

Kaleidoscope

November

#Issue 67

Various hues of Deepanam

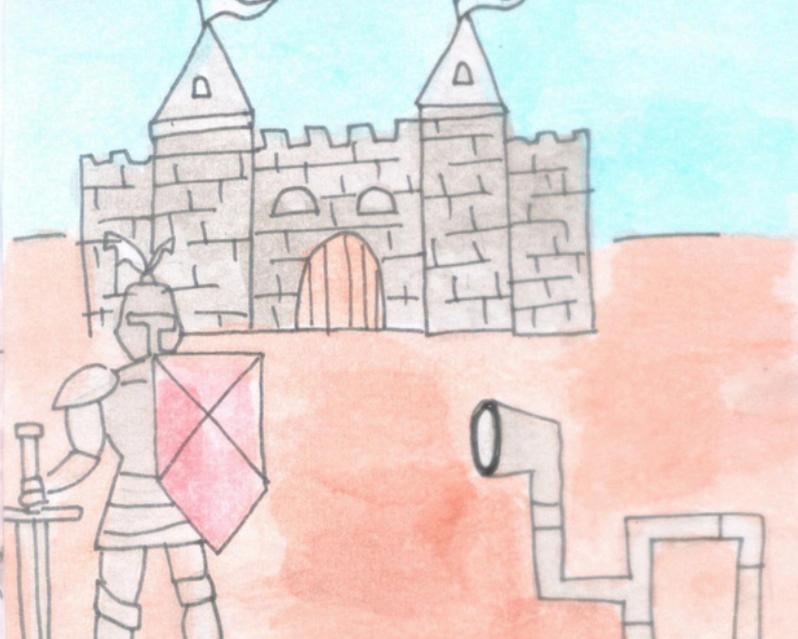
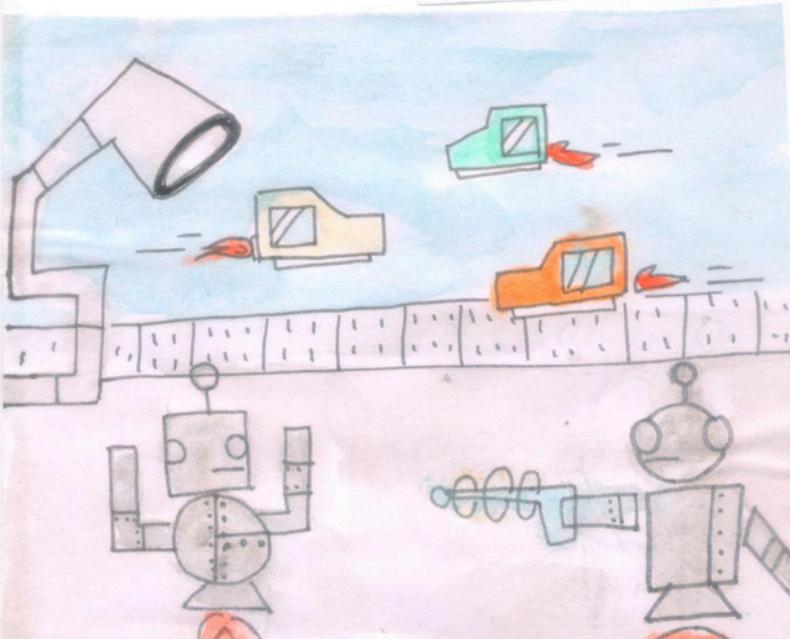
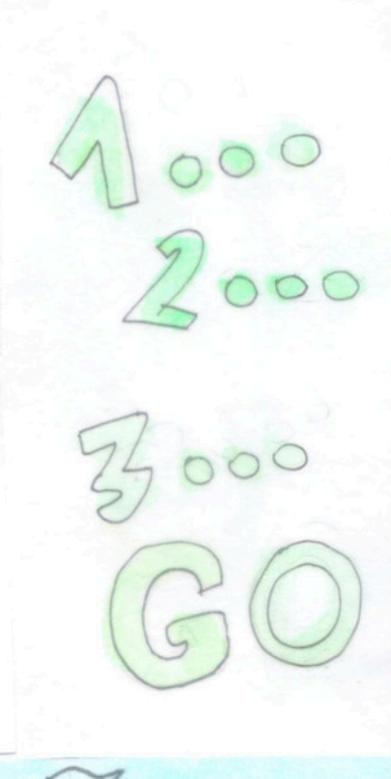
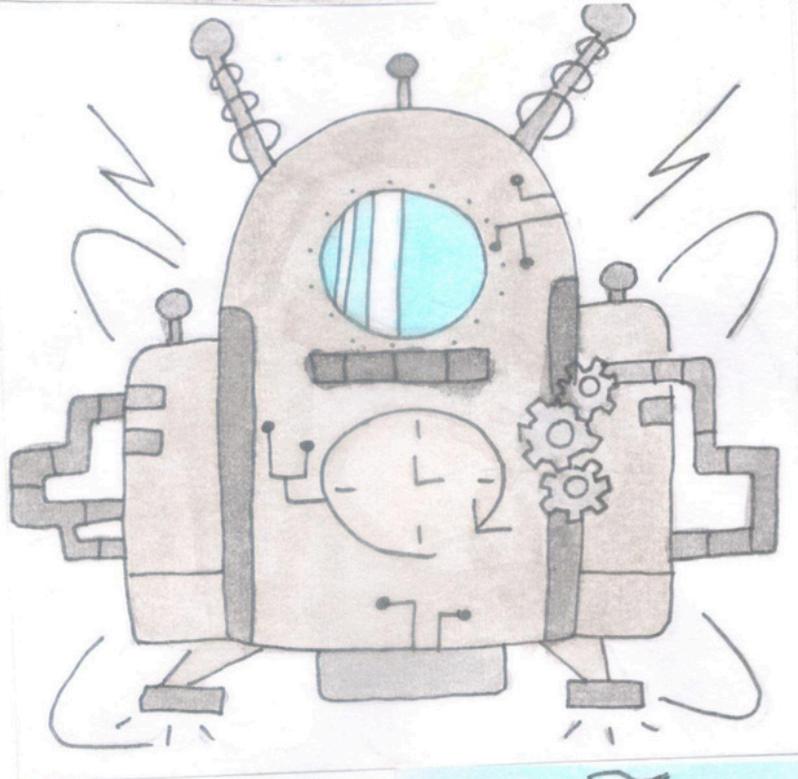
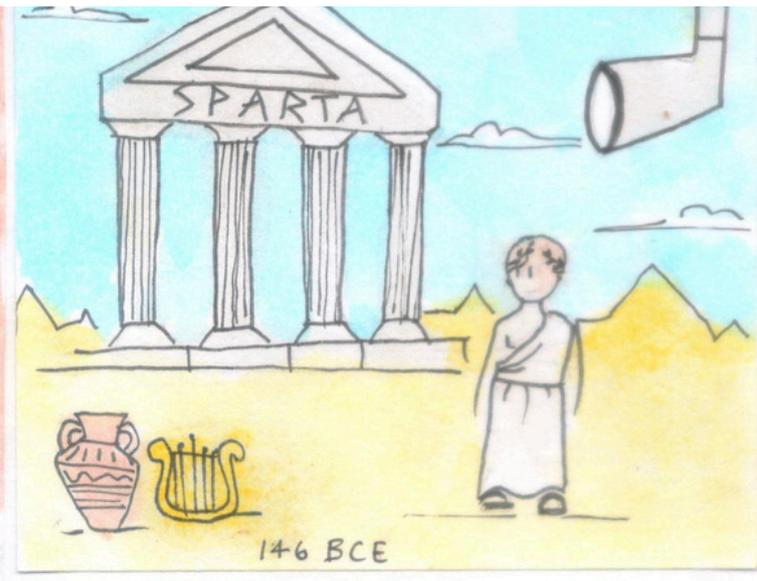


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Fopes opinion

If i could go back to the past i'd go to the 17th century and here's what I would do: firstly, I would bring weaponry from our current day and age, like not guns per say but weapons and torture techniques that would make people from that day and age shiver, the 17th century was a time where Europe was colonizing countries that did not have nearly as much power as them and which were divided and didn't work together to oppose the colonizers, instead wakened their own country in exchange for fire arms land and personal gains which would eventually be lost to those very same colonizers.

This would begin slave trade which was one of the most traded thing during that time, this also set up the base for modern day slavery and I think is truly disappointing that in a world where we claim we've made so much progress towards equal rights and equal opportunity we have the most amount of people enslaved than at any other point in history. If I would go back to the past I would firstly make all of those countries agree to work together to help each other and that way advancement to a world where slavery not being a thing might be possible.

This is mostly just a hope that this will happen because human beings aren't rational enough to understand that this person is the same as me, in those times slaves were not considered as humans in the eyes of the rest of the world, at that time they did not even have the right to live, they considered enslaving them as mercy towards them, that is just how twisted peoples world views were back then. So if I could go back in time I'd change how people saw and treated each other in the 17th century because ending slavery seems impossible. It's been around for thousands of years but it is possible to plant ideas that show otherwise.

-Raaya

If I were to travel back in time, I would love to meet Michael Jackson. He's not my favorite artist, but he's up there. I feel like he changed the world in a way by playing his music. It also did not necessarily change but did something to everybody's perspective.

A lot of his songs are about life and love which are very relatable for a lot of people but not in the same ways since obviously we're all different. I feel like if I could travel back in time, I wouldn't want to change anything, because well maybe something would get seriously messed up and that's not very good. And yes maybe I could go back and seriously make a difference in a good way, but everything has effects. I feel like even though the past has super bad and traumatic experiences for some people, I personally would not change anything because a part of that shaped the world, good or bad.

Plus, I feel like I wouldn't even know what to do as well. I would try to see MJ, it doesn't matter if I don't meet him, I would just love to be in his presence because that would count as well as meeting him. But if I did meet him, I would tell him what an incredible change he made in the world and how I admire it. The king of Pop really made a difference and I would remind him that. One of the many things I like about MJ is his perseverance. And the way he handles fans also. He's not perfect, but none of us are, and that's what makes us the people who we are. It's also what spikes as inspiration for his music. Which is fascinating. I would use the opportunity just because I feel like being in that presence particularly, would be something I would never forget. I sometimes forget MJ's gone because his music feels so alive. But he isn't gone, not exactly. But I sometimes randomly remember that I can never see him in real life or see him thrive and live his life. And that's what I would do if I could travel back to the past. Not change anything though.

-Aditi

I would stop the spark that ignited World War I.

Not because it's the only tragedy worth rewriting (In my opinion), but because it's one of the clearest examples in history of how a single moment can pull the entire world onto a different, and darker path.

The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand in 1914 didn't just end one life, it really shattered peace across continents and pushed nations into a conflict they weren't prepared for, and didn't even want. It was like a domino effect that tipped the rest of the world into chaos.

World War I wasn't just battles and trenches. It was millions of young people losing their futures, families torn apart, and countries left devastated for decades. But what makes this event even more heartbreaking is how preventable it feels. If that moment in Sarajevo never happened, the political tension between European powers might've slowly settled instead of exploding. Diplomacy might have had time to work. And millions of families might've been spared unbelievable grief.

And the impact didn't end when the war did. The Treaty of Versailles, written after World War I, created resentment and economic despair in Germany, conditions that eventually helped fuel the rise of Adolf Hitler and World War II. So by preventing the spark of WWI, you're not just changing one war. You're potentially stopping another. You're saving generations and generations of innocent people, and stopping the grief of so many families that lost so many loved ones, and even a safe place to sleep.

Changing that one event could completely reshape borders, alliances, cultures, and even inventions. It's actually impossible to imagine how different the world would be today. Maybe more stable. Maybe more peaceful. Maybe a little less scarred.

To me, choosing that moment says something important; the smallest actions can cause the biggest shifts in history. One decision, one mistake, one tragedy can echo for centuries. If I had the chance to go back and stop it, not for the sake of rewriting the past, but for the hope of a different future, I would.

And obviously It would be impossible to stop it, but I'm sure that if we all could, we would.

-Leoni

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Library of Cordoba

If I could go back in time and change something, I would prevent the Library of Cordoba from disappearing.

The story takes place in the 10th century in Cordoba, Spain.

At that time, Southern Spain was Arab, a Caliph named Al-Hakam II was ruling the city of Cordoba. His father, the Caliph Abd El-Rahaman III was passionate about books and brought many books and manuscripts from all over the world (especially those of arabic language and culture) to the library of Cordoba. This library was one of the largest in the world with nearly 400 000 volumes.

Upon the death of Al-Hakam II, a successor had to be found; several contenders presented themselves, including Amir, the Vizier (a kind of advisor to the Caliph). To ensure he obtained the position of Caliph, Amir sought support from the Ulemas (high- ranking figures in Muslim religion whose role was to guide people's thinking toward righteousness).

To get their help, he had to accept to keep only the books authorised by the Ullema's traditional Islam in the great library of Cordoba. So in 976, thousands of books were burnt in a fire that likely lasted 6 days.

A lot of the knowledge was lost, including books about algebra, mathematics and history.

There is a very good comic that talks about it :

« The Library-Mule of Cordoba », by Wilfrid Lupano.

I've chosen to talk about the Library of Cordoba because it made me realize that throughout history, humanity has lost a great deal of knowledge. During wars, fires, and other disasters, knowledge was needlessly lost. In this library, thousands of books went up in smoke because religion had its theories and was intolerant of other ideas. They had their own way of thinking and wanted to impose it on others by limiting other forms of knowledge.

If the Library of Cordoba had not disappeared, knowledge would certainly have been discovered much sooner.

I think that preserving books is very important for evolution because it's the only way to transmit knowledge and concepts for thousands of years without altering them. Books play a role. Books allow us to preserve and transmit arts and skills that are no longer physically transmitted today.

We can now ask ourselves one question:

will books and knowledge withstand the digital age?

By Anjali

The Adam Project Movie Review

Spoilers ahead.

“The Adam Project” brings Ryan Reynolds, playing the older Adam, while Walker Scobell steps in as his younger version. The movie is just under two hours long which is the average for an American movie.

Here’s the plotline: Adam travels back in time, aiming for 2018 to save his wife, Laura Shane, but his time jet decides to twist the plan, dumping him in 2022 instead. That’s where he bumps into his younger self. The two team up to fix the timeline and take down a not so nice scientist with a dangerous agenda. Older Adam ends up with his living dad in this timeline where his dad dies due to a car incident, he dies after inventing the time machine.

The film has action, jokes, and those “awww” family moments. Watching the two Adams fight and work as a team makes it a perfect family moment.

Sure, The Adam Project is clearly meant for kids and teens, and yeah, the plot’s pretty easy to guess if you’ve seen a few sci-fi movies before. Still, Ryan Reynolds keeps things lively, cracking jokes and keeping the physical comedy up too. I watched other time travelling movies and read other time travelling books but i like this alot not because of the characters or the plotline, but the simplicity of the time travelling, in other movies/books in the end I am scratching my head, confused of what the time travelling in it means.

It’s a nice pick for families and younger kids, especially those between 7 and 14. It won’t blow your mind with new ideas and possibilities, it's a sit back and enjoy kind-of movie. but it’s fun and delivers action and laughs. I’d give it a 3 out of 5.

-Ayish



The Angel Who Seeks Revenge

Chapter 8

"Field Trip to the Football Field (of Doom)"

Because every mystery starts with an unlocked door ... and zero common sense.

Ron's floating . Leo's panicking . And Cad's just there like, "Congrats, Einstein - he's flying."

They headed to school. On the way, Leo made a discovery — he had known Ron for two years and still didn't know where he lived. With that thought lingering in his heart, time flew by, and he soon reached the school.

They went through the corridors, rummaged through classrooms, and even checked the cafeteria, but Ron wasn't there. They were about to leave when Cad noticed that the door to the football field was open.

Cad said, "Leo, I think there's something here."

Leo replied, "What do you mean?"

Cad answered, "Well, the door's open, and I highly doubt it was a mistake.

It looks broken — like it's been forced open."



Leo couldn't argue with that logic, so he went to check it out. He grabbed both doors and pushed them open. Cad had turned out right — it was Ron. And it looked like he was hovering above the ground. Leo slightly turned toward Cad and whispered, "He's flying."

Cad's response was simply a side-eye, followed by, "Duh, dork."

They stepped into the field, and the moment Leo's shoes touched the grass, they turned soaking wet. They slowly approached Ron, cautious and tense.

Ron's eyes snapped open.

Chapter 9

"So... He Descended to Hell... Cool."

Ron falls into Hell and Leo's out here making death jokes—coping level: professional.

Cad's crying, Leo's grinning... therapy's gonna love this one.

Ron started speaking in rasping voices — voices that overlapped. He said, "The fallen angels are planning a war. We shall demolish the Promised Land."

Cad had a surprised look on her face. Her mouth dropped open as she murmured, "How... how is it possible?"

Leo said, "How is it not possible? That should be the question."

"Well, to get weapons, they'd need access to the upper worlds — either Earth, which has weapons but can't harm angels, or Heaven. But once the fallen enter Zion, they vaporise," Cad replied.

"Cool, but can't the fallen angels simply craft weapons themselves?" asked Leo.

"They can, but for that, they need either a blueprint of a light weapon or an actual one. And they need an angel to cast the incantations on the weapon," said Cad.

"Okay, but can't anyone else cast the incantations?" Leo asked.

"There's a myth about the Nephilim — half-angels. If any existed, we angels should've been able to track them," Cad replied.

"Look at Ron!" screamed Leo.

Ron was floating away like a helium balloon. Leo bolted toward him, but Cad held him back.

She warned, "Don't go closer!"

Ron stopped floating. He froze mid-air, then started falling, not a normal fall, but a controlled one. Leo wanted to catch him before he hit the ground, but he remembered Cad's words and stopped himself. He turned just before Ron could hit the floor. Cad gasped. Tears welled in her eyes.

Cad said, "Leo... Ron didn't die. He just descended into Hell."

Leo's face brightened, his grin widening until it stretched across his face. His tears vanished as he joked, "Doesn't that count as death?"

Turning serious, Cad said, "Well, we should probably head to your loft and talk about what happened — and what we should do now."

Chapter 10 I Was Fine Until I Wasn't

"Die first, ask questions later"—a flawless strategy for survival. Cad offering death like it's a breakfast option: "Dagger or pill, sir?"

After a night of restless sleep, Cad woke up and checked the wall clock. The time was 10:16. She freshened up, then went to wake Leo.

Leo woke up and asked, "Why are you in my clothes?"

Cad replied, "Well, it's not like I have any of mine here. And unlike you, I don't smell like middle school lockers."

Leo frowned. "That's not very nice."

Cad shifted the topic. "Well, we're the only ones who can stop Heaven from getting destroyed by a bunch of bad guys with big, bloated heads."

Leo said, "Anyway, we can't do anything. But you — you can go to Heaven, right?"

Cad replied, "I can, but you have to come with me."

Leo frowned. "Why?"

"I can't tell you now," Cad said, "but when we reach Heaven, I'll explain everything."

Leo shrugged. "I don't see the problem in that."

Cad replied, "Unlike the ceremony for the Angel Source, this is riskier. You haven't completed your transformation yet — the higher your transformation, the less the risk."

Leo said, "If death's the price for saving Heaven... then tell it to start counting."

Cad muttered, "Then I hope you can count fast, because Heaven won't wait for either of us."

She continued, "Okay, so here's how a not-fully-transformed angel can arise into Heaven."

Leo interrupted, "We don't have all day. How do we do it?"

Cad replied, "You need to die."

Leo's face turned pale. He quietly asked, "What?"

Cad said, "Well, you're not fully transformed — and that's how mortals go to Heaven."

Quieter than ever, Leo whispered, "What if I go to mortal Heaven instead?"

Cad replied cheerfully, "Then we kill you again until you reach angel Heaven! But that probably won't happen."

Leo asked, "So... how do I die?"

Cad pulled out a silver dagger covered in runes. She said, "Well, I can slit your throat — or you can take the death pill."

Leo replied, "The death pill sounds better."

Cad reached into her pocket, pulled out a fancy box, and opened it. Inside was a small green pill.

She asked, "What are your last words?"

Leo replied, "If I die, make sure nothing goes to you."

With trembling hands, Leo picked up the green pill, took a deep breath, and swallowed it. He started seeing double. Colors blurred. He fell back onto the bed, his eyes growing heavy.

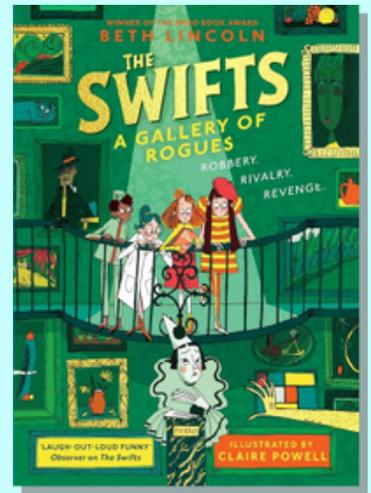
Cad took a step back, and then there was a blinding white light. When it faded — Cad was gone.

In the back of his mind, he thought, Is this how it feels to die?

And then, he passed on to the other side. **-Ayish**

BOOK REVIEW

The Swifts: A Gallery of Rogues



The main characters of this book are Shenanigan, Felicity, Phenomena, and their uncle, Maelstrom. The Swift family is known for their unique tradition of selecting children's names from a special family dictionary, under the belief that these names influence their paths in life. The story also features many of their French relatives, the Martinets, including cousins like Pomme. The plot goes roughly like this: Shenanigan Swift travels to Paris to recover a painting stolen by the Oуволпо gang. Along the way, she uncovers a deeper mystery involving a murder and a century-old unfair act. She reunites with her peculiar family, including her French cousins, the Martinets. To solve the crime, she must unite the Quarreling family branches and encourage cooperation.

I really enjoyed this book, because it mixes humor and mystery with smart plot turns and surprise twists that make you want to keep turning to the next page. Each twist builds on the characters and story, making the mystery even more thrilling.

If you like mystery books I think you will really like this book!

By Chavi

Learning About Local Mushrooms

During the beginning of the class Mila showed us a slideshow about different kinds of mushrooms and fungi, that mushrooms are the fruit of a fungus, about mycelium, etc. Then we went around the campus looking for fungi. When someone found a mushroom, Mila would tell us about that particular kind of mushroom. We found some fungi in dead wood, near ant nests, near trees, etc. We found a lot of stuff and learnt everything about them. Then we all went back to the class, and Mila gave us papers with names of mushrooms on them, and we played bingo by ticking off the ones we found. Overall, it was a good class and I enjoyed it.

By Samath



Exploration at Botanical Garden



On Tuesday we went by bus to the Botanical garden to learn about nature.

We arrived at the Botanical garden and walked to the kitchen. When we reached there we studied different footprints. We sat down and Marie was showing us the different animal footprints, which was really fascinating. Then we played a small game where we had to act and guess animals in groups.

We made groups and went walking in the garden looking for animal footprints. We first went to water but it was very grassy so we decided to go to the forest but after reaching half way we thought we won't have enough time so we went back but all the others already had their footprints.

My group looked around and there were two dogs and one of them was walking around leaving footprints behind. So then we took his foot prints. My group found a few dog prints. And overall I had fun there, and I think my class did too.

We put some plaster of paris on the prints.

Then we had a very yummy juice and snack .

Then our prints dried so we took them. We went to check on our footprints. And packed them. and brought them to the wild cabins. We were sandpapering a piece of wood. Then we got a pile of wood to stick it on. Later it dried. We put varnish on it, to give it that shine. We waited for it to dry and super glued the print on.

And then we were just waiting for the bus. Then it came. We went by bus back to school. On the bus my friends and I were singing songs.

Overall I had an amazing time and can't wait for the next one.

IT WAS VERY FUN

- Ananda and Amiya



When Math Became Art:



A Grace Group Student Reflects on Math Class

On Friday mornings the Grace groupers have Math class with Mahavir.

But one of the classes was a bit different. He had asked us to share our opinion on how we feel when we hear the word Math. Our opinions at the start of class were that Math felt Boring, Tiring and a bit Unnecessary.

But then we started exploring Circles. Teacher asked us what we knew about Circles? Our answers were:

Circles have no corners or edges , Pi , The angle is 360 degrees

Exploring Patterns With Circles

Then he gave each of us a sheet of paper and asked us to draw circles in different parts of the paper and in particular patterns. We all got excited and started enjoying this. We were a bit doubtful and also impatient about the end results of our work.

We started with a compass and we drew one circle after another. Eventually it created the pattern. Then we were told to find a Hexagon in the pattern that each of us had created. Suddenly, within a few minutes we found the Hexagon.

Then, teacher told us to find either 2 equilateral (all sides equal triangle) triangles or a 6 sided star. However, we could not find either of them. Then with some help from the computer, we spotted the 6 sided star. Then we coloured / shaded the pattern on the paper.

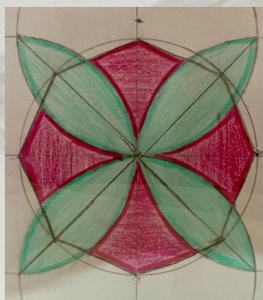
When Math Turned Into Art

What surprised me the most was that you can make normal Math into Art. The most fun part of it was the slow process of drawing the circles and searching for the new patterns. I think the best part of my drawing was the flower in the very middle of the picture. The design made me realize that Math is not only numbers and problems. It can be Art or it can be Fun and Games too. I think Math can be Adventurous if you try to experiment new things with patterns, art and numbers.

A New Feeling About Math

At the end of the class, we all made a small little circle on the blackboard and inside the small circle we wrote our new opinions about Math. From boring, tiring, sad, unnecessary to interesting, curious, fun and adventurous.

-Aanya



Poems

Beauty

Beauty can be anything to your own perspective. as beauty is art, beauty is love and beauty is life. there's nothing that can be ugly if it has a story, right behind it
Are face, are body, are hairs? its all unique, but its not always like this. why discrimination for color, to distortion. (We), always had a reason.

What looks, good. To truly beautiful. Judgments, from others eyes if everyone nods. What (we) see, is something we pay attention to think, but the once who adores is someone who's intrigued.

beauty defined you? are you what people see, things are not the same, but are (you?). understand that nothing can be shown, but parts of "you!" can.

its nice, but is it really? its lovely! are you lying... its beautiful, now that's a question I must answer: do you question your question to something you actually see.
now think about it.

-Kent

A story continued to be told

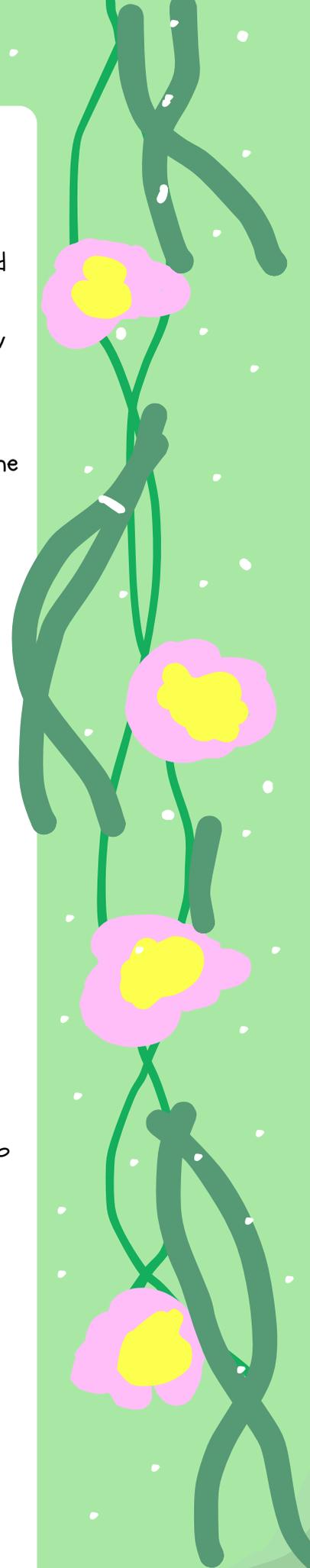
There may be a book that would be written about your whole life, a book so old that it has the knowledge of your first beginning you could be writing or reading and the book would add new pages and words, it would describe every detail in your life in a way you could only rehearse.

The book would write even your sorrow and sad thoughts, the book will never hide a detail not even as small as a dot, so continue on with your life, and try to turn your wrongs into rights.

If you could find the book, set it down and read it nothing new will happen, if you sit there and read a book about your life you won't be able to continue, because as you sit there the words will only repeat.

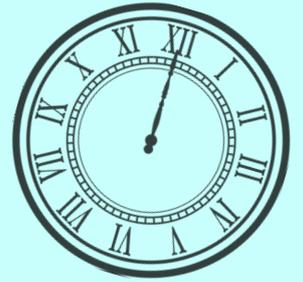
So the only way you can read your life is if you continue on with it and live till the end of your story, from beginning till the end that's just life, once your time has passed your spirit will be ripe to move on to other places, and your spirit will continue to live, just with different faces.

-Ennio



Time

Time is like a ticking clock,
It never stops, it never walks,
But sometimes it feels like it hides away,
And I wish I could find it, just to play.
What if I could build a rocket ship,
Or fix a watch with a magic tip?
I'd zoom through seconds, minutes, and hours,
Travel to far-off secret towers.
I'd visit when dinosaurs stomped around,
Or sneak a peek when knights were crowned.
Imagine seeing the first phone ring,
Or watching astronauts take off and sing.
But maybe time is tricky and sly,
Like a shadow that won't say hi.
If I step too far ahead or back,
Could I break the world or lose my track? Would I meet myself or a future friend?
Or could the clocks just never end?
Is time a line or a curly ball?
Can I catch it if I hear it call?
I'm a girl with dreams so wide,
With a heart that wants to jump and glide.
Through moments lost and moments new,
Time's a puzzle I'm stuck to.
So until I find a way to fly,
I'll watch the stars and wonder why,
Time's the biggest secret yet,
And I'm not done guessing it just yet.



-Leoni

Class Inquiry on Beauty

What is Beauty? How Do We Know Something is Beautiful?

Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder: We discovered that beauty is not the same for everyone. It's abstract and personal—really in our eyes and our perspective. What one person finds beautiful, another might not.

We're Conditioned About Beauty: We realized society teaches us what's supposed to be beautiful. We label and categorize things based on what we've learned from others.

Beauty is Everywhere and Unique: Some felt that everything has beauty—in art, love, life, nature. We are all physically unique, and that uniqueness itself can be beautiful.

Seeing Beauty in Ourselves First: One powerful insight: we need to see beauty in ourselves before we can truly see it in other things. When we feel comfortable in our own skin, we appreciate beauty more freely.

Why Do We Care So Much About How We Look?

Confidence and Treatment: Looking good gives us confidence and self-respect. Honestly, people treat us better or worse based on appearance, and we feel less judged when we think we look good.

The Inside vs. Outside Problem: Someone can be beautiful outside but not good inside. Sometimes we hide behind appearance, showing one thing while feeling differently inside.

More Than Looks: Beauty includes personality, how we act, and use our words. For friendships and relationships, the whole person matters—not just physical appearance. Both perfection and imperfection can be beautiful.

Is There a Difference Between What Looks Good and What is Truly Beautiful?

Different Standards: What "looks good" is often based on mass opinion and trends. True beauty might be something deeper that doesn't change with fashion or popular opinion.

Actions Matter Most: What makes someone truly beautiful is how they act and use their words—their behavior, kindness, and character—not just appearance.

Outcome

Beauty is more complex than we thought. We're conditioned to see it in certain ways, yet we each have unique perspectives. We care about looks because it affects how we're treated and our confidence, but true beauty includes personality, actions, and inner qualities.

The most important discovery: We need to see beauty in ourselves and feel comfortable in our own skin before we can fully appreciate beauty around us.

True beauty is found not just in how things look, but in how people act and treat others.

Ami ya

Deepanam

PEACE

Group

2025-2026

