden capability!  
To fight all our problems alone we learn,  
It is here that the love and care of all we earn.

Where eating lunch in class is a hidden pleasure,  
Chalk fights and book games form in class our leisure.  
The innocent games give our minds much needed rest,  
We know that these small infringements are all in jest.

Assemblies and classes test our mettle.  
We pray, work and play together,  
Above race, creed and colour we are taught to rise,  
Against all kinds of injustice we learn to raise our voice.

School reveals to us the true meaning of education,  
Humanity and mankind, we are told is our only relation,  
We are a society in miniature,  
The Principal, Teachers and Staff show us how to lead our nation.

We learn to obey, we learn to respect,  
Our class teachers advise us to be perfect in every respect.  
The life lessons given by our mentors,  
Are lessons, which in the larger world will stand us in good stead.

Through studies and play we learn to together form a bond,  
Creating relationships and friends of whom we will always remain fond.  
Each class of forty students develop the tie of unity  
So that, when needed we can stand together to prove our integrity.

Respect for seniors and love for juniors is developed at school,  
We become part of one large family,  
This lesson of our childhood and teens,  
Is carried forth to life outside and is bred into our genes.

We learn to discover ourselves more and more,  
We are not judged merely by how much we score.

We learn that material things do not an individual make,  
Other intangibles from school we learn to take.  
Honesty and humility are qualities we learn to respect,  
Putting others before us is a lesson that we take.  
It is here that we learn civic sense,  
Keeping our surroundings clean and planting trees.

We learn to be focussed and to accept criticism,  
To take with a smile any comment however unjust it might seem.  
Daily attendance tests our consistency  
Only fools miss class, not realising the harm to themselves they do.

Good manners soon becomes second nature to us,  
Greeting others politely whether it is at school or in a bus.  
The seminars and talks are like the cherry on the cake,  
It is from these that the decisions of our careers we make.

School develops our communication skills,  
To the great and small, we can express ourselves,  
It is here that we learn to manage our time,  
Balancing all aspects our lives becomes of all qualities the prime.

From kindergarten we learn and play together,  
Becoming one unit whom no one can put asunder,  
When the time comes for us to part and pursue our separate goals,  
We know that though apart we will live in each other’s souls.

Our years in school end, but the memories we carry in our hearts,  
Together with the life-lessons which our teachers strove to impart.  
The skills learnt here, we are sure, will stand us in good stead  
Wherever in life we plan to head.

Unlucky are those who do not get the privilege of school,  
As committed citizens we should try to ensure that this right goes to all.  
For, without schooling one cannot become a complete human,  
And unhappiness and darkness will dodge such a person throughout life.
I DARE TO DREAM OF THE IMPOSSIBLE TO HAPPEN

There was a fine drizzle in the air and the moon gathered the clouds around her as though protecting her dignity. Nusaibah shivered as she leapt into the playground. The swings creaked as she walked by them but she had learnt to ignore them by now. She crept around the rusted slides until she reached the giant xylophone. It was placed right at the end, where the playground gave way to the graveyard.

She had discovered this place entirely by accident. She had been running, alone, with angry thoughts clanging through her head. She had a stick in her hand as well, because this was India after all, and she was a young girl alone on the streets.

The playground was situated at the end of a tiny alleyway and she would never have found it if it were not for the noise. It was almost musical. It sounded as though a thousand voices were whispering together, creating something loud and full of want. It was unlike anything she had heard before, so Nusaibah did what she did best. She followed the music. Every step she took towards it was a drumbeat keeping time. Every flourish of her hand set off flutes and electronic synthesizers that took the tune to new heights. The sound built up a crescendo when she arrived at the xylophone. At least, she thought, it was made to be one. It was huge and was laid out on the ground. The paint was flaking off and it was quite rusted in places. As she hit it with her stick, it rewarded her with a note that crashed and tumbled and howled amongst the graves.

Ah, yes, the graves. Where she was standing was the playground. Just a step to the right was the graveyard, filled with tombstones and skeletal trees. The graves looked freshly polished and there were the hints of the pale fingers in the air. No wonder there was no one there.
Nusaijah hit the instrument in a different place. This time the note was high and fractured as one loud and frenzied. There were conversations just out of her hearing, spectres standing just out of sight. They seemed to want more of her music and she could not refuse them. So, she played on, creating music she never knew she could. It was the stuff of dreams.

Dreams are dangerous, parasitical things. They take over one’s life, make themselves the centre of one’s world. One does dangerous things, the most foolhardy of jobs, even abandon the people who don’t believe in dreams. And if one ends up never completing or even pursuing them, they turn one into a husk, empty and drained, with no reason to live. Yet she dared to dream. She dared to give herself up to this deadly beast. And she did not dream of anything ordinary, she only dreamt of the impossible. Of music that crossed dimensions and curved time around it; of symphonies that hung in the air long after they had finished; of melodies that bypassed all rules, all patterns, that had been discovered by the masters of old - melodies that changed the very meaning of sound.

All music has a source, a well that it claws its way out of. As she waltzed atop the instrument, she could feel her anger composing the piece. It was the anger which she had accumulated, sliver by sliver, from everyday occurrences. Her anger was echoed in electronic keyboards, guitars and drum kits which ushered in a new wave of music. This was a music which she had dreamt of, while staring at the windows of stores she could not enter because she was a girl. This kind of music was not the kind girls played. They played soothing, melodious music, not ones which were loud and angry. At least this was what her parents believed. The frustration had built up within her bit by bit and it exploded within her now. She had no idea how much she had bottled up within her until she played that glorious piece at the graveyard.

So she visited the place time and time again, playing something new each time. And every time, the ghosts stirred as they heard her playing her music and creating a new world for herself and for them. This night, however, was different. This was the breaking point. This was the night when she gave in to her dreams. She tapped her fingers against her legs playing on an invisible piano. In her mind, the keys were made of ivory and gold. She stopped at the xylophone and pushed her hood back. Her eyes were deep and black and her hands still by her sides. Till now she had dreamt of greater things than society allowed girls to dream. But that night was different. She had got a glimpse of something that humans cannot normally see.

For her, this was the real dream. Apollo could kill people with his lyre; Orpheus nearly brought back the dead with his music. The music which she could now hear in her head was this kind of music. It was beyond all logic, all emotion. It was its own reason for being. A deep undercurrent seemed to run through it. It spoke of deep longing, fiery passion, banked anger and a host of other feelings. Taking a deep breath, she began to play her kind of music, elemental, strong. There was no instrument in her hands, her music was not audible. Now she was the music, the instrument, the sound. This time, the ghosts listened, and as they did, they responded with their slight touches. Through her music she floated through the two worlds, the living and the dead. The graveyard came alive as the dead lived again through the sounds she created.

I watched from the shadows, my skeletal hand upon my scythe. Her soul would have been mine long ago, but she chose life and her dreams. Her audience is only the dead for with them she comes alive. In the world of the living she is but a ghost- a pale picture of what the world wants her to be. It is only here that she dares to dream- the impossible dream.
THE INTERNET HAS OVERTAKEN THE LIBRARY

“It has finally happened. The coastal town of ‘Library’ has finally been hit by the highly anticipated hurricane code - named ‘Internet’. It grieves us to inform you that ‘Reference Aisle’ which received the full hit of the ‘Internet,’ has been reduced to ruins and is well beyond the scope of repair.”

I wake up one fine morning and see myself staring at a town forced to its feet. A town that once flourished and blossomed and expanded like a valley of flowers that once shed the truth of its knowledge over the dark towns of ignorance. It spread its light over the world like the golden light of dawn. Now it has become a town plunged into darkness. But I am not surprised. I had been expecting this for a long time. This is exactly how the civilisations of old had fallen and from their ashes and dust had emerged the phoenix of new civilisations.

Several innocent residents of ‘Library’ had fallen victim to the harsh claws of ‘Internet.’ Some of them dead - others critical - still others crushed by the weight of all those shelves above them. A hundred years from now, an explorer would walk down ‘Fiction Street.’ The explorer naively would fall into the trap of thinking that dragons are real and go on a quest to find one.

I myself remember walking down ‘Reference Aisle’ for a Science project once. Knocking on each door, being greeted by families of up to eight volumes - each so wise, so experienced. I remember stopping by the ‘Comic Park’ when I was tired and spent time with Green Lantern and Batman. I had no favourites - only the mere joy of entering a world entirely my own.

Despite all this, I am indifferent towards what I see on television. The reporter is interviewing the victims - there are so many of them.
“We see all that’s happening here, Mrs. Britannica, and what do you have to say about this freak of nature called ‘Internet’?

“I have lost my whole family!’ says Mrs. Britannica in a trembling voice and breaks into tears.

“Things were always difficult for us, after the movies were made, you know,” said a young man.

I try to maintain my composure. There is nothing else left to do. The world is surprisingly calm at the tragedy that has just taken place. Through a common platform that we all share, called ‘Internet’, we express our interests and grievances, but who wants that over the physical comforts that the residents of ‘Library’ now need.

I sigh at the feeling of the helplessness that I now feel. I wish I had said goodbye to the ‘Comic Park’ the last time that I had visited Mrs. Librarian, the Mayor to terminate my membership. I try not to get anxious about anything. Maybe it was meant to be.

I pick up my Smartphone which is buzzing urgently. I know what all the tweets are going to be about. I don’t want to see any of that right now. Nevertheless, I unlock my phone’s screen. Logging on to Twitter, I see thousands of tweets celebrating the birth of ‘Internet’ on my timeline. This is the new God. Everything is now just a click away.

After five long years, I stand among the ruins of ‘Library.’ A place that once was a place of quiet and calm is now nothing but a mere pile of rubble and dust. Unlike many other civilisations, nothing has been reborn from the rubble. I don’t mourn for it anymore. The reason for this is that all the residents of ‘Library’ are now safe in the ‘Cloud.’

And that is how one disaster changed the life of the whole world. No one visits the dilapidated place called Library anymore, lest they get bored. In this fast paced existence of ours, the rapid speed of the internet is perhaps the only one comparable to the speed of the progress that we are making. Very few people in the world can say that they have had the pleasure of meeting some of the most esteemed residents of Library - the Britannicas, Thesauruses and so on. I happen to be one of them. As I start my journey back home, my eye catches the slightest sparkle one can see from the ground. I pick up the stone to examine it. It looks like a diamond - though one that needs cleaning. As I look I realise that the floor I stand upon is sparkling with the blood red glow of the setting sun. I stand in the ruins of a city made of diamonds.

“Google can bring you back 100,000 answers, a librarian can bring you back the right one”.

-Neil Gaiman
I DARE TO DREAM OF THE IMPOSSIBLE TO HAPPEN

Time. Is it real? Is the world a simulation to test humans? Is the sky a glass roof that encloses the earth?

“Willow James! If you would like to stare at the tree, you have my permission to leave the class. Don’t bother coming back.”

Startled out of my thoughts, I glance up to see the scowling face of my teacher, Mrs. Black.

“Apologise Willow! Apologise!” screamed my conscience. But why should I? After all it wasn’t my idea to sit in a dingy classroom all day, learning about the government. A tiny nudge from behind reminded me that if I wasn’t going to apologise, I wouldn’t get lunch.

“Sorry, Mrs. Black, won’t happen again,” I mumble under my breath.

Walking out of class, I wave at Jade, who is sitting on a stone bench talking to Damian and Oliver. Going over to them, I sit down and sigh loudly.

“That bad huh?” asked Damian with a smirk on his face.

“You don’t even want to know about it.”

Jade, Damian and Oliver have been my friends, my only friends since the time I got transferred from the Atlanta cell. Living in the San Francisco cell or the Bay Area cell as it was known, was different.

You must be wondering, “What cell? What is this crazy person talking about?” Well, this is the world now. No clue about what year it is, what day or month. We just live in the present, if you call this living. The country is divided into cells, each cell having its own government. It’s hard to believe but the Dry Area cell was the capital of the country. Ever since World War 111, everything went downhill. The stock market collapsed and a civil war had begun. Our leaders died fighting the war. It all came to an end when our leader, Sergeant Ray Daniel spoke to the Congressmen in parliament and suggested that the country should be divided. And so began my life, our new life. We were given employment, food and a cage. Yes, a cage to live in. It had a roof above and sturdy walls. It didn’t look like a cage but the name stuck. As I look around, my thoughts turn to Sara Cooper, blonde hair and
green eyes. She was perfect, the boys said. But there was something else in those eyes. A different emotion. Contempt and envy, directed at me.

“For once Willow, can you pay attention to what’s happening here? You’ve hardly touched your food and missed the entire conversation.” Jade glared at me as she spoke.

“I’m sorry, I was just thinking.”

“Please don’t tell me you were worrying about the trucks, Willow. Whatever is happening at the interstate is none of our business.”

There, she did it. Even though I wasn’t thinking about it, one word from Jade’s mouth had my mind in a flurry. The trucks. Why would there be trucks parked at the interstate at one in the morning? They all came as a fleet and silently made their way back as dawn approached. I want to know why. My friends think I am crazy. Making up my mind to watch closely tonight, I stand to gather my things.

A loud clanging in the hallway grabs our attention. The fire alarm! Everyone gets into a line, some students start to cry. The last time the alarm was sounded, an entire building collapsed killing dozens of students. Shuddering at the memory, I shuffle across the hall along with the rest. Outside a siren wailed loudly and policemen, masked and armed, stood in a line scanning our faces.

“There she is!” shouted one of them. Five officers come charging towards me. Pushing me aside they grab Jade and drag her to their car.

“Willow, Willow! Call Madison and tell her. Call Madison!” screamed Jade. I stood rooted in the spot. Why was Jade being taken away? She didn’t violate the code laws, she never comes out past curfew and she is not in possession of illegal stash.

Going over the events of the day, I sit back and think. Should I call Madison? Madison, Jade’s sister who works with Ray Daniel himself. Why would the police whisk Jade away like that? Was it because of Madison? Had she done something terrible? I began to think of the worst things possible.

“Enough Willow! You’re of no use to Jade if you sit here and worry.” Muttering to myself, I grab my coat and boots and leave my cage to catch the bus going toward the interstate. Waiting at my usual spot, high on the ruins of a building, I watch in anticipation as the trucks come into view. Should I go down there?

I feel a tap on my shoulder and whirl around. Oliver and Damian stood there, grinning like idiots.

“You fools! You scared the living daylights out of me!” I whisper.

They just look at me, give each other a knowing smile and open a bag. Inside the bag, I spy a small device.

“It’s used to intercept radio frequencies,” Damien says. “Use this to listen to the conversation between the drivers of the trucks.”

Tucking the headset under my hair, I turn the knob of the device. Above the crackle of static, I tune in to the conversation.

“I heard they got the girl,” said one man with a deep voice.

“Yes, they sure did. I’m sure they’ve already started the trial,” said another.

What girl, what trial?

“Little Maddie isn’t going to be our boss anymore,” chuckled another man.

Maddie? Madison Walker? What had happened to her?

I look at the others and tell them that Madison is in trouble. We decide to follow the trucks. The trucks were headed for the “hole.” It was a prison where all who violated code laws served their sentence.

“How are we going to get in?” Damian asks.

“Just follow them,” I urge.

After checking, the trucks are allowed in. I manage to climb secretly into one of the trucks. The trucks make their way into the prison. Damian and Oliver who had also hidden themselves in the trucks emerge from their hiding places. Together we creep into the prison. A small noise tells us where Jade has been kept. She tells us that the trucks carried a poison gas which would have been released into the water to kill the people. Maddie had tried to stop the dictators but she had been eliminated.

As I try to console Jade, I think feverishly about what could be done. Suddenly I know what to do. Telling the others to look after Jade, I run to the trucks. Inside each are the boxes with the poison. Acting quickly, I turn on the switch of each box to release the poison. As it gushed out, I set fire to the ground. Flames rose to the sky burning all that was corrupt and harmful to our world. Perhaps this was the impossible dream that I had dared to dream all along. A dream to do away with the dystopian world in which we had found ourselves, to rebel against repression and restore the world to what it had been before wars destroyed it.
THE INTERNET HAS OVERTAKEN THE LIBRARY

Empty bookshelves, dust covered books sitting on library shelves, waiting to be read. Little did they know that the children had found a new best friend in Kindle novels and Facebook anecdote pages.

Gone are the days of curling up in bed with a good book and a hot cup of chocolate. Most teenagers today would rather spend their leisure time liking posts on Instagram and watching live streams of their favourite heroes, old souls in young bodies, who prefer to collect books by their favourite author and tuck flowers between the yellowing pages of a novel that broke their heart.

When was the last time you allowed yourself to drown in the intoxicating aroma of a new book? When was the last time you stayed up all night so engrossed in a book that you huddled under a blanket and use a flashlight so that you are not scolded for keeping late hours.

Teenagers, pre-teens and young adults have now found themselves a new rendezvous in the internet café. The advancement in technology has brought immense power which can be accessed by only a click. They can use the internet to get information, watch their favourite films and learn about anything they desire from philosophy to haute couture and engineering.

New gadgets and gizmos with the most advanced features are being launched every day, condensing the world into tiny chips. We can now access thousands of e-books via Kindle, a gadget made for readers on the go. Now there is absolutely no need to worry about your mother catching you reading late into the night. The reading mode enables you to adjust the brightness according to the time of the day and also zoom into the text if you like.

Internet write-ups have become a raging trend.
today. With social media companies updating their mobile applications and introducing new features almost every day, every one is a writer today. A large number of bloggers have surfaced, posting their poems, stories and even novels on platforms like Facebook, Instagram, and Wordpress. Readers can access these books online and even give their feedback about the books. In contrast, a library seems to the youngsters of this generation, a boring place where everything is one dimensional.

We live in a world which is fast paced and people are constantly racing against time. Where is the time to go to a library, search for the book and then sit at one of the many tables there searching for the information one requires? The same information is now available a click away. The books in the libraries have now become the abode of silverfish as they are rarely taken from the shelves. Very few readers flip through the pages to find out what the books contain. When the young people wish or need to read a book, they prefer to read it online or in the case of fiction, they prefer to watch its digital form. Even school libraries which were such bustling places in the past, have become forlorn places. Students go to the library when forced to do so. They complain that the books are heavy and unattractive and difficult to read. The attention span of the present generation has become so limited that going to a local library and reading a book or borrowing books from a library is fast becoming a thing of the past.

About a decade ago, almost every locality would boast of a library. These would be busy places. Often they were named after famous people and managed by local clubs. People of all ages would visit these clubs. Young children would read children’s books or comics, Young housewives would go there to borrow romantic novels and the retired gentlemen would gather in the mornings to read the newspapers. This has become a thing of the past. All the resources which people found in the library are not found online. So the internet has become the preferred choice of readers of all varieties.

We claim to know of Harry Potter, Lord of the Rings and the Chronicles of Narnia. But how many of us have read the books? Teachers too have to think of different ways to ensure that the students visit the library. Reading and processing the information or knowledge found in books has become old - fashioned. Instead students prefer to go to the Internet and get readymade information. They don’t have to wade through many books to get what they need. The boundless joy of finding a book by your favourite author in a library is lost today.

So when you find a bookworm, one who haunts the aisles of a library, greet the person with open arms. Such a person has not given in to the lures of the Internet and prefers to make books his companion and his imagination his refuge.

Books are no more threatened by Kindle than Stairs by Elevators.

-Stephen Fry
THE INTERNET HAS OVERTAKEN THE LIBRARY

“Crisis” shouts a person running amok down a street in a headlong rush. “This generation is on the verge of a moral decay.” Suddenly, all of the so-called moral degenerates poke their heads out of the tiny windows the source of this upheaval.

“Good people! Where are your books? Where is the sweet smell of freshly printed paper that we used to receive every morning? Where are the rustling sounds of paper being turned over as people read books in libraries? What kind of degeneration has come over us? Our libraries are empty, our civilisation in decay. Can you hear the silence? It is the silence of the grave!”

The emotional, rushed questions met with no answers. People had not thought about these things for a long time. If Nietzsche was alive today, he would have sympathised. In this society of conformists the non-conformist is an oddity. He dares to question, to be different. However, before making sweeping statements, we must reassess and appraise where, we as a society stand in an era where the chasm between books and technology is widening and deepening day by day. The internet has certainly taken over a host of functions for which a scholar or academicians would visit a library. However, does this mean that the internet has completely overtaken the library to the extent that the library has faded into obscurity?

To answer this question, we have to go back a few millennia when human society was facing a similar crisis - the advent of books. Plato was acrimoniously critical of books as he felt that as people became more and more engrossed in their manuscripts, human contact would be lost. He felt that true knowledge could only be gained through interaction and conversation.
rather than a few bits of papyrus sewn together. This only goes to prove that every step forward taken by the human race has met with stiff disapproval and opposition.

However in our pursuit of the ultimate truth about whether the circumvention of a library’s authority is for the good or not, we need to observe a facet that these people overlooked. Plato stressed on engaging with people over books. But, in our lives, not many of us are so blessed as to have scholarly and open minded people around to guide us whenever we desire. Similarly, not all of us are blessed with a grand library at our disposal or even the finances and the leisure to indulge in books. It all boils down to a single specific cure for all our maladies - to grab the best opportunity at our disposal—something that mankind has been doing through the ages in order to survive.

The virtual world is a place that extends beyond the scope of our thought and imagination. It encompasses all the wealth that is found in a library and extends even beyond that. Of course, to fully exploit the internet one has to be judicious and wise or one can be misled very easily. But isn’t that true of a library too? Here too we have to sift the useful from the not so useful. In both forms, judiciousness is the key word. The internet has become an inseparable part of our lives. It is a reality that we have to accept. Like all technology and sociological advancements, it is but a mere tool which we can use to our advantage or our doom.

This brings us back to the question asked at the very beginning of this piece. Where are our books? What place do they hold in our lives today? Why are our libraries empty? Have we forgotten the role that a pen, a notebook or a book play in our lives? These are questions that only we ourselves can answer. The people in the vanguard of technology such as Bill Gates or Steve Jobs did not give up reading. This only goes to prove that the library will stay where it always was, as long as there are people who seek the solace and tranquillity that it offers. It will remain a retreat from the rat race, the strident cries of progress and preferment. As John Keats said,

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it shall
Never pass into nothingness; but will still keep
A bower of quiet for us;”

“The Highest Education Is That Which Does Not Merely Give Us Information But Makes Our Life In Harmony With All Existence.”

-Rabindranath Tagore
THE INTERNET HAS OVERTAKEN THE LIBRARY

Rajat was sitting in the library with his eyelids drooping, as it was half past two, and his friend was nowhere to be seen. His friend, Reema had said that she would be back in fifteen minutes. She had gone to take some notes from a source and WhatsApp it to the others in the group. Suddenly, a strange sound had Rajat jerking awake and spilling some of the coffee from the coffee mug that he was holding, on to his shirt.

He looked around to see what was going around and found some commotion in the Literary section of the library. As he was about to clutch the handle of one of the cupboards there, he heard a voice say, Oh boy!

Rajat was startled. He wanted to explore the haunted areas of his school, but not that day. Still, he garnered some courage and in a voice that had a hint of fear in it, asked, Who is this? You cannot ha...arm me, just so you know.

Harm you? Ha ha ha..... you wish. I am the one who is harmed, boy. The once famous Neruda now sits in a corner.

Neruda? asked a confused Rajat.
(A book lifted itself up from the shelf in the cupboard and walked to the front of the cupboard)

Book 1: I am Neruda here. The times change, child. The world twists and runs to a place you know, but we don’t. The world runs after everything that is new and attractive.

Rajat (rolling his eyes in confusion) : Dude, I cannot understand what you are saying. Huh! You only look good in Instagram captions!

Book 1(crying out, as if in pain): Take me away from here, someone!
(Another voice erupts from the cupboard and speaks in a deep voice): Oh, Oh

Neruda! Don’t fall. Shaw here has just gone to sleep and should not be woken so early.

Rajat: And you are?
Book 2: I am the Flower Girl, Liza, from Shaw’s play Pygmalion. My creator does not understand that no one reads him nowadays. At least in the form of a book. They read from a tablet which emits light. When I told him this, he went into shock.

Rajat (with a jerk of his shoulders): This is a mobile phone, Liza. A thing that holds a portable library.

Liza: Whatever. My master is too great to be inside that thingammy. I was once in there too and I hated it. Bye

(The book shuts)

Rajat feels his phone beep with a notification: A new mathematics exercise on learn.net, it reads. Rajat is about to stealthily look at the exercise when a harsh noise erupts, making Rajat drop his phone.

Joke! Joke! Practise Maths on the phone. Wow!

Rajat: The Book Story continues. What’s up mister?

Book 3: Your insolence.

(The other books in the cupboard chortle at this repartee)

Rajat: What is your problem?

Book 3 (Which has the title Senior Mathematics on its spine): Look at you child. Getting fooled so easily. Anyway what kind of a library is this that irritates your eyes and numbs your mind?

Book 4: It’s called the Internet. A library without walls, shelves and chairs. What a joke!

Rajat: Oh please! I know you all feel redundant..... but times have changed. No one wants to carry heavy tomes about or sit at only one place to read and study. We are a generation which is constantly on the move.

(A Psychology book walks up from the lowest shelf and speaks in a charming manner)

Psychology Book: The Internet is a wonderful competitor, but your mind needs both. One kind of learning won’t help you in all cases. Learning is a comprehensive process and your old sources will also be required.

Rajat: Oh Madam, I just take what is easy. Internet has all the right answers after all.

(The Economics Book jumps out. Tears of laughter are visible on his cover.)

Economics Book (in a derisive tone): You think? Psycho-bella, look, the boy has such a feeble memory. Remember the last time you searched for some information and wrote the first point you got from a random question-answer website? You said that Demand and Price have a positive relationship because some inane person wrote that on the Internet. Tee hee!(giggles)

The phone which has been lying on the ground, jumps up on the table. Rajat, and all the books are taken aback.

Phone: Stop troubling my master, all of you!

Suddenly Wikipedia opens and starts speaking.

Wikipedia: You oldies, take a back seat. I am in now. Neruda, stop sobbing. I will alter information about you and you will regret your behaviour then.

Google begins talking

Google: Well, see what I do. I give Rajat information in a colourful manner. I help him to learn at home. (A video tutorial plays at a high volume) So you see you have lost.

Rajat (taking the middle ground): Do stop all of you. I have not thought this much in days. Stop. I just took to the Internet because it’s simpler.

Psychology Book: Remember what I said? You need multiple sources of information. Do not get caught up in this war but think things through. Will libraries still have something to contribute in the future?

Just then Reema enters.

Reema: I’m so sorry Rajat. What is your phone doing here? Do you want the librarian to kill you?

Rajat: No Reema, I don’t want to be one of those who kill the library.

Reema: What do you mean? Anyway, just wait for some more time. I have to refer to a book in this library. The Internet is giving me ambiguous information.

Rajat chuckles as he looks around the library. He smiled at the Google notification: The Internet Has It All!
Educationists should build the capacities of the spirit of inquiry, creativity, entrepreneurial and moral leadership among students and become their role model.

A. P. J. Abdul Kalam
“INTELLIGENCE PLUS CHARACTER
THAT IS THE GOAL OF TRUE EDUCATION.”

-MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
An idea, a vision, a dream to impart quality education to children.

School defines a child’s first decision, the first feel of sense of responsibility, his first achievement, the first failure and the first lesson of perseverance.

At Chintels, with the motto of “Always More, Always Better” of Jyoti (Light), Preeti (Love), Shanti (Peace) and Neeti (Justice), we strive to make this journey of our children a valuable learning experience. With hard work, grit and courage, we are continuously progressing with achievements, laurels and new feathers being added to our cap with every passing day – and there is no looking back!
rich kid who has more electrons than he needed, he always got into fights because of his 'unstable' mind and a characteristic habit of overreacting. In fact, he had stopped talking to everyone altogether. Most of them avoided him too, except that one girl, Chlorine, a girl with a pretty face who was always dressed in yellowish green clothes. She used to look at Sodium from the further end of the table next to the 'nobles' where halogens sat. She never thought of Sodium as the delinquent but someone who could make strong bonds with people and be useful to the world once he got the right guidance. 'Poor little So' she pointed out to Helium. Helium did not react. He was perhaps too 'noble' to reply to petty class issues just like all of them who were excessively introverted, emotionally stable and immune to pain. They acted as if they were too mature to be seated next to her. But in spite of that, she and all the others secretly wished they could have a configuration as cool as one of them.

Chlorine sighed before she smiled to herself and walked up to Sodium. "Hey So," she cheered. "Hey, are you here to mock me?" snarled Sodium. "Oh dear, Lord, no! I was just wondering if we could go out sometime," she said, as she offered him a chocolate.

Sodium was dumbfounded. Before long a smile broke out all over his face and then he did something which he had never done before. With enormous force and speed like light, he plucked out one of his electrons and offered it to the kind - hearted girl standing in front of him. "Here, take this" he said smiling. Chlorine smiled knowing that she had made the troubled child happy again but owing to her not being "electronically stable", she politely refused the gift. "Hey, I might be most troublesome and a misbehaved student of the school but if there is one thing that I knew, we are always better together", he said with a smile and placed the gift in her hand.

That was centuries ago when the incident had happened. Today they have been, BIFs (best ions forever) for a long time, inspiring students and people everywhere to collaborate. Their team is popularly called 'Salt' and they have been pioneers of food flavouring ever since.

Learning their lesson, carbon and hydrocarbons as a team started a school of their own, 'Organic Chemistry' which is now world famous. The compounds have taken over the entire world and we find few students in 'free state' today.

'Daydreams and learning go hand in hand.' The actual excerpts are from the last pages of my Chemistry notebook.

It is the supreme art of the teacher to awaken joy in creative expression and knowledge.
- Albert Einstein
Nestled in the top of a verdant valley was the little village, Dham. It was one of the numerous villages that dotted the grey river; a raging torrent originating from the glaciers up above. The people of this village were simple, and although their ways had changed, their traditions and beliefs had survived the storm of time. The mountains that loomed above the tiny village were like giants in a slumber, and for them the cogs ticked by like the seconds hand of a clock from the highest peak of these mountains. Dham was but an insignificant speck; like a tiny voice in the loud cheer of the world.

In a ramshackle hut that had been built crudely in the heart of the village, was a boy. His brilliant blue eyes pierced through the pellucid glass window, as he gazed out in wonder and amazement. One of the branches of the mango tree in their neighbors house had broken due to the storm, and its leaves how rested against his window. On one of the leaves was a snail; an amid creature, slithering its ways around the leaf, looking for a new spot to munch on. The boy watched with increasing curiosity as the little ball of slime raised his feelers in rhythmic movements.

“Abu!” shouted a voice from the garage. The boy snapped back, brought out of his reverie by the raspy sound of his father’s voice. “Yes father? What is it?” replied Abu as he made his way back to the garage.

“Stop daydreaming and help me out, you ungrateful wretch,” shouted his father in anger. The first time his father had shouted at him, he was too young to react. He would start crying, his father had told him. But now, his father’s anger had become monotonous, and he apologized hastily.

“Bring me the wrench!” ordered his father. He was just three when his mother had died and since then, he and his father had worked in their little garage to earn their livelihood. It could hardly be called a garage, but it sufficed the needs of the rural population of the village, as the only

The foundation of Avalon Heights International School was laid in the year 2000 with the underlying philosophy of inculcating a love for learning. We believe in the holistic aim of education; development in all spheres and instilling the values for leading a significant life. We celebrate all achievements of a child; big or small and help them override the challenges. We make players not just winners in the sports field, but we also enable the students to be drivers of machines and technology, we help them freely express their ideas, thoughts and opinions and we guide them to be contributing citizens. This philosophy and purpose guides our 1200 students and 110 teachers and we are determined to impact many more.
cars that ever came there were large trucks carrying limestone and sand for construction elsewhere. Abu helped his father with small tasks, like cleaning mechanical parts or bringing him tools.

Currently, they were repairing an old oven, whose hinges had come loose. As they toiled their way through the task, Abu suddenly remembered something. Early in the morning, while walking across to the village well to fill water, Abu had seen a large yellow vehicle, about the size of the construction trucks. Curious as he always was, Abu rushed to the cobbled wall of the village to get a better view. Inside the vehicle were children, about twenty of them, all smiling and chatting happily with each other. He was told by a passerby that it was a school bus that had come near their village for a picnic. Abu’s mind was mesmerized, and after inquiring a little more, he rushed back home, excited to tell his father. But he had gone to the mill, probably to crush grain and earn some additional money, so that he could spend it on buying alcohol from the local store.

Now was the perfect time, thought Abu, and asked his father if he could be sent to school, “What for? It is useless, and very expensive. The admission fee alone is a thousand rupees, Do you think we can afford that? Stop asking silly questions and do your work.”

Abu was adamantine.

“But Baba, if we work a little more, and you stop spending money on alcohol, maybe in a few months time we can collect enough” beamed Abu, fully aware of his father’s alcohol addiction. His father was already in a bad mood and Abu’s words ignited his anger. He started shouting again, and threatened to slap him if he didn’t keep shut about school. Abu turned away and went into his room, which was big enough to fit him and a little dilapidated drawer box. The crescendo of metallic clanks coming from the garage soothed him to sleep.

Two months later:

Today was the day, Abu thought happily. Today, he was going to go across the river, and beyond the forested hillock, where there was a school. He had managed to save up enough for the admission fee in the 2 months, by doing every odd job he could possibly find – he had fixed bicycles, delivered packages to people in the town below, and even helped with farming in the orchard.

He crossed the raging stream with adroitness, as he had done several times before. The next obstacle was the forested hill. He had always been afraid of this place. There were rumors of a striped beast that prowled the area, looking for fresh prey. The silhouette of the leaves cast myriad shadows on the foliage below, and the ground seemed to be alive. He held his breath and slowly tiptoed through, like an ant traversing a haystack. He heard the sound of the forest, and they calmed his beating heart, fluttering like a caged bird.

Finally, after an arduous journey that seemed never-ending, Abu came out of the forest into a large clearing. Just a few hundred meters ahead, was a small white building, its edifice no taller than the trees beside it.

He ran ahead with joy in his heart, and went through the door, only to realize that the building was just a small cabin, and ahead was the main gate to the building. It was grander than the world have ever imagined. Large Arcadian gardens, blooming with wild asphodels circumvented the entire premise. The door of the main building was as big as his house, and with a deep breath, he entered.

The room was small, and directly ahead was a desk, behind which sat the Principal. He looked down from the paper he was reading, and at once his visage crumpled into a mask of annoyance. “Who let the urchin in? Call security please” he said with an air of irritation. Abu quickly put the money on the table, and said, “Sir please, I want to join your school. Here is the admission fee.”

The Principal snorted in laughter and told him, “This isn’t nearly enough, and we can’t have scum like you running around in our prestigious school. Now out!” he ordered. Abu pleaded with both hands folded but he was refused, and forcibly taken out by the guards. He walked out, no expression on his face. The little ember inside his heart that yearned for knowledge had been snuffed out. Every last drop of optimism and hope that had crystalized in him, melted away.
I see red. That is the only colour visible to my eyes at present. I turn my face towards the left and then towards the right. Still, the only colour I see, is red. I am not sure about my whereabouts. All I know is that I am in a red world and sitting on something which more or less looks like a mini submarine similar to the one I see in my favourite video game. I try to look at my reflection in the red liquid stream. I am amazed to look at my reflection in the vermilion liquid. “Who is that?” I wonder. Why am I in a soldier’s uniform? Suddenly I sense some strange vibrations in my pocket. I reach out to my pocket and grab a small ‘walkie talkie’. I sigh with relief because finally I will be able to end my confusion. I pick up the call as soon as possible and hear a deep voice of a big Grumpy man. “Captain Ritika, your mission for today is to study about blood and its components. At present, you are in the body of a young girl named Ritika Nagpal. As soon as you complete the mission, you will be back to normal. "Good luck!" The voice ended before I could say a word. I wondered when and how had I reached here. I try going down memory lane but as usual it never assists me. All of a sudden I feel a jerk and the unusual submarine starts moving with an unimaginable speed, the speed of my dream car, Lamborghini.

After about three minutes I experience a jerk again. This time I bump my head on the wall of a submarine. Rubbing my head in order to slightly reduce the immense pain, I look around and find my submarine standing among millions and billions of strange, red and white round creatures. The red creatures were talking to each
other and playing around and some white creatures were fighting with creepy greenish grey monsters using mini swords. There was one more type of creature which was also red but slightly oval in shape. When I step out of my submarine a little red creature comes to greet me and says "Hello! Nice to meet you Captain! My name is Erythrocyte but I am popularly known as an RBC. I have millions of members in my family. Do you know a special thing about me? I am red due to hemoglobin." He couldn't finish this sentence because one white creature along with the green monster interrupts us by challenging us to a duel. After defeating the monster by displaying exemplary courage, the white creature comes to me, shakes hands and says, "My name is Leukocyte. I have thousands of brothers who look alike too and live here. I am happy to be at your service. Belonging to the clan of phagocytes, I kill all the deadly germs which enter your body." He smiles and walks away. While strolling through the busy area which is flooded with the strange creatures I see a small oval man walk in. He says," Ma'am, I see a small speck of blood on your forehead. I guess it is a wound. But don't worry, my friends and I will try our best to cure it by clotting the blood at that point. You will be fine!"

It is time to sit back in my submarine but this time I am prepared to save my forehead by tightening my seat belt. My next destination is 'plasma'. While slowly floating in the stream of plasma, I observe that it is a yellowish watery river which carries big particles of minerals and salts.

It is now that I hear a loud voice, a voice which sounds familiar. Oh yes! It is the voice of my mother scolding me. In the blink of an eye, I am back at my study table with my Biology book open in front of me at page one hundred and seventy-six with the heading 'Blood'. "I never understand whether you study or dream at your study table. You have your class test tomorrow and you haven't prepared. I want you to get good marks this time," she asserts. "I am well prepared Mom! Don't worry." I say with a smile.

"Teaching children is an accomplishment; getting children excited about learning is an achievement."

- Robert John Meehan
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET OUT OF YOUR SCHOOLING?

I am a faint lumen of light in an infernal supernova, a luminescent pearl in a depthless ocean of azure. I am a spark willing to ignite, yet afraid of fading into nothingness amidst the swirling crescendo of darkness. I am a scared voice buried below a raucous cacophony of a billion voices, a single musical note in a ambient symphony of life. I strive to seek meaning, seek purpose of my existence in this infinite cosmos which seems to me like a blank canvas upon which is printed the very essence of the mind of God, my only hope, my only salvation to explore mysteries beyond the gilded cage of man floating like an infinitesimal speck in the vast universe of opportunities - Education.

Education, the glorious light emanating from the heavens above, is a thing of beauty to be cherished forever. It is the fire that forges a vibrant soul, the flame that awakens and ignites a new - born mind. It is what creates existence out of oblivion and what breathes life into tablets of stone. Education is the very manifestation of hope and the path to unraveling enigmas beyond the comprehension of alphas and omegas across space and time. It is what rejuvenates and enlightens my tired soul and it is what I seek out of my schooling, like a grail of holy wisdom from the tombs that lie beside the lonely stream in the woods, an image isolated from the mortal complexities of the life of a school student.

Education however, is, just a part of the abstract miraculous machine that permeates all existence that dictates destiny that shapes the life of a student like a towering tree arising from the pale limpid bud amidst fields of dew - kissed

St. Claret School, Barrackpore was established in the year 2000 by the Claretian Society. It aims at promoting educational excellence, leadership and service based on universal love and brotherhood in an environment characterized by respect for individuals and concern for the society. Our vision is to empower students to acquire, manifest, articulate and merit learning and prowess that will reinforce them as constant learners. We strive at ensuring a joyful and enriching school experience for the students’ emotional, social, moral, cultural and physical well being for the creation of a civilization of love.

Abhisek Biswas
Class IX
St. Claret School
Kolkata
West Bengal
If such be the case, let my school be the torch that shows me the way through darkness, leads me to the greater reality beyond the confinement of my gilded cage. Let it be the force that transforms my ideas into actions that translates my emotions and ever - yearning wishes into pillared halls of sanctity.

Let my life be a book of the untold dreams, ideas, expressions and hopes of a fellow traveller, seeking out a piece of himself, seeking out some meaning in this enigmatic world. I shall eventually exit the world and join my forefathers in the ancestral plane, but I shall do so with a warm heart having lived a life so extraordinary. The warmth, purpose and meaning that my schooling shall give will lure the God’s and the Titans of countless worlds.

Educating the mind without educating the heart is no education at all.

— Aristotle
THE MANNER IN WHICH THE SUBJECTS YOU LEARNT AT SCHOOL SHAPED YOU

Education is the sentient life of multitudinous beings making them cognizant of the plethora of innovations the world offers, their very own minds offer. It is a gift for those who truly comprehend its exemplary value. Subjects have without the slightest sense of dubiousness, profoundly shaped my morals. Every experience in class enkindles incandescent bliss in the hearts of the students who choose to listen, who choose to excel with their wit, humility and courage and achieve what they truly wish by following their intuition. Education is instrumental in providing a platform for success in every exceptional sphere of life. It is the convalescence of particles alpha and beta relentlessly to achieve incessantly.

From something as remarkable as a neuron to the inexplicable vastness of the coruscating nebula from chemical variations that galvanize our alacrity and ebullience to a comprehensive account that expands every microbial species, school is a crescendo a few choose to listen to whilst others dwell in the obscurity of the bleak world. Education is the spider between a golden scintillating mesh, entrapping us in awe and wonder. It is the artist of a masterpiece - our very own minds.

The subjects in school have given me a greater understanding about the deeper meanings of life, enunciated every folly humans made in the past that are presently being pursued and those bound to happen in the near future. Subjects like History and Geography trigger a spark of controversy, wonder and a palpable message
about the world and what we actually see as we strive for an egalitarian perspective in every realm of life from elucidation of the didactic stories of Jesus and Daedalus, to being enlightened by the eloquent language, bearing its own individuality and pulchritude, of Shakespeare. School is beyond the realm of science, technology, commerce or business. It is the potential requisite required for one’s own development of thought process - exuberance, intellect and wit.

The precision honed by means of Mathematics, the cognizance of a plethora of ideologies imparted and explicated by science shapes our destinies and our mind set - just to think how small we are in the vastness of the universe. The dramas and plays, physical education and co-curricular activities of our school have been of paramount importance in our all-round development.

To discourage rote learning we have experiments and a kinesthetic approach to studying - where our ingenuity isn’t suppressed. It is allowed to blossom to its fullest potential. As a result my perspective has been shaped and moulded - ready to take on whatever hurdle comes my way, withstand every storm with the optimism of wishing for a rainbow and embrace any predicament as I face it with my own ideologies which are the building blocks of my life. These ideologies are the outcome of everything I have ever comprehended in school as a result of my intrepid persona, audacious enough to develop my own theories and concepts without taking into consideration the thoughts of others.

In a world where cruelty is rampant and epidemics plague the earth with their atrocities, education is crucial. Ignorance on the other hand is the emaciated wing of the moth, burnt by the brutality of reality because it is the water that chokes you, the pallor that embraces you before you drown. It was ignorance that led to the downfall of Icarus. It was ignorance that made us go to war to further national interests and it is ignorance that will sound the death knell of mankind. My cousin Mary was diagnosed with stage threecancer. There is no cure for the malignancy of the disease that spread like wildfire in a body. In time I am certain that young minds will transcend their brilliance and find a cure. It is the young minds, the forthcoming new generation, that can make the change you want to see in the world. Every atom of my heart, every fibre of my being is to make the most of education I am given. It is this perspective that sees me rise like the Phoenix born in my classroom.

Subjects in school have been so immaculate and detailed that they transcend beyond textbooks, beyond monotonous explanation. They consequently result in fiery discussions, enchanting stories and interdisciplinary courses that inculcate a variety of concepts from which we develop our very own ideas by means of conceptual learning. Our lives redefine our thoughts. There is nothing on the face of this planet that is as priceless as books. Beyond the education I have received I am sure that with the future generation the amalgamation and culmination of our thoughts will unite and reach the zenith of mankind.
EDUCATION IS STILL THE PRIVILEGE OF A FEW

It was a chilly night. The ramshackle house stood battling the frost. Abdul entered his paradise, the paradise of the widower, his home. Two boys gaped at the cobbler's hands contemplating whether the bag contained only tools or some bread too.

Rahim, the younger boy dreamt of his father bringing out a big box of sweets.

He was brought back to reality by his elder brother Ram. "Stop dreaming moron! Those are the shoes that Dad has to polish overnight."

Abdul sighed. "Sorry Rahim. The price of those candies you had wanted has shot up. Buying them would have burnt a hole in my pocket."

Rahim was nine years old. He had studied up to class three and then had to leave school as his father could not bear the burden of the mounting fees that needed to be paid.

Rahim sat on the cold floor with his blunt pencil and opened the same book which he had been reading for an year, 'Mathematics: Class 5' by M.L. Agarwal. Rahim was known by his friends and teachers as the wizard of Mathematics and he was given two books of Class five in Mathematics when he was in class three. Rahim kept reliving those moments every time he opened the book.

Ritabrata blinked. Was it morning, he wondered as he was still on the video game. He saw a demon in a saree frowning at him and then realized that it was his mother.

"Get up quickly. The bus will be coming in another twenty minutes."

Ah! Even in primary school, the teachers loved to torture the pupils, he thought. He was sure that his class teacher, Anulekha Ma'am had the intention of detaining him in class six.
Reluctantly, Rahim got up and went to school.

“So you know, BODMAS means bracket, of, division, multiplication, addition and subtraction..."

It was the last period. Ritabrata felt like dropping uranium bombs on the heads of all those people who put Mathematics in the curriculum. He was devising a perfect prank to play on his class teacher when the executioner came to put him on the guillotine.

The Mathematics teacher casually approached Ritabrata and asked him, "What is the hierarchy of operators?" Ritabrata gaped with a blank expression without uttering a single word, seeking a way of escape when Jesus Christ or Lord Hanuman responded to his call.

"Ding Dong!" the dispersal bell felt like the harp of angels to Ritabrata. He ran outside without zipping his bag. The Mathematics book and exercise book fell from his bag and Ritabrata was completely oblivious about it. Rahim picked it up but before he could do anything Ritabrata breezed past in the BMW which was waiting for him. Rahim came back to his shack and consulted his elder brother who had studied till class five. They eventually figured out that Ritabrata had a few sums to be done as homework.

Rahim sat on the floor not with his stubby pencil but with his old pen. He worked hard throughout the night and ultimately solved all the sums.

Abdul polished the shoes and went to Mr Chakraborty's house to return them. Mr Chakraborty gave the money and asked, "By the way Abdul, do you know someone who could be a good servant at my place? I'll pay a thousand rupees per month."

The words were like ambrosia for the starved man. He ran to his shack where Rahim was playing with Ram. In the most enthusiastic voice he shouted, "Hey, what about a job for thousand rupees per month?"

Rahim stopped playing. He chuckled thinking that his father was cracking a joke. "You really can't be serious, are you?"

"I have never been so serious, son."

"Fine, but why don't you tell Ram?"

"He will be joining Abu's garage, remember? He can't do both the things simultaneously."

"Okay."

The very next day Rahim entered Satyam Apartments. It appeared to be the Taj Mahal to him. On entering he was startled to hear a voice that seemed to be familiar.

Rahim froze. It was the same boy who had dropped his Mathematics book and exercise book.

"Mom, where is my... Hey, what are you doing here? Why aren't you responding?"

Rahim took a turn and ran back to his shack. He picked up Ritabrata's books and ran like a hundred meters sprinter to 'Satyam Apartments' barefoot. His feet got bruised. Drops of blood tarnished the pristine marble floor. Limping, he handed over the books to Ritabrata. Befuddled, Ritabrata opened his exercise book. All the sums were done. He was wondering why the boy was in their house but to his utter relief the words "Thank you" came naturally to him. "I had to submit it today. By the way, where do you study?"

Rahim was dumbfounded. His lips quivered. His eyes filled with tears which trickled down his cheeks. He begged, "Leave me please. I should not have written in your copy. Please forgive me."

Rahim picked up the mop nearby and got to clean Ritabrata's room. Finally the truth dawned upon the eleven-year-old boy from the affluent family that education is still the privilege of a few.
Troubled answers going round and round
The furious scrape of pens on sheets the only sound,
It was the History exam, with preparations and answers tough,
The entire text book’s content seems to the students mighty useless stuff!
"Between whom was the famous Battle of Plassey fought?"
My mind was blank no matter how hard I thought.
I slammed my pen down in indignation and despair;
Why is it others can remember but I cannot, isn't fair!

Our History teacher walked in promptly- the entire class groaned,
Spotting the thick stack of answer sheets in her arms, I moaned.
It was of no use praying for a miracle to happen then
I was sure I had performed miserably even in class ten
And sure enough when Ma'am called out my name
Her pointed white teeth flashed in my face,
"Have you no shame!
What is it that happens to your brain during a History test
Why can't you study and do well just like the rest?
It was useless, I had tried everything but failed.
I was sure to the walls by my mother I would be nailed.
Not wanting to, but forced to, I dragged myself home.
And there stood my mother with a wicked glint in her eyes like that of a gnome,
She held out her hands and barked, "Give me your history sheet
And gripped my arm tightly, sensing I was trying to retreat.
"Twenty one on eighty, gosh, everything had gone out of your head?
No dinner for you today, get out of my sight and go straight into bed!"
I rolled over in my blanket, what must I do now?
This time it has gone too far, I needed to improve on History somehow,
I tried counting sheep but still sleep did not come
I had to do better and prove myself to mom
The normal way was useless, for me memorizing won't do
I had to figure out some other way and quickly that too
Suddenly an idea flashed, 'why don't the topics I enact?'
I promised myself the next morning I'll try at nine a.m. exact!
Next morning I woke up with the steely resolve to my word I would stay true,
And I said about preparing my family to relive the World War II.
So my sister became Hitler and I Churchill the Great,
And pretend to drop bombs on Japan and destroy its state,
And then the formation of the United Nations was done,
Wow! I could slowly remember all the events and that too by having fun!
So this became my routine for precisely an hour everyday,
As I fervently prayed "God, please let this be the right way."
For a day I was Tipu gallantly twirling my sparkling sword
I was young Gandhi then, who got the Indians to fight under one fold.
This seemed to work out as I enacted the History of all states
I thought as I brought to life the peasants forced to produce only indigo crates.
India started filling up fast with the mighty British race,
Then the historic 1847 Revolt suddenly took place.
Soldiers, craftsmen, peasants and all
They fought against the British though they did fall
Still it sparked inspiration in the heart of citizens far and wide,
The Quit India Movement swept the nation like a tide.
I visualized the myriad events the entire night
And in the next day's test, I got it all right.

History is not as tedious as it once was, this for a fact I did not know
I still enact those dramas, its the only way I manage to learn
After the Egyptian civilization was Buddha, the enlightened man,
Cooking for the dead man, poor man and sick man my mother ensures that I can recite
His four noble truths, all at once in a spree!
While episodes on 'Ashoka' go at a perfect pace,
I've managed to convince my parents too that Television should definitely stay- at least in my case!
It's the History examination tomorrow and I know everyone would be awake all night,
I've been playing all day with my sister pretending with the Nazis to fight.
I can feel that tomorrow's test will go well
History's wriggled its way into my heart now and I'm sure to sail.
When Ma'am strolled into the class next week I was no longer gripped with fear,
She rewarded my efforts with the perfect eighty and exclaimed "Finally, well done dear!"
As I turned the page of the calendar, a broad smile broke on my face. It was the first of July. It was the day I had been so eagerly waiting for. Since I had got Mr. Arora’s call for the party, my mind had been filled with the images of my old friends. In my excitement, I did not even notice that it was ten o’clock already. I would again be late and everyone would get a chance to call me a latecomer again. Alas! But I got up quickly, with the thought still revolving in my mind and started for Dehradun. Within two hours, I was there standing in front of Mr. Arora’s house. I would hear the delightful sound of mirth and laughter coming from inside. With shaking hands I rang the doorbell.

The old mahogany door opened and there he was, standing tall and fit with his ever charismatic aura, our favorite Mr. Deepak Arora. Our eyes shone bright on seeing each other. With the biggest smile I could ever have, I greeted him. With the same smile I entered the house and sitting on the couch were these four frowning men. For a second I couldn’t recognize them. I stood still stuck to the ground and then as I recognized them one by one, small beads of water filled my eyes. These were tears of joy. But I did not want to cry, so with great effort I tried to prevent them from leaving my eyes.

We spent the next few hours talking about our lives and after the freshly baked and scented muffins of Ms. Arora’s, Mr. Arora said, “Kids, do you remember the garden behind the house?
Come on, I have to show you something.” All of us stood up and followed him to the back of the house where he opened the door to reveal the beautiful and prodigious garden. The scent left us all nostalgic. Mr. Arora stepped forward and picked up a tiny little thing hiding in the green leaves. It was a tiny little grasshopper as we all could see. Then he showed it to us one by one. We were very confused. Then he asked us, “Tell me, what does each of you think of on seeing the grasshopper?”

Sameer was the first one to speak. He was always agile and fluent at articulation. He aspired to be a Physics student. He said, “On seeing this grasshopper, I thought of the mechanism of his flight in air. He jumps high with the levers in his legs giving him the thrust to propel forward. The fulcrum is...” Mr. Arora stops him and asks Josh to tell his views. Josh was the Biology topper in school and he said, “Upon seeing it I thought of insects. It is an invertebrate with two pairs of legs and a pair of antennas which helps it to sense its surroundings. Mr. Arora then looked at Amit. Being a quiet student he said, “What I thought was how the tiny creature would be feeling. As you can see his senses have detected threat, his antennas are raised and he is ready to jump anytime. He identifies us as strange entities and his mind is confused discerning whether we are enemies or not”. Mr. Arora smiled and turned to Aditya. Aditya was an avid Economics student. He started, “Seeing it, I was reminded of my friends company whose logo is a grasshopper. His sales figures are grossing higher as people recognize it as a unique logo.”

Now I knew that it was my turn. I looked at the grasshopper and without looking up said, “What I see is a beautiful piece of art. The edges are sharp but it seems that the back was brushed in one stroke. The green colour is soft but striking enough to add to the majestic beauty of the tiny creature.” Yes, as you would have guessed I am passionate about Art. I loved playing with colours while transferring my visions on canvas.

Mr. Arora was smiling looking at the five of us. He explained, “You see, all of you thought differently about the grasshopper. This is how our education makes us different. You all look for you subject in everything and try to make an image of it according to your explanation. But we don’t see the reality, the actual beauty of the thing. God has created everything with great precision and we must appreciate it. But we forget to do that. There are unlimited things to learn from each and everything. And we must appreciate that”. This was why, we always adored Mr. Arora. Being a Principal, he always guided us to the right path and broadened our minds and souls with his inspirational words.

“Education is not the learning of facts, but the training of the mind to think.”

— Albert Einstein
In the years in which my age could be counted upon a single hand, I often wondered how I and everything I knew, came into existence. You could say I had an existential crisis some four decades back. Yet what I really had was an insatiable thirst for knowledge and a wild imagination. Others around me did their best to tolerate my relentless barrage of questions, telling me that I would learn the answers to all my questions in school. School became a mythical place, a great temple of knowledge that I couldn’t wait to visit.

Until finally the day came, when I danced with my backpack in uniform and set off to an eternal journey of learning. Through my youthful eyes, the teachers seemed as wise as Athena of yore. Knowledge became my religion and teachers my priests. My first day of learning, seemed to be my rebirth.

Geography was my first love. As a young lad I found that the universe, the great eternal machine of creation, was born once and would also grow old and perish. The earth that I lived on had layers like a fruit and was round as a marble! I learnt of all the people of this earth, their homes, lives, their tongues and their beliefs. Studying stars, planets and the other heavenly bodies taught me to be open to every culture and people, for we are all born, we all bleed when pricked, we all laugh when
we are tickled, and we all must return to the place we came from.

During the days of my youth, I was passionate about kings, queens and gallant knights. History enraptured me so greatly that I learnt the glory of my forefathers, the splendour of my country and of its glorious past. My study of the past taught how even the great can be humbled, how the mighty can fall and how the determined can rise to great heights. Above all it taught me to learn from the mistakes of my ancestors.

If History and Geography inspired wonder in me, the Sciences told me the truth of all our worlds. A man was never a man again to me, he was a collection of myriad cells, each doing their designated function. The stars were never balls of fire again, they were combusting clouds of gases in which atoms smashed together to generate heat and light. Gravity could not just be explained anymore by saying it happens, I know now that the more mass an object has, the more it attracts other objects. Thus Science gave me answers.

The days of my childhood are now long gone, the boy who wondered is now nothing but a distant memory, fading with the passing years. The years may have changed me outside, yet within, acquiring knowledge remains my true love. My never ending quest for knowledge would be till the last breath of my life. It. My education may have answered the questions of my childhood, but it had ignited the passion to seek answers to countless more.

The true teachers are those who help us think for ourselves

- Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan
The boy who lives just down the street,
In a broken shack by the well,
Quenches the thirst of a dusty town
In its never ending dry-spell.
Did he ever learn about,
The function of the water pump,
Or is the knowledge restricted
To school children who hop, skip and jump?

The girl who cooks the food next-door,
For a family, wealthy and opulent,
Can she ever enter the portals of school?
They are paupers and she is spent
As everyday she cooks and stirs
And chops and cuts and slowly stews
For the people who had the chance
To learn. "Did they put it to use?"
That kind old man in the corner,
Who runs a humble tea stall
And tells wondrous stories of Kings, battles
And dynasties fall,
Is he destined to brew cups,
Of hot tea on cold wintry days,
Rather than being a poet, author or writer of plays?

The middle aged lady in the mall,
Sweeping and swabbing the marble floor,
Washing and scrubbing the wall
Could she not learn of Van Gogh!
Or Picasso's bright colourful hues
Or will she spend the rest of my life
Knowing that she will always lose.

The young lad at the nearby garage,
Who soaps and rinses cars all day,
And wipes and cleans the vehicles,
For cars which come from the highway.
Does he know how the engine works?
And how the tires go round and round,
Will he ever attend a Physics class
To learn of light, speed and sound?

The maiden at the laundry shop,
Who dry cleans and mends and sews,
Fancy silk scarves and satin dresses
Of rich women passing by
Has she ever heard of
Big names in fashion design?
Armani Versace Dior, Chanel,
New cuts of fabric, flared or A-line?

The milkman who whistles a merry tune,
On his cycle passing each home
Has he heard of different music-
Mozart, Beethoven, operas in Rome
And newer modern songs and sounds Electro-
pop and computerized.
Or will he spend the rest of his days
Delivering cans of milk at night?

The dishwashing girl across the road,
Who spends her days with plates and glasses,
Wondering if she will ever have a chance
At school, college or Chemistry classes!
All the time, while washing spoons,
With her young but calloused hands
Blistered with the harsh chemicals
In the caustic soap, the pain, she withstands!

The boy down the beach side jetty,
Pushing boats into the sea,
Does he know about the ocean?
Fish and Marine Biology?
Instead he pushes and pulls the boat
Until his arms can take no more
Unhappy he trudges home with,
A meagre penny and no more.

A child in the schoolyard,
Who chased the beggar boy away,
Not once has she seen misfortune,
Or cause for any melancholy,
Little does she realize that
Many children long for her place
A spot to compete, a beacon of hope
In the discriminating education race.
Education is the passport to the future, for tomorrow belongs to those who prepare for it today.

-Malcolm X
“A teacher can never truly teach unless he is still learning himself. A lamp can never light another lamp unless it continues to burn its own flame. The teacher who has come to the end of his subject, who has no living traffic with his knowledge but merely repeats his lesson to his students, can only load their minds, he cannot quicken them.”

—Rabindranath Tagore
You can teach a student a lesson for a day; but if you can teach him to learn by creating curiosity, he will continue the learning process as long as he lives.

Clay P. Bedford
tell me and i’ll forget. show me and i may remember. involve me and i learn.

- Benjamin Franklin