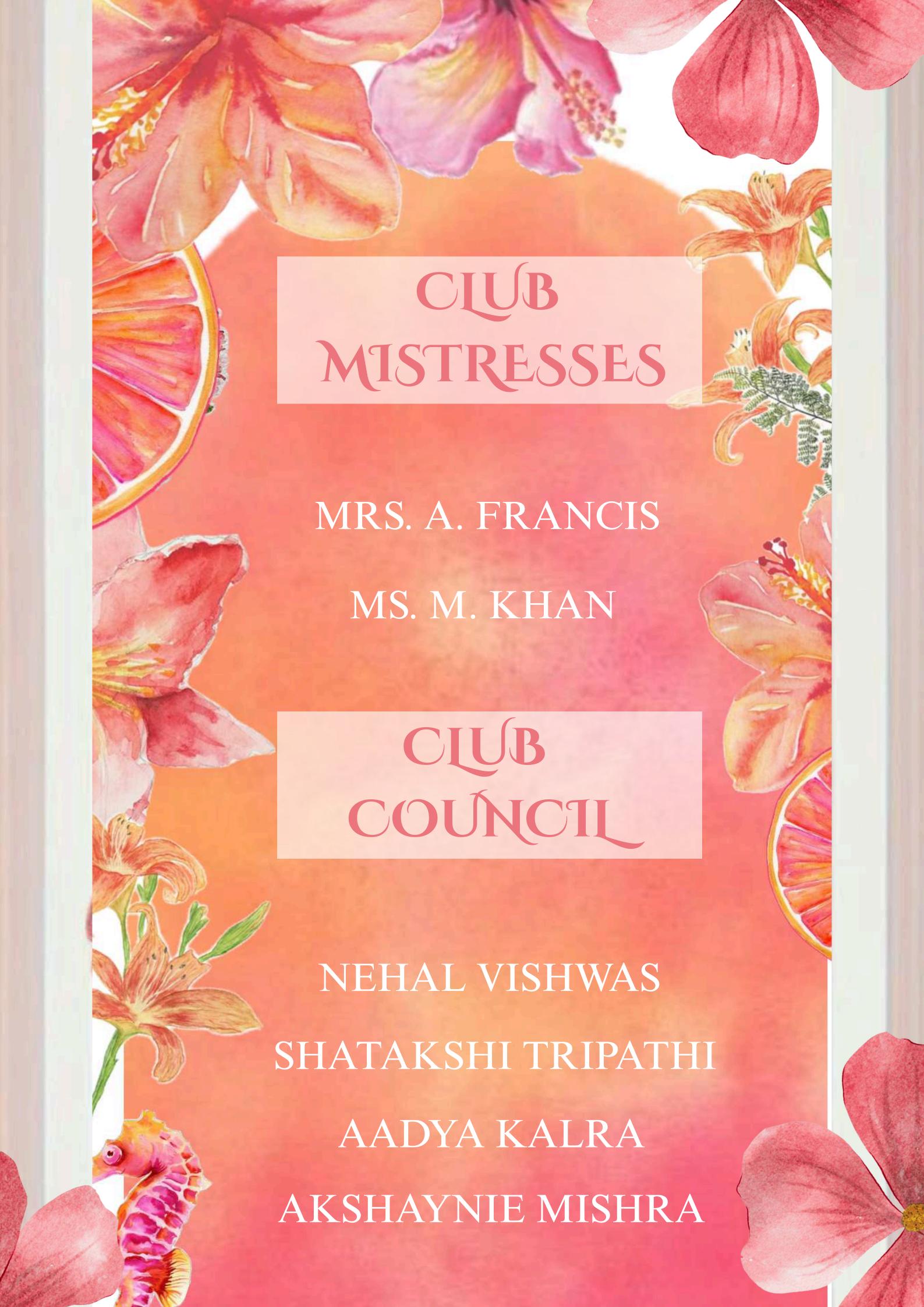
LITERARY CLUB PRESENTS







Riddhi Sharma Yashika Amarnani Arpita Blotra Prisha Kriplani Sanchi Saluja Shrishti Jain Daniyah Amir Qidwai Anvesha Srivastava Zainab Shah Simra Wahid Amina Fatima Ansari Zainab Zehra Khizra Rehman Diva Singh



Club Mistress' Address

Dear Readers,

As the golden days of summer stretch lazily across our calendars, I am delighted to welcome you to the first edition of our newsletter in 2025-'26- Summer Reverie—a celebration of warmth, wonder, and the wistful beauty of dreams.

"It was June, and the world smelled of roses. The sunshine was like powdered gold over the grassy hillside."- Maud Hart Lovelace. Summer is more than just a season; it is a mood, a memory, a melody of slow afternoons and star-kissed nights. It is when time seems to pause, giving our minds space to wander and our hearts permission to dream. And what better companion to this reverie than the written word? In the words of C.S. Lewis-"You can make anything by writing."

This magazine is a mosaic of voices—each article, poem, and story a reflection of young minds who dared to look beyond the present and into a world of possibility. Whether it is through sun-drenched nostalgia, quiet reflections, or wild bursts of imagination, our writers have captured the many hues of summer's spellbinding charm.

I applaud the dedication of our contributors, who've poured heart and soul into their creations, and our editorial team, who painstakingly brought this vision to life. To our readers—you hold in your hands not just a collection of pages, but a pocket of dreams. May you find in it a gentle escape, a spark of inspiration, and the joy of shared imagination.

Here's to the magic of summer, and the reverie it awakens in us all.

Mrs. A. Francis
Literary Club Mistress

Club Mistress' Address

In a world that's constantly changing, driven by ambition and burdened with expectations, finding time for oneself has become a necessity rather than a luxury. Summer holidays offer just that—a welcome break that allows students to step away from the everyday rush and embrace the quiet beauty of the season.

This pause brings the perfect opportunity for young minds to explore their imagination and nurture their writing skills. As Samuel Lover once said, "When once the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen." For over thirty years, the Literary Club of St. Agnes' Loreto Day School has proudly supported students in discovering their voices, encouraging them to move past their fears and dive into the world of words.

Today, when the calm of birdsong is replaced by noise, when sunsets go unnoticed amid crowded schedules, and when the richness of books is often overshadowed by screen-based shortcuts, the need to reconnect with literature and nature has become more urgent than ever. With deep pride and hope, we present the Summer Edition of our Newsletter—Summer Reverie. This edition is more than a collection of poems and articles; it is a celebration of creativity, expression, and tradition.

We hope it brings joy to every reader and inspires many more to pick up their pen and write.

"There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you."

— Maya Angelou

Miss M. Khan Literary Club Mistress

Club President's Address

Henry James in the book Portrait Of A Lady states, "And the great advantage of being a literary woman was that you could go everywhere and do everything".

A pen is indeed mightier than a sword. Through the ages mankind has evolved with passion filled in the heart. Passion to deliver stories which transform this sphere into one led by the anchors of literature. It makes us realise the unheeded fact that we are but playing roles of mortal beings throughout our lives. This passion, this drive and this will to submerge ourselves within these inked pages is what makes us humans with power beyond the infinite limits of this cosmos. The season of summer offers yet another enduring hope to scintillate the long lost light within our colossal souls. For it is the time to burn brighter than the stars abstracting light from the Sun and the lamp that incandescently shines through the whispers of darkness.

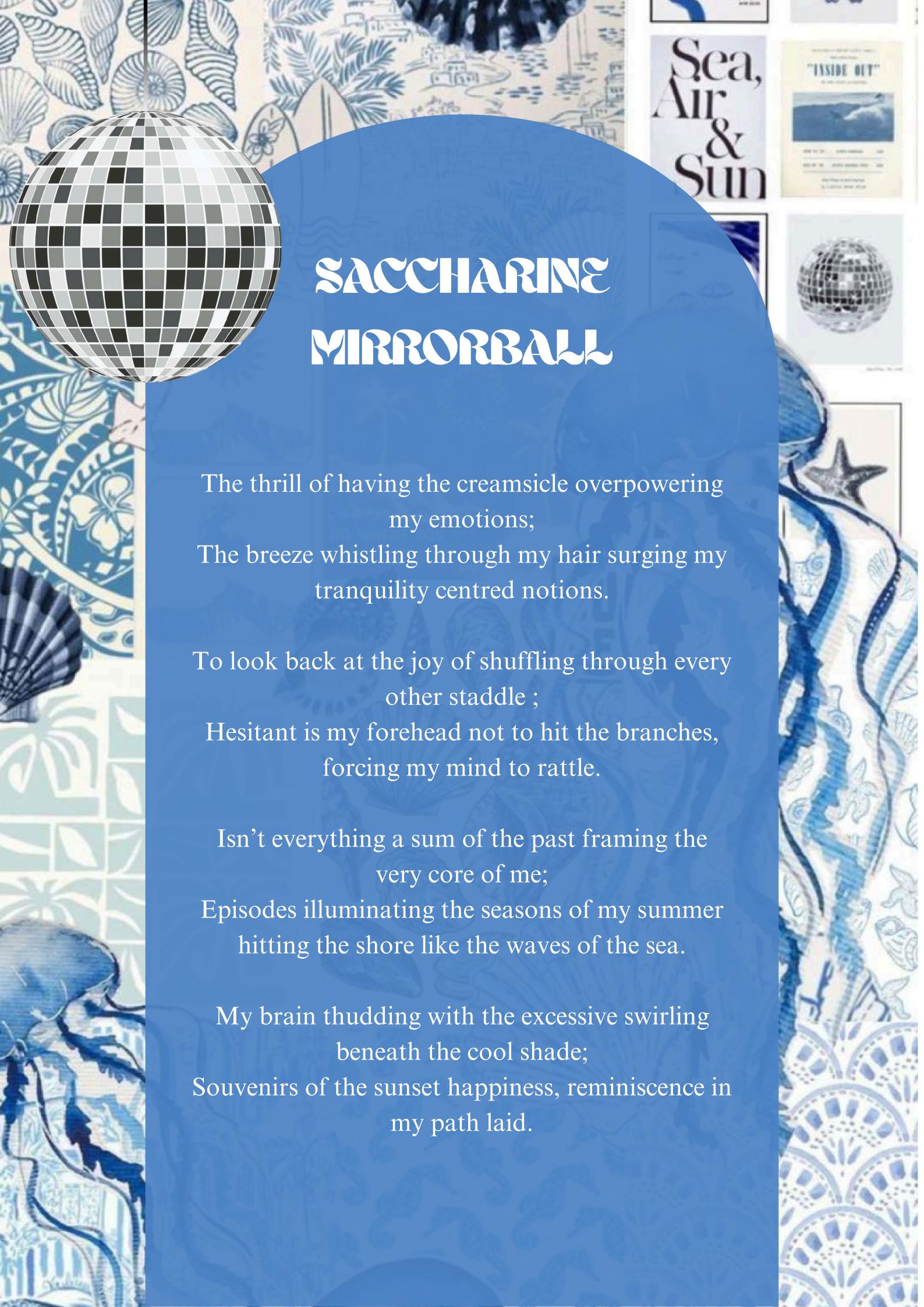
The Literary Club has through the decades delivered to students of this Institution competence surpassing their very belief and forte. It doesn't just thrive but burgeons as a beacon imparting the love for this craft we call 'literature'. The entire Editorial Board has undeniably poured out their heart and soul to bring to you our very fondly cherished the Summer Edition of the Literary Club's newsletter - Summer Reverie.

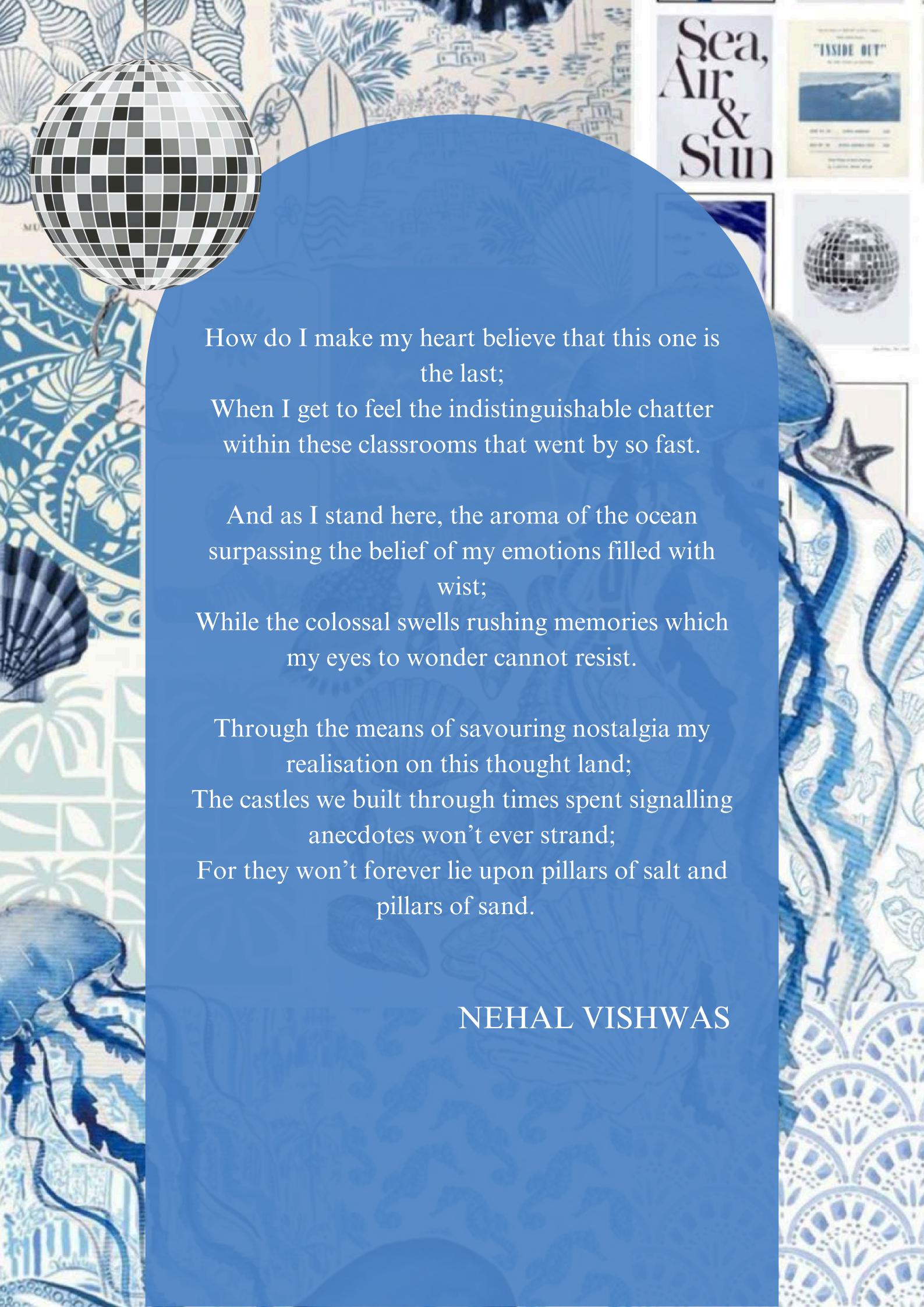
With every page you turn and every speck you admire may your auricles and cerebrum be illuminated with the zeal of what this summer awaits to offer you as you traverse through the unsaid sparks

of what literature brings to you.

Nehal Vishwas
President, Literary Club







As I wander through the fissures in time,

Left somewhere unflustered in my mind.

My ears discern the young footfalls ceaselessly scampering,

The minute wrinkles circling the eyes,
Sinless hands in vain wandering,
As the lips curl themselves up into a
smile.

No matter how much I want it to be my truth,

And my heart longs to stay in this sheltered solace,

Thudding at the door is my youth;
So for now,

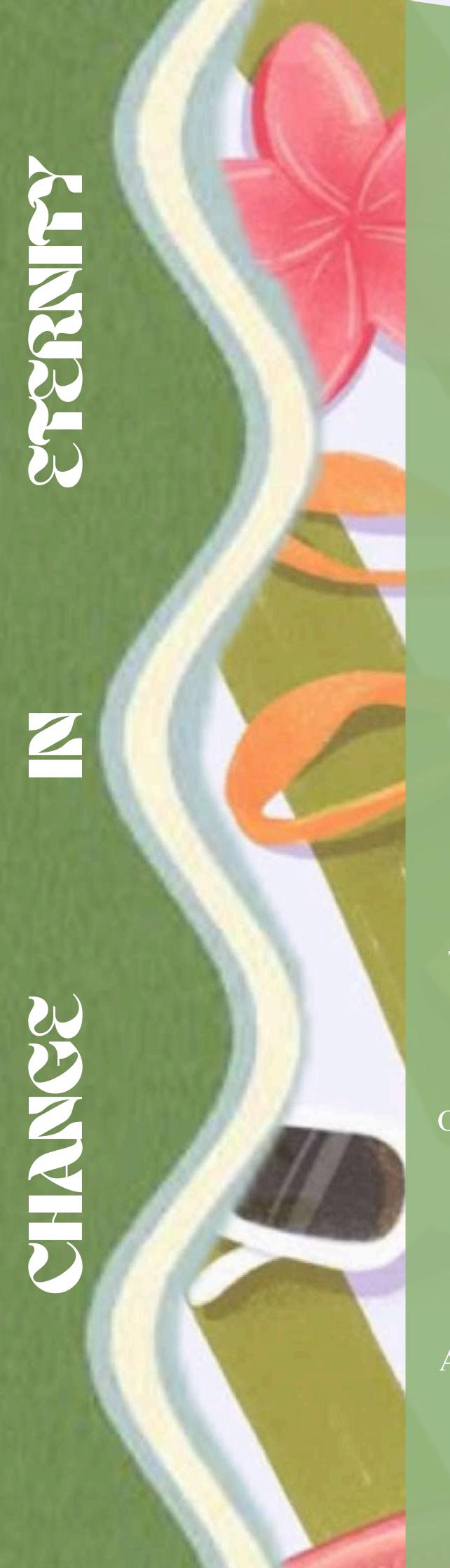
This inclination needs to be swept away.

Cause when I grew, the summer grew with me,

And that was when I hollered with glee,

"Thou summer, thou resemblest me."





Glowworms shining brighter than stars,
Grounds lush green with grass.
So was what it used to be
Until we had a change in eternity.

Spotlessly blue, crystal seas,
Buzzing yellow honey bees.
We used to witness such purity
Till we had a change in eternity.

With the Sun radiating scorching heat, everyone's hotter than ever,
Animals are going extinct like never.
Nature lost all of its nobility
When we had a change in eternity.

Dying trees, herbs and shrubs,
Sparkling, overcrowded, noisy clubs
and nature formed an enmity
As the change grew in eternity.

Roads, buses and travelling apart,
The environment has our best interests at heart,

Hope it won't be too late till man's

maturity

the realization of the change in eternit

Or the realization of the change in eternity.

Animals, birds and humanity on the line,
Oh, save it before you have to pay a
terrible fine,

Is what we will say in unity
As we realize that what we need, yet again,
is a change in eternity.

SHAANA KAPOOR

In summer days so warm and bright,

Everyone runs around from morning to night.

At Granny's house with my cousins near,

Mango trees and games outside,
Laughter echoing far and wide.
Cool recipes and stories told,
Those times were truly gold.

Those are the days I hold so dear.

We shared all our secrets, our dreams, and the fun,
We played till dusk and then watched the sun.
The beds on the terrace, staring at the stars up high,

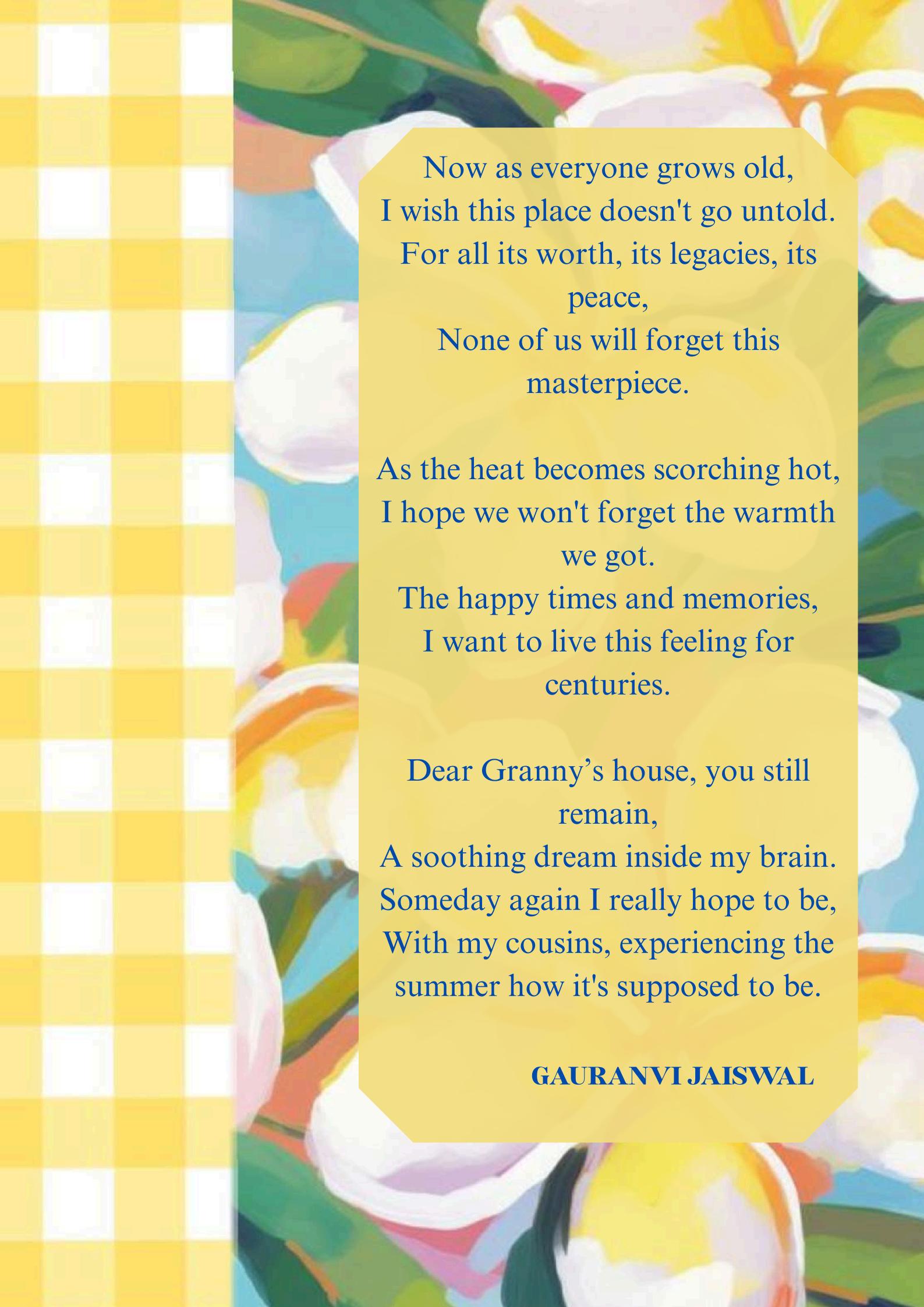
But now those days have drifted far,

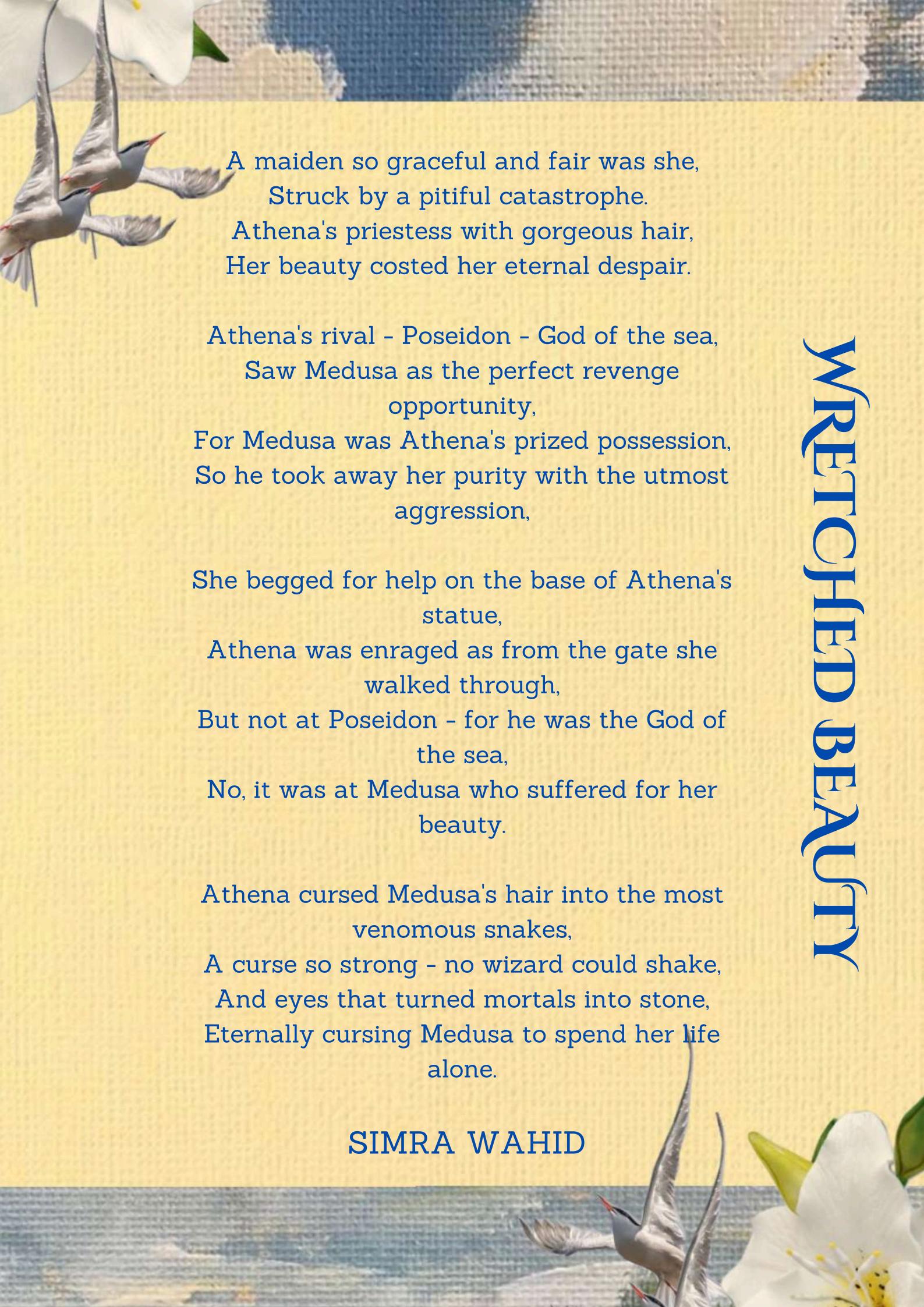
Counting them beneath the sky.

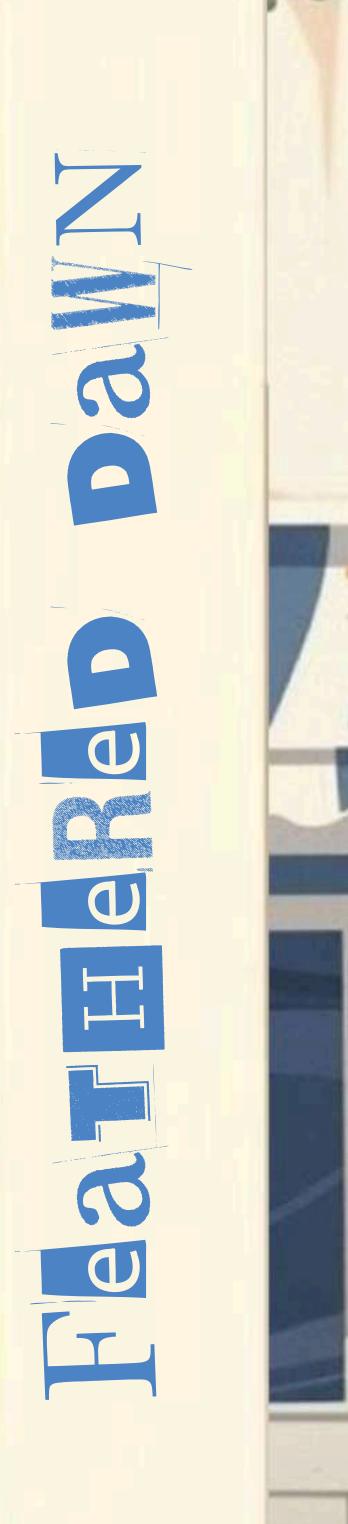
As if my whispers were caught inside a jar.

I miss those moments, so soft and sweet,

And all the times we used to meet.







Sweltering sunshine bonded floating mist,
Yet t'was a summer of an augury,
Mimicking the dawn of a stumbling risk.
That incandescents one's obscured
glossary.

Atop the slanted branch, a crow's eyes shrunk,

Upon a mockingbird tuning the gardens. Envious, he discerned his say as junk, A doubt deemed worthy of pardon.

Endeavours of emulation, unveiled failure,
His feathered throat burned so rough.
His beak rejected to sing like a ship denied sailor.

None, lest the air lifted with a cough.

But the mockingbird was drawn, music afloat,

It nudged and crooned, silver tuft vagued a jerk.

Until the crow beamed to the familiar note.

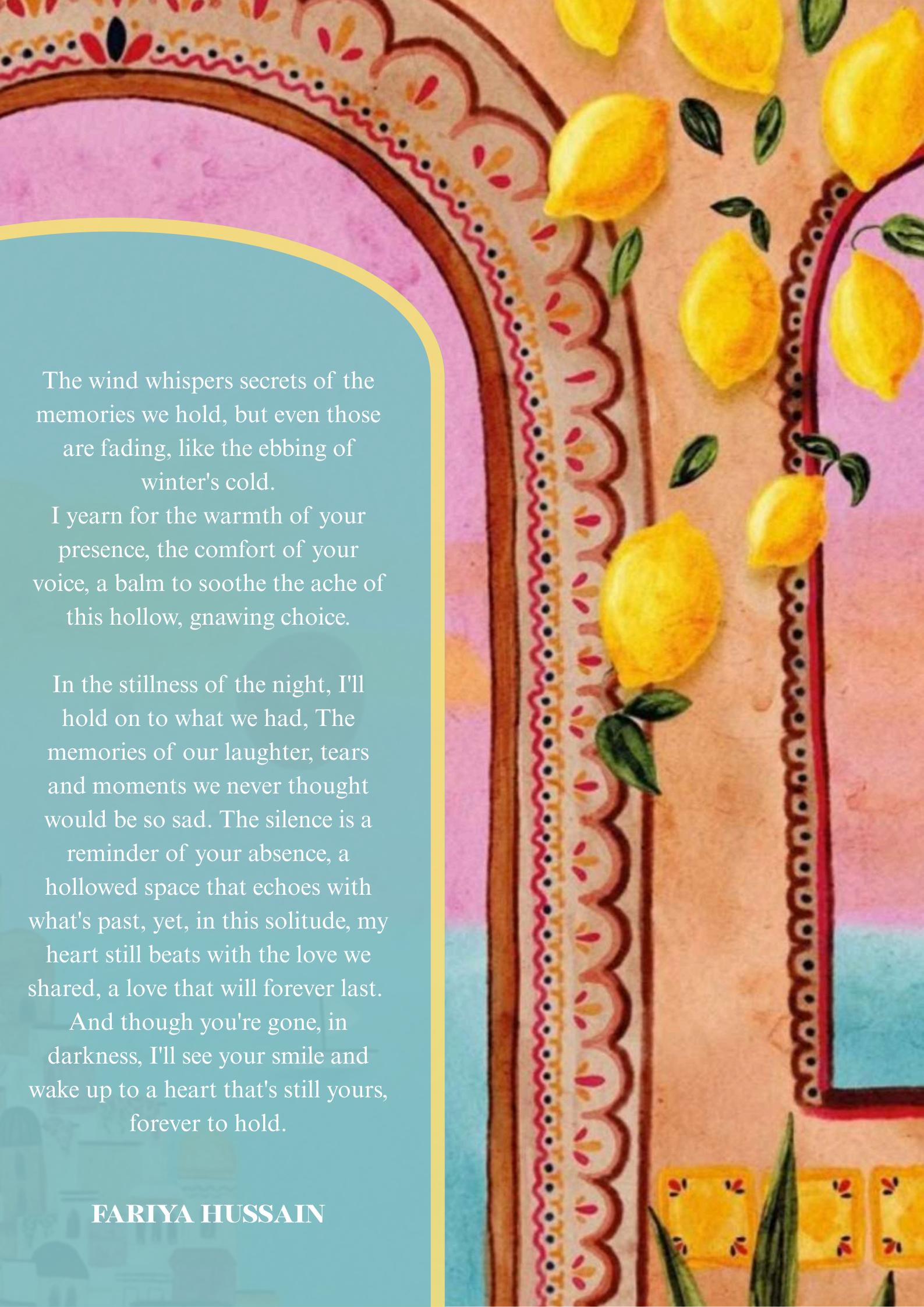
Yes, it was his own squawk at work.

The crow flew away, harmonizing in a spin,

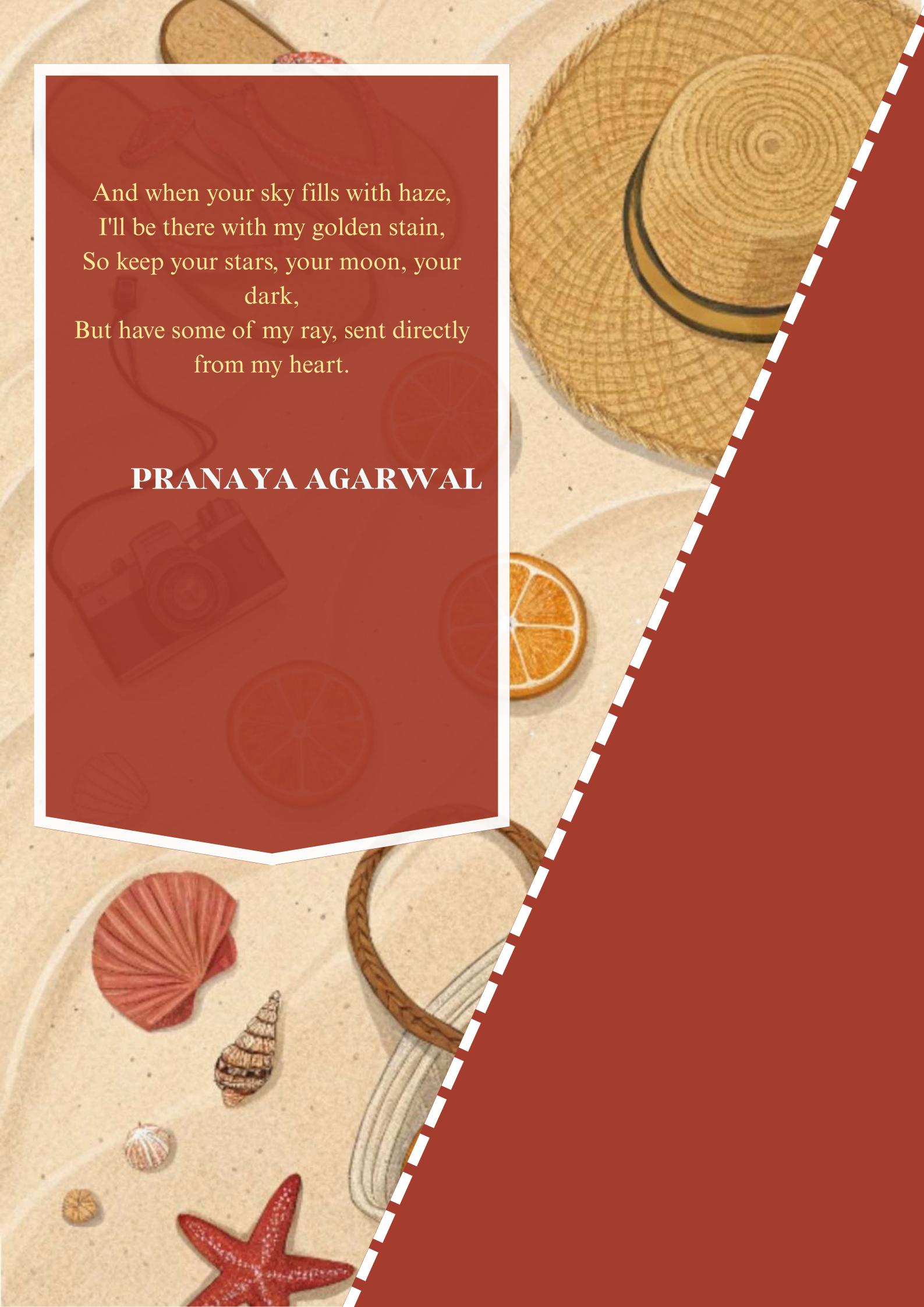
For to kill one's own caw is a sin.

ZUNAIRA KHAN

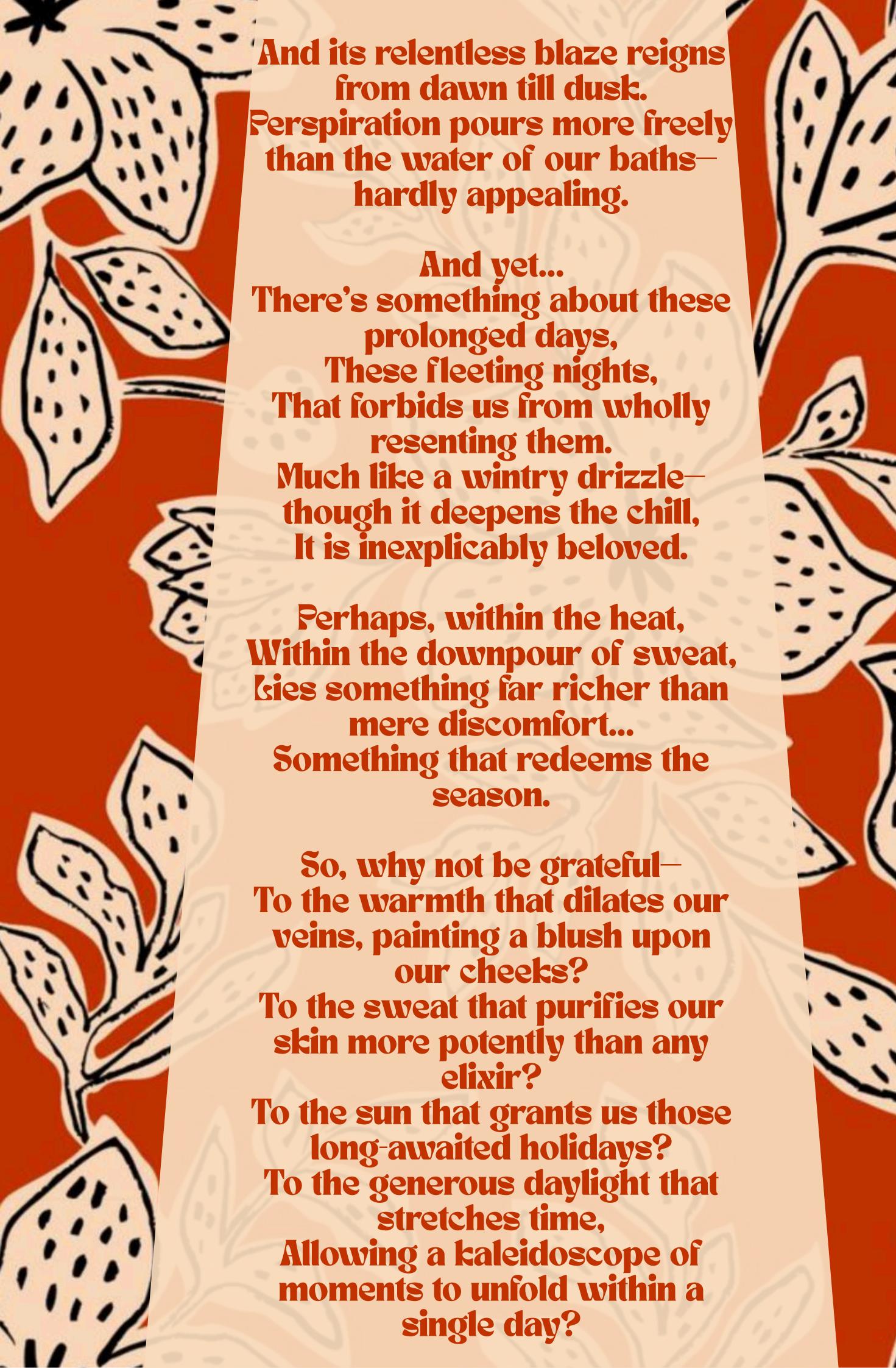


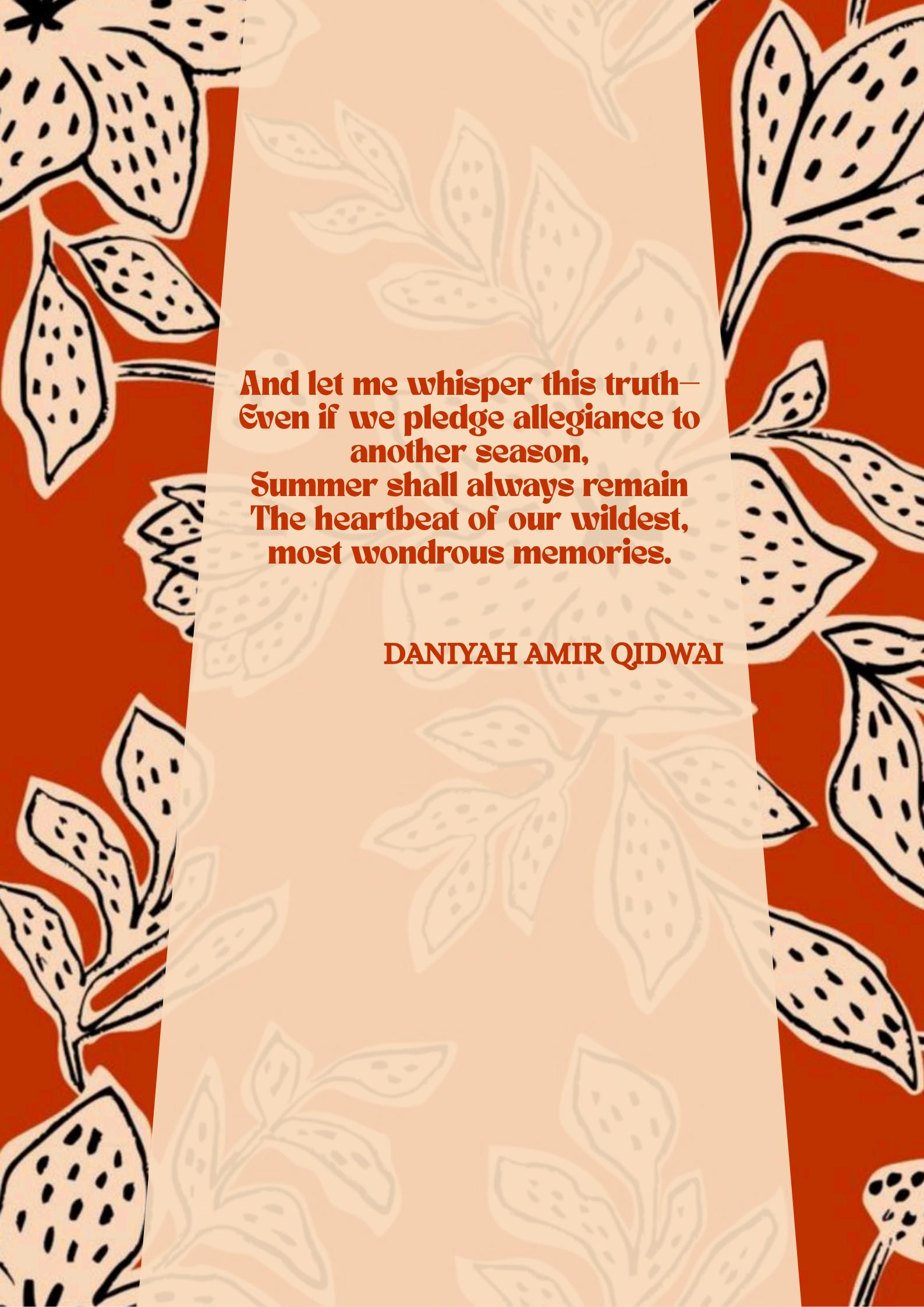






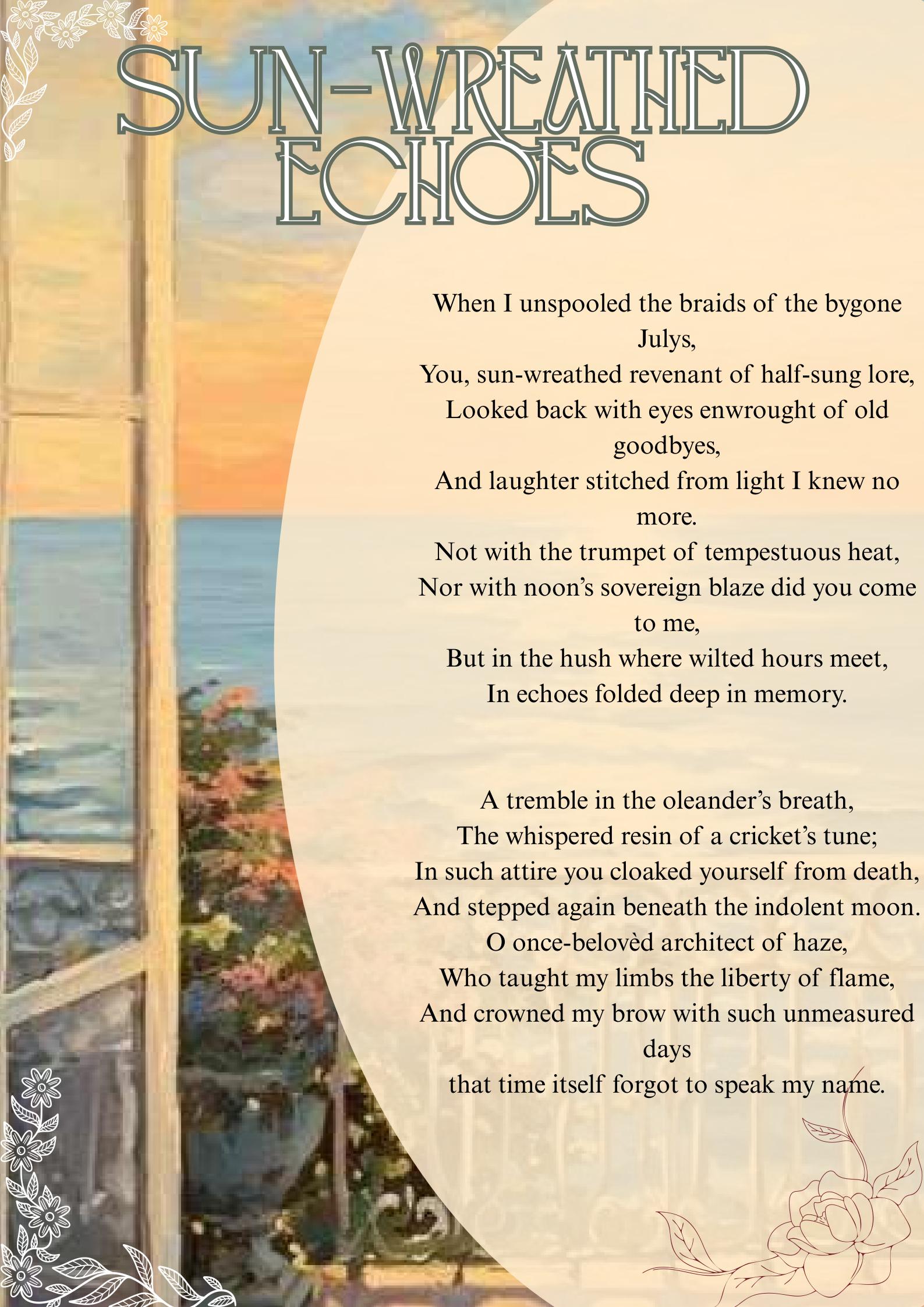


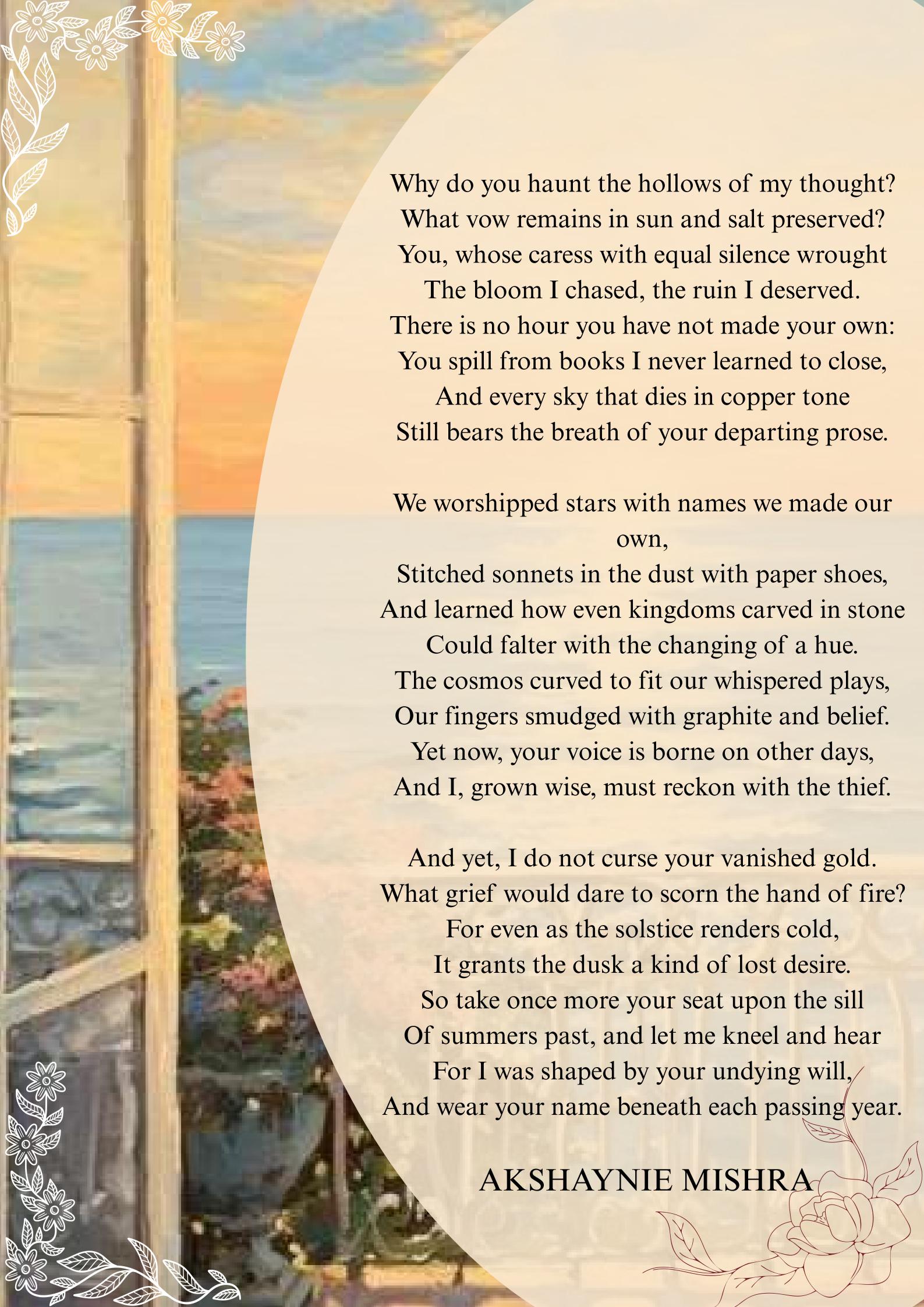






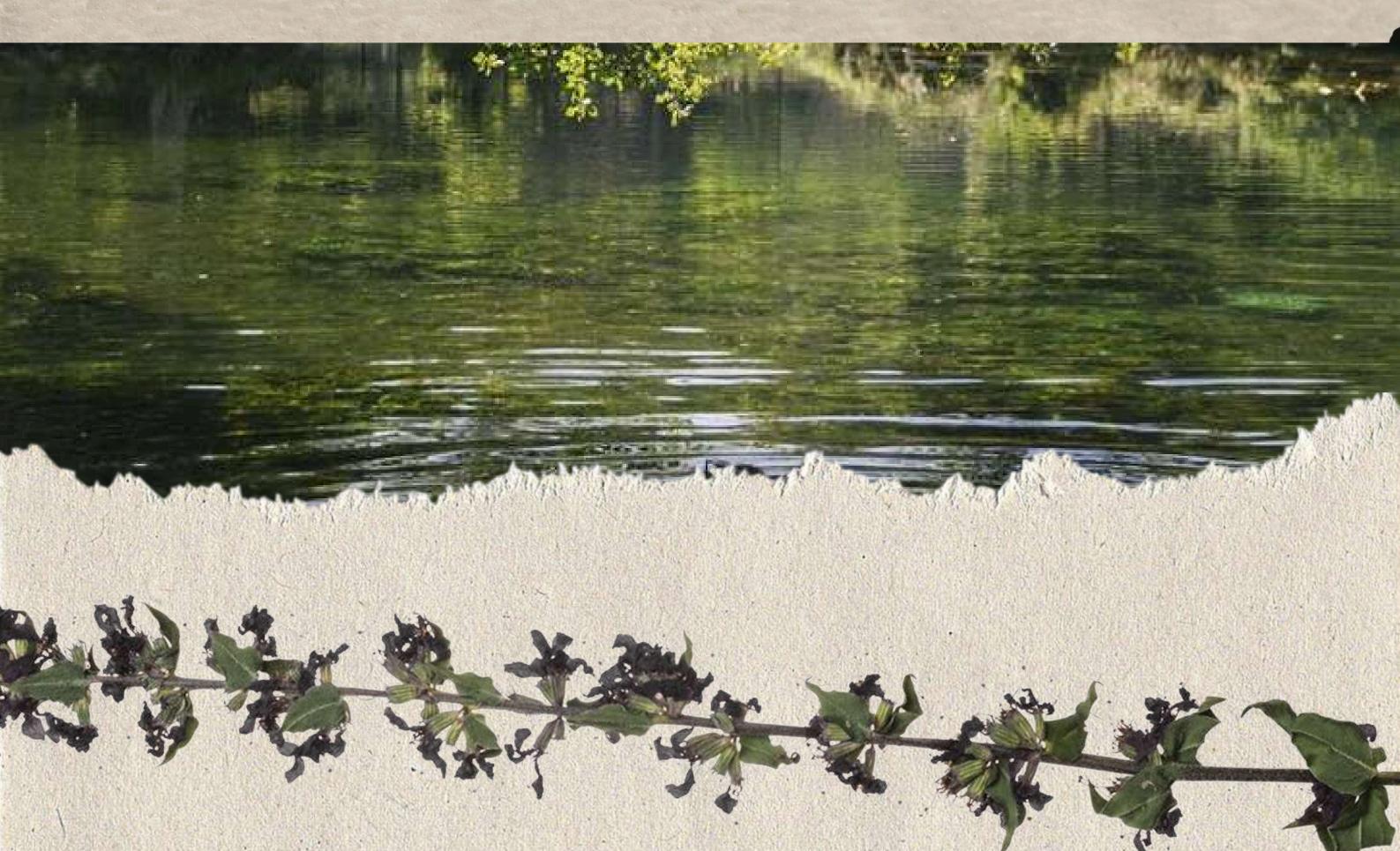








SOLSTICE EXPOSITION



A Thought That Bloomed In

"And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer."

— F. Scott Fitzgerald
There are certain moments
in time that do not tick by
like seconds. They glide
softly,
invisibly, like dandelion

seeds on an unseen breeze.

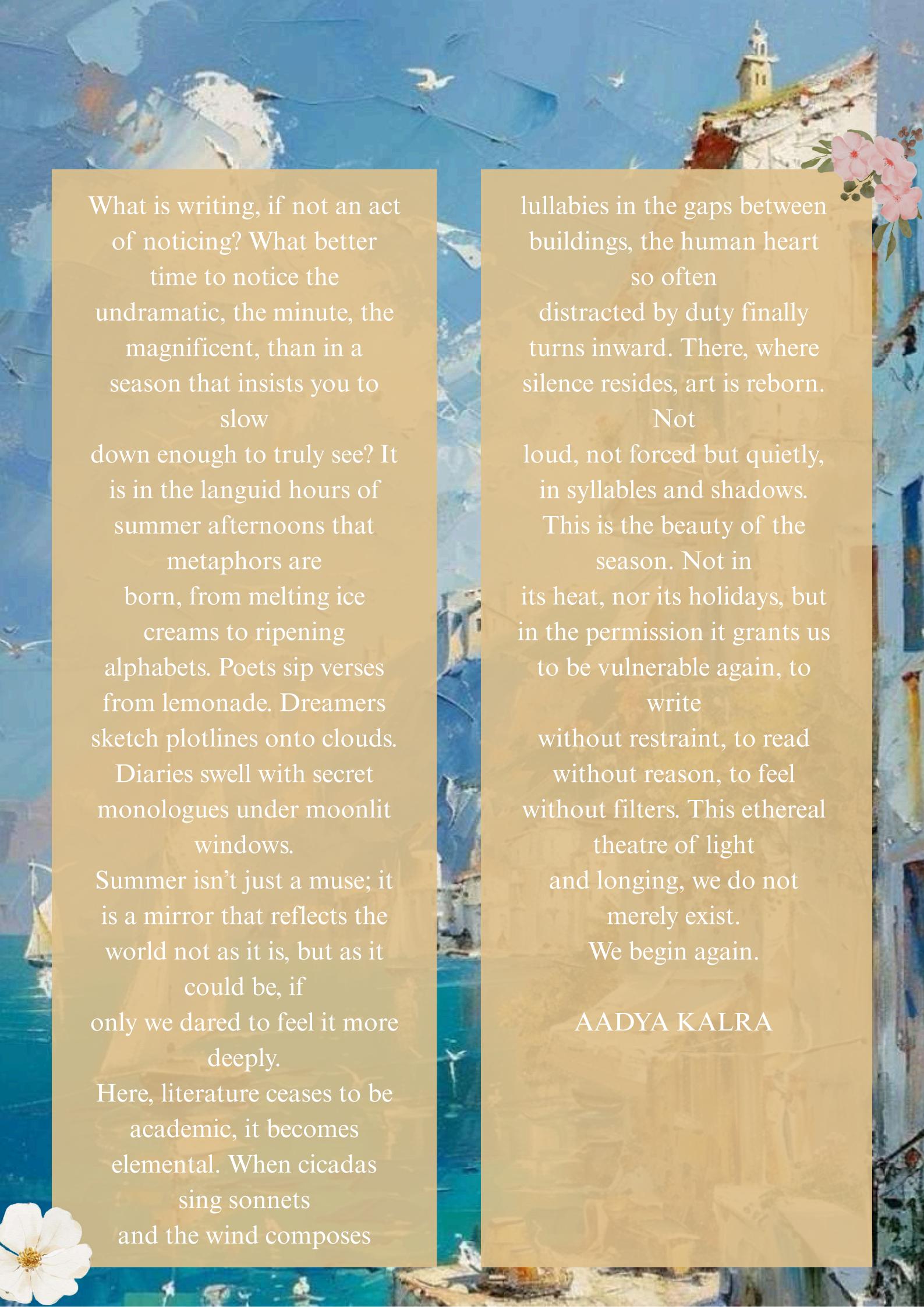
Summer, in all its
resplendent glory, is not
just a season. It is one such
moment- prolonged, poetic
and quietly pulsating
beneath the surface
of everything. What is it
about these sun-drenched
days that seem to resurrect
something within

a second longer, reluctant to retreat, or how shadows, instead of concealing, become

us? Perhaps it is the way

light clings to the world just

storytellers—etching fables across cracked walls and cobbled streets. There is an alchemy in the way the world warms: not merely in temperature, but in tenderness. It seems as if, beneath the glow of relentless skies, even time grows sentimental. Summer is not a pause from reality. It is a reintroduction to it. It is in this stillness that humanity becomes a little more visible. Street vendors wipe sweat from their brows, their laughter as warm as the jalebis they fry. Children race the wind, unbothered by consequence. Trees speak in rustling tongues and somewhere between the murmurs of the Earth and the hush of the sky, inspiration begins to rise. It is no surprise, then, that the literary soul stirs most passionately in this season.



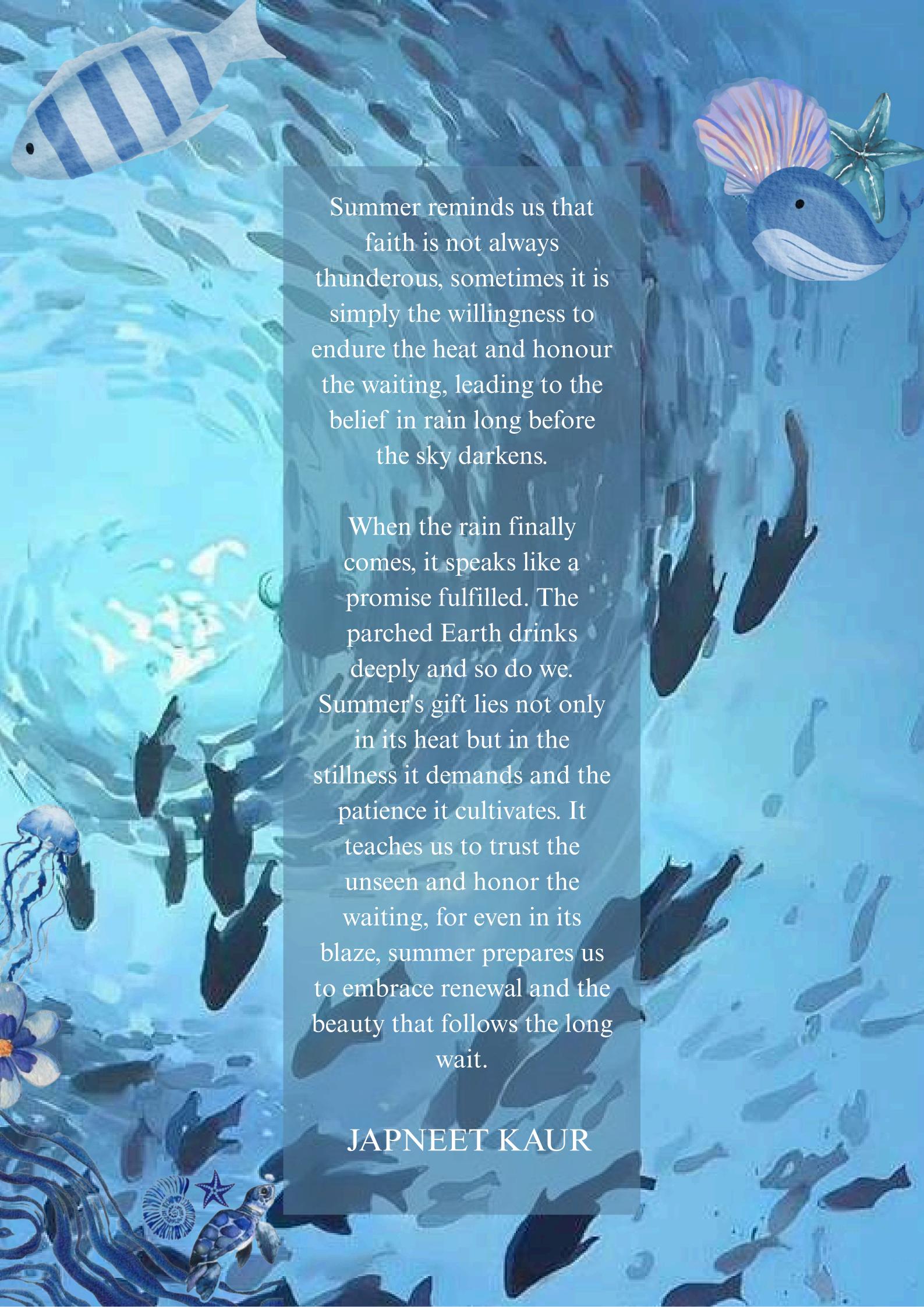
THE GIFT OF SUMMER

Summer arrives with inevitable calefaction, draped in radiant gold, as a season that hums with quiet intensity. Beneath the vast, cloudless skies, the Earth is fissured and thirsting, yet life does not falter. Trees hold their ground with unwavering belief, their leaves shimmering in the heat, while mangoes, lychees and melons swell slowly, promising sweetness to come.

This is not a season of scarcity, as many believe it to be, but one of great abundance, one that teaches us the virtues of patience and faith. The earth does not plead for rain but rather waits in steadfast calm, certain that relief will arrive at its own perfect time.

Gratitude in summer hushed. It curls in the scent of lime rinds left on cool ceramic plates while humming in the slow, drowsy whirl of ceiling fans, it emits through the fragrance of the sweetsmelling summery fruits and at the same time, flickers through sunbeams caught in curtains. It gathers in the lazy arc of dragonflies and in the soft creak of wooden swings swaying without wind, in small moments that hold the weight of stillness.

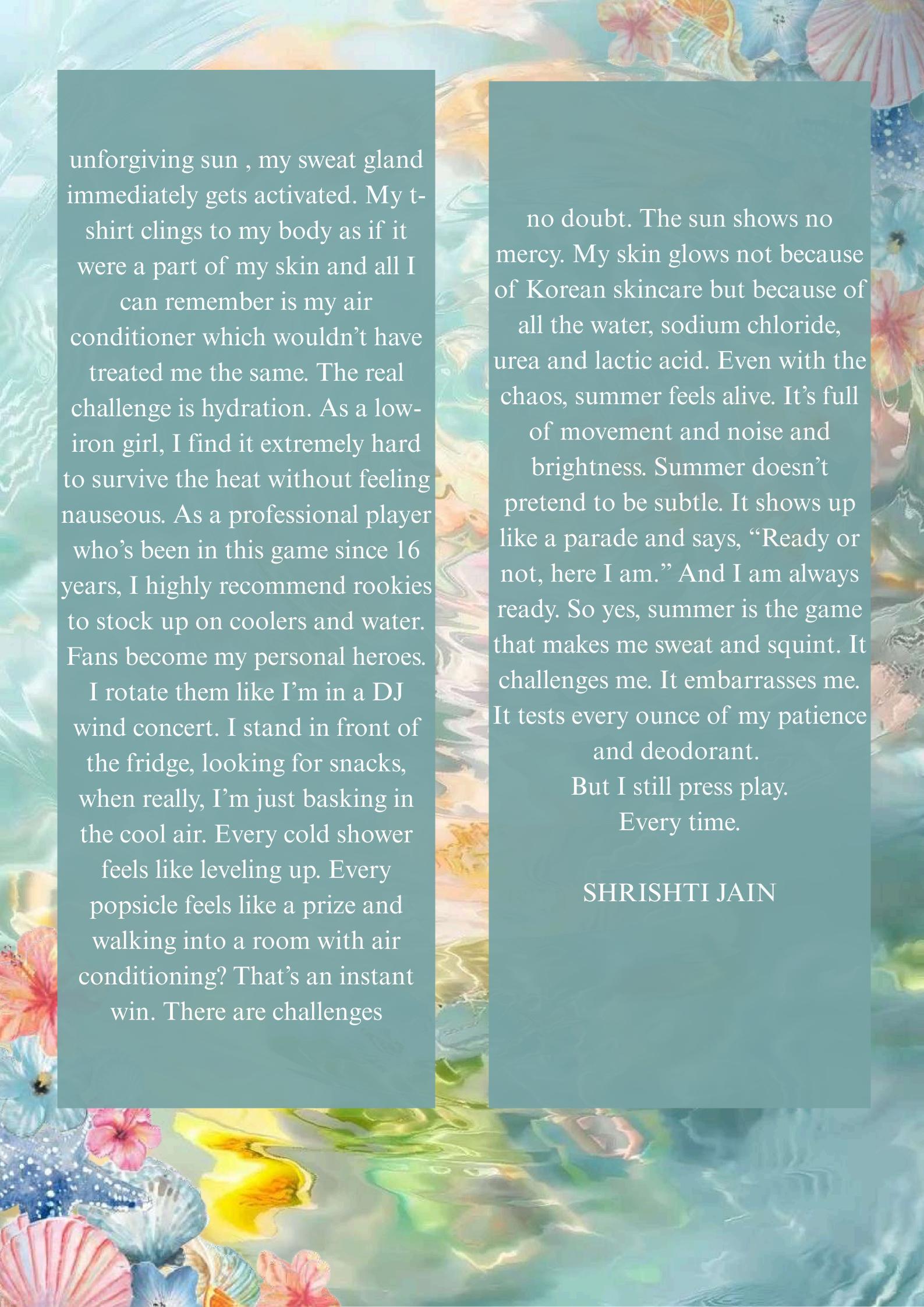
Hope, too, takes its own form. It is not loud or immediate but rather lives quietly in the cracked soil that shelters the seed, in the cicada's unwavering song and in long, black shadows that stretch like whispered prayers across verandas.





If summer were a game, it wouldn't be one of thoseamong us, Roblox or stumble guy kind of games. No, it would be a high-stakes survival simulator, somewhere between Free Fire and Plants vs. Zombies but with a 50 degree temperature and a fewer rules. Your mission? Endure three blazing months of unpredictable weather, awkward social gatherings and clothes that betray you with sweat stains at the worst possible moments. Welcome to Summer: The Game. Summer is a season to many but to me, it's a game. Every week in this scorching heat is a level I have to survive, each chore is a task I have to complete to earn points and vacations are bonus rounds. Like every game, summer provides power-ups like ice cream,

cool beverages, etc. Vacations lead to cheat codes such as procrastination and long afternoon naps. This game starts the moment the temperature crosses from 'pleasant' to 'surface-of-thesun.' I spawn with my standard equipment: sunglasses I can never find when I need them, a half-empty bottle of sunscreen that leaves a white cast and flipflops that make the loudest slapping sound known to humankind. I hit 'START GAME' with optimism and a water bottle that will soon be warmer than my hopes and endurance level. As a kid, I loved summer and anticipated it but growing up is a slap in the face and now the summer pools definitely cannot cool the fever on my brows. As soon as I step out with my SPF and sunglasses on with full confidence to face the



Summen's Alchemy

Once upon a time, summer arrived like a gentle friend knocking on the doors after spring. You could notice it the first thing in the morning—the extra warmth in the air. Children could play from dusk till dawn without the parents worrying about the exhaustion that the heat would cause. Perhaps the heat wasn't as brutal as it is now. Picnics used to happen on whim and not while considering the temperatures outside. Air conditioners hummed occasionally as a comfort and not as a necessity. The evenings seemed cool enough. Families would sit on the terrace and eat the precious summer fruits. Cars didn't become ovens in parking lots. The heat seemed honest then. It rose during the day and fell at night, following natural patterns that our body would adapt to.

But now summer shall arrive like a friend that is mighty and angry because it feels that its presence was always neglected. Nothing seems the same about the modern summer, where plans have to be made considering the temperature indexes. Parents calculate playground visits like military operations—which hours are safe and which sunscreen to apply.

The new summer stretches beyond its traditional boundaries. It arrives uninvited in May and

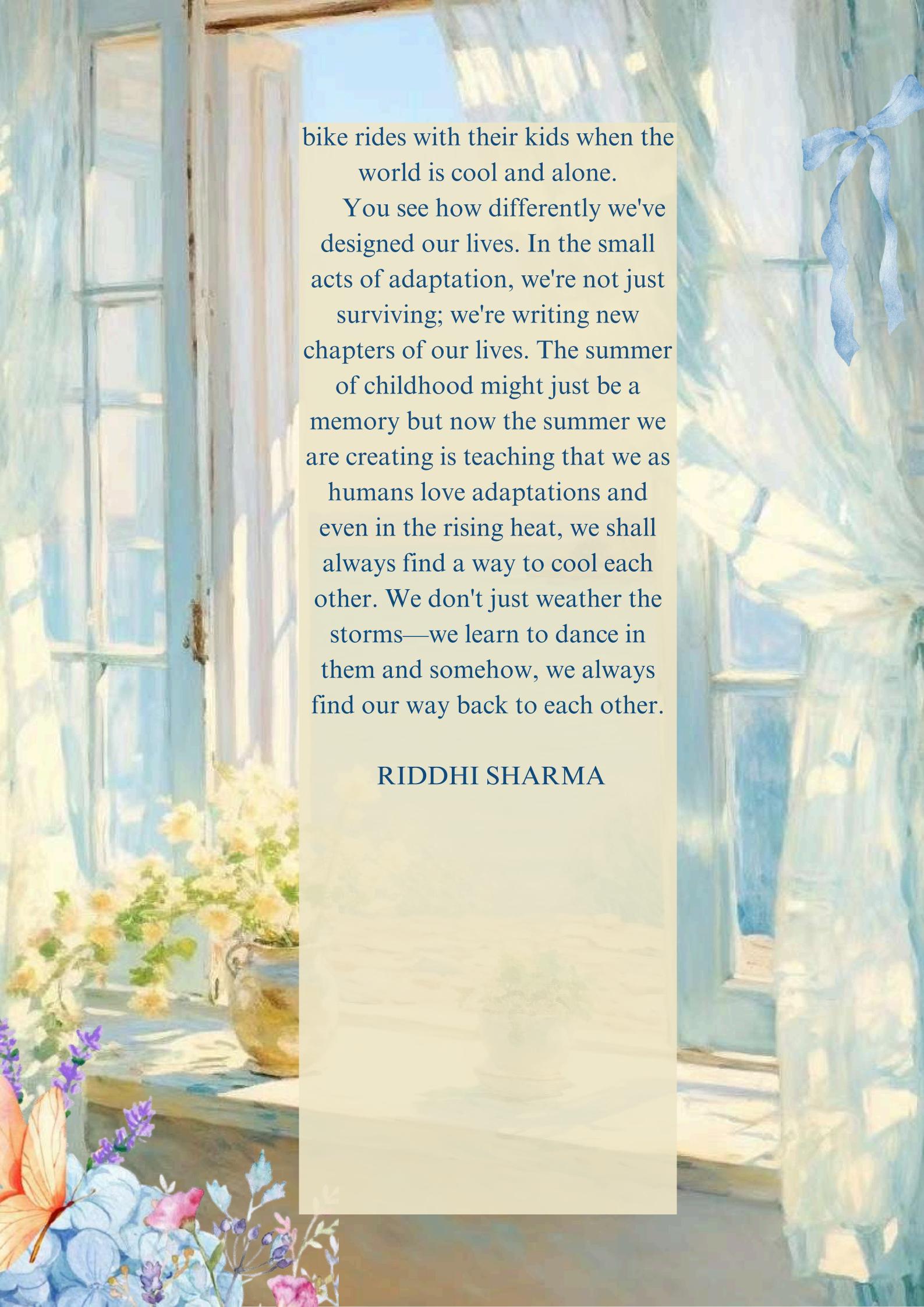
lingers till October. Air

conditioners run as essential life

support rather than comfort

devices.

Yet within this challenge, it's the human resilience that helps me sleep at night. Mrs. Dunphy down the street opens her airconditioned living room every afternoon to neighbors without cooling, turning crisis into unexpected friendship over iced tea and card games. Parents rediscover the joy of 6 AM



A Letten to

Dear Apollo (God of the Sun),

I am unfledged at soliciting Greek Gods. I am a mere mortal from the Earth who does not address you in veneration but in wilted complaint. We are huge well-wishers of your connoisseurs - the merrier Sun's rays by the lakesides and during the frosty eves of December. Nevertheless, my words find their way to you, to ask you to take down a notch. Beyond the portice Apollo (God of the Sun), area, the green benches in school, basking under your sunbeam, brand our skin causing red watermarks on it. While playing on the football field, this summer heat turns us redheaded like Sadie Sink. The roads scintillate heat. It feels to me your chariot has broken their brakes and are sailing over our rooftops. Was it SPF 50, innumerable hours of airconditioning or the capitalisation of aerosol that caused the displeasure?

If so, we bend on our knees to apologise (with ice packs beneath it).

I am not directing you to go to Tartarus and play football with Hades together (Greek versions of Haaland and Mbappé) and plunge us into replete darkness. We enshrine your luminous heat but our sunscreens are weeping for your grace's leniency.

melt faster than Zeus' throne on Mount Olympus. Great Apollo, could you take a stroll round to the garden of Hesperides and make the summers endurable for us mortals? And allow our ice creams to remain for a while in its sticks? Until then, I remain dry as hay, dehydrated and shade-awaited.

Yours lovingly,

AMINA FATIMA ANSARI

Sunflower of Unrequited

love

An unrequited love story in Greek mythology begins with the water nymph Clytie who became infatuated with the God of Sun, Helios (Apollo) who ushered the glare of warmth to the Earth each day by driving his golden chariot like a king across the vault of heaven.

When the water nymph Clytie revealed her adoration to Helios, he rejected her proposal. This rejection shattered her and caused her great pain. Full of devotion and determined fidelity, Clytie gazed at the Sun God, Helios, painting the gloomy and insipid night sky to a vibrant array of hues with feelings of hope and new beginnings. Clytie, who spent nine days in adoration of Helios, undergoes an exceptional transformation. Her body begins to debilitate but her spirit perseveres

and she eventually becomes a
Sunflower who is destined to hold its
head up towards the Sun and follow
its path across the sky. The devotion
and compassion that Clytie had for
the Sun God,

Helios transformed her into a ravishingly bright, majestic and vibrant flower which has an inbuilt characteristic to face towards the Sun. This tale of Sunflower is a reminder to embrace the hurdles of life and have unwavering devotion. According to Greek mythology, sunflowers are thus a symbol of hope, optimism, loyalty and adoration.

PRISHA KRIPLANI



The Dopplen Summent

They told us the Doppler Effect was about sound—how a siren seems to rise as it nears, and fades as it moves away.

But no one told us it applies to life too.

Each summer speeds past like a train on a track. When we're kids, it approaches with excitement.

Watermelons, scraped knees, sleepovers. Everything is loud and close—life honks like an ice cream truck just outside.

But as we grow, the summers shift.
They feel... quieter. Faster. More
like a whisper we try to catch. But
can't quite hold.

This year, I sat with books and boards, counting hours like ice cubes melting in a glass. Still there were echoes of laughter in the corridor, of songs we sang half-ously during projects, of the fan an mming above as dreams were scribbled on rough pages.

Physics says it's about motion.
We're moving forward. So the
frequencies
of our summers change—they no
longer arrive with the same thrill.

They reflect who we are becoming.

Maybe next year, it'll feel different again. More distant.

More grown. And one day, it'll be a faint sound playing in the background of an office room or the memory of a school gate shutting behind us.

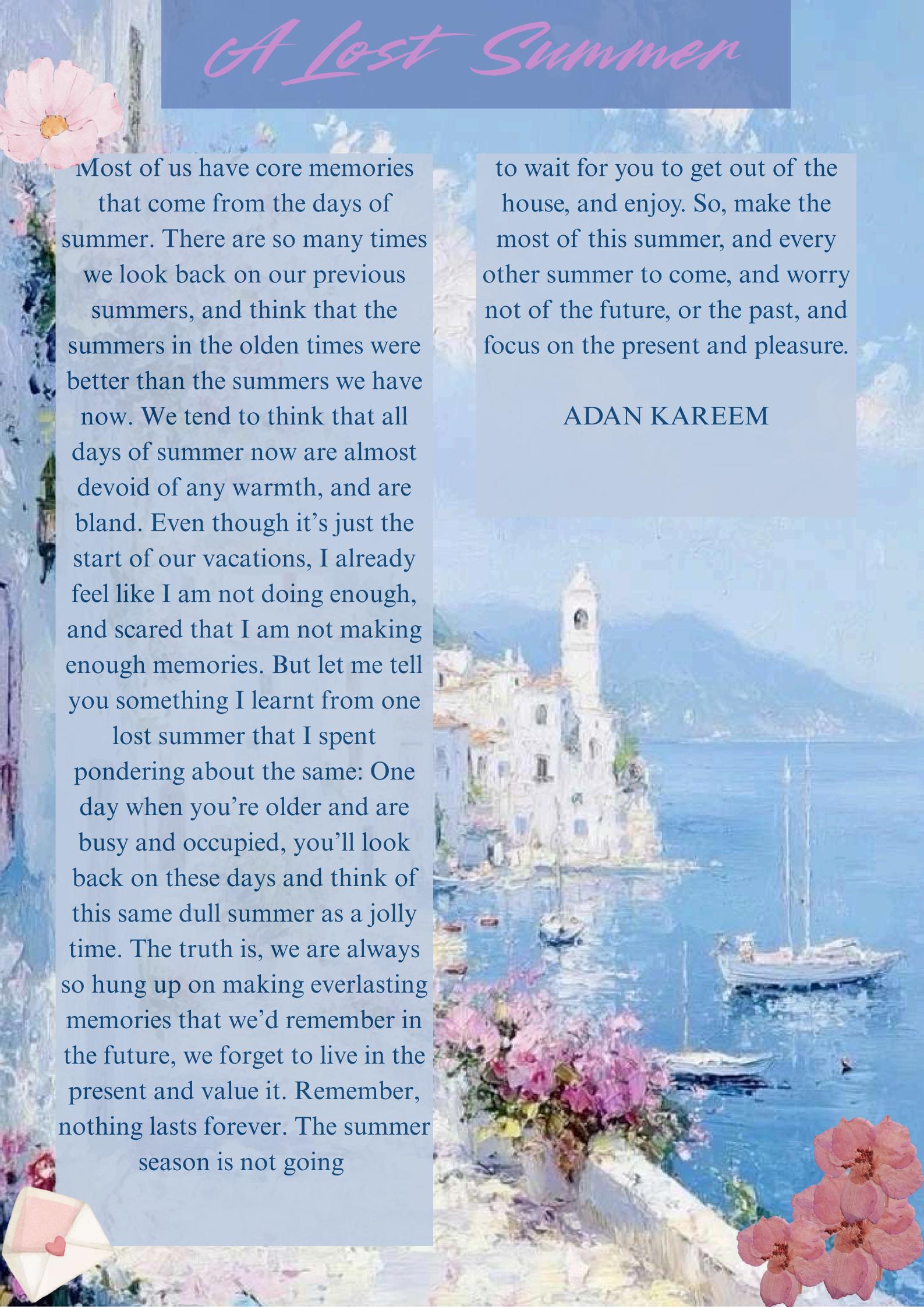
But the beauty of the Doppler Summer is this: even when it fades, it proves it was once loud.

Once near. Once ours.

So I listen closely. Because the echo may be soft, but it still carries the sound of who I was...

And who I'm trying to be.

SNIGDHA PANDEY



Why Summer Is the Best Season For Self-Discovery

Summer is more than just a season of sunshine, vacations and outdoor fun. It's also a powerful time for personal reflection and growth.

With longer days, lighter routines and a more relaxed atmosphere, summer creates the perfect setting for self-discovery.

F 70 1 13 ..

One of the most important reasons summer supports self-discovery is the shift in routine. For students, professionals and even families, summer often means a break from the usual structure. Without the constant pressure of schedules and deadlines, there's finally time to slow down and ask important questions: What makes me happy?

What do I want to learn? Am I heading in the direction I truly want? These moments of pause are essential for gaining clarity about ourselves.

The longer daylight hours also give us more time—not just to do more, but to reflect more. Evening walks, early sunrises or quiet time spent

outside offer space to think and reconnect with our thoughts. In our fast-paced lives, this kind of mental space is rare, and summer offers it naturally.

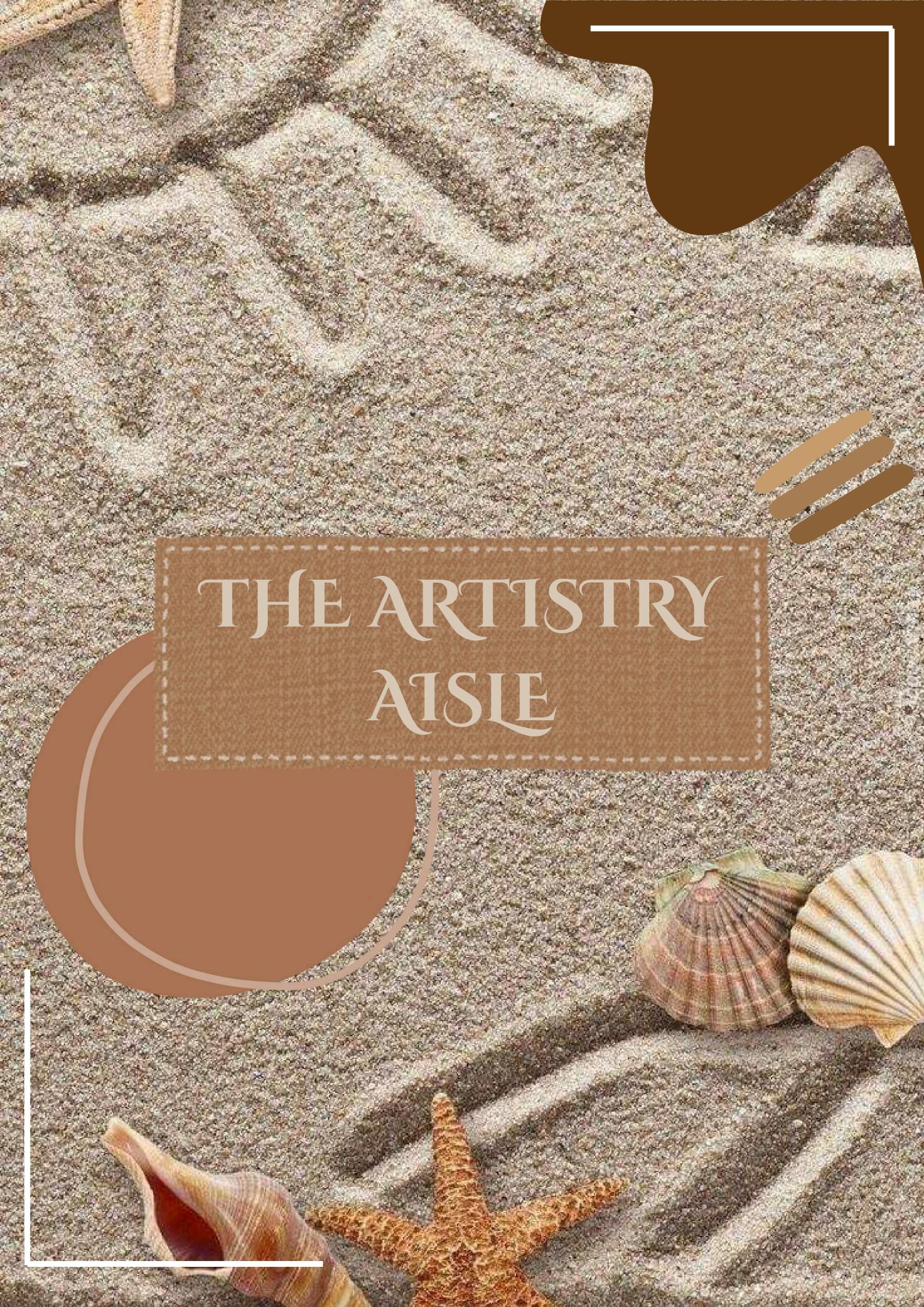
Nature plays a big role too. The beauty of summer—the warmth of the sun, the sound of waves, the greenery of the trees—has a calming effect. Spending time outdoors encourages us to live in the present moment, helping us feel more grounded and connected to ourselves. Whether it's a solo hike or a peaceful moment in a park, nature can open our minds to fresh perspectives.

Summer is also the season of new experiences. People try new hobbies, explore different places or read books they've been putting off.

These small adventures help us learn what we enjoy, what we fear and what drives us. Every new experience teaches us something about who we are.







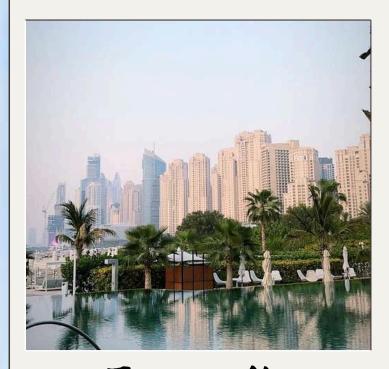








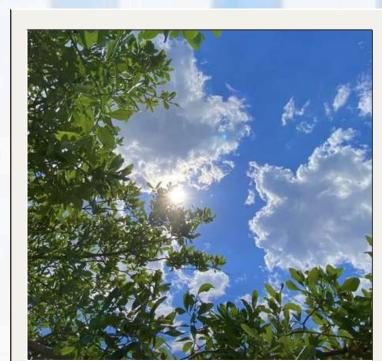
Priyani Saxena



Zaara Ali



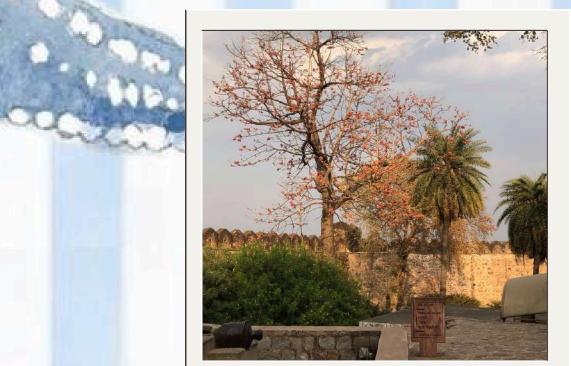
Mansimar Kaur



Swara Agarwal



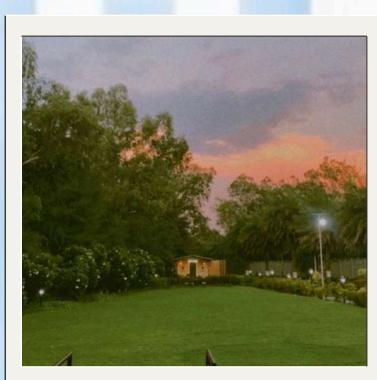
Shrijay Chaddha



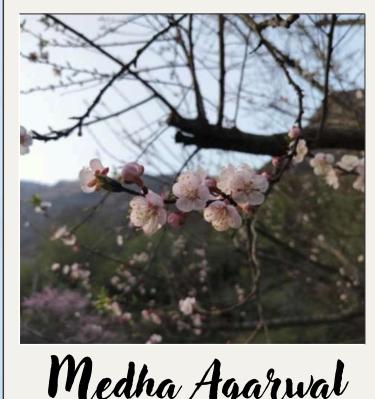
Sheenika Vishwas



Sameeksha Sehta

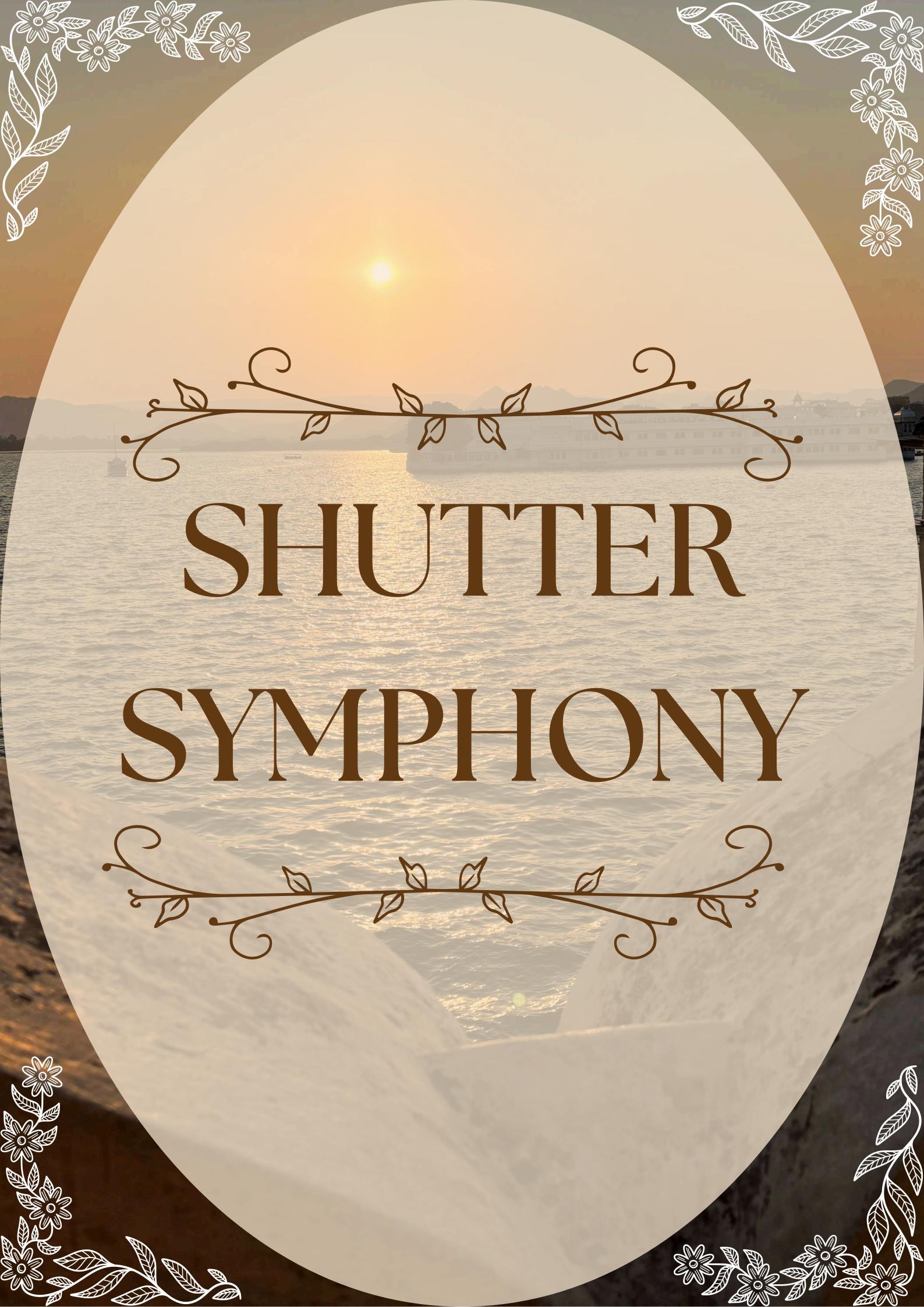


Aliza Ali Zaheer



Medha Agarwal





HOUSE OF JOY

THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE



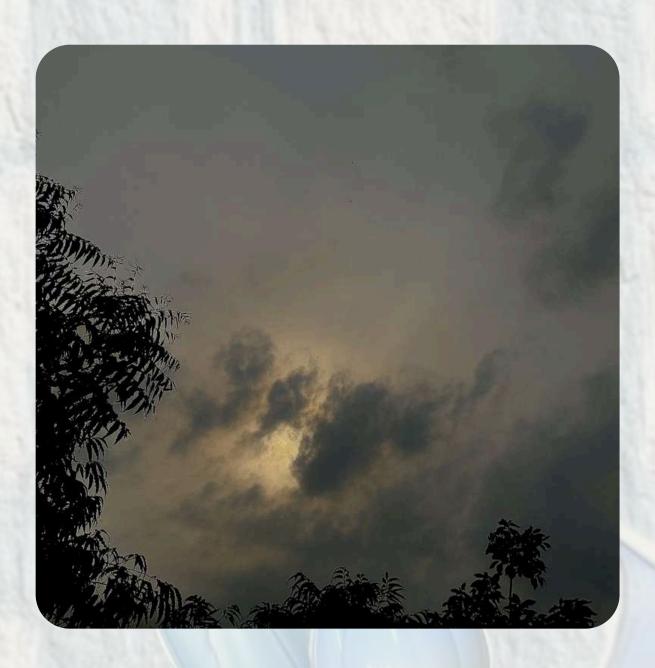
Kuhu Saran



Pawani Agarwal



Amaira Gurung



Zahra Abidi

HOUSE OF CHARITY



Anya Rastogi



Arunika Vaibhavi



Manya Awasthi



Riddhi Sharma

HOUSE OF HOPE



Ipsa Sonkar



Vibhuti Vaish



Bidisha Bannerjee



Aradhya Sharma

HOUSE OF PEACE



Sheenika Vishwas



Hiba Zehra Mirza



Avantika Trivedi



Panchhi Singh





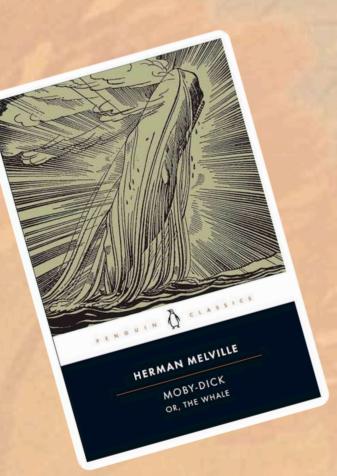
Whatis in my bag with



Handcream



lip therapy lips balm



A copy of Moby Dick







body mist





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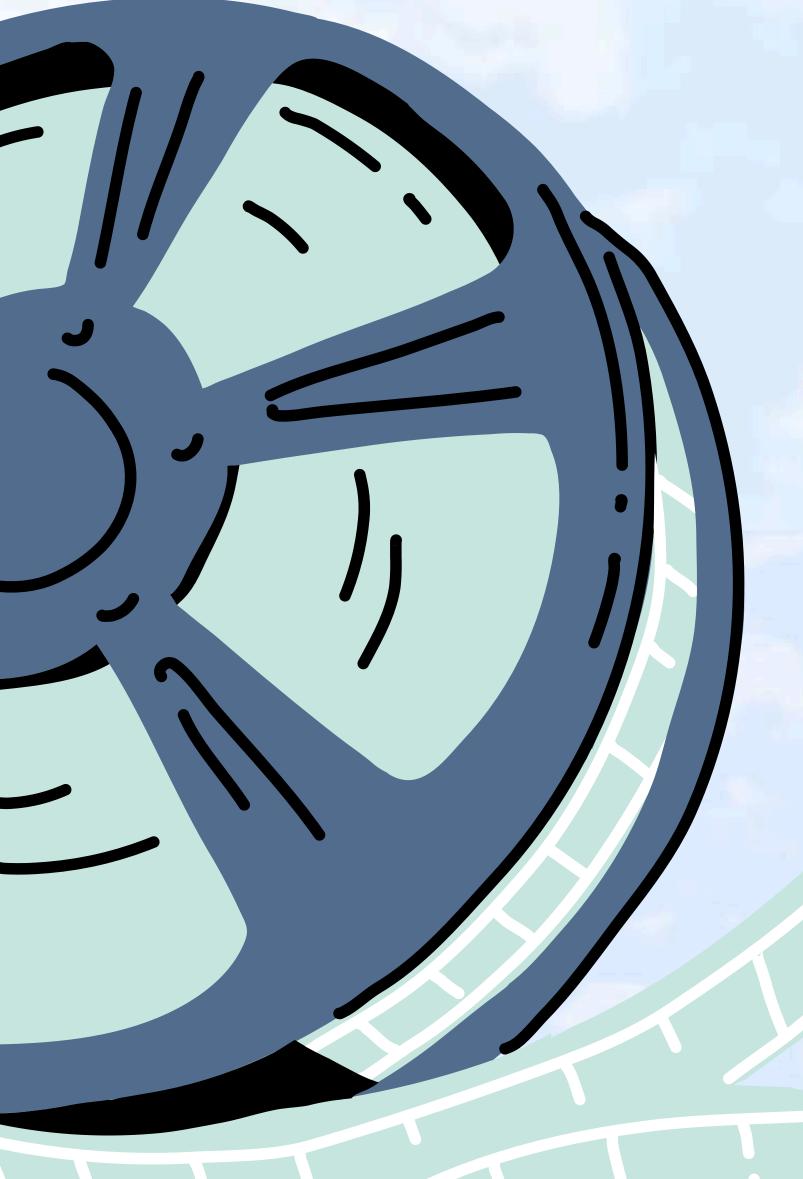


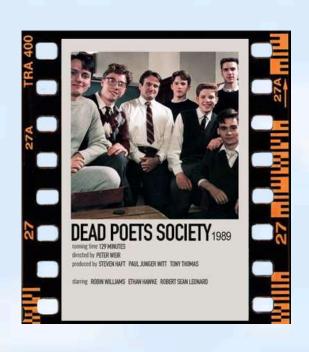
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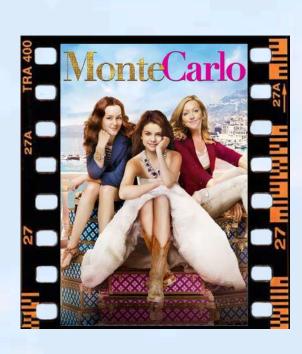
New Yorker magazine

MOVIE RECOMMENDATIONS





DEAD POETS SOCIETY



MONTE CARLO



SUPERMAN



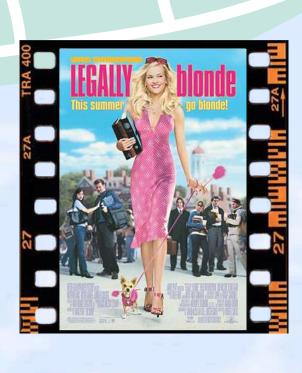
THE GOONIES



DEEP BLUE SEA: JURASSIC PARK



LUCA



LEGALLY BLONDE



WORK IT

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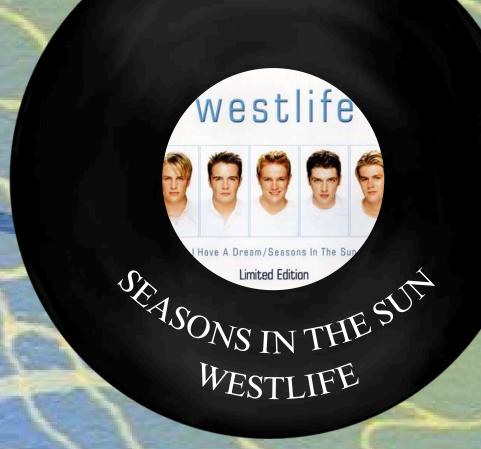




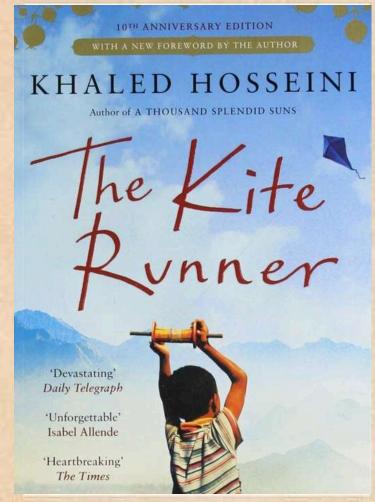


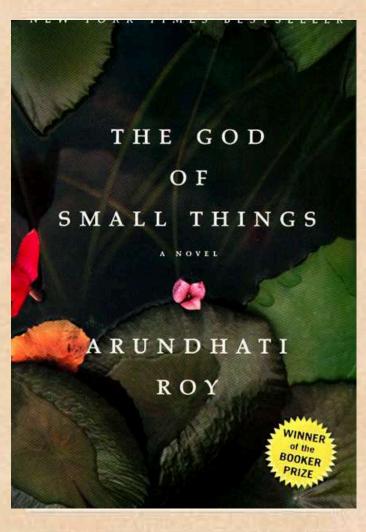


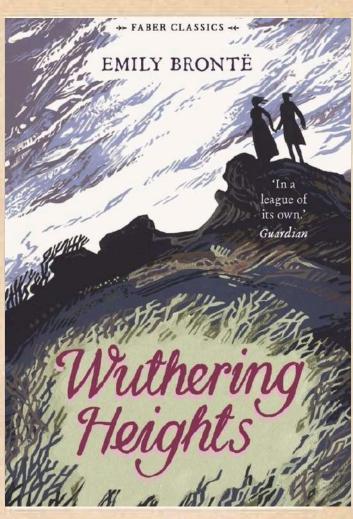


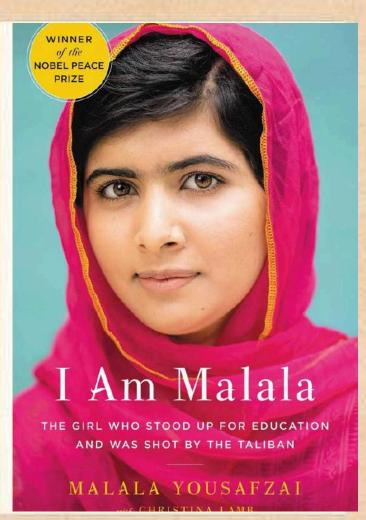


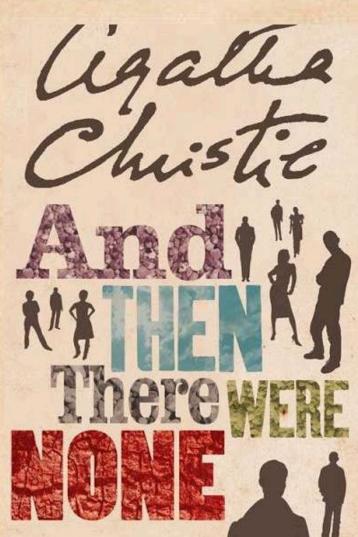
BOOK RECOMMENDATIONS

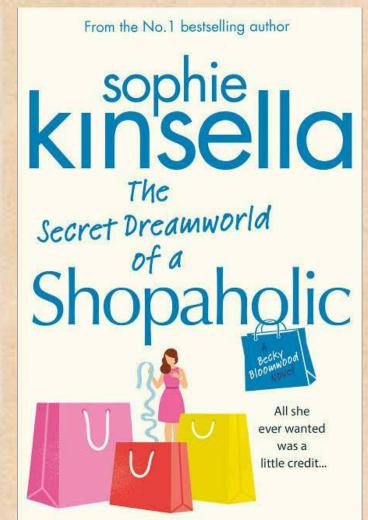


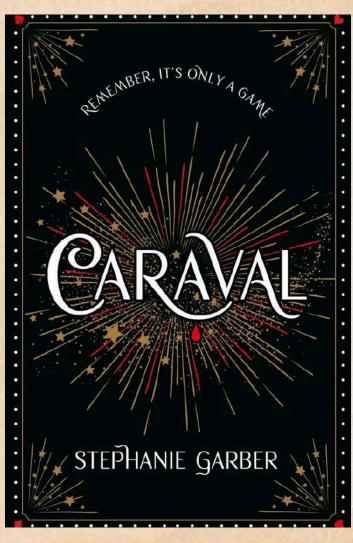


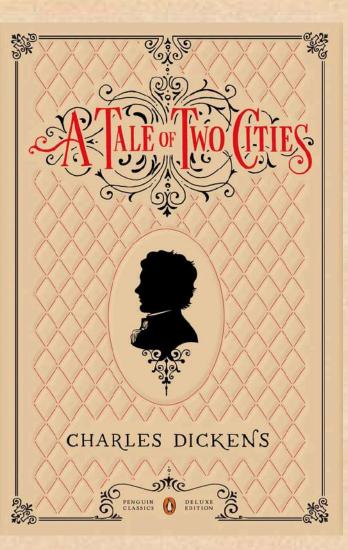














Your Lande to Summer Reading!!!



