



# OUR LADY QUEEN OF THE MISSIONS SCHOOL

34, Syed Amir Ali Avenue, Park Circus, Kolkata- 700 017



## MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

Good wishes and blessings .....

On Tuesday 7th April school welcomed the students and teachers to the New Academic Year 2015-2016. Each school year begins with seemingly everything new - new teachers, new class room, new books, new friends, new rules and new initiatives to explore. ... While there was newness in the school which we call our second home, a mixed feeling of sadness and joy pulsed among students as some had to leave behind their friends and move on into another section. Many others felt it was their lucky year to have their friends for one more year. Come Wednesday, the usual assembly was cancelled and the Class Teachers and Assistant Teachers rocked the classroom with surprises. They spent two good hours, loaded games and activities to formally welcome students to the class, get to know each other, share hopes for the year, set ground rules; and all these culminated in blessings and prayers for one another..... A beautiful beginning to the year ahead!

On the same day we also were so happy to welcome our gorgeous "babas" Navya, soujanya, Oshani, Anwesha and the list continued to the last one on the roll.... 21st century kids are amazing, none crying not even near despondency! I hope they will enjoy their next 12 years in this place and become beautiful women with full of wisdom and virtues. May God bless and love them!

From the word go, each day unfolded with lessons galore but punctuated with celebrations and activities. We expressed our sincere gratitude to our Support Staff and appreciated their services on 30th April; on 9th May the birthday of Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore was celebrated with mellifluous songs, poems, colorful dances and paid our deepest respect to this eternal and ever inspiring soul. A mother can take the place of anyone but no one can take her place, in the celebration held in school we thanked the "mothers" for their love, guidance, laughter, patience and hugs on Mother Day!

Loudest cheers resounded when on the same day the entire school wished "Mama Frances" on her 101 birthday. Mama for those of you who do not know her, still moves about on the first floor of the convent and spends most of her time in the chapel in prayer. She loves to stand on the corridor and watch the children play and dance for hours on end. We salute her 101 old strong legs! We had a lovely celebration and a blessing ceremony to express our heartfelt gratitude to Mrs. Reena Shukla who retired in May 2015 after being a teacher, mother, friend and guide to our students for 20 long years.

Thunderous applause cheered our students who won many prizes for Chairis Quro, the well loved QMS fest. Watch this space; we have much more in stock as the days go by....

Today as we commemorate the 69th Foundation Day, we proudly remember Euphrase Barbier, the Foundress who is powerfully present to us in all endeavours. In our celebrations we recall with gratitude the Sisters and teachers whose dedication and commitment brought many laurels and glory to QMS. May all students who passed out be like a leaven in the dough making a positive influence with the virtue and knowledge that they have acquired from this place! Let God's blessings flow down on Sisters and Teachers who are shouldering responsibility of the young entrusted their care to make them responsible women as desired by the Foundress. I wish all QMS'ers a Happy Foundation Day!!!

*May all that is un-lived in you blossom into a future graced with love.*

SR. JOICY MADASSERY

**WE ARE THE TALK OF THE SCHOOL**



**NEW COMMERS**



## পথচলা

আমরা জন্মাই জন্মায় তরঙ্গ  
এই পৃথিবীর বুকে  
সবাই আমরা ছোটো থাকি তখন  
কেউ জানি না কি হবে,  
কোথায় যাব।

কিন্তু যখন আমরা বড় হই-  
অনেক মানুষের সঙ্গে আমাদের পরিচয় হয়  
এই পথচলায়  
ক্রমশ আরো বড় হই- ঠিক তরঙ্গের মতো  
আস কত সতীর্থ, ঠিক লহরীর মতো  
বড় হই, স্বপ্নের দিক এগোই  
কেউ হই সফল, কেউ বা ব্যর্থ  
ঠিক যেন সমুদ্র  
এই পথচলায় আসে কত ব্যাথা বেদনা  
সেই নিয়েই আমাদের জীবন  
লহরীর মতন,  
ধীরে ধীরে বয়স বাড়ে  
অভিজ্ঞতাও বাড়ে  
সঙ্গে শুধু বাড়ে না মনের ইচ্ছা  
যখন আমরা শেষে এসে  
পৌঁছই, তখন কেউ  
রুখতে পারে না আমাদের  
যেতেই হয়।  
কেউ যেমন আছড়ে পড়ে তীরে  
ঠিক তেমনই আমরাও আছড়ে পড়ি শেষ সীমান্তে  
এই আমাদের জীবন  
ঠিক তরঙ্গের মতন।।

কার্তী ফাইকা সিদ্ধিকী  
VIII-A



Debadrita Mandal, I B



Ruchika Malhotra VII A

আমি আমার ভাই,  
আকাশে যুড়ি ওড়াই।  
আমার যুড়ি কাটলো,  
ভাই আমার হাসলো।



Rajvi, I B

## Gold Team

Tout est Jaune (3)  
Tout est Jaune Danse le fromage  
Tout est Jaune (3)  
La Girafe a fait son lit  
Sous un arbre dans la foret  
Tout est Jaune (3)

## Translation

Everything is yellow  
Everything is yellow like the cheese.  
Everything is yellow.  
The giraffe has made its place  
Under a tree in the forest.  
Everything is yellow.

## Red Team

Tout est rouge (3)  
Tout est rouge danse Mars  
Tout est rouge (3)  
L oiseau a fait sa place  
Sur la rose rouge  
Tout est rouge (3)

## Translation

Everything is red (3)  
Everything is red like Mars  
Everything is red (3)  
The bird has made its place  
On a red rose.  
Everything is red (3)

## তারে

Q.M.S. কে টিমটিমারে তারে  
বহুত সুন্দর লগতে হৈ।  
সমী স্কুল সে বহুত আগে  
হীরে जैसे लगते है।

## संघर्ष

आज़ी बच्चों तुम्हें दिखाए  
Q.M.S. की शान बढ़ी।  
इस धरती पर तिलक करो  
ये स्कूल है कामयाबी की।



Vidushi Srivastava, VII B

## রবীন্দ্র জয়ন্তী



Kaninika De Sikdar, X B

রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর শুধু ভারতের কবি নন, সারা বিশ্বের কবি। ১২৫৮ সালের ২৫শে বৈশাখ তারিখে কলকাতা ঠাকুর পরিবারে রবীন্দ্রনাথের জন্ম হয়। তাই এই তারিখে আমরা সকলে রবীন্দ্রজয়ন্তী পালন করে থাকি। তাঁর লেখা বিভিন্ন নাটক, গান, কবিতা এই সব করে আমরা এই বিশেষ দিনটা পালন করি। সকাল থেকে বন্ধুরা মিলে ফুল তুলে সুন্দর করে অনুষ্ঠানের জায়গাটা সাজাই। আমরা মেয়েরা লাল পাড় সাদা শাড়ি পড়ি ও ছেলেরা সাদা পাজামা-পাঞ্জাবী পরে অনুষ্ঠানে অংশগ্রহণ করে নাচ, গান, আবৃত্তি ও নাটক, অভিনয় করে থাকি। অনুষ্ঠানের শেষে সবাইকে মিষ্টি মুখ করাতে হয়। হাসি আনন্দ আমাদের এই ছোটো অনুষ্ঠানটি মুখরিত হয়ে ওঠে। এই একই ভাবে আমরা স্কুলেও রবীন্দ্রজয়ন্তী পালন করে থাকি।



Pragati Datta Roy, VII A

# TENDER TOUCHES



Uzma Mohammed, VII A



Olivia Richa Gernain, VII A



Soumili Bhattacharya, VIII B



Adrija Ray, IA



Sarah Joan Menon, KG A



Paushali Sarkar, III A



Kaushani Mondal, IA



Bon anniversaire!!!!  
Gulafsha Ahmed, VII B



Saanvi Sirkar, III A



Shahrin Sahab, VI B



Deyasini Chakraborty, VII A



Prapti Dutta Roy, VII A



Wajhatoon Nessa, VI B



Rishika Chaudhuri, KG A



Tanisha Majumder, III A



Sayanti Sarkar, X B

# School's BIRTHDAY

Nothing can match our achievements as QMSers. We are proud of you. Many Happy Returns

Zoya Khan, IV A

May God shower his unlimited blessings on you

Sarab R. Cassim IV B

Dear School, you belong to me and I love you. Happy birthday

Prashvita Chakraverty, IV B

I love my school. My school is my second home

Aarshi Sharma III B

These are the most precious years of life in school. I am proud to be a part of you.

Mehul Basu, IX, B

**Birthday Wishes**

Bon anniversaire mon e' cole  
Our Lady Queen of the Missions



## Dear School

On your B'day, as you grow a year older, (read: younger) I think about all the days spent in school and the preparations leading to the Foundation Day. You have given me the best days, the best memories, the best people of our lives. It is in this school that I have learnt and unlearned a lot of things. You have nurtured our talents, given us so much more than we ever dreamt of. You cradled me, loved me. Your love gave me protection and security. Your glorious past, delightful present, wonderful future makes me proud.

On your birthday I pray to God to bless our School. Thanking so much for making me what I am.

*Jetashree Paul, Class-IXA*

## School- A Journey In Life

It was a pleasant April morning. The day might have been the same for the others but, it was rather a special one for me. I was going to step my first foot into the educational world. I was going to attend School. There was no enthusiasm in my mind due to the threats of my brothers and sisters. They were like, "Dare you attend school! We warn you. You will be under arrest for fourteen years in the hands of books, projects, classworks and exams". Quite contrarily, my first day at school was a smooth sail. Then the years rolled by. As I grew, I realized I craved to go to school. There were times when, the streets were flooded, the car got stuck in the traffic snarl, I would be down with high fever, but nothing would stop me from going to my second home - my school. Sometimes it was like, I had been impatiently waiting for the vacations, but more impatient for the school to reopen.

I will never know when the change happened.... but school became an integral part of me. It's due to the love and affection you get at school, the freedom you get, it's a place which prepares you to spread your wings and fly high. It gives wings to your individuality and talents and lets you find your true potential. This is my school and there's a magic about it that is all its own.

*Somdatta De, IXA*



## My School

Our Lady Queen of the Missions  
is my school's name,  
In helping others we never feel shame  
My school is fine,  
I am happy to call it mine.  
We learn something everyday  
Which will make us great someday.  
The teachers are very kind,  
They have brilliant minds.  
In every field this name will shine,  
This is the best school of mine.

*Maheen Sayam, VB*

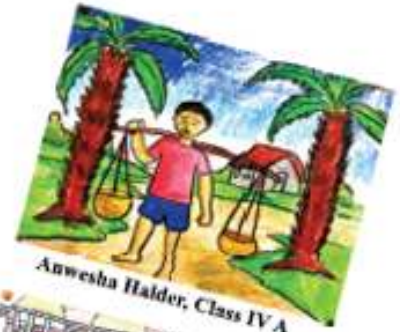
# TREASURES

## My Grandpa Comes Back

"Mummy, why does Nobita want Doremon to do his homework for him always? Why can't he do his homework on his own?", I asked. "Deepa, dear, please go now. I have some work to do", She replied. "Mom, why does Smitha always fight with me at school?", I questioned. "Deepa, will you please go now? These questions have no answers," she said. I went out of the room. Well, maybe Dad can clear my confusions. Papa was working on his laptop. Before I could ask him anything, he said, "Deepa, I am doing something very important right now. You may ask your stupid questions later." "Please dad, where is Grandpa? Who will clear my confusions in his absence?", I said. "Deepa, Grandpa had gone to stay with his friends in a huge building, because he did not like staying with us, as we are not his age." "Really?", I asked, in disbelief. "Yes. Please go now", he said, and concentrated on his laptop. I went back to my room with a long face.

The next morning, I woke up to find Mom dressing up. "Get up fast, Deepa. We'll be going to see your Grandpa today" She said. My joy knew no bounds. I hurriedly got dressed and jumped into the car with great excitement. We stopped near a huge building. I didn't like it, as all old people living there were sad and morose. As soon as I saw Grandpa sitting on a chair, I rushed to him threw my arms around him and planted kisses on his cheeks. He laughed heartily and hugged me tight. I flooded him with questions. He said that Nobita was not as intelligent as me, so he could not do his homework on his own. We chatted for a long time. Soon it was time to leave. I left him with tearful eyes. Things were clear to me now. My parents have put him in an Old Age Home. I was choking from within. How could they? I withdrew to a shell. I became a lonely person. I refused to eat properly and even have fun with friends. I had almost stopped living life. My parents were worried.

A few weeks later, one morning, I woke up by the sound of a loud horn. I ran to the verandah. And guess what I saw? I saw Dad bringing out bags and suitcases, while Mom was helping Grandpa out of the car! My heart leaped with joy as I ran down stairs and cried as I hugged him tight. After a warm welcome, I helped him upstairs. I was immensely grateful to my parents who understood my feelings and brought my dear Grandpa back to me. I prayed silently to God for giving me such a warm, and loving Grandpa.



Anwesha Halder, Class IV A



Bidisha Dutta, VI A



Sayanti Sarkar, X B



Ananya De, X A

Riddhi Saha, Class VII B  
Red Team

## Look Around

Look around, my friend.  
What do you see?  
Hatred, rape and murder  
\*Christina, Lucy and Ecstasy.

Our heavens flow with alcohol  
Drugs, money and adultery  
Our Gods are all corrupt  
Like every single official of every  
Single company.

Peace has become a joke  
With fanatics ruling our countries  
It's a funny world-  
Everyone has made everyone else  
their enemies.

Look around, my friend.  
What do you see?  
A cycle of death and terror  
From which no one is free.

Imaan Haque, X A



Samandira Bandyopadhyay, Nur A



Rushali Sunda, K.G. B



Tanisha Majumder, III A



Sahar Imran Latif, Nursery B



Vidushi Srivastava, VII B

# A TRIBUTE TO SR. MARY BONAVENTURE:

A friend to all – a firm yet kind authoritarian-a creative artist- a lover of music and nature- a person of immense wit, love and enthusiasm- a true devotee of God-THAT'S Sr.Bonaventure or Sr.Boni, as she was lovingly called.

Sr.Bonaventure was born in Kerala on 28th October 1936. Her formative years were spent in Chittagong. Her very first mission was teaching and she carried it out with utmost dedication. In 1964 sister taught English in our school. After that followed a series of responsibilities which sister undertook whole heartedly. These included serving at St. Joseph's school as headmistress in 1972, journeying to Rome to study Scripture, serving as the Principal of our school from 1980 to 1988, taking the responsibility as Provincial Superior till 1995, Supervising classes XI and XII in Our Lady Queen of the Missions school Salt Lake and much more. Whoever was acquainted with Sister has been touched by her unique qualities and inspired by her charismatic personality. Sister has inspired so many of us with her eagerness to teach and to share her skills, her impressive sense of humour, her musical talents, her immense knowledge of Scripture and her boundless enthusiasm for life.

After a very fruitful mission Sr.Boni's health started failing since 2010 when she was diagnosed with Alzheimer's which gradually led to dementia by 2013. Her condition deteriorated in 2014 when she suffered from a fracture of her femur. After a considerable long term of ill-health Sister left for her Heavenly journey on 31st March 2015, leaving a vacuum in the hearts of so many. As we bid farewell to this woman of substance and pray for the repose of her soul we continue to be inspired by her memories-



Thank you Sr.Boni for celebrating life  
And this from our hearts we do tell-  
May you see eternal light and peace now,  
And till we meet again-FARE YOU WELL !!

Ms. D Rozario

## MEMORIES MATTER...

### Tr. Reena Shukla....thank You!!!



"Come on children! Finish off your work FASTLY!"  
"I think you need some "PATT-PATT"!"

"It is TRUUUUTH! And not truth! My blood starts boiling when I hear children saying that... And many more of these one-liners, will always remind us of YOU.

Miss, you were a constant support and guidance to us. You were no less than a mother to me. I would rather call you "MOM" than calling you "MISS". I have learnt so much from you. Your love, your concern, your worries, your being frank with us, your warm hugs, your "PATT-PATTS" and your scoldings always made us feel like we are at home! You have taught me the true meaning of life. You have made me aware of my responsibilities as a human being, as a student and as a daughter. And oh! Your Moral Science Classes were a bliss! The whole of QMS is going to miss you and the bright smile, which lit up QMS, as you entered the gates of school. I wish I could hold you back, but it is just a "WISH" now. I shall miss the moments we spent together in Class 8-B. You being our class-teacher was the best thing that ever happened to us.

It is really tough to put down so much about you in just a single sheet of paper. Your virtues are invincible! Miss, even if you are not present with us, your teachings will always remain in our hearts. After all, "Goodbyes are not forever". You have made a significant place for yourself, in our hearts. We pray for your well-being. Your students love you a lot miss!

Stay Blessed! Thank you miss for everything...

*Razia Sultana, IX-B*

## Dear Miss. Reena

Dear Tr. Reena,  
We will miss you a lot, because,  
Whenever we had problems, it was your help we sought.  
Your love, your values, your very presence are-  
Of the thousand and one things that  
Endear you to our hearts.  
Sometimes we found History outdated  
But you made it so much more fun,  
Competitions, essays and classroom debates  
Were the many things we had done.  
With whom will we discuss politics now  
About the corruption, the conspiracies and rumours around;

And who will make us realize how lucky we are,  
To be a part of our Country-  
The best by far?  
Most of all we will miss your smiles,  
The ones which light a hundred miles.....  
We hope they remain the same forever,  
As they keep you happy for ever and ever.

Today, as we wish you a final farewell,  
(Though this is really against our will)  
We want you to know that, in our memories  
You will always live.

*Aritri Basu, IX A, Gold Team*

# Crowning Glory

## Congratulations



### ICSE TOPPERS 2015



SUMAIYA FATIMA NADEEM TANISHA FARHEEN

