

FOOTPRINTS

TERM-1 || 2025-26 ||

OUR
CREATIVE
COMMUNITY
SPEAKS.

FOOTPRINTS

WHERE WE'VE BEEN,
WHERE WE'RE GOING,
AND WHO WE ARE.

A⁺⁺ GRADE

5★ ★ ★ ★ ★
STAR RATING



AWARDED BY
CENTRE FOR EDUCATION
DEVELOPMENT (CED)

TED ED CLUB
26 CLUB ACTIVITIES
SPORTS ACTIVITIES
STEAM BASED LEARNING
TEACHER EMPOWERMENT COURSES



AWARD
RECOGNITION OF INTERNATIONAL DIMENSION IN SCHOOLS (RIDS)

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"IT STARTS WITH US"

FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

Whose problem is it anyway...

Season's greetings to our Anand Vidya Vihar family, friends and well wishers. It's the 25th year of the school; yes.. AVV saw its inception at the turn of the millennium. In these 25 years the soul and spirit of the school has always been inclined towards raising all its unique individuals 'uniquely'.



When every child is viewed through a unique lens he or she may appear unique. A unique individual has an identity carved out typical to only that individual. And this scanning and grooming happens in a school where you see 1400 plus unique individuals. Despite the number, the 'honing of the unique' happens day in and out although no institution can claim to be blameless or claim all the credit, either. I believe parents too add on to garner this individuality of a child with their perspectives and parenting styles. This is why we are ecstatic to announce that the young 11 year old Rudra Chitte of grade 6 from AVV walked away not just with that confident smile and aura all farmed well but with a compliment from none other than the KBC host, the legend Amitabh Bachhan for winning a Rs.25 lakh cheque and the audience's hearts with his cool and classy demeanour in the junior KBC. Never in the heat of the moment while sitting on the quintessential hot seat of KBC did he lose his composure and step over into the line of overconfidence throwing all caution to the wind and utter gibberish drivel or sound presumptuous. His pleasant countenance, his knowledge were mere add ons to his overall respectful disposition. The reference here on purpose is not to compare him to the other child who went viral in the same programme for all the wrong reasons putting his parents into a fix for their purported parenting skills. Many psychologists have jumped to the defense of the hapless kid who inadvertently ended up sounding disrespectful, overconfident, ill-bred and pompous!! Who should be held responsible for his brief but much discussed stint in the programme??

Does it end there? As per the netizens it has been a resultant of years of unbounded pampering, ill grooming and overlooking 'mistakes' when it shouldn't have been!! Is it all of this?? If yes...the society, the school, the family, the parents all are equally responsible with a fair share of inputs...When we had to say a NO, we ignored..When we had to reprimand for unreasonable tantrums, we backtracked...When we needed to show the right examples we turned a blind eye..When we had to correct mistakes we chickened out..Whose problem was it...of Everyone!!! So collectively it led to what was visible and yet we won't learn...till the next example of some child of some family pops up for a dinner table conversation...Hope it isn't your turn next!!!

For this Diwali may we take a pledge of being responsible human beings who set the path right for the next generation....May we create many more examples the world would love to emulate and not scoff at...May we be blessed!!!

No problem is anyone's then...

Poornima Menon,
Principal

STUDENT CHRONICLES

A MEMORABLE SUMMER DAY AT BARDOLI WATER PARK – 2025

I'VE HAD MANY WONDERFUL AND EXCITING EXPERIENCES IN MY LIFE SO FAR, AND ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE WAS MY VISIT TO BARDOLI WATER PARK DURING THE SUMMER VACATION OF 2025.

DURING THE HOLIDAYS, I WENT TO SURAT, AND ALL MY COUSINS AND CLOSE RELATIVES JOINED US FOR A TRIP TO THE WATER PARK. THE EXCITEMENT BEGAN EARLY THAT DAY—AT 7 A.M.—EVEN THOUGH I HAD BARELY SLEPT FOR 4 TO 5 HOURS DUE TO THE ANTICIPATION. UNLIKE REGULAR SCHOOL DAYS, MY PARENTS DIDN'T WAKE ME UP; INSTEAD, I WOKE UP ON MY OWN, GOT READY QUICKLY, AND THEN WOKE EVERYONE ELSE IN THE HOUSE.

BY 9 A.M., WE BEGAN OUR JOURNEY TO BARDOLI, AND WE REACHED THE WATER PARK AROUND 11 A.M. I WAS SO EAGER TO JUMP INTO THE FUN THAT I DRAGGED MY MOTHER TO THE CHANGING ROOM TO HELP ME GET INTO MY COSTUME. AFTER APPLYING SUNSCREEN LOTION, MY COUSINS AND I ENTERED THE POOL. THE WATER WAS COOL AND REFRESHING—PERFECT FOR THE SUMMER HEAT.

SOON, THE ELDERS JOINED US IN THE POOL, AND THE REAL FUN BEGAN. WE SPLASHED WATER ON EACH OTHER AND LAUGHED ENDLESSLY. MY COUSINS AND I HEADED TO THE RIDES SECTION AND TRIED VARIOUS THRILLING RIDES. ON ONE RIDE, I FELT LIKE I WAS ABOUT TO FALL, BUT WHEN I LANDED SAFELY IN THE WATER, I FELT PROUD AND BRAVE.

AFTER ABOUT TWO HOURS OF FUN, WE WENT TO THE WAVE POOL. I COULDN'T BELIEVE WE HAD REACHED THE DEEPEST PART—IT WAS THRILLING! AT 1 P.M., WE SAT DOWN FOR LUNCH AND ENJOYED DELICIOUS FOOD FOLLOWED BY COOKIES AND CREAM FLAVOURED ICE CREAM.

AFTER A TWO-HOUR BREAK, WE JOINED THE RAIN DANCE AREA, WHERE WE DANCED AND DID GARBA FOR AN HOUR. THEN WE FLOATED PEACEFULLY IN THE LAZY RIVER ON SWIMMING TUBES, ENJOYING THE CALM AND SLOW DRIFT.

FINALLY, AT 5 P.M., WE GOT OUT OF THE WATER, CHANGED OUR CLOTHES, AND CHECKED OUT FROM THE RESORT. I FELT A LITTLE SAD THAT THE EXCITING DAY ENDED SO QUICKLY, BUT I WAS ALSO HAPPY THINKING ABOUT ALL THE FUN WE HAD. IT WAS TRULY A DAY FILLED WITH JOY, LAUGHTER, AND UNFORGETTABLE MEMORIES.

PAHI SHAH
GRADE 6

STUDENT CHRONICLES

NOT JEALOUS, JUST HUMAN

IT'S NOT JEALOUSY – JUST A QUIET ACHE

JUST HUMAN – AND MAYBE A LITTLE TOO IN LOVE

HE ASKS, ARE YOU JELOUS?"

I SMILE.

JEALOUS? NO... NOT QUITE.

I ONLY FLINCH WHEN YOUR GAZE DRIFTS PAST ME LIKE I'M JUST AIR AND NOT THE STORM ONCE HELD IN YOUR EYES.

I ONLY LAUGH A LITTLE LOUDER WHEN SHE MAKES YOU SMILE AS IF MY SILENCE ISN'T SCREAMING BENEATH THE NOISE.

I ONLY SCROLL THROUGH MEMORIES YOU'VE LONG DELETED, REREADING EVERY WORD LIKE SCRIPTURE, WHILE YOU TREAT THEM AS ECHOES OF SOMETHING THAT NEVER MATTERED.

IT'S NOT JEALOUSY JUST A QUIET ACHE WHEN I SEE YOU HAPPY AND KNOW I'M NO LONGER THE REASON.

I SMILE, YES, BUT IT NEVER REACHES MY EYES. THEY'VE GROWN TIRED OF PRETENDING I'M FINE WITH BEING FORGOTTEN.

SHATAKSHI CHOUDHARY

GRADE 10

किताब के जज़्बात

अभी-अभी मैंने एक किताब पढ़ी,
आज दूसरी किताब लेकर बैठी ही थी,
तब मेज़ पर रखी किताब का पन्ना
फरफराया,
शायद मुझसे पूछ रहा था—
कि कैसी लगी किताब?
या फिर पूछ रहा था—
कि मेरा एहसास करने वापस आओगी ना?
या फिर किसी आशिक की तरह
मेरे हाथ पकड़ी किताब से जल रहा था,
उसे लगा कि मैं उसे इतनी जल्दी भूल गई।
या फिर अपने पन्नों पर पड़े
मेरे आँसुओं को सुखा रहा था,
या वह भी मेरी तरह
उन दोनों प्रेमियों की मौत पर रो रहा था।
या बस मेरी माँ की तरह
मुझे टोक रहा था,
कि मैं उसे उठाकर अलमारी में रख दूँ।
लोग मुझसे पूछते हैं—
कि मैं इतनी खोई-खोई सी क्यों रहती हूँ?
पर इन्हें क्या पता—
कि अभी-अभी मैंने एक किताब पढ़ी।

NAVYA DAVE

GRADE 11

STUDENT CHRONICLES

"UNFORGOTTEN, EVEN IN SILENCE"

"BECAUSE REAL FRIENDSHIP DOESN'T NEED DAILY CALLS"

BETWEEN HALF-FINISHED HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENTS AND CHALK DUST, WE HAD NO IDEA WHEN FRIENDSHIP STARTED. YOU WERE JUST ANOTHER FACE SITTING NEXT TO ME, BUT OVER TIME, YOU GREW TO BE MY FAVORITE SPOT.

EVERY SCHOOL MILE WAS FILLED WITH WHISPERED SECRETS: HALF YOUR SMILE, HALF MY LUNCH. NOT ONLY DID WE GROW UP TOGETHER, BUT WE ALSO MADE PROMISES LIKE "FOREVER IS FOREVER."

WE SOBBED IN CLASS, LAUGHED IN THE HALLWAYS, AND TIME PASSED BY TOO QUICKLY. EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE FAR AWAY NOW AND THE DAYS SEEM LONG, YOU STILL BELONG IN MY MEMORIES.

I LOOK THROUGH THE PHOTOS, WISHING I COULD GO BACK IN TIME TO THE FRIEND I LOST IN THE RACE AGAINST TIME. IN THE MIDST OF THE CHAOS AND NOISE, YOU WERE MY VOICE FROM CHILDHOOD, MY SAFE HAVEN.

I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT NO MATTER WHERE I GO, YOU ARE STILL A PART OF ME.

IT'S NOT NECESSARY FOR SOME FRIENDSHIPS TO REMAIN CLOSE.

ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS REMAIN HONEST.

AAMANTRAN - CAREER FEST



WORLD MUSIC DAY



CONVOCATION



INVESTITURE CEREMONY



STUDENT CHRONICLES

I EXIST, BUT BARELY

"EXISTING BETWEEN SILENCE AND SCARS."

SOME NIGHTS, THE SILENCE SCREAMS TOO LOUD,
AND BREATHING FEELS LIKE BREAKING VOWS.

I COUNT EACH SECOND LIKE A SIN,
WISHING I COULD SHED MY SKIN.

I SMILE IN CROWDS AND LAUGH JUST RIGHT,
BUT DROWN ALONE IN SLEEP EACH NIGHT.

NO ONE SEES THE WARS I FIGHT,
IN DAYLIGHT'S GLOW, OR 2 A.M.'S BITE.

YOU LOVED THEM, NOT ME — I KNEW,
YET GAVE YOU PIECES, BROKEN BUT TRUE.
MY HEART BECAME YOUR QUIET SHORE,
WHERE YOU RESTED, THEN LEFT ONCE MORE.

I WROTE YOU POEMS YOU'LL NEVER READ,
FED A HOPE THAT NEVER FED MY NEED.
TOLD MYSELF LOVE WAS JUST LIKE PAIN,
IF IT HURTS, IT MEANS YOU CAME.

ANXIETY WRAPS MY RIBS TOO TIGHT,
BREATHLESS MORNINGS, SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.
I FLINCH AT THOUGHTS I CANNOT TAME,
LIKE WHISPERS CALLING OUT MY NAME.

THE WORLD MOVES FAST — I BARELY CRAWL.

SMILING FACES, PERFECT WALLS.

I SPEAK IN TEXTS, DELETE THE CALLS,
AND LET MY BROKEN PIECES FALL.

I PANIC WHEN THE DOORBELL RINGS,
ASHAMED OF WHAT THE SILENCE BRINGS.
THE ROOM'S TOO SMALL, MY CHEST TOO WIDE —
NO PLACE TO RUN, NOWHERE TO HIDE.

I CRAVE A HUG I WOULDN'T RESIST,
SOMEONE TO SAY, "YOU CAN EXIST."

BUT ALL I HEAR IS MY OWN CRY,
ECHOING FROM A DEEPER LIE.

THEY SAY, "IT'S JUST A PHASE, YOU KNOW,"
BUT PHASES PASS — THIS DOESN'T GO.
IT CLINGS LIKE GUILT, IT HOLDS LIKE FATE,
IT TEACHES LOVE, THEN SHOWS YOU HATE.

STILL... HERE I AM, A BREATH, A SCAR,
A FLICKER OF HOPE, HOWEVER FAR.
I WRITE THIS NOT FOR YOU TO SEE,
BUT SO THE DARKNESS LETS ME BE.

JUSTICE: A VOICE FOR CHANGEN

A GENTLE SPARK BEGINS TO RISE,
A HOPEFUL CALL THAT NEVER DIES.
THROUGH EVERY HEART, A TRUTH TAKES FLIGHT,
A GUIDING STAR, A SHINING LIGHT.

NO WALLS CAN BLOCK, NO CHAINS CAN BIND,
THE DREAM OF PEACE FOR HUMANKIND.
EACH VOICE THAT JOINS, BOTH FAR AND NEAR,
CREATES A SONG THE WORLD MUST HEAR.

WITH STEADY STEPS, THE PATH IS MADE,
AS SHADOWS LIFT, THE DOUBTS WILL FADE.
FROM YESTERDAY TO FUTURE DAYS,
WE CARRY HOPE IN COUNTLESS WAYS.

FOR TRUTH WILL STAND WHERE LIES MAY FALL,
AND KINDNESS TRIUMPHS OVER ALL.
THE STRENGTH OF MANY, SIDE BY SIDE,
CAN TURN THE WAVE, CAN CHANGE THE TIDE.

SO LET US RISE, WITH COURAGE STRONG,
AND FILL THE WORLD WITH A HOPEFUL SONG.
FOR JUSTICE THAT SHINES, MAKING A FLAME SO TRUE,
A BRIGHTER WORLD BEGINS WITH YOU.

SHUBHANGI KUCHIYA
GRADE 10

TO ALL MY POETS

AALWAYS THE POET NEVER THE MUSE
YET ISN'T THAT YOUR GIFT?
TO HOLD THE PEN, TO WEAVE THE WORLDS,
TO BREATHE LIFE INTO SILENCE.
DO NOT TRADE IT,
JUST BECAUSE OF SOMETHING SOMEONE ONCE
SAID
OR SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN THERE, THEIR AND THEY'RE
NEVER LET ANOTHER'S SHALLOW OPINION
STOP YOUR WORDS FROM BECOMING.
BE LOUD.
BE QUIET.
BE TENDER.
BE CALLOUS.
BE SAD.
BE HAPPY.
BE VACANT.
BE THOUGHTFUL.
BE YOU.
SIMPLY—BE
DREAM ON, EVEN IF THE DREAM
SHIMMERS JUST BEYOND THE HORIZON.
BE THE POET.
FIND YOUR MUSE.
AND WHEN THE NIGHT IS QUIET
AND NOTHING ELSE REMAINS—
BE BOTH.

RISHA PATEL
GRADE 10

STUDENT CHRONICLES

QUIET RESONANCE

THE WORLD OUTSIDE, SO LOUD AND GRAND,
THEY TALK OF PLSNS, THEY HOLD A HAND.
I SIT INSIDE A SILENT SPACE,
A CHEERFUL SMILE UPON MY FACE.
I SCROLL THROUGH PICTURES, BRIGHT AND BOLD,
A HUNDRED HAPPY STORIES TOLD
I "LIKE" EACH ONE WITH A FAKE GLEE,
PRETENDING THAT THEY'RE FRIENDS WITH ME.
THE PHONE IS QUIET, THE SCREEN IS DARK,
I FEEL THE ABSENCE LEAVE ITS MARK.
I HUM A HAPPY, EMPTY TUNE,
BENEATH A COLD AND LONELY MOON.
THEY SAY I'M STRONG, THEY SAY I'M FREE,
THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE
SO FULL OF NOTHING, ALL ALONW
A HOLLOW LAUGH, A SILENT GROAN.

VYOM DAVE

GRADE 10

NATURE'S NATURE

NATURE WANTS TO BE AT LIBERTY,
AWAY FROM YOUR POLLUTION.
MEN IN WOMEN MAKING NATURE DIRTY,
AS PER MY NOTION.
NATURE ALWAYS THINKS ABOUT YOU
AND
TRIES NOT TO MAKE YOU NASTY.
PAY SOME RESPECT WHICH IT NEVER
ASKS FOR,
AND USE IT WISELY, DON'T IGNORE.
SO, LET US CHERISH THE NATURE'S GRACE
AND KEEP HER SAFE IN EVERY PLACE.
WE FIND OUT REST IN HER ARMS,
AND IN HER BEAUTY WE ARE BLESSED
LET US HONOUR NATURE'S WAYS,
A WORLD OF WONDER, AN ANCIENT
MAZE.

NAMAN KUMAR

GRADE 10

WHY FAILING ISN'T THE END

FAILING FEELS AWFUL. WHETHER IT'S A BAD TEST SCORE, MESSING UP IN A MATCH, OR BLANKING OUT IN FRONT OF THE CLASS, IT MAKES US FEEL LIKE WE'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH. BUT HERE'S THE THING: FAILURE ISN'T THE FULL STOP WE THINK IT IS. IT'S MORE LIKE A COMMA, A PAUSE BEFORE CONTINUING. TAKE LEARNING TO CYCLE, FOR EXAMPLE. NO ONE RIDES PERFECTLY ON DAY ONE. WE FALL, GET A FEW BRUISES, AND THEN SLOWLY FIGURE IT OUT. SCHOOL LIFE IS THE SAME. EVERY MISTAKE IS JUST PRACTICE IN DISGUISE.

SOMETIMES FAILURE ACTUALLY TEACHES US MORE THAN SUCCESS. IT FORCES US TO THINK DIFFERENTLY, TO PUT IN EXTRA EFFORT, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, TO NOT GIVE UP. EVEN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE WE ADMIRE TODAY FAILED COUNTLESS TIMES BEFORE REACHING WHERE THEY ARE. AS 11TH GRADERS, WE OFTEN GET CAUGHT UP IN MARKS AND RESULTS. BUT ONE BAD GRADE DOESN'T DEFINE US. IT JUST SHOWS US WHERE TO IMPROVE.

SO NEXT TIME YOU FAIL, DON'T SEE IT AS THE END. SEE IT AS A REMINDER THAT YOU'RE STILL LEARNING, STILL GROWING, AND STILL MOVING FORWARD. AFTER ALL, FALLING ONCE DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T STAND AGAIN, SOMETIMES IT MEANS YOU'LL STAND EVEN STRONGER.

SANVI MATHUR
CLASS XI A

EQUAL WINGS

BOYS AND GIRLS, ALL THE SAME,
EQUAL RIGHTS, EQUAL NAME.
NO MORE WALLS, NO MORE CHAINS,
FAIR AND JUST, FREEDOM REIGNS.
DREAMS ARE SHARED, HEARTS ARE TRUE,
SIDE BY SIDE, WE ALL PURSUE.
HAND IN HAND, STRONG AND FREE,
THIS IS HOW THE WORLD SHOULD BE.
LET US SOAR ON EQUAL WINGS,
WITH THE STRENGTH THAT FREEDOM BRINGS.
IN EVERY HEART, LET FAIRNESS GROW,
TOGETHER, WE'LL LET HAPPINESS FLOW.

DIA GANDHI
XI B

TEACHER – A GUIDE

A DAY CELEBRATED FOR YOU,
BUT IT CAN NEVER REPLACE THE UNCONDITIONAL LOVE FROM YOU.
YOU HAVE GIVEN US THE LIGHT OF THE PATHWAY,
WE MIGHT CHOOSE FROM THE DAY WE MET YOU.
YOU GIVE US KNOWLEDGE BEYOND OUR IMAGINATION,
BUT TO LEARN THIS FROM YOU IS EXCEPTIONAL EVERYDAY.
TO HANDLING OVER 100 STUDENTS EVERYDAY AND STILL NOT LOSING YOUR PATIENCE OVER US,
WE RESPECT YOU FROM EVERY DIRECTION.
BEING AN INSPIRATION FOR EVERYONE IS NOT AN EASY TASK,
YOU PROVE THEM WRONG AT EVERY STEP.
WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVE, RESPECT AND SUPPORT,
WE WILL ALWAYS MAKE YOU PROUD.

PALAK NISHAD
XI A

VADODARA KIDOVATION FESTIVAL 4.0



WORLD DANCE DAY



JANMASHTAMI



STUDENT CHRONICLES

ACROSS THE COSMIC MIRROR

IT'S YOU. BUT NOT YOU. WELCOME TO A PARALLEL UNIVERSE.

THE IDEA OF A PARALLEL UNIVERSE HAS ALWAYS FASCINATED HUMANITY. WHAT IF THERE EXISTS ANOTHER GALAXY, ANOTHER EARTH, WITH PEOPLE JUST LIKE US - YET ENTIRELY DIFFERENT? THOUGH SCIENCE HAS NOT YET CONFIRMED SUCH POSSIBILITIES, THE THOUGHT LINGERS LIKE A SPARK IN THE IMAGINATION: WHAT IF?

IN THIS UNIVERSE, EVERYTHING MIRRORS OUR OWN, EXCEPT FOR ONE BIG TWIST - OUR PERSONALITIES AND CHOICES ARE THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT THEY ARE HERE. A PERSON WHO IS RESPONSIBLE AND DISCIPLINED IN THIS WORLD IS CAREFREE AND RECKLESS IN ANOTHER. SOMEONE WHO DISLIKES BOOKS HERE MAY LOVE THEM ELSEWHERE. THE THOUGHT ITSELF IS MIND BOGGLING, ISN'T IT?

OF THE MOST FASCINATING WHAT IF'S IS, YOU EVER GET TO MEET YOUR 'PARALLEL SELF'. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO SOMEONE WHO IS POLES APART FROM YOU, YET JUST LIKE YOU? WOULD YOU BE HAPPY WATCHING YOURSELF DO THINGS YOU NEVER DID BEFORE?

YET, THE MORE I REFLECT, THE MORE I REALIZE: OPPOSITES CANNOT DEFINE EVERYTHING. WE ARE NOT JUST SHAPED BY IMPULSES BUT BY CHOICES. I BELIEVE MY PATH, MY GROWTH, AND MY DECISIONS ARE UNIQUELY MINE. IF ALL THE GOOD I CULTIVATE EXISTS HERE, THEN PERHAPS MY PARALLEL SELF IS NOT MY 'OPPOSITE,' BUT A REMINDER OF WHAT I CHOOSE NOT TO BECOME.

ULTIMATELY, THE IDEA OF A PARALLEL UNIVERSE TEACHES US SOMETHING VITAL: WE ALWAYS CARRY WITHIN US MULTIPLE POSSIBILITIES. WHO WE ARE DEPENDS NOT ONLY ON CIRCUMSTANCE, BUT ON WHAT WE DECIDE TO EMBRACE. AND PERHAPS THAT IS THE GREATEST MYSTERY - JUST LIKE A PARALLEL WORLD FANTASY, HOW MANY VERSIONS OF OURSELVES LIVE INSIDE US, WAITING TO BE CHOSEN.

JAGAVI CHHAYA

(XI A)

THE SILENT SAVIOURS

LIKE THE MOON THAT SHINES THROUGH THE
DARKEST NIGHT,
YOUR NAME BRINGS HOPE, YOUR TOUCH
FEELS RIGHT.

IN ILLNESS DEEP YOU STAND SO TRUE,
FIGHTING EACH BATTLE TO HEAL US
THROUGH.

YOU STRIVE EACH DAY WITH ALL YOUR
MIGHT,
WE SEE YOUR CARE, YOUR GUIDING LIGHT.
THROUGH SACRIFICE, YOU WALK THE LINE,
STILL TREATING ALL WITH GRACE DIVINE.
YOU CALM OUR FEARS OF WHAT'S AHEAD,
YOU SOOTHE THE PAIN, THE TEAR WE SHED.
YOU UNDERSTAND OUR SILENT CRIES,
YOUR STRENGTH AND KINDNESS NEVER DIES.
WE SALUTE YOUR WORK, YOUR NOBLE ART,
WITH ENDLESS THANKS FROM EVERY HEART.
FOREVER GRATEFUL WE SHALL BE,
FOR ALL YOU DO SO SELFLESSLY.

OH GOD! BLESS HEALERS EVERYWHERE,
WITH STRENGTH, GOOD HEALTH, AND LOVE
AND CARE.

KEEP THEM SAFE THEIR WHOLE LIFE
THROUGH—
OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS DRESSED IN BLUE!

KASHISH MITTAL

GRADE 11

THE PATH OF DISCIPLINE

THE PATH OF DISCIPLINE, BRAVE AND BOLD,
THIS NARROW ROAD, LINED WITH GOLD.
FOR EVERY TRIAL STRENGTHENS A NEW,
EACH SACRIFICE TELLS WHAT'S TRUE.

THROUGH STORMS OF DOUBT AND WINDS OF
FEAR,
THE VOICE OF WILL RING SHARP AND CLEAR.
EVERY FAILURE AND EVERY FALL,
BECOMES A STONE TO BUILD IT ALL.

DEDICATION HUMS LIKE A STEADY DRUM,
A QUIET FORCE THAT WILL NOT YIELD.
NOT LOUD LIKE LIGHTNING, NOR QUICK LIKE
FLAME,
BUT CONSTANT, PATIENT, ALWAYS THE SAME.

SO, STROLL WITH PURPOSE, RISE AND STRIVE,
THE FIRE WITHIN WILL KEEP ALIVE.
THROUGH TRIALS FACED AND MOUNTAINS
CLIMBED,
YOUR SOUL, REFINED WILL ENDURE TIME.

ANERI DALAL

STUDENT CHRONICLES

MY FIRST FLAT TYRE ADVENTURE

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE JUST A NORMAL EVENING. MOM, DAD, AND I WERE HEADING OUT AFTER A LONG DAY—WE WERE ALL A LITTLE TIRED AND JUST WANTED A RELAXED RIDE. BUT OF COURSE, OUR EVENING PLANS QUICKLY GOT UPGRADED TO AN ADVENTURE.

HALFWAY DOWN THE ROAD, OUR CAR SUDDENLY GOT A FLAT TYRE. AT FIRST, I THOUGHT, “GREAT... NOW WE’LL JUST BE STUCK HERE.” BUT THEN DAD LOOKED AT ME AND ASKED IF I WANTED TO HELP FIX IT.

I WASN’T SURE HOW MUCH I COULD ACTUALLY DO, BUT I DECIDED TO GIVE IT A SHOT. SOON, I WAS LOOSENING BOLTS, HELPING WITH THE JACK, AND PUTTING ON THE SPARE TYRE. IT WAS HARDER THAN IT LOOKED, AND MY HANDS GOT SUPER DIRTY, BUT HONESTLY, IT FELT AWESOME!

BY THE TIME WE WERE DONE, I FELT LIKE I’D JUST LEVELED UP IN REAL LIFE. CAR FIXED, CONFIDENCE BOOSTED, HANDS MESSY—BUT TOTALLY WORTH IT.



THAT FLAT TYRE WASN’T JUST ABOUT FIXING THE CAR—IT WAS ABOUT LEARNING, STEPPING UP, AND REALIZING THAT I CAN TAKE RESPONSIBILITY WHEN IT MATTERS. DEFINITELY AN EVENING I WON’T FORGET.

HET LODHIYA

GRADE 7

WISDOM OF DREAMS

REMEMBER THOSE DAYS OF FUN AND DELIGHT,
THE CHILDHOOD WE SPENT IN DREAMS OF FLIGHT.
GRADUALLY THE DREAMS GOT BOLDER AND BOLDER,
WAITING FOR THE TIME WHEN WE WOULD GET OLDER.

THE DREAMS WE DREW ON OUR LITTLE MINDS,
CHANGED THE DIRECTIONS WITH BETTER KINDS.
AS WE GREW OLD, THE DREAMS GOT TOUGHER,
MAKING US THINK WE DID NOT GET THE LUCK TO GO FURTHER.

NOW JUST PONDERING ON THE STRIVING WORK WE GET,
NEVER WONDERING ABOUT WE HAD BUT NEVER MET.

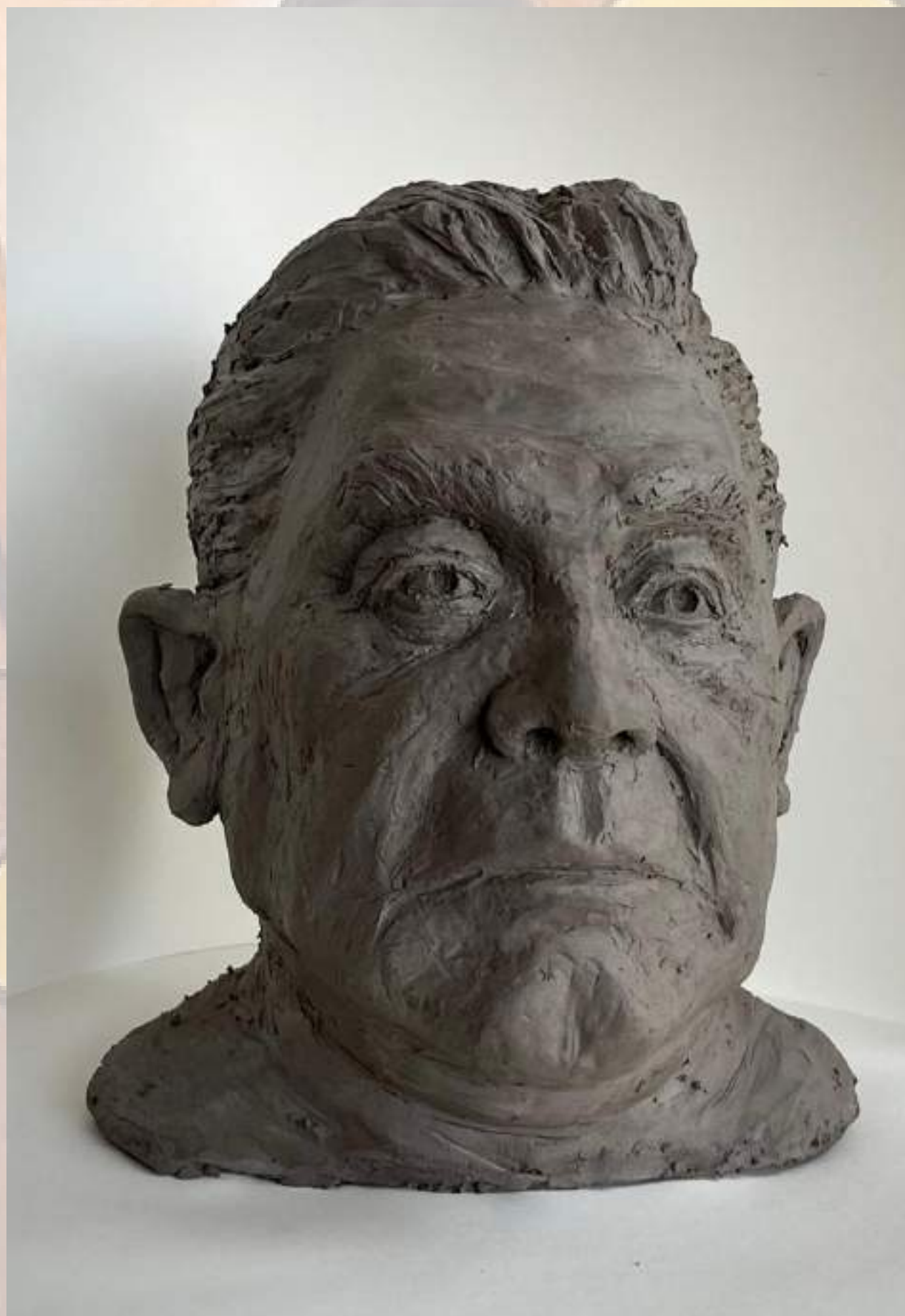
THOUGH WE HAD FUN THOSE DAYS, WE NEVER GAVE UP, BUT
WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE NON-RELINQUISH MINDS AS WE
GREW UP.

BY VANHI MAKADIA &
VINHA MAKADIA

WORLD LABOUR DAY



CLAY SCULPTURE



BASHA SAPTHA CELEBRATION



RATRI AFTER NAVRATRI



STUDENT CHRONICLES

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

ON ONE NIGHT, WHEN SMIT SLEPT, HE GOT A DISGUSTING BUT ADVENTUROUS DREAM. LITERALLY, SMIT WAS SCARED AFTER SEEING THIS SCARY DREAM. HE WAS ALSO FEELING LIKE HE IS GOING TO BE CRAZY.

THE STORY BEGINS, "ONCE UPON A TIME IN A CITY NAME JAIPUR WHERE THREE STUDENTS OF ANAND VIDYA VIHAR SCHOOL LIVED.

THE NAME OF FIRST STUDENT WAS SMIT RANA WHO WAS A CLASS TOPPER. THE NAME OF ANOTHER STUDENT WAS MONU PATEL WHO WAS SECOND CLASS TOPPER. THE NAME OF THIRD TOPPER WAS SONU SHAH. THEY ALL WERE BEST FRIENDS OF EACH OTHER.

FIRSTLY, ONE DAY MONU ASKED "CAN WE GO TO AN ADVENTUROUS TRIP?" SMIT ANSWERED "WE CAN GO TO THE WORLD'S MOST HAUNTED PLACE IN INDIA. IT IS BEGHAM PALACE OF RAJASTHAN, INDIA". SMIT GOT TO KNOW THIS FACT BECAUSE IT CAME IN HIS STUDIES.

SMIT DESCRIBED MORE ABOUT THAT PALACE, "IT WAS BEGHAM PALACE WHERE SOULS OF THE PEOPLE ROAMED IN IT". MONU ASKED "WHERE CAN WE GO SO THAT WE CAN EXPERIENCE AN ADVENTUROUS TRIP"? FOLLOWED BY IT, SONU ANSWERED "WE CAN GO TO VISIT BEGHAM PALACE ON SMIT'S BIRTHDAY. THEY ALL AGREED TO SONU'S IDEA.

NEXT WEEK, THEY TOOK PERMISSION FROM THEIR PARENTS FOR GOING TO VISIT BEGHAM PALACE. THEY SOMEHOW CROSSED THE SECURITY AND REACHED ON THE GATE OF THE PALACE. WHEN THEY OPENED THE DOOR, THE DOOR AUTOMATICALLY CLOSED.

THEY TRIED TO SWITCH ON THE LIGHT BUT SOMETIMES IT WAS SWITCHED ON AND SOMETIMES SWITCHED OFF. ALL THE SOULS CAME TOGETHER AND FORMED A BIG MONSTER. THE MONSTER TRIED TO ATTACK THEM AND THEY RAN ALL OVER THE PALACE BUT AT THE END, THEY TRIED TO OPEN THE DOOR BUT IT WAS NOT OPENING. SO, AFTER GETTING CHANCE TO ATTACK ON THEM, THE MONSTER FINALLY ATTACKED ON THEM. SMIT SUDDENLY WOKE UP.

AFTER DRINKING LITTLE WATER, HE SLEPT AGAIN. HE SHARED HIS EXPERIENCE WITH HIS MOTHER AND OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS.

SMIT RANA
GRADE 6

WHISPERS OF THE MYSTIC CORE

THROUGH MIST AND SHADE WHERE NIGHTBIRDS SOAR,
THE FOREST HIDES AN ANCIENT LORE, IT'S SHADOWS GUARD A MYSTIC CORE,
A PATH WHERE WHISPERS SOFTLY POUR.
THE TREES STAND TALL, THEIR BRANCHES SWAY,
WITH SECRETS ONLY STARS CONVEY.
THE MOONLIGHT WEAVES A SILVER PLAY,
THAT GUIDES THE HEART THROUGH DUSK'S ARRAY.
THE BREEZE HUMS LOW, A HAUNTING TUNE,
ITS MURMURS DANCE BENEATH THE MOON.
WHAT TRUTHS LIE WRAPPED IN NIGHT'S COCOON,
WHERE DREAMS AND MYSTERIES COMMUNE?
O GLORIOUS WOOD, YOUR SECRETS CALL,
YOUR SHADOWED BOUGHS ENTHRALL US ALL.
NO EYE CAN PIERCE YOUR VEILED THRALL, YET IN YOUR DEPTHS, WE FEEL THE CALL.

BY KRISHIV RANA
GRADE 8

શબ્દોનું સૌંદર્ય

ઉગ્રતા ભેળવશો તો લાગશે રવિ સમા
ભેળવશો પ્રાશ તો દીપી ઉઠશે કવિ સમા
ઠાલવશો થોડી લાગણી તો જાણે વર્ષાની ધાર
પુરશો થોડા રંગ પ્રેમના તો જોડશે હૃદયના તાર
કટુ વાણીએ બગાડશે સંગત
હાસ્યના શબ્દોમાં છે બારેમાસ વસંત
દરેક શબ્દોનું છે સૌંદર્ય નોખું
સમજણથી ખીલશે એનું રૂપ અનોખું...

MAITRI DHOLAKIA
GRADE 12

સૌંદર્યનું સરનામું

પ્રકૃતિના ખોળે મારી એક લટાર,
શોધવા સરનામું ફર્યા રસ્તા બે-ચાર
ઉગતા સૂર્ય સાથે કેવાં ખીલ્યાં છે ફૂલ,
ઢળતી સાંજે થયું મન પ્રકુલ
મોરનાં પીંછામાં એવાં પૂર્યાં છે રંગ,
કરતાં કળા ત્યારે ચોમેર ઉમંગ
બાળકનાં મુખ પરનું ખિલખિલાટ હાસ્ય,
સુંદરતાનું છે એ મોટું રહસ્ય
ઘરતી એ સુંદર ઓઢી છે ચાદર,
શોધવા સરનામું જવું પડશે ગામને પાદર....

MAITRI DHOLAKIA
GRADE 12

STUDENT CHRONICLES

THE BALLAD OF FALLEN BANGLES



SHOURYA JAIN
GRADE 8

TEACHERS' CORNER

THE POWER OF PAUSE: CHOOSING RESPONSE OVER REACTION

"BETWEEN STIMULUS AND RESPONSE, THERE IS A SPACE. IN THAT SPACE LIES OUR POWER TO CHOOSE OUR RESPONSE." VIKTOR FRANKL'S WORDS REMIND US THAT THE PAUSE BETWEEN WHAT HAPPENS TO US AND WHAT WE DO NEXT DEFINES OUR EMOTIONAL MATURITY. LIFE CONSTANTLY PRESENTS US WITH STIMULI—COMMENTS, DISAGREEMENTS, UNEXPECTED OUTCOMES—AND OUR REACTIONS OFTEN REVEAL MORE ABOUT US THAN THE CIRCUMSTANCES THEMSELVES. WHETHER AT HOME OR IN THE WORKPLACE, OUR ABILITY TO PAUSE AND RESPOND THOUGHTFULLY INSTEAD OF IMPULSIVELY REACTING CAN PROFOUNDLY SHAPE OUR RELATIONSHIPS AND PERSONAL GROWTH. CONSIDER AGAIN THE WORKPLACE SCENARIO WHERE TWO COWORKERS DISCUSS A PROJECT. ONE OFFERS FEEDBACK, HOPING TO IMPROVE EFFICIENCY, WHILE THE OTHER REACTS DEFENSIVELY, INTERPRETING IT AS A PERSONAL ATTACK. THIS REACTION CAN STEM FROM INSECURITY, PRIDE, OR PAST EXPERIENCES OF CRITICISM. IN CONTRAST, IF THE COWORKER PAUSED BEFORE RESPONDING—TAKING A BREATH, ACKNOWLEDGING THE SUGGESTION, AND ASKING QUESTIONS—THE INTERACTION WOULD LIKELY LEAD TO COLLABORATION INSTEAD OF CONFLICT. THE DIFFERENCE IS NOT IN THE WORDS SPOKEN BUT IN THE EMOTIONAL AWARENESS GUIDING THEM. REACTION IS OFTEN AUTOMATIC; IT ARISES FROM THE UNEXAMINED PATTERNS OF FEAR, EGO, AND DEFENSIVENESS. RESPONDING, HOWEVER, REQUIRES INTENTION. IT MEANS RECOGNIZING THE FEELINGS THAT SURFACE, ALLOWING THEM SPACE, AND CHOOSING ACTION THAT ALIGNS WITH RESPECT AND UNDERSTANDING. THE SPACE FRANKL DESCRIBES IS NOT MERELY METAPHORICAL—IT IS THE REALM OF MINDFULNESS. IN THAT MOMENT OF AWARENESS, WE GAIN POWER OVER IMPULSIVITY AND INVITE REASON AND EMPATHY TO LEAD OUR BEHAVIOR. CULTIVATING THIS ABILITY TO RESPOND COMES THROUGH PRACTICE. IT MAY INVOLVE SLOWING DOWN, REFLECTING BEFORE SPEAKING, OR SIMPLY OBSERVING OUR EMOTIONAL IMPULSES. DEVELOPING EMOTIONAL INTELLIGENCE—UNDERSTANDING ONE'S EMOTIONS AND THOSE OF OTHERS—HELPS TRANSFORM THIS SPACE INTO A TOOL FOR GROWTH. WHEN WE RESPOND THOUGHTFULLY, WE COMMUNICATE THAT WE VALUE THE RELATIONSHIP MORE THAN THE ARGUMENT. WE DEMONSTRATE HUMILITY AND OPENNESS TO LEARNING, CREATING AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE FEEDBACK IS SEEN AS A PATHWAY TO IMPROVEMENT RATHER THAN A THREAT. IN EVERY INTERACTION, WE FACE A CHOICE: REACT FROM EMOTION OR RESPOND WITH INTENTION. CHOOSING THE LATTER ALLOWS US TO TURN CHALLENGING MOMENTS INTO OPPORTUNITIES FOR CONNECTION, EMPATHY, AND MUTUAL RESPECT. OVER TIME, THIS MINDFUL DISCIPLINE BUILDS TRUST, STRENGTHENS CHARACTER, AND FOSTERS HARMONY IN BOTH PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL SPHERES. ULTIMATELY, THE POWER TO PAUSE BEFORE RESPONDING IS NOT ONLY AN ACT OF SELF-CONTROL BUT ALSO AN EXPRESSION OF WISDOM—ONE THAT TRANSFORMS ORDINARY CONVERSATIONS INTO MEANINGFUL EXCHANGES THAT NURTURE UNDERSTANDING AND GROWTH.

JASMIN PREMSON

TEACHERS' CORNER

हिंदी भाषा – एक आवाज़, एक पहचान

हिंदी, सिर्फ एक भाषा नहीं है,
यह तो भाव है –
जिसमें माँ की लोरी गूँजती है,
दादी की कहानियाँ पिघलती हैं,
और बचपन के आंगन की मिट्टी महकती है।

यह वह स्वर है
जो उत्तर से दक्षिण तक
और पूरब से पश्चिम तक
अलग-अलग बोलियों में
एक ही दिल की धड़कन बन जाता है।

हिंदी वह पुल है
जो संस्कृत की गहराई से
आधुनिकता की ऊँचाई तक
ज्ञान और भावना को जोड़ता है।

यह किताबों की भाषा है,
सड़क किनारे ठेले वाले की पुकार भी।
यह भाषण में गरिमा है,
और चिट्ठियों में आत्मीयता।

हिंदी में सिर्फ शब्द नहीं होते,
स्मृतियाँ होती हैं,
संवेदनाएँ होती हैं,
और एक पूरे देश की आत्मा बोलती है।

आओ,
हम सिर्फ हिंदी बोलें नहीं,
उसे जीएँ, समझें, संवारें –
क्योंकि यह सिर्फ हमारी भाषा नहीं,
हमारी पहचान है।

कल्पना क्षत्रिया
मनोवैज्ञानिक

TEACHERS' CORNER

DHAROHAR: OUR LIVING STORY

LOOK AT THESE WALLS—THEY'VE SEEN OUR LAUGHTER,
HEARD OUR STORIES, AND HELD OUR TEARS AFTER.
EVERY TEMPLE, EVERY CARVING, EVERY STONE,
IS A WHISPER OF LIVES WE'VE KNOWN.
RIVERS THAT RAN THROUGH OUR CHILDHOOD PLAY,
MOUNTAINS THAT WATCHED OVER US EVERY DAY.
FORESTS THAT CRADLED SECRETS IN THE BREEZE,
NATURE'S HERITAGE MOVES WITH EASE.
GRANDMOTHER'S SONGS AT THE BREAK OF DAWN,
FESTIVALS THAT KEEP OUR SPIRITS DRAWN.
THE CRAFTS WE TOUCH, THE DANCES WE SHARE,
ALL OF IT TELLS US SOMEONE CARED.
DHAROHAR ISN'T JUST OLD OR FAR AWAY,
IT'S THE PULSE IN OUR HEARTS TODAY.
IT'S OUR HANDS, OUR VOICES, OUR GUIDING LIGHT,
OUR STORY, OUR SOUL, OUR PRIDE, OUR SIGHT.

GAYATRI BAJAJ

FOOTPRINTS

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