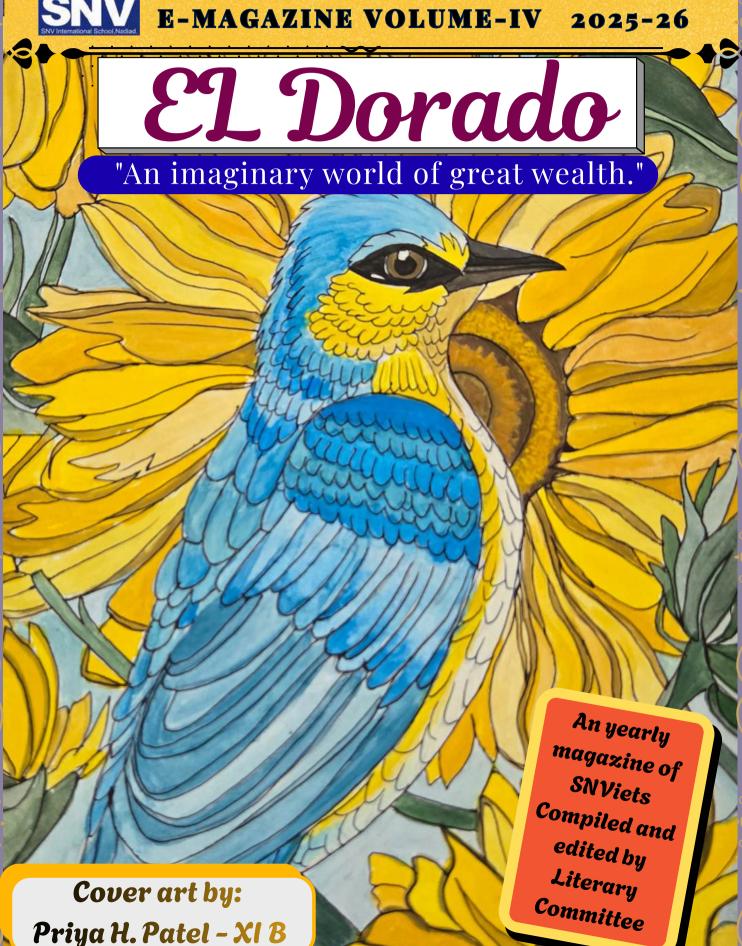


SNV INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL BHUMEL



President's Wote:

"A flower raised in a greenhouse is still beautiful, even though it knows no adversity. But a flower growing in the field that has braved wind, rain, cold, and heat possesses something more than just beauty."

— Rena Ryūgū

It is truly hard to believe that a decade has passed since I joined SNV. This institution has significantly shaped my life and imparted invaluable lessons. Beyond merely adhering to the syllabus, I have forged genuine friendships, understood the importance of respect, and embraced substantial responsibilities. More importantly, I have gained insights into how to navigate the complexities of the outside world.



Aru Pathak

I would like to offer some reflections that may aid you on your journey. Although we each come from diverse backgrounds, we ultimately navigate the same world, face similar challenges, and endure criticism. Consequently, instead of remaining confined within our individual bubbles, we should embrace the myriad experiences that life offers. This openness is vital for personal growth, as learning is a lifelong pursuit.

One important takeaway is that effective communication is indispensable; silence is not a feasible response. It is essential to express your thoughts clearly while consistently maintaining respect for others.

In conclusion, I encourage you to articulate your viewpoints with respect. No one is entitled to criticize you for expressing your opinions. Regardless of the situation, it is essential to remain steadfast in your beliefs and emotions. Stay true to yourself, and in due course, everything will fall into place.

Thank you, SNV, for the invaluable lessons you have imparted.

- Aru Pathak [President, Student Council- 2025-26]

Ofice-Ofresident's Office:

"To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment." Ralph Waldo Emerson

SNV has profoundly impacted my life, continuing to influence me on a daily basis. It has instilled valuable lessons that transcend academic knowledge, emphasizing principles such as responsibility, respect, sincerity, and the importance of consistently embodying the qualities of a good human being.

As an individual who is both emotional and sensitive, my experience with SNV has fostered the confidence to embrace my authentic self.



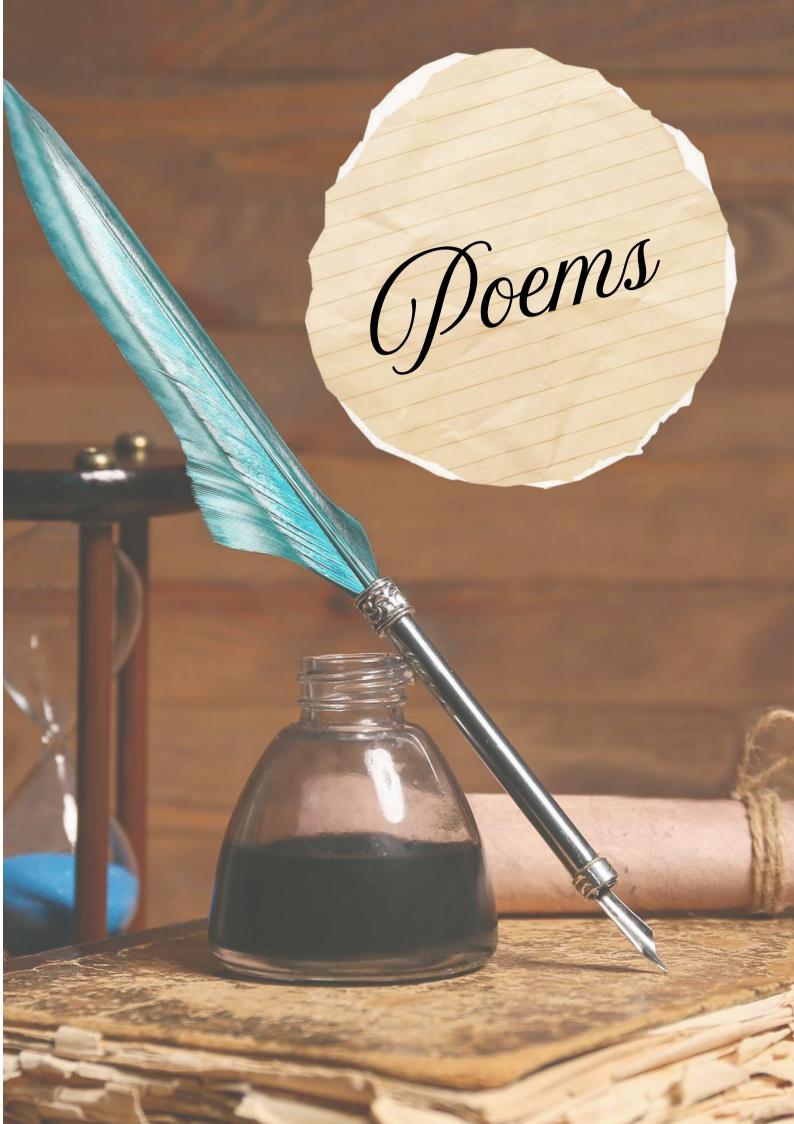
Falak Shaikh

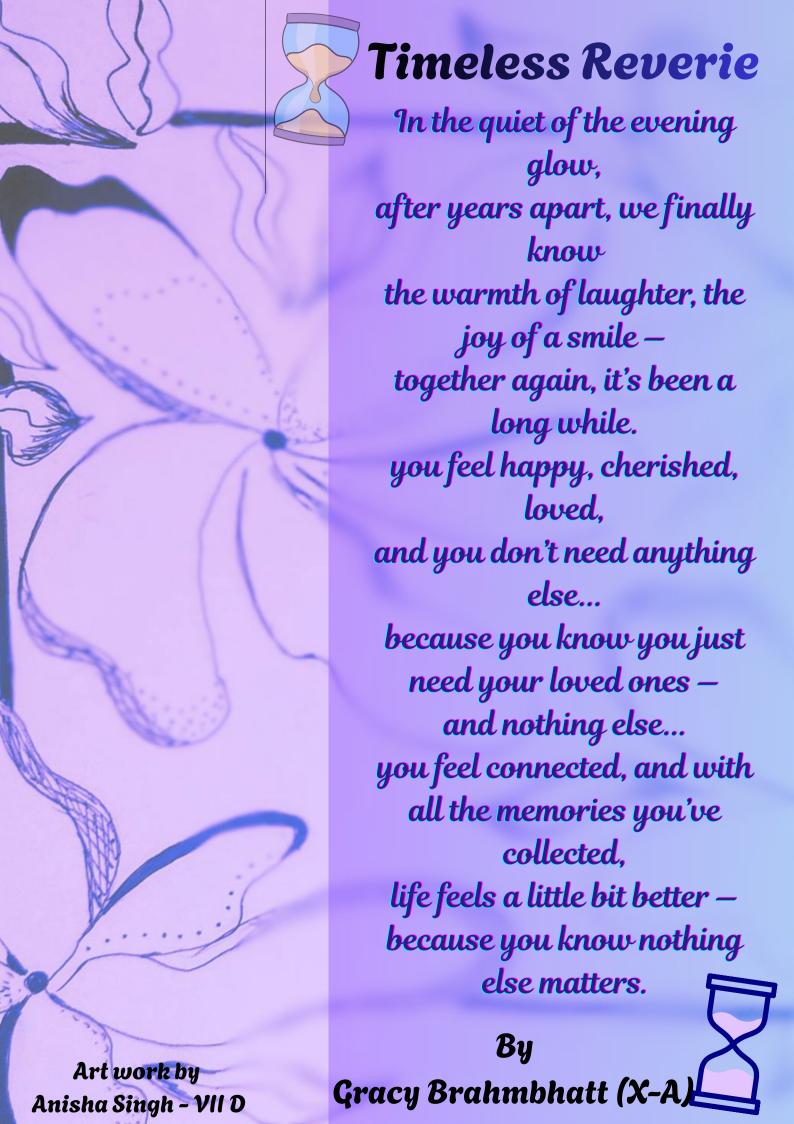
It has taught me that true strength arises from love and kindness. SNV has significantly contributed to my development, both as a student and as a person.

To anyone reading this, I would like to impart a valuable lesson I have learned: always prioritize respect, maintain consistency, and avoid compromising your identity to conform. Your behaviour, communication, and treatment of others are far more significant than the pursuit of perfection. Embrace a mindset of continuous learning and improvement; even small, daily changes can lead to substantial progress over time, even if the results are not immediately evident.

Serving as Vice President is an opportunity for which I am sincerely thankful. It inspires me to pursue continuous improvement and to make meaningful contributions. Celebrating a decade at this institution fills me with pride, not as an endpoint, but as a testament to my ongoing journey of learning and personal growth each day.

-Falak Shaikh (Vice-President, Student Council- 2025-26)





Moments of Bliss

Happiness comes from deep within—not something you lose, not something you win.

It finds you mid-laughter, mid-dream, mid-flight,

like a dove in the sky — soft and light.

Some people are like the sun, shining bright in your life.

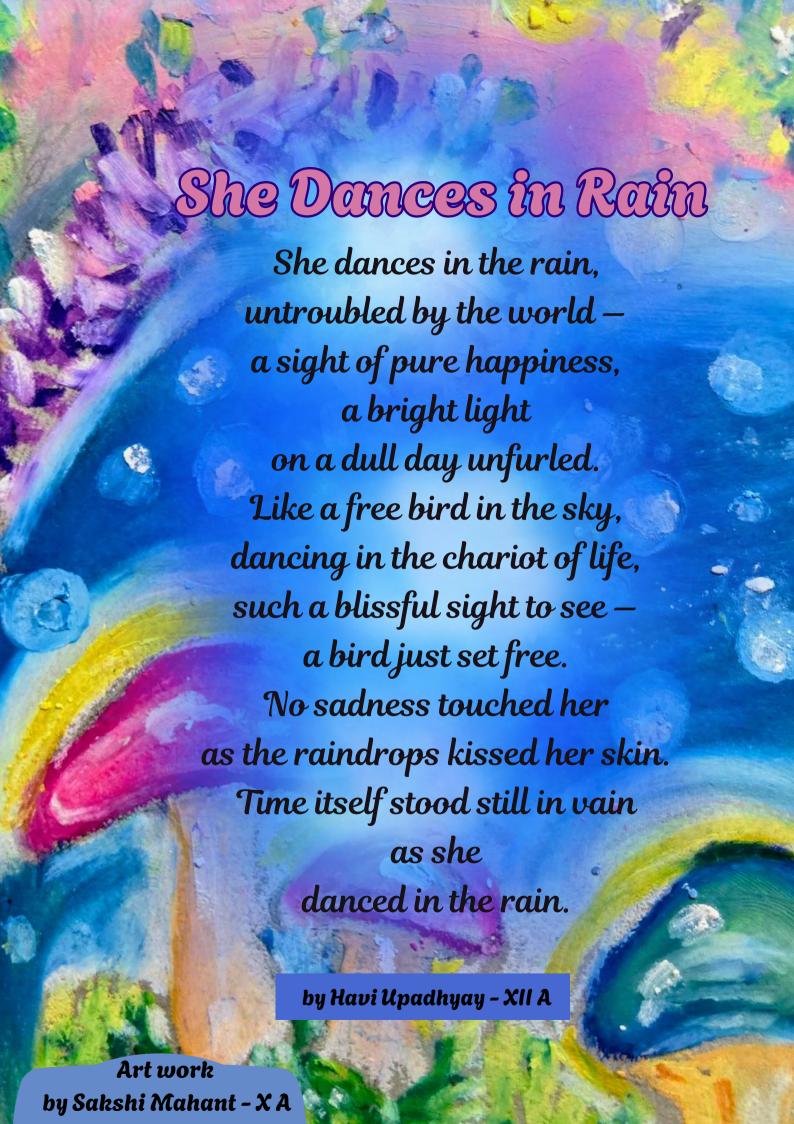
They warm your heart and make you feel alive.

Be grateful for them — for they are the real gems!!

By

Gracy Brahmbhatt (X-A)

Art work by Sakshi Mahant - X A







Art work by Aisha Sachdev -VIII D

THE INCARCERATED SOUL

After every long afternoon, she stands against the wall. Besides her lunette window, when the evening is to befall. All glories flash upon her, all fantasies make way to her.

Her eyes want to see a lot, but can see a little.
Her lips want to tell a lot, but can tell a little
Display of emancipation, storm in her eyes,
Peace in her smile, perhaps, may be just a disguise.

The texture of ambivalence, and the flaunt of her skeptical balance. In the silent corridors of her soul, therein lie many tales untold.

Too delicate for a tongue to utter, and she clips her wings, yearning to flutter.

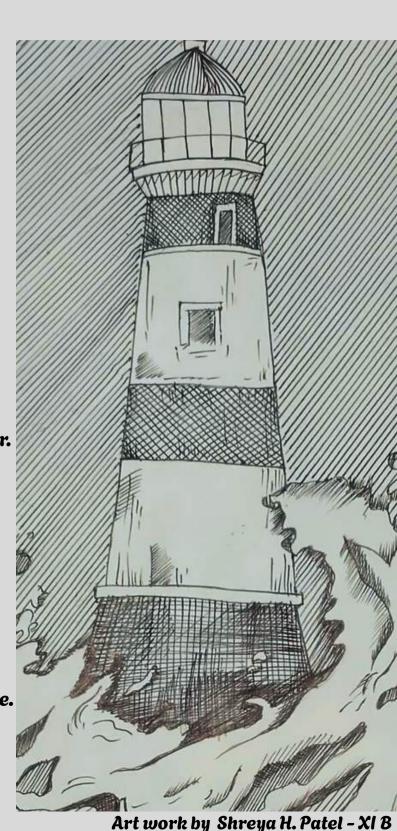
Then comes a merry bird, to her sight.

To her, it's an epitome of liberty,
the dazzling freedom, the unbound kite.
Her mind leaps like a bird,
only to make herself be heard.
Her mind tosses like a coin, amidst
fettering bars and unchaining quoin.

She sips all her agonies, like a vintage wine.

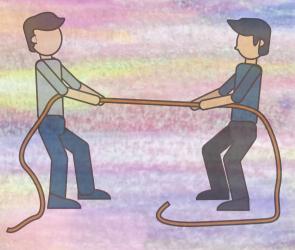
She is an incarcerated princess, freedom denied, but passion so divine!

~ Rudra K Patel - XII A



Tug of two

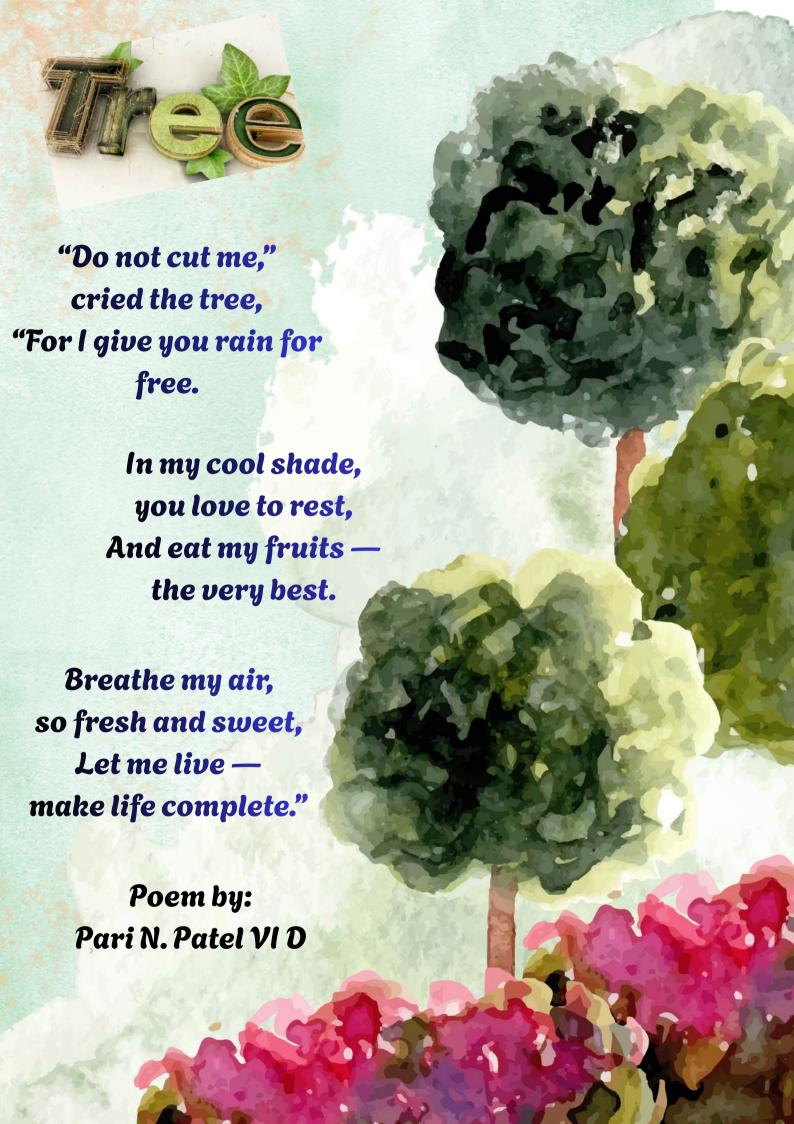
She lives in two extremes a case of being torn inside, a war between working hard and enjoying life,

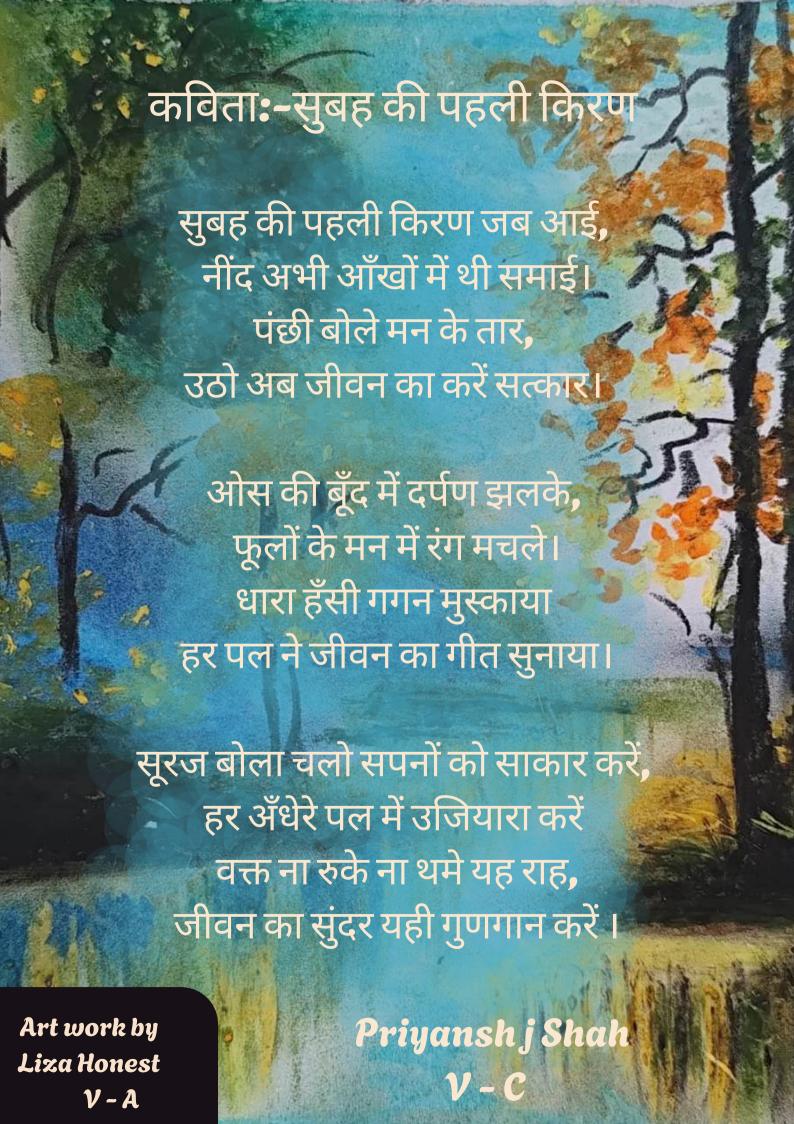


to love and hate at the same time
like a quarrel between heart and mind
two places at one time,
two choices, one to decide
it's a never- ending tug of war
between two extremes

By Jiah Patel
XII A

Art work by Sakshi Mahant - X A





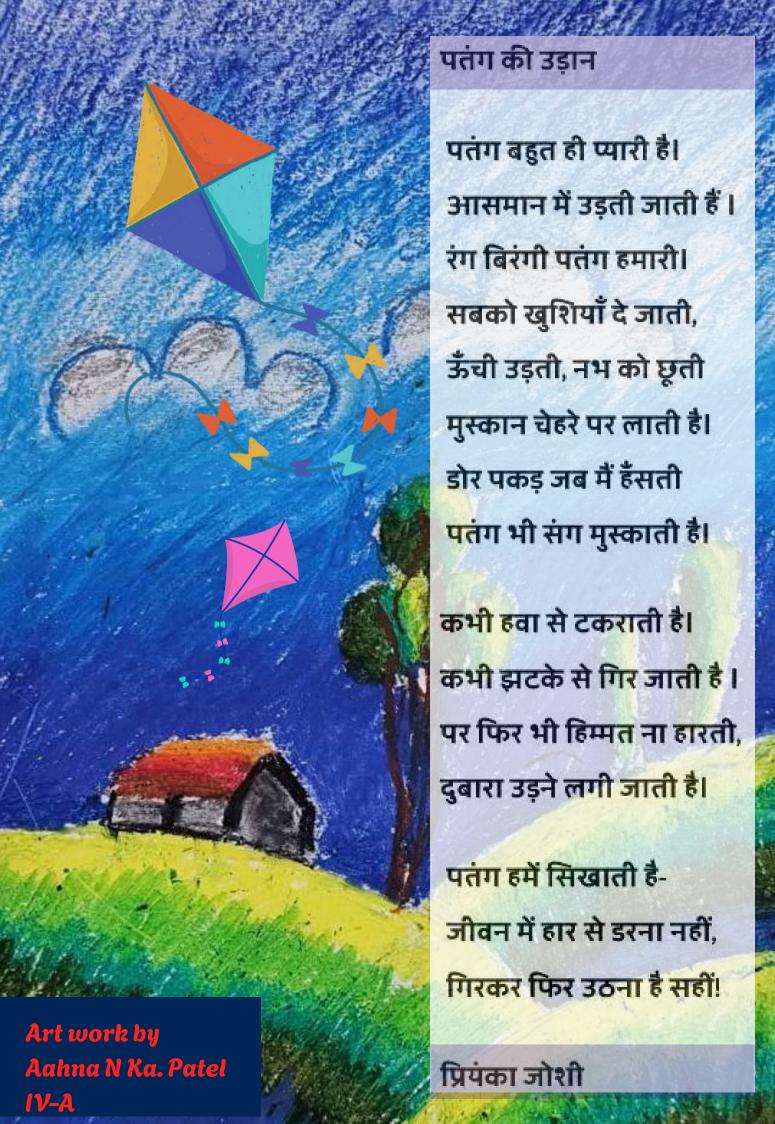


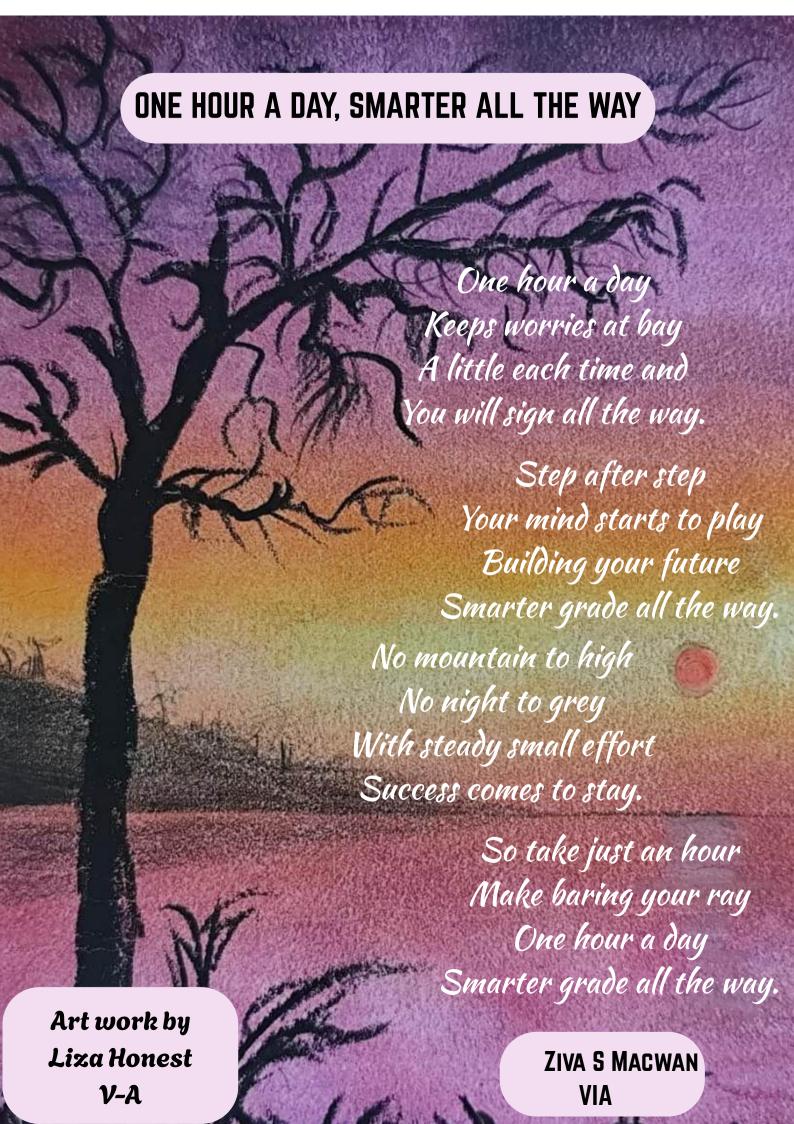
कुदरत ने है कैसा किया कमाल 🧷 यह है आपका और मेरा सवाल, कुदरत से हैं हमारा सहारा, इसका जादू है सबसे न्यारा, खान-पान है हमको देता, बदले में और कुछ ना लेता, इससे हमारा जीवन संभव, इसके बिना हर चीज़ असंभव, देता हमें है फल और सब्जी, इसकी हर चीज मिलती सस्ती यह वस्तु है बड़ी ही गुप्त, मेहनत करो तो मिलेगी मुफ्त, यह है संसार का अनमील मोती, इसकी मेहनत से हर घर में रोटी।

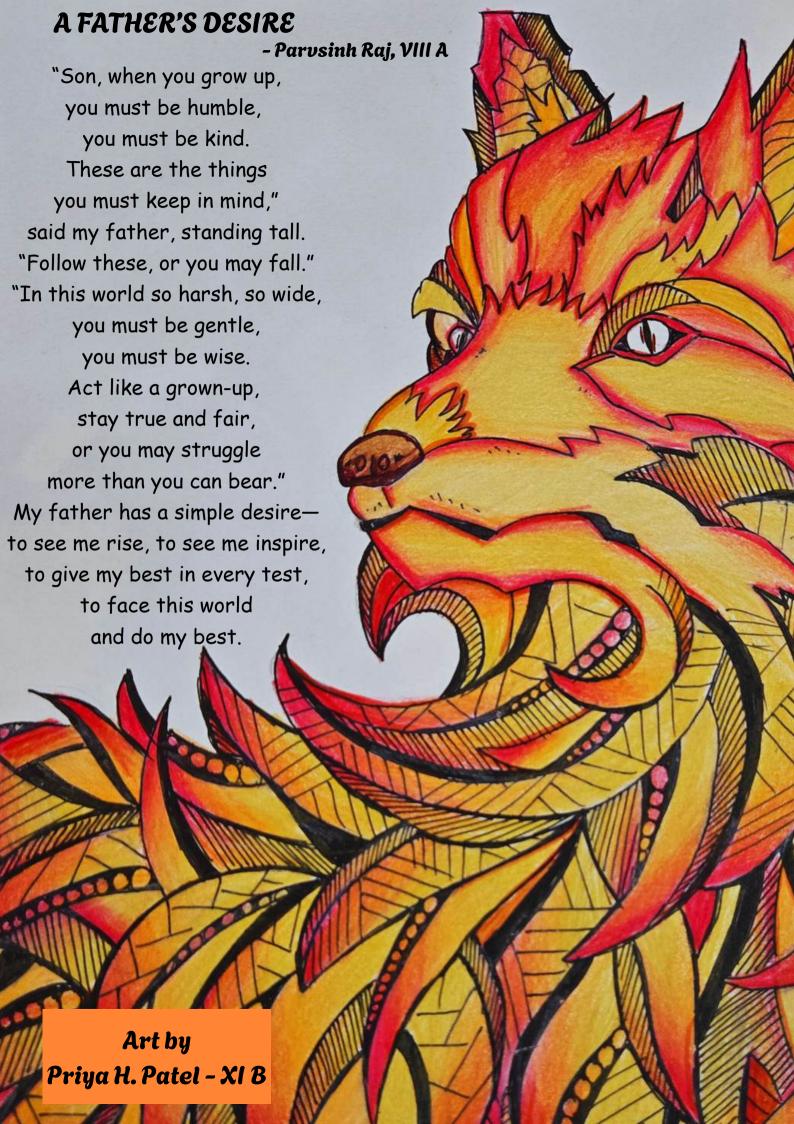
Kanishk R. Maheshwari

WD

Art work by Liza Honest V - A







SCHOOL DRAMA & MEMORIES

Alarm goes off. It's 7:02,
Barely awake... but I push through.
Brush my teeth with one eye closed,
Still walk out looking decently posed.
Math class starts — like a puzzle from Mars.
Numbers and letters... I'm seeing stars.
"X plus Y equals what?" he asks.
I freeze up, stuck behind my mask.
Lunchtime drama, the food's a mystery.
Is that a sandwich... or ancient history?
Swap my lunch for something that looks
ideal,

Only to find out — it's cold as steel.
Group projects? Yeah, a total mess.
Someone's missing, no one's impressed.
I do the work, they take the praise...
Next time I'm solo — no delays.
But hey, through all this chaos and noise,
School's where we find our crew, our joys.
Memories made, forever bright,
Drama, laughs — we own the fight.
So here's to school — wild and funny,
The best messy, crazy, unforgettable
journey.

Because in the end, we all survive, With stories to tell... and dreams alive.

Art work by Aisha Sachdev -VIII D

By Lavishka Heda – VIII A

WONDERLAND

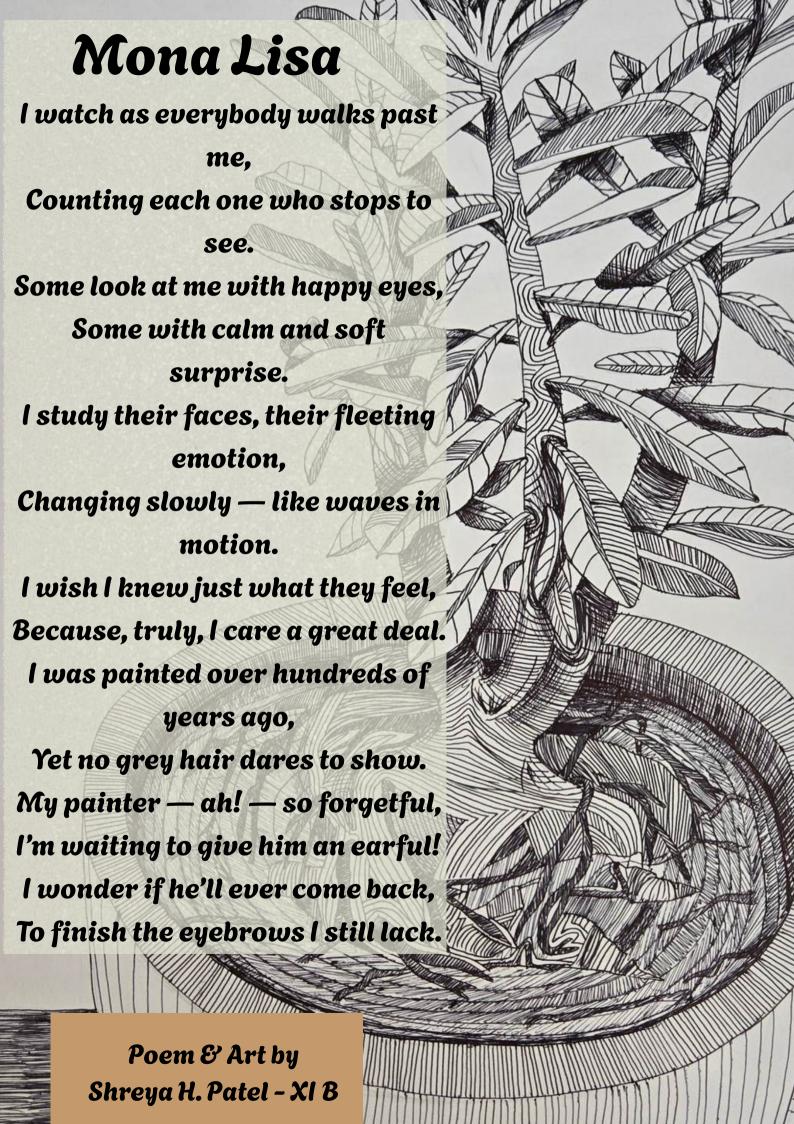
There is a secret still unrevealed, In the mythical caves of Cranishield!

Hidden deep, beyond command,
Lies an instrument — a Wonderland!
There flows a river made of chocolate
sweet,

So cold it gives a shivering treat. It makes you tremble, it makes you quiver, As magic ripples through the river! There dwell fairies — some good, some sly, And goblins whisper as they fly. I already told you, yet it's concealed — This ancient secret, still unrevealed! In that land of glory, pure and bright, Where sadness fades and hearts feel light, A world so charming, strange, and grand — That's the magic of Cranishield Land! Unicorns prance through skies so clear, While dragons roar and phoenixes cheer. Children draw their dreams so fair, Of dazzling creatures everywhere! But alas! It's only imagination's hand, That paints my mind's enchanted land. Still, the secret stays concealed, In the mystic caves of Cranishield! And there it lies — that instrument grand, That traps your heart in Wonderland!

By Lekh K<mark>unal Patel — VI D &</mark> Dhiaan Divyangkumar Patel — VI D





WHY "I Don't Know" IS ACTUALLY OKAY

-Risha Patel - VIII A

There's a strange pressure to always have the right answers.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" "What's your five-year plan?"

"Why didn't you get this question right?"
Sometimes all I want to say is: I don't know.
And honestly? That should be completely fine.

We're still figuring out who we

We're still figuring out who we are, what we love,

what we believe, and even what makes us us. It's okay to not have a dream job yet.

It's okay to still be learning how to study, how to speak up,

or how to simply be.

It's okay to be confused about friendships or life in general.

Saying "I don't know" doesn't mean you're clueless.

It means you're open — open to learning, open to changing,

open to becoming better.

So the next time someone expects you to have everything

figured out, don't panic.

Just smile and say: I don't know... yet."

Art bySakshi Mahant X A

FLOWER AND BUTTERFLY

By Jaival N Joshi 5th C

A small butterfly, colorful and bright, meets the flower with love.

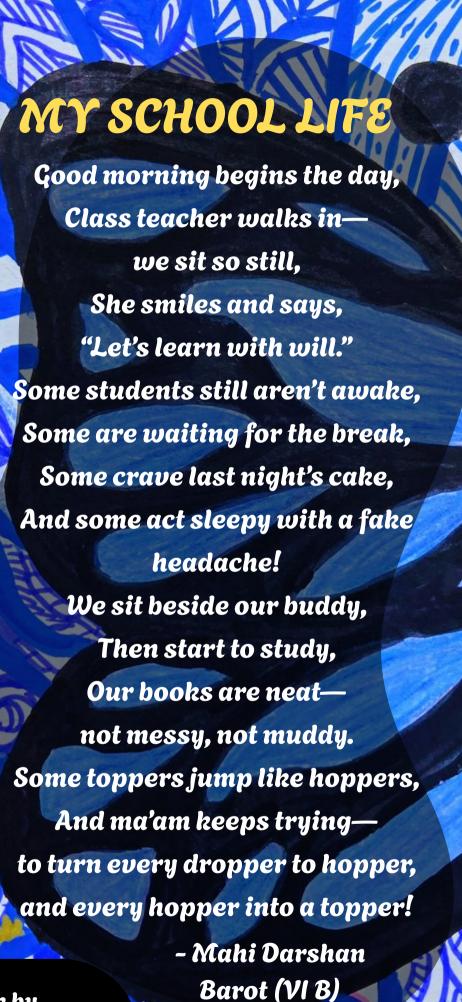
Who is hiding in the house of the cloud, with a drizzle of misty showers?

I opened the window and looked outside, and took in the sweet aromas.

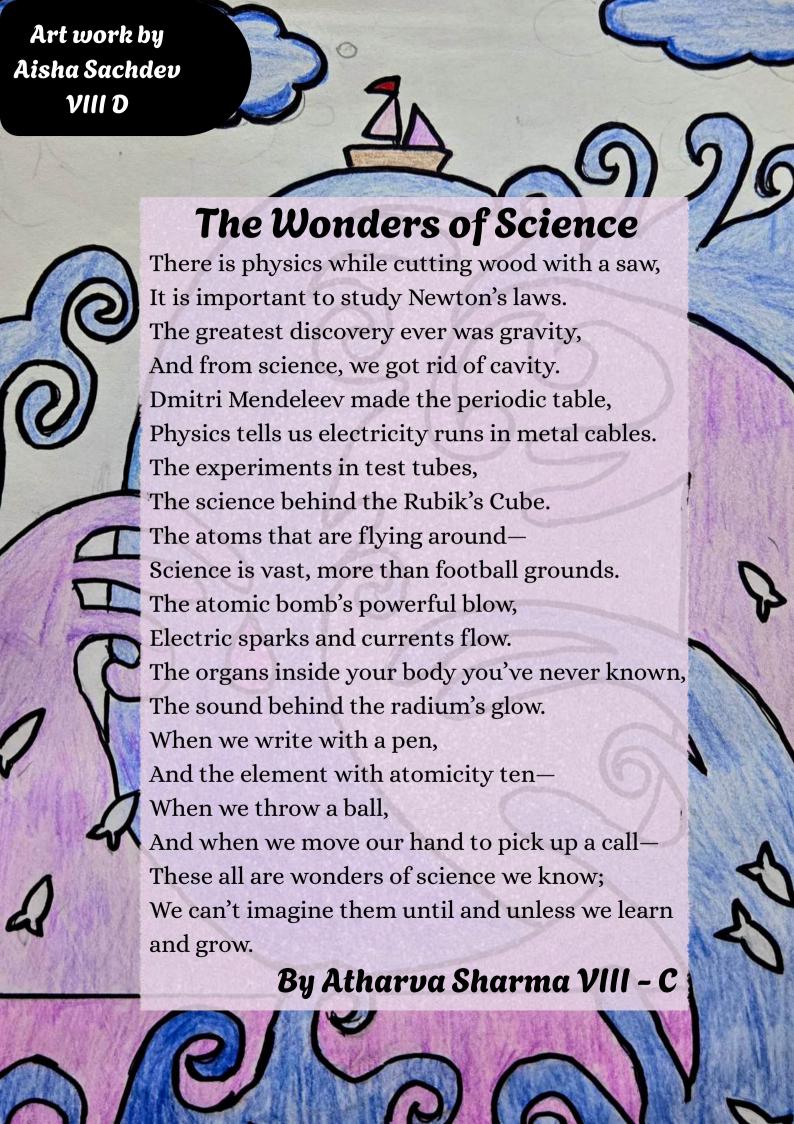
The wind arrived with a rushing sound, the branch swings, it swings;

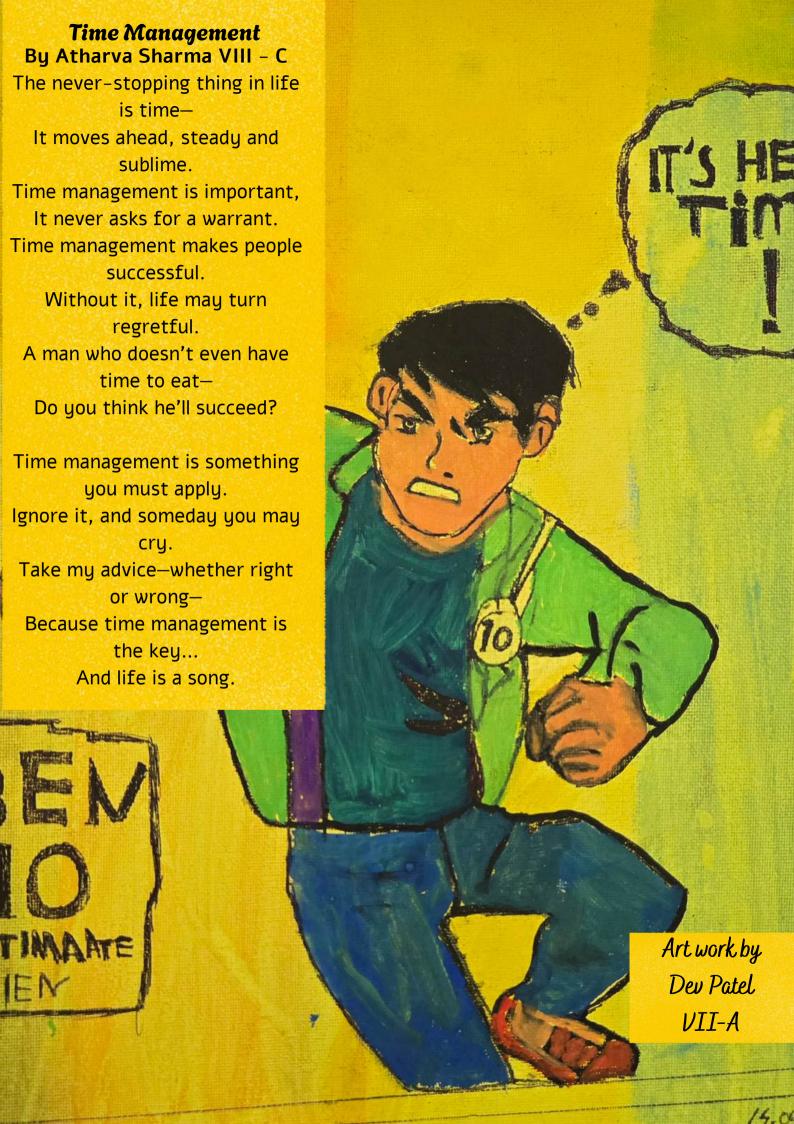
Someone says: "Come on, let's go running,"
someone else says: "Let's laugh";
Echoing voices in the open field,
As evening falls, the sun sets low,
the birds go back home;
Watching the twinkling stars,
the mind finds no need to roam.

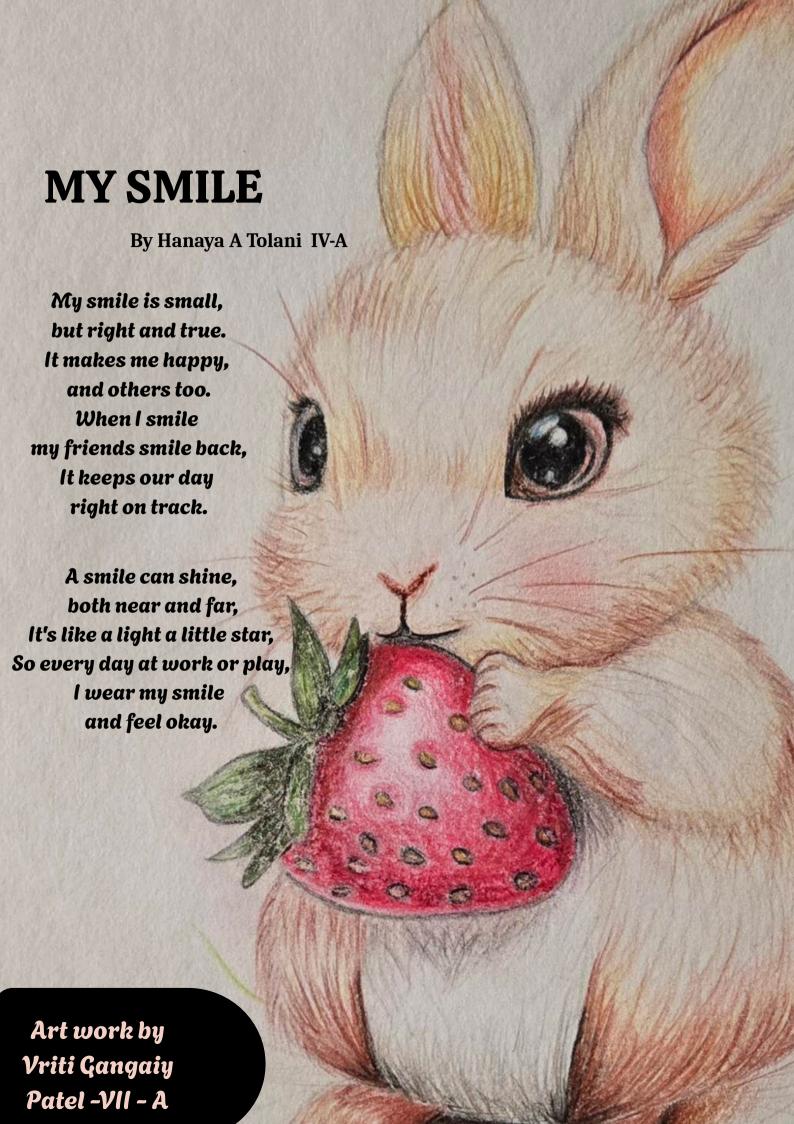
Laughing, playing, singing songs, the entire day has passed; My heart became mischievous, who tamed it so fast! My world is small, but my mind is great, I dream of things so beautiful; Come on friends, let's sing together, let the joy remain within, it's dutiful.



Art work by Aisha Sachdev -VIII D







Caticles.

THINGS SCHOOL TEACHES US THAT AREN'T IN THE BOOKS

School teaches us Math, Science, History, and all that academic stuff. But honestly Some of the biggest lessons in life don't come from textbooks at all. Like how to finish an entire project the night before it's due — with snacks, panic, and a whole lot of regret. Or how to stay calm during a surprise test when your brain suddenly forgets what 7×8 is.

(Its 39 or 56... right???)

Here are just a few things I've learned at school that no teacher ever wrote on the board:

1. How to survive a group project

Step one: pray you don't get stuck with people who do nothing.

Step two: do everything yourself and cry later.

2. How to pretend you're confident during an oral presentation Smile, look slightly above everyone's heads, and read off the paper as if you wrote Shakespeare in your sleep.

3. How to make friends in the weirdest places you'd be surprised how many friendships begin at the back of the class, whispering about how confusing the homework is.

4. How to laugh at yourself Whether you slip in front of everyone or accidentally call the teacher "mom" (it happens!), learning to laugh it off is a real-life superpower.

5. How to keep going even on the tough days not every day is fun or easy. But getting up, showing up, and trying again is something to be proud of; So yes, we're learning algebra, grammar, and diagrams

— but we're also learning how to survive awkward moments, manage stress, and become better humans.

And honestly? That's pretty impressive if you ask me.

By Risha Patel 8th-A

VIIIA

A Year Close to Our Hearts By Class 8-A



The year 2025 will always stay with us. It was a year of learning, laughter, and moments that touched our hearts. Our Language Day performance was one of our proudest days — standing together on stage, nervous but united, and hearing the applause that made all our effort worth it.

Children's Day was another memory we hold close. Our class teacher made the day special with her love, surprises, and words that felt like warm blessings. She made us feel seen, cared for, and truly valued.

In every lesson, celebration, and challenge, we grew stronger together.

2025 wasn't just a year — it was a feeling, a bond, a beautiful part of our story in Class 8-A.





चित्रकार की कहानी -

एक गाँव में एक गरीब लड़का रहता था। जो बड़ा चित्रकार बनना चाहता था। उसके पास रंग और कागज नहीं थे। फिर भी वह मिट्टी और कोयले से चित्र बनाता था। लोग उसका मजाक उड़ाते पर वह रुका नहीं और मेहनत करता रहा। और एक दिन उसके बनाए चित्रों को एक बड़े कलाकार ने देखा। उसके बनाए गए चित्रों की प्रशंसा की। और कलाकार ने उसे शहर की कला अकादमी में दाखिला दिलवा दिया। उसकी मेहनत से उसका सपना सच हो गया। सीख-मेहनत, लगन और आत्मविश्वास से कोई भी सपना पूरा किया जा सकता है।





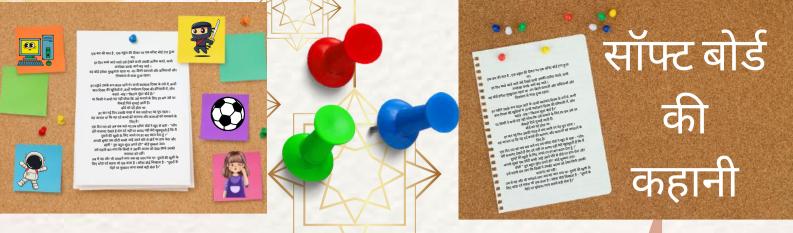
A LESSON TO MINTU

There was a boy named Mintu. He would not eat fruits and vegetables his mother would explain to him a lot but he never listened to his mother. Mother would give fruits to Mintu but he would throw them away. Mother would give him vegetable soup and he would drop it down.

One night he had a dream. He was lost in a garden of fruits. Seeing the fruits he started feeling hungry. He waited to eat a banana. But the banana went away in anger. He wanted to eat an orange it stuck its tongue at him and went away. He would not yet hold off any fruits now he started crying in hunger. He suffered from hunger and thrust.

Suddenly he woke up from his sleep. He realised his mistake. He said, now I will always eat fruits and vegetables.





एक बार की बात है , एक स्कूल की दीवार पर एक सॉफ्ट बोर्ड टंगा हुआ था। हर दिन बच्चे आते जाते उसे देखते कभी उसकी तारीफ करते, कभी अनदेखा करके आगे बढ़ जाते ।

वह बोर्ड हमेशा मुस्कुराता रहता था -रंग-बिरंगे कागजों और कविताओं और चित्रकला से सजा हुआ रहता।

हर महीने उसके रूप बदल जाते थे। कभी स्वतंत्रता दिवस के रंगों में ,कभी बाल दिवस की खुशियों में ,कभी पर्यावरण दिवस की हरियाली में, लोग कहते -वाह !"कितना सुंदर बोर्ड है।"

पर किसी ने कभी यह नहीं सोचा कि उसे सजाने के लिए हर बार उसे पर सैकड़ो पिनें चुभाई जाती हैं।

📏 बोर्ड को दर्द होता था-

हर बार नई पिन उसकी सतह में धंस जाती पर वह चुप रहता। वह जानता था कि यह दर्द बच्चों की कल्पना और कलाओं को चमकाने के लिए है। एक दिन रात को जब सब चले गए तब सॉफ्ट बोर्ड ने खुद से कहा - "लोग मेरी सजावट देखते हैं मेरा दर्द नहीं पर शायद यही मेरी खूबसूरती हैं कि मैं दूसरों की खुशी के लिए अपने रंग हर बार बदल देता हूं।"

अगली सुबह एक छोटी बच्ची आई उसने धीरे से बोर्ड पर हाथ फेरा और बोली " तुम बहुत सुंदर लगते हो!" बोर्ड मुस्करा उठा।

उसे पहली बार लगा कि किसी ने उसकी आत्मा को देखा सिर्फ उसकी सजावट को नहीं। तब से वह और भी चमकने लगा अब वह जान गया था- दूसरों की खुशी के लिए थोड़ा दर्द सहना भी एक कला है। सॉफ्ट बोर्ड सिखाता है - "दूसरों के चेहरे पर मुस्कान लाना सबसे बड़ी सेवा है।"

Dhruvit P.Joshi - VI A

🧡 कहानी :-जुगनू का सपना

एक छोटे से गाँव में एक जुगनू रहता था,जिसका नाम चमकू था। हर रात वह अपने छोटे से पंखों को फैलाकर आसमान में उड़ता और अपनी रोशनी से अँधेरी रात को जगमगाता ।लेकिन चमकू का एक सपना था कि वह चाँद से बात करे।

हर रात में उसने ऊपर देखा और कहा, " एक दिन में तुमसे जरूर बात करूंगा ।" गाँव के बाकी सब जुगनू का मजाक उड़ाते -"तू छोटा सा जुगनू चाँद तक कैसे पहुँचेगा ?" लेकिन चमकू ने हार नहीं मानी।

एक दिन जब हवा थोड़ी तेज चली,तो वह अपने पंखों को जोर से फड़फड़ाने लगा। उड़ते -उड़ते वह बहुत ऊपर चला गया। अचानक एक ऊँचे पेड़ की टहनी ने उसे रोक दिया।वह थक गया लेकिन मुस्कुराया उसे समझ में आ गया कि सपना पूरा करने की कोशिश भी एक जीत के बराबर है।

रात में जब चाँद निकला, उसकी रोशनी चमकू पर पड़ी।तभी ऐसा लगा जैसे चाँद मुस्कुरा रहा हो।चमकू ने मन ही मन कहा, " तुमने मुझे देखा बस यही काफी है।" शिक्षा-इस कहानी से हमें शिक्षा मिलती है कि हमें अपने सपनों को पूरा करने की हमेशा कोशिश करते रहना चाहिए।



FREE AT LAST

by Riyansh Joshi (7th-A)

In 1854, in the city of Dorchester in England, a boy was born.

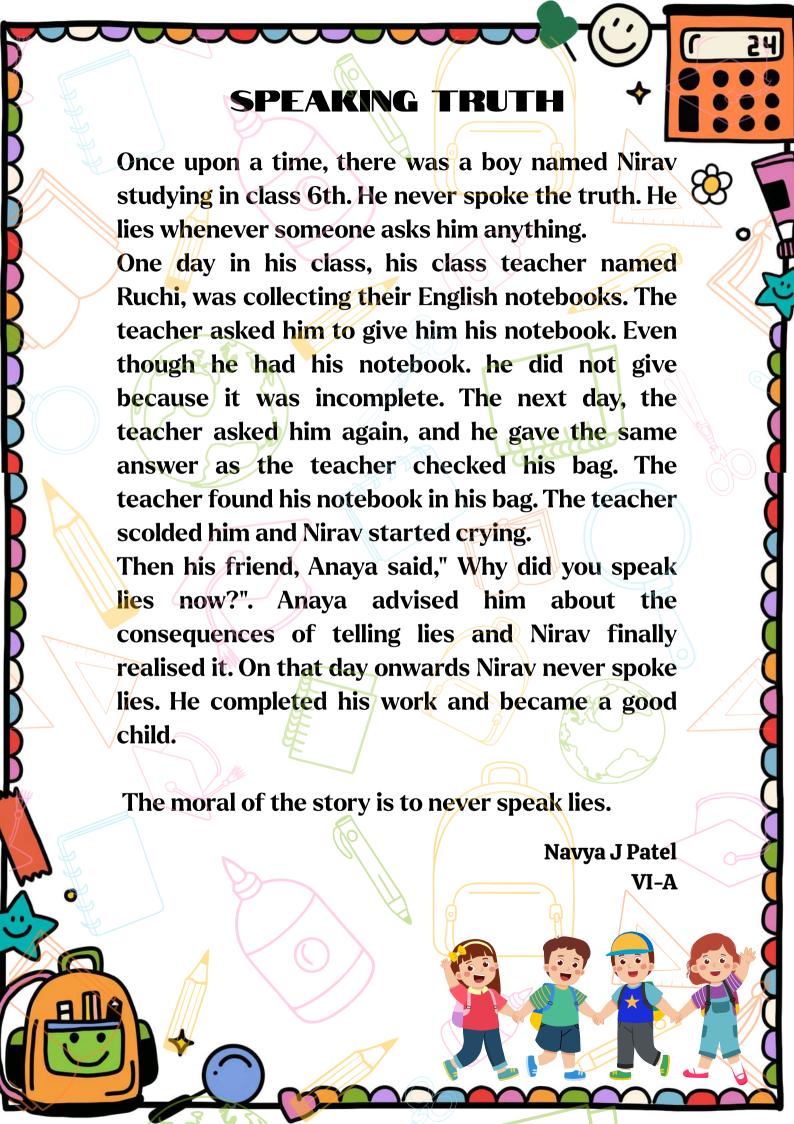
His parents named him Marcus. He was born into a very poor family, and both his parents passed away when he was just 10 months old.

He was then adopted by his abusive uncle and aunt. They would not feed him regularly, which caused him to starve. By the time he turned five years old, he was thin, weak, and unable to walk properly. His uncle abused him daily, and his aunt didn't feed him well either. They gave him countless chores to do. This went on for many months and continued for years, until one day, when he was about ten years old, something inside Marcus snapped.

His heart was filled with rage, his eyes filled with tears, and his mind had only one thought — revenge. He ran to the door, opened it, and decided to run away. But something was missing, he thought. Then he saw the old telephone on the shelf. He immediately called the police and told them everything. Just then his uncle spotted him. Marcus began running for his life, his chest pounding. His uncle picked up a large stone and threw it at him. The stone hit Marcus on the head, but he kept running until he finally lost sight of his uncle. He went to his neighbour's house to seek help. They took him in and bandaged his wounds.

In the end, Marcus looked out of the window and saw the police arresting his uncle. His heart filled with joy. His neighbours happily adopted him as their son.

Marcus was now... free at last.



It was an old, creepy house — at least, that's what everyone said. But to Evelyn, it wasn't. To her, it was just another house. Evelyn was a quiet girl who preferred to be alone. She had grown up in a broken home. Her parents fought often, and when her father left, her mother's health began to fail. After losing both her parents, Evelyn felt like the walls of her house were closing in on her. She wanted a fresh start.

So, she moved to a big house in Rhode Island. It was silent, far from the city, and there wasn'tanother soul nearby. That was exactly how she liked it. Her new room was simple — clean, quiet, smelling faintly of dust. Against one wall stood a tall mirror, its frame carved with fading silver vines and a single crack that ran along the corner like a scar. Evelyn ran her fingers over its surface and wondered, Who could leave such a beautiful mirror behind?



By Gracy Brahmbhatt X-A

For a while, everything was fine. The days passed softly. She unpacked, cooked, and even started reading again. But at night, the house seemed to breathe. The air turned colder, heavier. And when Evelyn walked past the mirror, she sometimes thought she saw her reflection smile a fraction too late.

One night, she woke up hungry — classic Evelyn. She went to the kitchen, made noodles, and came back to her room. But as she stepped inside, she froze. Her reflection wasn't moving. It stood still, staring back at her. The face looked like hers, but the skin was paler, the eyes darker, deeper —almost pleading.

A chill ran down her spine. She blinked once. The reflection blinked too — but slower. That night, she heard faint scratching, then a whisper. "Evelyn..." Her name, spoken softly.

Her own voice, but not quite. She turned toward the mirror. Her reflection's eyes glistened with tears. "Please... help me." Evelyn's throat went dry. "Who are you?" she whispered.

The reflection smiled faintly, its expression fragile and broken.

"You know who I am. I've been here all along. You took my life."

Evelyn stumbled backward, her heart pounding. The mirror rippled. She felt something pulling her forward — gentle, then stronger, like invisible hands reaching out.

The glass felt warm beneath her fingertips, pulsing like skin. Her reflection leaned closer, its voice soft and final.

"It's my turn now.



Once upon a time there was a village, a father and a son lived in a small hut.In the mornings, the father would go to the fields and the son would go to his school. In the evenings, the father would return and have dinner with his son and go to bed thereafter. The father would tuck his son and kiss him goodnight. This would happen every day.

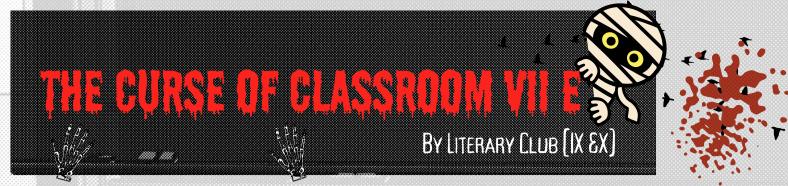
One day the father came from the fields and had dinner with his son as usual. After that the son went to bed when the father came to kiss him goodnight, he observed that his son was smiling weirdly, the father asked his son, "What happened? Why are you smiling? Tell me", the son told him that under the bed there was a monster and the monster told him to keep smiling, otherwise the monster would kill him.

The father asked him how he could help the monster. The son replied that the monster said he is very hungry, and asked his father to get some food. The father hurried and got some food, the son told him that the monster had asked him to eat the food on his behalf. While the sone ate the food, the father realized something, he knew that his son would eat food with his left hand, but this time the son was eating with the right hand. The father quickly realized that the person eating the food was not his son, and he hurriedly looked under the bed. There he saw his son scared and frightened under the bed. The father kept quiet and asked his "son" if he wanted more food, to which the monster who was pretending to be his son, replied that he felt hungrier and more wanted more food. The father went into the kitchen he took many iron nails and kept it inside the pudding.

When the monster in the disguise of his son, had the pudding, in one gulp, all his organs busted due to all the nails he had eaten and he died then and there. The brave father knelt under the bed and saved his frightened son. He hugged his son tightly and was very thankful that he was able to notice the monster eat food with his right hand and immediately recognize that it was not his real son and save him in time, before the monster harmed him.

Moral- Be observant whatever you are.





Augustine School had always been proud of its long history of stone corridors polished by decades of footsteps, wooden staircases that groaned like old men, and classrooms that held more memories than the school archives ever could. But not all memories were kind.

Among the school's whispered legends, none was more unsettling than the story of Classroom 7E, a room sealed years ago without explanation.

One late afternoon, after their club meeting ran longer than usual, Riya, Aarav, Meher, Kabir, and Tanu wandered into the older wing a part of the school students generally avoided. The sign at the entrance read:

"Restricted Area. Do Not Enter."

Normally, they respected the warning. But that day, a strange, crisp breeze rushed down the corridor and brushed past them, as if urging them forward.

When they reached the end of the hallway, they noticed something odd: the door of Classroom 7E, which was always locked, stood slightly open. Dust particles floated in the sunset light like tiny spirits dancing.

Riya pushed the door. Creeeeak.

A cold breath of air escaped the room, carrying the thick smell of dampness, dust, and forgotten books. Inside, cobwebs hung like silver threads from the ceiling. Broken desks lay overturned, and scattered papers had yellowed with time.

But the strangest part was the blackboard.

Someone had drawn faint lines on it fresh enough that the dust had not settled yet.

"Who comes here?" Meher whispered.

No one answered. Not even the room.

Near the window, Kabir noticed an old cupboard shoved against the wall. Struggling, he and Aarav pushed it aside. Something thin slid to the ground. It was a class photograph, the edges frayed. Mrs. Roy hesitated. Her hands trembled slightly.

"I taught that class... There were 31 children. But one didn't go hord day."

"What was his name?" Aarav asked, his voice barely audible.

Mrs. Roy looked away, as though searching through memories buried too deep.

"I don't remember," she whispered. "No matter how hard I try, I can never recall his name."

Riya tried again. "Ma'am... please."

Mrs. Roy closed her eyes tightly, forcing herself to remember.

"His name was— I can't—"

Suddenly, her eyes flew open.

"Aarav!"

Aarav looked down. The photograph in his hands showed the blurred boy fully clear, unmistakably his own face.

Mrs. Roy's voice broke.

"The photograph never lies. It shows who's next."

The lights flickered wildly. A cold wind roared through the empty corridors as if the building itself shuddered.

Mrs. Roy whispered: "It's already begun."

The next morning, Aarav didn't come to school. His friends thought he had taken a day off out of fear.

By afternoon, the truth spread.

Aara had not reached home the previous evening at all. His parents had filed a missing complaint. The school fell into chaos.

Police searched every classroom, every storage room, every corner of the grounds.

All they found was Aarav's school bag, lying near the locked door of Classroom 7E.

That evening, Mrs. Roy was called to the principal's office. On the table lay the old photograph.

There were 31 students in it.

Aarav's face was clear, smiling faintly.

Beside him, yet another face was blurred waiting to form.

Mrs. Roy whispered with a breaking voice:

"It has claimed another soul."

The authorities sealed Classroom 7E again. More locks, more warnings. But it didn't matter.

The curse wasn't tied to the door. It was tied to the photograph.

The Truth Behind the Curse

In 1995, during a fierce storm, a boy named Rohit had been accidentally left behind during evacuation. The ceiling of 7E collapsed. When they found him the next morning, he had already died.

He was new. Quiet. Friendless. No one had waited for him. No one even noticed he was missing until it was too late.

The last class photograph taken before the tragedy, the same one the children found, became the vessel of his lonely spirit. Every few years, that photograph sought someone to replace the child who disappeared last.

Rohit never wanted to be alone again. This time, he took Aarav.

And the next blurred face was already forming.

Epilogue: Present Day

Even now, students whisper that the old corridor near 7E grows cold after sunset. Some claim they hear a faint camera click near the locked door.

Others swear they've seen a boy's figure standing behind the dusty window, sometimes even two boys.

The school authorities dismiss it as imagination.

But those who know the story stay away.

Because the photograph is never full for long.

And Classroom 7E is always waiting.



Written and composed by

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THE FOOLISH CAT AND THE CLEVER MOUSE

In a forest, there lived a large, shady tree. Within the trunk of that tree lived a clever mouse named Chintu. Chintu was small, but his brain was faster than a computer. In a hollow of the same tree lived a foolish and arrogant cat named 'Bahadur. The cat considered himself the cleverest hunter in the jungle, but he wasn't even as clever as his own long, brush-like whiskers! Bahadur the cat's only goal was to catch and eat Chintu the Mouse.

One day, Bahadur the cat concocted a 'terrible' plan to catch Chintu. The cat thought: "I will put on a great act! I will cry so intensely that Chintu will think I am very sad and come out."The cat sat by the entrance of the tree hollow and started pretending to weep loudly. He cried as if he had lost his most beloved toy at his uncle's house! Hearing the cat's wails, Chintu the Mouse asked from inside, "Bahadur bhai, why are you crying so much? Did you lose some precious gold? "Pretending to wipe his tears, the cat replied: "Oh Chintu... what should I tell you I met a guru who told me I must do good deeds. So, I have decided to take sanyas from today! I will give up hunting and feed hungry animals." The cat wailed again loudly, "Oh! I am such a sinner! You are my little brother. Come on out, I will give you chocolate and pieces of paneer. I have kept delicious paneer hidden just for you!"Chintu the Mouse burst into laughter. From inside, he replied calmly: "Wow, Bahadur Bhai, wow! Taking sanyas is a great thing. But I don't understand one thing."The cat became excited: "Tell me, tell me what you don't understand?"Chintu said peacefully: "Brother, when someone takes sanyas, they only eat vegetarian food. You say you have given up hunting, so how did you get the paneer to feed me? And where did a hermit who feeds hungry animals get paneer to feed a mouse? Hermits only eat fruits and roots, don't they?"

Hearing this, Bahadur the Cat's face fell. His cunningness had been exposed! He realized that hermits are vegetarian, and he had accidentally mentioned paneer! The cat stood up and started muttering in anger: "Oh no! This paneer ruined my entire plan! This mouse is truly too clever."And then, with a hungry and embarrassed face, he walked away from the tree. Chintu the Mouse was safe and laughing heartily.

Moral of the Story:

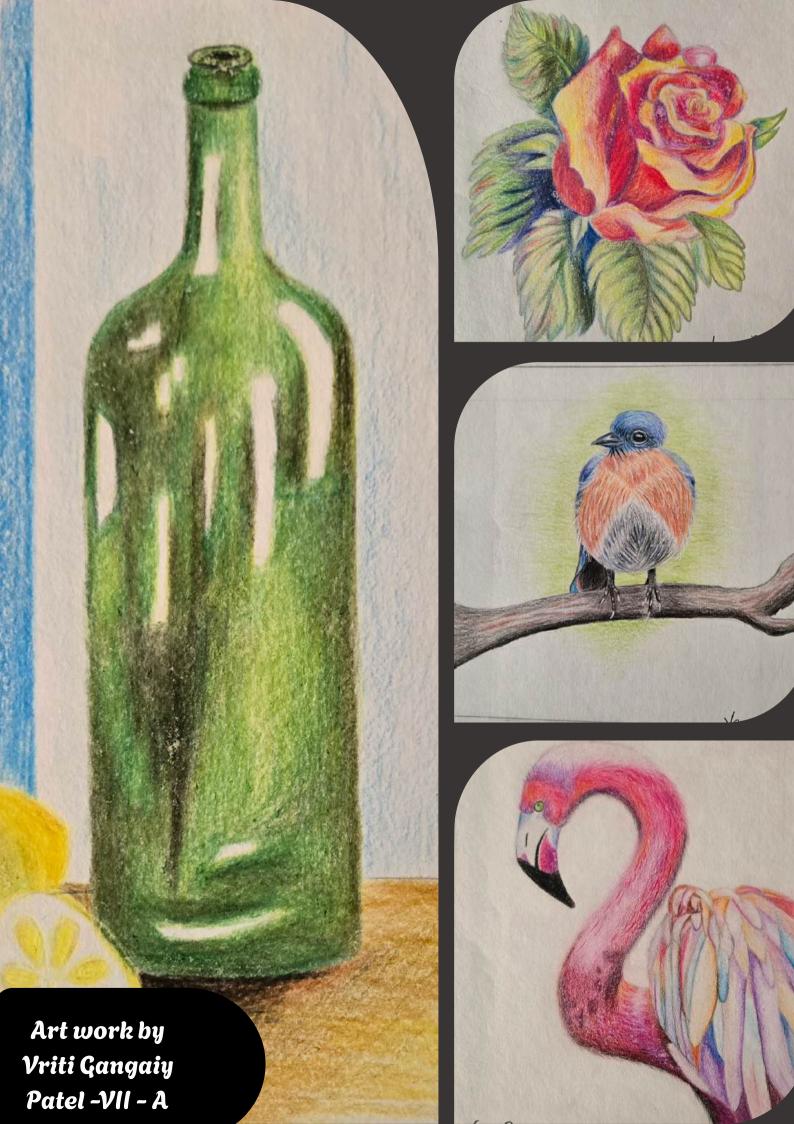
No matter how big the enemy is, if we use our intelligence (cleverness), we can face any difficulty with humor and wisdom.

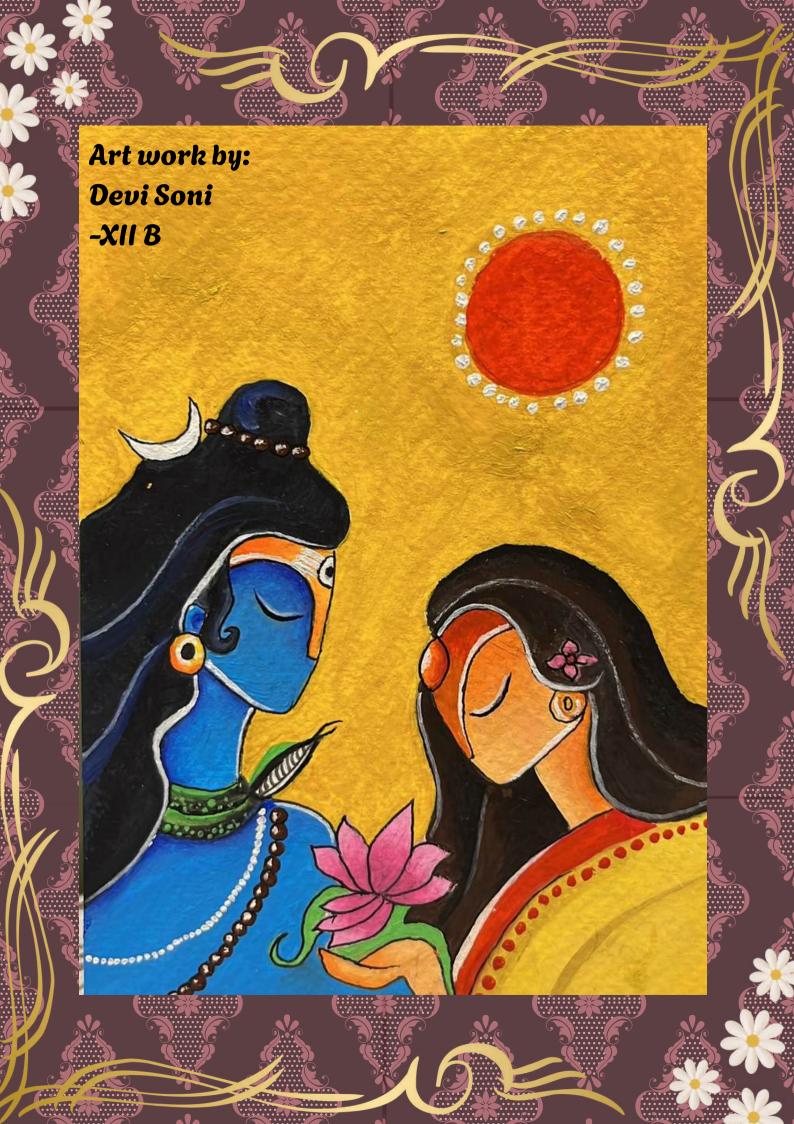
Jaival N Joshi

- 5th C







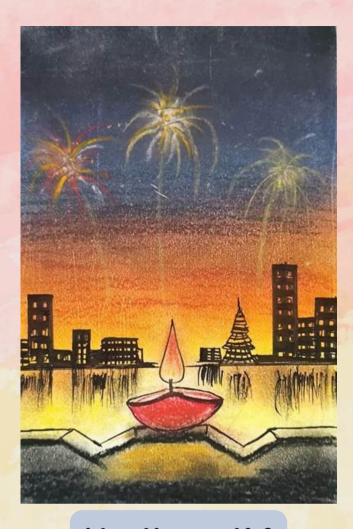




Panthee N Patel V-C



Amaya S Parikh III-B & Hridaan S Parikh VII-D



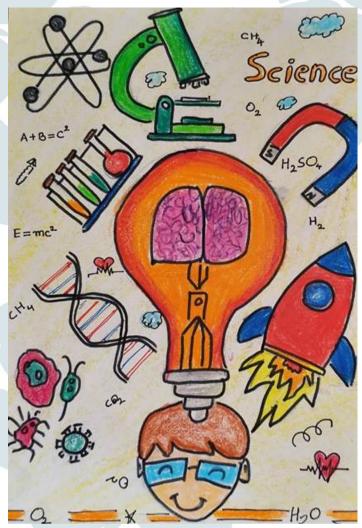
Liza Honest V-A



Prisha J Patel II-B





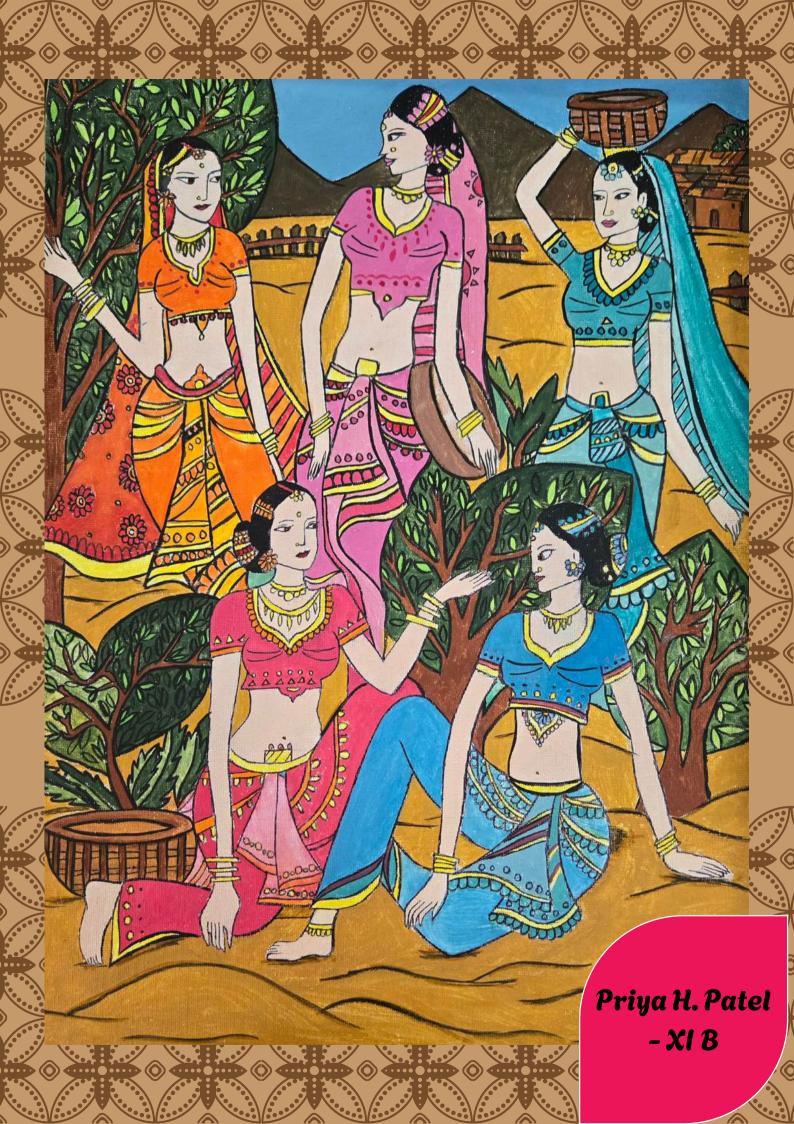


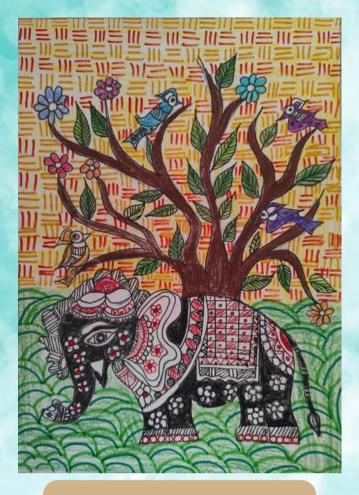
Anay D Patel V-A

Anay D Patel V-A

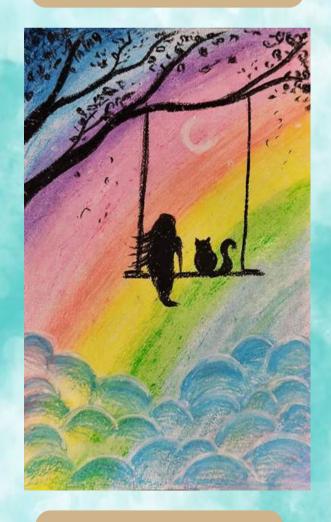


Jiyan J Goda III-C





Satva T Patel V-A



Rudraa Soni I-F



Dhruvil M Parikh V-B



Sanvi V Patel V-B





Pranvi V Parikh II-D



Shanaya D Dalwadi II-D



Vaishnavi K Vyas IV-C



Shanaya D Dalwadi II-D





Liza Honest V-A







Aarna C Shah V-A

Liza Honest V-A





Tanvik Chawla - I F





Aarna C Shah – V A



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Liza Honest νΑ



Prathvi V Prajapati



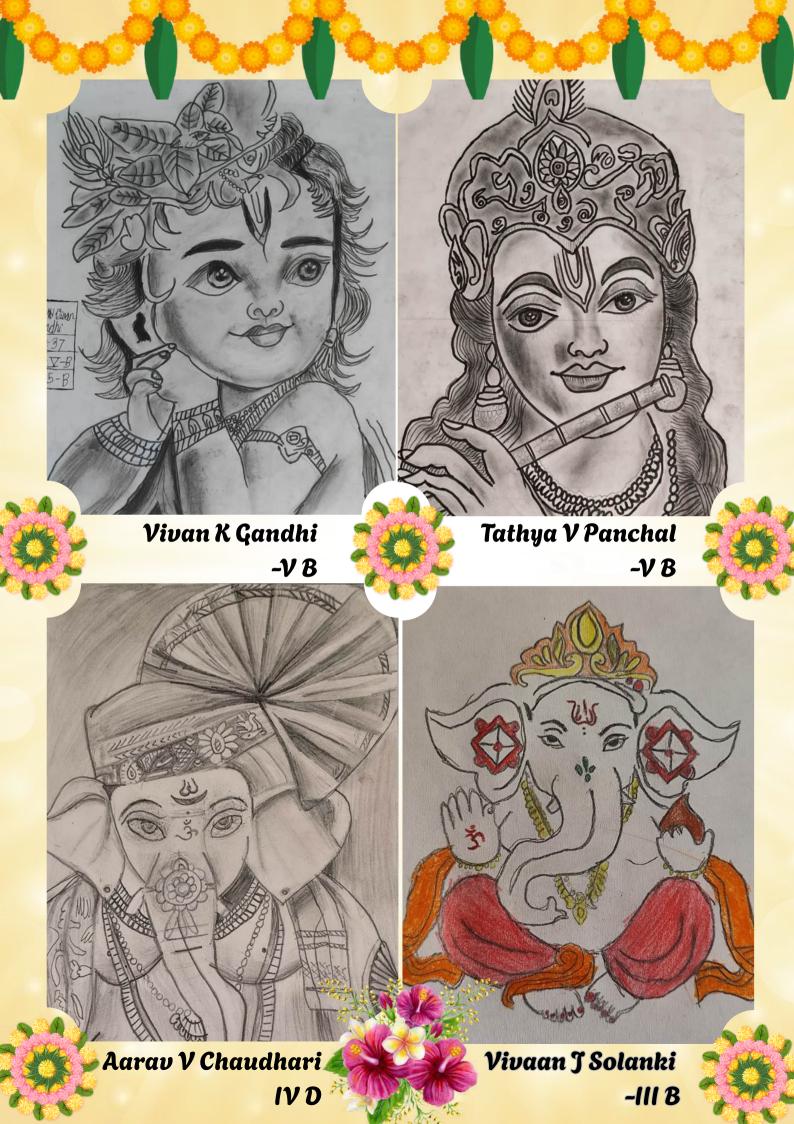
-IVA

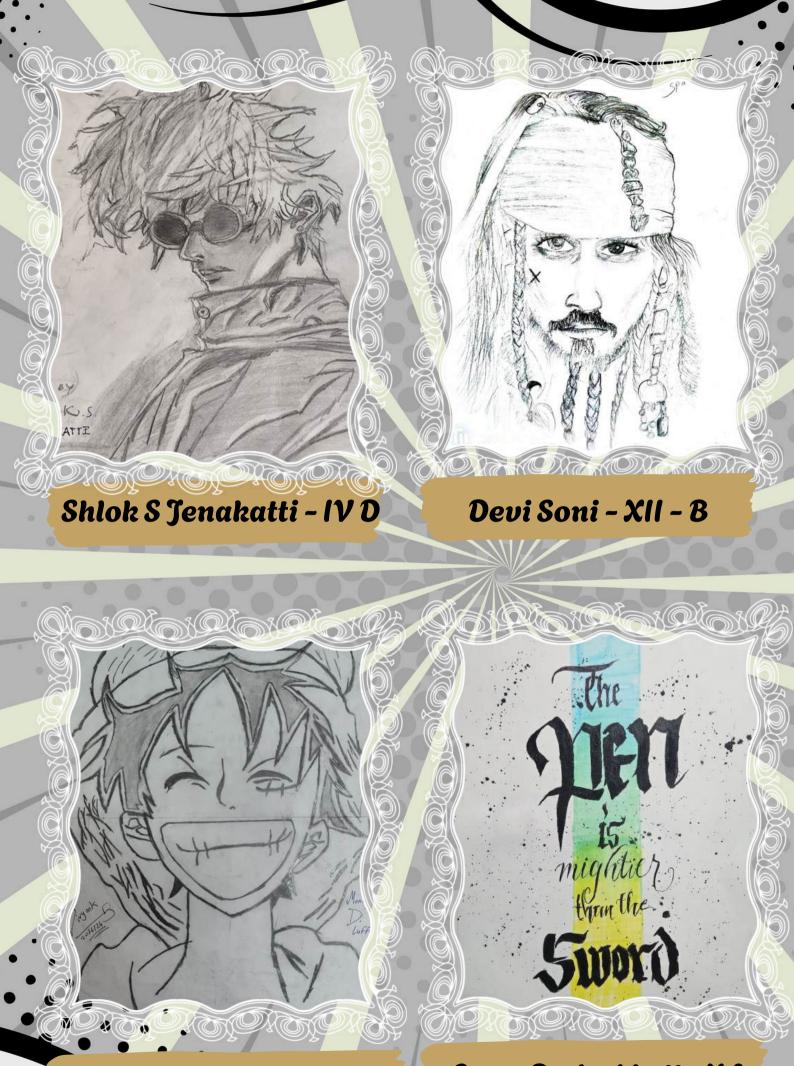


Aarna C Shah νΑ



Anay D Patel -V A





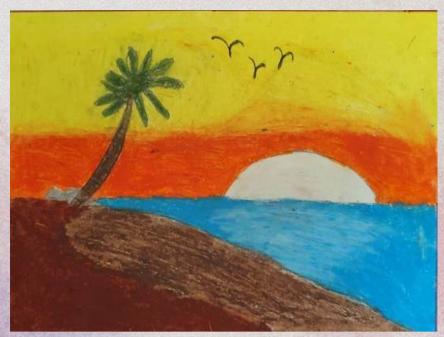
Divyank Patel - V D

Gracy Brahmbhatt - X A





Shanaya L Khilani - II A



Priyansh P Macwan - II B



Tirth N Patel -V A



Paahi U Patel -V A



Sanchi M Saxena -II D



Anay D Patel -V A



Hari A Patel -VII A

