

Inkwell Odyssey



Debut Edition





Editor's Note

Man has always possessed an innate talent and desire for storytelling. It is only a story which can take us into worlds unknown; it is the art of storytelling which gave cavemen a tool to set in front of their listeners their valorous hunts; sailors a medium to return to their homeland with a part of their adventures; elders a remembrance of the warm past when faintly recalling long gone days to their children. A story is that brilliant tapestry which our enchanted-loom like mind weaves; each thread carrying a million emotions, and millions of threads in myriad of colours coming together to create a tapestry paralleling the artistry of Arachne herself. Each tapestry is unique, coloured by the threads used by the weaver but ultimately culminating into divine bliss.

Here we present to you 9 such tapestries woven by the prodigious young weavers of our school in this debut of Inkwell Odyssey.

Editor-in-chief,
Tanveer Bhamra

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Amish Tripathi



Amish Tripathi is a renowned Indian author, best known for his captivating and thoughtprovoking novels that seamlessly blend mythology, history, and philosophy. Born on November 18, 1974, in Mumbai, India, Tripathi's writing career began with the launch of his debut novel, "The Immortals of Meluha," in 2010, which marked the beginning of the highly acclaimed Shiva Trilogy. This trilogy, followed by the Ram Chandra Series, has been instrumental in redefining the landscape of Indian mythology and fiction, introducing readers to a unique blend of ancient legends and contemporary themes.

With his distinctive writing style, which combines meticulous research, philosophical insights, and engaging storytelling, Amish Tripathi has established himself as one of the most influential and beloved authors in contemporary Indian literature, with a massive following across the globe. His novels have been translated into several languages and have sold millions of copies worldwide, cementing his position as a literary icon in India. Tripathi's work has also been recognized with several awards and nominations, including the prestigious Crossword Book Award and the Raymond Crossword Book Award.



Arundhati Roy

- "live while you are alive and die when you are dead"

Suzanna Arundhati Roy was born on 24 November 1961 she is an Indian author best known for her novel "The god of small things" (1997), which won the Booker Prize for fiction in 1997 and became the best-selling book by a non-expatriate Indian author. Her mastery in her writing also won her the 2024 English Pen award which is a reward given to those few who chose to remain active in defending freedom of expression, which often puts their own lives at risk.



Interested in the writing genre of dark politics, she tries to find out the truth of various incidents and is a maestr of fiction as well as non-fiction. She is known for using alluring rhythm, alliteration, internal rhymes, assonance, dissonance, etc. to capture her readers' attention. She is known for her patriotism, having taken inspiration from her home country for majority of her books, keeping her thoughts Infront of her readers proficiently.

She is a lady of great character and awareness, having spoken at international forums on issues such as the war in Afghanistan and Iraq, the environment, big dams, religious fanaticism, and nuclear weapons. Which are all topics worth discussing to move towards good of our mother Earth.

Susanna Arundhati Roy an advocate of the environment, an activist, a novelist, an actress, a screen-writer and soo much more is a person of individuality and ingenuity who inspires people from all over the world.

O Atlantis



It had been a fortnight. We were astray. Our ship, a mighty vessel sank just two weeks ago. I was the captain of the ship. I was the captain, but I could not save my crew.

Along with me were a hundred or so other crew members. Only two survived, I and along with me a bard who was aboard the ship. We were left astray in Neptune's multitudinous seas. Our vessel was down, and now two of us survived, by managing to get on a boat. The lashes of Helios whipped at us with great force. Starvation caused us to grow feeble. We stayed alive, though; for we hoped for land. I lay on my back gazing to the sky, with the midday sun in my eyes. My companion, the bard held his lute in his hands and looked off in the distance. There was no land to be seen.

Supplies were scarce; we had had no food left. I had only a leather canteen, in which kept water, but that too had now exhausted itself; and a compass. I looked at the compass, hoping its needle would drive us ashore, but it was powerless.

I had formed a bond with the bard. He was young,; lively, but the curiosities in his mind drove him off from his native land. I looked at him and in his eyes I saw what he saw in mine; hopelessness and despair. His eyes; his curious eyes — they seemed to search for something.

Hours passed as before. The sun was still harsh. We were still empty. The boy plucked a string on his lute. I stayed still — still on my back, eyes towards the sky, for I was too fatigued to exert my corpse of a body. He looked to a distant place. I sat up. I too looked to the place he was looking at. He plucked yet another string and started singing:

"O! Atlantis;
City of dreams;
City of heavens;
City of Gods."

His voice, feeble with hunger, was silencing. It silenced the gushes of the waves and all came to a still. I listened.

"O Atlantis!
Bequeth unto me
Your bounty and riches;
O city of reverie!"

He strummed at the lute. He did not regard me. His pure voice echoed — reverberating, shaking; yet in harmony with the seas. I wanted to rise, yet I could not,

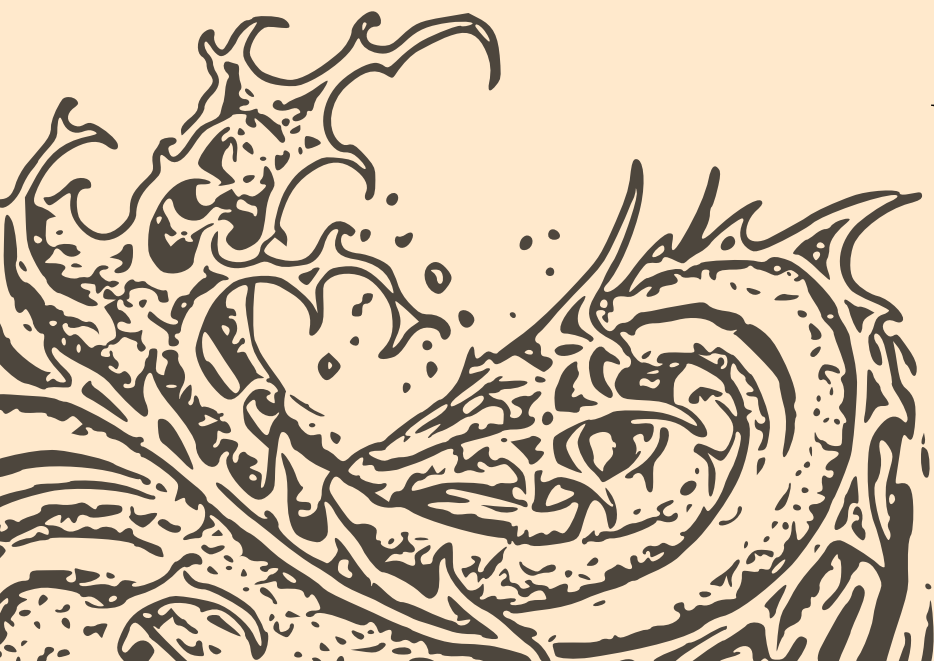
"O Atlantis!
City of life, city of peace;
City of viands and wine,
City of breads of meat."

He continued, his voice growing coarser.

"O Atlantis!
A bustling megapolis:
A city of people; a city of Gods
A city of my dreams."

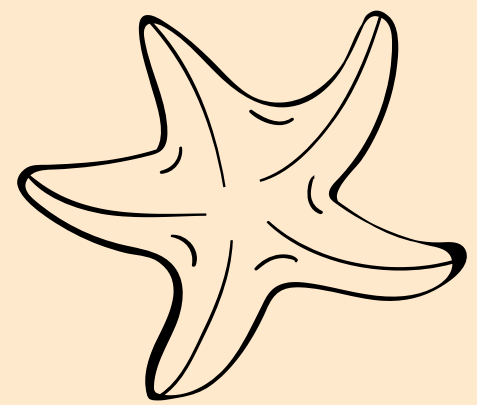
I was silent, yet wanted to say a lot. I listened, entranced by this beautiful song. He strummed; I listened; he sang; I listened.

"O Atlantis!
Why did you drown
And leave us here?
Rise you must
And let us drown!"



"Rise Atlantis!
And drown again;
For if you drown,
You must drag us down!"

"Drag us down
And let us drown,
So we can be free;
Free, of this misery."



I had closed my eyes. His song brought tears to my eyes. Suddenly, our boat shook violently. I opened my eyes and he stopped singing. His last song was violent, raw and it rang in my mind still. I looked around and through the thalassic waters, something rose. A great acropolis. Pillars of stone as white as the sun's rays tore the waters and rose to immense height. Atop the pillars was a bridge. I finally felt we were being called to the heavens. But the boat shook even more violently now. An island! An island split the seas and rose to the sky. It was majestic; with palaces and edifices so grand that they could humble the greatest of kings. The megapolis was a brilliant white, with forestry of a brilliant green and pillars of brilliant gold. It rose higher and higher. Out of my pocket, I grabbed my compass. The needle was spinning around.

I looked to the bard. He seemed to see what I saw; a great city; a city of dreams; a city of the heavens; a city of the Gods. It drew nearer, with it becoming more and more marvellous as it did so. We were to drown — Atlantis rose to drag us down.

My eyes widened. Insanity swept my mind and the institution of reason had dissolved instantaneously. I stood up, gathering what energy was left in me and spread my arms in embrace of Atlantis; in embrace of my fate. The bard's song echoed in my ears. I closed my eyes in submission to the gods, but my trance was broken.

I heard a voice; "Ahoy! Are the two of you lost?" yelled an alien voice. I opened my eyes and the city of dreams, the brilliant, brilliant city of gold was lost. Atlantis had drowned, but it did not drag us down. We were instead faced by a vessel — a trade ship. The bard jumped up in exultation, knowing we had been saved. The sailors threw ropes down to us and pulled us up. Atlantis did not drown, neither did it drag us down; it led us not to the city of dreams, nor the city of the heavens or that of the gods. Our fate, Atlantis, led us to our lives.

- Tanveer Bhamra, 12A



Story of a Mysterious Murder



The misty evening turned decidedly dark when thirteen year old Lucy Bennett made a discovery that was to change the course of her life forever. Hawthorn was a small village, known for peaceful streets and quiet winds, but this evening was different – a strange atmosphere pervaded the scene. The fog had rolled in prematurely, wrapping the village in thick white mist; the moon hung low and was hazily visible in the sky. Lucy was walking home from a friend's house that evening, and she had the idea to take the shortcut through the woods – her well-known path. Bony fingers stretched and twisted out; the trees loomed dark and tall. The woods were always strange, but tonight it just felt different. As she further went into the woods, Lucy stumbled upon something hard under her foot. She stopped and bent down, brushing off the leaves. It was a small leather book with shiny little knobs. It wasn't old, but definitely out of place. Opening it cautiously, Lucy saw jottings scribbled all over. The handwriting had a hurried, almost frantic quality to it, and the last line gave her a chill down her body, as It read out:

“The Truth is buried beneath Maple Manor. You must stop them before it's too late.”



Lucy felt her heart beat fast. Everyone knew about the somewhat dilapidated mansion at the end of the woods in the village, the Maple Manor, but no one dared venture near it. There had been tales of abandonment all these years, and at the very best the villagers would mumble about strange happenings about the house. No one had any idea whatsoever as to what had led to the abandonment of the manor, but most of them believed that it had something to do with the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Gregory Blackwood, the last owner of the place. However, the curiosity gnawed at Lucy. Stuffing the book into her jacket's pocket, she trudged onwards moving towards the Maple Manor, and with each step she felt the fog growing denser. The mansion stood entrenched in silence in some distance, towering stoned walls overgrown with ivy.

-Akshit Agrawal 7E



Voyage from the Junkyard to Moon

It was a shady night. I was returning home after a fantastic day at my friend's house. I had to pass through the junkyard near my house which usually didn't scare me at all, but that night, I saw a green light gleaming from the inside of a mirror. I was curious and decided to go near it. It was scratched on its side not to touch the mirror. But as an adventurous guy, I had taken an oath not to be scared and to never step back.

I had shivers down my spine. I was stuck in a situation where my mind told me to go:

Touch the mirror but my heart told me not to. I listened to my mind and touched the gleaming light and within a fraction of a second, I was teleported to some other world where it was dark all around with a huge fire ball which seemed to be the Sun. When I looked down I was shocked to see that I was on the Moon with lots of craters.

I screamed as loud as thunder. Just as I was about to cry, I saw a green creature with a hunched back and red eyes. I decided to talk to him. When he saw me he asked,



Hoshima
Cacurella?

With an angry tone, which I didn't understand. I told him that I am from Earth. He then took out a stick and put it on his head and told the other aliens to get out. When I saw them I found their clothes very disturbing as they were all made up of stones, as if they were still in the stone age. Soon, before my eyes fell a huge fire where there were a lot of green creature. The creature with the hunched back told me that it was a holy fire which was lit every full moon in the praise of their God – the Grand Poobah.

Then they took me to a large palace made of coal and when we went inside, we saw the alien king, named Zink, W. I asked the king if they could make me see the UFOs and then they took me to a large building. It was filled with a huge number of UFOs and when I looked inside, I saw there were a lot of buttons and a similar small mirror. When the aliens weren't looking, I touched it and teleported back to the junkyard and returned home.

It was the best thing I ever experienced. I learned how the aliens work in a team and follow the proverb "United we stand, divided we fall." Also, I was captivated by the way they lived properly adapting to their surroundings and not polluting their mother planet unlike humans. They had started to live with the natural elements and not waste resources like air, water, fire. I wish our planet Earth was the same with peace and unity.

- Ruben Aswani, VI B

The Signal



Detective Sarah Monroe had seen her fair share of strange cases and many degrees of strange in her career, but this one unnerved her deeply — a series of disappearances, all linked by a single cryptic message sent to the victims' phones: "I am coming. The signal is clear."

No ransom demands. No clear motive.

Just the chilling phrase. Sarah's gut told her this wasn't a simple case; there was something darker at play.

Emma Wells, the latest victim, had vanished two days ago. Her apartment showed no signs of struggle, and her phone was left on, still active. The only clue was the message. Sarah scoured Emma's social media hoping to uncover something that might connect her to the previous disappearances. Then she found it — a blurry video of an abandoned factory posted three weeks ago, liked by all the missing persons. In the background, a voice whispered : "The signal is clear."

The connection was undeniable. Sarah knew where she had to go next.

The factory sat on the outskirts of town, long abandoned and forgotten. Sarah's headlights pierced the fog as she approached. An unsettling feeling grew stronger. The air around the factory was thick with rust and decay, but there was something more: an oppressive silence. As she stepped inside, the eerie hum of a radio buzzed faintly in the distance, growing louder as she moved deeper into the building.

She followed the sound to a small room at the end of a corridor. Inside, rows of old radio equipment surrounded a glowing device, with its blue light pulsing rhythmically. At its center sat Emma Wells, unblinking and still, her body stiff and unmoving as she stared at that device in a trance.



Before Sarah could reach her, a low crackle filled the room, followed by a voice. A figure stood in the shadows, cloaked in shadow. Sarah's heart skipped; she recognized him from the missing persons' files. The one who had orchestrated everything.

"You're too late, Detective," the figure said, his voice reverberating through the room. "The signal is clear. You have heard it. We have all heard it."

The figure moved closer to Emma, his hand reaching out. "The device amplifies the signal. It's not just a message. It's a summons, a call to something beyond our world. Those who hear it... belong to us now."

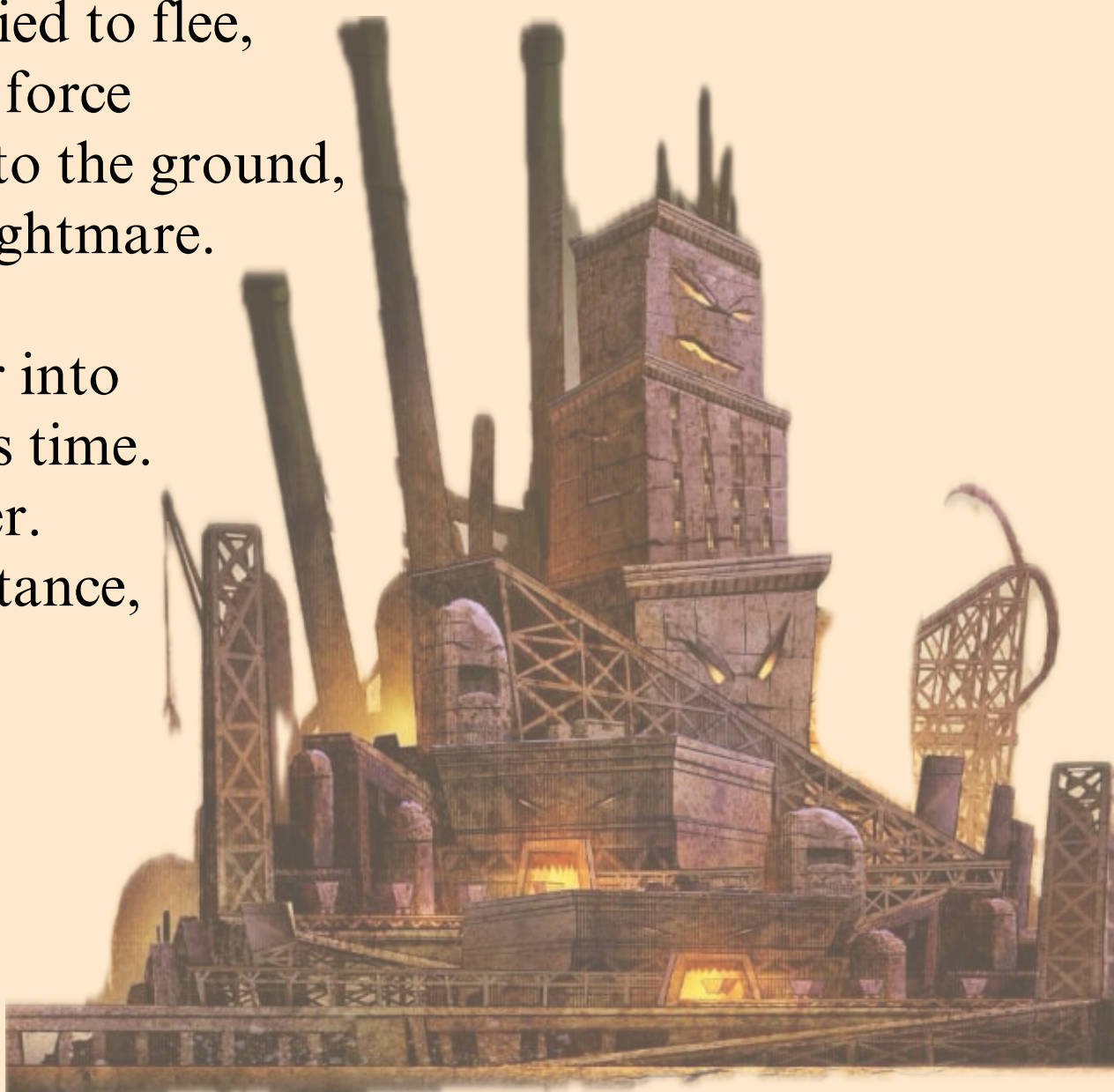
A cold dread filled Sarah as she realized the truth — the signal wasn't just a warning; it was a means to connect to otherworldly forces. Emma had already fallen under Its sway, and now Sarah was next.

But then, a spark of clarity broke through the fog clouding her mind. She wasn't done yet. She reached for her phone, activating the silent distress signal she'd set earlier. The figure turned, realizing too late that Sarah had outsmarted him.

Suddenly, the factory doors burst open, and officers flooded in, guns raised. The figure turned and tried to flee, but he collapsed as the signal's force overwhelmed him. Emma fell to the ground, blinking as if waking from a nightmare.

Sarah rushed to her, pulling her into her arms. They had won — this time. But the battle was far from over. The signal still pulsed in the distance, waiting for its next victim. "The game, Sarah knew, was only just beginning."

- Anushka Savant, XIF



UNPO {Ctrl+Z}

It was the year 2271. Robert was in his lab when he said “Finally I have made the time Machine, we can go to the past and get all the resources we want.”

In the year 2271 there was no place where one could see more than 10 trees. There was an everlasting drought. The government had set a mission "To stop the Earth from destroying itself." The average temperature was more than 75°C. People were suffering badly.

So, some learned people including Robert had decided to go to the past and collect all the necessary resources. So Robert and his team started to make a time machine, after trying endlessly his team's effort gave the required result. His other team members were Kevin, James, Lome and C. Kashav.

It was 17th of July 2271 everyone was ready. They have been told that they have to come at the meeting point at exactly 1 hour, if anyone would not come they will be stuck in past. Their plan was simple Kevin and Lome would go and get water. James would get a bag of seeds of different plants. C. Kashav would buy necessary grains, rice and flour. Meanwhile Robert would get vegetables and fruits.

Everyone was in their suits. They were given a time talker which would allow them to talk in any timeline.

All have set the time as 3rd of March 2027 place New Delhi. As they clicked their time travelling device in a fraction of second they were in past. Everyone went to collect their respective resources. There were 15 minutes left to go back to future. Everyone had collected their resources except C. Kashav and James. So, Robert had called James and C. Kashav.



"Hello James can you hear me. I wanted to tell you again if you do not come in 15 min you will be stuck in the past."

"Yes I know and I am on the way."

There was now 1 min left; everyone was ready in their place neither C. Kashav nor James were back. At last when they had to go they called them again but now there was no answer.

"Nooooo! It should not end like this. We all come, so we all should go. This is not correct" cried Lome.

After that the rest went to the future. Leaving C. Kashav and James in 2027. After they reached there they called them again,

"Hello can you hear me?" Asked Robert.

"Yea, so are we are stuck in the past forever?" replied James.

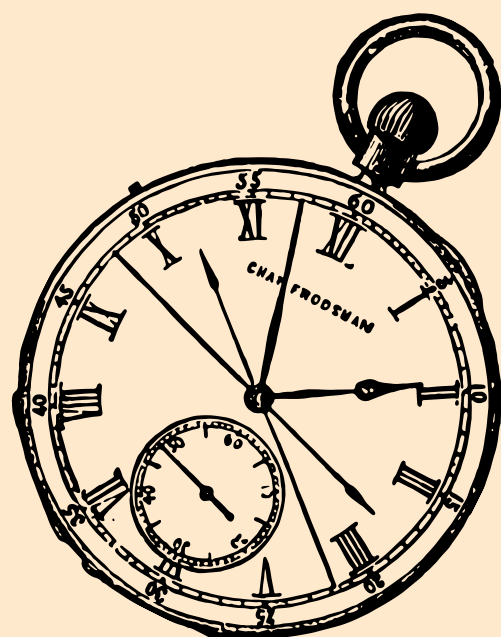
"No we will come and rescue you, but you need to do one thing and that is to aware people of upcoming future. Tell them to stop wasting resources, tell them they need to take necessary steps to avoid wars."

Explained Robert

Ok but, I want you to collect all the time traveling stuff so that we can come back in Future." Said James.

"Yes and I will tell people to do a total new start with collected resources also we will be in touch." Said Robert, Ending the call.

They told people that if they would not do anything to stop climate change, world wars, wasting essential resources, cutting down trees the future would be destroyed and our upcoming generation would face many problems including scarcity of basic things to live. It had been few months since they were stuck in the past and restlessly working on awakening people.



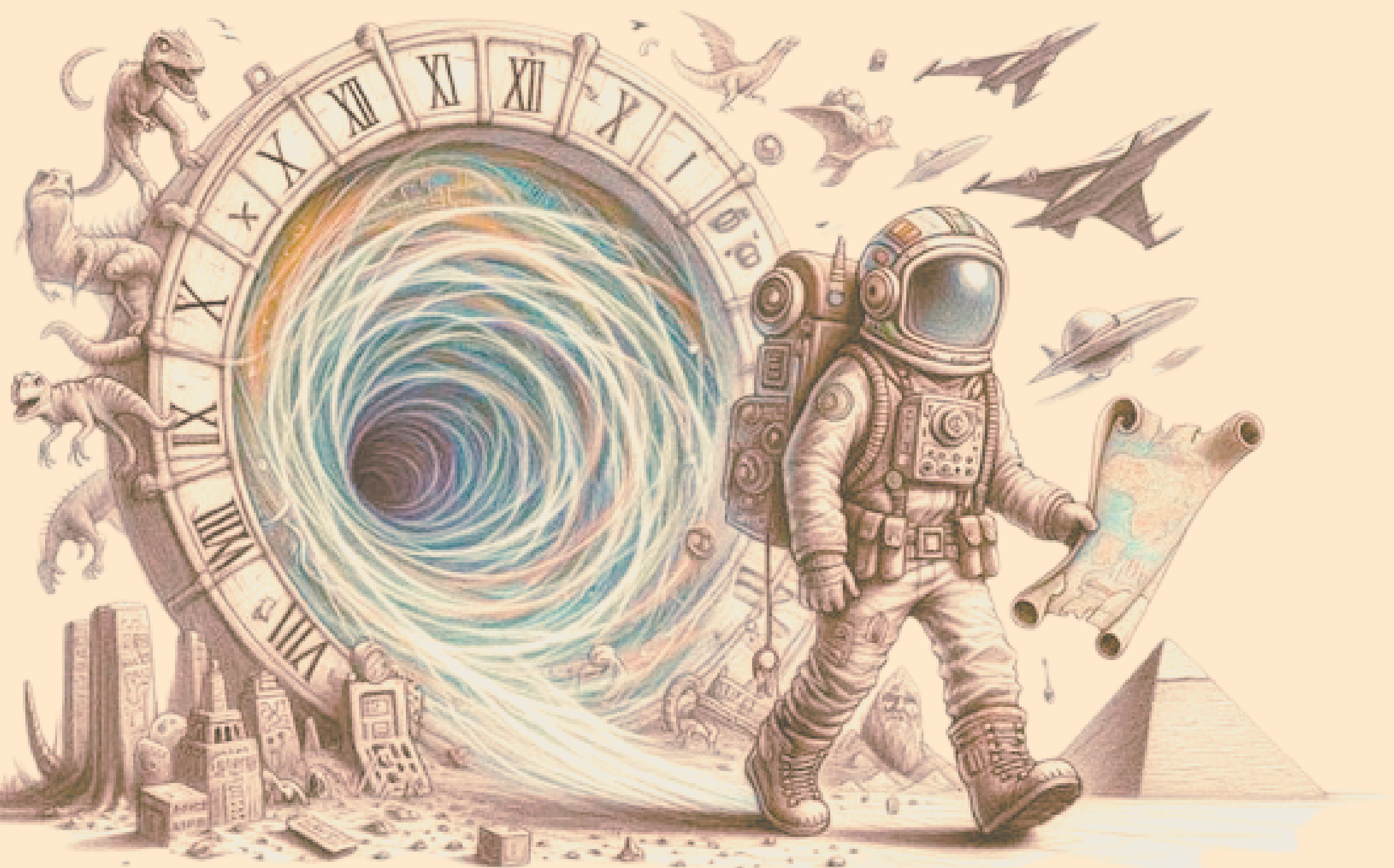
One fine day, they were sitting in their temporary house when a voice came from behind, they suddenly looked behind and.....

It was Robert who said “C. Kashav and James it’s time to go back home.”

They were now in the year 2271. When they walked in the streets they saw things were far better now but they knew if things are now guided properly the future would be much better.

MORAL- WE SHOULD NOT WASTE RESOURCES FOR A BETTER TOMMOROW

-Ishaan Jain,7C



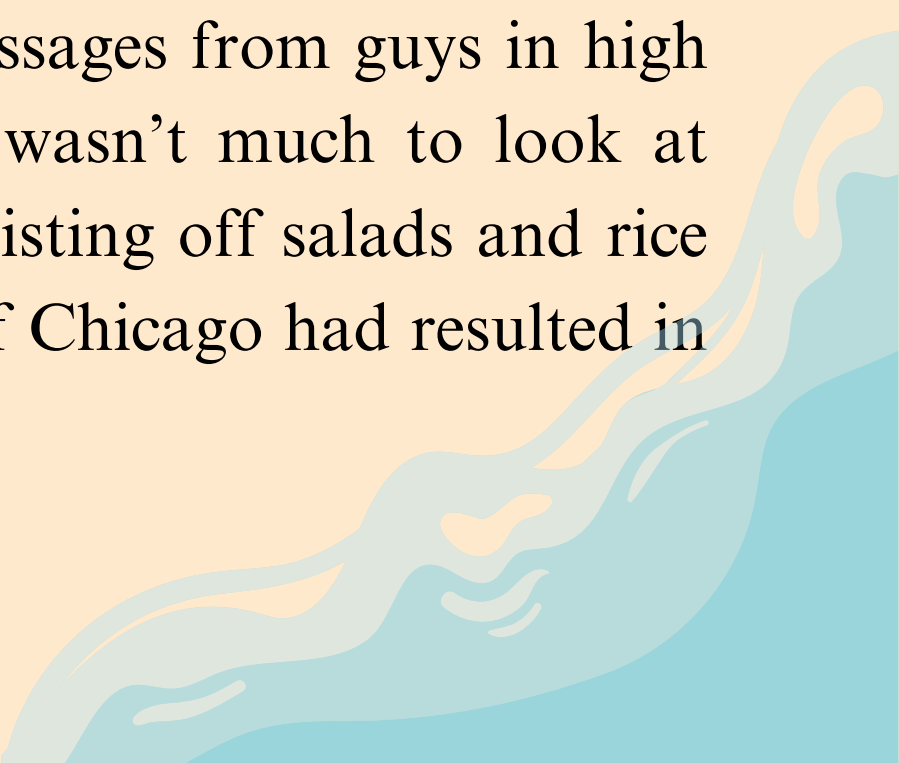
Talk Of The Town

There's a town on Florida's west coast that you've never heard of. The people that grow up there never escape. The ones that arrive there, do so to die. You might mistake it for a nursing home gone wrong, heaven's waiting room if you will.

So it shouldn't be a surprise that after Jason managed to escape this place four years ago, he hadn't returned. When he meets someone new in Chicago and they ask the obligatory "where're you from," he gives them the name of the closest city. If it wasn't for the death of his grandmother, he never would have come back.

Admittedly his life in the city wasn't perfect. His job as a secretary to an unscrupulous attorney was unfulfilling at best. He had hoped it would be a temporary job to pay the bills until an improve troupe discovered him; but he hadn't been on stage in over a year, his confidence was shaken. Still on those nights when he laid in bed, fretting over a failed audition, one fact managed to soothe his bruised ego, "At least I'm not back home right now."

He just arrived at his grandmother's beach house, newly bequeathed unto him, when a familiar tone rang. He had been back in town for six hours (long enough to grab coffee, attend the wake, and buy a sack of weed from his old biology teacher), yet his grind had already exploded with messages from guys in high school who never looked his way. He wasn't much to look at growing up; but walking everywhere, existing off salads and rice cakes, and ransacking the thrift stores of Chicago had resulted in an extensive image upgrade.



Jason smiled. Being home stirred up a lot of emotions, but he couldn't deny that he was enjoying his newfound big fish status. He examined the weed he just purchased off Mr. Young. He scoffed, "figures." Being spoiled by the sticky green buds of primo city shit, this small town dirt weed was a major let down. But it was all he could find, not knowing anyone else in town who dealt, so he would have to make do.

His phone buzzed again and he reached for it. He had been expecting this text. He eagerly read the message from his old friend, Alan. Leaving now, be there in 10

I'll start rolling the reunion blunt, Jason quipped.

Hold off on that, Alan replied, I have something to show you.

In the four years since he left, the town had added a shopping center containing a TJ Maxx, JC Penny, and two different froyo chains. It was a big deal on the town's Facebook page. What could Alan have to show him?

When they met in school, Jason and Alan fought over the same girl's affection. It was months later, when they discovered they shared a mutual admiration of dick, that they would put their feud behind them. Jason was reflecting on their humble beginnings when a car horn blared. Eagerly, he grabbed his things and ran outside.

Alan brought Jason to their town's community theatre, Stage East. They had only seen two plays there, both times they left during intermission. The ere both times they left during intermission. The um filled Coke bottles they snuck in couldn't make the off-key cast of Finnian's Rainbow or the unforgivable butchering of Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf palatable. Apparently the rest of the town shared their sentiment, as the building was abandoned.

Jason laughed, "They shut this place down?"

"There was a fundraiser to save it. My money, however, went towards claiming the space for myself."

Jason was flabbergasted. “You didn’t!”

“I did, It was a steal! I couldn’t pass it up!” Alan was dead serious; but he couldn’t look Jason in the eye.

He was holding something back.

Jason knew what was coming next. “You can’t expect me to help you with this. Alan, it’s a lost cause. It just shut down!”

Alan’s reply was preloaded, “If we did it right, people would come. I know you hate your job, it’s the running theme of your blog.”

It just have to stick it out a little longer,” Jason said defensively.

Alan struck a nerve, he knew it. “It’s been four years. Do you want to spend the rest of your life as a cog in another man’s machine? This is something we can build together.”

Jason couldn’t believe he was considering this. “I spent my whole life dreaming of getting out of here.

How can I come back,” he asked.

Alan walked to the car, calling behind him, “Come on, you don’t have to decide now. And you still owe me that reunion blunt....”

That night, on the back porch of his beach house, Jason sat, naked, looking out at the ocean. He could see a storm rolling in. Was this an omen? He didn't care. He looked to the ground beside him, an envelope, pen, and paper laid there. He knew what he had to do. When he finished, he tucked the letter into the envelope and sealed it. It would reach its recipient by Monday.

Alan’s head perked up beside him. “What did you write?”

Jason would remember these words for the rest of his life, “After four years of thankless dedication to your business, I’ve decided to move on...” His voice trailed off. Alan had stopped listening, his mouth slowly bobbing up and down Jason’s semi-erect shaft. He leaned back, grinning. “Alright, let’s give them something good to talk about on the Facebook page.”

The Hell King



This is a story about an evil king who was so evil that it would take me at least 20 writers, 2 years and about 100 books just to describe how evil he was so, I will just say he was evil beyond imagination. The king liked to be called the hell king. He loved to torture people and kept his dungeons well stocked with hundreds and hundreds of prisoners. One day, he decided to kill the most humble person in his kingdom. To his surprise, it was a boy. It seemed like he was 16 years old. The king ordered him to be beheaded. After he was beheaded his head was still talking and it said:

“ The evil shall longer sleep All they can do is wait for a girl in disguise To fool them and then will come upon you Your worst nightmare will come true.”

But as the days passed, the words seemed to be true. The king could not sleep anymore, neither could anyone in his court, as they all followed him and thought he was right. He invited all gurus, magicians, and healers from across his kingdom. But no one could cure his problems, so he ordered them all to be killed.



One day, a soldier from his dungeons came, saying that there is a boy who said he could cure him. The king thought for a while and then ordered to bring the boy. When he arrived, he was pale and nervous but clever. The king looked upon him and laughed and said that so many experienced people could not cure me then how can you. The boy replied “I simply suggest you to listen to my story and I will tell you different stories everyday then if a story is good enough, then you may be able to sleep. The king thought and said “Let’s try it”.

The boy said that he would recite his story at night. All the people in the court waited for the night to come as they were eager to hear the story.

Soon it was night and the boy started his story:

The Sage with No Name

Once there was a sage who longed for a son.

He married a girl and soon they found a boy near their house and decided to make him their son .

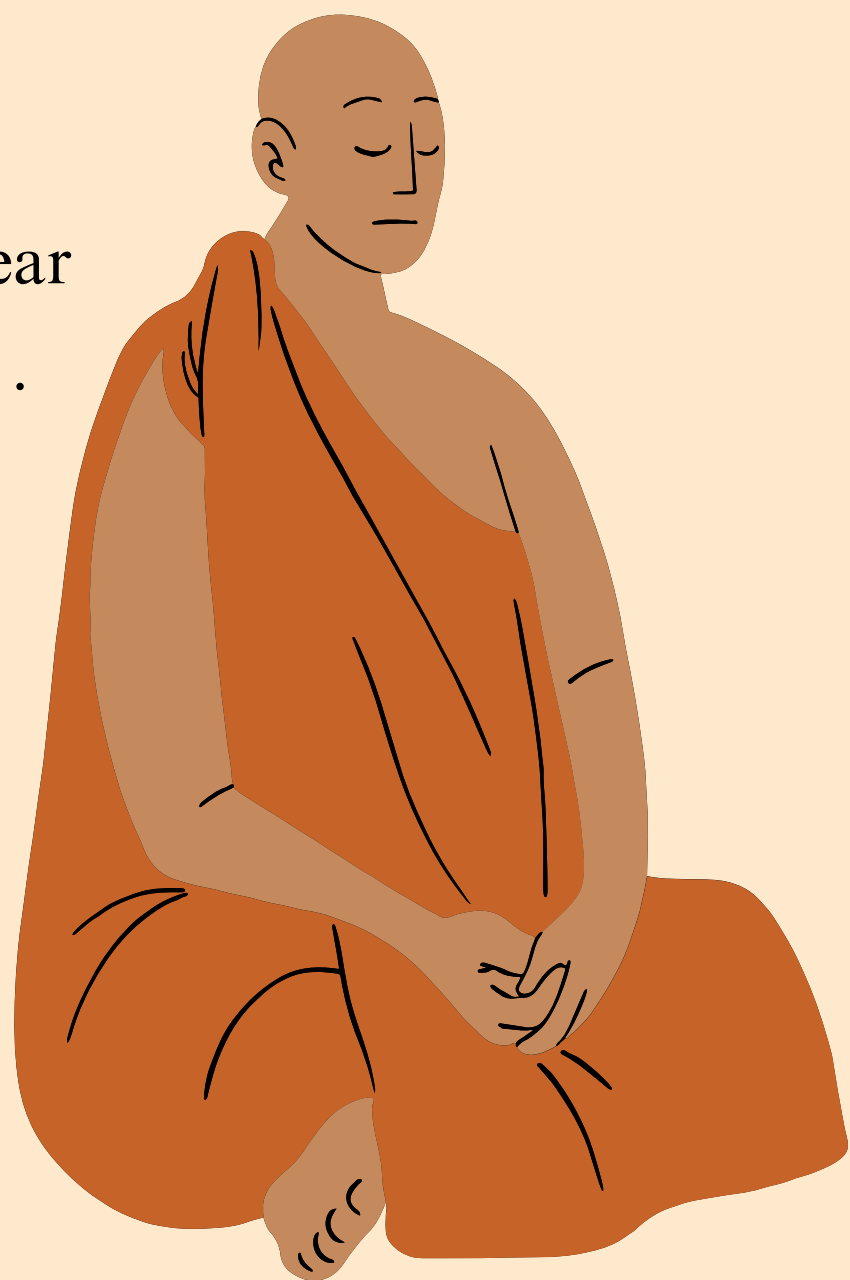
To the sage’s surprise, his son was very lazy.

He would sleep all day and would eat when he would get up and then sleep again.

The sage told his wife “take this boy away from me and if I ever meet him again, I will curse him. The wife took the boy and went far away. Soon the wife died and the boy was left with no one to take care of him.

He thought “dad must have forgotten about the

curse” and he went to his father. His father was so angry seeing him that he cursed him “you will forget him and all you will remember is your nickname”



"Kanwa" he announced. His son pleaded him to take back his curse. He said" I cannot take back a curse but I can soften it". He said you will find your name in one of the most famous avatar of the caretaker of the universe and if you find it then come to me and we will live in peace together. He went in search of his name and reached a temple of Vishnu. Then he remembered that his mother had taught him that Vishnu was the caretaker of the universe. He prayed for day and night and then one night Vishnu appeared in front of him. Vishnu asked him for what he wanted and he said that he was a cursed son and all he wanted was his name.

Vishnu said that you will find you name when you came to know about the nephew of Kans. His name is your name. Saying this, he disappeared. He went in search and soon found his name, Kanha in the kingdom of the Hell King. After the story was finished, the king liked the story and asked the boy for a wish. The boy wished for the king to eat a sweet made by the boy. The king accepted his wish as he liked sweets. The boy made a laddoo and gave it to the King. As the king ate the laddoo, the boy said "My king, I want to inform you that I am a girl". I was told this by the Vishnu Ji and he told me to do all this. Half of my story which I told you is true and rest I have made up .That's why I asked you all to wait till night.The god told me about the prophecy which the humble person had recited. The king choked and remembered the prophecy.

The girl added"this laddoo you ate is special and it can convert and person into the most humble person in the world". This was a gift for me given to me by the God Vishnu Ji.

The King screamed in despair "Nooooo". Seconds later, the king changed and

he became polite and was soon loved by all his subjects. And that was the end of the Hell King.

-Aarav Jain, 11B



The Cryptic Clue



Detective Kate Matthews stood at the edge of the crime scene, her eyes scanning the dimly lit alleyway. The victim, a middle-aged man, lay on the ground, a single bullet wound to the head.

As Kate began to process the scene, she noticed something peculiar. The victim's pockets had been turned inside out, but there was no sign of a wallet or phone. It looked like a robbery, but something didn't add up. The victim was identified as David Lee, a reclusive businessman with a reputation for being ruthless. Kate's team started canvassing the area, talking to witnesses and gathering surveillance footage.

One piece of footage caught Kate's attention. A figure, dressed in a black hoodie, was seen entering the alleyway around the time of the murder. The figure's face was obscured, but Kate noticed something distinctive – a silver watch on their wrist.

As the investigation continued, Kate became increasingly obsessed with finding the owner of that watch. She scoured the streets, showing the footage to anyone who would look.

Days turned into weeks, and Kate's team was no closer to catching the killer. But Kate refused to give up. She was convinced that the key to solving the case lay with the silver watch.

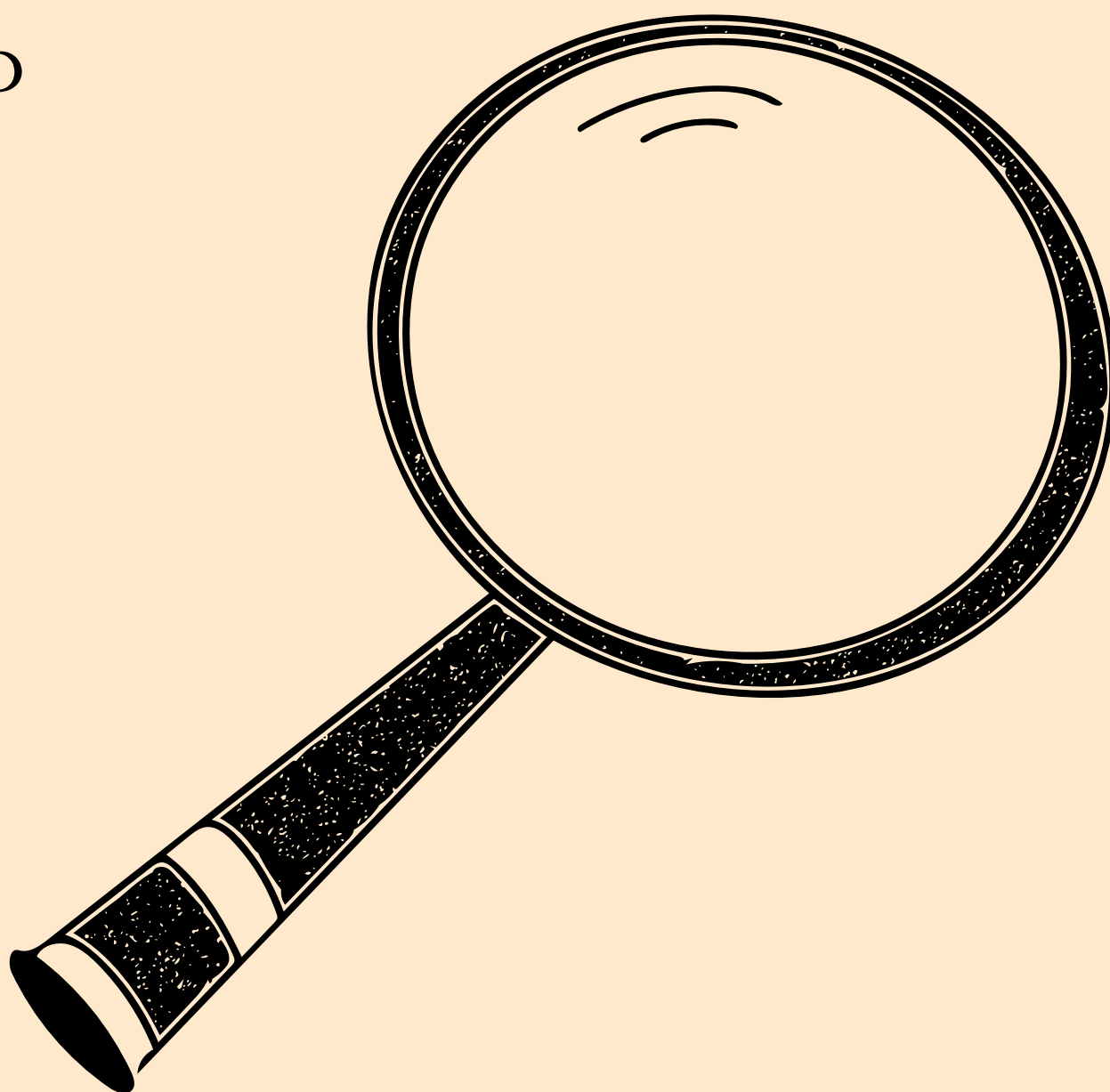
One night, Kate received a cryptic message – a photo of the silver watch, with a single sentence: "Look closer at the victim."

Kate's mind racing, she re-examined the case files. And then, it hit her – the victim's business partner had been acting suspiciously throughout the investigation. Kate brought him in for questioning, and he eventually cracked under the pressure.

The partner, It turned out, had been embezzling funds from their company. David Lee had discovered his deceit and was threatening to expose him. The partner had killed Lee to silence him, and the silver watch was a deliberate plant to throw Kate off his trail.

As Kate closed the case, she couldn't shake the feeling that she had come close to missing the killer's true identity. The silver watch had been a clever red herring, but in the end, it was Kate's determination and sharp instincts that had brought the perpetrator to justice. But one thing still bothered her that who was the person who gave her the lead , that message 'to look closer at the victim'.....

- Sreeja Agrawal, 9D



The Boy's Plan

Once upon a time, there was a boy who lived with his step-parents because his mother and father died in a terrible car crash. They both suffered brain injuries and were bleeding terribly but the boy was untouched. All three were rushed to the hospital. The boy went there for a body check-up, even though he had no flaws. His parents sadly died. He was just a kid at that time of age 5.

In a flash, five years passed. The boy was 10 years old. He lived in the basement of his step-parents' home. The basement was never cleaned and was a home for cockroaches and spiders.

He has been living there since he turned seven because his step-parents said that he should be grateful they are letting him live here. Now he was frustrated because he didn't even get proper food, he used to get the leftovers. He wasn't even allowed to visit his parent's grave and was forced to drink the water from the washroom because his step-parents said that he was not worthy of drinking pure water. That is why he would sometimes go to the lake and fill the bottles he had taken from the trash can. Now, he was fed up, and he decided to escape, but he would not leave without revenge. That night, he went into the living room and broke the TV, the expensive flower vase from Japan, and his stepfather's laptop. Then he took about 500 dollars from his mother's hidden safe under the sink, then he went to the local police station to file a complaint against his parents for child abuse and sued them with the help of a free lawyer given by the government, he won 80000 dollars from his step-parents and was adopted by his grandparents. He grew up to be a successful businessman and became the first multi-millionaire in his family.

-Jaiditya Chhugani 6C





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