NOVEMBER 2026

THE MOVEMENT EDITION

The Voices BEYOND



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What's Waiting Inside

BEYOND THE STEP COUNT
Your watch knows your numbers. But does it know your life?

THE MAKING OF A CHAMPION
Talent gets you noticed. But what gets you to the podium?

FROM TREND TO TRIBE
Pickleball began as a game. How did it become everyone's new social plan?

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What Keeps Us Moving



Divya Mathew,
Editor-in-Chief

We have become very good at counting movement - and less certain about what makes it matter.

Every step can be logged, every workout recorded, a night's sleep scored. A closed activity ring feels like achievement; an unfinished one like failure. Fitness has never been more visible, yet movement must now be added back into lives organised around chairs, screens and convenience.

I understand the seduction of those numbers. I like closing every activity goal before the day ends. I have even walked determinedly around the house at night because one stubborn ring refused to close. Apparently, pacing between the living room and kitchen is also a fitness plan.

What began as a number became a habit. Walking led to running; running led me towards strength training - something I had once associated with athletes, bodybuilders and people who understood intimidating-looking weights.

Today, movement anchors my day, although some mornings my running shoes appear far more energetic than I am. The watch helped me begin. But a device can record a habit; it cannot give that habit meaning.

Modern fitness culture often confuses visible proof with well-being. A smaller body is treated as evidence of discipline. A heavier weight becomes proof of progress.

A long streak suggests commitment. Movement has become another test we are trying to pass.

THE QUESTION WE'RE TAKING FORWARD

If your smartwatch stopped counting tomorrow, would you still move as much?

Scan the QR code to vote in our LinkedIn poll.

But the body is not a report card.

The most meaningful shift in fitness today is not another app, device or workout format. It is the recognition that fitness must be about capacity rather than appearance—about what our bodies allow us to do and continue doing throughout life.

For women, this change is important. For generations, women were encouraged to exercise to become smaller.

It is heartening to see women training to become stronger. Strength supports bone health, mobility and independence.

It is carrying children and shopping bags, climbing stairs, travelling freely—and bringing every grocery bag upstairs in one trip because two trips would clearly be an admission of defeat.

Children notice what adults normalise. When exercise is presented as repayment for something we ate, movement begins to resemble punishment.

When children see adults walking, cycling, stretching or dancing for pleasure, they learn something more enduring: movement belongs in everyday life.

At seven, fitness may look like play. At seventeen, it may become sport. At forty, it may be the hour we protect for ourselves. At eighty, it may mean balance, mobility and freedom. The form changes; the purpose deepens.

This edition moves between playgrounds and gyms, memory and technology, winning and beginning again.

It explores strength, food, active ageing, emerging sports, girls in sport and the devices monitoring our bodies.

Beneath it all lies a larger question: are we moving to satisfy a number, change how we look—or live more fully?

My watch will continue counting, and I will probably continue closing my goals.

But the real measure of fitness is not whether the circle closes - it is whether movement has opened up more of our lives.



Sources: ACSM Worldwide Fitness Trends 2027; World Health Organization

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From Trend to Tribe



Shruti Chatterjee,
Editorial Board

It begins with a game. It grows into a group. And before long, it becomes a community.

Across Indian cities, a new sporting ritual is taking shape. Friends meet after work for pickleball, strangers find teammates through booking apps, and casual weekend games slowly become unmissable fixtures. What begins as curiosity often turns into something larger: a community built around a shared love of play.

Pickleball offers a striking example. Combining elements of tennis, badminton and table tennis, the sport is easy to begin, social by nature and competitive without necessarily feeling intimidating. A game can include friends, colleagues, parents, children or complete strangers who simply happen to be looking for someone to play with.

Recent data shows that pickleball is spreading beyond India's largest cities and attracting players who return several times a month. Although these figures represent activity on one platform rather than nationwide participation, they suggest that this is becoming more than a short-lived experiment.

But what makes people return?

A game provides exercise and competition. A regular playing group offers something more - friendship, routine and belonging. The court becomes a meeting place, and the people who first arrived as opponents gradually become a familiar circle.

That may be particularly meaningful in cities where social interaction is often squeezed between long working hours, traffic and screen-based lives. Sport gives people a reason to leave the house, meet others and participate in something together. It offers what gyms and fitness apps sometimes cannot: the feeling that our presence matters to someone else. If we skip a solitary workout, nobody notices. If we miss a game, our teammates might.

Technology has helped make these communities possible. Booking platforms no longer simply reserve courts. They help players discover venues, find opponents, join open games and connect with others at a similar skill level.

In this way, technology is not replacing real-world interaction; it is helping to create it.

Sport is also beginning to occupy a space once filled by other forms of socialising. Instead of meeting only over coffee or dinner, people are choosing to meet over a racket, a ball and a scoreboard. The workout becomes secondary to the experience of doing something enjoyable together.

As these communities grow, businesses begin to form around them. Courts must be built and maintained. Players need equipment, coaching and organised competitions.

Venues earn through bookings, while leagues and tournaments attract audiences, sponsors and new participants.

Pickleball games booked through a sporting platform generated more than ₹52.53 crore in booking value during the first eight months of 2026. A shared hobby is steadily supporting an entire ecosystem of courts, coaches, platforms, equipment brands and events.

The larger opportunity extends well beyond one game. A Google–Deloitte report projects that India's sports ecosystem could grow from approximately $52 billion to $130 billion by 2030, supported by digital participation, multi-sport interest and changing consumer habits.

Yet growth alone will not turn every sporting trend into a lasting culture.

High court fees, limited facilities and crowded evening slots can make recreational sport inaccessible. New players may also move away if friendly games become excessively competitive or exclusive.

Long-term success will depend on keeping these communities affordable, welcoming and enjoyable after the novelty has faded. Perhaps that is the real difference between a trend and a tribe.

A trend makes people curious. A community gives them a reason to return. And when people begin showing up not only for the game, but also for one another, sport becomes more than exercise. It becomes somewhere they belong.









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Beyond The Step Count

What a Fitness Coach Sees



Neha Gupta,
Health and Fitness Coach, MyHealthBuddy

A smartwatch can tell us how many steps we have taken, how long we exercised and even how well we slept. What it cannot always tell us is what life looked like around those numbers.

As a fitness coach, I have learnt that no two journeys are the same. Two people may record identical step counts, yet one may have slept well and followed a predictable routine, while the other managed work, children, household responsibilities and a difficult night's sleep.

Both may be trying equally hard. Their progress will simply look different. This is where human understanding matters. Before deciding what needs to change, a coach must first understand what made the goal difficult. Was it stress, exhaustion, lack of time—or a plan that never realistically fitted the person's life?

One of the biggest challenges I see is the pursuit of a perfect routine. People begin with ambitious goals and try to change everything at once. Then life becomes busy, a workout is missed, and guilt takes over.

But one difficult day is not failure. What matters is how we return. Sometimes, the most sustainable changes are also the smallest: a short walk, a quick workout at home, a balanced meal, enough water or an earlier bedtime. We do not always need to do more. We need to find what works—and what we can continue doing when life becomes demanding.

Technology has an important role. It can create awareness, record progress and remind us to move. But numbers cannot provide everything people need. Some need encouragement, some need help planning, and others need someone to listen without judgement.

Fitness is not only about weight, steps or calories. It is about having more energy, feeling stronger, sleeping better and managing everyday life with greater ease. **The goal is not to create a perfect week. It is to build habits strong enough to survive an imperfect one.**

We cannot stop the clock.
But we can influence how strongly and independently we move through time.



The Fitness Lesson I Inherited



Nisam Rahiman,
Enterprise Architect, Fitness Enthusiast and Lifestyle Transformation Coach

My first fitness coach was my father - and my first training ground was not a gym.

When I was six or seven, he would take me to a nearby playground and time my runs as I trained for athletics. Those early mornings taught me discipline, perseverance and, most importantly, the joy of movement.

Years later, I find myself repeating that ritual with my daughters, aged six and eleven. Every Saturday morning, we work on endurance, agility and general fitness. I am not trying to turn every session into serious training or push them towards medals. I simply want them to discover that being active can feel joyful. Fitness, after all, is much larger than the gym. Strength training is part of my routine, but so are cycling, running and playing sport. The best activity is often the one we enjoy enough to return to. What we need from movement also changes with age. For children, it builds coordination, confidence and teamwork. For adults balancing work and family, it offers energy and relief from stress. As we grow older, strength, mobility and balance become essential to independence and everyday life.

Modern work culture does not always make this easy. Many of us spend our days seated, moving from one screen to another while waiting for "more time" to exercise. But fitness is rarely built through one dramatic decision. It grows through small, consistent choices: a walk, nourishing food, adequate sleep, proper recovery—and the willingness to begin again tomorrow.

The greatest fitness lesson my father gave me was never spoken. He showed me that example teaches more powerfully than instruction. Today, when I train with my daughters, I am passing on more than an exercise routine. I am passing on a way of living that began on a playground with my father many years ago.

PICK YOUR MOVE, TELL US IN THE COMMENTS

Skating, swimming, cricket or a long trail walk: which one feels least like exercise to you?

Scan to comment

Movement, In Their Own Words

Fitness is about endurance, stamina, consistency and discipline - not simply reaching a step count. Regular walks, good posture and staying active between workouts help build a stronger body and mind.

Srikanth G | NCC Coach



Reaching 10,000 steps matters less than being consistent. Regular movement keeps our muscles flexible, our bodies active & our minds alert.

Aradhya Tyagi | Grade 8





Swimming makes the rest of the world go quiet for a while. I may sometimes lose count of my laps, but I never forget how happy and free I feel in the water.

Dhwaj Mittal | Grade 6



Cricket takes me back to my hometown's colony days, and it's still the easiest way I know to disconnect and be around people. I hope I'm still playing it, with whoever turns up, years from now.

Shravan Kumar | Associate Project Manager | HSBC

Ten thousand steps may be a useful target, but fitness cannot be reduced to one number. Staying active throughout the day - and moving around greenery - can help both the body and mind feel better.

Abhinav Rajkumar | Grade 8





One workout cannot make up for an otherwise inactive day. Moving regularly can create positive changes in both the body and mind.

K. Rohan Das | Physical Director | SVPE College



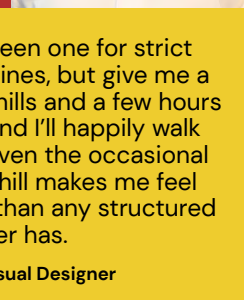
The real fitness glow-up is feeling stronger, clearer and happier - one small healthy choice at a time. Consistency over perfection, always.

Shraddha Krishna Sudheesh | Grade X



I like skating because I can go really fast and it feels fun. Sometimes I wobble and almost fall, but when I finish a full round without stopping, I feel really happy and want to go again.

Dhyuman Mittal | Grade 6

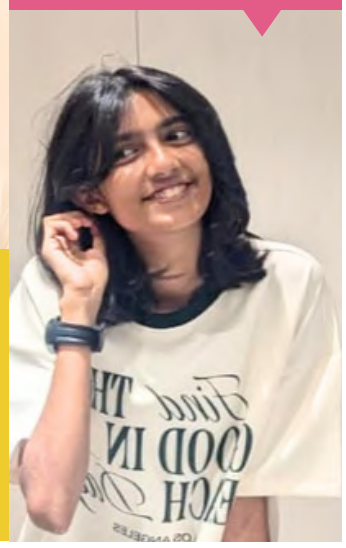


I've never been one for strict fitness routines, but give me a trail, some hills and a few hours outdoors, and I'll happily walk for hours. Even the occasional struggle uphill makes me feel more alive than any structured workout ever has.

Puja Kisku | Visual Designer

Real fitness is having the energy and headspace to take on the day. Good food, regular movement and enough sleep are the ultimate power trio.

Lavika Sharma | Grade X



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Moving at Eighty



C. K. Koshy,
IAS (Retd.)

My first fitness guru was my grandfather - and he never charged me a rupee.

When I was a boy, I watched in fascination as my 75-year-old grandfather climbed down a 25-foot-deep well on his farm. Straddling the sides of the well, he lowered himself carefully from one ledge to another, retrieved a bucket that had fallen into the water and then climbed all the way back up. I thought I had witnessed an extraordinary feat of strength, balance and acrobatics. He thought he had simply retrieved a bucket.

My grandfather never went to a gym. He did not need one. Farm life was his gym. He walked everywhere, often covering several kilometres a day. His arms grew strong from chopping wood and cutting coconut leaves; his back got its exercise from bending and tilling the land. I once watched him bring a large, unruly cow under control simply by tightening his grip on its rope.

His secret was not a fitness programme. It was a way of life—physical work, home-grown food, clean water and sound sleep. My father, a civil servant, had a rather different routine. His most strenuous physical activity was probably pushing files! He compensated with evening walks, often accompanied by my mother. Even after he stopped going for regular walks in his late seventies, he remained active and independent until the age of 98. I seem to have inherited some of their genes—but, unfortunately, not their lifestyles.

A lifetime in the civil service meant long hours behind a desk. In my thirties, a blood test delivered an unwelcome wake-up call: high cholesterol. I panicked and took up running. The enthusiasm lasted several weeks, until work provided the inevitable excuse.

Then came yoga. That proved to be a much longer relationship—although an on-and-off one that continued for several decades. I would practise diligently for months, only for travel, work or some other disruption to break the routine. Starting again was always much harder than stopping.

In my late fifties, I even hired a personal trainer. That experiment lasted all of two weeks. I soon discovered that his idea of a suitable exercise programme for an ageing bureaucrat was remarkably similar to the one he prescribed for a 24-year-old!

Now, in my eighties, I have finally acquired some wisdom—mostly through trial and error. The first lesson is to accept that youth cannot be recreated. At this age, the goal is not necessarily to run faster or lift heavier weights. It is to remain mobile, independent and able to enjoy life. The second is to look after your legs. Muscle loss is one of the less glamorous realities of ageing. Strong legs and steady ankles can help us preserve our mobility and confidence. Walking is perhaps the simplest—and most underrated—form of exercise.

Third, eat sensibly. Forget miracle diets and fashionable food trends. Eat wholesome food, enjoy it and remember the oldest fitness principle of all: moderation.

Fourth, move every day. For me, a 30-minute walk is difficult to beat. But even ten minutes after dinner counts. Consistency matters far more than intensity.

And finally, sleep. Seven or eight hours is a worthy ambition. If an afternoon nap happens to find its way into the schedule, I consider it a bonus rather than a guilty pleasure. In my eighties, fitness is no longer about looking young. It is about living fully in the body I have.

The real victory is not running a marathon or touching my toes. It is getting out of bed without negotiating with my knees, walking out of the door with confidence and having enough energy left to wonder what adventure the day might bring.

Growing old is inevitable. Growing old without moving is optional. Choose wisely.

Does Fitness Have an Appearance?



Paromita Mitra,
Editorial Board | Teacher

Years ago, certain health concerns caused me to gain a considerable amount of weight. What followed was an unsolicited fitness campaign conducted by the people around me. Some advised me to exercise. Others suggested joining a gym. A few confidently recommended crash diets - as though losing weight were as simple as changing an outfit. Interestingly, very few asked what I was actually experiencing. My weight had become a topic of public discussion, and my body appeared to have become everybody's business.

It left me wondering: Do we promote fitness for the sake of health - or do we sometimes disguise our obsession with appearance as concern?

We live in a world where a slim waist is often mistaken for discipline, a toned body is treated as proof of good health, and weight gain invites immediate advice. Social media has complicated this further by celebrating carefully curated bodies and dramatic transformations. At times, looking healthy appears to matter more than actually feeling healthy. This preoccupation with appearance has entered our everyday lives in subtle ways. How often do we search for a camera angle that makes us look slimmer? How many happy photographs do we reject because our face appears fuller than we would like? Today, editing tools and artificial intelligence can even make our faces thinner and our bodies more "flattering". We are no longer simply capturing memories; we are sometimes editing ourselves to fit an accepted image.

But whose image are we trying to fit? Can we understand someone's strength, emotional well-being or medical history simply by looking at them? If appearance were a reliable measure of health, doctors could replace medical examinations with a glance at the weighing scale!

Physical fitness certainly matters. Regular movement, nutritious food, sufficient sleep and appropriate medical care are essential. However, there is a difference between encouraging someone to care for their health and making them feel ashamed of their body.

Crash diets and extreme exercise routines may produce quick changes in appearance, but often at the cost of energy, nutrition and well-being. A slimmer body achieved by neglecting one's health can hardly be called a fitness victory. And what about mental and



emotional fitness? Someone who appears "perfect" according to society's standards may still be struggling with anxiety, exhaustion or low self-esteem. Yet, we often celebrate a visible transformation more readily than resilience, confidence or inner strength. Perhaps it is time to broaden our definition of fitness.

Instead of asking someone when they plan to lose weight, we could ask how they are feeling. Instead of offering unsolicited solutions, we could offer support without judgement. We could celebrate greater strength, energy and healthier habits—not simply a smaller number on the weighing scale.

Fitness is not a beauty contest, and our bodies are not public property. Being healthy should be a personal journey not a performance staged to earn society's approval. **If we truly care about fitness, perhaps the first weight we need to lose is the weight of judgement.**





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The Art of Pausing



Radhika Jaikumar,
Editorial Board | Teacher

We live in a world that rarely pauses. Traffic, blaring horns, deadlines and endless notifications keep our minds in a constant state of response. Even when the workday ends, we often reach for a screen to relax - replacing one form of stimulation with another.

Amid all this activity, where do we find a moment of quiet?

In the early years of my career, my days followed a carefully planned schedule. Work hours, my children's pick-ups and drop-offs, meal preparation, health check-ups and gym sessions all had their place. I felt reassured that everything was accounted for and life was moving according to plan.

Yet the fatigue and restlessness never quite disappeared. Eventually, I realised that keeping everything on schedule did not necessarily mean I was taking care of myself. I had made room for work, family, exercise and responsibility—but rest was always expected to fit into whatever time remained.

That realisation changed how I understood well-being. Movement strengthens us, but rest allows us to recover. The two are not opposites; each gives meaning to the other. Without recovery, even exercise can begin to feel like another task to complete.

Rest does not always require a holiday or an entire day away from responsibility. It can be a quiet cup of tea without a screen, a relaxing bath, a few minutes of meditation, a short walk between tasks or simply sitting in silence. What matters is that the pause is intentional.

We have become used to measuring our days by how much we accomplish: how many messages we answer, tasks we finish or steps we record. But not every spare minute needs to be filled, and not every notification deserves an immediate response.

Knowing when to pause is not a sign that we are falling behind. It is the wisdom to recognise when the mind and body need time to gather strength.

Sometimes, the most productive thing we can do is stop, breathe and allow ourselves to begin again with greater clarity.

The Courage to Begin



Seemita Bhattacharya,
Editorial Board | Teacher

Five more minutes, I think. Perhaps ten.

I turn over, pull the blanket closer and try to postpone the day for just a little longer. I know I have things to do. I know staying in bed will not make my responsibilities disappear. I even know that getting up and moving might help me feel better.

But knowing something and finding the emotional strength to act on it are two very different things.

Sometimes, my mind is simply too tired to cooperate with my body. And the most difficult part is that nobody can see it.

We speak often about physical fitness—but what about the mind that must first persuade the body to get out of bed?

I am learning that on difficult days, I do not need to do everything. I only need to begin.

Beginning might mean sitting up, washing my face or stepping outside for a few minutes. On another day, it might mean taking a brisk walk, going to the gym, arriving at work or simply completing one task at a time.

Movement does not magically solve every problem. But sometimes, it creates a little space between me and the heaviness I carry. A walk, some fresh air or a few minutes of exercise can remind me that I am still here—and still capable of caring for myself.

I am also learning that discipline and kindness can coexist. I can encourage myself to move without demanding perfection. I can do what I am able to do today and allow that to be enough.

The goal is not to punish myself into becoming better. It is to care for myself enough to keep trying.

If you recognise a little of yourself in these words, remember this: you do not have to conquer the day or transform your life before breakfast.

You only need one small step. **Because fitness is not always about appearing stronger to the world. Sometimes, it is about finding enough strength to participate in your own life again.**

Scraped Knees and Tumbles Fuel Strong Minds



Ekta Singh,
Principal, Junior School

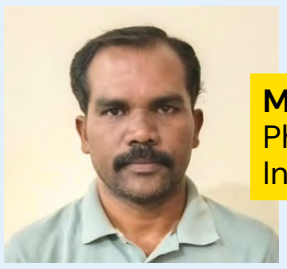
"*Kheloge, kudoge, toh hoge kharab!*" If you spend your time playing, you will spoil your future. For years, sport was seen as a distraction: books first, games later. Today we know the formative years are exactly when active play makes a lasting difference. Childhood is not only about grades; it is also about teamwork, facing challenges and handling disappointment. Sport lets children practise these lessons. A child who loses a race may end up in tears, but returning and trying again makes failure look less like an ending and more like learning.

Sport builds discipline and responsibility: arriving on time, following rules and respecting coaches and teammates shape character. Some children find confidence in the classroom, others on a badminton court or playing freely with friends. Not every child will become a champion, and that should never be the only measure of participation. Its real value lies beyond medals: enjoying movement, discovering abilities and building cooperation, perseverance and healthy habits for life.

Preparing children for the future cannot stop at textbooks and examinations; we also need children who think independently, work in a team and rise after a fall. The playground is where these qualities begin to grow. Perhaps it is time to rewrite the saying:
Kheloge, kudoge, toh seekhoge.
Koshish karoge, toh badhoge.
Aur giroge, toh phir uthna seekhoge.

Speed Is Only the Start

A quick conversation on talent, training, confidence and what truly makes a young athlete.



Manjunatha B,
Physical Education Instructor

What do you notice first - and can potential surprise you?

- Confidence. Speed may catch the eye, but confidence makes a child go all out. I have seen many unlikely athletes thrive once they received the right motivation and mentoring.

Are fast runners born - or made?

- Both. Natural talent provides the spark; technique, training and consistency keep it burning. Even talent has to turn up for practice!

Can smartwatches make young athletes better?

- They can track timings and progress, but they cannot coach. A watch records what happened; a good coach understands why.

Is strength training safe for young athletes?

- Yes, when it is gradual, age-appropriate and properly supervised. From around age 12, children can begin building strength through exercises customised to their ability.



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My Running Resolution



Sreelakshmi C,
Editorial Board

Every January, I promise myself the same thing: this is the year I get fit. A better lifestyle, a better diet, a body that feels like mine. For three years running, that promise has topped my resolution list. It is now November 2026, and consistency has not been my strong suit.

THE DESK JOB PROBLEM

Eight to nine hours of my day go to a desk, and most of the rest to doomscrolling. And I am hardly alone. In 2022, 49.4% of Indian adults fell short of the recommended 150 minutes of weekly activity, compared with 31% worldwide, and the figure could near 60% by 2030 if trends hold.

The good news is that desk days are not a life sentence. Researchers pooled data from over a million adults, and their verdict, published in The Lancet, was that about an hour of moderate daily activity can cancel out the higher risk of early death linked to sitting for eight hours.

An hour feels ambitious after a full workday, and time is the real luxury now. Gyms and trainers aren't for everyone, so I keep it low-key: short home workouts after work. Instagram is my unofficial coach. I've saved nearly 20 reels and tried five. The rest motivates me from a distance.

LAZY DAYS, LOYAL FITNESS HABITS

Some days the workout loses to the sofa, and I have made peace with that. Two things never lose: sleep and food.

My body deserves at least that much, and a rested, well-fed body shows up stronger on the days I do move. My hyperactive gym-freak friends give me FOMO, sure, but my pace is still a pace.



BEYOND THE PAGE

Can You Get Fitter Without Trying Harder? Find out how a move to a new city, a family full of snack-makers and a few unplanned kilometres shaped this year's resolution.

Scan to read the rest

When Play Was Our Fitness



Sarasa Raman,
Retired Banker

This theme takes me back nearly 60 or 65 years, so you have probably guessed my age!

Those evenings after school had no television, smartphones or fitness trackers, and no adults organising "physical activity" for us. We simply went outside and played. Hopscotch was a favourite. We drew the grid with broken pieces of school chalk, tossed a stone into the first box and hopped through on one leg, while the rest of us watched like hawks for the smallest slip. Gilli-danda was another. A small piece of wood, the gilli, was struck into the air and then hit as far as possible. The mark on my forehead still reminds me of the day a friend's gilli struck me with perfect precision. After the bandage and my mother's stern warning, I was soon back outside playing. Then there was skipping, with its 100-jump challenges and the "Teddy Bear, Teddy Bear" rhyme, where the faster the rope turned, the louder the laughter grew.

Looking back, these games gave us far more than exercise. They taught us balance, agility, resilience, alertness and teamwork, and we learnt to negotiate rules, settle disagreements and win and lose without an adult stepping in. Today, children have better equipment, professional coaching and technology that analyses their performance. Yet it is worth asking: in gaining structured fitness, have we left enough space for unstructured play? Our evenings were not called "fitness time." They were simply childhood: sunshine, scraped knees, friendships and the freedom to keep moving until a mother's call brought us home.

ಅಂಕಗಳಿಗಿಂತ ಕೌಶಲ್ಯಗಳಿಗೆ ಆದ್ಯತೆ!

ಇಂದಿನ ಶೈಕ್ಷಣಿಕ ಒತ್ತಡದ ನಡುವೆ ಮಕ್ಕಳ ದೈಹಿಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆ ಮತ್ತು ಆಟದ ಮಹತ್ವವನ್ನು ಮರೆಯಬಾರದು. ಓಡುವುದು, ಜಿಗಿಯುವುದು, ಎಸೆಯುವುದು, ಸಮತೋಲನ ಕಾಯ್ದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಮತ್ತು ಆಟವಾಡುವುದು ಮಕ್ಕಳಲ್ಲಿ ದೈಹಿಕ ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯ, ಸಮನ್ವಯ, ಆತ್ಮವಿಶ್ವಾಸ, ಸಹಕಾರ ಹಾಗೂ ಮನೋಬಲವನ್ನು ಬೆಳೆಸುತ್ತವೆ.

ಆಟದ ಮೈದಾನವು ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಗೆಲುವು ಮಾತ್ರವಲ್ಲ, ಸೋಲನ್ನು ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸುವುದು, ಸವಾಲುಗಳನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸುವುದು ಮತ್ತು ಮತ್ತೆ ಪ್ರಯತ್ನಿಸುವುದನ್ನೂ ಕಲಿಸುತ್ತದೆ.

ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮಗುವೂ ಕ್ರೀಡಾಪಟುವಾಗಬೇಕೆಂದಿಲ್ಲ, ಆದರೆ ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮಗುವೂ ಆರೋಗ್ಯಕರ ಹಾಗೂ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಯಿಂದ ಕೂಡಿದ ಜೀವನ ನಡೆಸಲು ಅಗತ್ಯವಾದ ದೈಹಿಕ ಕೌಶಲ್ಯಗಳನ್ನು ಹೊಂದಿರಬೇಕು. ಆದ್ದರಿಂದ ಶಾಲೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಶಿಕ್ಷಣದಷ್ಟೇ ದೈಹಿಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗೂ ಆದ್ಯತೆ ನೀಡಬೇಕು.

ಅಂಕಗಳು ಯಶಸ್ಸಿನ ಬಾಗಿಲು ತೆರೆಯಬಹುದು, ಆದರೆ ಕೌಶಲ್ಯಗಳು ಜೀವನವನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸುವ ಶಕ್ತಿಯನ್ನು ನೀಡುತ್ತವೆ.

ಅಂಕಗಳಿಗಿಂತ ಕೌಶಲ್ಯ ಮುಖ್ಯ! ಆಟಕ್ಕೆ ಆದ್ಯತೆ, ಆರೋಗ್ಯಕರ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಭದ್ರ ಬುನಾದಿ!



Prashanth Naidu,
Basketball Coach

The Making of a Champion



Abdul Ajies K,
Basketball Coach

FROM PLAYER TO COACH

When I began playing basketball, I never imagined that I would one day become a coach. Like many children, I started because it was fun. But as I began helping younger players learn new skills, coaching slowly became my passion—and eventually, my identity.

Talent is not always about scoring the most points. A coach notices the smaller signs: energy, speed, body control, confidence with the ball and the willingness to try again after making a mistake. But recognising potential is only the beginning.

WHAT TAKES A PLAYER FURTHER?

Every child needs time to grow. The first two years are often about enjoying the sport, learning the fundamentals and understanding the game. By the third year, a coach begins to notice consistency, discipline, teamwork and how positively a player responds to feedback.

Talent may get a child noticed, but discipline and patience determine how far that child can go. Progressing from school competitions to club, state or national levels takes years of regular training, physical conditioning, mental strength and commitment. In nearly 13 years of coaching, I have watched children arrive without knowing how to dribble and gradually become confident players representing their state and country. Watching that growth has been one of the greatest rewards of my journey.

Not every child will become a national athlete - but every child can grow through sport. Basketball teaches young people to handle pressure, accept failure, correct mistakes, respect teammates and keep moving forward.

My message to every young athlete is simple: you do not need to become a champion on your first day. Enjoy the game, learn the basics and keep showing up.

Living with ACL and PCL injuries has shaped my own definition of fitness. With a young child, household responsibilities and other circumstances, surgery was not possible when I needed it. I have since learnt to work within my limitations by walking for an hour every day and following a simple eating routine.

I may not meet conventional standards of fitness, but fitness cannot look the same for everyone. For me, it means making the best of what I have, continuing to show up despite the challenges and remembering that not giving up matters.



Meenakshi Mehta,
Creative Director

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WHERE DOES ALL THAT ENERGY GO?

What if the answer wasn't 'sit still'?



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My Fitness Watch: The Personal Trainer I Never Hired



Malavika Manoj Pai,
Grade VIII

I have never hired a personal fitness trainer, but somehow, one has moved onto my left wrist anyway! My fitness watch lives there rent-free, disguised as a sleek little gadget, staring right at me with its unblinking digital screen. The problem is that my watch and I have completely different definitions of the word fitness.

If you looked at my fitness watch right now, you would probably think I spend my free time training for the Olympics or hiking up mountains. In reality, I am 14, not even allowed to enter a real gym yet, and my biggest daily athletic achievement is carrying a schoolbag that weighs almost half as much as I do! Still, my watch behaves like a strict personal trainer who completely misunderstands my life. It sits on my left wrist, keeping track of a game I never signed up for. According to its glowing screen, fitness is a neat mathematical equation. Unfortunately, my watch has absolutely no idea what a 14-year-old student's daily routine actually looks like. Take a PE class, for example. I'll be running the dreaded mile, gasping for air, sweating through my uniform, and wishing for a time machine. My watch notices all this, but instead of offering sympathy, it vibrates aggressively: "Outdoor run detected. Good job!" Thanks, watch. I was hoping for an ambulance, but congratulations will do!



My fitness watch believes fitness is about maintaining unbroken streaks, closing rings, and moving relentlessly. But at 14, fitness means running for the school bus because I missed my alarm, surviving PE class and knowing when to close the activity app and simply take a break. So, for today, my watch can buzz all it wants. I'm putting my digital trainer on mute, grabbing a snack, and letting my body rest. After all, even the most dedicated athlete deserves a break—and so does the person carrying that ridiculously heavy schoolbag!

Beyond the Deep End

For many people, swimming means races, holidays or a joyful afternoon in the pool, but it is also a life-saving skill. **According to the World Health Organization, around 300,000 people die from drowning globally every year, more than 800 every day.** Children are particularly vulnerable: drowning is the fourth leading cause of death among those aged 1-4 and the third among those aged 5-14. Many of these deaths are preventable, and the WHO identifies basic swimming and water-safety education as an important part of prevention. Knowing how to float, stay calm and respond safely in an emergency can make a critical difference. Swimming is also excellent exercise, building strength, endurance and mental well-being.

I discovered swimming only recently, and it changed how I look at water. At first, it felt unfamiliar and a little intimidating, but every attempt to float, breathe and move forward gave me more confidence. Swimming teaches us to trust our bodies, stay calm and keep moving, even when we feel out of our depth. It is not simply a competitive sport; it is a skill that builds fitness, confidence and safety. **Sometimes, learning to swim is not about reaching the other end of the pool first. It is about knowing that, when it matters, you can stay afloat.**



Karthika T. V., Grade VIII

Chasing 10,000



Anshika C. R.,
Grade IX

When my family bought a smartwatch, I was most excited to explore the step counter. Soon, checking my steps became a daily ritual, and I eagerly waited to see **10,000** light up on the screen. On some days, I even walked around the house just to reach my target—much to my family's amusement!

But somewhere along the way, something changed. I stopped walking only for the number and began enjoying the little moments that came with it—the movement, the energy and the satisfaction of doing something good for myself.

My smartwatch taught me that sometimes, a number can get us started—but it is the habit that keeps us moving.

वह खेल जो पापा ने सिखाया



Vanya,
Grade VIII

कुछ यादें बहुत खास होती हैं। कुछ हमें याद होती हैं और कुछ नहीं। पर जो हमें याद रहती हैं, वह कुछ मतलब ज़रूर रखती हैं।आओ, एक किस्सा सुनाती हूँ। तो बात है थोड़ी पुरानी – जब मैं लगभग 6 साल की थी। मेरे पापा मुझे बैडमिंटन कोर्ट ले गए और मुझे रैकेट पकड़ना भी नहीं आता था। रोज़ पापा मुझे कोच करते थे। धीरे-धीरे मैं खेलना सीख गई।

और आया 4 अगस्त, 2024 मैच का दिन - और कुछ ऐसा हुआ जो मैंने सोचा ही नहीं था। मैं आगे होकर भी हार गई। गुस्से में रैकेट फेंक, घर जाकर रूठ गई। दोपहर को टीवी पर ओलंपिक्स का मैच लक्ष्य सेन और विक्टर एक्सेलसन के बीच था। मेरे को गौर से मैच देखते हुए पापा कहते हैं, "मेहनत कभी व्यर्थ नहीं जाती, बस हार से सीखना होता है। इसलिए कहता हूँ खेल खेलते रहो।" उसके बाद मैंने रैकेट फिर से उठाया और खेलने गई। अगर मैं वह मैच ना हारी होती, ना पापा ने समझाया होता, ना मैंने वह मैच देखा होता, तो आज मैं वह वान्या ना होती जो आज हूँ। वैसे क्या आपके मम्मी-पापा ने कोई ऐसा खेल सिखाया है?

When Play Becomes Passion



Vedika Vivek Wikhe,
Grade VIII

Who truly looks forward to a 5:30 AM alarm? For a long time, definitely not me. Over the years, I tried swimming, football, and badminton, but they were merely games to keep myself occupied. Attending practice always felt like a chore, and missing a session never bothered me. Basketball began in much the same way—just another sport, another ball to bounce.

Then, slowly, something changed. Watching my seniors play filled me with admiration, and I found myself drawn to the game. Finding a coach who constantly challenged me and pushed me beyond my limits made all the difference. Unlike the other sports, basketball made me want to work harder. Missing a layup began to frustrate me, and a disappointing practice session stayed on my mind long after it ended. Suddenly, waking up to a 5:30 AM alarm to sprint across the school court no longer felt like a punishment. It became a place where I felt truly alive. That is the difference between play and passion. Play is something you enjoy when it is easy and convenient. Passion is what makes you show up when your legs ache, and every part of you begs for an extra hour of sleep. Basketball was no longer just another game on my timetable; it had become the driving force that pushed me to improve, persevere, and become better every single day.

We played with all our strength,
but our team lost the match.

My coach said, 'Winning is wonderful,
but learning from losing is even more
important.'

I decided to practice again, support my teammates, and never give up. Basketball is not just about scoring points; it teaches me teamwork, courage, patience and the importance of starting again.



Yashika Pandey, Grade VI

Every Step Teaches Me

"ഓരോ തോൽവിയിൽ നിന്നും പഠിക്കാം. ഓരോ വിജയത്തിൽ നിന്നുമാണ് വളർച്ച." *Learn from every defeat. Grow with every victory.*

Life is not always about winning; sometimes it is about falling, learning and finding the courage to get up and try again, and Bharatanatyam has taught me exactly that.



Diya Shyam, Grade VIII

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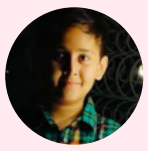
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The Great Sports Day Sprint: Physics vs. My Legs



Naivedya Jaiswal,
Grade VII

Movement is supposed to be about grace, speed, and athletic precision. In my case, movement is mostly about trying not to trip over flat ground.

It all started during my old school's sports trials for the 100-meter sprint. My friends had hyped me up, convinced that my long strides gave me an unfair aerodynamic advantage. In reality, my biggest athletic achievement is sprinting fast enough to reach the canteen counter before the hot snacks run out.

When the PT teacher blew the whistle, adrenaline kicked in. I launched forward with Olympic-level intensity. For the first twenty meters, I felt like a bullet train. But then my brain and my legs completely lost synchronization. My left sneaker decided to veer slightly inward, while my right leg insisted on maintaining top speed.

Instead of running straight toward the finish line, I began drifting diagonally toward the spectator benches like a bowling ball with heavy spin. By the time I crossed the track, I had technically covered 110 meters, dodged two cones, and accidentally high-fived a teacher sitting on a plastic chair.

I didn't win a podium spot, but I definitely set a school record for the most dramatic detour. That race taught me that movement isn't just about winning gold medals; sometimes it is about laughing off a clumsy moment, picking yourself up, and making sure your shoelaces are double-knotted.

Every Turn Matters

Cycling is more than simply pedalling forward. It is the wind against my face, the world rushing past and the wonderful feeling of being carried along by the road.

Going downhill feels effortless - almost as though my heart is flying with the wheels. Going uphill is different. Every turn of the pedal demands more strength, patience and determination. And then comes that moment when I finally reach the top. It may be just another stretch of road, but when I look back at the climb behind me, it feels like an achievement.

Cycling has taught me that every journey has its rises, falls and unexpected turns. What matters is not how quickly we reach the destination, but whether we keep moving towards it - one pedal at a time.

Life, like cycling, is about finding the courage to take the next turn.





Suwasthika, Grade VIII



Fall. Breathe. Begin Again.



Ranya N,
Grade VII

The running track and the gymnastics floor are very different places. One asks me to race forward as fast as I can. The other asks me to throw myself backwards and trust that my hands will find the mat. Yet both have taught me the same lesson: progress often begins after something goes wrong.

I discovered this while learning the handspring in gymnastics. Standing on the mat, ready to launch myself over, my heart would pound. My mind would fill with questions: What if I fall? What if my arms give way? What if I cannot do it? And I did fall - more times than I can count.

Each failed attempt made the handspring feel more frightening. It would have been easy to return to the skills I already knew and avoid the one that made me uncomfortable. But every fall showed me something: where my hands needed to land, how strongly I needed to push and when I had to trust my body.

Slowly, the mat stopped feeling like the place where I failed. It became the place from which I could begin again. The 200-metre sprint tests me differently. The first half is about speed and control as I run around the curve. Then comes the final straight. My legs feel heavy, my lungs burn and a voice inside my head tells me to slow down. There is no time to stop and think. I have to keep moving. Running has taught me that winning is not always about finishing first.

Sometimes, it is about completing the race without giving in to that voice. It can mean improving my timing by one second—or simply running more strongly than I did before. Gymnastics teaches me to rise after a fall. Athletics teaches me to continue when I am tired. Together, they have changed what winning means to me.

Winning can be completing a difficult skill after weeks of practice. It can be returning to the starting line after a disappointing race. It can be chalking my hands, tying my shoelaces and deciding to try one more time.

The medal or the final result may be what everyone sees. But the real victory happens earlier—in that quiet moment when I take a breath, face the fear and begin again.

Dear Body, Thank You





Maanvi Khilolani,
Grade IX

Dear Body,
Thank you for carrying me every single day - without ever taking a day off. Thank you, legs, for running with me.

For those last-minute sprints to catch the school bus, for playing kho-kho until my uniform was covered in dust, and for standing through the entire morning assembly even when you were beginning to shake. And I'm sorry for bumping you into the desk so many times! Thank you, hands, for writing three pages nonstop during exams, for making that perfect throw in throwball, and for learning to play the keyboard—even when I kept getting the notes wrong.

I know I don't always treat you well. I sleep late, forget to drink enough water and sometimes sit scrolling for hours. Yet, you rarely complain. You simply adjust and keep going. **But most of all, thank you for never giving up on me.**

Thank you for healing the cuts from when I fell off my bicycle in Grade 4. Thank you for breathing faster when I was nervous on stage—and for slowly calming down when my friends held my hand.

Thank you for letting me dance badly in my room and still feel like a star. Thank you for letting me jump, run, skip, stumble, fall - and get back up again.

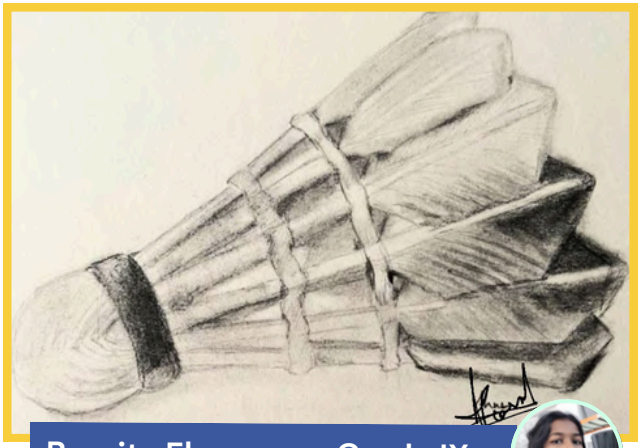
You are not just my body. You are my home, my teammate and my oldest friend. I promise to take better care of you and listen when you tell me what you need.

With love,
Me

Everyone moves differently, and that is fine. I started with cricket every day, got a little better each day, and a lot of things that felt hard, now feel easier. Begin small and keep going.



Mohammad Bilal, Grade IX



Bernita Elangovan, Grade IX



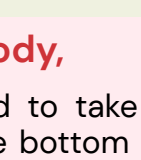
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Dear Body,

I wanted to take a moment to thank you from the bottom of my heart. We have just come through a major surgery, and you handled it remarkably well. I am truly grateful for your strength, resilience, and the way you endured the entire process.

Before the operation, I made sure we stayed active and fit, and honestly, all that effort seems to have paid off. Being physically fit gives you a strong foundation to begin recovering and healing. Although surgery was a major shock, you wasted no time in beginning the repair process. I am especially thankful to my heart for keeping everything running smoothly, my lungs for helping me breathe, and every single cell working tirelessly to restore me to health. Each part of you has played an important role in this journey. We truly make an incredible team, and you have shown me just how resilient you can be. I promise to be kinder to you now—to slow down, give you enough rest, listen to your needs, and care for you as you fully recover. Thank you for standing by me, even through the toughest moments.

With tons of love and gratitude,



Aradhya Tyagi, Grade VIII

Just Make Time - But Can Everyone?



Mouthika Bella,
Editorial Board | Grade IX

"Just make time for it."
We hear this often when people talk about fitness. Go for a walk. Join a gym. Play a sport. It sounds simple—but is it equally simple for everyone? We often treat staying active as a personal choice. If someone does not exercise, we assume they need more discipline or better time management. But we do not always know what their day looks like. Some people spend hours working or travelling. Others balance school, household responsibilities or caregiving. Some lack safe spaces, affordable facilities or opportunities to learn a sport. Health conditions, disability or fear of judgement can make movement harder too.



Not everyone begins from the same starting line.

When we see someone running or working out, we admire their discipline. We may not notice everything that makes their routine possible: time, money, encouragement, good health and access to safe spaces. Exercise is important - but telling people to move more is easier than understanding what may be holding them back. **Fitness can only be for everyone when everyone has a fair chance to begin.**

Losing the Game, Finding Myself



Aadya Jha,
Grade VIII

The ground buzzed with excitement. Students had gathered for the inter-house football tournament - the reason I had willingly come to school on a Saturday.

I had trained hard and was determined to help my house win. But once the match began, almost everything went wrong. I missed passes, misjudged the ball and made mistakes I would not usually make. Each one replayed itself in my head, while our chances of winning slowly disappeared. At half-time, I looked at my teammates. They seemed just as nervous and disappointed as I felt. So, I pushed my thoughts aside and tried to lighten the mood. If we were going to lose, I thought, we could at least stop being afraid of it. We returned to the field with a different energy. I stopped worrying about the score and started enjoying the game. I ran, laughed, encouraged my teammates - and even missed another pass or two.

But this time, I did not let every mistake become the whole match. We lost, but the defeat no longer felt quite as heavy. I remembered why I had begun playing football: not for a scoreboard or a medal, but for the freedom of running across a field, kicking a ball and forgetting everything else for a while.

Perhaps I lost the match that Saturday. But I walked away with something no scorecard could measure—the joy I had almost forgotten I was playing for.



Are Our Cities Built to Move?



Manvik Sethi,
Editorial Board | Grade XI

Imagine Aarav's daily journey across Bengaluru as an obstacle course - except there are no points for completing it safely. His morning begins near the Outer Ring Road in Bellandur. He would like to cycle, but stretches without dedicated cycling infrastructure, combined with fast-moving buses, cars and water tankers, make him think twice. The bicycle stays at home.

Walking does not make the journey much easier. Along Sarjapur Main Road, sections of the footpath disappear into construction rubble and uneven drain covers. Parked scooters, roadside stalls and other obstructions sometimes leave pedestrians with only one option: stepping onto the road. Crossing a busy intersection becomes another challenge. Faded zebra crossings are easily overlooked, and pedestrians must judge the speed of approaching vehicles before hurrying across. Something as ordinary as crossing the road begins to feel like a level in a video game. By evening, Aarav would like to walk outdoors. But poorly lit stretches and limited pedestrian-friendly spaces make his parents uncomfortable about allowing him out after dark. Instead, he heads indoors—and pays for a gym membership to walk on a treadmill. There is something strange about driving to a gym simply to walk.

Cities often encourage us to "move more", but movement also depends on what exists outside our front doors.

Continuous footpaths, safe crossings, cycle lanes, lighting and accessible public spaces are not decorative additions. They determine whether walking and cycling feel natural—or risky. Perhaps the question is not simply why people do not move enough - it is whether our cities make movement possible in the first place.

When Yoga Met My Maths Exam





Lakshita Kansal,
Editorial Board | Grade IX

A few months ago, I thought yoga was boring and meant only for older people. As a ninth-grader, my main form of exercise was running around in panic whenever I looked at my exam syllabus. Then came my mid-term maths exam. Every formula I had studied suddenly went on vacation. My heart raced, my palms sweated and even the clock seemed to laugh at me.

"*Relax! You prepared for this*" I whispered.
My brain replied, "*Then why can't I remember anything?*"
That evening, my mother found me buried beneath five open books.
"*Why don't you try yoga?*" she suggested.
"*Mom, I need to pass maths - not join a circus!*"

She pulled out a mat anyway. I attempted the Tree Pose, lost my balance within three seconds and crashed into the laundry basket. At least the laughter helped. Then she taught me a few simple breathing exercises. As I focused on each breath, the noise inside my head slowly became quieter.

I began practising for 15 minutes every morning. During my finals, when the familiar panic returned, I closed my eyes and took three slow breaths. My mind settled, my focus returned and I began the paper calmly. Yoga did not magically bring back every formula. It taught me how to pause before panic took over—and approach one problem at a time.

Yoga may have ancient roots, but it has become one of my smartest tools for modern life. I still cannot touch my toes, and my brain occasionally goes on vacation. But now, I know how to invite it back!

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THROUGH THEIR EYES

The Day I Lost but Still Felt Proud

It was a bright Saturday evening, and I was at my Karate Dojo in Koramangala, preparing for my Brown 3 belt examination. I was already sweating it out as we were asked to perform numerous push-ups, sit-ups, kicks, and punches to test our skills and stamina. It was a challenging and exhausting evening. However, the most dreaded part of the examination was yet to come—the Karate fight.

Ever since I started learning Karate, fighting has always been my biggest fear. Filled with tension and anxiety, I waited nervously for my turn. Soon, my name was called, and I was asked to fight against a girl who held a belt one level above mine.

The fight began, and kick after kick, punch after punch, my opponent gave me a tough time. A few minutes into the fight, I received a powerful blow to my cheek and jaw. The pain was so intense that I felt as though my teeth had collapsed and my jaw had broken. I held my jaw, massaged it gently and burst into tears.

Seeing me in distress, my teacher offered some powerful advice: "It happens. Now, return the same blow she gave you." Something changed within me at that moment. His words had a remarkable impact on me, and my fear began to fade.

With renewed confidence and hope, I wiped away my tears, took my position, and prepared to fight again. That day, I did not score many points and eventually lost the fight. However, I had conquered something far greater than my opponent—I had overcome the fear that had held me back for so long. The evening had been exhausting, but it had also made me stronger. Winning does not always mean scoring the most points or defeating an opponent. Sometimes, the greatest victory lies in conquering our fears, overcoming self-doubt, and finding the courage to stand up again.



Spruha Deuskar, Grade VIII

The Best Version of You

Step by step, the journey starts today,
As we walk, run, stretch and play.
Fitness helps us feel strong and bright,
Filling our days with energy and light.

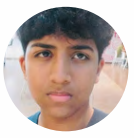
There is no need to race or compete;
Just find your rhythm and move your feet.
Forget perfection, forget the pace-
Give your body time and space.

Clear your mind and feel the drive;
Let every movement come alive.
Rise up steady, strong and free-
The best version you can be.



Laranya Rastogi, Grade VIII

Karate: Building Fitness, Confidence and the Courage to Inspire



Shravan S,
Editorial Board | Grade VIII
Brown Belt-1

Every kick, punch and drop of sweat has taught me something beyond self-defence. Karate has improved my stamina, balance, coordination and confidence, and shown me that fitness is not just physical strength but also mental determination, discipline and the courage to face challenges. It has taught me to stay calm under pressure and keep trying even when I felt nervous or wanted to give up.

Athletes like Sandra Sanchez, the Spanish karate champion who won gold at the Tokyo 2020 Olympics, and Anzhelika Terliuga, the Ukrainian champion who won Olympic silver, inspire me through their dedication and perseverance. Their journeys remind me that success comes from consistent effort and mental strength. As a boy learning karate, I also hope to encourage young girls to take up the sport and challenge stereotypes. They do not need to be fearless to begin; they simply need the courage to face their fears.

For me, karate is not merely about earning belts, winning competitions or defeating opponents. It is about becoming stronger, physically and mentally, and learning lessons that extend beyond the dojo. If my journey can inspire even one girl to step onto the mat and believe in herself, that will be a victory far greater than any medal I could ever win.

COME CLOSER, STAY IN THE LOOP.

Scan to join the BEYOND Circle and follow us for fresh ideas, big questions and conversations.

What Losing Taught Me



Anantha Lakshmi Tejaswi B,
Grade VIII

Winning—or finally reaching a goal—can bring happiness, satisfaction, and joy. But what happens when we lose?

After losing once, we may tell ourselves, *"It's okay. There is always next year."* But losing to the same opponent a second time hurts much more. My basketball team lost to the same team not once, but twice. I felt disappointed. I was corrected for my mistakes, and there were moments when I blamed myself for the result. But the experience taught me what being a captain truly means.

Captaincy is not only about lifting the trophy when the team wins. It is also about accepting responsibility, listening to feedback and understanding that we win and lose together - as a team. That second loss made me work harder than ever. The player who was better than me became my motivation. I set myself a new goal: to improve my shooting and become more accurate with every basket.

I began watching more basketball matches, even online, to study different moves and techniques. I returned to the basics and practised dribbling patiently. If I made a mistake, I would try again. If I lost control of the ball, I went back to the beginning. Most importantly, I listened carefully to my coach's advice and worked on applying it during every practice session. All this happened because I failed.

Losing becomes a true loss only when we refuse to learn from it. When we recognise our mistakes, work on them and continue trying, failure can become the beginning of progress.

Every loss carries a lesson - and every lesson can take us one step closer to success.

A Letter to My Body



Shriyansh Sahu,
Grade IX

Dear Body,
Thank you for being the coolest machine I will ever own and I ever had.

Every time I tie my laces for an early morning or an evening jog, I start thinking about what's actually happening inside. It's pretty amazing how you work.

My Achilles tendons act like coiled springs, bouncing me off the path of concrete, while my heart kicks into overdrive to pump fresh oxygen straight to my calves. Whenever my legs start to burn from lactic acid on concrete, you match my breathing to my cadence and keep me moving forward.

Right around the third or fourth kilometre, you release that burst of endorphins and dopamine unlike doomscrolling on shorts or reels. Suddenly, school stress and all my exam worries, tension, stress levels, and all problems fade, replaced by total mental clarity.

When I switch gears to strength like being able to do 30 push-ups in a single go, pull- ups, high knees, your sheer versatility blows my mind. Your heart rate skyrockets in seconds, rapidly adapting from steady-state endurance to explosive agility while building stamina for my weekend rides.

Then, when I hop on my cycle, you lock into pure mechanics. You start pushing me on to the next pedal even when I have low energy left, trying to build my endurance and stamina for long rides, and release all my stress. I push you to soreness; you repair overnight and return stronger.

Dear Body, thank you for me being able to complete the 6km run continuously under 35 minutes. Thank you for me being able to do 30 push-ups.

Thank you for handling the science so I can just enjoy the run and the cycle. I promise to keep fuelling you well, resting you right, and chasing open roads together.

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The Race No One Sees



Zaara Mathew Yenmandra,
Athlete | Grade X

When people look at a student-athlete, they often see the medals, certificates and victories. What they do not always see is the race happening behind the scenes.

As a student-athlete, I am constantly moving between two demanding worlds. There are classes, examinations, homework and projects—and then there are practice sessions, tournaments and recovery. Somewhere between the two, I must also find time for sleep, friends and family.

Some days begin early with practice and end late with an unfinished assignment. There is pressure to perform well in the classroom and in sport, even when it feels as though there are simply not enough hours in the day. But sport has taught me lessons that cannot always be measured by marks or medals. It has taught me discipline, consistency, time management and, most importantly, how to keep going after a setback.

One athlete who inspires me is American sprinter Sha'Carri Richardson. I admire not only her speed, confidence and personality, but also her ability to return after disappointment. After missing the Tokyo Olympics in 2021 and failing to qualify for the 2022 World Championships, she returned to win the women's 100 metres at the 2023 World Championships in Budapest. Her journey reminds me that one setback does not decide the rest of our story. Students are often judged by their grades, just as athletes are judged by their medals. But neither tells us how hard someone is trying. A student may work tirelessly without receiving the marks they hoped for. An athlete may train every day without reaching the podium.



Her style tells a story:
Her colourful hair, dramatic nails and bold track looks are partly inspired by legendary sprinter Florence Griffith Joyner, better known as Flo-Jo.

Raised by strong women:
Sha'Carri grew up in Dallas and was raised by her grandmother and aunt—two important influences in her life and journey.

"I'm not back, I'm better":
After missing two major championships, Sha'Carri used these words during her return—and went on to become the 100m world champion in 2023.

That does not mean there has been no effort, growth or progress. Being a student-athlete is not only about the races won or the marks scored. It is about learning to carry success and disappointment with equal courage - and continuing to move forward, both on the track and beyond it. **Neither marks nor medals can tell the whole story.**

Grandpas Who Keep Moving



Shreya Shah,
Editorial Board | Grade VII

When we hear the word fitness, we often picture young people lifting weights, running on treadmills or following carefully planned workout routines. We rarely imagine our grandparents. My two grandfathers, however, have shown me that strength is not restricted by age - and that fitness can look different at every stage of life.

My maternal grandfather is a doctor who understands the importance of rest and recovery. When he recently fractured his arm in an accident, I saw how much patience and determination healing required. Even while recovering, he remained concerned about his patients and eager to return to his work. His experience reminded me that strength is not only physical; it is also the resilience to face a setback and move forward carefully. My paternal grandfather shows his fitness in a very different way. He likes everything around him to be clean and orderly. The moment he notices even a little dust, he sets out to remove it. One day, he discovered dust gathering behind his king-size bed. At the age of seventy, he carefully shifted the heavy bed and cleaned the entire space himself! What impressed me was not simply his strength, but his energy, independence and willingness to remain active in everyday life.

My grandfathers have taught me that fitness is not only about building muscles or joining a gym. It can mean having the strength to complete daily tasks, the energy to pursue what matters to us and the mental resilience to recover when life slows us down. Regular movement, nutritious food, adequate rest and listening to our bodies can help us stay healthier as we grow older. The habits we develop today may shape how confidently and independently we live tomorrow. Fitness has no age limit. It is a lifelong relationship with our well-being.

Growing older is inevitable - but we can choose to meet each new chapter with strength, purpose and the determination to keep moving.

THROUGH THEIR EYES

Play - Without the Pressure



Suzanne Mary Matson,
Editorial Board | Grade 9

I am a girl who loves playing different sports—Cricket, Basketball and almost anything else I can enjoy with my family or friends from church. But when play becomes public or competitive, something changes.

The fear of being judged at something I believe I am good at creates self-doubt and affects my confidence. Sometimes, it is not even about losing. It is about making that one mistake which you fear everyone will remember. I begin comparing myself with other players. I wonder whether I will ever be as good as they are. Slowly, something I once loved starts becoming something I hesitate to try. And I know I am not the only one.

Conversations with my friends have shown me that many girls experience the same nervousness and embarrassment on the field. They may worry about making mistakes, being compared with others or feeling conscious about how they look while playing. The numbers suggest that this is part of a much wider concern. According to the World Health Organization, around 85% of adolescent girls worldwide do not meet recommended physical activity levels, compared with 78% of boys.



Confidence, perceived ability, safety and access to enjoyable opportunities can all influence whether girls continue participating as they grow older.

Perhaps keeping girls in sport does not always begin with asking them to perform better. Sometimes, it begins with helping them feel that they belong. Not every girl wants to become a professional athlete. Sometimes, we simply want to play, learn something new, laugh at our mistakes and make memories with our friends. We need spaces where beginners are welcomed, effort is noticed and one missed shot does not become the story everyone remembers. We can all help create those spaces - by supporting one another, celebrating effort and making room for beginners.

So, to every girl who has ever held back because she was worried about what others might think: do not let that fear take away something you love. You do not have to be the best player on the field. You only have to give yourself permission to play. **Sometimes, we do not want a podium. We simply want a place to play.**

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LARA'S SECOND START



Shanya Singhal,
Grade IV



The Bicycle I Never Learnt To Ride



Srinandita Das,
Grade X

When I think of movement, I don't remember perfect races, polished performances or medals. I remember childhood evenings filled with laughter, scraped knees and friends calling out, "One more round!" Games of tag turned ordinary evenings into great adventures. I would run as fast as my feet could carry me—even when they couldn't quite keep up with my enthusiasm. A final chase before sunset often ended with a tumble onto the grass, a bruised elbow or another scraped knee. But the real adventure began when I decided to learn how to ride a bicycle. My friends seemed to glide effortlessly while I struggled to find my balance. There were shaky starts, sudden turns and several spectacular crash landings into the bushes.

Each time, I dusted myself off, climbed back on and tried again. Here is the funny part: I still don't know how to ride a bicycle! But when I look back, that hardly seems important. What I remember is the trying - the encouragement from my friends, the laughter after every fall and the determination to give it just one more go. Those evenings taught me that movement isn't always about mastering a skill or doing something perfectly.

Sometimes, it is simply about being present, playing wholeheartedly and creating memories with the people around us. Perhaps I never learnt to ride the bicycle. But I certainly learnt how to fall, laugh and begin again.



Sports and Games: Is Winning Everything?



Sreshta Ponnolu,
Grade VIII

Standing on a badminton court with a racket in my hand is one of those moments when I truly feel like myself. I started playing with my father, and those early days were filled with teasing and laughter because I played simply for the joy of it. Later, I joined a coaching class and began competing. At first, matches helped me spot the flaws in my technique and work on them. But as I gained experience, the pressure to win grew. My coaches constantly compared me with other players, and competitions slowly turned into stressful occasions where I felt compelled to meet others' expectations rather than focus on my own progress. That experience made me realise that the purpose of a sport should not be limited to winning trophies or proving oneself to others.

Competition can motivate us to improve, but excessive pressure can take away the very joy that made us love the game in the first place. For me, the thrill of playing matters far more than other people's opinions of my performance. At the end of the day, the real victory is not always winning a match; it is holding on to the passion that made you pick up the racket in the first place.

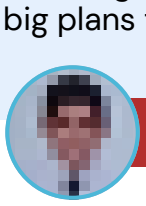
The Shot That Still Mattered



Niralya K. S.,
Grade VI

It was a Sunday, and my friends and I were playing dodgeball. Our team had the ball, and only one player remained on the other side. For our final chance, my friends passed the ball to a girl on our team. She looked nervous, but she gathered her courage and took the shot. The ball flew past the last player. She had missed. We had lost. My teammates were disappointed, but nobody blamed her. Instead, they smiled and told her that she had tried her best. As I walked home, I kept thinking about that moment. Why wasn't anyone angry with her? After all, she had missed the final shot.
Then I remembered how nervous she had looked. She could have stepped back or refused to take the chance - but she didn't. She tried, even though she was afraid she might fail. That was when I understood why my friends had smiled. Sometimes, courage is not about making the perfect shot. It is about being willing to take it. And sometimes, that is worth appreciating even more than winning.

Thank you for protecting me and helping me grow stronger every year. Today I am talking to you not as a judge, but as the home that has carried me through every movement of my life. Thank you for keeping me alive and for loving me more than anything else. You shield me from harsh chemicals and pollutants, and you keep the good while letting go of the bad. This year, I promise to make more choices that benefit you. I will sleep well, exercise, eat plenty of vegetables, drink enough water, and take deep breaths. Since you take such good care of me, I will take care of you too. It is time for us to work together, because honestly, I have big plans for us.



Prajeet Samarth, Grade IX

ದೈಹಿಕ ಮತ್ತು ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ



Aarya Anand K ,
Grade VIII

ದೈಹಿಕ ಮತ್ತು ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಕಾಪಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ದೈಹಿಕ ಸಾಮರ್ಥ್ಯ ಅತ್ಯಂತ ಮುಖ್ಯವಾಗಿದೆ. ಪ್ರತಿದಿನ ನಿಯಮಿತವಾಗಿ ವ್ಯಾಯಾಮ, ಯೋಗ ಹಾಗೂ ನಡಿಗೆಯನ್ನು ರೂಢಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದರಿಂದ ದೇಹದ ತೂಕವನ್ನು ನಿಯಂತ್ರಣದಲ್ಲಿಡಬಹುದು ಮತ್ತು ಹೃದಯದ ಆರೋಗ್ಯವನ್ನು ಸುಧಾರಿಸಬಹುದು. ದೈಹಿಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳು ದೇಹದ ರೋಗನಿರೋಧಕ ವ್ಯವಸ್ಥೆಯ ಸರಿಯಾದ ಕಾರ್ಯನಿರ್ವಹಣೆಗೆ ಸಹಾಯ ಮಾಡುತ್ತವೆ ಹಾಗೂ ದೀರ್ಘಕಾಲದ ಕಾಯಿಲೆಗಳ ಅಪಾಯವನ್ನು ಕಡಿಮೆ ಮಾಡುತ್ತವೆ. ವ್ಯಾಯಾಮವು ದೇಹವನ್ನು ದೃಢಗೊಳಿಸುವುದರ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಮಾನಸಿಕ ಒತ್ತಡ ಹಾಗೂ ಆತಂಕವನ್ನು ಕಡಿಮೆ ಮಾಡಿ ಮನಸ್ಸಿಗೆ ನೆಮ್ಮದಿಯನ್ನು ನೀಡುತ್ತದೆ. ಇದು ದಿನವಿಡೀ ಉತ್ಸಾಹದಿಂದ ಮತ್ತು ಚೈತನ್ಯದಿಂದ ಇರಲು ನೆರವಾಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಸಮತೋಲಿತ ಹಾಗೂ ಪೌಷ್ಟಿಕ ಆಹಾರವನ್ನು ಸೇವಿಸುವುದರ ಜೊತೆಗೆ ಪ್ರತಿದಿನ ದೈಹಿಕ ಚಟುವಟಿಕೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಡಗಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದನ್ನು ಜೀವನದ ಅವಿಭಾಜ್ಯ ಅಂಗವನ್ನಾಗಿ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬೇಕು. ಆರೋಗ್ಯಕರ ಜೀವನಶೈಲಿಯು ದೀರ್ಘಕಾಲ ಆರೋಗ್ಯದಿಂದ, ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ಮತ್ತು ಸಾರ್ಥಕವಾಗಿ ಬದುಕಲು ಬಲವಾದ ಅಡಿಪಾಯವಾಗಿದೆ.

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A RALLY OF THOUGHTS

ME:
When I hear the word movement, I think of table tennis—the quick serve, the faster return and the excitement of keeping the rally going.

LIFE RETURNS:
Schoolwork. Screens. Homework. A busy day. Sometimes, finding time to play feels like another match altogether.

DAD:
"This is the best time in your life to enjoy sports and active games."

ME:
But whenever I get the chance, I pick up my racquet. Table tennis keeps me moving without making movement feel like exercise. I play because it is fun.

He reminds me that, as we grow older, movement often becomes more planned—gym sessions, fitness routines and regular walks.

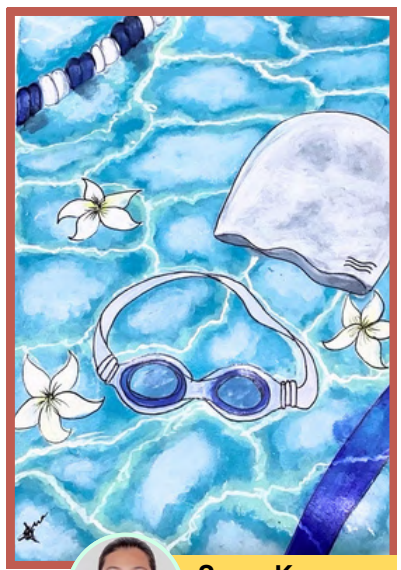
ME—MATCH POINT:
Right now, movement means playing a sport I love. It is not about counting steps or completing a workout. It is about chasing the ball, enjoying the game and keeping the rally alive for as long as I can.



Ekaksh Srivastava, Grade VIII



Anshika Bhaskar, Grade VIII



Sana Kausar, Grade X



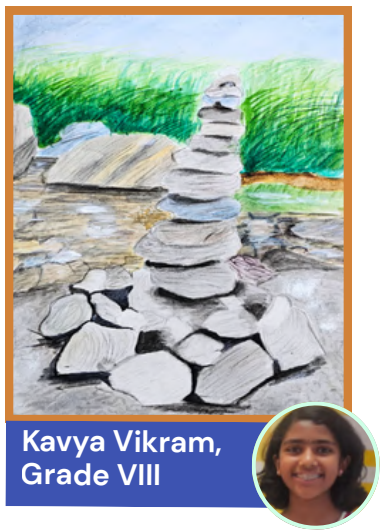
Tiara Chatterjee, Grade UKG



Mayara Sharma, Grade UKG



Divyanshi, Grade UKG



Kavya Vikram, Grade VIII



Lakshya Raval, Grade I



Grahith Juchani, Grade UKG



Shanvishree, Grade I



Nia Marie Siju, Grade IX

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THE NEXT MOVE IS YOURS

50 SQUARE MOVEMENT GAME

Move · Think · Challenge · Grow

One roll. One move. Your next move could change everything!

1 START	2	3 CHALLENGE Name 10 sports. ⏱ 1 min	4	5 BREAKAWAY! Move forward 2 spaces.	6	7 LET'S TALK A teammate is upset after a loss. What would you do? (SOS) → back 3	8 CHALLENGE Name 5 cricketers for New Zealand and 5 for Australia. ⏱ 1 min	9 CHALLENGE Name 10 IPL players. ⏱ 1 min	10 TIME-OUT! Miss one turn.	11
22	21 CHALLENGE Name 10 dance styles. ⏱ 1 min	20	19 LET'S TALK Your teammate keeps making mistakes. What would you do? (SOS) → back 3	18	17 MOMENTUM LOST! Move back 2 spaces.	16	15 BREAKAWAY! Move forward 2 spaces.	14	13 CHALLENGE Name 10 types of sports equipment. ⏱ 1 min	12
23	24 TIME-OUT! Miss one turn.	25	26 CHALLENGE Name 10 ways to move without running. ⏱ 1 min	27	28 LET'S TALK You're late in line for a game. How do you handle it? (SOS) → back 5	29	30	31 BREAKAWAY! Move forward 2 spaces.	32	34 CHALLENGE Name 10 workout exercises. ⏱ 1 min
45	44 LET'S TALK A teammate is feeling left out. What would you do? (SOS) → back 3	43	42 CHALLENGE Name 10 outdoor activities. ⏱ 1 min	41	40 TIME-OUT! Miss one turn.	39	38	37 CHALLENGE Name 10 workout exercises. ⏱ 1 min	36	35
Keep going!	46	47	48 CHALLENGE Name 10 animals known for moving in interesting ways. ⏱ 1 min	49	48 LET'S TALK Yo teammate is upset after a loss. What would yourt do? (SOS) → back 3	50 FINISH! You did it! Keep moving forward!			You got this!	

THE SPECIAL SQUARES

- **CHALLENGE** — Answer the question. Move 1 step forward. Incorrect: Move 1 step backward.
- **LET'S TALK** — Answer real-life situation. Correct: Move 1 step forward. Incorrect: Move 3 steps backward.
- **TIME-OUT!** — Miss one turn.
- **MOMENTUM LOST!** — Move back 2 spaces.
- **BREAKAWAY!** — Move forward 2 spaces.
- **FINISH!** — You did it! Keep moving forward!
- **NORMAL SQUARES** — Nothing happens. Your turn ends, and the next player rolls.

CHALLENGE QUESTIONS KEY

- Answer real-life situation. Correct: Move 1 step forward. Incorrect: Move 3 steps backward.
- (Only for LET'S TALK squares)

BOARD COLOUR KEY

- Start / Finish
- Normal
- Challenge
- Let's Talk
- Time-out / Momentum Lost
- Breakaway



Deivanai Meyyappan, Grade VIII

NEW SPORT UNLOCKED - AERO-GRID TAG

Tag meets basketball—50 storeys above the ground.

STATUS: NOT A REAL SPORT...YET.

GAME SET-UP

- **Year:** 2050
- **Players:** 4 versus 4
- **Arena:** A holographic cube between skyscrapers
- **Powered by:** Solar and wind energy

SCORE

- **1 Point:** Carry **The Pulse** into the end-zone.
- **3 Points:** Complete a 20-metre Sky-Strike.

YOUR MISSION

Capture **The Pulse** - a floating kinetic sphere and carry it into the opposing team's holographic end-zone

CHOOSE YOUR GEAR

Gravity Boots



AR Visor

THE 2050 TWIST

When sunlight or wind conditions change, pathways appear, disappear or move - forcing players to change strategy mid-game.



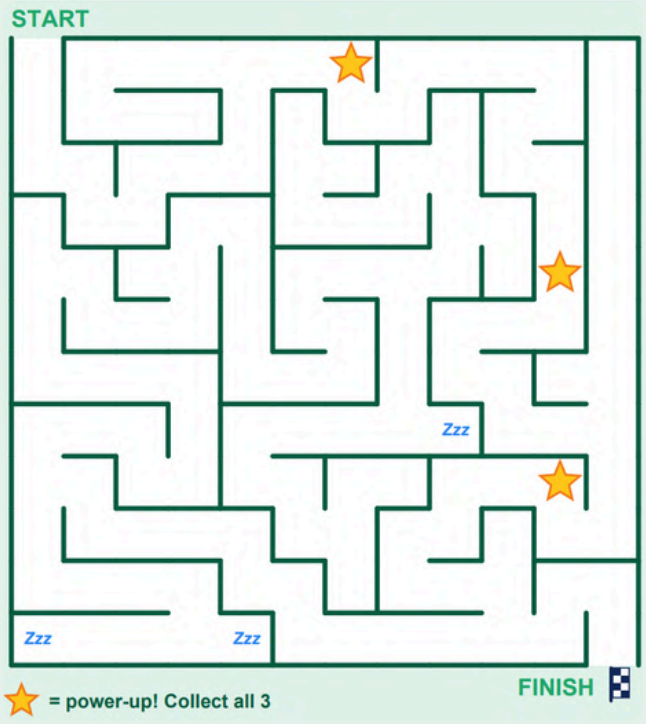


Souryajit Kanwar, Grade IX

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THE MAZE RUN

Squiggle, wiggle, zoom to the finish! Draw one line from START to FINISH. Grab all 3 stars and skip the sleepy Zzz dead ends!



Beyond The Plate



Pow-Pow Choco-Banana Yogurt Pops

Some people move before breakfast, some after homework, and some only when the ice-cream van's bell rings (still sprinting). Whatever your move is, the Pow-Pow Pop keeps up: creamy, chocolatey and sneakily full of protein. No cooking, one blender, zero excuses to skip dessert.



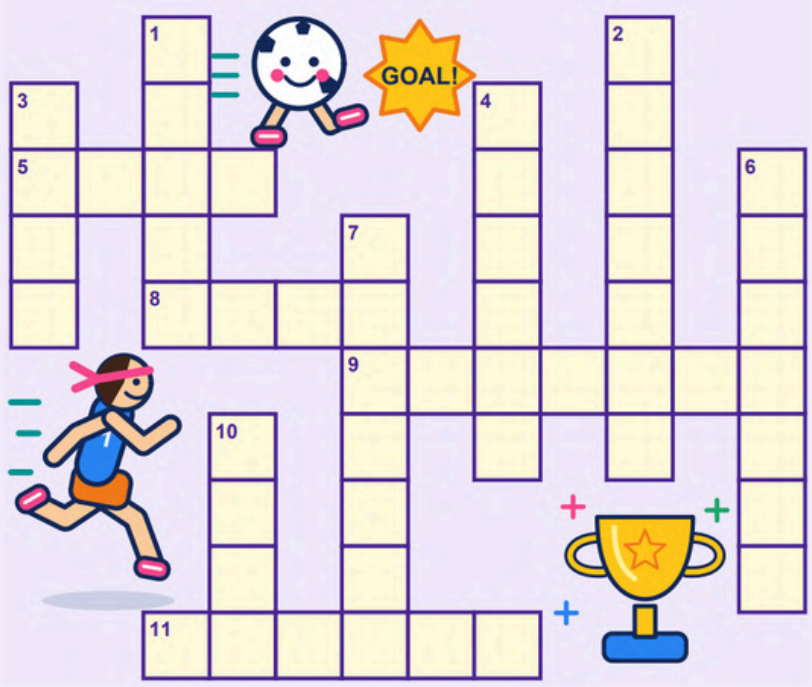
What you need

- 1 cup thick curd
- 2 ripe bananas
- 2 tbsp peanut butter
- 1 tbsp cocoa powder
- 1 tbsp honey or jaggery syrup
- 2 tbsp roasted peanuts, crushed, for the crunchy crown

What you do

- Blend it. Tip the curd, bananas, peanut butter, cocoa and honey into a blender, or mash everything in a bowl with a fork (this counts as an arm workout). Keep going until it's smooth.
- Pour it. Fill small cups, moulds or even steel glasses, then pop in a stick or spoon.
- Freeze it. Let it set for about 5 hours, or overnight if you can wait that long.
- Pop it. Dip the base in warm water for a few seconds, sprinkle on the peanuts and eat right away.

BRAIN GYM CROSSWORD



Warm up those clever muscles!

Across

5. One foot, then the other. Easy! (4)
8. Strike a pose: tree, cobra, dog! (4)
9. Stay steady on a gymnast's beam! (7)
11. Run super fast for a short race! (6)

Down

1. Pass the baton to your teammate! (5)
2. Power to keep going and going! (7)
3. Splash across the pool! (4)
4. Leap over it on the track! (6)
6. Reach for the sky and loosen up! (7)
7. Raiders chant this in one breath! (7)
10. Boing! Up and back down! (4)

PACK YOUR PASSPORT

Where did it come from? Find its birthplace! Every move was born somewhere. Draw a line from each activity to its home country.

Yoga — *means "union" in Sanskrit*	Brazil
Judo — *means "the gentle way"*	India
Marathon — *named after a battle site*	Korea
Capoeira — *kick, spin, dance-fight!*	Greece
Taekwondo — *"the way of foot and fist"*	Japan

GUESS THE SPORT

Spot the gear, name the game! One tool, one sport. Write the sport on the line.









1. Gymnastics 2. Surfing 3. Fencing 4. Cricket

READY TO PUT YOUR SPORTS KNOWLEDGE TO THE TEST?

Scan the QR code, crack the clues and guess all four sports!

Scan. Guess. Score!



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