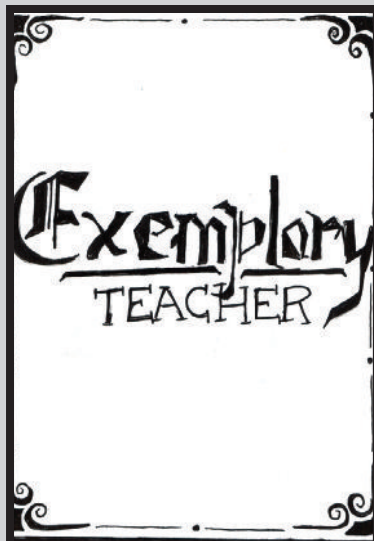
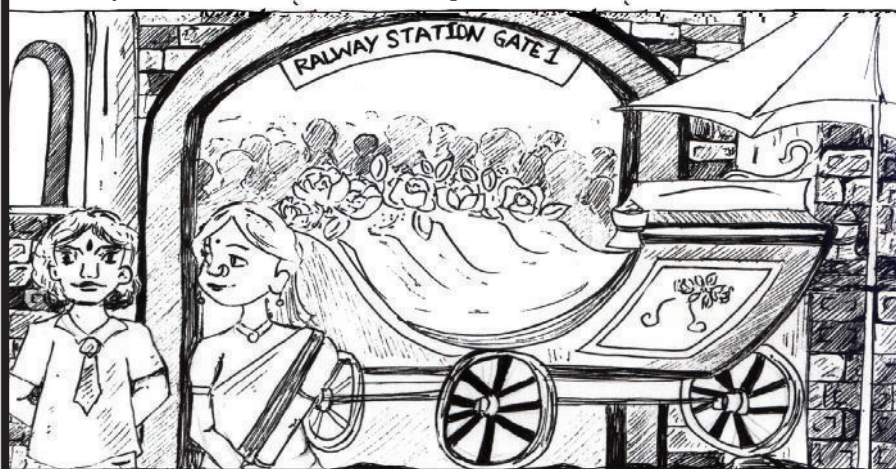


Inspired by the timeless tales shared by **Dr (Mrs) Amita Chauhan**, Chairperson, Amity Group of Schools & RBEF, GT presents **part XI** of a vibrant comic strip series, crafted by **Parneka Chowdhry**, AIS Gurugram 46, XI J



Legend has it that students of Dr S Radhakrishnan loved him so much that they decorated a horse cart and pulled it to the station at his farewell.



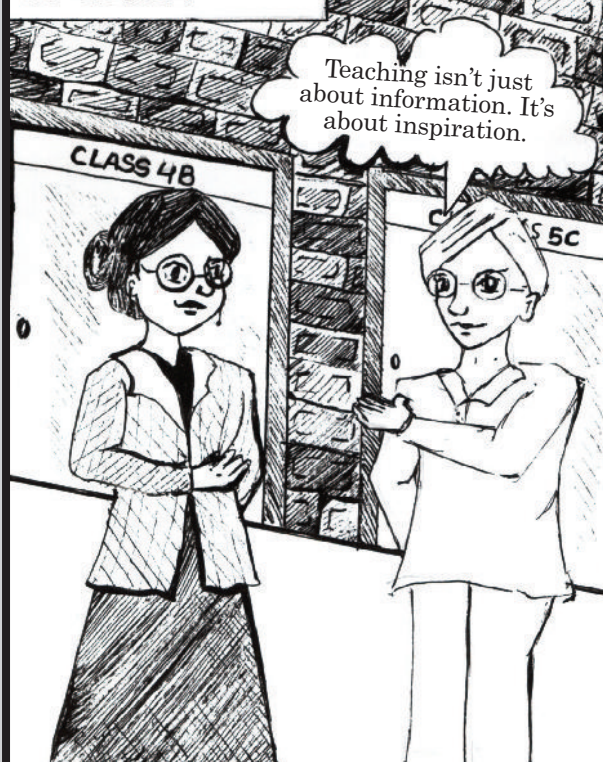
For them, he wasn't just a teacher — he was a guide, a friend and a mentor.



There are many stories about his teaching. One day, during a classroom inspection, he noticed a teacher failing to connect with students.

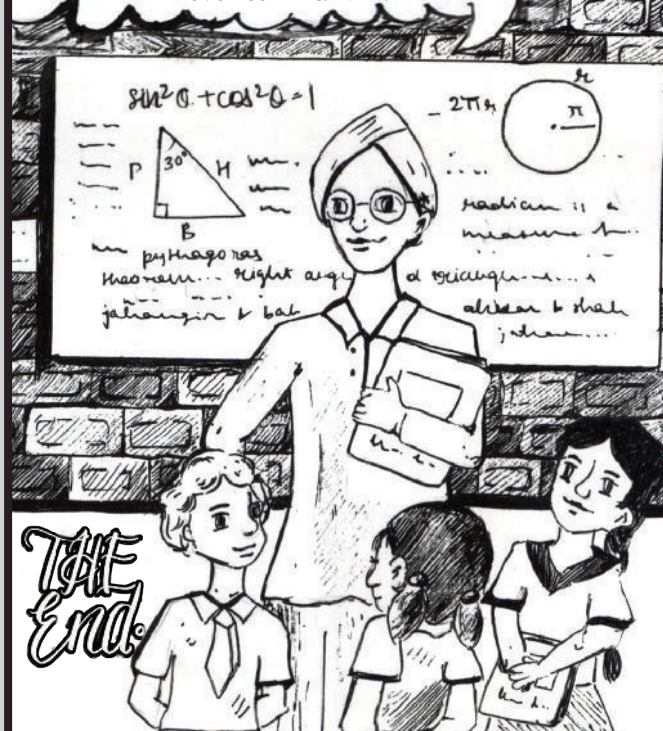


OUTSIDE...



Teaching isn't just about information. It's about inspiration.

Earn their affection. Gain their respect. Never command it.



## POEMS

# The seasons



**Twisha Prasad**, AIS Noida, Alumna

The atrocious monsoon has fallen  
Bid your byes, to the blowing breeze  
Clouds are now so calm and careful  
Dusk is no longer all that dreadful

Ethereal spring is always the eventual  
For the flowers are all so fanatical  
Go gaze upon that great greenery  
Hold hopes no matter how dreary

Monday might bring the meadows  
Nature is not always this narrow  
Beauty of the orchard is observed  
This paradise will stay preserved

Beautiful fields, a great discovery  
Do take rest, there will be a recovery  
Autumn will be surfacing very soon  
Triumphing through the tragic tunes

Soon, in the never-ending universe  
Velvet veranda, vibrant and verve  
Winter welcomes a windy whisper  
Summer leaves, a departing sister.

*(Twisha is currently pursuing BA (Hons) History, from Lady Shri Ram College, DU)*

# Swords that fell

**Varnika Nagpal Nafees**, AIS MV, X D

You may see my smile as one with no scar  
But how would you know that it's carved?  
Deep within me, there rings a dimming bell  
That I'm merely raising these swords that fell

Ignoring all dread and overwhelming pain  
I never called for a war of heart and brain  
My veins are straits of battleground of hell  
My conscience lifting these swords that fell

The blood in my body is just enough to fill  
There's no room left for anymore to spill  
My head is in the clouds, in some dark spell  
My emotions holding these swords that fell

Oh, how I wish that these clouds were white  
And my veins were streams of hopes bright  
And my mind wasn't just an endless well  
So, I'd live without lifting swords that fell.