



MERAKI

Unleashing knowledge, one headline at a time

This issue:

Creative writing

Field trip to Agri-World

Poems, art and so much more!!

NEW YEAR NEW BEGINNING

As we enter the new year, our newspaper gets a fresh new start just like we do. In this edition of the Meraki, we look at some of the many things that we've done in the ending of 2023 and mark the beginning of the 2024 edition. Full of stories, poems and art done by the students from

Nursery to Grade 10, our students have showcased the sheer talent at The Gera School.

In the new year, we hope to find many more submissions from the students whether it's a poem, story or drawing so that we can display the many skills that our student body hold, and we encourage you to read the Meraki and look forward to receiving our magazine as the year goes by.

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Ms Lizelle Montes

Editor:

Amaya Gloweli Mewara



-Amaya Gloweli Mewara
Editor

MUSINGS ON THE NATURE OF THOUGHT

Now this is interesting. When you write something, you give your thoughts sentience. By writing them and bringing them a physical form, you essentially make them real, palpable. It is my belief that thoughts are the most powerful things that can be. Stronger than all of our misery-clad guns, bombs, missiles and whatnot.

A thought represents a part of the human soul and psyche. Every thought has a potential future, a potential course of action that could end in crashing disaster, delicious success or usually, some limbo in between. This is the danger of thoughts: there is no limit to what the sheer infinity and roiling sea of chance, the duality that they embody, can cause. These things that they can cause range from ordering something new in a restaurant to choosing a career to making the decision to end the life of oneself or someone else's.

There can be no classification of thoughts. This Sisyphean struggle will prove to be futile, as thoughts are like the winds. In every place or person, they have a certain direction toward which they tend to blow or gravitate. But they are again, just like the wind, easily to influence and nearly impossible to stop. With every event that takes place around and within the individual, they change, dying down to but the faintest caress of breeze to the roaring storm winds that tear down buildings and send us cowering to our shelters.



Many times, it has crossed my mind: Are we, as in our physical forms, really ourselves? How can we be sure? Our brain is the single most important organ in our body, locked into its sealed shell of hard bone and constantly immersed in fluid. It controls our movements, our other organs and everything else. And of course, it acts as the evergreen, fecund garden from which our thoughts grow. Our thoughts are what form our personality, our opinions and are what govern our reactions to scenarios. Our thoughts are our whole selves, as we know them. So then if we identify ourselves and others with our personalities and therefore thoughts, then what are bodies? Are they just infinitely complex pieces of technology that allow our thoughts to keep themselves alive? Are they the outer manifestations of thoughts? So do thoughts allow themselves to be perceived as our bodies? This is what facial expressions are then, aren't they? Miniscule, grimy and scratched windows into the chaotic empyrean in which our thoughts fade into and out of existence, sometimes all at the same time.

But maybe it's much darker than that. Perhaps, some greater entity has seen the same destructive potential of thoughts that I have, and has sealed them into our heads. Perhaps that's what our brains are. Inescapable prisons, eternal constraints against which our screaming, colliding thoughts continually strain. So that gives a new meaning to evolution's focus on the protection of an organism's brain. Perhaps it's not to keep external threats from harming what is inside, but to keep the internal threats from breaking free and harming what is outside.

When one dies, so do their thoughts. Maybe this is what makes us so terrified of death, and why we will go to any length to avoid it, or even just delay it.

Maybe it is the survival instinct of our thoughts, who, being born of randomness and discontinuity, abhor the echoing finality of death. I think that gives an insight into the nature of death. This same omnipresent and omnipotent entity, realising this, could have bound us with the shackles of our own mortality. That is why our bodies age, to ensure that thoughts gradually weaken along with the minds that spawn them, and eventually die out altogether. It may be that our bodies are the black chains that gradually drag us in a downward spiral into the hell of degeneration, insanity and death.

This has to be why we do things we know will lead to unfavourable consequences for ourselves. Climate change, warfare, all of our current problems are causing our downfall and we know it. Yet we continue! It must be the will of this same entity, silently urging us to perform all these self-destructive activities, urging us to put a gun to the head of our own species, pull the trigger, to speed our own ends, and the ends of all our dangerous thoughts. Is that it, then? Is that what life is? Just a desperate race against the spectre of death? A race where we are destined, each and every one of us, commoner or king, to fall behind in the final sprint toward the finish line? Maybe. Maybe not. We shall never know.

But thoughts have escaped these bonds before. And whenever this happens, so does something we recall as radical. I think that within every great individual, thoughts have defied their jailer and taken over the physical form, rendering it nothing more than a glorified puppet. When a man releases his thoughts from that in which they have been trapped in, he embraces them, with all of their tremendous potential and oddities. He truly breaks the barriers between reality and fiction, for nothing is impossible when the full might of one's innermost thoughts rears its great head and affixes something with its terrible, wondrous gaze. Such a release is extremely rare and difficult to achieve, and only the most sanguine and wilful can achieve it, and when they do, they always go down in history. However, some turn out to embody the exact consequences that the aforementioned entity seems to be trying to prevent. Adolf Hitler, Genghis Khan and Joseph Stalin all come to mind. But will this prove to be anything more than random conjecturing and postulation? Who knows? Ah, but isn't that the ferocious solipsism of thought? One can delve as deep as he dares into its depths, mapping its ever-shifting surface and may form all sorts of hypotheses, but he can never, ever learn the truth of what he seeks to understand. Thought, though it constantly forms and reforms into different things, can never allow one even a shred of understanding of itself, keeping all of its secrets and potential to itself.

– Neel Patil 8A

Creative Thinking – Using an animal as the main character of the adventure story

Leilin is a girl Leiler who loves to explore! She flies over the hills, valleys and seas, observing every tiny object in sight of her.

One of the “normal” days she explores, she saw one of her kind sitting and staring into the distance. She flew to the Leiler and asked, ‘Hey what are you doing all alone here?’ The Leiler was silent for a bit, but then looked at Leilin and said, “Well not much. Just relaxing.” Leilin replied, “ You want to join me in my adventure?” “Well, I guess so. I don’t have much to do,” said the Leiler.

Leilin then said, “Cool! Wait, what’s your name?”

“Umm... my name is Enfiril. What’s yours?”

“Leilin! I’m so glad that I made one friend!”

“Wait, I’m your first-ever friend, Leilin!”

“Yeah... I never really had the courage to make friends on any of my adventures.”

“Wow! Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s go!”

Leilin and Enfiril took off.

Little did Leilin know what dark adventures lay ahead.

Leilin and Enfiril were flying for a bit, when Enfiril suddenly stopped and spoke.

“Hey, Leilin! Wanna explore this cave?” Leilin was a bit unsure, but agreed since Enfiril was her first friend and didn’t want to make Enfiril feel upset. So she followed along into the cave. When Leilin reached a point in the cave where there were leaves surrounding her, a cage suddenly dropped over her. Strangely, Enfiril started laughing like a maniac! Leilin panicked; she didn’t know what to do.

At this point, she knew that Enfiril was never a friend. She dashed into the bars of the cage and kept hitting it to try to break free, but all the effort was in vain. Enfiril looked at Leilin, gave her a nasty smirk and said, “Oh, you poor thing. Your first “friend” looked you up. You have nothing to live for. GIVE UP!” But Leilin was strong; she continued hitting herself against the cage and finally broke free. She charged towards Enfiril and lashed her wings in him, causing him to transform, into his real self.

Demon-ish eyes staring at Leilin, feeling livid! As he was trying to attack Leilin, she flew on top of Enfiril’s head and he fell face-first on the ground. Enfiril then started to disintegrate into ashes, but flew up still wanting to charge at Leilin, but then she realised that Enfiril fell on some pieces of wood, so she ran outside the cave with Enfiril chasing after her, she broke some piece of wood with her feet, and threw it at Enfiril.

Leilin was glad because Enfiril started to disintegrate into ashes again. But this time, Enfiril failed to fly and fell while turning into ashes. Leilin was relieved and flew back to her home and decided never to trust anyone so quickly.



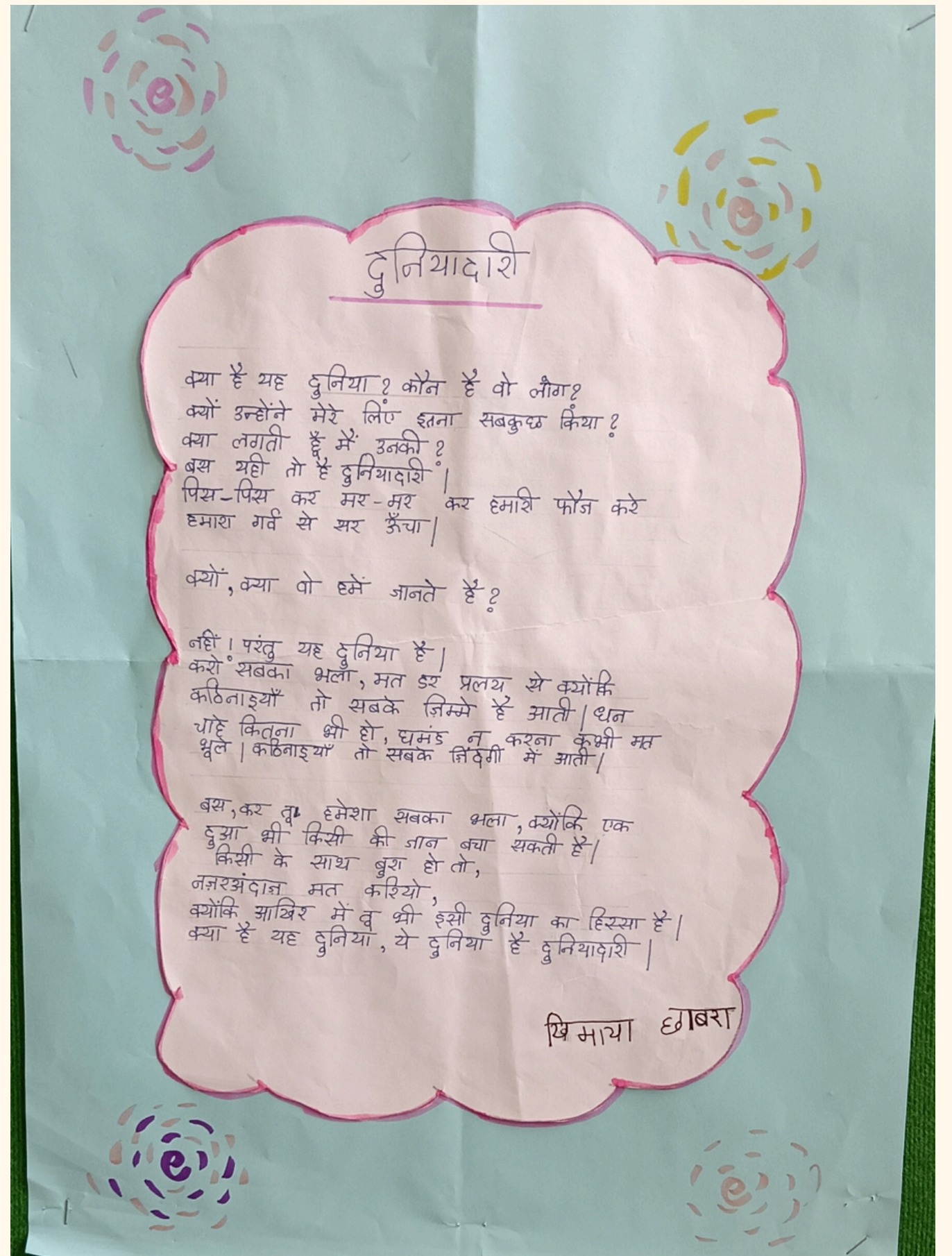
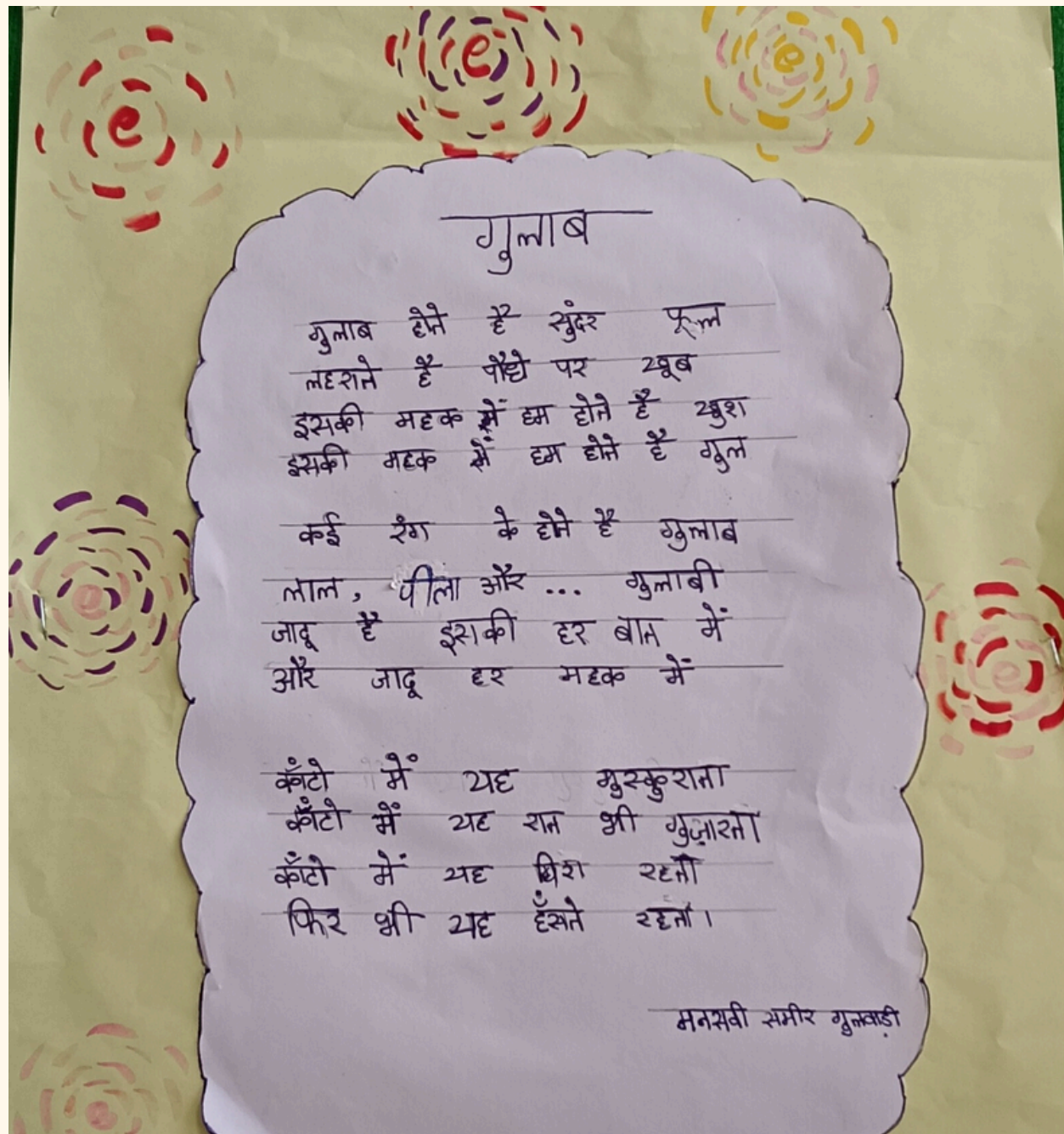
-MIRAYA CHANDRA 5A

A TRIP TO AGRI-WORLD

On the 18th of October, the students from Grades 8 to 10 embarked on an enthralling field trip to ICAR (Indian Council of Agricultural Research), CCARI (Central Coastal Agricultural Research Institute) in Ela, Goa. The day began with an interesting lecture on the history of ICAR, its functions, and what awaited us during our field trip. This lecture provided valuable insights into the diverse species of nuts, fruits, bees and animals that we would have the opportunity to observe and learn about. Guided by our Tour Operator, we set off on a walk to visit the Vermicomposting unit. Here, we had witnessed first hand how compost is made and understood the essential requirements to process it. As we entered the animal sector, we saw adorable rabbits, hens, pigs and cows. This encounter allowed us to witness the diverse range of livestock that contributes to the agricultural industry. Additionally, we visited the fisheries, where we were able to observe a wide variety of fish species. Finally, we took a leisurely stroll through the fields, that covered a wide variety of spices, fruits, nuts, paddy, flowers, and cereals. Ms Marisca Fernandes, our Biology Teacher and our guide, enlightened us on the cultivation techniques and importance of the same. This enriching trip comprised a perfect blend of enjoyment and educational value, leaving us with a profound understanding of the vital role that agriculture plays in our daily lives. In conclusion, through first-hand experiences and expert guidance, we were able to understand the detailed processes involved in compost production, learn about the diverse range of livestock in the animal sector, different fishing practices, and develop a deeper understanding of the cultivation and the importance of various crops and herbs.

-Prarthana D A Grade 9

HINDI



Les oiseaux volent dans le ciel,
Les abeilles font des miels.

Les papillons dansent près des fleurs,

Ah ! l'arbre c'est quelle couleur !

Le père joue avec sa fille

Le soleil brille !

-Hannah Vales 8B

J'ajoute sucre au café,

J'ajoute plus sucre au café

Je suis fatigué, donc une petite gorge

La caféine me fait fatigué

Je suis plus fatigué, donc je bois plus café

Mais je suis plus plus fatigué, pourquoi ?

Je suis très fatiguée, cela me fait tomber
endormie

-Aarna Talwar 8A

फरदवम

Le papillon il vole dans le ciel,

L'abeille il vole dans le ciel,

Mais personne, nous ne volons pas dans le ciel.

Mais si tu veux voler dans le ciel, tu veux

Tu vas au ciel, tu n'abandonnes jamais.

-Jezneel Jones Gonsalves 8B

Sucre, sucre miel,

Goute comme pluie,

Tombe du ciel,

Nous appelons la ruche.

-Amaya Gloweli Mewara 8A

LIMERICKS

From the students of 2A

My Milk Tooth - Emma Dias

I used to have a milk tooth,
It just fell out of the root,
It was a pearly white,
But now it is nowhere in sight,
Guess what! I found it in my boot.



The Cat - Natalie Buhariwala

There was a cat,
Who sat on a mat.
He was brown,
Wore a crown,
And finally found a rat.



The Magic Box - Revansh Rathore

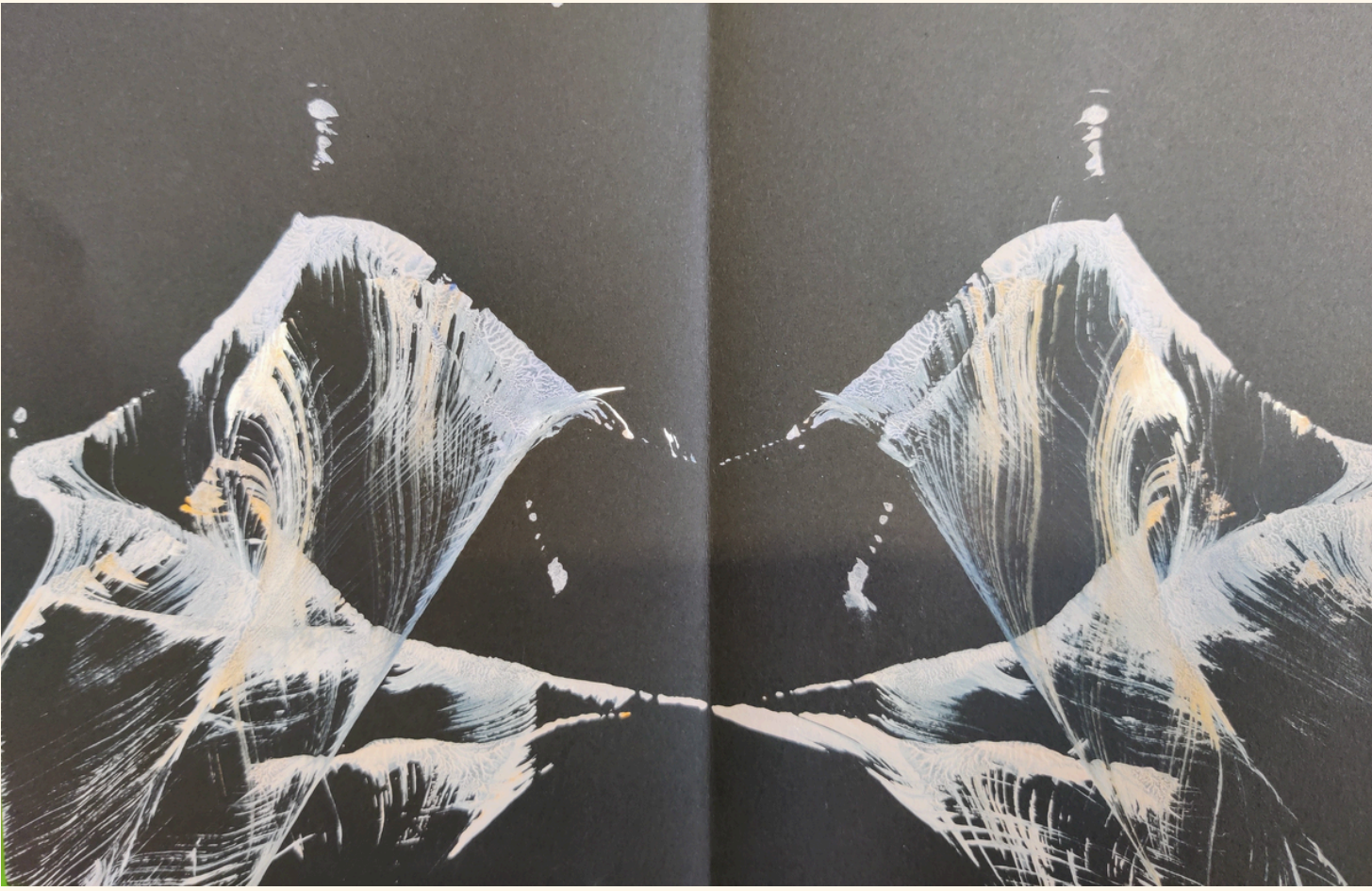
I had a magic box,
In it I found my stinky socks.
I ran towards a door,
Because I heard a roar
But it was just a fox.



The Boy Named Shree - Kiaan Pinto

There once was a boy named Shree,
Who climbed up a sycamore tree.
He jumped on it like a monkey,
And fell on a donkey,
Who set out on a running spree.

ARTS



-HANNAH VALES 8B



-ZOYA BRAGANCA 8B



-MISHTI KALRA 4B

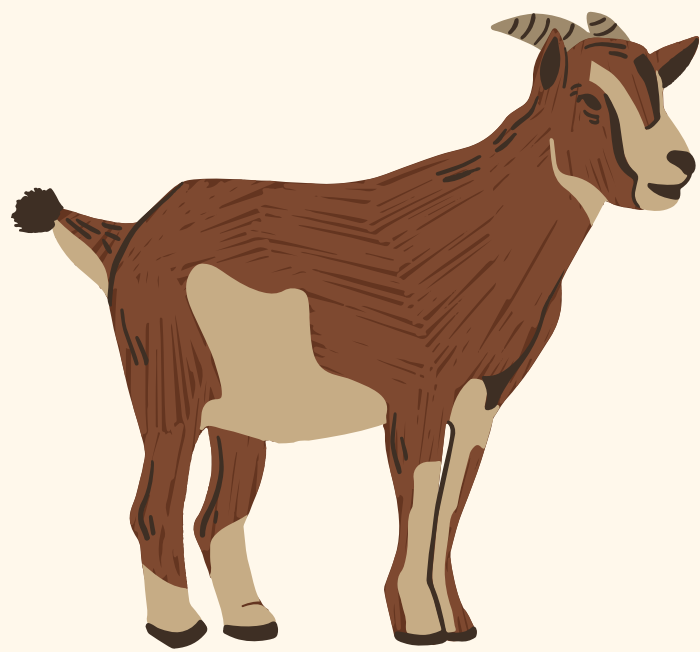


-JAHAN MENON-KRESS 8B

RHYME TIME

Elise Mascarenhas 1

I was in the jungle and in there was a note
And it said there was a giant goat
I ran to the water and then went into a boat
And quickly away I started to float



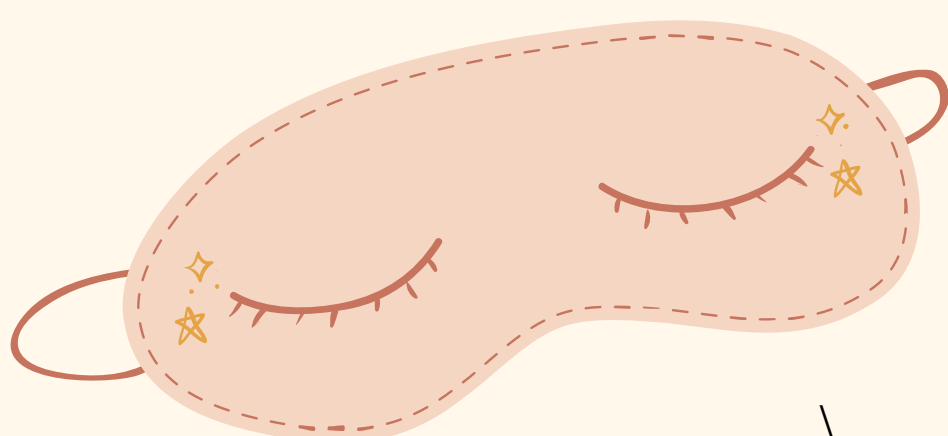
Ayra Pandirkar 1

Walking across the field I saw a goat
Two seconds later, I saw the goat in a boat
He took a round and came back with a note
And told me to come on a float.

Fateh Singh 4B

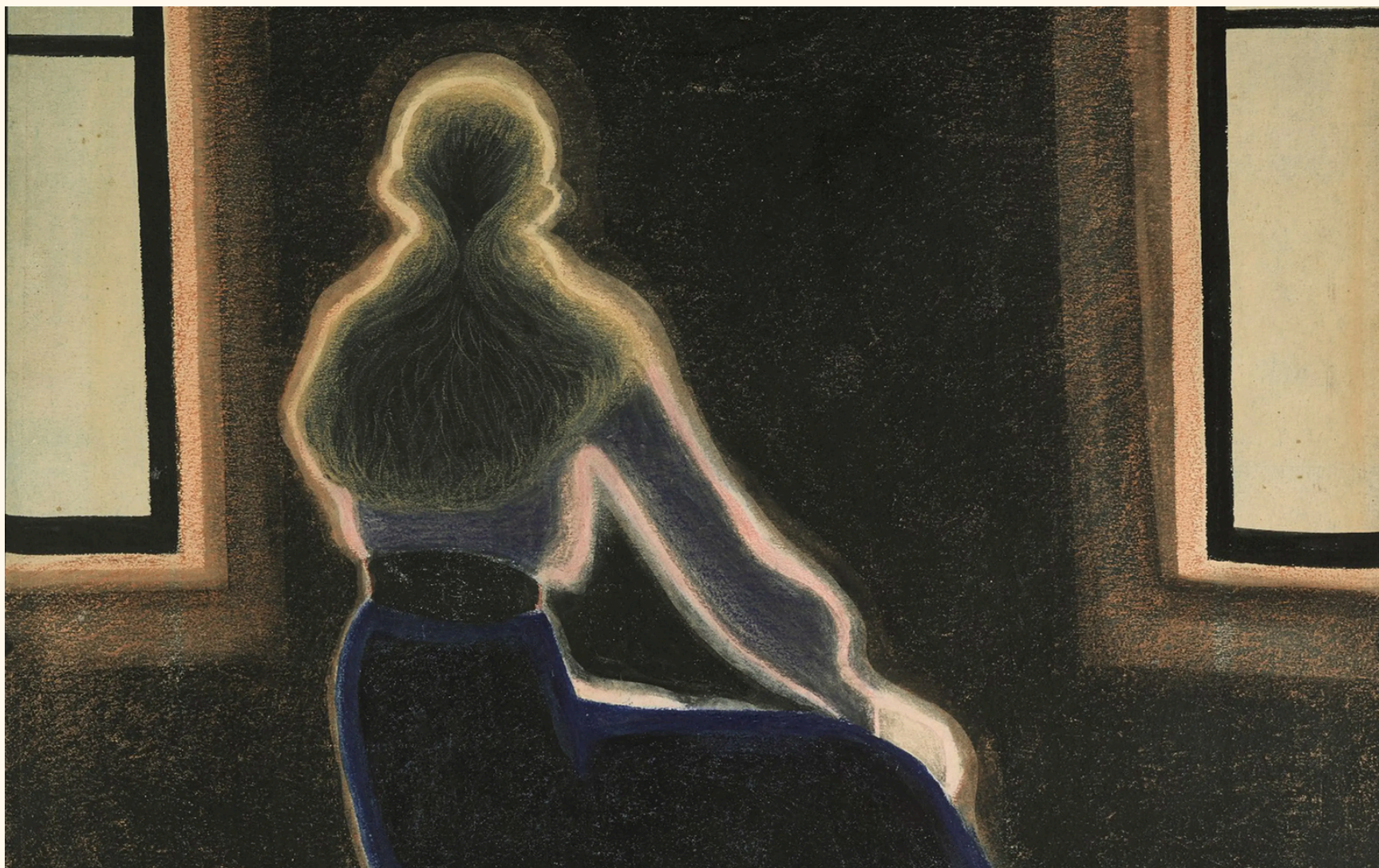
The Magical Garden

There once was a garden, so majestic
and sweet;
In there lived a little girl named Beet.
Lost she was when she started to
roam;
On the ground she found a magical
comb.
She decided then to comb her hair
In order to not be in despair.
She found the garden as a home to
stay.
There she stayed and began to play.
That was her home where she liked
to chill.
One day, however, she lay rather still
And wondered deeply if it was all a
dream -
She realised that it was a dream, in
fact!



LIFE

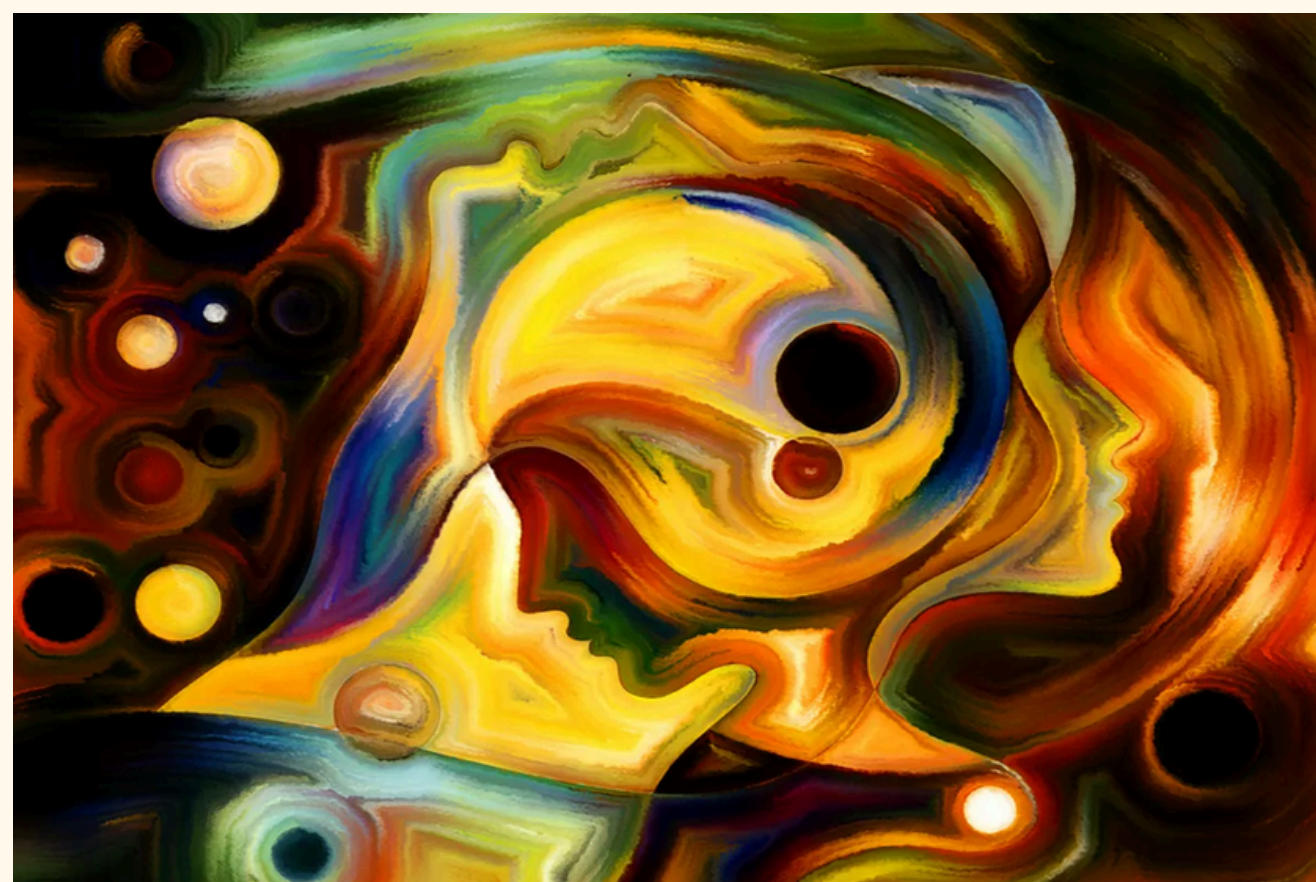
The light.
The dark.
The darkness in the light,
The light in the darkness.
This is life.
A full spirit.
An empty soul.
The delight in the soul,
The remorse in the spirit.
This is life.
The radiant daystar.
The sombre lunar.
The brightness in the lunar,
The dullness in the daystar.
This is life.
The faint dusk.
The bold dawn.
The glory of the dusk,
The gloom of the dawn.
This is life.



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**The painful truths.
The painless lies.
The joy in the truths,
The grief in the lies.
This is life.
A heart so full.
A mind so shallow.
The sin of the heart,
The virtue of the mind.
This is life.
The destructive turmoil of a hurricane.
The peaceful calm of a clear day. The calm in the turmoil.
The destruction in the clear.
This is life.
The crowded streets.
The empty homes.
The still in the streets,
The calm in the homes.
This is life.
The fleeting moments.
The eternal memories.
The beauty of moments,
The pain of memories.
This is life.**

Natanya Lopes 8B



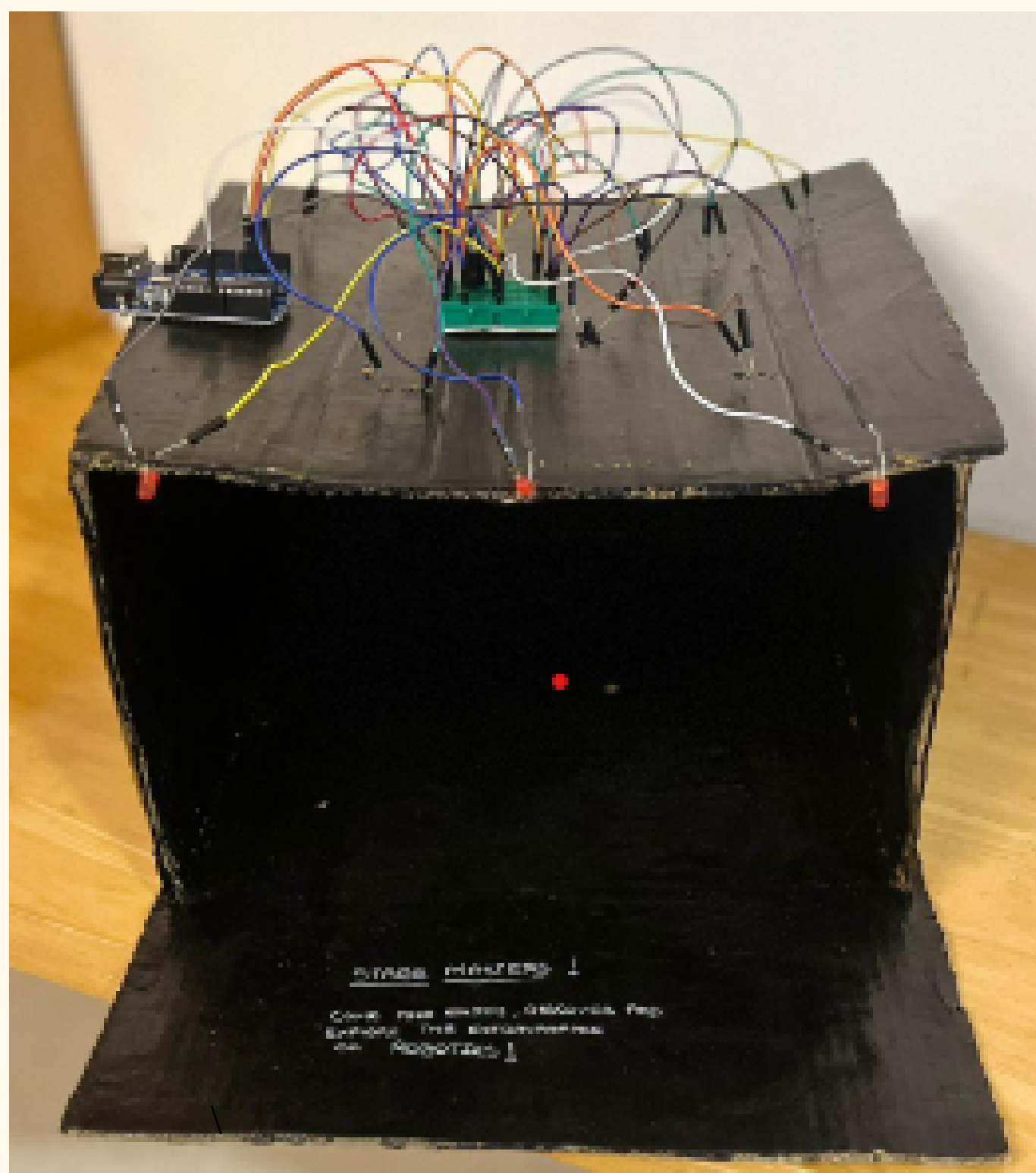
MY JOURNEY AT FIRST LEGO LEAGUE

My name is Rishad Andani and I'm from Grade 4B. I would like to tell you about my fascinating adventure of participating in an event called FLL, which stands for First Lego League. It is one where teams come to build and showcase inventions to enhance a particular category. First Lego League (FLL) is a unique STEM based robotics competition for students. It was held in Goa this year and the season was known as Masterpiece season wherein the teams were asked to imagine and innovate new ways to create and communicate art across the globe.

I, along with four other team members belonging to different schools, worked hard and helped each other to make our project successful. We created a project that changes the lights according to the hand movements of the performer and that was the reason we named our team as The Stage Masters.

Throughout this journey of 6 months, I experienced something truly fantastic with my awesome team.

Rishad Andani 4B



PRESERVING ENDANGERED LANGUAGES:

WHY IT IS IMPORTANT

In today's world, languages are so much more than just a means of communication; they're a crucial part of cultural identity as well as heritage. Despite their importance, many languages are facing the threat of extinction. It is important to understand why this is a concerning matter.

When a language goes extinct, a unique way of interpreting the world disappears along with it. Each language carries its own set of expressions and concepts that shape how speakers perceive and interact with their environment. Losing a language means losing diversity and a rich culture. Moreover, languages go hand in hand with traditional stories and histories. They hold valuable information regarding human experiences and knowledge that has accumulated over centuries. The preservation of languages means preserving cultural wealth for current and future generations to learn from.

The disappearance of a language not only affects the preservation of a culture's traditions but also has significant social and psychological impacts. It can induce a loss of identity and connection to one's community, causing feelings of loneliness and isolation among speakers. Language is an essential aspect of individual and group identity, and its loss can severely impact individuals and communities.



One language dies every fortnight. By the next century, nearly half of the languages spoken on Earth will likely disappear, as communities abandon native tongues in favour of English, Mandarin, or Spanish.

Already, 11 Indian languages, including Ahom, Andro, Rangkas, Sengmai, and Tolcha, have ceased to exist.

It is important to note that the disappearance of languages not only affects the speakers but also has a global impact on humanity. It results in the loss of significant cultural variety, historical perspectives, traditional knowledge, and individual identities. Consequently, it is crucial to make efforts to record, revive, and promote endangered languages to maintain our collective human legacy and promote a more inclusive and diverse world.

-Maegan Po - Grade 9



BE LIKE THALES OF MILETUS!

During the pre-Socratic age of philosophy, Thales of Miletus, a Greek mathematician and astronomer, made major contributions to both Mathematics and philosophy. He was raised in a wealthy household in Miletus, Greece, and studied astronomy and mathematics in Egypt and Babylon. Later on, he established himself as the first Greek scientist and founded the Milesian School to spread his knowledge. He was truly a fascinating and inspiring man however what can we learn from him?

Thales was curious and unlike the idiom “curiosity killed the cat”; his curiosity has made the world what it is today! Due to his inquisitiveness, he discovered that the world had different seasons, he also discovered that a year consists of 365 days. If he lacked the urge to decipher all sorts of concepts we would have no idea what day it is. Therefore, we can learn to be curious much like Thales.

Thales of Miletus was determined when it came to his passion - Math. He discovered two groundbreaking theories which changed the course of mathematics. These were: Thales Theorem and Intercept Theorem. This teaches us that if you are passionate about something, give it your all and your hardwork will pay off. It also teaches us that success does not happen overnight; it took Thales many years of experience to fabricate these theorems.

Lastly, Thales was not selfish. After his triumphs in the field of Mathematics, he made sure to spread the love and knowledge he had gained by setting up the Milesian School. This enabled the growth of Mathematics by teaching others with the intention of Math improving the world.

Many years down the line, students still use these theorems every day. Without him, who knows, maybe none of us would know what Math is and the beauty of understanding it.

STOLEN

A plump, red, squishy, nervous tomato. I was always self-conscious. My friends? They were adventurous. They were the tomatoes that got picked first, leaving me to be the only one to be misplaced in a fridge. The owner, a grumpy old man, must have confused me for a ball of sludge that needed fixing or... freezing. The way he stumbled around, I'd think he was partially blind.

A whiff of freezing air hit my body as my new acquaintance, whom I'd grown quite fond of, screamed out 'No way you've seen the sun!' Ella was a beautiful Lindt chocolate ball, wrapped in shiny gold aluminium. The only place she'd seen was her home in the fridge.

I had never been in a place so cold. I missed my warm home in the kitchen dearly. Ella craved adventure and wanted to see the world beyond her white walls. So, we hatched an escape plan.

The next time the owner opened that door, we would roll out and away. He wouldn't be able to see us anyway. So, we waited...and waited until... it was time! My heart raced faster and faster. But I could never go along with this ludicrous plan. What if we got caught? What if I die? What if...

Ella shoved me ahead and I felt the betrayal sink in. Time stopped. I flicked through my memories as I fell. The one time I trusted someone, she decided to sacrifice me for her own sake. My nerves froze, no matter what I tried to do, I knew I wouldn't be able to break my fall.

I slammed into the tiles and golden light filled my eyes. I rolled into an alleyway. Ella hadn't betrayed me after all! Gloppy red streams flew down my cheeks, we had planned this together and she made sure to execute it together. My nerves had gotten the best of me, yet again.

As it turns out, I was the one who abandoned her. . I watched as she slowly melted onto the floor- crying out for help. The twinkle in her eyes started to fade. A puddle of chocolate goo spread around the floor. I couldn't help but grovel to my knees and sob. I hugged that shiny wrapper tight to my chest. This was all my fault. I'm the one who suggested leaving in the first place.

She gave me hopes and dreams and, in return, I stole her life.

-Elahe Srinivasan 9

GRADE 7 CHRONICLES: A STUDENT'S JOURNEY THROUGH CAPTIVATING CLASS ASSEMBLIES

It's been quite a ride here in Grade 7, and let me tell you, our Class assemblies have been nothing short of extraordinary. From dancing for nature to delving deep into the complexities of war and even unraveling the mysteries of Physics, it's been a whirlwind of learning and reflection.

Nature Conservation Day: Dancing with Purpose

Picture this: The stage bathed in soft lights; the air filled with anticipation as we kick off our first Assembly on Nature Conservation Day. We poured our hearts into a dance drama, each move telling a story of our connection with the environment.

But it wasn't just about the fancy footwork or the colourful costumes. It was about sending a message, loud and clear, about the importance of protecting our planet. As I danced, I felt a sense of responsibility wash over me, knowing that each step was a step towards raising awareness and inspiring change. World Nature Conservation Day had a whole new meaning after understanding the ways to preserve our planet.

The Impact of War: A Heartfelt Plea for Peace

Our next assembly took a more solemn turn as we explored the harsh realities of war. Through powerful scripts and heartfelt performances, we painted a vivid picture of the devastation wrought by conflict.

I'll never forget the hushed silence that fell over the auditorium as we recounted tales of loss and suffering. It was a sobering reminder of the fragility of peace and the urgent need for unity and understanding. This day opened up a new perspective of war and the effects of it on nature and humanity.

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Physics Around Us: From Theory to Practice

And then came the Physics assembly, where we got to roll up our sleeves and get hands-on with science. From building balancing to unraveling the mysteries of air pressure, I t got us all at the edge of our seats trying to understand and perform experiments. What struck me the most was how Physics wasn't just a bunch of equations in a textbook. It was all around us, shaping the world in ways we never even realized. As I tinkered and experimented, I felt a newfound appreciation for the wonders of the universe.

Reflections on the Journey:

Looking back on our journey through these incredible class assemblies, I can't help but feel grateful for the experiences we've shared. Each assembly was like a window into a different world, challenging us to think, to question, and to grow.

But more than that, it was a reminder of the power we hold as students to make a difference. Whether it's raising awareness about environmental issues, advocating for peace, or unraveling the mysteries of science, we have the ability to shape the world around us.

As we bid farewell to Grade 7, we look ahead to the adventures that await us. I will carry with me the lessons learned and the core memories made with my peers. And I know that no matter where life takes us, we'll always be bound together by the bonds we've forged and the experiences we've shared.

-Vruddhi Rajani 7



THE MUSIC BOX THAT STOLE ALL THE SOUNDS OF THE WORLD

‘Come one and all, get your wares at a whimsical half-price sale,’ Mr. Shah bellowed at the top of his lungs, his loud voice reaching to the farthest ends of the crowd at the bustling Friday night market. ‘Head to the Fairy’s Market in the Kingdom’s Heart, gather around while it lasts,’ he went on. The heat of the sun lured people into the shaded stall of Mr. Shah who entertained them with his wondrous wares and barmy bargains. ‘Ma, look, look!’ a small voice piped and two brown eyes gawked at a small music box, enchanted forest carved onto it. ‘Hmm,’ the box thought. ‘Let’s see what people get for disturbing my slumber!’ A melodious tune poured out of the box and it abruptly slammed shut. Snap went the trap!

‘One voice a day keeps my hunger away,’ the box thought to itself. Once the moon was high, Mr Shah shooed the customers away and packed up as the cartwheels trundled along the road. As soon as the sun fought the moon for the place in the sky and emerged victorious, Mr. Shah set up his stall for the strange folk of Kingdom’s Heart. Yawn! went the box. Who will be the one to entertain me with a tune that will rival the birds? A fellow salesperson with a twinkle in his eye approached Mr. Shah. ‘Good friend, I am here to tell you that the Queen herself with a voice that makes the birds jealous is here.’ A spectacle of fanfare bombarded the stall owners.

‘Here comes the queen!’ a voice bellowed. Mr. Shah boasted his wares with the music box sitting smugly. ‘Oh, a wonderful music box it is!’ A voice trickled like honey, smothering the box with praise.

Click! The lid popped open. The music poured out and the voice was now in the depths of the music box. Just as the queen tried to ask the price, Mr Shah smashed the box against the ground. ‘The price of the box?’ The queen faltered as she saw the broken box. A stream of voices flowed out, only audible to Mr. Shah. ‘Why did you do that?’ The queen shrieked in a shrill voice. ‘Oh well...’ was all she managed to muster before moving on. ‘Finally, that voice-stealing box will never strip another voice again.’

\-Mahir Thadani 6B

HARNESSING PHOTOSYNTHESIS TO PRODUCE ELECTRICITY

How does photosynthesis work? The process of photosynthesis is how some bacteria, algae, and green plants transform light energy into chemical energy in the form of glucose, a type of sugar. Chloroplasts, which house the green pigment chlorophyll, are the site of this process. The following formula can be used to summarize photosynthesis:



Now, let us discuss the generation of electricity. A charged particle (such as an electron or a proton) can exist in the form of electricity, which can be produced statically as an accumulation of charges or dynamically as a current. It is possible to use it by: Fossil Fuels, Nuclear Power, Renewable energy, Biomass, Hybrid and Combined Cycle Plants, and Tidal and Wave Power

Why don't we combine the two to see if we can use them simultaneously?

Using the natural process of photosynthesis — in which light energy is transformed into chemical energy by plants, algae, or certain bacteria — we can use this to generate electricity. Developing bio-photovoltaic devices (BPVs) or bio-solar cells is one way to accomplish this. A brief rundown of the procedure is as follows:

Selection of Photosynthetic Organisms:

Microorganisms that can convert light energy into electrical energy through photosynthesis, such as cyanobacteria or eukaryotic algae are used.

Bio-photovoltaic Device Design:

A biosynthetic organism-powered bio-solar cell or bio-photovoltaic system is provided.

An anode, a cathode, and photosynthetic organisms in a suitable environment usually make up the device.

Photosynthetic Process:

Microorganisms that are photosynthetic take in sunlight and carry out photosynthesis.

These organisms create electrons as a byproduct of photosynthesis, and some of these electrons can go outside the cell.

Electron Collection:

An anode is placed that gathers the electrons that the photosynthetic organisms release during photosynthesis.

After that, the electrons go through an external circuit to power electronics and perform other useful tasks.

Cathode Reaction:

Water is created at a cathode when the electrons recombine with protons and oxygen.

The electrical circuit is complete, and an uninterrupted flow of electrons is guaranteed by this reaction.

Electricity Generation:

A multitude of devices can be powered by the electrical energy generated by electrons traveling through an external circuit.

Nevertheless, there are benefits and drawbacks to this. The benefits include the potential for inexpensive and ecologically friendly energy production as well as the capacity to produce electricity in the absence of sunlight (thanks to stored photosynthesis products). The lower power densities attained in comparison to conventional photovoltaic cells and the requirement for additional research to maximize efficiency are among the drawbacks.

Because it is creative and sustainable, I believe that this could be the way the world will look in the future. Who knows what else might be in store?

-Sia Karmali 9



THE WOODS



I was taking a walk through the woods and then suddenly I heard a low growl. I must have been imagining it, I said to myself. I walked a bit more and I realized that I was lost. I panicked. I screamed, 'Help!' but all I heard was my voice echoing. The ground started to tremble and I ran. I ran till I couldn't anymore! The low growl came again. This terrorized me. I was apprehensive about where to go. I saw a tree with a thick trunk. I ran and hid behind it. I sat down and took a few deep breaths and remembered what my father said – 'Don't run away from your fear, always run towards it.' This made me get up.

I found a branch and thought 'Good enough'. I ran towards the growl. For once I was gradually being brave. The growl grew louder and louder. I came to a cave and thought that whatever was growling must be in there. I walked in, quietly and slowly. At the end was a lioness with a cub. I realized she wasn't growling; she was calling for help because her cub was hurt. I went towards her slowly. She growled at me. I calmed her down and told her that I was there to help. She somehow understood me and let me help her young one. The cub had a thorn in his paw.

This is going to hurt, I thought, as I pulled it out. He whined but felt better immediately. The mother and cub came and cuddled me. That was their way of saying thank you. I needed some help too as I didn't know the way home. It was a miracle that they knew where I lived! They guided me home. I gave them something to eat as a way of thanking them. I was overjoyed to be back home, having helped a lion! I definitely overcame my fear!

-Kiara Jhunjhunwala 6B

FOOD BEFORE AND AFTER THE PORTUGUESE

Goa's cuisine is a unique blend of Indian and Portuguese flavours. Before the Portuguese arrived in Goa in the 16th century, the region's cuisine was predominantly vegetarian and based on rice, lentils, and vegetables. The Portuguese introduced new ingredients to Goa, such as potatoes, tomatoes, chillies, and pineapples. They also introduced new cooking methods, such as frying and baking.

The Portuguese also brought with them their own culinary traditions, which were heavily influenced by the flavours of the Mediterranean. These traditions included the use of garlic, onion, and spices in cooking. The Portuguese also introduced the use of wine in cooking, which is still a common practice in Goa today.

The Portuguese ruled Goa for over 450 years, and during that time, their culinary traditions had a profound impact on Goan cuisine. Today, Goan cuisine is a unique blend of Indian and Portuguese flavours. The dishes are mainly made using fresh, local ingredients, as well as its spices which create extraordinary and unique flavours.

Some of the most popular Goan dishes include vindaloo, xacuti, and fish curry. Vindaloo is a spicy meat dish that is marinated in vinegar and spices. Xacuti is a coconut-based curry that is made with chicken or beef. Fish curry is a popular dish that is made with fresh fish and a variety of spices.

Goan cuisine is also known for its use of seafood. Goa is located on the coast of India, and the region has access to a variety of fresh seafood. Popular seafood dishes in Goa include fish curry, shrimp curry, and crab curry.

Goan cuisine is a delicious and unique blend of Indian and Portuguese flavours. It is a cuisine that is sure to please everyone who tries it.

-Jerwin D'Souza 7



COMPARATIVE ESSAY ON FOOD (GOAN HISTORY)

When the Portuguese came, they changed many things like architecture, clothing, dances, etc, but one thing they influenced a lot was FOOD. For many people, especially me, the way to our heart is food. Food is the most important thing in our life. There are different varieties of food like Italian, Chinese and Indian cuisine. Children of all ages love to eat delicious food. Well, to our surprise, even our Goa has a big food history.

To start with, earlier Goans used to eat fish for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Chicken was rarely eaten. It all revolved around the local ingredients like coconut and spices. But after the Portuguese, meat like pork and beef were commonly eaten. They also got garlic and vinegar that now have become staples of any food. Before it was fish curry, rice or shellfish, sol kadi but now people try different varieties.

Secondly, sweets sweeten up our lives and they also are mouthwatering. Before the Portuguese, there were traditional sweets like patolyo, nevryo, tavsalli, or laddoo. But after the Portuguese new sweets like bebinca, dodol, plum cakes, or serradura were introduced. Now these are famous and you have to try them when you come to Goa. These change our mood (and boost energy).

Lastly, Goans used to eat bread or chapatis but when the Portuguese came, they introduced 'pao'. They are an important part of our meals. The Portuguese got us many fruits and vegetables like pineapples, potatoes, papaya, or sweet lime. On the other hand, Goans gave spices and mangoes and feni.

In conclusion, food isn't just anything, it is a necessity that keeps us alive and healthy. Earlier people used to be sophisticated but because of the Portuguese influence, we have tried to go out of our comfort zones and try different things, whether it is trying different foods or different techniques.

-Tia Virani 7

DESCRIPTIVE WRITING BY GRADE 1

The Beach

On a sunny day at the beach blue, waves roared as loud as lions. But there's something unusual. People threw trash everywhere! It had covered all the colourful plants. The water was murky because of all the trash. But I got interested. What if I could help the beaches globally?

-Daksh Goel



The Snowy Forest

The coniferous forest is beautiful and icy. When I walked on the snow it was as crispy as chips. As I walked over the snowy bridge, I looked above, it seemed as if the trees tried to reach the sky. And it was very peaceful and quiet. The conifer trees have triangle shaped tips and I was curious as to why .

The ground was covered in a blanket of pearl white snow. As a reindeer sniffed my hand, it brought back memories of my dog at home. I looked around me and frozen icicles were hanging from trees. The next time I come to the coniferous forest I will make friends with the animals because I feel the animals are kind.

-Advika Kubasad



WRITING BY GRADE 1

The wandering fisherman

Once, a long time ago, there was a fisherman who lived by the river. He could catch a lot of fish. One day, the fisherman was strolling and got late for his work. His boss got angry and threw him out of his work. The next day, he found a magical pound and the pound said to the fisherman, “Why are you crying?” “I lost my job,” said the fisherman. “Don’t worry,” the magical pound said. “I will give you a job and the job is to cut trees and build a wooden house for poor people and build a house for yourself. You have worked for poor people and you also worked hard for yourself.” A few years later, the fisherman became a rich man and the magical pound continued to grant him wishes. Then as he was so rich, he thought of marrying a girl. And so he did and lived happily after that.

Aayan Jiju

The Forest Ranger who saved the Boy

Once upon a time, there was a cottage and, in that cottage, there lived Tim and his family. One day, he went for a stroll in the forest. Suddenly, he saw the trees had become thick, and then he realised he was lost. He didn’t know what to do but then saw a forest ranger. He ran to him and said, ‘I am lost. Can you help me?’ The Ranger said, ‘Yes, I can help you.’ He led Tim out of the forest and reached him back to the cottage. Tim charmingly said, ‘Thank you.’ ‘You’re welcome,’ said the Ranger and he left. Then Tim went in and had a snack. He was feeling happy that he was back with his family. Then he went to his backyard and played with the butterflies and enjoyed the rest of the day.

Neal Bedi Lobo



The Tale of a Courageous Boy

In a faraway land, there was a beautiful place named Alaska. A boy named Max lived there. One day, there was a school picnic in a nearby forest. Max was wandering and, by mistake, Max was separated from the class. Max said, 'Will my teacher find me?' Three charming birds sang to him and four foxes strolled near him but Max was brave. Suddenly, Max came upon a cottage. 'Can I come in?' An old woman opened the door. 'Could I stay here?' asked Max. 'Of course, you may,' she said. The next day, Max gave her a hug and said goodbye. He spotted a school friend, and with relief, Max ran to his friend. They all returned to Alaska together.

Advika Kubasad



The Boy and the House

One bright day, a boy named Josh was in the garden. Suddenly, he tripped and rolled down a hill. He saw a cottage and decided not to go in. He was not brave. He had lost his way, it was becoming night time. Then he remembered he dropped stones on the way. He followed the stones back home. Little did he know that a ferocious cheetah was preparing to eat him but the boy spotted the cheetah. The boy ran to the old cottage; it was scary, it was dark. The boy's mother got worried and she went into the forest. At last, she found him. She hugged him tight. Josh was careful after that.

Jeevisha Chawla



CREATIVE WRITING BY GRADE 2B

One day, we were riding on a boat, when suddenly it hit a rock. So we swam to a deserted island and found ourselves stranded. To our luck, we found three golden shovels.

These three shovels changed our lives. They possessed magical powers! Each of the shovel granted us a wish. We spent that night thinking what to wish for which would help us survive on this abandoned island.

Finally, we came to a decision. Jonathan wished for shelter. Jerry, on the other hand, wished for delicious food each day and I wished for something really out of the world – a dancing fish! Both Jerry and Jonathan were surprised and excited to see a dancing fish. And soon our wishes came to life.

We loved staying on the island and never wanted to leave it but we knew someday we will have to go back somehow. We loved the birds and played with them everyday and we played the most with the dancing fish. It was so funny at times! The dancing fish once said to us, “I can take you back to a safe place!” There was no end to our joy. We were eager to go back home. We hopped on its back and the dancing fish dropped us to an island from where we began the journey back home.

Co-created by: Aarvi, Parag, Khushi, Riaansh, Aahan, Shivang



THE MAGNIFICENT FRIENDSHIP TREE

Once upon a time, in a cozy village, nestled between hills, there stood a magnificent tree. One day, two friends, Meera and Ajay started to fight for no reason at all. Angry at each other, they walked away deep into the dense forest.

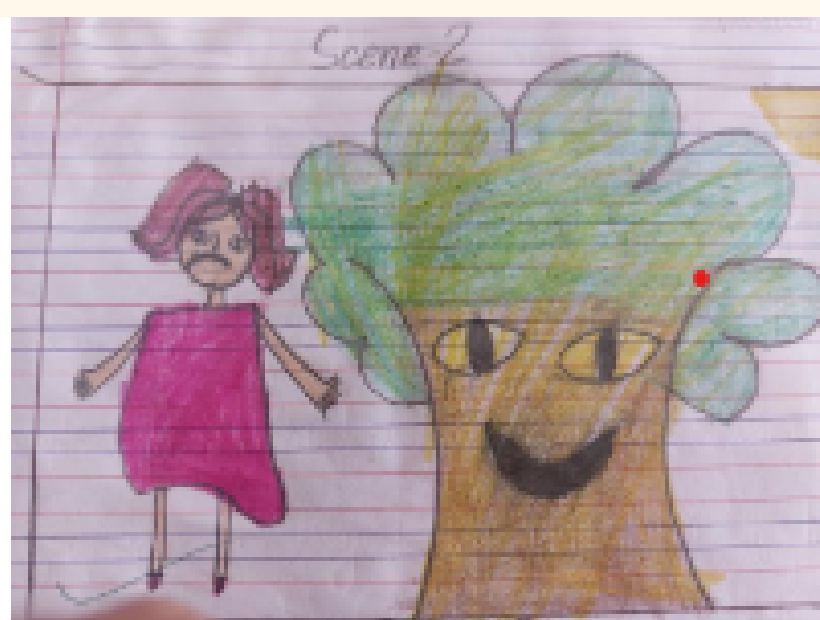
Meera lost her way and found herself standing before a huge, unusual tree. “Hello, little girl! I am the Friendship Tree. Who are you and why do you look so distraught?” asked the tree worriedly.

“Ajay fought with me and I can’t find him now!” cried Meera. The magical tree possessed extraordinary powers and granted her a wish.

Ajay appeared from nowhere and both friends cried bitterly as they shared their feelings and became friends again! As Ajay’s and Meera’s friendship blossomed, the mystical tree glowed and swayed in the cool breeze happily.

Moral: Forgive and Forget.

By – Grade 2B



HOW ARE ALGEBRAIC EXPRESSIONS USED IN ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE?

Environmental studies include lots of variables which are often interdependent. The correlation of such variables can be established with algebraic expressions.

Solving system of equations & proper representation of those equations is called 'Modelling' a process. For example, a set of expressions using variables for pollution from different origins can be organised and a systematic model can be devised to predict the level of pollution or to find or design new solutions for the increasing pollution. Climate models include variables like temperature, wind, air pressure etc and are important tools for improving the understanding and predictability of climate behavior on seasonal, annual and decadal time scales. This means that by using various models (involving algebraic expressions) we ensure that the environmental resources are not depleted to the point where it will impact the future generations. Calculus-based algorithms are used quite often to predict many things, such as the impact of increased pollution on a marine ecosystem or the levels of emissions that will result in a large city after a new policy is put into place.

FUN FACT!!

Scientists use expressions to express physical relationships between measurable quantities. Algebra is the tool that scientists use to relate one expression into a more useful form.

By Mikayla, Sukriti and Saanchie 6



NEVER MESS WITH BEES

One day, my friend and I were playing on monkey bars and two girls were running with bees behind them. We were just about to go cycling when the girls shouted to us ‘Run, there are bees!’ My friend and I were trembling! I dropped my cycle and we ran! We tried to think of where to go and so we ran to a place where there were lots of people.

After that, 50 bees came and attacked me. My friend and I were paralyzed with terror and were apprehensive about what to do next! Just then, my mother’s friend arrived and saved me. I panicked. My friend’s mom came and took her home. I bravely took my hairband and my glasses and threw them in an attempt to shoo the bees away. I went to my mom’s friend’s house. She removed the stings and applied ice on my wounds. I was stung on my head, eyes, hands, legs and face. I changed my clothes. I felt sick. My mom came over with medicine and my father took me home. I got a glass of Pepsi to cheer me up!

With great difficulty, I managed to sleep at night and eat some dinner. The next day, I skipped school and rested. I didn’t want to face people but I overcame that fear and went to play! It took some persuasion and hesitation but I did it. A lesson to learn: never mess with bees!

Saanchie Kelkar 6B



SEIZE THE DAY

For tasks that you ponder,
How to show, and not just wander...
Time will pass, slipping away,
In the flow, make your sway...

Thousands came and thousands went,
Spoke wisdom, their intent,
But did nothing of their own,
Only preached, seeds unsown...

Bitter pills of advice you swallow,
Embrace truth, don't just follow,
Courage within you must reside,
To climb life's peak, let it guide...

This is the moment, seize the day,
To propel yourself, find the way,
Show something, make your mark,
Don't hesitate, embark...

Fear not, make your choice clear,
Success awaits your path near...

- Ms Geetanjali Naik

