



ARCOIRIS



MUSSOORIE INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

"DHIYO YONHA PRACHO DAYAT"



THOMAS ALVA EDISON

Thomas Alva Edison was born on 11 February 1847 in Milan, Ohio. He made many inventions such as the phonograph, film camera and electric bulb.

Edison developed hearing problem at the age of 12. He had scarlet fever. He started making inventions in his basement. His most famous invention was the light bulb. He died on October 18, 1931 (aged 84).

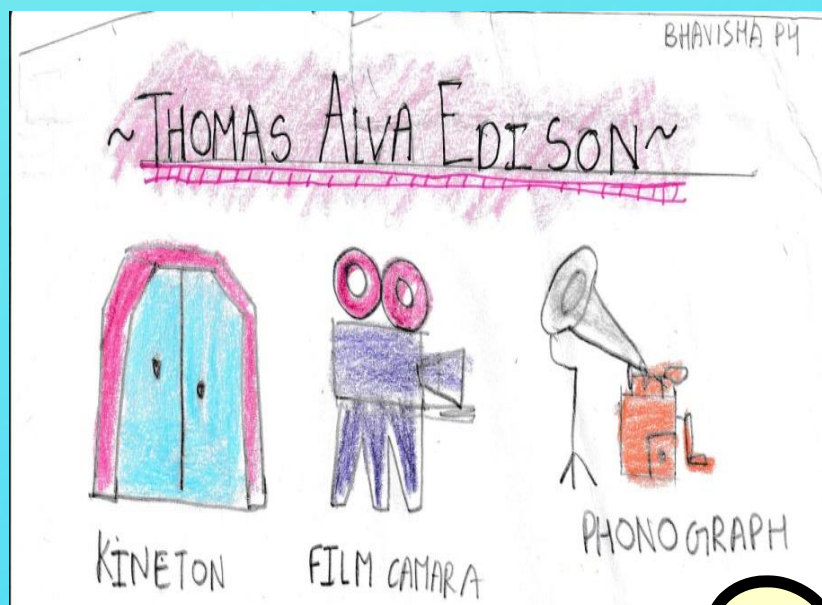
He also boasted of never needing more than three hours of sleep a night.

He is one of the most famous inventors of all times and studying about him was a great opportunity.

THE ARCOIRIS EDITORIAL TEAM

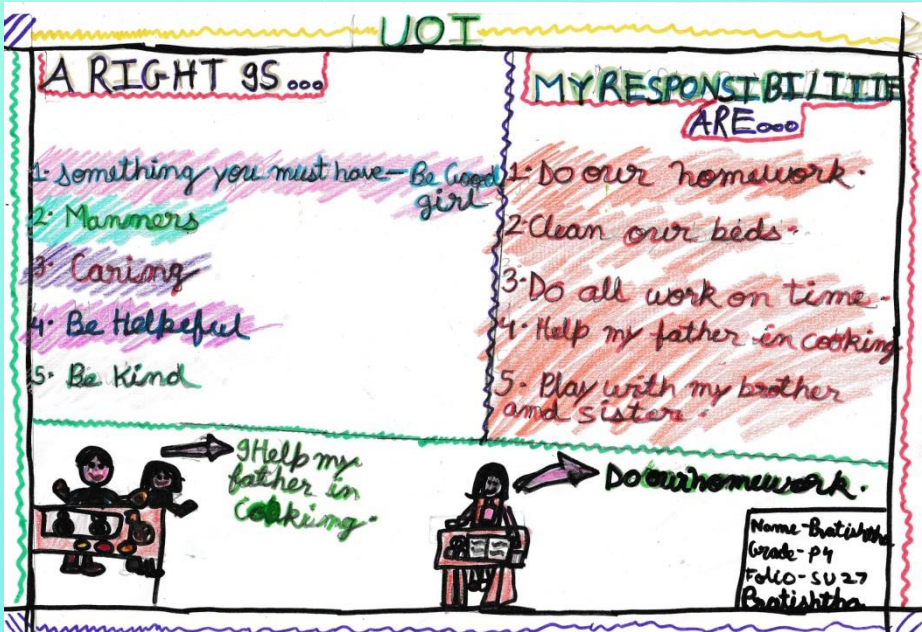
RIGHT TO LEFT :

ADITI ,APEKSHA, MS.ANITA DAS, SANA,
AMAIRA, PRATYAKCHHA , MS. USHA RAWAT,
MS.DALIA GHOSH.



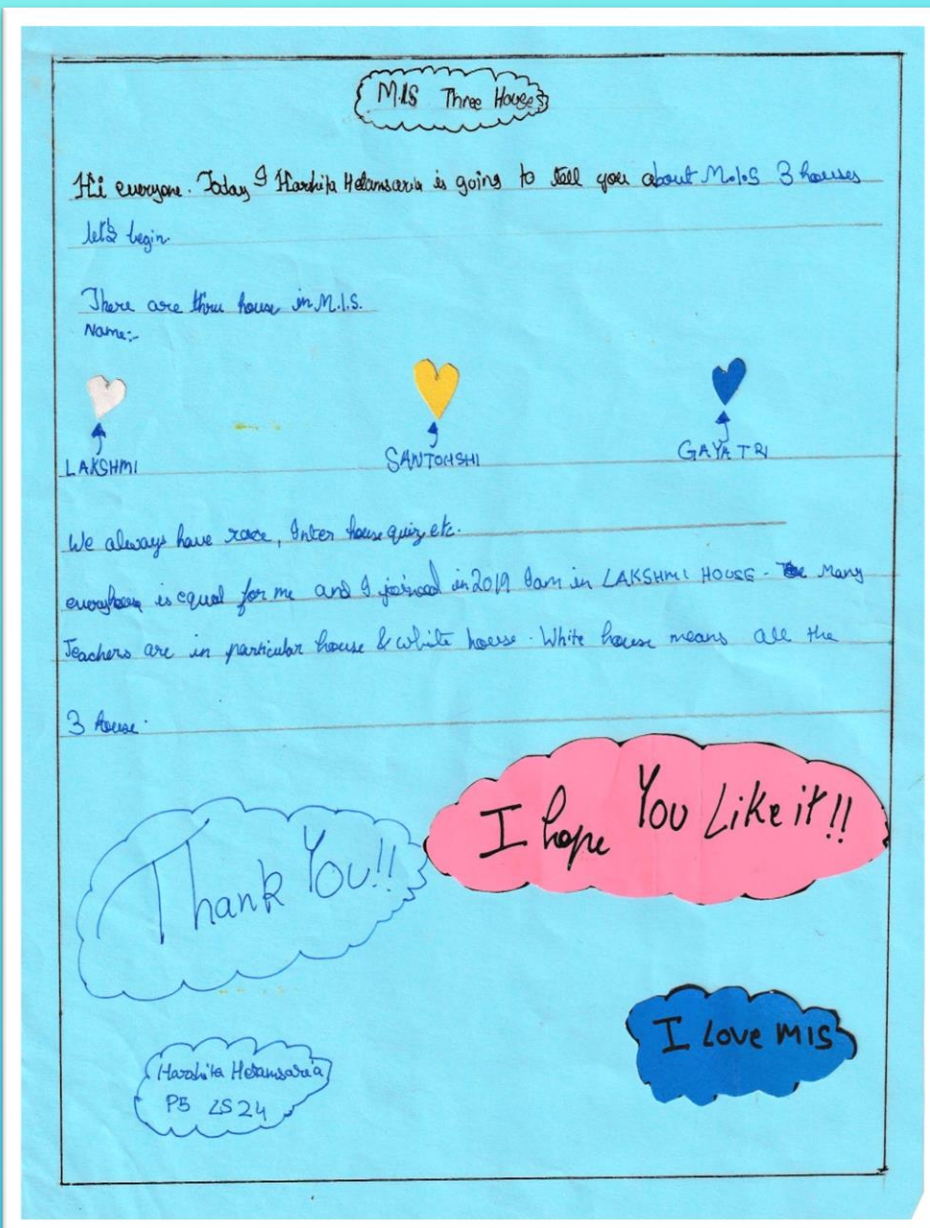
By Bhavisha (P-4)





By Pratishtha (P4)

Through the activities of the Unit of Inquiry, I felt my importance in my family. I could realise my duties and responsibilities towards the members of my family. Also, I developed different skills and social values. In future, definitely I will use these values to bring peace and prosperity in my society.



MIS THREE HOUSES

SANTOSHI
GAYATRI
LAKSHMI

The school has been divided into three houses. We have a lot of inter house competitions in the field of sports, co-curricular and many more. I belong to Lakshmi house and I love my house and the people there. We eat meals in our respective house counters. We have weekly havan where we sit house wise. I love my house captain and all my seniors. I love my school.

By- Harshita
Hetansaria
(P-5)

The Waves and the Hills

Tucked in the hills of the Shivalik ranges, my little abode stands facing the open sky half covered with the hill line. Yes, these are now green, and then brown and back to green again. The deodars and pines with the siblings in the form of oaks and walnuts abound the slopes, but it is the silence of Mussoorie that becomes more pronounced with the occasional clatter of the monkeys and langurs. Month after month, the point arrives when monotony spreads like a blanket over all that the tourists come to relish here for. With the mid-year striking, I was already hearing the noise of the waves breaking at the shore and the winds of the seven oceans. I would go for a long drive to the shores of the Arabian Sea, for the cacophony of the city would only soothe my mind tired of the silence of the hills!

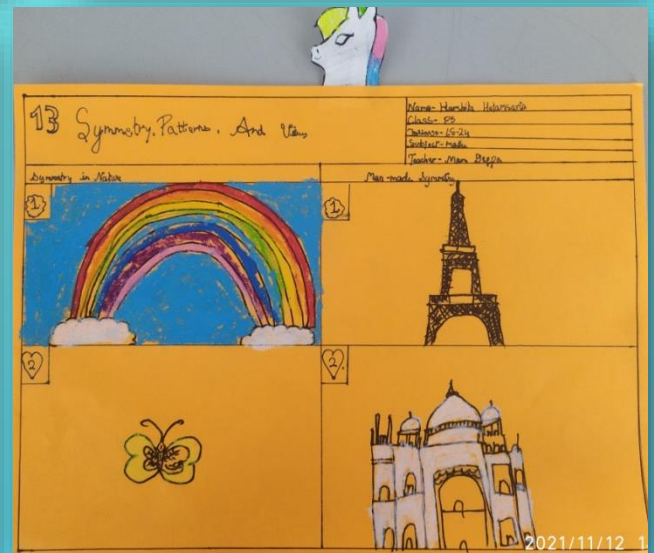
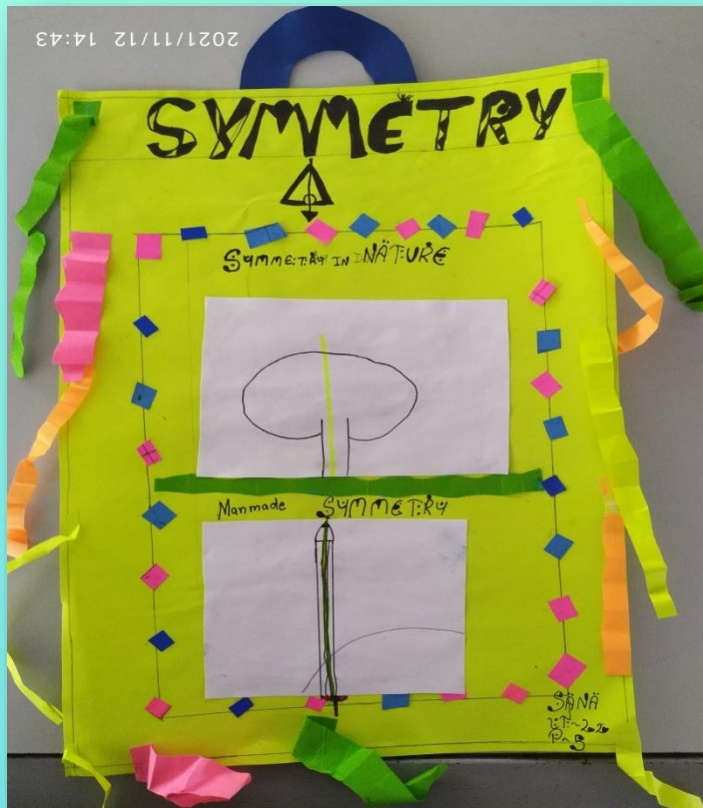
The day to set out for the journey to Goa has at-last arrived. It has been a prolonged wait as the covid times uncertainty left no one untouched. The pull for Goa and the Western Ghats has been strong ever since childhood or may be at some point later on, I cannot put my finger on to recognize. Probably the selected readings on the history of ancient and the medieval India, particularly the writings of Sumit Sanyal: The Land of Seven Rivers and The Ocean of Churn along with the thesis of Romila Thapar, the renowned historian, have indelible mark on my thinking and feelings thus carving my passion for the Western Ghats of the Indian peninsula. The risen edges have been the gate way to the confluence of the various cultures. One with even a little interest in history can visualize the Portuguese, the French, the Turkish ships with sails striking the starry sky at the horizon of the turquoise waters that gently caress the shores of the two continents. The brine winds bring in the messages of many an untrodden and many myriad yet colonized islands that scatter like tiny dots in the oceans of the world. The Portuguese cottages, the churches devoid of grand frescos yet echoing the words of the devoted priests in alien lands, the meandering Mandavi, the shops selling the Azulejos de Goa.....

The packing was kept as light as possible, the last minute arrangements to keep the pets in a kennel for a few days, the most essential diary with all details of the prebooked travel tickets and hotels (it always has to be the Candolim ones) were all ensured as the flight is scheduled at 10 in the morning from Jolly Grant airport. Travelling for me is like the cool shades of those trees that stand at the edge of the long highway on a hot summer day. Relaxing, exhilarating! Having decided to go off to bed, I switched off the lights and carefully placed the alarm at the little teak bed side tool. But the excitement was too high to allow me close my eyes. I could only see the Aguada light house with the twinkling revolving light to the other side in the dark room. Did I take my Id cards? Quick I jumped out of my bed fumbled within my suitcase front pocket just to realize its in my wallet. Ahhh....a sigh of relief! But why is it still dark? Well, I smile to myself.

At length the day breaks. I embark upon the front seat adjacent to the driver who will drop me at the airport. The green road is long and fresh but the sky looks somber. Drizzling at this time! How could I possibly leave my umbrella at the attic!

-By Ms. Dalia Ghosh

SYMMETRY ACTIVITY BY P5



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