

NATIONAL PUBLIC SCHOOL HSR
PRESENTS

REFLECTIONS

Grade 11 Newsletter

July 2023-24

*"A mystic mélange
of our reflections in the
lines of June"*

JAMBOREE IN JUNE

Dear Readers,

Welcome to our newsletter. It's the time when summer and monsoon intertwine, creating a vibrant blend that's truly divine. As June unveils with its verdant hues, we welcome the dance of raindrops on Nature's cues. Embracing the transition from leisurely days to the rhythm of school, our collaboration and camaraderie bloom, a collective of voices that refuse to be subdued. In this bustling time, the scent of petrichor fills the air, whispering tales of the first rains that bring renewal and flair. In this newsletter, you'll find a fusion of articles, where rain-kissed moments and mango delights converge, igniting our senses and reminding us of the magic that June imparts. So enjoy the June medley we've prepared for you, a symphony of moments, both old and new.

Warm Regards,
Editorial Team

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JUNE MANIA IN SCHOOL

Investiture 2023



NPS HSR held the Investiture ceremony on 16 June 2023. We saw a new batch of students take on the mantle of leadership and assume responsibility as office bearers.

Music Day 2023



Founder's Day 2023



Yoga Day 2023



NPS HSR celebrated its 15th Founder's Day on 12 June 2023.

MONSOON MEMENTOS

AN ABANDONED CARNIVAL

Lost in the labyrinth of winding roads, I stumbled upon an enchanting sight – an abandoned carnival. Drawn by curiosity, I ventured closer, compelled to explore its forgotten wonders. As I stepped through the creaking gates of the long forgotten carnival, a wave of nostalgia and melancholy washed over me. The air carried whispers of joy and laughter from a bygone era, silenced by the relentless forces of nature that scattered memories like confetti in the wind.

The rain had just finished, leaving behind glistening trails on every surface. Droplets dripped from the rust-covered rides, forming tiny puddles on the ground. The rain had brought a temporary respite, washing away the dust and grime, revealing the faint echoes of its former splendour. The Ferris wheel, its skeletal structure reaching towards the desolate sky, served as a haunting reminder of the countless memories it once held. The empty carousel, adorned with worn out horses frozen mid-gallop, seemed to yearn for the joyous laughter of children that would never grace its weathered seats again.

Tattered flags, remnants of a once lively atmosphere, fluttered feebly in the wind, as if trying to revive the forgotten merriment. The abandoned carnival exuded a haunting beauty, an eerie charm that tugged at the heartstrings. It was a melancholic time capsule, frozen in a realm where the echoes of excitement and delight lingered, waiting for someone to breathe life back into its faded glory.

-Lekshmi Manoj 11 C

RAIN : A UNIFYING SYMPHONY

On a gloomy June morning, whispers in the air,
A mystical presence, nature's grandest affair.
We await, with anticipation high,
The arrival of monsoon, painting the sky.

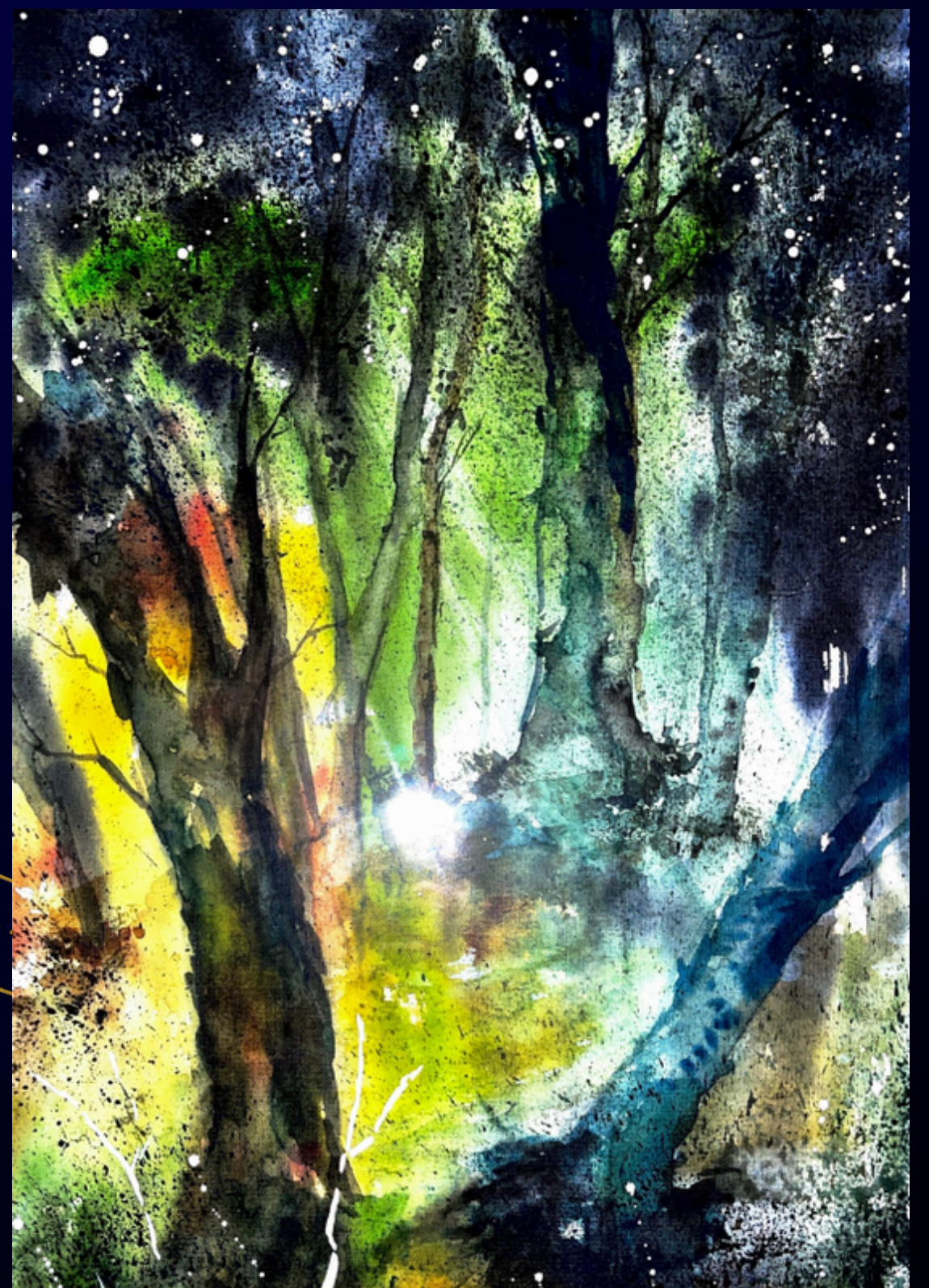
On a city street, bustling and alive,
People find shelter, umbrellas held tight.
Rain-kissed pavements, reflecting the street lights,
It was a mesmerizing sight.

But beyond the urban sprawl, a different scene,
As the monsoons arrive, a transformation unfolds.

Fields come alive, all in different shades of green.
A farmer's toil rewarded with bounties of gold.

The urbane and farmers, worlds apart, yet aligned
In the rhythmic downpour, unity they find.
Both rely on nature's gift, in harmony they thrive.
Rain embraces them, and keeps their spirits alive.

-Samarth Madiyala 11 C



-Ananth Uday Nayak 11 C

JUBILANT JUNE

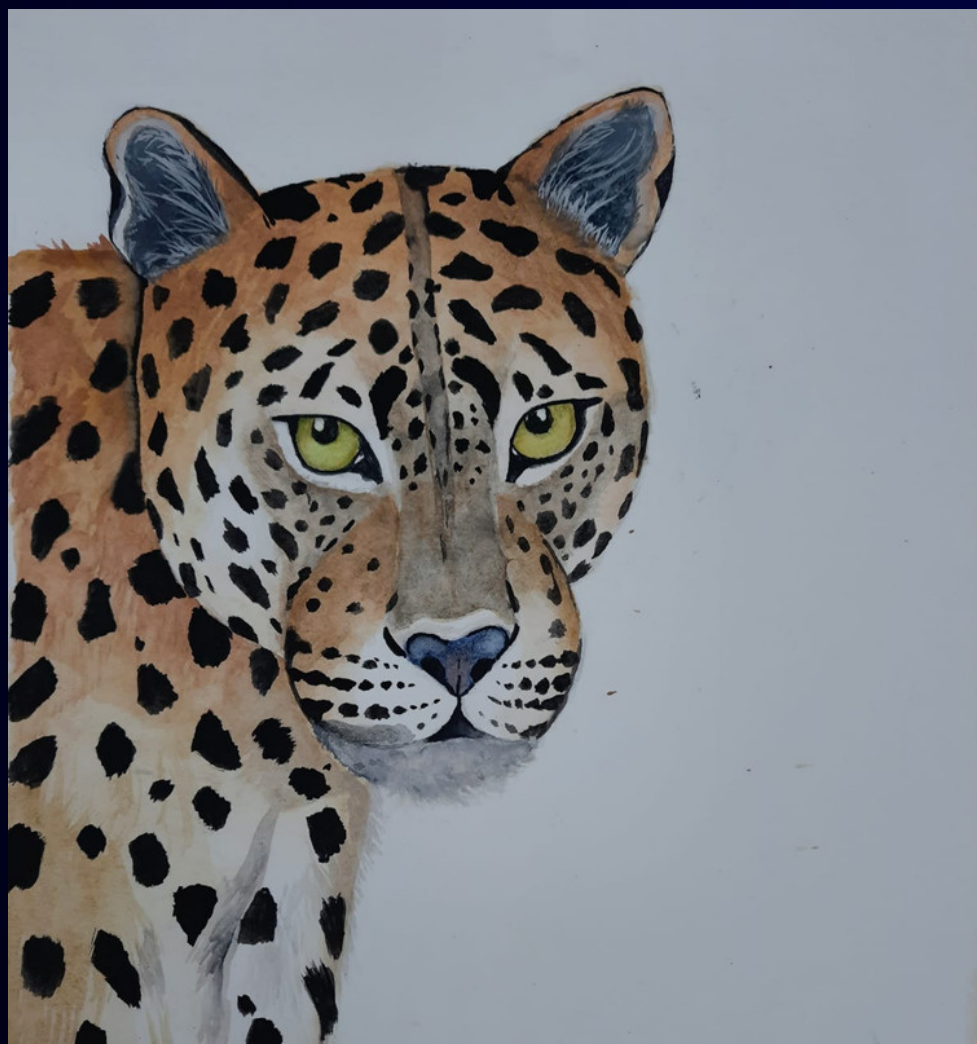
AN ODE TO BIOLOGY

The wonders of biology
Are derived from God's hand
From botany and zoology
To the doctors in demand

Humanity cannot create
But can mimic this mystery
From Aristotle to JC Bose
Present throughout history.

Life is full of twists
And unexpected turns, beware
Tails, flagella, vines and more
Movement and growth everywhere.

-Pradyumn R. 11 B



-Hemanya Kedia 11 C



-Harshita Potti 11 C

THE GOLDEN HOUR

The grand finale of the afternoon sun is just going to end, before the ink-hued curtains of twilight rush in. The Great Field outside is utterly still- not a single sound to be heard. The foliage gleams in the last rays of the sun, and the pale blue sky chases the dust left behind by the blazing path of Apollo's chariot. The first signs of a salmon glow set in far in the west. The flowers sway gently in time to the wind's race down the horizon. The distant calls of weary parents, ordering their children to return before dark, have started to pierce the silence. Flocks of birds glide homeward, chirping in the bliss of a lazy sunset. The sun bids its final farewell and starts to sink in the distance. The sky blushes a rich cherry blossom, the colour of glorious endings and new beginnings, as the moon waits backstage, shivering in anticipation of Night. The pigs in the field settle under the hedges to rest, relieved that the malevolence of the harsh afternoon sun has given way to its gentler self. The faint honking of a vehicle is heard in the distance as its driver turns to return home to a tranquil atmosphere with teatime taking its final bow. Behind the stage of the sky, Night lazily stretches, its turn finally arriving. These last few golden minutes finally fade with the last remnants of the Sun, and the sky turns a deeper blue- for the Grand Finale of the afternoon sun has just ended, and the ink-hued curtains of twilight have rushed in.

-Srijita Datta Roy 11 A



-Aadya Kaushik 11 A

RAIN AND SHINE

LEE.

A forgotten place,
Dust, without a footprint to trace
The cold embrace of a thousand nothings
The war had left no one there,
No one left to shed any tears,
No voice, but his silenced voice, only his

“Lee, come back home!” a high pitched voice
would shout,
“Lee, listen to your mother,” a low grumble from a
man so stout
And to himself, he’d mutter a response, “Yes Mum,
yes Dad,” with a little pout
And move on to making the next story
while hiding from the guns, all alone in his trench

Little Lee, when the rabbits were asleep in the
burrow under the tree,
He’d run, he’d find a place to flee
The creek near his abandoned house, with a swing
Lee swung on the swing till Spring.

That Spring he had not spent too far
Down came the guns with a boom
Which reunited him with his mother
With the coral flowers in her doom.

-Navya Gupta 11 B



-Vaishnavi .S 11 A

A VERITABLE BEDLAM ON INDIAN ROADS

Welcome to Indian traffic, a scene of comic
mayhem. Imagine driving in Bengaluru,
surrounded by a wild tango of cars, auto-
rickshaws, and even cows. Lane discipline? It's
just a whimsical artwork no one follows. Cars
zigzag, autorickshaws squeeze through
impossible gaps, and bikes audition for the Fast
and Furious sequel. It's synchronized chaos
ballet!

And then there are the majestic cows, roaming
freely on the roads. Honking won't help; they're
on a transcendental journey. Traffic signals?
Green means go, but also honk like crazy. Red
means stop, but inch forward like a sneaky ninja
if you're in a hurry. And yellow? It's a suggestion
to speed up and play traffic signal roulette!

Now, overtaking in India is an extreme sport. It's
a race to squeeze into the tiniest gap. Cars
overtake cars, bikes overtake bikes, and
pedestrians cross the road fearlessly. It's a daring
circus act without safety nets!

So, let's celebrate the Indian traffic tango –
chaotic, unpredictable, and downright hilarious.
It shows our ability to adapt, survive, and find
laughter amidst the madness. Embrace the
comedy of traffic because life's too short to take it
too seriously!

-Ananya Mrig 11 D



-Rituparna Vejay 11 D

RHYMES BORN IN THE RHYTHM OF JUNE

HOW I LOVE BEING A WOMAN

Wake up every morning to little chirps,
Wash my hair and let it down.
Adorn myself from head to toe,
Look in the mirror and see a glow.

How I love being a woman

I live my life to the fullest every day,
I would not have it any other way.
Pick my bag and wear my heels,
It's time to go out and chase my dreams.

How I love being a woman

The sun sets as I have my dinner.
I did a lot today, I feel like a winner.
Time to rest and take a break,
Read a bit, and into other worlds, I escape.

-Meghali Dutta 11 D

THE STAIRCASE OF GROWING UP

As I climb the stairs
To the land of responsibility one bears,
I stop and think if it was
Worth it to let childhood go.

When I was seven,
I longed to be eleven,
For turning eight and ten
Was still a distant dream for me then.

Now when I am there,
I know enough to beware
The thought of being liberated,
That I had so desired.

-Meghana Khanolkar 11 D



Jeevika V 11D



Dharshita 11A



Arna Shivappa 11C

RAIN SOAKED SILHOUETTES

FACES AND FACADES

It is believed that our faces are canvases upon which we paint our expressions, windows through which our emotions and vulnerabilities are conveyed. But they hold much more than meets the eye. In a world where appearances often take precedence over authenticity, it is common to encounter faces hidden behind facades. We live in a society that values images and presentations, often pushing us to create and maintain a carefully crafted exterior. Hence individuals may wear a facade to fit societal expectations or to create a desired impression or for the fear of judgment, rejection, or vulnerability. The pressure to conform to certain standards can be overwhelming, leading individuals to present themselves in ways that may not align with their authentic selves.

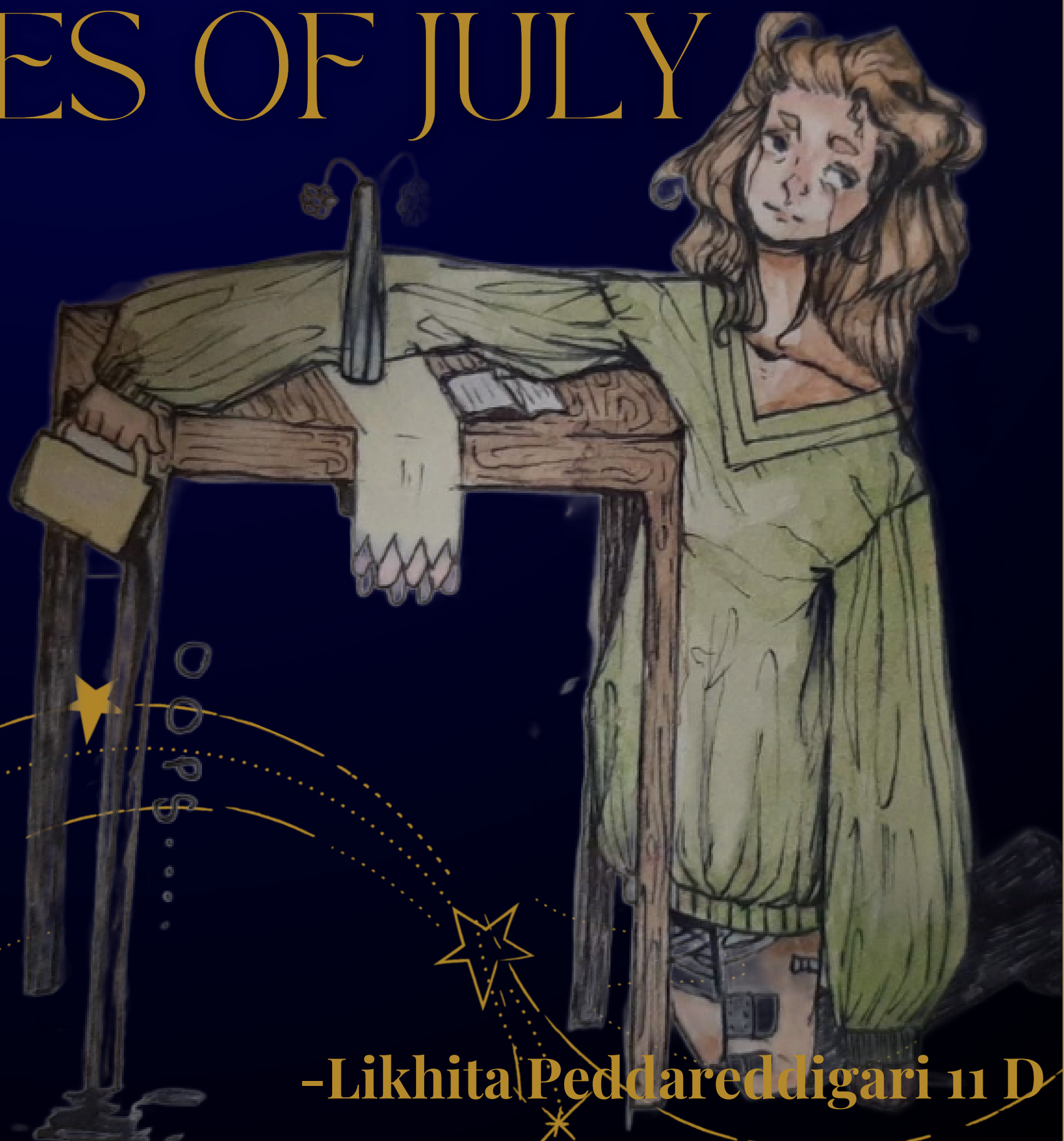
Social media platforms have amplified the phenomenon of faces and facades. Online, we have the ability to curate our lives, showcasing only the most appealing aspects while hiding the struggles and imperfections. We carefully select the best angles, the most flattering filters, and the most envy-inducing moments, constructing a narrative that may not reflect our realities.

In a world that often encourages us to present a polished and picture-perfect image, it is crucial to remember that authenticity and vulnerability are the foundations of genuine human connection. So, the next time you catch yourself hiding behind a mask, take a moment to reflect. What are you afraid of revealing? What might you lose by embracing your true self? By embracing our true selves and encouraging others to do the same, we can foster a culture that values authenticity over facades.

-Ayush Gupta 11 C

GLIMPSES OF JULY

1. 14th July - Inceptra: Commerce and Humanities fest hosted by Grade 11 and 12 of NPS HSR
2. 22nd July - Career Counselling Fair



-Likhita Peddareddigari 11 D