



**SNV INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL**

# *El Dorado*

2024-25

*"An imaginary world of great wealth."*

**E-MAGAZINE VOLUME-III**

AN YEARLY MAGAZINE OF SNViets

Compiled and edited by Literary Committee



**COVER ART BY:**  
**MAHIN. PATEL - X B**

# *President's Note:*

*"The function of leadership is to produce more leaders, not more followers." – Ralph Naden*

Seven months ago, I was entrusted with the immense responsibility of being the President of SNV International School. It has been a journey of challenges, learning, and immense growth. From day one, my goal has been to lead with integrity, empathy, and dedication, ensuring that every student feels heard and valued.



SNV is more than just an institution; it is a family that nurtures us, challenges us, and prepares us for the road ahead. Every event, every initiative, and every challenge we faced together has only strengthened our bond as a student body. Be it the long nights of planning, the hard work behind each successful event, or the unwavering spirit of my fellow council members, every moment has been an experience I will cherish forever.

To my juniors, I hope you see leadership not as a position but as an opportunity to serve. To my batch mates, let's leave behind a legacy of unity, hard work, and passion. And to my teachers and mentors, thank you for shaping us into the individuals we are today.

As we move forward, let us continue to uphold the values of SNV—character, enthusiasm, and honesty. Remember, true leadership lies not in power, but in inspiring others to rise alongside you.

**– Naman Jinesh Shah**

**[President, Student Council- 2024-25]**



# *Vice-President's Note:*



*Never deterred by the troubles we meet,  
Brave in the hour of some defeat.  
With truth as our guide, we rise and we grow,  
Grace in our hearts, whenever we go.  
In each step, kindness, a light to ignite,  
Ethics that shine through the darkest of night.*

Being a part of SNV is pure bliss! This institution has moulded me into who I am today, and it has equipped me with the knowledge and strength to pursue my aspirations in the future. I have learnt invaluable lessons being a part of the Student Council 2024-25 and the previous ones.

My message to my fellow SNViets is – Life is never without its challenges. There will be times when you stumble, when your legs tremble, and when the ground seems to rise up and hit you hard. People may try to knock you down in their pursuit of success. But in those very moments, when it feels like everything is pushing against you, that's when you must find the strength to rise. It is through these challenges that we learn resilience. Eventually, it's not the swift who always win the race, but those who persevere. Hard work, determination, gratitude, and willpower will always be your guiding principles through the beautiful race of life.

We often think that learning happens only within the walls of a classroom or through major achievements, but in reality, it's the small, everyday moments that teach us the most. Whether it's contributing to a team project, organizing an event, failing at something, or taking on a seemingly minor role; every experience carries the potential to shape us. Even the smallest tasks can build our character, enhance our skills, and prepare us for greater challenges ahead.

Let's continue to embrace every opportunity, knowing that with each step, we grow and evolve. Together, as SNViets, we are not just striving for success; we are shaping our legacy.

**-Rudra K Patel**

**[Vice-President, Student Council- 2024-25]**

# Ex-Head Boy's Note:

From being a shy boy to standing as the Head Boy of SNV International School, this journey has been the proudest milestone of my life. Every step from my early days as a House Captain and Prefect to leading the Student Council, has shaped me in the best possible manner. Along the way, the Student Council of 2023-24 tried to do our best to address them with dedication and perseverance.

My personal journey of HB was all about selflessly dedicating myself to the school and my responsibilities. I will always be grateful to all the love showered and reverence shown by the youngest kid to the elder most and guidance given by our teachers during the expedition. I am also thankful for the experiences and challenges which came across to make a stronger version of my team and myself.



*"One person may struggle to lift a heavy stone but a group of people with enough efforts at right time can definitely accomplish any seemingly impossible task, such group of people is known as a TEAM".* I am proud of each of my student council member for making our batch an admired one. We set out with a vision to spread positivity and cultivate a culture of learning, and we carried ourselves with dignity and grace in every endeavour.

*"When our conscience is clean, everything falls into place at the right time."*

This lesson has been my guiding light to achieve all I wanted as the Last Head Boy of school, and I leave it as a message for the future leaders of SNV: lead with honesty, serve with passion, and trust the process.

I hope the seeds cultivated during my tenure make the future of school even brighter. Thank you, S.N.V once again.

**-Dhruv Brahmhatt**

**[Head Boy- Student Council 2023-24]**

# Ex-Deputy Head Girl's Note:



*"Your hard work never goes unnoticed, whether by the world, the right people, or the results it brings. Keep going; every effort counts."*

I was always fascinated by watching seniors speak on a mic or manage a program. Naturally, I was inclined to learn those skills and often imagined myself in their place.

When I was honored as the Deputy Head Girl of the school, it was not just a moment of pride but also a responsibility, an opportunity to lead the next generation of students and shape their perspective on learning.

I feel truly privileged by my role. It came with enormous learning in different fields leading the team, building strong communication, and taking the first steps toward making righteous decisions, which has shaped me in many ways and has significantly influenced my outlook. It was a space where we had the freedom to make mistakes, learn from them, and make better decisions moving forward.

SNV International School is where the journey of lifelong learning begins, and one must treasure it.

**- Indrashali Shah**

**[Deputy Head Girl- Student Council 2023-24]**



# Ex-Deputy Head Boy's Note:

*"Great things are done by a series of small things brought together." – Vincent Van Gogh*

I still remember the day of the investiture ceremony when I was officially announced as the Deputy Head Boy—the sound of applause, the faith my teachers placed in me, and the weight of the badge on my chest, symbolizing the immense responsibility I had taken on.

My goal was clear—to make my council the best in the history of SNV, not just through words, but through our collective actions and dedication.

Today, as I reflect on this incredible journey, I am proud to say that this goal has been fulfilled. It has been a journey filled with growth, challenges, and invaluable experiences.



However, none of this would have been possible without the unwavering support of my council, especially the core committee. Their dedication and teamwork played a crucial role in every achievement we accomplished together. Working with them has strengthened my decision-making, communication, and teamwork skills—qualities that I will carry with me far beyond my school years.

Serving SNV has been more than just an honour; it has been a transformative experience. This institution has shaped me in ways I never imagined, allowing me to grow, lead, and contribute to a community I will always cherish. I am deeply grateful to SNV for the trust and confidence it placed in me.

Though my time at SNV is coming to an end, a part of this school will always stay with me, reminding me of the lessons I have learned and the memories I have made.

– Shrut J. Patel

[Deputy Head Boy- Student Council-2023-24]

# To all the Stars Here and Beyond!

To all the stars here and beyond,  
I'm grateful for your wisdom,  
Grateful for your patience,  
Grateful for your support  
And, most grateful for your existence.  
To all the stars here and beyond,  
This life would be meaningless without you,  
Without your virtues,  
Without your kindness  
It would be an empty life with no light  
To all the stars here and beyond  
I wonder how you glitter in the dark  
Wonder how powerful you are  
Wonder what fire burns in the heart  
That makes you so beautiful from within  
To all the stars here and beyond  
As the boon to my existence,  
You've given me a thrill to live  
To run and chase the beauty of life  
To become one, so shiny and bright,  
So fiery and magical, like  
All the stars here, and  
All the stars beyond  
Beyond the eternal night.

Poem by - Priya H. Patel - X A



# **Shenanigans!!**

There is much beauty in the rain  
Sheer pieces of diamonds,  
Blistering beyond all grasp. Spring, winsome and  
bright, yet these reflectors?  
It is gloomy without children  
It is comfort for a weary adult  
It is an inevitable recurring memory for some

But amidst it all stands a girl  
Curled in her seat  
For her, rain is no beauty  
For her rain is no restriction  
For her, rain is neither joy nor peace  
To her, rain is tantrum,  
A deluge of misery,  
Lost in its path.  
It comes as the guide,  
Guiding yet unyielding.

Yet she finds a strange delight  
She thinks courageously of the rain  
For her, its nature's way of saying  
"This is just one of those days."

Poem by - Rudra S. Patel - XI A

Art by: Indrashali Shah - XII B



The background is a vibrant, abstract painting. It features a warm sunset or sunrise with orange and yellow hues at the top. Below this, there's a dark, silhouetted forest on the left. A bright, glowing area, possibly a body of water or a clearing, is in the center-right, with a bright light source like the sun or moon. The overall color palette is dominated by warm oranges, yellows, and reds, contrasted with dark blues and greens.

## **NATURE** **– THE MOTHER**

The talks that we hear from birth,  
are the facts about our Earth.  
The change in the people's mindset  
is usually brought by a sunset.

The moonlight in the dark  
makes things spark  
The water from the rain  
takes away all the pain.

Sitting in the chair  
we love to see the trees swaying in the air.

The clouds in the sky  
Over which the birds fly.

The birds living in the woods  
always changes people's mood.  
The knowledge that we never keep later  
is about the precious water.

Every human, bird and animal  
Who ultimately go to the funeral.

These creatures  
constitute our beautiful nature.

Art by:

**Drashti Sachdev IX A**

Poem by:

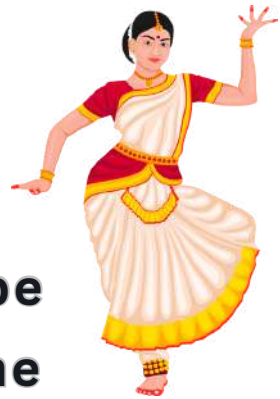
**Aarti Gupta - XI A**

# Happiness in Little Things

Dance is a feeling, Dance is a lifestyle  
Dance is a way of expressing each type of Feeling  
whether it's jolly, happiness,  
Sadness, dilemma, anger, confusion,  
hurt and jealousy



Dance does not demand for any perfection  
Dance comes out of my heart  
Dance takes me to another world,  
Dance gives me peace



Dance is something which will never be  
Stolen from me Dance is spiritual to me  
Dance ignites my inner world, Dance motivates me  
Now if you just exchange the word 'Dance'  
With any of your hobby like playing football,  
Cricket, reading books, watching movies,  
Listening music, painting, trekking, etc.  
It will sound even better.



To learn something new, you need to develop  
Interest for it and you are totally ready to  
Dive into the ocean of learning it.  
Life is all about, indulging oneself in the  
Activities they love, which adds to the essence  
Of enjoyment in everything you do and  
Makes every day enjoyable.

Poem by: Indrashali Shah XII B





# Serendipity

In a world where shadows of doubt now play,  
New paths emerge, as old ones sway.  
Yet deep in our core, the truths still bind,  
Through acts of kindness, we seek and find.  
Though rituals change and stories depart,  
Compassion remains the thread of the heart.  
In moments of strife, when hope may wane  
The strength of our spirit will still sustain.  
As values transform, like leaves in the breeze  
We gather the wisdom that love can seize.  
With every small gesture, a ripple is cast  
In the fabric of life, our bonds hold fast.  
So let us unite in this dance of the soul,  
While the essence of kindness will always console.  
In a world of transition, let love be our guide,  
For the light that we nurture will never subside.

**-Naman Shah -XI A**





# The Eternal Song

Have you thought ever  
This life , this journey of purpose and aspirations  
full of hopes and fervent desires  
This world of vitality that we live in  
is not going to last forever?  
Here today , gone tomorrow  
Knowing of our fleeting existence  
yet we look for something  
in this world so shallow?

Have you thought ever  
what lies beyond?  
Is it going to be an immortal tunnel  
leading us to the never ending night  
Or will we transcend the veil to enter  
the enchanted gates of the ethereal sanctuary  
Finally a world of infinite bliss  
and eternal peace that's going to end never.

Have you thought ever  
Where do we truly belong?  
In this world where we wander along,  
Deep within, my radiant essence ponders,  
For only this lifeless body holds sway,  
My soul seeks peace in realms far away.  
A quest for belonging, an eternal song.

Poem by:Afsa Memon - IX A



# **A True Crime**

The universe, a string of luminous beads,  
Yet our eyes strike upon that big ball of light that  
gleeds.

Why aren't our eyes turning?  
Towards those stars that are also burning.

The earth, sphere yet not fully  
Aware yet it does act to itself truly.  
Then why these nuanced creatures of gods  
Greedy of perfection yearning?  
Thinking upon themselves as those stars burning.

On the way to the staircase of success  
Is when those insecure beings oppress.  
Pulled back, like a spring attached,  
Things which belonged to them are snatched.

Why give them the power  
And take in the splash of that hate shower?  
They know where you can be  
Once they let you free.

Show them where they belong  
There will be thousands like them standing  
In a queue very long.  
Why let them decide your limit?  
Not standing for you is a true crime to commit.

Poem by: Afsa Memon

# Teenager

In a world full of youthful rage  
A teenager fights his arduous stage  
Buried beneath the pressure of competition,  
His hope, broken, his dreams shattered.  
Running blindly in the success race  
Life threw a challenge, and he lost his pace.  
Neither a child, nor an adult they are  
Not knowing anything and still knows it all  
Well, that's just how we are.  
Powered by Mitochondria, broken by the world  
Through the journey of success, every path is  
hurdled  
But through all of this, his parents keep him going  
And it's the support of friends, on which he is  
relying.  
She's got a lion in her heart, a fire in the soul  
He's got a beast in belly that is hard to control  
No matter what problem is, he makes win possible  
As all he knows is – 'Nothing is impossible'.  
As such innocently mature is this creature, with  
strong mind  
and soft heart, Such is the creation of Nature.

A silhouette of a person walking from left to right, positioned on the left side of the page. The person is wearing a long-sleeved shirt and shorts, and their shadow is cast on the ground below them.

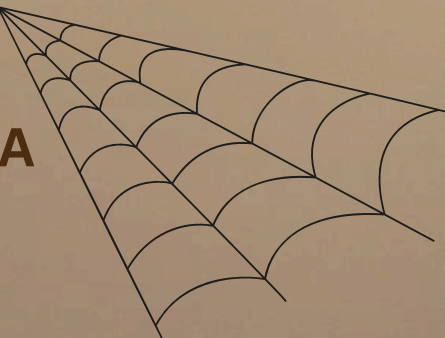
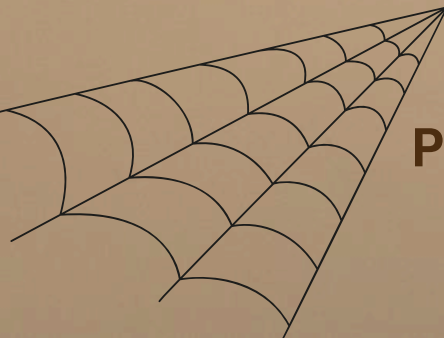
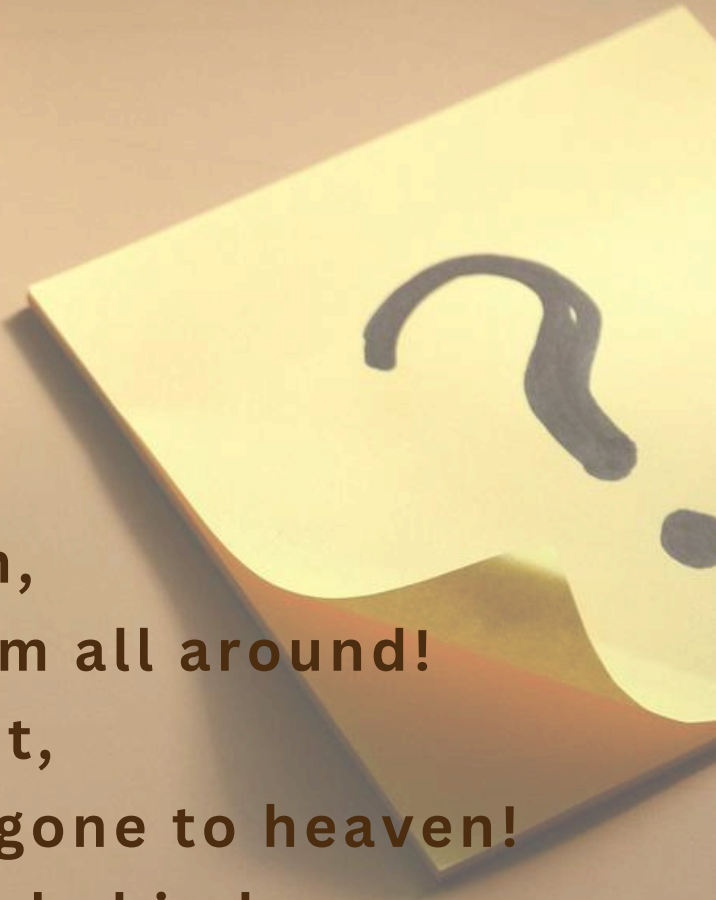
Poem by: Vaidehi Gadhavi





## A Tangled Consternation

If truth is cruel,  
Lies must be kind!  
If authenticity is false,  
Fakeness must be true!  
If things are being loved,  
People are being used!  
If hope is a scruple,  
Despair must be a gem.  
If smiles are to be hidden,  
Grieving graves must roam all around!  
If souls weren't important,  
Dead bodies would have gone to heaven!  
If pure soul would be left behind,  
To rot on this inhumane place we've made!  
If flowers were to be thrown away,  
Thorns must have blossomed.  
If we couldn't breathe,  
Things would not be so opposite as I say.



Poem by: Rudra K. Patel - XI A

# Enjoy life

Life is short,  
So enjoy it to the fullest.  
Live every day as if it's your last,  
And cherish each precious moment.  
Because yesterday is gone,  
And tomorrow may never come.  
Time moves slowly,  
But it passes so fast.  
Don't waste a moment in pain—  
Seize it as if it's your last.  
Don't live your life as someone else.  
Love yourself and let your spirit fly.  
The purpose of life is to be happy,  
But without the rain,  
There is no bright, colourful sky.  
The trick to life is remembering this:  
If it gives you a hundred reasons to cry,  
Show it you have a thousand more to smile.  
Life is a journey, a loom where threads are spun.  
Be true to yourself—  
Weave your own story, and joy will come.  
Make every day better,  
Every moment brighter.  
Forget the worries of future and past—  
Just make today your very best.

- Ananya Pillai  
[Class – VII-B]





## A biscuit

In the market, cookies are scrumptious.

But Mother says they're a bit too  
precious.

Biscuits are made from wheat, I hear.  
But she says it's refined flour—not so  
clear.

She says biscuits are just okay.  
But good enough with tea each day.  
I'm confused—is it good or bad?  
"Biscuit's a biscuit," says my dad.

I think barfi is truly the best.  
Now I'm confused—where's east and  
west?

Who cares at all? Let's just play cricket.  
Writing this poem, I risk it for a wicket.

- Atharva Sharma



Yashvi D. Patel - IV E



Pranvi V. Parikh - I D



Pranvi V. Parikh - I D



Tanya D. Patel



Kiana Lalwani - I A



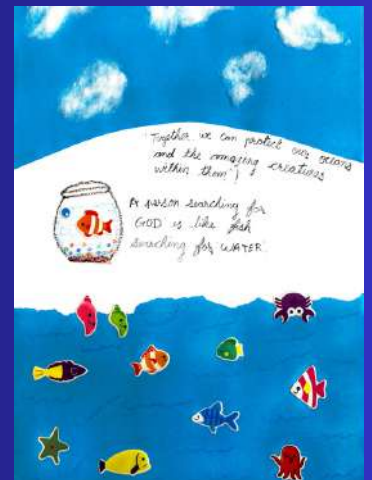
Paahi U. Patel - IV B



Mayra Y. Patel - II B



Tamanna N. Mehhan - III E



Neelraj A. Mac - III E



Krishiv P. Thakkar - I A



Kenil N. Patel - II B

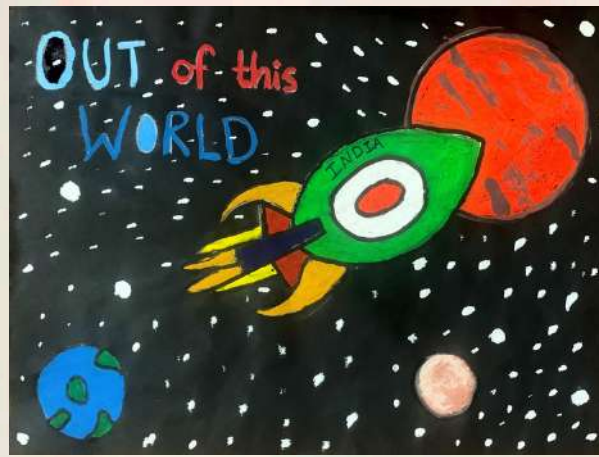


Krishiv Bhatt - I A





**Kavya Patel - IV B**



**Jiyan Goda - II C**



**Chhavi Shah - IV D**



**Jianshi Prajapati - I A**



**Dhyey Dave - II B**



**Danya Patel - I B**



**Ayaan Patel - I A**



**Aarav Ka. Patel - I D**



**Yamee - V B**



**Aarav Ka, Patel - I D**



**Anay Patel - IV D**



**Aaryan Shah - III B**





**Vrithi - VI A**



**Viva - VI A**



**Pavitra - V D**



**Viva- V E**



**Viva- V E**



**Pankti - VI B**



**Pavitra - V D**



**Naitri - V C**



**Manaswini - V B**





# ART AS AN EXPRESSION OF FREEDOM AND IDENTITY

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**ART BY**

(CLOCKWISE)

YUG PATEL [VIII -B]

JAHNVI RAJ SUKHADIA [VIII – B]

KARTHIKEYAN S. IYER [VIII – B]

RISHA PATEL [VII – A]





P



S



P

- *“Art should be something that liberates your soul, provokes the imagination and encourages people to go further.”*

*– Keith Haring*







Risha Patel [VII -A]

# Art, Unleashed

"The object of art is not to reproduce reality, but to create a reality of the same intensity."

- Alberto Giacometti



Margi P. Patel [VIII -A]



Aarya Bhatt [VIII -A]

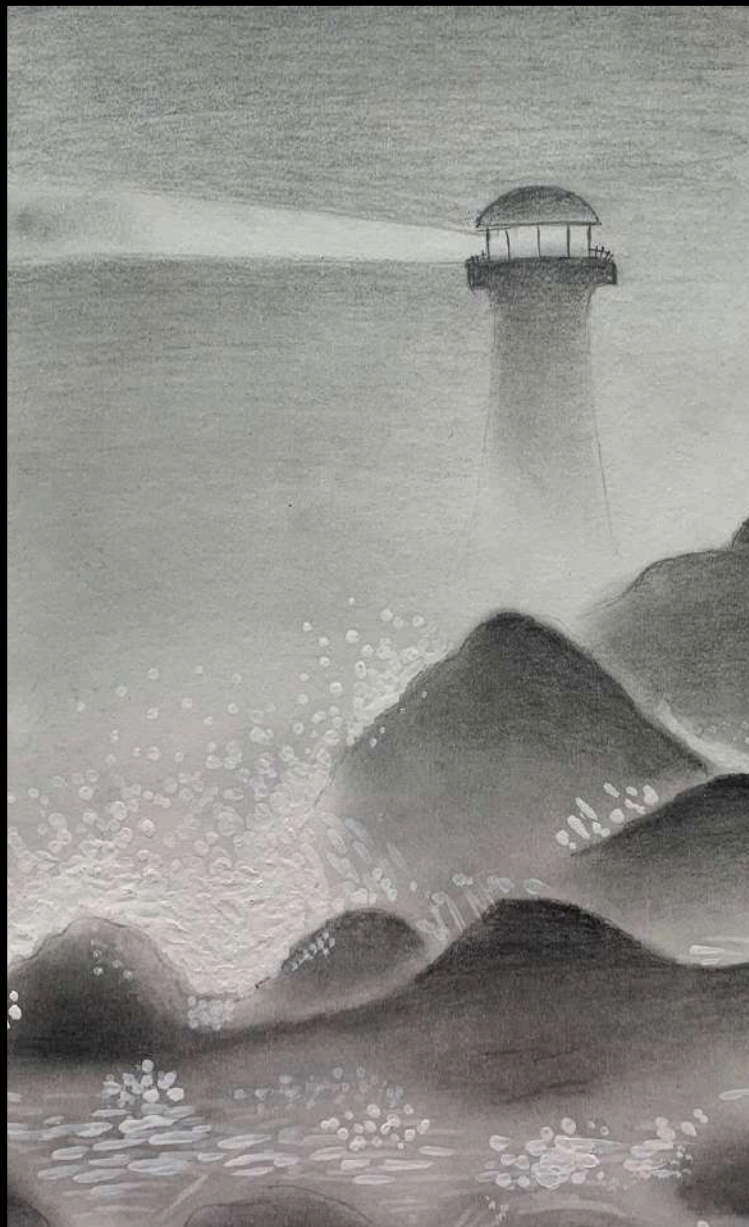


Lavishka Heda [VII-A]





Dhanvi Pandit - VI A



Dhanvi Pandit - VI A

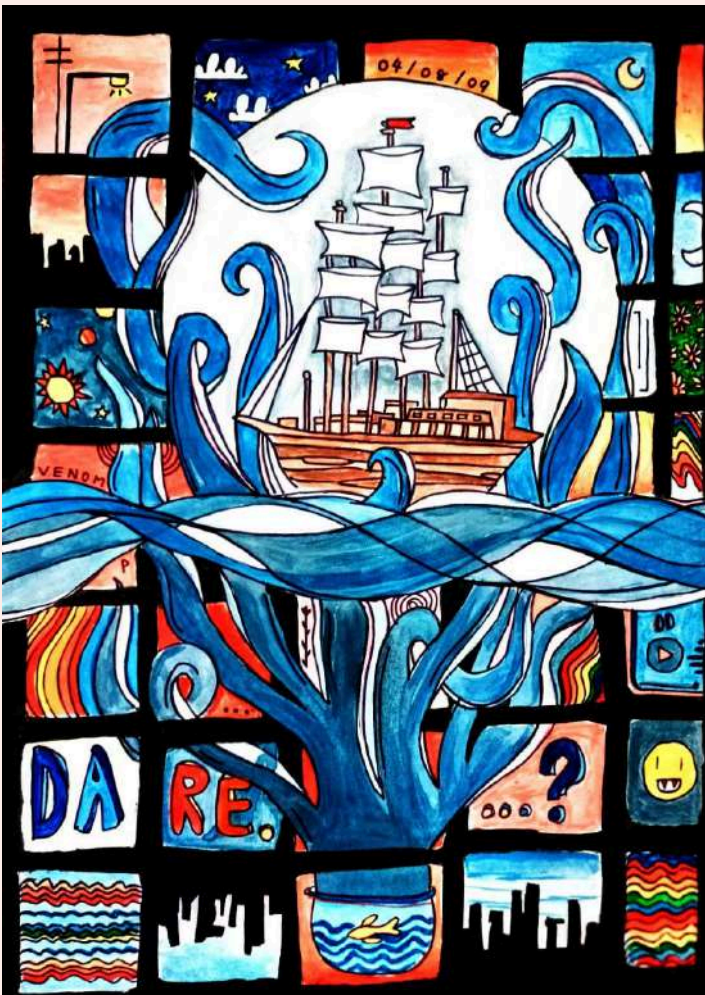


Foram - V C

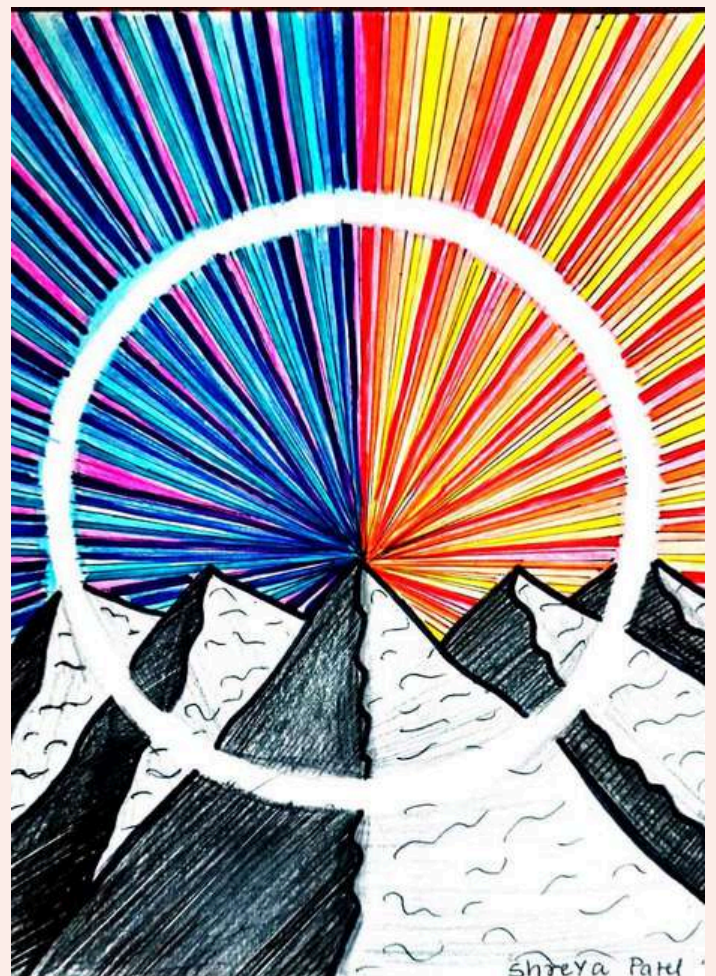
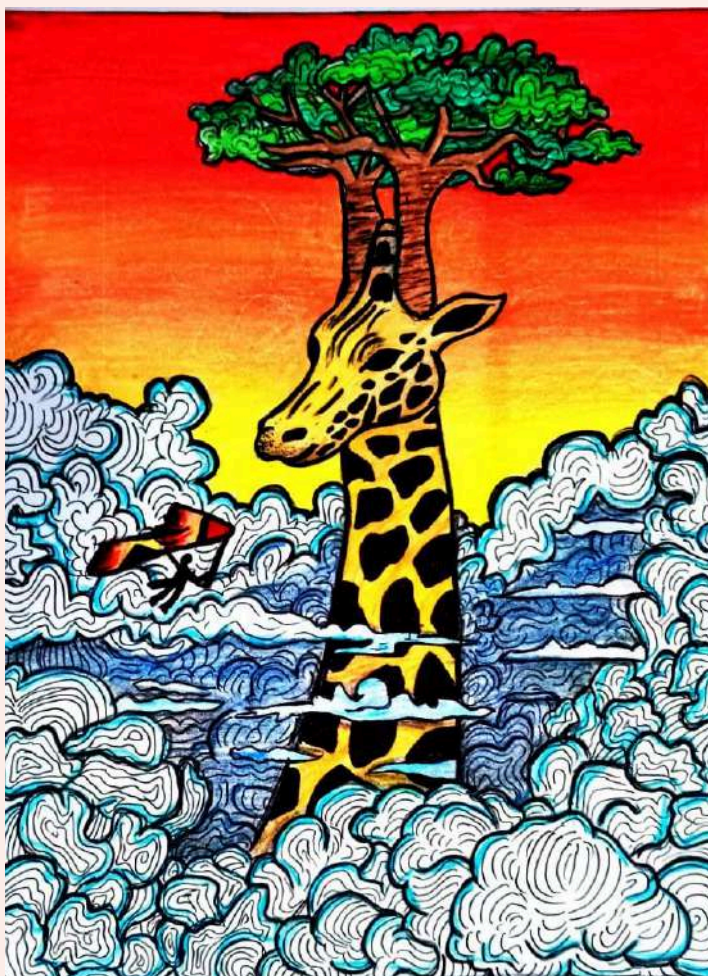


Arnav - VI A





Priya Patel - X A



Shreya Patel - X A





Ritika Sharma - X A



Shreya Patel - X A



Moksh Jain - IX A





Devi Soni - XI B



Priya Patel - X A



Mili Patel - XII A





*Vidhi J. Patel- XI A*



*Jiah B. Patel -XI A*

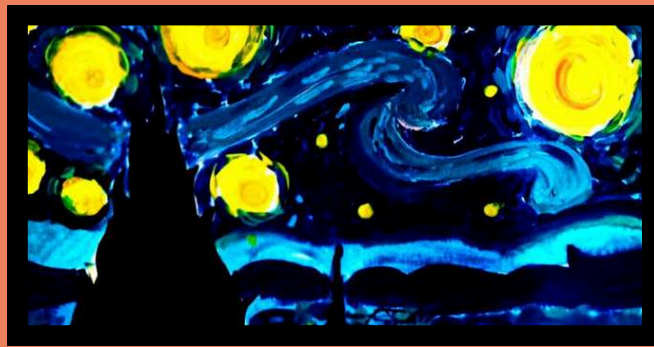


*Vidhi J. Patel- XI A*



*Priya Patel-X A*





*Sakshi Mahant - IX A*



*Gracy Rao - IX A*







**Gracy - IX A**



**Mansi Patel - XI A**



**Shanvi Patel - VIII A**





It was a stormy night when we ventured out into the forest. This forest was extraordinary because of a scientist, W. Stein, who had lived there long ago. He was well known for his research and innovations. However, his fame soon declined. He was forced to leave his hometown and live in the forest. There, he built a house in the center of the deep woods. He spent his remaining years in the wilderness until he succumbed to death. Now, no one dares to go there, as a rumor has spread that his house is haunted.

We drove through the dense forest and thick undergrowth. There was enough moonlight to make out the trees and shrubs. Finally, we reached our destination—Stein’s house! Its porch was crooked and almost destroyed, yet a light shone dimly from inside. We carefully made our way to the front door when I noticed small microchips hidden in the soil and dirt of potted plants. Strangely, they looked fresh!

We entered the house. As we shut the door, it locked itself. I tried opening it, but it wouldn’t budge. Looking for a way out, we walked further inside. Just as we approached an open doorway, we suddenly heard a noise—a metal clank—from the attic. The sound was slowly getting closer.

Then we saw it: a metal creature—perhaps a robot—with its visible skull. Its bloodshot eyes darkened with every passing second. It had five sharp knives instead of fingers, each one emitting electric currents. At once, everyone screamed. I ran to shut the door, expecting it to lock like the previous one. But to no avail—it wouldn’t lock. My friends ran toward me, trying to close the door to prevent the fiery-looking robot from entering the room.

I looked up and saw the robot staring at us with its terrifying eyes, its towering figure visible through the glass of the door. It wore a lethal smile, and in that moment, I knew—I was never smiling again. As another electric bolt passed through the door, I realized there must be a metal conductor inside it, allowing the current to flow. If we could gather enough electric force, it might blast the locked door open.

The robot started shooting more and more bolts at us. We moved apart, creating a passage so the bolts could hit the locked door. Soon enough, after several hits, the door blasted open. Without hesitation, we ran toward our car. By the time we reached it, the robot had arrived at the porch and had started shooting knives as well. As I looked back while we drove away, the robot shot an electric bolt—but we took a sharp left turn, and it hit a stone.

It was the tombstone of W. Stein.

As we drove farther away, I could see one last thing—a blooming figure of someone, concealed in the dark. The moonlight lit up his face. It definitely wasn’t the robot. I closed my eyes.

It seemed that Mr. Stein had woken up from the dead!!!!

*Compiled and edited by  
Literary Committee 2024-2025*

