

MAYO MANUSCRIPT



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"A Journey to the Past"

A GRADE IX PUBLICATION

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Preface

In today's world, where knowledge and creativity shape the future, a school manuscript magazine serves as a unique platform for young minds to express their ideas, opinions and talents through featuring various stories, poems, articles, artwork that reflect both the diverse interests and shared experiences of our students.

The creation of this magazine is more than just an academic exercise; it is a learning journey that allows students to explore the power of the written word, the importance of clear expression, and the art of effective communication. Each written work reflects hours of thought, creativity and dedication. By participating in this publication, students gain valuable skills such as teamwork, time management and good handwriting, all of which will serve them well in their future academic and personal endeavors.

Furthermore, this magazine is a celebration of our school's spirit and a testament to the importance of having a voice. We hope that as you read, you will appreciate the effort, ideas, and the joyous experience of students, inspiration that have gone into each contribution, and that you will take away a deeper understanding of the talent and creativity that thrive within our school community.

Let this magazine be a source of pride, motivation, and an invitation for all students to continue their journey of learning and self expression.

~ WRITTEN BY:-

Prianshu Kedia

Life of a Mayoite

Each tiny hand that comes here for a new start,
With shuddering tears as we depart.

Through the bright rays of the Sun we see,
The leader we are gonna be.

And as we enter the gates we see,
The road which shapes our destiny.
With this cherishing life of a Mayoite,
We learn to win every fight.

Result for sorrow and waiting for years,
A special bond we make with our peers.
We lift the pachawanga up in the sky,
Being a Mayoite is our Pride.

All the other thoughts we bury,
The love we have for the Jodhpuris.
Watching the peacocks swim around,
Screaming GO-MAYO on the ground.

~ Ryan Agarwal

WRITTEN BY :-

Priyanshu Jedia



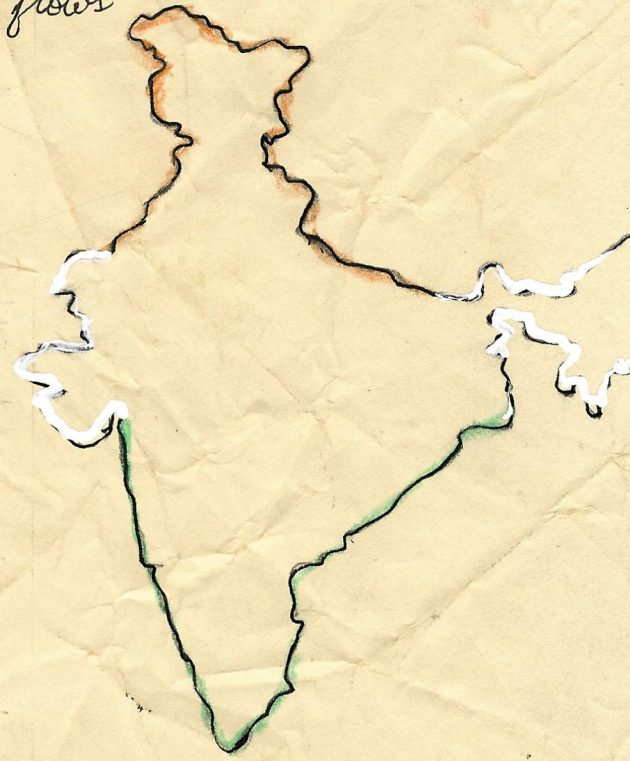
ILLUSTRATED BY :-

Atharva Pratap Singh

Our Bharat

Where the 'Amrit dhara' of 'Holy Ganga' flows
With all purity and freedom
Upholds,

The honour of 'Bharat Mata'
As the "Jagadguru"...
And that would be actual 'Viksit Bharat'



With the youth
Taking the forefront of our nation
And leading India towards
A strengthened and larger goal
With all glorification that were Evident during "Satyuga"
I, as responsible citizen of India, want to see my nation

As 'Viksit' in real sense
Let's rebuild our Bharat
With science and Technology;
Art and Appreciation;
Revisiting of the Ancient Indian Mythological History

My vision of a 'Viksit Bharat' is glorified and dignified
My goal has to be set for the glorification of my Bharat... our Bharat
Of making Bharat "Viksit"

~ PRANSHU KEDIA

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED By : ARNAV SINGH

007

Agent 007 has a very secret identity and name.

But he also takes care of his fame.

Agent 007 is an expert in spying.

He is also an expert in buying.

Agent 007 has solved plenty of missions,

He also has a want of ambition.

Agent 007 works for the Indian Investigation team.

When he solves a mission, he celebrates it with a beer.

Agent 007 is an inspiration to all,

Cause in every mission he stands tall.

Agent 007 loves to drive a go-kart.

He always works for his country with his heart.

~ Manan A. Jassra Saria
WRITTEN BY:-

ATISHAY JAIN (3598)

Rainbow



From the rainy cloud you rise
Outshining through day and night
Bathing in the Sunlight
Dreaming about the dandelions
Breaching through the sky so high.
Down falling the rain can't cry
Tasting like sweets when high.
Dancing with the VIBGYOR lights
Tasting like never before
Oh you shiny rainbow.

~ Samar Raj Singh

WRITTEN BY:-
Pranshu Kedia

ILLUSTRATED BY:-
Atharva Pratap Singh

The Drunk Spirit

A body bigger than anything we had laid our eyes upon before,
Emerging victorious in all the wars and battles making the enemy soar;
Anger ran through his veins, as he demolished every being,
Demons in the town around, feeling petrified and embarked on their act of fleeing;
With his igniting mighty wings, he tore down the sky,
As the word of the kings spoke that terror must die;
To gaze at the aura of happiness and charm, would enlighten the soul of holy spirit,
Causing them to adore the saviour, and blessing him with the glory of merits;
A kaleidoscope of shades of pink his love & affection,
But no one knows it meant none other than anger & frustration;
Thoughts running through the minds of monks about the past,
What do they know of who was the Messiah at last;
Flames that dance and the smoke that play,
Made the "drunk spirit" never fade away.

~ Rudraksh Solanki & Aksh Sharma

Written by -

Karan Singh.

Happiness

Happiness can be found in anything
Just change your way to see
Like a lotus in the dirty water
Swaying so happily

Happiness is not around everytime
But when it is, enjoy it fully
Look at those beautiful blooming flowers
Which can make you feel free.



Happiness can be in seeing others happy,
Just look at those birds chirping merrily.
Look at the beautiful sunset,
Slowly fading by the sea

Happiness can be found in anything,
Just search for your way to be.

~ Lavik Kedia

Written and Illustrated by: Arnav Singh

My Day in May

The loud music was on,
I woke up with a big yawn.
After having a chilly shower,
I lost all my power

Then I had some mushy peas and a bowl of porridge
which felt like rabbits jumping in a garage.
In the middle of Nowhere,
I was trying to reach somewhere.

To my surprise,
I had an enterprise waiting on my way.
With some bills and paper in hand,
I walked away
To my dismay, I was dreaming in
the middle of the month May!

~ Aditya veer Singh Rathore

Written by:-
Saumil Rath (IX)

Hope, Love and Forgiveness

In the silence of the shadows
My heart blaze bright
In a place of darkness
My soul thrives
Hope I always find

Living with people that seldom smile
In all glory and passions, I walk with my head held high
"What does a smile even do?" they ask Love, I say, is a feeling beyond thoughts
Everyday he pleads
Begging to be cleaned, from a dead long gone
Feeling he's gone too far
Forgiveness is never too late.
For everyday you feel low
When all seems lost and gone
In a sea of darkness a light burns bright
Hope, love and forgiveness forever abides.

~ Shaurya Atul Bansal

WRITTEN BY:-
Pouanshu Kedia

ILLUSTRATED BY:-
Devraj Singh Katoch



The Neighbour Outside My Window

With a grumpy face and goopy eyes,
With a can of juice and shrieking cries,
What my eyes saw was hard to believe,
That neighbour outside my window was still not pleased.

A bucket of mice rolled out of his hand,
Creating chaos like a muffled band.
Was it a dream or a déjà vu,
Something like this would occur never or not to soon.

I was desperate as much you would imagine,
It was terrorizing to watch the army of mice examine
The look he struck me with was terrifying,
And he also ignored my desperate cries.

How much worse this could get?
The mice now rolled along my precious bed.
The view of my window started to fade,
I quickly hid myself in the table's shade.

Soon that neighbour started to grow bigger
And the mantras in my mouth, I knew,
automatically started to deliver. The ringing doorbell was my
death call, As I ran for my life and accepted the imminent down

Thomas Bach

Thomas Bach is a leading figure in international olympics body. He was born on 29 March, 1963 in Würzburg, Germany holds significant positions in the administration of international sports.

Bach was an olympic gold medalist and, in Montreal in 1976, he won that gold medal for the west German fencing team. His status as one of the Olympians has shaped his perception of the governance structure of the sport quite well.

Further, in 2013, he was affirmed as the head of the International Olympic Committee (IOC) after serving the requisite period in the sports administration. His ~~lead~~ leading leadership has concentrated on the changes and updates of the Olympic movement meaning of its conception has been as Olympic agenda 2020.

This reform strategy is aimed for the first time after the founding of Olympic Games reform process, to increase the girls/women's participation by making the Games available to youth and as well as to the environmentally friendly approach.

Throughout his term, Thomas Bach has faced significant issues including the his historic postponement of the games of the XXXII Olympics in Tokyo because of the coronavirus disease 2019.



Yet he continues to explore ways to actualize the principles of integration, peacemaking and tabulation in all games. In his time, the IOC continued to adapt itself to the demands of contemporary societies and the modernized aspects of the Olympic charter.

The state ensures that sport and the Olympic Games are not a platform for the separation of nations but are an instrument for unification.

~ By Aarav Gupta, Grade 8, Jaipur house

WRITTEN BY:-
Saumil Rath (IX)

ILLUSTRATED BY:-
ATHARVA PRATAP (IX)

Promises

My mum always told me, "Don't make promises you can't keep." I never understood the importance of this. Making blank promises to my mother just easily rolled out of my tongue. At last promises were meant to be broken, I would promise my mother that I'd make my bed, walk the dog, do the dishes, but... would never actually do it. I think I knew my mother after all. After a day or two she would give in and after school, my room would be spotless, not a single sock or a dirty dish in sight.

But I never knew that a promise could cost me everything.

I just turned 18. I was an adult. The hype that I had before was not up to the mark and I was broke. Nonetheless, my mom had started dating a guy named Derek. Derek was okay, blond hair, dark eyes around 5'11" and had a bulky figure. I was happy for my mom, for she had started dating.

My mother advised me to start babysitting. I was still irresponsible, but I agreed. One day, she had to go outside with Derek and told me to handle my 12 year old brother, Robbie. She told me, to never let Robbie out of my sight.

She... made me promise that.

Robbie was the most devious creature that I had ever seen. He was a pain to be around. He had a small tiny figure. He'd even look at a first glance. He had red hair and miniature freckles on his cheeks. He was utterly proactive, running all the time, jumping and playing.



Mum had left. I was on the couch with Robbie watching TV. For the past 30 minutes, I had been battling Robbie's request to go out and hang out with his friends. A hour passed, and we made a deal. Robbie could go only for an hour. He was delighted and took his jacket, opened the door and went out.

I thought to myself, sitting on the couch, just an hour, just an hour, nothing is gonna happen. I flicked through channel after channel trying to put my mind aside. Robbie was just 12. A hour passed; Robbie hadn't returned. Sweat beads trickled down my temples. My throat went dry.

I couldn't put it off any longer. I rushed to the door, grabbed my jacket, and swung it open. Outside, a car arrived, it was my mom's car. She approached and hugged me, landing kisses and thanking me for taking care of Robbie. I couldn't form a coherent sentence.

Soon, she knew.

We waited the entire night. He didn't arrive... the following day, the following week, or the following year.

A broken promise is all it takes...

WRITTEN BY: Pranshu K

ILLUSTRATED BY: Anarva

~ Arnav Agarwal

Finding His Voice

Finding his Voice is about Arav. He was the last person you'd expect on stage. At sixteen, he was quiet, tall, and almost invisible among his classmates at his busy Delhi school. Public Speaking was his worst year - just imagining it made his mind freeze.

One day, Arav's house captain, Neha, approached him. "Arav, I need you for the inter-house storytelling competition." He wanted to refuse, but something in him hesitated. The thought of conquering his fear made him pause. Reluctantly, he agreed, though his stomach twisted with anxiety.

Their first practice was rough. Arav stood on the empty stage, looking at the auditorium seats that felt intimidating, even without an audience. Neha sat in the front row, watching patiently. He stumbled through his lines, his heart racing. The silence that followed each of his pauses only made him feel

"Take a breath," Neha said, coming up to him. "You're overthinking every word. Just focus on the story itself, and imagine you're talking to a friend."

Her encouragement didn't make the nerves vanish, but it helped him relax a little. He tried again, this time a bit slower. Neha coached him gently, showing him how to relax his shoulders, use hand gestures to emphasize key points, and vary his tone. She encouraged him to treat the words like a conversation, not a performance.

Each day, Neha helped him a bit more, spending time not only practicing but also helping him talk about things he genuinely loved. She'd ask about his favourite books, his memories and what made him laugh.



Talking about things he knew made him feel more at ease, and soon he realized that he could channel this confidence into his performance.

"Imagine the audience is just me," she said one day, smiling. "A friend who wants to hear what you have to say." With her support, he began to tell the story of his heart. Each practice felt a little easier, and Arav felt his voice growing stronger.

On the day of competition, Arav stepped onto the stage, his heart pounding. He took a deep breath and remembered everything he practiced with Neha. He saw her in the front row, smiling, cheering him on.

As he began, the words flowed more easily than he thought possible. The audience leaned in, watching him intently, and Arav felt an unexpected sense of calm. When he finished, the audience erupted in applause. For the first time, Arav felt heard. He had faced his fear, with Neha's help, and his voice.

~ Sammil Rath

WRITTEN BY - Shaurya G

ILLUSTRATED BY - Atharva Prasad

Alternate Conclusion

As the final battle rages on the ruins of the Avengers Compound, Thanos stands menacingly before Iron Man, Captain America and Thor, ready to claim the Infinity Stones. Tony Stark, knowing the stakes, realizes he must make a bold move. He signals to Doctor Strange, who subtly nods, indicating that is their one chance to change the course of fate.

With a flash of genius, Tony swiftly uses his nanotech suit to create a device that temporarily detaches the Infinity Stones from the gauntlet. He lunges toward Thanos, dodging his blows with the agility of a seasoned warrior. Just as Thanos is about to deliver a fatal strike, Tony activates the device, causing the stones to fly out of the gauntlet and hover in mid-air.

In that brief moment, Thor summons a massive lightning strike to distract Thanos while Captain America hurls his shield with precise accuracy, hitting Thanos squarely in his chest. This gives Tony the window he needs. He extends his hand, and the nano-tech from his suit engulfs the stones, forming a new gauntlet.

But, instead of snapping fingers, Tony hesitates. The toll of using the stones is evident as he feels the immense power surging through him. He knows that a snap could kill him, and the fear of leaving his family behind flickers in his eyes. But another option occurs to him - a way to defeat Thanos without sacrificing his life.

Tony, with the energy of the stones coursing through him, channels his ingenuity. He reconfigures the nano-tech around the stones, using it to create a Containment Field that traps Thanos in a stasis-like state, rendering him powerless.

With a final push, Tony wills the Stones to reverse all the destruction Thanos caused, including the decimation from the first snap.



The battlefield is bathed in a brilliant light as the Stones work their magic, reversing the snap without Tony to sacrifice himself. The fallen heroes and those who vanished five years earlier re-appear, alive and well.

As the light fades, Tony falls to his knees, exhausted but alive. The new gauntlet disintegrates, the stones scattering into the void, no longer within reach. The threat of Thanos is neutralized and the universe is restored.

Tony is quickly surrounded by his friends - Steve Rogers, Thor and the newly returned Peter Parker, who rushes to his side, tears of relief in his eyes.

"You did it, Mr. Stark," Peter says, helping Tony to his feet.

"No, we did it," Tony replies with a tired smile. "And I'm not done yet. We have got a world to rebuild."

The Avengers gather one last time to honour the fallen, with Tony leading the charge to ensure that the world they saved remains protected for generations to come.

The camera pulls back, showing Tony standing on a hill, looking out at the world he helped save. As the sun sets, the screen fades to black and the words "Tony Stark will return" appear, signalling that the genius, billionaire, and hero still has more stories to tell.

Written by :- Divik Media
Aishay Jain (3598)

आखिर लड़की जी कर भी जिंदा रह पायेगी ?

बचपन में ही मार दो लड़की को - जी के भी मर जाछगी
अगर किसी तरह जी भी गयी - तो किसी दरिंदे के हाथों मारी जाछगी
हुई अत्याचार की शिकार - कई सैतानों ने किया बलात्कार
समाज में खैरात सी वो जाती जाछगी - आखिर लड़की जी कर भी जिंदा रह पाये

सबकारों ने गांधारी की पट्टी आँखों पे बांधली
समाज नहीं ये बाज़ार हैं इज़्ज़त की होती है धांधली
अपने दुष्कर्मों की आत्महत्या बना लो तुम
पर मेरी आत्मा की हत्या नहीं हो पायेगी - आखिर लड़की जी कर भी जिंदा रह पाये

मेरे कपड़े का डर तुकड़ा भी जुल्म सहता है
चीख - चीख कर सबकी सारी जवाही कहता है
शुशनसीब थी द्रौपदी की दुशासन सिर्फ एक था
मेरा बलात्कार करने वाला व्यक्ति पापी प्रत्येक था

जो स्त्री को बुरी नज़र से देखे उनकी भी भाजीदारी है
सैकड़ों की भीड़ में छुपे कई बलात्कारी हैं
सीता की अग्नि परिक्षा सबको आज जला देगी
द्रौपदी की फटी साड़ी सबका अहंकार जला देगी

अब तो आदत डाल ली मैंने सब कुछ सहने की
इस बेहतर समाज में ज़रूरत नहीं कुछ कहने की
समाज बस कुछ शांति यात्राये निकाल देगा
मौमबत्तियों वाली भीड़ इकट्ठा करेगा - और फिर सब झुला देगा

ये मौमबत्तियां छक दिन फिर बुझ जाछगी
फिर मेरी जैसी एक और बदनसीब की खबर आ जायेगी
सबकारों को फिर एक नया मुद्दा देके जाछगी
आखिर लड़की जी कर भी जिंदा रह पायेगी ?

~ सार्विक तलरेजा

प्रांशु केड़िया द्वारा लिखित

कर्ण

जन्म लेते ही अपनी माँ को मैंने गवाया था
परन्तु इस सूत पुत्र एक मित्र ने अपनाया था
वो क्रूर था वो दुष्ट था उसपर काल का साया था
पर किया उसने वो जो मेरा अपना भी न कर पाया था

ममता की जलन को अग्नि अस्त्र का रूप दिया
सूत पुत्र को नियति ने क्षत्रिय का स्वरूप दिया
शिक्षा की जब भूख लगी तो जाती ने डाली अर्चन
गुरु द्रोण की क्रूरता का नाग अस्त्र में परिवर्तन

विद्या की चाह ने मुझसे झूठ भी था बुलवाया
श्रापित किया परशुराम ने तनिक भी न तरस आया
विद्या में भेद-भाव क्यों सब करते हैं
क्या एक सूत पुत्र से सारे क्षत्रिय डरते हैं

कब तक विद्या का भूखा जाती पे बाटा जायगा
क्या सदैव नीची जातियों का अंगूठा काटा जायगा
ये राजा के पुत्र क्या जाने राजा कैसा होता है
दानी, दयालु, कृपालु होना कर्तव्य राजन का होता है

दानवीर कहलाए कर्ण प्रजा ने किया जय जय कार
अपनी इस शीतलता से वरुण अस्त्र किया तैयार
देवराज भी माँगे जिससे ऐसा मैं दानवीर हूँ
माँ का वचन ना तोड़ा मैंने ऐसा मैं महावीर हूँ

शूरवीर को मारना हो तो निश्चय करके मार जाता हूँ
इसलिए आज भी पहले कर्ण फिर अर्जुन को कहा जाता हूँ

~ सात्विक तलवरेजा

अर्णव सिंह द्वारा लिखित

किताब और खुशबू

जिस दिन मामेदू के पिता का निधन हुआ, मामेदू वहां उपस्थित नहीं था। वह उसके अगले दिन आया, वह फ्रांस में पिछले सात साल से आप्रवासी की तरह - ठक लेखक और अध्यापक के रूप में रह रहा था। परंतु उसके पिता कभी भी कुलूस, तंज़ानिया छोड़कर नहीं जाना चाहते थे।



मामेदू ने जैसे ही अपने पिता के अंतिम संस्कार पर भाषण देना शुरू किया, उसने कहा - "आज विश्व साहित्य ने अपने सबसे वफादार समर्थक खोया है।" मामेदू के दोस्तों और वहां उपस्थित सभी को उसकी बातें निरर्थक समझ आयीं। मामेदू फिर अपने भाषण में अपने बचपन की बात बताते हैं - "हम हफ्ते में पिता की उनकी तनखा मिलती थी और वह मेरे लिए नई किताब लाते थे। जैसे - टॉम सायर, दी ओल्ड मैन एंड दी सी, पर इनको खास बनाती थी इनसे आने वाली खुशबू - किसी से सेब की, किसी से पुदिने की : क्योंकि मेरे पिता हमेशा किताबों के साथ सब्जियों को एक ही थैली में लाते थे।"

अंत में मामेदू कहता है - "आज मैं जो कुछ भी हूँ और मेरे पास जो कुछ भी है - यह मेरी शब्दों, किताबों और खुशबूओं से भरी जिंदगी, इन सभी के लिए मैं अपने पिता का सदैव आभारी रहूंगा।"

~ प्रांशु कैडिया

प्रांशु कैडिया द्वारा लिखित

अभिव्यक्ति

वर्णाक्षर के प्रथम अक्षर से जन्मी है यह अभिव्यक्ति ।
शिशु के निर्मल, निरपाप मन की दर्शाती है यह अभिव्यक्ति ।

सहानदियों सा वेग सा संचार करती है यह अभिव्यक्ति ।
अंबर के विस्तार का आभास करती है यह अभिव्यक्ति ।
कल्पनाओं की देती उड़ान है यह अभिव्यक्ति ॥

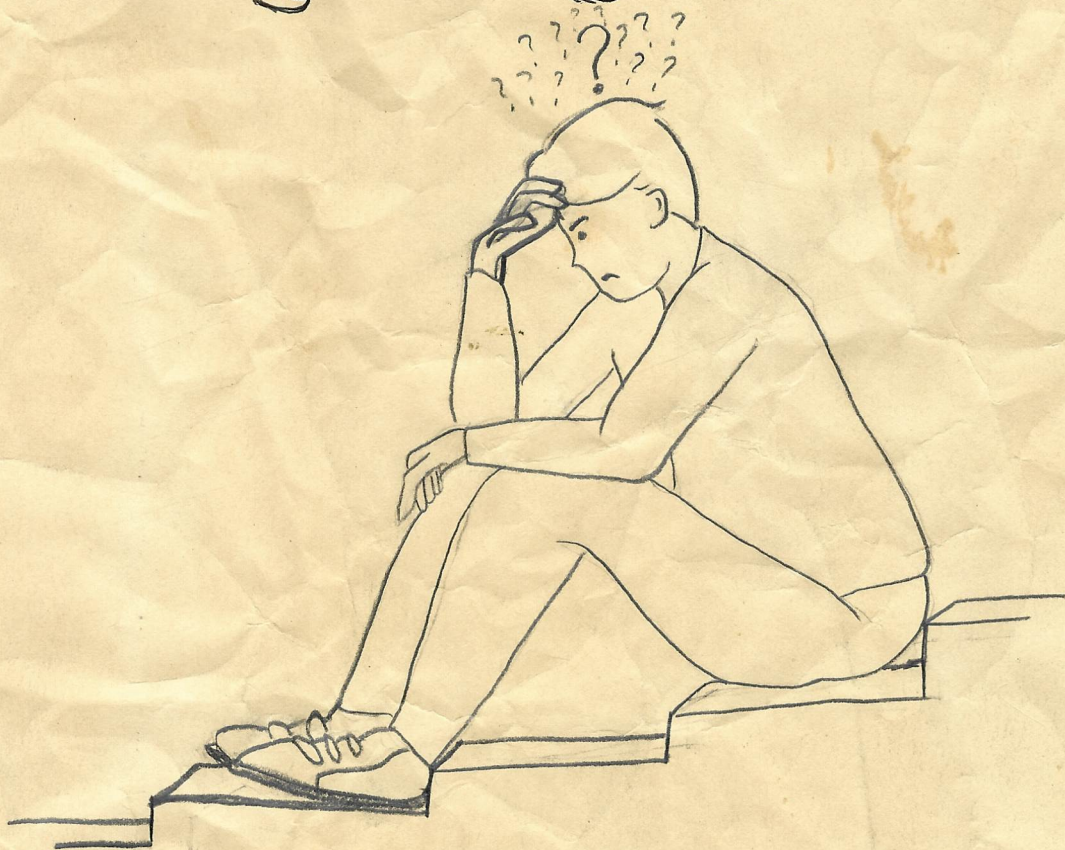
सुस्मारा बचपन याद दिलाती है यह अभिव्यक्ति ।
सुम्हें स्वदेश बुलाती है यह अभिव्यक्ति ॥

इन पन्नों में वर्षों की समेटे हुए है यह अभिव्यक्ति ।
विद्यालय की उन्नती का निनाद है यह अभिव्यक्ति ॥
प्रगती के लिए कटिबद्ध है यह अभिव्यक्ति ।
यही व्यक्त करना ही है यह अभिव्यक्ति ॥

~ संदीप मिश्रा
कंप्यूटर विभाग, मैयूर

अर्णव सिंह द्वारा लिखित

खुद को खो चुका हूँ मैं



खुद को खो चुका हूँ मैं, अब बिखरने का मन कर रहा हूँ,
एक बार फिर तुमसे कुछ कहने की दिल मचल रहा है।

बचपन की मासूमियत, वो सपने न जाने कहाँ खो गछ,
तब से अपनी परछाई से ही डरने लगा हूँ मैं;

दुनिया की भागदौड़ में, कहीं गुम हो गया हूँ मैं,
शुशियों के बाजार में, बस एक तलबगार बन कर रह गया हूँ मैं।

चेहरे पर हंसी है, पर दिल में खामोशी,
दर्द के इस सागर में, बस एक किनारा बन कर रह गया हूँ मैं।

हर रात खुद से सवाल करता हूँ,
क्या सच मैं, मैं वही इंसान हूँ मैं?

टूटे हुए सपनों का, वो विश्वास हुआ बिलसिला,
अन जिंदगी के सफर में, बस एक मुसाफिर बन कर रह गया हूँ मैं।

प्रांशु केडिया द्वारा लिखित

~ नीतीश तिवारी
हिंदी विभाग, मेयो

