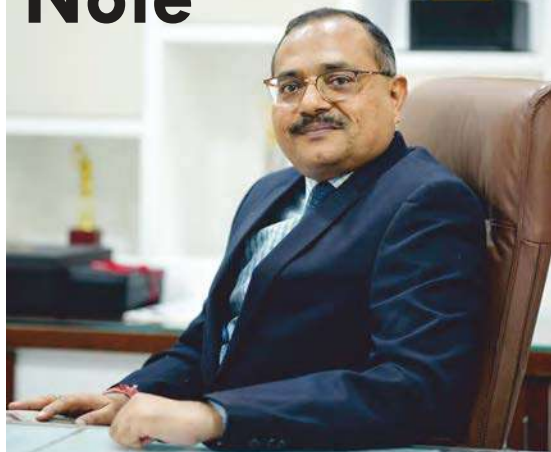




Principal's Note



“We are not one story. We are a thousand fragments - of laughter in the corridor, of notes passed in the class, of failures that taught us more than success. This is our mosaic. This is Pieces of Us.”

Today, as I reflect back on our achievement of the milestone (20 years), I am reminded that a school is never built by one voice or one achievement or one moment. But by pieces - small, quiet, and even unnoticed at times.

We evolve together by valuing each piece we come across in our journey of building ourselves, unconsciously contributing to build our community even larger - piece by piece. It is not about being perfect but the willingness to add yet another piece, learn one more lesson, giving up one morning to practise for our class or session, the comfort offered to a friend during a difficult day, the courage with which you stood on the stage, the problem you solved without giving up, the tears in the eyes of your friend when you won, and the list is endless....

It is the coming together of these pieces that form the most vibrant mosaic that we, the Billabong community, come together to build and develop. We celebrate excellence, and we honour the efforts.

As you continue adding to the vibrant mosaic, here's to more laughter in the corridors, more focus and concentration in the classrooms, and the different moments that make us - Unstoppable, Together and Vibrant.

- Ashish Agarwal

Student Editorial Board



Simar Kalsi
Editor-in-Chief



Arzoo Hajela



Hamza Shamim



Vidushi Lavania



Simarjot Singh Maan

The Mosaic Within

Everyone of us is a living canvas, and our memories, beliefs, emotions, and experiences possess a remarkable ability to etch a mosaic onto it. The theme for this quarter, “Pieces of Us”, invites us to introspect and take a closer look at our mosaic, seeing how these fragments assemble into something unique and whole.

Identity is the larger mosaic we present to the world. It is our name, language, behaviour, and maybe even our posture. It is the art piece we place in a museum for people to observe, interpret, and admire. Like an art piece, our identity can be comprehended in myriad ways, each revealing a new layer of our being. It is an evolving journey shaped by new ideas, failures, discoveries, and even lost arguments. At times, it is how the world sees us; at others, it is how we see ourselves in the mirror.

The people around us, too, become architects of this mosaic, influencing our beliefs and values while quietly shaping our identity. With each interaction, we learn and grow, collecting habits, ideas, and emotions that fit into the jigsaw of life.

Our parents help build the foundation of our personality, instilling valuable lessons in us. Our friends, too, play an essential role, standing by us as we face and overcome daily challenges, inspiring us and constantly reminding us to cherish every moment in life. Our teachers guide us not only through subjects such as Science and English but also through lessons that extend far beyond the classroom. The people around us are

the colourful specks that bring vibrancy to the canvas of our lives. They, too, are integral pieces of us.

Each memory we hold is a unique piece of us, and these experiences form the core of our individuality, affecting the way we think, feel, and react. Whether joyful or painful, every memory carries special significance and becomes a vital part of our being. These pieces may not always fit together perfectly, but we must learn to embrace even the messier parts of life, finding meaning within them while growing from each new experience.



In recent times, we have come to think of ourselves as separate entities. Yet, on a larger scale, every one of us—each mosaic—is composed of similar pieces that emerge when we connect as human beings.

The connections we share with our parents, teachers, and friends; our inside jokes and shared moments; all become pieces of our mosaic.

They do not

disappear after a falling out or an argument. Instead, they remain attached to our canvas, continuing to shape and define us throughout our lives.

The marrow in our bones and the haemoglobin in our blood were forged in collapsing stars billions of years ago, as mere atoms. We are, quite literally, fractured pieces of an ancient universe, constantly trying to piece ourselves together.

- Siddharth Sachdev (11A) Parth Jhawar (11A)

Editor's Note

Perhaps we are all made of borrowed things. A phrase that stayed with us, a piece of advice never forgotten, a friendship that changed the way we think, the days we long to relive. Piece by piece, such fragments become a part of our lives and, ultimately, who we are.

We spend so much of our lives trying to understand ourselves. However, when we take a closer look, we realise that so many parts of us began with someone else. They enter quietly into our lives, becoming part of us before we even realise it.

Maybe that is what Pieces of Us is about - not just the memories and experiences we carry, but also the people who shape us along the way. Every interaction and shared moment contributes to who we become.

This publication is a collection of borrowed things too. Each article, artwork, idea, and perspective shared has left its mark, shaping

not just this Bulletin but also the community behind it.

As this marks our final issue as the Editorial Board, we are deeply grateful to every student who contributed their work or simply engaged with the bulletin's pages. Your enthusiasm and willingness to participate are what continue to give this publication its purpose.

The pieces of us were never ours alone; they were shaped by every person, every moment, and every memory that became a part of our story. As you turn the pages of this issue, I hope you find pieces of yourself within it and recognise the pieces of others that have helped shape who you are today.

Simar Kalsi - Editor-in-Chief

Theme: **Pieces of Us**



JAPAN TOUR

Chasing the perfect blend of timeless tradition and futuristic wonder, our students finally checked Japan off their bucket lists. From the thrill of bullet trains to historic landmarks and vibrant cityscapes, these snapshots capture the pure joy of their journey!



BHIS Birthday

Celebrating a grand milestone, Billabong International School Bhopal marked their school's 21st birthday with high spirits, songs, and dances. The joyous commemoration wrapped up with classroom parties and special assemblies, honoring the growth of their second home.





IAYP Hiking Expedition 2026-27 – Beas Kund

The IAYP expedition to Beas Kund was a challenging and rewarding adventure that tested our students' resilience, determination, and teamwork. As they navigated the demanding mountain terrain, they discovered new strengths within themselves while supporting one another every step of the way. This experience offered invaluable lessons in perseverance, empathy, and self-discovery that will continue to shape their growth beyond the classroom.





SCHOOLS ARE NOT EDUCATING STUDENTS BUT MERELY TRAINING THEM



FOR

A basket of distinct fruits, each having its own unique palette of qualities, is hand-picked from separate farms. Upon being processed in a centralized and standardized factory unit, millions of completely identical jars of mixed-fruit jam emerge from the other end. The individual taste and potential of these fruits are ignored in the interest of simply satisfying the market demand for jars of mixed-fruit jam. While this may seem acceptable in the case of fruits, I firmly hold that this precisely mirrors the unfortunate state of students today.

In my view, the existing education system still places primacy on passive obedience and conformity as opposed to encouraging a genuine pursuit of knowledge and skills. For almost 35 years, the Indian education system functioned as per the National Education Policy (NEP) of 1986, with its replacement, NEP 2020, only being shaped three whole decades later. (<https://www.education.gov.in>) Nonetheless, over half a decade since the implementation of NEP 2020, rigid practices remain deeply rooted. For instance, schools continue to prioritise tasks like the proper completion of notebook work, where students are denied grades if their notebooks are not up to the mark as per the prescribed format and guidelines. Throughout their school years, students are compelled to comply with and conform to trivial metrics such as these, which continue to be followed under the facade of productivity and discipline. In order to fulfil such futile and obsessive expectations, students are forced to use artificial intelligence or blindly replicate the assignments of their peers. Therefore, institutions must question: Is this not the butchery of real effort and independent thought?

Furthermore, answers in examinations, including extremely crucial ones such as the board exams, are seldom graded based on their substance, content, or expression, but rather on the presence of certain pre-defined keywords, the inclusion of which determines the fate of the result. Schools and coaching centres often opt for obsolete pedagogies, with their teaching solely dominated by factors such as question trends in past-year examinations and mark-based weightage in exams. Time and again, students are obliged to pursue the route of rote learning, their minds shuttered from true learning and real career-ready skills. Is this not the butchery of authentic growth and skills? This claim is further substantiated by the placement cell of IIT Bombay, one of the premier institutes in India, which reported that in 2024, 36% of graduates were unable to secure jobs owing to persisting ineptness. (<https://thewire.in>)

While the present definition of education claims to equip students with expertise, it is entirely pretentious. Rather, it merely trains them to toe the line blindly and impedes their growth in the distant future. In essence, I vehemently hold that efforts made towards education and student growth are becoming increasingly transactional and conformist. I believe that for decades, the relentless promotion of convergent thinking disguised as discipline has caused education to lose its genuine purpose and will continue to culminate in larger batches of millions of identically manufactured jars unless we learn to question it.

- Siddhi Saini (12C)

We don't have to look far to see that performance metrics are dominating modern education. A student's worth is increasingly reduced to grades and rankings, while schools are judged solely on how efficiently they can turn out a board topper or funnel pupils into university. It is easy to view school as a hyper-competitive system and conclude that classrooms have become mere "training grounds" for institutions and employers. Yet, to say that a school's only job is to put students through their paces is to take an unduly narrow view of things. Education reaches far beyond preparation for a profession because it slowly shapes the way we understand ideas, other individuals, and even ourselves.

Inside tough academic settings, education still opens doors to kinds of understanding that go well past job training. When someone reads fiction during lessons, they might suddenly connect with feelings or situations they had never faced before. Courses like history or politics slowly teach learners to examine communities and choices more thoughtfully. Even science classes often leave students with a habit of questioning information instead of accepting everything at face value. Sure, the constant weight of tests can make everyday life feel mechanical, causing interest to dwindle. But painting all schooling as a rigid drill completely overlooks how numerous young students are shaped by small moments in school that were never meant to be assessed in the first place. Sometimes, it is a conversation after class or an unexpected idea that stays with someone for years without ever appearing in an examination.

Today, learning matters even more because of the speed at which young minds must sort through facts and noise. Instead of deep reflection, many just skim bursts of news, videos, takes, and debates—rarely stopping long enough to weigh what they've taken in. A glance lasting seconds might stick, particularly if shown again and again until familiarity masks scrutiny. Since AI keeps pouring out material that seems solid but isn't checked, classrooms face tougher ground: belief forms fast, yet truth moves slowly. Right in the thick of things, school remains one of the rare places where taking time to look closely at ideas is actually expected. This way of thinking might seem pointless when you're stuck at a desk. Yet, once class ends and life takes over, its value becomes clear.

Long after graduation, nobody recalls exact exams or those big-deadline grades that once seemed like everything. Yet lingering behind are subtler things, unnoticed at the time, such as questioning what doesn't sit right or pausing to reflect while others sprint ahead. Classrooms definitely lose sight of this goal when exam pressure takes over. Still, learning stretches beyond drills because key lessons slip through tests without leaving a trace. Reducing the entire experience to mere corporate training completely misses the point. We can't call education simple training when it changes how we look at the world.

- Hitarth Motwani (11A)



AGAINST



Remnants of the Past

Last year, when we had to clear out our cupboards before exams, it honestly felt like just another boring task. Everyone around me was rushing to finish quickly, throwing things away without thinking much about it. I was doing the same at first, just pulling things out and stacking them on the desk. But as I started going through everything properly, I noticed how much random stuff I had kept over time. There were old worksheets with messy corrections, a folded timetable I had not looked at in months, a small note from a friend that I had tucked away without thinking, and even a badge I had completely forgotten about.

At first, it all seemed useless, like things that had no real value anymore. I almost threw most of it away without a second thought. But then I paused and started remembering the moments connected to each item. The worksheet reminded me of a class I had struggled in but slowly improved. The timetable brought back memories



of trying to manage everything at once. The note from my friend made me smile, reminding me of a random day that had felt important for no big reason. Even the badge carried a small sense of pride that I had forgotten I once felt.

That was when I started to understand what Pieces of Us really means. It is not just about big achievements or major events that everyone notices. It is also about the small, quiet moments we collect without realizing it. Individually, these things do not seem like much, but together they tell a story. They

show where we have been, what we have felt, and how we have slowly changed over time.

In the end, clearing the cupboard did not feel like a chore anymore. It felt like looking back at a version of myself that I had almost forgotten, and realizing that every small piece still mattered.

- Param Rai (6B)

Discovery & Growth

A teenage mind is an intricate thing. It is neither entirely whole nor completely fractured. At times, it appears beautiful, while at other moments, it may seem confusing even to the person experiencing it. People often notice only the obvious sides of us—the positive and the negative, the strengths and the flaws—yet there are countless unnoticed dimensions hidden beneath the surface. These hidden pieces quietly shape who we are.

A person may possess a deep passion for ballet, an unusual fear of insects, or a simple joy in observing animals and nature. Every individual differs in personality, appearance, interests, habits, and emotions, yet beneath every action and every

spoken word lies a reason. That reason slowly forms our identity and guides the decisions we make throughout our lives.

Sometimes, the smallest gestures or the most ordinary stories leave the strongest impact on others. A single sentence, a brief moment of kindness, or even a passing interaction can stay in someone's memory for years. Human beings are layered and complex, and often, we discover parts of ourselves

through the eyes and opinions of other people. At the same time, some individuals are fortunate enough to begin an independent journey of self-discovery, learning about themselves not through society's expectations but through their own thoughts, experiences, and reflections. This process can be difficult because adolescence is filled with uncertainty, emotional change, and the constant pressure to fit into different roles.



Research suggests that adolescents who develop a stronger sense of identity are more likely to possess higher self-esteem, stronger social competence, and healthier emotional regulation. When young people begin to understand who they truly are, they often gain

confidence in expressing themselves and making decisions that reflect their genuine values. Self-discovery allows individuals to appreciate both their strengths and imperfections instead of hiding the parts that seem unusual or misunderstood.

The hidden pieces within us are not weaknesses to be ignored. They are what make every individual unique, meaningful, and complete in their own way.

- Zara Khan (9A)

BUILT THROUGH BECOMING

We often fail to notice the small spark hidden within difficult situations. Instead, we brush past them without realizing the quiet potential they carry. Yet sometimes, it becomes necessary to pause, breathe, and accept the reality of our existence—even the painful parts of it. Many people imagine a perfect life filled with top scores, incredible friends, and a future where everything seems perfectly arranged. But a person's identity is not built on perfection alone. It is shaped through mistakes, struggles, imperfections, and the experiences that challenge us.

When you look in the mirror, you see someone who has survived battles unknown to others.

You see a person who may have conquered the wind but still fallen before the hurricane. The weaknesses that shake your confidence and drain your strength are often the same things that slowly rebuild you into someone stronger. Every flaw, every strength, and even what appears to be perfection reflects the journey you have lived through. Too often, people try to hide their scars, erase them, or ignore them when, in

reality, those scars deserve to be accepted because they tell the story of who we are.

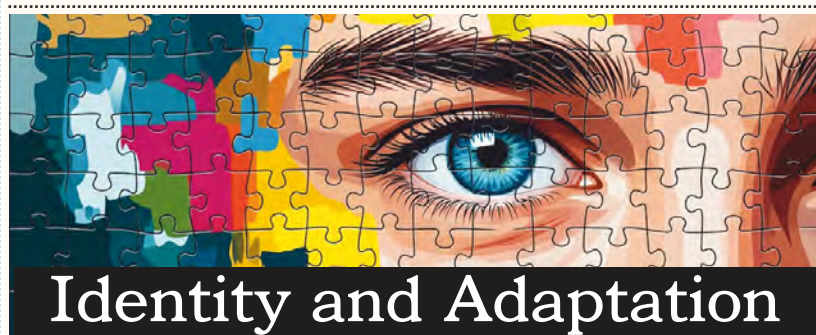
The phoenix is a symbol of this truth. It rises from its own ashes after being destroyed, becoming stronger each time it is reborn. What once reduced it to nothing eventually becomes the reason for its strength. That is what makes the creature extraordinary. It does not

fear destruction because it understands that every ending carries the possibility of a new beginning. Every fall changes it, every fire reshapes it, and what finally emerges is stronger than before.

That is what happens to people as well. A person is not built only

through logic or success, but also through contradiction, emotion, failure, and chaos. These experiences quietly shape identity over time. What feels unstable often makes you real, and what feels broken often makes you human. In the end, the deepest roots of who you are come not from perfection, but from everything you have endured and overcome.

- Pranaya Kaur Chugh (8F)



Identity and Adaptation

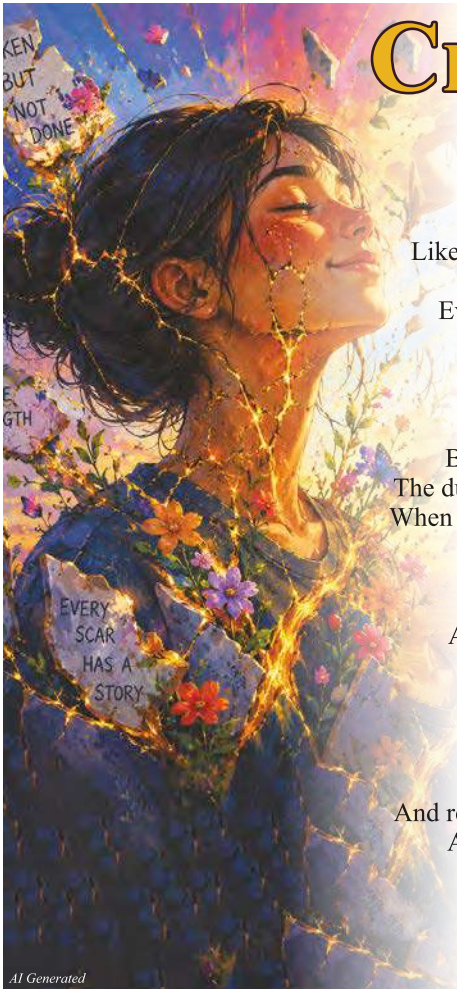
Somewhere between school corridors, family dinners, and social media stories, we quietly learned the art of becoming who each room expected us to be. The version of ourselves our friends know is rarely the same version our parents or teachers see. Growing up often feels like learning how to adapt before learning how to simply exist as ourselves. We quickly begin to understand what is considered "acceptable" in different environments.

In classrooms, we may appear composed, disciplined, and careful with our words. Around teachers, we speak cautiously. Around our family, we hold back certain thoughts. Around peers, we adjust parts of our personality to fit in, to be liked, or simply to avoid standing out too much. At home, we shift once again, becoming more responsible, more obedient, or, at times, completely exhausted and silent. Online, we curate yet another identity that is edited, polished, and shaped by how we wish to be perceived. Every post, story, and comment becomes another carefully managed layer of identity.

Slowly, we begin focusing more on how life appears than on how it truly feels. Over time, this constant shifting can leave us questioning who we really are when no one is watching. Yet perhaps the answer is not that we are lost, but that we are layered. Each version of us carries something authentic.

Maybe growing up is not about discovering one singular "true self" but about learning how all these versions can coexist without tearing us apart. Because, in the end, identity is not a single face we uncover but a lifelong mosaic of every space, silence, and connection that shapes us.

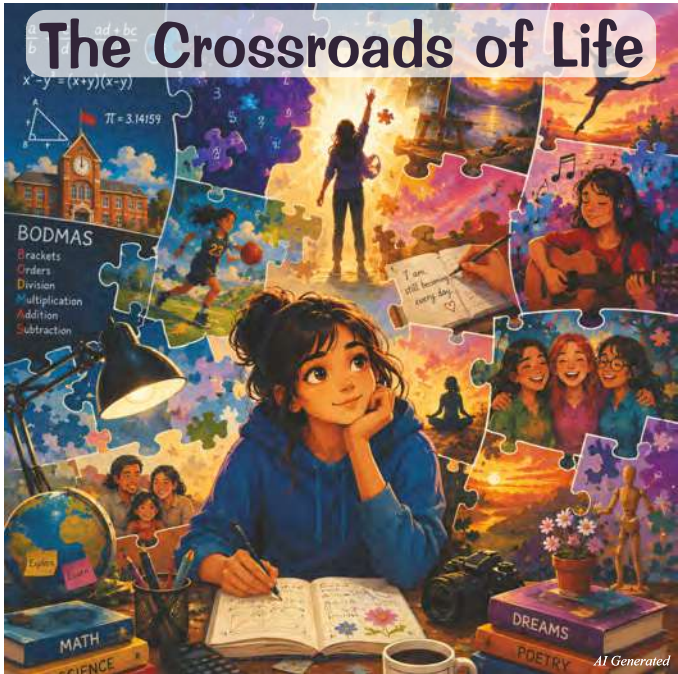
- Samiya Sami (11B)



Cracks to Gold

When the cracks become gain,
Instead of pain,
And the rain has not gone in vain,
You would realise what's needed is gold,
Like gold that celebrates the pain of a broken mold.
There must be a solution, pretty old.
Even in the trough, when the journey is rough,
There must always be a way.
But, do you have the tenacity
to search for the needle in hay?
Now go, maybe search for the gold.
But tell me, why won't you buy a new mold?
The dumb men have equated attachments with bounds.
When they cut the strings, wings rose from the wounds.
So why attach yourself to a broken glass?
Maybe the glass chose to go.
There's no point in sorrow.
And tomorrow, if you still think it's your fault,
Then now you're trapped in a vault.
Now, you tell me:
Isn't it better to jolt and bolt,
Than the relentless search of old?
They say, you might win, but at what cost?
And remember, in pursuit of others, you would be lost.
And this is the point when you feel the most.
Yet if somehow you conquer the frost,
Come to my hut, for a dribbly toast.

- Dia Sewani (10E)



We are a collection of fragments, held up to a light,
A thousand small pieces making sense of the night.
In the 'Pieces of Us,' I find where I stand
Between the logic of math and the touch of my hand.
I sit at the desk where two worlds collide.
Between the rational numbers and the spirit inside.
My school is a grid of equations and rules,
The BODMAS of life, the sharpest of tools.
But these school-driven pieces are just part of a plan,
The skeletal structure of the person I am.
I take every fragment, the straight lines and blurred,
The math in my head and the grace in my word.
I am the architect building a soul from dust,
And I find my own shape in the pieces of us.

- Hayana Chhabra (7D)



What If?

What if the world was fake and life a scripted play,
Where every laugh and tear was just a line we had to say.

What if the truth was veiled to us,
Never meant for us to discuss.

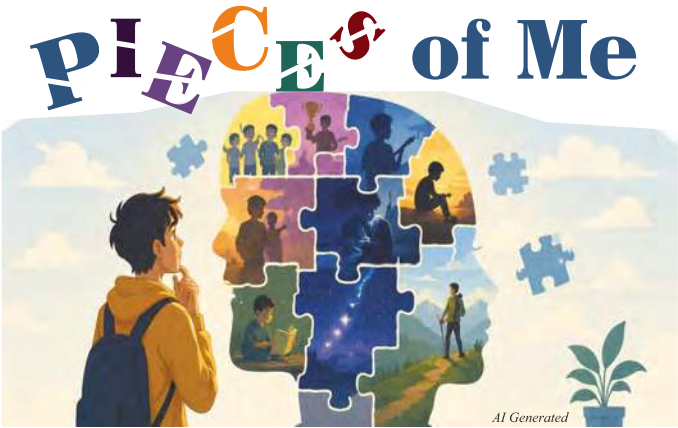
What if we were just pawns in someone's array,
Our minds displayed for someone's ally.

What if the world we trust is just a play,
Hidden hands deciding our fate.

What if we were never meant to confide in to the world,
Just masked and given to upfront.

Were we never meant to be our own,
Guess this isn't something for us to know.

- Pranavya Shrivastava (8D)



PIECES of Me

Before the sun starts its day,
My alarm wakes me up.
Before I have anything to say,
My mother has already filled my tea cup.
I rush to school with my mind blank,
Not even knowing what the day is.
I feel like an empty tank,
With one question in my mind,
what's all this?
The bell rings, school is over,
A sigh of relief runs down my face.
I come home, hands on a controller,
Time to start my gaming phase.
Then I realise I have to study,
There is a test approaching.
The test isn't a piece of cake, it's tough,
So I run to my books for coaching.
This is my life day by day,
A simple story on display.
But one day is enough to make me see
A million parts that form me.
Some are good, and some are bad,
Some are lost, and some I find.

- Varad Dharkar (9C)

MOSAIC



Built up piece by piece
like a puzzle, like a dish.
I am who I am
not by magic, not by a wish.
I am shaped by people all around,
Their laughter builds my smile.
Here is where my true self is found,
Like a mosaic, created tile by tile.
Step by step, I'll take it slow
with my mother's wit and charm.
I won't stop learning till I grow
with my father's grit I'll be a firearm.
My stories, my family, and my peers
shaped my nature like clay.
They are all that I hold dear,
and I wouldn't have it any other way.

- Adwiteeya Thakral (3C)



Friends of the Forest

One day, in a forest, the lion was drinking water from a pond when a frog came and asked, "Why are you drinking all the water?" The lion replied, "I am very thirsty." The frog then became angry and said, "If you finish all the water, then we will all die." Soon, a fish came there and saw them fighting. The fish said, "Why are you fighting with each other? We are all part of the forest." But the lion and frog continued fighting near the water.

Suddenly, a bear came out, slipped into the water, and fell down. Seeing this, they all stopped fighting and helped the bear. After that, they became friends and lived happily together in the forest. The moral of the story is: we should be friends and not fight with others.

- Ayansh Goyal (2C)



A WALK DOWN MEMORY LANE

One bright, sun-drenched morning, I woke up and wandered into the cramped, forgotten storage room. I bumped into a heavy, ancient, and incredibly dusty trunk. Upon creaking it open, I found my beloved porcelain-faced doll - the one I used to play with constantly, treating her like my very own precious baby.

Next, I saw my colourful miniature kitchen set. I smiled, recalling how, whenever my mother and father had a loud, heated fight, I would invite them to a tiny, whimsical tea party. Magically, over those plastic cups, they would always patch things up. Finally, I spotted my tattered, yellowed notebook, where I had scrawled those hilariously "ghastly" letters in my messy, childish handwriting.

As I sat amidst the swirling dust and golden memories, I realised how much pure, nostalgic love those objects held. I tucked the soft doll under my arm and headed back to the bright living room, feeling a sudden, heartwarming urge to call my parents and invite them over for a real, steaming cup of tea.

- Shivanshi Rajput (6E)



The Shop at Down-End Street

The town of Atlanta had always been weird, and not in the "they're just different" way. Anybody who lived there hardly noticed, partly because they knew the secrets, and partly because they did not want outsiders to know.

One morning, John, on his way to work and his usual café on Down-End Street, sensed something strange, as if the town had lost something important overnight. When he reached the café, he felt the strangeness waiting for him.

Inside, the walls were covered with framed pictures of people in deep sadness, as though each frame had trapped something they could not carry anymore. Behind the counter stood Pratush - calm, almost expecting him.

When John asked about the pictures, Pratush said he helped people get rid of grief so they could live freely. Though it sounded absurd, John hesitated. Before he knew it, Pratush drew a portrait of him - not the face he showed the world, but one weighed down.

As soon as it was complete, something inside him shifted, like a long-carried weight had disappeared. He felt lighter, happier, and left.

At work, his change was obvious. Aashvi, Raghav, and Aanya questioned him, but he insisted he simply felt good. Aanya, however, warned that nothing disappears without a cost.

Over the next few days, the happiness began to feel hollow. Things that once mattered now felt empty. One evening, he realized he missed the depth that even pain had given to life.

With urgency, he returned to the café, only to find it gone - empty, as if it had never existed. Then he understood that what he had given away was lost forever. The lightness he felt was no longer a gift, but a loss.

Standing there, he knew that in escaping sorrow, he had lost something essential that made him human.

- Ravit Shrotri (9A)



THE PRICELESS TREASURE

"Harsh! You need to clean your room. What a mess!" said Harsh's mother.

Harsh glanced around his room lazily and replied, "Aai, I'll do it tomorrow. I want to laze around for some time." But Aai insisted that the room must look spick and span, so Harsh reluctantly began cleaning.

While dusting one of the corners, he came across an old, dusty book. Curious, he picked it up and started reading it. As he flipped through the pages, he suddenly discovered that the book was hollow inside, and within it lay an antique brass key.

Excited, Harsh immediately imagined that his mother had planned a treasure hunt game for him, and that the key would lead to a chest filled with movie tickets. Overjoyed, he ran to his mother, hugged her, and excitedly explained his discovery. However, Aai looked completely puzzled and denied knowing anything about the book or the key.

As Harsh walked away in confusion, his Ajji called him over and asked about the matter. After listening to the entire story, she smiled warmly and said, "Harsh, this is the key to my chest. The chest was gifted to me by my father, and one day it will belong to you." Curious, Harsh eagerly asked what was inside it. Ajji simply replied, "A priceless treasure."

From that moment, Harsh could think of nothing else. He imagined gold coins, precious stones, antique wares, and many valuable objects hidden

inside the mysterious chest. The next day at school, he proudly boasted about his future treasure to all his friends. But as days turned into years, Harsh gradually forgot all about the chest and the old brass key.

One morning, Ajji passed away, leaving the entire house drowned in grief. A few days later, while cleaning her room, Harsh once again found the same old, dusty book. Memories came rushing back. He carefully took out the key and searched Ajji's cupboard until he finally found the chest.

His heart filled with excitement as he unlocked it, wondering what priceless treasures Ajji had preserved for so many years. As the chest opened, a small cloud of dust rose into the air.

Inside, Harsh found a passport-sized photograph of a young boy - it was his father's childhood picture. There were also two old coins of King George V from the British era, and at the bottom lay a shimmering pearl necklace.

Looking at these simple objects, Harsh smiled softly. He finally understood that Ajji had considered them priceless not because of their monetary value, but because they were filled with precious memories, love, and emotions from her life.

Chuckling gently, he whispered, "My cute Ajji, wherever you are, always be happy."

- Nachiket Chandwaskar (7B)



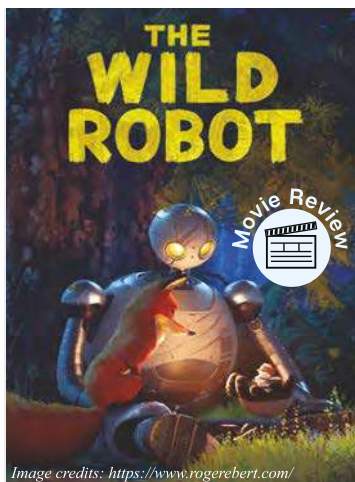


Image credits: <https://www.rogerebert.com/>



- The Wild Robot is a sweet and exciting animated movie. It is about a robot named Roz who gets stuck on a lonely island after a shipwreck. At first, Roz does not know how to live in the wild. She is used to following computer instructions, not talking to animals!
- One day, Roz finds a baby goose named Brightbill. The baby goose has no mother, so Roz decides to take care of him. Even though she is a robot, she becomes like a mother to him. She feeds him, protects him, and teaches him how to grow strong. Watching a robot become a mom is funny and heartwarming at the same time!
- My favourite scene is when the baby goose first hatches and gently “boops” heads with Roz. When that happens, Roz lights up pink. It is super cute and made me smile. Another great part is when Roz helps Brightbill learn to

fly. Teaching a baby goose to fly is not easy—especially when you are a robot who probably never flew before!

- There are also many funny moments when the animals on the island are confused by Roz. They probably think, “Why is this shiny robot walking around our forest?”
- The movie has beautiful animation and many emotional moments. It teaches us about kindness, friendship, family, and helping others. It also shows that love can come from the most unexpected places—even from a robot!
- I really enjoyed watching The Wild Robot. It made me laugh, smile, and even feel a little emotional.

- Tejaswi Parihar (3E)

Keep It Simple Series – Guide to Raising a Puppy by Liz Palika

I had come across a book called Keep It Simple Series – Guide to Raising a Puppy at a book fair in January, and I had to buy it. It is written by Liz Palika. It tells you how to raise a puppy. I finally started reading it during the summer break. I found it really fun and useful for my dog.

It tells you everything about how to keep your puppy happy and safe, and why you should directly take the puppy from its kennel to your home

without taking any breaks on the way. It even tells you the dos and don'ts for the first three weeks with your puppy.

The book is easy to understand and follow. I tried doing some of the things the book says, and most of them worked on my Labrador. Whoever over here wants a puppy should read this book. It is the perfect hack book for all the things you need to know before you bring the puppy home. I loved the way the author explained everything.

Why don't you read the book and find out if you know more about dogs than the author? Happy reading.



- Hitakshi Jhawar (5F)

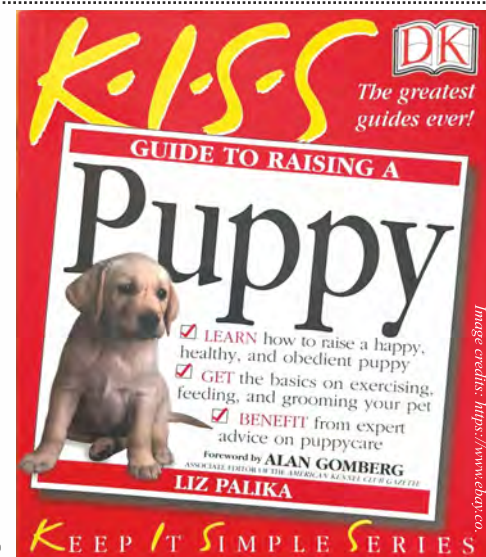


Image credits: <https://www.dk.com/>



Image credits: <https://www.imdb.com/>

“We are a puzzle made of places we've left behind.”

Celine Song's *Past Lives* quietly illustrates how identity is assembled from fragments of time, memory, and distance. When Nora and Hae Sung reconnect after decades apart, the film gently unfolds the emotional residue of a childhood left behind in South Korea, and the divergent paths life inevitably carves.

As Nora builds a new life in America, she remains tethered to her past through memory, longing, and unspoken possibility. The film delicately captures her negotiation between two worlds, not as a dramatic conflict, but as an intimate, internal balancing act. Her experience of leaving her first love behind, and the lingering question of “what if,” is portrayed not with certainty, but with profound emotional ambiguity. This restraint is what renders the film so deeply affecting.

Nora (Greta Lee) evolves from a young girl in Seoul into a grounded playwright in New York,

while Hae Sung (Teo Yoo) becomes a man quietly shaped by the enduring fragments of his past. Arthur (John Magaro), meanwhile, offers a restrained and empathetic presence as Nora's husband, acknowledging the complexity of her emotional history without attempting to overshadow it.

The Korean concept of In-Yun - the idea of fated connections carried across lifetimes- subtly underpins the narrative, offering philosophical weight to the characters' encounters. Through its silence, measured conversations, and restrained emotional cadence, the film accumulates an extraordinary emotional depth that lingers long after it ends.

In conclusion, *Past Lives* stands as a tender meditation on memory and becoming, a reminder that we are continually shaped by the pieces of who we once were, even as we move toward who we hope to be.

- Gautam Daga (8F)

Circle Round (WBUR) on Spotify feels less like a traditional podcast and more like a carefully crafted audio storybook that you step into.

Each episode opens with a calm tone that gently pulls you away from chaos and into a different world. The foundation of the episodes are tales based on international folklore. What is a cut above the competition is the care given to each idiom so that it can be consumed and understood by children.

The Circle Round Podcast delivers in a rhythmic manner that soothes rather than irritates. The narration is enhanced by background music and is neither distracting nor overwhelming.

Natural exercise of moral reflection is a result of each episode's story, and its concluding ideation is

not overdone. I often found myself wondering what this character would choose to do if they were in my world and what choices they would make afterwards.

If there's a small limitation, it's that the format is fairly consistent across episodes, so listeners looking for fast-paced variety might find it predictable over time. But for what it aims to be, a calming, meaningful storytelling experience, it succeeds consistently.

Overall, Circle Round feels like a warm, dependable corner of Spotify, ideal for kids of any age or anyone who appreciates storytelling that is both simple and thoughtfully made.

- Gurbani Bhat (8F)



Image credits: <https://www.wbur.org>



RIDDLE

I am made of many pieces, but when put together, I tell a story. What am I?

Send your answers to: editorialboard@bhisbhopal.edu.in

SUDOKU CHALLENGE
ANSWERS WILL BE SHARED IN THE NEXT EDITION

		3			4	5		2
	5				3			
		8			5	3	6	
			2			7	4	3
2	7		3				8	
3	4		7	5				
		5	4					6
9		2					5	
4				2	9			

Completed the puzzle? Share your answers via e-mail to: editorialboard@bhisbhopal.edu.in

ANSWERS (APRIL EDITION)

8	5	6	2	1	4	7	3	9
1	9	3	5	7	6	8	4	2
2	4	7	9	8	3	1	6	5
4	6	2	7	5	9	3	8	1
9	3	1	8	6	2	4	5	7
7	8	5	3	4	1	9	2	6
6	2	4	1	9	8	5	7	3
3	7	9	4	2	5	6	1	8
5	1	8	6	3	7	2	9	4

WINNERS

1. Riddle- Mohammed Ahamad Zaheer (1A)
2. Sudoku- Perth Chandwani (12D)

BRAIN

DID YOU KNOW

We all know that no two people share the same fingerprints. But did you know, if a fingerprint is damaged, it often grows back to its original pattern, making it one of the most enduring pieces of your identity

B U Z Z

CHANNAPATTANA
The Toy Town of India

Sometimes, the journey is more intriguing than the destination itself. This proved true for my recent trip to Karnataka.

Around 55 km away from Bengaluru, on the Bangalore–Mysore highway, we reached India's famed toy town–Channapattana. My parents decided it would be exciting for me to visit, as every child loves toys, including me. We visited a toy factory, and to my surprise, it was filled with an astonishing variety of toys and household items such as mirrors and rolling pins. The items were neatly stacked on shelving units in a spacious hall.

Everything was crafted from wood—no plastic dolls in sight. There were figures depicting people from different states, animals, swings, stationery, Montessori toys, puzzles, vehicle models, and much more. It truly felt like a dreamland for a child like me. I wished I could take everything home.

Among all the creations, the dolls resembling Matryoshka dolls caught my attention. Did you know they are even older than the Russian Babushka dolls? Channapatna dolls date back to the late 18th century, whereas the Russian versions are believed to have originated in the late 19th century.

I returned with several toys for myself and my friends. It was, without doubt, a memorable experience. I would highly recommend these beautifully crafted, eco-friendly wooden toys, proudly made in India, to everyone.

Noah Faraz Ahmad (4A)

Image credits: Noah Faraz Ahmad

PIECES OF US - LOST AND FOUND

Huh? What's this?

Wait... there's another one!

Since when have these been in here?

Maybe they have always been there. You just do not notice them everyday.

So we're all carrying around invisible pieces of ourselves?

Yep. And we're still discovering them.

Confidence, Patience, Honesty, Creativity, Kindness, Resilience, Courage, Imagination, Determination, Empathy, Gratitude.

Some pieces of us are obvious. Some are hidden. The best part is discovering them.

Written & Illustrated by:
- Dikshita Mamtani (10B)



Tête-à-Tête with

Leo
Thompson

International Education Expert and
Founder of Edsplorer

Excerpts from the Interview

Q Moving from being a secondary head in Oman to leading a school in Vienna, what challenges were unique to each role, and how did those experiences shape your approach to leadership?

Leadership always happens within a context, and every context is different. Each school has its own cultural, social, economic, and political environment, while every student brings unique experiences, aspirations, and challenges.

The greatest lesson I've learned is the importance of listening- not just to people, but also to feedback, data, and the wider community.

Understanding those you serve helps you lead more effectively.

While transitioning between different schools and countries is never easy, it always comes back to the same principle: learning, listening, and adapting.

Q Given your international experience, what are the biggest challenges schools face today, and how relevant are systems like India's in a globalised, AI-driven world where students must prepare for an uncertain future?

The world is changing so rapidly that it can be dizzying at times. We face both challenges and opportunities, from climate change and evolving careers to artificial intelligence and countless other developments.

The ancient philosopher Heraclitus said, "You can never step into the same river twice," because both the river and we ourselves have changed. The same is true of schools. They are constantly influenced by parental expectations, curriculum bodies, and examination boards, yet they must also look ahead and anticipate the future if they are to serve their students well.

While AI is transforming the world, I strongly believe in its equally important counterpart: Human Intelligence. The future will demand not only technological competence but also cognitive, practical, and real-world skills, along with the attitudes and values that shape strong character.

I have always admired Sherlock Holmes, one of literature's most iconic characters. Although his Victorian habit of smoking a pipe is best left in the past, his remarkable powers of observation, analysis, and problem-solving remain timeless. These are exactly the higher-order thinking skills that schools should nurture to prepare students for the challenges and opportunities of future employability.

Q As students, we often find ourselves moving from one hobby or sport to another within a short span of time. How can we cultivate the sustained focus and long-term commitment needed to achieve true mastery?

The last part of the brain to fully develop is the prefrontal cortex, which is responsible for planning, time management, impulse control, decision-making, predicting consequences, and working memory. Remarkably, it continues developing well into our twenties, and sometimes even our thirties.

That is good news for people your age because it means you can actively strengthen these abilities by taking greater ownership of your learning and becoming more metacognitive.

Too often, school can feel like a performance game focused on marks, examinations, college admissions, or competitive exams such as the IIT-JEE and UPSC. But learning is far more than that. We learn not merely to pass exams, but to create, innovate, master new skills, and apply knowledge meaningfully in real-life situations.

India's rich Vedic tradition placed great emphasis on learning under gurus, where the pursuit of knowledge was valued for the joy of mastery and the freedom from ignorance. Similarly, the Greek philosopher Socrates reminded us that "The unexamined life is not worth living." His message was that true learning begins with curiosity, reflection, and self-awareness.

There is virtually no limit to what we can learn because the human brain is an extraordinary reservoir of potential. The real challenge is discovering what truly motivates us. The Japanese concept of Ikigai, often described as "a reason to wake up," encourages each of us to find the intersection of what we love, what we are good at, what the world needs, and what gives our lives meaning.

Q As AI takes over tasks that once required human expertise, which human qualities will become even more valuable, and how can students develop them so that human intelligence remains in control of technology?

AI can be our best friend or our worst enemy. It is a powerful research tool, but it should never be treated as an absolute source of truth because it can hallucinate and fill in gaps with inaccurate information. That is why critical thinking, curiosity, and strong subject knowledge will become even more valuable. Technology should always serve us, not the other way around.

One of the biggest risks is cognitive surrender - allowing the machine to do all our thinking. Instead, students should use AI as an assistive coach to test their understanding, identify blind spots, and deepen their knowledge.

AI may make us more productive in the short term, but only by thinking for ourselves will we become smarter in the long term.

Q Schools often focus on what to learn but pay less attention to how to learn. What is something researchers understand well about learning that is rarely taught to students?

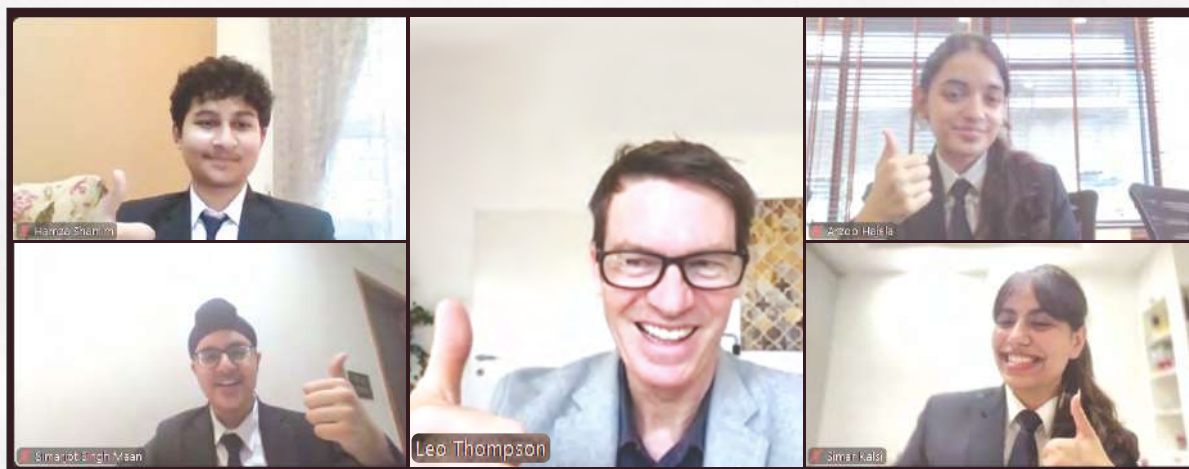
Schools have a curriculum designed by examination boards, and this is essentially what students are expected to learn. They are assessed on how well they understand and remember that curriculum. However, as the world changes so rapidly, we also need to think about what else we should be teaching students to give them ownership and control of their

own learning. None of us has a crystal ball, so we cannot predict exactly what the future will demand.

The argument, therefore, is not simply that we must teach children what to learn; we must also teach them how to learn. There is a very important distinction between the two.

In the green leaf illustration that I often use, you'll see many of the learning skills that schools can help students develop. Think of it like learning to drive a car - you can also learn to drive your own "learning car." Skills such as planning, self-reflection, organisation, resilience, and effective study habits allow students to take ownership of their learning.

Students should regularly ask themselves, "What's working well for me?" and, even more importantly, "What could I improve?" Teachers, parents, and even friends can support them in strengthening these skills. Mastering how to learn not only prepares students for success in school but also equips them for the challenges of the wider world and the future of work.





“In photography, there is a reality so subtle that it becomes more real than reality.”

– Alfred Stieglitz



Prisha Nagar (7A)



Rudra Pardasani (12F)



Ananya Pawar (9F)



Pearl Panjwani (11C)



Nakul Singh Pramar (11F)



Anay Saxena (8B)



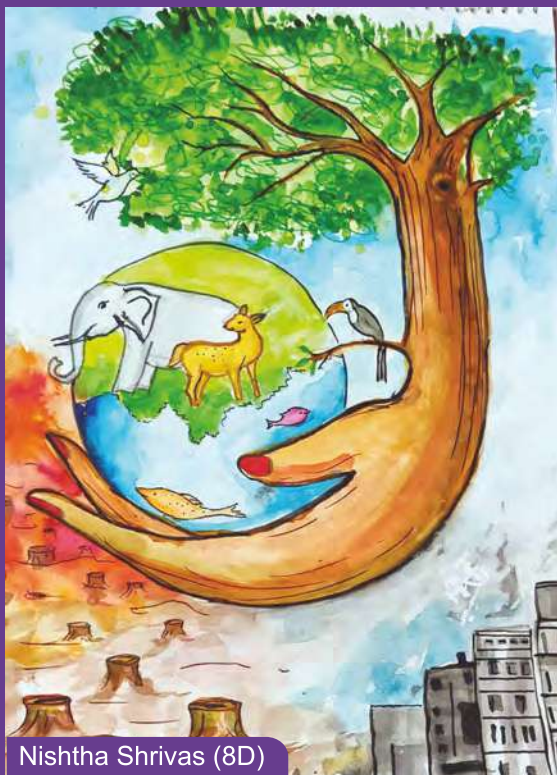
Parshvi Jalori (5C)



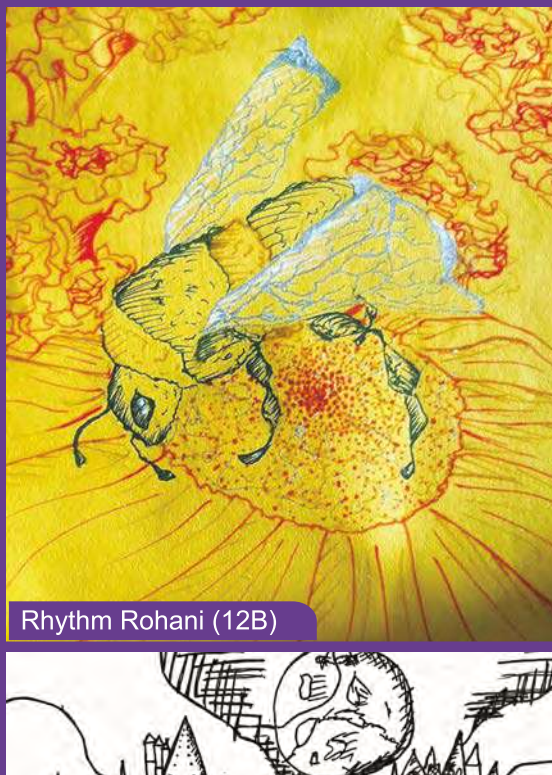
Arjan Kalsi (7F)



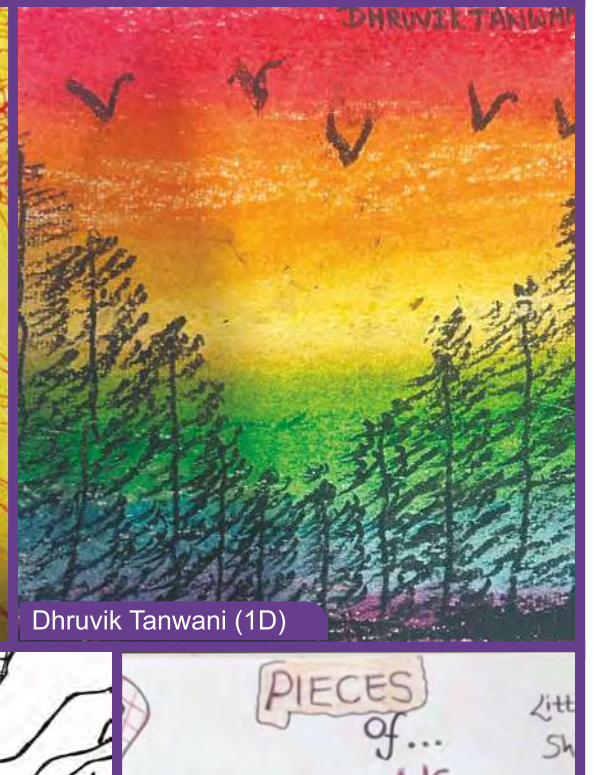
Kabeer Kataria (6E)



Nishtha Shrivastava (8D)



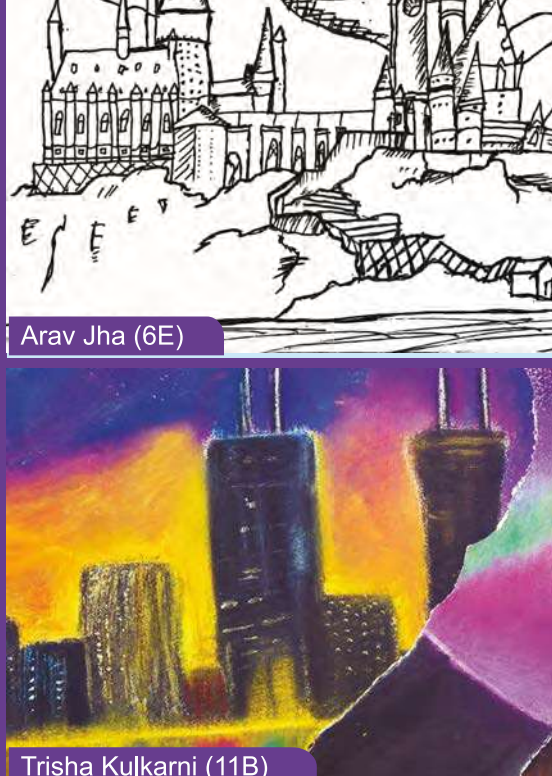
Rhythm Rohani (12B)



Dhruvik Tanwani (1D)



Mysha Jain (2D)



Arav Jha (6E)



Zahaa Chaghtai (5F)



Trisha Kulkarni (11B)