

A Tale of Two Girls

- Suvechha Bhunia, Grade II

Once upon a time, there lived a little girl in a small town of West Bengal. Her name was Antara, and she was seven years old and studied in class-II. Her father worked in a laboratory and her mother was a homemaker. One day she came away from her school earlier. She ran to her home and cried out with sheer excitement, "Mamma, I've no school from tomorrow, I've a summer vacation!!" Her mother came out and said, "Oh really that's good...now you can have much fun in your vacation! But my dear cutie now you've to wash your hands, legs and face right?". Antara was obedient, so she went and washed her hands, legs and face and drank cold water as it was very hot and didn't rain for many days. Then she eats her afternoon snacks and takes a nap as she was very tired. Then she went to her mother and said, "Mamma, can I play now?" Her mother said, "Of course why not, play and enjoy." She went to their backyard and started playing. Suddenly she found a 'Pink Bead' which was glittering in the green grass. Antara touched to take it, suddenly it became a doll! And what a doll it was!! It was very cute and beautiful. She was stunned. The doll started running and went to the kitchen where her mother was making chicken pasta. Antara called her mother saying, "Mamma look"! Her mother looked at her and smiled, saying "Wow, Antara, the doll is very cute! Where did you get it?" Antara is just going to tell what happen in the garden but suddenly she listens someone is calling, "Antara...Antara...wake up Beta...". She opens her big dark eyes but there is no bead, no doll. Oh...it was a dream! Antara thought in her mind and smiled. Now she woke up and refresh her face with cold water. Now it is the time to do homework. But as vacation has started so Antara wants to do something new.

Few months back, a new neighbour came to their place. They hailed from Columbia. The family also has a daughter, named Massiana. The two families have a good relationship. Antara also wants to be friend with Massiana. But Massiana was very unkind. Being the smaller one in her family, she was spoiled up. She would always think that, "Why always babies cry like, wan... wan...wan. Always disturbing others, I don't like it!!" As Antara was very happy today, she wanted to share her happiness, dream with Massiana. So, she told her mother, "Mamma, let's go to Massiana's house. We'll have much fun there." Her mother thought for a moment and agreed. When they reached their home, they found that Massiana was fighting and quarrelling with her mother. Think! What a bad girl!!!! Antara and her mother were very perplexed to see this situation. They didn't understand what to do. Massiana didn't care for her

mother and also not for them. She went into her room and started playing. She also didn't talk to her mother for three hours!!! Massiana's mother explained everything to Antara's mother as they are also friends. The problem is that Massiana broke the blackboard in her school when the teacher wasn't there. Everybody told not to break it. Even Antara also told not to break it. But she didn't care. Massiana would think that she will break the blackboard, she will not mind the punishments. When the teacher came, she saw that the board was broken. She knew that someone was breaking something. She also heard that Antara and the other children told not to break. She understood that it was Massiana. But when she went, Massiana told her that Antara did. The teacher knew that Antara tells the truth. So, she asked her that whether she did or Massiana did. Antara told that Massiana did. Then the teacher called Massiana's parents and told them that their daughter Massiana did like this. And she also told that she scolded her and told that Antara told the truth. All this talking was not inside the classroom, it was inside the office room. So Massiana didn't know this. But Antara heard this thing. But she didn't tell to her mother. Hearing everything Antara's mother consoled Massiana's mother who was very upset about her daughter's behaviour and said, "Everything will be alright, don't worry dear." After Antara and her mother left their house, Massiana came out and said, "Mommy, I broke the blackboard in my school and my teacher scolded me. Why did she scold me? I have done the correct thing." Her mother said "Massi, don't do like this! She scolded you because you broke the board. You are incorrect!" Massiana was red with anger.

One more story about Massiana is there. She did more and more things like this before the second incident. Antara learned Bharatnatyam and Massiana learned Belly dance. After hearing that Antara is learning Bharatanatyam, Massiana's parents gave her to Antara's dance class. Only on Saturdays they went to their dance class. Antara practised much. So, her mother didn't have to say anything for her practice. So, she did the correct thing in her class. But Massiana didn't practise much. Sometimes, she wouldn't practise. Or if her mother said anything about her dance, like, "why don't you practise your dance?" Then she would practice a little. So, she would get scolding from her teacher. But she will not mind the punishment, but also, she will not practise it.

One day, when everyone was present in class, the teacher said, "Everyone listen to me carefully. On March 26, you will have your final exam. So, start preparing nicely. There is also first, second and third." Now,

everyone's face was sad. And Massiana was close to tears. But Antara was happy for she has to practise more and more. So, on that day the teacher just revised the things that they learned. Massiana couldn't do anything. But Antara did everything. Then after class they went home. Everyone told to their parents that they have exam on March 26. Massiana and Antara also told to their parents. For the exam, the teacher gave a holiday for 15 days. So, everyone started practicing. Antara also practised much. But Massiana didn't even practise a little. She just played and played and finished the whole holiday. Her parents didn't say anything as they were fed up of their daughter.

Finally, the day of the exam came. So, they went to their class. There was an external teacher. Then the exam started. One by one the girls went, gave their exam and went away. When it was Massiana's turn, she couldn't do a little and told that "I don't know" in every question. But when it was Antara's turn, she could do everything. She didn't have to say, I don't know. Then the exam was finished. Everyone's parents asked their children how they did in their exam. Massiana challenged

to her parents that she will get 100 out of 100 and told that she did all the questions correctly. Think, how she is telling lies to her parents! And Antara said that she did. Then the teacher announced that the result will be published on 15th April.

During this time Massiana's wrongdoings and misbehaviour were becoming worsen. Then the most awaiting day came. So, everyone was eagerly waiting to know their result. The teacher announced that, "Antara has got 100 out of 100. Nandana has got 82 out of 100...and Massiana got very poor marks." When Massiana heard this, she got sad and ashamed. She thought that, "Always my parents would say about my dance, but I didn't listen to them. I just spent my holidays by playing. Now I can understand that what parents say is for our good only." Then she tried to improve herself and Massiana and Antara were the best girls in their school and they became bosom friends to each other.

So friends, what we can learn from this story? We should always obey to our parents and teachers, listen their words. Whatever they tell is only for our well-being. They are our true well-wishers. Thank you! ■



Joypolis With My Sister

- Soham Kundu, Grade III

This year my sister is going to university so I will miss her very much. I like to roam around with her. In my summer break, me and my sister went to Joypolis alone. We went there by riding on two trains, and a monorail. From the first train, we had to go from Funabori to Morishita then the second train, from Morishita to Shiodome to go to the monorail station. Then ride on monorail from Shiodome to Odaiba to go to Joypolis.

I went inside and saw roller coasters, and halfpipe. I saw even more rides. The first ride I went to was Wild Jungle Brothers. It was so realistic and brought back one memory. It was when I went to JoyPolis in 2017.

I also went on the scariest ride. Well it was not ghost scary, but it was nerve wracking scary and I almost felt like I was falling. After that I ate lunch. During lunch I ate udon because I like Japanese food. After eating lunch we went to Storm-G. The ride was rolling so we went upside down. Then we went to an upside down roller coaster and it was not that scary.

We then went to a haunted house. There we had to get inside a box and there was a scary woman banging on the door. The box rotated and came back to normal and when the guy opened the door I fell out of the box and onto the ground. After that we went to get ice cream and we saw a picture from when Michael Jackson came to Joypolis.

At last we went outside JoyPolis and lost our way to the station. After a while we then found the train station and then went home. It was much more fun than any other trip. I can't wait for our next trip the next time she comes back from university. ■



Big Joint Family

- Anushka Mohanty, Grade VIII

Many might say that having a big family is inconvenient. It might be at times, but it brings more joy rather than inconvenience. I am a person who has eleven cousins, and they are anything but problematic. They're the reason why I am always excited to go to India and disappointed that I cannot go this year (due to COVID). Despite being one of the youngest and the only person who speaks khandi Odia, I have never felt excluded or left out. In fact I feel more loved, as the first time they actually heard me speak proper language, they found my English accent quite fascinating.

One of the most exciting memories I have had with my cousins, comes from my father's side of the family. I was quite young at the time, but I remember that it was extremely fun and I remember it till this day. I was around 5 or 6, me and my cousins had colored powder and pichkari. Although my aim back then would have been really bad, I was still able to get hits at my cousin with the colored powder. At the end of the day, all 8 of my cousins on my father's side of the family were covered with color and brightness. We even have a picture

Another thing that we used to do (and still do) was watching horror films. My mom's side of the family are big horror fanatics, and we would watch at least 3 to 4 horror films at my grandmother's house. However, when I first started watching with my mom and uncle, I was tremendously scared. 8-year-old Anushka's mind could not comprehend the amount of ghost scenes there were in the movie and I even got nightmares at times. In fact, everytime I would visit their house, I kept on telling myself not to watch those films, but they were too engrossing. Over time, I grew fondness for these movies, and watch them even at home, since I have unlimited access to movies (Thank you, Netflix.) Because of me watching these movies, I became more fearless and have developed an understanding that ghosts are just a fantasy. Consequently, I became a stronger person overall.

There are things that I do miss though. For example, on my mother's side of the family, I only had one cousin visiting my grandmother's house, and she played with my little sister. So to entertain myself over there, my mother went next door and knocked asking if there were any children that I could play with. We found out there actually were, and I have been friends with them till this day. I truly do miss them. Another example is my grandmother's house on my father's side of the family. Their house is located in a place called Geulta, which is a village and because it was a village, there was a lot of openness. Me and my cousins took advantage of this openness, by setting up a badminton net. My father bought a net at a store, we put it up, and we played. It was so fun playing there, and we even had teams. However, when we were playing badminton, somehow, my older cousin always seemed to hit the cork in my eye, which was a painful experience.

Even though I was hit by a cork, scared of watching horror movies, and having the talent of always mixing up Odia vocabulary, these moments were one of the happiest I have had. So in conclusion, big families are the one of the greatest things created by the God. However, don't let this discourage you. Families come in all shapes and sizes, so even if you have a small family, I can guarantee there are moments that you treasure. We as the Odissa Community are one of the biggest families here, and also to add, the most fun. ■

Think Before You Act: The Truth Triumphs

- Arnab Karmokar, Grade IX

“Luca Harrison!” My teacher, Mr. Allen, announced it out loud. Our teacher was returning the results for the summative test we took last week, and I was terrified. I didn’t study for it at all, and I knew that I would get a horrific grade. I was sweating, and my stomach felt unusually odd. I stood up, took a deep breath, and gradually stepped forward to the front of the class. I didn’t need to look back at my classmates; I felt the intense beam of eyes looking directly at me. I looked down and closed my eyes.

Mr. Allen handed the paper into my palms and heard him sigh. The sigh sounded like a warning from him as if he told me, be careful, ‘cause your parents will not be proud looking at the test. Mr. Allen then called for the next student, and I quickly scampered back to my seat. I opened up my results, and began to panic. I got a score of 32/100. As the other kids got up to get their results, it appeared as if time slowed down second by second, trying to comprehend the dreadful fact.

The next thing I knew, the bell rang, and it was time for my next class. I headed out into the hallway and ran into Dondré, one of my closest friends.

“Hey, how are you doing?” He asked me.

“Don’t even get me started; I had one of the worst mornings today,” I explained and sighed in disbelief.

“You got your test results, didn’t you,” Dondré looked at me, concerned. “What score did you get this time?”

I was too ashamed to say my score out loud, so I showed my paper to him. I saw his eyes widen and saw them close. “Are you serious?” he asked me. I shrugged and insisted I had given up the optimism.

I decided to ask him for his grade, trying to change the topic. Even though he was the closest of friends to me, I really wanted him to have a miserable score, just to have something to relate to with him.

Dondré took his paper out of his bag, and I immediately saw the score; 89/100. “My parents will be disappointed,” he uttered and sighed in disbelief.

“What on earth are you talking about?” I said with a hint of jealousy. “If I got that score, my parents would put that test inside of a plaque. Man, I wish I got a score that high.”

“My parents are the opposite. Like, the other day for my English assignment, I got an A.”

“That’s really good!” I exclaimed.

“Not according to my parents. They asked me why I wasn’t able to get an A+, a higher score. You know, I want to get a bad score, and just see my parents’ reaction, and maybe they will start to appreciate the scores.”

Suddenly, an idea popped inside my head, and I looked at Dondré, and we both locked eyes. I was 100% sure we were thinking of the same thing.

“Let’s switch our papers!” We both yelled at the same time. Other students around us were startled by our enthusiasm, and they stopped to look at us strangely as they continued to walk. We began to laugh and high-fived each other. We switched our names on our paper and rewrote some of the answers to the problems to make it look highly believable. We then put our new tests inside our bags, high-fived again, and started to head for our respective classes. I thought I would win massively in this deal; however, this would become one of the most stupid things I’ve done.

After school, I hopped on the bus and headed home. During the bus ride, I was thinking about my mom and dad’s faces when I showed them my test result; 89/100. I kept replaying this imaginary moment inside my head; I felt like experiencing some grand event. Whenever I was returning home with a test, I usually felt anxious, scared to show my results to my parents. I typically assured myself during these situations that I would study from then on, but today, these thoughts were unnecessary.

As soon as I got off the bus, I went into my house and ran up to my room. My parents would be back in the evening, so I decided to call my cousin, Douglas, to tell him about this excitement.

“Hey, what’s up?” My cousin picked up the phone.

“Yeah, guess what happened at school today,” I exclaimed.

“What, you failed your test again?” He said sarcastically and laughed. My cousin is gruff at times, but he fools around and is a cool guy for the most part.

“No, I switched test papers with my friend from school, and I’m going to show them that I got a good grade on it,” I boasted. “Genius, right?”

“Are you serious right now?”

“Yeah, of course I’m serious,” I reassured myself.

“Don’t do it,” Douglass told me with a severe tone.

“What are you talking about? They’ll be happy! That’s what I want, right?” I questioned his statement.

“I don’t think so. I would much rather have my parents look at a score that’s worse than having to cheat my way into showing them a good score. I wouldn’t do such a thing; it just seems downright unfair. Once you cheat your way into something, you’re going to keep doing it and I know for sure you’re going to regret it.”

My parents were working at an online shopping company and recently had been very busy because their company was growing at an incredible rate. My parents typically come home when I’m about to go to bed and don’t have the time for me. When I was little, my parents were always there for me, and now, the parent-son bond has definitely decreased since then.

“I’m not going to regret it; I know it. My parents don’t care for me. All they care about is their work. And not only do they not care for me, but they get mad at me for useless reasons. When I was little, my parents used to help me out whenever I got a bad grade, and nowadays, they’re scolding me a tremendous amount. Now, I’m going to make sure that doesn’t happen by showing them a fake score.”

I heard Douglas sighing from the other side, and then he carried on. “I’m pretty sure they care about you. It’s not their fault they’ve not been able to look after you as much as they used to. Why you may ask? Well, it’s because of their jobs. You’ve told me last time that they come home late nowadays. If they come home late, then of course there’s nothing they can do to care for you. They’re stressed out, and that’s why they get mad at you quickly. And the fact that you are trying to trick them by showing them a fake score is just like putting oil on fire; the situation will get out of control.”

I couldn’t believe what I was hearing from him. At that moment, for some reason, I felt rage, and my ears started

to heat a little. "What do you know about things like this," I yelled into the microphone and hung up. To take my mind off of things, I decided to lay down. Before I knew it, I dozed off into a very deep and long nap.

"Hey buddy, I'm home," I heard a voice. I quickly woke up and looked to the next of me; it was my dad. "Work finished early today for your mother and I, so we thought of going out for dinner. Want to come?"

"Wait really?" I gasped in excitement. It had been ages since we had gone outside to eat. We have never had the opportunity to go out as a family lately.

"Yes, really," My dad laughed. "Your mother and I have been noticing that we hadn't had the time to hang around with you, and that's why we decided to leave the office earlier today, and go out."

I nodded immediately, and then we got into the car and went onto the road. As soon as I got into the car, Mom turned around.

my parents cared for me, but they didn't have the time and opportunity to act upon it because of their jobs. Not only that, but they often got angry at me because of the stress they got through work. I felt that my parents were the ones guilty all this time, but it was just me. And here I was, trying to fake my score to trick them into being happy. My cousin was right about this. Trying to get revenge on something they did that they didn't have control over was utterly stupid. The longer I thought about this, the worse I felt about myself. I couldn't believe what had gotten into me. In the midst of all of this, tears started to form in my eyes, and then came the waterworks. My parents turned around, surprised at the fact that my eyes were genuinely balling out.

"Is everything okay?" they asked. I revealed the whole plan that I had and explained my ignorance.

"I'm so sorry about what I've been thinking. I feel so bad assuming about your life, when in reality, you guys are the ones innocent from the get go. I feel so bad about myself."



Annal Kounokor

"We're very sorry, Luca. Your father and I have been very busy, and it's not that we have overlooked you, believe me, but it's just that work has been very pressurizing, and I feel like we get angry at you at times for issues that aren't a big deal. Again, we're sorry."

I looked at her, smiled, and then got back into my thoughts. I've been thinking all along that my parents have ignored me and not cared for me, but I was wrong. In reality,

My parents stopped the car and came to the back seat, where I was seated. "Thanks for telling us," My dad said.

"Yes, thanks for telling us before you did, and taking your actions back, because that shows that you thought before you act, and that is one of the most beautiful skillsets to have," my mom continued. My parents hugged me, and at that moment, I really felt loved. ■

The Haunted Park

- Shankhin Sen, Grade IX

The Park had been there for many years. With its overgrowing weeds and parasitic insects, amphibians I don't know whether 'park' is the right word to describe it. I recently found out the history of it and wouldn't dare to go there again after my experience. It's been a year and I have a vague memory of it, but I think I can relate my story since it was my very first experience of the supernatural.

It was the middle of May and the summer vacation had just started. I and my little brother (Chloe) decided to venture about our new home since we had just shifted here. We explored some new places, met some neighbors (All of them were nice except for one lady who grumbled at the sight of us "More kids, more chaos") We even discovered a nice, spacious park which seemed ideal for outdoor sports. There was a nice swing on which Chloe sat the minute he saw it. The Park also had monkey bars on which I climbed although it was short for me and I had trouble hanging from it. After climbing on the monkey bars for the billionth time I just lay down to rest. It was kind of peaceful, watching my little brother swinging while laying down in the cool breeze. I checked my watch, the LED screen displayed 11 AM. We still had a few minutes after which we would return home to help unpack.

"You seem to enjoy yourself." A voice spoke out.

I sort of jumped. It's frightening when you hear something close to you while you are sleeping carelessly. At first, I saw Chloe, beside whom sat a little boy he was speaking to, then I observed a hand right beside me. I was taken aback and I backed off. But then the person to which the hand belonged started laughing.

"I'm sorry to interrupt your sleep, you can continue."

The speaker was a girl, about my age with deep blue eyes and blonde hair. She had a pretty facial complexion and wore a white dress. She looked like the people from the 90s because her dress code was a little bizarre. But what intrigued me was that stealthy. It seemed impossible that she could creep so close to me without me even noticing her. Before I could think about it, she started speaking.

"You seem new here, just shifted?" She asked

"Umm... Yes, but I don't remember you seeing when we had an introduction with the neighbors."

"I don't live here. My home is far away from this place, I come here because it's nice and quiet over here."

"Oh," I didn't know what else to say so I just talked about the park "This place seems nice, I wonder why no one comes here."

Her expression stiffened "This Park has been dilapidated due to neglect, This park once was the grand area. Fests, events everything happened here. But with the construction of malls and arcades, no one remembers it. Everyone is busy living a modern lifestyle."

The park hadn't incurred any damage so I didn't know what she was talking about, but I didn't ask anything about it because I realized that topic made her sad.

We sat there for hours chatting about people, food, and culture. Chloe was enjoying himself too, playing with his new friend and swinging with him. That's when I realized something was wrong. The swings were swinging at full speed even though no one was pushing them and I didn't feel any kind of strong wind that push the swings so hard. My eyes then fell on my watch, it was 11 AM! There had been no change in time since we first got here. I Panicked. How could it be? What was it? I didn't think about anything after that. I ran up to Chloe, grabbed his wrist, and started pulling him out.

I heard the girl asking "What happened?" but I didn't stop. Chloe wriggled and protested but I held on. The moment we stepped outside the sky changed from blue to a gradient of yellowish red and deep blue and behind us was the park only older and battered down now, with a rusted, fallen in monkey bars and a pair of swings whose both chains had fallen, and the girl and boy where nowhere to be seen.

After a lot of questioning, we got to know that the park had been closed for more than 30 years. It was even rumored to be haunted by a girl on whom a tall pole fell during an event. I stayed in my room after that. But at night, every time I lay down, I hear that girl talking in a sweet, appealing manner, inviting me to the park where we could talk for eternity and watch our little siblings play. ■

Undefined

- Neetra Chakraborty, Grade IX

The world seems to think we're coloring books,
and our genders are the lines.
All through our lives we're expected
to obey and color inside.

Only little girls get to color a skirt,
(hopefully they choose pink),
But a boy? That's going out the lines!
What would people think?

Turn the page, what to color next?
Emma gets to shade in barbie dolls.
Little Jacob on the other hand,
colors in cars and soccer balls.

A flutter of paper and now they're teens,
with nothing but love on their minds.
The boys paint pretty blushing girls,
and the girls color handsome guys.

A fresh new page and they've settled down,
the father and mother in a perfect home,
and they have young, picture perfect kids
now with coloring books of their own.

A million people coloring in the lines,
this loop goes on forever, you see.
The lines set the rules for us
and control who we get to love and be.

But hear me out, don't be afraid,
to color outside these weak little lines.
Dare to splash with paint and vibrant hues.
Who you are, only you can define.

And though the world may say we're coloring books,
And we must color inside the lines,
The truth is we're all a wide, blank canvas,
And the brush is yours and mine

The Meditation with a Paintbrush

- Ashmita Paul, Grade IX

I

A millennium ago, in the place of Mongol,
Came to this earth, the script of Mongol.
The connection of each stroke carved to the stone,
Written by the ancients, which stood there alone.
That, my friend, is called the "Stone Encryption of Genius",
Engraved in 1224, which seemed spontaneous.
But hidden in the world of this chirography,
Was a culture that would be instinctive,
Mongolian calligraphy.

Head, tooth, stem, stomach, bow and tail,
The six main strokes of the letters to the last detail.
Formed the basis of the Greek and Latin alphabets,
Expressed ancient culture and the future ahead.
Titles of nobles written widely with this handwriting,
The graceful patterns of the letters running.
Taught in schools and separate classes,
Until young calligraphers master in five to eight years.

As centuries pass by day after day,
The art of the Mongols washes them away.
To a place very far away,
Where their dictionary excludes the word "dismay".
Peace with a Man's hand and their paintbrush,
Curves and edges drawn like America's sagebrush.
The texture and the thickness of the ink, black as a raven,
The strokes and lines, of the letters even.

II

A millennium later, in the 21st century,
Young calligraphers dropped rapidly.
When there were hundreds of middle-aged scholars training,
Decreased to the second prime number, the shortage gaining.
As developments across the world power up,
The inverse effect occurs to the Ancients' club.
Who would know that today's daily lives,
Side-effect the art that help Mongols survive.

Urbanization, globalization,

The heart of the script suffering through contamination.
Through the advancing year of 2013,
When an acute shortage spread, aggressively extreme.
Chinese took over Mongolian scripts, took over education,
In the province of Southern Mongolia, for cultural degradation.
Even the determination of the Mongols' opposition,
Won't put a scar to the declaration.

III

The only available social media app in China,
Encountered proposals of urgent actions which could cause phenomena.
The attacks of this calligraphy increase worldwide,
For it is pure cultural genocide.
The sound of the Mongols' cries of agony,
The protests and strikes out of cultural tragedy.
They say, "Please don't take our culture away,
For our identity will be taken away".

The script lay in the Mongols' hearts for a thousand years,
It taught them the history and their discipline manners.
Their own lives dedicated to their culture,
Their own futures and their own structures.
Their worships to this holy calligraphy,
Their peace and opinions of philosophy.
Their original culture of handwriting in their own cocoon,
Will all be gone soon.

People in the past shown us, for a holy time,
That solutions to issues turns the clock around, how sublime.
They include plans, strategies and contribution,
For a single person can start a foundation.
Let us all join hands and fight for delight,
The delight of the art which holds originality day and night.
Battle the wave of the shortage gush,
Because Mongolian calligraphy is known as,
"The Meditation with a Paintbrush".

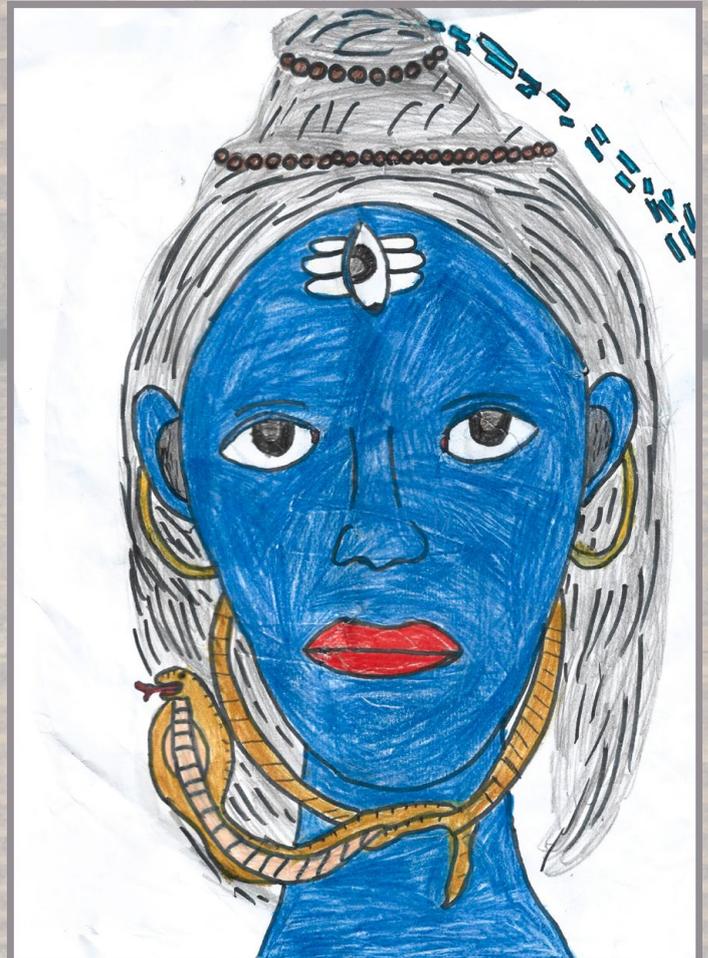
DRAWINGS



Dinosaur Land by Shreyansh Kar, 5 Yrs old



Tree of Life by Ritisha Verma, Grade I



Shiv Shankar by Shounak Das, Grade III



Indira From India by Sasha, 6 Yrs old



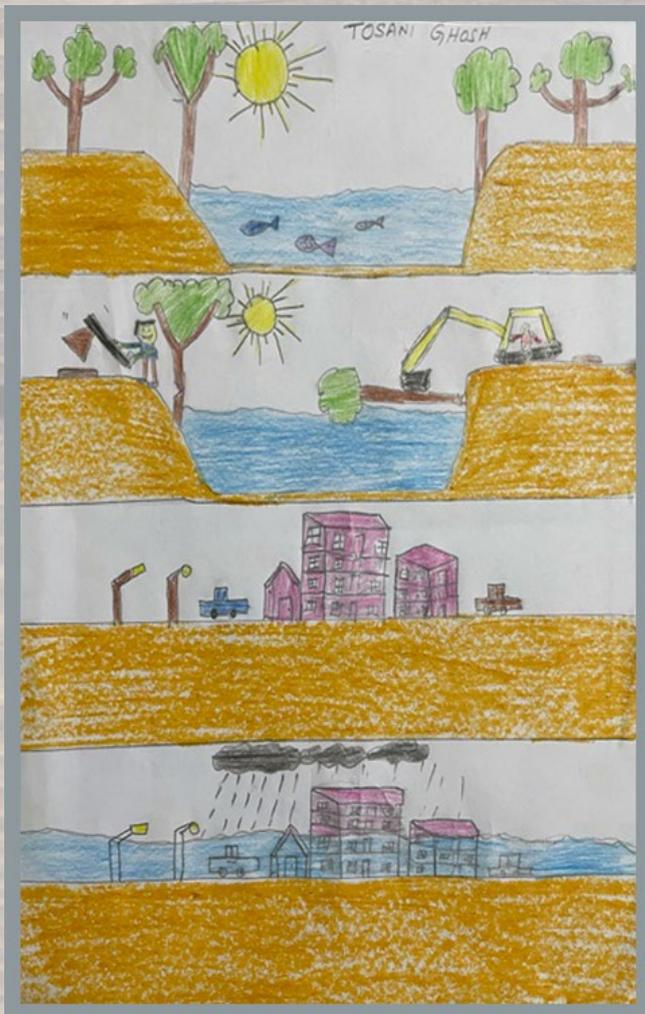
Farm house by Aarohi Kundu, 6 Yrs old



Shades of Sea-Where I want to be by Ashmika Ghosh, Grade II



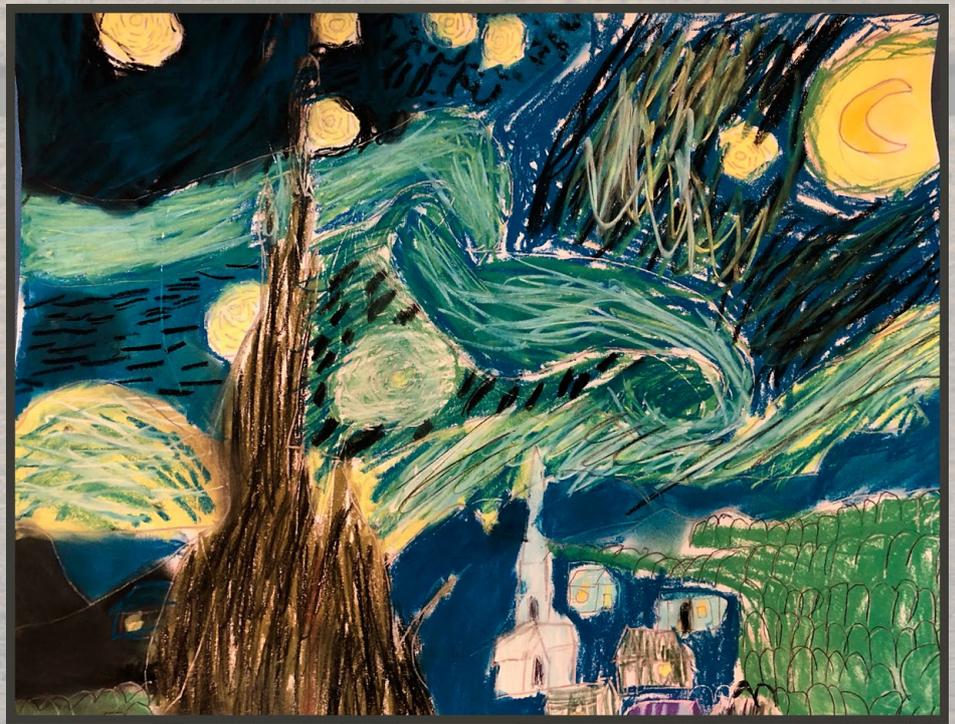
Sakura and Mt. Fuji by Shonayaa Verma, Grade IV



Effect of Pollution by Tosani Ghosh, Grade IV



Hope by Zinniya Dhar, Grade VI



Starry Night (inspired by Van Gogh)
Painting by Rohan Dasgupta, 7 yrs old



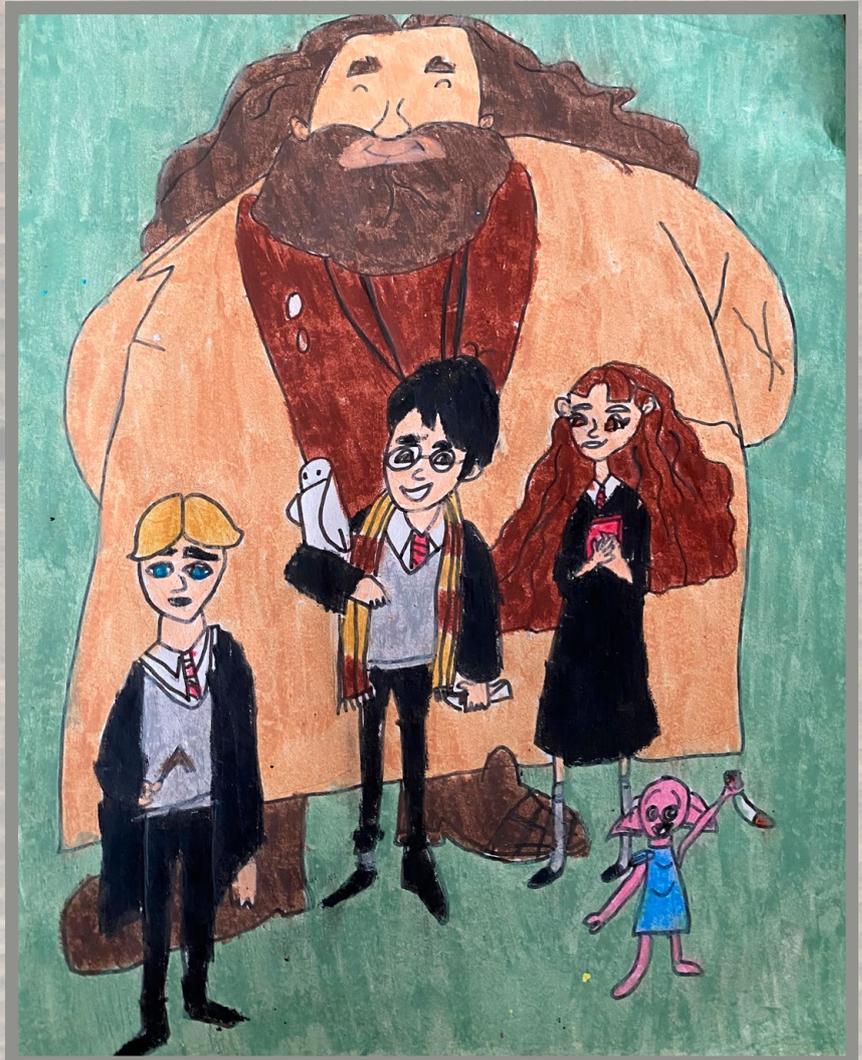
Vikingboat Akarsh Ryo Kundu, 9 Yrs old



Glory of Spring by Ananya Chandra, Grade V



Buddha by Geet Purkait, 14 Yrs old



Harry Potter by Advika Ghosh, Grade IV



The Lonesome Samurai
Painting by Abheek Dutta, Grade VII



Durga and Ganesh by Souhardya Kar, 14 Yrs old