

DPS INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

NEWSLETTER



FEBRUARY 2026

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STUDENTS' EDGE

Celebrating Movement, Literature, and Tradition

Welcome to the February edition of the Students' Edge newsletter which captures a dynamic period at DPS International School characterized by strategic academic planning to vibrant celebrations of physical and creative achievement.

"HAPPY CHINESE NEW YEAR 2026"

Welcoming the Year of the Horse!

The campus of DPS International School was transformed into a sea of scarlet and gold as we vibrated with the thunderous sounds of drums to mark the lunar transition. Our Chinese New Year celebrations were a spectacular display of community spirit, bringing students and staff together to honor Singapore's rich cultural heritage and welcome the Year of the Horse with boundless energy.

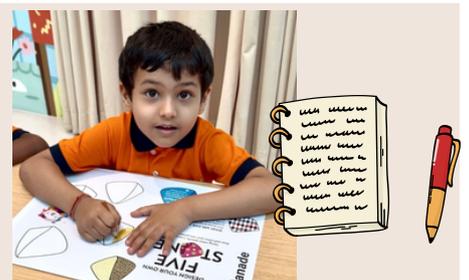


LITERARY WEEK 2026

From **mini authors and book-loving little stars** to ingenious escape rooms and vibrant literary exhibitions — our students brought words to life!

Our students turned classrooms into immersive literary galleries. The student-led exhibitions were a masterclass in curation, with rooms transformed into the settings of favourite classics like **The Lightning Thief, Harry Potter, The Maze Runner, The Boy in the Striped Pajamas** and timeless poems (**Lake Isle of Innisfree, Going for Water, Daffodils, Ozymandias, West Wind**). The exhibitions were complemented by live drama enactments while interactive grammar presentations proved that even the technical side of language can be engaging and collaborative. Primary learners charmed us as they dressed up to recommend their favourite books and penned their own imaginative stories. **The "Malice in Wonderland" Escape Room** proved to be a thrilling literary adventure.

Literary Week 2026 celebrated more than reading and writing — it celebrated expression, curiosity, and the courage to create.



Junior Sports Day – Kovan & Alexandra



UPCOMING EVENTS

* **Kindergarten Graduation**

18 March 2026

Kovan Campus



* **Founders' Day**

19 April 2026



* **Annual Day**

24 & 25 April 2026

Venue & other details coming your way



IIT JEE & NEET Coaching Classes commence from April 2026.

For more details, check updates on [Classdojo](#) OR email to bam@dps.edu.sg



The grounds of DPS International School were filled with joy, cheers, and boundless energy on 27 January 2026 as we celebrated our much-awaited Junior Sports Day for our enthusiastic learners from **Kindergarten to Primary 3**.

Practice began three weeks in advance, with young athletes from both the campuses – **Kovan & Alexandra**, participating in rehearsals to learn race rules and build confidence

The Main Event: Children took part in a variety of fun races using colorful, creative props – running, balancing, and jumping with determination.

A Celebration of Effort: In the spirit of inclusion, every participant was awarded a medal, reinforcing the belief that **#EveryChildAWinner**.

The excitement peaked as **gold, silver, and bronze winners stepped forward, their smiles capturing the essence of sportsmanship and perseverance.**



SPOTLIGHT

DPSIS Students Contributions Poems on the MRT

Midnight Grid

By Rachit N., 14

Hougang



Beneath a velvet, humid sky,
The city hums a soft reply.
Its towers glitter, thin and bright,
Like circuit boards wired into night.

MRT lines in tunnels deep
Carry whispers half-asleep.
Last trains glide with gentle grace,
Silver ghosts through an ordered space.

Highways bend in measured arcs,
Red tail lights and pale blue sparks.
Each overpass, each glowing lane,
A river built by human brain.

HDB blocks in quiet rows
Wear scattered windows' tender glows.
A single corridor's yellow light
Becomes a lighthouse in the night.

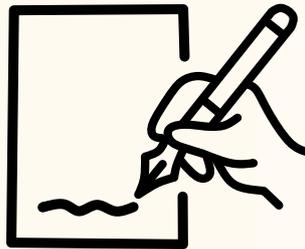
Streetlamps crown the sheltered walks,
Guarding every midnight talk.
Even the void decks, still and wide,
Hold unseen footsteps side by side.

Data drifts through silent air,
Signals crossing everywhere.
Invisible threads, a hidden stream,
Stitching the island like a dream.

And in this ordered, shining sprawl,
Steel and stars in gentle brawl,
The city proves, in neon rhyme,
That even stone can learn to time.



poems 
on the mrt
MOVING PEOPLE WITH WORDS



The Transit of Youth

By Donnalyn S., 13

Hougang



Every day I start from Upper Serangoon View,
the bus stop waiting, quiet, blue.
The bus arrives slow and steady,
a moving crowd alive with banter and noise.
Steel rails sway and glide;
fleeting, familiar worlds slide gently by.

I reach Hougang, and as I step onto the MRT floor,
doors open wide and the train pulses with life.
People shift to make room,
familiar station names echo in my mind.
In the glass, I catch my reflection,
rekindling memories of the past.

At Kovan MRT, as dawn breaks,
a warm glow awakens the Neighbourhood Park.
Hens wander with bobbing heads,
hibiscus blooms in bold hues.
Happy dogs trot by with their owners,
neighbours pause for friendly chats.

The bell tolls as I reach the gate,
signalling the start of my day.
This commute and park may feel mundane today,
but one day they will become a treasure trove of
memories, shared with every student
walking past me into the day.



Lion city's heart

By Yashika S., 11

Changi Airport



Changi MRT, the city's heartbeat.
Morning rush, quiet late-night rides
Underground tunnels like the veins of the city
Steel breathing beneath concrete and light,
Endless footsteps echoing from platform to platform.

The train arrives on time.
Doors open with a chime,
Carrying dreams from stop to stop,
Held together by order, discipline, and efficiency.
Maps of colour—brown, purple, yellow, red, green and blue—
Tracing the paths we move through, east and west, north and south,
Awake before the sun, falling silent away after dark.

From Jurong East to Changi's air,
It carries lives both here and there;
A student's hope, a worker's grind,
Thousands of stories crossing in time. In tunnels deep; the city breathes.
On steady rails, in practised ease.
MRT—quiet, precise, essential—the pulse of the Lion City's heart.

Silent Realisations

By Hemdev Priyanka R., 14

Dhoby Ghaut



As I look around in the steel carriage
I see each commuter having a story of their own.
Some have dreams, some destinations to reach and some-
A life they have forgotten to live.
The underground tunnels are the only common thread.
We do not speak,
Yet we know what goes on in each other's minds.
We move forward,
With the help of the trains, steel and light.
From the crack of dawn to the last ride of the night,
It shows us what matters-
Not speed, but
The choice to keep moving,
Onto the next platform
Whether rain or shine.

