

Filix HOPEWORK

Year 2 | Edition 10

STUDENT NEWSLETTER OF FILIX SCHOOL OF EDUCATION



Embracing a Legacy of Excellence Filix Dreams Take Flight at East Bengal F C



A group of young footballers from Filix School Of Education, recently travelled to Kolkata for a week-long training camp and match experience with East Bengal FC. The programme gave the students an opportunity to improve their football skills, learn from professionals, and gain new experiences.

The journey began with great excitement as the students, accompanied by their teachers and parents, travelled to Kolkata. For many of them, it was their first visit to the city, making the experience even more special.

During the camp, the students participated in training sessions, interactive activities, and friendly matches. They displayed remarkable

teamwork, discipline, and determination throughout the programme. Their hard work and dedication were rewarded as both the girl's team and the junior boy's team won their respective matches.

Apart from football, the trip helped the students build confidence, develop new friendships, and learn valuable life lessons. The experience encouraged them to dream bigger and work harder towards their goals.

As the camp came to an end, the students returned home with improved skills and unforgettable memories. It was a truly enriching experience and a proud moment for Filix, inspiring many more young athletes to pursue their dreams.

Soumili Sengupta, X



Seeds That Travelled Far

Most of our students wake up to the same sky every morning. The same roads, the same faces, the same town that has known them their whole lives. There is a certain weight to that kind of familiarity, and it takes something to step beyond it. This year, some of them did. Some chased a football across the grounds of one of India's most storied clubs. Others sat cross-legged at dawn on a campus hundreds of kilometres from home, learning to breathe with intention. Different journeys. Different skies. And every single one of them came back with that particular look in their eyes that tells you something happened. Something real.

THE GROUND BENEATH MY FEET

Syeda Eiram Rowsan, X

Football has a way of finding the people who need it most. Eiram travelled to Kolkata, stepped onto the grounds of East Bengal FC, and the game, as it tends to do, asked everything of her. The heat was relentless. The nerves were real. And then came the penalty. Here is how she remembers it.

There are some trips that end when we return home, and there are some trips that quietly stay inside our hearts. This football trip became one of those memories for me.

With the rise of the sun, our journey started from Anara station. One by one, everyone started arriving with their parents. The station slowly became filled with familiar faces, football kits, bags, excitement and endless noise. Some were laughing loudly, some were busy checking whether they had packed everything properly, and some were simply standing around enjoying the moment.



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Random discussions started from every corner. We clicked photos, laughed at silly things and made small jokes that did not even make much sense but somehow felt extremely funny at that time.

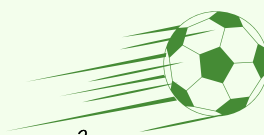
At that moment, everything felt light and exciting. Nobody was thinking too deeply yet. We were simply enjoying the beginning of something special.

Soon our train arrived and we all got inside. As expected, almost everyone sat with their phones. Looking at us from outside, anyone would think we were completely relaxed. But I think inside every one of us, a different story was running.

Somewhere inside my head, small thoughts had started appearing.

This was my first time playing at an official level. I had played football before, but this felt different. It felt bigger. Along with excitement came another question that quietly sat inside my mind.

What if we do not win?





Then another thought came.

We had prepared so much, trained so much and worked hard for this, but what if nervousness decided to betray us at the last moment?

Meanwhile, there was another enemy stronger than all our thoughts combined: the heat.

It felt like the sun had personally decided that our team needed extra character development. Even breathing felt like hard work. To escape the heat, me and some of my friends discovered the air-conditioned compartments and started wandering around like secret agents, pretending to search for someone important while actually enjoying the cool air. Looking back now, it was a small and silly thing, but those little moments somehow become the funniest memories.

After a long journey, we finally reached Kolkata. The city felt alive with busy roads, crowds and an energy that was impossible to miss. One of my favourite moments was the launch ride on the Hooghly River near Howrah. The cool breeze and beautiful views made us forget our tiredness for a while.

After that, we walked through the footpaths of Kolkata and finally reached East Bengal Club.

That was the moment everything felt real.

From the fields of my school to the official grounds of East Bengal Club, life suddenly felt unbelievable. I had only heard about places like these. I had only imagined them. Now I was standing there not as a spectator, but as someone who had come to play.

After resting for some time, the match finally began. Very quickly we realised that this was not going to be easy. The heat and humidity felt like another opponent. Every run felt harder and every movement felt heavier, but nobody stopped trying.

Then, near the end, everything changed.

The opponent team committed a handball and we were awarded a penalty.

For a few seconds, everything around me felt distant. Only one thought remained.

This moment.

I took the shot.

And then, goal!

Suddenly everything exploded into celebration. My teammates rushed towards me, we hugged, the coaches shook hands and cheers echoed all around us.

At that moment, I felt proud. Not because I scored, but because I had faced all the doubts that had followed me before the match.

Our junior boys won too. Unfortunately, the senior boys could not win despite giving their full effort. Watching them play taught me something important: some matches are won on the scoreboard, and some are won through effort.

Our trip still had one more beautiful memory waiting for us. We got the chance to watch an official Indian Women's League match. The atmosphere inside the stadium was incredible, and to make the experience even better, the East Bengal Women's team won the trophy.

We clicked countless photos, laughed, enjoyed ourselves and collected memories that I know I will remember for a long time.

When we finally started returning, our bodies were tired and our energy was almost gone.

But our hearts were full.

Because we did not just return after playing football.

We returned carrying stories, memories and moments that would stay with us forever.



THE JOURNEY THAT BROUGHT ME HOME

Rick Chowdhury, XII

Some stories have a way of growing.

Last year, Moumita Mahato walked into Prerna Utsav 2025 as one of only twenty students chosen from across the entire country. We wrote about her then, and we meant every word. This year the programme called again, and Filix answered with another name, another story, another student willing to stand at the edge of something unfamiliar and step forward anyway. What follows is his.



There are journeys that take you places and then there are journeys that bring you home to yourself, and Prerana was the one.

I remember stepping off the bus at the GCERT Campus in Gandhinagar, my bag heavy on my shoulders and my heart a bit heavier with uncertainty. Who would I talk to? Would I fit in?

And then we arrived at the Prerana campus.

The mentors there gave us roses as guests of honour, not nervous teenagers far from home. In that small gesture, something inside me softened. I thought, maybe this place will be different. It was. Everything was different.



Our day started with the 5 a.m. morning yoga sessions beneath the beauty of nature, where birds and peacocks were chirping. There we were, 20 of us along with 10 guardian teachers, rolling out our yoga mats and learning to breathe like we had never breathed before.

In those quiet hours, I discovered something I did not know I had lost: stillness.

Back at home, my mornings were a blur of alarms, rushing and half-eaten breakfasts. Here, I learnt that a day begun with intention carries that intention forward. Yoga was not just exercise for us, but a way to know our bodies better and become fitter every day.

Let me tell you about the food.

Every meal was a map of India. One day, the warmth of Rajasthani dal baati. Another day, the mishti doi of Bengal. We ate with curiosity and discovered how vast and beautiful this country truly is.

But here is what changed me: we could not waste a single grain. At first it felt like a rule. By the end, it felt like respect, and every bite became a thank you.

Then came the students from places I had only seen on maps. Different languages, different festivals and different ways of saying "good morning". At first we were nervous to connect with each other, but slowly something remarkable happened. We stopped noticing the differences and started seeing each other.

I learnt words from different languages and shared talents and dreams with new friends

At the cultural meet, the mentors asked me to anchor the programme. My first instinct was to refuse. What if I stumbled? What if my accent sounded strange?

But I said yes. I do not know why. Maybe Prerana had already started working on me. Standing on the stage, something cracked open in my chest. Not fear. Pride. I was representing my state and my school, surrounded by people who were cheering for me.



Apart from this, we learnt values that each and every one of us should carry throughout life. We also gained knowledge about VFX, laser cutting and 3D printing. We even made our own scale through laser cutting and made our own soap and ice cream.

Prerana gave me the understanding that I am not a small person living a small life. I am connected to my country, my history and a purpose larger than my own comfort.

It taught me that stepping out of my comfort zone does not mean losing myself. It means finding myself, and this version of me is braver, kinder, more curious and more alive.

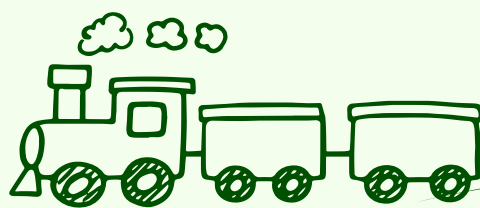
Somehow, those six days passed very quickly. But the lessons, memories and values I gained from Prerana will stay with me forever.

It changed the way I look at myself, my country and the people around me. Prerana reminded me that India is not just a country of different languages, foods and traditions, but a country connected through unity, respect and shared values.

It taught me to step out of my comfort zone, believe in myself and become more responsible towards society.

I will always remain grateful to my school, teachers, mentors and everyone who made this journey possible.

Prerana was not just a programme for me. It was an experience that inspired me to become a better version of myself.



We Could Not Stop Thinking About It ...

World Environment Day arrives every year. The worry, it turns out, does not leave.

I DID NOT MEAN TO CARE THIS MUCH

Manisitha Dutta, XI



Edited & Illustrated by Ayushi Banerjee, VII

Sometimes, the most frightening fires are not the ones raging through forests, but the silent fears they leave burning within us.

Today, while scrolling through YouTube, I came across a video of a forest wildfire. Thick smoke swallowed the sky like a dark curtain, animals ran desperately in search of safety, and people watched helplessly as the flames devoured everything in their path. It felt as though nature itself was crying out in anguish. I paused the video, but I couldn't pause the thoughts it left behind. For the first time, I wondered what kind of world my generation will inherit.

News about rising temperatures, floods, and disappearing forests seems to appear everywhere. Sometimes, it feels overwhelming, as if the problems are too big for anyone to solve. That feeling, I realized, is called eco-anxiety. What troubles me most is the uncertainty. Will future summers become unbearable? Will natural disasters become more common? These questions often stay quietly in the back of my mind, like shadows that refuse to fade.

Yet, I know that worrying alone changes nothing. Small actions – reducing and recycling waste, conserving energy, and supporting environmental efforts in the community – help me feel less helpless. Eco-anxiety does not have to leave a negative impact on our minds; rather, it reminds me that I care about the planet, and that awareness can become a reason to act rather than a reason to give up. Perhaps, in a world filled with uncertainty, hope and action are the sparks that can light the way forward.

AMINA AND THE DATE TREE

Aishee Das, V



Illustrated by Bristi Gorai, X

There once was a little girl named Amina. She lived with her grandfather. He was very old and had lived a long life. One day her grandfather was in the garden planting a date tree. But how long will it take for the dates to grow? She asked her grandfather. They will be ready in about five years, Amina, he said. Why would grandfather put in so much effort? Amina thought to herself. When he might not even live to eat the tasty fruit? When I was a little boy, my own grandfather planted a date tree for me to enjoy. It is now my turn to do the same for you, said the grandfather. As Amina got older and taller, so did the date tree. One day, when she grew up to be a young woman, she noticed the bright orange dates starting to appear. Then another and another until the tree was full of sweet, juicy dates. Amina thought to herself, sometimes we cannot always see the benefit or things we do now. So now it is my turn to plant a tree. Knowing others will benefit, is enough. So, Amina was a girl who believed in sustainability.

Knowing others will benefit is enough

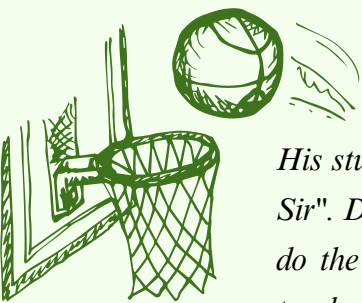


MEET OUR NEW T.I.C. !

MR. JOSEPH EDMUND PAUL



You may already have seen him in the corridors. If you have not yet had a proper conversation with him, that is about to change, because Mr Joseph Edmund Paul, our new Teacher-in-Charge, is not the sort of person who stays a stranger for long. Mr Paul joins us with over twenty years of teaching and administrative experience and a degree in English Literature from Jadavpur University. He has represented West Bengal in basketball, travelled to Punjab in biting cold to play handball and, somewhere between all of that, found the time to read The Da Vinci Code in a single night. If that has made you curious, you are in luck. We did the asking for you.



His students, for their part, have long since stopped greeting him with a simple "Good morning, Sir". Depending on the previous night's results, Hala Madrid! or the Barcelona equivalent tends to do the job rather more satisfactorily. We sat down with him and discovered, fairly quickly, a teacher with a wealth of stories, experiences and ideas to share, the kind of conversation you do not want to end.

1. Three words that describe you best.

Mr. Joseph Paul : Humble, chivalrous and hardworking.

2. When you were in school, which subject did you love the most, and which one did you absolutely dread?

Mr. Joseph Paul : To be honest, I loved Geography. I had a wonderful Geography teacher, Mrs D. Dasgupta. She taught with different coloured pencils, and somehow she made me fall in love with the subject. English was always one of my strengths, and I eventually went on to study it at university. Mathematics was definitely my weak point.

3. Many people know you as an educator and sports enthusiast. What keeps you curious and engaged beyond the classroom and the court?

Mr. Joseph Paul : I love keeping myself informed. Reading the news has been a habit since childhood. I follow everything: sports, technology, health, entertainment, international affairs and local news.

Knowing what is happening around you empowers you. It helps you understand the world and gives you the confidence to speak about different issues.

I also enjoy reading books. At the moment, I am reading George Orwell's 1984.



4. And how did your love for basketball begin?

Mr. Joseph Paul : I suppose I was naturally athletic, and basketball appealed to me immediately. What I love most about the game is its pace. There is very little pause. It demands constant movement, energy and concentration.

I started playing in Class 5 in 1986 and never really stopped. Later, I represented my school at the national level in 1993 and 1994. On both occasions, our team finished as runners-up. I also represented West Bengal at the state level and travelled to Punjab in the middle of winter to play handball, which was a memorable experience.

There was a time when people encouraged me to consider a career connected with sports. Looking back, I sometimes wonder what might have happened if I had chosen that path. But I am also glad that I became a teacher because it has given me the opportunity to influence young lives.

My experiences in sport have taught me that not every child will excel in Mathematics or English. Some children shine on the sports field, in the arts or in other areas. Our job as educators is to help them discover those strengths and give them the confidence to pursue them.

Today there are many opportunities in sports and related fields, both in India and abroad. Children should know that there is more than one path to success.

5. What are some of the books and writers that have shaped your thinking?

Mr. Joseph Paul : One of my favourite books is Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code*. I remember reading it in a single night.

I also admire George Orwell's *Animal Farm*. At present, I have been reading Isaac Asimov because I enjoy science fiction.

My favourite play is Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Among poets, I particularly admire John Donne. I like the way he combines science and imagination in his poetry. He often uses images such as the circle to explore ideas of perfection, wholeness and completeness. That blend of intellect and creativity has always appealed to me.

6. What inspired you to become an educator, and what drew you to this school?

Mr. Joseph Paul : Over the years I realised I had a genuine connection with young people, not because I was looking for popularity, but because I could relate to them. Whether it is basketball or Maradona or the great Messi-Ronaldo debate, those conversations matter. In fact, some of my students do not greet me with a simple *Good morning*. When Real Madrid wins, I hear *Hala Madrid* as I walk in. When Barcelona wins, I get the other side of the argument. That is the kind of relationship I treasure.

But beyond the connection, I think what drives me is the desire to pass on whatever I have learned in life. I do not claim to have achieved anything extraordinary.

I have had students who went on to Yale and Harvard. They come back years later and say: *Do you remember the day you made me a monitor? The time you pushed me to debate?* Those moments remind me of why this matters.

When I ask myself why I am here, at this school, the answer I keep arriving at is that these children need someone to show them that the world is larger than what they currently know. We have to empower not just the students, but their families too, help them understand that their children carry real potential. That is not something one person can do alone. It takes a team, and I am very much here to be part of one.

7. Is there a quote you live by?

Mr. Joseph Paul : *"Individual talent can win you matches. Teamwork will win you championships."*

A quote often attributed to Michael Jordan. I believe in it completely.



LESSONS IN HOPE

EDUCATION FOR ALL : AN INITIATIVE BY NANRITAM



This month, as *Hopework* turns its attention to the environment and the many ways growth takes root, we begin a new feature called *Lessons in Hope*. Through this section, we hope to share stories from Education for All (EFA), an outreach initiative of Nanritam that has been creating opportunities for children to learn, grow and dream. It feels only fitting to introduce it in an issue devoted to growth.

EFA is built on a belief simple enough to fit on a Post-it note, yet powerful enough to change a life: every child, regardless of where they are born, deserves access to a meaningful education. Not merely schooling, but the kind that sparks curiosity, nurtures confidence and makes a child look up from a page with bright eyes and ask, *But why?*

Across India, EFA has been answering that question, training teachers, developing curricula and reaching communities that distance and circumstance have too often left behind.

Last month, that spirit of hope travelled to the hills of Meghalaya.

Between 5th and 7th May 2026, nearly two hundred teachers from Ramakrishna Mission schools across the state gathered at Ramakrishna Mission Sohra for a three-day training programme. They came from places where the hills are beautiful and the roads are not, where reaching a classroom can itself be a challenge. And for three days, they filled a room with exactly the sort of energy that makes one remember why education matters in the first place.

They folded paper boats and explored poetry. They danced with fractions and role-played the weather. They compared prose and verse, held science in their hands and exchanged ideas with colleagues from across the state. The training was practical, purposeful and, by every account, genuinely joyful.

That joy, one suspects, was always the point. Because teachers who leave a room feeling inspired tend to walk into their classrooms the next morning and do something rather wonderful with it.

Plans are now in place for regular online mentoring sessions, ensuring that the conversation does not stop at Sohra. And if last month taught us anything, it is this: the things we nurture with patience, care and faith have a remarkable habit of blooming.



Visit us

www.filixschool.com



Contact us

+91 98313 17376



E-mail us

filixschoolofeducation@gmail.com

Edited By : Soumili Sengupta, X | Bristi Gorai, X | Ayushi Banerjee, VII

Editorial Coordinator : Poulami Chakraborty (Teacher)

