



Cornucopia

A plethora of all the good things

St Joseph's Convent H S School Sambalpur

ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT HR. SEC. SCHOOL



SAMBALPUR

SCHOOL ANTHEM

SCHOOL LIFE IS LONG THE END SEEM SO FAR
BUT AMBITIONS ARE HITCHED TO THE STARS.
AS WE PLAY AND WE LEARN WE SHALL EVER
REMEMBER
VIRTUE ALONE ENNOBLES.

SCHOOL LIFE A ROCK ON WHICH WE SHALL BUILD
WITH THE SPIRIT OF GOD TO BE FILLED.
AS WE GROW IN OUR MIND MAY THIS TRUTH BE
INSTILLED
VIRTUE ALONE ENNOBLES.

WORK AND PRAYER OUR CHOSEN WAY OF LIFE
HOPE AND PEACE TO GLADDEN EVERYDAY.
CONFIDENCE AND COURAGE IN EVERY FORM OF
STRIFE
FAITH AND LOVE TO CONQUER ALL THE WAY.



Editorial: From The Principal's Desk:::::

Welcome to the First issue of the e-magazine of ST.JOSEPH'S CONVENT HIGHER SECONDARY SCHOOL, Sambalpur , Odisha. We are really proud and exuberant to acclaim that we are ready with all new hopes and hues to bring out the e-issue , which is going to surely unfold the unraveled world of the most unforgettable and precious moments of the school.

The magazine is to be viewed as a launch pad for the children's creative urges to blossom naturally, specially during the pandemic. As the saying goes, mind is like a parachute .It works best when opened. This humble initiative is to set the budding minds free ,though restrained physically indoors , allowing them to roam free in the realm of imagination and experience to create a world of beauty in words , paintings , histrionics , singing , dancing and in Art...

The enthusiastic write ups of our young writers are indubitably sufficient to hold the interest and admiration of the readers. This e-magazine is indeed a pious attempt to make our budding talents give shape to their creativity and learn the art of being aware because I believe that our success depends upon our power to perceive, the power to observe, and the power to explore. We are sure that the positive attitude, hard work, sustained efforts and innovative ideas, exhibited by our young buddies will surely stir the mind of the readers and take them to the surreal world of unalloyed joy and pleasure. We have put in relentless efforts to bring excellence to this treasure trove.

The school is an incarnation of self-respect, love, affection, sensibility; responsibility and compassion which puts the students into a "State of flow" and makes them genuinely want to learn. We recognize, appreciate, applaud, and foster the fine blend of sensibilities in a child changing a negative outlook from drab and demoralized outlook to a bright and an expectant one. This school attains its eminence in the first place through the achievement of children. The magazine also espouses the School spirit which is built up within the school through the collective actions, thoughts and aspirations. All these, I believe would spur higher growth and enterprise in children.

It gives me immense pleasure to ensure that this e-magazine has successfully accomplished its objective. The reflection of the students' creativity and achievements is the epitome of the magazine. Students have put forth their ideas and thoughts that are too deep to be expressed and too strong to be suppressed. This magazine is before you due to the combined efforts of the Editorial Team_____ I take the opportunity to thank all the contributors as their contribution is the reason that makes this e-magazine endearing to our readers.

Helen Keller rightly says that the world is moved along not only by the mighty shoves of its heroes, but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker. This herculean task of editing this school magazine would not have been possible without the sincere support of the members of the Editorial Team who sorted the best from the flood of articles we received from our enthusiastic and inquisitive young writers, edited them, and finally made a fair draft. I am thankful to all my colleagues who dipped their oars in the turbulent waters of the e- magazine and have sailed it to the shore of publication. It is a fine thing to have ability but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test.

PRINCIPAL

From the Editorial Team....

We are really thankful to our respected Principal for entrusting us with the responsibility of editing. We take this opportunity to thank all the dignitaries for sparing their valuable time to send their best wishes for the magazine in the form of 'Messages'. We heartily wish all the readers our best wishes and hope this e-magazine will enjoy your critical acclaim and prove itself to play a vital role in the all-round development of the children?



The rise of online learning during the Covid-19 pandemic has made everyone tech-savvy.

I am reminded of Alfred Tennyson's inspiring poem in this moment—"The old order changes the yielding place to new... and God fulfils himself in many ways..."

The order of things is indeed changing right before our very eyes. What we see today is not the same as yesterday. Technology has created a digital platform for the students to acquire more knowledge. I strongly believe that we have no option but to reinvent and upgrade ourselves. We could never imagine that digital learning was possible for the little children apart from conventional learning.

I am proud of our school which successfully transitioned to a digital learning platform almost immediately upon the government's order to close down the schools. This would not have been possible without the hard work of our teachers and the leadership of our dedicated administration, who rose to this enormous challenge.

The year 2020 has been extraordinary for all of us. For students it has been a year which will be the most unique one in their lives. Regular classes continue to be suspended, face to face interactions are rare and the teachers have the unenviable task of reaching out to the students through a medium which they too are not very familiar with. But I must commend all of you- the remarkable resilience in adjusting to this difficult situation.

This difficult period has taught us all an important lesson for life –through understanding, co-operation and generosity, we all can grow.

May God Bless You!

*Sister Annies Padayattil
Provincial Superior*

The Editorial Report

The corona virus pandemic magnified in 2020, although we compromised many significant events and numerous activities, but not withstanding these obstacles we stood as a rock united and brought out some of our major events and competitions through the E-platform.

We, the editorial committee have striven hard to bring you these wonderful moments together for the first time through our E-magazine.

This E-journal recognizes the achievements of students, who have made us proud in various fields. It also chronicles the progress made by josephites during this pandemic and features the plethora of events that have unfolded on the campus.

This year our school witnessed the visit of our provincial Sr. Annes and her team who wholeheartedly acknowledged the effort put by our principal Sr. Anjana and the supporting staff.

While we sat compiling this E-magazine, we were exposed to a whole new dimension of creativity and learning that enhanced our proficiency. It was a challenging task to incorporate the innumerable write ups, poems and art works of the budding young josephites within a stipulated time. We received a very enthusiastic response from our students, who took the task to collect the articles and scrutinized the plagiarized articles thoroughly.

Though many difficulties obstructed our way, we overcame with team work, perseverance and dedication to accomplish our dream of releasing the E-magazine.

In the words of Tagore, "clouds come floating in to my life, no longer to carry rain or usher storm, but to add color to my sunset sky." This E-magazine indeed bears testimony to the fact that ideas may turn into magic or they may turn into dust, but they never lead no-where.

Editorial committee

Editorial Director : *Sister Anjana*

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Proof reading and Layout : *Mrs. Bindu Satyan*
Mrs. Sasmita Patel

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Mr. Venkat S Rao

Student Coordinators : *Prarabdha Sahu*
Sriyanshu Rath

25 years and onwards**

“Every achievement in life is worth looking back and worth being proud of.”

St. Joseph's convent Higher Secondary School has reached greater heights generation after generation, primarily due to the combined effort of our Josephite family. Many stalwarts who passed out over the years have been spearheaded by our teaching and non-teaching faculties, who have served the school for more than 25 years. They have helped this institution reach the pinnacle in the field of education and learning. Over the numerous years, the thousands of young Josephites passing through the portals of this institution have had their lives touched by the staff who dedicated a lifetime of service to the green and gold. They have successfully carried on the legacy of the school have come about as the epitome of loyalty. From the maintenance staff who make sure that the campus is spick and span to the teachers who mould the young millennial kids into men of morals and values, the school stands firmly, 58 years strong, because of their selfless contributions. They have firmly upheld the ideals of the school. We as Josephites take pride in recognising their invaluable contributions.



VIRTUE GENERATES VIRTUE

1. St. Joseph's Convent Higher Secondary School is placed under the mantle of St. Joseph. The school has grown in leaps and bounds over the years, by absorbing the life giving energies of St. Joseph, our Patron. St. Joseph plays a vital role in its existence, growth and expansion. The protecting hand of St. Joseph, the loving heart of St. Joseph, the brainy head of St. Joseph and the steady feet of St. Joseph are always at our side in our onward movement, in realizing our goals and objectives. This year Pope Francis has conferred on St. Joseph the title "The Man of the Year", considering his extraordinary goodness and virtuous life. God's chosen master-piece, St. Joseph has never left his gaze on our Parents, Teachers, Students and the Co-workers. It has helped them to live and work according to the high ideals and morals of St. Joseph.

2. St. Joseph is the model of a Father who nourishes and cares for his family. The children's future is in his hands. A father works hard for the welfare of his children. He is a self-sacrificing person. He takes the entire responsibility of the family. Thus we see in St. Joseph as a perfect example of Fatherhood.

3. St. Joseph placed himself at the service of his vocation turning domestic love into a super human oblation of himself.

Just like St. Joseph, every parent has to tirelessly and selflessly give themselves to their families with unconditional love.

St. Joseph also experienced the same difficulties in life as we all did and are still doing in the pandemic situation. Like him every father in every household should live an exemplary life and establish an ideal that is worth emulating. Like him, every father has to be a man of great compassion and caring, with unwavering faith in God, loving and protecting his family against all odds and negativities.

A father like St. Joseph has to be a source of strength and support striving to provide the bread and butter and other needs for his family. Striving to provide for, and raise their children to know right from wrong, to inculcate the value of hard work, courage, honesty and good judgment, to live a life of holiness and quiet fortitude.

We learn the values of good parenting from St. Joseph as a father who tenderly guides the children to live lives of holiness and quiet fortitude.

4. St. Joseph was endowed with magnificent virtues. These virtues set him apart from his contemporaries. Thus he was chosen by God to fulfill his eternal plan. The motto of our school is framed after the virtues of St. Joseph. It is rightly said, nothing can make a person noble or great except through virtues. Virtues are highly priced ornaments which make a person's character contagious.

5. In this fast changing Society where values and virtues are getting eroded steadily from people's lives, the exemplary life of St. Joseph stands out as a shining star.

May his virtues and goodness continue to inspire all of us.

Sister Teresa

Self Doubt :A crippling Force

Self-doubt is undoubtedly one of the major deterrents in our lives. It holds you back from presenting your ideas and sometimes even yourself. Most often self-doubt is confused with modesty but in reality they are as different as ivory and raven. Modesty means to be aware of your own worth and not be proud of it. Self-doubt on the other hand means to question your own worth.

Self-doubt touches all the realms of our lives. Every one of us faces self-doubt at one point or the other. Be it the teenaged student who has answered two questions wrong and thus has no courage to attempt the third or the young candidate who grimly views his first rejection, self-doubt afflicts all of us. So from where does this crippling force originate? And more importantly how to deal with it? Answering the first question, self-doubt mainly arises due to rejection and failure. The feeling of self-doubt is amplified by rejection. It so happens that if a person is rejected the first time, he would think thrice before venturing for the second time. Even if he would venture, he would do it with a faltering self-confidence. Now, rejection and failure are inevitable. So that would also mean self-doubt too is inevitable. Well, not necessarily. Let us take an example. Let's say you are a student who has scored 10/20 on a Maths test. You have two options: you can either view this 10 as a symbol of your incapability and start doubting your mental faculties OR you can view this 10 as an image of your loopholes in the subject and start working on it. Well, if you are a normal human like me, you would probably go with the first option but let me tell you that it would not go down well in the long run. Opting the second option might seem strange as many of us don't choose it but it would definitely make our lives easier and healthier. In a nutshell, the point I am trying to make is to view your rejection or failure as something to work on. It may sound cliché as we have been hearing this piece of advice since the day we were born but seldom do we follow it.

Self-doubt is also borne when we find ourselves with somebody superior to us. What happens is instead of learning from the "superiors" we start comparing ourselves with them. This is a very toxic quality which we need to get rid of. It is important to remember that the yardstick for progress is you yourself, not the "others". In the wise words of Eleanor Roosevelt, "The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams." Though these words were spoken decades ago, their importance remains undiminished till date. Having faith in oneself is as important as hard work. If hard work is the stepping stone to success, then self-belief is the first step towards success. So whenever you feel self-doubt gnawing at your self-belief, just remember these words of Shakespeare,

"Our doubts are traitors,
and make us lose the good we oft might win,
by fearing to attempt."

Thus, throwing self-doubt to the wind, start living a healthier and happier life right now!

Akasha Nanda

Altruistic Being

Sitting on my couch in an engrossed state,
Comparing my past with my current date.
Lack of compassion made me despondent.
"How egotistic have we become at present!"
Softly someone pat me from behind;
I turned to find grandma by my side.

She acts as a sword; she acts as a shield,
Her umbrella-like advice protects me indeed.
She cooks like Vista and feeds like Hygieia,
She cares like Cybele but educates like Minerva.

She medicates me in my infirm state.
In my victory, she does exhilarate,
Supports me at my difficult state;
But never did she ask in return for that.

Tranquilizing Lockdown

Lockdown declared in India's nook and corner;
To battle the vile Covid disorder.
Being no less than a cruel invader,
Marauding our peace and means as an intruder.

People queried, "Why have exams been annulled?"
"Will it affect education?" they grumbled.
Do they cognize, it can contaminate all
Those assembled in examination hall."

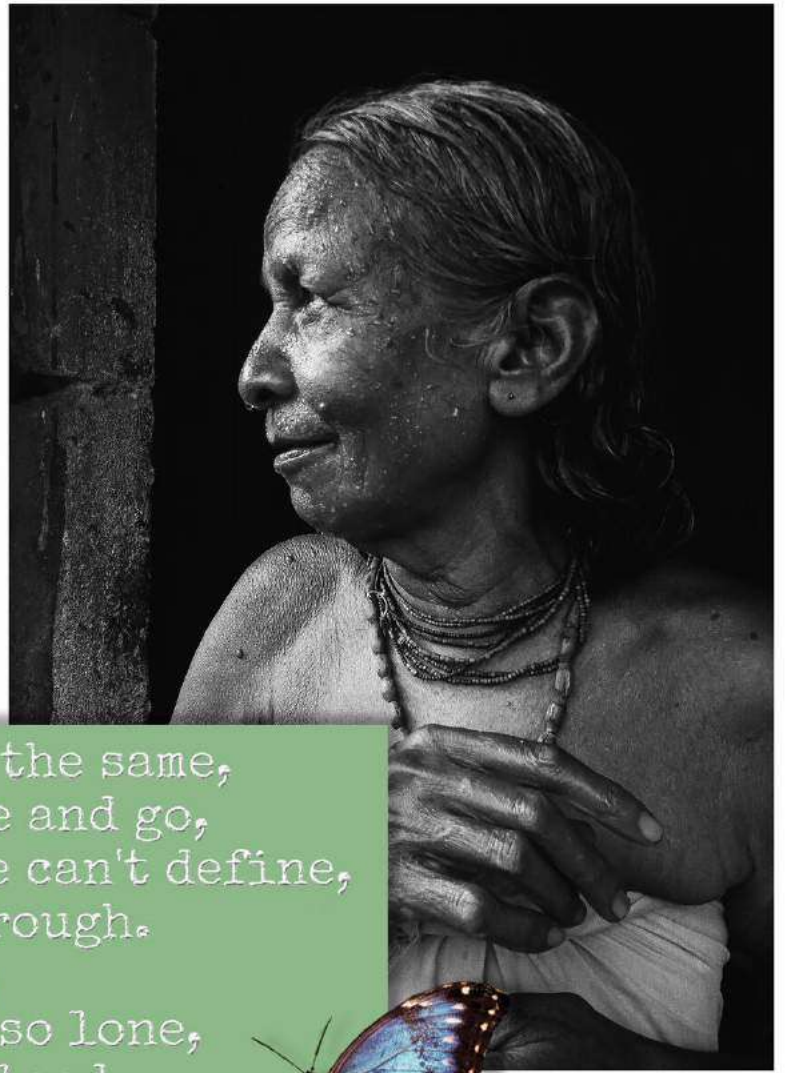
Rituals not to be solemnized this date,
When Corona knocked the temple's gate.
Can ye measure or compass that
Corona can impact the devotees' fate!

Do not feel depressed at this arduous stage:
For each baffling stranglehold surely has an edge.

Old Lady I am

This world remains the same,
Just the people come and go,
My outer appearance can't define,
The agony I went through.
Not just this house,
But the world feels so lone,
Tell me where's my blood,
Tell me what I owe.
In this colourful world,
I faded half my life,
And half is yet to go.
Old lady I am,
This story I write,
Wrinkled is my skin,
But the hope is still bright,
My hope to live, my hope to shine.

-Aliza Khanam



International Acclaim!

"Knowledge is power!" and this is how one of our champs Anniket Padhi of class seventh brought laurels not only to his family but also to his school. He participated in an online quiz competition organized by the internationally acclaimed Danish badminton player Anders Antonsen. Thousands are said to have participated in the quiz competition but only five lucky ones have been declared winners and Anniket is one among them!



Suman Aditi Sahu
8th D



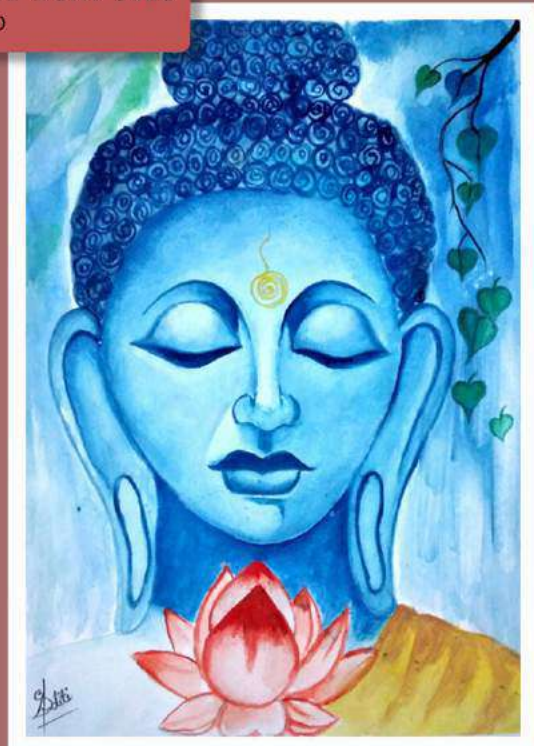
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Suman Aditi Sahu
8th D



Abhi Sneha Nag 8th A

Suman Aditi Sahu
8th D



Abhi Sneha Nag 8th A



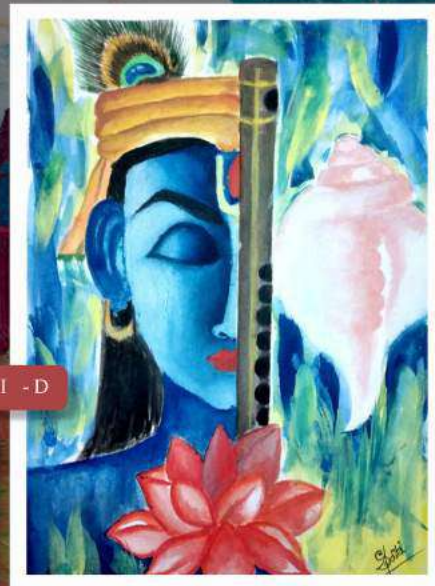
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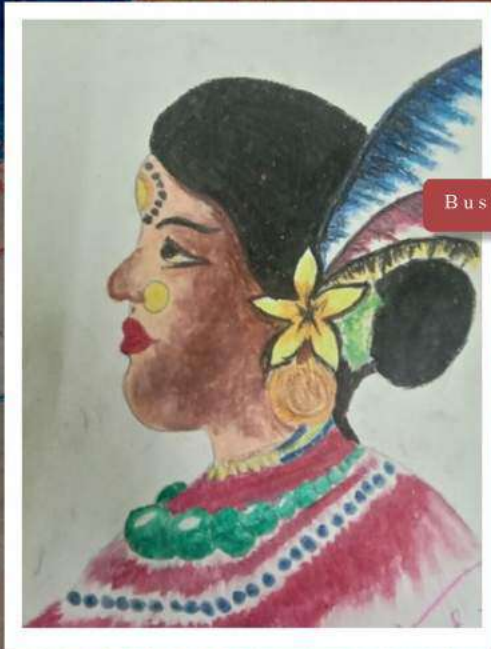
Aarya Singh 8A



Aarya Singh 8A



Suman aditi sahu - VIII -D



Busi satyendra sai- 8C



Payal Mahapatra 2A

-ମୌସୁମୀ ତୁମେ-

Mrs. Bijaylaxmi Panda

ତୁମେ ଥରେ ରାଗିଚାଲି ଗଲେ,
ନିସ୍ତବ୍ଧ ,ଗୁମ ହୋଇଯାଏ ସାରା ପୃଥିବୀ,
ମଉଳି ଯାଏ ବୃନ୍ତ ର ଫୁଲ ସବୁ,
ହଜି ଯାଏ ଓଦା ମାଟି ର ବାସ୍ନା,
ବାଲକୋନୀ ର ଛୋଟ ଝରକାଟି ମୋର ଖୋଜି
ବୁଲେ ତୁମ ସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣର ଛିଟା.....
ପୁଣି ଥରେ ତୁମେ ଫେରି ଆସ କିଛି ଦିନ ପରେ,
ସବୁ ମାନ ,ଅଭିମାନ କୁ ଭୁଲି....
ତୁମ ଆଗମନ ରେ ତରଂଗାଇଯିତ
ହୁଏ ସମଗ୍ର ପୃଥିବୀ,ଖୁସି ରେ ଦୋହଲି ଯାନ୍ତି
ନଡ଼ିଆ ଗଛ ର ବହୁଙ୍ଗା ସବୁ,
କିଚିରି ,ମିଚିରି କରି ମୋ ଅଗଣା ରୁ ଉଡ଼ି ଯାନ୍ତି
ଦଳ କୁ ଦଳ ଚଢ଼େଇ.....
ସତେ ରେ କେତେ କ୍ଷଣସ୍ଥାୟୀ ତୁମ ମାନ
ଅଭିମାନ ,ହେଲେ ତୁମେ ଥରେ ରାଗି ଚାଲିଗଲେ
ଖୁବ ଭଲ ଲାଗେ ,
କାହିଁକିନା ତୁମ ଆଗମନ ତୁମ ଅଭିମାନ ଠାରୁ
ବେସି ହୃଦୟ କୁ ସ୍ଵର୍ଣ୍ଣ କରେ....



ପରିଣତି

ବିରାଟ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରର କ୍ଷୁଦ୍ର ଶାଖା ଚିଏ ମୁହିଁ
ବୃକ୍ଷ ସହ ସଂଲଗ୍ନ ଜୀବନ କାଟୁ କାଟୁ
କିପରି ଯେ ମୁଁ ଅତିଷ୍ଠ ହୋଇପଡ଼ିଲି।
ପ୍ରତି କ୍ଷଣେ ବୃକ୍ଷର ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶ ମାନୁ ମାନୁ
ମନେ ମନେ ବିଦ୍ରୋହୀ ଉଠିଲି।
ବୃକ୍ଷର ସେ ସ୍ନେହ ଆଲିଙ୍ଗନୁ
ନିଜକୁ ବିଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ କରିଲି,
ଜଗତର ଚାକଚକ୍ୟ ମଧ୍ୟେ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ
ହଜି ଚାଲିଗଲି।
ବୃକ୍ଷ ମୋତେ ଛିନ୍ନ କଲା ସତ,
କଷ୍ଟ ତାକୁ ହୋଇଥିବ ନିଶ୍ଚେ,
ମାତ୍ର
ଆନନ୍ଦିତ ଅତି ଆନନ୍ଦିତ
ସ୍ଵଧୀନତା ପାଇଛି ମୁଁ ଯେ!
କିନ୍ତୁ, ସେ ଆନନ୍ଦ ଅଳ୍ପକ୍ଷଣ
ବୁଝି ମୁଁ ପାରିଲି,
ବୃକ୍ଷଠାରୁ ବିଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ ହୋଇ,
ନିଜ ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ଵକୁ ଖୋଜୁ ଖୋଜୁ
ଅନେକଙ୍କ ପାଦର ଆଘାତେ
ମୁଁ କିପରି କ୍ଷତାକ୍ତ ହୋଇ ପଡ଼ିଲି।
ହଠାତ୍ ଏ କାହାର କଠିନ ସ୍ଵର୍ଗରେ
ତମକି ମୁଁ ପଡ଼ିଲି।
କେଉଁଠିକୁ ନେଇ ଯାଉଛି ସେ ମୋତେ?
ଭାରୁ ଭାରୁ ତାତ୍ର ଛୁଳା ଅନୁଭବ କଲି।
ଅସ୍ତି ଛୁଲୁଥିଲା ମୋ ଭିତରେ, ବାହାରେ
ପୁଣି ମୁଁ ଖୋଜୁଥିଲି,
ମୋ ଅସ୍ତିତ୍ଵକୁ ଜଗତ ମଧ୍ୟରେ।
ମୁଁ କିଏ???

ଚିନ୍ତା କରୁ କରୁ,
ମୁଁଠାଏ ପାଉଁଶ ହୋଇ,
ଉଡ଼ିଗଲି, ମିଶିଗଲି ଶୂନ୍ୟରେ,
ମହା ଶୂନ୍ୟତା ମଧ୍ୟରେ।

ପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣିମା ଶାମୁଏଲ୍

12 Years A Josephite

Dozens of scrawny and chubby kids throng the pavement of a peach-coloured building. Among these, stands a little girl with tear-streaked face, crumpling her mother's dupatta in her teensy hand. After much persuasion and bribery, her hand is unclenched from her mother's dupatta and she is led away into a small room. The sea of gleeful faces of the kindergarten students damps her nervousness and she makes her way to sit near a curly-haired girl, not realising that she has marked out her best friend.

Fast forward a few years and quite a few tears, she now sits tensed, listening to every word of her English teacher with rapt attention. The teacher expresses her disappointment over the illegible handwriting and horrible spellings of the second graders. She then calls each student and hands them their test papers. "Roll no. four" the teacher calls out and the girl, tensing even further, timidly walks up to her, expecting a bitter scolding. Contrary to her expectations, the teacher applauds her handwriting and claps. Following suit, the whole class bursts into an applause. This probably was the best day of her life as she did not stop smiling till a week after.

Shame gushes through her as she realises the gravity of her action. Fighting (verbally) with a classmate has entailed her first ever scolding from a teacher. Tears dim her eyes. Just as she is about to turn away, her fourth grade class teacher takes her by the hand and says something whose veracity she realises after 7 years. The teacher said, "You might want to scream and punch your classmate right now but years from now you will miss him as well as everyone."

"And the winners of Spell Bee 2016 are...the Spell Maestros!" The auditorium broke into a thundering applause. The girl, now a sixth grader, gave an air punch and scampered along with her teammates to the stage. Her face broke into a bright smile as congratulations poured in from teachers, friends and competitors. Teachers have changed. The new ones do not sugarcoat things. They tell them as plain, stark truth. After all, this is what high school is supposed to be like, the girl consoles herself. Last week, she had received the lowest marks of her lifetime (and not to mention a bitter scolding from her Maths teacher). Now as she stands outside the classroom along with the rest of the class, discomfort surges through her. She had never been punished before. The class had been making noise and it was only fair that all should be punished- was the reasoning of her teacher. The class clown's antics bring smiles on everyone's face and the girl as well as the punished crowd bursts into stifled laughter. The school bell tolls and she, along with the rest of the class, makes her way into the classroom, not having the slightest hint that she had made yet another addition to her school memories.

She now sits at her desk, staring at her laptop screen. The news that after a week, she will no longer attend school seems to have flooded her with memories. She always thought that "Time flies" is an overstatement. But now, having completed 12 years in her school, she believes that time really does fly. She still remembers how her kindergarten teacher bribed her into class by offering a toffee. The scene of Mrs. Mitra praising her handwriting in the brightly-lit Class-II D classroom still brings a smile to her lips. Her first prize(a Spell Bee trophy), her first scolding, her lowest mark ,her first punishment further compound her nostalgia. Suddenly the thought of the upcoming Board examinations pierce through these nostalgic thoughts and send a wave of dread through her. But this wave subsides as suddenly as it came when she thinks about what would happen after the examinations- she would no longer go to her old school . Her friends would go on different paths. Her teachers would rarely be seen . She feels her eyes becoming wet. But then she remembers this anonymous quote:
"You never really leave a place or person you love, part of them you take with you ,leaving a part of yourself behind."
Feeling a tad bit better, she decides to type out her memories and names it as "12 Years A Josephite".

Akansha Nanda

Henry IV



Empire is not what it seems,
It belongs to glorious eyes to see.
He is well known and remembered,
The Henry IV of Wellington!!
His Empire stands tall & strong,
With grace and worthy on the ground.
Pillars standing tall & round,
With golden plating on the walls.
Shows the tremendous Henry IV,
With his riches on the floor.

~

He seized the hearts of neighbouring kings,
By slaughtering all the enemy kings.
He smashed the head of German King,
Below his foot blood could be seen.
The gleaming colours of German Flag,
Were dashed with blood of the King's brat.
But the Princesses was left alone in the streets,
After killing her dad's soul in Greece.

~



Marrying many Princesses he brought,
A huge amount of land in force.
On which his army stood like walls,
Shining shields to block the flocks.
Armies which can never be invaded,
Where those of Henry IV' men.
The younger Queens were always feared,
Of that man with eagles' eyes.
While the elder ones had full faith on,
That handsome with silvery sword.

~

People looked with craze and amazement,
To that man with honoured eyes.
His face was bright, white with glow,
With orange beard above his bow.
Children looked with loving eyes,
To that perfect with French cut high.
Men started staring,
Maidens did not stopped,
Looking at that man,
The whole world took a pause.



~

Bad days won't last long,
Nor good days though.
The Great Man' Great Empire,
Was too invaded with Greatness, thou,
The Spanish King marched with power,
The powerful Empire thy invaded.
Beautiful walls were now broken,
With structures of angels broken too.
Women & children cried aloud,
"Sir Henry, will save us thy not".

~

While the King was standing still,
With his baby upon his hands.
The tiny baby as cold as ice,
He neither cried nor shouts, he did,
Only showed a face dead.
A drop of tear rolled the cheek,
Of his father standing still.



~

He had named the boy,
Henry V.
On whose hands the future Empire,
Is now nowhere to be seen!
Henry IV left the boy on the bed,
And went to save his men below,
Who were still alive, behind,
The broken shattered walls.

~

He fought like a lion, in the BATTLE.
His men shouted,
O! Henry, yes! O! Henry, yes!
And that's the time when the Spanish Lord,
Pierced his sword from behind!!
The sword went through the ribs & fleshes,
And the God of Sky cried.
The tip came high up from the chest,
Through Henry IV of Wellington.
The devilish face of Spanish brightened,
With the thunder roaring above.

~

The men shouted, "No Lord, no!",
"You cannot leave us alone".
The King lost his grip and pace,
Blood was seen, dripping from his face!
A thought of dead Queens & Henry V,
Tears of blood fell down the eyes.
Pain crept through his nerves,
Made him stronger than the Earth.
How the God gave him strength!
And how the Spanish lost his brain!

~

The last thing Henry did,
Was turning around, while tears rolling down,
His sword was full of powerful PAIN.
The Spanish King unprotected, unarmed he stood,
The Spanish sword still locked with wound,
Between the ribs of Henry IV.
Who, still with power thou!
With utmost power and bravery,
The son of God, half God we say,
Took his sword and slashed off,
The head of Spanish King, Vasoff.

~

But he gave few seconds to speak,
To the Spanish King indeed!
The last words the enemy spoke,
Was “Long live Henry IV!!”.
He was too fallen in love,
To that man of Great power.
That perfect man,
Whom he killed!

~


The War ended,
Men went quiet.
Both the rulers fallen dead,
None to take the Empire ahead.
But men never forgot him,
He who took the Empire above.
Men, women and children still remembered,
Henry IV of Wellington!

** NOT ABOUT THE TRUE KINGS.

Anurag Nath



ONLINE EDUCATION



covid -19 pandemic in the year 2020 created a history in the lives of people around the globe and made people realise the necessity for blended learning. With the immediate closure of educational institutions, our Josephite family, within no time made this switch, smoothly using online platform to deliver education, to achieve academic continuity. The Josephite staff fraternity took this herculean task as a challenge to educate our students through virtual platforms like Zoom and Google classroom.

Thus with a boomerang online classes trickled down to all the high end private and public institutions. Although, we as teachers initially had flooded our minds with apprehensions as to whether we would be able to reach out to the students through digital platform or not?

Well as the proverb says "every cloud has a silver lining", we also could overcome our fears, apprehensions and uncertainty in no time and we trained ourselves as seasoned teachers in this digital world. Covid -19 became a catalyst for educational institutions round the globe to search for innovative solutions in a relatively short period of time.

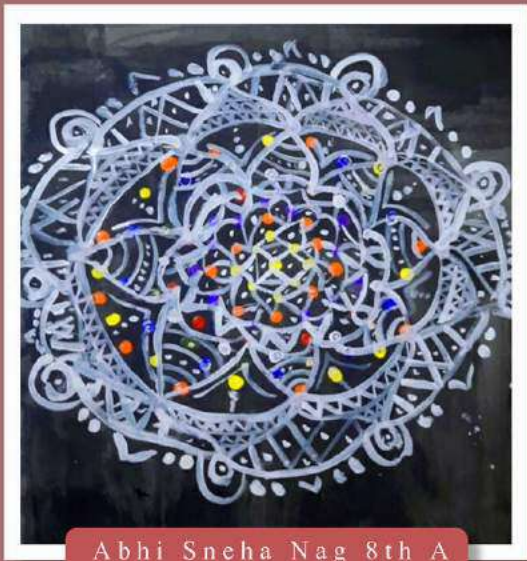
We were delighted to hear overwhelming responses from parent side. Words of appreciation and encouragement from our Principal Sr. Anjana was like a beacon of hope for our dedicated team of teachers and management. It reminds me Norman Vincent's words "change your thoughts and you change your world."

Blended learning came as a panacea during this crisis, is now going to set a new paradigm in education. Let us all adopt this change and blend ourselves to the digital world.



By Bindu Satyan

Suman Aditi Sahu
8th D



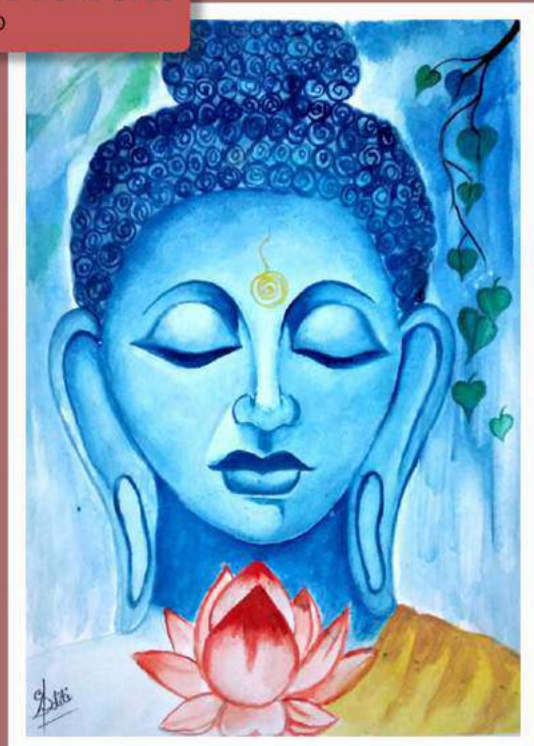
Abhi Sneha Nag 8th A

Suman Aditi Sahu
8th D



Abhi Sneha Nag 8th A

Suman Aditi Sahu
8th D



Abhi Sneha Nag 8th A

If you chortle when someone blubs , don't expect other people to give you solace when you lie crestfallen.

Remember What you give is What you receive.HE never gets partial with HIS children.HE gives you what you have given to others.

I love these shimmering stars . I love the silent night. I love the hoot of the owl. I don't know why people think it to be uncanny. How would you feel when someone tells your voice to be scary? Anyway the owl does not mind. It still hoots. This tells us that we should continue to do the right job ignoring all the obstructions.

The serenity and freshness of today's morning has gifted me untoward patience to be enraptured by its beauty and get inspired by every little activity accompanying my breath. The blooming of new flowers as well as the withering of old ones signifies the cycle of life and death. The aura spread around me has many lessons infused in it that I need to learn. Miles to go....
Good Morning

The whole year of 2020 has been very suspense filled. It started with January , my favourite month, because its my birthday month. January had been very exhilarating because I got many opportunities to prove myself. Then in February I gave my final exams. March brought tons of appreciation and good wishes for me with the starting of a new session. it also brought the rebellious Corona Virus into India. Lockdowns and shutdowns were in the limelight. Many stomachs rumbled in hunger and many lives left the world striking horror in the entire nation. Many terrible and depressing things happened for sure but there were also many good things that happened. Before this pandemic people never used to sanitise themselves nor used to care about environment. The holy river of Ganga used to be filled with decaying dead body parts and pollutants but now it looks clean. Many people living an extraordinarily extravagant life understood the importance of money. Likewise many good things have also happened so we cannot entirely blame this year. So let's give farewell to 2020 with sanguine thoughts and also welcome 2021 without letting negative things into our minds.

Let's straight get to the point before bringing into front any sort of pessimistic happenings of last year. Happy New year 2021. Just like the ripples of water move on and on even on crashing with underwater stones, let's move ahead forgetting all the misdeeds that was stamped on our fates for 2020. But in the process of forgetting all the bad times we should never foregô the teachings they gave us. Every thing in our life occurs with a purpose. In this chilly New year let's garb ourselves with unbridled enthusiasm and euphoria and spread our charismatic essence in a way that it fuses into every heart making the cheerful ones happier and depressed one's filled with optimism.

Appropriation of Black Culture by the Music Industry
Swastika Parida, class 8A
St Joseph's Higher secondary school, Sambalpur

Appropriation of Black Culture by the Music Industry

Black Culture has been Appropriated by White People and Other POC (People of Colour) for a very long time. The influence of Black Culture in the Music Industry is very evident especially in the West. Most Genres of Music in the West are stolen or Appropriated from Black Culture. Examples of Genres that were originally invented by Black people are Funk, Jazz, Rap, Hip Hop, Rock n Roll, Afrobeat, reggae to name a few. Many Artists use black Culture as an Aesthetic for example Artists Get dreadlocks, box braids etc for their Music Video. The problem with this is that These artists are Using Black Culture as a Aesthetic. Braids and hair have a lot of significance in Black Culture, Hair is and were considered to help with Divine Communication and braids were used to hide rice, food and even gold sometimes to ensure that if they got taken across the Atlantic they would atleast have some food. Many Artists use AAVE (African American Vernacular English) in their Lyrics and it is deemed as cool these days and is even considered "The Internet Language" even though it is a part of Black Culture. When White People brought Black people as a slave to America they weren't Taught Proper English and they were mocked by White People for Speaking "broken English" and the "broken English" is AAVE. Non black Rappers are often seen using AAVE and The N-word (A racial Slur towards Black people) in their Raps and Music. Ex- Raja Kumari 'SHOOK' Music Video (Usage of AAVE) Brodha V "Let Em Talk" Music Video (Usage of AAVE), NAV "Take me Simple"(usage of the N word).

The Issue with this

The Issue with non Black people Using The N word, AAVE, Box Braids etc is that this is appropriating Black Culture, it's using Black Culture as a Aesthetic and Not giving Black People credit for Something that was taken from them. Black People face Racism in the West and in India on a daily Basis. Even in Music Awards in the West Black Artists are robbed of Awards because of the fact that they are black. The Appropriation of Black Culture is Normalised in India. Many Teenagers are seen these days Saying the N word because it is "Cool" and it completely Disregards the Fact that it is a Racial Slur. Although Many People have started Calling out People for Cultural Appropriation, I hope this brings a change and People stop Appropriating Black Culture.

CHILDHOOD

No Tension of Studies
Only naughty jobs
No hunger or fear
Dropping a crocodile tear
Cry often when papa's near
So mama says: "oh my dear"
Always playing this and that
Making the dress look pretty bad
No sense of caste or creed
They are like mustard seeds
Free to eat chOColate and ice - Cream
Always having Sweet dreams
Always having fun with friends
Always playing silly games
Some times in bad temper, sometimes in good
This is how I spend my childhood.

Busi Satyendra Sai

“Christmas waves a magic wand over this world ,and behold,everything is softer and more beautiful.”

-Norman Vincent Peale
Christmas at St. Joseph's

Christmas is a magical time at St. Joseph's convent ,sambalpur. But this time due to pandemic lives of student fraternity affected to a great extent as schools were shut down since march,2020. Virtual platforms with blended learning became a part and parcel of students lives.

Amidst such crisis also Josephites never stepped back. Great effort was taken to release an e-christmas celebration in the school campus. The christmas carols ,dance,Nativity scene depicting the birth of christ was enacted by our students .The message of peace,hope,love and joy was shared with the children through virtual platform.



“Music can change the world because it can change people.”

-Bono

Juliet Alice david won the second prize in senior caegory in the All India Inter-School Online Solo Carol Singing Competition,Christmas Star 2020. She added laurels to the Josephite family with her epic performance through the virtual platform.



ତନ୍ଦ୍ରା

ତନ୍ଦ୍ରା ଗୋ ତୁମେ,
ଅଳସୀ ନଦୀର କନ୍ୟା,
ନିଶିଥ ବିଜନେ,ଧୂରେ ପଦପାତେ
ଖେଳାଅ ରୂପର ବନ୍ୟା।

ସଂଧ୍ୟା ଆଗମନେ,
ନବବଧୂ ସାଜି
ଗେରୁଆ ଓଢ଼ଣୀ ଭାଙ୍ଗି
ମୋହାଛନ୍ନ କର କାଉରୀ ପରଶେ
ଗଭୀର ତୁମ୍ବୁନ ଆଙ୍କି ।

ମନ ମତାଣିଆ
ସୁରଭି ରେ ତୁମ
ଏ ଜଗତ ଭେଦେ ନାଚି,
ବିଗତ ଦିନର କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ଅପରାହ୍ଣ
ପରଶରେ ପାଏ ଲୁଚି ।



Miss Bidya Sathpathy

WORDS ARE WEAPONS

Easy to pronounce, but it pounces
Like the roaring lion, it announces

That which pierces, through the veins
Red warm blood, oozes and rains

Deep cuts in the heart bleeds
The necklace of love falls all over with scattered beads

Tears streaming down the cheeks,
Cannot but tell you how it pricks

No weapons on earth can cause that harm,
Multitude of words are always armed

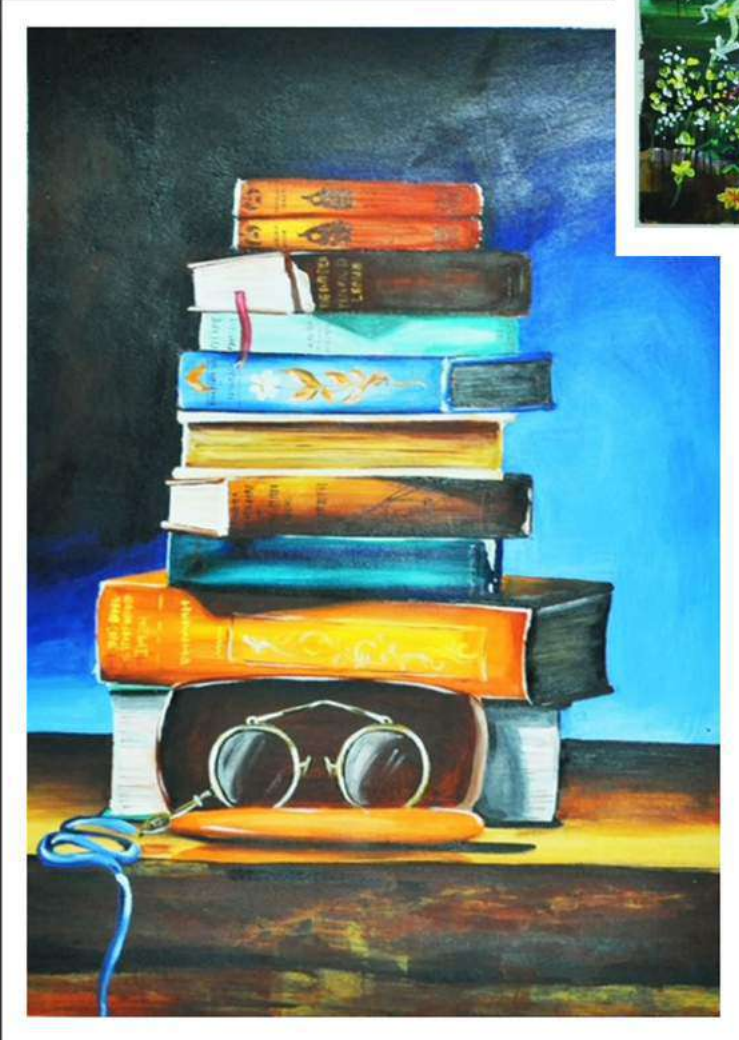
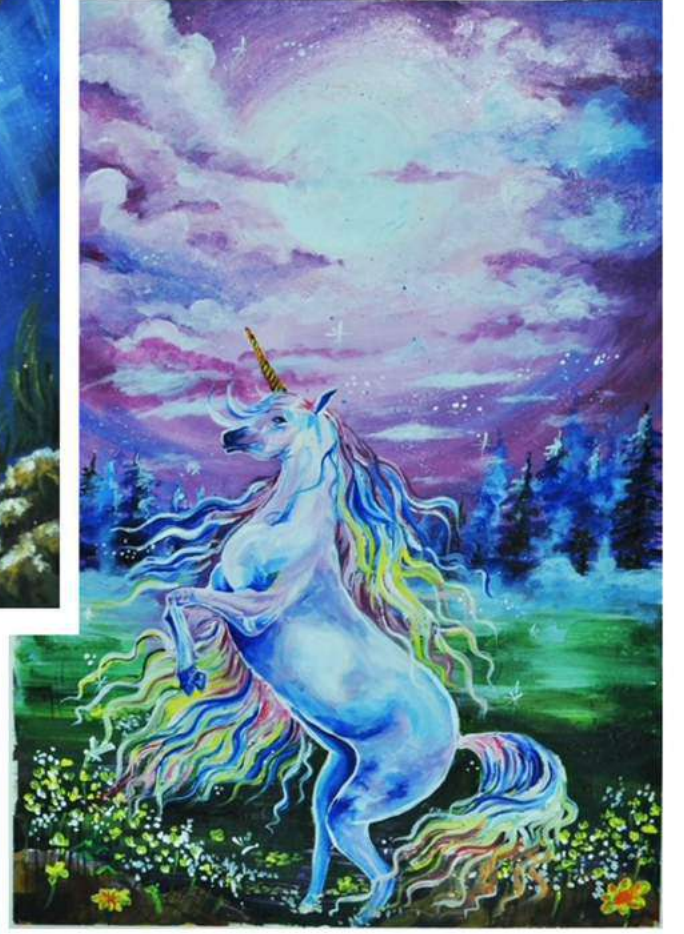
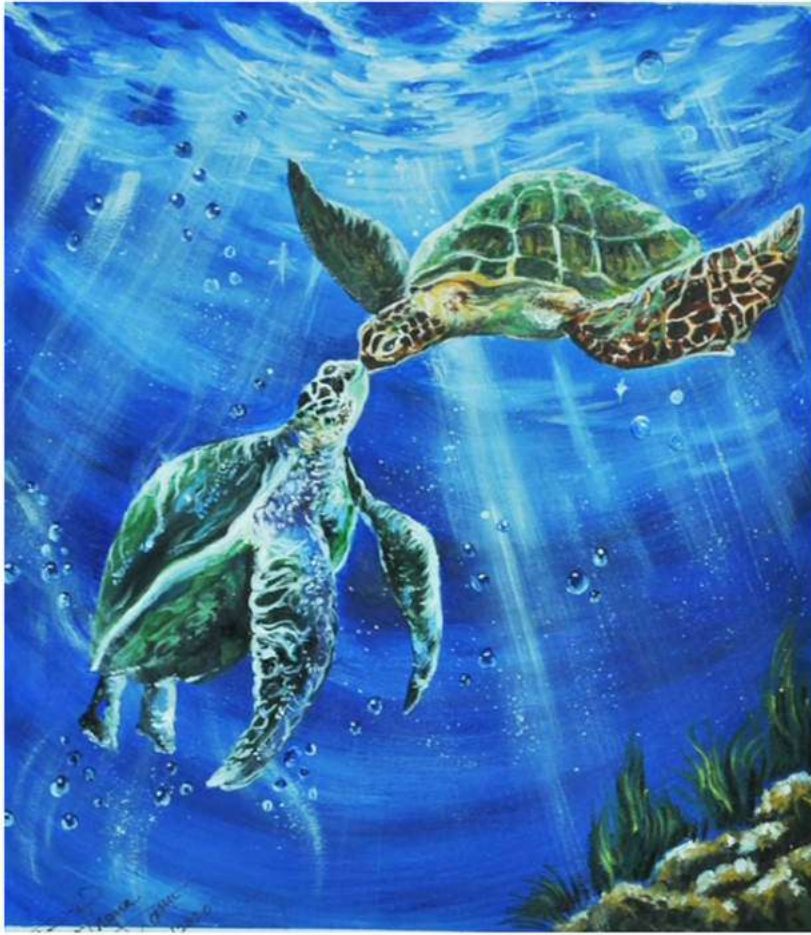
I wish I was granted a wish
So I would ask God and cherish

No words should be learnt wrong,
to make our tongue so strong

Words harm more than weapons
And that's a noble lesson.

Mrs. Manju Guru.





Prathana Baru
Class K

"I think there is a reason they call it a pandem-ic. It's basically a high-blownterm for a disease that's causing pandem-onium," proclaimed thirteen year old Nisha sagely, in the living room of their Delhi apartment as the last notes of Ramanand Sagar's Ramayan's title song faded into silence. Almost everyone snorted into their cups of morning tea. This scene has unfolded with a vast multitude of variation in nearly every household in India which includes children and teenagers, grandparents and other oddball relatives. People were running about their perfunctory jobs, children going about their busy business of being youngsters of the 21st century when, all of a sudden, our lives screeched to a halt as COVID-19 struck. Faced with an unprepared-for calamity, life ground to a standstill with lockdowns and shutdowns in place.

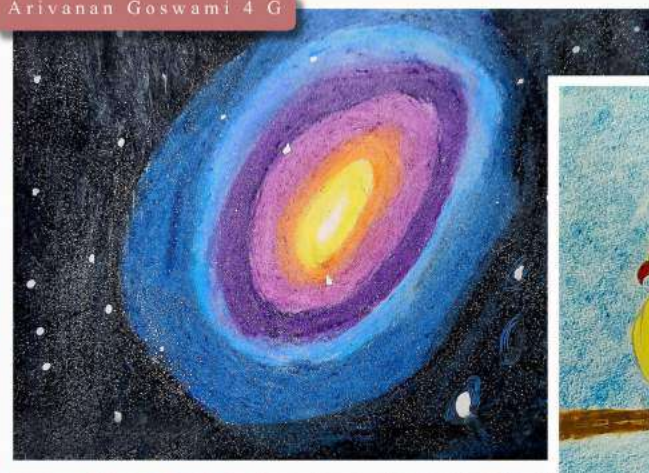
Perhaps the most noticeable change in our lives in this pandemic has been our relation with time. Although for a change there is an increase in family time, the prolonged duration has fostered us with what anthropologist Jane Guyer terms 'Enforced Presentism'-a feeling of being stuck in the present combined with the inability to plan ahead. With schools and colleges shut, online education has become the new normal with weeks blurring into each other for professionals as they work from home. These past months we have witnessed the sufferings of our less fortunate brethren as the unemployed thousands travelled, hungry and miserable, to reach their homes, a glaring question mark on our country's progress. As we battle an invisible foe, we bear witness to the sacrifices of our health professionals and COVID warriors and the countless Samaritans who came forward to help suffering humankind, reinstating man's faith in humanity.

Though widespread, the impact of the new virus has been quite ambiguous. The corona pandemic has sewn far-flung families together again while at the same time negatively affecting old and sick people without immediate family caregivers. More time with family has resulted in better mental health for people suffering from depression and loneliness whereas worsened the case for people living in abusive or oppressive households. Sexual and cultural minorities have also suffered because of the physical isolation. But perhaps it was time to introspect as, "Life has a funny way of teaching us. It will create a deep sadness so that we know how to truly understand happiness. It will create chaos in our lives so that we may appreciate the peaceful times and it will take those we love away from us away from us so that we will truly understand what their presence meant to us."

Like Shakespeare had said, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

It is indeed perhaps our ability to see the brighter side of things that accounts for our foraging into thunderstorms to look for the rainbows in life. Undoubtedly, the pandemic has taught us quite a few lessons and given us a considerable amount of time and experience, not to mention cleaner air and clearer skies. It has led to empathic changes in the way people view the world which could be a valuable mental resource, helping to increase the overall wellbeing and quality of life. Slowing down, we spent a lot more time with our kith and kin, bridging gaps with better communication and being truly present and mindful in the moment. Many creatives-turned-office-goers finally found the time to dust off their old canvases, journals, interests and hobbies and look at the world with the wonder-filled eyes of childhood. Forgotten memories and long-lost days were reminisced either at the dinner table or family video conferences, as people united to share hope in desolate times. Last, but not the least, stargazers could finally somewhat see the stars in the night sky and heave a sigh of (clean-aired) relief. As Josep Borrel, the European Union Minister for Foreign Affairs, said "COVID-19 will reshape our world. We don't know yet when the crisis will end. But we can be sure that by the time it does, our world will look very different." For now let us content ourselves by doing our best to make each day a masterpiece and find our own sunshine in the pall and pandemonium of the pandemic.

Arivanan Goswami 4 G



Pavaki mahapatra -2A



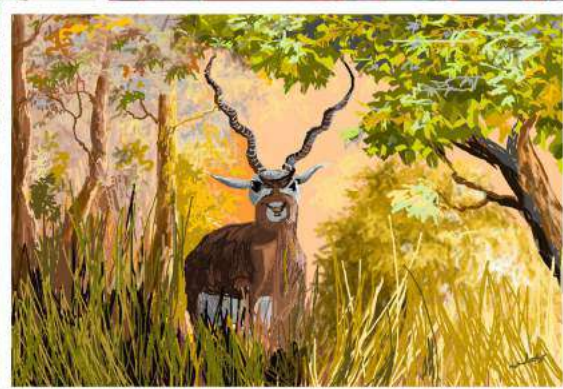
Arivanan Goswami 4 G



Tanisha kalo 4 F



Busi Satyendra Sai CI -8C



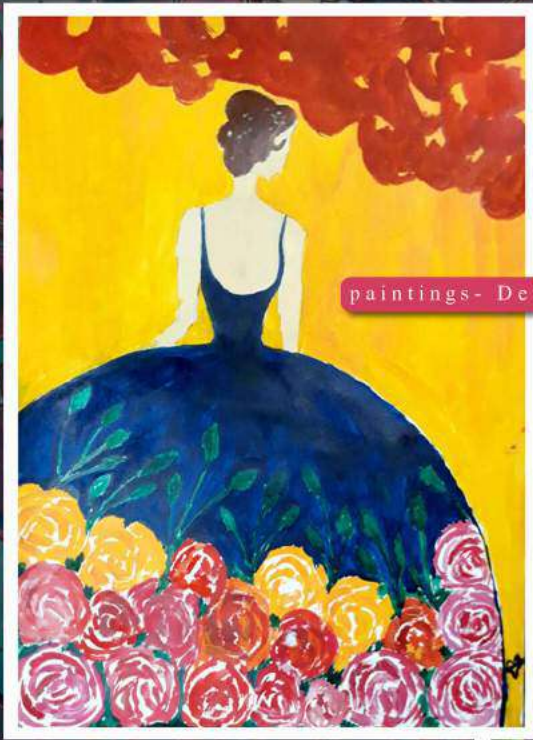
Remember

If you think you don't have it in you,
To move your own mountains,
Or paint your skies blue,
Remember, my darling,
The flowers didn't always have their hue,
That they had to grow out of their buds every day,
Till their soft colours were kissed by the dew.

If you think the path ahead is blurry,
Remember, my darling,
Every grain of sand, in every dusty flurry,
How afraid of leaving it must have been,
But how otherwise would it have become,
The prettiest pearl the world had ever seen?

It hurts, my dear, it does always,
It's dark, I know, but please keep humming,
It isn't easy, but it won't be every day,
Still if the dark clouds keep coming,
You, my darling, are a hurricane on its way.

-Shuvra Shefalika



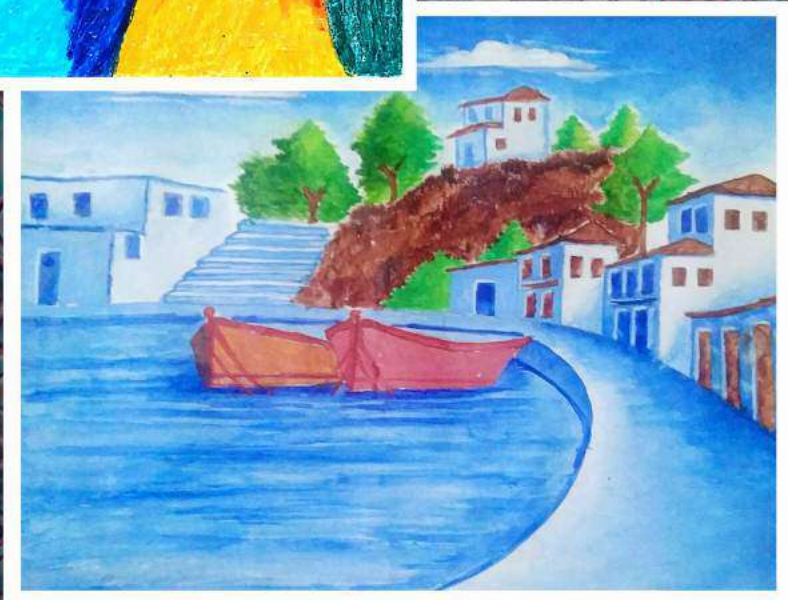
paintings- Devanshi Behera -8C



Sriya Saha -2D



paintings- Devanshi Behera -8C





6th ANNUAL

INTERNATIONAL ABACUS, VEDIC AND MENTAL MATHS OLYMPIAD

Dec 2020 - Feb 2021



Certificate of Excellence

awarded to

Soham Kar

Son of Mr./Ms. Dr. Madhumita Panda Class - 6th Student

ID - 1801161 School - St. Joseph's Convent Higher

Secondary School, Sambalpur, had won - Champion's

Champion Trophy in Theta Group for level - 1 has

secured National rank - 2 in the 6th International

Abacus, Vedic and Mental Maths Olympiad held on Dec

2020 - Feb 2021. He is awarded the certificate in

recognition of his excellent performance at National level.



Grand Award
USA Mentor

Rishi
Project Director



Soham Kar, of Class VI, St. Joseph's Convent Higher Secondary School, Sambalpur, had participated in the INTERNATIONAL ABACUS, VEDIC AND MENTAL MATHS OLYMPIAD 2020-21 (iNAVMO) held recently and excelled. More than 5000 students from all over India participated in various group levels.

Soham successfully cleared his Prelims and Semi final and was one among the top 10 finalists. He won the Champion's of Champion Trophy with 2nd rank in the National Finals for THETA Group. He was also awarded the Gold Medal for being the School topper. Within the given time limit of 20 minutes, Soham completed the THETA LEVEL -1 with all mathematical calculations accurate and his score was 70/70 in 8 minutes 40 seconds.



Certificate of Participation

This certificate is awarded to SOHAM KAR

Class 06 Roll no OR014906003

student of ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT HIGHER SECONDARY SCHOOL
SAMBALPUR, ODISHA

He/She participated in *SOF International General Knowledge Olympiad* conducted during *November/December 2020* & secured *International Rank* 6

Regional rank 5 *Zonal Rank* 2 & *School Rank* 1

He/She is also awarded a Zonal Gold Medal for Performance Excellence at the Zonal level.

New Delhi | Gurugram
February, 2021

Mahabir Singh
Mahabir Singh
Founder Director

Dr. Narindra Virmani
Dr. Narindra Virmani
Chairman



SOF INTERNATIONAL GENERAL KNOWLEDGE OLYMPIAD

School Code: **OR0149** Class: **06**
Roll No.: **OR014906003**
Student's Name: **SOHAM KAR**
School Name: **ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT HIGHER SECONDARY SCHOOL**
SAMBALPUR, ODISHA



National Office: Plot 99, First Floor, Sector 44 Institutional Area, Gurugram - 122 003 (HR) | Telephone: 0124-4651200
Website: www.sofworld.org | E-mail: info@soworld.org
Regd. Office: 406, 7th, Apt., Ring Road, New Delhi - 110 028

Dear Parents,

Congratulations on your child's participation in the **SOF International General Knowledge Olympiad** conducted during November / December, 2020. The SOF IGKO is conducted annually by SOF-organizer of the World's Biggest Olympiads.

Please find enclosed the Student Performance Report (SPR) of your child for the SOF IGKO.

The SPR includes an exhaustive comparative analysis of your child's performance in the SOF IGKO.

A careful perusal of the SPR will help you understand your child's strengths and areas requiring improvement in General Knowledge and also gauge her/his knowledge & performance in comparison to lacs of other students who appeared in the SOF IGKO.

We have also provided a detailed analysis of past 4 years' comparison of your child's performance in the SOF IGKO to assist you understand the progress made by your child in General Knowledge.

We wish you and your child all the best and pray that you utilize your energies and time in consonance with your mission and achieve academic success.

With Best Wishes,
Mahabir Singh
Founder Director



PERFORMANCE ANALYSIS



CURRENT YEAR'S PERFORMANCE	
I.G.K.O. 2020-21	
Roll No: OR014906003	REGION: EAST
SCHOOL: ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT HIGHER SECONDARY SCHOOL	ZONE: ODISHA ZONE
CITY: SAMBALPUR	COUNTRY: INDIA
STATE: ODISHA	

- Maximum Marks : 60
- Marks Scored : 58
- Percentile Score : 99.77
- School Rank : 1
- City Rank : 1
- Zonal Rank : 2
- Regional Rank : 5
- International Rank : 6

TRAVERSING MY SCHOOL LIFE

“St. Joseph’s Convent Higher Secondary School”. The mere name of this institution is enough to remind me of the wonderful memories I had here. And why not? I spent 12 years of my life in this school and it has given me unending memories to cherish throughout my life.

I still remember the first day of my school. My father and mother took me to the Kindergarten, and I felt very uncomfortable and sad, as it was the first time when I was away from my home and my family. But as the days passed, I really started enjoying going to school. It was a new experience as I started making friends and my KG-1 teacher, Mickey Madam was also very caring and fond of kids. My father had introduced me to Victoria Aunty, who worked as a nonteaching staff, at our school. She used to take care of children as they were left behind by their parents. To this date whenever I or my friends meet her, she recognizes each and every one of us. Then I was promoted to KG-2, and our class teacher was Julie Madam. She used to be very strict but little did we know that she would turn out to be so funny and loving afterwards. We enjoyed a lot in her classes. I and my friends also enacted a play in KG-2, under the guidance of our teachers. Today when I look at the photos of that play I laugh at our antics. One year later, our uniforms changed, the school building changed as all of us were in Class 1. This year, Mona Madam was our class teacher. She used to teach us English. Then we were in Class 2. Priya Madam was our class teacher this time around. All of us thought that she was going to be a very strict teacher, but she turned out to be like a coconut, hard from outside but very sweet from inside. In this year, I made a lot of good friends and also some of my friends from Class 1 had left the school. In Class 3 I was put under the guidance of Anisha Madam. Again, she was considered to be a very harsh and strict teacher, but she put all of us in a very comfortable environment and helped us in every way possible. I also remember that I got scolding from her for not participating in the ‘fancy-dress competition’. At that time, I was very scared, but now I understand that she did that for my own good. Next it was Class 4, and this time again Mona Madam was our class teacher. All of us were very comfortable with her as she had already been our class teacher in Class 1. The only fond memory that I have of this year is that, I had become great friends with a boy of our class.

Then came Class 5 and for the first time our classes were shuffled and I was separated from many of my friends. I expected this year to be a very bad school year, but it turned out to be a very fantastic year. I made a lot of good friends and really had a lot of fun. Our class teacher was Pushpamitra Madam, she also was our Math’s teacher. Class 6 was my next class. This time around Smitha Madam was our class teacher. She was very kind-hearted and used to rectify all our mistakes. But I was detached from a lot of my good friends and most importantly one of my best friends had left the school, and ever since then I haven’t been able to get in contact with him. Class 7th was another great year. I was united with a lot of my good friends and I also made new good friends. This year I played a lot of different games with my friends. Be it playing tic tac toe and bingo and wasting the papers of our copy or playing football and cricket and hurting ourselves in various different ways. Tusharika Madam was our class

teacher and she connected really well with all the students and she used to joke around a lot with the students. Never ever were we bored in any of her classes. Class 8th was also a decent year. Ruby Madam was our class teacher and she taught us Biology. Apart from participating in sports events, nothing much happened in this year. I remember the recess time when all of my friends and I were united. We shared our food and our experiences from the day. We had a lot of fun but as soon as the recess ended all of us were sad as we again had to part ways with each other and go back to our own classes.

Then came Class 9th, and without a doubt, it was the best year of my school life. Our class teacher was Purnima Madam, who taught us Odia and she really was an amazing class teacher. At first, I believed that this year too was going to be like Class 8th, but it was a whole different story. I made friends who were like my own family and I value their friendship till this date. I still remember the day when all the boys had to stand outside the class for coming late to Rupa Madam's class, after our games period. Even after that, all of us spent the whole period laughing, giggling and making jokes. I cannot forget Ranjita Madam's Biology class just before our Games period and the time when the children were jumping and shouting when she came just 2 minutes before the end of the period. Titus Sir and his extremely funny Physics class. Nupur Madam's Chemistry class, where the students would always irritate her to the limit, but she always found a way to make the class interesting. Binod Sir's Math's Class where every student would become a saint and behave as if they were the most disciplined child in the world. Bindu Madam's Literature class where all of us really enjoyed her style of teaching. Madhumita Madam's Language class where we all sharpened our grammatical skills. Rao Sir and his Computer class, where always one or two students surely got punishment from him. 9th Class was indeed a very precious and amazing class.

It's really ironical that the ending to our School life was not a very pleasant one. Due to Covid-19, we couldn't attend almost the entirety of our Class 10th, the class which was supposed to be the best one according to our seniors. I was really excited for this class as there were a lot of things to look forward to in Academic Session of 2020-2021, but sadly all of that amounted to nothing in the end.

It's really very hard to believe that this wonderful journey is coming to an end. If I ever came across a Genie who would grant anyone of my wishes, I surely would wish to relive my entire school life. And I believe that this would be the wish of every Josephite. It is also hard to imagine that the classmates with whom I am studying today, might not be in touch with me after 5 years. This school showed us the correct path of life in our formative years and I would like to thank everyone associated with the school for making my experience at "St. Joseph's Convent Higher Secondary School" a very marvelous and delightful one.

I shall ever remain grateful to this institution.

Forever a Josephite,

Spandan Mishra,
X-B

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

I'M MAXWELL JOHNSON, A REGULAR 16 YEAR-OLD BLOND TEENAGER, YOUR RESIDENT RIVERMAIN TROUBLE-MAKER....AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY TELLS ME. I CALL IT CURIOSITY.

ANYWAYS, ALL THE TROUBLE STARTED ON THE SECOND WEEK OF MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS. I WAS HAVING MY BEAUTY SLEEP WHEN I FELL DOWN FROM THE BED (WHICH SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY WAY I GET UP IN THE MORNING). I WENT TO MY CLOSET AND WORE MY FAVOURITE COMBO: BLACK SLEEVELESS AND BLACK JEANS. I BRUSHED MY HAIR AND TEETH AND WENT DOWN FOR BREAKFAST.

AFTER BREAKFAST, I TOOK A JACKET FROM THE HOOK AND TOOK MY BIKE FROM THE GARAGE AND WENT TO MEET CHARLIE, MY BEST-FRIEND WHO LIVES TWO BLOCKS AWAY FROM MY HOUSE. FROM THERE WE WENT TO THE WOODS TO OUR SECRET HIDEOUT. IT WAS AN ABANDONED, SHAGGY HOUSE WHICH WAS ALMOST BREAKING APART. AS WE NEARED THE HOUSE, I HEARD SOME SOUNDS COMING FROM THE HOUSE. WE CREEPT TO THE HOUSE UP TO THE WINDOW AND TOOK A PEEK. IT SEEMED AS TWO PEOPLE WERE ARGUING ABOUT SOMETHING. THEN SUDDENLY, THE FIRST MAN TOOK OUT A GUN AND HIT THE SECOND MAN ON THE HEAD WITH THE BUTT OF THE GUN.

"OHMYGOD! IS HE DEAD?" CHARLIE ASKED NERVOUSLY. "I DON'T THINK SO. I GUESS HE IS JUST KNOCKED OUT. BUT I SHOULD SNEAK INSIDE TO SEE WHETHER HE IS ALIVE OR NOT. IF I'M NOT BACK WITHIN 10 MINUTES, CALL THE POLICE." CHARLIE TRIED TO CONVINC ME OTHERWISE BUT I CRAWLED TO THE BACK DOOR AND WAS ABOUT TO SNEAK THROUGH IT WHEN SOMEBODY GRABBED ME. I SPURNED AROUND IN SURPRISE AND SAW A VERY MEAN-LOOKING MAN WHO WAS HOLDING MY JACKET. CHARLIE WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND EVEN THOUGH IT WAS ONLY 5 MINUTES. "WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING, YOUNG MAN? I DON'T LIKE SNEAKY BOYS." HIS ASKED ME GLARINGLY. I STUTTERED FOR A REPLY, BUT NOTHING CAME OUT OF MY MOUTH. I WAS AFRAID. I THOUGHT THAT I WAS ABOUT TO DIE.

HE GRABBED MY SHOULDERS AND DRAGGED ME INSIDE. HE CALLED THE FIRST MAN AND SAID, "BOSS! THIS KID WAS TRYING TO SPYING ON US. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?" "WE SHALL DEAL WITH HIM IN THE SAME WAY AS I DEALT WITH THE OTHER MAN." THE WHISPERING VOICE SAID.

I CLOSED MY EYES FULL OF FEAR ANTICIPATING MY END WHEN SUDDENLY I HEARD STRENS. I OPENED MY EYES AND SAW THE FRONT DOOR BREAK DOWN. TO MY SURPRISE IT WAS THE POLICE AND BEHIND THEM....CHARLIE. BEFORE THE MEN REALISED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, THEY WERE HANDCUFFED.

TWO HOURS LATER, I WAS SITTING IN MY ROOM WITH CHARLIE. THE POLICE HAD JUST LEFT AFTER EXPLAINING ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED TO MY PARENTS. I ASKED, "WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR OFF WHEN I WAS CAPTURED?"

"I SAW THE MAN BEFORE HE REACHED. I THOUGHT OF WARNING YOU BUT I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT ALARMING THE MAN. SO, I RAN AWAY FROM THERE TO A SAFE DISTANCE. THEN I CALLED THE POLICE AND TOLD THEM WHAT WAS HAPPENING. THEY ADVISED ME TO HIDE TILL THEY REACHED THERE. SO I DID AS THEY TOLD AND HID UNTIL THEY CAME. THEN, I BROUGHT THEM TO THE HOUSE TO SAVE YOU." HE REPLIED.

"WELL I HAVE UNDERSTOOD ONE THING FROM THIS ADVENTURE. THAT CURIOSITY CAN SOMETIMES PROVE TO BE DANGEROUS. SO, I'M DONE WITH ADVENTURES FOR NOW." I SAID WITH A SMILE.

- SRIYANSHU RATH

Mysterious Experience in Lockdown

Everyone has experienced a situation because they had to stay at home due to lockdown during the pandemic period. There are those who know how to keep themselves entertained. This is my story and I'm going to tell you that lockdown can sometimes be interesting and can teach us a lot of things and also give us time to spend with our family.

I am Robert, a 15 year old teenager but everyone calls me Robbie. I live in our ancestral house along with my parents and little brother Sam who is a year younger than me. Let me give a description of my house. It is a very old house, almost 100 years. It is three-storied with lots of empty rooms and covers a large area. I've always been fascinated by the stories and legends that people tell about our house like it is haunted by the spirits of our ancestors or that our ancestors had hidden a treasure somewhere inside our house a long time ago.

One day during this lockdown period, Sam and I decided to investigate the mystery of the treasure for fun. We told our parents about our intention and they happily agreed as they knew it will keep us busy. We started to search each and every room in the house. Most of the rooms were empty. For few days, we continued to search the rooms. Eventually, we gave up.

When our parents saw our sad faces, they told us not to give up and think about which place we might have left. I remembered that we had not searched the attic yet as we knew that it was full of junk accumulated over the years. So, we went to the attic and started to search among the things inside the attic, anything that might give us a clue about the treasure. We had nearly given up the search when suddenly my brother slipped and knocked out a few boxes near the back of the attic. When he got up we saw a secret doorway there. We tried to open the door and to our surprise, it opened easily. Both of us took a flashlight each lying nearby and went through the doorway. We saw that it was a staircase, so we followed it till the end. After reaching there, we assumed that it must be connected to the basement. We saw a door and opened it. The room was empty except for writing on the wall which stated:

"Treasures of gold, silver and bronze
Are worthless in happy homes
Because no treasure is greater
Than love of family that one cannot measure."

We understood the meaning of the message and returned back through another door in the room which opened in the basement. When we got back, our parents asked that whether we found the treasure or not. We smiled and said that we always had the treasure, but we never realised it. But now we do. Our parents were confused but they didn't say anything and so we spent the rest of the days in content and happiness with our parents till the lockdown was lifted because we had realised that spending time with your family is the greatest treasure of all.



The Pandemic Pandemonium

"I think there is a reason they call it a pandem-ic. It's basically a high-blownterm for a disease that's causing pandem-onium," proclaimed thirteen year old Nisha sagely, in the living room of their Delhi apartment as the last notes of Ramanand Sagar's Ramayan's title song faded into silence. Almost everyone snorted into their cups of morning tea. This scene has unfolded with a vast multitude of variation in nearly every household in India which includes children and teenagers, grandparents and other oddball relatives. People were running about their perfunctory jobs, children going about their busy business of being youngsters of the 21st century when, all of a sudden, our lives screeched to a halt as COVID-19 struck. Faced with an unprepared-for calamity, life ground to a standstill with lockdowns and shutdowns in place.

Perhaps the most noticeable change in our lives in this pandemic has been our relation with time. Although for a change there is an increase in family time, the prolonged duration has fostered us with what anthropologist Jane Guyer terms 'Enforced Presentism'-a feeling of being stuck in the present combined with the inability to plan ahead. With schools and colleges shut, online education has become the new normal with weeks blurring into each other for professionals as they work from home. These past months we have witnessed the sufferings of our less fortunate brethren as the unemployed thousands travelled, hungry and miserable, to reach their homes, a glaring question mark on our country's progress. As we battle an invisible foe, we bear witness to the sacrifices of our health professionals and COVID warriors and the

countless Samaritans who came forward to help suffering humankind, reinstating man's faith in humanity.

Though widespread, the impact of the new virus has been quite ambiguous. The corona pandemic has sewn far-flung families together again while at the same time negatively affecting old and sick people without immediate family caregivers. More time with family has resulted in better mental health for people suffering from depression and loneliness whereas worsened the case for people living in abusive or oppressive households. Sexual and cultural minorities have also suffered because of the physical isolation. But perhaps it was time to introspect as, "Life has a funny way of teaching us. It will create a deep sadness so that we know how to truly understand happiness. It will create chaos in our lives so that we may appreciate the peaceful times and it will take those we love away from us away from us so that we will truly understand what their presence meant to us."

Like Shakespeare had said, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." It is indeed perhaps our ability to see the brighter side of things that accounts for our foraging into thunderstorms to look for the rainbows in life. Undoubtedly, the pandemic has taught us quite a

few lessons and given us a considerable amount of time and experience, not to mention cleaner air and clearer skies. It has led to empathic changes in the way people view the world which could be a valuable mental resource, helping to increase the overall wellbeing and quality of life. Slowing down, we spent a lot more time with our kith and kin, bridging gaps with better communication and being truly present and mindful in the moment. Many creatives-turned-office-goers finally found the time to dust off their old canvases, journals, interests and hobbies and look at the world with the wonder-filled eyes of childhood. Forgotten memories and long-lost days were reminisced either at the dinner table or family video conferences, as people united to share hope in desolate times. Last, but not the least, stargazers could finally somewhat see the stars in the night sky and heave a sigh of (clean-aired) relief. As Josep Borrel, the European Union Minister for Foreign Affairs, said “COVID-19 will reshape our world. We don’t know yet when the crisis will end. But we can be sure that by the time it does, our world will look very different.” For now let us content ourselves by doing our best to make each day a masterpiece and find our own sunshine in the pall and pandemonium of the pandemic.

-Shuvra Shefalika

A beautiful girl is shipwrecked in a deserted island, with no vegetation and inhabitants to care. Every afternoon three golden musk deer bring her food: fruits from the underworld walking through the wide expanse of water...

*Deep in the day
When the sun doth shine
with full glory and vigour
Thus walk through the water
through the vast expanse of brine.*

*The three singing deer
so serene, so calm so divine
They walk step in step
leaving no step behind.
The bundles they carry-
the apples and cherry
Gleam in the sun
as away they tarry.*

*Together they will travel
on and on
Thus singing along
a melancholy song.
They will fathom
expanse upon expanse
Till they reach the land,
a dot in the sand.
To the damsel that wait forlorn.
Together they will dine
on the sand so brown.*

*They will dance to the tune
of each and every song.
They will watch the flames go up
as the sun goes down.
And when she's tired and drowsy
Will they tuck her away merrily.*

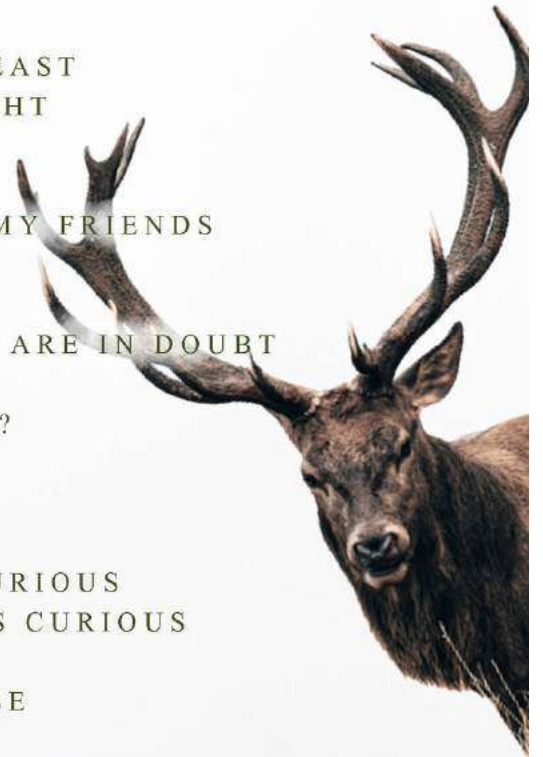
*They will walk by the stars
And vanish into the horizon
Into their abode.
Ready to partake
a journey into the morrow
A daily routine
They always doth follow.*

ALL WILD ANIMALS ARE MY FRIENDS!

WHEN THE SUN RISES IN THE EAST
THE PREDATOR STARTS SEARCHING IT'S FEAST
WHERE THE WATERS GLINT IN THE SUNLIGHT
THE FISH AND BEAR START TO FIGHT
EVEN THOUGH KILING IS THEIR TREND
I'D LIKE TO SAY ALL WILD ANIMALS ARE MY FRIENDS

FROM THE JUNGLE THEY ARE KICKED OUT
FOR HUMAN BEINGS KILL THEM AND THEY ARE IN DOUBT
WILL HUMANS EVER BE OUR FRIENDS?
OR WILL THEY TORMENT US TILL THE END?
IS LOVE WRITTEN IN OUR FATE?
OR THERE'S ONLY HATE AND HATE?

EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE PROMINENTLY FURIOUS
THEIR HEARTS ARE BEATING FAST AND ITS CURIOUS
SO LET'S NOT GIVE THEM THIS DESPISE
LET US SHOW THEM WE ARE KIND AND WISE
THIS LITTLE THING I RECOMMEND
BECAUSE ALL WILD ANIMALS ARE MY FRIENDS



TREES AT MY BACKYARD

DEAR MANGO TREE
STOP GETTING OLDER AND WRINKLED
SETTING ALL THE LEAVES FREE

DEAR TALL SANDALWOOD
THANK YOU FOR THE FRAGRANCE
YOU GIFTED SINCE MY CHILDHOOD

DEAR LITTLE STRAWBERRIES
YOUR BUSHES DECORATED MY YARDS
LIKE SERVING THE CAKE WITH CHERRIES

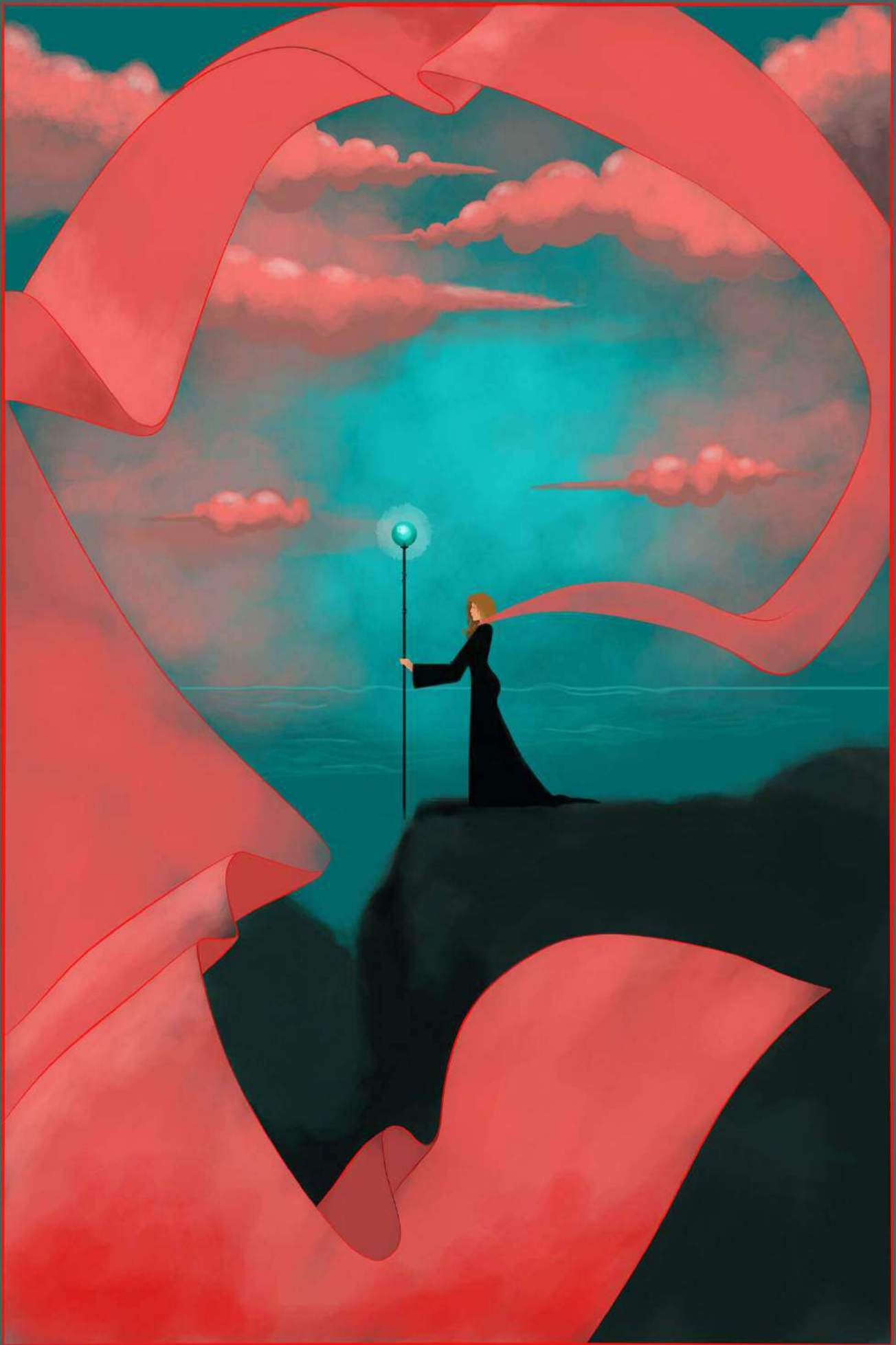
THANK YOU DEAR NATURE FOR ALL THE GREENS
YOUR GIFT TO ME AND MY OWN
AND THE FUTURE GENERATION YOU BEHOLD WITHIN!

Abhi Sneha Nag
Class 8th A

THE ULTIMATE REALISATION!

Life! An endless journey of unbearable afflictions and overwhelming euphorias. Be it the life we live or be it the much talked about life after death. One cannot speak about the latter but yes, this voyage has given us myriad reasons to contemplate about the known and the unknown. Just a year back it was all going good and every new day brought with itself fresh gratitudes ! There was happiness, tranquillity, vigour, joy and laughter as well as reasons to cry and brood over. It was a complete package of every emotion one could sense! But then life encountered the deadly COVID-19' pandemic and our world came to a standstill. And with it came the never experienced before test! A test of patience, determination, grit, discernment, choices and adaptability. For the first time it felt as if we were made to realise the vital fact which we living beings so conveniently evade i.e. we are nothing but One Big Family! The pandemic exposed us to multifarious weaknesses and strengths of the superior most creation of the Almighty - 'The Mankind'. Now bare before the grotesque and invisible enemy, we were forced to stay in our dens to preserve! The test became tougher and tougher and the once hyped and much needed socializing became a terror .The more one kept away the better was the chances of survival. Gradually as time elapsed, the ever glowing patience started diminishing and the zeal of our courageous souls edged a little closer towards the end. But wait! We are 'The Mankind' The ONES who never give up! So we strived hard, and slowly but steadily, saw to it that the beacon of hope glows again. And thus the entire mankind rose together to 'Save Mankind'! Every single soul joined hands to keep the flame alive and then came the breakthroughs, we were able to find solutions to tackle and be victorious. Today, though the fight still continues to tame the veiled foe but we are one big family, which knows that every member is different yet same and when faced with the unknown, we come together to lead and live the known Instinct of Survival! This pandemic has not only given us enough reasons to reflect upon but also has led to the ultimate realisation that no matter who we are, where we are...we are nothing but One Big Family!

Sarmita Patel



Titus Nazarene Kujur



In all our endeavours to bring out our first edition of e-magazine The Cornucopia, we aspire our Josephites to become leaders of tomorrow, with their creative spark and imaginations. We pledge to make each individual broaden their horizons and grow in wisdom and knowledge. This platform is created with a vision, for our budding stars to explore their latent talent in the desired field.