



CREATIVE MUSE



CREATIVE WRITING

Message from Principal's desk

Dear SRCStians,

Greetings! We are back again with another Creative Issue of our Newsletter'. Monsoon season brings hope, life, rebirth, re-growth and rejuvenation of life on this incredible part of our planet. Amazing sights greet our eyes, kids splashing around in the rain; multi-coloured umbrellas in the air resemble the amazing rainbow; abundant waterfalls and the splash of water depicting the beauty of life.

India abounds in diversity, and variations are apparent. While some parts enjoy the monsoon season, a few states face the wrath of the monsoons which creates havoc leaving many people to grapple with flooded rivers inundating swaths of farmlands and villages. The fauna and flora of such places are greatly impacted and affected causing unimagined misery and suffering. We need to plan for sustainable development and pay heed to pollution and global warming, otherwise destruction and loss of lives will keep occurring with depressing regularity.

We are living in unprecedented times with the COVID dilemma. But challenging times call for equally challenging measure to cope and stand up to the many odds that we face. The human spirit has the power of optimism and resilience. And we at SRCSt have the epitome of buoyancy and adaptability. As you read through the SRCSt Newsletter, you'll see that spirit.

We have included creativity at its best, where students have within an hour written some of the most amazing poems as a part of an activity conducted by the English teachers. Kudos to all those kids whose poems have found a place in this edition of the 'Newsletter.

Please enjoy a poem composed by me while watching one breathtaking rainy evening from the balcony of my home.

Happy reading!

The Opalscent Dappled Cloud

The opalscent dappled cloud sailed across the heavenly skies,
buffet'd and driven by the ferocious winds howling by,
soon fluster'd, you hear her threatening roar,
as if warning the flirtatious winds to stay at bay
sending ominous portents of deluges of rain.

The frolicsome winds, in its wanton gambols,
continued to play with the curly locks, of the dark and coppery cloud.
The incandescent cloud peered through her muslin veil
praying to the gallant sun to banish the malevolent winds to the underworld.

The gallant sun, being miles away on his glorious expeditions
failed to hear the cries of his beloved.
Unable to bear this torturous game of this frolicsome wind,
the tumultuous cloud, rained down its sorrowful tears,
on to the parched, chapped and cracked earth below.

Magical changes did erupt, flowers bloomed,
leaves danced in joyous abundance,
treetops swayed in gaiety waves,
quenching the souls of deathly silence into
rapturous music in angelic verses.

The dusty, chapped and cracked earth soon
saw life crawling and sprouting forth.
The valiant sun soon rode across the three worlds
forgoing his expeditions, to protect his beloved
from this scraggy wind.

The roguish wind soon bolted away,
when the fiery fierce sun rained down
his talismanic scorching rays
upon his furtive and sneaky form.
The gallant sun and alluring cloud, soon
vapourised into one.

Mr. Desmond D'Monte

ENGLISH POETRY WRITING

“Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words to express”

-Robert Frost

We develop feelings and emotions to things that impact us, influence us or excite us. During this pandemic period, we proposed to initiate this beautiful activity where all our students could creatively exercise their passion and perseverance in mining their surroundings and inner feelings through this creative activity of 'Poetry Writing'.

Writing a rhythmic poem or a melodious song is the best way to express oneself. It is something that comes straight from the heart. Keeping this in mind, an English Poetry Writing Activity was conducted on 1st August, 2020 for the students from Grade III to XII. This activity saw eager participation from budding poets. Students were given interesting topics on the spot.

Our students delved into this creative pursuits, rendering their imagination towards prosody -giving shape to rhymes, rhythm, meter and intensifying the challenge of imagery world by infusing word play , limericks further accentuating the sound unit of lines, phrases and sentences, blurring the barriers and stirring the sense of reality.

The judging Criteria for evaluating their creative composition were - relevance of theme, creativity/style and originality, coherence of form and structure and lastly clarity of imagery and language.

With the hands-on process and implementation of poetic tools, our students indeed gave new shape to their thought process and lyrical mind, which resulted in exhibiting great inspirational and musical poems right from Primary level to Senior Secondary level.

Poem – The Rain

Rain, rain, all night and day,
the muddy puddler all the way,
I tell my dog not to jump and play,
reminds me so much of Peppa Pig, dancing away.

The sun shines after the rainy day,
the rainbow appears, and dirt washed away.
Everything so clean that I want to play
I wish monsoon is there to stay!

Student Name – Saharsh Bartarya
Class 3 A

Poem- The Rain

Pretty, bright and colourful,
Is how I think of flowers.
They are one of my favourite things,
Next to movies, donuts and sudden showers.
I love it when flowers bloom,
All the birds sing joyously,
I could go on and on, singing your praise, but
guess what, I am just a flower loving boy!

Student Name - Rannanjay Singh Pundir
Class 3 A

BIRDS!

Birds are green, red and blue,
does anyone else like birds?

I do!

The Mynas and Bulbuls,
wake me up with their twitter,
while the company of parrots,
annoy me with their chatter!

Sunbirds are little birds
who like to tweet
because the nectar they drink
is very sweet!

Shikra and the Kite are birds of prey;
they help the farmer,
by hunting down rodent
during the day!

While Mr. Owl is only
active in the night,
but during the day,
it sleeps tight!

Ishaan Bhatia
Class 4 A

World's Best Grandparents

My Grandparents are the most special people,
found on Earth and in space,
No one can bring that warmth,
we can find in their embrace...

Sometimes they are playmates,
and sometimes our mentor too....
always there, to listen and understand...
My Grandparents are the best...

Another form of God on Earth,
they will do everything, to comfort...
when it comes to giving hugs,
My Grandparents arms are filled with
LOVE!!!!

By:
Kyra Gupta
4-B

Poem- The Cycle of a Plant

First you plant the seed
and then what does it need?
Soil, water and sunlight,
to help it grow right ?
The seed begins to sprout,
roots start to grow out.
Then the stem grows tall,
leaves will grow both big and small;
On the plant, little buds appear,
soon they open up and it is clear
that beautiful flowers have bloomed.
And the bees zoom in and out, smelling the sweet scented flowers.
Nectar and pollens are gathered by the bees
So they can spread it to the plants and trees.
The plants and seeds produce more seeds
So that we can plant them, don't you see?

Agrim Ramola
Class- 5 A

Poem- Studies in Virtual Classes

Studies in virtual classes are amazing!!! Needn't say it's worth praising!!!
When connection is low, Alas! Just go with the flow!
and all you know in breakdancing you may just glow!
Remember to sip your favourite shake, whenever you get a break;

Although with so many online classes,
You may end up getting glasses,
Nonetheless this experience of quest
is one we should invest!!

We sit and study with our new buddy!
Tablets, iPad, laptop and phones,
These are the gadgets far so many,
to sail us through in harmony;

In these times of consternation,
while being in alienation.
Thanks to our virtual classes,
We found our way to exploration!!
Delving knowledge for our sake, fun memories we shall make!

Ridhima Anil Sreedharan
Class 6 A

Poem- Changes in Life

I want to hug my grandma,
but she is isolated at home.
May I kiss you, grandma I ask,
there is that bright smile behind the mask.
These days, she is not feeling well,
corona has made my life hell,
I love her very much,
but advised not to touch.
About this virus we should be aware,
wear a mask when you go somewhere.
Wash our hands with soap,
we will defeat Corona, I hope
I pray to God to change this trend,
had to run away from such a fiend.
I am worried about her health,
cause relations are our actual wealth.

Yashashvi Raj
Class 6 B

Poem- Changes in Life

Life is a wonderful gift , accept it, embrace it,
It starts with a new day, wake up and greet it.
Life is a challenge, take it head on and meet it,
full of opportunity, use it, don't waste it.

This life is a mystery, unfold it and solve it,
It starts with meaning, wake up and understand it.
Life is a goal, take it head on and achieve it,
Full of promise, fulfill it but keep it.

Life can bring a tragedy, face it, accept it,
It starts with pain, wake up and help numb it.
Life is a struggle, take it head on, fight it,
Life maybe full of sorrow, sorry just overcome it.

Life is precious, hold it, treasure it.
It starts with hope, wake up and feel it,
Life is a choice, take it head on and make it,
Life is knowledge, use it and don't abuse it.

Siddhant Vohra
Class 6 B

FORGIVENESS

Forgiveness is a precious gift
Whose power is immense.
It heals, mends and bonds,
And straightens those who're bent.

The force of love has fickle traits,
Whose balance easily tilted.
A word wrongly said, or gesture made,
Can lead to feeling jilted.

The closest one can turn away,
Such pain can they inflict.
All our efforts to make amends,
seems to make them sick.

These burdens are all lifted,
When forgiveness is sent.
The senders feel lighter too,
No more anger being rant.

It is not easy to forgive,
When we are hurt and sad.
We need time to brew and stew,
To recover from something bad.

Past events are just that,
They have passed and are gone.
It's now time to extend the hand,
And try to amend what's wrong.

- Wanshika Singh 7 B

FLAVOURS OF RAINBOW

Rain is colourless,
trees are leafless,
tiger is fearless.
At times, people are hopeless
but rainbow
you bring exuberance.
Kush's clothes are blue
though very few.
Kush's racquet is blue
he never knew.
Kush's spectacles are blue
let's see through.
oh! dear rainbow,
are you untrue?
Let's review!!
Oh! lovely rainbow
you take away sorrow and pain.
I wish you stay in a burrow
so, I can keep you on my pillow.
I look through the window
you are my dear fellow.
Farmers look at you as a scarecrow
your presence brings overall glow.
You are a big show
all I know you as a
crescendo of the heavens.

Kush Chawla. Class 8-B

FORGIVENESS

FLAVOURS OF THE RAINBOW

There are 7 flavours of rainbow,
All of them share a thought to grow.
Red reminds me of my family
Who show their love but naturally.
That's why my favourite colour is red,
as it represents the love being spread.

Orange is like fire in ice,
like India's soldier's sacrifice.
Orange brings in the glory,
Of a soldier's courageous story.
Yellow colour is extremely bright,
Like in the dark, a hopeful sight.

Green reminds me of the beautiful nature,
Bringing life to every creature.
Nature gives us all we need,
It tells a way to succeed.
Blue reminds me of the sky,
Where imagination hovers like a butterfly.

Indigo represents deep thinking,
Which tells me, it's just life's beginning.
Violet reminds me of my dreams,
I'm ready to fulfil them, it seems,
And so, for that
I strive to beam.

- Abhimanyu Tayal 8C

FLAVOURS OF RAINBOW- OH THE BLUE!

The rainbow was here,
showing my favourite colour glistening in the sky.
Oh dear rainbow, why are you being so sly?
Come back here, cause blue you taught me how to fly
in this emptiness which once made me shout and cry.

Oh, the merging of the violets and blues,
reminds me that life isn't always happy,
at times life takes a turn and becomes lousy.
There will be times when you'll feel gloomy and blue.
But this is life, and this is what destiny will make us do.

Taste the rainbow? I beg your pardon, no.
Why can't I just taste my favourite colour from the rainbow anew?
Because the rainbow only shows its colours to a few.
Taste just that one colour and you'll feel that gentle breeze blow.
Causing such happiness that you begin to glow.

Oh blue, why are you my favourite?
Maybe because you tell me life isn't easy.
The load we carry is always heavy and never soft and cheesy.
Blue, you couldn't be more creative,
teaching me life, I think that is your only motive.

The rainbow has mingled with the misty air, and so is my favourite colour.
You taught me a lesson, learning it got me a little flustered,
but I've understood it now and will remember it, I take a vow,
for teaching me this lesson I take my hats off and bow.

Myraa Jaiswal, VIII B

Life is a Beautiful Memory

I once had known an old man before,
who walked with a stick down the road.
He walked miles just to explore.
So, I went up to him and before him bowed
And asked him why he walked all day
with trembling feet that would no longer stay.

With an alluring smile, he said
"Life is a beautiful journey, enjoy it before all is dead.
Make every moment, a part of your memory."
I didn't quite understand cause I was in a hurry.
But now that the old man is gone,
I watch the sun every day, at dawn.
Cause life is a beautiful journey.

I walked down the memory lane one day,
and recalled what my good friend had said.
She had long brown hair which touched the road all the way,
she barely spoke so I wondered in my head,
Why would someone love only peace?
Then a pretty voice spoke
and when I turned, I thought it was a moment seized.

My good friend spoke with the kindest voice
"I remain in peace to hear what people say.
I observe them closely, it's just my choice".
The same sentence took my thoughts away
She said that life is a beautiful journey
A part of one's memory,
Prettier than luxury.

I think about this sentence often when reclined,
And finally found why they were beautiful.
These people I met, never appear twice
because beautiful things are not plentiful.
They disappear with grace,
but their words is what I embrace,
it remains in my heart and mind
cause life is a beautiful journey,
A beautiful memory.

- **Mauli Nautiyal, 9A.**

Down memory lane

Petrichor, the smell of rain,
I was sitting on my couch reclined,
enjoying the smell of rain, watching the swaying tree top pines .

That particular aroma of rain however,
will hold a place in my heart forever.

It took me back to the time,
when I was a little girl of nine.

The crystal droplets of rain on my bedroom window sill,
and the little puddles that flowed down the streets,
the way my friend and I raced towards them to dip our feet

The way we bathed in the showers,
like two free wild flowers.
Our sweet senseless talks,
and crystals of water trapped between the entangled locks.

The way the warm rays of the sun
flushed our cheeks red,
and the happiness of each other's presence
danced freely in our heads .

How the small wooden box made us dance with joy
As it held our "prized possessions" which were nothing but Barbie dolls and toys.

But as the time passed, distance between enhanced, alas!
But deep down I know,
as the rain falls creating the same small streams,
she will remember me like I do
And enjoy the nostalgic petrichor.

Arshiya Kulchand 9B

Your Favorite School Moment

Before final exams, I prepared well.
How I celebrated my exams, I'll tell.
After result how I felt,
although I studied the whole year,
without the blessings of teachers and parents I was in fear,
Sunil sir, Hema ma'am, Neena ma'am and other teachers put me into top gear

Sunil sir taught me Physics,
who helped me learn it like a singer who learns lyrics.
He motivated me a lot,
he helped me in doing better
and created an Einstein in my behaviour.

Hema Ma'am taught me Hindi,
and I imagined myself as Tulsidas
for learning Hindi was easy as I dance.
Ma'am taught me like a friend
and that too till the exam end.
She helped me when I was stressed
and after listening to her words I feel fresh.

Seema ma'am taught me arts
and soon I saw myself as Vincent van Gogh,
the Dutchman painting landscapes, still life and portraits.
displayed all over the school walls.
bewitching and bewildering all who viewed
riveting them to where they stood.

Neena Ma'am who is an English teacher
taught us 'Shakespeare'.
'Much Ado About Nothing', 'Macbeth' and 'Julius Caesar'
And yes, how could I forget, 'The Merchant of Venice'
with Antonio, Bassanio and Shylock the leading characters,
with Neena ma'am teaching us new words that I feel
'a more swelling port., ' a Jason in quest' that I have
'a mind presage', 'that I should questionless be fortunate',
In my quest to be the topper of my race.

My favourite moments can go on forever.
Cause I see no 'Tempest' in my life and its better that I end,
Because 'All's well that ends well'.

- **Arpit Dwivedi, 9B**

Down memory lane

When I go down Memory Lane,
I find it very simple and plain,
all the people, I met ever
are there in my memory forever.

There was my playschool teacher,
had you know her, you'd have done yourself a favour.
All glamorous and elegantly dressed,
well, she was the one who made us well read.

When I was just the age of three,
my friends and I were always on a spree,
playing in sand, all soiled, all messed in mud
Hand in hand, always having fun.

Then I remember my sister's friend,
all glamorous and dressed so well,
I loved her heels, I loved her tresses,
all I wanted was to stand there and caress it.

But the most lovable memory is of my grandpa,
all silver hair, but always sporting a smile.
Walking with a stick, but never forgetting to get me chips,
Loved me like the rainbow, pampered me to the heavens.

I wish to never forget these people I meet,
our busy lives, our busy schedules
running this rat race,
even as I tell you, is a big disgrace.
Even if we were to fall flat on the face

But I know these memories always,
Put a smile back on my face.

Aahana Kapoor 9C

The Lonely World

The world is so lonely,
seems to be killing people's emotions slowly.
Tears and sorrow filled in innocent eyes,
their dreams vanishing just like the clouds in the night skies.
Having a fake smile on their faces,
and pretending to be bold and full of graces.
Truth is, they are damaged brutally,
eager to escape from the cruel reality.
Feelings stifled inside,
only exuberance exhibited on the outside.
Irrked with the drab world,
all they want is to be alone.
But the actual truth is that
they wish to wake up to a brighter world,
and end these turbulent and sleepless nights.

Geetakshi 10 B

Isn't it Ironic That This Big World is Now Lonely

Isn't it ironic that this big world is now lonely?
It lacks love, compassion and sympathy,
the trends now are of jealousy and bigotry,
But I hope together we can make this lonely world alluring.

Nowadays people just quarrel with each other,
they feel better by degrading others,
race, religion and caste is what matters,
but I hope humanity abounds to make this lonely world better.

These days loneliness is the cause of suicides,
our colour is a matter of pride,
George Floyd said, "I cannot breathe" a hundred times,
But his plea was unheard because he was not white.

Turkish women are dying daily,
their abusive partners lack sympathy,
hell is set free, all devils unleashed,
humanity squashed with our callous attitude.
Tenderness and warmth is what this world needs,
We need to give without thinking what we will receive,
Humanity should be the new trend,
we should all rekindle this flame
before loneliness engulfs this world and puts it to an end.

Swastika Khanna 10 C

Self-isolation

Thought of the world as a contended society,
until I knew the humankind here, was full of anxiety,
people here aspire to have communication,
After they have been doing self-isolation.

No one thought this world would become deserted,
with the people's mind so dejected,
determined to end their lives by being frustrated.
With billions people swarming this world,
Each stymied, embittered, despondent and disconsolate.

Struggling with many problems in their head,
they want these turbulence annihilated.
They want to express all of their sorrow,
Their pain is something people are unwilling to borrow.

It's getting hard for people to survive,
It's getting more and more difficult to stay alive.
All they need is strength,
to fight with their brain's so tensed.
With our minds so twisted and curled,
We need someone to help us in this lonely world.

Anushka Rana 10 B

Dreams

We all have our dreams.
Some asleep, some awake,
Some bite from within us,
some are real, some are fake.

Some folks, will always doubt you,
some folks will always talk behind your backs,
some folks unbiased and non committal,
some don't give a damn.

But when it comes down to you,
you need to reason within.
But when it comes down to you,
you need introspect if you wish to sink or to swim.

Will you rise to the challenge?
Will you sit down or stand?
Will you take no for an answer?
Or will you stick to the plan?

Take the step, have the zing and the verve,
or regret and despondency will fill your being.

Time to end my monologue,
rise and act,
Or you'll waste your life being still.

Ashie Khandelwal 11 S

“I Am A Storm”

The winds pick up and the calm gives way.
There is a storm that's on its way.
Bringing with it a cleansing rain,
like falling tears to wash away the pain.
The winds within it howl and blow.
Like cries for help from a troubled soul.
Causing trees to bend and break.
Like a sprit pushed beyond what it can take.
Bolts of lightning light up the sky,
like a flash of rage seen in the eye.
Claps of thunder tear the silence apart,
like the cracking sound of a breaking heart.
Stones of hail fall to the ground,
like fists of anger that pummel and pound.
Crushing the flowers that grow wild around,
like the hopes and dreams of an abandoned child.
Devastation and confusion is what the storm will leave behind,
like the emotions of a person left to grieve.
After the energy of the storm is spent,
the calm comes back from the place it went.

Prathu 12 S

Dream

I dream for the day we all come together,
Mingling together like birds of one feather.
Under the heavens, we all sit together,
Without hate and racism which pits us against each other.

No religion or country in the world,
Only love and humbleness all unfurled.
No caste or colour, to make our lives duller,
all this will remain a hideous dream,
unless we over the prejudices that thrive.
Or maybe I shall see glorious and sublime days,
for truly, God knows, that's all for which I pray.

Abhinav Dhasmana 12 H

I AM A STORM

Hustling through the woods,
distressing the leaves,
snapping the twigs,
with my strong breeze.
Riding the waves that
crashes the beach.

The sun sojourned to another world,
only the dark clouds accompanied me.

Everything I touched
shattered to pieces.
Everything I loved
changed like the seasons.

It was all a mess.
A storm circling around,
maybe it was me-
that the storm couldn't vanquish.

Manya Tulsian 12 H

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