



St. Patrick's Jr. College

2012-2013



The Patrician

Saint Claudine Thevenet

(Mary St. Ignatius)

**Foundress of the Congregation of the
Religious of Jesus & Mary**

"How Good God is!"



Blessed Dina Belanger

(Marie Ste-Cecile De Rome)

Religious Of Jesus & Mary

*"Love and Let Jesus and Mary
have their way"*



Principal Speaks

The Journey through a year of school life was a wondrous and enriching one. Each day brought fresh opportunities to surpass limits. Every new moment invited me to choose the right perspective in guiding and leading Patricians to greater heights.

Here comes the importance of the collective responsibility of the parents and the school. You parents are the first teachers to your children at home. We need to instill and inspire our children to change their outlook and attitude. There is no limit to positive changes. Let us encourage our children to preserve and respect God's wonderful creation. Motivation, encouragement, inspiration and support are the greatest weapons which motivate children to achieve their goal/aim.

Surround yourself with a successful dream and it will open your mind to life's infinite possibilities and open your heart to believe that you can make your dreams come true.

May I request you dear parents to co-operate and extend your help whole heartedly to take this Institution forward for your children.

My sincere thanks and gratitude to the editorial team and all those who have contributed in publishing this Magazine. God Bless your efforts.

All the best and let each of us "Be the Best".

May God, the source of wisdom and knowledge guide us and lead us.

"Coming together is beginning,
Keeping together is progress;
Working together is success"

— Henry Ford



Sr. Greta Jm
(Principal)

Editorial Note

In this beautiful and diverse universe of God, man is His most wonderful creation, blessed with emotions, expressions, experiences of which he can speak and write. In fact the only way man can immortalise himself is through his creativity and contribution to mankind.

Time has changed and so has creativity. Urban children live in their cocooned houses and flats with *little interaction* with nature. No other media is so instantly gratifying as the T.V. and no other medium faster than facebook for instant status updates.

But there are always deeper possibilities, as 'Youth' is the most creative and inventive stage of life. Anyone who 'awakens' children, interests them with what is new, sensitive and beautiful, promotes possibility and creativity.

Curiosity, Observation, Experience are great teachers and the school magazine is one such platform where students can express and share, invent and initiate : adventure, suspense, satire, pangs of growing up, ideas about space, sports, women and wisdom. It's their presentation of life and its myriad shades.

This edition of 'The Patrician' is a testimony of their creativity, potential and initiatives.

I would like to thank our Principal Rev. Sr. Greta, for the time and interest she invested in the making of the present issue of the magazine. I am also grateful to Mr. A. Prakash and my fellow editors, Dr.(Ms.) Ghosh, Ms. Oberoi, Dr.(Ms.) Sharma, Ms. Diwedi, Ms. Taluqdar and Ms. Sehgal for their help and support.

Happy reading

Ms. Purna Verma

The Editorial Team



1st Row (From left to right) : Mr. A. Prakash, Ms. M. Sehgal, Ms. N. Talukdar, Dr. (Ms.) V. Ghosh, Sr. Greta, Ms. P. Verma, Dr. (Ms.) P. Sharma, Ms. R. Dwivedi, Ms. P. Oberoi

2nd Row (From left to right) : Shaurya Misra, Dakshata Bajpai, Gourisha Agarwal

Helpers' Day : 1st May



A special assembly was organised for our helpers, followed by a short cultural programme. Sr. Greta handed cash gifts to all the helpers. This was followed by lunch.

So Long..... FarewellGoodbye



Sir Chauhan

The Principal, staff and students of St. Patrick's Jr. College bid a fond farewell to Mr. Chauhan, on 10th May' 12. A special assembly was conducted and a media presentation highlighted his 36 years of selfless service and loyalty to the school.



Sr. Shyma

We bid a loving farewell to Sr. Shyma on 11th May' 12. A special prayer service was conducted. The Principal, staff and students wished her success in life.

Installation Ceremony : 17th July '12



It was held on 17th July' 12. Fr. Bhaskar Jusuraj, the chief guest presided over the ceremony. Parents of the cabinet members were invited. The ceremony was conducted in an atmosphere of joy and solemnity.

15th August : Independence Day



A special function was organised by the students of classes X-A and B to celebrate the 65th Independence Day of our motherland. Fr. E.M. Lazarus was the chief guest. Sr. Atoysius was the guest of honour. The programme ended on a patriotic note.

Feast of Blessed Dina Belanger : 4th September



A ballet, depicting blessed Dina Belanger's life was performed. The sisters of the Community were welcomed with flowers and cards.

Gandhi Jayanti : 2nd October '12



A special assembly was conducted highlighting the virtues of the 'Mahatma' and his relevance today. Singing competition was organised. It was sponsored by Sankalp Memorial Charitable Trust.

English Elocution Competition



An Inter class English Elocution competition was held in which children participated enthusiastically. Ms Dodia and Ms. Shahid were the judges.

Principal's Day : 30th November '12



"May you
Live to be
a 103"



On 30th Nov, a special and meaningful prayer service was conducted, children greeted Sr. Greta with flowers & cards. Chocolates for the students and high tea for the staff was hosted by the Principal.

Children's Day : 14th November '12



A special prayer service was held. The movie 'English-Vinglish' was screened for the children, sweets and snacks were distributed to them.

Christmas Celebration : 23rd December '12



The celebration began with the Nativity play. Carols were sung. Fr. Joe Thaykatil, the chief guest delivered a message of peace and joy. The children celebrated : cutting cake, dancing, playing games. It was a day of real joy and happiness.

Dance Competition : 13th September '12

Dance serves as an adequate medium to reach a total integrated personality.

The programme was held on 13th Sept, 2012. It began at 8 : 30 am. Rev. Sr. Greta, Sr. Terese, Sr. Sheela and Sr. Michael were welcomed with bouquets.

Group and Solo dances were performed by the tiny tots.

Their dances conveyed the message of love, peace, harmony and optimism.

The function concluded at 10 : 30 am. with the words of Sister. She said, "I enjoyed every second of the programme. I congratulate you all. You are flowers in the garden of God. Grow up and become good people."



Republic Day : 26th January 2013



A special assembly was held in school including a skit presenting the contribution of our freedom fighters. Republic Day was celebrated at St. Peter's college, jointly by all the schools in the neighborhood. The chief guest was his Grace Dr. Albert D'Souza. It was a grand celebration.

Farewell : 19th January 2013



The school had an official farewell for the out going class XII students. A prayer service was organised followed by laying down of office by the cabinet. Souvenirs were given, followed by tea and snacks.

जीवन धारा ... आशा की एक किरण

जीवन धारा, हमारे विद्यालय सेन्ट पैट्रिक्स द्वारा निकटवर्ती मलिन बच्चों के लिए चलाया जा रहा साक्षरता कार्यक्रम है। हमारे विद्यालय के समस्त अध्यापक गण एवं कक्षा IX से XII तक की छात्राएं इस कार्यक्रम में संलग्न हैं। हमारी आदरणीया प्रधानाचार्या सिस्टर ग्रेटा ने अपना पूर्ण सहयोग देकर इस अभियान को सफलता के शिखर पर पहुंचाया है। इस अभियान का मुख्य उद्देश्य बच्चों में आत्मविश्वास उत्पन्न करना है अर्थात् समाज में उनकी उपयोगिता सिद्ध करनी है। 50-70 बच्चे नियमित रूप से इन कक्षाओं में उपस्थित होते हैं।

अभियान के अन्तर्गत बच्चों को अंग्रेजी, गणित एवं हिन्दी का ज्ञान कराया जाता है। इसके अतिरिक्त स्वच्छता एवं सदाचार पर भी बल दिया जाता है। उनके मनोरंजन को ध्यान में रखते हुए इस कार्यक्रम में नृत्य एवं गायन की कला से भी उन्हें परिचित कराया जाता है।

इस अभियान की मुख्य स्वंय सेविका सुश्री सुचिता जी बताती है—“कक्षा की समाप्ति उपरान्त उनकी क्षुधापूर्ति हेतु अल्पाहार कराया जाता है जिसका एक कारण उन्हें कक्षा में आने के लिए आकर्षित करना है। मुझे बहुत ही खुशी होती है। माना कि उन नन्हें विद्यार्थियों को समझाना थोड़ा कठिन है लेकिन उसके बाद मन में संतुष्टि होती है कि मैं इस समाज के लिए कुछ कर रही हूँ। यदि बच्चे कारणवश कक्षा में नहीं आते हैं तो हम उनके घर जाकर उनके माता-पिता से बातचीत करते हैं।”

वर्ष 2012 में क्रिसमस पर्व पर इन बच्चों के लिए विद्यालय में एक भव्य कार्यक्रम आयोजित किया गया था। जिसमें विद्यालय के शिक्षक शिक्षिकाओं एवं अन्य छात्राओं ने उत्साहपूर्ण भाग लिया।

इस कार्यक्रम में उन बच्चों ने अपनी नृत्य एवं गायन कला की प्रस्तुति दी। इस अभियान की मुख्य सफलता यह है कि इनमें से पाँच मेधावी छात्राओं का दाखिला सेन्ट जोसफ इण्टर, कॉलेज में हुआ है। जिसका खर्चा हमारे विद्यालय द्वारा उठाया जा रहा है।

अंततः, इन बच्चों के प्रति प्रेम का यह झरना निरन्तर बहता रहे, इसके लिए प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को कार्यरत रहते हुए हर सम्भव मदद करनी होगी क्योंकि बूँद-बूँद से ही सागर भरता है।



Teachers' Day : 5th September

A day to say, Thank you dear teachers

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan was the second President of India. He was a great scholar, teacher and a noted educationist. Teachers' Day is celebrated on 5th September to honour him. Our school celebrated in it traditional fervour and gaiety.

At 11 : 30 a.m. the cabinet members escorted the teachers to the hall. They were welcomed with tilak and showering of flowers.

There was an aura of happiness all around.

The programme began with the lighting of the lamp, followed by a prayer service and a prayer dance.

Gifts were given to the teachers by the students as a token of love and respect, followed by a song sung by the choir. Modelling and dances were presented by the juniors and seniors.

Speeches were delivered by Ma'am Otto and Sir Grover. The programme ended at 1 p.m.

followed by lunch for the teachers. This joyous day had a fulfilling end, when Mr. Agarwal announced a scholarship of Rs. 20,000, the annual interest of the same, will be given to the students securing 100% in Mathematics in the Board Examinations.

- * **Ma'am Otto** : "The programme was very good. I was reminded of my school days when we celebrated Teachers' Day. The performance was beyond my expectation with new and creative ideas."
- * **Sir K. K.** : "The celebration was good. The children not only gave gifts & greetings but also showed their love & concern through remarkable dances."
- * **Ma'am Sarita** : "The show was wonderful & enjoyable. The seniors took pain & effort to teach the little ones who danced so gracefully."



Interhouse English Debate

St Claudine Thevenet Inter House English Debate Competition was held on 6th October, 2012. The judges for this competition were Dr. (Mrs.) Neelam Malhotra and Dr. (Ms.) Mini Jain.

The topics were given an hour before the competition began. The topic for the juniors was 'The generation today is 1, me, myself.' and for the seniors; 'The rise in coaching centres is responsible for the irregularity in schools and colleges.'



English Extempore Speech Competition

On 11th September, '12 we had an English Extempore Competition.

Our honourable judges for the competition were Sr. Dorothy, Ma'am Nabina Talukdar and Ma'am Sarita Kathuria

Students of classes 9 to 12 were divided into two groups.

The extempore ended with our honourable judge Sr Dorothy's remarks. She said. "I would like to congratulate the participants and the teachers. I enjoyed the competition and I must say it isn't easy to think and speak then and there."



Ocean of Knowledge : GK Quiz

Benjamin Franklin has rightly said, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it away from him. Investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

The Inter House G. K. quiz was organized on 14th of September. The Junior category consisted of classes VI to VIII while the senior category consisted of classes IX to XII.

The quiz began at 9 : 00 am. The participants were filled with zeal and enthusiasm. There were many rounds : Current Affairs, Sports, G.K. Let's speak English, Audio visual round, Rapid fire round etc. Red House was the winner of this competition.

The General Knowledge Quiz was conducted for the students of classes I to V. There is nothing quite as worthwhile as improving your Knowledge while you are having fun. Students

were tested on their knowledge and gained incalculable information on interesting facts as well. The tagline of the quiz read, '**CREATE A LEARNING EXPERIENCE THROUGH A QUIZ.**'

The quiz began with the lighting of the lamp, Rev. Sr. Greta. Sr. Sheela, and Sister Terese were the guests.

Four students from each house. participated. There were different rounds for this quiz : Warm up round, Nick Names, Audio visual, and Rapid fire round. A round with a tagline saying 'Books lead us from darkness to light' enlightened students on books and authors.

Sakshi Porwal, Kuhu Goyal, Sabhyata Gupta of Blue house were very happy and excited as they stood first. Green house stood second.



Foundress Day : 3rd February '13



The Feast of our Mother Foundress, St. Claudine Thevenet, began with a meaningful prayer service, followed by a power point presentation, a ballet and a quiz on the life and work of St. Claudine Thevenet. Sr. Dorothea enlightened the students, on the virtues of our Mother Foundress and challenged them to live them out in their lives.

Fancy Dress Competition, Fancy being Dressed up as Some are else



Fancy Dress Competition was organised. The participants displayed a variety of characters and themes.

Staff Picnic to Bharatpur : 23rd January '13



Teachers were lucky to see the migratory birds. It was a serene, soothing experience.

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From the Mouths of the Babes

My Favourite Thing

My favourite thing is my "Harmonium". I love to play classical songs on my harmonium. My music teacher teaches me how to play different "Ragas". I eagerly wait for my teacher to come as "Singing" is my passion. I practise on the harmonium daily. It has become part of my life.



Vani Ahuja, I-A

My Piggy Bank

My Piggy bank is my favourite thing. My father gave it to me on my birthday. It is pink in colour. I keep all my savings in my piggy bank. I will open it on my next birthday.



My father will buy me a bicycle with my piggy bank money.

All children should save their money in their piggy banks.

Vanya Garg, I-A

My Favourite Drink

Milk is my favourite drink. It makes our bones and teeth strong. It gives us energy, protein and calcium.

Sunishtha Sharma, I-B

My Favourite "Pencil"

My favourite thing is my pencil. Pencil is my favourite companion in the school and I am sure one day I shall reach new heights and be proud to raise our school's name.



Ramayani Sharma, I-A

Exercise and Play

Let us have fun,
Let us play
Let's exercise every day!!
Our brain will become strong.
Cycling, Running and Pitthoo
I love my garden and my playground.
Let us put the television and computer to a stop and play.



Manya Bansal, I-A

Games

There is great truth in the saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Games are necessary for health and proper development of the body. Games keep us bodily fit and free from disease. We learn to remain active and smart by playing games. Man learns to accept his defeat as a part of the games. Games are also a source of recreation.

Kaashyapi Golani, I

My Doll

Here is my doll all tattered and torn.
Everyone loves her even though she is worn.
Her body is fluffy and her hair is a mess.
But I love her dearly and she loves me.



Disha Sadana, I-B

Flowers

I love flowers.
They are very colourful with good smell.
My favourite flower is the rose.
They are offered in worship to God.
Flowers make this world a beautiful place to live in.



Khyaati Dua, I-B

My Garden

I have a small and beautiful garden in my house.
It has a variety of flowers in different colours, and a carpet of grass in it.
We love to sit and play here at suitable time in summers and winters.



Vartika Singh, I-B

My favourite Doll is

Barbie doll. She wears a pink gown with lovely golden hair.
She has brown eyes like tiny balls.
I play with barbie every where.
Her name is little Dolly.
She is my best friend . Nitya Goinka, I-B

My Pet

I have a little pug.
and her name is Lily.
I love her very much as she is faithful and caring.
She is also very alert and does everything quickly.
I take her for a walk daily.
And in the evening I play with her.
I love her very much and cannot live without her.



Sanchi Magan, II-A

Just Imagine !

Let's imagine a time when there will be water everywhere, due to global warming.
Then we, the human beings will have to adopt some features of the fish to survive.
Our respiratory organ will be gills not lungs. We will live in water, we will not have any T.V., computer, car etc. Our life will be boring. If we want this we should carry on our activities, but if we don't want this, we should stop harming our environment. Save Environment



Aanchal Agarwal, II-A

Father

My father's name is Vinod Kumar Yadav.
He is a police man.
He is a caring and loving father.
My father teaches me all the subjects.
My father gives me ideas to write articles.
He likes truthful people.
My father is the best father in the world.
My father is a hard working man.
My father has got many trophies for hard work.
He is a very good father.



Bhoomi Yadav, II-A

My Parents

My parents are my light,
I provide them delight.
My parents are my tutors,
And I'm their future.
They carried me from the floor,
To the golden success door.
My pain is tragic
And their love is magic
I'm proud of my parents

Apoorva Singh, II-B

Aim

Life is a long race,
With many difficulties to face....
And to fight for our rights
We take help, both wrong and right.
Where there is a will, there is a way
So we should be always willful and gay
We should just do our duties
And not wait for fruits.

Apoorva Singh, II-B

Dear St. Patrick's

My dear St. Patrick's
You are the best of all,
You can never fall,
You are the best of the best,
Standing up high, far from the rest.
For me no other school is quite like you,
For other schools and people
You may be old,
But for me, you are as precious as gold.
My dear St. Patrick's
I love you, I love you,

Vyakhya Sharma, II-B

Amazing Facts

Birth of Barbie

The first Barbie doll appeared in February 1959. It was made by Ruth and Elliot Handler, co-founders of American toy manufactures Mattel and they named the doll after their daughter Barbara. The doll was dressed in a black and white striped swimsuit, with sunglasses, high heels and gold hoop earrings. In the first year a total of 3,51,000 Barbies were sold at \$ 3 each. The doll went on to become one of the best selling toys of all time.



Kriti Nautiyal, III-A

Good Manners

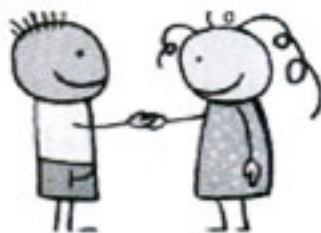
Manners affect a person. If they are good, life becomes good. Good manners bring respect to a person. A person with good manners is appreciated by all while a person with bad manners has no place in society. We must learn to be humble, we must learn to be cool. Good manners include manners to be performed at eating, talking to a person, being in queue or general behaviour. We should not pluck flowers from a public garden. We should not tear pages from a book. We should not abuse a person. Good manners are the gems of life. We must keep them at any cost.



Riya Pahuja, III-A

A Friend

A friend is someone who cares for us.
A friend is someone who is always with us, in tears or in fun and in the course of happiness with family or friend.
A friend is one who supports us, in our life and brings happiness for us.
A true friend is one who never makes us cry but makes us laugh.



Sheren Ishita Singh, III-A

God is One

God is great;
He treats us like his son,
He made the nature,
He made this world so beautiful,
Which makes us feel delightful,
He keeps us happy and at times sad,
He rewards the good and punishes the bad.
He is in the heart of mine and yours,
All are equal in his eyes,
With no difference of colour, caste or size.

Anika Garg, III-A

The Computer

Come my friend,
See the computer,
I take care of it,
And look after it.
This is my teacher,
It gives us knowledge,
Sports, Movies, Results,
News.
It joins me,
In making a chart.
This is my book.
This is my tutor.
Come my friend,
See the computer.



Nida Khan, III-A

My Dear Country India

It is a beautiful country. But its goodness is fading because of air and water pollution.



I wish I could do something for it.

People are destroying our country by smoking and spitting every where.

Its greenery is also fading as big buildings are being built. I want to see greenery in our country again.

I want to give this message to everyone. 'Please do your bit to make your country clean and green.'

Siya Agarwal, III-A

School

Our school is a temple of learning

We go to school to study and play.

Our teacher teaches us good habits and new subjects. We should come to school neat and clean.

School is the best place to study.

We learn every thing in school. God also showers blessings on our school. We play in the playground.

I love my school very much.

Yashika Gogia, III-B



Life

God has gifted a beautiful gift to each one. that is life. Life passes in many shades good or bad, happiness or sad. Life, has to pass with strength, and power given by God.

We have to find them inside us.

Life is beautiful, enjoy it.

Arushi Khanna, III-B

Thank your Teachers

I love my teachers,

They are special for us.

We need them always,

For they guide us in the right way.

We thank you teachers,

For everything you have given us.

You always help us in every way,

That is why we have for you

A special place in our hearts.

Kashish Sharma, III-B



Honesty

Honesty is the best policy.

We should remember this policy. If anyone lies God will punish her/him and if

you speak the truth God will love you. Be honest with

each other. If we tell a lie we have to tell

more lies to hide that lie. We should be truthful to everyone and God.



Tasha, III-B

Flowers

The flower is a pure and beautiful creation of Nature. It is offered to God and presented to the dear and near ones, because of its beauty and purity. It may be in different sizes, colour and shapes.

Flowers like the Rose, Lotus, tropical water lilies, Dhalia are famous for their beauty and glamour. Besides, there are many other popular and common flowers like the Lily, Marigold, Jasmine, China rose, Chrysanthemum etc. There are also small flowers like the Daisy and seasonal flowers of small sizes and pretty colours planted in parks, lawns, etc. Flowers are sold in the market. They are used for decorating houses and temples, weddings and festivals. Flowers give joy to every one. Everyone likes flowers.

Palak Singhal, III-B

Mothers

Mothers are for loving you,
Mothers are for kissing you,
Mothers are for cooking tasty food,
Mothers are for pushing you when you
are on the swing.
Mothers are for giving you medicine
when you are sick.
Mothers are for helping you when you
are studying.
Mothers are for kissing you when you
are sleeping in bed.



Tasha, III-B

Rain, Rain, Oh Beautiful Rain

Rain, Rain, Oh beautiful rain,
Filling water in the lane,
Tapping on the
window pane.
Rain, Rain, Oh
beautiful rain,
Rain, Rain, Oh
beautiful rain,
You are the
farmer's happiness.



His crops grow with your water.
Rain, Rain, Oh beautiful rain.
Rain, Rain, Oh beautiful rain,
You bring a smile on every child's face
They like to look at you all day.
Rain, Rain, Oh beautiful rain.

Shreya Jacob, IV-A

Magic of Nature

The river flows,
The sun glows,
The wind blows,
It's the magic of nature.
The waterfalls fall,
Trees standing great and tall,
The mountains, the protecting walls
All are the magic of nature.
But, be careful
The magic of nature is disappearing
The magic of nature is finishing
Because, we are polluting the world.



Shreya Jacob, IV-A

Laughter is the Best Medicine

'Laughter is the best
medicine'
Say all the doctors.
Laughter is the best
medicine say all
parents.



Laughter is the best medicine says
everyone.
Doctors suggest to laugh all the time
The yoga experts also suggest to laugh
loudly so that you can keep yourself fit and
you don't have to take much medicines.
So we should laugh if we
want to keep ourselves away from
medicines.

Muskan Goyal, IV-A

I Wonder

I wonder why the grass is green
And why the wind is
never seen
Who taught the birds
to build a nest.
And why the trees can-
not talk.
Why stars twinkle and flash about.
Who paints the rainbow in the sky
And who sends the fluffy clouds so high.
Who is it who can answer
I wonder who knows the answer



Alisha Sharm, IV-A

The Sunset

How beautiful is the sunset ! The horizon is bathed in rosy colour. Light of the setting sun fills the sky with a glow. Everything appears golden. Even the small floating clouds look like clouds of gold. Soon, however, the glow lessens and the shades of evening take over. The sun dips down in the west, seems to be diving down into the western horizon. By degrees the colour dies. At dusk people wind their way home. Houses turn into day with electric light. Wreaths of smoke arise from the kitchen fires. Soon the hustle and the din give place to the silence of the night.



Aditi Jain, IV-A

The Birthday Present

It was Ravi's birthday. His mother woke him up in the morning. He invited many friends and relatives to his birthday party. There was fun, games and food at the party. His friends gave him the presents he liked, but he did not get his favourite car. His father presented him with a sum of money. The next day Ravi asked his mother what he should do with the money. His mother said that it was his money and he could do anything with it. So he went to a shop to buy the car. The shopkeeper told him that it was already sold.



With a sad face he went back home. He found his mother had also bought a gift. He opened the gift quickly and found the same car. He hugged his mother and promised to love her always.

Moral—Love your parents as they help you in many ways.

Parthvi Gupta, IV-A

Nature at her Best



Nature is at her best in the rainy season. The old earth becomes young. Her wrinkles change into green and long grass. She looks fresh and young. The dry sandy beds are again alive with flowing water. The murmuring sound of water, fills our hearts with pleasure.

Jaswant Kaur, IV-B

Endangered Tigers

It is a desperate time for the Tigers. There was once, a lot of these majestic creatures throughout eastern and southern Asia. Now, wild tigers live only in a few small areas of India, China, Eastern Russia and a few other countries. Conservationists have been working for decades to save the big cats but the number of wild tigers continues to drop. There was an estimated number of 1,00,000 tigers living in the wild, a century ago, compared to that no more than 5,000 survive today. Now, a new conservation idea is being discussed that could stop wild tigers from becoming extinct.



As people changed forests to cities and farms, tigers have lost their living areas. On top of that, poaching—illegal hunting of wild animals—is a major threat to the cat's survival.

Khushi Dawar, IV-A

Nature

Don't harm Nature,
You will suffer a lot,
If you will do so.
Then you will be caught.
Leaves and flowers, don't
pluck them any more,
Let Nature grow and grow.
Don't argue over cutting trees.
We will not allow you to do what you
please.
God has given us beautiful Nature,
Its air has the right temperature.
Don't cut trees for the wood,
Adjust yourself to nature's mood.



SAVE NATURE

Aditi Chaturvedi, IV-A

School Rules (Poem)

Come to school in time
Go for prayers in a line.
Do not throw papers on the ground,
Give the teacher what is found.
Come to school clean and neat,
Wish all your teachers whom you meet.
Bring your lock and bring your keys,
Don't forget to pay your fees.
Do your homework everyday,
In your class you must not play.
When you go out of the class,
Don't forget to take your pass.
Follow, follow every rule,
If you want to stay in the school.



Krishangee Goyal, IV-A

Summer Holidays



Holidays are nice,
Full of fun and spice,
Sometimes sugar, sometimes rice.
Holidays are full of fun,
With chocolates in tons.
In the hot, warm sun.
We go shopping,
And yes, we also spend time hopping.
We do our homework,
And other school work,
And these days house work,
We cannot shirk
This is how we spend
Our holidays full of fun.

Khushboo Agarwal, IV-B

Round the Clock

When life is such a messy one,
We have no way, sometime for fun.
No way we have
No time to gossip with our mates,
No time for any like or hate.
No time for us to run and play,
No time to thank, no time to pray.
No time to laugh, no time to smile
In haste to cover, mile after mile.
No time to cherish the moment we spend,
No time to overcome hopes and fears,
No time to walk on wet green grass.
There is no time, no time alas.
No time to look at lovely moon.
There is just time to study and learn,
Just time to increase pace,
And get into life's cut throat race.



Ayushi Tripathi, IV-B

The Most Precious Things in Life Come for Free

If I ask, here about our most prized possessions, I will surely get answers like my gold and diamond ornaments, my house, my car. Some would also include—my laptop, my I-pad, my I-phone, my PS-3 and hundreds of other material things that we crave for and then protect and preserve them more than anything else.

My next question will be then, why do these things not keep us happy forever. We eye a latest gadget which may be advertised everyday and think that if we could possibly own it, we will be the happiest and also derive more happiness once we flash it around and show off a little. What if whilst we are showing off our new phone, a friend comes up with a newer and the most expensive one. The result : We end up feeling hurt, jealous and inferior and frustrated.

Does money buy us happiness? Do these material things keep us happy forever? The answer is a *big NO*.

All we need to live and be happy forever, is love, compassion and the feelings of sharing, cooperation and camaraderie. And all these things don't cost a thing. They are in abundance. They come for free. We never realise their worth till we lose them.

Better to have 'love' than to own an 'I-phone'.
Better to be 'Compassionate' than to be crazy after a 'PS-3' (gaming gadget).

Better to be 'Sharing' our things than to show off our new 'Tablet'.

Just imagine yourself surrounded by all the luxuries of life but without a single speck of love, care, sympathy and compassion. Would you still call it life?

So grab all your freebies before they exhaust!

Anushka Sinha, IV-B,

My Christmas Wish

Christmas
time is here,
Praise the
Lord and
hold no fear
Celebrations,
festivities and gifts galore
Spreading love and our loved
ones to adore.



But, Halt! and think for a
while.....

Will this Christmas only make
'me' smile?

Stop, slow and then you will
hear a silent moan....

Many innocent faces in all four
corners of the world,

Sit curled, faces buried in their
knees, no mummy to hug, no
papa to sway them on shoulders.

My Christmas wish this year,
I pledge to make so many sad
faces cheer.

Plant a Christmas tree each at
their door, Adorn and decorate
and spread joyous moments.

Place a Christmas 'sock' filled
with gifts by their side,
And see in the morning a 'smile'
big and wide.

Hug them tight and gift them
love,

Make them dance as they have
never known....

Let's never celebrate Christ-
mas alone!

Anushka Sinha, IV-B

On the Road to Maturity

I opened my eyes. Sunlight was streaming in through the window. I got up and pulled on my sweater.

Hey, I thought, tomorrow is my birthday. I am turning 6. I need to become.....what's that word?

I got up and took out my elder sister's copy from her bag. Checking each word, I carefully ran my little finger down the index and paused.

"Maturity—the quality of being and feeling grown-up." I read the definition loudly. "I will become mature. I will be grown up!" I exclaimed, happily. Then, puffing out myself, I walked down the stairs into the hall. Just as I opened my mouth to speak,.....

THUD!

My foot got entangled in a telephone wire and I fell face down. Anyone in my place of my age would have cried, but I didn't.

"Yushu! Are you OK? Come, let me help you to sit down." said my mother, hurrying over to me.

"No, I am fine, mummy. I'm going to brush. Don't interrupt me." I said, getting up and staggering slightly as I walked towards the bathroom. I knew very well that my mother helped me brush everyday. I have always gone down to the hall in her arms. But from today, I was not only turning 6, I was becoming mature. I went into the bathroom and slightly pushed the door, as I could not reach the latch. Just as I was taking my 'personal' toothbrush out of the stand, I heard my sister.

"Mummy, is Yusra still sleeping? Should I go and wake her up?"

"No, she's awake. She is brushing her teeth."

"WHAT?!". There was a loud 'clunk'.

"Sara, what are you doing?!"

"She is brushing - herself? ! I must not miss this !" laughed my sister. After a few seconds, she entered and stared at me. Then, she left. Just as I was beginning to smile, the bristles hit my gum and they began to bleed. I could not control myself. I screamed my lungs out. Everyone in the house, including my uncle, who had come for my birthday, came running. My mom noticed the blood and helped me gargle it out. Then, she calmly took me to the dining table and whispered, "I don't know what's got into you. Tell me later." Then she began to set the table. But those words couldn't deter my determination.

Everyone gets hurt, I thought, I'll try and try until I achieve.

It was lunch-time. We were eating aloo ke paranthey.

"Yusra, go and bring the pickle for me." ordered my sister.

"Wait ! you won't reach the platform," said my mother, getting up.

"It's OK. I'll bring it," I said hurriedly and walked confidently into the kitchen. The bottle was perched on the platform. "Here's another chance", I thought, to prove that I had become mature. I decided to jump and take the bottle down from the platform, but.....

CRASH !!!

Everybody came running over. I had come crashing down to the floor with the bottle, and pickle was smeared all over my dress. A piece of glass cut my finger and it was bleeding. Before I began to throw a rousing tantrum, my mother scooped me up and took me to her room. As she bandaged my finger, she said, "Yusra, tell me. What have you been trying to do since morning?" I blurted out everything and then burst out crying. Mother wiped my tears and said, "Yusra, maturity comes with age. When you grow big, you'll become mature yourself ! Now eat some food !" she laughed.

When I woke up in the evening, on remembering my efforts to become mature, I smiled, then yelled "Mummy !" My mom took me down to the room in her arms.

"What really got into Yusra?" asked my puzzled sister. I smirked loudly.

Yusra Basit, V-A

Calligraphy

Writing creates your impression on others. How can we improve it? Through learning 'Calligraphy'. Calligraphy, is the art of beautiful handwriting. It increases our imagination of making stylish letters.

It also gives us the experience of writing with an ink pen. We have to hold it in different positions. It is also a very good pass time. Oh, well ! If you want to know how I came to know all this, here's how.

In my car, one day I found a poster, titled 'strokes'. It was written in clear hand writing— Learn, Warli painting, craft things, 'calligraphy', and more. The word 'calligraphy' caught my eyes. My mother told me what it was. The following day, I joined the calligraphy classes and improved my handwriting. I expect that by now if you know what calligraphy is, you will join some classes and improve upon your writing.

Good Luck !!

Kuhoo Goyal, V-A

My Colourful
Calligraphy

How Should We Behave in School

We should be punctual to school.

We should obey our teachers.

We should throw empty and dirty wrappers in the bin.

We should not quarrel with our classmates.

We should keep our school clean and tidy.

We should remain quiet in class when the teacher is not present in the class.

We should behave nicely in schools.

We should pay attention when the teacher is explaining.

We should not break the rules.

Alvina Ali, V-A

Gratitude

What is gratitude? Gratitude is a feeling of thankfulness that I want to extend to my teachers. I am grateful to all my teachers whether they are my Singing, P.T, Hindi, English or my Sanskrit teacher. Without teachers we children are nothing. Even the people who are successful today are successful because of their teachers who taught them to read, write and work. Teachers are very important in our lives. I really thank them for whatever they do for us. 'THANK YOU VERY MUCH.' Teachers.

Vidhi Sagar, V-B



Sacrifice

Long back our country was ruled by people of Great Britain.

We were helpless and weak

God helped us, by making us aware.

Gandhiji and the leaders came forth to show the path of Sacrifice to every Indian everywhere.

If we sacrifice something for a noble cause always we are winners, as Gandhiji was!

Hitakshi Jain, V-B



Gratitude

Gratitude is to say THANK YOU. We should be thankful for everything in order to change our troubles into

blessings. We should be thankful if we don't know something because it will give us an opportunity to learn. We should be thankful for our mistakes as they'll teach us valuable lessons.

I am thankful to God for making me so unique and for giving me such wonderful gifts of my parents, teachers, friends, family. I am thankful to my friends for their help when I needed, my parents for helping, supporting and inspiring me, my family for their love and support, my teachers for teaching me good manners, habits and making me a smart girl.

Shreya Shrotriya, V-B



My Friend

I appreciate everything you do,
Very helpful and thoughtful too.



From the beginning, you've been there for me,
When I was down, you were strong like a tree.
You offer so much, a heart that is kind,
Thinking to help others, in your beautiful mind,
Your qualities combined, are extremely rare,
You wake each morning with a smile.
Everything you do, I respect and appreciate
You are a wonderful person, I thank God for a friend like you.

Dhanashri Varshney, V-B

A Friend

A friend is a gift of God,
A friend is a loving nod,
A friend is there in need,
for he or she is your friend indeed.
A friend will never cheat you but,
will be always there to help you.



Vidhi Sagar, V-B

The Unique Me

I am unique
because God made me 'ME'.
No one is like me,
because I am unique.
I have my own skills of thinking and creating,
I have my own ability of caring.
No one is like me,
because I am the precious ME
I have a variety in myself,
that makes me special.
I have a talent in myself,
that makes me unique.

Nishtha Goyal, V-B

Kindness Pays

Kindness is one of the best virtues.
Kindness always pays. If we are kind to others they will also be kind to us. One day it happened with me during the summer vacations I took part in a relay race. While running one of the participants fell and got hurt. So I left the race and helped her. Then, I started running again. God helped me and I got the 2nd prize.
I was very happy that day because I helped someone and also got the 2nd prize.

Shreya Shrotriya, V-B

My Grandparents

Grandparents are like old shady trees lovingly showering their cool shade of love and guidance on the grand children.

They give all love and warmth to their grandkids, whom they can never see hurt or crying.

My grandparents love me unconditionally and heartily.

I also love my grandparents. Their names are Mr. Motilal Daryani and Mrs. Sheela Daryani. My grandmother has immense love and care for me.

My Grandma always uses her time with me by playing and telling interesting stories with some moral. My grandmother cooks all my favourite dishes.

My grandma is patient and expresses her love always.

Grandparents sincerely want their grand children to score high in their life so they try hard to groom them on the righteous path of life.

'The unending love' of grandparents makes a child feel important and secure.

I love my grandparents very much and I will always treasure them as a valuable gift of God.

Divya Daryani, VI-A

The Secret

"Where there is a will, there is a way"—an old but true saying. Achievement of our goals, that is what everyone wants, what everyone is running after. But very few people realize what must be done in order to attain our goals.

"Determination and Optimism."

These are the only key points to success. Now it is scientifically proven, if a person wants to achieve his goal, thinks about it continuously, his chance of success is 100% So, if you want to achieve anything, then work for it, setting all the negative thoughts aside, till you get it. You will then see how the whole world helps you meet your goal.

Manya Gupta, VI-A

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Manya Gupta, VI-A

IF THERE WOULD BE NO T.V. IN THE HOUSE FOR A YEAR

A Television set is known as an "Idiot Box" as most of the children are glued to the television for a long time. They see obscene soaps, serials etc. on television. The children also see horror movies, stupid cartoons, violent scenes and learn abusive words and language and try to imitate characters from a few serials which are their favourite.

If television is cut from our life for a year, the whole picture of our life would be different. Children would become innovative. They will play outdoor games instead of sitting in front of the T.V. Playing outdoor games would refresh them physically and mentally. As there would be no T.V. family members would sit together with their children and give time to each other, share experiences of their life and this would increase bonding between member of the family.

There would be less noise pollution and electricity would be saved. Children have a tendency of watching television for a long time without any break and in this way they strain their eyes. So if there is no television, they would start reading books and doing activities, drawing, painting and reading newspapers. These activities would increase their knowledge, sharpen their brain and concentration. They would be disciplined as they would read good books. So in this way they can build themselves morally and spiritually. They would even give a helping hand to their parents in the daily activities and household work.

It is true that our daily routine is spoilt if we see television continually for long hours. So we should watch television for a limited period of time so that it doesn't affect our eyes as well as our daily routine and activities.

Kashish Ahuja, VI-A

A Day in Winter

It was a Sunday, the winter had started.

The blankets, quilts, winter clothes and heaters were out.

I yawned, stretched and shivered as it was cold. Before that I had been sleeping without a blanket.

My mischievous brother took my slippers and hid them in the store-room.

I knew he did it but I was in no mood to argue with him.

I walked on the chilled ground while my brother was still standing there and smiling slyly.

Downstairs my parents wished me a pleasant goodmorning and I also replied to them.

"Ach - 000-00" I sneezed ! My nose was blocked, I was continuously making an unpleasant sound wiping my nose.

My mother instantly got up and made me wear a scarf, then she served me hot milk with Bournvita Then I took a bath with hot water.

I wore my favourite sweater that my granny had knitted for me.

I wanted to sit in the blanket but my mother told firmly "First studies then comfort".

I did my studies and went to play games with my brother.

I had my lunch and studied Maths.

After that my brother and I went out to warm up our bodies, by playing with our friends in the sun.

My mother called us back and told us to revise our lessons again.

The dinner was served and my father switched on the television.

I then jumped into my warm and cozy bed, my mother put the quilt over me.

The winter had set in and cold wind had begun to bite. I thought about the poor children who had no home, no shelter, or milk or quilt.

I said a small prayer for them and went off to sleep.

Debolina Verma, VI-B

Ecology is Permanent Economy

An interview with Shri Sunderlal Bahuguna, the sentinel of the Himalayas, well known environmentalist, and his wife on the occasion of their 56th marriage anniversary at Hesco Ashram, Dehradun.

On being asked, what in his opinion we children should do to save our environment?

The leader of Chipko movement said that the children should take initiative and celebrate their birthdays by planting trees every year. Sunderlal Bahuguna along with the village people has set an example by celebrating their marriage anniversaries by planting trees. He advised children to watch BBC film 'Axing of Himalaya.' He said that the children are future of tomorrow. **He said that children should understand the difference between need and greed and quoted Gandhiji, "Nature has enough to feed but not for greed."**

Children should minimize their needs. Instead of sitting in AC rooms they should play and sit under tree shades; this will make them healthy as they will get pure air. For this we need to plant more trees.

They should understand the importance of environment and also that Ecology is permanent economy. He then clarified the distinction between permanent economy and temporary economy. He said that growth of our economy should be based on renewable resources. We are using more and more of non-renewable resources to expand our business. Hence the growth of our economy is based on non-renewable resources. He said that such growth is temporary growth which results in fast depletion of non-renewable resources and leaves very little or nothing for future generation.

In this regard Sunderlal Bahuguna, the octogenarian, who refused to receive the Padmshree award by the Government of India, saying that he does not deserve it till the flesh and blood (top soil) of the country was flowing down to the sea. He quoted Gandhiji and said that Gandhiji believed in self-dependency of every village. In the absence of self dependency we have to depend upon transport system. Transport system in turn depends on non-renewable resources of energy. He believes that transportation cost is non-productive. What we are doing today, is relying more on transportation

and increasing non-productive cost. Increase in the consumption of fossil fuel increases the cost of this non-renewable resource further. We are heading towards temporary economy which can collapse any time. We should understand the relevance of Gandhiji's concept of self-dependency in today's scenario which will lead us to permanent economy.

I then enquired from him about his role model and source of inspiration. He said, "**Gandhiji**". Gandhiji's Charkha is a big source of inspiration for him, which gives three important messages. First, food, shelter and clothing are basic needs, and a man can survive without food and shelter for one or two days but without clothes we cannot live even for an hour. Second, we should be self-dependent. And the third message is decentralization.

Inspired by Gandhiji he joined the freedom struggle at the age of thirteen. The British Government wanted to arrest him so he had to conceal his identity and remain in disguise. Gandhiji's thought 'that you are born as slave but your children should be born in a free society' motivated him a lot and Sunderlal Bahugunaji devoted his life to the freedom struggle. But after freedom he now realizes that India needs one more struggle to maintain the ecological balance so that we can have a better quality of life.

I asked him how he could manage his hunger strike for 74 days while I cannot stay without food even for a single day?

The Padma Vibhushan awardee, corrected that it was not a hunger strike, it was a fast for 74 days. He said he consumed water and lemon during that fast. Water and lemon can give you complete energy for survival.

Lastly, I asked, what forced him to initiate and lead the Chipko movement?

Shri Bahuguna told me that we must understand the importance of forests. Forests are our lifeline. Forests give us soil, water and pure air. So, it is very important to protect forests. In Garhwal, people were cutting trees and denuding the forest for their personal interest. In order to save the forest he decided to protest and initiate the Chipko movement. The villagers cling to the trees and do not allow them to be cut down. This movement saved the forest in Garhwal. Children should come forward and initiate this movement at different places.

Vanshika Gupta, VI-B

The Day Before A Picnic

We see many people travelling to different places, to see the aesthetic features or to enjoy, to take a break from their regular schedule or to meet their relatives. Every journey has a specific purpose. To make the students experience the beauty of travelling with their friends, a school takes them for a picnic.

My school takes us to many places for picnics. The tour is exciting but the most important thing is the excitement and eagerness to know about the spot, the day before the picnic.

This time, our school decided to go on a picnic to an amusement park named the "WORLD OF WONDERS" in Noida on 18th December, 2012. I think the busiest day of a student's life is the day before a picnic. It is very difficult to prepare for a picnic as we don't know what to take or not to take.

I was so excited that I forgot my studies. I left everything and was thinking about the spot. I was imagining about the place for the whole day and was eager to sit on the swings. I was very excited as I had never been there before.

I asked my parents to buy eatables like chocolates, fruit juices, fries, chips etc., for me. My mother scolded me and asked, "Are you going for an eating competition?" I told her that I wanted to share them with my friends. My parents fulfilled my requirements with love. For the whole day, new ideas were floating in my mind, as to what all I would do at the picnic spot. I rang up my friends the whole day planning and preparing for the next day. Even during school hours all of us were deciding about what to carry along with us.

My mother told me to sleep early as I had to reach school by 5.30 a.m. The whole night I was unable to sleep because I was anxious about the time and the new place. I was thinking about "World of Wonders", the park which we were to visit. I had been to all rides and swings with my friends in my dream itself. I woke up several times to see the time. Though I had set the alarm for 4 o'clock, I woke up half an hour earlier due to my anxiety. I woke my mother and she prepared the items, as decided by my friends.

My father dropped me at school by 5.20 a.m. I was eager to get into the buses, and was waiting for our departure. My class teacher took us to the buses and gave us the instructions to be followed. Finally we departed at 6.30 a.m. and reached the destination at 11.00 a.m. It was similar to what I had dreamt of and appeared even more exciting and thrilling.

A Picnic is the best day in one's life, while the day before the picnic is even more exciting and thrilling. It is great to experience such a day. When time runs at a high speed the day becomes short. It is one of the best and busiest day of one's life.

Aishwarya Raje Chauhan, VI-B

India of My Dreams

India the seventh largest country, one of the developing countries in the world, is no doubt, on one hand progressing but on the other hand, corruption, black marketing, etc., are also flourishing.

People from India go abroad to complete their education and become successful. They do not prefer studying in India as it does not have good facilities and opportunities for people. Therefore, firstly, I would like to change the infrastructure and techniques of education in India. I want to do this because modern age is the age of science. Secondly, I would like to improve the machinery for Agriculture and Defence. I want India to have surplus food. This can only happen if the farmers are provided with modern machinery and all the facilities which will help them. I also want to strengthen the military by improving the requirement for the soldiers.

Lastly, I would like to remove illiteracy from India. I want to do this because, if people are educated, there would definitely be prosperity. The farmers should be educated so that they understand what chemicals and fertilizers make the soil fertile. The people who are not able to get jobs due to illiteracy will get jobs. This will also help in removing poverty.

Thus, India of my dreams should be India with no problem, but happiness and prosperity all around.

Neha Goyal, VII-A

Rain

The water falling down from clouds is called rain,
It is now filling the drains.
The beautiful droplets pour down,
making a lot of sound.
After some time the rainbow is seen
the seven colours get together it means.
The air gets washed and cool.
The children don't go to school,
because it's a rainy day.
As they often say,
the rain is wonderful,
the rainbow is colourful.
These all creations are made by God,
the one and the only, Almighty Lord !!



Dimpal Gulwani, VII-A

Holidays

Holidays are always welcome. They are liked by workers, businessmen, shopkeepers and the people who go to office. But they give maximum pleasure to students. Holidays are essential for they provide leisure time and enjoyment after long periods of hard work. They give a short break from daily work or studies and refresh people.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is a famous saying. It highlights the importance of free time and not work, always. There is a limit to everything. Human body and mind cannot work continuously and forever. They too need refreshment at intervals. After a day's holiday and rest, one can again work for a week with great ability.

Students have long holidays and vacations. The summer vacations are longer than the winter vacations. Summer vacations come after final examinations so they are most exciting. Holidays should be utilised properly. On Sundays and other holidays, we can go on a picnic with our family or visit our relatives and friends. Besides this, a holiday can also be used for extra studies and homework. Long vacations offer the best chance to go on tours. Some educational tours must be planned and carried out.

During the last summer vacations, my father took us to Shimla. We enjoyed our stay at the hill station in the hot summer season.

Holidays should not be wasted in sleeping or watching too much television or films. We should make proper use of them.

Unnati Goyal, VII-B

My Diary

Let me introduce you to my diary of red,
In which I write when I am in my bed.
With a cover page of beautiful doll,
Adorned by a dress of yellow; cute and small.
That has all information of my days,
In which I write in my own ways.
It has a collection of all my thoughts,
The diary that I was gifted and never bought.
It never shares anything, making a small stock,
By storing everything with a small lock.
It keeps all reports from time to time,
At last I would say, it is a part of my life.

Srashti Agarwal, VII-B

If all the Clocks of the World Stop Working

Tick Tock—Tick Tock of the clock, runs the pace of the world. Ooops ! What if, it stops, the mad race of the world would come to an end. Just imagine what will happen if all the clocks of the world stop working. It would be so exciting and even interesting. There would be no limit of time and the world would be surely a thrilling place to live, but it would be a strange experience for sure.

If no clocks were there people would get up whenever they want and no one would wake them up early morning. Neither would children have to go through the busy schedule of school nor would parents have to go for their jobs at a fixed time as the world would be free from the limitations of time. In winters, people could enjoy their warm cosy beds as long as they want. There would be no deadlines without the important term "time." Most of the tension people have today is because of time. This hectic, mad life of the people will come to an end. But as it is said that every coin has two sides. This is only one side of the coin but on the other side there would be utter chaos.

As then, in a clockless world, people would only like to do easy things and will become lethargic and for sure will leave hard work and will only depend on destiny. The administration will also work slowly. People would not know whether it is day or night, evening or afternoon and the time would slip out of hands like sand. If a lawyer reaches the court and the court is empty, the cases would go on forever. If we go to see a movie and see that the last show has just ended, it would create such a comic scene. Punctuality, sincerity and discipline are three flowers of time which would completely vanish. Because of such endless problems people will sooner or later become sick of this clockless world and no one would like to stay there. It is truly said :

Time once lost, never comes back and we all understand the importance of time.

Stuti Garg, VII-B

Adventure with Books

Books are ships that sail on the seas,
To land of snow in jungle trees
And I'm the captain bold and free,
Who will decide which place we'll see
Come let us sail in the magic ship !
Books are zoos that make a home
For birds and beasts not free to roam,
And I'm the keeper of the zoo

I choose the things to show to you
Come, let us visit a zoo !
Books are gardens, fairies, elves.
Cowboys and people like ourselves,
And I can find with one good look
Just what I want inside a book.
Come, let us read ! For reading's fun.

Nishtha Garg, VII-B

Suffocating

I am suffocating
And I just need to breathe
I'm smothered under pressure
I must be relieved.
Nothing I do is right,
Nothing they say is fair
I cry and scream and throw a fit,
But no one seems to care.
Nobody will listen,
To what I've to say.
My life is not important,
Yet I'm living everyday.
I can't do what I want
I cannot stay out late
Here I sit and write this poem.
To release my pain and hate.
I'm confused and I'm alone
I'm lost inside my mind.
No one will search beyond my looks.
To see what they might find.
So many thoughts confuse me
Feelings I can't perceive
In this time of starving
And I just need to leave
None of it makes sense
None of this seems real.
And no one understands
The emotions that I feel.
I'm still suffocating
And I still need to breathe.
I'm smothered under feelings
Let me be relieved.
(This is a poem from the heart of a girl child
who is not allowed to live her life.)

Apurva Dutta, VIII-A

Raining Memories

“Never regret. If it’s good, it’s wonderful, if it’s bad, it’s experience.”

TIME : The world revolves around it, and mortals are always attempting to beat it. I don’t generally run with the pack, and I am usually not concerned about time. However, on this one particular day, I was, in fact, running with the pack to beat time.

A surly grey sky thundered above, while light rain-drops splattered upon my stone cold fingers.

Captured in my 12-year-old hands were the first raindrops of the morning. The cold rain trickled down my slick warm-ups and into my shoes that stood perpendicular to the white starting line of the 100 meter race. A distant sound of the warning whistle flowed into my ears through the cold breeze. The race was soon to begin. I removed my warm ups, as did my competitors, none of whom seemed to be as cold as I was. All the same, the race would begin whether my tight muscles were ready for it or not. “On your mark” sir’s voice sounded. I readied myself at the line, standing comfortably in my blocks. “Get set ...”

I outstretched my back, my legs ready to spring forward into motion. BANG ! The gun sounded, and I shot into my lane, rain stinging my face as I ran against the wind. Within fifteen seconds or so, the race was completed, I partially, touched the ribbon which was already crossed by my competitors. It was a photo finish but the truth was, I came last. That was my first time but I was not at all happy with my performance. I cried a lot that day. Some people boosted me while some made fun of me. People had great expectations of me and I was sad because I ruined their expectations. I decided that I’ll leave athletics.

But though late, I understood that —“If people criticise you, hurt you, or shout at you, don’t be bothered, just remember in every game audience make the noise, not the players.”

Then I learned to move on, this time again I ran my race—again that 100-m-race. again the gun and this time not as a partial winner but as a total winner. Yes, this time for the session-2012, I won the race. I secured the first position. The victory stand along with the cheering crowd welcomed me with their smiling and motivating faces.

From this aspect of life, I learnt that life’s absolutely unpredictable. Every race has a different face and a different meaning. But it just waits for the spectators !!

Apurva Dutta, VIII-A

The Dove

The soaring sky beheld a sight,
Far beyond any mortal's might.
In the blue expanse stretching above,
I saw a sweet little dove.
The symbol of peace, flying carefree,
It perched on the high banyan tree.
There it was,
spreading the message of love,

In this unruly world,
the sweet little dove.
It told the humans with its cooing call,
Join hands and walk lest you fall.
It pleaded for peace, harmony and love,
Requested us, the sweet little dove.

Its fearless flight spoke louder than words,
That wars and violence are absurd.
It loved its freedom far above,
And tried to guard it, the sweet little dove.
Soon it disappeared from sight,
Went to some place else, to stop a fight.
Mankind might not heed message of love,
But it didn't give up,
The sweet little dove.

Kuhu Srivastava, VIII-A

Bruno My Brother

Every second when you are not around,
I feel like going deep in the ground.
For me you are brighter than sun,
Sweeter than a bun,
and as harmless as a wet gun.
You are in my heart's core
and the one to bring me out of the bore.
You give me the world's pleasure
but don't let me indulge in stupid leisure.
You count on me the most
but never do you at all boast.
You are my heart's love
and as calm as a dove
Your curled tail, rosy lips, big eyes and
black ears is,
what one loves to see
Your Bow-Bow
is what one loves to hear.
Bruno, my brother, your cuddle gives me
such a care,
which in the world is very rare.
The best in all latitudes
is your funny attitude.
I take from you a promise.
You'll be with me ever,
away from me never.

Soumya Priyadarshini, VIII-A

Autobiography of Death

Horrified to see my name? Huh ??? Well most of the time it is so. I've several times conversed with my sister, "LIFE" on this topic. I've also told her that we should go to God to find a new name for me ! I'm bored of my name and the ignorance and hate I experience due to this silly name ! Well, I'm being very frank with you. Usually I'm of a good, quiet, relaxed nature, but my profession doesn't allow me to be jovial. But, right now I'm on a break, as my next destination is in an operation theatre and right now I'm before time, so ...

Well, let me tell you something about myself and clear some doubts; I don't like to be the black sheep every time; I am the son of destiny. God is my grandfather. Most people in the whole world, actually the whole universe hate me as they think I am the worst thing God has ever created. They think that God gains or becomes satisfied by sending me to them. But, in all this chaos, has anyone even once thought of me? Do you realize what pain and guts it takes to fight every time with my sister and deliberately win? Do you know how I feel when a mom screams and shouts when she sees her child lifeless in front of her, when her child's whole life revolves in front of her eyes? I am there standing still, with tears in my eyes cursing myself for my work.

The worst part is when I come at the time when people are experiencing the most beautiful time of their lives. You know, I hate, hate and hate my job when I slowly and steadily do my work, say in the form of cancer. I curse myself when a dad, whose child has cancer pretends to smile in front of him to give him moral support but in the end cries in some corner, cursing me. I know what it feels like when people know I have to come and they wait for me for a certain period of time. I am always there. My sister-Life is very supportive, she always consoles me, that if I don't come then how will she do her job? I take all people with me whose time has come, to heaven ultimately, from where they can see, their dear ones, so why am I so bad?

Sometimes, I think, I desire to go to all those people who curse me and tell that I am not that bad, I want to wash away their tears, but I can't. I am tied with the handcuffs of destiny, my dad ! I go where he tells me to go. I love all those people, kids who stand in front of the photographs of their dear ones with tears in their eyes and ask me why did I do this? I will answer now, "I do it, so that your dear ones can see you, and solve your problems from heaven, I know what is good for you, I love you, I'm sorry for every tear !" This is me, real me, because this is the autobiography of the hated, the ignored one—

The autobiography of Death !

Aishwarya Gupta, VIII-A

The View of a Waiting room

The waiting room at the railway station is a place where people wait for their trains to arrive if they come early or the train has been delayed. The waiting room consists of many chairs in which people can sit and wait for the train to arrive.

In a waiting room there are many types of people. Some are poor, while some are rich, some are rude while some are very calm.

The waiting room provides us with the opportunity to observe human behaviour and different kinds of people.

It's the story of last summer holidays when I went to Bhopal with my parents and my father's friend Mr. Gopal, his wife and his daughter. I met them for the first time. As I was going by train, I went to the railway station where due to the delay of our train, my family and I had to wait in the waiting room.

Firstly, I thought the waiting room to be a very boring place as no fun was there but as I started looking at the people, I found it interesting. There on the side to side bench of nine, there was a newly wed couple who were going for their vacations. As they were just beside me I was able to hear everything they were talking. All about their marriage and home, where they were going, what they will do there, everything.

Then I saw a man who was working on a laptop and it seemed that he was quite worried about his work.

There was a lady in the waiting room she was very fat and rich and she came there along with her dog. As dogs were not allowed in the waiting room she was quarreling with the manager saying that it was not a dog but her sweet little son.

Then I saw a poor couple with their small baby, who, because of no space were sitting on the floor and playing with their baby.

The man looked very pale and tired. But his wife was very beautiful and was happily playing with her child. She was not tired, it was looking as if she was very excited about her trip.

Then I saw a boy who was reading a novel. It seemed that it was a horror novel as he was biting his nails and was sweating very hard. Then I saw a sweet beautiful lady. It seemed as if she was waiting for some one.

There was an old couple too. The old lady was scolding the old man for not taking his medicines on time. She also said that he never listened to what she told him to do.

Then I saw a man who was sleeping in the waiting room and was very quiet and silent. Then I saw another man who was very naughty and was scolding children for disturbing him. He was a dangerous man. The most dangerous one at the time. There

was a small family of a couple and two children, a girl and a boy. They were quarrelling over a pack of chocolate biscuits. There were two people who were friends and were playing cards together as they had nothing to do.

I also observed my uncle and aunt whom I met for the first time. Uncle was very calm, quiet and a lover of music as he was continuously listening to songs while my aunt was interested in talking. She was continuously talking with my mother. She was kind and generous too as she talked to me very lovingly. Their daughter was a very boring person. She had got her holiday homework to complete and was completing it, sitting there.

So, my experience of sitting in the waiting room for two hours was very interesting and it was enjoyable too. I came to know about different people, different things, their behaviour, their state at that time and I enjoyed it much. I loved this experience. It was one of the most interesting experience of mine. I liked it more than my journey. It was an unforgettable thing. Through this I came to know about myself too, that I was keen to know about different people.

Akansha Mittal, VIII-B

We are CHILDREN only once...

Our life passes through different stages but childhood is the most blissful one. Alas! Nowadays it is quite difficult to find innocent faces and curious eyes.

Today parents send their children to T.V. shows and expect a lot from their children, which is difficult for them to achieve. Hence they use their ward as an apt instrument to fulfil their own desire by proxy. They want to see their child as a super performer. They don't want to see their child performing on school stages or singing nursery rhymes but they want them to perform glamorous shows organized by the different T.V. channels. Instead of attending schools, they spend eleven-twelve hours back stage. It's good to have a competitive attitude but such kind of competition is distracting the children from studies and the joy of childhood.

It is also decreasing their interest in going to school and in my opinion it is pathetic. Thick layers of make up, bright lights on stage and heavy costumes do not illuminate anything and now-a-days modern society means a society where things have become a matter of either loss or gain. We must remember childhood is meant to chase the butterflies and not reality shows and T.V. serials.

Shatakshi Agarwal, VIII-B

The Triumphs of Science

Science is a human enterprise, every fact including why we live on Earth, our birth and each every thing happening in our life is due to science. Science has made our life easy. We have become so familiar with the wonders of science that we have ceased to wonder at them. There is hardly any sphere of human activity that science has not invaded. Science even can be a curse on our society and can be a blessing to us in many ways. If we use technology for better, they prove to be beneficial for people, but misuse of technology can have a severe impact on society.

The triumphs are great and many. Science has conquered time and space. The telegraph, the telephone, wireless devices, the aeroplane and television are no longer wonders to us. The talkies and the radio are now familiar sources of entertainment. Electricity which has given us heaters, refrigerators and electric trains and thousands of other amenities of life is now the cheapest and the most common source of energy. From coal bearing, to button pressing seems to run up this industrial odyssey of modern world. In the realm of medicine, the discovery of radium, X-rays, penicillin, B.C.G. vaccination have greatly reduced human suffering and increased the span of human life.

Our ideas about this mysterious universe have undergone a great change and a day may come when it will be possible for us to take a trip to the planet Mars, passages for which have already been booked. The biologists have revealed to us that billions of microbes that crust in a drop of blood or in a breath of air we breathe. Physics goes a step further and has isolated and split atoms, thus enabling us to produce atomic energy which has tremendous possibilities as a source of energy for industrial purposes. Artificial moons have already been launched and no one can foresee what greater wonders science has in store for us.

A coin has two sides similarly science too is very similar to this concept. Science has some triumphs whereas it also has some disadvantages. Nuclear energy used for industrial purpose as well as in power plants to generate electricity can be too harmful and dangerous for us. The nuclear radiations can easily penetrate the human body and can cause fatal diseases like leukemia and cancer. It can zap our DNA and even our bone marrow which is responsible for the growth of our bones. Another disadvan-

tage is the manufacture of pesticides, they contain some harmful chemicals that can lead to degradation of soil and even have a severe impact on the vegetation and crops. Pesticides are used for checking the growth and development of plant parasites, but we humans can never make out how much they harm the living organisms; they sometime even enter the food chain and web chain. Atom bombs that are being created is the biggest misuse of science as once they explode the destruction and havoc they create is unimaginable.

Thus we can say that science is both a blessing and a curse. It depends upon man whether it is used in the service of humanity or to destroy mankind. The concept of fossil fuels and their creation also comes from science they cause pollution when they are burnt in power-plants and industries. The smoke, black soot and thousands of suspended particulate matter (SPM), pesticides like DDT, urea, ammonium sulphide, herbicides, Benzene hydrochloride are all sapping our mother earth. So its understood that from the food we eat to the reason why we live are all hidden in science. So always make better use of science that enough comfort can be provided to humans as well as to save Earth, because it's the only planet that can bear the population of living organism. so till then we can enjoy the delights of science and experiment with every technology that we come cross !!

Maitni Upadhyay, VIII-B

HAPPINESS

When I woke up in the morning, I saw sadness all around.
Then I got up from the bed, searching for happiness all around.

I looked around myself, searching for people who make the world happy.

I couldn't find any, as they were all lost in the penny.
Then I realized what sadness is, then I realized what I was missing.

It was the happiness that lay within me, for happiness cannot be found outside.

As it is within one's own soul.

Gauri Sharma, VIII B

Dedicated to the True Teacher

It is when our life begins,
A gentle hand comes forward,
Teaches us to croon a rhyme.
No sooner do we grow,
When it's the time for us to sow
Our fruits of action devoted to work
And we soon realize it's a good jerk.
Indeed there is someone unknown yet known
Who wipes our tears and hides his own.
We are mistaken over and over again
And soon get to know, no devotion goes in vain,
That someone teaches us lessons too new
Just as soothing and fresh as dew.
I feel it's not a desire but a need for each,
For it's a destination each has to reach.
He is not a mere person, but a soul guide,
We are sheer candles which he will light.
He, for sure has a moralistic understanding
With more challenges, obstacles and handling.
Not each is lucky to get one,
So tuck your belts, and start to run,
For before your lock to success, is opened by thee.
You surely need to have the key
Which is no one else but;
A TRUE TEACHER.....

Harshita Sharma, IX-A

My Visit to the White House

At seven I wanted to be Napolean. And my ambition has been growing steadily ever since..

Being here in California, the thing I miss the most are the dipped-in-ghee parathas made by my mom. I was a great food lover, and still I am a big foodie, all credit goes to my mother, who made mouth-watering dishes which, somewhere down my mind made me realize that my love for food had grown to such a level that I wanted to purse my career, related to food. Leaving India, though for my own betterment, but it was too difficult to part from mom and the food she cooked. Although leaving for California, I miss Mom, but not my love for food. Thanks to St. Dales, the school in which I study. They have always been so supportive, as when once I cooked lunch (exclusively Indian cuisine) for my Principal at Dales, she loved it so much. Thus in order to help me pursue my career in food, she hired a trained chef to teach me more about the art of cooking. It took me one year to learn this art.

As luck would have it, Master chef franchise came to America to launch its show JUNIOR Master chef America, and I got the most brilliant chance to showcase my talent. Passing the various rounds of the auditions, I finally got into the top ten, then nine, eight and then wait! telling you of my future fate, I got to tell you the prize that the winner, would get besides the prize money, was a chance to prepare a dish for the 'OBAMAS, at a gala dinner at their **Residence WHITE HOUSE** AND YIPEE!! I actually, really, finally won the first prize, I was the WINNER!! could not actually believe it.

Never, we thought that my fantasy of loving food, would land me in THE WHITE HOUSE. The White House—the official residence and principal workplace of the President of the United States, located at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue North West, Washington, D.C. . It has been the residence of every U.S. president since John Adams in 1800.

I owe my victory to Mrs. Simon Conway and Ms. Arpita Chatterjee, my principal at Dales and mom respectively.

It took me precisely five hours and seven minutes to reach Pennsylvania from California, I was so nervous plus excited, to go to the OBAMAS Residence and cook for them.

JAI MATA DI, I kept on praying to God, to be with me, so that I could produce one of the best things my hand had ever made. Passing different rounds of Master chef and the pressure out there was very challenging; but the challenge which was in front of me was HUGE.

I just remembered my mother and entered the most beautiful Neoclassical house in the world, THE WHITE HOUSE. Indescribable was the feeling when I met the Obamas. Barak, Michelle and their two lovely young daughters Malia and Sasha. Then I proceeded to the East wing, where the main task was to be performed. I prepared a typical Indian dish, a Green Leafy veggie platter, spicy, juicy with a dash of lemon, just to add to the taste.

Their warmth melted me, but my awesome dish melted their love, ending up in licking their fingers, and then what happened was actually unexpected. Barak Obama appreciated me so much that as a token of greeting, they assured me, that when I completed my twelfth Grade, I would directly get an admission to the best university of the United States of America, indeed the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I was overwhelmed, happy and felt that now my future was all set. Being in Grade nine, I knew it was just a few more years and I could reach the zenith.

Praying to God for the smooth sailing of my boat, and thanking the people who helped me achieve this, I understood one thing i.e.

Take up an Idea. Make that One Idea your life, Think of it, Dream of it, Live on that Idea. Let The Brain, Muscles, Nerves, every part of the Body, be full of that Idea, and just leave every other Idea alone. This is the way to success.

Sharmishtha Chaterjee, IX-A

The Runaway

The night was cold. She was shivering and coughing yet none had the mercy to lend her a blanket. She was trying to sleep on the bench in Ventura Park but endless horrifying sounds were not allowing her to do so. She closed her eyes and started to count from 1 to 500 and at last fell asleep.

The night went by and the morning came. All the people there were ready to follow their daily routine and while passing through the park everybody saw her but none had the time to go to her and ask what she was doing there. She was a girl of about 14-15. Her name was Marie Chan, and she was a runaway. With 50 shillings in her pocket, a locket in her neck and a bag of biscuits she had the courage to leave her home and run away. She was tired of her foster mom's persecution, still she was ready to live with her until she came to know the truth.

She was told that her parents had died in an accident but they had not. She had heard her foster mother talking to somebody on the phone that her parents were alive and they had left her with her foster mother years ago. She was determined to find her real parents and live with them the rest of her life.

Coughing she got up, opened the bag of biscuits which she had brought with her and began eating. There she saw two children about her own age, playing; she wanted to play with them. She got up from the bench, took a step towards them but seeing their parents, she stopped. Their mother saw her and seeing that she was looking straight towards her she came to Marie Chan and asked her name and since she was a runaway she told the lady that her name was Claire. The lady asked her what she was doing here alone. Marie Chan did not reply and the lady soon understood that she was a runaway.

Seeing signs of innocence in the child, the lady convinced her husband to keep the girl in their home till they could find her parents. He had no problem with that and so Marie Chan went with them.

Days and then months passed and she became a member of their family. Mr. and Mrs. Escher both were very fond of her and she also began to feel attached to them. She felt as if she had known them for years. Mrs. Escher's kids were also very fond of her. Life moved on and Marie Chan was very happy. She had never experienced such love and affection before and now she wanted to live with them forever. She had forgotten that she was a runaway and her motive was to find her real parents. But now it didn't matter to her. She was happy and that was all she wanted.

One day as she was passing through Mrs. Escher's bedroom she heard them talking about their daughter. She was confused. Mr. and Mrs. Escher had only two kids and both were boys and they had told her that there were only five members in their

family including her. She carefully opened the door of Mr. and Mrs. Escher's room and started to listen to the conversation. After sometime she realized that the conversation was based on their daughter Marie Chan. Hearing her name and now knowing that they were her real parents, tears ran out of Marie Chan eyes. She had never felt so lucky before but poor Marie Chan, as soon as she started to open the door further and go inside and tell her parents that she was Marie Chan's she heard something else. Her parents had years ago not left with her foster mother but had actually sold her to this lady. They did not have enough money to feed their three kids and so to feed themselves and their two kids they sold Marie Chan. Marie Chan could not tolerate this and crying she went into her room.

On the other hand Mr. and Mrs. Escher were thinking of adopting this girl Claire as they saw in her their little child whom they had sold many years ago. Marie Chan had not listened to these last lines.

In the room Marie Chan sat by the corner of the bed and thinking that her parents had no feelings for their little daughter, the only thing that came into her mind next was that she could no longer live with them and she would go as far away as possible from them and never try to come back.

That night Marie wrote a letter to her parents and then packed her belongings and with some money in her pocket silently left the house and went away. Next morning when Mrs. Escher woke up she went into Marie Chan's room to tell that they were going to adopt her. She found Marie Chan missing. She searched everywhere in the bathroom, in the kitchen but she couldn't find her and the only thing she found was the note that Marie Chan had written for her and Mr. Escher. The note said—

"Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Escher you have taken very good care of me. But know I can no longer live with you. Before leaving I wanted to tell you something but didn't have the courage to face you both.

Yesterday when you both were talking about your daughter I heard that her name was Marie Chan. My name is also Marie ChanI had run away from my house to find and live with my real parents, but hearing you yesterday I don't think that I want to live with them now and so I am leaving your house. Please don't try to find me because it will be useless. By the time you will read this letter I would have *gone miles away.*"

Marie Chan

Several years have passed since Marie Chan left her parents but even today no one knows where Marie Chan is and whether she is still alive or not.

Devyani Goel, IX-A

Escaped

Ruth was an African girl. She worked as a slave in a rich 'white man's plantation.' It was a coffee plantation in Brazil, South America. Ruth was forcefully brought to America from Africa when she was twelve years old. She was an orphan. She was then bought from the slave market by Mr. Simons, the plantation owner. Ruth, now eighteen, lived with the other slaves in a small shack of straw. During the day she had to work in the plantations, picking coffee berries, fermenting them, taking out the beans and crushing them into powder. The men had to look after the coffee bushes.

Mr. Simons was a hard hearted man who made his slaves work very hard. He gave them no food or water until they had finished all the tasks assigned to them. Old Naomi, a fifty year old African woman had told Ruth that Mr. Simon's had beaten one slave to death when he tried to drink water. Naomi was currently the oldest slave present in the plantation and had been there since the last thirty years. She, however had the strength of a young girl and could carry heavy loads. She often talked about the good life that she led in Africa. Naomi told Ruth that she was the daughter of a Massey Chieftain and lived in happiness till her father decided to marry her to a young 'white' explorer who was visiting the village. He married her and then while returning to America, he sold her off to a slave ship. That's how she came here.

Naomi told Ruth that she wished she could go back to her own 'dear Africa' ".....but it cannot happen!" She sighed. "Why?" asked Ruth, "Why did you not try and run away?" "I wish I could Ruth, but don't you know, whenever a slave runs away, he or she is hunted after like an animal and then killed. I myself tried to escape once, but was caught. Mr. Simons whipped me hard but did not kill me for he thought it would be a waste of the money he spent in buying me. He let me off with a warning and a whipping. Ruth on listening to it started crying for she felt sorry for Naomi. Naomi quickly comforted her by saying, "Don't cry, Ruth. Very soon I will escape from here and this time forever. Don't cry!" "But how?" "You shall see" was all Naomi said. A few days later Mr. Simons came up to Ruth and asked, "Where is the old woman?" Ruth had no idea so she shook her head. Mr. Simons ordered her to look for Naomi. Ruth searched the whole plantation and at last came upon Naomi lying on the ground under the shade of a tree. She moved towards Naomi but suddenly caught sight of a message scratched on the bark in Swahili. It said, "By the time you read this, Ruth, I shall have escaped. Take care of yourself and try and find some other means of escape for yourself. Goodbye." Suddenly, a whip crack shook Ruth out of her daze. Mr. Simons had whipped Naomi's lifeless body. Ruth turned around and said to Simons, "She won't wake up, she has escaped! You can't catch her now for she has escaped for eternity."

Amrita Ray, IX-A

A Dream

Last night, I had a scary dream
Waking me up with a scream
I was in the next millennium
In a state of delirium.
Population had increased
Breathing space had decreased
Mouths to feed were many
But food to eat was scanty
Pollution was problematic
Every one moved with an oxygen mask
Science and technology had improved
But to what use?
Only to create bombs, and then
have them defunct?
Commotion was there, and of course
Hazards everywhere
Will that be the next millennium?
Oh my God! I wish
I never had that dream.

Vaishnavi Gautam, IX-A

Why?

Why the time flies?
Or why the birds soar high in the sky?
Why my heart beats?
Or where this life's endless road leads?
Why tears roll down my eyes?
Or why the elders pretend to be so wise?
Why do I feel pain?
Or why this world is so insane?
These questions arise in my mind.
Some I put forward,
Some are left behind.
I can't answer them because I never know
them myself,
Perhaps I don't know what a question
mark itself is!

Sarah Momin, IX-B

"The use of mobile phones has lowered active social life and has become an addiction"

I am totally against this statement. Every coin has two sides as we all know everything has its own pluses and minuses. But I have always learned to look at the positive side of life. Well, even our physicians and psychologists say that. Don't think that way.

Well starting from the spoon, to the electric bulb, to the landline/dot phones to mobile phones. Man has evolved and is still evolving. Man made these things and used them because they helped him and made him more efficient.

Well we now see that every person, be it a child or an old man, an auto-rickshaw driver or the owner of the BMW each and everyone has one thing in common, they all have a mobile phone. Well, I say what is wrong in having it? I remember when I first bought a mobile phone for my granny, she was so old and did not have the strength to write regular letters to her friends, sisters and brothers. She was so happy and could call all her loved ones.

Now keeping this example in mind, do tell me where has social life been lowered? Well, to me social life has been increased. Now my granny is able to talk to her sisters, brothers and friends. When I first got my personal cell phone, the first call I made was to my sister living in another city. We could not meet regularly and therefore were so disconnected; because of this small "mobile" I was able to call her up, talk to her and maintain my social life.

You say that "mobile phones have lowered active social life". Well I'll give you another example. Four days ago we had an awesome day with all my friends and loved ones and relatives. It was just the day before Diwali. I asked my mom if I could call all our friends and relatives to come and join us together in the Puja, instead of doing it separately. My mother agreed. So I just texted all the invitees, and we all were together, the next day performing Puja, burning crackers. This shows how actively we all socialized.

All our necessities become an addiction. So we should not wear clothes. So we should not drink water. So we should not carry our wallet when we go out.

Well, if carrying or using the phone is an addiction, then so are these above examples. Your addiction cannot be your need; nor can your need be your addiction. Thus mobile phones are a basic need of any individual. They help us to stay connected, they help us to communicate. They keep us safe *i.e.*, if we are in danger, we can call the police or someone helpful and be safe.

Hence "Mobile phones have not lowered active social life nor have they become addictions".

Antra Prakash, IX

Ever Changing till I live

I looked in the light,
I looked in the dark,
My soul shivering with fright,
"Is there anyone, anybody?"
I shouted with my throat out,
But all I would hear was my voice echoing aloud.
I was in the middle of a crossroad with no hand to hold on,
But I know after a dark misty night there is always a beautiful dawn,
Many of them passed by with strange expressions on their face,
Their questioning eyes were setting me ablaze,
I knew I had fallen down,
But it is getting up again with courage that counts.
Then I realized I was wasting my time and should move on,
Now I needed no hand to hold
Because my heart too, was cold,
With no benevolence and humanity,
Why should I possess them and become a minority?
Now I'm as hard as a stone,
And can come out of this life's mirage all alone.
But, deep down in my heart, among the rocks, there still flows a stream,
Behind these dark eyes, there is still a gleam.
Soon the last rays of the sun will fade out,
I will be left with only darkness and doubt,
And I know that's what life is all about.
But whatever happens, I will keep hope alive,
Alive, alive and ever changing till I live.

Sarah Momin, IX-B

A Unique Relationship

When I fell down and started to cry,
Your voice reached out for me to stand up and try....
When I was afraid to stand and walk around
You were the one to hold my hand and clean my wounds....
When my arms trembled to leave your hand and go to school...
You taught me to remain calm and cool...
When I suffered, you didn't sleep all night,
You remained in pain to give me all delight...
You gave me everything before I asked,
Helped me in studies, due to which I easily passed...
You understood my pains before I expressed,
You cooked my favourite food to make me feel impressed...
You taught me to write new words and names...
And taught me to play many outdoor games...
You gave me strength to compete in the worlds difficult race...
That's why you're the reason for the smile on my face...
You fulfilled all my wishes on one request
For me you were, are and will always be the best...
You always treated me as your Princess.
And never scolded me for my huge created mess...
Mum and Dad, your relation is the best,
Adorable, unique and better than the rest...
This unknown relation of love and care,
I'll always adore, cherish and share...

Yashvi Chawla, IX-B

The World of Cartoons'

25th December, a perfect show time and our aircraft landed with a boom and a bash at the Hong-Kong air port. Those almost sleepy faces looking up like monsters at the airport, those procedures which we never follow in our country were just too long. Finally Christmas Day had a great start with our journey towards Hong-kong. Huge buildings systematic traffic rules, perfect silence no honking of horns or fighting of people on roadsides. We finally reached our hotel the 'Floating Disney' as it was called and were required to get off the bus and proceed for check in ...

A speedy disney train welcomed us at the doorstep. It made us sit in it and took us to the journey of the hotel. Such luxurious rooms, with disney toons cartooned on the walls all over, a huge Disney group ready for the show and then a garden full of sweet smelling floweres. Ahh ! This was remarkable ... A sense of peace and joy. Finally the train stopped at the reception and the sight was impressive, we saw long never ending people waiting for their turn, like patients. We waited too. After thirty minutes or so our turn came and after the formalities were over we were taken to the room, the most awaited moment for me ... to explore the room, Room No. 113 as I remember and it was very colourful with one side curtain on the walls and another section plain and simple for elders. I first took off my shoes and hurriedly jumped on the bed while all were in dreamland. There was no chance for me to sleep as I was possibly in my true dreamland. So I clicked photos along the wall side and also clicked the outside garden views and captured some of the most precious sights in my camera.

Now it was time for the Disney Park an open area, where we all gathered and the parade started, with 'Mickey with his friends' then the Honey-Gunny Winnow the pool and then the Jungle Man Mogul and then my friends Barbies and Kens. The parade ended and my energy too.. I was tired but who could sleep. The world of cartoons made an everlasting impression on me.

Puneet Chhatwal X-A

"Living in a joint family is a blessing"

Yesterday, I saw something strange in KFC when my family and I had gone there for lunch.

There was space in KFC where three tables were combined and eleven to twelve people were sitting and at the other corner there was a child and only parents.

Then, I got to know that those people sitting were having great fun. It was a joint family who had come for lunch and at the other corner was the nuclear family that was just sitting quietly and watching the joint family.

Living in a joint family is truly a blessing.

There are grand parents, uncles, aunts, cousins and many more people in a joint family.

There is always more learning that takes place in a joint family than in a nuclear family as there are many people to help us and to tell us many things about every thing.

In case of illness, the joint family is a large support system. When parents are not there to take care of the child and go out for some reason and the child is ill then, the other members of the family are there to take care of him. Or if anyone else is ill in the family, then many other members are there to take care of that person.

When sometimes, in a joint family if there is someone whose business is ruined then there are other people to help him with financial support to help to overcome his / her business loss in his/her the troubled times.

In a joint family the person who has financial problems is helped by the others in his hard times.

In a joint family everyone learns to adjust, learns to share.

In a joint family the child does not feel isolated or neglected when the parents are busy. There are many other people in the house who are there to take care of him and not allow him to feel lonely.

There is always a special bonding among the cousins.

They have good time together.

They understand each other, learn to take care, love, have fun, share and always remain happy.

During social events like marriage, birthday, anniversary, etc., there is special bonding. Everyone is involved in each other's work like cooking food, decorating the house, photographing, inviting the guests, arranging music etc.

All live together and enjoy together.

Naaz Hussain, X-A

Private tuitions should be banned

"Oh! No, it's 4 o'clock now, I am getting late for my tuition class." We usually hear this exclamation in many homes. Just after school many students run for tuitions. And by the time they reach home, they are so weary that there is hardly any energy left in them.

I feel that coaching classes and private tuitions should be banned. I myself don't take tuitions. The work given to them in school and the work given to them at their tuitions just squeeze their energy. A student needs to be healthy and mentally fit, but those students who attend the coaching classes, first go to school, then they return home, hardly have their lunch properly when they again rush to their tuitions. They get no time to rest. Due to this, they are not able to concentrate. It's a big loss for them.

Secondly, coaching and tuition teachers take fifty to sixty students in one batch. This is just what happens in school. So many students, friends sitting together in coaching classes, don't study but chat and have fun. Many tuition teachers are not able to pay attention to so many students and continue with their work. They give questions to them as tests or as home work. Many students solve them in class and don't pay attention in class. In many tuitions, teaching is done at a higher level, beyond the scope of the syllabus.

Additionally, students start feeling proud. They say "Don't you know? I have joined tuitions for almost all the subjects." This attitude of theirs does not allow them to concentrate and pay attention in class. They also distract other students in the class who don't take tuitions and are trying to pay attention. They are over confident that their tuition teachers will prepare them for the Board examinations.

Taking tuitions has now become a fashion which everyone wants to ape. Youngsters spend their evening in tuitions and return home by 7:00 or 8:00 p.m. After returning they get so tired that they are not able to revise whatever they have studied in school or in their tuitions class. Thus, they are not able to do self-study. This results in loss of marks in their exams. Also the time that they waste in going to tuitions can be utilized to play as sports are also very important.

Therefore, according to me, tuitions are just a waste of time. If a student pays attention in class and does self-study, which is very important, he can score better marks than those who take tuitions. Thus we should avoid tuitions as far as possible. Many parents can't afford to pay high tuition fees and those who can afford, just waste their money.

Anuti Gupta, X-B

My Sister, my loving joy

A sister's love is special in ways that are unspoken,
still that bonding remains unbroken.
You are 'Best friend' and you simply mean the world to me.
We've shared so much as little girls
The tears, the joy, the toys, the pain.
Lifetime may not be spent together, Sis,
but these memories remain.
Sister you are special.
God gave me a sister,
More precious than gold.
A sister is a little bit of childhood
that can never be lost.
You are a living dream to me that can never be forgotten at any cost.
What you mean to me is more than I can express
You know life without you is a total "MESS"!
You are the one
Who loves me from her heart,
No matter how much we fight,
We can never be drawn apart.
You love me ever so much
that I always know
and wouldn't have got a better elder sister than you.
I can never be like you.
Maybe I'm not so capable.
But sister you are simply "Irreplaceable"

Ishita Bhagat, X-B

Our busy lives.....

Despite the invention of a number of labour saving devices, life has become more hectic in modern times. Surely I support this assertion.

“Could you please spare me some moments, I have to talk to you regarding something important?” “Sorry ! but I’m running short of time,” “David, could you please bring me some vegetable from the market?” “Mom ! I have my tuitions right now !” “Hello Mrs. Paul, so you are coming to attend the seminar tomorrow night !” “Sorry, but I won’t be able to come, I’ve some urgent work which cannot be delayed.”

All these conversations very well indicate that although there have been inventions of a number of labour-saving devices but still life has become hectic in modern times.

“Necessity is the mother of invention”

Yes, that’s true and so the necessity of today’s modern man has compelled technology to make certain inventions that would be helpful. Such inventions are in accordance with the modern man, hi-tech and advanced but inspite of this, the people of today still don’t have any time and their life has become more stressed, busy and hectic.

“Man has become a slave to modern machinery”

It is true, that man created machines for his own benefit and advantages but now-a-days it is just the reverse. Man has himself become a slave to these equipments. It seems as if not he, but the machines guide him. He is by-far dependent on modern technology to do his work. But what’s shocking is, inspite of the use of the G2s, Gadjets and Gizmos, his life has become more hectic. He has no time to spare for things, other than his work.

As the life of modern man is becoming increasingly hectic and busy, he is becoming more and more dull. He has no time for his friends and family. No leisure nor recreation. He is gradually alienating himself from nature and has no time to appreciate nature. His social life has come to a standstill and soon he will also deteriorate and be destroyed if this style of living continues.

“Time and Tide wait for none”

There is one more factor which affects modern society. The office people are busy making their presentation and impressing their boss for promotion, the teaching staff is busy with the students and with the tension to cover the syllabus. The doctors are busy with their hospitals and in search of an opportunity to prove themselves better. The students are busy with their studies, their school and their coaching. Thus the invention of the labour saving devices is ineffective in each of the above case.

“Nature has enough for Man’s Need but not for Man’s Greed”

Thus in conclusion, I would just say, the man in today’s modern times, should understand that already with so many inventions being made, his life is not easy going and smooth. There is nothing else that nature can offer to help them and guide them. They should have the ability to use the available modern devices and technology, substantially, so that there remains a balance between their workaholic life and their social life !!

Bhumika Jain, XI Sci,

Childhood, period of bliss !

'Childhood'—a word that symbolises purity, innocence, boundless joys and happiness, sweet and bitter memories which we relish later on. Shakespeare has aptly said, that this world is a stage and we humans are mere actors who come to play our part and then leave. He has divided human life into seven parts the first being, the birth of the child. 'childhood' in which he lives his life to the fullest without any worries.

For me, my childhood is the best part of my life. I was born on 2nd August, 1996 and the most exciting thing was that my father was the first person to take me in his lap ! I can imagine what a feeling of warmth and comfort I would have felt then. Being the first 'girl child' of the family, I was the star of the eyes of my grand parents, uncles, aunts, even my neighbours and of course I was the darling of my parents !

I still remember being taken everyday to the 'Paanwala' shop by my uncle on his scooter. In the evening, I used to accompany my aunt and my cousin to the vegetable market in their arms. There I used to cling tightly to the collars of the people standing nearby. This created a big fuss all around and was a huge embarrassment for my aunt and my sister but they too cheered up at that moment.

A year later, I had started going to a play group where along with my little friends, I used to indulge in all kinds of play; sand and water was the chief of them. Once, I remember, my parents had come to pick me up, however I refused to go as I did not want to leave my friends. My parents tried to persuade me using different methods but all in vain. As a result, our teacher had to allow us to play half an hour more.

I was 4 + and my parents admitted me to St. Patrick's, my second home. I remember having an interview with Sr. Lawrence, when she had shown me a picture of a train, an engine and I shouted with joy-'chuk-chuk gari'. At this, she laughed heartily and gave me sweets to eat. Finally I was admitted and the day of school opening arrived. I was really glad to wear my new uniform, my new bag, bottle and of course begin my new life. I was happily making my way through the school campus when I realised that my parents will leave me and go. So I started to cry. I was a stubborn creature and was not willing to enter the class at all.

As a result, from the next day onwards, my grandfather with a newspaper used to sit in the corridor till the school got over. But, for Ma'am Jacqueline's love and affection. I got over it.

The next happiness came to me in the form of my younger brother's birth. I was really astounded and would regularly go to see him at the hospital. However, on the first day when I saw him I started to cry giving the silly reason that he did not play with me.

Few months passed off happily and now my brother was able to understand small things. Then came my birthday for which I was waiting so keenly and eagerly as this time I would be celebrating my birthday in school, wearing a colourful dress.

I had received many gifts. Most of them being the Barbie doll and other toys. However, the most precious gift was given to me by my little brother. On that day, for the first time, he had recognised me and called me 'Didi.' I was emotional, touched and my eyes were filled with tears of joy. I hugged my brother. I guess this was the best gift he could ever give me in my life.

Growing up, I was filled with the sense of responsibility. I used to play with my younger brother and we were best friends although we used to fight with each other. I wish the happiness of childhood continues forever !

Dakshata Bajpai, XI

Friendship Forever

Friendship is just like a star
That lightens a person's life
You are that star that makes
My life shine.
A friend in need is a friend indeed
You make this statement true
Because you are always there when
I need you.
My stupid talk irritates you
But you are still always there to
correct me at every step.
You are not just a friend,
You are really a special person

That makes my life beautiful
You are the only person who makes
me happy when I am sad.
I like you for all the good qualities
that you have.
May be in future our paths will be parted
But our hearts will never
For we are together and always be
together
Thanks for being there as a friend in my
life
Thanks for making me shine so bright
In this dark sky.

Surabhi Sareen, XI Com.

“Count down for the Annual Fete ...”

“A school fete ! Hurray !” were our words when our Principal granted us the permission to host a school fete. This was going to be our first ever school fete and we all were very excited and wanted it to be “perfect”. The duty of organising and hosting the fete was given to our class “XI Science”. There were very many plans and ideas and a lot of excitement in each one’s mind and soul, so we decided to hold a meeting in which everyone could share their ideas. We had only a month to make the preparations.

Like a swarm of bees everyone was attracted towards being a part of the organising committee. There was a lot of chaos and then we decided to divide the class into different committees. This included the food committee, rides committee, stalls committee, the music and dance committee, the banners and flyers committee. There was also a committee named bank which would handle the money and accounts.

Our school field plus the basket ball court area was provided to us for the fete. We decided that there could be around 15 stalls, one from each class (LKG to 12th) and one stall which will be the managing stall like a Board Room. There would be 5-10 stalls for food, drinks etc.

The food committee called the very famous “Bhagat Halwai” of Agra, to take up 3 stalls for ‘chat’ and ‘chips’. Two stalls were occupied for drinks which included soft drinks and coffee, tea, water. There were also ice-cream stalls.

The music and dance committee did a very good job, they called “DJ Rathore” with really good and hip-hop music, which was sure to attract everyone.

The rides committee called for two big rides and a small “baby train”. The big rides included the “giant wheel” and “Columbus”.

The banners were large, and put outside the main gate of our school. The leaflets were printed and distributed to all the children and their parents. This was our first fete, therefore it was only for the children of our school and their parents.

When everything was ordered and done we all divided ourselves into two groups to decorate different areas. The children of the junior school helped us a lot in this. The stalls from each class included a quiz or a game in which if one wins, one would be awarded.

Now only a week was left for our fete which was on 9th August and as it is said, "There is no gain without pain," we came to know that our music DJ had got a better opportunity so he backed out. We all were mad, and very disappointed and heart broken. When one of the girls of our class, "Sophie," suggested to get our own music and occupy the basketball court as the Dance floor. So we all got our CDs and with the help of our music teacher got them remixed and all set.

Now we just prayed that no other obstacle should come in our way. The timings were from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Everything was ready. An invitation was sent to the Archbishop of Agra who was invited as the chief guest.

Finally the day came and everything went according to plan. We were all dressed up neatly in our school uniform. The chief guest along with our principal, inaugurated the fete and visited each stall. The children were not just enjoying but making sweet memories which they could cherish later. The guests came and appreciated the food and games. The children loved the rides and the music thankfully became a big hit.

Everyone was on the dance floor later, even our teachers were very proud of us.

We were very happy for such a successful "first school fete." Organising it was as much fun as enjoying it. It felt like a victory to us. We were all living the moment. We all were together till the end and thus the fete was a success.

Our Principal made a marvellous climax by giving a short speech in which she said that she was not quite sure that we would be able to put up an enjoyable and successful school fete and that she was very proud of us, as this was above her expectations.

It was a life time achievement for us. Indeed. "All's well that ends well."

Varnika Benara, XI

An unusual experience while travelling

A train journey. I was sitting in the window side seat. I loved it. The sharp and irate breeze blew over my face, symbolising the anger and unrest in my mind. Why does it happen to me? Why do these people fail to understand me? These thoughts raced in my mind. I had left home in an angry mood.

With a screaming sound the train stopped at Kalakoram station. I did not feel like moving out, so I decided to sit back in the train. People were moving all around, there was noise everywhere—noise of the passengers, of the chaiwalas, of the coolies and so on.

Just then a young boy came to me in tattered clothes. He was standing near the window, outside the train with flowers in his hand. Fresh, bright, beautiful lavenders. The flowers made me forget for a moment the frustration within me. Their smell filled my nostrils, rejuvenating me.

The young lad looked at me with his pekinese eyes as if saying a thousand words. I smiled at him. I took one flower from his bunch. My hands reached for my purse. But to my disappointment it wasn't there. The train had begun to move. I looked at the boy, he stood there smiling, waving.

Very soon the boy was left behind. I could not give him the money for those lavenders. There was a mixed feeling—feeling of regret and of happiness. Regret for not being able to pay the boy for the flowers and happiness to see the smile on his face.

Destiny! days after I returned to the same station, I saw the same boy. Happier than before, lavenders in his hand. I got off the train and rushed towards him with money. He saw me, his smile broadened. I offered him the money. He offered me the flowers! I was confused.

I told him I was paying for that one flower I had taken from him days before. He again smiled. He told me that he had received his payment. I had paid him. I was surprised again.

"Didi !", he said, "That day when you smiled at me, I was reminded of my elder sister. She was just like you. She is no more. Her smile did make my day. And that day your smile did the same."

I had no words to speak. There were tears of joy in our eyes. The train whistled. I took a last lingering look at him. We both smiled. I climbed onto the train and it moved ahead.

Years have passed by but this unusual incident remains etched in my memory forever where a stranger made me realise that relations are not made of blood. I will cherish that day for ever.

Shaurya Mishra, XI Com.

Facebook : An Addiction

Arnav was a sixteen year old, school going boy, from a rich family. He had qualified with 95% marks in his tenth Boards Examination and was on cloud nine. He was gifted an Apple laptop by his parents.

The most fascinating thing that appeared to him was to make an Id on facebook with the username "Secret Boy". One day he got a friend request from a strange username "Angel", who were actually secret kidnappers. While communicating to

"Angel", Arnav revealed everything about his family; phone number, address, his picture etc....and that is how the kidnappers got to know that he belonged to a very rich family.

This was the saddest point on the part of Arnav that he never asked anything about "Angel" on facebook. Days passed by and the parents felt that their son had got addicted to the laptop and mobile, so they took both the things away from him.

A day came when Arnav was called by "Angel" to a cafe to meet and have fun. As soon as Arnav arrived, the kidnappers dragged Arnav into their van and took him away. To Arnav they were strangers, he had no idea that "Angel", with whom he used to talk on facebook were actually kidnappers. The kidnappers called up Arnav's parents and asked for 50 lakh ransom. The parents called up the police and went to the kidnappers. But unfortunately by the time the parents reached, the kidnappers had killed Arnav and had run away. Seeing this Arnav's mother burst into tears, crying in great agony over Arnav. So, this was the end. His parents couldn't do anything for him. "Angel" proved to be a Devil in reality, for Arnav and his parents.

Moral : Beware! Use facebook in a proper and secure manner and never reveal your secrets on the facebook.

Aashi Garg, Aashruty, Veral,
Rhea, Jayashree,
Sukhmani, Xlth Com.

The One that got away

I found her under the lemon tree in my garden, she sat there howling, crying and meowing

Probably calling out for her mother. I went to her and on seeing me she took a step back she was scared maybe and so was I. But then I bent down and picked her up and to my happy surprise she stopped crying and this is how I met her....this is how I met my "Billo".

She was very small when I brought her home a week old at the most. She was small, so small that she couldn't even drink milk by herself and I had to feed her with a dropper and now she was growing, growing beautifully. We used to stay together at all times. We used to sleep together, eat together and my favourite part, play together. Yes she was growing up and so were her antics. With each passing day she grew more playful, more energetic, more and more of everything good. And yes of course, she was the greatest joy of my life. I also made her a neck piece from the most colourful beads and bells, every now and then I used to give her a bath, the most aromatic bubble bath and how much she liked or disliked it was hard to tell.

She still was small, tiny in fact

So tiny that after licking her bowl of milk clean she would fit herself inside the milk bowl and go to sleep in there!

I also got her a little white toy; it was like the one that is given to babies, the one that makes a rattling noise. She loved to play with it she would always claw and bite at the poor toy and when she was done with it she then would make me her prey, and at once would rush to my hand and feet and start her favourite usual biting and clawing. We always shared the same blue blanket and the stuffed soft brown bear. Every morning she used to wake up by licking my face and yes again followed by biting and clawing and oh! The way she slept was the most beautiful sight and always a delight to see.

At times when I was sad and my eyes were all wet with tears, at that moment she would climb up to me and watch me with such big, innocent, inquisitive eyes. She could make out that I was sad or when something was wrong for at such times she used to stroke her head against mine as if saying to me, "everything is going to be fine". I never caged her or locked her. She was free to go anywhere and at times even used to go out at night. And on one such night- the most painful night to me, she went

and did not come back until the next morning. My father woke me up and said- "she is gone" to which I confusingly replied "who?" and then he said "Billo". I found her in the lawn, she was alive but....was unable to move as if half of her body was frozen. Terrified I went to the lawn, there she was lying and on seeing me she tried to move dragging half her body across the floor, then she looked at me with such watery eyes. I picked her up terrified and throat all choked up unable to speak anymore, I rushed her to the Vet. And the news that he broke to us was even more morose and shocking. "Some animal attacked her and in the process injured her spine." There were bite marks on her spine. "Any chances of recovery....?" but this query of ours was almost turned down as he said there were only 5% chances of a recovery. We came back home and my parents went on discussing on how to handle the situation, and as for me the more I looked at her the more I cried, even as she was now all quiet unable to move an inch. My playful kitty who won't rest for a moment was now dependent on me to do all her chores. On the other hand my parents decided to put her to sleep. I just couldn't do it. I was unable to even think of it as an option. I did a lot of research on how to cope with her situation and also took the help of an international animal welfare organization. To my surprise I found out that there are other cats with the same problem who still are leading a normal life. A day or two passed and the vet went on with the first surgery on her. "If she survives this one, then we'll be able to move her on for further spinal surgery and there would be chances of her being able to walk just as it was before." The surgery went off successfully but she was still critical and in pain....so much pain that she used to howl and to lessen her pain we had to tranquilise her. We brought her back home. A day passed and another but the pain was still there. One day after we got her dressing changed and came back home she seemed to be a bit quiet. As I was changing her bedding, she crawled to me with much difficulty and at my feet she fell...her eyes shut, breathing stopped and heartbeat dropped.

I knew at once that now she was no more, a tear drop rolled down my eyes then another and then it just went on. At that moment I picked her up kissed her forehead and took her to my heart. I was heartbroken but something somewhere inside me was at peace for now I knew that she was free of all pains.

True to the last word, a true life incident.

Farah Khan, XI Com.

Born free but in shackles

No nation can prosper without nurturing its young. A nation in which the young are not properly nurtured, but instead are forced to child labour and deprived of education, such a nation can never progress.

Children are brought from villages and are made to beg at crossroads and are paid a percentage of their income at the end of the day. Ironically in some cases their parents are also involved.

In other words, child labour is being openly perpetrated on the Agra roads and all this is happening right under the nose of the city administration.

Working at an early age, deprives the child of the privileges which he/she should get. He is deprived of his innocence, enthusiasm, education etc.

Civil society believes that begging should be abolished completely and children who are entitled to education, should start going to school.

The solution to child labour is that all the factors that force the children into it should be rooted out. People should be given the right to adopt these children and provide them with proper care and education. The government can tie up with private groups and institutions and ensure that these children are given proper care and education.

Children are entitled to education not begging.

The child labourers are weak and in demand. There are various kinds of child labour like working in the agricultural sector, in small factories in hazardous conditions, making fireworks and chemicals. Use of children for production and trafficking of drugs, work which by its nature or circumstances is likely to harm the health, safety or morals of the children.

Working underground, underwater, at dangerous heights or in a confined space is child labour. So also working with dangerous machinery, equipment and tools or work which involves the manual handling.

Lets be humane !

Give the child a chance to live !

Aashi Garg, XI Com.

An encounter with an alien

As soon as I hear the word 'night', what instantly comes to my mind is 'sleep'. I remember the most bewildering night of my life. The day had been too demanding and challenging as I had completed my project work with great labour. I abruptly stood up from the dining table and went to my room to sleep after having my mother's home made appetizing and mouth-watering food. I tried to sleep. I dozed off for a while and suddenly heard a knock on my door. I was filled with fear which was manifested on my alarmed and horrified panic-stricken face and I felt gutless and pusillanimous.

I tried to find my slippers in the dark but they too left me like a flatterer; and failing to locate them I stepped down from my spongy and velvety bed and paced like a ravenous and starving tiger. I looked through the key hole and saw a red and blue colored shiny body with green colored stripes and small goose-bump like skin. I thought that my brother had worn a fancy uniform to frighten me so I quickly opened the door.

To my bafflement, I saw an alien who told me in a gismo-freak voice that he had come from outer space. He had a mouth, a nose with one nostril and a purple coloured eye. His mouth was placed at the top of his forehead and eyes had taken position above the chin. I was thrilled and taken aback...and started to shiver but he touched my forehead and I became still. I tried to run back in haste but he softly and benevolently asked me not to be afraid of him in my language. He further told me that he was an astronomer on his planet-'LESWAP' and had come to earth for a research work on EARTH with his colleagues. I was still in a surprised state and didn't know what to do either call my parents to rescue me or talk to THE ALIEN...I was stuck in a quagmire. I decided to take the second option and gradually became normal and asked him to sit in the chair and tell me some things about his planet.

He placidly sat in my chair and told me that the meaning of his planet's name in English is 'endeavor' and also that his name was SARASK. He seemed to be receptive, amiable and a genius. On being asked, I told him my name and he responded surprisingly, that my name has a literal meaning in his language too which was a 'brook'. He further told me that his planet is quite contrary to EARTH. His planet has maroon coloured plants which give out nitrogen gas-the life-giving gas on LESWAP. He told

me that leswapians exhale nitrogen dioxide and that their homes are made of aluminium and their body is made of carbon and chlorine compounds. I was astonished to hear such scientific and impractical facts.

Well, his dialect was soporific as he was really cordial and genial. Then, I asked him about his normal life and day-to-day activities. He divulged to me that their life is completely technological and they have gadgets similar to that of DORAEMON-the cartoon character (leswapians too watched doraemon by satellite connections with earth) but I distinguished earth's life from theirs and said that we live simply with a blend of technology, in our life. Our people are simplistic, but our technology seems to be quite orthodox to SARASK. SARASK was the inventor of the time machine on his planet and told me that robots work as servants in each house.

He reciprocated with gentleness and took out his four-dimensional pocket and produced a dish made from a vegetable called-BRONGTO for him self and a butterscotch cake for me. He told me that LESWAPIANS have a plethora of forests and that they have not harmed the different elements of nature. I was shocked in our planet we are not at all concerned to save our environment, instead we are using scientific and technological projects for harming nature even after having such a beautiful, scenic and wonderful planet. At the same time there are people like LESWAPIANS too who are completely technological but haven't developed even a single technological project at the cost of their environment...really surprising!

Suddenly, he received a gamma ray signal which he saw on his wristwatch. YES, gamma rays were innocuous and visible to them! He stood up, gave me a soft copy regarding his planet-LESWAP (a kind of encyclopedia), bid me farewell and vanished within a micro-second with the help of his invisible within a micro-second with the help of his invisible-ANYWHERE DOOR. I was astounded but found a good and kind friend who did not scathe my planet instead praised it. I was fascinated and considered the meeting prolific as my narrow boulevard of mind had accumulated much useful knowledge and awareness in it. I went back to my bed and slept peacefully True—

'NO MEN ARE FOREIGN'

'AND NO COUNTRIES STRANGE'

Megha Chauhan, XI-Sc.

Something I'll Cherish in My Life ...

In the path of life,
In the race of life,
We find many of them,
Some as strangers, some as friends,
I also met one who is not of my age
but a little older than I, a little more
experienced than I in every field.
Who else can it be none other than
my very own captain "Apoorna Di."
I'm looking for that perfect line,
which would describe my captain in best of rhyme.
And to reveal how grateful I'm to have such a captain.
You have not only taught me confidence,
But also to counter happily our grievances,
You have not only made me learn those reactions
But also to simplify the disheartening complications.
My experience with my "Shasha" or Apoorna Di can be described as follows :

Not knowing each other
Not wanting to know ...
Not even a smile !

Then we started with a blank smile, then started with hello,
then became hey and now "hye" and all.
I'm going to miss the cutiest smile, which she had for me.
I am going to miss my two shashas, Apoorna and Isha Di,
whose incredible support will always be
remembered by me.

Jayashree Kapoor, XI-Com.

The Last Moment

"Stop at once", my sister said, "Oh ! Please don't screw my head."

The tyre rolled with a thundering spark,
went at a high speed, zoomed into the dark.

For the next few seconds, there was absolute silence,
I looked and found a stream, of dense blood.

At the moment, I examined her hand, pulled her back and removed her
band,

Took her out of the cart

'No more' felt my mind but there was a hope in my heart.

I was in pain, needed something for my head, her clothes were red.

I could feel the sorrow all around,

It was a time of stress, but no sound. Tears rolled down, something I
wanted to say,

Oh my angel, you made my day.

Open your eyes and look at me once,

Please crack a last joke, I want to laugh in tons.

I am sorry, I will never fight, take my room along with keys,

I will never grumble.

I will share every feast with you,

And promise to give some toys from those few.

My eyes are waiting to hear your call.

But there is no one to stop that knoll. I know I was such a Bad Brother.

But you were the Best, I will never find another,

Give me a moment, and you be blessed with a breath more,

Greet, 'Good Bye' to people who love you,

Joining my hands, I lean,

God I will never forgive you

You were so mean

For you took my sister

Who was just thirteen.

Radhika Arora, IX-A

A New Beginning

The dreary winter breeze,
My fingertips had begun to freeze
The snow was hard and pale,
Facing the atrocities of storm and hail.
The sun was strangled by the cloud,
This heart-rending sight
made me cry aloud
"I wish I could stay here for some time
more
I wish I could hear the wind's lore
I wish I had greater time to speak
I wish I had time to,
Wait and seek...
The world around had new definitions
I had to part with my aspirations.
The birds had begun chirping the knell
I could hear the calling bell.
I knew it was time for me to leave,
I was suffering from the Disease-
I had to believe.
Let me have the last touch
The last sight,
Let me hear and sense
The tranquil delight.
All hopes had shattered,
The world around seemed battered

I had that last lingering look
My eyes closed I shook
Could life so easily accept its defeat?
Couldn't it crush Death under its feet?
Brighter thoughts filled my mind,
The prayer was heard,
God had been kind.
The snow had melted,
The sun had broken the chains,
Announcing the end
Of misery and pains.
The martlet was heard singing carols
The soft wind freely blowing past the
barrels
I opened my eyes.....
I could feel the bliss, stronger than
before
I could see Life knocking at my door.
Finally,
I welcomed Life, Life welcomed me
Followed by Happiness and cure
I could see.
Death and Disease had lost,
And life had won
A whole NEW BEGINNING had truly
begun!

Shaurya Mishra, XI-Com.

Flying Fourteen Years

Today as I enter the gates of my school for the last time, I remember the day when half-heartedly I walked into the Principal's room with my "excited" parents. Sister Lawrence asked me the colour of my sweater and I answered it correctly. Then she asked me to go to the other room for an interview. I was then admitted to St. Patrick's.

My parents used to drop me to school. When they left, I used to cry a lot. At that time our school maid whom we fondly called "Amma" looked after me and in the interval I was always with her. Till today I see her caring for the little ones very lovingly.

In U.K.G my class teacher was Mala Ma'am. She knew how to deal with children with love, care and patience and even now she remembers our names.

In Class III when all the students kept talking in the free time, I was busy making small cartoon strips in my rough copy. The other day my mother showed them to me as she has kept them safely with her.

In class IV, I won the National drawing competition and was invited to Delhi to collect my prize. Around that time I made a small portrait of our ex-maths teacher 'Vandana Ma'am' in my rough copy in school and gave it to her. She loved it and showed it to the other teachers.

In class V, I remember that Ma'am Verma and I came to school in the same auto rickshaw. As I was a very shy and reserved girl, I never wished her and didn't reply to her questions. She wondered why I was like this and now in class XII she changed her opinion of me and said "I wish I had a daughter like Somya." I will surely miss her.

As years passed by I came to the senior wing of our school. Ma'am Rastogi guided me and took me to various drawing competitions. She encouraged me a lot. She maintained discipline and taught us to make handicrafts.

Another teacher I would like to mention is Ma'am Arora. She is a very dedicated teacher. She taught us many subjects in different classes.

In class X she took extra pains and taught us Chemistry making it an interesting subject.

Lastly I would like to mention my English teacher Ma'am Verma who also doubled as our class teacher. Her knowledge of English is impeccable. From just being 'one of the teachers', over time, she became a source of inspiration. She teaches Macbeth, stories and poems with equal fervour—we all are mesmerized. What I like about her is that she knows exactly her role as a teacher. She has a particular way of dealing with every one—whether it is the quietest girl in the class or the most talkative one, The compulsive liar or the kleptomaniac. She manages all, often going out of her way, in giving compassionate counselling lessons. We all used to hate our moral science classes but now we all wait for it as Ma'am Verma now takes our M.Sc class. Self-control and self-respect are the virtues taught and practised by her.

Looking back I fondly remember all the teachers Ma'am Mini Mehra, Ma'am Sarita, Mr. Chauhan, Ma'am Chatterjee, Ma'am Ghosh, Mr. Robert, K.K. Sir, Ma'am Dodia who taught us and made us understand that studies can be interesting too. Thank you Dear Teachers.

I would like to give special thanks to our Principal Sr. Greta. She brought about a big change in the school. She installed close circuit cameras in school. E-Care service was also started so that the parents could be informed about their wards, holidays etc.

Lastly I would like to thank my class-mates. Many of them are with me from L.K.G to class XIIth. As the students were changed from one section to another we became more friendly with each other. I will always fondly remember making charts and decorating boards together with my class-mates. We decorated the stage for annual function and for farewells.

As the school life comes to an end I will always cherish its memories and will say for the rest of my life.

“I am proud to be a Patrician”

Somya Agrwal, XII Com.

Rising rate of crime among teenagers

The youth of today, specially the teenagers cannot be called just warm blooded, rather should be called hot blooded ! The increasing rate of juvenile delinquency surely justifies this term (hot-blooded) for them.

There have been two cases of teenagers getting involved in criminal activities (back to-back in just a fortnight). One of them was about a seventeen year old boy who along with his friends of his age killed his grandmother for 3 lakh rupees in order to buy a bike which he was not getting otherwise from his parents. The other case consisted of immense violence between two teenage boys over a silly bet. The one who had won the bet had won by cheating and the other could not digest that.

Well, these are not the only two cases where teenagers have come up with heated attitude.

The basic reasons behind such acts are first of all-too much attachment to materialistic things, secondly, they cannot handle defeat in a positive manner, specially from someone of the same age and lastly because of the increasing trend of building relationships with the opposite gender They are too young to handle such things but unfortunately fail to understand this.

An increase in the amount of competition among themselves has also led to the making of juvenile delinquents They just want to reach their target irrespective of what way they choose.

The exposure through media has also led to the degradation of moral values in the teenagers. All of us know about the reality show 'Gumraah' end of innocence' which shows how teenagers get trapped in their own nets. Though the show tries to warn the teenagers, but the criminal acts shown help in giving ideas to them about how to carry out a crime without leaving behind any evidence or without doing any mistake such as the other did on the television show.

Teenagers now-a-days in order to maintain their so called 'respect' among their friends, do things which they should not do. Jealousy is also a major cause. The feeling that why can't I have this or why can't I do this if he/she can, has yielded to very scary results. Dissatisfaction with one's life on comparison with other friends, tempts them to take steps which are dangerous and unhealthy.

Well, the solution to the increasing trend of criminal activities among teenagers is that parents should keep in touch with their children. They should spend time with them and behave like friends. They should come up to their level and try to understand what their child wants without scolding him/ her. Also, they should teach them patience and should not immediately provide them with costly material things. They should make sure that their values overpower the influence of surroundings on their child.

Teachers should also behave in a friendly manner with students and if required, both parents and teachers should take the help of councillors and social work groups.

Charu Dhawan, XII Sci.

High School

It's really amazing how people change. Especially the ones you never imagined, to turn out so differently. Today you see a girl in braids with thick glasses and braces, tomorrow that same girl is wearing high heels with blond bangs, wearing the dress you saw in this month's Vogue. That high school queen now works as a waitress across your home. Your once sweet little sis now blackmails you to get her out of the house for that Saturday night party. You imagine what happened in the past years that made them turn out the way they are now.

Life is unpredictable. You grimace at your high school magazine. Looking at your picture, that geeky girl with a goofy smile, and today when you look in the mirror, you are all together a different person. People comment that you can pass as a runaway model. At that time in high school, teams, clubs and drama were life. Everyone wanted to be someone known in the crowd, but now it all seems childish. You laugh at yourself imagining what a pea sized brain you had back then.

Going over the pages you look at a beautiful face. That's the face which is familiar to you till now, that is your best friend. And then you do a retake, that was the girl who made your life hell in high school ... that was your BULLY. You are baffled that she is the same girl you are going with for your everyday coffee.

You laugh it off because you know now it doesn't matter. It did back then but what is important is what you are now. You close the magazine touching its cover with your fingertips, loving the memories that come back. You used to think it was a nightmare but now you know it, high school wasn't that bad!

Harshita Khera, XII Com.

She's A Survivor

She opens her eyes to a new day
A new beginning for some
But for her it's the same fight
The same battle in her mind
But today there's a change
Today she is determined
Today she has made up her mind
That she is going to rise over it
As she gets ready for the day
She puts a bandana on her bald head
As she moves out from the room
To her driveway
A school bus passes her by
As she wishes to ride it someday
But for now it's going to be her mom's car
That she enters with a sad smile
Her mother smiling back at her
As she drives her to the same place
Those pale walls which are now too familiar
She goes towards the ward
As a nurse seats her on the bed
Then she changes in those hospital scrubs
As the nurse prepares her drip
She inserts a needle in her hand
The nurse's hand handling the bag,
Are covered with thick gloves
The same bag
From which the fluid flows into her bare veins
Her session ends as she wakes up from sleep
And changes back into her clothes
As she promises to come back the next day
She walks out of the hospital
And again that yellow bus passes her by
And now she doesn't wish but she knows
She'll be on it someday
And that gives her the hope
To survive for another day ...!

Harshita Kherra, XII Com.

Most people are influenced more by Appearance than true Worth

In the century of new millennium, a man is occupied 24 × 7 and the world enables and expects man to progress further to widen his horizons. A man is in a plight of nervous-breakdown; fatigued, shattered by his efforts to exceed in terms of personality, looks, intelligence, money. But what's foremost among all these, that's the question.

Whether it's your intelligence that should be your priority or it should be your looks or may be it is your inner being.

In a world where diplomacy is worshipped like God and people hardly have time to know and understand others, it's your appearance, your way of grasping, your speech and actions that is foremost for someone to create an image of your character in the mind.

Our perspective, our thoughts and our actions are basically influenced by one's appearance. This hard core fact can not be undermined. The truth is sometimes bitter but we need to accept. People usually fancy about superstars, many of us even romanticize them. This is enough to prove that our thoughts are reigned by materialistic aspects of life.

There would be people who would claim Aamir Khan as a perfectionist, a great man and what not; these people should ask themselves have you even met "Aamir Khan"?

Do you know how he is in his real life? These confounded and appearance-obsessed people would turn a deaf ear to these facts.

The most talked about name of this season is Miss Sherlyn Chopra and guess what, she is the first Indian to pose for a cover page of 'Playboy'. I know its a 'bit more gusty' you say.

But does that mean she has no worth? After all we are acquainted with her dressing taste.

Girls who wear shorts or an actress who has worn a bikini in a movie is deprived of character. Does she mean to invite or seek attention of people?

A hearty advice to all those who perceive a person's worth by their appearance, "Go grab the opportunity to know the most unlikely dressed person and take the credit of rediscovering your true self."

You-tube's most searched and watched video "Gangnam Style" by South Korean Rapper Psy, he must be a jerk for those people's point of view whose ideologies are driven by appearance. But we all know this person has created history, his song has brought smile to millions all over the globe and that's what matters !

If we are discussing the influence of appearance and forget Lady Gaga, *we would be doing injustice to her. She is a style icon for some, a talented singer, a fine human being for others.* I got across the real side of Lady Gaga through a live interview in which she described her journey to fame. She is an iron lady for me, a girl who had nothing except dreams and love for god and now she has made a soft corner in the hearts of those who know her. Her Quirky dressing, style unique looks must have made people think that she is crazy, a lunatic and more than that.

In this age of glamour and ideologies, thoughts have undergone a curious sea change from that of the past. We must find the true worth of a person and not be influenced by someone's appearance otherwise we might be lost in this labyrinthine world of materialism and vagueness.

We have to stand united to evolve our perspectives, our mind can only spur when we want to. The word "women" is no longer confined to the epitome of selfless love but they are history-makers and working women. Similarly, men have found new aspirations like cooking and managing homes and children. Stagnant Waters turn banal, that's how nature works.

Change is necessary in traditions, customs and ideologies.

Ayushi Berry, XII-Com.

Memories : Sweet Little Ones

Tiny little steps moving into the school for the first time, with eyes full of tears, afraid to stay away from parents. Then the teacher with a pleasant smiling face comes towards me, assuring me that I was safe with her. Truly, I felt comforted. Days passed by and I became familiar, made friends and enjoyed my time in the school.

Since those days, I saw the council members maintaining the discipline of the school and making everything go smoothly. I ADORED them. I always wished to be one of them. As I grew up, my wish grew stronger and I made up my mind that I have to make myself capable for that post.

With time, I developed interest in music. And I was lucky enough to be given an opportunity. Our school band had just been formed and it needed a drummer. What next? I grabbed the opportunity and gave the audition and I got selected! It all happened so simply! I just couldn't believe it.

It was like a dream come true.

Our band "DESTINY" performed many times on the stage which helped me a lot to build up my confidence which I lacked earlier. Our band was appreciated by every one and this was what kept boosting me up.

Everything was good but my dream, my wish was still unfulfilled, my wish to be one of the council members. The time came when the nominees were to be elected and I was elected as a nominee for the Enterprise House captain. I jumped with happiness! Being elected just as a nominee was enough for me and I had no tension for the elections. With God's Grace I won the elections too! And finally I was elected as the Enterprise House Captain! My dream finally came true. The moment my name was announced as the "CAPTAIN", I was almost about to cry, for the first time I found it difficult to control my emotions. Soon I took over my responsibilities and started carrying out my duties.

After some months, it was Sports Day. Two weeks prior to Sports Day were the most hectic days for me and also my vice-captain Jayashree. Both of us kept running here and there, taking selection, taking practices etc. Many people said that I was not stern and strict enough to handle, so in that case I was helped by my dearest friend Isha. And she unbelievably, made "them" obey.

Isha, Jayashree and I worked in perfect synchronization.

When one was busy, the other would do the work and so our work never stopped. The three of us enjoyed our work a lot. We were also rejuvenated, revived every time by Shaurya's gags which were not at all funny for some, but made me laugh, made me crazy.

Many people would say that "captainship" is burdensome, but I really enjoyed my Captainship. My captainship has given me memories for life, which I will always cherish. It has also helped me to build up a better personality. These are just some of the memories of the 14 years I have spent in this school.

I am thankful to St. Patrick's for the wonderful 14 years it has gifted me. I am sure that these 14 years are the best years of my life. I will never be able to spend such a fabulous time ever again in my life.

It's obvious that I'll miss this school a lot.

Whatever I am today and whatever I will be in the future is and will be because of the virtues and morals taught to me in this school. I'll miss my early morning basket ball practices, after-school band practices, the evening games, the recess fun and all the fights and patch-ups with my friends. I'll miss all this, I'll miss my school.

ADIEU ST. PARTICK'S

MY ALMA MATER!

LOTS OF LOVE

Apoorva Saraswat, XII-Sci.

A Silent Tear

The gunshot broke again the silence of the night. The sky was dark with fleecy clouds moving west. The moonlight seemed pale and haunting. A cold breeze made me shiver as I stood by the broken window.

The war had taken away the major part of my family. At the rescue camp most of us were alone and orphaned. The waiting had stopped now as most of the children had fallen asleep. Some still shuddered as gunshots pierced the grim silence.

My mind was clouded with fearful scenes from the morning. Open fire in the market square left hundreds of people dead. Some children were taken by an army officer to the camp. Yet the cries and screams never ceased.

I tried to remember the fairy tales, where all ended happily ever after, but my mind was far away in the chaos of screaming, running, crying.... The fairy tales were unsoothing. I couldn't believe of the world where miracles could happen, where there was peace, harmony and love among all. This world was no fairy tale. Here we lay at the mercy of dictators and politicians who had marred the most beautiful years of our lives, staining them with bloodshed and massacre.

The moon seemed distraught, agonized at the actions of humans. The cold wind smelled of grief, pain and anger. A shot again disturbed the night. No, there was nothing magical about this world. No love, faith trust and goodness. All that the people had, was hatred and envy.

A cold tear trickled down my cheek. I watched it drop to the floor as others followed it.

War had taken the best part of my life, my childhood, my happiness...

Tina Jain, XII-Com.

Modern Women Can Match Strides with their Male Counterpart

Mary Kom, Saina Nehwal, Pratibha Patil, Asha Bhosle. Well, on hearing all these names, what do we understand? I understand that in today's world, women are shining and rising and bringing glory to our country.

Gone are the days when women lived in 'purdah' and were not educated. Years back, it was believed 'boxing' was for men. But, I guess Mary Kom, the olympic medalist has proved the world wrong and has given them a 'box' on their faces and has paved the way for other girls to build their future in the boxing stream.

How can we forget the days when women were not allowed to study and the basic aim of their life was considered to become a good house-wife? With time came change, women were given education and they have proved themselves far better than the males. In this regard one example of the highest paid C.E.O. in the world is Indira Nogi, a very sharp and intelligent woman who is very efficiently managing her work and household. So, boys don't doubt the capabilities of a woman.

Politics, is a stream which is mainly male dominated, but let us not forget that our former President was Mrs. Pratibha Patil. So, all the doubts about a lady handling politics, stands clear, Not to forget the iron lady, the first lady Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi.

I think, women not only excel in every field but also are a step ahead as they manage work and household simultaneously. In this regard I remember one more field where women outshine men and that is the teaching stream, where our dear lady teachers maintain a perfect balance between their career and home.

Now, there is one field where men can never compete with women and that is Houshold Management. People think it is an easy task but it is the most difficult task in the whole world, because this kind of job requires dedication, understanding, patience, practical sense, hard work, selflessness etc.

In the end I would just like to say that a woman plays several roles in her life.

Role of a mother, a daughter, a sister and a wife. And in every role she has succeeded and excelled. She has also told the world that in whichever role you put her, she will mould herself accordingly and will do the job to 'Perfection.'

Rachita Madan, XII Com.

Even after more than half a century of freedom, are we really free?

Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru at the midnight of 14 August 1947 said in his speech-“We end today, a period of ill fortune and India discovers herself again”.

After Nehru’s speech, 64 years have passed with a panaroma of experiences. Standing today, in the 65th year, as we look around, can we say we are really independent?

The preamble of the constitution of India says, “We the people having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a sovereign, socialist, democratic, republic.” But have we really made an effort to resolve to constitute India as a sovereign.....

Even today, we see religious riots among Hindus and Muslims. We see government making various reservations for the backwards classes of the society.

Is this what we call secularism?

On one hand we say India is a democratic nation. and on the other we see candidates, standing for the elections terrorise the common public for the vote bank. Educated people are least interested in voting for the candidates; and when corrupt politicians are elected, they are the first ones to say

“Politics is a dirty game”.

Earlier we were slaves of the British, now are we are slaves of corruption. Government today is not able to satisfy the basic needs of the common people as they are busy satisfying their own needs. Crime rates are increasing day by day. On the one hand we talk of women empowerment and on the other hand women are kidnapped, raped or murdered.

Is this what we call “Free India”? Was this the independence that our freedom fighters were fighting for? Although we have achieved a lot after independence but we have lost even more, there are problems still festering the nation. Every person is unique and has the power to bring about a change in society. All we need is to take up collective responsibility as well as individual responsibility towards our country, so that we can have a better place to live in and provide the same to our future generations and be free in the real sense of the word.

Sanskriti Agarwal, XII Com.

Visit of Sr. Rose George : 9th November '12



Sr. Provincial was welcomed by the staff and students. A special assembly was conducted. Sr. Rose addressed the gathering and interacted with the teachers.

Nature Club : Bonding with Nature



Nature :
God's
Gift
to us.



The proactive Nature club has been involved in landscaping and planting of trees in the school campus. A Collage making competition was held on 19th October.

Days without You

Days without you??...
Would not be difficult... I thought
I am grown up now
And together both of us always fought.
Days without you??..
My freedom... I thought...,
I was happy to ignore all NOT'S
I am not that sensitive,
Alone also I can live,
Our thoughts didn't match,
Our ideas didn't catch,
With you, near to me..
...My snacks.?? I didn't fetch.
Whenever I sat in front of my television with a pack of
chips on my mat, mat
Your lecture started,
"YOU ARE GROWING SO FAT" ..!!
I thought what the hell!
It's me who is growing fat, not SHE,
Whenever I went to pick up my phone,
your screaming started,
"SIT AND STUDY ALONE"!!
Whenever I enjoyed my i-pod and sang,
You came from behind and..
BANG BANG BANG !!!
Oh GOD ..what's that?
I was fed up.
but I loved you a lot
And ignored you not.
One day you went somewhere,

Cross Country Race : 20th October '12



20th Oct : Inter House cross country race was held. 440 students participated. The race began at 5.30 a.m. from Soami Bagh and ended at 6 a.m. at the school premises.



Cycle Race 31st October



31st Oct 12 : Inter House cycle race was held. 40 students participated. The race began from Navrang Bhawan, in Arjun Nagar and ended at St. Patrick's Jr. College.

Annual Prize Distribution : 15th October



Annual Prize Distribution was held on 15th October. The day began with a special assembly followed by the prize distribution. Sr. Greta, through her speech emphasised the importance of perseverance, regular attendance, hard work and excellence.

Staff Photograph 2012



(From Left to Right)

- Row 1.** Ms. M. Mehra, Ms. V. Lall, Ms. P. Mathew, Ms. P. Oberoi, Ms. C. Dodia, Sr. Aloysius, Sr. Ireta, Sr. Sheela, Ms. Rastogi, Ms. M. Malhotra, Dr. (Ms.) V. Ghosh, Dr. (Ms.) P. Sharma
- Row 2.** Ms. A. Sharma, Ms. P. Bajpai, Ms. V. Khandelwal, Ms. L. Shivhare, Ms. J. Adwani, Ms. V. Gomes, Ms. Y. Shahid, Ms. P. Verma, Ms. S. Maheshwari, Dr. (Ms.) R. Sahjwani, Ms. S. Sharma, Ms. A. Chatterjee, Ms. R. Dwivedi
- Row 3.** Ms. Nikita Whig, Ms. V. Saraswat, Ms. N. Talukdar, Ms. A. Singh, Ms. M. Agarwal, Ms. M. Selgal, Ms. D. Otto, Ms. P. Gupta, Ms. A. Mahajan, Ms. N. Singh, Ms. S. Sareen, Ms. A. Hans
- Row 4.** Mr. Felix Masih, Dr. S. Asthana, Mr. D. K. Gunwant, Ms. S. Dayal, Ms. N. Garg, Ms. N. Mathur, Ms. S. Kathuria, Mr. R. T. Massey, Mr. H. Grover, Mr. K. K. Agarwal, Mr. A. Prakash, Mr. A. K. Chugh, Mr. K. Mohan

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



I-A with Class Teacher Ms. Sonia Dayal

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



I-B with Class Teacher Ms. Namrata Garg

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra

II-A with Class Teacher Ms. P. Mathew

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra

II-B with Class Teacher Ms. Jyotsna Adwani

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chopra Books, Agra, U.P., 2012-2013

III-A with Class Teacher Ms. N. Mathur

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chopra Books, Agra, U.P., 2012-2013

III-B with Class Teacher Ms. Vinny Khandelwal

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012-2013



Chapra, Agra, U.P. - 20200902

IV:A with Class Teacher Ms. S. Kathuria

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012-2013



Chapra, Agra, U.P. - 20200902

IV:B with Class Teacher Ms. M. Mehra

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012-2013



Claspna Dada, Agra, Ph. 26622792

V-A with Class Teacher Ms. Anupama Sharma

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012-2013



Claspna Dada, Agra, Ph. 26622792

V-B with Class Teacher Ms. N. Talukdar

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chopra, D.D.S., Agra, Ph. - 2020272204

VI-A with Class Teacher Ms. Monika Sehgal

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chopra, D.D.S., Agra, Ph. - 2020272204

VI-B with Class Teacher Ms. Yasmin Shahid

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chappa, Agra, U.P. - 202002/2004

VII-A with Class Teacher Ms. M. Malhotra

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chappa, Agra, U.P. - 202002/2004

VII-B with Class Teacher Ms. A. Chatterjee

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chapra, Agra, U.P. - 202002

VIII-A with Class Teacher Dr. (Ms.) Padma Sharma

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chapra, Agra, U.P. - 202002

VIII-B with Class Teacher / Ms. Sandhya Sharma

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chapeau Books, Agra, Ph. - 922002/724

IX-A with Class Teacher Ms. N. Rastogi

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chapeau Books, Agra, Ph. - 922002/724

IX-B with Class Teacher Ms. Rhea Sahajwani

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chopra Books Agra, Ph. 9958879946

X-A with Class Teacher Ms. V. Ghosh

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chopra Books Agra, Ph. 9958879946

X-B with Class Teacher Ms. Sadhvi Maheshwari

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Empire Media Agra Ph - 9333377005

XI-Commerce with Class Teacher Ms. C. Dodia

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Empire Media Agra Ph - 9333377005

XII-Science with Class Teacher Ms. V. Lal

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chopra Photo Agra No. 988827000

XII-Commerce with Class Teacher Ms. Purna Verma

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.

Session - 2012 - 2013



Chopra Photo Agra No. 988827000

XII-Science with Class Teacher Ms. Reeta Dwivedi

What St. Patrick's means to me.....

Unlike many of my fellowmates, I don't remember the day I first came to St. Patrick's. May be because back then Bournvita didn't have DHA or may be because it was all veiled by my tears. But these last moments of my school life will be forever etched in my memory, vivid and bright.

St. Patrick's is the harbour of so many wonderful people who've sailed through the ups and downs of life with grace and strength. It would be an understatement to say that I owe so much to my school. And thus precisely when Wordsworth came to my rescue.

St. Patrick's is :

'The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul of all my moral being'

Years spent in the portals of this prestigious institution are the strong foundation of my life. To be called a Patrician is perhaps an honour itself. 'St. Patrick's has made me discover me'.

For this I would like to thank our Principal who has provided us a platform to discover, nourish and develop our talent.

A teacher is like a light house that fills light in the darkness of ignorance. I thank from my heart all the wonderful teachers of St. Patrick's for moulding me into what I am today, for being there all through these 14 years.

I am very grateful to all the helpers who've looked after this school and us for so many years; my juniors for all their support and good wishes.

Saying thank you to St. Patrick's would be like giving a one dollar note to Bill Gates !!

Because this wonderful place, my alma mater deserves a promise from me and from all Patricians that we would make St. Patrick's proud and become worthy of being called a Patrician.

Sugandh Narang, XII Com.

Days without You

Days without you??...
Would not be difficult... I thought
I am grown up now
And together both of us always fought.
Days without you??..
My freedom... I thought...,
I was happy to ignore all NOT'S
I am not that sensitive,
Alone also I can live,
Our thoughts didn't match,
Our ideas didn't catch,
With you, near to me..
...My snacks.?? I didn't fetch.
Whenever I sat in front of my television with a pack of
chips on my mat, mat
Your lecture started,
"YOU ARE GROWING SO FAT" ..!!
I thought what the hell!
It's me who is growing fat, not SHE,
Whenever I went to pick up my phone,
your screaming started,
"SIT AND STUDY ALONE"!!
Whenever I enjoyed my i-pod and sang,
You came from behind and..
BANG BANG BANG !!!
Oh GOD ..what's that?
I was fed up.
but I loved you a lot
And ignored you not.
One day you went somewhere,

It was a reason...you had to go there,
But four days had passed and you didn't return,
Four days; I went to have a look at her,
I went running, hugged and kissed her.
Fifth day I didn't go
I didn't have time,
But what was the need?
Last day only I went,
But I had to face my only truth,
The fifth day was not at all easy to pass,
I missed her a lot..to call upon no one did ask.
That day I realised,
she is my life,
I miss her smile and her beautiful face,
I came to know
No one can take her place.
No one did care
As much as you cared,
No one did kiss like you
I missed,
No one will love
As much as you love.
I missed the plait, tied by you,
The food I eat, now asks...it's who??
I'm missing your love
Missing a lot
And promise-I'll try to hurt you not.
My heart now said hell would be better than the...
DAYS WITHOUT YOU...
DAYS WITHOUT MY LIFE...
DAYS WITHOUT MY MOM...

Isha Suhail, XII Com.

Good by God bless my School !

Today, I stand with a myraid of emotions, quite similar to those I faced the first day I entered this building. It was not just a building, it was a place that slowly but surely over the next thirteen years we could call a home. These thirteen years seem like a long journey and you wake up one day and realize that suddenly it's all over, and all you can do is dramatize because as much as they tell you to look ahead, you just can't stop looking back.

We will be leaving behind mentors who shaped our lives and a place that is a part of our identity as the name we bear. 'Patricians' this is the tag we bear proudly now and will always treasure it.

A heartfelt thanks to our respected Principal, our teachers and the helpers at St. Patrick's Junior College, for all the love and support provided to us at all times. Thank you dear teachers for being there for us, for every single thing you have done for us, for the confidence you have shown in us, for teaching us some of the most important lessons on what should not be done in life.

We thank God for such an amazing journey in this institution. We will always miss the unidentifiable smells from the chemistry lab that waft their way through the science block, the future engineering plans in the Physics Lab, the annual day practises, the super excitement for the sports day races, the last-minute ice-creams during the lunch break, school elections, announcement of the inter house results, the joy of having samosas after making our way through the hungry crowd at the canteen, the hysterical laughter with the classmates and the lessons we learned. We apologize if unintentionally, we have hurt anyone's sentiments.

I personally owe, a lot to St. Patrick's for having given me oppurtunities which have transformed a timid, shy, "good only at exams" child into a responsible office bearer, an event organiser and a confident speaker.

Dear Juniors, I would always miss your warm smiles and abundant love. Thanks for all the support you've given and the admiration you have shown towards us. We will always carry your sweet memories close to our hearts. We wish you all a bright future.

Thank you once again respected sisters and teachers for being the guiding lights during this journey. We wish you a healthy life ahead.

May the road rise up to meet you,

May the wind be ever at your back,

May the sun shine warm upon your face,

May the rain fall softly on your fields,

And until we meet again may God hold you in the hollow of his hand.

Devyanshi Malhotra, XII Sc.

सबसे प्यारा

प्यारा प्यारा मेरा स्कूल
सबसे न्यारा मेरा स्कूल।
प्यारी प्यारी मेरी टीचर
प्यारे प्यारे हैं, मेरे सर,
हम सब उनके प्यारे बच्चे
अनुशासन के पूरे सच्चे।
अनुशासन सिखलाता स्कूल,
सबसे न्यारा मेरा स्कूल।।
आपस में मिल जुल कर रहना
कभी न रोना कभी न लड़ना,
नैतिकता जीवन की शान,
शिक्षा ईश्वर का वरदान।
अच्छी सीख सिखलाता स्कूल,
सबसे न्यारा मेरा स्कूल।

कशिशा शर्मा, III-B

मन करता है

मन करता है पंख लगाकर,
पक्षी सी उड़ जाऊँ।
मस्त पवन के संग मैं डोलूँ,
नभ में गोता खाऊँ।
मन करता है तितली बनकर,
फूलों में छिपकर सो जाऊँ।
मन करता है तारा बनकर
आसमान में टिम-टिमाऊँ।
मन करता है अंतरिक्षयान बनकर,
अंतरिक्ष की सैर कर आऊँ।
मन करता है पक्षी बनकर
आसमान को छू आऊँ।
मन करता है पेड़ बनकर,
पवन में लहराऊँ।
मन करता है कोयल बनकर,
उसके सुर में गाऊँ।
मन करता है इस रंग बिरंगी दुनिया में,
मैं, जी भरकर मौज मनाऊँ।



स्तुति सिंघल, III-B

जल का महत्त्व

जल जीवन का अमूल्य तत्त्व है। मानव शरीर की संरचना इसके बिना पूरी नहीं हो सकती है। प्रकृति में व्याप्त सभी जड़-चेतन जितनी भी वस्तुएँ हैं सभी में जल का उपयोग होता है अतः हमें इसका सदुपयोग करना चाहिए। आज मनुष्य के जीवन में व्यस्तता के कारण नकारात्मक आदतें भी गति पकड़ रही हैं। जितनी आवश्यकता हो उतना ही जल प्रयोग करें। आजकल देखा जाता है कि बच्चे जितनी देर टूथब्रश करते हैं नल को खुला रखते हैं जिससे पानी फैलता रहता है और बर्बाद होता है। उन्हें इसका महत्त्व समझाकर उसकी बचत करने के लिए एक बर्तन में पानी भरकर देना चाहिए। आवश्यकता पड़ने पर ही और देना चाहिए।

आजकल घरों में पानी शुद्ध करने के यंत्र (R.O.) लग रहे हैं। जिसमें जिस मात्रा में जल शुद्ध होता है उससे अधिक पानी बर्बाद होकर निकल जाता है उस पानी को इकट्ठा करके बगीचे आदि के उपयोग में लें। जल को जीवन की अमूल्य धरोहर समझकर इसकी बचत करें और प्रकृति को बचाएँ।

कृशांगी गोयल, IV-A

आसान रास्ता काफी मुश्किल रास्ता हो सकता है!

एक बार एक लार्क चिड़िया जंगल में गाना गा रही थी। तभी एक किसान उसके पास से कीड़ों से भरा एक सन्दूक लेकर गुजरा, लार्क चिड़िया ने उससे पूछा, "तुम्हारे सन्दूक में क्या है? और तुम कहाँ जा रहे हो।" किसान ने जबाब दिया कि सन्दूक में कीड़े हैं और वह बाजार से उन कीड़ों के बदले पंख खरीदने जा रहा है। लार्क ने कहा पंख तो मेरे पास भी हैं, मैं तुम्हें अपना एक पंख तोड़ कर दे दूँगी इससे मुझे कीड़े नहीं तलाशने पड़ेंगे।

किसान ने लार्क को कीड़े दे दिये और लार्क ने बदले में अपना एक पंख तोड़ कर दे दिया।

उसके बाद से यह सिलसिला रोज चलता रहा और एक दिन ऐसा भी आया कि लार्क के पास देने के लिए कोई पंख नहीं बचा था वह उड़ कर कीड़े तलाशने लायक नहीं रही। वह भद्दी दिखने लगी और उसने गाना छोड़ दिया। जल्दी ही वह मर गयी।

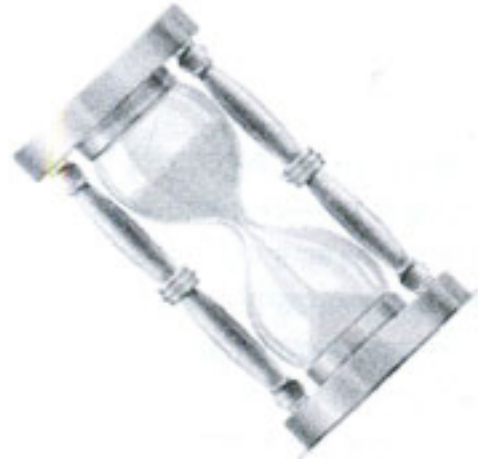
यही बात हमारे जीवन के लिये भी सच है कई बार हमें जो रास्ता आसान लगता है वही बाद में मुश्किल साबित होता है।

कहानी का संदेश यह है कि लार्क को जो भोजन पाने का आसान रास्ता लगा था वही मुश्किल और नुकसान देह साबित हुआ।

शैतिका गुप्ता, IV-B

समय की बचत

कर लो अपना तुम कल्याण
समय तो है बड़ा बलवान
जिसने जानी समय की कीमत
बन गया वो सबकी नसीहत
चारों दिशा में उसी का नाम
करता सदा जो समय पर काम
खुल जायेंगे सारे रास्ते
उठो सवेरे हँसते हँसते
चूमेगी धरती तेरे ये कदम
समय पर करेगा जो काम खत्म



संस्कृति गोयल, IV-B

माँ कौन है?



भगवान ने कहा—माँ मेरी ओर से एक अनमोल तोहफा है।
बादल ने कहा—माँ एक चमक है जिससे जीवन में उजाला भर जाता है।
समुद्र ने कहा—माँ एक सीप है जो हमें मोती जैसा बनाती है।
संतान ने कहा—माँ ममता की कहानी है जो हर दिल पर लिखी है।
औरंगजेब ने कहा—माँ के बिना हर घर कब्रिस्तान है।
नादिरशाह ने कहा—मुझे माँ और फूल में कोई अन्तर नहीं दिखता।
मेरी नजर में—माँ मेरा पूरा संसार है।

आदिश्री द्विवेदी, V-A

भारतीय नारी

सच्ची नारी वही कहलाती
जो सच की राह दिखलाती
ऐसी है भारतीय नारी
जिसके मुख पर है शर्म की लाली
भारतीय नारी है परिश्रमी
उनके पास नहीं है बुद्धिमानी की कमी
दूसरों का धन उसके लिये मिट्टी समान है
ये उसके नेक विचार और मान हैं
वह जो भारत की शान बढ़ाये
भारतीय नारी वही कहलाये
जो करती रहती प्रयत्न
जुबाँ पर रहता जिसके वतन
ऐसी है भारतीय नारी
जिन पर हैं सब वारी
भारतीय नारी वही कहलाती
जो सच्चाई की राह दिखलाती



शवी अग्रवाल, V-B

मेहनत

मेहनत से जो बढ़ जाता है
जीवन पथ पर चढ़ जाता है॥
मेहनत का तो मीठा फल है
मेहनत से ही कल उज्ज्वल है॥
मेहनत करो दिन—रात पढ़ो,
जीवन पथ पर आगे बढ़ो,
मेहनत से तुम न घबराना,
जीवन पथ पर चलते जाना, चलते जाना॥
मेहनत ही है धर्म हमारा,
सच्चा धर्म है कर्म हमारा,
कर्म पथ पर बढ़ते जाओ,
देश का गौरव अमर बनाओ॥



प्रणति मल्होत्रा, V-B

बेरी का पेड़

मेरे घर के पीछे है एक खेत,
उसमें हैं झाड़-फूस अनेक।
उनके बीच में है एक बेरी का पेड़,
उस पर आते पक्षी अनेक।
कबूतर, चिड़िया, तोते भी मंडराते,
बंदर के डर से उड़ जाते।
फिर आते, फिर उड़ जाते,
यहाँ आते, वहाँ जाते।
खाते-पीते नाच नचाते,
शोर-शराबा, धूम-धड़ाका।

होता दिन भर नाच-गाना,
ता-ता थड़्या और चहचहाना।
मैं भी मगन हो इठलाती,
झूमती गाती उनको देखती।
जैसे ही हो जाती शाम,
वैसे ही मम्मी मुझे बुलाती
खिलाती, पिलाती और सुलाती,
मेरे घर के पीछे है एक खेत,
उसमें हैं झाड़-फूस अनेक,
उनके बीच में है एक बेरी का पेड़।

शैलजा जैन, V-B

घमण्डी का खिर नीचा (कहानी)

एक कुम्हार था। वह मिट्टी के बर्तन बनाता और बेचता था। अपनी जीविका चलाता था। वह एक दिन मिट्टी के बर्तन बना रहा था। उसने दीपक, कुल्हड़, घड़ा, सुराही आदि बनाई। सब छोटे-छोटे थे। इन सब में घड़ा सबसे बड़ा था, इस कारण घड़े को अहंकार हो गया कि मैं इन सबका राजा हूँ, ये सब मेरे गुलाम हैं। घड़े ने एक बार सुराही से कहा "तुम्हारी भी क्या जिन्दगी है? न कोई आकार केवल नीचे से गोल और ऊपर सीधी सी लम्बी गर्दन। मुझे देखो आकार में एक सा हूँ सबको सुन्दर लगता हूँ।" सुराही चुप रही। अगले दिन घड़े ने दीपक से कहा "यार तुम्हें भी जलाते हैं, गर्म होकर तुम्हें भी परेशानी होती होगी। जलते बुझते रहते हो।" दीपक भी चुपचाप घड़े की बात सुनकर शान्त हो गया। कुल्हड़ों से फिर घड़ा बोला "तुम्हें तो प्रयोग करते हैं और फेंक देते हैं चाय, दूध, पीकर फिर बेकार हो जाते हो। मुझे देखो मैं लोगों की प्यास बुझाता हूँ, सब मेरा बड़े अच्छे ढंग से प्रयोग करते हैं कहीं टूट न जाए, सम्भाल-सम्भाल कर रखते हैं। मेरा उपयोग पूजा पाठ में करते हैं। और कोई काम से जा रहे हों और मैं भरा मिल जाऊँ तो बहुत खुश हो जाते हैं। मैं तो सबकी प्यास बुझाता हूँ मैं तो पूजनीय हूँ। तुम सब तो बेकार हो।" घमण्ड से भरा घड़ा उछलता खुशी से जा रहा था, अपने नशे में चूर बढ़ता जा रहा था। सामने बड़ी ईंट पड़ी थी उसने उसको देखा नहीं। जोर से घड़ा ईंट से टकरा गया। चूर-चूर होकर बिखर गया। अतः कोई छोटा या बड़ा नहीं। सबका अपना अपना प्रयोग होता है। सबका अपना महत्व होता है। इसलिए घमण्ड कभी नहीं करना चाहिए।

अविधा सिंह, V-B

बारिश का गीत!!

बादलों की घनघोर घटाएँ,
कभी मुस्कायें
कभी इटलायें
मेरा मन मयूर,
ये न समझ पाये,
क्यों ये इतना इतराती हैं,
कोयल क्यों गीत सुनाती हैं,
घरती, अंबर का राग गुनगुनाती है।
क्या यह मिलन की बेला है।
इन्द्र धनुष का घेरा है।
गरमी मन को जब तरसाती है,
तभी वर्षा हमको हर्षाती है।
खेतों में जवानी छा जाती है।
अब समझी मैं क्यों, घटायें
मुस्काती हैं, इटलाती हैं,
कोयल क्यों गीत सुनाती हैं,
घरती, अंबर का राग गुनगुनाती है।

इदित्री महाजन, VI-A



आजादी बचपन की

क्यूं नहीं है हमें आजादी
अपना जीवन जीने की
अपनी मर्जी से सोने की
अपने मन से उठने की।
गर हम बनना चाहें एक्टर
पापा कहें तुम बनोगे डाक्टर,
गर हम चाहें डांसर बनना
पापा की क्या शान का घटना?
क्यूं है हम पर ही ये भार
अच्छी प्रतिशत लाने का
95% से कम हैं जो लाते
क्या माँ बाप का नाम वो डुबाते?
मेरा हर माँ बाप से है यही अनुरोध
बच्चों की रुचियों का, वे न करें विरोध,
बचपन बड़ा ही है अनमोल, उनको बचपन जीने दें
खुलकर खेलने कूदने दें, खुलकर हँसने जीने दें।

विदुषी अरोरा, VI-B



गाँव की बिल्ली

गाँव की बिल्ली
पहुंची दिल्ली
इंग्लिश पढ़कर
बन गई कैट
अब बिल्ली जी
पीती मिल्क
सिर पर पहन
चलती कैप
म्याऊं कहना भूल गई वह
अब कहती है
दिस एण्ड दैट



गौरी शर्मा, VI-B

मेरे पापा

करती हूँ प्यार मैं पापा को
खोते कभी न आपा जो
मेरी हर इक बात मानते
मेरा कहा कभी न टालते
लगे चोट हैं मुझको जब जब
सहलाते हैं पापा तब तब
मेरा पूरा ध्यान वो रखते
सारी सारी रात वो जगते

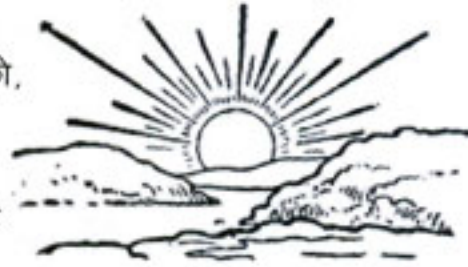


गर मैं हो जाऊँ उदास
पापा होते मेरे पास
मेरा मन हैं वो बहलाते
मुझे घुमाने कहीं ले जाते
क्यों सब कहें माँ ही को महान
माँ पापा हैं एक समान
पापा की मैं हूँ लाड़ली
उनमें बसती मेरी जान।

विदुषी अरोरा, VI-B

अन्धेरा आता है एक नयी सुबह महकाने को

होता है यहाँ रोज अन्धेरा
एक नयी सुबह महकाने को,
मिलता नहीं यों ही जीवन
निराशा में खो जाने को।
दाना लेकर चींटी चढ़ती है
बार-बार वह गिरती है,
करती है कोशिश तब तक
जब तक आस मन में रहती है।



है नन्हा सा जीव मगर यह पहाड़ों पर भी चढ़ जाता है
पूछे तो जरा इससे
क्या थकना इसे आता है?
हार मानने से बेहतर है
कोशिश करके देखो,
क्या दे सकती है मायूसी
बस आँखों में आँसू ही आँसू।
अगर हौसला हो दिल में तो
हो जाता है जादू।
जुगनू पथ के अँधियारे को
खुद रोशन करता है
चाँद सितारों के आगे

कब छोटा मन करता है
आत्म शक्ति में बड़ा असर है?
कोशिश करके तो देखो
मत ओ विहग गति मंद कर
मंजिल अभी उस तीर है।
तकदीर श्रम से ले बना
हर श्वास में विश्वास भर
उड़ते हुए आकाश पर
जाना तुझे अपनी डगर
मत सोच तन में पीर है।
कैसी थकन कैसी तपन
आलस्य तज मत हो विकल
फड़फड़ाते परिंदों के
पर जैसे गुजरते ये दिन
या फिर मुट्ठी में फिसलते
रेत से होते हैं दिन
भटको न अपने पथ से
तो सब कुछ पा सकते हो प्यारे,
तुम भी ऊँचे उठ सकते हो
छू सकते हो नभ के तारे।

अनुपमा सिंह, VI-B

मेरे पापा

करती हूँ प्यार मैं पापा को
खोते कभी न आपा जो
मेरी हर इक बात मानते
मेरा कहा कभी न टालते
लगे चोट हैं मुझको जब जब
सहलाते हैं पापा तब तब
मेरा पूरा ध्यान वो रखते
सारी सारी रात वो जगते



गर मैं हो जाऊँ उदास
पापा होते मेरे पास
मेरा मन हैं वो बहलाते
मुझे घुमाने कहीं ले जाते
क्यों सब कहें माँ ही को महान
माँ पापा हैं एक समान
पापा की मैं हूँ लाडली
उनमें बसती मेरी जान।

विदुषी अरोरा, VI-B

अन्धेरा आता है एक नयी सुबह महकाने को

होता है यहाँ रोज अन्धेरा
एक नयी सुबह महकाने को,
मिलता नहीं यों ही जीवन
निराशा में खो जाने को।
दाना लेकर चींटी चढ़ती है
बार-बार वह गिरती है,
करती है कोशिश तब तक
जब तक आस मन में रहती है।



है नन्हा सा जीव मगर यह पहाड़ों पर भी चढ़ जाता है
पूछो तो जरा इससे
क्या थकना इसे आता है?
हार मानने से बेहतर है
कोशिश करके देखो,
क्या दे सकती है मायूसी
बस आँखों में आँसू ही आँसू।
अगर हौसला हो दिल में तो
हो जाता है जादू।
जुगनू पथ के अँधियारे को
खुद रोशन करता है
चाँद सितारों के आगे

कब छोटा मन करता है
आत्म शक्ति में बड़ा असर है?
कोशिश करके तो देखो
मत ओ विहग गति मंद कर
मंजिल अभी उस तीर है।
तकदीर श्रम से ले बना
हर श्वास में विश्वास भर
उड़ते हुए आकाश पर
जाना तुझे अपनी डगर
मत सोच तन में पीर है।
कैसी थकन कैसी तपन
आलस्य तज मत हो विकल
फड़फड़ाते परिंदों के
पर जैसे गुजरते ये दिन
या फिर मुट्ठी में फिसलते
रेत से होते हैं दिन
भटको न अपने पथ से
तो सब कुछ पा सकते हो प्यारे,
तुम भी ऊँचे उठ सकते हो
छू सकते हो नभ के तारे।

अनुपमा सिंह, VI-B

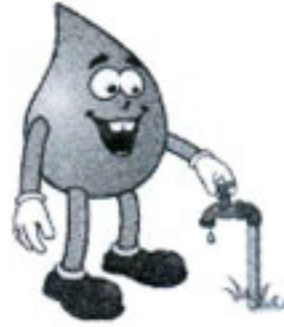
आजादी की गाथा

प्रथम आजादी का आगाज किया, सूरमा मंगल पाण्डे ने,
मेरठ से शुरु किया, आजादी के परवाने ने,
1857 जगाई अलख आजादी की, दी दिशा देश को उस परवाने ने,
तब सारा देश जाग्रत हुआ, दी आजादी की दिशा उस दीवाने ने।
दुर्गा का अवतार थी, हाथों में ढाल/तलवार थी,
अंग्रेजों को मार गिरा रही थी, गद्दारों ने चतुराई की थी,
खूब लड़ी मर्दानी थी, वो झाँसी वाली रानी थी,
लोगों को याद थी, उसकी महान कुर्बानी थी।
देश भक्त कहते थे, यह देश हमारा है,
कहते थे, हमको जान से प्यारा है,
घरती को माँ कहते थे, रोटी को चिह्न बनाया है,
घरती को नमन करते थे और कहते हमने अपनी मातृभूमि का ऋण कहीं चुकाया है।
वीर सुभाष चन्द्र बोस को कैसे भूले, कुर्बानी दी जिसने सबसे महान रे,
हम क्यों भूले, "तुम मुझे खून दो, मैं तुम्हें आजादी दूँगा", उसका नारा रे।
आज हम सब क्यों भूले, उनकी महान कुर्बानी रे।
जय हिन्द करना भूले, आज के मस्ताने रे।
गाँधी जी ने सबको सिखाया, अहिंसा के मार्ग से,
आजादी का सपन दिखाया, शान्ति के मार्ग से,
जूता, लाठी, डण्डा खाया, पर न हटे अपने मार्ग से,
राष्ट्र पिता वह महात्मा कहलाया, राष्ट्र ध्वज फहरा, 15 अगस्त 1947 को जवाहर के हाथों से।
आँखों में जल भर आया, देश भक्तों की कुर्बानी से,
देश प्रफुल्लित हो गया, 'जय हिन्द' के नारों से,
भारत स्वाधीन हो गया, देश भक्तों की कुर्बानी से ॥

ऐश्वर्या राजे चौहान, VI-B

जल संरक्षण

आज बिखेर लो भर-भर लोटे,
कल बूँद-बूँद को तरसोगे।
जलते हुए इस आसमान से,
धूल का सावन बरसेगा।
नदी तालाब झील-झरने ताल,
सब के सब होंगे खाली।
बागों में उग आएगी नागफनी
बेरोजगार होंगे माली।
दिन-प्रतिदिन गिरता जल-स्तर,
नदियों में प्रदूषण की परेशानी।



सब चीजें मिलेंगी आसानी से,
बस नहीं मिलेगा ढूँढ़े से भी पानी।
बिन पानी कैसा यह जीवन,
क्या देंगे अपनी नस्लों को।
पीने के लिए भी नहीं होगा,
तो कैसे सींचेंगे फसलों को
जो जल संरक्षण के प्रति,
नहीं होंगे हम गम्भीर
तो कई विपत्तियाँ खड़ी होंगी,
भयानक होगी भविष्य की तस्वीर।

अनुपमा सिंह, VI-B

भारत इण्डिया हो गया

अंग्रेज चले गए पर,
अंग्रेजी भारत में ही छोड़ गए।
भारत की राष्ट्रीय भाषा
हिन्दी को भी तोड़ गए।
माता-पिता न जाने कहाँ
खो गए।
उनकी जगह जो आज
मॉम-डैड हो गए।
पत्र भेजने के सिलसिले का
'दी एन्ड' हो गया।
ओके पर बटन दबाते ही



मैसेज सेन्ड हो गया।
दोस्त, मित्र, यार सभी के सभी
फ्रेंड हो गए।
पति बेचारे पतिदेव से
हसबैंड हो गए।
बड़े भाई को प्रणाम,
हेलो ब्रदर हो गया।
अखबार तो अब मीडिया
हो गया।
भारत तो अब इण्डिया
हो गया।

दिव्यांगी राघव, VI-B

ऊँट और गीदड़

एक घना जंगल था। एक ऊँट और एक गीदड़ भी वहाँ रहते थे। जंगल के पास ही एक नदी थी। नदी के उस पार खरबूजे और तरबूज के खेत थे। नदी किनारे खड़ा होकर गीदड़ रोज खरबूजों को ताकता रहता। खरबूजों को देखकर उसका मन ललचाता रहता। वह सोचता, “खरबूजे कैसे, खाऊँ? नदी में पानी गहरा है। नदी पार कैसे जाऊँ?”

एक दिन घूमते-घूमते गीदड़ को ऊँट दिखाई पड़ा। उसने ऊँट से दोस्ती कर ली। गीदड़ ने ऊँट से कहा, “नदी के पास खरबूजों का एक खेत है। आज रात को हम खरबूजे खाने चलेंगे।” ऊँट मान गया। रात में दोनों नदी पार कर खेत में पहुँच गए। वहाँ किसान सो रहा था। गीदड़ और ऊँट खरबूजे खाने लगे। गीदड़ का पेट छोटा होने के कारण जल्दी भर गया। गीदड़ बोला, “मुझे हुक-हुकी लग रही है। ऊँट ने मना किया, ‘तेरी हुक-हुकी से किसान जाग जाएगा, इसलिए चिल्लाना मत। अभी मेरा पेट नहीं भरा है। गीदड़ नहीं माना वह एक झाड़ी में छिप गया और जोर-जोर से चिल्लाने लगा। हुक्का हू! हू! हू! हुक्का हू! हू! हू! गीदड़ की आवाज सुनकर किसान जाग गया। किसान ने ऊँट को खेत में देखा। उसने ऊँट की डण्डे से खूब पिटाई की। ऊँट भाग कर नदी के किनारे आ गया। गीदड़ पहले ही वहाँ खड़ा था। गीदड़ ने माफी माँगी। ऊँट कुछ नहीं बोला। गीदड़ उसकी पीठ पर सवार हो गया। ऊँट नदी पार करने लगा। दोनों नदी के बीचों-बीच पहुँच गए। ऊँट बोला “मुझे अब लुट-लुटी आ रही है। गीदड़ बोला, “मैं डूब जाऊँगा।” ऊँट ने कहा, “खेत में तुझे हुक-हुकी लग रही थी। यहाँ मुझे लुट-लुटी लग रही है।” गीदड़ ने बहुत मना किया लेकिन ऊँट नहीं माना। ऊँट लुट-लुटी करने लगा। गीदड़ ऊँट की पीठ से लुढ़क गया और नदी में डूब गया।



‘जैसे को तैसा।’

शैतिका सारस्वत, VI-B

विद्यालय के साहित्यिक कार्यक्रम : हिन्दी वाद विवाद प्रतियोगिता

5 अक्टूबर, 2012 को हमारे विद्यालय में अन्तर्सदनीय हिन्दी वाद विवाद प्रतियोगिता आयोजित की गई।

व्यक्ति, चिन्तन तथा मनन की शक्ति वाणी द्वारा प्रकट करता है। अतः इस वाद विवाद प्रतियोगिता का मुख्य उद्देश्य समाज में उत्पन्न अनेक बुराईयों को छात्राओं द्वारा उजागर करना था। छात्राओं को दो वर्गों में बाँटा हुआ था—कनिष्ठ तथा वरिष्ठ वर्ग।

कनिष्ठ वर्ग की छात्राओं ने, 'समयानुसार नैतिक मूल्यों में बदलाव हुआ है' के पक्ष एवं विपक्ष में अपने विचार प्रस्तुत किए। वहीं, वरिष्ठ वर्ग का विषय था—'भ्रष्टाचार की समाप्ति के लिए अन्ना हजारे जैसी क्रान्ति जरूरी है।'

कनिष्ठ वर्ग में इस प्रतियोगिता को लेकर काफी उत्साह देखा गया। जहाँ आयुषी सेंगर ने विषय के पक्ष में अपने विचार प्रस्तुत किए वहीं अंकिता चौहान ने कहा कि 'मीठा तो मीठा ही रहता है तो फिर हमारे नैतिक मूल्य कैसे परिवर्तित हो सकते हैं?'

अंकिता श्रीवास्तव ने 'सादा जीवन उच्च विचारों को रेखांकित किया एवं दृष्टि अग्रवाल ने विषय के पक्ष में अपने विचार प्रस्तुत किए।

दूसरी ओर, वरिष्ठ वर्ग के प्रतिभागियों ने हमारे नेताओं के भ्रष्ट आचरण की खूब आलोचना की। जहाँ रीतिका टण्डन ने श्री अन्ना हजारे जी का पूर्णतः समर्थन किया वहीं ईशा सोहेल ने विषय के विपक्ष में कहा कि व्यक्ति के आदर्शों के निर्माण के बाद ही इस देश का निर्माण हो सकता है।

इसके अतिरिक्त, दिशा गर्ग, रोशनी मोहनानी, एवं कोपल वासुदेव ने विषय के पक्ष में अपने विचार प्रस्तुत किए। दूसरी ओर, मानवी कुलश्रेष्ठ, दक्षता बाजपेई एवं संस्कृति अग्रवाल ने विपक्ष का समर्थन किया। कार्यक्रम में निर्णायिका थीं श्रीमती व्यंजना शर्मा, सेंट फ्रांसिस स्कूल एवं सेंट पाल्स स्कूल की हिन्दी अध्यापिका अनीता पाहुजा जी।

कनिष्ठ वर्ग :

प्रथम—आरुषी गुप्ता (विपक्ष)

द्वितीय—अंकिता श्रीवास्तव (पक्ष)

तृतीय—रिया चौधरी (विपक्ष)

वरिष्ठ वर्ग :

प्रथम—कोपल वासुदेव (पक्ष)

द्वितीय—संस्कृति अग्रवाल (विपक्ष)

तृतीय—दक्षता वाजपेई (विपक्ष)

अन्ततः विद्यालय की प्रधानाचार्य Rev Sr. Greta ने विजेताओं को पुरस्कृत कर कार्यक्रम का समापन किया।



माता-पिता

कौन देवता पहले पूजा,
जाए सूझी बात नहीं
परिक्रमा ब्रह्माण्ड की जो,
कर आए पहले, पूजा जाए वही
सभी देवता दौड़ पड़े पर,
गणपति वाहन पर न चढ़े
माता-पिता की परिक्रमा कर,
सबसे पहले हुए खड़े।
हुए विजेता घोषित सबसे
पहले पूजे जाते सदा वही
माता-पिता हैं पूजनीय,
इससे बढ़कर कुछ ज्ञान नहीं।
जो छूता है माता-पिता के,
नित्य चरण, सुख पाता है।
मिलती हैं आशीर्षे उसको,
भवसागर तर जाता है।
माता-पिता का जो करता है उपहास,
चैन न उसे मिले
सुख रूपी गुलाब के पौधे,
उसके घर में नहीं खिलें
माता-पिता सबसे महान हैं,
धर्म-ग्रन्थ सब कहें यही
स्वर्ग बसे उनके चरणों में,
और मिलेगा कहीं नहीं।
खुद गीले में सोकर माँ ने,
तुमको सूखे में रखा
तुम्हें खिलाया पूरा भोजन,
अगर बचा तो खुद चखा।
माँ का दूध कर्ज है तुम पर,
कभी चुका न पाओगे
तुमको नरक भोगना होगा,
माँ को अगर सताओगे।
माता-पिता को दुख देने से,
मिलते परमानन्द नहीं
उन्हें सुखी रखे बिन प्यारे,
पाओगे 'आनन्द' नहीं ॥

नीति गुगलानी, VI-B

काव्य पाठ प्रतियोगिता में पुरस्कृत कविता

“स्वप्न करना है साकार”

स्वप्न देखा था कभी, जो आज हर धड़कन में है।
एक नया भारत बनाने का, इरादा मन में है।
एक नया भारत कि, जिसमें एक नया उल्लास हो।
जिसकी आँखों में चमक हो, एक नया विश्वास हो।
भ्रष्टाचार को दूर भगाने, का इरादा मन में है।
अन्ना के साथ खड़े होने, का मकसद दिल में है।
एक नया भारत बनाने का इरादा मन में है।
स्वाधीनता हमारी, तप त्याग का सुफल है।
सिन्दूर की है यह ऊर्जा, राखी का इसमें बल है।
अनगिनत आत्माएँ, आशीष दे गई हैं।
लाने को यह उजाला, अन्धकार पी गई है।
वीरों की कर्मभूमि, यह देश हमारा है।
सींचा है पसीने से, और लहू से सँवारा है।
हर किरण हमारी, हर सूर्य हमारा है।
हर कहानी हमारी, हर इतिहास हमारा है।
सीता हरण को रोको, सौगन्ध राम की है।
हर दुःशासन को टोको, सौगन्ध कृष्ण की है।
देता शपथ तिरंगा, तुम एक काम कर दो।
उत्साह, शान्ति, ऊर्जा, से गोद माँ की भर दो।
सपने एक सीपी हैं, इरादे मोती हैं।
हर पल जीवन का एक चुनौती है।
जो बन जाता है, धूल राहों की।
उसको तो मिलनी, मंजिल होती है।
इस तरह देखा यह स्वप्न, करना है साकार।
उसको पूरा करने के लिए, चाहिए सारे भारत का साथ।
आप सबका साथ।

शिवांशी माहेश्वरी, VII-A

क्योंकि.... नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है

सूरज उगा जागे हम,
फूलों की खुशबू से शोर हुआ कम।
नई उमंग और तरंग लेकर,
नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।
यह दिन ईश्वर ने हमें दिया है,
होने नहीं देंगे इसे व्यर्थ हम।
सच की सीढ़ी अपनाकर ऊँचाइयाँ छुएंगे,
क्योंकि नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।
सारी सृष्टि व्यस्त है,
किसी-किसी को कष्ट है।
सहायता करेंगे सबकी क्योंकि,
नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।
काम अपना स्वयं करेंगे,
असफलता से नहीं डरेंगे।
हजार बार प्रयत्न करेंगे क्योंकि,
नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।
सभी को सम्मान दें,
गरीबों को दान दें।



सबको खुश रखें क्योंकि,
नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।
हर काम को मन से करें,
हर काम को ध्यान से करें।
हर काम को अच्छे से करें क्योंकि,
नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।
पुरानी बातें सोचकर परेशान न हों,
भोर पर विश्वास रखें।
और नई सोच लाएँ क्योंकि,
नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।
मुस्कराएँ और सबको हँसाएँ,
सृष्टि के प्रेम में हम घुल मिल जाएँ।
अपनी भूलों से सीखें क्योंकि,
नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।
सही को हमेशा सही कहें।
न गलत करें, न करने दें।
ऐसा मन को भान हुआ है,
क्योंकि नया दिन आरम्भ हुआ है।

आदया अग्रवाल, VII-A

प्यारा-प्यारा मेरा देश

प्यारा-प्यारा मेरा देश,
सजा-संवारा मेरा देश,
दुनिया जिस पर गर्व करे,
नयन-सितारा मेरा देश।
चाँदी-सोना मेरा देश,
सफल सलोना मेरा देश,
सूरज जैसा चमकता हुआ,
सुख का कोना मेरा देश।
फलों वाला मेरा देश,

झूलों वाला मेरा देश,
गंगा यमुना की माला की,
धारों वाला मेरा देश।
आगे जाए मेरा देश,
नित मुस्काए मेरा देश,
इतिहास में बढ़-चढ़ कर,
नाम लिखाए मेरा देश।

आयुषी बंसल, VII-B

गुरु

होते न अगर गुरु
कैसे होती पढ़ाई शुरू
कैसे मिलती हमें शिक्षा
पूरी न होती अपनी कोई इच्छा।
कौन देता अपनी दीक्षा
कैसे होती हमारी परीक्षा
होते न अगर गुरु
कैसे होती पढ़ाई शुरू।
होता हर प्रश्न कैसे सरल
होता न कोई सर
लगता हमें किससे डर
धरती के होते हैं ये भगवान।
करो न कभी इनका अपमान
दे दो इन्हें इतना मान-सम्मान
क्योंकि यही करवाते सबसे पहचान
इसलिए सभी गुरुओं को मेरा प्रणाम।

मनीषा अग्रवाल, VIII-A

प्रदूषण



मुझे एक ख्याल आता है,
इस दुनिया से आखिर प्रदूषण क्यों नहीं जाता है?
लोग कहते हैं कि हम इस धरती के लिए कुछ करेंगे,
परन्तु एक दिन ऐसा आएगा,
जब हम प्रदूषण में घुट-घुटकर मरेंगे।
प्रदूषण करता है पेड़-पौधों को हानि,
ऐसा कहते हैं सब ज्ञानी
वह दिन दूर नहीं जब सारे पेड़ खत्म हो जाएंगे।
चारों तरफ होगी सिर्फ ग्लानि ही ग्लानि।
मनुष्य ही करता है इस संसार का नाश,
फिर उसका परिणाम वह नहीं कर पाता है बरदाशत।
सदियों से है ये रीति,
पेड़ उगाओ और पौधे लगाओ,
आज भी इस रीति को अपनाओ।
इसके लिए लोगों को जागरूक बनाओ।

शताक्षी अग्रवाल, VIII-B

पेड़ आदिवासी हैं

हो गई सदियों मगर फिर भी,
हैं अजूबा, पेड़ अब भी आदिवासी हैं।
पत्तियाँ अब तक पहनते हैं,
मूढ़ हो, नंगे भी रहते हैं,
पेड़ खालिस पेड़ हैं अब भी,
पेड़ मुल्ला हैं, न पण्डित हैं, न पासी हैं!
पेड़ अब भी आदिवासी हैं
जंगलों में या नगर में हों,
दूर घर से या कि घर में हों,
हैं जड़ें हर वक्त धरती में,
इस सदी के होश आने की दवा-सी हैं!
पेड़ अब भी आदिवासी हैं
साफ दिल यूँ, सोचते हैं जो,
फूल-पत्ते बोलते हैं वो,
छोड़ते हैं ओढ़कर, ऋतुएँ,
आत्मा के अमर रहने की कथा-सी हैं
घुट रहा है जिन्दगी का दम,
पेड़ इतने हो गए हैं कम,
खो चुकी अपना हरापन जो,
उन अभागी जर्द नरलों की उदासी हैं।
पेड़ अब भी आदिवासी हैं!

राशि वर्मा, VIII-B



नारी शक्ति

नारी तुम शक्ति का हो अवतार
फिर क्यों सहती हो अत्याचार।
तुम ही तो थी माँ भगत की,
तुम ही जीजाबाई,
तुम ही इन्दिरा, तुम ही टेरेसा
तुम ही थीं लक्ष्मीबाई,
तुम ही पी.टी. उषा, तुम ही किरण बेदी
तुम ही लता सा सुर-संसार।।
माँ बन तुम ही जन्म देती
प्रेयसी बन सपने में आती,



बेटी बन आँगन सजाती,
बन बहन करतीं दुलार,
तुम ही गृहस्थी का आधार।।
नारी तुम खुद को पहचानो,
अबला नहीं, अब सबला जानो
संकट में है देश हमारा
भटक रहा नवयुवक हमारा
ऐसी कोई राह सुझा दो,
ताकि जन-जन में हो
स्फूर्ति का संचार।।

आयुषी सेंगर, IX-A

क्या मिलेगा आने वाली पीढ़ी को?

सब कुछ डॉवाडोल मिलेगा, आने वाली पीढ़ी को,
रोते हुए बाजार मिलेंगे, हँसते हुए सियार मिलेंगे।
घन्धे केवल काले होंगे, जमकर के घोटाले होंगे।
असर होंगे, बंजर होंगे, सूखे हुए समुन्द्र होंगे,
पेड़ न होंगे, हवा न होगी, अस्पताल में दवा न होगी।
कटा-फटा भूगोल मिलेगा, आने वाली पीढ़ी को।
सब कुछ डॉवाडोल मिलेगा, आने वाली पीढ़ी को।।
प्यासों की रैली होगी, गंगा पूरी मैली होगी।
घर-घर पे फैंक्स लगेगा, साँसों पर भी टैक्स लगेगा।।
हलवाई हैरान मिलेंगे, बिन चीनी मिष्ठान मिलेंगे।
शीशी में पेट्रोल मिलेगा, आने वाली पीढ़ी को
सब कुछ डॉवाडोल मिलेगा, आने वाली पीढ़ी को।।

अर्पिता चौहान, IX-A

अन्तर्द्वितीय वाद विवाद प्रतियोगिता में पुरस्कृत वक्तव्य

“समयानुसार नैतिक मूल्यों में परिवर्तन हुआ है।”

आदरणीया निर्णायकगण, गुरुजन व सभा में बैठे मेरे सहपाठियों। मैं आयुषी संगर वाद विवाद के विषय समयानुसार नैतिक मूल्यों में परिवर्तन हुआ है के पक्ष में अपने विचार प्रस्तुत कर रही हूँ।

“जहाँ भी जाती हूँ वीरान नजर आता है,
खून में डूबा हर मैदान नजर आता है।
कैसा है वक्त कि दिन के उजाले में भी,
नहीं इन्सान को इन्सान नजर आता है।”

नैतिक मूल्य अर्थात् जन्म से मृत्यु तक चलने वाले संस्कार। प्रत्येक मनुष्य अपने साथ कुछ संस्कार लेकर इस संसार में पदार्पण करता है, यही संस्कार उसे समाज में अपनी अच्छी या बुरी छवि के साथ प्रस्तुत करते हैं। मेरे विचार से जिस प्रकार समय बदलता है, मौसम बदलता है व ऋतुएँ बदलती हैं, उसी प्रकार समयानुसार नैतिक मूल्य भी बदल गए हैं और इसमें कुछ बुराई भी नहीं है बशर्ते उनके मौलिक स्वरूप में परिवर्तन नहीं आना चाहिए। यह परिवर्तन सकारात्मक होना चाहिए, मिसाल के तौर पर पर्दा प्रथा को ही लें। आज जब महिलाएँ अंतरिक्ष तक का सफर तय कर चुकी हैं, तो उनके लिए परदा करना अनुचित ही नहीं, हास्यास्पद भी होगा।

क्या मेरे विरोधी नहीं जानते कि पानी अगर देर तक ठहरा रहे तो सड़ जाता है तो नैतिक मूल्यों के परिवर्तन की बात उन के गले क्यों नहीं उतर रही है। अरे भाई सूरज पर पर्दा डालकर कोई ये कहे कि वह रोशनी नहीं दे रहा तो क्या ये सच माना जाए? और क्यों? सत्य यही है कि समय के चक्र के साथ वही बदलाव की हवा बह रही है। राजनीति, धर्म, समाज, परिवार कोई भी क्षेत्र इससे अछूता नहीं है। देखिए हमारे धार्मिक गुरुओं को ही लें, मैं पूछती हूँ क्या फर्क है आज के भ्रष्ट नेताओं में और इन धर्म के ठेकेदारों में? दोनों को ही ज्यादा से ज्यादा भीड़ जुटाने की होड़ है, दोनों ही अकूत सम्पत्ति को ठिकाने लगाने में एक दूसरे से दस कदम आगे हैं। अब बताइए ये नैतिक मूल्यों में बदलाव नहीं तो और क्या है?

“न समझोगे तो भिट जाओगे हिंदुस्तान वालों, तुम्हारी दास्तान भी न होगी कहीं दास्तानों में।”

मेरे विरोधी मानते हैं कि समयानुसार नैतिक मूल्यों में परिवर्तन नहीं हुआ है पर कभी उन्होंने हमारी बदलती संस्कृति वेशभूषा, आचार विचार पर नजर डाली है? जो संस्कृति आज हमारे समाज में पनप चुकी है उसने हमारे प्राचीन संस्कारों व परंपराओं को कुचलकर रख दिया है। आज तो झूठ बोलना ही आम बात हो गई है। आज तो व्यक्ति का नैतिक स्तर इतना नीचे गिर गया है कि वह आपको तरह-तरह से धोखा देने में भी नहीं चूकता। रिश्ते अपनी अहमियत खोते जा रहे हैं। परंपराओं का निर्वाह युवा पीढ़ी के लिए सिरदर्द बन गया है।

“टी.वी. चैनल देखिए या समाचार पत्र पढ़िए तो कहीं नशे में चूर युवा, तो कहीं परंपराएँ हुई हवा, कहीं मारकाट करती युवा पीढ़ी, तो कहीं लालच और बुराइयों की चढ़ती सीढ़ी, कहीं चोरी डकैती, तो कहीं फिरौती।”

यही है हमारे समाज की बदलती तस्वीर एक समय था जब माता-पिता बच्चे को विद्यालय में डालते थे तो कहते थे—“हड़डी हमारी, मांस तुम्हारा” बस बच्चे को किसी लायक बना दीजिए। आज विद्यालय में अभिभावक धमकाते नजर आते हैं कि “खबरदार जो मेरे बच्चे को हाथ भी लगाया, पुलिस में शिकायत कर दूंगा”—क्या नहीं बदले नैतिक मूल्य।

अंत में कुछ शब्दों के साथ अपनी वाणी को विराम देना चाहूँगी कि परिवर्तन संसार का नियम है, परिवर्तन कभी बुरा नहीं होता है पर शर्त यह है कि परिवर्तन का उद्देश्य सकारात्मक, सुसंस्कृत व सभ्य समाज के संस्कारों को पोषित करने वाला होना चाहिए, तभी एक सभ्य समाज की स्थापना होगी।

“जम गई है पीर पर्वत सी पिघलनी चाहिए,

इस हिमालय से कोई गंगा निकलनी चाहिए।”

आयुषी सेंगर, IX-A

अन्तर्द्वितीय वाद विवाद प्रतियोगिता में प्रथम पुरस्कृत वक्तव्य

“समयानुसार नैतिक मूल्यों में परिवर्तन हुआ है।”

मैं आरुषी गुप्ता आपके समक्ष नैतिक मूल्यों में परिवर्तन हुआ है। इस कथन के विपक्ष में अपने विचार प्रस्तुत करना चाहती हूँ। आप लोगों में से कितने लोग नैतिक शब्द से परिचित हैं शायद सभी या शायद एक भी नहीं। नैतिक शब्द नीति से बना है अर्थात् जो नीति संबंधी है वह नैतिक है। नैतिक मूल्य शास्त्र द्वारा पोषित होते हैं तथा समाज द्वारा स्थापित नैतिक मूल्यों का पालन करना ही नैतिकतापूर्वक आचरण कहलाता है। समाज के प्रति अपने दायित्वों को निभाना, राष्ट्रप्रेम करना, अपने स्वार्थ को सदैव दूर रहकर कार्य करना तथा मर्यादित जीवन व्यतीत करना ही नैतिकतापूर्ण आचरण है।

अरे! अभी आप सभी ने देखा मेरे विपक्षी साथी यहाँ आकर मेरे गुरुजनों को बड़े ही आदर से नमस्कार व सम्मान देकर वापस गए तो आप कैसे कह सकते हैं कि हमारे हृदय में “आचार्य देवो भव” की भावना समाप्त होती जा रही है।

यहाँ मेरे सभी विपक्षी साथी नैतिक मूल्यों के परिवर्तन के विभिन्न उदाहरणों को देकर यह साबित करने की कोशिश में प्रतीत हुए जैसे कि हमारे देश में नैतिक मूल्य रहे ही नहीं। मुझे तो ऐसा लगा यह लोग प्रचार और प्रसार माध्यमों की भाषाओं की तरह अपनी टी. आर. पी. बढ़ाने में लगे हैं। क्या आप लोगों ने समाज सेवी अन्ना हजारे के पीछे उमड़े जन सैलाब से यह नहीं समझा कि आज भी लोगों में अपने देश के लिए जुनून जिंदा है। आज भी सादा जीवन उच्च विचार वाले महानुभाव को करोड़ों लोग समर्पित हैं। आज भी देश में फौज में भर्ती के समय उमड़े नौजवानों की भीड़ के पीछे केवल “राष्ट्र देवो भव” की भावना ही तो समर्पित है। आज भी देश भक्ति और नैतिकता पर बनी फिल्में बॉक्स ऑफिस पर रिकॉर्ड तोड़ती हैं जैसे कि बागवान, रंग दे बसंती आदि क्योंकि आम आदमी अपने आप को इससे जुड़ा हुआ पाता है। आज भी हम अपने पुराने नैतिक मूल्य ही पसंद करते हैं। आज भी आधुनिक शैली अपनाने वाले लोग नैतिक मूल्यों का पालन करते समय गर्व का अनुभव करते हैं। इसका सबसे बड़ा उदाहरण इसी सदी में महानायक अभिताम बच्चन जी का है – जिसके लिए प्रसिद्ध लेखिका पदमा सचदेव ने कहा कि अभिताम अपने माता-पिता का उसी प्रकार ध्यान रखते हैं जैसे कोई व्यक्ति अपने हाथों के छालों का रखता है और वह स्वयं वो सम्मान पा भी रहे हैं। जहाँ हर एक क्षेत्र में अपेक्षाएँ बढ़ रही हैं वहीं हमसे नैतिक मूल्यों का पालन करने के लिए विशेष आग्रह है। मेरे अनुसार नैतिक मूल्य परिवर्तित नहीं हुए बल्कि वह और अधिक दृढ़ हुए हैं। आज भी क्या कारण है कि अपने परिवार की प्रतिष्ठा पर आँच न आने देने के लिए महिलाएँ स्वयं होम हो जाती हैं। आज भी सारे त्योहार उन्हीं परंपराओं से बल्कि और अधिक धूमधाम से मनाये जाते हैं। कल ही के अखबार में निकला था कि पाकिस्तानी आतंकवादी कसाब की पैरवी करने वाले वकीलों ने साढ़े 14 लाख का मेहनताना स्वयं लेने से मना कर दिया और मुम्बई में शहीद हुए पुलिसकर्मियों के परिवार को सौंप दिया है। यहाँ तो नैतिक मूल्यों में परिवर्तन नहीं हुआ है उसका जीवन्त उदाहरण है। अंत में, मैं यही कहूँगी कि आपका सहयोग, सकारात्मक सोच ही हमारे आने वाले कल को गर्व के साथ उन्नति के मार्ग पर ले जायेगी और सबके जीवन को प्रकाशित करेगी।

हम तुम यदि संकल्प करें, तो काया कल्प धरा का कर देंगे: भूतल नन्दन वन बन जाएगा हो जाएँ यदि हम सब तत्पर !!

आरुषी गुप्ता, X-‘B’

14 खितम्बर-राष्ट्रभाषा दिवस

एक लेखक ने हिन्दी दिवस पर दुखित मन से व्यंग्य करते हुए कहा है- लो! आ गया हिन्दी का श्राद्ध दिवस। यह तो एक परम्परा सी बन गयी बन गई है कि हिन्दी दिवस पर हमारी राष्ट्रभाषा के रोने रोये जाते हैं, अंग्रेजी के मुकाबले उसकी हैसियत के हीनभाव से शिकवे परोसे जाते हैं। लेकिन ये तमाम मुद्दे अब पुराने पड़ गये हैं। हाल ही के वर्षों में हिन्दी का एक आत्मविश्वासी चेहरा उभरा है। आज की हिन्दी नयी है, उसका तेवर नया है उसकी समस्यायें नई हैं और उसके मुद्दे भी नये हैं।

निश्चय ही कम्प्यूटर, इंटरनेट और ई-मेल के क्षेत्र में होने वाली नित नई खोज से हिन्दी इंटरनेट की डगर अब कठिन नहीं रही।

वैश्वीकरण के चलते अन्तर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर हिन्दी का वर्चस्व बढ़ रहा है एवं विज्ञापन जगत और संचार माध्यमों पर वह सोने का अंडा देने वाली मुर्गी साबित हो रही है, परन्तु खेद है कि हिन्दी राजभाषा फिर भी नहीं हो सकी।

राजभाषा का तात्पर्य सरकारी कामकाज में प्रयुक्त होने वाली भाषा से है एवं राष्ट्रभाषा देश के बहुसंख्यक व्यक्तियों द्वारा व्यवहार में लायी जाने वाली भाषा है। स्वतंत्रता के बाद हिन्दी को संविधान के अनुच्छेद 343 के अन्तर्गत भारत की राजभाषा घोषित किया गया। इस संवैधानिक स्थिति को प्राप्त करने के बाद भी आज हिन्दी पूरे देश की राजभाषा नहीं है। इसके कई कारण हैं,

पहला तो यह कि संविधान में हिन्दी के साथ-साथ अंग्रेजी के प्रयोग को भी जो समानान्तर स्थिति प्रदान की गयी है उससे केन्द्र सरकार का सारा काम हिन्दी के साथ-साथ अंग्रेजी में भी किया जाता है। सर्वोच्च न्यायालय तथा उच्च न्यायालयों की भाषा तो सिर्फ अंग्रेजी ही है।

प्रदेश स्तर पर तो दक्षिणी तथा पूर्वी राज्यों में सरकारी कामकाज हिन्दी में नहीं बल्कि उनकी क्षेत्रीय भाषाओं में ही होता है।

अब आता है भारत का अभिजात्य वर्ग जो हिन्दी के बजाय अंग्रेजी में बोल चाल करना अपनी शान समझता है और याद रखिए यह उच्च शिक्षित वर्ग है। अपने रोजगार के लिए हिन्दी का सहारा लेने वाले वर्ग का सामना जब हिन्दी मातृभाषी

व्यक्तियों से होता है, तब वे बड़ी आसानी से 'नो हिन्दी' कहकर अपने हाथ झाड़ लेते हैं।

मुझे बड़े दुख के साथ कहना पड़ रहा है कि इस भेदभाव के बीज बोने का सबसे शर्मनाक कार्य तो हमारे माननीय राजनेताओं ने किया है, देश को चलाने वाला कथित नेता वर्ग उच्चतम पद पर आसीन होकर भी जब हिन्दी बोलने में असमर्थ है तो वह हिन्दी को राजभाषा बनाने में क्या योगदान देगा?

करीब तीन सौ वर्ष पूर्व इंग्लैण्ड की जनता ने इच्छाशक्ति के बल पर फ्रांसीसी भाषा की जगह अंग्रेजी को रातों-रात राजभाषा बनाया था। परन्तु सोचने की बात तो यह है कि हिन्दी तो स्वाधीनता संग्राम के समय हमारी प्रेरणा थी। फिर हमसे गलती कहाँ हुई? इस संदर्भ में पूर्व प्रधान मंत्री श्री अटल बिहारी वाजपेयी जी का यह कथन—'हम हिन्दी की बात तो करते हैं, पर हिन्दी में बात नहीं करते, एकदम सटीक है।'

राष्ट्रभाषा हिन्दी के समक्ष एक मुख्य बाधा है—इसे राजभाषा के रूप में प्रोत्साहित करने में सरकारी तंत्र की इच्छाशक्ति का अभाव है। सरकारी अधिकारी भी औपचारिकता मात्र निभाते हैं। वे हिन्दी दिवस, हिन्दी सप्ताह एवं हिन्दी पखवाड़ा तो मानते हैं लेकिन हिन्दी में सरकारी काम करना अपनी शान के खिलाफ समझते हैं। अतः आज के इस शर्मनाक परिदृश्य में हिन्दी के द्रोहियों को दण्डित करने का प्रावधान भी करना होगा।

अंततः न तो हिन्दी पराधीन है और न ही उसे गैरों के रहमोकरम की आवश्यकता है। उसे तो अपने 100 करोड़ हिन्दी भाषी बेटे-बेटियों से स्वाभिमान का इतना सा प्रण लेना है कि उसकी भाषा तिरस्कार की नहीं सम्मान की भाषा है, और जिस दिन ये हाथ हिन्दी का तिलक करने उठेंगे तो वह राजभाषा तो क्या जन-जन के हृदय की अधिष्ठात्री हो जाएगी।

दक्षता वाजपेई, XI-Science

डोरीलाल वाद विवाद प्रतियोगिता में पुरस्कृत वक्तव्य

“भ्रष्टाचार की समाप्ति के लिए जन आन्दोलन आवश्यक है।”

महोदय, यूँ तो भारत में भ्रष्टाचार प्राचीन काल से ही अस्तित्व में रहा है, लेकिन जिस तरह से आज भ्रष्टाचार का नासूर देश के आत्मविश्वास को कमजोर कर रहा है, यह चिन्तनीय है। मौजूदा राजनीतिक वातावरण से लोग बहुत निराश हैं। सालों से चल रहे ये घपले-घोटाले आज एक लाख छियासी हजार कराड़ के हो गए हैं। आम आदमी आज थका व टगा सा महसूस करता है। क्या करूँ? क्या हमें आज लेनिन की क्रान्ति की जरूरत है या माओ की क्रान्ति की या फिर गांधी जी को वापस बुलाया जाए?

मेरे साथियों इतना निराश होने की जरूरत नहीं है। क्योंकि भ्रष्टाचार के विरुद्ध एक अदृश्य शांत क्रान्ति हवा में चल निकली है।

इस क्रान्ति की एक आशावादी झलक हम अप्रैल 11 में दिल्ली के जन्तर-मन्तर पर देख चुके हैं। जब लीबिया व यमन के लोग अपनी आजादी के लिए मार-काट कर रहे थे तब भारत में समाजसेवी अन्ना हजारे शान्ति व अहिंसा के साथ भ्रष्टाचार के विरुद्ध लड़ रहे थे। महाराष्ट्र के इस साधारण से गाँधीवादी में जनता ने अपना विश्वास व निष्ठा समर्पित की। सम्पूर्ण भारत के शहरों व कस्बों में स्वतः स्फूर्त प्रदर्शन का ज्वार आ गया। देश के कोने-कोने से आकर लोग उनसे जुड़ गए। अन्ना के नेतृत्व में जनता की क्रान्ति का जो स्वरूप सामने आया वह विश्व को चकित कर देने वाला था। इस क्रान्ति ने केन्द्र सरकार को ऊपर से नीचे तक हिला दिया। यह वह समय था जब भारत में भ्रष्टाचार के विरुद्ध दूसरे स्वतंत्रता संग्राम का सूत्रपात हो गया था।

जिस पीढ़ी ने कभी गाँधी को नहीं देखा था, न ही जो उनके विचारों व दर्शन से परिचित थी, वह पीढ़ी अन्ना में गाँधी को पाने लगी। पूरे देश में अन्ना, गाँधी बनकर आँधी की तरह छा गए। अन्ना ने अपनी ईमानदारी, सादगी व जमीनी चिन्तन से गाँधी जी को प्रासंगिक कर दिया। वो जनता में आदर्श जन-नायक बनकर उभरे।

अन्ना की इस क्रान्ति ने भारतीय लोकतंत्र को झकझोरने के लिए कई प्रश्न उठाए जिसने देश व समाज को हिला दिया। अब लोग अपने अधिकारों के प्रति जागरूक हुए। वो जानने लगे कि प्रजातंत्र में कोई मनमानी नहीं कर सकता। संविधान से बढ़कर कोई नहीं है। सांसद हो या अधिकारी जनता के प्रति सब की जवाबदेही बनती है। आज लोग 'सूचना के अधिकार' का प्रयोग निडर होकर करने लगे। सैंतालिस साल से टलते आ रहे जन लोकपाल विधेयक की जरूरत को लोग अब जानने

व समझने लगे हैं। इस क्रान्ति से भारत का पुनर्जागरण हुआ। इस क्रान्ति ने हमें बताया कि लोग बड़े होते हैं न कि तंत्र। इस क्रान्ति ने बताया कि दल, जाति, वर्ग, सम्प्रदाय से परे जाकर भी भ्रष्टाचार के विरुद्ध दबाव बनाया जा सकता है।

परिवर्तन कर भ्रष्टाचार कुछ कम हो सकता है। यह परिवर्तन आन्दोलन के माध्यम से ही हो सकता है, लेकिन यह भी सत्य है कि क्रान्ति एक दिन में नहीं आती यह एक दीर्घकालीन प्रक्रिया है। ये वो चिन्गारी है जो धीरे-धीरे सुलगती रहती है। परिणाम आने तक संघर्ष चलता रहता है। आजादी भी हमें 10 साल के संघर्ष के बाद मिली थी।

भारत में भ्रष्टाचार की जड़ें बहुत गहरी हैं। उसे दूर करने के लिए आज भारत में बहुत सारे भ्रष्टाचार विरोधी संगठन अपने-अपने तरीकों से कार्य कर रहे हैं। इन कार्यकर्ताओं के रास्ते अलग-अलग हो सकते हैं, पर मंजिल एक है। संविधान व कानून का सहारा लेकर एक बहुत बड़ी-लम्बी लड़ाई भ्रष्टाचार के विरुद्ध लड़नी है।

ध्यान देने योग्य बात यह है कि पैंसठ साल पहले हमारा दुश्मन बाहरी था। आज भ्रष्टाचार हमारा ऐसा दुश्मन है जो हमारे भीतर है, जिसका हल पहले हमें स्वयं ढूँढ़ना होगा। अपना आत्मबल मजबूत कर, लोभ-लालच से परे जाकर अपने छोटे-छोटे स्वार्थों को त्यागना होगा। स्वहित की जगह अब देश हित के लिए सोचना होगा।

जिस देश में अन्ना जैसा दीप स्तंभ पथ-प्रदर्शक हो, वहाँ इतना कठिन भी नहीं। हजारों मील का सफर एक छोटे से कदम से शुरू होता है। भ्रष्टाचार इस देश की अगणित समस्याओं में से एक है। जब पचहत्तर वर्षीय अन्ना इससे मुक्ति का बीड़ा उठा सकते हैं तो हम क्यों नहीं?

अब अभिव्यक्ति के सारे खतरे उठाने होंगे
तोड़ने होंगे मठ और गढ़ सब
पहुँचना होगा दुर्गम पहाड़ियों के उस पार
तब देखने को मिलेगी हमको
नीली झील की लहलहाती थाहें
जिसमें काँपता रहता अरुण कम एक।

मुक्तिबोध

कोपल वासुदेव, XII-Science

धन की चाह

मैं आँख खोल कर देखूँ,
या आँख बन्द कर सोचूँ
मेरे मन में अक्सर यह प्रश्न उठता है कि
आदमी को
धन की यह अन्धी दौड़
कहाँ ले जा जाएगी
शायद सोने की ईंटों में,
जिन्दा ही चुनवाएगी।
आज आदमी का आदमी से सम्बाद नहीं है
आदमी का आदमी के हक में उठता,
कोई हाथ नहीं है।
आम आदमी का मन भी उसके साथ नहीं है।
भावनाओं का हृदय में स्पन्दन नहीं है।
मेरे मन में अक्सर यह प्रश्न उठता है कि
लोग हर तरफ बेतहाशा भागते क्यों हैं?
पुरुषार्थ को छोड़कर, हाथ फैलाकर माँगते क्यों हैं?
बाहर से दिखता है जो इतना हरा भरा
उतना ही भीतर से सूखा क्यों है?
धन की यह अनबुझ प्यास कहीं ले जाएगी?
शायद मृगजल-मृगजल दिखला कर
मरुथल-मरुथल भटकाएगी।
बन्द आँखों से चिन्तन या विन्तन में बन्द आँखें
नई और पुरानी पीढ़ी की सोच में क्या यही फर्क है?
अन्तर मन में भारती सुनी
खुद गारें इतना समय नहीं,
आज सब कुछ कारखानों में ढलता है
ढल पाया केवल हृदय नहीं।



इस पीढ़ी को धन की यह साँपिन भूख
कहाँ ले जाएगी?

शायद

अपनी ही कुण्डली में
अपने बच्चे खाएगी।

मेरे मन में अक्सर यह द्वन्द उठता है कि
ये गफलत और भागना यूँ ही चलेगा, तो क्या
फिरकी सी फिरकती धरती पर
संतुलित खड़े रहना होगा भारी
क्या सोने की रोटी और

चाँदी के चावल खाने की है तैयारी?

मैं आँखें बन्द कर के सोवूँ या आँख खोल कर देखूँ

मेरे मन में अक्सर यह प्रश्न उठता है कि
आदमी को धन की यह दारुण चाह
कहाँ ले जाएगी?

शायद चारित्रिक इनन के इन विस्फोटों में

सारा सौभाग्य जलाएगी

अपनों ने कितना चेताया

माया है ये माया..... माया.....

लेकिन पागल मन, वैभव का मोह छोड़ न पाया

इस जीवन को धन की यह चाह

कहाँ ले जाएगी?

शायद

नकली स्वर्ग दिखाकर अंत में, कंकाल नृत्य करवायेगी।



कोपल वासुदेव, XII-Science

Results of Competitions (2012-2013)

1st May

Inter School Education Competition—(Prelude Public School)

2nd Prize	Anubha Gautam	XIIth Commerce
Consolation	Shalini Singh	XIIth Commerce

3rd May

Book mark making competition on environmental issues (VI to VIII)

1st Haemal Tiwari	VI A
2nd Vanshika Gupta	VI B
3rd Jyotisha Singhal	VII A
4th Akanksha Gupta	VII B
5th Kuhu Srivastava	VIII A
6th Shabdica Srivastava	VIII B

July And August

Competitions conducted by A.S.I.S.C.

The following children were selected to represent the Agra Zone; qualifying to compete at the state level.

- (i) **Basketball Tournament :** Vyomica Berry & Lijimol Sazi of IX B (Junior Category)
Kopal Vasudev of XII Sc.(Senior Category)
- (ii) **Athletics :** Kirti Jain XI Commerce (100 m Race)
Ananya Patankar of XI Com (200 m Race)
- (iii) **Drawing :** Somya Agarwal & Unnati Vij of XII Com (Senior Category)
- (iv) **English Declamation :** Sharmishtha Chatterjee of IXA (Junior Category)
- (v) **Swimming :** Alisha John of IX B (50 m Backstroke 850 m freestyle)
Vaishavi Gautam of IXA (Relay)
Pratha Gupta of VIIA (Relay & 50 m freestyle)
- (vi) **English Debate :** Kavya Bharadwaj of XB (Junior Category)

28th July

Inter Class Extempore Speaking Competition (Junior)

1st	Shreyanshi Agarwal	VIII A
2nd	Pratha Gupta	VII A
3rd	Dimple Gulwani	VII A

11th September

English Extempore Speaking Competition (Junior)

(i) IX & X	1st	Shajal Silas	IX B
	2nd	Anushka Gupta	X B
	3rd	Chetna Tiwari	X A
	Consolation	Ambika Reddy	XB
(ii) XI & XII		Vanshika Mehra	XA
	1st	Divyanshi Malhotra	XII Sc
	2nd	Anubha Gautam	XII Com
	3rd	Sanhita Silas	XII Com
	Consolation	Mallika Bhagat	XII Com
		Neelansha Pratap	XI Sc

15th September

Quiz Competition

(i) Junior VI to VIII	1st Blue House	Aishwarya Rayi Chauhan	VIB
		Pratha Gupta	VII A
		Srishti Dipankar	VIII A
	2nd Green House	Divyansha Sighal	VIII B
		Poorvi Agarwal	VI B
		Eisha Choudhary	VII B
	3rd Red House	Alina Ahmed	VIII A
		Akausha Mittal	VIII B
		Shailza Agarwal	VIB
(ii) Seniors IX to XII	1st Red House	Sanya Pahuja	VII A
		Shubhi Tyagi	VIII A
		Shatakshi Agarwal	VIII B
	2nd Yellow House	Rudhika Gautam	XII Sc
		Shaurya Agarwal	XI Sc
		Chetna Tiwari	X A
	3rd Blue House	Pankhuri	IX A
		Anushika Gupta	X B
		Sara Basit	IX B
	Priyanka Bhaduria	XII Com	
	Bhumika Jain	XI Sc	
	Amita Singh	XII Sc	
	Amrita Raj	IX A	
	Garima Sharma	X A	
	Shaki	XI Sc	

2nd October

Group Singing Competition :

Junior VI to VIII	1st VIII A	Senior IX to XII	1st XII Com
	2nd VII B		2nd XII Sc
	3rd VI A		3rd XI Com

5th October

Hindi Debate IX to XII

- 1st Red House
- 2nd Yellow House

6th October

English Debate IX to XII

- 1st Yellow House
- 2nd Red House

October/Outside School Achievements

- 1st Team in 9th Deeksha Moon Olympics
- RG Memorial Inter School Debate
- Dorilal Memorial Inter School Debate
- Saroj Devi Memorial Eng Debate
- Drasti Agarwal XA 1st
- Dakshata Bajpai XI Sc 3rd
- Kopal Vasudev XII Sc 2nd
- Kuhu Srivastava VIII B 2nd

19 October

College Making Comp (Inter Class) Nature Club

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| 1st Sristhti Saxena VI A | 1st Vanshika Gupta VI B |
| 2nd Aaemal Tiwari VI A | 2nd Arandya Rajput VI B |
| 1st Deepanshi Agarwal VII A | 1st Anisha jain VII B |
| 2nd Jyotisha Singhal | 2nd Vedica Bansal |
| 1st Janhvi jain VIII A | 1st Sarah Hussain VIII B |
| Best Presentation | Debolina Verma VI A |
| Tree name patrician future | Tanya Agarwal, Shivanshi Maheshwari and Dwivedi Shaurya |

20th October

- Cross Country Roll 1st Akansha Anthony

31st Oct

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Inter House Cycle Roll | 1st Lavanya |
| | 2nd Neha Agarwal |

3rd November

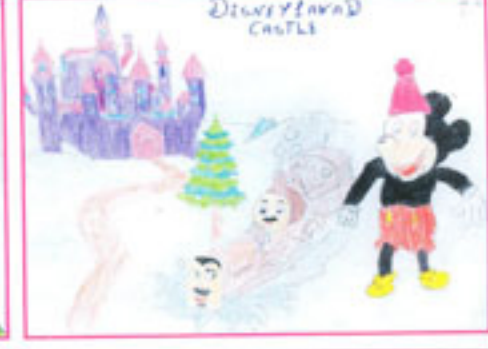
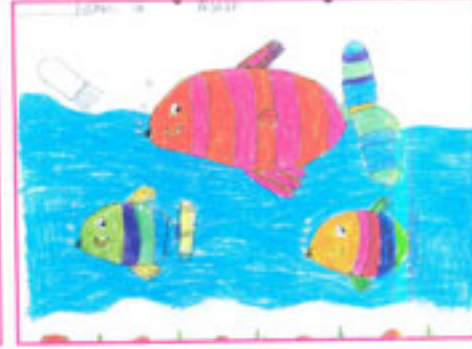
House Board Competition (Display B)

- 1st Red House
- 2nd Blue House
- 3rd Green House
- 4th Yellow House

Sports

- Red House (Best House)
- Blue House (2nd Best House)
- Best Athlete (Malvika Chandel) Senior
- (Liji mol Saji) Junior

Patrician's Palette



Sportswomanship The Spectravaganza

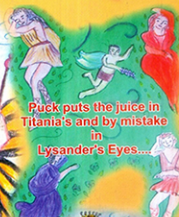


William
Shakespeare

A
Midsummer
Night's Dream



Hermia, Lysander,
Demetrius and Helena
are running after each other.



Puck puts the juice in
Titania's and by mistake
in
Lysander's Eyes....

Oberon and Titania
fighting

Also put it in
Demetrius' eyes

Now both
Demetrius and Lysander
are in love with Helena

Due to the
Love juice, Titania
falls in love with
a Clown with
an Ass' Head.

Oberon clears up
all the confusions
And they
live
happily
ever after.

As a result
Demetrius and Lysander,
Hermia and Helena
start fighting.