THE QUEST



aw

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ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, SIMDEGA



"LUCENS ET ARDENS"

"LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE"

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Asst. Prof. Bipin Minj

Dear Readers,

It gives me immense pleasure to present the third edition of Quest. This magazine is a celebration of the creativity, imagination, and literary talents of our students. Every poem, story, and reflection in this edition carries a meaningful message about life, hope, perseverance, compassion, and the importance of education.

The contributions inspire us to value our talents, overcome challenges, use time wisely, and never lose faith in our dreams. They remind us that life is precious and that success is achieved through hard work, discipline, patience, and a positive attitude. The stories encourage empathy, forgiveness, and resilience, while the poems create awareness about health, social responsibility, and moral values. Together, they reflect the thoughts, emotions, and aspirations of young minds eager to make a positive difference in society.

I congratulate all the writers for their sincere efforts and commend the editorial team for bringing this edition to life. Your dedication proves that every great writer begins with the courage to express an idea.

May Quest continue to inspire curiosity, creativity, and a love for reading and writing. I hope every reader finds motivation, wisdom, and joy within these pages.

Happy Reading!

Message



Fr. Roshan Baa S.J.
Principal

Knowledge is not in the hands of God that is given to us, but discovered because it has already been created by God out of Himself. Joyfulness is not automatic in life but way forward to life. Everybody wants to live a good life but knowledge leads to discover meaning of life. Student life is a gift. Every child should receive the opportunity to experience student life in a proper Gurukul structure, so that as a student, no one may regret being deprived of education. The right to education is not to get rid of illiteracy but to educate oneself with freedom, respect and in totality. Our brain works as it is nurtured with education and training. Teachers play a vital role to shape the life of a student. They are always ready and committed to their profession. Their commitment includes sacrifice, service, dutifulness, honesty, single-mindedness, prayerfulness and religious orientation etc. Their mediatory role between students and God is very important to character formation in the life of students. Therefore, teachers receive a call from God to educate the children of God who are our students. The duty of a teacher is not just a duty but a responsibility. A teacher is answerable to Society because he/she has greater commitment and responsible towards the society. One who disrespect a teacher enters into the horizon of self-ego where he/she stops learning and growing. Wisdom teaches everyone to humble oneself in front of God because the death does not compromise with good and evil, rich and poor. Dear students, learn and earn good things for your life. Your student's life is very precious to you which not be taken away. Never allow regret to touch you by neglecting your academic life. Your seriousness in academic life will change your life positively. Therefore, remain positive and be responsible for yourself because every human person is expected to live a respectable life that comes from Truth.

Message



Rainy Alma Lakra
IQAC Coordinator

It is a matter of great pleasure to extend my warm greetings to the readers, contributors, and the editorial team of ***The Quest***, the quarterly English magazine of **St. Xavier's College, Smidge**. The publication of every new issue marks another milestone in our continuous journey of intellectual exploration, creative expression, and academic excellence.

The title *The Quest* beautifully captures the essence of higher education—a lifelong pursuit of knowledge, truth, wisdom, and self-discovery. Education is not confined to classrooms or examinations; it is a continuous process of questioning, reflecting, learning, and growing. A magazine such as *The Quest* provides a vibrant platform where ideas are exchanged, creativity is celebrated, and young minds are encouraged to think critically and communicate effectively.

At St. Xavier's College, Simdega inspired by the rich Jesuit tradition of education, we strive to nurture individuals who are intellectually competent, morally upright, socially responsible, and committed to the service of humanity. Alongside academic learning, we believe in fostering curiosity, innovation, compassion, and leadership among our students. Publications like *The Quest* complement this vision by providing opportunities for students to express their thoughts, develop their writing skills, and engage meaningfully with contemporary issues.

The Internal Quality Assurance Cell (IQAC) remains committed to promoting a culture of quality in every dimension of institutional life. Quality education is not merely about academic performance; it encompasses critical thinking, effective communication, creativity, ethical values, research orientation, and lifelong learning. Through various academic and co-curricular initiatives, the IQAC continuously encourages innovation in teaching-learning practices, student participation, faculty development, and the creation of an intellectually stimulating environment. *The Quest* reflects this commitment by serving as a forum for thoughtful dialogue and literary excellence.

I congratulate the Editorial Board for their dedication, meticulous efforts, and commitment to maintaining the high standards of this publication. My sincere appreciation also goes to the faculty mentors and all the student contributors whose creativity and enthusiasm have enriched the pages of this issue. Their collective efforts demonstrate that learning flourishes where curiosity is encouraged and every voice is valued.

As readers engage with this edition of *The Quest*, I hope they discover fresh ideas, meaningful reflections, and inspiring perspectives that encourage them to think beyond the obvious and aspire towards excellence.

I extend my best wishes to everyone associated with *The Quest*. May it continue to serve as a beacon of knowledge, creativity, and intellectual growth, reflecting the values and aspirations of St. Xavier's College, Simdega. Let every issue remind us that the pursuit of excellence is not a destination but an ongoing journey—a quest that enriches both the individual and society.



Message

Dr. Animesh Roy
Assistant Professor of English, &
Research Coordinator

Welcome to the latest issue of Quest! As the Research Coordinator, I am thrilled to see our campus community embracing the spirit of enquiry. This magazine showcases your hard work, critical thinking, and fresh perspectives. Keep pushing boundaries, questioning the familiar, being curious for the unfamiliar, and enjoying the journey of discovery.
Best.

Dr. Animesh Roy

Assistant Professor of English, &

Research Coordinator

St. Xavier's College, Simdega

Jharkhand, India

Message



Fr. Bruno Toppo S.J.
Vice principal cum Bursar

My Dear Students/ Readers,

Every person is a unique and a beautiful creation of the Divine. No one is a photocopy or carbon copy of another. We are all originals, shaped by our own experiences, dreams and aspirations. Every soul carries a unique story, a different journey, and a beauty that belongs to them alone. God has created each one of us with a definite purpose. Therefore, every individual's original thought, experiences, dreams and ideas need to be expressed. We humans are living books with unique stories waiting to be told and written down. Some stories are joyful, some are challenging and some are simply observations that can make others think differently and become special.

Keep in mind, writing is not just putting words on paper- it is a journey of self-discovery, creativity, innovation and growth. When we make efforts to write, our outlooks begin to change. Our observation becomes deeper, clearer, more critical and unique. We see things from new angles. A college magazine is not just a collection of articles; it is a reflection values, identity and culture of the institution. It represents reflective and imaginative power, creativity and capacity of students and staff of the college. When we are engaged in serious literary activities, our poems, stories, essays, articles, experiences, artwork or personal reflections can inspire others and leave a lasting impact. A small story written today can transform someone's tomorrow.

Honest writing has the power to connect hearts and minds. Your perspective is unique and your uniqueness needs to be shared. Every meaningful piece of writing begins with a sincere thought and every sincere thought has a potential to inspire others. Today we are living in an age of instant messages and fleeting attention, but even today writing reflection remains powerful ways to growth. Good writing is born from careful observation, curiosity, reading and reflection.

Writing teaches us patience, clarity and discipline of organizing our thoughts. I would like to urge you to write not because you are already a writer, but because writing is one of the best ways to become a thoughtful learner and a confident communicator. Believe yourself. Your best days are still ahead. Your potential is greater than your doubts.

Message



Dr. Fr. Samir Bhanwra S.J.

Vice principal

Dear Readers and Well-Wishers,

This is not just another magazine that can be tasteless and boring. The best thing to remove notion of being tasteless and boring is to assign a theme or topic to the magazine. A particular theme becomes a guiding star for both the writers and the editors, and lead them to a particular direction. The theme or a goal stands tall in each issue of the magazine and also in each article. Without a theme, a magazine is aimless; and even an article is like boat without a direction. A theme of each individual magazine and article gives it an identity and essence. The importance of giving theme does not remain only to a magazine or an article, just to guide the editors, the writers and also readers. Giving a theme, direction or meaning to life is important for each individual person. Each person is an author for his or her life, and each day is a new page, an opportunity to write a new essay or story, or poem; freedom is in our hand. Therefore, each day of the life should be guided by a theme, a goal. This pushes life forward with meaningful direction. Lacking it, life is just tossed up and down in the ocean of different circumstances. The circumstances are the bundle of many situations- be it social, political, economic or religious; all can affect a person in positive or negative way. Within this scenario, it is the element of goal, or theme that give to each person an opportunity to write down a new chapter of his or her daily life. In the language of management, this goal gives mission and vision in personal life. The more the goal is pruned with dream, determination, hard work, knowledge and experience, the more the mission and vision of a person move towards becoming crystal. Each author or poet goes through similar kind of experiences. The first plot of the story is not clear; it needs rework; double efforts, and finally the theme, the mission and vision of the article stand clear and coherent; and takes the mesmerized readers from known to unknown. The similar thing is needed in life; plot of life- goal of life has to be worked and reworked. Dear readers, the magazine is in your hand; this is written by the students, the budding authors, someday they may become well known authors unless they abandon writing completely. Kudos to the editorial board for their painstaking efforts.

IF I COULD MEET MY FUTURE SELF...



ARCHI AGRWAL
B. COM SEM-II
2024-2028

It was an ordinary evening after a long day of work and studies. My books were open on the table, I felt tired and confused. I kept thinking-Will all my hard works ever be worth it?

I rested on my chair and closed my eyes for a moment. Suddenly, something strange happened. A person was standing near my window.



I asked, “Who are you?”

"I am you .... from the future”, that person replied.

I can't believe it. I go closer to see -it was shocking.

The person standing before me looked exactly like I do but, older, sincere and more confident. I had hundreds of questions rushing in my mind, but only one came out first, " Did it become what I wanted to be?".

She smiled softly and said, “YES,” but not without struggles.

I stepped closer and asked, “Was it easy?” She moved her head and replied, “NO!
It was not easy, you faced challenges, doubts, struggles but what matters is that you never quit.”

I asked what was the biggest mistake I made?

After a minute, she said,

" Waiting for the perfect time."

You lose a lot of time in procrastinating that you will start from tomorrow. But the reality is there is not perfect time, Today is the perfect day.
That truth hurts me....
I asked one last question-

“Am I happy?”

Future me smiled and said.... “Yes”.
Not because everything becomes perfect, but because you learnt to face failure and stay strong and consistent.
Before I could ask anything else, everything around me started fading.... Future me stepped back and said, don’t wait to be serious only when life becomes difficult. Be serious now. “Your Future is not decided by your dreams; it is decided by your daily habits".

The figure slowly disappeared.
And I woke up.
Everything seems normal. My desk was there, books still open.
But something inside me had changed.
I realized 'I didn't see my future self to see my future - I met it to change my present'.
Now, I wasn't just thinking about my future anymore.
I was building it.

MR. GARDENER



Rani Pareya
B.com Sem-I
2025-2029

Once upon a time, there was a lonely gardener. After losing his family, he started planting beautiful flowers around his house. Flowers became his friends and he spent his time talking to them and enjoying their sweet fragrances. One day Mr. Gardener called his friends to his garden for party.



He wanted them to enjoy the wonder and beauty of his exotic and exquisite flowers. He was speaking to himself:

“What present shall I give my guests that they may treasure it?
Will a bouquet of each of my most beautiful flowers do?

No! No! I feel bad to cut so many young blooming flowers.

Besides, a bouquet will soon wither. and my quests guests will forget all about my garden.”

At last, with joy, he exclaimed,

"I know what present to give my guests!

He exclaimed. " I'll gather the most exquisite seeds from my beautiful flowers and I'll offer one small bag to each one of my guests. In due time, they will be privileged to enjoy a garden as beautiful as mine Surely, the world will be more beautiful place to live in with so many scented flowers".

At the end of the party, Mr. Gardener gave each guest a little bag of seeds and said:

"My friends, I love flowers. You can see the two splendours of my garden. Take these seeds, I have carefully chosen them from among my most exquisite flowers. Cultivate them with love and care - as I do, you will be the proud owner of a magnificent garden.”

The guests took these little precious bags, thanked their host and went home.

As they left the garden one of the guests murmured:

“What do I want these seeds for? Why should I waste my precious time cultivating flower. There are important things in my life than to cultivate flowers." And straight off he threw the bag away.

Another guest muttered to himself, “Yes! these seeds are really good. Not now, later on when I have some leisure, I will cultivate them.”

But when he reached home, he kept the bag in the drawers of his desk never to open it again.

A third guest said to himself,

"Yes, I love flowers, but I have no time to cultivate them myself. I'll get someone else to do it for me."

He called his servant and ordered him to cultivate the seeds for him. Needless to say, the seeds never bloomed to the full. The servant cultivated them just for a wage, not for love!

And another guest said. "Oh yes, I love flowers I will surely cultivate them in my little garden; however, I am a busy man I will give to my garden the spared moments.

Finally, full of enthusiasm, the last guest exclaimed:

“I love flowers: I'll cultivate these seeds with all my love and care.”



He spent hours of time, the energies and money they deserved. And because of his care and hard work, his garden became as beautiful and colourful and scented as of Mr. gardener.

Dear friends, Life is a precious gift. Just as Mr. Gardener giving seeds to his friends, God gives every person unique talent, abilities, and opportunities. Some people ignore this gift, some misuse them, while others nurture them with love, hard work, and patience. Those who care for their talents sincerely make their lives beautiful and meaningful just like a blooming garden.

In the end, it is our choice how we use gifts that God has given us. If we use them wisely and positively, we can grow, succeed and spread happiness in the world.

"Talents bloom with love, patience and hard work."



CANCER:
THE DANGEROUS DISORDER



Afrin Ruksar
Eng-M. A-III
2024-26

A welfare imaginary of life,
A man thinks about happiness,
The reality of life,
A man thinks about mimicry of others,
It goes sometimes virtuous,
Sometimes is goes incorrect,
Good people follow to truth path,
Bad people follow to truthless path,
People see the pictures real,
World is filled with strict trials,
Some of the unsuccessful man,
The failure eats tobacco,
It is not a thing of pleasure,
It creates hazard disorder,
Uneducated people go to the error,
Tobacco, wine, cigar he takes however,
Curious mind set makes forever,
It rises to the cancer,
It demotivates to the people proper,
Relatives get an emotional fear,



Mouth cancer becomes danger,
Cigar makes to the lungs in danger,

If you don't take a proper diet,
Then intestinal cancer also develops.

The story ends with sadness,
Lost to that individual,
Families feel helpless,
The innocent moment creates love,
But the danger moment creates sorrow,
When a woman doesn't feed her infants child,
For the fashion to maintain body's beauty,
She faces many types of health issues,
Even it is causes of breast cancer,
When she doesn't feed milk to baby,
Then She also develops breast cancer,
So she should look after her baby,
She should promote to the good health,
It decreases the reason of breast cancer,
It prevents to go to the life in danger.

MONSTERS ABOVE



ROBIN BARWA
ENG, SEM- VI
2022-2026

Far beneath the earth's surface lay an old underground bunker.

Its walls were cracked with age. Dim lights flickered from the ceiling. A small kitchen, a few beds, shelves filled with carefully saved food, and a tiny garden growing under artificial lights made up the entire home.

To anyone else, it would have looked like a prison. But to one family, it was a sweet home.

Vinita, a loving mother, gently stirred a pot of soup over a small stove. Even though food was scarce, she always tried to make every meal feel special.

"Joy," she called with a warm smile, "wash your hands. Dinner is ready."

A cheerful laugh echoed through the bunker. Little Joy, a seven-year-old boy, ran across the room. He had been born inside this bunker. He had never seen the sun, the sky, or the stars with his own eyes. He knew nothing about the outside world.

Behind Joy came his father, Sumit.

"I'm going to catch you this time!" Sumit laughed as he chased Joy around the room.

"You'll never catch me!" Joy shouted happily before hiding behind his mother.

Vinita smiled and hugged him.

"My little hero is safe with me."

Sumit laughed.

"So now it's two against one?"

Joy nodded proudly.

"We are a team!"



The three laughed together. For a few precious moments, the dangerous world outside no longer existed for them.

After dinner, Joy stared at the thick steel door that led to the tunnel above.

Every day, his parents locked it. Every day, they warned Joy never to go near it.

Finally, he asked the question that had been in his heart for years.

ssss"Mama... why do we live here?"

"Why can't we ever go outside?"

Vinita and Sumit looked at each other. Their smiles slowly faded.

Sumit sat beside Joy.

"It's finally time for you to know the truth," he said softly.

He spoke softly.

"Many years ago, this planet was peaceful. People lived normal lives. But then, one day, a massive spaceship crashed onto this planet. The creatures inside the ship poured out into this world.

Ever since that day, we have had to live hidden in this bunker to stay alive because they have been hunting us."

"Are they monsters?" Joy asked, shivering.

"Yes," Vinita said. "They hunt anyone they find. They are ruthless. That is why we must never be seen."

"We only go outside to collect food."

Life continued...

Every few days, Vinita and Sumit secretly left the bunker before sunrise to collect food and supplies. Every trip was dangerous.

But they always came back.



And every evening, the family laughed together once again.

One night, after Joy had gone to bed, Sumit quietly spoke to Vinita.

"I saw fresh tracks today. They're searching this area."

Vinita looked frightened.

"Our food is almost gone."

Neither of them noticed that Joy was awake.

He heard every word.

That night, he made a decision.

"If I bring food," he whispered to himself, "Mom and Dad won't have to risk their lives."

Before sunrise, Joy quietly left the bunker, carrying a small bag.

The next morning, when Vinita woke up,

Joy was gone.

The bunker suddenly felt empty.

"JOY!" she cried.

Sumit searched every room before realizing the truth.

"He went outside."

The two rushed onto the surface.

They searched through forests, broken buildings, and abandoned roads.

Hours passed.

Then Sumit found a tiny shoe lying on the ground.

Joy's shoe.

Vinita covered her mouth.

Tears filled her eyes.

"The monsters found him."

Still, they refused to give up.

As darkness covered the land, a frightened voice echoed through the trees.

"Mama!"

"Dad!"

"Help me!"

They ran toward the sound.

Joy was tied to a metal post.

The little boy's eyes were filled with fear.

He cried and said,

"You came..."

Vinita and Sumit immediately began untying the ropes.

Just as the final knot came loose,

powerful lights suddenly surrounded them.

Dozens...

Then hundreds...

Then thousands of armed figures stepped out of the darkness.

They wore helmets, heavy armor, bulletproof vests, and carried advanced weapons.

The family stood frozen.



Joy clung tightly to his mother.

"We don't want to hurt anyone," Sumit pleaded.

"Please... let us go."

Vinita held Joy close as tears rolled down her face.

"We only want to live."

They begged, but moments later, one of the monsters stepped forward and tore Joy from his mother's arms.

"No!" Vinita screamed, desperately reaching for him.

Joy stretched out his tiny hands toward his parents.

"Mama...!"

"Dad...!"

His voice trembled with fear.

"I don't want to go... Please don't let them take me..."

Sumit rushed forward, but several monsters forced him back.

"Please!" he cried. "He's just a child! Take me instead... Please let him go!"

Vinita fell to her knees, tears streaming down her face.

Joy looked at his parents one last time. His frightened eyes searched for safety.

A heavy hammer was raised and crushed the boy's head.

Vinita buried her face against Sumit's shoulder as Joy's heartbreaking cry echoed through the night.

Silence followed.

Vinita and Sumit collapsed to the ground, holding each other as they wept uncontrollably.

The little family that had laughed together only hours before was torn apart forever.

Soon, their cries faded into the darkness.

The small family, who had loved one another and treasured every moment together, met the same fate.

Their only crime was trying to survive.

The next morning, the soldiers celebrated another successful hunt.

Only then did the truth become clear.

The monsters were never monsters.

They were humans.

And the family they had killed was the last surviving family from the spaceship that had accidentally crashed on Earth decades earlier.

Decades ago, a massive alien spaceship had accidentally crashed on Earth.

The aliens who survived expected help from humans.

But humanity believed they were invaders. Humans blindly attacked them and killed nearly every one of them.

The aliens had hoped they would find help from humans, but instead, humans became the real monsters.

Their laughter had once filled a tiny bunker beneath the earth.

Now...

Only silence remained.

A SECOND CHANCE



GAYATRI MAHTO
B.COM-VII
2022-26

A soul drifting in the afterlife is given a second chance. Instead of moving on, it is told to return to Earth and live inside the body of a fourteen-year-old boy named Makoto Kobayashi, who has just attempted to end his own life. The soul has one mission: to discover the mistake it made in its previous life before its time runs out.



Makoto wakes up in the hospital with no memory of his own past. As he returns home, he finds that his family is far from perfect. His father is distant, his mother is hiding painful secrets, and his elder brother barely speaks to anyone.

At school, Makoto has no real friends. He is bullied and feels completely alone. The only person who slowly grows close to him is Hiroka, a cheerful girl who loves painting and encourages him to notice the small beauties of everyday life.

As time passes, Makoto begins to understand that everyone around him is carrying invisible pain. His classmates, his teachers, and even his parents are struggling in ways he never imagined. The world is not simply good or bad; it is full of many different colors.

One day, Makoto learns the truth about why the real Makoto wanted to die. He had discovered that his mother was having an affair, lost trust in his family, and believed that no one truly cared about him. Feeling hopeless, he tried to end his life.

The soul living inside Makoto slowly changes. Instead of running away from pain, it begins to value life, friendship, forgiveness, and the possibility of starting over. Makoto apologizes to the people he hurt, rebuilds his relationship with his family, and finds hope for the future.

In the final revelation, the soul discovers that the "mistake" it had been searching for was not from another life at all. It had once been the real Makoto himself. After dying in his suicide attempt, he was given one last chance to return to Earth and truly understand the value of living.



THE WINTER BULB

Beauty Barwa
B.COM-VII
2022-26

Myra received a unique assignment, for her college botany project. Instead of a regular plant, her professor handed her dry, lifeless looking bulb and spoke;

"This is a tulip Myra, growing this requires immense patience."

She went back to her dorm and buried the bulb in a potential of soil.

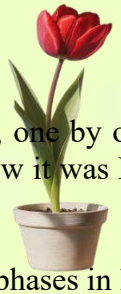


Weeks passed and the harsh freezing winter arrived but there was no sign of life in the pot. She was disappointed as there was no sign of progress in her project, whereas other students were preparing reports of the project, on the other hand she has not even started it. She shared her frustration with the gardener of her college, he smiled and said,

"Child the tulip bulb isn't dead. It actually needs the freezing darkness to break its dormancy. It is not perishing, just trust the process.

Trusting his words she patiently continued to take care for it. She maintained the adequate conditions for the tulip to grow.

It was bright morning of march, the icy winds had faded and the sun grew warmer. She noticed that a tiny vibrant green shoot piercing through the dry hard soil. Within few days a magnificent deep scarlet tulip bloomed beautifully. She was happy and contained that finally it happened. She noted all the readings and completed her project. This project has taught her many things; it changed her perception to see things.



And finally, the day arrived when she was supposed to present her project.

The seminar hall was full of college students who were ready to present their project, one by one students started presenting their work, after every presentation seminar hall full of applause. Now it was Myra's turn, she connected the flowers journey to human life and continued;

"The tulip teaches us that when we are going through our darkest, coldest and loneliest phases in life, it is not destroying us rather make us strong to navigate challenges of life. Just like the bulb under the soil, the heavy times are only preparing us to bloom beautifully when our spring arrives.''

The classroom erupted in applause and the professor stood up to praise Myra for turning a simple botany assignment into a profound lesson about resilience and patience.

THE BOY WHO PLANTED RAIN



Arvind Lakra
B. Com-VII
2022-26

In the heart of rural India lay a small village called Suryagaon. Once it was famous for its lush green fields, singing birds and rivers that sparkled under the sun. Due to climate change, now the river had become a cracked path of dust, the fields were barn, there was no significant rain for five years. Every morning the villagers looked at the sky and they were disappointed by not seeing any clouds. Old people whispered

"Even the clouds have abandoned us."

Among them lived a 14-year-old boy named Arvind, unlike everyone else he never blamed the sky. He believed

"Rain doesn't begin in the clouds. It begins in hope". People laughed.

Hope Couldn't fill empty wells.

Hope Couldn't grow crops.

Hope Couldn't feed hungry families.

One afternoon Arvind asked his grandfather;

" Why doesn't it rain anymore?".

His grandfather replied,

"When forest disappear, Clouds lose their home",

The words of his grandfather changed Arvind's life forever. The next morning, he dug a tiny hole near his house and planted a small neem seed. The villagers laughed at him. One old farmer mocked him;

"Do you think one tree will bring the monsoon".

Aarav smiled and said,

"No, but maybe it can invite the first cloud".

Next day he planted ten more seeds which will survive in this harsh climate. Every day he diligently walked miles to plant more seeds and water the growing saplings. He was firm that his action will bring the difference. His hands were full of blisters, his feet bled but he never stopped. It has now become a part of Arvind’s life to walk miles and check the growth of plants and he replaced wherever the saplings didn't survive.

Months passed, still there was no sign of rain. The villagers laughed even harder,

" You are wasting your effort and water, we have limited source of water and you should be wise while using it," said an old man.

Arvind quietly answered,

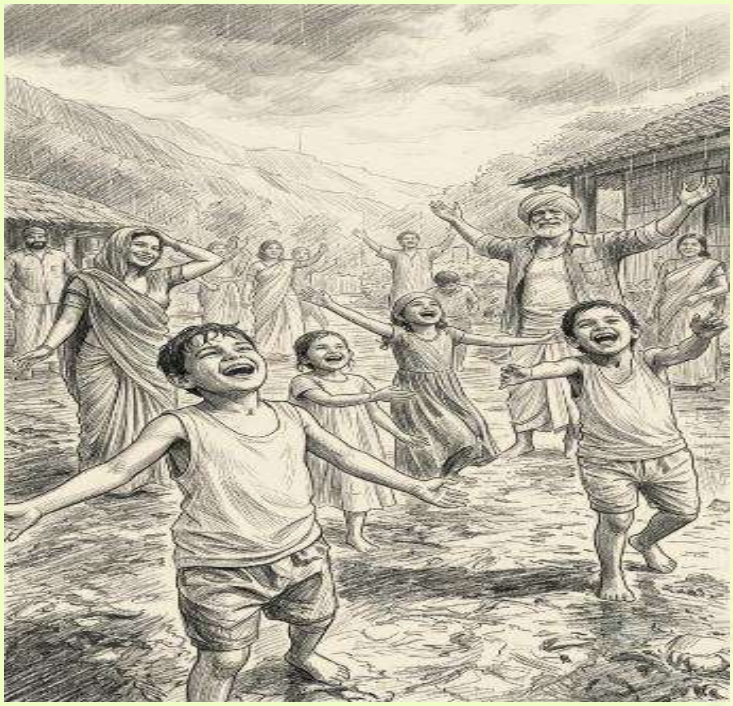
"I am not wasting water rather I am investing it".

"Investing...huuuh", murmured the crowd.



Even his father was furious of his behaviour, every birthday, festivals he planted another sapling; soon there were hundreds and then thousands. Years passed, the villagers still waited for rain, they had received occasional drizzling but they never had a proper monsoon. Due to Arvind's consistent efforts something has changed…., birds returned, butterflies were visible and air seems to be cooler, the dusty ground slowly softened. The natural habitat was reviving.

One summer afternoon Dark clouds hovered over the sky of the village. Nobody believed it. They thought that it will disappear like it had happened before. Soon… Thunder echoed, wind rushed through the growing forest. Then one tiny drop fell followed by many tiny droplets of water. Within minutes rain poured in the entire village like it had never happened. Children danced out of happiness, framers started crying and women raised their hands towards the sky to express their gratitude. There was continuous rain for a few days; the dried river came alive. Villagers celebrated and thanked God for answering their prayer. Some people thanked weather for finally shifting. Arvind was quietly smiling beside the first neem tree which he has planted years ago.



Months later, a team of environment scientists visited the village to study the changes. Their report shocked everyone. The report stated, that the returning of forest has cooled the land, improved the soils' ability to retain moisture, growing forest attracted various birds and insects and they have played an important role in reviving the soil health. The rise in the number to tress has supported rainfall and level of ground water improved significantly. The lead scientist said,

"The rain didn't come by magic; it came because one boy refused to give up".

The villagers stood silent, the same person whom they called fool and idiot, now looked at him with respect of tears in their eyes.

Twenty years later, satellite images showed something incredible. In the middle of dry land, there stood an area which was covered with lush green forest. People travelled there from around the world to see it. When journalists asked Arvind;

"How did you plant a forest? "

He smiled,

"I never planted a forest, I planted trees and I never stopped doing that and the forest simply happened".

An old man once asked Arvind;

"What if the rain had never come?"

Arvind looked at the endless green forest and replied,

"Then at least thousands of birds would still have a home". The old man smiled. At that same moment rain started pouring, it made everyone feel blessed and happy.

Our Tropical forests store about one-third as much carbon as is held in the atmosphere.

Around 30% of all carbon reserved in the world's forests is stored in the forests of South America-around 82 gigatonnes.

The Amazon Rainforest's size is impressive with an area of 6.74 million sq. kilometre, it extends over eight different countries in South America: Brazil, Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Guyana, Peru, Venezuela, and Suriname. Unsurprisingly, it's largest rainforest on Earth.

THE FINAL SKETCH



Chandni Kumari
B. Com -VII
2022-26

Ananya was a cheerful girl. She came from a simple middle-class family. Everyone in the school knew Ananya. Not because she was popular, but because she was the easiest person to make fun of.

When she went to school, she sat quietly in the first row of the class. She always scored the highest marks. But instead of inspiring her classmates, her success made many of them jealous. Someone hid her notebooks; someone wrote hurtful words on her desk. Even her friends used her notes and laughed behind her back.

Ananya knew more than people thought, but she never reacted. Every morning, she smiled the same way. She never became cruel. Her sketchbook became her only safe place. She wrote stories whenever she felt disturbed. Whenever life hurt her, she poured her feelings into drawings instead of tears.



As the years passed, she often felt weak and tired for no reason. One day, she collapsed at school. She rushed to the hospital, at the hospital, the doctors confirmed that she has been diagnosed with an incurable disease. Only her mother knew how serious it was. Ananya was told that she needed treatment, but she was not told how dangerous her disease was.

She had to leave her school because of her illness. At the hospital, she had to lie down all the time. To escape loneliness, she began writing stories and drawing in her sketchbook. During her treatment, she met Aarav, who was being treated at the same hospital. Unlike Ananya, he had lost hope. He rarely smiled and spent most of his time quietly staring out of the hospital window. Ananya believed that he was recovering from a minor illness. Aarav believed the same about her.

At first, they spoke only for a few minutes while waiting outside the doctor's room. Soon, they become good friends and those few minutes became hours. They shared stories, discussed books, and laughed together over silly jokes.

One day, Ananya overheard that the doctors were saying that Aarav had only six months left. She said nothing to him about this. Instead, she kept smiling, hoping to make his days a little brighter.

One evening, the hospital organised a small event in its garden to inspire the patients to stay hopeful during their treatment. They played games, ate food, and watched fireworks together. When the event ended, they walked back slowly through the quiet hospital garden. The crowd had disappeared.

That night was quiet. Aarav looked at the sky, smiled, and said,

"The moon looks beautiful tonight."



Ananya looked at the moon and then quietly looked at him.

From that day onwards, in her very drawing she made a small moon hidden somewhere. A few days later, Aarav noticed it and asked,

"Why do you always draw the moon?"

She smiled and replied,

"Because the moon quietly stays with the people it cannot reach."

Weeks later, Ananya's condition started to worsen. She never got the chance to meet Aarav again. Despite the doctors' best efforts, her condition continued to decline. One quiet morning, surrounded by her parents, Ananya peacefully took her last breath.

Before leaving the hospital, her mother gave Aarav the sketchbook. He opened it. Every page had drawings with a tiny hidden moon. The last page was different from all the others. It was an unfinished portrait of him. Below it, Ananya had written:

"Once you asked me why I always draw the moon. Because the moon looked beautiful to me only after I started looking at it with you. That is why I kept drawing it."

At last, he understood why every drawing had a tiny hidden moon. It had always been her silent way of saying, I liked being with you.

His hands trembled. With tears filling his eyes, he picked up her pencil and completed the unfinished portrait—not his own.

Hers.

The two unfinished drawings became one complete picture. It became their final sketch.

He held the sketchbook close to his chest and cried until there were no tears left. Months later, his illness became worse. The next morning, the nurse found the sketchbook resting on his chest. His last words were,

"The moon looks beautiful tonight."

After saying this, he took his last breath.

Sometimes love is not hidden in grand confessions. Sometimes it lives quietly in the smallest corner of a drawing, waiting for someone to notice before it is too late

An Unresolved Story

When she was born, it was a stormy day, exactly at 8:50 p.m. Meena cried out in labour pain. Manoj, with the help of his neighbours, took his wife, Meena, to the hospital. It was not easy to reach the hospital because their village was 68 km away from the city. The road leading to the village was broken. Manoj was working as a servant. Meena used to collect plastic and other garbage to earn some extra money, Manoj knew about the hospital and had the ambulance number because his master had taken him there many times while he worked as a servant.

Manoj had a keypad phone that his master, Zamindar Khushwant Pratap, had given him. He tried to call an ambulance for his wife, but due to the bad weather, the call did not connect. Seeing his wife suffering from labour pain, Manoj became nervous and was unable to think of what to do.

Finally, with the help of his neighbours, they carried Meena on a pushcart and took her to the hospital. The journey from the village to the hospital was not easy. There was a heavy thunderstorm, but they did not give up. They finally reached the hospital at 11:30 p.m.

"It's a girl," said the doctor.

Meena and Manoj burst into tears—not because it was a girl, but because she was their first child after twelve years of marriage. They were overjoyed to become parents. They lovingly named their little daughter Sonam and started taking good care of their Bitya Rani.



When Sonam was five years old, they enrolled her in the village Anganwadi school. Sonam was very beautiful and was the apple of Manoj and Meena's eyes. Manoj tried his best to fulfil all the needs of his Bitya Rani. At the same time, he worried about her future because he wanted to send her to a good school, but he was only a servant with very little money. In his free time, he and Meena collected plastic and other recyclable waste to earn some extra income and save enough money for their daughter's education.

As time passed, Sonam completed her schooling at the village high school, which was run by Zamindar Khushwant Pratap. He had a son named Chirag Pratap. Chirag was four years older than Sonam. He had received his education in the city. Being the only son of Zamindar Khushwant Pratap, he was a spoiled and arrogant young man, full of pride. He behaved disrespectfully even towards his elders.

Because of poverty, Sonam could not continue her studies after the 10th standard. Instead, she started helping her mother collect plastic and other recyclable waste to earn a living.

That year, after many years, Chirag returned to his village because it was his parents' 25th wedding anniversary. Zamindar Khushwant Pratap threw a grand party to celebrate the special occasion and invited all the villagers. Chirag also brought his friends from the city to join the celebration.

It was 15th July 2009. As it was a very important day for the Zamindar's family, Manoj and his family arrived early to help with the preparations. Sonam was given the task of sweeping the floor, while Meena was busy with other household chores. The party was scheduled to begin at 7:00 p.m. Guests started arriving from the city as well as from nearby villages. Chirag arrived with his friends. Mr. and Mrs. Khushwant warmly welcomed their guests.



Sonam was serving drinks to the guests. Aman, one of Chirag's friends, gazed at her and mocked her, saying,

"So, this is how village girls look and work? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Sonam remained quiet.

Another friend said, "Come, have a drink with us."

They all burst into laughter.

Sonam felt embarrassed in front of everyone. Manoj was furious, but he controlled his anger because those boys were his master's guests.

Chirag also noticed that Sonam was very beautiful. When he learned that she was the daughter of his father's servant, he developed a desire to flirt with her.

While everyone was enjoying the party, Sonam stood quietly in a corner, holding a tray of drinks. Chirag deliberately walked towards her and intentionally bumped into her. A few glasses fell from the tray, and some of the drinks spilled on Chirag's clothes.

Chirag became furious and shouted,

"You bloody poor girl! Don't you know who I am?"

Everyone turned to look at Sonam. "I didn't do it intentionally," Sonam replied nervously.

"Oh, really? Haven't you ever seen a handsome man like me? So you thought this was a good way to flirt with me?" Chirag continued sarcastically.

Mr. Khushwant interrupted them and sent Sonam aside. Turning to his son, he said,

"It's nothing, son. Don't mind it. She is doing this work for the first time. She doesn't know how to behave."

"I'm so sorry, Sir," Sonam said softly, feeling uncomfortable and humiliated.

The party went on until midnight. The guests gradually started leaving. The night was cold and frightening because the jungle was not far from the village. Manoj and Meena were busy wrapping up the party arrangements with the other servants.

Sonam was standing at the corner of the tent. Suddenly, someone grabbed her waist from behind. When she turned around, a piece of cloth was pressed over her mouth, and she fainted. Chirag and his friends dragged her into the darkest part of the jungle. No one noticed because the servants were busy cleaning up after the party.

They made Sonam sit under a tree. The cold breeze was blowing. Alok and Ravi switched on the flashlights on their phones. After a while, Sonam regained consciousness. Her hands were tied. She shouted, "Where am I?"



They laughed.

"You are in the right place. You know what? You are so pretty," said Chirag.

She started crying. "Please let me go home. Let me go!"

They started touching her, lit up their cigars, and laughed strangely.

She began begging before them. "Please let me go!"

Those monsters had already decided what they were going to do to her.

"Trust me, I didn't spill the drink intentionally!" she cried.

"Oh! You are talking about that drink? Ha! Ha!" said Chirag.

"Even if you hadn't spilled that drink... you would still be here," he continued.

The hooting of an owl echoed through the jungle. Those five monsters raped her one by one, leaving her half dead. Then they decided to kill her. One of them strangled her to death. Her fluttering feet slowly stopped moving. Then Chirag picked up a rock and threw it at her face. They did not want to leave a single piece of evidence of their crime. They did not stop there. Finally, they burnt her body and left as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, when Manoj and Meena reached home, hoping that Sonam had already returned, they started searching for her. When they could not find her, they went to Zamindar Khushwant, worried, and said, "We can't find our daughter."

He assured them, "She might be at someone else's house."

The next morning, someone informed the villagers that a dead body had been found in the jungle. Everyone rushed there. Manoj was stunned as he recognised the chain around the neck of the burnt body. Meena fainted on the spot. Their tears had dried up from crying, as they had lost their only child.

The police were called to the village and began investigating the case. Everyone could imagine what had happened and who was responsible, but no one spoke a single word. Chirag and his friends had returned to the city early that morning.

By evening, the whole village was discussing why Manoj and Meena had hanged themselves in their house.

Chotanagpur Melodies:

The Kerketta's Song



Nishi Priyanka kerketta
Eng-III(2023-27)

Under the shade of the Chotanagpur hill,
Where flora and fauna forever thrill,
Wanders a Kerketta bird, fierce and free,
A little wild spirit of the Khadia tree



She feeds on mahua round and round,
Flying through sakhua all around,
Dancing with joy to the taal of mandhar,
She owns the akhda like a commander.

Praising her land where the wild rivers flow,
She sings to the valley and mountains below.
She bows her small head with a gentle johar,
To her ayo and aaba, wherever they are.

INNER BEAUTY



Dr. Amit Kumar Gupta
Asst. Prof (H.O.D)
Dept. Of Commerce

The beauty is eternal.

But people want makeover.

Some want for lust,

Some want to look attractive.

No one seek the inner beauty.

What is there to see from out,

Look from in, look for in.

Don't focus on your looks;

It's the character that makes you cool in the duel.

Inner strength comes from within, nurtured by what has been.

You don't need anything to look attractive.

What men what women

Who has seen beauty

It's within us, find and see it.

And you will be happy forever.

People come and go

But beauty lasts forever ...



YOGA FACTS

1.Yoga is over 5,000 years old.

2. The word ‘yoga’ comes from the Sanskrit language and literally means ‘union’.

3. “Yoga is not a religion. It is a science, science of well-being, science of youthfulness, science of integrating body, mind and soul” – Amit Ray.

4. Yoga was originally practiced as a form of healing.

5.Yoga classes used to be just for men, women were not invited until 1937!



6. Nowadays 72% of yoga practitioners are women.

7. Yoga practitioners used to use grass or animal skin as a mat for their postures.

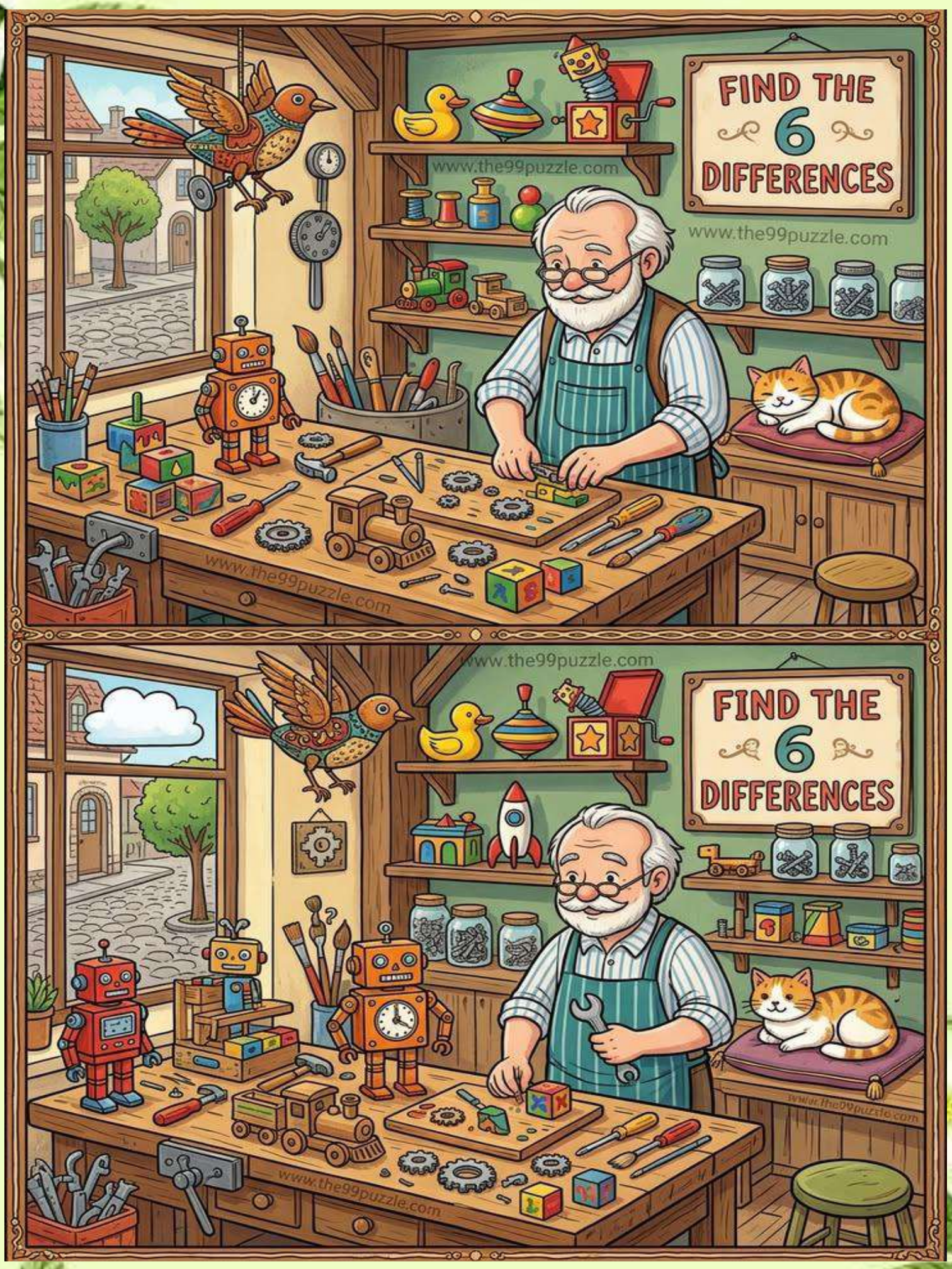
8. Prisoners in India can reduce their sentence by getting top marks in a yoga test.

9. There are more than 100 styles of yoga!

BRAIN TEASER

D V Q G R F Z L T Y A L P H V E U P C A V G L S
U T U S M C O L O R S E J J X L X V T T N E H V
S E E O D G L U E U B S Y D T E Z O S S O B E B
S R W O B N I A R P R S Y D H I G Z K Y H M D K
T M K Q Q C M Y A D M X S U X D O J U H Y V N B
L O N G F P K I J N I M U H S C H O O L K F S V
L Q E E F W J A P L N N E K C I H C Y X L B F Q
Y L E R P D G W K B T H F J Z Q M A Y H C Z K H
E E U O Q V A R T V U Z W E I N V T H U N D E R
L M Q M Y E K N O M X P W K V M I G R P U Y A A
G Z R H J P J X C K W U Z K A U S T I N E U P C
O A I E O Z P P K B A Q E W S U Z C M B F U V Z
O S K G D O Y Z X R J C L E L D O O N S P I N A
G P B Y B O X E S Q C C F B L I G H T N I N G X
H E R P O D A H G Y J E A X I W V J O P O M Z K
E N A K W E K S M S R J O D O J Z O L F P K Z Z
M V I H N X N U B E K C Q Z F Y J W V F P J W S
A T N R C L I P G E E A W O N S D J I L I B T L
K S Z T E C A E N R R S O M H V C U M K H B D V
A H J X N Q R R W T E P X C C I S U M B U U T U
Y P O I H P E M W C X E F G K L T X B O D C I H
L O U R L F V A U Y P R A E T U J H N B M A K X
A U S O L Q H N E A F X H T E S T U Z A D R L S
M Z I C V R R Y W I F V O R E P U S B B T L V Q

QUEEN	MUSIC	ART	SUPERMAN	TERM
LESS	MORE	ASPEN	AUSTIN	BOB
BOXES	BRAIN	CASPER	CHICKEN	COLORS
GOOGLE	HIPPO	LIGHTNING	MAKAYLA	MINT
MONKEY	NOODLE	RAIN	RAINBOW	SCHOOL
SNOW	SUPER	TEST	THUNDER	TREES


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AMAZING FACTS

SHARKS EXISTED BEFORE TREES



They've been around for over 400 million years!

THERE ARE MORE STARS IN THE UNIVERSE



than grains of sand on Earth.

OCTOPUSES HAVE THREE HEARTS



and two stop beating when they swim

THE AMAZON RAINFOREST PRODUCES 20% OF THE WORLD'S OXYGEN



SPACE SMELLS LIKE SEARED STEAK AND HOT METAL



according to astronauts!

THE FIRST COMPUTER VIRUS WAS CREATED IN 1986 AND CALLED "BRAIN"



YOUR PHONE HAS MORE COMPUTING POWER THAN NASA'S COMPUTERS IN 1969



THE HUMAN BRAIN HAS MORE CONNECTIONS THAN THERE ARE STARS IN THE MILKY WAY



WI-FI SIGNALS CAN PASS THROUGH WALLS, BUT WATER SLOWS THEM DOWN A LOT



THE WORD 'ROBOT' COMES FROM A CZECH WORD MEANING 'FORCED LABOR'



CLEOPATRA LIVED CLOSER IN TIME TO THE MOON LANDING THAN TO THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT PYRAMID ?



IN THE 1800s, KETCHUP WAS SOLD AS MEDICINE FOR INDIGESTION



GENERAL FACTS

- Panda diets are 99% bamboo. On average, they eat up to 50 pounds of fresh bamboo leaves, stems, and shoots daily. Because of all that Fiber-dense material, they poop almost the same amount every day!

- Pandas are about the size of a stick of butter when they're born, which is about 1/900th the size of their mother.

- According to the latest count, there are 3,789 snake species, making them the second largest group of reptiles after lizards. They are divided into 30 different families and numerous subfamilies. Australia is home to approximately 140 of them.

- Reptiles sometimes get labelled 'cold-blooded' but this is incorrect as their blood isn't actually cold. The accurate term is ectothermic, meaning their body temperature is variable and regulated by external sources. Unlike mammals and birds that are able to internally regulate their body temperature, reptiles need to use sources of heat, like the sun, to warm up.

- Butterflies taste with their feet. Butterflies have tastebuds on their feet to help them find food and/or a place to lay their eggs. The female butterfly will step repeatedly on a leaf in order to release the plant's juices. The chemoreceptors on her legs will identify the correct match of plant chemicals. Then, she will lay her eggs on the appropriate plant. The butterfly will also step on its food in order to 'taste' foods such as fermenting fruit.






ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, SIMDEGA
ADMISSION ENQUIRY
SCIENCE
B.Sc. (Maths)
B.Sc. (Chemistry)
B.Sc. (Physics)





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