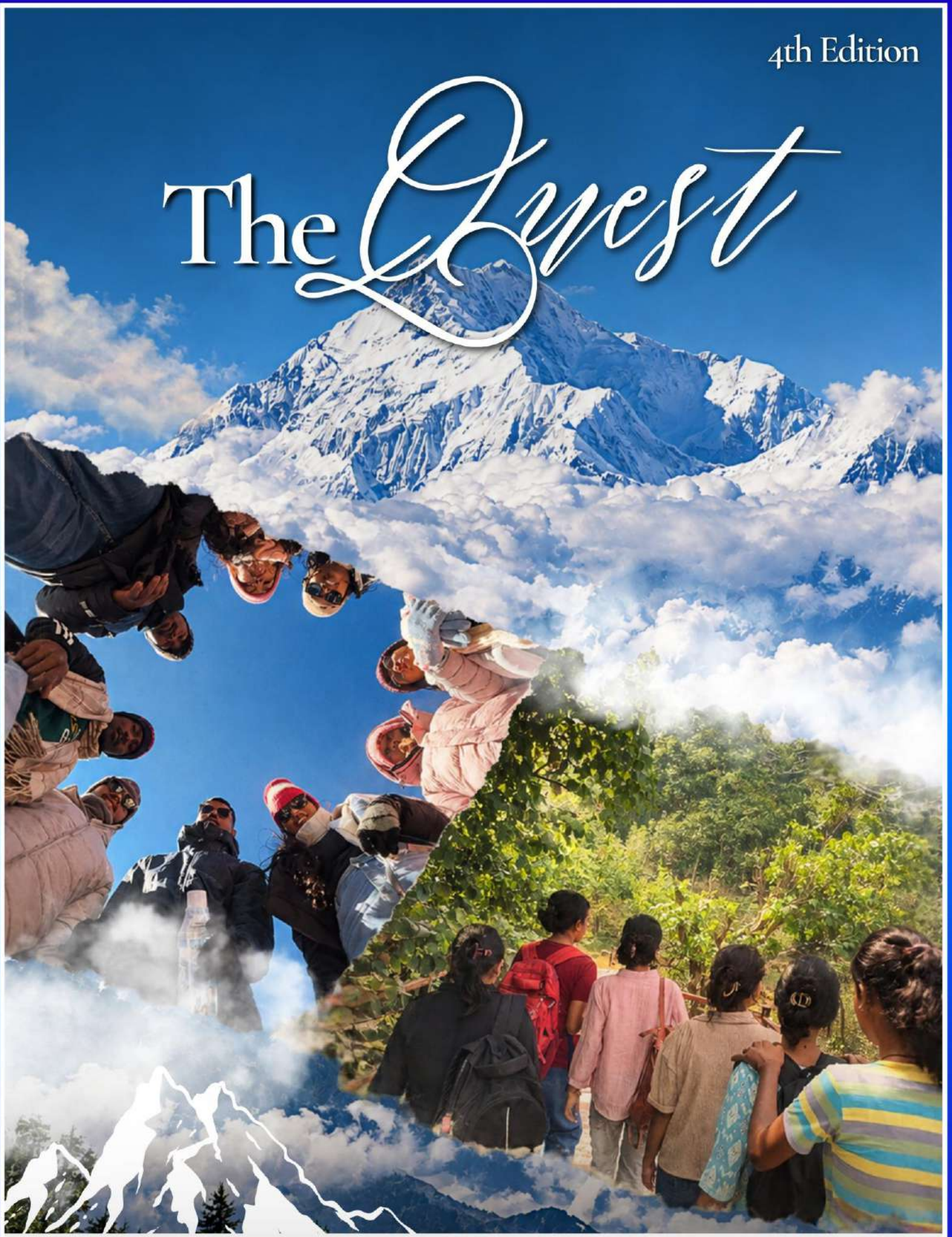
4th Edition

The Quest



ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, SIMDEGA

ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, SIMDEGA



"Spreading Light and Burning Bright"

EDITORIAL BOARD



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Mr. Narayan Sai



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Mr. Sagar Tirkey

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Message



Fr. Roshan Baa S.J.
Principal

Good friendship builds lives, while misguided friendship brings confusion and chaos. One of life's greatest challenges is learning to distinguish between friendships that help us grow and those that lead us away from our true selves. Time never waits for anyone; therefore, we must learn to value meaningful relationships before the precious moments pass away.

A seeker of love pursues relationships with sincerity,discipline, commitment, and sacrifice. True friendship teaches us respect, trust, freedom, and responsibility. It is not merely about being together but about helping one another become better human beings. Without freedom and mutual respect, friendship gradually loses its meaning.

Sometimes, we lose ourselves while trying to understand others. Therefore, self-discovery is essential. We must first become friends with ourselves, recognise our strengths and weaknesses, and preserve our inner peace. Only then can we build healthy relationships and support others with honesty and compassion.

My dear students, cherish your friends, remain faithful, and support one another in making responsible choices. True friendship does not mean blindly agreeing with everything; it means having the courage to guide one another towards what is right. Never allow selfishness or temporary attractions to destroy relationships that help you grow.

Remember, life is a journey of discovery, and love gives it meaning. Be honest in your relationships, compassionate in your actions, and responsible in your choices. **True friendship keeps love alive, and love, when shared with sincerity and respect, never ends!**

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Mr. Narayan Sai

Dear Readers,

It brings me immense joy to welcome you to the final issue of The Quest for 2026. Through our past three editions, this magazine has strived to connect with the heart and conscience of our readers.

When we pause and look back at our fast-paced lives, certain people stand out. They are the ones who make our journey easier, lighter, and richer, becoming an inseparable part of our personal stories. That special bond is friendship.

Some relationships are given to us by birth, but a friend is someone we choose for ourselves. True friendship is never about status or wealth—it is built on trust, honesty, respect, sacrifice, and unconditional love.

As time moves on, changing relationships leave behind a mix of sweet and bitter memories. In this issue, our emerging writers and creators have poured these emotions into words, weaving them together to bring fresh energy into this timeless connection.

I hope this edition melts any distance between hearts and inspires us all to set a new benchmark for friendship in the coming New Year.

Warmest regards,

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Friendship: A Beautiful Bond of Trust and Togetherness



Rainy Alma Lakra
IQAC Coordinator

Dear Students,

Friendship is one of the most beautiful gifts of life. It is a special bond that connects people through love, trust, understanding, and mutual respect. A true friend is someone who stands beside us in both happy and difficult times, listens to us patiently, encourages us when we feel discouraged, and helps us become better human beings.

College life is one of the most memorable stages of our lives, and friendship makes this journey more meaningful. The friends we meet during our college years often become an important part of our memories. Together, we learn new things, share our experiences, celebrate our achievements, and face challenges. A good friend inspires us to work hard, remain honest, respect others, and move forward with confidence.

However, true friendship is not only about spending time together or enjoying happy moments. It is also about understanding each other's differences, respecting opinions, accepting mistakes, and offering support without expecting anything in return. A true friend never encourages us to follow the wrong path. Instead, a good friend guides us towards positive choices and reminds us of our responsibilities.

As students of St. Xavier's College, Simdega, let us build friendships based on kindness, equality, honesty, and respect. Let us rise above differences of background, language, culture, and social status. Our friendships should create an environment where everyone feels welcomed, valued, and encouraged to grow. The values of Jesuit education remind us that education is not merely about gaining knowledge but also about developing compassion, character, and a sense of responsibility towards others.

Through the pages of "The Quest," I encourage you to celebrate the friendships that inspire you to learn, dream, and achieve. Be the friend who listens, supports, motivates, and brings happiness into someone's life. Remember, a small act of kindness can create a lasting bond.

Let us make our college a place where friendship becomes a source of strength, unity, and personal growth. May the friendships we build today become beautiful memories and lifelong relationships tomorrow.

With best wishes for your academic journey and lasting friendships,

****



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

Dear Students,

Education is all about shaping and molding our minds, enriching our hearts and discovering the beauty of oneself and others. Education enlightens life and brings total transformation into life. Reading, writing, reflecting, and imagination are vital building blocks without them education will be empty. True education is a process of using mind, heart and hand to unlock one's ultimate potential and reshape how one interacts with the world. Reading, writing, reflection and imagination beautifully broaden our vision, sharpen our thoughts, deepen our understanding and give new wings to creativity. Academic and co-curricular activities are instrumental to discover and nurture our talents. Holistic education helps us to grow into balanced, capable and compassionate human beings. Student life once gone will never come back. Therefore, enjoy every moment by actively participating in both academic and non-academic activities wholeheartedly.

The theme of the forthcoming magazine, "Friendship and Freedom," invites us to share and celebrate the precious gifts of life. Friendship is beautiful. It is very helpful in making our life better by growing in love, trust and understanding towards others. Freedom gives us opportunities to dream big, explore new horizons and discover what is hidden within us and become what we can become. True friendship helps us to grow without losing our beauty and identity and genuine freedom teaches us to make responsible choices without making others as our objects. Friendship becomes meaningful when we care for one another, and freedom becomes beautiful when we are guided by genuine love, without forgetting the priority of life.

Let us not limit our education to classrooms and textbooks. Our learning must be beyond books and classrooms. Let us read widely, reflect more deeply, write more creatively, and participate wholeheartedly and actively in meaningful companionship. Always keep in mind your identity as students. Seeking knowledge is the top priority of your life. True friendship must help you in attaining the purpose of your life.

May every page of this magazine reflect your dreams, creativity, values, and aspirations. Remember, our greatest achievement is not merely becoming successful individuals but making the world a better place to live. With heartfelt congratulations to the editorial team and all contributors, I extend best wishes for success in this edition.

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Robin Barwa- Eng(Sem-8)
2022-26

Beyond Wealth

Nilesh and his mother lived a quiet, peaceful life as the only two members of their small family in a comfortable house located in a small city. Though Nilesh's father was no more, the mother and son shared a remarkably deep bond and lived a perfectly happy life together, surrounded by good and warm-hearted neighbours who always looked out for them. His mother spent her days diligently sewing clothes to run their home, earning enough to manage comfortably. They were neither poor nor very rich.

One afternoon, Nilesh went to collect the mail and found a heavy, cream-colored envelope that smelled of expensive wax. When he read the golden lettering on the front, he was completely stunned.

"Mother, you won't believe this," Nilesh said, rushing into the room with the envelope. "We just received an invitation to a massive engagement party from the Anik family. This is so unexpected and surprising."

"Why on earth would they invite us?"

The Anik family was the wealthiest family in the entire state.

His mother paused her sewing machine, looking just as astonished as her son. She took the envelope, her eyes widening as she examined the stamp on it.



"Oh, my Nilesh! I remember now. A very distant branch of our family connects us to Mother Elisa, the oldest member of the Anik clan. We have lived apart for so long. I never imagined they would remember us."

She sighed softly, looking at her frail hands.

"I am too weak to travel myself, Nilesh. But you must go in my place to show that we still respect our relatives."

"I understand, Mother," Nilesh said, though anxiety gripped him. "But I cannot face a world of high society alone. I will ask Atul to come with me."

Atul, his deeply loyal friend, readily agreed to go. The next morning, dressed in their finest but slightly faded clothes, the two boys boarded an early bus to the grand Anik estate. The property looked less like a home and more like a giant private fortress, guarded by towering walls and security cameras. Because the grand party was scheduled for the evening, the long driveway was completely empty. Nilesh and Atul were the only guests arriving so early.

As they walked down the calm path, suddenly, a man in a crisp black suit stepped out from behind the straight row of bushes. His face had no expression at all. He stopped them coldly and asked for their names. After checking the names on the digital tablet, his stiff attitude changed into a formal greeting.

He said, "Mother Elisa has been expecting you. Please follow me."

Inside, the mansion was breathtaking, filled with gold ceilings and massive crystal chandeliers. Every surface gleamed with an overwhelming display of wealth. The man in black led them deep into the house, straight into a large, quiet bedroom.

Sitting in a velvet armchair was Mother Elisa. She was a frail, old woman wrapped in an expensive silk shawl. Her eyes were sharp and ancient.

"Nilesh," she whispered with a small smile.

"You look just like your mother. She is a very distant relative of mine, but blood is blood."

For a whole hour, Mother Elisa asked Nilesh about his life and his mother. She completely ignored Atul, who stood quietly by the window. Finally, she waved her thin hand toward the door.

"The workers are preparing for the grand party tonight," Elisa said. "Go out and look around the property. You have surely never seen anything like this before. I need to rest now. Come back to my room in a few hours. I will cook a special dish for you with my own hands."

For the next few hours, Nilesh and Atul roamed the massive grounds. They saw advanced security rooms, workers polishing solid silver spoons, and artists carving beautiful shapes out of giant blocks of ice. But as the afternoon faded, the atmosphere changed completely.

Expensive sports cars and shiny luxury cars began pouring through the gates. Hundreds of wealthy guests arrived, dressed in sparkling diamonds and fancy suits. Nilesh and Atul, standing there in their simple clothes, suddenly felt completely out of place. People stared at them, whispered, and walked away from them.

When they returned to Mother Elisa's room, it became clear just how stuck she was in her old ways. She had prepared a beautiful traditional meal, but the way she served it drew a sharp line between them. She placed a beautifully crafted, expensive-looking plate in front of Nilesh at the main dining table. Then she picked up a very simple and plain-looking plate for Atul.

Instead of setting it at the table, Mother Elisa walked over and placed Atul's plate down on a nearby sofa.

"Nilesh, come sit here at the table with me," Mother Elisa commanded smoothly. She then said, "Since he does not belong to our family, he may sit over there on the sofa to have his meal."

Nilesh gripped the edge of the table, his face flushing with embarrassment for his friend. Atul quietly swallowed his pride to keep the peace for Nilesh's sake.

Later, out in the courtyard, where the grand outdoor party was underway, Atul tried to get some juice from a counter when a group of Anik cousins stepped in.

"Nilesh, come upstairs," one of the cousins called to Nilesh, pulling him away. "The family elders want to meet you."

They completely ignored Atul as if he were invisible.

Left alone, Atul took an empty table with a glass of juice. Within moments, a wealthy man in a velvet suit came up to him and publicly humiliated him.

"Move along!" the man barked loudly. "These seats are strictly for VVIPs. And put down that expensive glassware before you break something you can't afford to replace!"



Deeply ashamed, Atul retreated into a dark, shadowed corner near the bushes. A few nearby guests laughed quietly. Upstairs, looking through a giant glass wall, Nilesh saw his best friend being treated like an outcast, and his blood boiled with anger.

Nilesh greeted the family elders as fast as he politely could to fulfil his duty and immediately excused himself. He ran down the staircase to get back to his friend.

He found Atul hiding in a dark, shadowed corner near the bushes, looking deeply ashamed. He said, "Atul, I am so incredibly sorry. I should never have left you alone."

Atul tried to shake it off, forcing a brave face. "It's fine, Nilesh. Don't worry about it."

"No, it's not fine," Nilesh said firmly, gripping his friend's arm. "We are leaving right now."

As Nilesh pulled Atul out of the shadow, the elder members of the Anik family approached them. The oldest uncle stepped forward, blocking their path and holding a legal folder.

"Wait, Nilesh. Where are you going in such a hurry?" the uncle said calmly. "Mother Elisa wishes to offer you a little inheritance from the Anik family estate.

"It is a small gesture, but to be a part of the prestigious Anik family, you first need to cut off your relationships with other ordinary people. Sign these papers, sever those common ties completely, and join our world."

Nilesh looked at the papers, then thought of the cruelty his friend had faced that day. But more than that, he thought about who Atul really was—the brother who stayed up all night with him when his mother was ill and who walked miles through the rain just to bring him medicine.

"My mother taught me that dignity is not something you can buy with money," Nilesh called out. "If your family demands that I cut off ordinary people and my friend and treat them as untouchable, then your inheritance is completely worthless to me. You can never buy the loyalty that my friend gives me for free."

Leaving the family in shock, Nilesh turned his back on the Anik empire. Keeping his hand on Atul's shoulder, they walked firmly through the massive gates.

As they walked down the dark, quiet road toward the bus station, Atul's eyes filled with tears.

"You are a fool, Nilesh," Atul whispered. "That was a chance that could have changed your whole life."

Nilesh smiled gently and pulled his friend into a warm hug.

"My mother would have cursed me if I bought her comfort with your humiliation. Atul, my life is already rich because I have a brother who stands by me through everything.



"Let's go home."

Leaving the fake, wealthy world behind, they walked home together under the open night sky. They had no money, but their true friendship made them richer than the entire Anik family.

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Archi Agarwal- B. Com. (2024-28)

Friendship Day

Friendship Day is a day to celebrate the people who make our lives happier and our memories special. Sometimes, we don't realize when a stranger is about to become a special part of our life.

I still remember walking into the classroom, feeling nervous and thinking about the faculty, classroom, and new environment. I was sitting alone at the desk, just thinking about how I would fit into this new place. After a while, a girl came and sat beside me. We had a simple conversation, and slowly, she became my bench mate.

As days passed, we met many people, made many friends, and became a group. Our college life became full of laughter, silly jokes, teasing, and, of course, fights too.

But among those, there is one memory I will always cherish. It was our annual fest, and I had taken part in an event. As the event day came closer, I became too nervous, wondering how I would perform. But she had complete faith in me.

She stayed with me before the competition, encouraged me, and gave me the confidence that I would do well. Throughout the competition, she sat there cheering for me. Every time I looked at her, I could see her supporting me with a smile.

Finally, the event ended, and we went home together. I was still thinking about the performance, and then she looked at me and said, “You have done the best.”

It was just a simple sentence, but it meant so much to me. I realised how lucky I was to have a friend who believed in me when I doubted myself. Now, when I look back on my first day, I still find it amazing how I was sitting alone nervously, and then a girl simply came and sat beside me. It became the beginning of the most beautiful part of my college life.

****



Afrin Ruksar- PG
ENG - IV
2024–26

TOUR

The journey of a highway,

With each other, some fly away,

Brightful nature, brightful eyes,

We all just want to fly,

We watch some big dreams,

Forever, don't know why,

All students were so shy...

The journey of the Kolkata tour,

A memorable tour with new memories to store,

An increase in knowledge with some goals,

With friends, we first saw Howrah Bridge,

Next, the Hooghly, Ganga River, and some waterfalls,

We visited Kalighat Temple and the big Botanical Garden,

We villagers' thoughts became more modern...

The memories of the Bandel Church street,

The grass of the Zoological Park touched our feet,

We reached Kolkata by train,

Having seen Science City, we

Discovered the sharpness of our brain,

The journey of a highway,

With each other, some fly away...

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

Lost in Freedom, Found in Life

There was once a boy named Anand, gentle in nature, cheerful in spirit, rich in intelligence, and gifted with talents. He was loved by everyone in his family and village. He respected his parents and helped his neighbours. He was an exemplary student who dreamed of becoming someone who would make his family and society proud. He was the apple of everyone's eye. People highly appreciated and praised him. Wherever he went, he made others happy with his good manners.

After completing school, he went to a big city for higher studies. For the first time, he experienced a life without anyone asking where he was going, whom he was meeting, or how he was spending his time. The city seemed magical, and life seemed colourful. Bright lights, fashionable clothes, tasty food, endless entertainment, smartphones, social media, late-night outings, and hundreds of new faces surrounded him.

At first, Anand was fascinated. He thought freedom meant doing whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted. Slowly, his priorities and direction changed. His phone became his closest companion. Hours disappeared while scrolling through reels, videos, and social media. His books remained unopened. He began staying out late. His new friends introduced him to habits that gradually pulled him away from his dreams and drained all his resources.

Anand and his friends laughed whenever someone spoke about the purpose of life, discipline, hard work, and responsibility. “Why worry about tomorrow?” they would say. “Enjoy today!” Anand followed them. He had forgotten an old truth: “We become like the company we keep.”

His parents and neighbours noticed the change in his behaviour. His teachers noticed his declining performance. But Anand believed that everyone was trying to control his freedom. He started getting angry with all his well-wishers and disliking them.



One evening, after receiving poor marks in an important examination, he sat alone on a ground. His phone was in his hand, but for the first time, the colorful world on the screen seemed empty and meaningless.

He began reflecting deeply on his life, recalling his glorious childhood and comparing it with his declining youth. His heart was heavy with regret. Then he saw a flock of birds flying across the evening sky. He watched them carefully. He also saw shepherds returning home after grazing their cattle and farmers returning from their fields after long hours of hard work.

As the sun set and the light faded, darkness took over. Yet, something was changing inside Anand. He felt enlightened, and a shift was taking place within him. Solitude offered him a moment of self-reflection, leading him to look back at his journey and compare who he was then with who he was now.

Suddenly, he thought, “Those birds, shepherds, and farmers are free, but all are well-disciplined and punctual. Birds do not fly all the time. They do not fly in every direction. Shepherds and farmers return home at sunset from their

fields. They have their own timings for performing their duties. They know where they are going and what they are doing. Farmers know what to sow in every season. They don't simply sow any seed at any time."

This thought stayed with him and resounded in his mind.

That night, he realized that freedom is not the absence of boundaries but the wisdom to choose the right path. He realized that nobody had stolen his dreams. He had traded them for distractions. Nobody had forced him to waste his time. He had chosen to waste it. Nobody had destroyed his future. He had slowly been destroying it himself.

The next morning, Anand made a firm resolution to change himself. He did not run away from the city. He learned to live wisely in it. He did not throw away his mobile but learned to use it properly. He returned to his books, began exercising, joined a college volunteer group and clubs, and started spending time with students who were serious about their studies and dreams.

Gradually, everything changed and became normal. His marks improved. His confidence returned. His relationship with his parents and villagers became warmer. Most importantly, he discovered something greater than unrestricted freedom.

Years later, Anand became a successful professional. Whenever he spoke to young students, he told them, "Your phone can be a library or a prison. Your companions can become wings or chains. If freedom is used properly, it can build your future, but if freedom is misused, it can destroy your future. The choice is yours."

He often reminded them of the birds, cattle, shepherds, and farmers he had once watched returning to their homes.

Youth is the season of freedom, energy, dreams, and possibilities. But freedom without responsibility can become a trap. Modern technology is not our enemy; its misuse is.

Friendship is not the problem. Choosing the wrong company is.

Freedom is not dangerous. Freedom without wisdom is.

Choose friends who challenge you to become better, not those who make you comfortable with becoming less. Use technology to learn, create, and connect, not to lose yourself.

****



Arvind Lakra
B. Com-VIII
2022-26

The Friendship We Never Planned



Mike had never met Gabriella before that day. She was a complete stranger—someone he happened to cross paths with at the wrong place and at the worst possible time.

They were abducted together. For the first few hours, neither of them understood what had happened or why it had happened.

After reaching the outskirts of the city, the abductors received a call inquiring about the progress of their work. The husky voice replied,

"We got them. We got them as soon as they stepped out of the church near the college."

The person on the other side replied,

"We saw them in the movie theatre at that time. How can you pick them up from the church? You might have picked up the wrong people."

They confirmed with the pictures and eventually realized that they had abducted the wrong people.

Mike and Gabriella were not the ones they were looking for.

Instead of taking them back to the city, they made a cruel decision to leave them deep inside the dangerous forest on the outskirts of the city. They abandoned them in the middle of the dense forest. No food, no warm clothes, no phones, and no way of knowing where they were. Just two strangers surrounded by endless trees.

The night was dark, and the sky was brightly lit by small stars. It was terrifying. Every sound in the darkness felt like a warning. Gabriella was freezing, so Mike gave her whatever little warmth he had.

"You'll need it more than me," he said.

"I'm fine," she replied, even though she clearly wasn't.

They tried to get out of the forest, but it seemed they were revolving around the same area for hours, as if they were stuck in some puzzle.

The days became harder.

They searched for food and clean water. They built small shelters and tried to stay away from wild animals. But after several days, Gabriella's health began to deteriorate. Without proper food, warmth, or medical care, she became too weak to walk.



Mike refused to leave her behind. He shared whatever food he found with her, even when he was hungry. When she could no longer walk, he carried her.

One evening, Gabriella finally asked him, "Why are you doing all this for me? You don't even know me."

Mike looked at her and smiled.

"Maybe I don't know you yet. But you're not alone anymore."

Those words changed something between them. They were no longer simply two strangers trying to survive.

They had become friends.

After days of struggling, they finally found a road leading out of the forest. After reaching the road, they saw a few vehicles passing by, and people stared at them. Gabriella collapsed, as she could no longer bear to stand, and Mike was also not strong enough to support her.

An auto-rickshaw stopped and helped them reach the hospital. Finally, they were rescued.
But something stronger had happened during those days.
They had entered the forest as strangers, but they walked out as friends—very close friends.
Ten years passed. Mike and Gabriella remained in touch. Sometimes they met for coffee. Sometimes they went out, laughed at stupid things, and remembered the strange adventure that had brought them together.
They knew each other's habits, fears, dreams, and secrets.
But there was one thing neither of them ever talked about. Yet neither wanted to be the first to say it.
Their feelings.
There was always something between them—something deeper than friendship.
Yet neither wanted to be the first to say it. Maybe they were afraid that one confession could destroy ten years of friendship. So they pretended that they were just friends.
Maybe the forest wasn't where their story ended. Maybe it was where their real story began.

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Nishi Priyanka kerketta
B.A. Eng-IV(2023-27)

"Who Is Thy Neighbour?"

Passing down the Jericho road,
there lay a man, wounded and forsaken.
Behold, the eyes of a priest fell upon him,
yet he passed, ignoring him.
Then came another, a Levite,
yet his feet moved not forward;
and leaving the fallen, he journeyed onward.

Men praised as good turned their faces from sorrow;
but what shall it profit a man to be
praised for goodness, when he helpeth not
the fallen, but passeth by?



But then passed a stranger who drew nigh—
a man unknown, with no bond between them.
Yet he stopped.

And the fallen man asked not,
“Who art thou?”
Nor did the stranger ask,
“Whence comest thou?”

For pain made them brothers,
and mercy made them friends.

Therefore, when the world saith,
“He is a stranger,”
let thy heart answer,
“He is my neighbour.”

For true friendship is this:
when thou beholdest sorrow upon the way,
turn not thine eyes aside.

One day I may be the wounded man,
one day I may be the priest walking past.
But when I meet the wounded,
shall I be the one who passeth by—
or the one who stayeth?

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Kishan Kumar Sahu
B.A. Eng- VIII (2022-26)

Endowed in Friendship with Freedom



A person named Ethan—a 5-year-old boy who was wandering through the streets of a random place near his locality—tried to find his own faith amidst the silent chaos beneath the bricks of the streets. Those streets soon made him realize that the life he was living was not just a coincidence, but a reality born of his own beliefs and thoughts. He was the loneliest person in his environment, caring little about society or what his own mind thought, living in the delusional haze of an existential crisis.

Time passed. Years turned into decades, but he was still wandering with his thoughts of existential dread. However, one incident changed him entirely when he met an agnostic man who genuinely did not worry about the world. He taught Ethan that living in this world does not mean we have to know everything; even if we do not know, we need to move forward in life and focus entirely on how we react to the things we can control. “Thoughts are always delusional at a particular time, but if we focus on one thing, we can master it,” the agnostic man said.

Decades passed; the bricks crumbled into waste and sand, always looking toward the sky. But Ethan still had not found the faith he needed to believe in. Ages later, after experiencing a few more incidents, he finally found what he was looking for.

The first pivotal incident occurred through an old man during a rainy evening. Ethan noticed the old man standing in the same spot every day for almost 50 years. Ethan asked him, “Why are you always here if you are in good health, despite being in your 60s?”

The old man replied, “If you wander all over the world, you will only find materialistic happiness, which is limited in life. But lately, I realized that the strength of your soul is what matters most in finding happiness beyond your environment. I have seen the trees change their leaves many times, and I have breathed the natural air that blows all the time. So why should I change my location if I have the capability to change my perspective?”



Ethan was amazed after listening to the old man, who also admitted that he had lost everything years ago. “The day I stopped asking why life was unfair, I finally began living.”

After listening to the old man, Ethan remembered a moment from his childhood: once, he lost his favorite toy kit in the river during sunset. Ethan did not try to retrieve the toy because he did not want to miss the sunset. As the years passed, he realized he was different from other children. He had not

cared about his toy kit because he wanted to live in that moment, immersed in the beautiful natural phenomenon of the sunset. He realized he had been moving past the delusional idea of life—the notion that a full life requires materialistic things that people are so attached to nowadays.

Years later, Ethan returned to the same street where he used to wander with his thoughts, but now he understood the meaning of perspective. He picked up a broken stone and said to himself, “I searched for answers in these streets for decades, and then I learned something: meaning isn’t hidden somewhere waiting to be found. Every choice you make lays a brick, and every particle of every brick says something. Even tiny particles reveal the reality of existence.”

He never found the perfect faith he had been searching for. Instead, he discovered that faith isn’t always about believing in destiny or certainty. Sometimes, faith is simply taking one more step into an uncertain tomorrow.

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Rani Pareya- B.com-II
2025-2029

Freedom

In a small village named Samasti, there lived two boys named Rahul and Rohan. Both were very good athletes. Rahul was a simple boy, whereas Rohan was arrogant and very proud of himself. Both Rahul and Rohan were practising under the same coach named Deendayal. Deendayal was a well-known athlete of the 1980s. He had won many medals for the country and was willing to train budding athletes.

One day, after the training was over, Rohan laughed at Rahul and said,

“You can never win a race against me! I'm better than you.”

Rahul calmly replied,

“We will see who reaches the finish line first,” and went to his college after practice.

Days passed, and the boys were under rigorous training for the upcoming state athletic championship. They were supposed to follow a strict timetable, and special care was taken of their diet. Both of their families were also very particular about their diet and routine.



Rahul's family was fully dedicated to his practice and regularly monitored his routine. Whereas Rohan was very casual, he believed he was the best and no one could beat him on the track. Sometimes, he consumed alcohol, skipped his practice sessions, and roamed around. Villagers often told him to follow the schedule as Rahul did. He got very angry and said, “I am better than him.”

One old man said, “Yes, you are better than him, but you have to keep practicing in order to hone your skills.”

Rohan smiled and said, “Even if I don't practise, I bet you I will win.”

“You are so confident, then let's see your magic.”

It was decided that the next morning they would see who reached the finish line first. The next day, the entire village had gathered near the ground of Samasti to witness the magic of the track. Rahul and Rohan had both reached the ground on time, determined to win.

The audience were cheering for both. Rahul was excited and nervous, whereas Rohan was sure victory was his.

The race began. Rohan was faster than Rahul, and within a few seconds, he took the lead. The track was not like the usual one; it was bumpy, with stones and grass on it. Though Rohan was faster than Rahul, he didn't have the stamina and slowed down in the middle of the race. Due to continuous practice, Rahul reached the finish line faster than Rohan.

Rohan was surprised by what had happened. He lost the race he was supposed to win. He cried like a child, unable to accept the loss. He went straight to his coach and asked, “How can this happen? I am better than him, right? Then how can he win a race against me?”

The coach replied, “Obviously, you were better than him, but over time, you became arrogant. You were not practising adequately and adopted an unhealthy lifestyle. You didn't follow the diet chart and missed training sessions. Even if you have talent, you have to practise.”

“You were free to choose what you wanted to do, but you did not use your freedom wisely. You chose fun over practice.”

Rohan understood his mistake. He said, “Now I understand that freedom is not only doing whatever we like. True freedom means making the right choices and taking responsibility for our actions.”
Rahul smiled and said, “Yes, we should also respect the freedom of others. Everyone has the right to choose their own path, but we must not use our freedom to harm others.”
From that day onwards, Rohan stopped making fun of Rahul. Both started practicing together, and eventually, their bond grew stronger.
So, dear friends, true freedom is not doing whatever we want. It is the freedom to make wise choices, accept responsibility, and respect the freedom of others.
Freedom gives us the right to choose, but wisdom teaches us how to choose. True freedom is not selfishness; it is responsibility, respect, and the courage to do what is right.

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Ashma- B.A. Eng.-III
(2024-28)

Friendship

There was a time when, in a kingdom, a man named Jack protested against the king. The king was arrogant, and he didn't like anyone who went against him. So, he ordered the soldiers to arrest and hang Jack. Jack didn't resist and said, “My lord, I will gladly accept your punishment, but please grant me one last wish. I want to see my children and family members one last time.”

The king refused, saying, “No, I cannot allow you. There is no guarantee that once you leave, you will come back.”

Then, a man from the crowd came forward and said, “My lord, arrest me instead of him as a guarantee that he will return, and if he comes back, all will be well.”

The king was surprised because he had never seen a man who would offer himself for someone else. The king asked him, “Why are you ready to take his place?” The man replied, “He is my best friend, and I trust him.”

The king agreed and allowed Jack to leave and meet his children and family members. Jack wanted to return as soon as possible, but on his way, he fell from his horse and got hurt. Because of this, he was delayed.

His friend was being held and prepared for hanging. A moment before he was to be hanged, Jack came running, fell to the ground, and shouted, “Please release my friend!”

His friend replied to Jack, “Jack, you go back. I would be happy to take your place.”

Jack said, “My friend, thank you for your help, but please go. This is my punishment, and I should face it.”

Seeing their friendship, the king was overwhelmed and forgave them.

As we can see in the story, true friendship is tested and proved during difficult times. A true friend is a person who never leaves you behind when you need them the most. A good friendship builds mutual trust and constant support.

True friendship is one where both people give value and respect to each other. A healthy friendship builds a deeper connection and acts as a support system in every difficult situation. A good friendship offers honesty, encourages personal development, and respects each other's emotional experiences rather than showing superficial pity.

A good friend never leaves you behind or pulls you down.

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The Last Bench: A Friendship That Never Ends

Raj Roy,Eng-II (2025-29)

The story is about the friendship between two friends. The first day of college is a mixture of excitement and fear, with new faces, unfamiliar classrooms, and dreams waiting to be discovered.

For Arav, that morning was no different. He entered the classroom quietly, holding his books close to his chest. Almost every seat was occupied except the last bench. As he sat down, a boy sitting beside the window looked at him and smiled.

“Is this seat yours?” Arav asked.

The boy moved his bag. “It is free now. You can sit here.”

Rohan grinned and said, “Welcome to the most famous bench!”

Arav laughed for the first time that day. Neither of them knew that this simple conversation would become the beginning of something unforgettable.

Days turned into weeks and weeks into months. The last bench became their little world. They shared lunch and exchanged notes. Rohan was talkative and full of dreams, while Arnav was quiet, thoughtful, and always carried a book.

One day, Rohan asked Arnav, “You know what I want?”

“What?” Arnav replied.

“To become someone my family can be proud of,” Rohan answered.

Arnav smiled and said, “You already are someone they can be proud of.”

Rohan looked at him and asked, “Tell me, what about you?”



Arnav replied, “I want to write something that people will remember.”

Rohan grinned and said, “When you become a writer, don't forget our friendship.”

Arnav extended his hand and promised, “Never!”

Their friendship grew through ordinary moments, like having tea at the college canteen and going for long walks after class. They did not need expensive gifts or grand promises. Their presence was enough. Sometimes, friendship is not about finding someone perfect. It is about finding someone who makes an imperfect life feel beautiful.

The final year of college arrived too quickly, and they could hardly accept it. They had created unforgettable memories during their four years of college life. One evening, Rohan received a job offer in another city. After hearing the news of Rohan's job, Arnav was very happy, but when they met the next morning, Rohan said, “I'm leaving next week.”

Arnav's smile faded. “So soon?”

Rohan nodded. “I wish I could stay.”
For the first time, their laughter was replaced by silence.

On the last day before leaving, Rohan and Arnav sat on their bench in college, where they had created many memories. Rohan handed a small notebook to Arnav and said, “Read it at home.”
Before leaving, Arnav whispered, “Thank you for making college life feel like home.”
Rohan hugged him tightly and said goodbye to Arnav. As he walked away, Arnav sat watching his best friend disappear through the doorway. His eyes were full of tears.
That night, Arnav opened the notebook. Inside it, Rohan had written:
“Some friendships are not measured by time or distance. They live forever in the heart. Wherever life takes us, you will always have a friend in me!”
Arnav held the notebook close to his chest.
The next morning, he returned to college for the farewell. For the last time, he went to the last bench and sat there, but this time, the seat beside him was empty.
After returning home, Arnav wrote one line in his diary:
“Some friendships do not end with goodbye. They become stories that never truly end.”

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Tripti Kichangia- Eng II
2025-29

The Friendship I Didn't See Coming



Every day, a little girl named Somya sat by the window of her classroom. She never played during lunch, never joined her classmates, and hardly spoke to anyone. Most of the students thought that she was just rude. Some called her strange, but the truth was that Somya simply did not know how to be around people.

At home, she was usually left alone. Nobody asked her how her day had been, and nobody noticed when she came home with tears in her eyes. So, gradually, Somya learnt that staying quiet was easier than expecting someone to care about what she felt or what she wanted.

One Monday, a new girl named Meera joined her class. She was cheerful and talked to everyone. She noticed Somya sitting alone by the window and decided to approach her. Meera politely asked Somya if she could sit next to her, but Somya just looked at Meera briefly and turned back to staring out of the window. Meera thought Somya didn't want her to sit there, so she quietly walked away.



Other students told her about Somya, about how rude and strange she was. They told her to stay away from her, but Meera became more interested in Somya. So, the next day,

Meera tried to approach Somya again. This time, she placed half of her lunch on Somya's desk. Somya looked at Meera confusedly, but Meera simply said, “My mother always says sharing is caring,” and smiled. It was a small gesture of kindness, but for Somya, it was rare because nobody had shared anything with her before.

Ever since Meera started to approach Somya, she never forced her to do something she was not comfortable with. As the days passed, Somya slowly became comfortable around Meera. Somya began to interact with other students. She started smiling more and started joining others during lunch.

One afternoon, Somya and Meera were sitting together after class. Somya suddenly said, “You know, Meera, I have never known what it felt like to have a friend. Thank you for seeing the good in me when I couldn’t see it in myself. Your kindness made me feel like I belonged.”

Meera smiled gently and said, “You don’t have to thank me, Somya. I’m just glad that you let me be your friend.”

Somya looked towards the classroom window where she had spent so many lonely days. For the first time, it no longer felt like a place where she had to hide from people. She had once believed that being alone was much safer than letting someone get close, but Meera had shown her something different: friendship begins with a simple moment and grows into a bond filled with memories, trust, and love.

After that, they began to pack their stuff to go home.

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Beauty Barwa B.com semVIII.
2022-26

A Seat in the Classroom: The Story of Our College Days

“Where should I sit?” That was the first question that crossed my mind when I stepped into my college classroom for the very first time. Having studied in Simdega all my life, I recognized many familiar faces around me, yet college felt like a whole new world. I had attended a girls’ school since childhood, and suddenly everything around me felt unfamiliar, with excitement and nervousness fighting for space inside me. Scanning the classroom for a face that felt like home, I saw Aditi and Riya, whom I had studied with in Classes 11 and 12 without being particularly close. Gathering my courage, I walked up to them and asked hesitantly, “Can I sit between you two?” Without a second thought, they stood with warm smiles, making room for me, and as I sat down, I had no idea that this single ordinary seat would become the doorway to an entire chapter of unforgettable memories. As days turned into weeks, Aditi and I became inseparable, sharing everything from college updates and personal worries to silly complaints and random jokes that made no sense to anyone else. Our video calls easily stretched on for hours, and during one of those calls, Aditi’s mother caught a glimpse of us and softly said, “Look at you two. You’re like sisters now—always stay together like this.” Though we brushed it off with a laugh, those words deeply imprinted themselves on my heart. Even when time shifted our dynamic and we stopped talking the way we used to, the genuine care and affection I felt for her never truly faded, showing me that while some friendships change shape, the warmth of their memories remains.

Then came two people I never imagined would become so deeply rooted in my life—Sakshi and Nandini. What began as typical classmates spending time together between lectures slowly turned into a collection of golden moments. Nandini had one sacred habit: bringing her tiffin every single day. The exact second the latch of her lunchbox clicked open, I would appear out of nowhere, prompting her playful frown and accusing me of only showing up for the food, to which I'd respond with absolute confidence that I was just being a supportive friend. Within minutes, our circle would form around that tiffin, sharing every bite through dramatic pleas for "just one last bite" that was never actually the last. Outside the classroom, Nandini and I traveled back and forth to college on the local bus, sharing quieter, personal moments—sometimes talking about everything that happened that day, sometimes rambling about random things, and other times sitting in comfortable silence watching the town pass by through the window, turning what felt like a simple daily commute into quiet treasures I never want to lose.



Then there was our absolute favorite form of entertainment: relentlessly teasing me about people I didn't like. Whenever someone I couldn't stand walked toward us, Sakshi and Nandini would go on high alert, nudge me with mischievous grins, and whisper, "Look! Your best friend is coming!" ignoring my immediate snaps to stop and bursting into louder laughter at my angry glare. The sweetest part was that if I ever had a problem with someone, they would take my side without hesitation; one look from me was enough, and suddenly that person became their enemy too. Our canteen trips were another chapter entirely, where we'd walk in for something as simple as a cup of tea, pretend to discuss a complex assignment with serious faces, and five minutes later abandon the work for random jokes, always leaving the table with sore stomachs from laughing too much.

Behind all the jokes, teasing, and stolen lunches lay a bond much deeper than I had ever realized. One night, when I was overwhelmed and broke down crying, Sakshi stayed on the phone with me into the late hours, gently refusing to hang up despite my insistences to go to sleep, softly replying, "If you're not okay, how do you expect me to sleep?" and holding space for me until the heavy feeling passed, teaching me that a true friend doesn't always

need to solve your problems, but simply refusing to let you be alone is enough. Now, as college quickly draws to a close, I wonder how time flew by so fast. The girl who once stood nervously at the classroom door wondering where to sit is now wondering where everyone will be after graduation, knowing there will soon be no more daily bus rides with Nandini, no more spontaneous canteen plans, no more shielding tiffins, no more late-night comfort calls from Sakshi, and no more voices shouting, "Look! Your best friend is coming!" Maybe life will pull us in different directions and we will get busy with our own journeys, but I know with total certainty that whenever I look back at my college years, these small moments will shine the brightest: a seat saved between two girls, a friendship that gracefully shifted with time, a shared lunch box, a quiet bus ride through town, a crowded canteen table, a silly joke, and one late-night call when Sakshi simply refused to leave my side, proving that those ordinary days were the exact ones that made my college life extraordinary.

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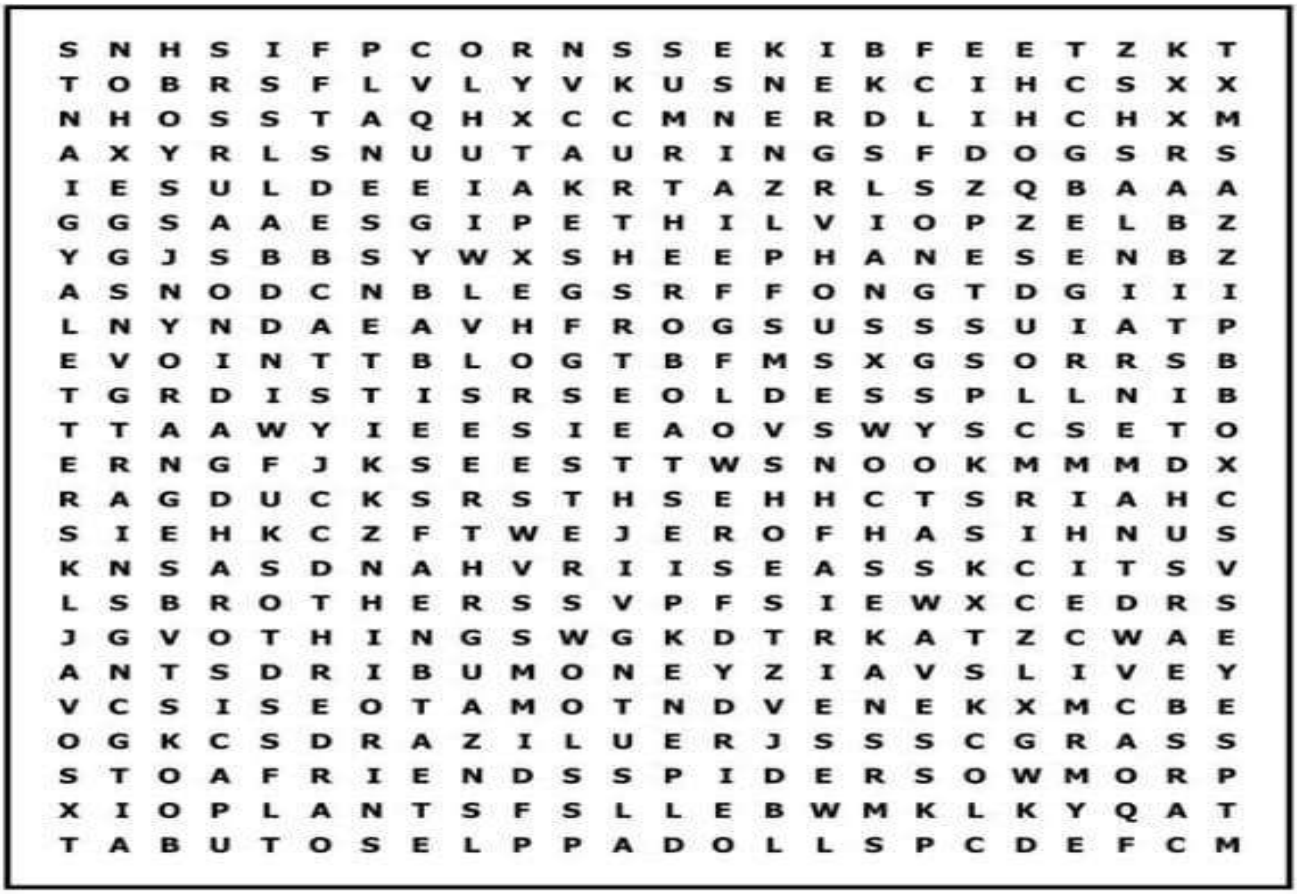
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100 Word Search



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cows
dinosaurs
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trucks
fairies
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kittens
grass
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children
birds

toys
sheep
pigs
ants
pizzas
flowers
eyes
chickens
giants
balls
plants
clocks
teeth
houses
snakes
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bells

sun
songs
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sticks
planes
friends
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pies
fish
ducks
corn
brothers
apples
sisters
rain
tomatoes
bikes
books
waves
dogs
cakes
bears

JOKES

***Me:** **I have many hidden talents.**

Someone: **Like what?**

Me: **I don't know, they're all hidden.**

***The best singer in the world is mosquito.**

Whether someone likes its song or not, but

everyone has to claps.

***Teacher:** **Why do Humans Have Different Blood Groups?**

Student: **So that Mosquitoes Can Enjoy Different Flavours.**

***Teacher:** **Count from 1 to 10.**

Student: **1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10.**

Teacher: **Where is six? You didn't count it.**

Student; **Today in the morning news, i heard that 6 died in a road accident.**

Teacher: **How can we keep our School Clean?**

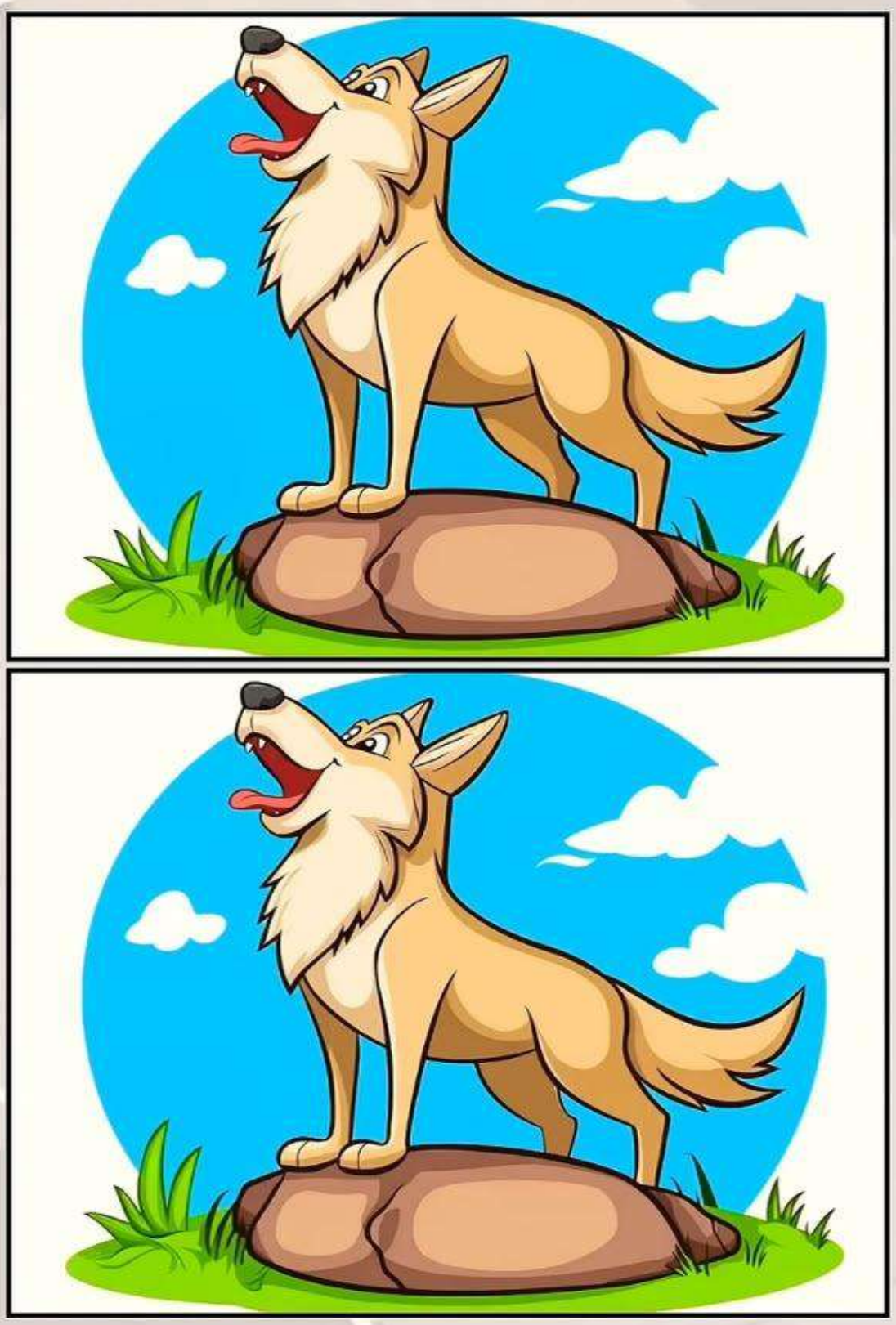
Me:**By Staying at Home.**

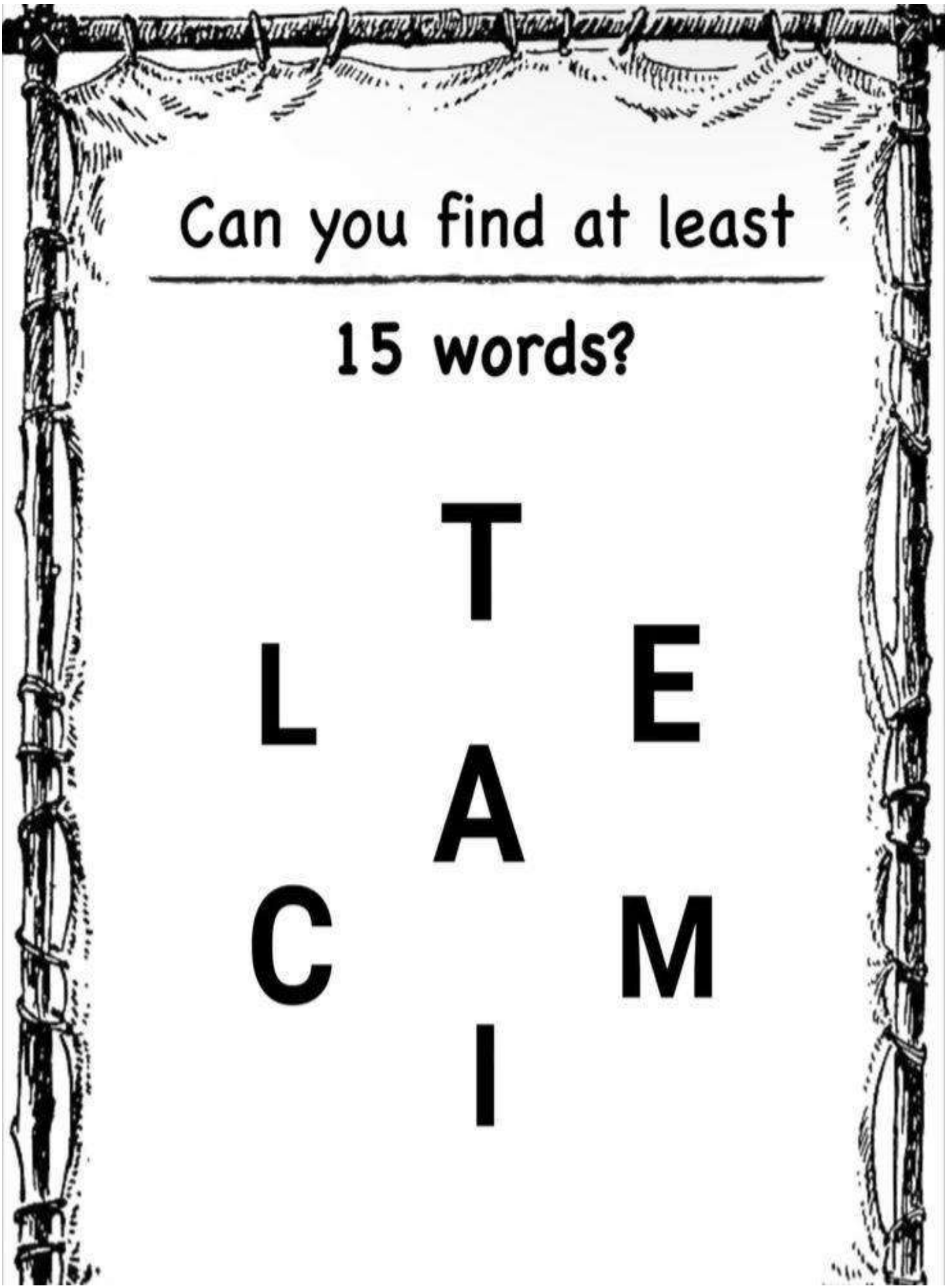
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Let’s have Some Fun

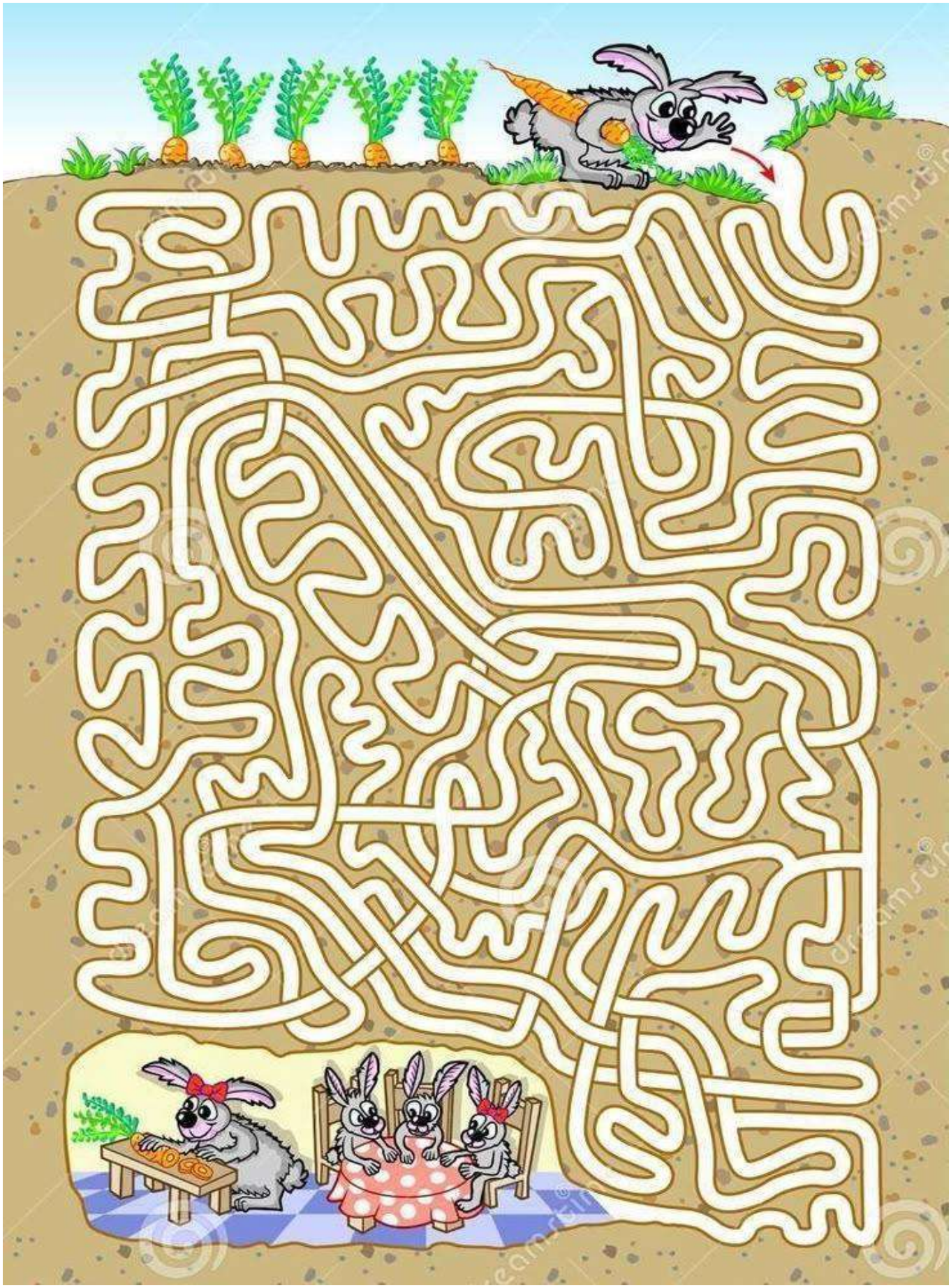


Find 3 Differences




Can you find at least
15 words?
T
L
E
A
C
M
I

Help the Rabbit to reach Its home



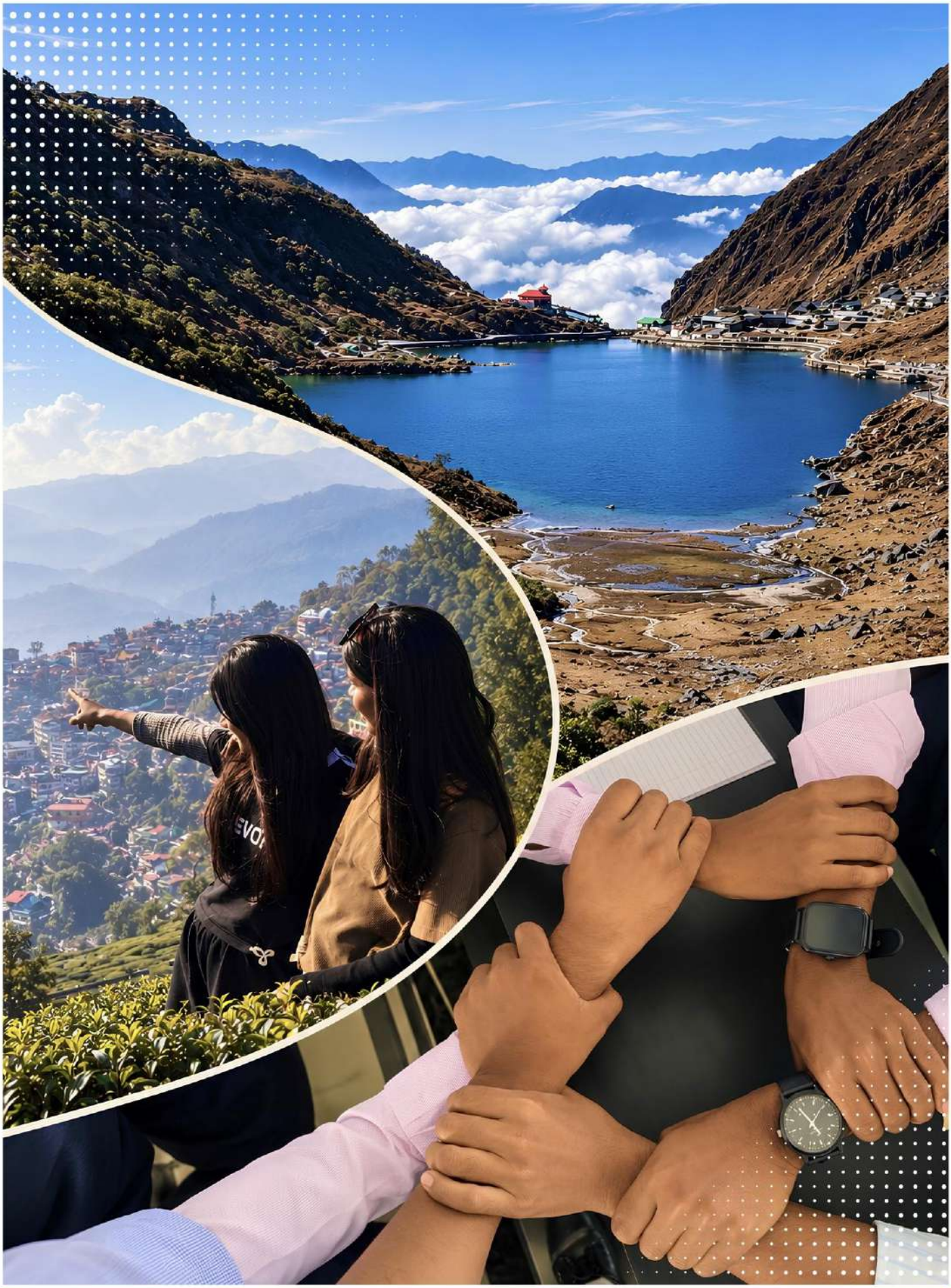
Family Word Scramble



Family Word Scramble

1. EPNEHW _____
2. GBILISNS _____
3. RROHETB _____
4. TDAUGREH _____
5. CRSESNAOT _____
6. MARANGD _____
7. IUSCNO _____
8. UNCEL _____
9. TRHEFA _____
10. WIEF _____
11. AEPNTRS _____
12. HGRTADNERFA _____
13. CNEIE _____
14. DNRCDEAGNRILH _____
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16. BYBA _____
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20. SCADNENSETD _____
21. SNO _____
22. MTROEH _____
23. USNHDBA _____
24. VTIESLEAR _____
25. ATNU _____

_____The End_____



ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, SIMDEGA