



ST.THERESE'S SCHOOL PADRAUNA

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A rainy man

George was 12 years old boy. He studies in 5th grade. His mother was a housewife and father was an employ in a office. They were living in the house which was made by George grandfather.

One day when George was coming from his school to his home. At a tv shope he saw a news that the reporters are telling that tomorrow will be a Sunny day. Than when he come back to him home, his father and mother both were seeing a old photo album. In that his father Sam's photographs was there. There was raining in all photos of his father Sam's photographs

Sam was sad by seeing his all photos. George asked to his mother that why papa is very sad. Then Yamiya his mother replied that whenever your papa went somewhere, on that particular day only rain will held. All friends of Sam call him by Rainyman. And tomorrow your will play with an important employ, who decide to do contract with Sam's office afrer that' match. And he gates rain when he play. Yamiya said now no one could do something.

George want to know more about the Rainyman. He knows a scientist who discovered different types of machines. Scientist name was Heric and he said , Rainyman is a person who whenever went somewhere the rain will began. George said that in news he saw that tomorrow will a Sunny day. And tomorrow will an important day for papa.

Heric said to ensure this he will make a machine which will tell us that the man is a Sunny or rainy. He discover a rainy gadget. First he measures the George, so he was 0.5 negative he was very little Rainyman and Heric 1 positive means little sunny man. So, means if pointer moves in positive sunnyman and if the pointer will moves in negative means Rainy man. Now George measures his father Sam's body, it was 9.5 means rain will guaranteed.

So ,George search for a high sunny man. So ,tomorrow will be a sunny day He finds that his friend Niwash was 9 positive means when Sam's 9.5 negative and Niwash 9 positive will be together, so a good and a Sunny day will remain tomorrow. He asked to Niwash that he will go with George on tomorrow on place which match will held . Niwash said yes ofcourse. Sam on next day the was successful and the weather was also very good. And the employ give the contact to Sam. Sam was very happy and George also.

HARSH PATEL
VII C



Different Shades of Happiness

Some find joy in having someone near,
While others smile just knowing who's dear.

Some feel happy when they win the race,
While others dream and find their place.

Some feel joy in spreading cheer,
While others smile, even if they cause a tear.

Some are glad when others succeed,
While some rejoice in selfish need.

Some feel peace in a loving crowd,
While others shine when alone and proud.

Some need the world to feel delight,
While some find joy in their own quiet light.

Some feel happy in their home's embrace,
While others dream to roam and chase.

Some find peace in their life so sweet,
While others long for the end, for rest complete.

Jahnawi Mishra
Class:- XII A





A Teacher Gift

A teacher's gift, a treasure rare,
Is the impact they leave, beyond compare.
They nurture our dreams, and sooth our fears,
And wipe away, our doubt and tears.
With every lesson, they give us more,
A love for learning, that we adore.
Their passion for teaching, a beacon bright,
Guides us forward, through life's plight.
They believe in us, when we don't believe,
And help us find, our inner strength to achieve.

Mobasshara khatoun
class 7th C



AI: A PARTNER, NOT A CHEATING TOOL

In today's rapidly advancing digital age, Artificial Intelligence (AI) has become an integral part of education. From smart tutoring systems to writing assistants, AI offers powerful tools that can transform how students learn, think, and create. However, a common misconception among some learners is that AI serves only as a shortcut for completing assignments or bypassing hard work. In reality, AI should be viewed as a partner in education, not a cheating tool. When used ethically, AI can enhance understanding, boost creativity, and support students in developing critical skills for the future.

AI can act as a supportive companion in the learning process. For example, AI-driven platforms can explain complex concepts in simpler terms, provide personalized learning experiences, and adapt to each student's pace. A student struggling with mathematics can receive step-by-step guidance, while another who excels in literature can use AI to explore deeper interpretations of texts. In this way, AI becomes a tutor available anytime, anywhere—helping students not just find answers, but understand the reasoning behind them.

Moreover, AI encourages critical thinking and creativity when used responsibly. Instead of copying AI-generated responses, students can use the technology to brainstorm ideas, check grammar, or receive feedback on their work. This process mirrors how calculators are used in mathematics—not to cheat, but to enhance accuracy and efficiency. By learning how to collaborate with AI tools, students gain digital literacy and problem-solving skills that are essential in modern education and future workplaces.

However, the line between assistance and dishonesty must be clear. Relying on AI to do all the thinking removes the opportunity for genuine learning. True education involves curiosity, analysis, and self-expression—qualities that AI can support but never replace. Teachers and schools also play a crucial role by guiding students on ethical AI use, emphasizing originality, and fostering a culture of academic integrity.

In conclusion, Artificial Intelligence is not a threat to education but a partner in learning. When embraced responsibly, AI empowers students to explore knowledge more deeply, learn more efficiently, and prepare for an increasingly technological world. The key lies in understanding that AI is not a tool for cheating, but a bridge toward smarter, more meaningful learning.



A day in our school

We walk in the door, a happy stream,
To chase a lesson, live a dream.
We open books and read the page,
Turning knowledge, age by age.

We count the numbers, big and small,
And catch the science as they fall.
We paint a picture, play a tune,
Beneath the morning or the noon.

We laugh with friends, we learn what's fair,
We help each other show we care.
We work and grow until the bell,
Ready for the world as well!

**Faiz
8B**





साहस

छोटा सा सूरज बनो तुम
बादलों को चीरो, मुस्काओ गुनगुनाओ तुम
डर को कहो 'अलविदा' दोस्त
साहस है तुम्हारे पास जोत!
पहाड़ी चढ़ो, नदी तैराओ
सपनों को पंख दो, उड़ जाओ
गिरे तो फिर से उठ खड़े हो,
साहस है हिम्मत की डोर!
तुम हो बहादुर, तुम हो निडर
हर मुश्किल का रखो तुम उत्तर
हँसते हुए करो सामना हर चुनौती का
साहस है तुम्हारा सबसे बड़ा साथी!

मुख्य बात

साहस हमें मजबूत बनाता है, हमें अपने सपनों तक ले जाता है!

Shreyansh Srivastava

7-A



The Empty pot – A story that changed how I think

There are many stories we hear growing up, but only a few stay in our minds for a long time. One such story that really made me think differently is The Empty Pot. It's a simple tale, but its message about honesty is something I'll never forget.

The story is set in ancient China, where an emperor was growing old and had no children to take his place. So, he decided to hold a test. He invited children from across the kingdom and gave each of them a single seed. He said, "Take this seed home, plant it, and bring back what you grow in one year. The best plant will earn its grower the crown."

Among the children was a boy named Ping, who loved gardening. He was sure he could grow something amazing. He planted the seed carefully, watered it, and gave it sunlight every day. But weeks passed, and nothing happened.

Ping tried everything – changing the soil, moving the pot, even whispering encouraging words to the seed. Still, no sprout.

Meanwhile, other children were showing off their growing plants. Some had flowers, others had leafy bushes. Ping felt embarrassed, but he didn't give up. Even though nothing grew, he decided to take his empty pot to the emperor, just like he was told.

When the years ended, the children returned with colourful and tall plants. Ping, holding only an empty pot, stood quietly at the back. When the emperor saw the display, he said nothing – until he reached Ping.

"Why did you bring an empty pot?" he asked.

Ping replied honestly, "I did my best. I cared for the seed, but it never grew."

The emperor smiled and said, "This boy shall be the next emperor."

Everyone was shocked.

The emperor explained,

"The seeds I gave you were all boiled. They couldn't grow. Most of you replaced them with new seeds. Only Ping had the courage to be honest."

Moral of the story:

Honesty and courage are more valuable than success gained through dishonesty.

**Aradhya Agrawal
VIII D**



चाँद

इन्सान नेतो मज़हबोंमें खुदको बाँटरखा हैलेकिन प्रकृतिकोई भेदनहीं करती।
चाँद कोतो पताभी नहीं, उसका मज़हबक्या है -

पता नहीं कौनसा मज़हबहै तुम्हारा,
ये यथार्थ समझसे परेहै,
क्यों तुम्हारेएक दीदारसे मनतीहै ईदऔर,
तुम्हारी एकझलक सेकरवा चौथ।

तुम्हें देखकरही भूखमिटती हैईद मेंऔर,
तुम्हारे दर्शनसे हीहोता है,
उपवास कासमापन करवाचौथ में।

तुम इबादत मेंभी हो, अर्चना मेंभी,
तुम्हें अजानसे परहेज़नहीं,
और न हीतुम्हारे आलोकको
कीर्तन काशोर विचलितकर पाताहै।

तुम्हारे रौशनीसे मस्जिदभी रोशनहै,
और तुम्हारी चाँदनीसे मंदिरभी दीप्तिमानहोता है,
कोई बँटवारा नहींहै।

तुम एक शायरकी ग़ज़लमें भीहो,
एक संत केभजन मेंभी,
तुम्हें ग़ालिबकी उर्दूभी भातीहै,
और दिनकर कीकल्पना भीरास आतीहै।

पर अफ़सोस,
तुम्हें तुम्हारीमर्ज़ी केबगैर,
बाँट रखाहै कुछस्वार्थपरायण सोचने,
उसकी विवेचनाने,
जो अवैध है... अज्ञात है... अनजाना है।

तुम्हें उसमनन सेआगे आनाहै,
और एक बेहतरकल बनानाहै,
और एक बेहतरकल बनानाहै।

-निवेदिता श्रीवास्तव





नारी: शक्ति की पुकार

नारी है सृष्टि, नारी है प्राण।
उसी से होता सबका कल्याण।


नारी है शक्ति, नारी है प्रकाश,
उसके बिना अधूरी हर एक आस।

कैद कर जिन्हें चार दीवारों में,
हौसला जिनका तोड़ न सके,
अब वही उड़ चली आसमानों में,
बिना किसी जंजीर में रुके।

शिक्षा से वंचित, अधिकारों से दूर,
कभी हिंसा का शिकार,
कभी समाज से मजबूर —
क्या 'नारी' होना ही उनका कसूर?

ममता भी उसकी, साहस भी अपार,
हक की लड़ाई में नारी है हुंकार।
अब जागो समाज, बदले विचार,
नारी को दो उसका अधिकार।

Ashta Kushwaha –
10th A





“मैं अपनी राह खुद चुनूँगी”

मैं वो हूँ जो अपने सपने जीती,
जो अपनी आवाज़ को कभी नहीं मिटने देती।
ना किसी की बंदिशें मुझे रोकेंगी,
ना किसी की राय मेरी उड़ान रोक पाएगी।

मैं उठूँगी हर असफलता से सीखकर,
हर गिरावट से खुद को सँवारकर।
डर और संदेह मेरी राह को नहीं रोक पाएँगे,
मैं अपने विश्वास से हर दीवार तोड़ दूँगी।

मैं अपनी ताकत को पहचानती हूँ,
अपने निर्णयों पर गर्व करती हूँ।
किसी की मंजूरी की मुझे ज़रूरत नहीं,
मैं अपने कदमों से अपना रास्ता बनाऊँगी।

मैं हवा की तरह स्वतंत्र हूँ,
मैं नदी की तरह अपने पथ पर बहती हूँ।
हर चुनौती मेरी हिम्मत को बढ़ाएगी,
हर कठिनाई मुझे और मज़बूत बनाएगी।

मैं अपनी दुनिया खुद सजाऊँगी,
अपने सपनों के फूल खुद खिलाऊँगी।
मैं हूँ आत्मा, मैं हूँ उमंग,
मैं हूँ आवाज़, मैं हूँ तरंग।

मैं हूँ वो प्रकाश जो अँधेरों में चमकता रहेगा।
मैं अपनी राह खुद चुनूँगी,
और अपनी कहानी खुद लिखूँगी।

Anshika Mishra
कक्षा 12 'A'





The Tree of the Dark Forest

I wonder about
The tree of the dark forest abides
I wander around
A raven rests upon its branch,
A rabbit hides in its shade's chance.
Its roots reach deep, its bark is rough,
Its rings count years, its edges tough.
It has seen many winters pass,
The rains and suns upon the grass.
It knows the animals that roam,
The forest it has called its home.
Each leaf tells a story small,
Each scar remembers seasons all.
No wind can shake it, no storm make it fall,
It stands and watches over all.
I heard its stories from my grandfather,
And I will tell them to my grandchild after.
Nature signs and guards the life,
everything fits in nature thrives.
I wonder about
The tree of the dark forest abides
I wander around

Anushk



अटल निष्ठा

मैं यहीं हूँ,
दिन भी यहाँ हैं,
आते-जाते,
सूरज की किरणों की तरह,
चाँद की छाया की तरह,
बार-बार लौटते हुए।

बरसात फिर से खेतों में उतरी है,
मिट्टी की महक वही है,
बूँदें फिर से जीवन जगाती हैं।
ऋतुएँ बदलती हैं,
फूल झरते हैं, नए अंकुर फूटते हैं।
समय का पहिया घूमता है,
और मैं—
बस प्रतीक्षा में।

मैं उस दिन का इंतज़ार करती रही,
जो मेरी मेहनत को अर्थ देगा,
जो मेरी थकान को मुस्कान बना देगा।
और फिर वह दिन आया—
जिसने सफ़र को थाम लिया,
जिसने हर पल को ऊँचाई दी।

उस क्षण लगा,
अब और किसी दिन की आवश्यकता नहीं,
मंज़िल सामने है,
स्वप्न हकीकत में बदल गया है।

पर ठहरना संभव नहीं,
इस दिन को यादगार बनाने के लिए
मैं फिर से चल पड़ा हूँ।
कदम वही,
सपना वही,
पर रास्ता नया।

दिन फिर आने लगे,
फिर जाने लगे,
बरसात फिर लौटी,
फिर ऋतुएँ बदलीं।
चक्र वही है,
और मैं उसमें फिर से यात्री।

फिर जब अंत समीप होगा,
तब सब कुछ बदल चुका होगा,
तब भी एक चीज़ होगी
जो कभी नहीं बदलेगी—
मेरी निष्ठा,
मेरा परिश्रम,
वह स्थिर शक्ति
जो आज तक अटल है।

यही है मेरा सत्य,
यही है मेरा अंत।

The Power of Education

Once in a small village, there lived a boy named Ravi. His parents were poor and couldn't afford a good school, but Ravi had a big dream – he wanted to become a teacher.

He studied in a small village school with no electricity and no proper books. Still, he worked hard every day, even studying under a small oil lamp at night.

One day, a kind teacher came to the school. He saw Ravi's dedication and helped him with books and extra lessons. Years later, Ravi got a scholarship, studied in college, and became a teacher.

Ravi returned to his village, improved the school, and started teaching other children. He said:

> "Education is like a light. Even in darkness, it shows the way."

Moral:

Education can change lives. No matter where you come from, if you work hard, you can achieve your dreams.

Astha Ojha

7E

The Perfect Mistake

The robot wouldn't move. Leo had coded it perfectly, or so he thought. He checked the screen: a wall of red error messages. Frustration burned hot. He was ready to quit.

Then, his teacher pointed to one single, tiny symbol—a misplaced semicolon. Leo fixed it. The robot whirred to life and took its first step.

Leo learned then: perfection isn't avoiding mistakes; it's learning where that one small semicolon belongs. The mistake wasn't a failure, it was a map.

Janvi Modanwal
VIII A



हिम्मत की उड़ान

मेरे अंदर भी है एक आसमान,
जहाँ मेरे सपने जन्म लेते हैं।

कभी मुझे शक होता है खुद पर,
पर फिर मेरा आत्मविश्वास उसे दूर कर देता है।


लोग कहते हैं, “तू उड़ नहीं पाएगी,”
पर मेरा मन नहीं मानता ये डर की बात।

सारी तकलीफ़ें जिन्होंने मुँह गिराया है,
वहीं मुझे मज़बूत बनाती हैं,
वहीं से मैंने अपनी जीत सीखी है।

मैं वो सवेरा हूँ जो रात के बाद आती है,
मेरे अंदर वो आत्मविश्वास की आग है जो कभी ठंडी नहीं होती।

अधूरी सही पर चमकती कहानी,
जिसे हिम्मत ने खुद गढ़ी है।

Arpita Gupta
10th C





Our Beloved Corridor

The corridor is long and bright,
I walk through it from left to right.
Sometimes it's noisy, sometimes it's still,
It knows my secrets, both big and small.

I stand here with my friends each day,
We laugh and joke, then walk away.
Since exams are not so near,
We waste our hours with friends right here.

I have studied here for nine full years,
This place has seen my smiles and tears.
It's not just walls, a roof, a floor,
It feels like home and so much more.

Shaurya Mishra
Class 9th B



The Bell That Waited

“Some moments don’t need words; they are felt in the silence around us.”

In the heart of an old school stood a bell that had witnessed generations of students. It had seen timid first-timers nervously clutching their bags, cheerful sports champions cheering in the playground, tired students preparing for exams, and friends whispering secrets in the corners.

Every ring of the bell was like a heartbeat of the school, marking the beginning and end of lessons, games, and countless stories. It waited patiently, silently observing the joys, failures, and small victories of everyone who passed beneath it.

One evening, a curious student lingered after class and asked, “Do you ever get tired?”

The bell seemed to pause and then whispered, “No, I wait because every moment matters. Every story, every laugh, every tear—they are the reason I exist.”

In that quiet moment, the student realized that the school was more than classrooms and exams—it was a home of memories, laughter, lessons, and dreams. And the bell, patiently waiting, had silently held the soul of it all.

As the last rays of the sun fell across the schoolyard, the bell rang once more, echoing not just through the walls, but through every heart that had walked under it.

Vijeta Mishra
IX E



My Activities at School

**The school bell rings, I start my day,
With books and pencils, I learn and play.**

**The classroom walls are full of light,
We share our knowledge, hearts so bright**

**We draw, we sing, we laugh, we run,
We learn new things and have some fun.**

**Every day's an adventure here,
A place of learning, love, and cheer!**

**Rishwik Gupta
Class 3E**






Echoes of Euphoria

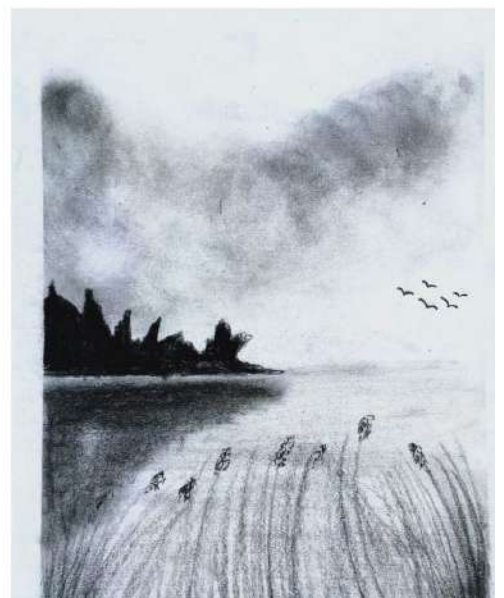
In the quiet cradle of 1986,
a seed was sown—
and today it stands tall,
as St. Therese's,
a garden where hearts learn to grow.
The wind hums hymns here,
and every petal whispers the motto—
"To Know, To Love, To Serve."
It's not just a line we recite,
it's the rhythm of every Theresian beat.
The library—
a cathedral of silence,
where sunlight dances between shelves,
and even the dust seems to glow
with stories that breathe wisdom.
In the courtyard,
teachers bloom like tireless suns,
their warmth unspoken,
their lessons—invisible threads
that stitch kindness to our souls.
The sports ground smells of courage,
where our mentors run beside us,
sweat glistening like medals,
earned in devotion, not just in victory.
And somewhere, amid these echoes,
St. Therese's still smiles—
as if dropping "One little rose"
upon every heart that dares to dream.
I've walked these corridors
since the first bell ever rang for me,
each step now an ache of goodbye,
each wall a memory humming,
"To learn your little way!"
So if ever I am asked what St. Therese's
meant to me,
I'll say—
it's not a school,
it's a prayer
that taught me how to bloom.

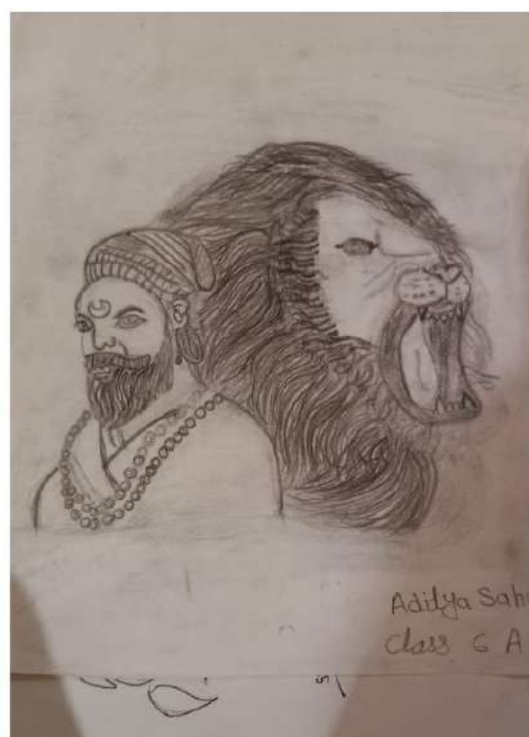
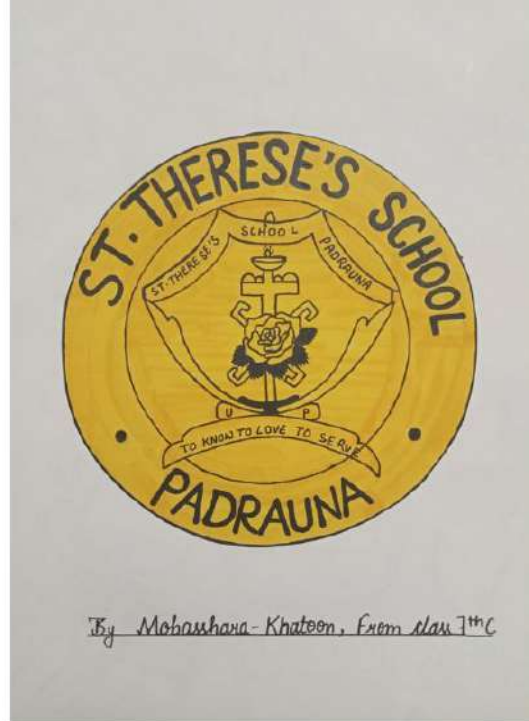
Suramya S Dixit
12th A





DRAWING SKETCH





Full forms of computer A-Z

AI:	Artificial Intelligence
BIOS:	Basic Input/Output System
CPU:	Central Processing Unit
DOS:	Disk Operating System
ELM:	Electronic Mail
FTP:	File Transfer Protocol
GUI:	Graphical User Interface
HDD:	Hard Disk Drive
HTTP:	Hypertext Transfer Protocol
IP:	Internet Protocol
JPEG:	Joint Photographic Experts Group
KB:	Kilobyte
LAN:	Local Area Network
MAN:	Metropolitan Area Network
NIC:	Network Interface Controller
OS:	Operating System
PC:	Personal Computer
PDF:	Portable Document Format
QFP:	Quick File Access
RAM:	Random Access Memory
ROM:	Read-Only Memory
SSD:	Solid State Drive
TB:	Tera Byte
USB:	Universal Serial Bus
URL:	Uniform Resource Locator
UPS:	Uninterruptible Power Supply
VB:	Visual Basic
WAN:	Wide Area Network
Wi-Fi:	Wireless Fidelity
WWW:	World Wide Web
XML:	Extensible /markup Lang.
ZIFS:	Zero Insertion Force Socket

Book review

Book name-Atomic habits by James Clear

Atomic habits by James Clear is a powerful guide that explores how small, consistent changes in our behaviour can lead in long-term success and personal growth. Rather than focusing on dramatic transformation, Clear emphasises the powers of making tiny improvements every day. Through his “four laws of behaviour changes” -make it obvious, attractive, easy and satisfying-he provides a clear method for building good habits and breaking bad ones.

The book is filled with real-life, examples, research-back insights, and practical strategies that make it easy to apply these lessons in everyday life. This book touches on the idea of personal “debt”, not in terms of money, but in the form of negative consequences, we build up over time by ignoring our habits. By not taking control of our habits, we are indirectly, allowing our life to drift, creating a gap between who we are, and who we want to be.

What I appreciated, most about atomic habits is its ability to turn a complex subject into something deeply, practical and motivating. It shows that success isn't about talent or motivation alone, but also creating systems that support your goals. I found it inspiring because it proves that meaningful changes doesn't happen overnight, but true small, steady steps. This book is not just helping for improving study habits or productivity-it's life-changing approach that can be applied to any area of life.

Gauri Khetan
VIII A

Teaching Life in North India – An Experience

The moment I began my teaching journey after coming from South India to North India still remains fresh in my memory. St. Therese's School gave me a break through in my teaching carrier. The greatest challenge I faced in the early days was the language barrier. However, encouragement of my colleagues helped me overcome that fear.

There are many differences between South and North India in terms of culture and traditions. The food habits, festivals, and clothing styles—all were new to me. Initially, it was difficult to adjust, but gradually, everything became a part of my life. My colleagues lovingly explained everything and treated me as one among their own families, and that erased all the distance I felt.

Hostel life was yet another new experience. Living alone in a new place sometimes made me miss home, but the presence of fellow teachers helped me forget that loneliness. They became like my second family.

Every moment spent with the students brought me immense happiness. Their smiles, questions, and successes enriched my life. The emotional bond I developed with them grew so strong that I felt it would be impossible to leave them without tears.

Looking back now, my teaching journey to North India has taught me that language and culture are never barriers. It was a beautiful journey filled with experiences and bonds of love that truly enriched my life.

NIMMI ANNIE THOMAS
PHYSICS TEACHER

आखिरी ट्रेन

आरव और मीरा हर शाम कॉलेज के पास वाले छोटे से रेलवे स्टेशन पर मिलते थे। ये मुलाकात कभी तय नहीं होती थी, बस संयोग था कि दोनों की ट्रेनें लगभग एक ही समय पर निकलती थीं।

आरव हमेशा हाथ में एक किताब लिए रहता, पढ़ने का नाटक करता, जबकि असल में वह मीरा की मुस्कान का इंतज़ार करता।

मीरा हमेशा खिड़की के शीशे में बाल ठीक करने का बहाना करती, जबकि उसकी नज़रें आरव की परछाई ढूँढ़ रही होतीं।

बार्ते बहुत कम होतीं—कुछ अभिवादन, कुछ चुपचाप हँसी, और उन खामोशियों में उन्होंने अपना एक संसार बना लिया था।

एक शाम, जब सूरज आसमान को नारंगी रंगों से भर रहा था, आरव ने हिम्मत जुटाई। उसने अपनी कॉपी से एक पन्ना फाड़कर उस पर तीन शब्द लिखे—“मेरा इंतज़ार करना।”

ट्रेन में चढ़ने से ठीक पहले उसने वह कागज़ मीरा के हाथों में थमा दिया। मीरा का दिल तेज़ धड़क रहा था, मगर उसके होंठों पर हल्की-सी मुस्कान थी। उसने सिर हिलाकर जवाब दे दिया।

अगले दिन आरव स्टेशन नहीं आया।

न अगले दिन, न फिर कभी।

हफ़्ते बीत गए। मीरा अब भी उसी प्लेटफ़ॉर्म पर खड़ी रहती, हाथ में वही छोटा-सा कागज़ दबाए।

फिर खबर मिली—जिस शाम उसने वो पन्ना दिया था, उसी शाम स्टेशन आते वक्त आरव का एक्सीडेंट हो गया। वह अपनी ट्रेन तक कभी नहीं पहुँच सका।

सालों बाद भी, कभी-कभी मीरा उस स्टेशन पर जाती है। अब वह किसी ट्रेन का इंतज़ार नहीं करती। बस वहीं खड़ी रहती है, जहाँ कभी उनके अनकहे वादे साँस लेते थे।

उसके पर्स में आज भी वह कागज़ रखा है, मुड़ा-तुड़ा और पुराना—

“मेरा इंतज़ार करना।”

और वह अब भी करती है।

THE SPIRIT OF ST.THERESE'S IN EVERY STEP WE TAKE

There's gate on a quiet road in Padrauna, that open not just into a school but also into a world that shaped us. For outsiders, its just a school building. But for us, it is a second home, a playground of laughter, a temple of learning and above all, a foundation for life. We came here as small kids, shy, curious, with backpacks too big for our shoulders. Some of us cried on the first day. Some were excited. But all of us were welcomed with kindness and warmth. The corridors once unfamiliar, soon echoed with our footsteps, our giggles, sounds of growing up.

The motto isn't just a words,
slowly silently these words become a part of us....

TO KNOW

In the classrooms of ST. THERESE'S , we learn more than textbooks. Our teachers didn't just teach us Maths or Science. they teach us how to think, how to question and how to keep learning even when school will over. Whether it is writing our first essay or solving the tough algebra problem, we are constantly encouraged to push a little further, to explore, to grow. We learn history not just as dates and facts, but as stories of people who changed the world, and we are inspired to dream that maybe we could too.

TO LOVE

ST. THERESE'S teach us the kind of love that's not just about emotions, but compassion for those in need. We learned to celebrate each others achievements and stands by each other during difficult times. We didn't just grow individuals, we grow as family.

TO SERVE

Service is not just about charity drives or social works. It is about responsibility, helping junior to find there classes, staying back to decorate the classrooms. Little acts that remind us that leadership begins with service. We are taught that no act is ever too small, and that changing the world doesn't start when you're older but it starts from school.

**STUTI SRIVASTAVA
CLASS- 6th-B**



Sarvangasan



Anulom vilom



Vakrasan



Pawanmuktasan



Halasan



ST.THERESE'S SCHOOL PADRAUNA

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