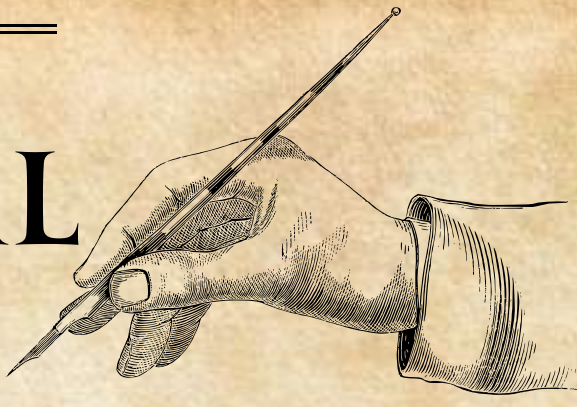


MIS E-MAGAZINE
জৈষ্ঠ সংখ্যা

MAY-JUNE EDITION 2026

PREPARED BY THE STUDENTS
OF CLASS IX

EDITORIAL জৈষ্ঠ সংখ্যা



It is with immense pride and joy that we present "জৈষ্ঠ সংখ্যা", the May - June edition of the MIS E-Magazine. This publication is a vibrant collection of ideas, imagination, and creativity, brought to life through the enthusiastic contributions of the students of Class IX A and Class IX B.

Every poem, story, article, artwork, and creative piece featured in these pages reflects the curiosity, talent, and dedication of our young learners.

More than just a magazine, this edition stands as a testament to their spirit of exploration, perseverance, teamwork, and the confidence to express themselves through words and art.

We extend our heartfelt appreciation to the class teachers, Tr. Biswajit Kahar (Class IX A) and Tr. Rishin Pal (Class IX B), whose constant guidance, encouragement, and mentorship inspired the students throughout this journey. Their unwavering support has played a vital role in transforming individual ideas into a collective celebration of creativity.

Our sincere gratitude also goes to the Media Team for their exceptional efforts in editing, designing, and presenting this magazine with such professionalism and aesthetic excellence. Their dedication has ensured that every contribution is showcased in the best possible way.

This magazine is not merely a compilation of creative works; it is a reflection of the enthusiasm, hard work, and collaborative spirit of our students. We hope that each page inspires our readers and celebrates the limitless potential that lies within every young mind.

We invite you to turn these pages with curiosity and appreciation, and we hope you enjoy the creativity, passion, and originality that make "জৈষ্ঠ সংখ্যা" truly special.

Happy Reading!



A GLANCE THROUGH MAY & JUNE

The months of May and June have been a remarkable chapter in the journey of **Mary Immaculate English Medium School**, filled with achievements, celebrations, gratitude, and unforgettable memories. As we reflect on these inspiring weeks, we extend our heartfelt appreciation to our esteemed **Principal, Rev. Fr. James Michael Prabu, Administartor & Vice-Principal Fr. C. Solomon, Correspondent Fr. Andrew, and Administrative Assistant Fr. Vijay** for their visionary leadership and constant encouragement that continue to shape the spirit of our institution.

A moment of immense pride came with the declaration of the **ICSE 2026 Board Examination Results**. Our school achieved a **100% pass record**, with all 56 candidates successfully clearing the examination. We proudly congratulate our outstanding achievers, led by **Baijayanta Chatterjee (96.80%)**, followed by **Rishav Pal (95.80%)**, **Fahim Azman**, **Shinjon Das**, and all our meritorious students whose perseverance has brought great honour to the MIS family.

These months also carried a touch of nostalgia as we bid a heartfelt farewell to our beloved former Principal, **Rev. Fr. ArockiaDoss, OMI**. His dedicated service, inspiring leadership, and unwavering commitment have left an enduring legacy that will continue to guide generations of Marians.

The vibrant life of our campus found expression through Olympiad Prize Distribution, enthusiastic participation in the **ASISC Events**, and a series of engaging Inter-House Competitions including English Handwriting, Hand Printing, and Extempore. These events celebrated not only talent and creativity but also confidence, discipline, and teamwork.

As these memorable months become a part of our history, this Jyoistha edition stands as a tribute to every achievement, every smile, and every shared experience. May these pages inspire us to pursue excellence with humility, uphold our cherished values, and continue writing the **proud legacy** of **Mary Immaculate English Medium School**.

THE MESSI MAGIC

DEBARGHYA BISWAS IX B

A boy from Rosario with a dream in his soul,
He danced with the ball to reach for the goal.
Through giants and shadows he'd quietly glide,
With the world at his feet and the magic inside.
We watched him paint art on the green of the grass,
With a flick of his boot and a perfect, sharp pass.
No matter the struggle, no matter the score,
He gave us the moments we'd always adore.
A humble legend, a king without crown,
The greatest of all, who never let us down



NOT ANOTHER FAIRY TALE

PURBI MANDAL IX-A

Sitting in a corner of the room, little Nevelle gazed outside, the house was bare and desolate, not a single sound was heard. However, Nevelle's intuition whispered that another presence lingered nearby. Standing up, the soul stared outside the window, it was but a starless night. Then, upon turning back, they perceived another presence. "Where'd you go? I was all by myself, without you I have none to share with." said Nevelle. The anonymous stood quite for a while, staring at the floor, "I was out for some air, this place feels suffocating." Nevelle glared at them and then turned back, to sit in that small corner, crouched. The stranger crouched down to Nevelle and said, "Allow me to tell you another story."

"Oh no, not letting that happen again, you tell really bad stories."

They sat beside Nevelle and looked up at the ceiling and said, "Why? didn't you say you liked listening to stories?". Nevelle cast them a sidelong glance and said, "Yes, I do but you always tell stories about the same theme, where there are fallen angels, lost fairies, a heartbroken prince and a captured princess. None of them ever had a happy ending." After saying all that, an abrupt silence fell between them.

"I guess every prince and princess story are not meant to have a happy ending all the time..." said the stranger.

"But you say the same story all the time, which is boring. Don't you have any other stories to tell me?" said Nevelle.

Another abrupt silence broke in, in that small room. After a while, the stranger spoke, "So, you dislike my stories?" Nevelle looked at them and said "Because you never finish them..." Neither did this one, after finishing the unfinished, nameless story the stranger said, "well, as I said before, every story doesn't finish in a good way...I tell you the stories which you have forgotten."

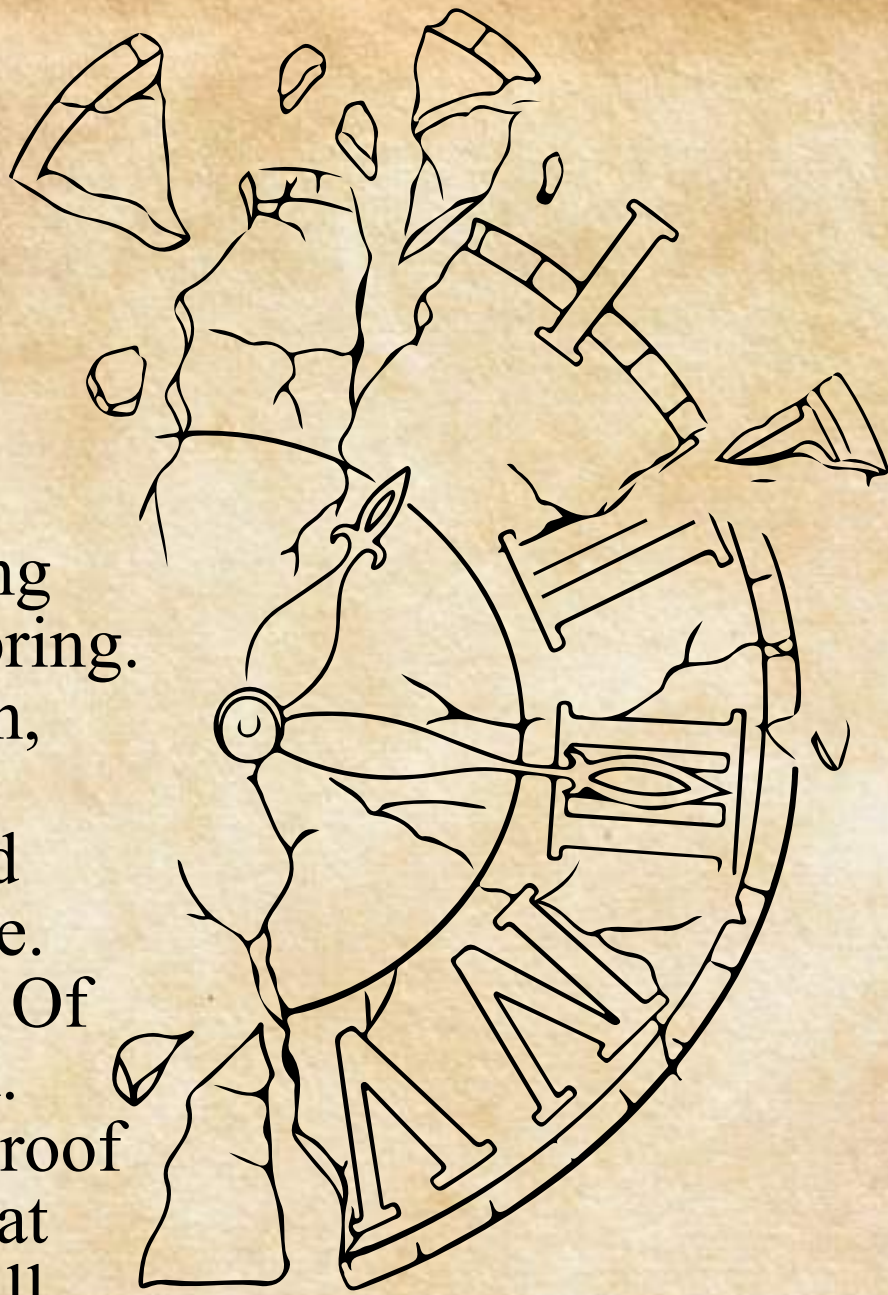
Nevelle smiled softly, "Good..." she said "I was beginning to think they were about us."



CUTS

RIMSHA DAS IX B

A cut may bleed, a wound may sting
But time will hush what pain can bring.
The skin may split, the red may run,
Yet healing always has begun.
Some scars are thin, like whispered
cries, A quiet truth beneath disguise.
Some deep, like stories never told, Of
battles fought and hands gone cold.
A scar is not a sign of shame, It's proof
you lived and played the game. That
though you cracked, you did not fall
You stood again, you braved it all.
So let the scars upon you stay, A map
of storms you faced each day.
Each line a mark of where you've been
Not broken, but made whole again.



A DAY WITHOUT WI-FI: A NIGHTMARE OR A BLESSING?

ASMITA DEY IX A

Ever thought about what would happen if the internet just... vanished for 24 hours? For most of us, that sounds like a mild apocalypse. We rely on the web for basically everything—from cramming for exams and keeping up with group chats to mindlessly scrolling videos and checking the news.

Imagine waking up, reaching for your phone, and seeing that dreaded "No Internet Connection" icon. No morning notifications, no social media updates, and no quick Google searches to settle a random debate. Honestly? Most of us would feel completely lost and incredibly bored within the first hour. We're so hooked on being constantly connected that a silent phone feels genuinely unnatural.

But if you push past the initial panic, something interesting happens. Without a screen constantly begging for your attention, the world opens up a bit. You might actually sit down and have a real conversation with your family over breakfast. You could pick up that book gathering dust on your shelf, go for a walk, or dust off an old hobby. Suddenly, conversations become richer because you're looking at a person's face instead of a glowing display.

A digital timeout like this is a massive reality check. It shows us just how much we've let technology run our lives. The internet is an incredible tool, but it was never meant to replace real-world experiences or genuine human connection. Sometimes, unplugging is the only way to remember how good the simple things feel.

At the end of the day, 24 hours offline wouldn't kill us. In fact, it might be exactly the reset we need to reconnect with ourselves and the people right in front of us. Technology is great, sure—but finding a healthy balance is even better.



বৃষ্টি তোমার প্রতি

SHREYA PAUL IX B

হে বৃষ্টি

ঝড়ো কি তুমি আপনি মনে ?

জানো কি তুমি হও কারোর ভালোবাসার কারণ
বা কারো দুঃখের ।

তুমি হয়েছে অনেক প্রেমের সাক্ষী ।

তুমি ছুয়ে যাও আমার হৃদয় ।

দাও তুমি শিশুদের তোমার মত স্বাধীন হয়ে
বাঁচার প্রেরণা ।

তোমার ফোটা নিয়ে আসে চাষীদের মুখে হাসি ।

তোমার এক বিন্দু ফুলকে দেখায় নতুন পৃথিবী ।

তোমাতেই তো গীত লিখেছেন বহু কবি ।

তুমি তো দিয়েছো নর্তকের নৃত্যের তাল ।

তুমি হয়েছে অনেকের হৃদ মাঝার ।

তুমি আকাশকে মিলিয়েছো তার মাটির সাথে ।

তুমি করেছো এই ধরিত্রীকে সবুজ ময় ।

তবুও কেন আনো বগ্না ?

কেন ঘটাও বিচ্ছেদ ?

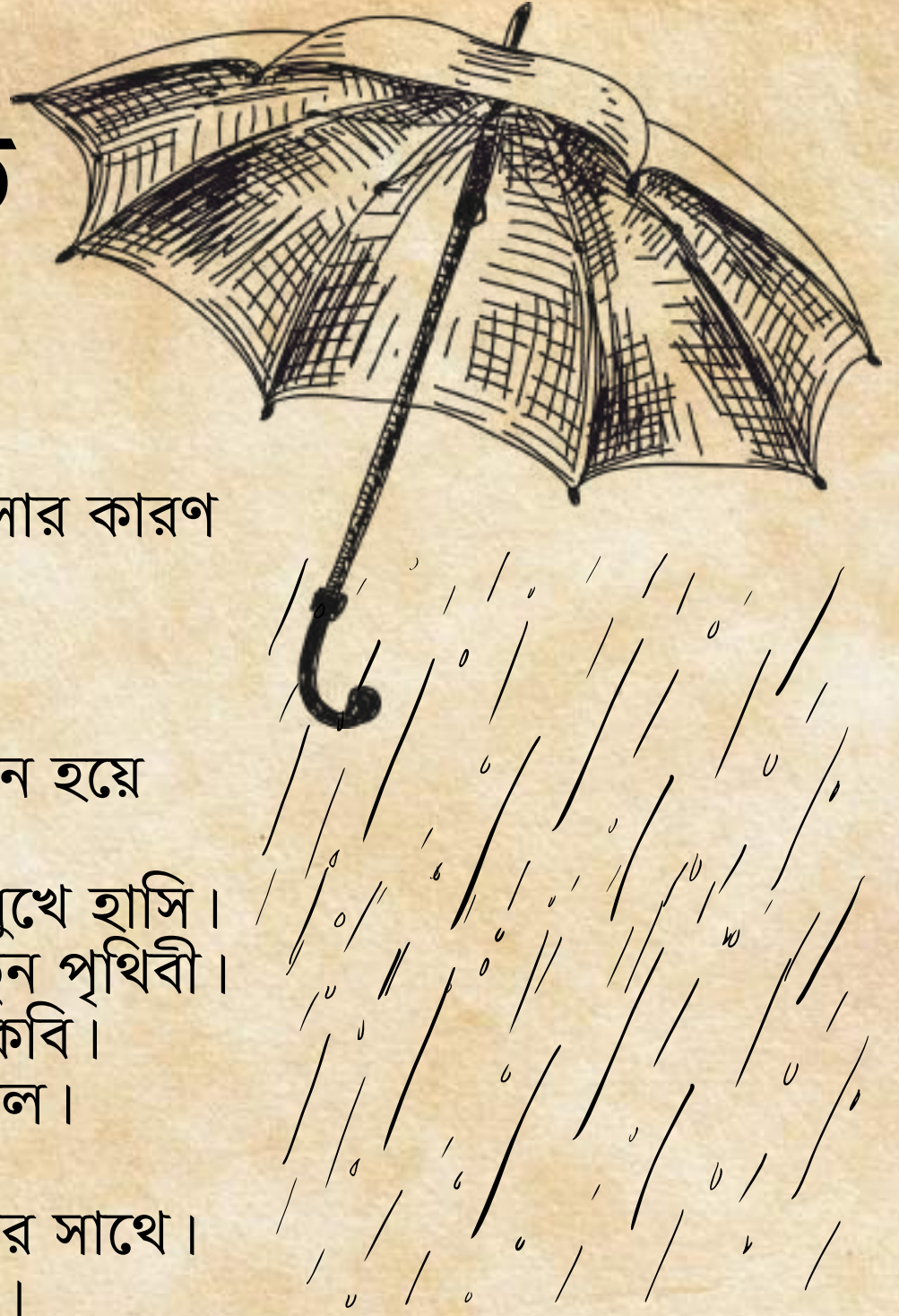
মহমেঘে কেন দেখতে দাও না ?

তুমি কি ভালোর মধ্যেও নিষ্ঠুরতা কর ?

এই যে বৃষ্টি তোমাকেই বলছি এত কথা !

শুনতে কি পাচ্ছে ?

না কী কি শুধু ঝরছে আপনি মনে ??



A CRY FOR JUSTICE

AYNDRILA KUNDU IX B

She was someone's daughter, Someone's friend,
someone's light; She laughed beneath the
morning sun, And dreamed beneath the stars at
night.

But one dark moment changed it all, A wound
too deep to simply heal; Leaving behind a
thousand tears, And pain no words can truly
feel.

We read the news, we shake our heads, Then
slowly turn the page away; But every headline
hides a life That once was bright in every way.

Why must fear walk beside our girls?

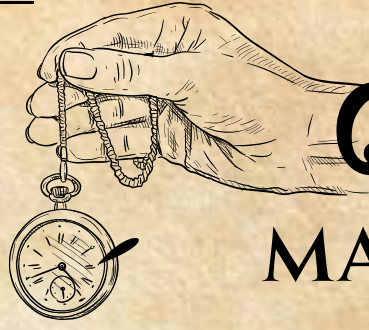
Why must silence fill the air? Why should
anyone lose their peace When all they seek is
love and care?

Justice is more than courts and laws; It starts
when hearts refuse to hide. It grows when
people raise their voice And stand with courage
side by side.

Let kindness be our greatest strength, Let
respect guide all we do; For every person
deserves a world That is safe, equal, and true.

And though the road may still be long, We must
not let our hope depart; For every cry for justice
begins With a brave and caring heart.





শেষ মুঠো চাল

MANALI SARKAR IX A

বাংলার বিস্তীর্ণ সমতলের ওপর প্রখর সূর্যটা যেন গলিত তামার এক বিশাল মুদ্রার মতো ঝুলে ছিল। একদিন এই মাঠগুলো সোনালি ধানের ঢেউয়ে নেচে উঠত, বর্ষার মৃদু বাতাসে সমৃদ্ধির প্রতিশ্রুতি ফিসফিস করে শোনাত। আজ সেখানে কেবল অসীম ফেটে যাওয়া ধূসর মাটি—এক ফোঁটা জলের জন্ম যেন বুক ফাটিয়ে আত্ননাদ করছে, অথচ সেই জল আর কোনোদিন এল না। দুর্ভিক্ষ এ দেশে হঠাৎ আসা কোনো ঝড়ের মতো নেমে আসেনি; সে এসেছিল এক নীরব, ধীরে ধীরে এগিয়ে আসা হিংস্র শিকারির মতো। সে মানুষের গাল বসিয়ে দিয়েছিল, গ্রামের গান স্তব্ধ করে দিয়েছিল, আর গভীর রাতের নিস্তব্ধতায় একের পর এক প্রাণ কেড়ে নিচ্ছিল। বারো বছরের গোপাল ধুলোয় ঢাকা সরু পথ ধরে হাঁটছিল। তার ছোট্ট আঙুলগুলো শক্ত করে আঁকড়ে ছিল মায়ের কাঁপতে থাকা হাত। মায়ের চামড়া যেন শুকিয়ে যাওয়া গাছের বাকলের মতো রুক্ষ ও প্রাণহীন। টানা তিন দিন ধরে তাদের মুখে উঠেছে শুধু সেদ্ধ করা বুনো পাতা আর গুঁড়ো করা শিকড়ের তেতো ঝোল—যা ক্ষুধা মেটানোর বদলে গোপালের খালি পেটকে আরও জ্বালিয়ে তুলেছিল। মায়ের কোলে ছিল তিন বছরের ছোট্ট মীরা। সে অস্বাভাবিক রকম হালকা হয়ে গিয়েছিল—শুধু হাড়ের এক ভঙ্গুর শরীর। কাঁদার শক্তিটুকুও আর তার অবশিষ্ট ছিল না। তার ক্ষীণ কান্না মিলিয়ে গিয়ে কেবল ফুসফুসের কষ্টভরা মৃদু শ্বাসের শব্দ শোনা যাচ্ছিল, যা গোপালের কাছে নিস্তব্ধতার চেয়েও অনেক বেশি ভয়ঙ্কর মনে হচ্ছিল। তারা যখন গ্রামের হাটে পৌঁছাল, তখন মনে হলো যেন পৃথিবীটাই ভেঙে চুরমার হয়ে গেছে। যে বাজার একসময় ব্যবসায়ীদের হাঁকডাক আর রঙিন মশলার গন্ধে মুখর থাকত, আজ তা পরিণত হয়েছে এক ভুতুড়ে শূন্যতায়। ধনী ব্যবসায়ীদের গুদামঘরের ভারী কাঠের দরজাগুলো শক্ত তালায় বন্ধ, ভেতরে উপচে পড়া শস্যের ভাঙার পাহারা দিচ্ছে। আর একটু দূরে, এক বিশাল বটগাছের ছায়ায় বসে আছে ব্রিটিশ ইস্ট ইন্ডিয়া কোম্পানির রাজস্ব আদায়কারী কর্মচারীরা। ধুলোবালির ছোঁয়া পর্যন্ত লাগেনি তাদের বকবকে পোশাকে। তারা নির্বিকার মুখে কালি-ডোবানো কলম চালিয়ে যাচ্ছে, অথচ তাদের সামনে হাঁটু গেড়ে বসে থাকা কোটরগত চোখের কৃষকদের আর্তি যেন তাদের কানে পৌঁছাচ্ছেই না।

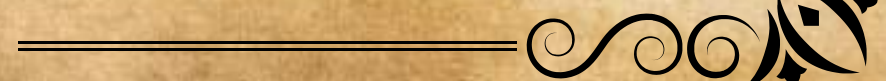




মাটি ফেটে যাক, গরু মরুক, মানুষ অনাহারে ঢলে পড়ুক—কোম্পানি তার খাজনার এক পয়সাও কম নেবে না। গোপাল নিজের চোখের সামনে দেখল, পাশের গ্রামের এক বৃদ্ধ কৃষক যখন কাঁদতে কাঁদতে বললেন যে তার জমিতে আর কিছুই ফলেনি, তখন এক ইংরেজ কর্মচারী নির্মমভাবে চাবুক মেরে তার কাঁধ রক্তাক্ত করে দিল। মা তাড়াতাড়ি গোপালকে বুকে টেনে নিয়ে তার চোখ ঢেকে দিলেন, কিন্তু চারদিকে ছড়িয়ে পড়া সেই অসহায় আর্তনাদ থেকে তার কান দুটোকে রক্ষা করতে পারলেন না।

সেদিন সন্ধ্যাতেও তাদের ছোট কাদামাটির ঘরের ভেতর অসহনীয় গরম যেন আগুনের মতো জ্বলছিল। পেটের ভেতর ক্ষুধার অসহ্য যন্ত্রণায় ছটফট করতে করতে গোপাল মাটির মেঝের এক কোণ খুঁড়তে শুরু করল—যেখানে তার বাবা মৃত্যুর আগে ঘুমাতে। এক মাস আগে জ্বরে পড়ে তিনি চলে গিয়েছিলেন। হঠাৎ তার আঙুলে শক্ত কিছু ঠেকল। মরিয়া হয়ে মাটি সরাতেই বেরিয়ে এল ছত্রাকে কালচে হয়ে যাওয়া ছোট একটি পাটের থলি। থলির ভেতর ছিল এক অলৌকিক সম্পদ—এক মুঠো চাল। দানাগুলো ছিল ছোট, শুকনো আর বিবর্ণ। কিন্তু গোপালের চোখে সেগুলো জ্যোৎস্নার আলোয় মুক্তোর মতো ঝলমল করে উঠল। মা হঠাৎ হাঁফ ছেড়ে উঠলেন। তাঁর চোখ ভরে উঠল জলে, কিন্তু শরীরে এতটুকু জলও অবশিষ্ট ছিল না যে সেই অশ্রু গড়িয়ে পড়বে। "তোমার বাবা সবচেয়ে খারাপ দিনের জন্য এগুলো লুকিয়ে রেখেছিল," তিনি ফিসফিস করে বললেন। তাঁর কণ্ঠস্বর ছিল শুকনো বাঁশির মতো ভঙ্গুর। "মীরার জন্য রান্না কর। অন্তত শেষবারের মতো ওর মুখে ভাত তুলে দে।" গোপাল মায়ের দিকে তাকিয়ে রইল। তাঁর বুকের হাড়গুলো স্পষ্ট বেরিয়ে এসেছে, ঠোঁট ফেটে রক্ত ঝরছে। সে বুঝতে পারল, আজ রাতে যদি মা না খান, তাহলে আগামীকাল আর তাঁর উঠে দাঁড়ানোর শক্তি থাকবে না।

নীরবে, অতি যত্নে, সে চালের দানাগুলো ধুয়ে নিল। শুকনো ডালপালা জ্বালিয়ে ছোট আগুনে পাতলা ভাত রান্না করল। তারপর সেটুকু তিনটি ছোট মাটির বাটিতে সমান করে ভাগ করে দিল। সবচেয়ে বড় অংশটা যখন সে মায়ের সামনে রাখল, মা কিছুক্ষণ ধোঁয়া ওঠা ভাতের দিকে তাকিয়ে রইলেন। তাঁর শুকিয়ে যাওয়া গলাটা একবার কেঁপে উঠল। তারপর অত্যন্ত ধীরে, বুক ভেঙে দেওয়া এক কোমল ভঙ্গিতে, নিজের অংশটুকু ঢেলে দিলেন গোপাল আর মীরার বাটিতে। "খেয়ে নাও, আমার সোনারা," তিনি মমতাভরা কণ্ঠে বললেন। "আজ দুপুরে কুয়োর ধারে এক দয়ালু মহিলা আমাকে একটু চিঁড়ে খেতে দিয়েছিলেন। আমার পেট ভরে গেছে।" গোপাল মায়ের গভীর, বসে যাওয়া চোখের দিকে তাকিয়ে রইল। সে জানত, গ্রামের কুয়ো অনেক সপ্তাহ আগেই শুকিয়ে গেছে। কারও ঘরেই খাবার নেই; কাউকে দেওয়ার মতো কিছুই নেই। তবু পেটের ভেতর ক্ষুধা তখন হিংস্র জন্তুর মতো গর্জন করছে। বেঁচে থাকার আকাঙ্ক্ষা তাকে মায়ের মিথ্যেটা বিশ্বাস করতে বাধ্য করল। সে ধীরে মাথা নাড়ল, চোখের জল গিলে ফেলল, আর ছোট মীরার মুখে সেই গরম ভাত তুলে দিল। মা চুপচাপ তাদের খেতে দেখছিলেন। তাঁর ঠোঁটে ফুটে উঠেছিল এক অপার্থিব, শান্ত হাসি—যে হাসি ক্ষুধা, মৃত্যু আর নিষ্ঠুরতার ওপর এক মায়ের নিঃশব্দ বিজয়ের ঘোষণা।



পরদিন সকালে গোপালের ঘুম ভাঙল পাখির ডাক নয়, এক অদ্ভুত ভারী নীরবতায়। পুরো কুঁড়েঘরটা যেন নিঃশ্বাস নেওয়াও ভুলে গেছে। "মা...?" সে আশ্বে করে ডাকল। মা মাটির মেঝেতে পাশ ফিরে শুয়ে আছেন। তাঁর শরীর ঠান্ডা হয়ে গেছে। তাঁর এক হাত এখনো শক্ত করে জড়িয়ে আছে ছোট্ট মীরাকে, আর আঙুলগুলো আলতো করে রাখা মেয়ের এলোমেলো চুলের ওপর। আগের রাতের সেই শান্ত হাসিটুকু এখনও তাঁর মুখে স্থির হয়ে আছে। তিনি শুধু দুর্ভিক্ষে মারা যাননি—তিনি দুর্ভিক্ষের সঙ্গে নিজের জীবন বিনিময় করেছিলেন। নিজের শেষ নিঃশ্বাস, শেষ শক্তি, শেষ খাটুটুকু তিনি সন্তানদের দিয়ে দিয়েছিলেন, যাতে তারা আর অন্তত একটি দিন বেঁচে থাকতে পারে।

১৭৭০ সালের বাংলার ভয়াবহ দুর্ভিক্ষ শেষ পর্যন্ত প্রায় এক কোটি মানুষের প্রাণ কেড়ে নিয়েছিল—অঞ্চলটির প্রায় এক-তৃতীয়াংশ মানুষ খরা এবং ঔপনিবেশিক শোষণের নির্মম লোভের বলি হয়েছিলেন। বছ বছর পরে, যখন গোপাল নিজেও বৃদ্ধ হয়েছেন, নাতি-নাতনিদের নিয়ে সোনালি ধানের মাঠের দিকে তাকিয়ে থাকতেন, তখনও তাঁর চোখের সামনে ভেসে উঠত সেই শেষ হাসি। দুর্ভিক্ষ তাঁর বাংলার ঐশ্বর্য কেড়ে নিয়েছিল, কেড়ে নিয়েছিল তাঁর শৈশব, তাঁর পরিবার। কিন্তু জীবনের শেষ প্রান্তে দাঁড়িয়ে তিনি একটি সত্য গভীরভাবে উপলব্ধি করেছিলেন—মানব ইতিহাসের সবচেয়ে অন্ধকার, সবচেয়ে নিষ্ঠুর অধ্যায়ও কোনোদিন একজন মায়ের নিঃস্বার্থ ভালোবাসার চিরন্তন আলোকে পরাজিত করতে পারেনি।



THE CHILD IN US: THE PRESSURE TO BE PERFECT

ROHINI MITRA IX B

Imagine, what if a flower was twisted off and its petals were torn at the very first stage of its growth? Would we get to see it bloom? Would we see the beauty of the bare tree? That's how criticism and the pressure to be perfect in everything ruin a young bud before it gets the chance to bloom and grow.

The child in us wants to live freely, where no one would put pressure on them, where they can express their creativity and talents in their own way. Thus, in today's competitive world, everyone wants their children to be perfect, but who wants to see them express their talents?

. Society keeps judging, but the mind wants to explore. As the saying goes, "No one can be perfect," but I think if you gain the confidence to speak out, you can achieve greatness.

"Everyone is perfect in their own way." We just need to change our perspectives and mindsets.

So, let us not ask, "Are they capable?" Instead, let us say, "He/She is capable." Let us not say, "He/She is worthless." Instead, let us encourage them. Let us cheer for those who will create the future of us and bring a huge change.



CAN MARKS JUDGE A STUDENT'S ABILITY OR KNOWLEDGE?

AHANA PALIT IX B

Imagine judging a fish by its ability to climb a tree. It would seem unfair and funny, wouldn't it? yet many a times students are judged only by the marks printed on their report cards...

Marks are like a snapshot taken at a particular moment. They can show how well a student performed in an examination hall but cannot capture the image of a student's complete abilities. A report card may tell us solve the most mathematics problems but it cannot always reveal who writes the most beautiful stories, pains most wonderfully leads a team confidently or thinks of innovative solutions to real life problems.

History is filled with people who were not known for extraordinary School marks but later changed the world through their creativity determination and unique talents. Success often depends on qualities such as curiosity, hard work, imagination, communication skills that no marks can fully measure.

Moreover, every student learns uniquely and differently. Some shine in written test while others excel in sports, practical work, music, technology. A student who scored average marks may possess exceptional talents waiting to be discovered.

Education is not just about collecting numbers; it is about gaining knowledge, discovering one's potential, and putting continuous effort and determination to learn something. The true measure of a student lies not only in what is written in an answer sheet but also the ideas they create the dreams they dare to pursue.

So the next time we look at the report card, let us remember: marks may count, but they do not define a student. The brightest stars are not always the one with highest scores, they are one who never stop learning.





REFLECTION

AVIJIT DAS IX A

Mine eye doth seek its own fair grace,
Whilst others sing of me in turn;
I wear delight upon my face,
Yet deep within, the doubts still burn.

The world's applause I hold most dear,
And bid all hearts their praise accord;
Yet should one voice refuse to hear,
My soul doth chafe beneath the sword.

I claim that love is mine to guide,
And bend affection to my word;
Yet oft I hide my wounds with pride,
Lest any truth of me be heard.

Thus stands my throne of glass and gold,
Where echoes crown me evermore;
Though all the realm my name hath told



LOGICAL FALLACY

GAZI SPANDON ORIN IX B

A logical fallacy is an error in reasoning that occurs when invalid arguments or points are introduced. Though logical fallacies can be invalid they are used as a weapon in arguments whose place varies from the court to debate competitions and normal quarrels one might find at a tea shop. These logical fallacy are used in order to persuade others or defeat people in argument even though the party being defeated may be morally correct. These are often used by politicians to manipulate people.

Some famous logical Fallacies are being discussed below:-

I.Ad Hominem: - It is the process of convincing a mass that an opinion of an individual may be incorrect by casting doubt on the personal attributes of that individual.

II.Tu Quoque: - In this logical fallacy heat is taken off from an individual's shoulders defending an argument and instead shifts that focus on the individual criticizing. It is rationalizing something which maybe be wrong and making it seem like a good perspective because it was done by both the parties.

III.Strawman: - This logical fallacy misrepresents ones argument to make it easier for another individual to attack. It is mostly done by exaggerating or breaking apart parts of a point and giving it a correlation with something that might not be true.

IV.Slippery Slope: - This logical fallacy deals with shifting a point to an extreme hypothetical condition which might happen because that point was made to happen. But most of the times such hypothetical situations do not take place and instead this fallacy is used to make a valuable situation not work because it might bear over consequences which are over exaggerated

V.Black or white :- Also known as false dilemma.

This logical fallacy is used to convince an individual that only two options exist when in reality there might be more than two possibilities. Mostly in this false dilemma one of the paths is shown to be extremely irrational while other one is rational.

Though logical fallacies are used to win argument they aren't always used for good cause.

So "Thou shall not commit logical fallacies".

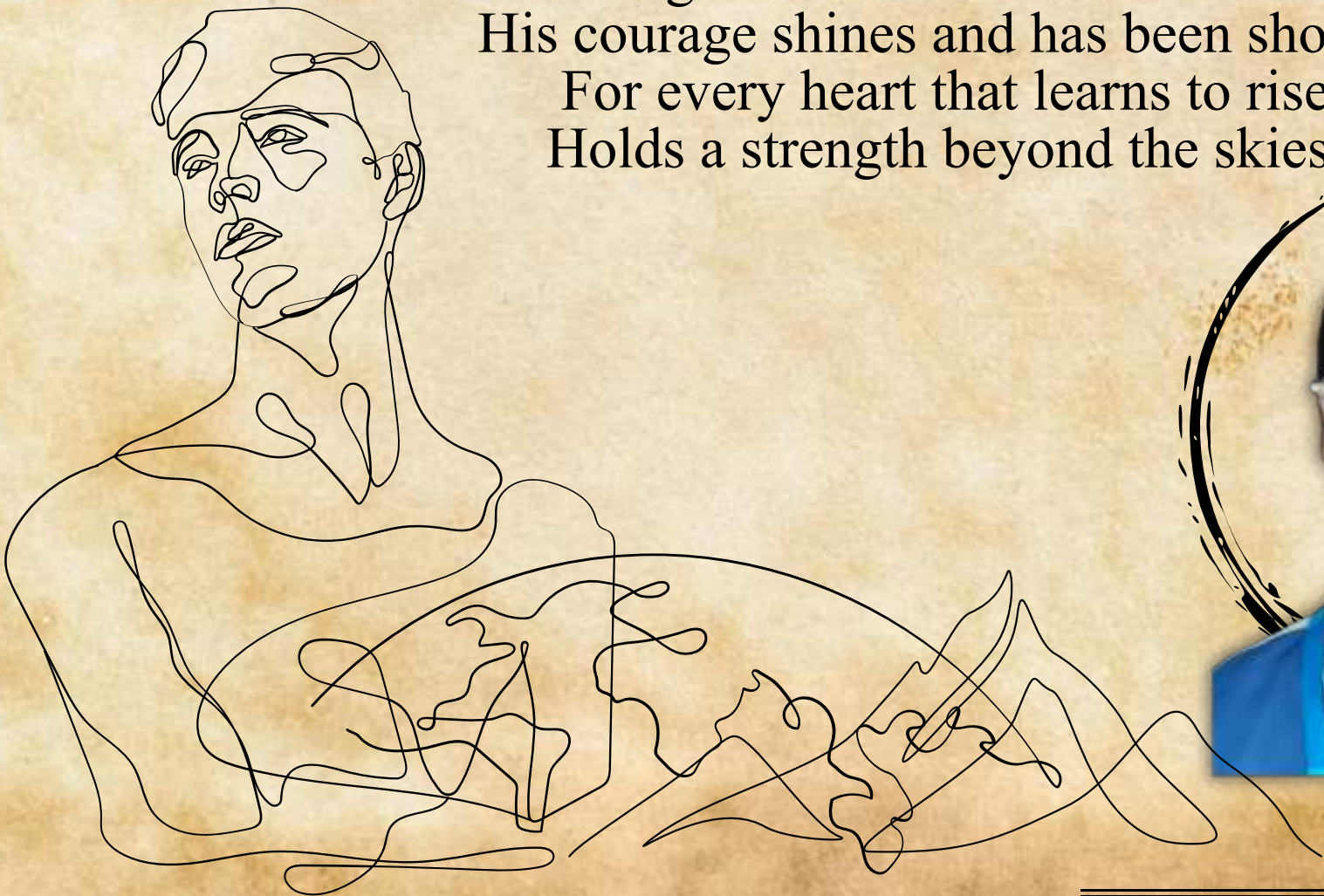
We should always fight for the right cause



THE UNKNOWN JOURNEY

ANUSHKA DEY IX B

No one knew the pain he bore,
Or why he smiled no more.
Each day he walked a lonely road,
Carrying life's unseen load.
The nights were long, the days were gray,
And hope seemed far away.
Dreams once bright began to fade,
Lost within the shadows' shade.
Yet deep inside, a spark remained,
Though hurt by loss and marked by pain.
Step by step, he carried on,
Waiting for a brighter dawn.
The storms of life did not stay forever,
And slowly he grew stronger than ever.
Now he shares a helping hand,
To those who struggle to understand.
Though his name is still unknown,
His courage shines and has been shown.
For every heart that learns to rise
Holds a strength beyond the skies.



THE DREAM OF THE GOLDEN CUP

MD ROHAN MONDAL IX A



I have always loved football. Ever since I was a child, I dreamed of playing in the Football World Cup and lifting the golden trophy for my country. Every day after school, I practised with my friends in the playground. Though I was not the best player, I never gave up.

One night, I watched the World Cup final on television. The stadium was full of excitement, and millions of people were cheering for their teams. Seeing the players work together and fight till the last minute inspired me greatly. I realized that success does not come easily. It requires hard work, discipline and determination.

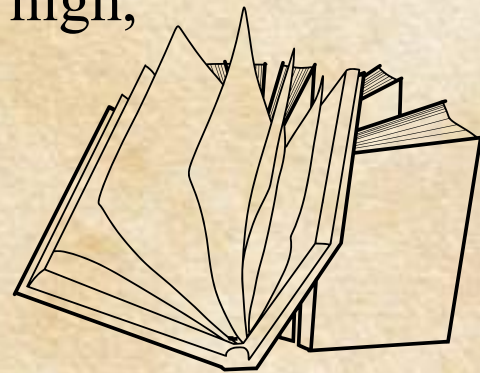
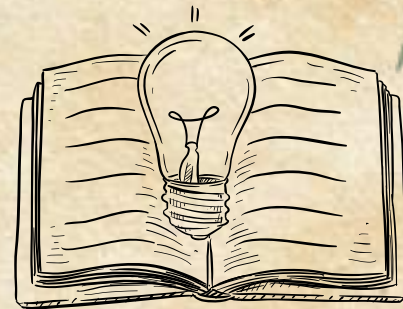
From that day, I promised myself that I would continue to practise and improve. Even if I do not become a famous footballer, I know that dreams can come true when we believe in ourselves and work sincerely towards our goals.



WE THE IX B

ARYA BIKASH MONDAL IX B

The morning bell rings and we take our seat,
But Class 9-B is a team you can't beat.
It's not just about the grades on a test,
It's how we work together to be our best.
From tough math problems to history pages,
We are gathering wisdom to last for the ages.
Education isn't a race to run all alone,
It's the strongest partnership we've ever known.
When the chapters get confusing and the pressure is high,
No one in our class is just passing by.
If a friend gets stuck or falls behind,
There's always a helping hand you will find.
We share our notes, our ideas, and our time,
Helping each other make the big climb.
Every desk holds a dreamer, a student, a friend,
And we promise to stick together right till the end.
Our teachers guide us through the doubts and the stress,
Pushing 9-B toward real success.
With Mr. Rishin Pal leading our way,
We get a little wiser with every single day.
So here's to the late-night studies and the classroom noise,
To all of our struggles, our goals, and our joys.
9-B isn't just a section on a school door,
We are a family, and we're aiming for more!



THE DAY OF HEROES

PROTIKSHA MONDAL IX A



Father's Day!

Have you ever thought which man was your biggest supporter!?

Yes our FATHER!

The Man who holds us with hands full of Love after our Birth. The first man who taught us to stand, to walk.

The first man who took us outside the house and made us see the future! The Man who taught us to fight against society!

The Man who is super Proud for their youngsters! Who tries to make their youngsters as their Shadows..

Sacrificing their happiness and leading us towards our future.

Working hard day and night with the biggest smile on their face to see their youngsters look bright!

The Fathers are the Real heroes not only for their son but truly for their daughters always!

The First Man who made their Daughters the most comfortable. Who made them look confident in front of society! Who loves to see their Daughters' Fashion Shows in house ALWAYS!!

The Man who is the Proudest person to see their successful youngsters turning as Gentleman and Gentlewomen..

So is it just a day? Or is it every day just because of them just by being in!

The true heroes, the true backbone of the family, the true supporter for us as well as for our mothers, ALWAYS!

It's never just a day for fathers

but it's always a day for the
TRUE HEROES!



ARE WE MORE CONNECTED OR MORE LONELY THAN EVER BEFORE?

SRIJA BISWAS IX B

A question has often crossed my mind 'Connection' and 'Communication' are they truly related? We see the light, but do we see the shadow of it?

You must know, a smart-little-clever thing; a thing that you may have with yourself right now. A thing that compresses the world until it fits in the palm of your hand.

Of course, I am talking about mobile phones, the genius thing that we shaped 'once upon a time'.

When it was first made by Martin Cooper in 1973, it was used for general communication. But as this thing has developed through decades, we have made it the primary mode of communication. And this has already become the reality!! Let me state a fact before you "People spend a lot of time on their phones, even when they don't need it."

Can you give a reason for that? The answer might be:

"Many people use their phones not because they want information, but because they don't want to feel left out."

That's where emotional dependency begins. A comfort that can only your close and loved ones can provide you. They are the only persons who give you attention, validation, sense of belonging, and support unconditionally. But when you depend on 'algorithm-created-family' on social media, you try to seek more and more attention, validation, and sense of belonging, eventually leading an attachment to the virtual world, at the expense of the true one.

Thus, nowadays it is correct to say : "We have become so engrossed in documenting moments on social media that we forget to live them truly."

Technology not only has given us light to guide us towards new possibilities, but also the light to the path to forget our roots.

Rightly said: "We see the light but not its shadow."



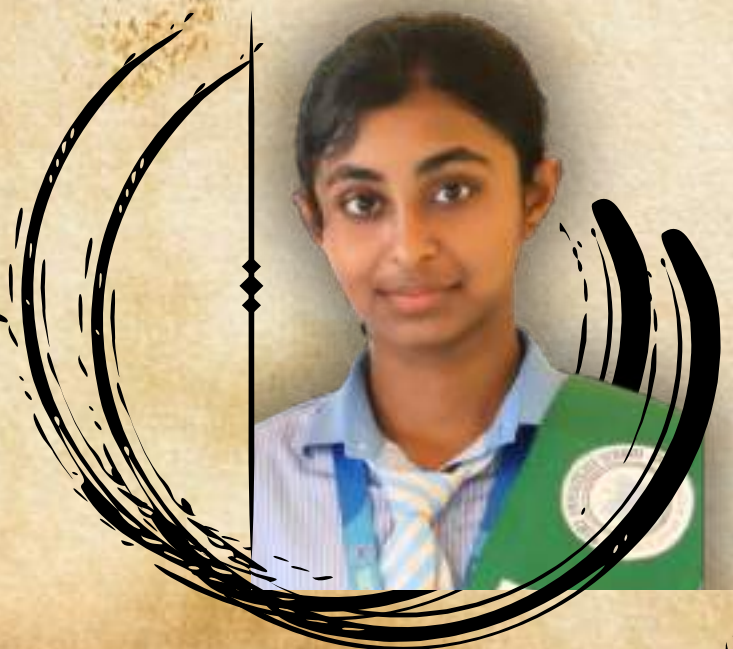
THE SILENT SUPERHERO A TRIBUTE TO FATHERS

RIMI DAS IX A

Father's Day is a beautiful occasion to honour the men who shape our lives with their love, guidance and sacrifices. Fathers are often the silent superheroes of our families. They work tirelessly behind the scenes, facing challenges with courage and determination, all to ensure the happiness and well-being of their loved ones. Their strength, wisdom, and unwavering support become the foundation upon which we build our dreams.

While this tribute is dedicated to all fathers around the world, it holds a special place for my own father. He has been my protector, mentor and greatest source of inspiration. Through his actions, he has taught me the values of honesty, hard work, kindness and perseverance. His faith in me gives me confidence, and his encouragement motivates me to strive for success. Even in difficult times, his presence reassures me that I am never alone.

On this Father's Day, I express my deepest gratitude not only to my father but also to every father who dedicates his life to nurturing and supporting his children. Their love may be quiet, but its impact is immeasurable. To all fathers, and especially to mine—thank you for being the guiding lights of our lives and the true silent superheroes we look up to every day!



MOONLIT DREAMS

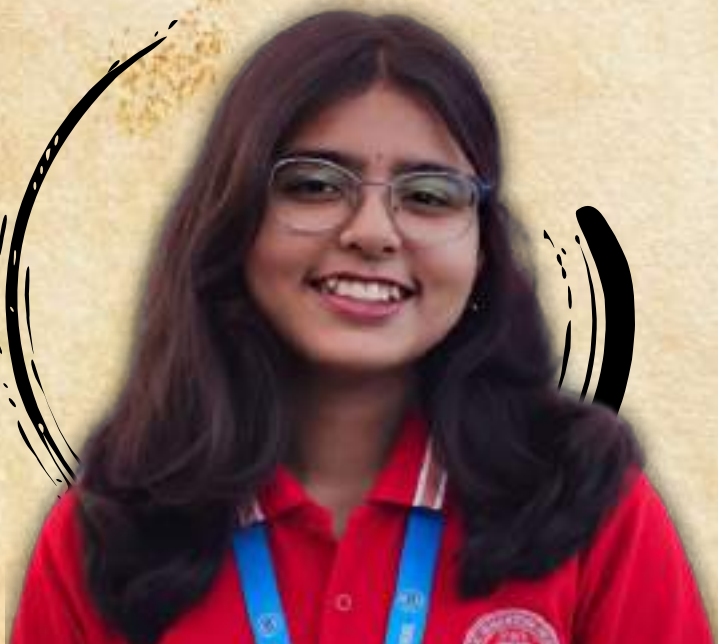
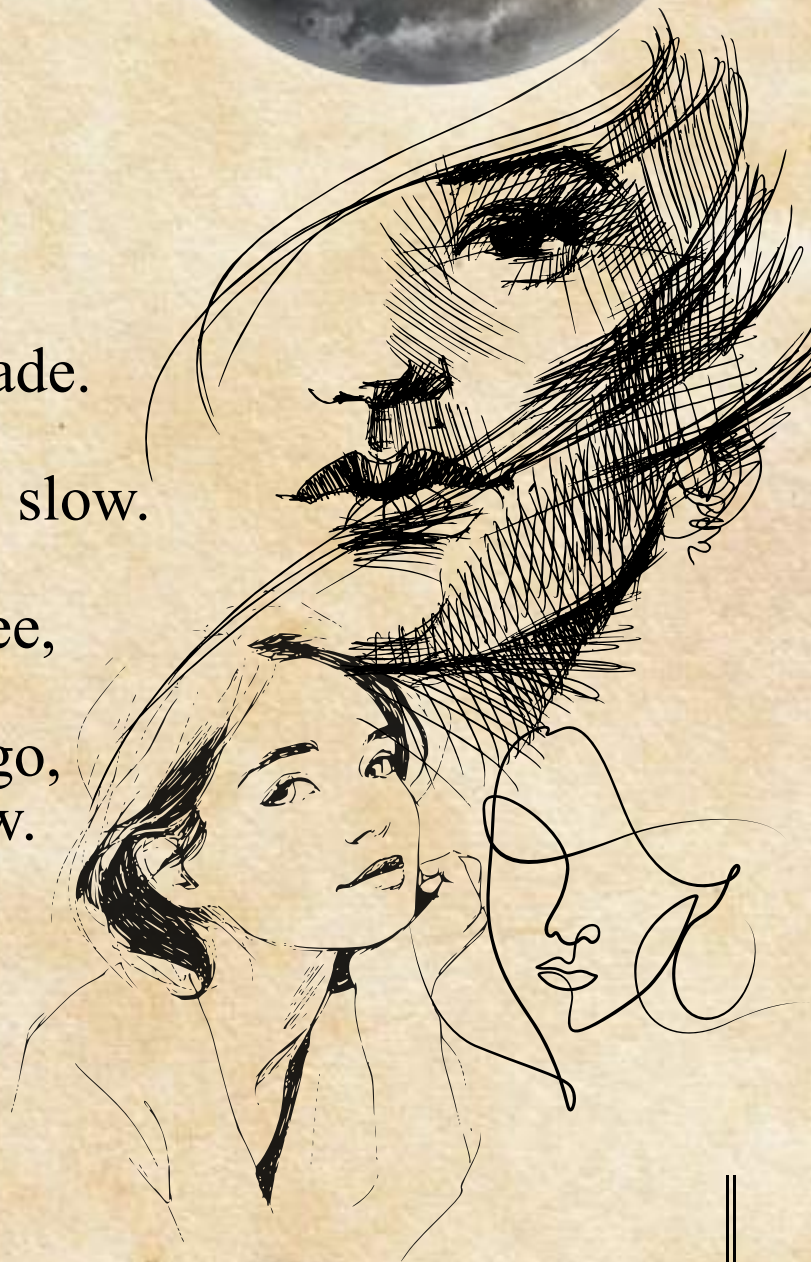
RAFAT ALAM IX B

The night whispers low, a cool, gentle breath,
Untangling the thoughts that I carry to bed.
The moon is a sliver of welcoming light,
Drawing me close to the calm of the night.

In this quiet hour, the heavy things fade,
And I rest in the space that the stillness has made.
The world settles down in a soft, silver glow,
Where shadows are peaceful and footsteps are slow.

When I close my eyes, I am weightless and free,
Drifting to places I've wanted to be.
That steady white light follows everywhere I go,
A comfort to keep when the dark starts to grow.

So I'll sit here a while, just breathing it in,
Letting the quiet settle under my skin.
Held by the sky, I can finally see
A mind that is still... and a soul that is free





THE SILVER WRISTBAND

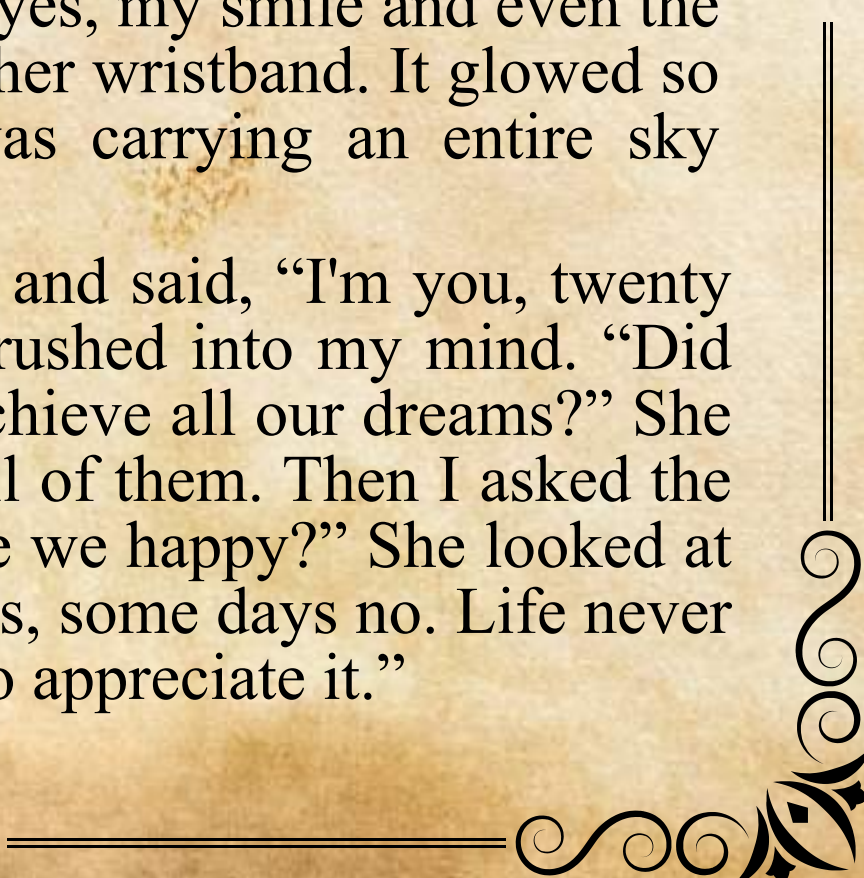
TANISHA SOM IX B

Have you ever imagined a life where age is not measured by birthdays, but by a silver wristband that records every experience you truly live? Well, I don't have to imagine it because I live in one. In my world, nobody asks, "How old are you?" Instead, they ask, "How many experiences are you?" Every meaningful conversation, every act of kindness, every fear overcome and every lesson learned adds a tiny light to the silver wristband each person wears.

My name is Anaya, and I am fourteen experiences old. Every morning, I wake up six minutes before my alarm, as usual, and the first thing I do is wear my wristband. I have always felt ordinary. While everyone around me seemed to be collecting exciting experiences, I was the girl who loved rainy afternoons, wrote random thoughts in the back pages of her notebooks and spent hours staring out of the window. Sometimes, I wondered if I was doing life the wrong way.

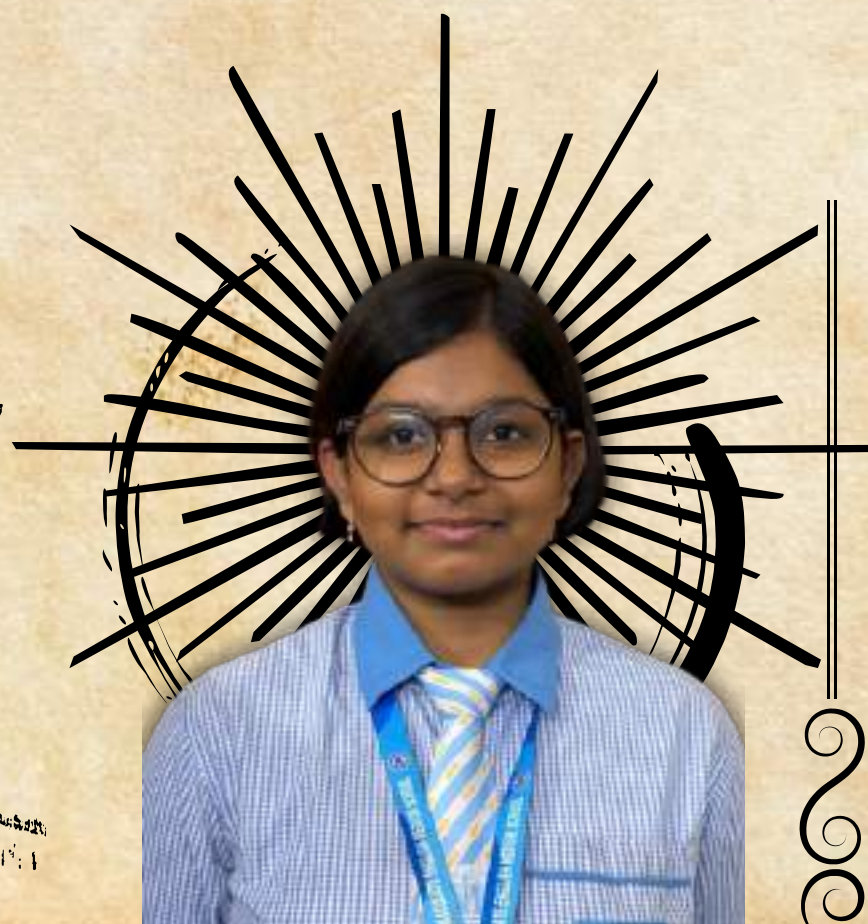
One evening, while sitting beneath the old banyan tree outside my house, I looked at my wristband and whispered, "I hope I become someone worth remembering one day." Suddenly, a voice answered, "You already are." I looked up and saw a woman standing there. She had my eyes, my smile and even the same nervous habits. Then I noticed her wristband. It glowed so brightly that it looked as if she was carrying an entire sky around her wrist.

"Who are you?" I asked. She smiled and said, "I'm you, twenty years later." Questions immediately rushed into my mind. "Did we become famous? Rich? Did we achieve all our dreams?" She gently laughed and answered no to all of them. Then I asked the question I truly wanted to know. "Are we happy?" She looked at the sky before saying, "Some days yes, some days no. Life never becomes perfect, but you learn how to appreciate it."



I then pointed at her glowing wristband and asked how it had become so bright. She touched a few lights and explained that they were not created by huge achievements but by simple moments: comforting her mother when she was sad, forgiving herself after making mistakes and learning that being ordinary was never something to be ashamed of. Seeing my confused expression, she smiled and said, “You've spent so much time waiting for life to become extraordinary that you forgot it had already begun.”

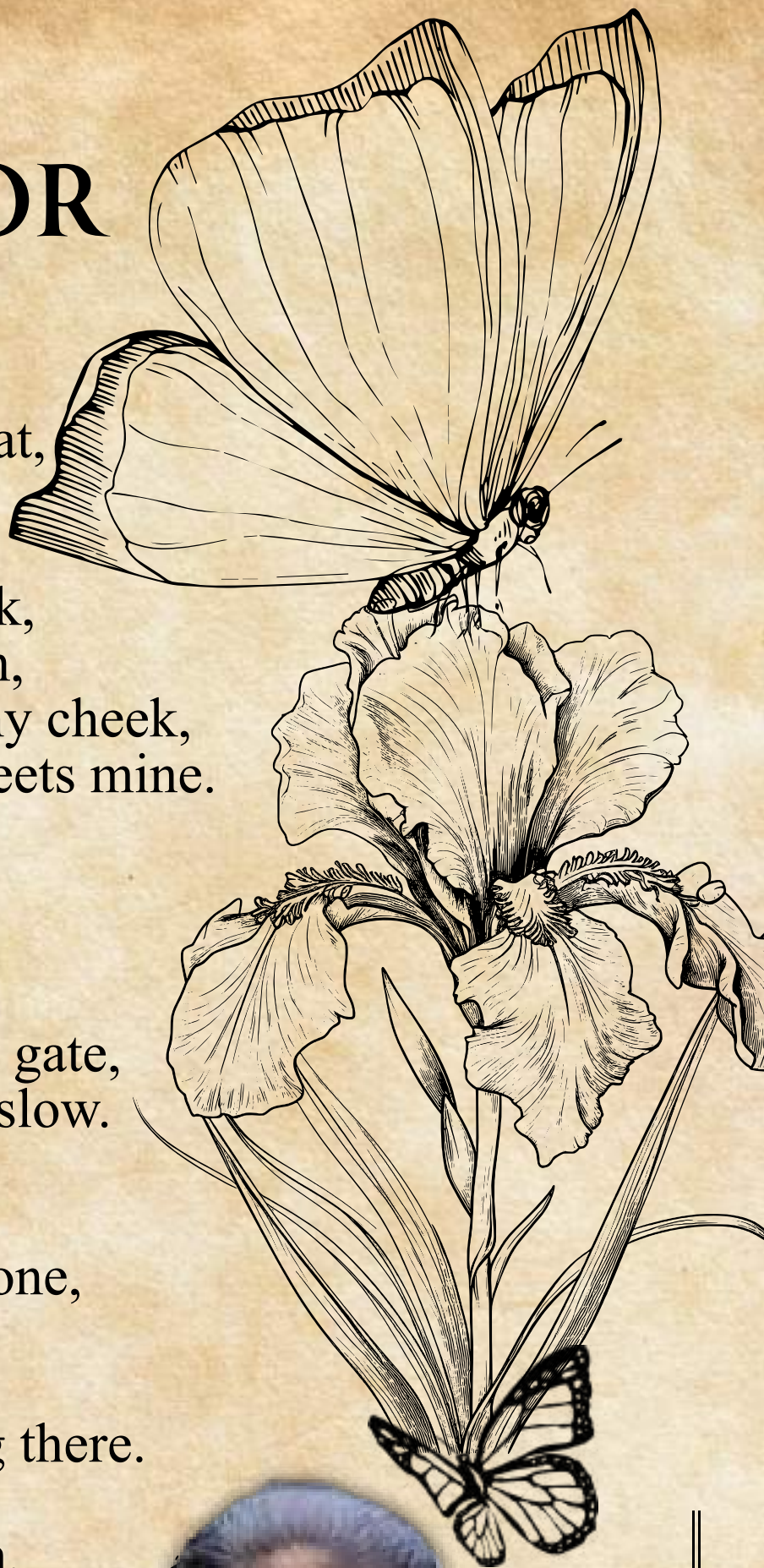
Before disappearing, I asked one final question. “Do we become extraordinary?” She smiled and replied, “No. We become ourselves, and one day you'll realise that's far more beautiful.” The next morning, I still woke up six minutes before my alarm, and my life looked exactly the same. But something inside me had changed. I finally understood that life was never about collecting the biggest experiences. It was about noticing the beauty hidden inside ordinary moments, because sometimes the most ordinary life can become the most extraordinary one of all.



THE DAILY VISITOR

PRAJAKTA PAUL IX A

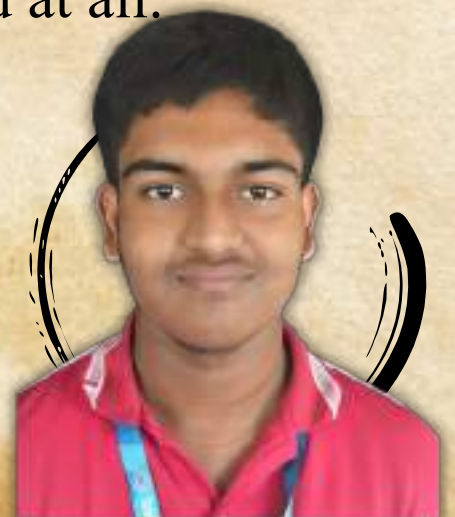
Ever thought about the daily visitor?
The one who drifts across the midday heat,
Just to settle softly by my window door
And make the quiet afternoon complete.
It does not stay for long, nor does it speak,
It has no need for words or a great design,
Just a sudden, breathless pause against my cheek,
And a fleeting moment where its time meets mine.
They say the sky forgets the day before,
But every afternoon, right on the hour,
A quiet shadow knocks upon my door
And finds a home upon a waiting flower.
The world keeps rushing past outside the gate,
But here, time stretches out and starts to slow.
It seems a tiny wingspan carries weight
And holds a secret only we could know.
And in the quiet places since you have gone,
When heavy silence fills the empty air,
This little spark of life that carries on
Is my one hope that you are still standing there.
I look for you in things I cannot hold,
And trace your absence in the quiet room,
But then a sudden flash of cloth and gold
Reminds me how a memory can bloom.
I never ask where it goes at night,
Or why it keeps this faithful, silent grace.
I only watch the rhythm of its flight,
And feel a sudden warmth across the space.
It is a small, recurring piece of peace,
A tether to a love that never ends.
A daily promise that will never cease,
Just visiting an old, familiar friend.



THE SCIENCE FAIR SURPRISE

SUSMIT BISWAS IX B

I have always been curious about how things work around me. Science is my favorite subject because I love experimenting and trying out new ideas. So, when our school announced the annual Science Fair, I knew I had to participate. After thinking about it for a couple of days, I decided to build an automatic plant-watering system. Honestly, it was much harder than I thought. Every day after school, I stayed back or rushed home to work on it. I used a moisture sensor, a tiny water pump, and a basic battery, trying to get them to work together. Half the time, the circuit wouldn't work, and a few of my friends even told me to give up because it was too complicated. But I kept tinkering with the wires and testing it until it finally worked. When the day of the fair arrived, the school hall was packed. There were so many cool projects—some people made baking soda volcanoes, while others built models on solar energy. Looking around, I started getting really nervous. I kept worrying that my pump would jam right in front of the judges. When the judges finally stopped at my table, one of them looked at my setup and asked, "So, how does it actually know when the plant needs water?" I took a deep breath to calm my nerves and explained that the moisture sensor measures how dry the soil is. To show them, I stuck the sensor into a pot of completely dry mud. Within a couple of seconds, the pump buzzed to life and started watering the plant. The judges leaned in closely, nodded, and gave me a really encouraging smile. A few weeks after the fair, our science teacher brought up something interesting in class. Heavy rains had recently messed up the crops in a nearby village, and the farmers were struggling to manage their fields during the dry spells that followed. My teacher pointed out that if we scaled up a project like mine, it could actually help farmers automate irrigation and save water. Even though I didn't win first prize at the fair, I didn't feel bad at all. That classroom discussion made me realize something much bigger. Science isn't just about getting top marks or winning certificates—it's about finding real solutions to practical problems. It definitely made me more focused. Now, my goal is to study hard, become an engineer, and build things that can actually make a difference for people.



FIFA WORLD CUP 2026

NEHA MONDAL IX A



The FIFA World Cup 2026 marks a historic milestone in football history. Hosted jointly by the United States, Canada, and Mexico, it is the first World Cup to be organized by three nations. The tournament has also expanded from 32 to 48 teams, making it the largest edition ever. With 104 matches scheduled across 16 cities, the competition promises to bring together more nations, cultures, and footballing stories than any World Cup before it.

|New Nations, New Possibilities

One of the most exciting aspects of the 2026 tournament is the arrival of four debutant nations: Curaçao, Uzbekistan, Jordan, and Cape Verde. Their qualification demonstrates how football continues to grow across the globe, providing smaller nations with the opportunity to compete on the sport's grandest stage. Their presence serves as a reminder that determination and development can transform even the smallest footballing dreams into reality.

Records Written in History

The FIFA World Cup has always been a stage where legends are made and records are broken. Only two nations have successfully defended a World Cup title—Italy in 1934 and 1938, and Brazil in 1958 and 1962. The 2026 edition also features some of the greatest players of the modern era. Lionel Messi holds the record for the most World Cup appearances by a player, while Cristiano Ronaldo remains one of the most-capped footballers in international history. Their achievements continue to inspire millions of young footballers around the world.

|The Absent GiantsDespite the expansion to 48 teams, many of the world's most populous nations will not participate in the tournament. Countries such as India and China, home to billions of people, remain absent from football's biggest stage. This highlights an interesting reality: success in football is not determined by population size alone, but by long-term investment, infrastructure, development systems, and sporting culture.

|India's Unfinished Football Story|India's absence is particularly striking. As the world's most populous nation, it has never appeared in a FIFA World Cup. While football enjoys passionate support in states such as West Bengal, Kerala, and Goa, the sport continues to face challenges in achieving nationwide prominence. Cricket's dominance, developing infrastructure, and limited investment have slowed India's progress compared to many other footballing nations. Yet there are reasons for optimism. The growth of the Indian Super League, youth academies, grassroots programmes, and increasing interest among young players are helping to build a stronger footballing foundation. Each year, more talented footballers emerge with the dream of representing India on the international stage.

|The Dream Beyond the Numbers|The most thought-provoking question remains: How does a country with 1.4 billion people, the world's largest democracy, and remarkable achievements in science, technology, and economic growth still struggle to produce a World Cup-quality football team? This is not about shame or failure—it's about acknowledging a reality. India's football journey is still being written, with young talents emerging every year and the sport steadily gaining ground. But until India qualifies for its first FIFA World Cup, one fact remains unchanged: 1.4 billion people, zero World Cup appearances. For Indian football fans, hope continues. The dream of seeing India play at the World Cup remains alive, even if it hasn't happened yet. The journey is long, but every step forward matters.

