

# THE QUEST

— *Not all those who wander are lost.*  
by J.R.R. Tolkien



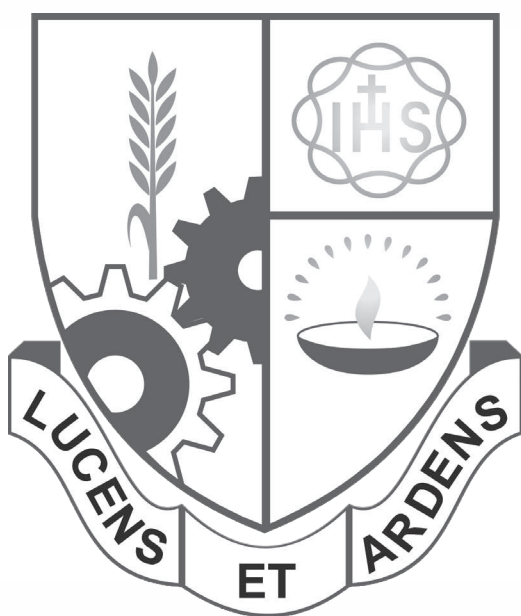
ST. XAVIER COLLEGE SIMDEGA



# Alfred Lord Tennyson

A renowned Victorian Poet. (1809 - 1892)

**ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE**  
**SIMDEGA**



**“LUCENS ET ARDENS”**  
**“LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE”**



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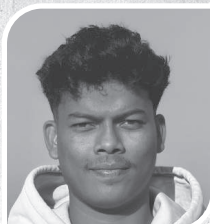
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## EDITOR'S MESSAGE



**Pyari Kullu**  
Chief Editor

**I**t is my great pleasure to present the first issue of our magazine The Quest. This inaugural edition celebrates creativity, learning, and the spirit of curiosity that inspires every young mind. Within these pages, you will discover a rich collection of interesting stories, insightful essays, thoughtful poems, and imaginative pieces contributed by our talented students. Each work reflects their sincere efforts, hard work, and enthusiasm to express themselves.

This magazine is an attempt to nurture creativity and provide a platform through which students can express themselves freely. In today's fast-changing world, communication and creativity are essential skills, and The Quest aims to encourage students to think deeply, observe keenly, and articulate their ideas confidently. Through these contributions, students learn to appreciate the power of words and the joy of sharing thoughts with a larger audience.

I extend my heartfelt gratitude to all the contributors, teachers, and supporters whose guidance and dedication made this publication possible. Their encouragement has helped transform ideas into a meaningful and enjoyable edition. We sincerely hope that you find The Quest as inspiring, enriching, and delightful to read as it was for us to create. May it spark curiosity and motivate many more creative journeys ahead.

## COORDINATOR-IQAC



**Dr. Jayant Kumar  
Kashyap**

**T**his magazine fully lives up to its name. College is a place of knowledge. Knowledge, by its very nature, creates restlessness. Writing is a powerful medium to alleviate this restlessness. The creator searches for ultimate expression through his creations, and this expression proves to be a milestone for society and humanity. The magazine's prose, poetry, and quotations and significant lines reflect the authors' holistic understanding. The works exude a yearning for discovery, a true artistic expression of the restlessness of knowledge. I deeply appreciate the students' efforts.

The designing of the magazine, the selection of images and the colour scheme showcase the excellent creativity of the students. I specially thank the Chief Editor of this magazine, Assistant Prof. Pyari Kullu and the Editorial Board comprising Assistant Prof. Bipin Minj, Lipika Subir, Narayan Sai and supporting members Ankit Besra and Sagar Tirkey, whose tireless efforts have led to the creation of this beautiful magazine.

I also extend a special thank you to all the magazine writers and art designers. I hope they will take St. Xavier's College, Simdega to new heights through their writing and editing skills.

## MESSAGE



**Dr. Fr. Roshan Baa S.J**  
Principal

### The Quest

Students are always in search of something that gives meaning to their lives. True intellectual growth requires imagination, clear expression, and the ability to shape one's thoughts creatively. College life is a vibrant space of experiential learning, where students enjoy the freedom to choose what enriches them. Within each learner lies the potential for growth, and teachers and mentors serve as guiding lights, helping them embrace a life of quality and purpose. No journey is complete without trials and challenges.

The experiences students encounter during their college years shape their ambitions and set the direction for the future, becoming a defining force in their lives. College offers countless opportunities and platforms for students to explore, excel, and soar according to their aspirations. Education remains a powerful and indispensable tool—one that helps students recognize their gifts, nurture them, and integrate their life experiences meaningfully.

As I watch my students engage earnestly in their studies, while simultaneously discovering and refining their talents, I feel deeply fulfilled. The Quest represents the intellectual exploration of our students. It provides a platform for them to display their ideas, creativity, and the imaginative worlds they envision every day.

I express my heartfelt appreciation to the editorial board and all the contributors whose hard work has shaped this edition of The Quest. Their dedication has produced a collection rich in experiences, insight, and youthful expression. This publication will surely inspire many students who aspire to contribute to society and will encourage all seekers of wisdom and knowledge. Congratulations to every editor and writer for bringing forth a beautiful edition of The Quest, a magazine that will continue to inspire countless hearts to discover the beauty within themselves.



# MESSAGE



**Dr. Fr. Sameer**  
Xavier Bhawnra, S.J.  
Vice principal

Respected Readers;

Greetings!

I am pleased to write a message on the first issue of this magazine named “The Quest”. This magazine is a showcase of the intellectual pursuit of the students of St. Xavier’s College Simdega. In the world where knowledge takes precedent in every kind of skill, the magazine is a platform to groom the budding writers. Writing and publication are means of intellectual leadership; it is also a unique means of affecting the readers effectively. In the 21st century, where there AI tools are widely used even in writing and content creating, there is a challenge for the writers to be genuine and follow ethical practices in their writing and publication. I hope that the writers of this magazine have followed the ethical practices. For the readers, they will experience great joy as they flip through the pages of the magazine. The magazine contains a variety of topic. All these reflect the creativity of the writers. The readers will enjoy, not just going through the pages, but reading each article published.

Finally, I congratulate the editorial board, the teachers who have played the role of motivating mentors, the budding student writers, and the readers.

# THE GUEST WHO FEEDS ON MEAT

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**Robin Barwa**

U.G ENG, VI

Parthi was twenty-eight, born in a Bengali family, and had always dreamed of becoming independent. So when she got a job as a receptionist at a high-class hotel in Mumbai, she didn't think twice. She left home with excitement, fear, and hope all mixed together.

On her first day in the city she was lucky enough to find a flat at a surprising low rent. It felt like a gift-until night came. That was when the strange things began. At times she felt someone standing quietly behind her. Sometimes a cold breeze touched the back of her neck even though the windows were shut.



*Sketch by Robin Barwa*

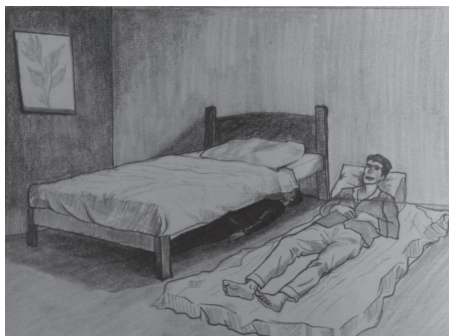
Small objects shifted from where she had kept them, but there was no one else in the room.

Alone in a new city, Parthi forced herself to stay calm. She worked confidently during the day, but every night she returned to a room that never felt like her own. Her only emotional support was her best friend Sunil. They lived in different cities, but they spoke every single day, and his voice was the only thing that kept her steady.

Months passed, life looked normal from the outside, yet every night Parthi felt the same unseen presence watching her. One day,

Sunil arrived in Mumbai for work. Since he needed a place to stay, Parthi invited him without hesitation. After months of talking only by phone, they were finally meeting again. That evening, they wandered through the city together -laughing, eating street food, strolling through malls. Parthi stayed out longer than usual, not wanting Sunil to sense the strange discomfort she felt inside her flat at night.

By 10:30 p.m., they returned home. The room had only one bed, so Parthi set up a neat bedding on the floor beside it, making sure Sunil would be comfortable. They talked for a while, everything feeling perfectly normal. Sunil then lay down on the bedding to test it, stretched out once, and smiled.



*Sketch by Robin Barwa*

“Comfortable?” Parthi asked.

“Perfect”, he replied.

Then both went to brush their teeth. And that was when the nightmare began.

The moment they stepped out of the bathroom, Sunil suddenly froze. His body stiffened, his eyes unfocussed, as if he were staring through the walls.

“I’m hungry”, he said in a strange, flat tone.

Parthi frowned.

“What? Stop joking”.

But Sunil didn’t blink.

“I’m hungry”, he repeated, this time in a deeper voice.

Before she could react, he rushed to the kitchen and began yanking open drawers, searching frantically.

“Food...I need food”, he growled, knocking utensils aside. Terrified, Parthi grabbed the only thing she had-two small packets of biscuits.

“H--here. Eat these”.

Sunil snatched them from her hands and tore them open with his teeth, devouring the biscuits like a starving animal. Crumbs scattered across the floor. His breathing was harsh and animal-like.

Then he stopped. Slowly, he looked up at her-with a hunger that wasn't his.

“I need meat”, he said.

“Give me something non-veg”.

A chill ran down Parthi's spine.

“Sunil...I'm Vegetarian. I don't cook non-veg...you know that”.

Sunil's face twisted into something wild.

“MEAT”, he shouted, pacing the room, clutching his hair like someone losing his mind.

“Chicken...fish...ANYTHING! I need meat right now”.

His voice trembled with desperation.

“I could eat anything...”

Parthi stepped back, trembling .She had never seen Sunil like this-not even once in all the years she had known him. Sunil suddenly paused, panting heavily. His hands shook ,and his eyes darted around the room as if he might attack her at any moment. Parthi forced her voice to stay calm.

“Okay...okay...relax. We'll go out. I'll get you something”.

But Sunil only grew more restless. The moment she mentioned going out, he rushed towards the door. Still shaking, Parthi followed. She slowly unlocked the main door, her heart pounding.



Then instant the latch clicked, Sunil grabbed her wrist so tightly that she gasped. Then, in one swift motion, he used her outside, slammed the door behind them, and locked it from outside.

Before she could ask anything, he pulled her-almost dragged her-down the stairs.

“Sunil! What are you doing? Stop!

“Parthi cried, her voice shaking. But he didn’t stop. His breathing was rapid and panicked ,as if he was running from something terrifying. They hurried down to the ground floor, where Sunil suddenly let go of her arm.

“Call the police”, he said, his voice trembling uncontrollably.

“Call 100- now”.

Parthi stared at him, tears welling in her eyes-confused, frightened, unable to understand what was happening.

“What’s going on? Why are you acting like this?” She asked.

Sunil ran his hands through his hair, shaking violently. He looked as though he had seen something he wished he hadn’t.

“You...you live alone, right?” he asked, his voice barely steady.

“Yes”, Parthi replied, her heartbeat quickening.

Sunil swallowed hard before speaking again.

“When I tried the floor bedding earlier...I saw a man lying under your bed.”

Silence.

Parthi frozen. A cold wave of goosebumps spread across her body.

Sunil continued, his voice faint and unsteady.

“His eyes were open...staring at me...not even blinking. I pretended I didn’t notice him. If he realized I saw him...he might’ve killed us both.”

Parthi’s knees almost gave out. Everything inside her turned cold .All the strange feelings she had been ignoring in the flat for months now made terrifying sense.

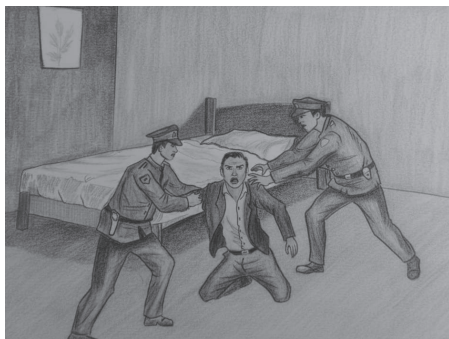
Sunil took a shaky breath. “That’s why I acted strange. I pretended something was wrong...I just wanted to get you out of that room alive.”

He knew Parthi was a vegetarian, so asking for meat was the quickest excuse to leave the room without alerting the man hiding inside.

Suddenly, everything clicked for Parthi-the cold air, the uneasy feeling at night, the objects that seemed to shift on their own. The horror she once thought was supernatural was something far worse.

When the police arrived, they found the man exactly where Sunil had said-curling in the darkness under her bed, waiting. He was a wanted criminal.

Slowly, the truth came out. Months ago, he had followed Parthi while she was searching for flats. He had managed to get a duplicate key to her apartment. He learned she was new to the city, living alone, and vulnerable .He studied her daily routine, her sleep schedule, and her habits.



*Sketch by Robin Barwa*

His plan was horrifying -to assault her, kill her, and dispose of the evidence in her own flat .And that very night was the night he had chosen.

But Sunil's unexpected visit destroyed his plan. And Sunil's quick thinking saved her life.

As the criminal was taken away, Parthi finally understood the truth.

The "Presence" she had felt each night wasn't paranormal.

It was real

It was human

It was evil.

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## Let go

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**Fatima Khatun**

U.G.Eng II

We let people go,  
Not because it's easy—  
We let them go  
Because they weren't worth the fight.

I don't want to be that friend  
You remember only sometimes.  
I don't want to be your maybe,  
Your lingering what if.

You can't grow a flower  
By watering it once a week.  
So how do you expect returned love?  
When your efforts are painfully weak?

Just let go when it no longer brings you peace.  
Let go when you have to beg for it.  
Let go, and be done with it—  
Not for them, but for you.



## Childhood Love

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**Afrin Ruksar**

P.G. Eng II

**A**lthough the childhood love of every child is his mother, when he grows up, his wife becomes his life, and he does the same for his own children. A strange world is emerging now. From childhood to adulthood, parents raise their children with great love. But when these same children grow up, they forget the sacrifices of their parents.

Sometimes a mother even loses her life while giving birth to her child. The father wears torn and old clothes and keeps himself busy fulfilling all the desires of the child. Even after living such a difficult life, when the children grow up, they forget to respect their parents. They also start forgetting the sacrifices of their parents.

It was my dream since childhood that when I become rich enough, I will go to an orphanage or an old-age home on my birthday and help the poor. Actually, I come from a middle-class family. But on the auspicious occasion of my birthday on 3 February 2024, I went to an old-age home in Ormanjhi, Ranchi. Its name was Omkar Old Age Home. My friend helped me reach there.

My eyes became moist after seeing the people living there. I started thinking once again—how can a child leave his parents in such an old-age home and live happily with his wife at home? How is he living a happy life? Does he sleep well at night? Does he remember his mother while she used to put a morsel of food in his mouth? The mother who fed him even when she herself was hungry? Would his legs not falter while walking? The father on whose shoulders the child used to sit and roam everywhere—has he forgot-

ten all those childhood days just like that? The parents who did not let even a drop of tear fall from his eyes.

Today, the son cannot understand the pain of his parents. In his pride, he has abandoned them and left them crying in an old age home. How can he forget the love of his childhood so quickly? Seeing this makes my heart heavy and reminds me of our own difficult childhood.

We also grew up in poverty. My mother managed both the house and the shop with great effort. Even today, at her age, she still takes care of everything. She often tells us how she raised us, how my brothers and sisters went to school hungry after doing household chores, and how she sometimes boiled only water because there was no money to buy rice. Whenever she earned a little by selling goods in the shop, she would first buy rice and cook for us.

It took years of hard work to rise from poverty to a middle-class life. We have progressed, but we can never forget those struggles. Even now, when we travel or visit relatives, Ammi is the first to offer charity, praying that her children stay protected and successful. She always prays for us.

Being a mother is not easy. It is the greatest responsibility and also the greatest blessing for a woman. My first experience of pure love is the love of my Ammi. She says, “If there is a mother, the world feels happy. If there is a mother, the family feels prosperous. If there is a mother, the home feels full of blessings.”

I will never forget the day, when I visited the Old-Age Home. It reminded me how deeply we owe our parents for the love and care that shaped our lives. We can never fully repay what they have done for us, but we can stand by them and support them in their old age. The people we are today exist only because of their kindness and sacrifices.

So, never ignore your parents and never leave them because of what others say. Do not hurt them with harsh words. When parents are near, life feels like heaven; when they are gone, even a hap-

py family feels the pain of living among thorns. Respect, love, and serve your parents as much as you can while they are still alive.

So, never ignore your parents and never leave them because of what others say. Do not hurt them with harsh words. When parents are near, life feels like heaven; when they are gone, even a happy family feels the pain of living among thorns. Respect, love, and serve your parents as much as you can while they are still alive.

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# The Girl Who Borrowed Stars

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**Tripti Khichingia**

U.G. Eng. I

Lilly was a little girl who lived in a small village where the nights were deep and dark, and hope often felt distant. But Lilly carried a magical secret—she could borrow stars.

Every night, she climbed onto her rooftop, stretched her tiny hand toward the sky, and a single star would gently drift down to her like a glowing firefly. She kept each borrowed star in a glass jar, and its soft, warm light filled her room in a way no lantern ever could.

But borrowing stars came with one important rule.

“You must return them before sunrise,” her grandmother had warned.

“Stars belong to the sky. If you keep them too long, they lose their shine.”

Lilly always obeyed, returning each star at dawn.







One evening, a terrible storm struck the village. Thunder roared, lightning split the sky, and the entire village was swallowed by darkness. Children cried in fear, the elderly trembled in the cold, and the sick struggled to breathe as the icy wind swept through their homes.

Lilly looked at the glass jar in her hands. The star inside shimmered softly, almost as if it were asking her to let it return to the sky. But tonight, she needed its light more than ever.

Clutching the jar tightly, she ran outside. Holding it high, she let its warm glow light up the village path. Slowly, frightened families stepped out of their dark homes, following the gentle beam of the star. One by one, they moved toward the village temple—the only place strong enough to protect everyone from the raging storm. The star’s light guided them safely through the wind and thunder.

Inside the temple, the villagers stared at the radiant jar, their fear easing just a little.

“Lilly,” her grandmother whispered softly,

“you must return the star before dawn.”

“But the storm isn’t over,” Lilly said,

her voice trembling. “If I return it now, the whole village will be in darkness again. Someone might get hurt.”

Her grandmother placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. “Then trust your heart, child.”

So Lilly stayed awake through the long, stormy night, holding the jar close to her chest, protecting the star’s glow. But as the first pale light of morning touched the sky, she noticed the star’s brightness fading. Its shine was weakening. It was dying.

“No...” she whispered, tears filling her eyes.

Lilly ran outside and lifted the jar high toward the sky.

“Go back... please,” she whispered.

As if it understood her, the lid gently opened by itself. In an instant, the tiny star shot upward, streaking across the dark sky until it joined the others. The moment it reached its place among the stars, its glow intensified—shining brighter than every other star that night.

A warm beam of light streamed down from the heavens, spreading across the village and pushing away the storm clouds that had frightened everyone. The winds calmed, the darkness faded, and peace settled once again over the village.

Lilly watched, tears glistening in her eyes, but she was smiling. She realized she hadn’t just borrowed a star that night. She had rescued one—and in return, the star had saved them all.

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### Scary facts

*People with mental problems,  
including psychopaths, often say their  
favourite color is blue.*

## From Kavya Maiya to Kavya Ma'am

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**Asma Rani Lakra**

UG Eng III

A farmer named Sidharth lived in a small village on the banks of a river. He had a small family—his wife Sumitra and their young daughter, Kavya. Kavya had been loved deeply by her parents since childhood, and they affectionately called her “Kavya Maiya.” Sidharth owned only two ancestral fields, where he worked hard every day to grow vegetables and provide for his family.

Sidharth spent his days cultivating, watering, and taking care of his garden. Sumitra plucked vegetables daily and sold them in the market or went from house to house to earn some money. Little Kavya often accompanied her parents. She liked roaming from place to place holding her mother’s hand and sometimes helped her father in the garden. Their life was simple, filled with hard work and constant activity.

When Kavya turned five, her father managed to get her admitted to the village school. She was well-disciplined, punctual, and sincere. She reached school on time every day, cleaned the classroom, paid attention to her lessons, and eagerly joined extra-curricular activities. Her good behaviour and cheerful nature soon made her popular among teachers and classmates. She soon became the apple of everyone’s eye.

The children in the school received mid-day meals, which Kavya always enjoyed. One of the teachers grew fond of her because of her simplicity and excellent performance. He decided to visit her home and meet her parents.

One Sunday, without informing anyone, he travelled to Kavya's village. The villagers guided him to her house—a small single-room home with a bamboo door locked from the outside. Surprised, the teacher asked the neighbours about the family and learned that Kavya and her parents were working in their fields nearby.

He walked to the fields and found them busy with their work. Seeing their dedication, he felt happy and emotional. He introduced himself to Kavya's parents, praised her behaviour and hard work, and congratulated her parents for raising such a bright child. Tears of joy filled Sidharth and Sumitra's eyes when they heard her teacher praise their daughter. They thanked him sincerely and offered him some fresh vegetables from their fields.

Her teacher, now aware of the family's financial condition and Kavya's sincere progress, felt uneasy. He realised that without proper support, Kavya might not be able to continue her study. Recognizing her potential, he decided to help before it was too late.

On his next visit, he offered financial aid of two thousand rupees to the family. He advised them to buy good-quality seeds and organic fertilizers and to continue farming so that Kavya's education would not be interrupted.

The teacher's instant support proved to be a blessing. With the better seeds and fertilizers, the family was able to produce organic vegetables sold at optimal prices in the market. When the demand for vegetables increased, Sidharth and Sumitra worked even harder. Their financial condition gradually improved, and life became secure and stable.

Meanwhile, Kavya continued to stand out in her studies. Her matriculation results were outstanding and she secured admission to St. Xavier's College in the city for intermediate and graduation. During her college years, she often remembered her parents' sacrifices and her teacher's dreams for her. She was loved by everyone for her politeness, dedication and cheerful nature. She performed brilliantly in both intermediate and graduation.

Following her teacher's advice, Kavya also completed her B.Ed.. With her persistent hard work and by God's grace, she soon got a job as a teacher in the very school where she had once studied. "Kavya Maiya" now became Kavya Ma'am.

Kavya treated her school as a temple of learning and helped every child with care and patience. Her motherly affection earned her deep respect from the students. Within five years, her hard work and dedication transformed the school's performance so much that it earned recognition and its name appeared in newspapers.

News reporters soon began showcasing Kavya Ma'am's teaching methods and the remarkable progress of her school on television. By the tenth year of her service, students from her small rural school ranked in the district's top ten in the matriculation exams. This extraordinary achievement earned Kavya Ma'am the Best Teacher Award, and her school was officially declared a Model School by the District Education Department.

Kavya, her parents, and her former teacher, Tiwari ji—now retired—became widely respected in the village. Everyone admired Kavya Ma'am, and the people of the village held deep gratitude and affection for her.

To celebrate her success, the district education department organized a grand function for the students, villagers, and Kavya's family. They also honoured the teacher who had recognized Kavya's potential years ago and supported her at the right time.

During her speech at the celebration, Kavya Ma'am said,

"Whoever I am today is because of my respected parents and my revered teacher. Apart from my parents and my first guru, I bow down to all the teachers who shaped my life and made me worthy of receiving the Best Teacher Award."

She continued,

"In this proud moment, I want to tell all the students that the student life is the most beautiful and precious phase. Understand the

value of your life and make the best use of opportunities you get in school and college. Fulfil the dreams of your parents and teachers. Challenges are a part of life—welcome them with courage, and face them with the support of your elders. Always remember, there is no shortcut to success.”

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## Scary Facts

*A dead body might still move  
a little even hours after dying.*



## **Will You Be My Crew?**

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**Neha Smita Rawat**

U.G. Eng II

Like any other day,  
This day felt dull and blue.  
And like those drifting ships,  
Will you be my crew?

Will you stay with me?  
Through the darkest clouds above?  
Even in the longest, shitty queues—  
Will you still accept my love?

When something fake surrounds me,  
Will you stand by my side?  
Promise me you'll never leave,  
Never ask who I was or why I hide.

Like any other day,  
This day felt dull and blue.  
And like those wandering ships,  
Will you be my crew?

# The Stonecutter's Patience

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Navin Tirkey

U.G Eng I

In the quiet, mist-covered valleys of Jharkhand lived a humble stonecutter named Dilip. Day after day, he chipped away at heavy granite blocks, his hammer echoing against the stubborn stone. His life was full of hard work, leaving him dusty, tired, and often discouraged.

One hot summer afternoon, Dilip wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked up the mountain path. A magnificent palanquin decorated with silk and gold glided past, carrying a powerful and wealthy merchant.

“How grand his life must be!” Dilip sighed, dropping his chisel. “He commands respect and moves so easily through the world. I wish I were the merchant.”

To his astonishment, a deep, mysterious voice rose from the mountainside. “Your wish is granted.”

In an instant, Dilip was no longer a stonecutter. He had become the wealthy merchant. He enjoyed fine clothes, delicious food, and the admiration of the townspeople. But his happiness did not last long. Soon, the scorching sun beat down on him, drying his gardens and making every journey miserable.

“This heat is stronger than any man,” he groaned. “The sun must be the most powerful of all. I wish I were the sun!”

And so, he became the sun. He shone down fiercely, drying rivers and scorching fields. For a moment, he felt immense power. But

soon, a vast, dark cloud drifted across the sky, blocking his brilliant light and covering the world in shadow.

“The cloud is stronger than I am,” Dilip muttered in frustration. “It can hide even the great sun. I wish I were the cloud!”

In an instant, he became a heavy rain cloud. He poured water onto the earth and swept across the sky, proving his strength. Yet when he floated above a colossal mountain, he found he could not move it. He rained and stormed with all his might, but the mountain remained firm, silent, and unmoved.

“This is impossible!” he cried. “The mountain is the strongest of all. I wish I were the mountain!”

He transformed into a mighty mountain—tall, solid, and immovable. He watched the world pass in majestic stillness, believing he had finally reached the highest form of power.

But one morning, he felt a faint, rhythmic tap-tap-tap at his base. The sound was familiar. A small, determined figure was chipping away at his granite surface—slowly, steadily, yet unbreakably. It was a stonecutter—his former self.

In that moment, Dilip finally understood.

He wished to be the stonecutter again.

He found himself standing with his chisel in hand, the granite dust once again settling comfortably on his fingers. He was tired, but the desire to be someone else had vanished. With renewed purpose, he picked up his hammer and began his work.

He now knew that even the greatest mountain could be shaped—not by magic or power—but by patience, effort, and the simple, persistent strength of a stonecutter.

True power does not come from what we are but from what we choose to do. The sun, the cloud, and the mountain were all controlled by forces greater than themselves. But the stonecutter, with his patience and steady effort, shaped his own destiny.

In life, we often compare ourselves to others and long for their success or status. Yet the greatest obstacle we face—and the greatest strength we hold—lies within us. Our actions, persistence, and willingness to work hard are what truly determine our path.

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## 25 Years of Jharkhand: Success and Challenges

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**Nishi Priyanka Kerketta**

U.G. Eng. III

**J**harkhand, a state built on the philosophy of “Jal, Jangal, and Jameen” given by Komaram Bheem, truly stands green and vibrant like its name—“The Land of Forests.” Formed on 15 November 2000 as the 28th state of India, Jharkhand is a young yet culturally rich region whose identity extends far beyond political boundaries. Its indigenous heritage, abundant natural resources, and remarkable sportspersons have earned it recognition across the world.

The journey of Jharkhand’s formation was long and filled with struggles. Once a part of Bihar, and earlier of Bengal, the state achieved its distinct identity through the efforts of leaders like Birsa Munda and Jaipal Singh Munda. Their sacrifices laid the foundation for a separate state that could preserve its culture, resources, and aspirations.

Over the last 25 years, Jharkhand has proven its significance, especially through its rich mineral wealth. Coal from Jharia, mica from Koderma, and uranium from Jadugoda make Jharkhand a major contributor to India’s mineral output—nearly 40% of the nation’s total. With 29% of its area covered in dense forests, the state lives up to its name. Along with natural wealth, Jharkhand has also produced world-class athletes who have brought pride to India. Names like Salima Tete, Deepika Kumari, Kumar Kushagra, Jaipal Singh Munda, and M.S. Dhoni reflect the strength and potential of its people.

However, beneath this prosperity lies a pressing reality. The same land that feeds the nation’s industries is struggling to feed many of its own children. The challenges facing Jharkhand cannot

be ignored. Water bodies are increasingly polluted due to industrial and domestic waste. Rivers like Subarnarekha and Harmu suffer from contamination, especially from coal-mine oxidation and untreated discharge.

Deforestation, too, has taken a serious toll. The Saranda forest—Asia’s largest Sal forest—is shrinking because of iron ore extraction. Regions like Ramgarh and Koderma have witnessed extensive forest loss, raising deep environmental concerns. In Jharia, coal mining has caused severe land degradation and displacement of local communities. The Jameen that was once fought for is now being taken away, leaving many families without their homes and livelihoods.

So, after 25 years of statehood, Jharkhand stands at a crucial crossroads. The land we take pride in seems to be turning into a burden for its own people. It is now time for collective action and responsible decision-making. The state must focus on value addition rather than mere extraction of minerals. Strengthening weak economic sectors and ensuring sustainable development is essential. Most importantly, Jharkhand must grow in harmony with Komaram Bheem’s guiding principle—preserving Jal, Jangal, and Jameen while ensuring holistic progress.

Only by protecting its natural wealth and empowering its people can Jharkhand overcome these challenges and move confidently into the future.

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## COOL FACTS

*\*The brain is much more active than during the day.*



## The Strange Story of a Family

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**Rani Pareya**

B.com Sem. I

The night was filled with screams. A cruel husband, blinded by uncontrollable anger, began shouting at his wife. Their terrified children ran out of the house, crying and seeking help. Inside the dark room, the woman begged for her life. Her desperate voice echoed through the walls:

“No... please don’t kill me!”

But the man, consumed by rage, continued his violent attack, ignoring her pleas. After a few moments, the house fell silent. The man stood alone in the darkness, breathing heavily. With a cold, emotionless voice, he whispered,

“Now I am peaceful. I can do whatever I want.”

Early in the morning, soft sunlight filtered through the window of Dr. Paulin’s office. She was writing notes at her desk when a gentle knock broke her concentration.

“Come in,” Dr. Paulin called.

A young woman stepped inside. Her eyes were tired, but there was a warmth in them.

“Good morning, Doctor,” she said politely.

“Good morning,” Dr. Paulin replied with a welcoming smile.

The woman handed her a neatly folded letter.

“Father Tom asked me to give you this,” she said.

Dr. Paulin unfolded the letter and read it carefully. After a moment, she looked up at the young woman.

“So, Rachel, you’re looking for some work?”

“Yes, Doctor,” Rachel answered softly.

Dr. Paulin thought quietly for a moment.

“I usually manage all my work on my own,”

she said gently, “but since you are in need,

Rachel, I will find something for you to do.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” Rachel replied gratefully.

“Do you have any relatives?” Dr. Paulin asked.

“I have only one brother,” Rachel answered.

“He has been sick for a long time.”

“Where is he now?” Dr. Paulin asked with concern.

“He is with Father Tom,” Rachel explained.

“When we were wandering in distress, Father Tom offered us help.”

Dr. Paulin leaned back in her chair, her mind filled with concern for Rachel—a young woman she had only recently met but already felt responsible for. Just then, Father Tom entered the room. He noticed the serious look on Dr. Paulin’s face.

“Thinking about Rachel?” he asked softly.

“Yes,” Dr. Paulin sighed. “But not only her. I am thinking about the thousands of people like her—helpless and desperately in need of work.”

“Indeed,” Father Tom said gently. “We do have a great responsibility.”

Then he smiled warmly.

“But for now, I have come to congratulate you, Dr. Paulin, for your selfless service. Your good work is known to many, and I am proud to know you.”

He paused, looking at her with concern. “I often see sadness on your face. Are you alright?”

“You are right, Father,” Dr. Paulin admitted quietly.

“I am searching for someone very important to me.”

“Can you share it with me?” Father Tom asked kindly.

“Of course,” Dr. Paulin replied.

Dr. Paulin looked at Father Tom seriously.

“Have you ever heard of Mr. Alexander?” she asked.

Father Tom was surprised. “Yes... he was a rich landlord who killed his wife twenty years ago, with the help of his twin sister.”

“That’s the one,” Dr. Paulin said quietly.

“I have been searching for him for years. The story of that broken family still haunts me.” Before Father Tom could respond, the door burst open and a woman rushed in, crying desperately.

“Doctor... there has been an accident! My husband is in danger. Please come quickly!”

Dr. Paulin stood up at once.

“I’m ready. Father, forgive me—I must go.”

“It’s alright, Paulin,” Father Tom replied. “Go and help him.”

Dr. Paulin hurried out with the woman, leaving Father Tom alone in the room. He sat back in his chair, lost in thought, repeating her words softly to himself.

“Such a strong story... a story of a broken family.”

Meanwhile, Samuel, Father Tom's cheerful and innocent helper, was strolling down the street, happily whistling a tune. He loved to smile and share joy with everyone he met. As he walked, he noticed a man and his wife hurrying to catch a bus. The man spoke lovingly,

"My sweetheart, walk faster or we'll miss the bus."

Curious and friendly as always, Samuel approached them and said,

"Hello, friend! Are you also going to the city?"

But the man frowned and pulled his wife closer. "How dare you talk to my wife!" he snapped. "Come on, dear, we're getting late." They rushed away, leaving Samuel standing alone, confused by their reaction.

A little later, a group of young girls passed by. Samuel, still hopeful, stopped them and said,

"I long for love too! Will any of you marry me?"

The girls burst into laughter. "Oh, silly boy! Don't you have any manners?" they teased before walking away, giggling.

Samuel blinked and lifted his eyes toward the sky. "Father Tom always tells me that I am special to God," he whispered. "But people don't seem to understand that." Still, he let out a small sigh and smiled again.

"Dear friends," he said softly, "I'm still a bachelor.

Please pray for me, so that one day I may meet the right girl and live happily."

Samuel enters in distress, explaining that a group of girls beat him when he tried to speak to them about marriage. He believes he is a precious gift from God, but Father Tom gently advises him to stop troubling the girls and instead seek blessings from the Mother of Jesus.

At the same time, Mr. Alexander asks about Rachel's work and expresses how deeply he longs to see his children again. He says that if he could see them once more, he would be ready to leave the world in peace. Hearing this, Father Tom reminds everyone that praying to God with a sincere and repentant heart can open the gates of heaven.

Samuel requests Father Tom to pray for him. Father Tom agrees and suggests that Samuel should also pray with another companion. Samuel happily agrees, promising to listen and help whenever needed. Father Tom again reminds them that prayer is powerful.

Later, Samuel and his friend hold hands and begin praying to the Mother of Jesus. While they pray, Father Tom starts reading from Paulin's diary.

In it, Paulin writes about her tragic past—her mother was killed, and she was separated from her brother when they were young. She shares her grief but also her hope to find her lost brother and take revenge for her mother's death. Father Tom reflects on her words and admires her strength despite the hardships she has faced.

Before leaving for urgent work, Father Tom asks Samuel to take care of Paulin. Samuel gladly agrees and begins to sing a joyful song. Paulin meets a young man named Samuel while waiting for Father Tom. Samuel introduces himself as a servant of God, always ready to help.

They talk pleasantly until Father Tom returns and apologizes for leaving Paulin alone for urgent work. Paulin assures him she was comfortable, as Samuel kept her company. Father Tom describes Samuel as a good but slightly unusual boy and then changes the topic.

He tells Paulin he has read her diary and knows she is searching for her father, Mr. Alexander—the man she believes killed her mother. Paulin's heart is filled with anger and a desire for revenge. Father Tom gently reminds her that God is merciful and forgives even the greatest sinners.

As they talk, Father Tom reveals a shocking truth: Paulin's father is alive and living with her long-lost brother. Surprised, Paulin asks for her brother's name. Father Tom replies,

"Joy."

Tears fill her eyes as she whispers,

"He was my joy, and I was his little queen. I long to meet him."

Father Tom then explains that her brother, once lost and wandering, was taken in by priests. He learned the path of forgiveness and became a priest himself, hoping to save their father's soul.

Finally, Father Tom smiles and reveals another truth:

"Your brother is very close to you. I am Joy."

Paulin, overwhelmed, whispers, "You... you are my Joy."

Together, Paulin and Father Tom (Joy) visit their father. Mr. Alexander is now old, weak, and full of regret. When he sees his children, he breaks down and begs for forgiveness. Paulin, with tears, says,

"Papa, I have forgiven you. How can I hold onto revenge when the heart of Jesus is so merciful?"

Hearing her words, Alexander feels peace wash over him. "Now I can die happily," he says softly. "God is calling me." He blesses his children and dies peacefully in their arms.

This story gives a powerful message that True peace comes not from revenge but from forgiveness, love, and acceptance. Those who forgive heal their own hearts and bring light into the lives of others.

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## **G.S FACTS**

- ▶ Indian Women's team won the Women's Kabaddi world cup in Dhaka.
- ▶ India won its first Women's Cricket World cup.
- ▶ Smt. Droupadi Murmu is the first Indian President who belongs to the tribal community.
- ▶ India's first aircraft carrier was the INS Vikrant.
- ▶ India becomes first Nation to reach South Pole of Moon as Chandrayan3.
- ▶ Group Captain Subhanshu Shukla has made history by becoming longest staying Indian Astronaut in Space,has spent over 7 days 21hours.
- ▶ The name of Raj Bhawan and Raj Niwas are being changed to Lok Bhawan and Lok Niwas

## **Fun facts**

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- ▶ Yawning is contagious-even reading or thinking about yawning can trigger the urge to yawn.
- ▶ A Blue whale's tongue can weigh as much as entire elephant.
- ▶ Giraffes have the same number of bones (seven) as humans, but each one is massive.
- ▶ A Snail can sleep for up to three years.
- ▶ Rainbows can only be seen in the morning or late afternoon.
- ▶ A group of flamingos is called a flamboy-ance.
- ▶ Dolphins have names for each other.
- ▶ Hummingbirds are the only birds that can fly backward.
- ▶ The heart can create enough pressure to squirt blood up to 30 feet.
- ▶ An octopus has three hearts.
- ▶ A group of raccoons is called a gaze

# JOKES

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- ▶ Examiner :- Why are your exams paper blank?  
Student : Silence is best answer.
- ▶ Teacher : Why are you late?  
Student : Because of the Sign.  
Teacher : What sign?  
Student : School Ahead -Go  
Slow.
- ▶ Why Santa Clause is a man?  
Because no women would wear the  
same dress every year on the same festival.
- ▶ Teacher: What is the chemical formula of water?  
Student: H I J K L M N O  
Teacher: What?  
Student: You said it's H to O.
- ▶ My wallet is like an onion.  
When I open it...it makes me cry!

## RIDDLE

- ▶ What is stronger than steel but can't handle the sun?

Answer: Ice.

If you drop me, I'm sure to crack, but smile at me and I'll smile back.

What am I?

Answer: A mirror.

- ▶ What kind of cup doesn't hold water?

Ans: A cupcake.

- ▶ You're in a dark room with a candle, a wood stove, and a gas lamp. You only have one match, so what do you light first?

Answer: The match.

- ▶ What can you catch but never throw.

Ans: Cold

- ▶ What ancient invention allows people to see through walls?

Answer: Windows.

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