

Head Boy
Ishan Srivastava

Vande Mataram! Being honoured more than ever before, I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for this institution, in the form of service that shall follow. Words fall short while thanking the Principal, the Vice Principals, and every teacher for entrusting me with such a great responsibility.

When I look back, the middle-school Ishan, who was always afraid of making mistakes, could have never imagined himself delivering such a speech, let alone being a part of the council. I believe that each of us possesses that power, which once we are aware of, can be used to achieve anything and everything. But at the same time, it is we who define what or who our catalyst is, helping us to understand our capabilities. For me, the ‘catalysts’ were my friends, teachers, and the Divine. My friends are the reason I was able to push out of my comfort zone and they became my greatest inspiration to strive for the best, while growing together. I will never be able to thank Bhavya Ma’am, Runa Ma’am, Archana Ma’am and every teacher who made me aware of the potential that I had in me and make full use of the opportunities that came my way enough. These are nothing but the small steps that we ought to take to become a better version of ourselves and understand the ‘Greater Purpose’ that we are tasked with. And if I can do this, there is no reason that you cannot!

We, as students, need to understand the gravity and the privilege that is associated with a child studying in a school like Jaipuria. The colour of the badge on your shirt doesn’t matter, because wearing the name of this institution on your chest should be enough motivation to give back to the school, by serving to the best of your abilities.

As I embark on this journey which once I only dreamed of, I find myself as excited as I was while stepping for the first time in this campus, accompanied by customary nervousness but most importantly, ready, to take on every challenge that comes my way.

Lastly, I would like to quote the lines from the poem, *Invictus* that I once received from my Geography teacher, Ms. Bhavya Jain, which impacted me in a

way that just cannot be drawn into mere words and it is what I believe to be of utmost relevance and importance for Bharat's youth:

“It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul”