

# KLOUD9



INDIA'S EXCLUSIVE MAGAZINE FOR THE GEN - Z

**MY PARENTS ARE MY HEROES**

**VOLUME 7 ISSUE 22 APRIL 2024**



*My Parents are My Heroes*







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# EDITOR'S MUSINGS

You don't raise heroes, you raise a child. And if you treat them like children, they'll turn out to be heroes, even if it's just in your own eyes. And that is for the best.

All parents have learnt this mantra to get by in life because the journey of parenthood is highly complex, and often trudges along with an uneasy, unspoken truce by both parties. We are more independent in our thoughts and ideas today. It also means that we have assumed more defined positions on issues, and it can be in conflict with what our children aspire for in life. One has to broaden one's horizon of expectations to be able to build a meaningful relationship of trust and love with one's children. The words of the great poet Khalil Gibran never rang more true.

*You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.*

*For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.*

While we need to give children their space, respect their identity and choices as individuals, we can ensure that it doesn't end up as a one-way alley with a no-entry tag for us. Just like children, we keep evolving and children need to recognize and appreciate us for what we are. To be the wind beneath their wings, we give them the elevation to take flight. And that is heroism.

Small, seemingly insignificant moments go a long way in forging a bond of love and deep mutual understanding and respect. I remember an instance when a rather precocious little girl said on Mother's Day, when asked about the best part of her mornings when she comes to school. She said, "I love the way my mum irons my shirt at the last minute and gives it to me to wear to school. I feel it remains warm with her touch all day, and I love that feeling."

We can be heroes to our children without trying to be superhuman, without trying to ape cut outs and legends, or believe that we can build a bond with our child like in a fairy tale. Yet, while life isn't a fairy tale, it is up to us to create those magical moments in everyday life for our children for them

*to sing with pride,*

*Did you ever know that you're my hero*

*And everything I would like to be?*

*I can fly higher than an eagle*

*For you are the wind beneath my wings*



**DR MONA LISA BAL**  
Editor **KLOUD9**





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# COVER STORY

Nandita Mishra

*A hero is an ordinary individual who finds the strength to persevere and endure in spite of overwhelming obstacles. (Christopher Reeves)*

With a constantly evolving parenthood scene today, it's one of the most hotly discussed topics in every home. Parents in urban India today, are parents by choice, largely. They opt for it if and when they wish to. Naturally, parenting today is very different from how these parents were brought up. It is impossible to raise a child unselfconsciously. Bombarded with conflicting advice about every aspect which was a given twenty years ago, it's a haze that parents today have to navigate for every decision regarding bringing and raising a child. I recently heard a spiritual guru advise that "We do not raise children, we only raise cattle."

Even the choice of words is a matter of debate. There is a plethora of views on everything - breastfeeding versus bottle feeding, crib sleeping and co-sleeping, early versus delayed toilet training, national curriculum versus international education. The list is endless and the haze often becomes smog for new parents. With social media groups for all aspects of parenting spouting and mushrooming across the parenting landscape, it is a constant glare of invisible friends, co-parents across the world that impacts them. Additionally, there is the nuclear family, working parents and the familial as well as socio economic vibes of this time that impact parenthood.

Interestingly, most grandparents feel that parents today are unduly insecure, overly involved, overprotective helicopter parents. But the icing on the cake is that parents today have triumphed and emerged as parents who are closer to their adult children than in the past. Parent-child hierarchy has given way to a closer, more intimate and more egalitarian relationship.

Infact, parents today are more sensitive to the risks that their children face, both physical and psychological. Parenthood is underlined with anxiety. Stoking these fears is the constant media coverage of child predators, pedophiles, bullying and peer pressure on children. Thus, childhood space and freedom are severely restricted. With increased indoor time and adult supervision of children's activities, children today share a strong bond with parents, and often they are the only idols that they get to see and know closely.





Contemporary parents have been able to ensure that their children love them, as they grow up in a happy and secure environment. In this leitmotif, a theme like this one invariably reminds me of movies, ads and books that make parents our idols. To Kill A Mockingbird, by Harper Lee remains an all-time classic because of Atticus Finch, the father and the lawyer who fights for the oppressed. All my life, I have admired my father through the lens of Atticus Finch. Some of it may be biased; yet, it has been my mainstay and driving force in almost every decisive moment in my life. It has made me believe that just like he stood for what was right and fair, I have been largely able to do that because he was my Atticus Finch.

I have fond memories of the My Daddy, Strongest! Dhara oil ads because it made ordinary parents believable super heroes. All of us love movies like *The Pursuit of Happyness*, *Not Without My Daughter*, *Life Is Beautiful* and so many more because they make us see our parents as strong, idealistic and resolute people. It is ingrained in us and has a magical feel good factor that embraces us. In Indian society, parents are placed on a pedestal and Shravan Kumar and Sita are the oft-quoted examples of devoted children. Both were one-in-a-generation and we have to admit that the parent-child relationship is complex, layered and not always easy and smooth, as much as we would like it to be. Generation gap is just one dreaded word that clouds this bond, along with expectations, societal pressures as well as bias and rigidity.

There is the much debated my-parents-are-my-best-friends buzz that we have to factor in too. These are very western concepts but have percolated down to our society, visibly thanks to globalization, economic progress and active socio-cultural interfaces.

In this dynamic society, both generations have to accept one premise to make any headway. Dissent or difference of opinion isn't rebellion. It is simply evolving to accept an alternative perspective that is different. Parents do not have to be put on a pedestal by children to be their heroes. They can be human with faults, flaws and foibles and yet, inspire children to be the best version of themselves. We owe them a certain value system as the older generation, but we are human too. When my son got married, I had a chat with my daughter-in-law. We are both women with independent and unconventional views on life, and we decided on one thing that has worked well for us.

During a conversation, we have the freedom to agree or disagree. We will not be evasive and say things like 'I will think about it. Let's see' and so on. It wasn't the only conversation I have had with her in the past decade, but because of that one pact we have had, it is now possible to talk to each other and iron out differences without the dreaded generational chasm.





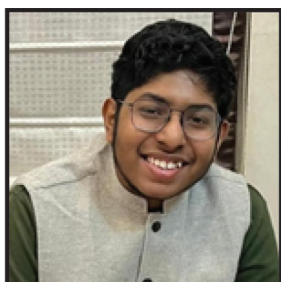


It is not the duty of children to fulfill every aspiration of their parents, or be as good as they have been at their professions. In fact, children idolize parents who give them space and support them to build their lives on their own terms, irrespective of whether it meets their expectations of their children. In today's world, you can be your child's hero if you are able to set aside expectations, and rise beyond disappointment when children choose their own journey with your support. It doesn't happen overnight. As parents, we need to engage with our children, try to have a feel of their world, their dreams with a new lens if we have to. It can be very different from what we may have envisaged for them, but heroism lies in standing by them, as they fly.

Real-life heroes don't fly wearing masks and capes. Their choices might seem safe and even boring to their children, but their journey too has had its share of aspirations, sacrifices, unfulfilled dreams and wisdom that children must respect and value. It is only then that they become heroes in your lives. To idolize them doesn't mean that you have to eulogize their life choices and aspire to be exactly like them. Hero worship can also be charting out your course of life, living your dreams with the essence of the values that your parents gave you. If you want to build bridges, remember your parents can be your engineers and the partnership can be a great success. As the great Michael Jordan famously said, "My parents were and are my heroes. I can't see anyone else as my heroes." They were not basket ball legends, yet, for the man who is legend to the world, they are heroes. As the song goes,

*You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains  
You raise me up, to walk on stormy seas  
I am strong, when I am on your shoulders  
You raise me up to more than I can be*





**Name – Rehan Sheikh**  
**Class – XI**  
**School – South Point High School**

# The Whistling Train

From far, faraway came a shrill whistle. The liquid silence of the afternoon was shattered with the sudden commotion. Suri who sat in the dark corner of his room, raised his eyes a little and carefully tried to listen to the sound. Oh! It was the train! He threw away the dusty, old book on the ground from his hands and banged open the door, not fearing his mother's wrath or outrage. His father was reading

the newspaper with keen eyes when his focus was disturbed by the laugh and joy of the little child leaping and running out of the house to.... ? To his world of

the narrow way- such an exciting, stunning, astonishing sight to behold for this little boy! Suri went through the winding roads springing over in fun



the unknown, the world which he yearned for.... to the busy railway platform teeming with people of all sorts and from where the train took so many people... where? To the towns, the cities and faraway lands. The steam coming out with an amusing, sharp whistle, the wheels slowly chugging down the railway tracks with a muffled sound, then taking up speed

and fiercely moving through and excitement. He made the best use of his feet to catch the sight of the incoming train. He would not be going anywhere on that train, but just see the people going somewhere. His father's meagre salary was not enough to take this little boy for a train ride.



He wanted to see the chaos, the madness, the turmoil, the people, and the stationmaster's particular way of waving the flag. He had seen these once when his father had returned from Kalikata on the train from work and Suri had to accompany his mother to pick him up. Since then, trains appealed to the young child. He had kind of forged an emotion with the trains. Every day he went to the station- every- single- day!

"Come behind me, fool!", said that rich merchant as he guided his coolie to the train. "Badam, chips, badam", called out the hawker who was trying to sell his wares. "Move away, move away! Please leave some space, daft!", said another man. Then, the stationmaster waved his flag. The train blew the horn. The soot came out of the nozzle. Suri watched the scene standing behind the pillar of the railway station through the spaces between the clothes of the people who had just come down the train. With a strident whistle and great burst of fume,

the engine went snorting down the track into the blackness. The stationmaster put his flag down and Suri came to the front anticipating to see the train in the tunnel. But it was dark, after all.

"Hey, young boy!", exclaimed the stationmaster as he stood with his flag.

"Yes, sahib"

"Why do you come every day here? I see you every day"

"To see the train. I like to see trains"

"You love trains?"

"Yes, sahib.... Very much.... How wonderful it would have been if I could ride in this"

"I will take you one day, boy? Will you go?", said the stationmaster with a funny grin.

"Oh! When will you take me, sahib?"

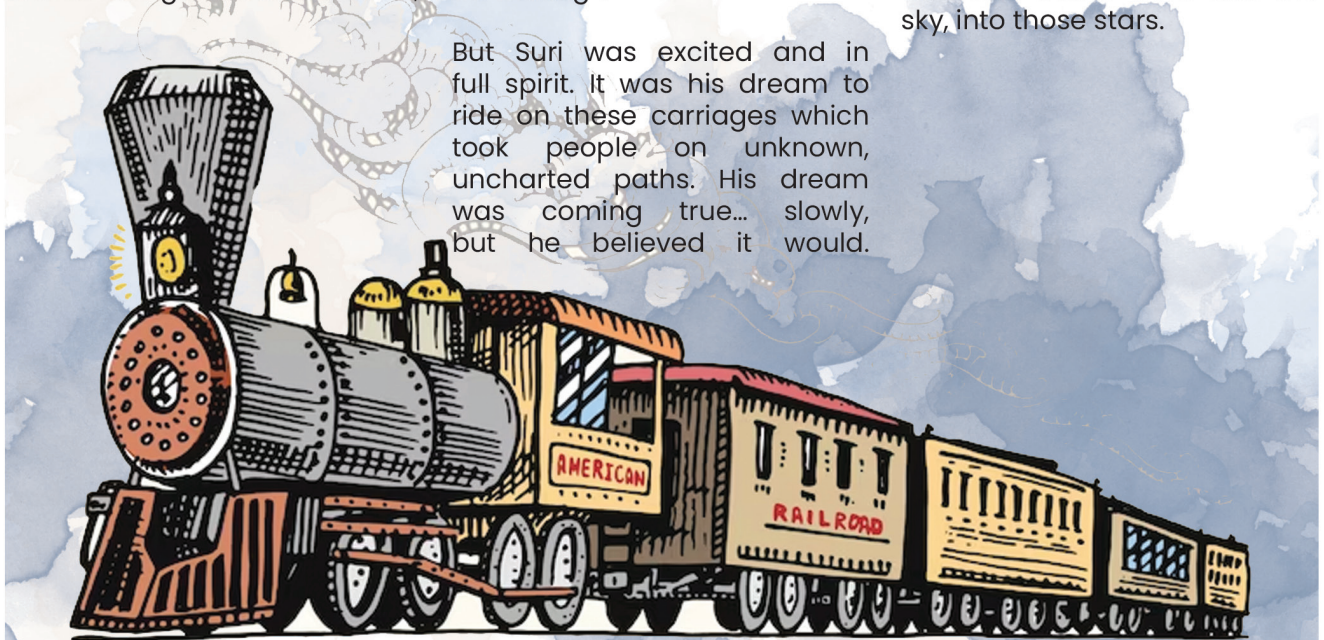
"I will take you boy,.... Go to your home now... your parents might be waiting".

But Suri was excited and in full spirit. It was his dream to ride on these carriages which took people on unknown, uncharted paths. His dream was coming true... slowly, but he believed it would.

"When, sahib?"

"Oh! Tomorrow, tomorrow", said the stationmaster laughing and patting the young boy on his shoulders. By this time another train had arrived and the stationmaster resumed to his duty. It was becoming dark and Suri decided to get back to his home. Brimming with joy and with a bright face, Suri turned back and starting pacing up towards his home. He ran down the narrow path winding its way through the paddy fields. It was a sea of paddy fed by the melted sun. The young boys still played in the field. They saw Suri rushing towards his home in great fervour and spirit- they had never seen Suri so, so excited!

"Suresh, Chinu, Ramesh, I am going on train tomorrow!!", shouted Suri to them in joy. They waved their hands back sharing their friend's joy. Suri was so overtaken by thrill and delight that he could not even sleep through night. Those stary faces looked as if the trains were somewhere among the clouds. Suri wondered whether all these trains went into the sky, into those stars.





Slowly, the sunlight started to appear and Suri understood that the train would come just then. He took one of his new shirts brought by father from the city and trod down the path. On arriving at the station, he saw the station teeming with people. He waited with bated breath for the train to arrive—the carriages from his dreams! Just when the announcements were made, Suri realised it was the time! His heart leapt with excitement. But he could not see the old, familiar stationmaster anywhere. Rather, he saw a young man with the flag that he had always seen in the hands of that stationmaster.

The red cap was carefully placed on his head, and just when the train came roaring through the tunnel, he waved the flag in a similar way. But he was not that stationmaster whom Suri always saw; he was new to the post.

"Child, what are you doing here? Where is your father?", asked the young man.

"I will go on the train.....", retorted Suri.

"Where is your ticket, boy?"

"I don't have a ticket.... The old stationmaster told me he will take me on a train ride"

"Oh!", laughed the stationmaster, "You need a ticket, child..... otherwise, you can't ride.... Go to your home, young boy..."

The stationmaster pushed the boy aside. Suri started weeping. Tears ran down his red cheeks. The sad shadows of men and women moved on the station floor. The train blew the horn, the steam blasted out of the engine and here departed the train. Suri could only afford to stand and see.....







**Name - Sheryl Soni**  
**Class - IV**  
**School - Ahlcon Public School**

# My Parents are My heroes

I've now concluded  
 after giving it so much thought;  
 for all people are hero is sought.

The only greatest thing that ever happens  
 to me is that I have a caring mother.  
 Who knows where and when it hurt me,  
 in the darkest times  
 chamber of the odd night  
 She is the golden jewel that never worn out  
 A breath that brings life.

You held my hand  
 when I was small.  
 You caught me when I fell.  
 You're the hero of my childhood  
 and my later years as well.

Dad, you are my hero... in so many ways.  
 And I'm grateful to you.  
 I have respect for the man you are.  
 You have a heart "as big as the world."  
 A "soft side" you often show.  
 All of your life you worked for your family  
 You taught me... and helped me grow.

Now I'm going to take one moment  
 To give my point of view  
 there is no finer parents  
 than I find in both of you.







**Name – Shreya Gupta**  
**Class – X**  
**School – Lotus Valley International School**

## Rise Above

You have the power to overcome any obstacle,  
 Don't let defeat weigh you down, it's not impossible,  
 Each challenge you face, you can conquer with ease,  
 Believe in yourself, and you'll achieve what you please.

There may be sadness stirring deep within,  
 But don't let it consume you, let your light shine from within,  
 You are not alone, there's always help at hand,  
 Friends and loved ones will support you, and help you stand.

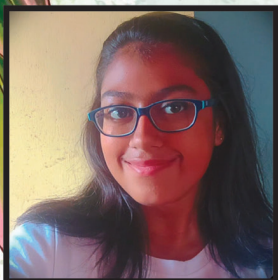
The storms of life may seem harsh and unkind,  
 But your strength and resilience will shine,  
 Take control of your life, refuse to feel defeat,  
 Get up, and walk out, the first step is to move your feet.

Don't let yourself be trapped in a trench,  
 You have the power to change and enhance,  
 Admit that life can be tough, but you're stronger than you know,  
 With the right mindset and attitude, you'll continue to grow.

Don't face the world all alone, the challenges are real,  
 Accept the help you need, and you'll heal,  
 Days will get easier, you'll overcome the pain,  
 Before you know it, you'll be dancing in the rain.







**Name - Sangna Chatterjee**  
**Class - XI**  
**School - St. Teresa's Secondary School**

**The City of Joy**







**Name - Rajashree Ratna Mohanty**  
**Class - XII**  
**School - D.A.V Public School, Unit - VIII,**  
**BHubaneswar**

## THE PILLARS OF MY LIFE

In the heart's kingdom, my parents reign supreme,  
Above all else, my joy they seek.  
Their love, a lighthouse, when life feels bleak,  
My life's compass, in every dream.

Through life's storms and sunny days,  
Granting my every wish with a caring hand.  
In their love's harbor, my heart stays,  
Their love, a fortress, where I firmly stand.





When doubts like shadows, around me creep,  
Their unwavering faith, my soul does keep.  
With them, no need for a best friend,  
Their love, a river that'll never bend.

Pillars of my world, without them, I'm adrift,  
Like the moon in my darkest night.  
Their love, a beacon, forever bright,  
In their love's embrace, my spirit lights.

In the tapestry of my life, they're the gem,  
For them, I'll always cherish and adore.  
Their love, a treasure, my everlasting anthem,  
In their love's embrace, now and forevermore.



Rajashree's parents

**MY LIFE**

**PILLARS OF**







**Name - Sayani Basak**  
**Class - X**  
**School - Bagbazar Multi Purpose**

**Akaal Bodhon**







**Name - Dibyajeeet Dash**  
**Class-X**  
**School - D.A.V. Public School Unit-8,**  
**Bhubaneswar**

## Echoes of Solitude: A Journey of Self-Discovery

In the bustling metro city of Mumbai, amidst the cacophony of wailing horns and hustling crowds in rush always, making her way down the steps into this 'City of Dreams' resided there a young woman named Diksha. Despite the vibrant energy of the city, her outward success,

and social connections, Diksha carried within her a deep-seated sense of loneliness- a metaphysical torment that echoed through the corridors of her soul. For years, Diksha tried to fill her emptiness with things she owned, awards from work, and short-lived joys. No matter

what she got or did, she still felt a void inside, like something was always missing. Diksha's quest for meaning once led her to a quiet sanctuary of a local library where she sought solace amidst the hushed whispers of ancient wisdom. Lost in the pages of philosophy and poetry,



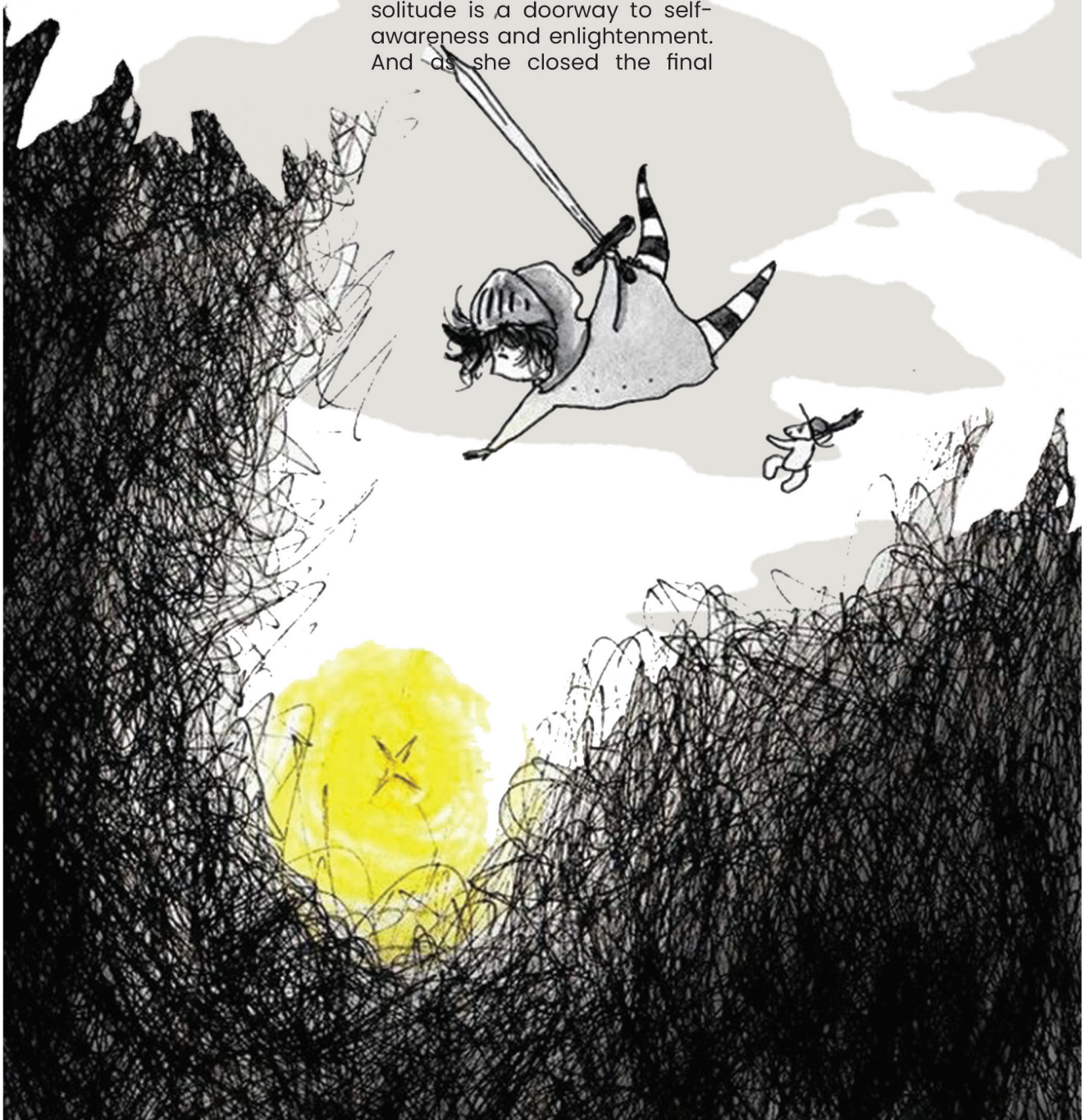


she struggled with timeless questions that resonated through the corridors of her mind: Who am I? What is the purpose of my existence? Is there meaning to be found amidst the chaos of life? In her pursuit of answers, Diksha stumbled upon a weathered tome tucked away on a forgotten shelf—a journal full

of thoughts from a wise person who had experienced loneliness deeply and became smarter because of it.

Each word resonated with Diksha's yearning for connection and understanding, offering glimpses into the universal human experience of wrestling with loneliness and longing. Diksha learned that solitude is a doorway to self-awareness and enlightenment. And as she closed the final

chapter of the journal, Diksha realized she wasn't alone. She had found peace within herself. Walking down the corridor of the stacked treasures that day, a new dawn of self-discovery engulfed her. She knew this was the calm place to retreat to, when life got overwhelming.







**Name - Samadrita Chattopadhyay**  
**Class - XI**  
**School - Aditya Academy (Dumdum branch)**

## Be the Sun Amidst the Stars

Turn on your headphones, let dreams ignite,  
In a world where stars twinkle with delight.  
Can you tell stars apart, in the night's dense,  
Yet you must stand out, your own defense.

In echoes unheard, in the vast unknown,  
Feel loneliness, but you're not alone.  
For you're the main character, hear it clear,  
In your story, let courage steer.

Side characters fade, like shadows at dawn,  
But the main character shines on and on.  
Write your tale, with a pen in your hand,  
On the canvas of life, let your colors expand.

When doubts like shadows, around me creep,  
Their unwavering faith, my soul does keep.  
With them, no need for a best friend,  
Their love, a river that'll never bend.

Pillars of my world, without them, I'm adrift,  
Like the moon in my darkest night.  
Their love, a beacon, forever bright,  
In their love's embrace, my spirit lights.

In the tapestry of my life, they're the gem,  
For them, I'll always cherish and adore.  
Their love, a treasure, my everlasting anthem,  
In their love's embrace, now and forevermore.





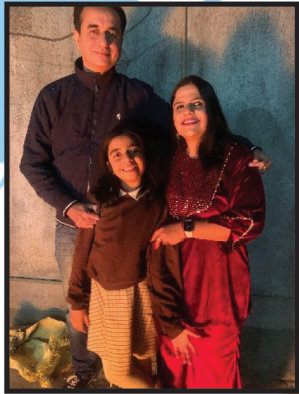


**Name - Sayari Saha**  
**Class - X**  
**School - Lycee School, Kolkata**

**The boy and the girl looking at each other - Taki & Mitsuha from Makoto Shinkai's Kimi No Na Wa**







**Name - Naira kalra**  
**Class - IV**  
**School - Ahlcon Public School**

# My Folks are My Heroes

Wakes up early & sleeps too late,  
 Keeps his work life & personal separate,  
 Always handles the lifelong debate,  
 Provides for us in money & on our plate,  
 Helps my mom in the kitchen & doesn't  
 hesitate,  
 He's none other than my father, my hero, my  
 mate!

Handles everything without shedding a tear,  
 Keeps at home a positive atmosphere,  
 Things become tough for her year after year,  
 Tells she hasn't aged a bit, oh dear...  
 Makes a point to share all the love, I swear!  
 Scolds too much yet has a heart full of fear.  
 She's none other than my mother, full of  
 motherhood here & there.

My folks are my heroes,  
 Our life's incomplete without them,  
 For God couldn't be here with us,  
 He created these angels,  
 To be here in place of him!



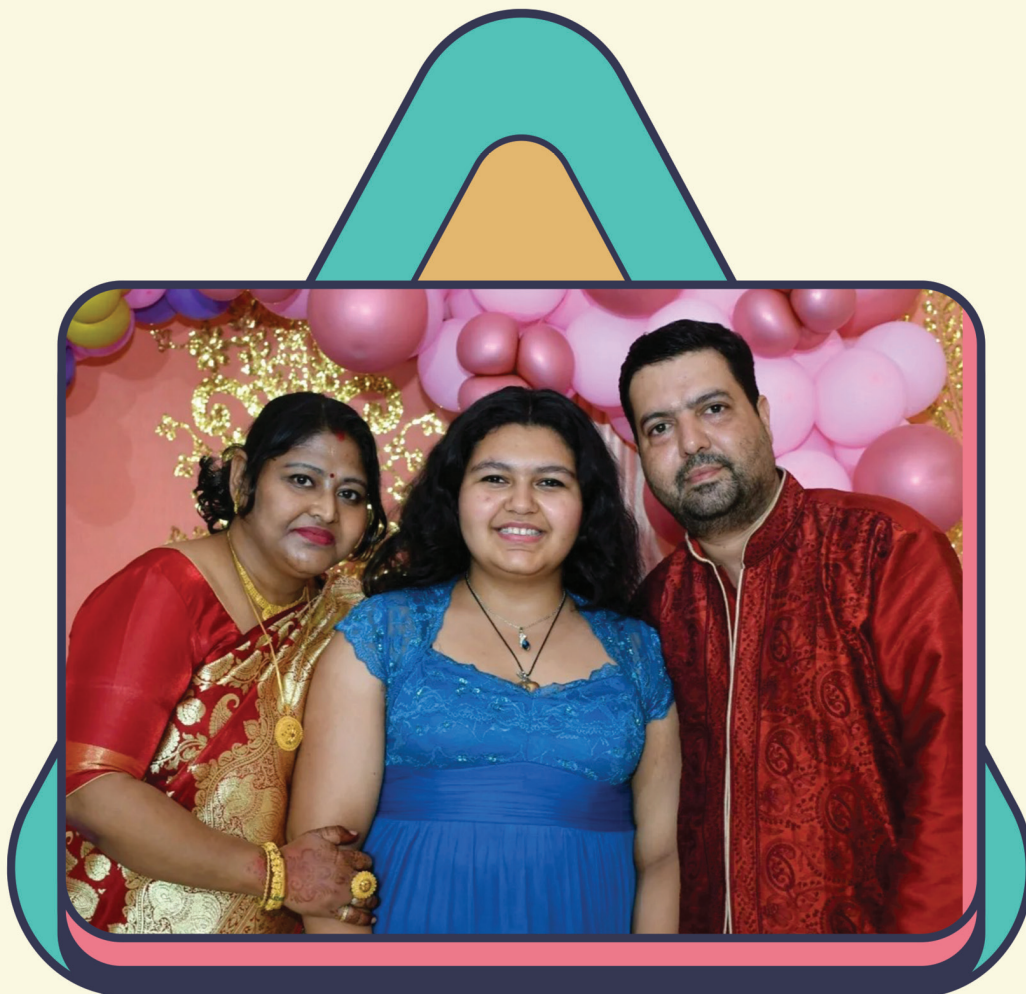


# TO THE PEOPLE



**Name - Disha Verma**  
**Class - XII**  
**School - Mahadevi Birla**  
**World Academy**

To the people who gave me life ,  
To the two individuals who gave all their time to me ,  
Thank you.  
For making my life bright and my eyes shine.  
For being the role model, I have looked for.  
For tolerating me throughout.





# PARENTS ARE THE LIFELINES FOR THE CHILDREN



**Name - Himanshu jalan**  
**Class - XII**  
**School - Bhartiya Vidya Bhawan**

To the people who gave me life ,  
To the two individuals who gave all their time to me ,  
Thank you.  
For making my life bright and my eyes shine.  
For being the role model, I have looked for.  
For tolerating me throughout.







**Name - Naina Nahata**  
**Class - X**  
**School - St. Joans School**

## My Heroes

Heroes, the ones we always hear about in movies or in books usually have some extraordinary talents, and are very famous and well-known by all. My parents may not have many of such qualities but still are my heroes and my biggest inspiration. I believe having a good relationship with one's parents is a crucial part of growing up. From helping me in my school work to helping me solve some major life problems and making some big decisions, they have been by my side always.





They always guide me in the best way possible and have taught me so much. Our parents teach us the lessons of life not just through the words they say but also through their resilient strife to lead by example. Every day they show us what it means to work hard and how to persevere through any pain. They instill in us values and help us grow into who we are today. They show how beautiful life can be when spent with the right people in a right way. From helping me learn school lessons to life lessons, our relationship matured. They have always been by my side no matter what, corrected me if I were wrong and appreciated me when I did something good.

They, as humans, sometimes may get tired and make mistakes but it is important to understand that they too are growing and learning every day. Comforting them and returning the love and care they give us is the best way to tackle the situation. In spite of all their imperfections, they never fail to provide us with warmth, love and care. I owe everything to them, everything I am and everything I will be. I love them endlessly and cherish every moment spent with them.







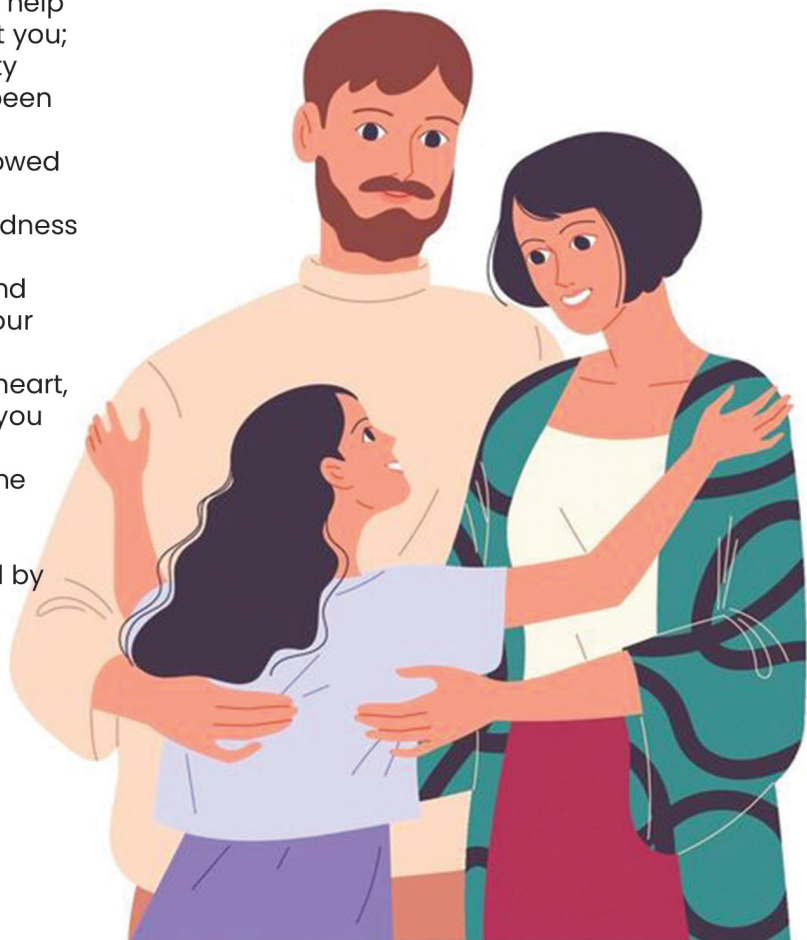
**Name – Sohini Dutta**

**Class – XII**

**School – Loreto Day School Bowbazar**

# Ode to My Parents

Creators of my life, I can't help  
myself from writing about you;  
I came to this world empty  
handed, everything has been  
given by you.  
You are the ones who showed  
me the light of the earth;  
With you, I share every sadness  
and all my mirth.  
You have kept me safe and  
secure by the power of your  
prayers;  
If you could look into my heart,  
you would see the place you  
hold there.  
Holding your hands, I came  
to know about the things  
unknown;  
You are the ones to stand by  
me whenever I am alone.





You have surrounded me with  
your blessings which never  
cease;  
In the clamour of the world, you  
are my happiness and peace.  
Even during the days of  
suffering, you fill my heart with  
treasures;  
I have received everything  
without asking, what else  
should I seek in the future?  
You taught me to fight against  
injustice, without becoming  
violent;  
Your presence gives me  
strength during the painful  
moments.  
To drench my mind with  
righteousness, the Almighty  
has created you;  
Beloved parents of mine, my  
heart longs to worship you.



Sohini Dutta's Parents





# PARENTS ARE MY HEROES



**Name – Chavi Singh**  
**Class – VII**  
**School – Ridge Valley**  
**School, DLF Phase IV,**  
**Gurugram.**

When I will grow up, I will be an adult who needs to take certain tough decisions-both at home and outside.

Decision-making is an integral part of our lives and my parents are very good at it. They are my heroes. They work hard in their respective offices to achieve something and get promoted to senior levels. I really like their quality of hard work and dedication.

Such things teach me that life is touch and we need to appear for various exams, at times we win, at times we fair. My parents have inculcated in me that such virtues which help me to be a better person.

These are:-

To practice

To believe in yourself

To be truthful

All these things define my parents; thus, my parents are my heroes.



Chavi's Parents





**Name - Sonakshi Saha**  
**Class- VIII**  
**School - DPS Joka, Kolkata**

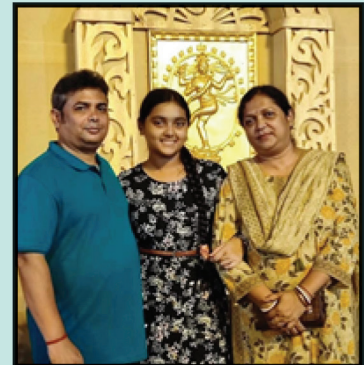
**Culture and Us**







**Name – Suhanee Purkait**  
**Class – XII**  
**School – Cambridge School,**  
**Srinivaspuri**



## My Pillars of Strength

All throughout my life, I have heard countless tales of heroism and valor, but none as profoundly impactful as that of the stories of my parents. From the moment I drew my first breath to my journey of navigating adulthood, these

people have stood beside me as silent architects of my existence, shaping my destiny with their unwavering love and boundless sacrifice. In the tapestry of my existence, the sturdy pillars upon which my world is built, the bedrock of my legacy.

They emerge as unsung heroes. From the earliest days of my childhood, I have been the beneficiary of their limitless love and tireless dedication, be it in the form of rebukes when I loitered around or showering me with affection for the minute achievements.





They have stood steady through every triumph and tribulation, their persistent faith and wisdom, a beacon of hope in my hardest times. Even now, I encounter many moments of selflessness and sacrifice, my father coming home at ungodly hours from work, my mother making the most of what we have, spending late nights toiling away to provide for me, the miniscule acts of kindness for others which speaks volumes about their compassion.

Yet it is not merely their actions that define them as my heroes, it is the depth of their love and magnitude of sacrifice that set them apart in a world consumed by greed and self-interest. As I navigate the harsh waters of being a growing teenager, I am buoyed by the solace in the knowledge that my parents are there with me, my confidants, my mentors, my rays of wisdom- forever guiding me with gentle hands and steadfast hearts.

Indeed my parents are my heroes-my guiding lights in a world shrouded in darkness, my pillars of strength in the sea of uncertainty and insecurity. And for their immeasurable love and support, I am eternally grateful.







**Name – Shaili Kunal Ved**  
**Class – IX**  
**School – Sushila Birla Girls’**  
**School. Kolkata**

# From Doubt to Victory: Brinda’s Journey in Basketball and Beyond

Brinda, a fifteen-year-old girl from Kolkata, gets an opportunity to visit San Francisco and watch a basketball match taking place over there. Her father had got 2 passes for the match from a friend. He wanted Brinda to go with him. At first Brinda had no interest, she said, “Why waste so much money over a stupid game we can see on the television?”. Brinda’s father, being a huge fan of basketball, somehow managed to bring up the interest for this ‘once in a lifetime opportunity’ in Brinda’s eyes.

The impact of the game on Brinda led to a turning point in her life. She was fascinated by the quick yet firm moves of the players. She had decided that she wanted to be a basketball player. On witnessing the girl’s enthusiasm and excitement towards the game, her father registered her to a basketball club after returning to Kolkata. Brinda was very excited and eager to learn when she joined the club but slowly she started losing interest. Her parents gave their best to cheer her up and push her towards her

capabilities. But there was no response in return. They by now knew there was something wrong. They tried to discuss it with their daughter but she refused to put any effort. One day, Brinda’s parents decided to visit the club without informing her. They noticed that their daughter was being bullied. The parents were furious; they immediately pulled her out and took her home. Brinda’s father, being an ex-basketball player, decided to train his daughter himself. But first, they had to check on Brinda.



Shaili Kunal Ved’s Parents



They realised she had started self-doubting herself, she was demotivated. Brinda's mother was a counselor. She herself treated her daughter. They gave all their efforts to bring back the old Brinda. They did everything they could. It took time but their efforts were not in vain. Brinda soon overcame her fears and self-doubts.

Brinda's training was taken care of under her father, and her mother took care of her health, diet and academics. Brinda soon became an expert in both basketball and her academics. Brinda was now preparing herself for the weekly examinations and also the state basketball tournament.

She scored well in her exams and also made her team win the tournament. She ran to her parents one evening with tears in her eyes. She said, "I would have been nowhere without your help. Both of you are my heroes".

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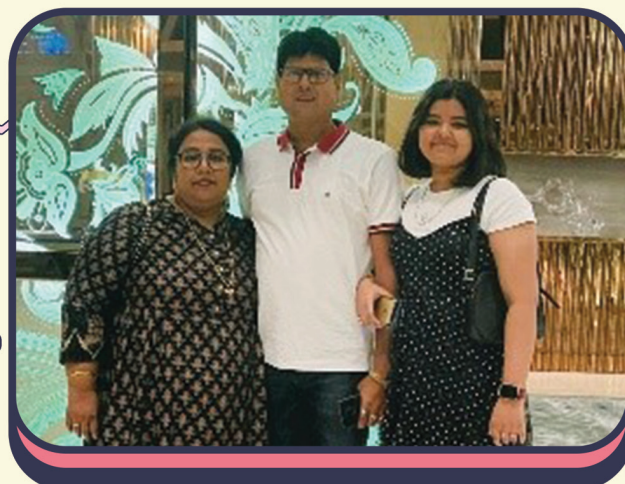


# PARENTS ARE MY HEROES



**Name – Oiendrilla Samui**  
**Class – XII**  
**School – La Martiniere for**  
**Girls, Kolkata**

My parents are the living example of the saying , “ All hero’s don’t wear capes ” . They are the steadfast pillars of my life . I find solace and strength in their embrace , knowing that no matter the storms that may rage they will always shelter me with their unwavering care . My parents are the reason why I was fortunate enough to experience unconditional love .The past year when my health hit rock bottom , it was because of the strength and courage that they gave me , that I fought my battle and emerged victorious. They are the reason why I exist and the reasons why I still do . Their faith in me is the torch of light that always accompanies me throughout the walk through the dark dungeons of life. I will forever treasure and be grateful for their teachings and guidance as they shape and nurture my character .Their selflessness , sacrifices and unwavering devotion inspire me to strive for greatness and to always cherish the precious gift of family .All the paper on earth would perish if I were to literally pen down how great my parents truly are .My parents are true Godsend who make my life more beautiful with each passing day and I am blessed beyond bounds to have them with me.







**Name – Naisha Hamirbasia**  
**Class – VII**  
**School – Modern High School**  
**for Girls**



Naisha's Parents

# Unwavering Love

From good mornings to good nights,  
 Trying so hard to give us a wonderful life.  
 Kisses and hugs so tight,  
 Makes this delightful love thrive!

Whenever in trouble they stand beside us,  
 Comforting us till a smile is on our face.  
 No matter the fuss we create,  
 In setting a good example they always ace.

Even if they are having a bad time,  
 they pretend that everything is alright.  
 They protect and support us every time,  
 Even though they know we had started the fight.

For us they go an extra mile,  
 Tending to our needs in their life's every second.  
 They make our life worthwhile,  
 They are our real heroes, our parents!





**Name - Purba Parul**  
**Class - XI**  
**School - Mother's Public**  
**School, unit-1, Bhubaneswar**



Purba's Parents

## My Parents, My heroes

Thank you for everything,  
 Thank you for always providing the best for me,  
 Everyone praises me  
 Thank you so much for raising me,  
 You were strict  
 But never stopped me,  
 Thank you for supporting me  
 Thank you for everything.  
 My parents my hero.

With you both by my side  
 I can conquer the world,  
 I wish to have a forever  
 Unbreakable bond.  
 My parents my hero.





**Name – Kriti Maloo**  
**Class – XII**  
**School – DPS Megacity**



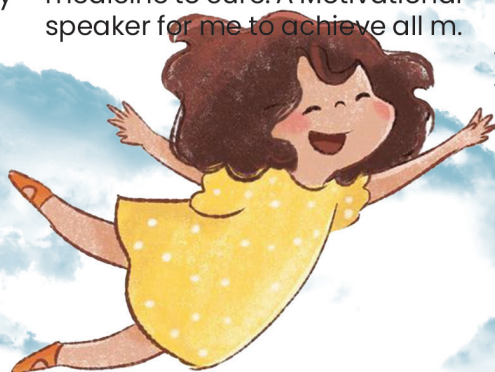
## My Parents

To me a hero is someone that you can model yourself after. A person you look up to and strive to be like. To be able to ask yourself what that person would have done in a situation you do not know how to solve. A hero is someone who sets a good example for you and someone with a set of good morals and values. A hero does not always have had to wear a cape and work everyday to save the world. Sometimes our heroes can be normal people. Extraordinary people in my case. "My Parents".

My parents are my heroes. They are both heroes to me not because what they offered the world but what they offered me. They are always with you however a person you are, if you did wrong or right, they will never leave you at your bad time instead support you. In life there are many difficulties but parents can solve anything. They taught me how to behave, how to love, how to treat others with compassion and many more. Parents are the best medicine to cure. A Motivational speaker for me to achieve all m.

my dreams and support me to complete thel admire the two people that worked so extremely hard their whole lives to make sure that me and my brother would grow up feeling loved and like we are the center of someone's world.

They symbolize so many things to me I just can't explain in words. They are the world to me. Without their support everything can turn into a disaster. I am very grateful to have them in my life and the last thing, I am very proud of them. Thank you for everything you have done for me.



Name - Navya Mohta

Class -IX

School - Our Lady Queen of the Missions  
School



# The Bond between a Father and Daughter

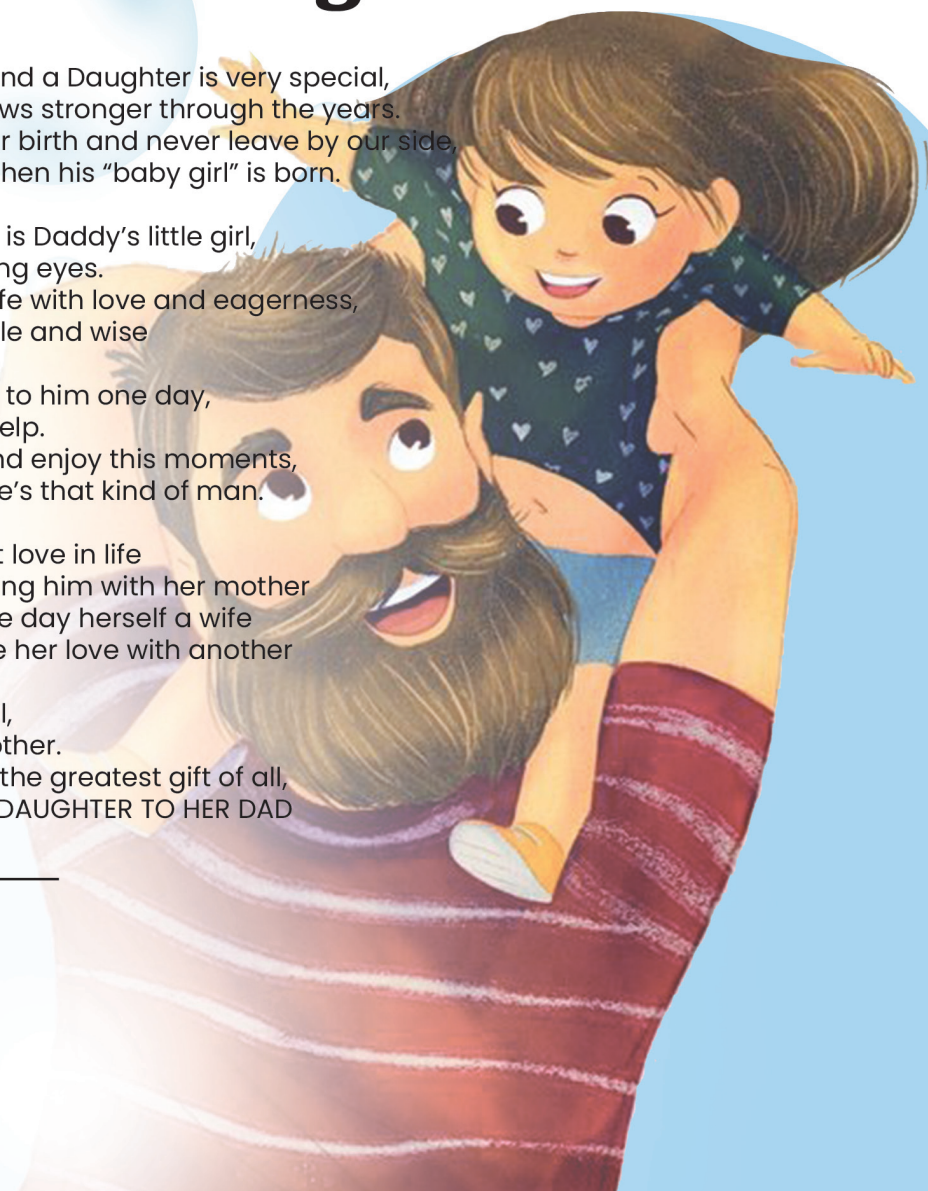
A bond between a Father and a Daughter is very special, the love between them grows stronger through the years. He holds our hand since our birth and never leave by our side, the moments starts from when his "baby girl" is born.

All throughout the year she is Daddy's little girl, she looks at him with adoring eyes. He teaches her about the life with love and eagerness, she sees her father as gentle and wise

She knows that she turn up to him one day, he will be always there to help. He always take out time, and enjoy this moments, she quickly learns.....that he's that kind of man.

A father is a daughter's first love in life  
And she doesn't mind sharing him with her mother  
Growing up so fast then one day herself a wife  
Now her father has to share her love with another

Their love grows deeper still,  
they are grateful for each other.  
And without any question....the greatest gift of all,  
IS THE LOVE SHARED BY HER DAUGHTER TO HER DAD







Aryangsh's Parents

**Name - Aryangsh Kumar Datta**  
**Class - XII**  
**School - Ruby Park Public School,**  
**Kolkata**



## Heroes

Heroes - Who are they? When we hear the word "hero", we often think of fictional characters like Superman, Batman and Spiderman. Alternatively, we may think of real-life role models such as leaders, philosophers, and kings. These are all fine examples, but have we ever stopped to consider that we may have heroes right

in front of us? Perhaps we see them every morning, after school, or at the dining table - our parents. There's a popular quote that goes: "A hero shall sacrifice one for many whereas a villain shall sacrifice all for one." As cliché as it may sound, our parents are a different kind of hero. They're the ones who will go to any lengths to ensure

the wellbeing of their children. By the end of this essay, we will look at some convincing real-life examples.

As a personal anecdote, I grew up in a household where my mother stayed with me 24/7, taking care of me, looking after me, and yes, of course, making sure I got my daily dose of scolding! Jokes aside, I came



to realize that my mother had given up all her aspirations for me so that I could succeed in life. She left a high-paying job so that I never felt alone or left out. This makes me wonder, didn't my mother want to pursue her own dreams and enjoy life? I'm sure anyone else would have jumped at such opportunities. But only a mother can make such sacrifices when she sees her child's future hanging in the balance.

Fathers are just as important in a child's life. If a father had to choose between himself and his child in a life-threatening situation, he would undoubtedly choose his child over himself. To provide for our basic needs, fathers work tirelessly day and night without regard for their own well-being. He puts aside his own needs for the betterment of our future and life.

For all parents, their child is their universe. They always put their child's needs first, even if it means making daunting sacrifices. Parents work hard consistently to ensure the happiness and well-being of their wards, whether it is in the form of saving money for their education or attending to their needs. Their selfless love and devotion is the constant source of comfort and reassurance in the lives of their children.







In addition to their constant support and selflessness, parents are also the first teachers a child has. They teach their children invaluable lessons about kindness, compassion, and empathy, shaping the moral compass and guiding them to become a better person. We all should be eternally grateful for the countless life lessons they have taught us.

"In conclusion, our parents are our heroes in every sense of the word. Their love, sacrifice and guidance have been the driving forces behind our success and happiness and always will be. It is their endless love and unrelenting efforts that have shaped us into the person we are today.

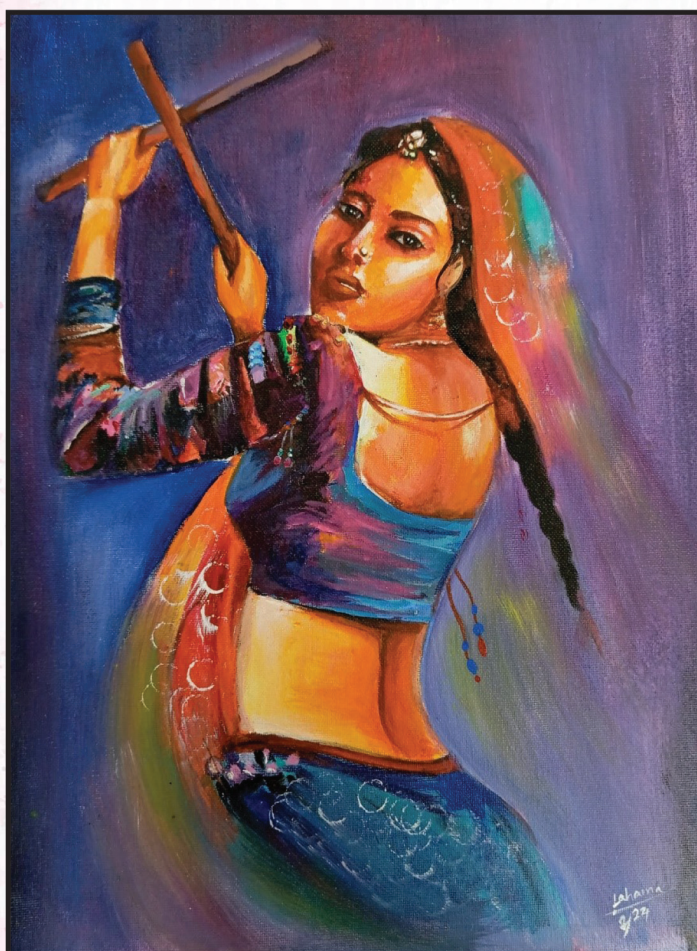
We should be forever grateful for their unwavering support and unconditional love. As we continue with our journey through life, we should always strive to emulate and imbibe the qualities that make them our heroes. We shall forever be grateful for the profound impact they have had on our lives." Last but not the least I love you Mom and Dad.





**Name - Lahama Kundu**  
**Class - XII**  
**School - Ruby Park Public School,**  
**Kolkata**

**Dance - An Art**





**Name - Annayi Ghosh**

**Class - XII**

**School - Cambridge School, Srinivaspuri,  
New Delhi**



## T-shirt with a Tie

He used to take me to the Ganges every time we visited Calcutta. He bought me balloons and Bengali sweets, narrated tales of Rabindranath Tagore and poems of Sukumar Ray.

This is the story of Baba, a Bengali term used for fathers. When he's calm, he's the sweetest person you'll ever come across, but when he's exasperated, it is like that of a volcanic eruption, raging with anger, like a fireball waiting to engulf you in flames. He's always been the source of my intellect and ambitions. Filled with thoughts, he sees the world from a whole different perspective. For him, every lane tells a tale, within every person is hidden a story. For the world, he's a thinker, an artist, the one who creates. Quite literally, he's a designer, but for me, he's my Baba, who scolds me and deliberates upon my decisions in life. We have quite a bittersweet relationship—very endearing, at times loaded with emotional dependency, but rarely with contempt. He cannot survive without his daughter, but he doesn't have the guts to say "I love you" to his daughter even once.





Annayi's Parents

Time flew, the daughter grew up, Baba didn't change. His ideals didn't shift shape. Baba and daughter, walking down the gullies of Calcutta, Shobhabazar and Bagbazar, the ghats of the Ganges. The daughter asks Baba as they sit on a perch, the waves crashing the chained barriers, "Why do you never say 'I love you' to me, Baba?" Baba smiles softly and replies proudly, "When you fall, I'll not be there. But as you grow, I'll make sure you're strong enough to bear the failures that life will throw at you. I don't need to say the three words to make you understand because I wouldn't be sitting here with you if I hadn't for 17 prolonged years every time we visit the Ganges."

Baba doesn't let me wear revealing clothing, he doesn't let me have sleepovers, doesn't let me indulge in things that shouldn't be indulged in, like smoking, which makes me vexed at times. But he's also a Baba who's tremendously concerned about his daughter's well-being and safety, about her wants and needs, about her ifs and buts. Since childhood, he was her saviour from Maa, from the cruel world.





**Name - Rajveer Singh**  
**Class - XII**

**School - The New Town School, Kolkata**



## Analysis

You see how it is,  
close but not close  
Scared.. For what?  
Something I already know.

How do they expect me, rather  
us  
To un-learn and re-learn,  
To empty my, rather our cup?

After all, to cope is to all.

Akin to them,  
Toiling hard, Sprawling.  
Inexplicably Catapulting,  
To the Citadel of Love.  
Then, it's Callous ;  
Probably the Seven Stages to  
it .

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**Name - Tanisha Kotian**  
**Class - IX**  
**School - Podar International School**



# My Parents

My Parents are my heroes  
 They may be strict  
 They may be angry  
 They may be frugal  
 but, they will never leave my side  
 They will never stop loving me

My Parents are the best  
 They taught me how to walk, to talk, and to love

They gave me the strength to stand up for myself

My Parents are my whole world  
 Without them, life would be empty

Parents always bring light to one's life

Without them, a part of my heart would be broken apart

My Parents love me  
 One's parent won't show their love

but deep down they love their young ones more than themselves

I love my parents, they are my heroes  
 and I will keep admiring them wherever I am.



Tanisha's Parents





Mahi's Parents

**Name - Mahi Golchha**  
**Class - X**  
**School - Auxilium Convent**  
**School, dum dum**



# My Mother, My Hero

In the dawn of my life, she stood strong and tall,  
 My mother, my hero, answering every call.  
 Through storms and through sunlight, she guided my way,  
 Her love and her wisdom, a beacon each day.

In childhood's embrace, her arms held me tight,  
 Shielding from darkness, bringing warmth and light.  
 Her laughter, her tears, etched deep in my heart,  
 Her courage, her kindness, a treasure impart.

Through trials and triumphs, she taught me to stand,  
 To face every challenge with a steady hand.  
 Her sacrifices whispered in every breath,  
 Her dreams and her hopes, a legacy left.

In moments of doubt, she offered her grace,  
 Her faith and her love, an unwavering embrace.  
 For all that she is, for all that she does,  
 My mother, my hero, forever I'll view.

In her footsteps, I follow, with gratitude true,  
 For she is my hero, and my love for her grew.  
 With each passing day, I strive to be,  
 A reflection of her, in all that I see.



# PARENTS ARE MY HEROES



**Name - Vihaan Singhi**  
**Class - XII**  
**School - Birla High School**

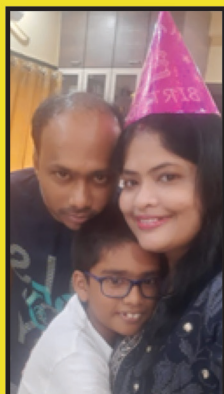
Parent's are the first and most important chapter of ones book if life.

From the pain our mother's bear to deliver us to all the nurturing both out parents give us, all of it is important. They are the ones who will be with us at the crucial time in which we suffer to support us and always want our best. While we hurt them a-lot after we grow up which hurts them. We must always know that out of many selfish people in this world there are going to be very less selfless people who will be there to support us. From your educational fee to all our wants, our parents try to fulfil all they can. We must understand their irritation too when they sometimes scold us, we must not reply to it and just listen to it and calm then down.

The heroes which actually exist are only our parents who shall fight for us at every point of their life.







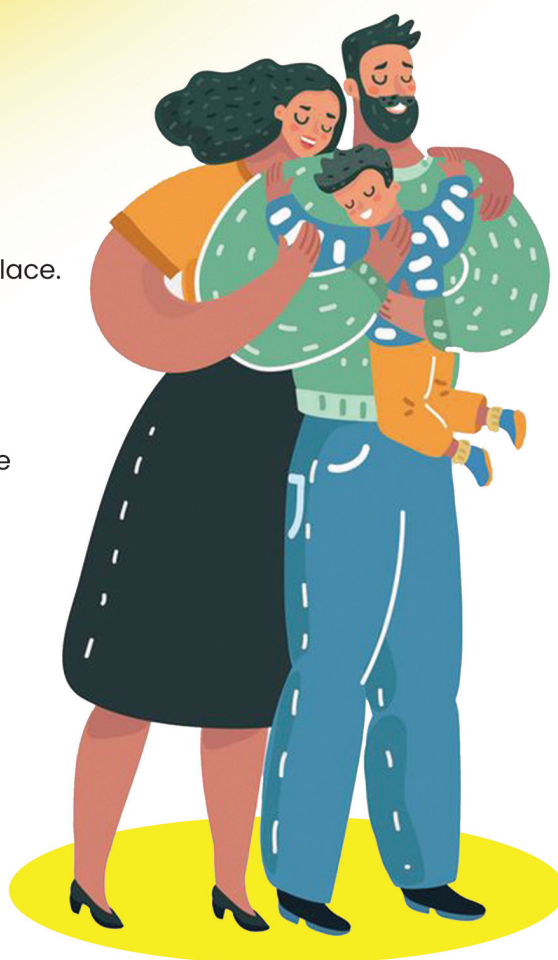
**Name - Debadrito Saha**  
**Class - VI**  
**School - DPS Joka (South Kolkata)**



## My Parents are My Best Friend

The people who love me most,  
 The people who encourage me best,  
 The people who care for me a lot,  
 When I was a child for me everything they bought.  
 They only want to see a smile on my face.  
 They want to make me feel blessed to live in such a palace.  
 Who are they?  
 My Parents.

My Parents are my best friend.  
 They tell me what's wrong and what's right.  
 They are my best advisors.  
 They are the people in my life, who throw light in the  
 middle of the dark night,  
 They help me decide my future,  
 They tell me that I am their treasure.  
 I owe them a lot.  
 This I never forgot.  
 So I hope I can pay them back,  
 When of something they have lack.  
 I felt bad when they told me to study,  
 I misunderstood them and became angry.  
 But when I succeeded, it made me happy  
 And saw that they were the cause of my success.  
 They looked after me carefully.  
 I hope that I can also look after them successfully.  
 Whether I am a winner or loser,  
 Every time they are my person of the hour.





**Name - Shayori Dey**  
**Class - VII**  
**School - Assembly of Christ School,**  
**Barrackpore, Kolkata**



## They are my HEROES!

One night, at around 1:30 a.m. I heard some weird noises. That night I was alone in my house. My parents had gone out for some medical emergency. I was sleeping peacefully until I heard some noise and started finding the source of that noise but I couldn't find anyone so I slept again. After half an hour again, I heard the same noise. Now I was worried. The window was near me so I decided to take a look. I drew my eyes towards the window near my bed and saw a shadow, with some tools, looking at me I was really scared but I built up some courage and started getting close to the window. The window was made up of translucent glass so I couldn't see anything properly.

As soon as I got close to the window the shadow disappeared, leaving me shocked. After thinking hard, I thought that the shadow was of an animal so, I ignored it and fell asleep again. Around 3:00 a.m. I heard a loud bang I was scared as the sound seemed to be of breaking the door. I was scared as my parents had said that there was a psycho killer roaming around at night. Without thinking much, I placed a table in front of the door without any noise. I didn't dare to turn on the light. I called my parents and told them everything that happened here and after talking with my parents I locked the door from the inside as it was only locked from the outside.

I was lucky that there was an electronic lock which when locked from inside can't be opened from outside. I sat quietly waiting for my parents to rescue me. After a few minutes, I heard the sound of a police car and understood that my parents were there. To confirm I was going to call them but heard their voice. They were asking me to open the door. I went to the window and saw my parents standing there. I immediately opened the door and saw that the man was a psycho killer. He was arrested by the police. My parents hugged me tightly. After that day I was very grateful to my parents. If they were not there then maybe I couldn't see the world anymore. I love them so much.

They are my HEROES!







**Name - AARAV SOMANI**  
**Class - X**  
**School - St. James. School**

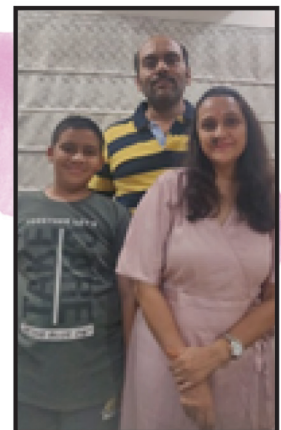
# Heroes of Love

In the world of storms and stars,  
 My parents stand as sturdy bars.  
 Heroes of love, both near and far,  
 In their embrace, I find my heart.

Through each trial, they guide and cheer,  
 Wiping away every doubt or tear.  
 Their wisdom shines, crystal clear,  
 In their footsteps, courage steers.

With gentle hands and hearts so kind,  
 They paint my world, colors refined.  
 Their love's a beacon, brightly aligned,  
 Guiding me always, soul intertwined

Oh, my parents, my heroes bold,  
 In your arms, I find my stronghold.  
 With every tale of love you've told,  
 You've shaped my story, brave and untold.



Aarav's Parents



**Name – Barnali Karmakar**  
**Class – XI**  
**School – Pramila Memorial**  
**Advanced School**

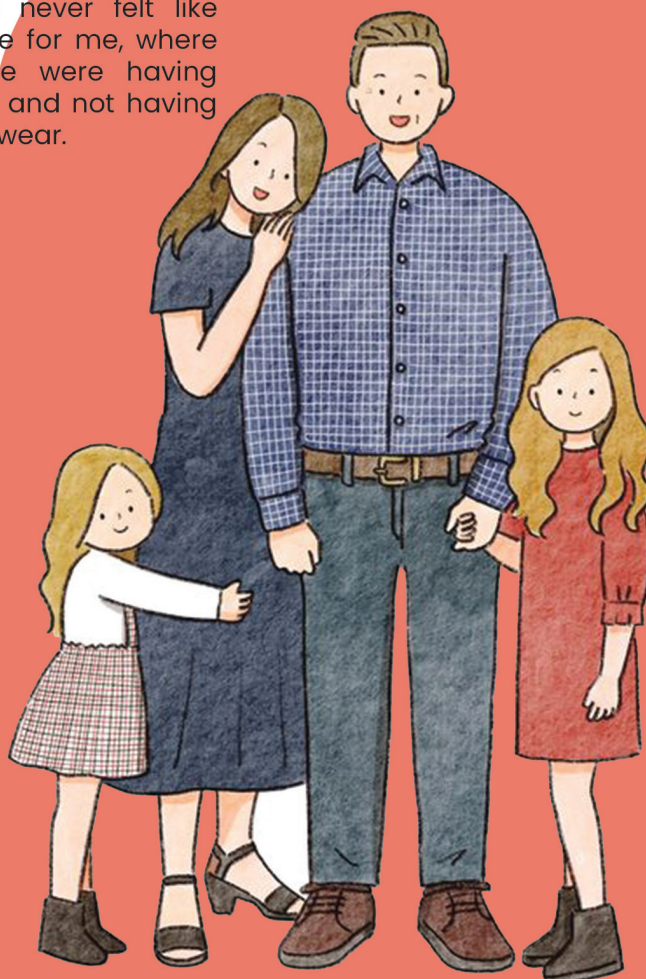


Barnali's Parents

## Parents : The Real Heroes

Spending sixteen years of my life with utmost love and fun, I have always pondered over the thought whether there are super heroes in real. However as I grow up, I do know that there are super heroes in the real world. The matter of fact is that children are always surrounded by super heroes and they are none other than their parents. But why did we never realize that? It is only because the cartoon channels have made us believe that super heroes never look like common people. Yes, I think my parents are my heroes because of their selfless love and endearment they have showered me with. There are plenty of such small and big incidents that made me believe that that my mother is my super woman and my father is my super hero. Starting from the very beginning my parents have always protected me from the evil and tragic part of the world.

Whenever I used to hide anything from them, I still do not know how they got to know the reason for my anxiousness just like super heroes reading minds. Those dreary days of the pandemic never felt like a sorrowful one for me, where endless people were having financial crisis, and not having to eat, drink or wear.





I am thankful that my parents provided me with all those amenities to keep myself well-conditioned. They never gave me the situation to feel sad despite the obstacles and hardships they were going through.

I admire the two people that worked so extremely hard their whole lives to make sure that my sister and I would grow up

feeling loved and like we were the centre of someone's world. I admire the fact that my mother worked during the nights while we slept to only get a couple of hours of sleep and be up in the morning when we wake up to take care of us. And my father devoting his energy and time in his office to make sure that my sister and I had everything we wanted and more. I do not

understand how my parents do it. Working that much but still making time for their children. My parents are truly extraordinary people that created a warm and safe environment for me to grow and evolve in. Every single thing I do for them will always fall short before those super heroes who are spending a major time of their life nurturing me and carving my future.





## Principal Speaks

### Sister Jasmine

Principal,  
St. Teresa's Secondary School,  
Kolkata

**1. How do you encourage students to look up to their parents as a superhero of their lives?**

Parents are the first teachers in a child's life. They teach a child the different aspects of human values and what an ideal human being should be like. Therefore, I always encourage my students to respect their parents and look up to them during times of difficulty. Parents are truly the strongest support system in a child's life.

**2. How do you believe schools should encourage students to spend more time with their parent/parents when screen time among children is on the rise?**

The screen time of children should be under control, they should not spend time on their electronics beyond a certain limit. On the other hand, even parents should try to minimize the usage of electronic gadgets and try talking to their children, regarding their day at school or anything they would like, in particular.

**3. According to you, what is the best aspect of NEP 2020 and how will it benefit the student community?**

NEP 2020 has introduced an aspect of holistic development, which I believe is one of the best aspects of the programme. It has been thoroughly implemented in our institution because I believe that, alongside flourishing academically, personality development plays an integral role in shaping a human being in the 21st century. Academics and extracurricular activities should be provided equal importance in a student's life.

“

***I always encourage my students to respect their parents and look up to them during times of difficulty.***

”



## Principal Speaks

“

***Instead of reaching out to the search engines for various matters, one should try thinking out of the box.***

”

**5. What according to you should be the basic requirement for cultivating critical thinking in children?**

The contemporary generation is largely dependent on search engines for even the minutest matters and thereby, there are times when we forget to utilize the most prized possession we have been blessed with, that is, our brain. Instead of reaching out to the search engines for various matters, one should try thinking out of the box. Alongside cultivating critical thinking skills, it also boosts one's self-confidence.

**4. Given the rising shift to digital learning, do you think technology is a boon or bane for school students?**

Technology has helped mankind reach great heights in contemporary times, it can prove to be a blessing for students, if handled properly. It does include certain negative aspects, however, at the same time, it acquires the potential to bring out the best in students.

**6. A few tips for students to increase their habit of reading books.**

Books can turn out to be a child's best friend if the habit of reading books has been inculcated within the child ever since her/his childhood. Reading books provides a child with several benefits and the most significant ones being, increasing vocabulary, fostering concentration and developing knowledge. Parents should also try to instill the desire of reading books within children, by at least reading one or two stories out to them during bedtime or any other convenient time.

## Principal Speaks

“

***Effective time management would help a student to balance out both academics as well as sports, if conducted wisely.***

”

**7. Your suggestion for students who are willing to pursue unusual professions as a career in future.**

Pursuing something new or unusual often comes with several hardships and obstacles. However, if one is determined, dedicated and disciplined regarding her/his dreams, the hardships or obstacles that come along the way can be overcome easily. Parents should always encourage their children if they are willing to pursue an unconventional career.

**8. What according to you are the must-learn life skills for every student? and why? (the reason)**

Students should be accustomed with the basic household chores and help out their parents at times of necessity. Since the majority of us live in nuclear families, at times it becomes essential for the children to assist their parents with certain household tasks as and when required. Students should be taught the basic household duties so that

**9. What is your suggestion on balancing sports and studies simultaneously for school students?**

Students should learn the essential skill of time management and should plan out their everyday routines consciously. Equal importance should be provided by a student to their academics as well as to their extracurricular activities. It is important for a student to realize what requires prioritizing at a particular moment. Effective time management would help a student to balance out both academics as well as sports, if conducted wisely.

**10. Please share some suggestions/insights for the students/readers of Kloud9 as a mentor.**

A mentor should always be a friend, despite the several limitations that a student obtains, we must always encourage them to develop into a better human being, every day.

Mistakes should be timely corrected in order to prevent them from happening further. There should be regular assessments of achievements and areas for improvement. One should know to persevere through setbacks knowing that success often comes after overcoming challenges. We need to view obstacles as opportunities for growth and learning.



# CONTRIBUTE TO KLOUD9

**As a youth driven platform, our primary aim is to provide you with an inclusive platform that plays host to your pioneering and ingenious insights and opinions.**

Writings should be original and in English.

Your submissions may take the shape of a short story, opinion, photograph or just your take on any general topic of your choice. Ideally your pieces should be in the span of 600-2000 words.

All submissions should have the writer's name in full, job/workplace designations or educational qualifications and educational institution with city, e-mail ID and contact number.

If you send by e-mail, your work should be in Word Format (doc. or docx.), in blank, 12-point Times New Roman.

Pictures and photographs should be sent in jpg. format and should not be those downloaded from the Internet. Scan resolution should be 300 dpi.

The decision of the Editorial Board will be final.  
Reach out to us: [editorkloud9@kiitis.ac.in](mailto:editorkloud9@kiitis.ac.in)

