

YACE

YOUNG AUTHORS CLUB EDITION



KAMLAVATI ^{CBSE}
for Generations...



Silent Guardians

They shimmer in silence,
undimmed by the night.
Their light speaks in guidance,
dark backdrop yet bright.

In the vastness unbound,
where are the guardians?

Whispers of hope linger,
yet shadows loom like specters.

Oh, listen, you guardians,
rise from your sleep.

Enough with pardons,
no longer can we weep.

While stars above cry,
their voices deserved to be heard.
A call to protect, to stand by,
for they, too have a heart—
Denial twisted into absurdity.



Hafna
Grade X
Young Authors'
Club Secretary

Eternal Glow

In dawn's quiet cloak, it hides away,
a distant lantern that holds the day.
Veiled in gold, with secrets deep,
It stirs the world from its endless sleep.

A fire that walks the sky alone,
burning bright yet never known.
It whispers warmth to frozen lands,
yet holds the night in unseen hands.

I burn without respite, cast in,
the role of endless day,
just to begin despite win.

Within burning sacrifices, I am bound,
a silent sentinel, lost and found.
for all I touch, yet none can stay,
I give my light, then fade away.

Branches of Memory

Under branches that once shaded me,
Our school tree stands in memory.
Its leaves rustled with every tale,
Of laughter, tears and youthful gale.

Beneath its boughs, we whispered dreams,
Hoping one day we'd lift our dreams.
Forever in the minds of teachers, we stood to be the one,
Not just the best, but the best of us, when all is said and done.

As we chase new horizons wide,
With courage, hope, and hearts open wide,
Each path we take may twist and bend,
But in our hearts, these memories blend.

So here's to laughter, and tears that flow,
To the bonds we forged, the seeds we sow.
For as we journey into the unknown,
School reminds us to be known.

Secrets in the Enchanted Twilight Hollow

In the heart of the forest, where whispers dwell,
A symphony stirs in a hidden dell.
Sunlight pirouettes through emerald leaves,
Weaving gold threads only twilight perceives.

As the twilight horizon bleeds into gold,
The air thickens with stories untold.
A gentle breeze stirs the brown earth's sigh,
Where secrets linger beneath the sky.

A shadow shifts where moonlight falls,
Casting brownstone echoes on the forest walls.
Beneath the canopy, the night holds sway,
A dance of stars begins its quiet play.

And in that stillness, a whisper breaks free,
Carried by winds, yet never to see.
A promise, a dream, forgotten by time—
Lies hidden forever, in the hollow's rhyme.



A DAY IN SCHOOL

The first bell rings,
a new day begins,
books in hand,
eager minds take a stand.

Laughter in the corridor,
echoes down the floor.
Is this a fish market?
Our heads remark it.

We dive into new subjects,
curiosity peeks and connects.
Every page we turn, mysterious,
knowing our future is serious.

Friends here and there,
dreams we share.
From math to art,
together we chart.

Nervousness creeps in,
when exams begins.
But in the end,
It's just a day in school,
where every movement helps us rule.

Between Sun and Moon

*On the ledge,
above the sky.*

*Sun and moon merge,
a day can't buy.*

*Her warmth ignites the waking land,
a blaze of courage, a guiding hand.
The sun, with rays that never wane,
holds joy and strength with her flame.*

*The moon, her shadow counterpart,
reflects light, reflects her light, a work of art.*

*A steady friend in silver hue,
whispers truth that night can't view.*

*Once in an eclipse, they reunite,
a fleeting point of day and night.
Their meeting grief, yet deeply told,
a story of light, both fierce and cold.*

*And I, beneath their cosmic dance,
stand in awe of their expanse.*

*A trio born by thread unseen,
the sun, the moon, and me between.*



Abel

Grade X

Nafeesa Mustafa
Grade XII



Sunshine's hue

In every dawn's gentle hue, Positivity whispers,
"I'm with you." Amidst the storms, through
thick and thin, It shines bright, from within.

A smile that lights up the darkest night, A beacon of
hope, forever bright. In every challenge, a lesson
learned, Positivity, the fuel that's earned.

With courage strong and heart so kind, Positivity
shapes the noblest mind. It turns setbacks into
stepping stones, Guiding us to dreams unknown.

So let it bloom, like a flower so fair, In every
breath, in every prayer. For with positivity as our
guide, We conquer mountains, reach the sky
wide.

May joy be yours, in every endeavor, As
positivity's light shines
forever.

Shadows of Friendship

They come like whispers, soft and near,
Unseen bonds that draw us here.
No map can trace their secret thread,
No voice can name what's left unsaid.

In darkest hours, they light the way,
A silent guide through skies of gray.
Like echoes deep in caves untold,
They warm the soul when nights are cold.

Are they the stars, or are they flame?
A fleeting face without a name?
Yet in their presence, shadows fade,
Their quiet strength a vow unmade.

A friend is more than flesh and bone,
A phantom hand when you're alone.
Mysterious ties that never part,
A ghostly home within your heart.



My Home

My home?

What is my home?

A shell of stone, four walls of brick?

No, that's not my home

Not the truth of it.

My home is a weave of untamed smiles,
a constellation of glimmers that stretch for miles.
Laughter echoes, both sharp and sweet,
sights fall heavy where dreams and earth meet.

It's a hidden symphony, a riddle wrapped tight,
like secrets whispered in the deep of night.
A tangle of hearts, like nuts in sweet shade,
where shadows danced as we watched the parade.

A quarrel here, a murmur there,
softened by a gaze both tender and rare.
Yet laced with glances that hold you in place,
eyes that can summon or sever with grace.

What is my home?

It's not what it seems,

It's the soul of a haven,

The keeper of dreams.

– Nafeesa Mustafa
12th A (CBSE)




Veil of Peace

Beneath the moon's elusive gleam,
Peace drifts softly, like a dream.
A shadowed force, both vast and deep,
Whispering truths the stars still keep.

It moves in silence, cloaked in gray,
Where restless minds begin to stray.
Through tangled woods and endless seas,
It hums its cryptic melodies.

No hand can grasp, no eye can see,
The ancient spell of harmony.
Yet those who seek its shadowed face,
Will find its calm in secret space.

A riddle wrapped in twilight's fold,
Its story neither new nor old.
For peace is fleeting, yet profound
A ghost that walks on sacred ground.



It's time

Oh, dearest souls who walked these halls,
where laughter echoed and shadows fall,
together, we've spun tales so bright,
in classrooms bathed in morning light.

Each shared smile, each whispered fear,
threads of memory woven here,
a tapestry of joy and pain,
of sunshine after drenching rain.

We watched you rise, we watched you soar,
our hearts your anchor, yet you yearn for
more.

Now, skies unfold to endless blue,
and distant dreams call out to you.

We've grown together, learned so much,
your kindness, warmth, and gentle touch.
Through every step, you've been our guide,
with friendship strong, arms open wide.

Dear friends, the time has come to part,
but you'll stay forever in our heart.
The days we laughed, the times we cried,
in every moment, side by side.

Now paths diverge and dreams await,
the world is vast, but hearts relate,
Take on the future, bright and new.

So let's leave, dear seniors, with heads held high,
on paths unknown, beneath vast sky.
Yet know that here, within these walls,
your laughter lingers, gently calls.

For even as we cross that gate,
our shadows linger, resonate,
In hearts and halls where memories live,
with all the love we yearned to give.
Though roads diverge, and worlds expand,
we hold you close in heart and hand,
for bonds like ours cannot decay,
In soul and spirit, here you'll stay.

Though halls may empty, memories stay,
In laughter's echo, day by day.
So farewell, friends, till paths entwine,
In another place, another time.

My fellow seniors, go forth; let courage guide,
let wisdom walk close by your side,
and should the world feel vast and wide,
know we are here, arms open, wide.

Farewell, dear souls, now take your flight—
May stars adorn your path each night.

Tharunika
Grade X



Fragment of Time

The soul that's left out,
always feel something's theft out.
Knowing that things may never be the same again,
yet, I'm still longing to regain.
A piece in a puzzle that I thought I was a part,
unaware that I was apart.

A part of something divine,
until I realised I was just a fragment lost in time.
Searched for a place to fit,
and found myself misplaced, with time to sit.
Time may heal, but truth reveals,
wound grow softer when not concealed.

Guiding Stars

With patience vast as open skies,
they lead us where new knowledge lies.
In every word, a lesson shared,
a hand to lift, a heart that cared.
With patience deep and dreams they sow,
they light the path to succor us grow.

They spark the light, they fan the flame,
each answer fuels our heart's fame.
Through ups and downs, they're by our side,
our dreams lie, where they guide.
To those who guide, both near and far,
our teachers true, our guiding star.

Spark of Hope

In darkness, a spark of hope remains,
a beacon of light, through life's pains.
It glows within a guiding ray,
that leads me through the darkest day.

Through trials and tears, I find my way,
and face each dawn, with newfound day.
Hope's gentle voice, whispers low,
'You're strong girl, just go with the flow.'

With every breath, hope's spark ignites,
a flame that burns, through darkest nights.
Darkness fades and light prevails,
hope's beacon shines, and never fails.
The darkness broke, the light shines through,
a brighter and sweeter dawn for me and you.

Echoes of Joy

Symphony of the Rain

When heaven weeps and clouds, in sorrow, brim,
A silver curtain veils the muted sky,
Each droplet falls, a whisper, soft and dim,
A symphony where earth and ether sigh.

The parched soil drinks the nectar from the tears,
In rivulets that lace the barren ground,
Awakening the slumbering hopes and fears,
Nature's tender touch in silence found.

The trees, adorned in gleaming emerald hue,
Sway gently to the rhythm of the storm,
As if each leaf, anew, begins to strew
Its secrets, fresh and fragrant, in the warm.

The air, infused with life, a sweet perfume,
Calls forth the memories of summer's glow,
And puddles mirror dreams in fleeting bloom,
Reflecting worlds where childhood wanderers go.

In rain's embrace, the heartbeat of the day,
A canvas painted grey with strokes divine,
Each drop, a note in nature's grand ballet,
An ode to solace, woven into time.

So let it pour, this gentle, rhythmic shower,
For in its song, the soul finds respite,
A chance to pause, to ponder, to empower,
And within the storm, discover pure delight.

Happiness walks on shadowed ground,
A fleeting echo, a whispered sound.
It hides in corners, out of sight,
A phantom born of warmth and light.

A secret flame, it softly burns,
In quiet hearts, it twists and turns.
It leaves no trail, no path to see,
Yet fills the soul with mystery.

It's in the breeze that stirs the night,
In dreams that glow with faint delight.
A puzzle none can quite explain,
Yet chases sorrow, dulls all pain.

Seek it not where answers lie,
But in the stars that light the sky.
For happiness, a fleeting thread,
Lives where the unseen words are said.

Blooming through the storm

Seasons changes from warm to cold,
growing through days both young and old.

In spring we learn, in fall we stand,
each season shapes us hand in hand.

Each stumble's just a stepping stone,
a chance to learn, to stand alone.

In every fall, a strength we find,
and courage blooms in heart and mind.

Each fall, we rise, again we grow,
in every loss, new strength we know.

To bloom in storms, to spread our wings,
for every fall, a new dawn brings.



THARANI
Grade XII



Jot It Down....

The moon kissed the ripples of water,
where I walk with grimace in the grid of
roads.

A fear of missing out on turmoil,
there grows an aversion on me
words seeded by others - still rooting its way
down - so deep!

A limpid root on this immature mind
making me to jot it down!

THE CORE THAT SOARS

The azure sky promised me the sense of
serendipity
Crowded with Straitions of the sea
Gathered a swarm of balloons
Yellow, orange, red, white, green, purple
Beneath stands a old man, so slender
A silent river of sweat ascends through his
skin
Wrinkles, like the rings of an ancient tree,
speak of years lived in growth and grace
I asked , " Will the black balloon fly into the
sky"?
"It's not the hue that lets it soar,
But what's inside, the unseen core "
He stood, his voice like winds that call
A wisdom soft, yet heard by all

Moonlight

Stepping the grid of squares at the arcade
Wandering under the moonlight like a vagabond
I'm still alone amidst the rushy crowd.
Figuring out happiness in root of everything
Moonlight - So delight, accompanies thro' the dark
Something strange - I feel
Something follows me, beneath me stood a girl
Exactly like me, A SHADOW OF ME!
You might encircle an odd
Yet we share the same, that's me!!



SUSHANA .S
Grade XI



AKSHAYA PRIYA
Grade VI

TEENHOOD

Sudden changes all around,
Inside myself a battle ground.

Am I bad? question arises,
now door of teen-hood surprises.

Rollercoaster of emotions,
losing all my patience.

In need of silence,
I made myself in distance.

Loneliness won't workout,
Host of problems knocking out.

Survival is hilarious,
moment to take this serious.

Goals are adventures,
time to stay tenacious,
oust the mind of carelessness,
And chase the dreams audacious.

WOMAN'S INSECURITY

I was born the same as others,
was it only to become a mother?

I worked hard for my freedom,
because I possess the wisdom.

After a long struggle, I became a doctor,
to save their heartbeats,
but no one cared about my own heartbeat.

Am I just an object to you?
yet I hear this news time and time anew.

You will protect! You will protest!

But that won't last forever, I guess.

Instead of keeping your daughter behind four walls,
Teach your son to treat her like a goddess above all!

— “Dedicated to all women born to be a goddess”





Elakkiya
Grade XII

Ocean at home

"Drop of my tears,
dries with the air,
melts at the ocean,
then to and fro, the waves
search my home.

When the moon lights the path,
and they reach home,
the feel of my heart beating fast,
while removing the mask.

Its the gesture of the ocean
saying "I'm home".

Nafha
Grade X



Hope Turned Away

Just like an anchor in the rough sea,
Or a candle glowing steadfastly,
My hope, a compass for my soul,
Breaks through clouds to make me whole.
It could fix the moon, so torn apart,
Yet still, I weep with a heavy heart.

Here I stand beneath the fading moon,
The candles around me flicker and swoon,
The compass lies still, its song untuned.

Hope wasn't lost—I turned away,
A guiding star I chose to betray.
And now I see, in this quiet despair,
Hope waits for me, if I only dare.

Paradox of Beauty

*There's a thought that drifts around—
they say, "beauty ignited the flames of the Trojan war."
A debate for some, a truth for others,
For beauty can unite hearts, yet also tear them apart.*

*In its allure, we find both joy and pain,
yet God has molded every soul with care,
no matter the place, the color, the faith,
or the unique story that we all carry.*

*So, to resolve this tale of beauty's might,
Here's my simple truth for you—
"You're Beautiful!"*

The Castle of Dark and Bright

In the outskirts of a village, a lonely girl resided in the Castle of Dark and Bright.

Her fantasies were vibrant, but reality was harsh.

One fateful, purple morning, a deafening cry pierced the air. The girl's cold heart melted as she discovered a baby in the basement.

As days passed, they became inseparable. The girl learned emotions from the baby's laughter and tears.

But strange occurrences hinted at a deeper connection:

The baby's eyes mirrored the girl's. He calmed only when she held him. His presence stirred forgotten memories.

She discovered that the baby's cry foretold a catastrophic event, A calamity which is threatening the village. Determined to protect her new family and home, the girl searched ancient tomes for answers, sought wise sages' counsel and uncovered hidden passages. As the baby's cry grew louder, the girl's urgency intensified.

The Calamity-

A devastating earthquake struck, ravaging the village. To save the village, the girl used her newfound knowledge, Channeling the castle's ancient magic. The village survived, thanks to the girl's bravery.

Moral:

Love and determination can overcome even the darkest challenges.



NETHRAH
Grade XII

THE FACE OF VICTORY

A knight who fights,
brings the might that lights.

Victory arose,
when he reached, its close.

Yeah! Finally everyone's pray,
came true that day.

Blooming with happiness saw,
the **"Face of victory"**,
marching towards the path.

LOOK INTO THE MIRROR

Pain goes worse when the splint moves in,
don't take words which can't make you win.

All through the path, difficulty stay,
but you should take them as kids play.

Don't ever worry as there would always be
an end,
where you don't get offend,
at last someone to defend,
know who is that, just look into the mirror.



FINALLY SHE SMILED

She hid behind the stars,
cuddling her knees & dumbing her ears.

A hale touched her pale,
which exactly feels like a mare.

Deep down in her heart, something relieved,
and that's when she finally smiled.





Moniza K
Grade XII



Life is a school,
People are teachers,
They show us the lessons—
Both of good and evil.

Hope and belief, our closest friends,
Lift us when the road grows steep,
Their strength is subtle yet profound,
Guiding us through the darkened streets.

Anger, greed, and lust—our enemies near,
Wait for a moment to pull us down.

Beware of them, they lie in wait,
To crush your spirit without a sound.
So, manage your emotions well,
And guard your mind from life's distress.

With consistency, you'll surely find
A path toward lasting happiness

- Moniza K



NOTHING IS PERMANENT IN THIS WORLD
BESIDES CHANGES!

ALL ARE TRANSITORY.

EVEN THE DAY DOES NOT LAST FOREVER,
BECAUSE NIGHT TOO IS NOT PERPETUAL,

AS THEY BOTH ALTERNATE.

THE WANING AND WAXING OF THE MOON INDICATES IT...

AGE IS NOT CONSTANT,

SO WHAT'S THERE TO SAY ABOUT PEOPLE?

- Moniza K



THE GARDENS OF ECHOES

PRANAV GOPAL

Grade VIII



There was a garden one time in the far-off places where no maps go nor yet can touch, to be known but in forgetting memories of few who would ever know its name. Here everything bloomed together and withered together; dusk had never passed by the sun merely floated somewhere on the horizon as remembrance too far for viewing. The trees were murmuring things unsaid while the flowers danced to the tunes heard never.

It was on one evening that a weary young traveler stumbled into a garden, his journey weighting too heavy upon him. His name was Aiden, at least that's what the world called him, and yet he had almost forgotten what that was. His legs ached, his heart felt tired, and his mind wandered like a lost leaf caught in a light breeze. He walked so long that he no longer knew where he came from, nor why he was beginning with it all.

He sat beneath the shade of a great oak tree whose roots twisted like serpents under the earth. The bare branches above him were leafless, except for one small, shimmering bloom dangling precariously from one twig. It has a flower Aiden has never seen, perfectly in a blend of light and shadow, holding day and night within its petals. It glowed faintly, like the last trace of a dream before dawn. Aiden stretched out his hands to touch the flower, but just as his fingers brushed the tender petals, a voice came from within the oak's hollow, age-old trunk.

Do you want something that is lost?

Aiden stiffened, startled by the question. His voice was soft, uncertain, as he spoke to the tree: "I want nothing, only rest"

The tree laughed at the low, mournful sound, and the air around Aiden seemed to thicken as if the garden itself had drawn a long breath. "Rest in a fleeting guest", the voice said, "that which is lost is far from being found".

Aiden blinked, confusion blurred his thoughts. He looked again at the flower, whose flame-like candlelight danced like the fire caught in a whirlwind. He wanted it, craved something to grasp and hold onto for himself. Something to bring little purpose back to a tired soul. "What is lost?" he whispered, his voice was almost a murmur.

"The echoes," said the tree. "The echoes of all that was and all that could have been. They are the threads of your life, the dreams you never dared to dream and the paths you never walked. They linger here. Waiting for you to listen".

Aiden closed his eyes and felt the garden turn around him. The wind picked up, the tree whispers grew louder, and the rustling of leaves filled with forgotten memories. Through the distance, he spotted a figure: a shadow moving through the mist, a silhouette in a dream, him or the man who had once been. Walking down a road he would never walk on.

"Why are you showing me this" Aiden asked, his chest tightening.

"To remind you" the oak said, "the echoes are not just whispers or regret. They are the seeds of possibility, the road not taken, the paths you could still choose. They are part of you, even if you have forgotten them".

Aiden stood up, with the weight of those lost moments pressing against his chest. He turned to the flower again, and the light from it seemed even brighter, as if it heard his thoughts.

"Can I change what's been lost?" he asked in a voice trembling simultaneously between hope and fear.

She lets out a great sigh in its ancient wisdom, filling the air of the garden. "There is nothing that can undo what has gone, yet can you listen. "Remember". And from remembering maybe you will gather the heart to walk further. Looking for sounds and forcing them to happen".

brighter, as if it heard his thoughts.

"Can I change what's been lost?" he asked in a voice trembling simultaneously between hope and fear.

She lets out a great sigh in its ancient wisdom, filling the air of the garden. "There is nothing that can undo what has gone, yet can you listen. "Remember". And from remembering maybe you will gather the heart to walk further. Looking for sounds and forcing them to happen". Aiden moved forward, reached out and touched the flower. Light and warm vibrated through him as if the garden inside him had come alive and touch. The flower dissolved into a soft glow and in its place began forming a pathway leading out of the garden into unknown. Taking a deep breath, Aiden stepped onto the path. And walked, he realized that echoes of his past would never left him behind but, in their place, be there, as guidepost. The garden had taught him that a beauty can never be found in the midst of loss. In it lies the strength for going forward towards an unknowable future. And thus, the garden whispered its last words with him gone into the mist. "You are both the lost and the found"



- பூவிகா
Grade X

வாழ்க்கை

வாழ்க்கை எனும் படகில்
மூழ்காமல் பயணிக்க வேண்டுமெனில்,

பயணத்தின் முடிவை பாதியிலே
கணிக்காதே!

வெற்றி எனும் சிகரத்தை
தொடக்கத்திலே காண எண்ணாதே!

செய்யும் செயலைச் செய்யாமல்
நிறுத்தாதே!

என்னால் முடியுமா எனத் தயங்காதே!

பலனை எண்ணி என்றும் கலங்காதே!

முயன்றால் முடியும்
சோர்ந்துவிடாதே!

" மறைந்திடாத நாட்கள் "

அன்று,
காலையில் வரும்பொழுது,
அணல் வீசும் பாலைவனத்தின்
நடுவில் அமைந்திருக்கும்
கற்சிறையினுள்ளே,
மணல் மூட்டையைச் சுமந்து வரும்
கூலித் தொழிலாளி போல ஏனோ
கடமைக்கு வந்தது
போன்ற ஒரு உணர்வு.

ஆனால், இன்று தான்
உணர்கின்றேன்
அன்று நான் நடந்து வந்தது
பாலைவனம் அல்ல மணம் மிக்க
மலருடைய தோட்டம் என்று
அந்த அறையோ
சிறைச்சாலை அல்ல
புனிதமான கோவில் என்று

நான் அன்று சுமந்தது மணல்
மூட்டை அல்ல
மல்லிகை பூங்கொத்து என்று !

அன்று செய்த கடமை தான்
என்னவோ
இன்று என்னை தலை
நிமிரச்செய்திருக்கிறது!!

The Farmer and the Well

One day, a farmer was looking for a water source for his farm and decided to buy a well from his neighbor. However, the neighbor was cunning. The next day, when the farmer went to draw water from the well, the neighbor refused to let him take any.

When the farmer asked why, the neighbor replied, "I sold you the well, not the water," and walked away. Distressed, the farmer went to the emperor to seek justice and explained what had happened.

The emperor called on Birbal, one of his wisest courtiers. Birbal questioned the neighbor, "Why won't you let the farmer take water from the well? Didn't you sell him the well?" The neighbor replied, "Birbal, I sold the well to the farmer but not the water within it. He has no right to take the water from my well."

Birbal said, "Look, since you sold the well, you have no right to keep the water in the farmer's well. Either pay rent to the farmer for keeping your water there, or take it out immediately." Realizing his scheme had failed, the neighbor apologized and went home.

Moral:

Cheating will not get you anything. If you cheat, you'll pay the price sooner or later.



Venisha Shree

VI

