



DPS International School

CARPE DIEM

SEIZE THE DAY

VOLUME II

DPS Literary Society

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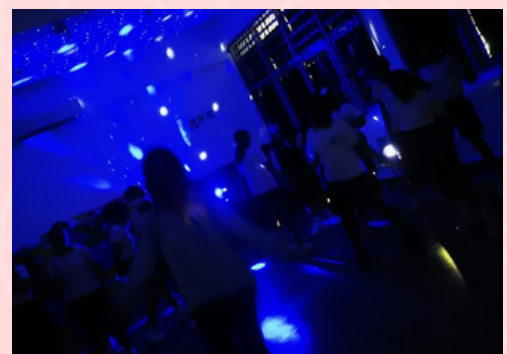
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FOREWORD

We, the DPS

Literary Society,

are proud to present the second issue of 'Carpe Diem', the school magazine, in collaboration with diverse societies and clubs within the Student Council.

Our school's motto, 'Carpe Diem', is a Latin phrase that can be roughly translated to 'seize the day'. It brings forth the essence of what our school and teachers aim to inculcate in Dipsites through education—a discipline that extends far beyond the boundaries of just academics.

In this magazine, we aim to inform students and parents alike of the various events and competitions that take place at DPS, along with current affairs and other articles to impart general knowledge. Our aim is to also create a stage for our fellow Dipsites to showcase their talents, and to allow students to express their emotions and let their creativity flourish through writing short stories and poems. We urge the students to be an active part of the school community by contributing to the Carpe Diem, thereby further strengthening the bonds within our community.

The school magazine is a way for Dipsites to explore their creativity and showcase their skills and experiences to their peers, and also serves as a brilliant opportunity for them to learn from fellow students and grow tremendously. We hope that Carpe Diem will be a successful venture and can rise to the same heights Dipsites dream to attain.

—The DPS Literary Society, 2023

International Women's Day

My mother's name is Swathi. I live in The Minton condo. I like having fun with my mother. She plays with me in the park and takes me to fun places like Kidztopia, Snow City, Science Centre, Singapore Flyer, boat rides, etc. She even took me to Sentosa and Universal Studios where we had lots of fun. We often do arts and crafts, and experiments together at home. She also lets me win most of the games. She cooks yummy food. Mom says she misses me when I go to school and sometimes comes home during lunchtime just to play with me. Sometimes I miss her too. On Fridays, I do the pooja with her. She is a very kind and caring person. She also loves me a lot and kisses me goodnight before I sleep. I love her too and want to be like her when I grow up.

—Sai Amrutha, 3D.

The person who inspires me most is my mom. My mom is my role model—she inspires and motivates me to grow without any barriers. My mom sets an inspirational example, teaching me how to live life even in the most uncertain situation. Mom is my bank where I deposit all my hurt and worries and in return, get bundles of love with interest.

My mother, who can take the place of others, but whose place none can take.

—Vamsi Shah, K2B

International Women's Day

My mother is my inspiration, first mentor, guide, friend, and the most trusted person in my life. She has taught me the lesson of selfless love and has been the most selfless human being I have ever known. She is a very hardworking woman and devoted to her duties. She excels at her workplace and simultaneously manages her household perfectly.

Since my childhood, she has given me the utmost care, love, and attention, and her assurance is everything that keeps me going, even in tough times. She has always been my pillar of strength, has been protecting me throughout, and our bond is unbreakable.



— Riyanshi Ghosh, 3D

Sarimbun Scout Camp

On the 28th and 29th of March, grades 9 to 12 took an exciting overnight trip to the Sarimbun Scout Camp. The leadership camp was located in an isolated part of Singapore that allowed students to explore and hone new skills. On the first day, they had the chance to set up tents from scratch, go swimming in the Milo Pond, and construct catapults. The evening of the first day was taken up by the preparation for the campfire performances. Every act showed the strength of the bond between every member, bringing the day to a powerful close.

The second day had an early start. After freshening up, the campers had a chance to try their luck at archery. Following this, they were assigned different cleanliness tasks. Various duties later, the final part arrived. Campers had a bittersweet time pulling down their tents. A short speech by the lovely facilitators came next, and then it was time to say goodbye.

The camping experience was unique in many ways. Students got to know each other in a capacity that had nothing to do with academics, which solidified the friendships between many. The lack of electronic devices allowed students to appreciate the beauty of Mother Earth. In all, the 28th and 29th of March were thrilling and insightful, allowing everyone to learn, enjoy and grow as a team.

—Akshaya Mukund, 12 AL



Graduation Ceremony

On April 4th, 2023, the graduating class of 2022–23 attended their Graduation Ceremony.

As a high school student, the day of graduation was one that I had been looking forward to for years. As I stepped into the school for my high school graduation party, I felt a rush of emotions overwhelming me. On one hand, I was ecstatic to have finally graduated after years of hard work and dedication. On the other hand, I was sad to be leaving behind the memories and friendships that I had made in the past years. However, the graduation party was the perfect way to celebrate and make new memories with my classmates.



The party venue was beautifully decorated with balloons, streamers, and pictures of our high school memories. As we walked in, we were welcomed by our juniors and our lovely teachers, their eyes filled with pride and joy. As I looked around the room, I saw many of my classmates hugging each other and taking selfies. It was a bittersweet moment, as we were all excited for the future, but also sad to be saying goodbye to each other and our high school experience. We had all come so far, and it was incredible to see how much we had grown since our first day of school. We had gone through so much together, and it was heartwarming to know that we had each other's backs.



Speeches were made by some of our teachers and classmates, reflecting on our time together and the memories we had shared. It was emotional to think that this would be one of the last times we would all be together as a class. The speeches given by our teachers and principal were heartfelt, and they encouraged us to pursue our dreams and make a difference in the world. Hearing these words of wisdom made me feel proud to be graduating and ready to take on whatever the future holds.

After the speeches it was finally time for what each one of us had been waiting for. As the graduation ceremony started each student walked across the room to receive their diploma, the venue erupted into cheers and applause. It was a moment of pure joy and happiness, as we all celebrated each other's achievements.

As the day went on, the party became more lively, with everyone dancing and having a great time. It was a perfect way to end our high school journey and celebrate all that we had accomplished. The music was blasting, and everyone was dancing and having a great time. It was the perfect atmosphere for celebrating such an important milestone in our lives. It was clear that everyone was in high spirits and enjoying themselves.

There was a sense of camaraderie and unity among my batchmates. We were all celebrating our accomplishments and looking forward to the future with hope and excitement.



As the party drew to a close, I couldn't help but feel grateful for everything that had led up to this moment. The memories, the laughter, and the tears that we had shared together would stay with me forever. I knew that this was only the beginning of a new chapter in our lives, and I was excited to see what the future held for each and every one of us. Looking back on the day, I realise how fortunate I was to have such an amazing graduation party. The arrangements were flawless, but what truly made it beautiful was the presence of all the classmates together for the one last time with our emotions perfectly captured. It was a day that I will always remember, and it will remain a cherished memory for years to come.

—Samarth Agarwal, Graduating Class of 2022–23.

Ramadan Porridge Distribution

Started in 2015 under the "Happy Project" community service initiative, the programme offers the opportunity to learn about the significance of local ethnic and cultural practices and at the same time, to promote the spirit of giving and helping the needy. Our school was invited to support and participate in the Porridge Distribution/ Ramadan Projects. Volunteering for porridge distribution for low-income households during Ramadan was such a humbling and eye-opening experience. Ramadan is a holy month for Muslims, during which they fast from dawn until dusk. It is a time for spiritual reflection and charitable acts. One of the common charitable acts during Ramadan is the distribution of food to those in need.



The organization had been doing this for several years, and it was heartening to see how many volunteers turned up to help out. We were a diverse group of people, from different backgrounds and religions, united in our desire to help those in need. The distribution process was organized, with volunteers assigned to different areas. We knocked on doors and handed out the porridge, along with a smile and a friendly greeting. The recipients were grateful and welcoming, and it was heartwarming to see the smiles on their faces. As we went from house to house, I realized how privileged I was. I had never had to worry about where my next meal would come from, or whether I would be able to feed my family. But for many people in the community, this was a daily concern. The porridge we distributed would be the only meal some of them would have that day.

The experience of volunteering for porridge distribution during Ramadan made me appreciate the blessings in my life. It also made me realize the importance of giving back to the community. In Islam, giving to charity is considered a virtuous act, and it is a way of purifying one's wealth. The act of giving is not just about the physical act of donating, but also about the intention behind it. Volunteering during Ramadan helped me to cultivate a sense of empathy and compassion for others.



In conclusion, volunteering for porridge distribution during Ramadan was a humbling and rewarding experience. It reminded me of the importance of giving back to the community, and it helped me to appreciate the blessings in my life. I would encourage everyone to find ways to give back to their community, whether it is through volunteering, donating, or simply being kind to others. Ramadan is a time of reflection and charity, but these are values that should be upheld throughout the year.

-Rupali Samridhi Inala 12 AL



THE FOUNDER'S DAY BUSINESS FAIR 2023



On 19th April, DPS celebrated its 19th birthday and to commemorate this occasion, the Founder's Day Business Fair marked its return. From food stalls to disco balls and from henna stalls to an escape room and carnival games, a plethora of stalls were set up for the Dipsites to enjoy. The flashmob by the 10thgraders was also an entertaining performance for everyone to enjoy.



The students of Grade 12 were tasked with the giant responsibility of planning and executing their own unique business ideas that had to be popular and profitable while still sticking to the aims of making the stalls memorable and sustainable. Juggling these aims undertook much thought and effort and with the help of the teachers the students achieved their goals. A total of sixteen stalls were created and each of them were run independently by the seniors.



Managing these stalls was a definite learning experience for the students as they had to consciously mind their finances while striving to provide the best services to ensure that the kids buying also had a wonderful time. The students had to create posters to advertise their stalls to the entire school population, purchase the material to make their plans come to life and come up with savvy promotions so that the students would be attracted to their stalls. In short, the seniors had the unique opportunity to be business leaders for a day



It is safe to say that this this entrepreneurial experience was one that would educate the seniors to take on the world as they graduate. Donating the profits to charity also ensured that participating members had the heartwarming feeling of giving back to the community with their selfless services. All in all, The Founder's day Business Fair was an unforgettable day for all the students regardless of their roles that day.

**SWIPE TO SEE THE POSTERS
MADE FOR BUSINESS FAIR!**

POSTERS

BATTLE BLASTERS
TIME FOR SOME FUN
ONLY 1\$ NERF WAR

CHIT CHAAT
BUSINESS FAIR
\$2 PER PLAT
DELICIOUS PANI PURI

DYSTOPIAN DOOM
ITS THE 23RD CENTURY. THE EARTH HAS BEEN SEIZED BY BILLIONS OF DESTRUCTIVE AI AND SPECIAL KILLER ROBOTS ASSIGNED TO FINISH A HUMAN WHEN THEY SPOT ONE.
Can you escape this apocalyptic wasteland?
PRICE: \$2/ENTRY **TIMING: 12:40 ONWARDS**

ACTIVITIES LIST

BLOCK A
Yummy Tummy
Crunchy corner
Skee ball
Beaded bonds
Toytastic Stationery
Uncle Ringo

BLOCK B
The Play Station
Henna & accessories
Battle blasters & Bullet bash
Musicfest disco
Escape room
Photobooth
Snack Shack
Sweet tooth
Chit chaat

FRIGHT TO FREEDOM
Join us on a riveting and brain-racking escapade as we decipher a gruesome murder aboard the Santa Ana ship!
CAN YOU SOLVE THE MYSTERY?
PRICE: \$2/ENTRY **TIMING: 10 AM ONWARDS**

YUMMY TUMMY
Business Fair
Marshmallows : 1\$
Nachos : 2\$

MEET US @ B BLK
PHOTO BOOTH
PHOTOS YOU CAN CHERISH FOREVER
STARTING FROM JUST \$2

MUSIC FEST
DPS'S FIRST EVER DANCE FEST ONLY ON APRIL 19!
@ CLASS 101C, LVL 1, BLK B
groups of 5+ get 1 coupon off
pre-bookings are available!
2 Dollars - Entry - Free Drink

ACCESSORIES
HENNECESSORIES
HENNECESSORIES
HENNECESSORIES
HENNECESSORIES

... BUSINESS FAIR ...
SNACK STALL
FOR FOODIES. BY FOODIES
19TH APRIL
Satisfy your cravings here with our large variety of snacks
DAB BLK

FAMILY STORE
Don't want to play? It's fine!
Buy items for a wholesale price!
Play now and win prizes!!!
• Stationary
• Bracelets
• Toys
• Keychains

TRADING TALES
Want to expand your book collection without spending too much? Buy pre-loved books at our stall and give them a second home!
Decorate your very own bookmark to begin your reading journey, and co-author a short story with your peers!
All proceeds from our stall go to charity!

Wow
SWEET TOOTH PRESENTS
ice cream
GOOD TIMES
enjoy every moment
STARTING FROM \$1
HUGE SALE
Bubble tea at the low low price of \$3

THE PLAY STATION
FIFA and other PS5 games XBOX
19TH APRIL 2023
Visit Us!!!
\$2 FOR ALL GAMES

FOUNDER'S DAY: A MEMOIR

DPS.

A single word; an abbreviation, rather, that means so much more than the little three-letter space it occupies.

I've spent the better part of my life in DPS. From the very beginning, since I arrived in Singapore, young and hopeful, there has been only school, one second home I have known. Almost my entire schooling has been here. And, now, as I enter the final year of my school journey, I can't help but pay a fleeting glance or two towards the road that led me here; one whose each brick is paved by yet another memory, yet another experience, that I built for myself in these two blocks.

They start off small. My first day in school, which started with a PE lesson where we all played with a basketball although most of us could barely even dribble the ball. Playing Duck-Duck-Goose on the basketball court instead of playing an actual sport. Rushing to finish my lunch to make the most out of the allotted 40 minutes—to play fetch, of course. We knew it by different names back then, any name except fetch: Virus, Lock and Key, Ice and Freeze, just to name the first few that I can think of. Spending the last five minutes of lunch break squatting underneath the shade of the great big tree in the middle of the field, collecting every fiery red saga seed our

eyes could spot.

Sometimes they get a little bigger, a little more significant.

Writing with a pen for the first time and returning home with my school shirt covered in slashes of the deep blue ink of my pen—truly the best artwork ever made. Collecting my first scholar badge on Annual Day, and feeling a rush of pride and joy and hope all at once. Getting selected for the quiz competitions and winning; oh, how joyous I'd felt! Marching through the corridors with my team, trying our best to obey our teachers' advice to remain as quiet as possible, as we went to collect our certificates and get our pictures taken.

Participating in my very first inter-house—it had been a basketball match, and I'd been running on adrenaline and excitement the entire time I played. Organising a class assembly for the very first time. Going into 6th grade and graduating from the A Block to the B Block, and having a smug grin and the words "I'm bigger than all of you now" plastered all over my face each time I returned to the primary school block.

Then, in the end, there are the most important ones. Choosing between subjects for the first time and looking to my teachers for advice on matters I'd never even considered before. Giving my 10th-grade examinations when they'd felt so incredibly far away just yesterday. Going from being the senior-most class in the A Block, to the senior-most class in the whole school. Receiving those thick, heavy books I'd seen older students carry around since I was about 10 and studying them myself. Watching my seniors at their graduation ceremony when just a short while back we'd been in grades 4 and 5 and our greatest troubles weren't finals or college applications or anything of that sort: they were figuring out the fastest in our house so we could bring glory to our house and win Sports Day.

At the end of it all, I find myself wondering, how did time fly by so quickly?

But there is certainly another thought that lingers, and it's how significant of a part of my life DPS has been over the last decade. It's hard to think of happy memories of my childhood and not find myself thinking of little tables and little chairs at school; it's hard to think of the most fun I've had and not think

of my classmates.

So as DPS turns 19 years old, and continues to grow at the same, incomprehensible pace as me, I think of all these memories that I will carry with me long after I have graduated. And because it's difficult to think of a single favourite memory when I think of my beloved school, I'll think of the first thing that comes into my mind—the memory of my school building, and all the people I love within it.

—Arushi Vyas, 12 ISC

EARTH DAY: HAIKU

Earth Day is celebrated on 22nd April each year. This year, Dipsites wrote short, three-line poems known as haikus about the Earth to celebrate.

Spinning forever,
We must preserve this beauty,
Our beloved Earth.
—Aniruddha Bose, 5A

Our precious Earth
Giving life, air, and water
To keep us alive.
—Devesh K. Sharma, 5B



Artwork by Janice Rachel Robert, 3A

The Earth means our life.
Love and clean our earth each day,
Make a pretty home!
—Janis Rachel Robert, 3A



Earth Day has arrived,
Nature's beauty all around,
Let's cherish and care.
—Hritish Jeyaram, 3E

Light, wind, fire, water,
Life blessed only one planet,
Nature's beating heart.
—Jasmine Das, 8IC A

Short Stories

**I opened my eyes and had no idea
where I was...**

THE OBSCURE WORLD

“I opened my eyes and had no idea where I was...”The darkened bedroom I laid turned into a humongous cave, with short grass-covered hills with beautiful trees shedding their yellow leaves. Minute droplets of water touched my face and softly deflected off my skin. An old figure appeared in front of me slowly and talked to me in a soft voice. The unknown figure told me to gather my strength to reach the deepest point mankind has ever reached.

I woke up realising it was all a dream. But something told me the old “guardian” of the obscure world was waiting for me. I tried to concentrate on my work, but I couldn’t get the thought of the dream out of my dream. My thoughts wandered hopelessly, trying to gather all my knowledge on reaching deep parts of the world.

Something clicked in my brain. I revved my Bullet and raced along the roads of the Deccan plateau. I remembered once when I had gone to the Himalayas, my tour guide had told me about a huge fissure that formed in between two mountains and told me it might even reach the core of the earth.

It was a four-day trip, and without sleeping, the urge that I felt in my core, made me restless. I finally arrived. Without thinking anything I clung my backpack around my shoulder blade and leapt, questioning if I was going to survive throughout the five- minute fall. I landed hard on clear water. It seemed to be an underground reservoir, deep into the earth where no man would look. It almost took me a whole three hours to swim to what seemed to be a “shore”.

I lay there exhausted. I then stood, gathered my strength, and walked to find a way to go deeper. The temperature had significantly increased. I walked towards a ledge and looked down. It was pure darkness. I had no option, I leapt. After a long fall, I fell into a soft feather heap. I looked around, it was the same paradise that I viewed through my dream. A voice appeared behind me, to my surprise it was my grandmother. She had disappeared in my childhood and my parents ignored me whenever I inquired about my grandmother. I was confused but hugged her tight.

She led me into a wooden cabin and let me sit down on a couch made from tree fibre. She told me that she had been a retired scientist who had been working on and had stumbled upon this world. She told me that she came there to save the forbidden plants and animals from global warming. She told me that the water reservoir had been a glacier and it had melted into a huge lake. I decided I had to do something about this. So, with my grandmother's help, we reached the surface, and then we started to spread awareness on this matter.

Global warming is a very serious factor and must be taken into consideration by every individual. Earth is our home; it is a blessing to exist in such a perfect place to live. It has the perfect conditions for life to exist, and destroying its natural habitat is equal to destroy our blessing that we have received. I will raise an awareness and you shall too...

By Prenesh PD

8 IG A

AMAZIA: THE UNKNOWN DIMENSION

I opened my eyes and I had no idea where I was. It was a whole new world. I had not even imagined in my dreams that there could be such a place.

There were many floating rocks in the sky where there was grass and trees growing on them. Once I got up, I realized that I was on one of them too. On some rocks, there were many house-like structures where the inhabitants of this unknown island lived.

Soon, the rock I was on slowly descended onto the mainland. I quickly got down so that I could explore this land further. Suddenly, many jellyfish-like creatures appeared in the dark blue sky. One of them was heading towards me. I fled as fast as I could. One stretched its tentacle towards me. I suspected that it could be poisonous. Before I could dodge it, I came in contact with the tentacle and surprisingly it was not poisonous. On the contrary, it seemed to have healing powers. The shoulder injury and other bruises I had got earlier suddenly healed.

Suddenly the jellyfish split open and from each a person came out.

One of them said, *“Do not worry fellow humanoid, we come in peace to take you back after a small tour of this land which is called Amazia. My name is Ziggi.”*

That sounds like a wonderful place to travel,” I remarked.

“What is this huge jellyfish-like monster?” I asked curiously.

He replied with a chuckle, “It is our vehicle, not a living being. It is mechanically operated. Cool, isn’t it? By the way, we are called the Zags a group of humanoid inhabitants of Amazia. Let us take you to our village, we will take you to our leader.”

“Wait, are you arresting me?” I asked with a bit of a shiver in my voice. Ziggi said reassuringly, “No, I meant that we will let you stay here for a while until we find a way to take you back to planet Earth. Do not worry. We like to host our visitors and treat them nicely. Though it is quite rare to visit us from such a far-off planet.”

With this, I was convinced that I was in safe hands.

When we reached the village, I was welcomed by many red gleaming stones like structures hanging from the trees, which were apparently called Amazion Philosopher Stones. These were very common in Amazia. The people then welcomed me with such fervour, I felt as if I were a hero who had returned from a battle.

When I stayed there for a couple of weeks, I was taught how to ride a Zhagheri (which was like a horse) on land, Zhagneto (which was like an alligator) on Water and fly a Zhagavi (which was like a stork) in the sky. Riding these was quite challenging but once I grasped it, it was quite exhilarating.

I had a lot of fun with the young ones too. They showed me the various games they play and what they study, which was mostly about harmonious living with nature.

When I was about to leave, I felt like I was being attacked by these people. Many people with Spears surrounded me. In reality, it was a farewell ritual performed by the Zag people when their guest is about to leave.

My trusted guide and friend Ziggi said, “We would all feel lonely. Try to come again whenever you are free by rubbing this pendant and saying the secret chant that we taught you.”

What a wonderful and powerful parting gift he had given me.

We hugged and I waved farewell to all the Amazians. I told them that I would try to come more often. Truly, they were living up to their dimension's name, Amazia, because it was an Amazing place and they were Amazing people!

I jumped into the portal and immediately started worrying about my missed homework and studies when I returned home!

By Sahana Parasuraman

8 IG A

DEPTH OF THE PAST

I opened my eyes and had no idea where I was. I felt light headed. The last thing I remember, was when I was fighting Chinese soldiers, with my companion Ashley, and then I was in this bright room. It was really cold and there was a deafening silence. I sat up and saw that Ashley was lying down on the bed beside mine.

I stared at her for a few seconds, after which, she opened her eyes. I guess she felt the same way I did, because she sat up and stared back at me. I broke the silence, by asking where we were. She shrugged and said that she was meaning to ask me the same thing. There was a TV, which showed a live soccer match of Argentina vs Portugal.

A few seconds later, a lady walked into the room and asked how

we were. I told her that I was fine, and asked where we were. The lady told that we were in a recovery room in New Jersey, and the day was 18th December 2023, then she pointed towards the tv and showed us that she wasn't lying. I told her that it couldn't be because I was there when the match had occurred. The lady's smile fell. Soon, another lady came in. The other lady whispered something to this lady.

This lady, calmly told us, that it was currently 8:30 pm, 24th December 2223. We couldn't believe our ears! I guess our shock was pretty evident, because the doctor told us not to panic, and that we were fine. I was nervous, because we were in a time away from ours.

Ashley, on the other hand, was excited. She asked them if GTA 6 had come out and if the McDonald's ice cream machine was finally fixed. Before the lady could answer, I asked that lady how we got here in the first place. The lady said that we were in a bomb explosion and shards had pierced our necks, which put us in a coma for 2 centuries. Apparently, we were the only survivors of World War 3.

Soon, the ladies left us and told that we could be discharged after a few tests. Hours passed in silence. Ashley put her head on my shoulder and asked me if we were going to be alright. I said yes, but she wasn't convinced. Half an hour later, we were discharged from the hospital. It was highly weird. The sky was red, there were no vehicles on the street. In fact, there were only few people on the pavement. Suddenly, a person stepped on a circular disc and disappeared, as if he'd teleported.

We sat down on a bench, because we had no where else to go. Memories of our friends and parents haunted us that night. There was an empty playground. We finally understood the depth of the past, as we felt our hearts slowly sinking into those wonderful memories.

By Avyukth Ratheesh

9 IC A



Beneath the blossoms of
spring, memories and
moments are woven into
the roots of this timeless
tree.

- Ananya 7C

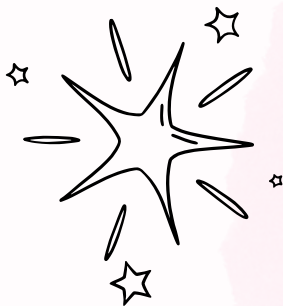


Ocean, a boundless span of
life, immense power, mystery,
chaos and peace

-Shreyanvi Dey 3E

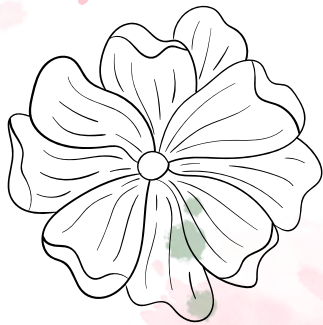
A night of the northern
lights

-Samritha Ramkumar 3B



Wonders of Buddhist monuments; The Bayon Buddha

-Magathi Hari 11ISC



Nurtured by Nature

-Anvi Bhushan Mundhekar 4B



Dear Nature

-Rutvi Mishra 2E



CREDITS

We would like to thank the students who sent in wonderful pieces of writing and stunning artwork. We hope all the Dipsites know that without them, we would not have been able to bring Carpe Diem to life.



DPS International School

Edited and collated by:

Mirutica Rajesh Karthik, 12 AL

Andrea Nicho, 12 AL

Arushi Vyas, 12 ISC

Rupali Samriddhi Inala, 12 AL

Akshaya Mukund, 12 AL