

**QUIET**

**LUXUARY**



# **SOCCOROSO CONVENT GIRLS HIGHER SECONDARY SCHOOL KOTTAKKAL MALA**



**MALA**

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**Thaluk : Mala**

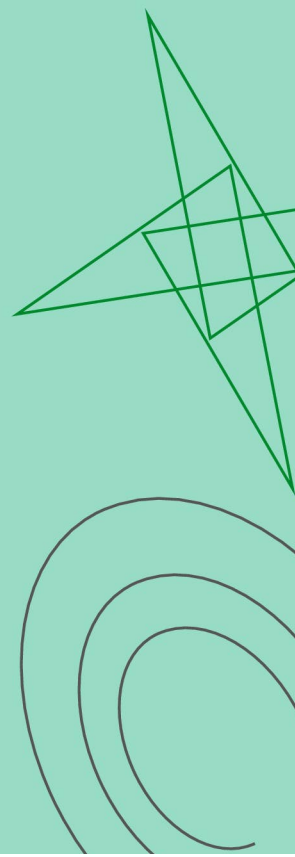


# *LITTLE KITES*

2K24 -27



Little kites is a programing to provide information technology.  
it help students for the computer technology. students made more  
TECHNICAL ITEMS





പ്രിയ ടെക്കി സുഹൃത്തുക്കളേ,  
അതിവേഗം പാഞ്ഞു  
കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന  
സാങ്കേതികയുഗത്തിന്റെ  
നിർണ്ണായക ശക്തികളാകാൻ  
പരിശീലനം നേടി  
കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന, നിങ്ങളുൾ  
തയ്യാറാക്കുന്ന 'E Magazine  
നിങ്ങളുടെ  
സ്വഗാതമകതയുടെ ഉത്തമ  
നിദർശനങ്ങളാകട്ടെ എന്ന്  
ആശംസിക്കുന്നു,  
ഹെഡ്വിസ്റ്റ്സ്  
സി. ഗ്രേസ് മറിയ



# Butterfly



A Butterfly wakes with painted wings,  
Dancing softly on the morning breeze,  
It greets the sun with gentle flings.

From Flowers to Flowers  
it lightly flies  
Sipping sweetness,  
bright and free,  
A Rainbow drafting  
through the skies.

It resets at last as daylight ends,  
wings folded clam in fading light,  
A tiny dream that nature sends.

By  
Gourinandana.R

# LAZY JACK

THERE WAS A BOY NAMED JACK. HE WAS SO LAZY. HE COULDN'T EVEN BROTHER TO CHANGE HIS CLOTHES.

ONE DAY HE SAW THAT THE APPLE TREE IN THEIR YARD WAS FULL OF FRUITS. JACK WANTED TO EAT SAME APPLES BUT HE WAS TOO LAZY TO CLIMB THE TREE AND TAKE THE FRUIT. SO HE LAY DOWN UNDER NEATH THE TREE.

JACK WAITED THE FRUITS TO FALL OFF. HE WAITED AND WAITED UNTIL HE WAS VERY HUNGRY BUT THE APPLES NEVER FELL.



MORAL: Laziness can get you now here if you want something you need to work hard for it

by: *Aayisha A. A*



# Rain Letter

The rain writes letters on the ground,  
soft syllables the earth can hear.

Each drop a pause, a breath, a sound  
that tells the dust, I'm here, I'm here.

Windows listen, streets grow still,  
umbrellas bloom like borrowed flowers.

Time loosens up against its will  
and minutes melt into the hours.

The sky unbuttons, calm and gray,  
and leaves their secrets on your skin—  
a quiet kind of honesty  
that washes what we've been holding in.

And when it stops, the world looks new,  
like it forgave itself somehow.

Even the air remembers you,  
clean, and standing here, right now.

*AISWARYA BIJU*





# TIME

A vintage, rusted alarm clock with Roman numerals on its face, set against a dark, textured background. The clock is positioned centrally, with its two bells at the top. The background is a mix of dark brown and black with some lighter, textured areas, giving it a gritty, artistic feel.

"TIME THE PRECIOUS ONE"

TIME IS A MOST  
PRECIOUS, NON-  
RENEWABLE  
RESOURCE, CONSTANTLY  
MOVING FORWARD  
WITHOUT PAUSE, MAKING  
IT WISE MANAGEMENT  
CRUSIAL FOR SUCCSES  
AND FULLFILLMENT AS  
LOST MOMENT CANNOT BE  
RECLAIMED LEEDING TO  
FUTURE REGRTS IF  
SQUANTERED ON  
TRIVIALITESIZED O OF  
MEANINGFUL  
ACTIVITIES, LEARNING,  
OR BUILDING  
RELETIONSHIPS.

*TIME IS MONEY*

BY  
ALAIKAMARIYA  
VAKKACHAN

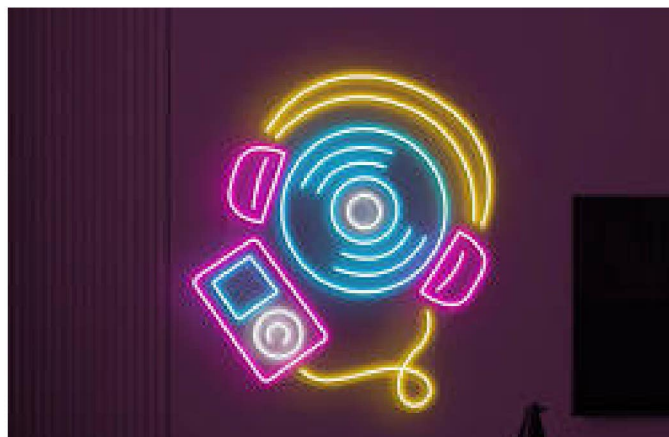


# Where Music Lives

Music is the breath between our words,  
A quiet hum the heart has heard.  
It slips through cracks of silent days,  
A silver thread in endless ways.

A violin can learn to cry,  
A drum can teach the feet to fly.  
Soft piano notes fall like rain,  
Washing joy and easing pain.

In every beat, a memory sleeps,  
In every song, a promise keeps.  
When voices fade and lights are gone,  
Music stays — it carries on.







# STILL HERE

We didn't plan the way we grew,  
Or map the years ahead,  
We just kept walking side by side  
Through everything unsaid.

Through borrowed joy and second chances,  
Through doubts we couldn't name,  
Somehow the world kept changing fast  
While us stayed much the same.

You knew my fears before I spoke,  
My courage when I didn't,  
You stayed when leaving would've been  
The easier commitment.

So if the days grow heavy now,  
Or paths begin to bend,  
I'll look around and find my way  
By knowing you're my friend.



BY ANGEL KERSON  
&  
ANNMARIA BIIU

# Candle



A slender pillar stands in wait,  
to meet the match and change its state,  
Defining shadows near the gate.

A golden crown begins to glow,  
An honeyed wax starts running low,  
And rhythmic pulses running low.

The heavy wick then fades to gray,  
As spirit curial and drifts away,  
To leave a scent of yesterday.



By  
Gourinandana.R  
Angel Kerson  
Ann Maria Biju



# cinderella



The stepmother had two daughters of her own, and she was terribly jealous of Cinderella's beauty and kind heart. She treated Cinderella unfairly, making her do all the housework and dress in rags while her own daughters wore fine clothes and lived in luxury.

Despite the cruelty she faced, Cinderella remained kind and gentle, never letting her stepmother's unkindness change who she was. She would often seek comfort in the garden, talking to the birds and the animals, who had become her dearest friends.

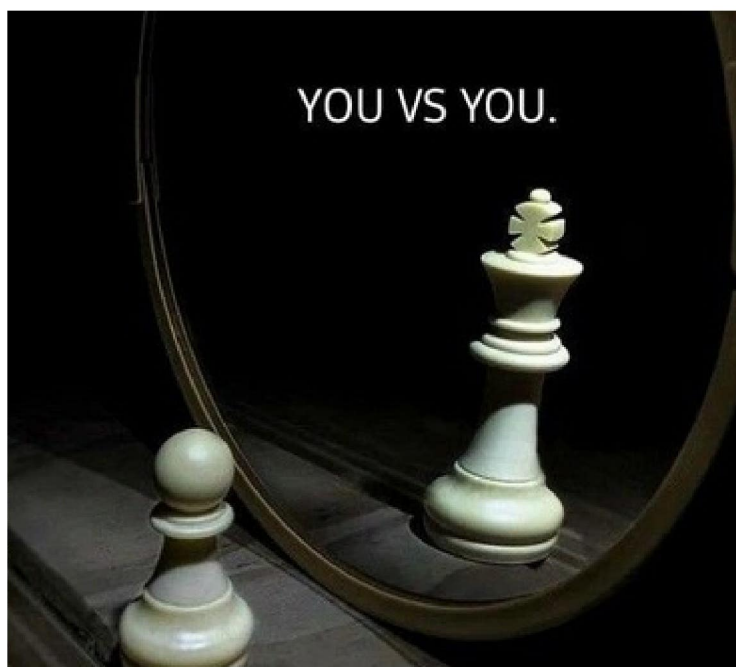
One day, the kingdom received exciting news. The prince was hosting a grand ball at the palace, and every maiden in the land was invited. Cinderella's stepsisters were overjoyed and spent weeks preparing their gowns and practicing their dance moves. **1**

# THE INNER FIRE

It starts as a spark, a tiny glow, A quiet seed that  
starts to grow. It's the "why" behind the things  
we do, The thing that makes the old feel new.

It doesn't ask for permission or grace, It sets the  
heart at a sprinting pace. It's the midnight lamp  
the early rise, The hunger living in the eyes.

It turns a task into a dream, Like light upon a  
rushing stream. To live with passion is to be A  
river running toward the sea.



By  
Gouri Sumesh



# FLOWERS

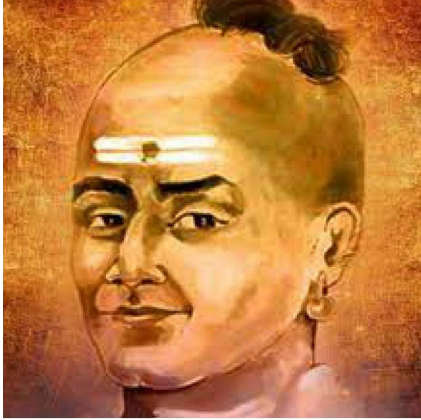
*A hush of color opens the day  
petals learning the language of light  
Each flower keep a small secret  
folded softly in its throat.*

*Bees read them like letters  
Wind turns the pages  
And still the flowers stay  
Rooted and generous  
Giving beauty without needing  
applause*

by: catherine mariya



## കുഞ്ചൻ നമ്പ്യാർ



പതിനെട്ടാം നൂറ്റാണ്ടിലെ (1705-1770)  
പ്രമുഖ മലയാളഭാഷാകവിയാണ് കുഞ്ചൻ  
നമ്പ്യാർ. പ്രതിഭാസമ്പന്നനായ കവി  
എന്നതിനു പുറമേ തുള്ളൽ എന്ന

നൃത്തകലാരൂപത്തിന്റെ ഉപജ്ഞാതാവെന്ന  
നിലയിലും പ്രസിദ്ധനായ നമ്പ്യാരുടെ കൃതികൾ  
മിക്കവയും തുള്ളൽ അവതരണങ്ങളിൽ  
ഉപയോഗിക്കാൻ വേണ്ടി എഴുതപ്പെട്ടവയാണ്.  
നർമ്മത്തിൽ പൊതിഞ്ഞ സാമൂഹ്യവിമർശനമാണ്  
അദ്ദേഹത്തിന്റെ കൃതികളുടെ മുഖമുദ്ര.  
മലയാളത്തിലെ ഹാസ്യകവികളിൽ അഗ്രഗണനീയ  
നാണ് നമ്പ്യാർ.

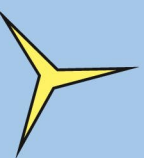




# CARTOON



walt disney animation studios, founded in 1923 is the worlds longest-rumming animation studio, revolutionizing the industries with 64+ feature films starting from snow white and the seven dwarfs [1937] . known for blending artistry technology and story telling, the studio has produced iconic films like the lion king [1994] and frozen [2013] , often featuring musical numbers and emotional family-friendly narratives





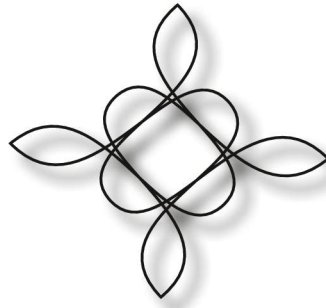


# NATURE SECRETS

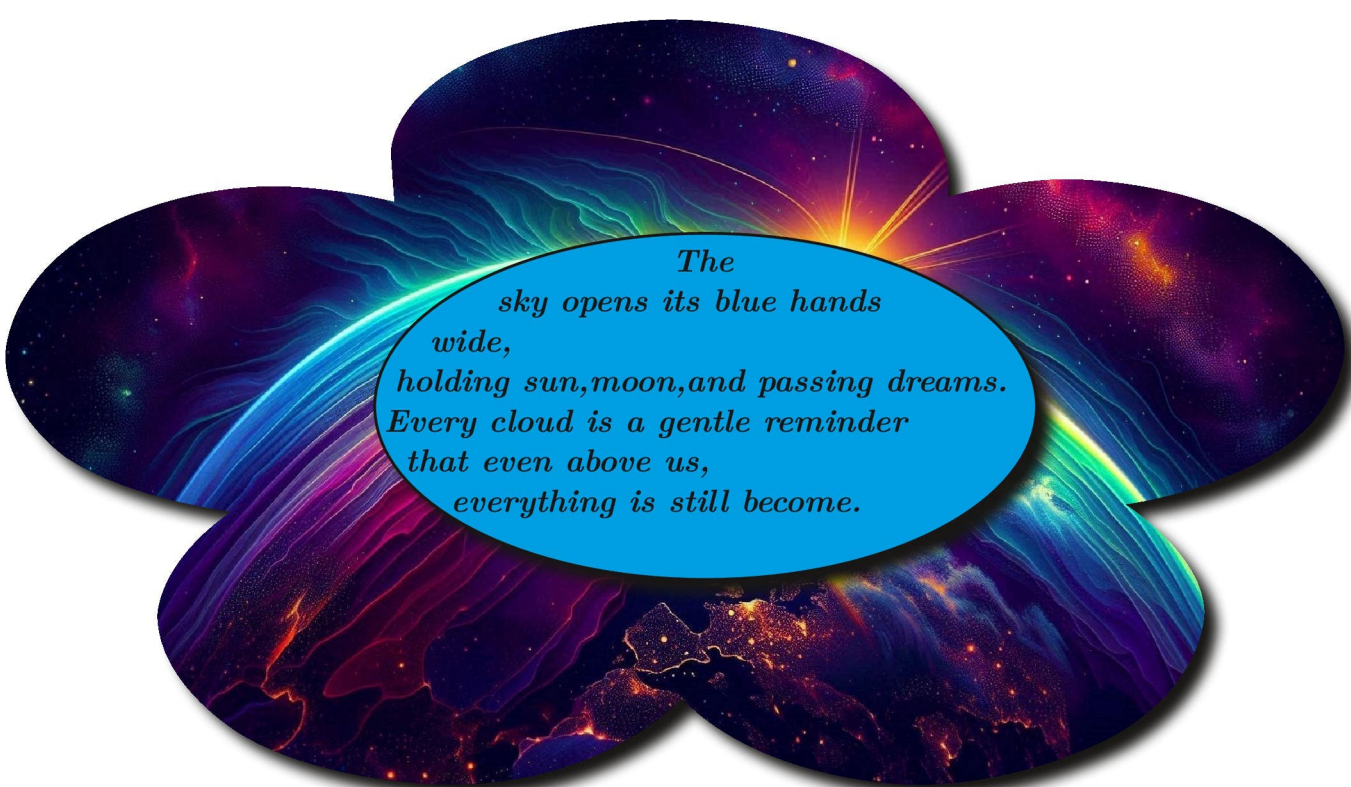
*THE WIND WHISPERS,  
CARRYING SECRETS  
FROM ANCIENT TREES  
THEIR ROOT DEEP.  
THEIR ARMS WIDE.*

*THE OCEAN ROARS,  
A SYMPHONY OF  
WAVES  
ENDLESS AND FREE.  
UNBOUND BY BORDESS*

*IN EVERY PETAL.  
IN EVERY STONE  
I FIND A PAST  
OF MYSELF.....*



## *Sky's Soft Promise*



*The  
sky opens its blue hands  
wide,  
holding sun, moon, and passing dreams.  
Every cloud is a gentle reminder  
that even above us,  
everything is still become.*

A flower wakes where  
silence lay,  
Soft color learning how to  
stay.  
It lifts the sun with petaled  
hands,  
A small, bright hope the  
earth command.

" The Quiet Rise of  
Petals "



Sivanandha.v.v.



# THE VALUE OF TIME

## TIME IS EVERYTHING

Once upon a time, there was a young boy named Sam who loved to play all day and avoided his chores. One day, he met an old man who was busy planting seeds in his garden. Curious, Sam asked "why are you working so hard?" the old man smiled and said, "Time is like a river; it flows away and never returns. Every moment you waste is a seed that will never grow."



[dreamstime.com](https://dreamstime.com)

ID 411235970 © Maryna Kushnarova



shutterstock

IMAGE 231714119  
www.shutterstock.com

Sam thought about it and realized he had been wasting his precious time. He decided to make each day count, balance his fun with his responsibilities. Years later Sam became successful and happy, always grateful for the lesson he learned. He understood that time, once lost, could never be regained, and that each moment was a gift to be cherished.

*By Sona Sabu*





The earth wakes up in shades of green,  
With rivers bright and skies serene .

**NATURE**

Trees breathe life into the air,  
A gentle gift we al must share.

But cries are hurt from land and sea,  
A plea for care ,responsiblity.

If we protect what still remains ,  
Our future blooms, the earth sustain



# DRAWINGS



# FLOWERS

