



TN076

Sacred Heart International School

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Pammam, Marthandam.



ELIXIR

The Flow of Magical Writing

February

2026



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Editorial

The Power of Gratitude: How to Transform Your Life

Dear vibrant learners,

In this month's edition, let's take a moment to explore the power of connections. In our fast-moving lives, we often focus on achievements and goals, but it is the people around us who truly shape our journey. Building strong relationships is like creating a network of support that lifts you higher, especially when life feels challenging.

When you nurture friendships, collaborate with peers, and connect with mentors, you begin to grow in ways textbooks alone cannot teach. Meaningful connections help you:

- Unlock new perspectives by learning from others' experiences.
- Build confidence through trust, encouragement, and teamwork.
- Open doors to new opportunities, ideas, and unforgettable memories.
- Develop empathy and emotional strength.
- Spread kindness and brighten someone's day—sometimes without even realizing it.

Gratitude plays a powerful role in strengthening these bonds. A simple "thank you," a kind word, or a listening ear can make someone feel valued and understood. These small acts create a ripple effect, making our school a warmer and more welcoming place for everyone.

So, take a moment to appreciate the people who support you. Be present, be kind, and be willing to connect. Strong relationships are the foundation of a happy, meaningful, and successful life.

Stay connected, stay grateful, and together, let's build a community that realizes and appreciates the gratitude.

*Ms. Merin Quincy
Department of English*

Number Magic

1. Using only addition, add eight 8s to get the number 1,000.
2. Two years ago, I was three times as old as my brother was. In three years, I will be twice as old as my brother. How old is each of us now?
3. When does $9 + 5 = 2$?
4. $7 = 42$
 $6 = 30$
 $5 = 20$
 $3 = ?$
A. 6 B. 8 C. 2 D. 4

ILL BET YOUR NUMBER IS... 427

1. Pick any number between 1 and 100.
2. Add 28.
3. Multiply that number by 6.
4. Subtract 3.
5. Divide that number by 3.
6. Subtract 3 more than your original number.
7. Add 8.
8. Subtract 1 less than your original number.
9. Multiply that number by 7.

Answer:

1. $888 + 88 + 8 + 8 + 8 = 1,000$.
2. The older brother is 17, and the younger brother is 7.
3. When you're telling time. $9:00 + 5 \text{ hours} = 2:00$.
4. 6

*Ms. Mini Jerlight. E
Department of Mathematics*

Phobias You Might Have



- | | | |
|----------------|---|-------------------------|
| ATYCHIPHOBIA | - | The fear of failure. |
| BASIPHOBIA | - | The fear of falling. |
| CHRONOPHOBIA | - | The fear of the future. |
| SOMNIPHOBIA | - | The fear of sleep. |
| THALASSOPHOBIA | - | The fear of the ocean. |
| PEDIOPHOBIA | - | The fear of dolls. |
| CYNOPHOBIA | - | The fear of dogs. |
| ACROPHOBIA | - | The fear of heights. |
| ARACHNOPHOBIA | - | The fear of Spiders. |
| NYCTOPHOBIA | - | The fear of dark. |
| XENOPHOBIA | - | The fear of strangers. |

*P. Afra Karrie
VI-Jade*

Solve

Code number is given for each picture. Using these code numbers, add the following and write the sum.



4



8



3



+



=



+



=



+



=

Karshan Devesh D
III-Jade

True Friend

I have a hand for you to hold
When you are lonely.
I have an eye for you to cry
When you are sad.
I have a smile for you to help
Brighten your day.
I have a hug for you
When you are alone.
I have a heart full of love
Because I am your True Friend.



*V.K. Arihant
VI-Jade*

The Lazy Man Story



Once upon a time there lived a lazy man named, Vijay. He lived in a forest. One day the lazy man slept under a tree without having his lunch. Suddenly, many monkeys came there and took his lunch. So he got very angry and chased the monkeys and beat them. But, the lazy man was unhappy because the monkeys ate his lunch and he felt so hungry. Thereafter, he decided to be very active and do all his activities on time.

The moral of the story is "We should not be lazy".

*Asrial R
III-Topaz*

The Little Boy Who Was Cursed

One day, not so long ago, there lived a very angry little boy. Everything in life, and everything about life, made him angry. His anger and frustration kept growing together. He began to hurt the people around him—the ones who loved him the most.

With each new insult and angry outburst, he wounded those who cared for him. He wasn't aware of the consequences of his anger. He couldn't understand that his actions were causing others pain and hurt; he was too consumed by his own rage.

After a particularly bad outburst, his mother sent him to walk in the woods and think until he had been calmed down. It was there, on that day, that he met a witch who was about to change his life for the better.

*J. Jobin
V-Jade*

Facts About Starfish



“A room without books is like a body without a soul”

- Marcus Jullius Cicero

- ★ Starfish are also known as sea stars.
- ★ There are over 2,000 species of starfish found in oceans around the world.
- ★ They have a unique body structure, with five or more arms radiating from a central body.
- ★ Starfish do not have a brain, but they do have a simple nervous system.
- ★ They have a unique water vascular system that helps them move and feed.
- ★ Some starfish can regenerate their lost body parts.
- ★ Starfish can live for upto 35 years.

*S.J. Jessica
VIII-Sapphire*

Tree

Do not cut me,
Cried the tree.
Because I give you
rain free.

In my cool shade
You rest,
Eat my fruits
that are best.

Take in my
Fresh smell,
Let me live my
Life well.

*Aaditeya Harishva
II-Jade*



Eighty Years, Too Late!

The first thing he noticed was the light.

Not the soft glow of oil lamps he remembered, but a sharp white brightness cutting through the dark forest like a blade. It flickered through the trees, humming quietly, as if the air itself was alive. He stood frozen, his boots sinking into damp soil that smelt of wet leaves and moss. The forest was familiar—but the light wasn't.

Elias had gone to sleep in the year 1946.

He remembered the cold night, the war was just over, the sky was heavy with silence. And now the air buzzed. Not with insects, but with something else. A faint electric whisper, like the world was breathing through wires.

He stepped out of the forest and onto a narrow road. The sky above him was dark, clouds crawling slowly across the moon. The moon looked the same—pale, distant, calm—but everything below it felt wrong.

A long black road stretched ahead. On it moved strange metal beasts with glowing eyes. They roared past him, leaving behind a sharp smell of smoke and something burnt. Elias jumped back, his heart pounding. "Cars," he whispered, but these weren't like the ones he knew. These were faster, louder, and alive.

As he walked downhill toward the town, the darkness slowly broke apart. Buildings rose from the ground like giants made of glass and steel. Windows shone in different colors—blue, white, yellow—each one holding a different world inside. He could hear voices, music, laughter, all mixed together like noise from a thousand radios.

People passed him, staring at small glowing rectangles in their hands. Their faces were lit from below, eyes fixed, fingers moving quickly.

"Are those... radios?" Elias wondered.

A girl brushed past him, earbuds in her ears. Music spilled out faintly—beats and sounds he had never heard before. He turned to look at her, amazed. Music without wires. Without machines.

In the 1940s, information travelled slowly. Newspapers. Letters. Rumours.

Here, information seemed to float in the air.

He saw a large screen outside a building. Images moved on it—numbers, graphs, faces, words changing too fast for him to read.

"Artificial Intelligence," a man nearby said into his phone. "The data shows it'll learn faster by morning."

Elias didn't understand the words, but he felt their weight.

Machines that learn. Data that thinks. He remembered counting numbers by hand, using chalk and paper, spending hours on work that now seemed to happen in seconds. The past felt heavy. The present felt impossibly light.

The night grew deeper as he walked. Streetlights followed him, one after another, like stars brought down to Earth. The air smelled different now—less like soil, more like metal and rain. Somewhere far away, a siren cried, long and low, slicing through the night.

Then slowly and quietly, the sky began to change.

The night slowly gave up, the sky was changing from dark blue to grey as the moon slipped away. Morning didn't feel peaceful—it arrived with loud alarms, glowing screens, and machines waking up before people. He watched as shops opened on their own, doors sliding apart without hands touching them. Vehicles moved silently now, no smoke, no roar.

He saw a boy standing on the roadside, talking to no one.

“Hey,” Elias said cautiously. “Who are you speaking to?”

The boy smiled. “My assistant. It knows everything.”

Everything.

Elias felt a chill despite the rising sun. He looked around—drones in the sky, cameras on poles, data flowing invisibly like veins under the city's skin. Progress was beautiful and Powerful. But also watching.

He walked until the town ended and the road climbed again. From there, he looked up. The night sky hadn't fully left. Stars still faded gently into the morning light, quiet and unchanged. They didn't glow brighter because of technology. They didn't learn, calculate, or improve. They simply existed.

Eighty years had passed. The world had transformed beyond imagination.

But the stars—

the stars were still the same. Elias smiled, relief and fear mixing in his chest.

Then a shadow crossed the ground beside him.

He looked up.

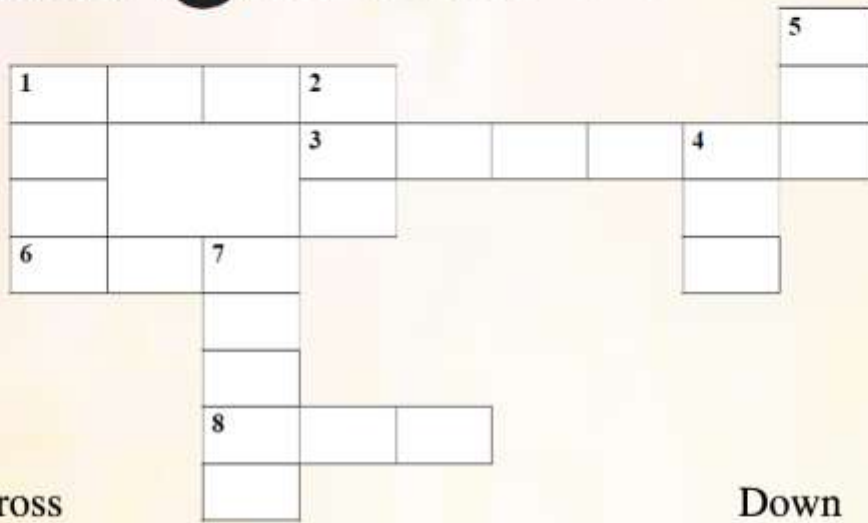
Something hovered silently above the road, its dark shape blocking the sun, a single red light blinking as if it had noticed him.

And for the first time since waking up, Elias wondered—

Had he really traveled into the future... or had the future been waiting for him?

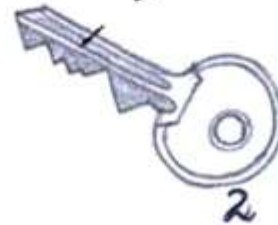
R. B. Dhrisya
XI-STEM

Picture Crossword



Across

Down



D. Karshan Devesh
II-Jade

The Quiet Things

I have learned to love

The quiet things

The hush of midnight skies,

The fragrance of the book

Hidden between the pages,

The stars, shimmering in quiescence,

The silence after the storm

It is in these moments

I find myself alive

Beneath the quiet things.



*Devika
XI-Stem*

Word Search

Find out one word in each grid. Then write it in the box given below the grid.

U	S	B	Q
T	R	E	E
A	N	H	D
B	C	V	M

--	--	--	--

A	G	U	B
Q	A	S	E
R	M	K	B
N	E	O	L

--	--	--	--

J	N	R	D
R	S	I	U
A	M	D	O
T	Q	E	H

--	--	--	--

A	C	P	M
S	O	R	L
N	E	E	D
T	N	T	K

--	--	--	--

D. Karshan Devesh
II-Jade



*S.L. Abzana Pearl
IV-Jade*



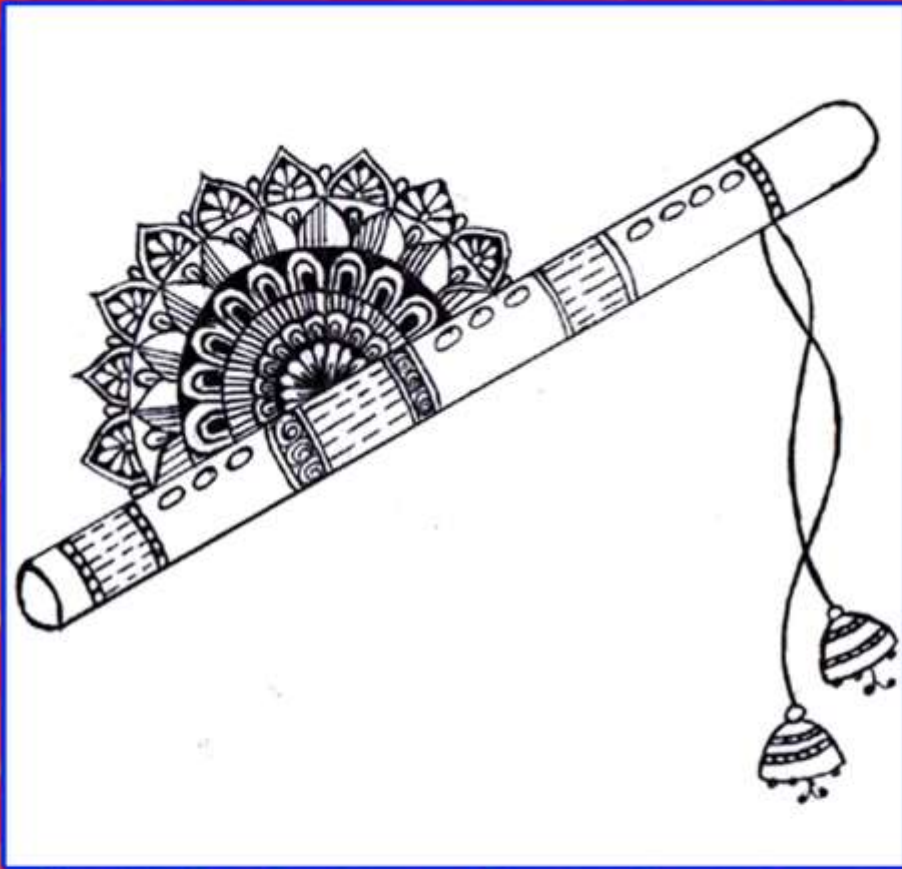
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VI-Jade*



*Niralya M.S
II-Jade*



*V.P. Alfin Jospet
III-Topaz*



*Dheshna
III-Sapphire*



*A.J. Giffrin Arul
III-Sapphire*