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# EDITORIAL



Dear Readers

There is a strange silence that follows endings. Not the loud, dramatic kind, but the quiet one that settles in long before we are ready to notice it. It hides in corridors after the last bell, in classrooms where chairs are still slightly warm, in the laughter that feels a little more aware than usual. And this time, it belongs to you—the outgoing board batch.

There are moments that do not announce their significance—they arrive softly, unfold slowly, once the noise of anticipation has settled and only reflection remains.

For years, you have been part of this school's living rhythm—ordinary mornings that carried quiet purpose, examinations that tested more than preparation, conversations that lingered beyond classrooms, and countless unseen instances of effort, doubt, and perseverance. Together, they have formed a journey that has been as much about becoming as it has been about learning.

Not every step was certain. There were phases of hesitation, stretches of pressure, and days when clarity felt distant. Yet, within that very uncertainty, something profound was taking shape: resilience. Not the loud kind, but the steady kind—the kind that learns to persist, to adapt, and to continue even when outcomes remain uncertain.

As you stand at this threshold, it is important to recognise that what you are leaving behind is not merely a school, but a formative chapter of your identity. What you carry forward is not limited to academic knowledge, but an accumulation of experiences that have refined your perspective—discipline shaped by deadlines, empathy shaped by shared struggles, and confidence shaped by quiet victories.

The path ahead will demand new versions of you. But you do not begin it unformed—you begin it already shaped by everything you have endured and embraced thus far.

Go forward. Make mistakes. Outgrow us. Surprise us. Return one day, if you can, not as students, but as stories we once had the privilege to be part of.

And if, years later, you find yourself missing this place without fully knowing why—do not be surprised. That is how some places stay with us. Not loudly. Not constantly. But permanently.

Warm regard and lasting pride

Rupali Chakraborty  
PGT- English  
(Chief Editor)



## **THE DOCTOR, THE CHAMP, AND I (A COLLECTION OF CHILDHOOD STORIES)**

To this day, the scar on my right shin serves as a permanent, punchy reminder of Muhammad Ali—and the doctor who delivered three stitches without local anaesthesia. It wasn't my first injury, nor would it be the last; my long, painful tryst with sports, injuries, and doctors had just begun.

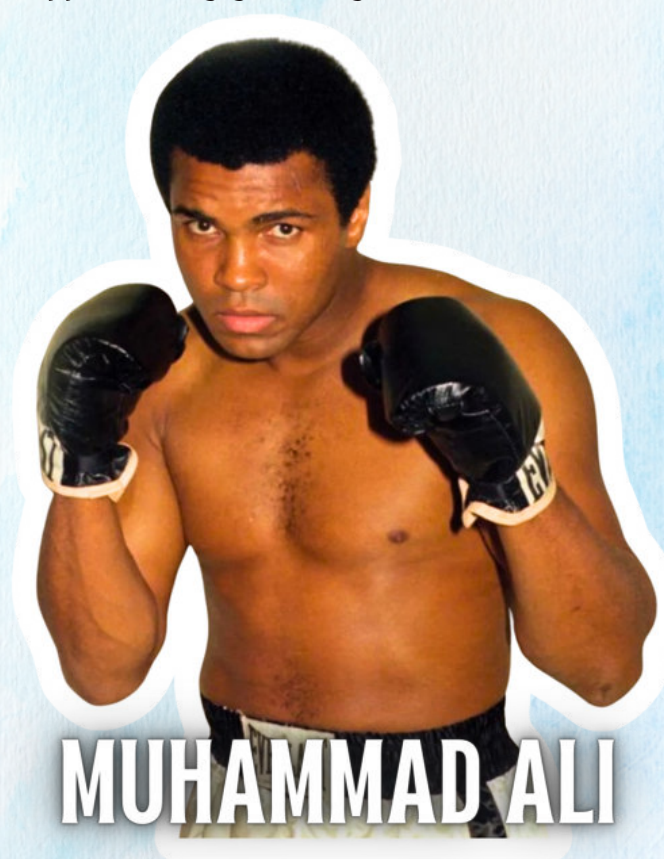
Mohit Kumar, the new PHE teacher at LVS in 2025 stepped into the boxing arena, the sharp whistle and instructions to the young boxers acted like a time machine. Watching the boys drill under his watchful eye, I wasn't just a spectator anymore; I was a boy again, back within the brick walls of a Jesuit boarding school.

My boarding experience as well as the other boarders were a masterclass in grit under the Jesuits. We were a versatile lot, forged by a routine where we woke up as early as 4 a.m., and were expected to be skilled with a broom, sports and studies. We swept, dusted, and mopped with precision; at the same time, we had to ace our studies and be great at sports too.

But what perked us up and lifted our spirits was when we're on the playgrounds. We played for almost two hours a day during our five-day school and a staggering six hours during the weekends. We found pure joy and delight as we're the 'masters of the universe in this arena'. We made a clean sweep in all areas of school life, especially in co curriculars, sports and extra curriculars. Some of us were brilliant in studies too and gave the day-scholars a run for their parents' money. Watching the young Literians being trained brought back a flood of childhood memories. It had me reminiscing about boxing and a childhood incident that is still etched in my memory. The memory is as vivid as if it happened only yesterday but it had occurred almost 46 years ago.

Muhammad Ali. Does it ring a bell? Or is the name too ancient for you to remember? Well, he was an American professional boxer, widely regarded by many as the greatest heavyweight champion of all time. In February 1978, Ali lost to Leon Spinks by a spilt decision. I cried profusely, when I learnt he had lost. A rematch in September, 1978 brought a big, bright smile to my face when Ali won by a unanimous decision in his favour by the three judges. Ali announced his retirement in 1979 and with that I thought it was all curtains for him. It broke my heart.

The year was 1980, and the July air was thick with a rumour that felt like electricity.



“Do you know Ali is making a comeback?” a Class VIII boarder asked his friend over evening tea. My ears pricked up instantly. News of the legend’s return created a flutter in my chest—a nervous mix of hero-worship and anxiety. But the older boy’s voice dropped, laced with doubt. “They say he has health issues. His hands tremble. His speech is slurred.” I felt a knot of butterflies in my stomach. I wanted him to win; I needed him to win.

The answer came on a cold Friday evening, the 3rd of October, 1980. As the clatter of dinner plates and the din of animated conversation filled the hall, the dream shattered. I overheard a group of boarders whispering the unthinkable: Ali had been knocked out by Larry Holmes. The fight had taken place on 2nd of October in the neon glow of Las Vegas, ending in a tenth-round corner stoppage. It was the only TKO of his career, a technicality that felt like a personal insult.

Being a doubting Thomas, I refused to digest the news. Curiosity—and a desperate need for the boys to be wrong drove me toward that single newspaper. Ali beaten? Impossible. How dare anyone lay a glove on my hero!

The physical pain of my leg soon mirrored the heartbreak on the page.

Earlier that afternoon, under the hazy 4 p.m. sun, a few of us had dragged the heavy wooden benches into the corridor. We weren't students then; we were Olympic hurdlers, clearing the makeshift obstacles in a fierce competition to outdo one another. When the games ended, we should have put them back. But destiny—cold and indifferent—ensured those benches remained exactly where they were, waiting in the shadows.

By the time dinner ended at 7:25 p.m., the school was plunged into a sudden, stifling blackout. A power cut. I bolted from the dining hall the moment the final "Amen" was uttered, my heart hammering against my ribs. A lone torch light flickered in the distance, its weak beam exposing a few benches in the corridor. Adrenaline took over. I hurdled the first two with ease, but in the pitch black, I assumed the path was clear.

I was wrong.

My right shin rammed squarely into the jagged wooden frame of a fourth bench. A split second of terrifying numbness was followed by a wave of excruciating pain that made my vision swim. I didn't stop. Limping and gasping, I forced myself to keep moving toward the hall. The burning desire to see the truth about Ali acted like a splint, overpowering the agony in my leg.



Then I finally gripped the newsprint in my trembling hands, the headline hit harder than the bench. There it was in black and white: Larry Holmes had battered Ali for ten brutal rounds. The era of the man who had told the world "I am the greatest" since 1964 was over. My hero had fallen, and as I stood there in the dark, my own blood began to soak into my sock and trousers.

Just a few moments ago, curiosity had gotten the better of me, and it was now confirmed that Ali had been beaten. I soon felt some wet liquid trickling down my leg onto my foot. The light flickered back; I noticed that I had a big gash of open flesh and deep red blood oozed out of it. The headline about Ali was a knockout blow, but the physical pain in my leg was a mounting tide I could no longer ignore. I stood there, clutching the paper as my shin began to throb with a rhythmic, sickening intensity.

Leaving the world of sports behind, I began the gruelling half-kilometre journey to the infirmary. I hopped on one foot, my shadow stretching long and distorted as if dancing in the moonlight. I knew exactly what awaited me: the sharp tongue of Aunt Almedia, the school nurse.

True to form, the nurse greeted me with a mouthful of scoldings. She was a petite woman, barely five-foot-two, always dressed in a printed flowery frock that belied her iron-willed temperament. Though in her fifties, she remained striking, yet we all "marked time" from her; she was the absolute authority of the infirmary. As she bandaged my wound and handed me a tablet, she never stopped lecturing me on the trouble I'd caused. I endured her barrage of sneers and insinuating comments in silence, eventually pretending to fall asleep just to escape her voice and the scoldings.

Once the door clicked shut and she was gone, the mask slipped. I writhed in pain, keeping my leg as still as a statue, praying for the sun to rise.

The night was a fretful blur. By 7 a.m., I had brushed my teeth and gulped down a quick breakfast of oats porridge—skipping the luxury of a bath or a comb—just to be ready when Aunt Almedia emerged to escort me to the doctor. We eventually flagged down a rickety rickshaw for the twenty-minute journey. I watched the poor old man strain against the pedals, his back hunched as he struggled to haul us uphill against a steep gradient.

The return trip would be easier, a swift glide downhill, but for now, every bump in the road sent a jolt through my shin. We arrived at the clinic around 9:30 a.m., though I couldn't be sure; a wristwatch was a luxury far beyond the reach of a Class IV boarder in 1980.

When the doctor finally saw me, my right shin had swelled to a grotesque size; it looked as though I had developed an abnormal bicep on my leg rather than my arm. The doctor, a man of about forty-five, gestured to his nurse to remove the bandage. She went about her duties with the mechanical detachment of a machine, entirely indifferent to the stinging pain she caused. My hand trembled at my side, aching to lash out, but I was paralyzed by a terror far greater than the nurse: Aunt Almedia. I knew if I acted out, she would carry a detailed tale of my "misbehaviour" back to my mother.

So, I endured. Like a brave soldier, I bit my lower lip and masked the agony. I was channelling Ali after a knockdown—hurt, but refusing to stay down.

The doctor watched me closely. He turned to Aunt Almedia and whispered something in her ear, perhaps about the cost or the procedure. Then he turned back to me with a small smile. "You are a brave boy," he said. "I'll have this stitched up in one, maybe two stitches at most."

I was only ten years old, a Class IV boy in a world that demanded grit, but in that moment, I felt ten feet tall. I looked him in the eye and responded, "I am brave indeed, Doctor. Just like Muhammad Ali! I will bear the pain."



“Look the other way,” he gently told me. I can’t recall if it was Aunt Almeida’s grip on my chin or her fear that kept my face turned the other way. I didn’t want to see it- ‘the needle’, but from the corner of my eye, I did catch a glimpse of the shiny needle with steel wire thread. The doctor, the nurse and Aunt Almedia all conspired together to get me stitched up without anesthesia. The first prick of the needle pierced the skin on my shin, where there is hardly any flesh, sending seismic waves of pain and electric shocks straight to my brain. It plunged through, entered the other side, and exited, only to move in for the second stitch. Tears welled up, but I steeled myself, showing no sign of pain. For I had grown up hearing adults telling me that boys don’t cry: only girls do. The second stitch was complete, the torn skin and flesh finally brought together. Mentally, I had braced myself for two, but the doctor’s voice cut through the tension: “One more, it will be done”. That was it- the breaking point. As the sharp steel needle pierced the skin for the fifth time, a sharp, searing pain cut across my being, tears began to stream down my cheeks. Yet, no sound did I make. Neither did I flinch nor did I tremble. My body still, hands clenched, teeth gritted, frozen in place, because I had been taught that boys are strong, and boys don’t cry.

The doctor hurriedly completed the third stitch and knotted the thread so as to keep the stitches intact. I was bandaged up, maybe giving a dose of antibiotics, I can’t recollect clearly. But I was to rest for three-four days in the infirmary with minimum movement. After a week, I think the stitches were cut and pulled out. There was some pain, but it was nothing compared to the three stitches I received without anesthesia. I was told that within a few days all would be normal. And so was it.

Desmond Jude D’Monte  
Principal

## FROM A BEGINNER TO WHO I AM TODAY

Maitreyi, 10-C

Greetings! Respected teachers and my dear friends

I am Maitreyi from Class 10-C, and today I would like to share a short glimpse of my journey in this school.

I have spent nine precious years here, in Litera Valley School and standing here today, I truly realise how quickly time has flown by. I still remember my first day at school—everything felt new and unfamiliar. But over time, this school became my second home.

This school has given me countless opportunities to grow, not only academically but also as an individual. Beyond textbooks and exams, it has taught me valuable life lessons. I am deeply grateful to my teachers for their constant guidance and support. They have taught me important values such as discipline, gratitude, confidence, and most importantly, self-belief. They stood by me during challenging times and guided me whenever I felt confused or lost.

In conclusion, if I were ever given the chance to attend this school for the first time again, I would never let that opportunity slip away.

Thank you to all my teachers and classmates for making my school journey truly memorable. This school will always remain a part of who I am.



## SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO

Medha Bhargav, 10-B

In the midst of the exam season, while counting deadlines, tracking uncovered syllabi, and forming to-do lists, a lot of us students might experience unexplainable exhaustion when trying to concentrate on our studies. This tiredness is not as incomprehensible as it might seem. Although a studious and laborious attitude is a necessity for every student, especially for Board Exam students, when pursued with a flawed plan and a misguided approach, studying can turn from a boon to a bane, inducing fatigue and burnout.



What many of us fail to recognise is that simply sitting with a book open before you does not feed information to your brain; in fact, long hours of compelled learning can even hinder your productivity. While I don't wish to prevent you from studying, I want you to employ more healthy and consistent methods to actually aid your studies.

Discipline is very important for achieving something, but even discipline needs to be appreciated and rewarded. Focusing on studies and limiting distractions is a rather difficult task for our brains, which, if not undertaken properly, can eventually lessen our desire to learn. Hence, we sometimes need to trick the brain into studying by rewarding its discipline. This can be called reinforcement learning for our brains, similar to what we have learnt about AI models in our Artificial Intelligence book.

For example:

Instead of forcing yourself to study for hours until you're exhausted, only to give up, scroll through social media, and feel guilty afterward, try setting a timer to complete the chapter, and once you're done, reward your focus and discipline by listening to music or sketching.



In this way, you will feel both motivated to complete more study sessions and also appreciate your effort. The reward can be in the form of reading short stories, watching one episode of your favourite anime, listening to music, sketching and painting, eating, or taking a nap. The act of rewarding your discipline holds more importance than the reward itself.

As long as you keep appreciating your effort and striving to be better while sheltering yourself from burnout and exhaustion, you will not only excel at preparing for your exams but also at preserving your energy for the future.

## WHERE TIME FLEW, BUT MEMORIES STAYED

Priyasi Bhardwaj, 10-C

I read a quote that said, "It's strange how time can make a place shrink, make its strangeness ordinary."

At first, it sounded like just a thought about time. But standing here today, it feels like a quiet summary of our journey. These past few years didn't just pass; they shaped us and helped us find better versions of ourselves. Time moved quietly, almost invisibly, and yet here we are, looking back at moments that now feel smaller, closer, and deeply familiar. What once felt like someday is now today, and today already feels precious.

And behind every moment that shaped us, there were people who quietly made it possible. Today, when I was given the opportunity to speak, I want to use it to thank the people who shaped the girl standing on this stage.

Whether it was leading Litera Times, becoming a member of the magazine committee, writing reports for Campus Chronicles, serving as the Vice President of a club, or even starting clubs of my own, none of it would have been possible without the teachers who always stood behind me. The ones who trusted me enough to say, “Yes, try,” and were also brave enough to say, “No, fix this.”

Even in academics, their role has been irreplaceable. For instance, when I spent two years struggling with Mathematics, it was Manjula Ma’am who made it understandable, and even enjoyable. And I promise you, ma’am, if my marks this time weren’t what we hoped for, I will make you proud with my final results.

It was Principal Sir’s unwavering belief—saying, “Arey, I know she’ll do it,” and Head Mistress. Ma’am’s sharp but caring question of why I didn’t score more than 90. It was Manisha Ma’am’s patience and Rajesh Sir’s guidance that helped me score 78 in Science. If I start talking about all of them, the list will only grow longer. Our teachers make sure we don’t run away from challenges, but face them with courage. So, a very heartfelt thank you to all of them, for always standing by me.

Before I end, I’d like to say something to my juniors. One thing these years have taught me is that time doesn’t warn you before passing. It moves quietly, between classes, homework, exams, and ordinary school days. And before you realise it, years have gone by. So don’t wait for the “right time.” Use the time you have. Try things, take responsibilities, make mistakes, and learn from them. Because one day, you’ll be standing here too, wondering how these years passed so quickly, and wishing you had used every moment a little more fully.

As I stand here today, I realise that time may have passed quickly, but it has left us richer—with memories, lessons, and relationships that will stay with us far beyond these walls. This place may feel smaller now, but what it has given us is immense.

With gratitude for the past, confidence in the present, and hope for the future, I step forward, carrying a part of this school with me. Because even as time moves on, some moments, some people, and some places stay with us forever.



# A JOURNEY OF GROWTH AND GRATITUDE

Samrah, 10-D

Warm greetings to everyone present here today.

I am Samrah, and I am honoured to stand before you to express my gratitude. Although words are not enough to express everything LVS has blessed me with, I will still try. When I look back at the younger version of myself who stepped into LVS as a first-grader, I see a child who lacked the confidence to even stand and speak. Yet, here I am today, standing before you all—perhaps not flawlessly, but certainly with confidence.

LVS has truly shaped me into the person I am today. This school has provided me with not only an excellent education but also the values essential for navigating the world. It taught me how to love, care, and respect. LVS has equipped me with numerous skills and, more importantly, provided me with the platform to showcase them. It gave me confidence when I doubted myself, discipline when I needed direction, and values that will stay with me for life. Over the years, this school truly became my second home.



To our Principal Sir: You are not just a principal to us, but a role model and a mentor. You have always supported and guided us whenever we needed it; you don't just listen, you truly understand. Thank you, Sir; we are truly blessed to have you.

Headmistress Ma'am, your personality has always fascinated me. Your words have taught us discipline, guided us toward the right path, and, of course, significantly enhanced our vocabulary.

To all my dear teachers: You were more than just educators; you were guides, mentors, and at times, our strongest supporters. You corrected us when we were wrong, encouraged us when we felt low, and believed in us even when we didn't believe in ourselves.

This journey also gifted me friends who became family—friends who shared notes before exams, laughter during breaks, stress before results, and memories that can never be erased. LVS taught me that success is not only about marks but about character, responsibility, and resilience. Every assembly, every exam, every scolding, and every word of appreciation played a role in shaping who I am today.

Thank you, LVS, for everything.

## A DECADE AT LVS

Akshita Kumari, 10-F

The day I first entered Litera Valley School was full of emotions. My parents were proud and happy, but I was scared. I still remember crying and begging my father to take me back home on my first day of kindergarten.

Two smiling teachers welcomed me into the class. They looked kind and friendly. I was a shy child and didn't talk much, so making friends was not easy for me. But one day, I met a girl who became my first friend. Since then, we have shared many fun moments like running in gunny bag races, cheering at sports events, and laughing together every day.

Soon, my friend circle grew bigger. We studied together, helped each other, and shared our lunch boxes. Sometimes we even bunked a class just to talk and laugh. Those moments have become some of my best memories.

In my early school years, I was often chosen as the "Most Disciplined Student." My classmates were surprised when they heard me talk because I was always quiet. Slowly, I started opening up. My teachers helped me become more confident. They always guided me, encouraged me, and made me believe in myself. They were just like my second family.

I was once an average student in my studies. I struggled the most in Maths. My marks used to be around 40–60%. But my teachers never gave up on me. They explained everything with patience and helped me improve. In Class 7, I scored 95–99% in Maths! I couldn't believe it. Maths soon became my favourite subject.

LVS has always given me the best experiences. We have a big playground, swimming pools, and a badminton court. I have enjoyed school trips to the zoo and museums as well. Every day at LVS has been full of learning, fun, and memories.

Now, after spending ten beautiful years here, I can say that Litera Valley School is my second home. It has made me confident, kind, and ready for the future. I will always remember these wonderful years with love and pride. Thank you, LVS, for giving me such a special journey.



# TRAPPED IN THE SCROLL: THE REALITY OF REEL & PHONE ADDICTION

Aliza, 10-D

Let's admit it — most of us unlock our phones “just for 5 minutes,” and suddenly, it's been an hour! Reels, TikToks, YouTube Shorts — they never end. One funny video leads to another, and before we know it, we've forgotten our homework, meals, or even sleep. It's not just entertainment anymore — it's an addiction.

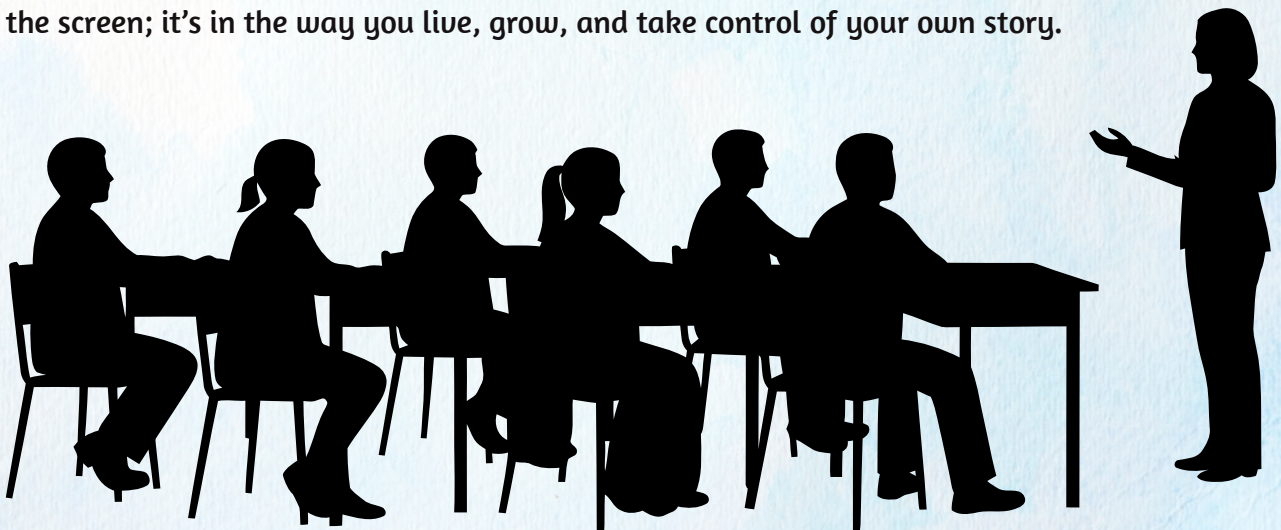
Reels and phone addiction are the new-age trap for teenagers. It feels harmless — after all, what's wrong with watching a few short videos, right? But the problem begins when our brains start craving that endless dose of Dopamine — the chemical of pleasure released by the brain. Every like, every new video, every notification gives a mini “reward” that keeps us scrolling for more. We feel we're relaxing, but in reality, our focus, confidence, and creativity are quietly slipping away.

We're so busy watching other people's lives that we forget to live our own. Grades drop, family time fades, sleep becomes shorter, and attention span? Almost gone. Yet, it's never too late to take control again.

## Ways to Break Free from Reel and Phone Addiction

- **Set Screen Limits:** Use built-in screen timers to track your daily usage and stick to it. Challenge yourself to reduce it a little every week.
- **Unfollow meaningless content:** Unfollow pages or creators that don't add value to your life. Fill your feed with positivity, knowledge, and motivation.
- **No-Phone Zones:** Keep your phone away during meals, study time, or before bed. Create specific times when you go completely offline.
- **Digital Detox Days:** Pick one day a week to go without social media. Spend that time outdoors, doing hobbies, or meeting real people rather than virtual ones.
- **Start & End Smart:** Avoid using your phone right after waking up or before sleeping. Read, stretch, or journal instead. Let your mind rest and recharge.
- **Reconnect with Reality:** Play a sport, learn a skill, or just talk to your friends face-to-face. Real connections are way more fulfilling than virtual likes.

Remember — your phone should be your servant, not your master. The real glow-up isn't on the screen; it's in the way you live, grow, and take control of your own story.



## TWELVE YEARS, COUNTLESS MEMORIES

SAMEER ANAND , 10-D

I joined LVS in 2014, as a tiny nursery student, holding a bag almost bigger than myself. From that day till today, this school has been my world. I have grown here, learnt here and become who I am.

I have seen LVS changing, growing and shining from 2014 till now. I have witnessed the journey of LVS from orange to just white, from a building to a huge campus. From barren land to a school auditorium, being the first batch in the third building, along with many other things that I have witnessed. I have seen LVS rising step by step, finally becoming the first ranked school in Bihar to achieve a remarkable position. Being a witness of this growth is something I will always be proud of.

When we first entered this school, we were like raw stones-- unaware and unshaped. Today we are walking out as shaped statues, carefully carved by the hand of our teachers, our experiences and this institution.

Our teachers have been the true pillars of our journey. They were our sculptors – sometimes strict, sometimes gentle – but always patient and caring. Dear teachers whatever we achieve in the future will always carry your influence behind it.

Along the way, there were moments that pushed us beyond our comfort zones. For me, one such experience was being part of PASCH activities connected with the Goethe-Institut. This eventually gave me the incredible opportunity to visit Dresden, Germany. Experiencing a new culture, a new city. It taught me education is not just about exams, but about exploring, growing and embracing the world.

As we stand at this turning point today, we realize that leaving school is not easy. These corridors, classrooms, assemblies, exams and lessons are now memories we will carry forever. We are stepping into a new phase of our life filled with challenges, responsibilities, and hopes but we are not unprepared. This school has given us roots as well as wings to fly high.



# FROM LAST BENCH TO LASTING MEMORIES

Arnik Mrinal , 10-G

Greetings! Our respected Principal Sir, Headmistress, teachers, and my amazing friends.

Today, I, Arnik Mrinal, stand here on behalf of Class 10G—a class full of personalities, opinions, and last-bench legends. We were really good at turning small moments into memories and serious lectures into quiet conversations, and somehow surviving every exam season together.

These years weren't just about exams and grades. They were about laughing till we forgot our worries, panicking before exams, and finding comfort in friends who felt more like family. Somehow, between all the chaos and the fun, we grew without even realizing it.

There were days we laughed till our stomachs hurt, and days when our mark sheets did the same. But every moment shaped us. Every scolding taught us discipline, every encouragement gave us confidence, and every failure taught us how to stand back up.

As we seek blessings today, we promise to carry forward the values our teachers have given us—not just to score marks, but to become good human beings.

On behalf of Class 10G, we thank every teacher, especially our class teacher, for their patience, guidance, and belief in us, even on days we tested all three. This ceremony may mark the end of a chapter, but everything you've taught us will walk with us wherever we go.



## MY LIFE AT LITERA VALLEY

Aditya Kumar Azad, 12-A

When I say my life, I don't mean it metaphorically. I have been studying at Litera Valley for almost 12 years now, and I am extremely happy that I did. Along the way, I have made countless friends and many memories. Let me share a few with you.

When I first joined the school in grade 1, I was extremely shy. The first day of school, I remember, I sat on the last bench not knowing what was happening. Everyone around me was talking and making friends while I was just sitting there. Then I took out my EVS book to kill time. I was complimented by my teacher for studying while everyone else was making noise. I remember feeling extremely proud. Soon, I learnt the art of making friends and striking conversations. I learnt from my mistakes and improved.

In my earlier classes, I had always wanted to take part in competitions, but I was never able to. One day in Class 9, an invitation came for a Science Fair—a robot-making competition. I hesitated to raise my hand even though I knew a lot about the topic. My friend pushed me to take part and I finally complied. I got permission from my teacher and ran to enroll my name. That was a turning point in my life. After that, I had competition after competition. They helped me learn a lot, like leadership and competitiveness.

My council journey was not that simple. I had never been to the council and knew almost nothing about it. But when the enrolment system was introduced, I wanted to give it a shot. I filled out the form in Class 10. I gave the written test, then the interview, and I was selected. I remember being pretty nervous for the result.

Before all of this, before Class 9, I was just a boy who was decent at studies, but I hardly studied. I study not for marks but to learn. I think most students nowadays just memorize important words and formulas, but the key is to understand how they work. Understanding concepts reduces the burden and makes it fun and easy to solve questions. If anyone truly wants to get better at studies, then don't memorize but understand. Try to ask questions like why is this true? or where did this formula come from?





Alas, everything comes to an end. I stand at the verge of passing Class 12, with the results not so far off. Soon enough, I would be nothing more than a distant memory, maybe just a name on a board. But I am not sad about the ending, as this had to happen someday. I am happy to have countless memories and friends from my school. I will always remember the Litera Valley family, and I hope to always be a part of it.

If I had to give all of you some piece of advice, it would be:

- Never stop learning; there's always more to learn.
- Always try to step out of your comfort zone, because only then will your comfort zone expand and you will improve.

There is way more to life than studies; try to learn new hobbies. Bring your hobbies to school and expand your skill set.

## WALKING DOWN THE PATH OF RESPONSIBILITY: THE MAKING OF THE HEAD GIRL

Samriddhi Shree, 12-B

Stepping into the role of Head Girl was not just an achievement; it was a responsibility that reshaped my understanding of leadership, teamwork, and service. What began as a badge on my blazer soon became a daily lesson in discipline, empathy, and decision-making.

From the very first assembly I addressed, I realised that leadership is not about authority—it is about influence. It meant being the first to arrive, the last to leave, and the one who stayed calm when everyone else was stressed about an event, examination, or competition. Whether it was organising school functions or resolving small disputes in the corridors, the position taught me the value of listening before leading.

The most rewarding part of my journey was working with my team - coordinating prefects, delegating responsibilities, and encouraging juniors during stressful moments helped me grow not just as a leader, but as a person. I discovered that respect is earned not through instructions, but through kindness, consistency, and fairness.

Balancing academics with responsibilities was another challenge that shaped me. There were days when managing time felt impossible—yet each challenge pushed me to become more organised and confident. The experience made me resilient, teaching me that leadership comes with pressure, but also with tremendous personal growth.





I would like to thank my teachers for supporting me , helping me through tough times, answering my silly questions.

I'm equally grateful to our Principal Sir; Thank you for every lesson you taught, both spoken and unspoken. Thank you for guiding me not only through encouragement, but also through the moments when I faltered. Your scoldings were never just corrections; they were reminders that you believed I could do better. They pushed me to rise above my own limitations and carry out my responsibilities with maturity and discipline.

Thank you for giving me opportunities even when I had disappointed you. Those chances taught me the true meaning of trust, responsibility, and redemption. You saw potential in me even when I doubted myself, and that faith has been one of the biggest strengths of my journey.

Thank you LVS for speaking to the winner in me, even before I started winning.

## THE FINAL CHAPTER OF A BRIEF YET TRANSFORMATIVE JOURNEY

Yeshbi Agrawal, 12-B

It is not the duration of an experience that defines its worth, but the depth with which it is lived and remembered.

In what feels like the briefest turning of pages, my two-year journey at LVS draws to a close. Though modest in length, this chapter has been profoundly formative—rich with experiences that have shaped both my character and my perspective. What began as an unfamiliar beginning has, in time, evolved into a space I now find difficult to leave behind.

Within these walls, LVS became far more than an institution of learning; it became a crucible of growth, discovery, and belonging. I was fortunate to be guided by teachers whose wisdom extended beyond textbooks and whose encouragement instilled in me both confidence and curiosity. Equally invaluable were the friendships I formed—relationships that transformed routine days into moments of enduring joy.

My time here was marked by active participation in a spectrum of intra-school and inter-school events. From literary festivals to sporting arenas, and from writing competitions to collaborative endeavours, each experience offered its own lessons in discipline, expression, and resilience. While the accolades and victories I earned remain cherished milestones, it is the process—the preparation, the perseverance, and the quiet triumphs of self-improvement—that I hold in even greater regard.

The honour of serving as both House Vice Captain and House Captain over these two years stands as one of the most defining aspects of my journey. These roles demanded not only responsibility but also empathy, adaptability, and leadership. They taught me that true leadership lies not in authority, but in the ability to inspire, support, and uplift others.

In reflection, I am struck by how swiftly this chapter unfolded, and yet how deeply it has left its imprint upon me. LVS has offered me more than memories; it has given me a sense of identity, a platform for growth, and a community that I will always hold close.

As I step beyond this chapter, I do so with profound gratitude—for the guidance of my teachers, the companionship of my friends, and the countless moments that have made this journey truly unforgettable.

Though brief in span, this journey will endure in memory—resonant, formative, and everlasting.  
Just a few lines by me—

In corridors where echoes stay,  
I leave behind my yesterdays.  
In a fleeting time, I found my voice,  
In simple moments, a lasting choice.  
Though paths may part and days may bend,  
These lines remain - beginning, not end.



## **FIVE YEARS, ONE JOURNEY:**

**RAHUL ROY, 12-C**

### **A STORY I WILL CARRY FOREVER**

When I first walked into Litera Valley School as a quiet Class 8 kid, I did not know that I was stepping into a place that would shape me in more ways than I could ever imagine. I remember sitting on the last bench, observing everyone from a distance, speaking only when necessary, and convinced that blending into the background was easier than being noticed. Five years later, when I look at who I have become, that quiet kid feels like a distant version of me—still a part of me, but no longer what defines me.

What changed me wasn't one big event, but hundreds of small moments—laughter during short breaks, panic before exams, inside jokes whispered during endless classes, and group projects that somehow became more gossip than work. Friends became my support system, teachers my mentors, and classrooms a second home. Those ordinary moments in the corridors quietly shaped me, even when I didn't realise it then.

Perhaps the most defining phase of my journey was becoming a member of the student council. Wearing the council badge felt surreal, like a dream come true. It was not just an achievement; it was a moment of self-realisation—a moment that whispered, "You've earned this." Working with my batch-mates and juniors during events—planning, coordinating, and laughing our way through the stress—created a bond that felt like family. Every second as a council member reminded me how far I had come.

Extracurricular events were fun in their own way too. Whether it was participating in competitions, cheering for my team, or simply helping behind the scenes, every moment added a new layer to who I was becoming. Even sports periods, half spent playing, half spent laughing, created memories that still feel warm in my mind.

Now, as I stand at the edge of these five unforgettable years, everything feels bittersweet. I'm excited about what comes next, yet I find myself holding onto every detail—the noise of the corridors, the warmth of familiar faces, the comfort of classrooms that witnessed my entire teenage journey.

I will miss the friends who became my family. I will miss the teachers who believed in me before I learnt to believe in myself. I will miss the countless events, assemblies, competitions, and celebrations - along with the chaos that somehow made every ordinary day unforgettable. These years have etched themselves deep into my soul. They have shaped me, strengthened me, and taught me lessons I will carry into every chapter of my life. I didn't just study at Litera Valley School- I grew up here.

And as the final bell rings one last time, I walk away not with sadness, but with gratitude for the memories, the people, the lessons, and the journey that made me who I am today.

## A JOURNEY OF TWELVE YEARS: FROM STRANGER TO HOME

Soumya, 12-D

I still remember my first day at LVS. I was a tiny, overwhelmed five-year-old holding my parents' hand. I had no idea how to find my way around the corridors and classrooms. Everything felt huge and strange. I didn't know where the library was, which staircase went where, or how to get back to the main gate. Fast forward twelve years, and I know every corner of this building like the back of my hand. I know which classroom has the best view, which corridor is the loudest, and where the afternoon sunlight streams in just right. I even know which water cooler has the coldest water. Every part of this school has a story—stories that are mine and will always be part of who I've become. Soon, I'll walk out of these gates for the last time, and I might feel like a stranger to this place again. But I don't think that's possible. How can you be a stranger in a place where every corridor holds a memory?

There's the hallway where I nervously paced before that stressful maths exam in grade 10. The tension made me feel unprepared, yet I surprised myself with a score I'm still proud of. There's the classroom where I got my first perfect 50/50 in grade 3—a moment that changed my relationship with maths from fear to confidence. There's the auditorium stage where my dance group won first place in grade 4. I stumbled through a choir competition I shouldn't have entered, and I stood victorious after winning a debate, my heart racing with disbelief and pride. There's the auditorium where we marched to receive our school council badges—mine read "Cyber Social Media Captain." That mix of pride, honour, and sheer terror about the responsibility still gives me goosebumps. There's the small screen of my laptop during grades 7 and 8, where school continued during a pandemic. I learnt everything from math equations to the complexities of die Medizin in German class. These lessons became more than exercises; they reminded me that learning doesn't stop, even when the world does. Then there's the canteen—the place where I made some of my most chaotic and beautiful memories. The samosa parties with my friends on the first day of grade 12 were a simple celebration of being together. One day, we decided to make bhel puri during lunch because someone had a wild idea. Each friend brought one ingredient, and I mixed it all together right there in the canteen chaos. Was it the best bhel puri I've ever tasted? Definitely not. Was it one of the most enjoyable things I've ever eaten? Absolutely, yes. Because it wasn't about the taste—it was about the laughter, teamwork, and how we turned an ordinary lunch break into something special.

LVS didn't just teach me academics; it taught me about life. I transformed from a kid who struggled with maths into someone who could host events confidently and connect with guests during school functions. I joined every activity I could find, but I also learnt when to step back and focus on my health. I studied subjects that broadened my worldview, like German from grades 5 to 8, where chapters on topics like medicine opened my eyes to how language connects us to different cultures. I learnt to adjust when grades 7 and 8 moved online during the pandemic, staying connected to learning and friendships through screens. I learnt teamwork when our class teacher was absent, and we had to prepare for assembly late into the night as a group. We panicked, laughed, and somehow managed to pull it

together. I learnt practical skills during my BST project in grade 11 when my friends and I nervously interviewed a salesperson and manager at a department store. We turned theory into real-world understanding. Grade 9 was one of the hardest years of my life. I felt sick, demotivated, and like I was falling behind while everyone else moved forward. But this school and this community didn't let me give up. My teachers checked in on me; my friends reminded me I was more than my grades, and slowly, I found my way back to health and happiness. By the time I reached grade 12, I wasn't just healthy—I was thriving. I learnt that setbacks don't define you; it's how you rise from them that matters. I learnt to respect myself enough to let go of people who didn't value me and to treasure those who uplifted me. I learned that being looked up to by juniors isn't about being perfect; it's about being real, showing them it's okay to struggle, and that growth is messy and beautiful.

The teachers here didn't just teach subjects—they inspired me to love learning. They made even the duller topics come alive, saw potential in me that I didn't see in myself, and motivated me to improve simply because they cared. The friends I made on the school bus, in the classrooms, during those crazy lunch breaks became my family. We celebrated each other's wins, cried over losses, and created a lifetime of inside jokes that no one else will understand. Some of my seniors became role models who showed me what it means to lead with kindness. Some of my juniors became friends who reminded me that age is just a number when respect and love are mutual.

As I prepare to leave LVS, I feel so many emotions that I can't quite describe. I feel nostalgia for the child I was, pride for the person I've become, and gratitude for every moment—good, bad, and everything in between—that shaped this journey. Twelve years ago, I was a stranger here. Today, it's hard to imagine my life without this place. LVS taught me that real education isn't just about textbooks and tests; it's about discovering who you are when faced with challenges, finding your voice when you're unsure, and building the strength to keep moving when everything seems impossible. These lessons—how to work with people who think differently than I do, how to bounce back from failure, how to lead with empathy, and how to find joy in small moments—are the foundation I'll carry into whatever comes next. This school gave me more than an education; it gave me countless memories and lessons that are too many to fit here. It gave me friendships I know will last forever. Thank you for being my second home, my safe space, and the place where I truly learned what it means to grow. As I walk out of these gates, I carry a piece of you with me—in every corridor of my heart, in every corner of my soul. The world beyond these walls is vast and uncertain, but thanks to everything LVS has taught me, I'm ready to face it.

Goodbye, LVS. Thank you for everything.



## I WAS AFRAID – UNTIL I WASN'T

Sumedha Vatts, 12-E

Since the beginning of my school days, I have been a very shy child. Speaking in front of others never came naturally to me. While I was comfortable staying quiet, my mother always believed in gently pushing me out of my comfort zone. She encouraged me to take part in public speaking and school programmes, hoping it would help build my confidence.

Unfortunately, things did not improve the way she expected. By the time I reached middle school, my confidence was crushed in such a way that even talking to strangers felt overwhelming. I would overthink every word before speaking. One incident that stayed with me for a long time was from Grade 9, when I participated in a debate. Standing on the stage, I froze completely. I forgot everything I had prepared and could not speak a single word. That moment made me believe that public speaking was simply not meant for me.

When I entered Grade 11 and joined Litera Valley, my journey slowly began to change. I saw many new opportunities coming my way. Surprisingly, despite all my past fear, I chose public speaking again. I still don't fully understand why—perhaps a part of me wanted to face what once scared me the most.

At first, the fear was still very real. Even today, I haven't overcome it completely. When I speak in front of people, my mind sometimes goes blank. I hear nothing but my own voice, and my vision turns blurry. But with time, something has changed. Each attempt has healed me a little, and every experience has made me stronger.

What truly transformed my journey was appreciation. Every small word of encouragement mattered more than I realised. Slowly, what once terrified me began to feel familiar. Now, it is something I truly enjoy, and I am always looking for an opportunity to do so.

This journey has taught me that confidence does not appear overnight. It is built step by step—through fear, failure, patience, and courage. Being afraid does not mean being weak; it simply means we are trying. And sometimes, the very thing that scares us the most becomes the reason we grow.

I was afraid—until I wasn't. And even now, I am still learning, still growing, and still choosing to speak.



## WHISPERS OF SWEETNESS: HOMEMADE MILK BARFI

Priyasi Bhardwaj, 10-C

Barfi is a classic Diwali sweet you'll always find around you. One of the reasons is how quick and easy it is to make. Today, let's prepare an even simpler version of milk barfi using milk powder!

### INGREDIENTS

- Milk powder
- Milk
- Sugar
- Ghee
- Nuts like almonds (if needed)

### Method

- Add the milk powder, sugar and milk to a bowl and mix well.
- Keep a heavy-bottomed non-stick pan on a low flame and add the mixture to it.
- Add the ghee to ensure the mixture does not become too sticky.
- Keep stirring on a low flame until the mixture becomes thick and holds shape.
- It should not be too liquid-like nor too hard.
- Switch off the flame and transfer the burfi dough into a tray. Tap it gently to ensure it's levelled.
- Add nuts on top if you like, and refrigerate it until it holds its shape well.
- You can cut the burfi into various shapes using moulds and share it with your friends!



# Art Gallery



Abhinaw Kumar Singh, 11-E



Archisha Arya, 12-Passout



Arnav Ranjan, 12-Passout



Bhavya Kumari, 12-Passout



Abhinaw Kumar Singh, 11-E



Abhinaw Kumar Singh, 11-E



Medha Bhargava, 10-Passout



Mohit Pandit, 10-D



Pranjal, 11-A



Parth Kant, 10-B



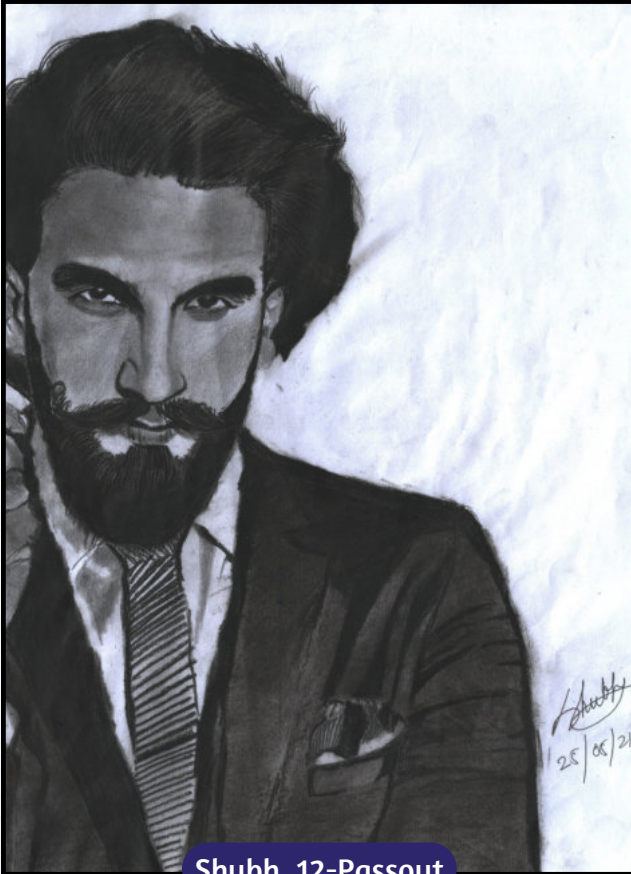
Samridhi Shree, 12-Passout



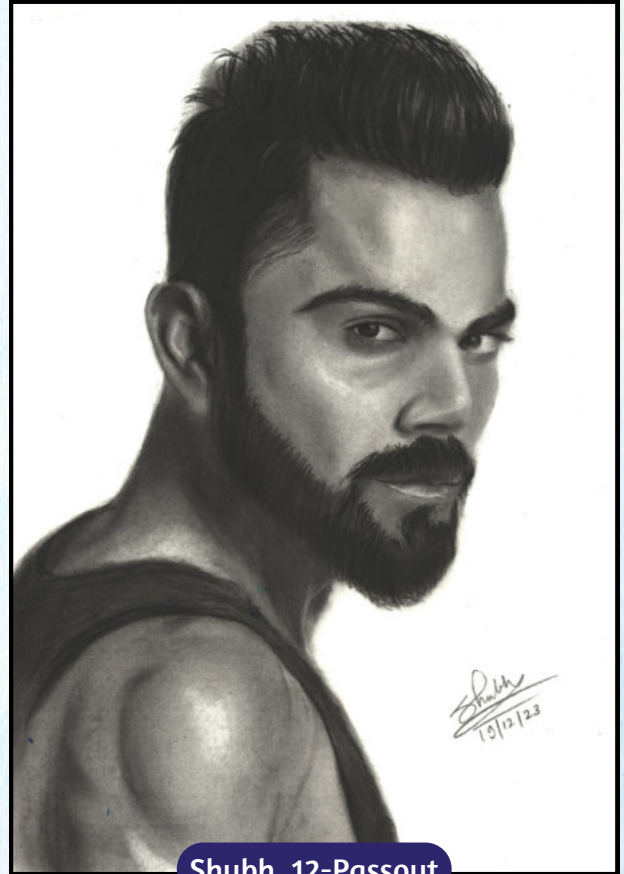
Pranjal, 11-A



Pranjal, 11-A



Shubh, 12-Passout



Shubh, 12-Passout



Shubh  
8/11/22

Shubh, 12-Passout

# Appreciation for the valuable Contribution as a team for LITERATI- Online Creative Magazine



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