

FEBRUARY 2019-20

Prim Ad Infinitum

PRINCIPAL'S DESK



Dear Parents,

Primrose has established itself as a school of joyful learning. We aim at educating our children in a fearless environment. Our school has walked miles holding on the principles laid by The Mother and Sri Aurobindo. The month of February was yet another blessing of The Mother, in fact the month of The Mother.

Our Director, Ms. Sindura Arvind received the Young Woman Entrepreneur award on 7th February, 2020 from Asia One, BLACKSWAN at Bangkok. She was recognized and appreciated for her tireless effort to educate the young minds.

Primrose Schools celebrated The Mother's birthday on 21st February, 2020 for guiding us in the right path and helping us achieve greater heights. Children offered flowers to The Mother as a token of love. Children presented various cultural events throwing light on the spiritual journey of The Mother. Morals that help us lead our life at peace was the message of the day.

The School's genuine concern ensures student's emotional growth along with intellectual excellence. Primrose celebrated Grandparents' Day on 22nd February, 2020. We wanted to sow the seed of respect and love for our elders in the hearts of budding Primrosians. We helped our students to honour their grandparents, to give grandparents an opportunity to show their love for them and to help children be aware of the strength, information and guidance the older people can offer. This day did strengthen the bond among the family members and served as a treasurable memory for the grandchildren.

We believe in giving our students strong values along with a set of wings which may carry them far and wide. In other words, our students are equipped to face the challenges of the rapidly changing world. It was a happy sight to witness the children of Class VIII walk confidently in their graduation gowns. The day marked the new beginning of the new challenges set on their way to achievement.

Primathon is an initiative of Primrose Schools to support womanhood. It is a popular marathon we organize, celebrating girl child and women's freedom in all walks of life. We believe that every woman has the right to lead the life of her choice.

This world has seen many civilizations, some are the oldest, some longest, some richest we have seen civilizations which are varied in colours across the world, white, black, brown, yellow, and in many shades. We have a very modern civilization now, which are sending space mission exploring other planets, but, yet to see a civilization which respects women in all aspects. We are yet to give her the respect that she deserves for all the sacrifices that she makes.

Have we done any justice to the pain that she undergoes to bring us to this world. The sacrifice that she makes to make the world better. She dissolves her passion, her dreams, her concerns and sometimes loses her identity to make us grow. Have we ever respected that?

We don't want them to be born in the first place, female infanticide, we don't cherish their birth, knowing that without her this world would completely come to a stand still.

When they grow up we design them as children who were born to clean, mop, wipe, and clean again why is that so?

We sometimes think it is only the men on the streets, on the lightless streets who do great injustice to women.

Why we, the so called modern era of the civilized society be very difficult to her, why it is so? Because we don't even realize what they are going through in the name of culture, religion, caste we do this seamlessly.

This has to stop. We need a change, a change where at least everyone in the society should think and be conscious about her being, her state, her happiness, her role, her aspiration and her accomplishments.

This marathon is all about that, We, today we take a step to change her future, her well-being in the society. We have gathered here to celebrate that. Every one of you should take a pledge to protect her, to nurture her, will you?

Days are not far when we can call our civilization the best not because we have conquered land, ocean and space, but because we have learnt to respect women.

I do see a day where women can live as equal as any man in this world without fear, without hate but with love, with courage and with equality shoulder to shoulder.

Can we make this a reality?

Yes soon This marathon was all about that..

We Run For Her!!!!!!!!!!!!

Primathon 2020 was held on 9th February 2020, Sunday. Around 1500 participants joined hands with us on our mission to "Run for Her". The run was flagged off by Actress Meena at 5.30 am. Primathon also laid a platform to many, to express their inspiring experiences. We believe that we have sown the seed of gender equality and hope this initiative helps the women to scale new heights in the society.

Primrose Schools desire to create leaders who are powerful with conscientious, smart and confident citizens who would make us proud of their multifaceted growth. I believe the month of February has been yet another milestone in the history of Primrose.

Regards

Principal

Asia One Award

"The true entrepreneur is a doer, not a dreamer"



The best way to predict the future is to create it and so did our honourable Director Ms. Sindura Arvind. Another proud moment for the Primrosians as she received the Young Woman Entrepreneur award on 7th February, 2020 from Asia One, BLACKSWAN at Bangkok.



PRIMATHON – Campaign at ECR

An honour to the women behind every men.



Primrose Schools went beyond the way to bring the role of women in the limelight – campaigning was held on the beaches of ECR.

PRIMATHON 2020 – The Run

Where there is a woman, there is hope.



The teachers and students of Primrose Schools invoked the blessings of The Mother.

Actress Meena graced the occasion as the Chief Guest and shared her inspirational thoughts.



Actress Meena along with our Director Ms. Sindura Arvind flagged off the Primathon.



2019-2020 Primathoners were all set to 'RUN FOR'HER'.



The 3rd Primathon also turned into a huge success as people in and around ECR flooded to be a part of this social cause.

PRIMATHON 2020 – The Run

There is no limit to what we, as women, can accomplish.



We salute all the professional runners, walkers, cyclists, skaters regardless of their fitness level or running background, dived and sailed for a social cause by joining their hands in making this society a better place for her with Primrose Schools.

PRIMATHON 2020

The euphoria after the big event

"Great performance takes a lot of focus, heart and hard work."



The audience were awestruck by the performance of the students of Classes V and VII.



The gathering witnessed a rocking performance by class V boys.



The Primrose teachers performed a Zumba dance .



Mr. Ganesh, a Tai Chi instructor gave useful tips to stay healthy and young.



Parents gave speeches narrating their experiences as women in this modern era.

PRIMATHON 2020 – Prize Distribution Ceremony

Legends born at the finish line of Primathon, cherishing their glory on stage.



Roshini Krishnan of Class VI Lotus and Nathaniel of Class VII Lily were rewarded for their tireless effort.



The most persevering runners of the Primathon celebrating their victory.



The tough runners of Primathon rejoicing the winning moment.

CLASS VIII-GRADUATION

“Your education is a dress rehearsal for a life that is yours to lead.”



Primrose Schools celebrated its 2nd Middle School Graduation on 15th February, 2020. The event started with the blessings of the Mother. Hari Krishnan of Class VIII welcomed the gathering. A memory slideshow showed the children through the years. The teachers gave motivational speeches. The students adorned the stage in their suits and graduation gowns bringing nostalgia. It was a moving sight to see them remember one of their best teachers “Ms. Bharathi” on the stage. Then they were presented with their diplomas by the Principal, Mr. Ganesh. A musical interlude was accompanied with a value based skit. As the ceremony was over, students partook in all of the graduation party festivities and celebrated it with their loved ones.



MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION



The Primbuds of Pre.K.G danced to the tunes of love and divine.



The angels of UKG captivated the audience through their colourful dance moves.



Ranjana of Class UKG explained the significance of the divine Mother's symbol.

The girls of class IV delighted the audience with their graceful grooves on the Mother's birthday celebration.

MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION



Class V depicted the love of Radha - Krishna on The Mother's birthday.

The children of Class VII brought to light ,the spiritual journey of The Mother.



The tiny tots adorned the stage with their mesmerising performance.



The girls of class IV performed a graceful classical dance on The Mother's song.



A colourful dance performance by the girls of class VII bringing forth the significance of flowers.



The children of class III dedicated a song for The Mother on her birthday.

GRANDPARENTS' DAY

"Grandparents grow old but their love never does."



The teachers and the students of kindergarten invoked the blessings of The Mother.



The children of UKG swirled around the stage dancing to express their love to all the grandpas and grandmas.



Our grandparents were no less than their grand children as everybody actively took part in Flower tying, Rangoli and Mehndi competitions.

GRANDPARENTS' DAY

"Grandparents have silver in their hair and gold in their hearts"



A blessing in disguise – Primrose Schools set a platform for the grandparents to recollect their school days.



Grandparents and parents of Primrose Schools had a gala time playing various games.



A walk on the ramp holding the loving hands of their mother, Primrose Schools did reach the heart of the Mother Earth offering plants for the guests.

A TRIBUTE



Ms. Bharathi – The Legend

An amazing teacher who made a significant difference in the lives of every child she came across and worthy in every word to be called "A Legend."

She was with us for four years and has touched the lives of numerous students and colleagues. She taught History and Geography and has had a distinguished teaching career. She will be remembered for her creative and thorough presentations for her classes. She transformed her deep content knowledge into life changing learning experiences. Her students cherish her for her ability to make classrooms safe and fun by creating a family of students who take up responsibilities. She has always amazed her pupils to exceed their own expectations.

Of the many teachers who have crossed the threshold of Primrose Schools, it is Ms. Bharathi who will be remembered with utmost affection by her pupils and parents too.

She will be forever remembered. A true legend in everyway.

REMEMBERING HER



One Heart Away

He reclines in his dreadfully heartening bed, his heartbeat slowing down.
Until it matches hers underneath.

The night is rendered comatose by the dark magic at work in Consternatio.
And like every other unexplainable night, she starts to sing: a funereal enigmatic melody suffused with tempestuous torment.

As I look back on the days that dried
I realize I miss the child that died
And I wonder whether the old me had cried
When I with doubt had tried to kill the child.

He could feel it, the bottomless and unquenchable pain engendering in his waning heart, from the monster under his bed keeping him sleepless in the wake of dawn.

The memories were alive from the tombstone etched on the graveyard when he had looked into her transparent eyes, her heart beating faster than his, as he held her heart in his hand.
And with a cry deafening the thunderous sky for a moment, her heart turned to ashes and cinders, in his repelled clutches. Her love too strong for him, which tore him apart.

In the tranquil present, the night is quiet once again, resuming its twisting and spiraling performance for those who watch the wonder.

But he does not.

Standing in front of the assuringly empty canvas, his gifted hands guide the brush, sweeping stories of consuming hues, whilst whispering tales of raw emotion and pouring out the essence of his ebbing heart, just like the waning moon on this retreating night.

In a few minutes, he finishes his masterpiece. He steps back to inspect it, his numb heart unspeaking with a relentless farewell to the torrential sacrifice.

The piece of his heart takes the amorphous shape of a woman, a crying child inside her. The wailing child was about nine years old, with empty eyes, dark and ivory black, drawing the nebulous pain of the onlooker into the depths of the forlorn heart it belongs to, under the artist's bed. The monster was once chained to the presently existential heart of the artist, the last piece of his heart embedded in his final masterpiece, just like the rest.

He goes back to his bed, feeling hollow and inexpressive, while her cursed voice sings him to exhaustive sleep.

One Heart Away

I hear that whisper once more
"I am always here to play the game again,"
With those same sinned hands I wipe my tears
That once had drowned the child with shame;

The artist shudders unwillingly in bed, his mind racing with the name of his new painting
- Improbus. Heartless, like him.

And the voice whispers to me once again,
"Emptiness within is not a curse my dear,
For you can fill it with anything you want."
His heartbeat quickens with dread.

Until it matches someone else's. And this time, not the one under the bed.
The woman with the child living one heart away, in *Amans*. She is not the one in the artist's painting, for she is still working on her masterpiece. A reminiscent moment, but this time, her heart is strong enough to beat on her own.
Creeping electric impulses clash with cascading fireworks, in the invisible string connecting the two familiar hearts of polarity.
And to unseen and forbidden ears hiding in the dark, she whispers with a reborn fire:

But what if emptiness does not exist, I ask
The devil falls silent
but the child breathes.

Those are the last words he hears before the string snaps, his eyes closing to the final show of the eloping night.

- Riya Antony
XII

CHRISTMAS TIME

This is the most wonderful time of the year,
Houses are complete with lights and gifts
The Christmas tree is soaring and decorated
And with snowmen guarding the streets
Family members are uniting for lunch,
This season is filled with happiness.
But this is only what I hear.

What I see is different.
This I can see -
The sunlight blinding during the day
And the breeze freezing during the night,
While I lie in bed trying to warm myself
Under the thin bedspread,
I see damp roads adorned with dried leaves
While I silently wish for the beautifully white
snow,
My home is plain and undecorated
While my eyes avoid the fancy decorations at
the store,
My Christmas tree is small and almost bare
With all the decorations I received with the tree,
Instead of the snowmen in Christmas movies
I see lampposts out of order,
And as I look outside the window overlooking
the empty street
There are no family members rushing though
the gate
Only dogs and cats.
Is this my Christmas?

There are a few seconds left before Christmas
And this time I believe there is magic in the air,
The darkness soars across the sky
Taking in all the sadness and pain
The stars are the lights to my Christmas tree
The tree that my windows overlook
The tree is not tall nor is it exceptional
But it is a gift to the man sleeping underneath
And he has no place to go,
And the tree is decorated with nests
Of birds that seek its comfort on this night
And every other night
There may not be a snowman of happiness
But I hold memories warm enough to melt all
the snow
That will not fall on the street

Overlooked by my windows,
My family is right here
At home and in my heart
My heart holds those I loved and lost,
They are there because I have forgiven them
And melted their snow in my life,
But left the water to remind myself of the hurt,
My heart holds those who loved and stayed
This is my family
And they don't come around only on
Christmas.
This is my Christmas
And it has just begun.

- Riya Antony
XII

KALAKAR'S CORNER



S. Harshethaa
IX



S. Harshethaa
IX