



St. Patrick's Jr. College

2011-2012



The Patrician

Teacher's Day Celebrations



English Debate



Hindi Debate





 Sr. Basket Ball Team



Jr. Basket Ball Team 

The College Choir



Sisters of CJM, Agra 🇮🇳



🇮🇳 Our Helpers

Office Administrative Staff 🇮🇳



Staff Photograph



(From Left to Right)

- Row 1.** Dr. S. Ashiana, Mrs. P. Oberoi, Mrs. C. Dodiya, Mr. N.S. Chauhan, Sr. Shyama, Rev. Sr. Greta (Principal), Sr. Alloysius, Sr. Poulteena, Ms. N. Rastogi, Mrs. V. Lalit, Mrs. M. Malhotra, Mrs. P. Matthew
- Row 2.** Mr. A. Ohanani, Mrs. V. Khanderwal, Mrs. L. Shikhar, Mrs. D. Tripathi, Mrs. D. Sahani, Mrs. N. Kaur, Mrs. V. Gomen, Mrs. S. Malhotrawati, Mrs. M. Agarwal, Dr. (Mrs.) N. Azora, Mrs. A. Mahajan, Mrs. S. Sharma, Dr. (Mrs.) R. Sahywal
- Row 3.** Dr. (Mrs.) V. Ghosh, Mrs. M. Mehra, Mrs. Y. Shahid, Mrs. P. Gupta, Mrs. N. Mathur, Mrs. A. Singh, Mrs. A. Sharma, Mrs. S. Deyal, Mrs. P. Verma, Ms. A. Chatterjee, Dr. (Mrs.) P. Sharma, Mrs. R. Drahvedi, Mrs. P. Wadhwa
- Row 4.** Mr. A. Prakash, Mr. D. K. Gurnwant, Ms. Shweta Sharma, Mrs. N. Talukdar, Mrs. S. Kaurharia, Mr. K.K. Agarwal, Mr. Felix Maslin, Mr. Robert T. Massey

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra



1st A With Class Teacher Mrs. Divya Sahani

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra



1st B With Class Teacher Mrs. Sonia Dayal

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



2nd A With Class Teacher Mrs. Vinny Khandelwal

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



2nd B With Class Teacher Mrs. P. Mathew

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra



Cloupe India Agra Photo Studio

3rd A With Class Teacher Mrs. Deepti Thapar

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra



Cloupe India Agra Photo Studio

3rd B With Class Teacher Mrs. Nupur Mathur

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



4th A With Class Teacher Mrs Mini Mehra

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



4th B With Class Teacher Mrs. Anupama Sharma

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



5th A With Class Teacher Mrs. Nabina Talakdar

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St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



5th B With Class Teacher Mrs. Sarita Kathuria

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6th A With Class Teacher Mrs. Yasmin Shaikh

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6th B With Class Teacher Mrs. Manju Malhotra

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7th A With Class Teacher Sr. Shyma

Chaperon India, Agra No. 0520000000

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



7th B With Class Teacher Mrs. Sadhvi Maheshwari

Chaperon India, Agra No. 0520000000

Dance Competition



Singing Competition



St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



8th A With Class Teacher Ms. Arpita Chatterjee

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



8th B With Class Teacher Dr. (Mrs.) Padma Sharma

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



Chapter Photo Agra 20-06-2022

9th A With Class Teacher Mrs. Priya Wadhwa

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



Chapter Photo Agra 20-06-2022

9th B With Class Teacher Mrs. Vineta Lall

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



X A With Class Teacher Mrs Reeta Dwivedi

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



X B With Class Teacher Dr. (Mrs) Rhea Sahjwani

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



Chaque Année, Agra, 2024

XI (Com) With Class Teacher Dr. (Mrs.) Vandana Ghosh

St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra.



Chaque Année, Agra, 2024

XI SC With Class Teacher Mrs. Purna Verma



Bond 007

The 11th which followed the ever stressful 10th, turned out to be one of the best years of my life. Never could anyone of us imagine all what the year had in store for us. A class of all mismatches and extremes was carved out to gradually take the form of an inseparable family.

Always having heard of unity, this is the first time when I realized what it really is ...

Supporting the right and amending the wrong,

Having the entire block to ourselves, being the rulers.

All came up in the front, displaying their talents and working in unison making it a successful year ...

Having a little gossip here and a little chit-chat there.

All seemed to be so warm and welcoming.

Enjoying the good times and turning the sad ones into funny moments.

Singing at the top of our voices and dancing to the tunes of "I'm not a vampire ..."

Good Heavens

From turning wild with Kopal to solving HCV and R.D. Sharma with Divyanshi, all have been registered deep and will always be alive in my memories.

Smashing birthdays and special assemblies

Spiced with sandwiches and idlis.

45 paranthas in a class of 21

Chetna's jokes and her tolerating motion

And the great 11.11.11 celebrations ...

All created a great hype among the 41 cartoons.

The Jaipur tour would have been a disaster had Aakanksha not instilled in us courage and high spirits.

At 2 in the morning when people are usually asleep and when we were in Jaipur, came a dreadful shock for our three musketeers, Divyanshi, Charu and Amita, who were giggling and howling with Disha in her room when they misinterpreted my knocking at their door to be the Principal and then ... then came up Harsha with a "brilliant plan". A plan to hide them in the bathroom and under the bed before opening the door only to find that it was me at the door.

An year coupled with great fun and learning brought a great change in our lives and completely changed my attitude towards my friends ...

Astha Kakkar, XI (Sc.)

The Length, Breadth and Depth of life

"Having watered the body through the logic of teaching so that it becomes a fit habitation for the soul; having the senses, emotion and mind under control, the wise person discards the worn-out sheaths of desire, fear and confusion and passes into the state of enlightenment and freedom"

Interest in yoga is at an all time high, and with good reason. During the past decade millions of people have come to recognize that the benefits of yoga are very great. Not only do they far surpass those of any system of self improvement for the body in calisthenics, salon programmes, joggings, isometrics and competitive sports but they also extend to the emotional and mental aspects of the individual. Yoga is concerned with the health and beauty of the organism as a unified whole. Weight control, slimming, firmings, relief of tension, stiffness, improvement to general health, emergence of hidden beauty, emotional stability and a positive mental outlook will be experienced by all those who apply themselves diligently to yoga.

Yoga is a very vast and complex physiopsychic subject. It is divided into various components for the development and improvement of different human aspects, physical and mental. It has been practiced by Yogis in our country, for centuries for physical improvement and spiritual attainment. Life has got three dimensions : Length, Breadth and Depth. Life is synonymous to pleasure for a healthy man. In order to understand health we must understand life, because when health gives way to disease all dimensions of life are diminished.

The length of our life can be measured in months and years, which can progress smoothly if we exercise our body, mainly through Yoga. The Breadth of our life, denotes the quality of our lives, that is a smooth and disease-free and healthy life. The Depth of our life denotes the life of man as a social, religious and spiritual being. In order to lead a complete life, one must understand all the dimensions, its length, breadth and

depth and this has been taught and explained through Yoga. Health would be better, our life fuller and our dimensions greater if we deliberately and consciously provide for activity, rather than wasteful leisure.

If one practices Yoga postures, one can obtain the benefits of physical exercises. If one devotes oneself solely to controlled breathing one is engaging oneself in simple therapy. If one repeats everyday the affirmations or mantras one is developing mental and spiritual strength. Unification of these three aspects leads to self discovery since Yoga literally means the union of the soul with the Supreme Divine. "Asana" means the posture with which we attain a balanced state of the body and the mind to realise the soul or the Supreme Divine.

Every science has its own method of investigation, similarly the science of Yoga has its own method of investigation and declaration, that truth can be experienced. Yoga philosophy not only holds the answer to all man's problems, but it also offers a scientific way to transcend his problems and sufferings. Moreover Yoga philosophy is not intolerant towards other religions and can be practiced by any one who is sincere and willing to search for the truth. There is no vague doctrine involved. Even, comparatively little effort on the subject will bring immense returns of knowledge, strength and peace. Great masters like Patanjali, Jesus Christ and Lord Buddha and a host others conveyed their practical experiences, through their teachings to the following generation. The lives of these masters are examples of the benefits of Yoga and believe me, you will also experience these benefits if you pursue Yoga in its totalities, sincerely and faithfully thereby improving all the dimensions of life.

Dr. (Mrs.) Rhea Sahjwani

My Favourite Possessions

Since childhood I was not a very careful child. I have been careless since the beginning. I have always been the girl who would come back from school, inform her mother about her lost possessions. Everyday I found something new to lose, one day it would be an eraser, or my lunch box, or my handkerchief or anything. There have been times when I have lost my pencil cases as well, with new gleaming pencils and clear white eraser (When you're a small child THAT DOES matter A LOT! Admit it.) There was not a day when I did not lose something! Everyday I would nag my mother to give me a new pencil, without that I won't leave. My mother had told me then- "One day you'll regret your carelessness". I took that lightly at that stage.

Unfortunately that day did come. As I was moving out, I had cleaned up my things and put them into two boxes. The first thing I sought to find was my old box of toffee wrappers. I know I sound weird but that's my favourite possession and the second was a small card. My young brother had given it to me. It was a small rectangular card with an untidy handwriting. It just said, "Happy Birthday Di, Love SHUBHANKAR, Class IIA, Roll No. 53. That had me rolling on the floor laughing but that was such a cute lovable gesture I treasured it. But now I could not find both of them. They were very important to me, the thought of losing those two possessions brought tears to my eyes and pangs of pain. I could feel my heart breaking. You must be wondering why these two ordinary things (which might be a little weird to some) be so important to me in a generation where most important things are cellphones, I-pods, laptops, internet. Well the answer is :

The toffee wrappers are not something which anyone would like to possess and declare with pride. But my case is different. When I was five years old, my grandfather was my only teacher (I did not consider my playgroup teachers as teachers). My grandfather was a busy man, he was a doctor, he had patients flowing in all day. In the afternoon he'd come to take rest, at that time he would teach me. His favourite subjects were Maths and English Language. Maths never excited me and to be honest I'm still weak with calculations. He was strict with English speaking and grammatical errors. His rule was I'll be awarded with two toffees for each correct solution for a problem in maths. I was not allowed toffees otherwise. I always had a sweet tooth and was uncontrollable monster with toffees and chocolates.

He used to give me few problems and asked me to solve them. By the time he returned in the evening I had them done. Being awarded I felt nice. I was very pleased

with myself even if I achieved one toffee. My grandfather had instructed me "Don't loiter your surrounding. It's a bad habit. Take this". He had thrust a small metal box and continued "Put them (wrappers) in this and throw the wrappers when it is full". I followed it for some time. After my grandfather died when I was thirteen, I remembered about the box and touched those wrappers. Emotions sprung to life. The vague memory of my childhood become a living picture.

The wrappers become "**Moment of love**". Every time when I feel low, defeated and good for nothing the sight of those wrappers make me strong. I had that childish longing for those wrappers, I was glad I had not thrown them away. The wrappers gave me a sense of protection, a hope that I'll make it through, he is still alive, watching over.

The second possession the small rectangular card, was the only gift my brother could afford to gift me. Being a second grade student, having a childish mind he untidily drew a sun, a tree and a car. The whole card was smeared with colours. **VIBRANT COLOURS TO BE PRECISE**. He made an effort of colouring within the lines but failed. On the backside he immensely wrote 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' and gave his name, class and roll no.

At midnight he came and woke me up and gave it to me. My younger sister had been out of town that time, he said 'Di, I wrote my name but I did not know how to write it.' He said innocently. I was touched. I planted a kiss on his cheek, understanding attempts of speaking in English, "It does not matter, now that you have told me." I smiled at him. His face lightened up. Then suddenly he spoke again telling me that his teacher had asked him to write his name class and section along with his roll number for the Diwali card that's why he did it with my card. I smiled at his innocence.

I realized I had been smiling again, but now since I had lost these two valued things. My eyes started stinging again. I could feel hot tears rolling down. I rampaged through my room but could not find it. Silent tears kept flowing. I stepped out of the room as I was making my way to the terrace I found my younger brother fiddling with a familiar looking rusted metal box. He also had a card. Then he looked at me with those big bright eyes and asked, "Why have you kept the wrappers? Mum asks us to throw them, its trash naa, and my card.....he looked at me shocked. Are you crying for this?" I nodded, wiped my tears and sat cross legged in front of him and started narrating the whole story to him explaining the importance of the wrappers and cards, hoping his young mind understands the emotions, sentiments and memories attached to them.

Basab Datta Ghosh, XI (Com.)

English Elocution Competition



Story Telling



Children's Day Celebration



Jeevan Dhara..Literacy Programme

Jeevan Dhara-"fountain of life" is a literacy programme for the children of the near-by slums conducted by St. Patrick's Junior College. The children of classes IX-XII and the teachers of the entire school are involved in this programme. They are guided by the sisters, and a full-time teacher. Needless to say, there is full support from the Principal, Sr. Greta and encouragement from the Community.

The main aim of this programme is to create a sense of self worth in the slum children. Nearly 50 to 70 children regularly attend the classes. Many among them have never been to school. Even for those who do go, the school does not have regular classes.

They have a proper syllabus. We give more importance to English, Mathematics, and Hindi. Cleanliness, good manners, good habits form an important part of the curriculum. Dancing and singing seem to come natural to them, so we have included these talents into their time-table. After class, there is always something to satisfy their taste buds and perhaps their hunger. All this entices them to come to classes regularly. We visit the children and their families in the slums. Thus, we come to know their living conditions.

The events we have had so far are : Christmas celebrations, Mother Foundress' day and an annual festival of dance and singing by children. We gave them clothes, new and old collected from among the school children. Our social service fund helped with buying blankets which were distributed just before the cold season. The achievement of this literacy programme so far is that six girls from the slums have been admitted into St. Joseph's Inter College. Their educational needs are met by St. Patrick's Junior College.

It's a small step towards irradicating illiteracy. So let there be light.....let there be knowledge.

Sr. Pousteena R.J.M.

Joy of Giving and Sharing

The social service club of St. Patrick's Jr. College has been actively involved in the Universal Solidarity movement and the propagation of the Panchmarg through programmes and special assemblies. Visits have been organized to the Lepers colonies at Shikohabad and Jalma to generate an awareness amongst the students regarding the plight of this less fortunate section of our society. All help given by the students was welcomed, whether it be food, clothes, medicines or toiletries. The radiant faces of the inmates reflected their joy and gratitude. Besides visits to the Leper's colony, the social service club is actively involved in organizing a literacy programme for the slum children in the evening.



धरती मां पुकारे

धरती माँ कहे पुकार के,
पग बढ़ा जरा संभाल के।
प्रदूषण से न भरो मुझे,
जंगलों को काट-काट के॥

पर्यावरण की करो सुरक्षा
फैंको कूड़ा ध्यान से।
वारिश का उपयोग करो,
न बहने दो व्यर्थ इसे॥

समय बढ़ा अनमोल है,
इसकी कीमत जानो।
दिन-रात करो तुम मेहनत,
चाँद सितारों को पास ही मानो॥

आओ मित्रो सहयोग की भावना से,
मिलकर एक-एक पेड़ लगायें।
करें परोपकार सब मिलकर,
अपनी धरती को स्वर्ग बनायें।

शैलजा अग्रवाल, V-B

दिन-रात का क्रम

दिन होता है, सब उठ जाते,
जैसे रवि की किरण हैं पड़ती,
सब उठ लगते कार्य में अपने
खेतों में फसलें लहरातीं।

धरती पर छाई हरियाली
खुश हो पक्षी चहक रहे
कोयल काली कूक रही है,
पेड़ आम के महक रहे!

माहौल थोड़ा ठहर गया,
क्योंकि सूरज है ढल गया
दिन तो गया, आ गई रात,
लेकर सितारों की बारात।

दादी सुना रही थीं कहानी
चाँद ने बिखेरी थी चाँदनी
पर जब हो गई रात अँधेरी
निदिया आ गई गहरी गहरी।

चाँद छुपा, सब डर गए
पुकारा सबने चाँद। तुम कहाँ गए?
पर, सबके मन में थी आशा की किरण,
देखेंगे हम जरूर रवि की प्रथम किरण।

फिर आ गया सबेरा,
दूर हुआ जग का अँधेरा,
दूर हुआ सबका वह भ्रम,
यही है दिन और रात का क्रम।

एरवर्षा राजे चौहान, V-B

मेरी प्रिंसिपल सिस्टर लॉरेन्स

अचानक ही आज जब मैं अपनी कक्षा में गयी और मुझे ज्ञात हुआ कि मेरी प्रिंसिपल सिस्टर लॉरेन्स स्कूल से विदा हो रही हैं तो मैं एक पल के लिये स्तब्ध रह गयी सहसा जैसे विश्वास ही नहीं हुआ। मैं अतीत की यादों में चली गई। जैसे कल की ही बात हो 7 वर्ष पहले अपने माता-पिता का हाथ पकड़कर मैं जब सेन्ट पैट्रिक्स में L.K.G की कक्षा में गई थी तब मैं अनभिज्ञ थी कि कौन हैं हमारी प्रिंसिपल? समय के साथ बढ़ते हुए मैंने अपनी प्रिंसिपल सिस्टर लॉरेन्स को पहचानना समझना शुरू किया तो जैसे मैं उनकी मन्त्रमुग्ध शिष्या बन गई। सिस्टर के आशीर्वाद की छाया में हमने अपने अन्दर मानवता शिष्टता और सरलता जैसी अच्छाइयों का समावेश किया। हमारी प्रिंसिपल ने हमें एक अनुशासित जीवन जीना सिखाया। गरीबों की मदद और बीमारों की सेवा करना भी मैंने अपनी प्रिंसिपल आदरणीय सिस्टर लॉरेन्स से ही सीखा। सरल-सहज व्यक्तित्व मेरी प्रेरणा का स्रोत है। मेरी सिस्टर मेरा आदर्श है। उनकी श्वेत-वसनीय छवि भुला पाना बड़ा ही कठिन है। स्कूल से जाने के पश्चात् भी वह सदैव हमारी स्मृति में रहेंगी।



सारा राठौर, VI-A

ये फर्क है क्यों?

पापा की गाड़ी में रात को,
जब मैं एम.जी. रोड से गुजरती हूँ।
फुटपाथ पर सोये लोगों को
ठिटुरते देख सिहरती हूँ।

माँ से जिद कर बच्चूमल से
मँहगी ड्रेस एक जब लाती हूँ,
बाहर बिथड़ों में खड़ी मिखारिन को,
देख-देख डर जाती हूँ।

मेया सँग जब डॉमिनोज में
अपनी पॉकिटमनी उड़ाती हूँ,
बाहर खड़े भूखे बच्चों को
कूड़ेदान से खाते पाती हूँ।

दादी कहती हैं ईश्वर ने
हम सबको ही बनाया है,
फिर क्यों उस ऊपर वाले ने
ये भेदभाव अपनाया है।

प्रश्नों के इन घेरों में मैं
उलझ-उलझ रह जाती हूँ।
क्यों है फर्क, उनमें और मुझमें
यही समझ नहीं पाती हूँ।

ईश्वर की मैं हूँ आभारी,
उसने मुझको बहुत दिया,
पर अब मैं सबको बाँटूंगी भी,
मैंने है मन में ठान लिया।

विदुषी अरोरा, VI-B

मजेदार शब्दकोश

चारा	- लालू का खाना	विद्वान	- अक्ल का थोक एजेंट
मुर्गी	- गाँव की अलार्म घड़ी	ताला	- मुफ्त में पहरेदारी करने वाला चौकीदार
टाई	- बिना गुनाह की फांसी	सर्प	- भगवान शंकर का नैकलेस
पेन	- कागज की सड़क पर चलने वाला यंत्र	मेहनत	- गरीब का आभूषण
जेल	- बिना किराए का मकान	पश्चाताप	- पाप धोने का साबुन
आकाश	- पृथ्वी का छता	चश्मा	- आँखों का पिंजरा
कॉलेज	- विद्यार्थियों की धर्मशाला	झगड़ा	- वकील की कमाई का जरिया
हवाई-जहाज	- मनुष्य का पालतू पक्षी	रेलगाड़ी	- विदाई तथा मेल कराने वाली

इशिका गोयल, VI-B



पेड़-पौधे

प्रकृति ने अपनी गोद में भरे थे सुंदर पौधे
लेकिन इंसान ने अपने हाथों से किया इनका विनाश।

इनका होने पर विनाश, सभी पशु हुए बेघर
बिना अपने घोंसले, पक्षी भी हुए परेशान।

इन पेड़-पौधों से बना था
एक सुंदर बड़ा सा जंगल,
जंगल को काट कर इंसान ने
इस जगह को किया वीरान।

इस वीरान जगह को देखकर
पानी भरा बादल भी हुआ परेशान।

इस परेशानी से जूझते
पानी से भरे बादल लगे आगे चलने
बादलों के आगे चले जाने से पीछे बढ़ा तापमान।
इस तापमान के बढ़ जाने से इंसान हुए परेशान।
शायद इसलिए कहा गया है मत काटो पेड़-पौधे
वरना ऐ इंसान! तू होगा परेशान।

मेघा गुप्ता, VI-B

चन्दा हूँ मैं

अरे ! मुझे देख रहे हो। मैं हूँ ही इतना सुन्दर ! तुम देखकर हैरान और परेशान हो ना कि कभी मैं रोटी-सा गोल हो जाता हूँ और कभी केले-सा पतला। यही है मेरी सेहत का राज। कभी मैं मोटा-ताजा और कभी दुबला-पतला। तुम बन सकते हो ऐसे? नहीं न ! यह जादू बस मेरे पास ही है।



तुम चलते हो तो मैं भी चलता हूँ। बता दूँ कैसे? मैं पृथ्वी के चारों ओर घूमता रहता हूँ इसीलिए तुम्हें ऐसा दिखाई देता हूँ। रही बात मोटे-पतले होने की। तुम भी तो दिन पर दिन बड़े होते जा रहे हो, तो बस मैं भी प्रतिदिन बड़ा हो जाता हूँ। अब तुम पूछोगे बड़ा होकर छोटा क्यों हो जाता हूँ? हाँ भई ! तुम तो खूब समझदार हो, पीछा नहीं छोड़ोगे। यह कोई जादू नहीं है। मेरे पास अपनी चमक तो है नहीं। सूर्य भाई देते हैं रोशनी। पृथ्वी जब घूमते हुए बीच में आ जाती है तो मेरा पतला-सा हिस्सा ही तुम देखे पाते हो। अगले दिन पृथ्वी कुछ आगे सरक जाती है तो मैं ज्यादा दिखाई देता हूँ। बस यही है मेरा खेल।

जब मैं पूरा दिखाई देता हूँ तो तुम इस दिन को 'पूर्णमासी' कहते हो और जब दिखाई नहीं देता तो 'अमावस्या' कहा जाता है। मेरा घटना-बढ़ना तो चलता रहता है। हाँ पूर्णमासी को मैं बहुत सुन्दर दिखता हूँ गोल-मटोल और चमकीला। इस तरह मैं आकाश की शोभा बढ़ाता हूँ और तुमको अपने पास बुलाता हूँ।

रितिका माथुर, V-B



तारे ज़मीन पर

आसमान से निकले तारे,
कुछ टूटे कुछ बिखर गए,
अब यह नन्हें तारे एक-दूसरे के हम राही हैं
सगा ना होने पर भी आपस में बहन-भाई हैं।
एक अनोखे बन्धन में ये बँध जायेंगे,
संग खेले नाचे गायेंगे,
धीरे-धीरे बड़े हो जायेंगे।
सलामी देते हैं हम इन तारों को,
जो आसमान से टूटने पर भी,
तारे ज़मीन के कहलायेंगे !!!

दिव्यांशा सिंघल, VII-B

समय अनमोल

समय बड़ा बलवान है भाई,
बाकी सब बेकार है भाई।
यह सबकी तकदीर बनाता,
सुबह-शाम का महत्व बताता।



समय सिखाता है अनुशासन,
दिन इसके बेकार प्रशासन।
उपयोगी है एक-एक पल,
बनाता है हमारा बेहतर कल।

समय बड़ा अनमोल है भाई,
इसका ना कोई मोल है भाई।
ना जाने दो इसे बेकार,
कस लो कामर, रहो तैयार।

संगिनी दत्त, V-A

हमारा भारत

भारत देश है महान,
सबने देखी उसकी शान,
कोई है हिन्दू कोई मुसलमान,
सबका प्यारा हिन्दुस्तान।



रविन्द्रनाथ टैगोर ने राष्ट्रगान बनाया एक,
और उसके प्रशंसक बन गए अनेक।
गाँधी जी ने भारत का ध्वज बनाया,
और उसे देश भर में फहराया।

भारत देश हमें है प्यारा,
यह है हमारी आँखों का तारा।
देश सँवारना है हमको,
प्रगति का सपना पूरा करना है सबको।

आदया अग्रवाल, VI-B

राजनीति में

भाग्य जगा ले राजनीति में,
काम बना ले राजनीति में।

टी.डी., वी.सी.आर. फ्लैट के,
स्वप्न सजा ले राजनीति में।

चार दिनों की चमक चांदनी,
नाम कमा ले राजनीति में।

राजा रंक बराबर सारे,
भेद मिटाले राजनीति में।

धन की गंगा यमुना घर पे,
खूब बहा ले राजनीति में।

स्वर्ग यहीं घरती पे होगा,
मजे उठाले राजनीति में।

कला एक गिर के उठने की,
तू अपना ले राजनीति में।



अनिशा जैन, VI-A

घर

पापा क्यों अच्छा लगता है,
अपना प्यारा-प्यारा घर।
धूम धाम लें, खेल-खाल लें,
नहीं भूलता अपना घर,
है मां की गोदी-सा घर।
प्यारी-प्यारी ममता वाला,
सुंदर-सुंदर न्यारा घर।



थक कर जब वापस आते हैं,
कैसे बिछ-बिछ जाता घर।
खिला-पिला, आराम दिलाकर,
नई ताजगी देता घर।
पर पापा, एक बात बताओ,
क्या करते होंगे वो बच्चे,
जिनके पास नहीं अपना घर?

शताक्षी अग्रवाल, VII-A

दो समय की रोशनी

हर दिन एक नई उमंग
लेकर उतरती है ये रोशनी,
अपने जगमगाते सिंहासन को
क्यों छोड़ आती है ये रोशनी?
जब पड़े किसी चीज पर,
वो भी हो जाती है रोशान।
नन्ही जान कली को,
जो बना दे फूल सा रोशान।
दिन की है ये रोशनी।



अमृत की जो वर्षा करती,
ऐसी भी एक रोशनी।
चमचमाती चाँदनी की,
चमक-चाँध है नई।
सरसराती वायु की,
लहर टकराती है जब,
चाँदनी की बारिश से भर
जाती सारी सड़क।
पड़ती है जब आप पे
तो आप झूम जाते हैं।
रात्रि के सूर्योदय का
लुत्फ आप उठाते हैं।
चुलचुली इस रोशनी की है,
चमक सबसे अलग।
ऐसी है ये रोशनी
दो समय की रोशनी।



सुभि सिंह, VIII-B

वर्ल्ड कप हमारी शान

सूरज चमका चाँद महकाया
जब वर्ल्ड कप इंडिया घर लाया
हुआ सर ऊँचा गर्व से
कपिल पाजी भी बोले चक दे!! चक दे!!



युवराज हरमजन पहुँचे गुरुद्वारे
सुरेश रैना भी गये साँई बाबा के द्वारे
यूसुफ, जहीर ने याद किया अल्लाह को
घोनी ने भारतीयों के साथ बोला 'हल्ला बोल!!'
पोटिंग, अफरीदी, संगकारा को रुलाया
युवराज-घोनी की इन्निंग्स ने मैच जिताया।

हुआ सचिन का सपना पूरा,
जो था बरसों से अधूरा
काम न आई जयवर्द्धने की सैन्चुरी
और ना ही मलिंगा के विकेट दिखा पाये अपनी
जादूगरी।

गम्भीर की सैन्चुरी रह गयी अधूरी,
लेकिन सभी भारतीयों की हुई मुरादे पूरी
पैसों का सिलसिला हुआ शुरु
दो करोड़ की रकम से सभी खिलाड़ी हुए रु-य-रु।
जब मिल खेले तीन यार युवी, भज्जी और घोनी,
तब ट्रॉफी हुई अपनी, मनी दिवाली पर होली,
युवा जोश गरमाया, सूरज चमका चाँद महका,
जब वर्ल्डकप इंडिया घर लाया।

अर्चिता सिंह, अपूर्वा रावत, मनिका सरीन,
दीक्षा सिंघल, अक्षिता जैन, IX-B

क्या है राजनीति? बुराई का दलदल या देशसेवा का अवसर

राजनीति का अर्थ निर्भर करता है हमारे राज नेताओं पर। आजकल के नेताजन राजनीति को एक लड़ाई का अखाड़ा बना रहे हैं। आम जनता के घर-घर जाकर उन्हें मूर्ख बनाकर सिर्फ और सिर्फ शासन की गद्दी पाना चाहते हैं।

राजनीति एक मुकाबला बन चुका है जिसे जीतने के लिये मंत्री एक-दूसरे की हत्या करवा देते हैं। एक-दूसरे पर घौंस जमाने के लिये जनता को मूर्ख बनाते हैं। जनता से झूठे वायदे करते हैं। अपनी पार्टियाँ बदल लेते हैं जिससे वह जनता को मूर्ख बना सकें और वह टी. वी. चैनलों पर अत्यधिक प्रकाशित हों। एक-दूसरे की हत्या क्या, आजकल के मंत्री तो हंगामा कराने के लिये आम जनता को उकसाने के लिये लोगों को ही मरवा देते हैं। जब तक देश में राजनीति को खेल समझा जायेगा, जब तक इसे हार जीत का अखाड़ा समझा जायेगा, तब तक हमारा देश तरक्की नहीं कर पायेगा। क्योंकि जब तक देश के पथ-प्रदर्शक, हमारे देश के मंत्री अपने पद का महत्व नहीं समझेंगे तब तक देश में गरीबी, लाचारी, बेरोजगारी व अशिक्षा नहीं जायेगी।

जिस दिन देश के लीडर अपने पद व प्रतिष्ठा को खेल में जीती गद्दी ना समझकर इस सम्मान और जन का प्यार व विश्वास समझेंगे, उस दिन वे आदर्श नेता बन जायेंगे किन्तु आजकल के नेता लोग अपनी पार्टियों को मजबूत बनाने के लिये कॉलेज आदि के लोफर व बिगड़े लड़के रख लेते हैं जो उनको और नेताओं से ज्यादा शक्तिशाली बनाता है और उनके राजनीतिक मोर्चे व रैलियों में हंगामा रोकने व हुड़दंग करने में भी सहायता करता है।

राजनीति एक ऐसा सत्य है जिसके बिना देश तरक्की नहीं कर पायेगा और जिसके साथ देश पिछड़ता जा रहा है। इसके दलदल में भ्रष्टाचार व बुराई के अतिरिक्त और कुछ नहीं है। राजनीति हर इन्सान एक-दूसरे के साथ करता है। आम जिन्दगी में जब एक इन्सान दूसरे को धोखा देता है या उससे चालाकी करता है तब कहा जाता है कि वह राजनीति खेल रहा है। इससे राजनीति का मतलब साफ है। राजनीति का अर्थ है भ्रष्टाचार व अनैतिक कार्यों से भरा एक खेल जिसके खिलाड़ी चालाक व ऐसे हैं जो सिर्फ अपनी जेब भरना चाहते हैं।

यदि कोई नेता अत्यधिक पैसे वाला है और मुँह में राम और बगल में छुरी के कारण जनता का चहेता है और किसी ने उसे अत्यधिक पैसा देकर अपनी पार्टी में आने को कहा तब वह खुशी-खुशी अपनी जनता को मूर्ख बनाकर दूसरी पार्टी में आ जायेगा। आज-कल नेताओं का मन पैसों से भरता नहीं है। इनके मुँह में कितनी भी दौलत दूँस दो ये कंगाल ही रहते हैं और सदैव सफेद कपड़ा पहनकर शान्ति के नेता दिखाई पड़ते हैं। सभी नेताजन सफेद कपड़ा व नेहरू जी जैसी टोपी लगाकर समझते हैं कि वह साक्षात् गाँधीवादी लग रहे हैं और जनता उन्हें नेहरू जी समझ रही है।

जिस तरह साधु-सन्त लोग चटक नारंगी कपड़ा पहनकर, नारंगी पगड़ी लगाकर अपने भक्त जनो को अपनी ओर आकर्षित कर उन्हें मूर्ख बनाने में कामयाब हो जाते हैं ठीक उसी तरह हमारे देश के नेता सफेद कपड़ा, जो कि शान्ति का प्रतीक है, वह पहनकर जनता को अपने भ्रष्टाचार व बेईमानी से बेवकूफ बनाते हैं।

देश की राजनीति आजादी से पहले देश-सेवा थी पर आजादी के बाद यह एक ऐसा पिजड़ा है जिसमें जंगली जानवर भरे हैं और सच्चे व अच्छे लोग इससे बचना चाहते हैं। नेता लोग हमारे देश का पैसा इकट्ठा कर अपने घरों पर छुपा लेते हैं। घर पर छपा ना पड़े और आयकर भी ना देना पड़े इसलिये देश के नेता हमारी गरीब जनता से पैसे दबाकर, अपना काला पैसा स्विस बैंक में जमा करते हैं, क्योंकि इस बैंक में जो लोग पैसा जमा करते उनसे उनके बारे में तथा उनके पैसे के बारे में पूछताछ नहीं होती है। अब हम सोच सकते हैं कि हमारे देश की राजनीति कितने प्रतिशत समाज सेवा है और कितना बुराई का दलदल।

ANNUAL DAY

Senior Section



नैतिक मूल्यों की हार-बढ़ता भ्रष्टाचार !

अंग्रेजों ने हमें भ्रष्टाचार उपहार में दिया
 धीरे-धीरे स्वार्थ लिप्सा से इसने जन्म लिया।
 भ्रष्टाचार का अर्थ है-भ्रष्ट आचार,
 बुराई का है ये नया हथियार
 इससे कितने लोगों पर हो रहा है अत्याचार।
 इसी ने सामान्य जीवन को बना दिया है बेकार,
 बर्बादी के समुद्र में, देश को डूबने वाली,
 यही है-पतवार।

धर्म, राजनीति, लोक सेवा हो या शिक्षा, व्यापार,
 चाहे हो सरकारी विभाग।
 भ्रष्टाचार ने सब जगह बना लिया है अपना निवास,
 आज मंत्री बनना हो या-
 कराना हो कोई काम, बस मुट्ठी गरम कर दो
 नहीं तो जीवन भर दौड़-धूप करो।
 कहते हैं-रिश्वत लेना या देना पाप है,
 परन्तु आज तो रुपया मनुष्य का भी बाप है।

मंहगा हो गया हर सामान,
 चाहे अन्न हो या मकान,
 ऐसा हुआ भ्रष्टाचार का वार,
 नैतिक मूल्यों की हो गई हार,
 देश में मच गया हाहाकार।
 एक ओर-नेता पहनते करोड़ों का हार,
 पर आम आवनी पर पड़ी है महंगाई की मार।



भ्रष्टाचारियों के हाथों में देश का ठहर गया है उत्थान,
 जीवन बन गया एक पिजड़ा,
 भ्रष्टाचार की जंजीरों ने भारतीयों को ऐसा जकड़ा।
 होना होगा हमें आजाद, आजादी हमारा जन्मसिद्ध अधिकार,
 जागो मेरे भाइयों, खत्म करो यह काला-खेल
 जिसमें मनुष्य के आत्म-सम्मान का नहीं है कोई मोल,
 हमें स्वयं को बदलना होगा, समझना होगा-
 सच्चाई, ईमानदारी-जीवन के अमूल्य उपहार,
 नैतिक मूल्यों की हार न हो, खत्म हो भ्रष्टाचार।

वैष्णवी, X-B

सपने की उड़ान

पक्षी बन उड़ जाने को,

मचल रहा मेरा मन,

बैठ बागीचा सोच रही,

कैसा अद्भुत वातावरण।



नमचर, जलचर सब अनमोल

चहकें चिड़ियाँ चोंच को खोल,

मन्द समीर पौधे लहलहाते

वर्षा से इन्द्रधनुष बन जाते।

इंद्र के इस झूले पर झूलूँ

उड़ कर आसमान को छू लूँ,

पक्षी बन उड़ जाने को

मचल रहा मेरा मन।

वहाँ आई परियों की टोली

उनमें से एक मुझसे बोली,

आँखें उसकी झील सी नीली

हाथ में छड़ी थी पीली,

“सुन आवाज तुम्हारे मन की

मैं दूर देश से आई हूँ,

ले जाने तुमको जादुई वन में

उड़न खटोला लाई हूँ।”

मधुर स्वर में कुछ उसने बोला

धीरे से उड़ चला खटोला।

पहुँचे हम जादुई वन में

जो था सुन्दर चिड़ियों से भरा।

मधुर—मधुर गीतों से

मेरा मन मोह लिया,

हर एक पक्षी ने मुझे

प्रेम पूर्ण उपहार दिया।

देखे अद्भुत अलग नजारे

मनमोहते प्यारे—प्यारे,

फूलों को मुस्कराते देखा

तारों को गुनगुनाते देखा।

बादलों पर बैठ के झूली

बूँद पड़ी तो आँखें खोली,

मन मसोस के मैंने सोचा

काश कि ये सपना सच होता!

परियों के पंख मिल जाते

पक्षी बन हम भी उड़ पाते!

पक्षी बन उड़ने को

मचल रहा मेरा मन,

बैठ बागीचा सोच रही

कैसा अद्भुत वातावरण।

शार्या मिश्रा, X-B

ज़िन्दगी एक सफ़र

ज़िन्दगी एक अंतहीन सफ़र है
पार करनी एक लम्बी डगर है
खो न जाएं इस भीड़ में हम
इसकी, सबको फिकर है।

यह ज़िन्दगी की तराजू
जाने कहाँ झुक जाएगी
बात इतनी सी है, कि
यह रेत की तरह
हाथ से फिसल जाएगी

अब भी न जागा तो क्या जिया?
यह ज़िन्दगी की रेल है
पल में चली जाएगी पल में चली जाएगी।
क्यों सो रहा है तू मानव?
कायर की तरह काफ़ूर हुआ?
कहाँ भाग रहा है खुद से?
क्यों खुद से अपनी आंखें चुरा रहा?

चलते चले जाएंगे हम, इस युग के राही,
छोड़ देंगे हम अपनी अमिट छाप को बाकी

एक ही है ये ज़िन्दगी हम कुछ करके दिखाएं
सूरज नहीं तो दीप की तरह जगमगाएं।

यही है तेरा मौका
अपनी मां के लिए कुछ कर दिखा
कर तू इरादे इतने बुलन्द
और एक कदम उन्नति की ओर बढ़ा
उसके प्यार की कीमत शायद
ज़िन्दगी भर न तू चुका पाएगा।
पर एक नज़राना प्यार का।
तू दे उसे तो ज़रा।

इस ज़िन्दगी को बर्बाद न कर
आबाद कर खुशी से
ए मानव पीछे न रह तू
आगे बढ़-आगे बढ़
इस ज़िन्दगी के अन्तहीन सफ़र को
तू सफल कर, तू सफल कर।

स्वस्ति सक्सेना, X-B





सपनों का महल

कुछ लिखने का दिल किया,
तो सोचा ये कविता ही लिख डालूं।
अपने मन की बातों को,
इस बेरंग कागज से ही कह डालूं।
अपने सपने की लकीर,
इस कलम से खींचना शुरू किया,
जो भी था दिल में
वस लिखना शुरू कर दिया।
हो लम्बी सी गाड़ी बड़ा-सा मकान,
हो मेरे पास वस्त्रों की खान।
ज्यादा नहीं बस दस-बीस नौकर चाकर
मैडम पुकार कर करें मेरा सेवा-सत्कार।
अपने प्राइवेट हवाई जहाज में बैठकर
मैं दुबई के शॉपिंग मॉल में जाऊँ।
अंबानी, टाटा मेरे कर्मचारी हों,
ऐश्वर्या, रानी के यहाँ मैं चाय पर जाऊँ।
किसी ग्रह का नाम
मेरे नाम पर पड़ जाएं,
तीन-चार मॉल मेरे नाम
पर ही खुल जाएं।
काश ये सपने
हकीकत में बदल जाएं।
जो भी था दिल में मेरे
वही लिख मैंने डाला।
अपनी कविता को मैंने,
सपनों के महल में बदल डाला ॥



कृति जैन, X-B

श्री डोरीलाल अग्रवाल वाद-विवाद
प्रतियोगिता में पुरस्कृत वक्तव्य

“समाज में परिवर्तन के लिए स्व-परिवर्तन आवश्यक है।”

[विपक्ष]

परिवर्तन का चक्र समय के साथ हमेशा घूमता रहता है, क्योंकि यदि परिवर्तन नहीं होगा तो जिन्दगी अपना अर्थ खो देगी।

पिछले बीस वर्षों के दौरान वैश्वीकरण व उदारीकरण के बाद से समाज में बहुत से सकारात्मक परिवर्तन हुए हैं। शहरीकरण की प्रक्रिया तेज हुई है। जहां समाज में एक तरफ बहुत से सकारात्मक परिवर्तन हो रहे हैं, वहीं दूसरी तरफ समाज, अमेरिकी संस्कृति के अन्धानुकरण में फंसता जा रहा है। नैतिक मूल्यों का हास हो रहा है। आतंक, अपराध, भ्रष्टाचार और दिशा हीन राजनीति समाज में अपना नकारात्मक प्रभाव छोड़ रहे हैं। आज समाज का हर नागरिक इस नकारात्मकता से मुक्ति चाहता है।

अब प्रश्न यह उठता है कि समाज में होने वाले इन नकारात्मक परिवर्तनों को स्व-परिवर्तन से रोका जा सकता है? तो मेरे विचार से नहीं। क्योंकि समाज में परिवर्तन की लहर हमारे अन्दर के बदलाव से नहीं होती कि अचानक हमें लगने लगे कि ‘बहुत हुआ चलो अब बदला जाए’ और हम बदल गए और यह भी जरूरी नहीं कि जो परिवर्तन हम लाना चाहें उससे सभी सहमत हों और वह सबको पसंद आए।

परिवर्तन एक प्रक्रिया है जो धीरे-धीरे स्थितियों के अनुकूल आगे बढ़ती है।

अमेरिकी प्रोफेसर फॉन्स के अनुसार यदि ‘समाज में परिवर्तन सामाजिक कारक तय करते हैं तो उनका रूप बदल जाता है। नैतिकताएं और मूल्य बदल जाते हैं। पीढ़ियां आगे जाती हैं। सभ्यताएं नए रूप लेती हैं।’

हमारे समाज में हर व्यक्ति की आर्थिक स्थिति अलग-अलग है कुछ गरीबी रेखा के नीचे बहुत नीचे है तो कुछ ऊपर बहुत ऊपर। सबके लिए जीवन का अर्थ एक नहीं है। कोई भौतिकता में विश्वास करता है तो कोई आध्यात्मिकता में; तो किसी-किसी का लक्ष्य केवल दूसरों को परेशान करना होता है। वहीं दूसरी तरफ एक गरीब के लिए जीवन का अर्थ सिर्फ दो वक्त की रोटी होती है।

अब ऐसे समाज में जहां लोगों की आवश्यकताएं व समस्याएं एक-दूसरे से बिलकुल अलग हैं। वहाँ सब के सब कैसे परिवर्तित हो समाज को बदल सकते हैं? भरे पूरे परिवार वाला एक सम्पन्न व्यक्ति जिसके पास सारे ऐशो-आराम के साधन हैं वह क्यों आदर्शवादी बनकर अपनी सुविधाओं को गरीबों के लिए त्याग देगा।

आज समाज भ्रष्टाचार, रिश्वतखोरी आम जनता को सताने वाले सबसे बड़े मुद्दे हैं। जिनके पीछे दो चार लोगों का हाथ नहीं होता। बल्कि स्वार्थियों के ये छोटे-छोटे समूह होते हैं जो कम-से-कम समय में अधिक-से-अधिक सुविधा के साथ काम करते हैं। जैसे किसी भी विभाग का बीजक भरना हो या रेलवे में आरक्षण कराना हो, थोड़ा सुविधा शुल्क से जब दोनों पक्षों को लाभ होता है तो कोई क्यों इस व्यवस्था को बदलना चाहेगा?

आज समाज में कोई व्यक्ति अपने नैतिक बल से यह ठान ले कि वह बदलेगा और अपना काम ठीक से करेगा, समय का पाबन्द होगा तो वो अकेला क्या कर सकेगा? क्योंकि हम सब जानते हैं कि अकेला चना भाड़ नहीं फोड़ सकता है।

हमारे समाज में सुधारकों और महापुरुषों की कभी कमी नहीं रही जिन्होंने स्वयं अपने चरित्र को समाज के सामने आदर्श रूप में प्रस्तुत किया और दिग्भ्रमित समाज को अपने-अपने तरीकों से सही राह दिखाने की कोशिश की, किन्तु क्या इससे समाज बदला? बुराइयाँ कम हुईं? अपराध खत्म हुए? लोगों की सोच बदली? नहीं...

इतिहास गवाह है कि किसी व्यक्ति द्वारा चलाया गया बड़े-से-बड़ा सामाजिक आन्दोलन तब तक सफल नहीं होता जब तक उसकी आवाज प्रशासन या सरकार तक न पहुँचे। एक साथ मिल कर किसी मुद्दे पर आवाज उठाना एक बात है और अपने आप को बदलना एक। आजादी की लड़ाई लड़ने वाले भी तब तक आजाद नहीं माने गए थे जब तक आधिकारिक रूप से अंग्रेज चले नहीं गए थे।

वैसे ही समाज तब तक परिवर्तित नहीं होगा जब तक कड़े नियम और कानून नहीं बनेंगे पारदर्शिता नहीं होगी। नियमों का उल्लंघन करने पर कठोर दण्ड का प्रावधान नहीं होगा। आज हम अपने आप को कितना भी बदल लें पर जब तक व्यवस्था नहीं बदलेगी समाज नहीं बदलेगा। कहते हैं यथा राजा तथा प्रजा। आज बड़े-बड़े नेतागणों से तिहाड़ जेल ऐसे ही नहीं भर रही है।

आर्थिक उदारीकरण के कारण आज समाज में प्रेम विवाह, सह जीवन व एकल परिवार का चलन बढ़ रहा है। लोग अपने माता-पिता को बोझ समझ कर उनकी जिम्मेदारी लेने से कतराते हैं। कुछ अपने माता-पिता को वृद्ध आश्रम तक में डाल आते हैं। मान लीजिए इनमें से कुछ लोग स्व-परिवर्तन से या समाज से शर्मसार होकर अपने माँ-बाप को घर वापस ले आते हैं तो क्या इससे सारे वृद्ध आश्रम खाली हो जायेंगे? समाज में वृद्धों की समस्या समाप्त हो जाएगी? नहीं। शायद इसीलिए आज बिहार में बूढ़े माँ-बाप की जिम्मेदारी बच्चों के लिए कानूनी रूप से अनिवार्य कर दी गई है।

शायद इसीलिए आज ईमानदारी का पर्याय बन चुके अन्ना भी लोकपाल लाने पर जोर देते हैं, क्योंकि समाज में परिवर्तन स्व-परिवर्तन से नहीं अपितु नियम-कानून लाने से होगा।

रामचरितमानस में भी कहा गया है।

विनय न मानत जलधिजल, गए तीन दिन बीत। बोले राम सकोप तब, भय विनु होय न प्रीत॥

कोपल वासुदेव, XI

बेटियाँ

एक मधुर कोमल फूल का अहसास बेटियाँ
माता-पिता की चाह, भावी आस बेटियाँ

प्रत्येक घर की शान और सम्मान बेटियाँ
हर देश और समाज की हैं आन बेटियाँ

शबनम की एक बूँद सी होती हैं बेटियाँ
स्नेह ना मिले तो फिर रोती हैं बेटियाँ

सेवा-सुश्रूषा, मोह-ममता की प्रतीक ये
स्नेह-मान, परहित की हैं खान बेटियाँ

बेटा तो एक घर की लाज ना बचा पाता
दो-दो कुलों की लाज बचाती हैं बेटियाँ

बेटी को अजन्मे ही तुम क्यों खत्म कर रहे
बेटा है अगर मोती तो हीरा हैं बेटियाँ

सूरज की दमक और हैं चन्दा की चांदनी
अंधेरे में जुगनू की चमक सी हैं बेटियाँ

क्यों बेटियों को कर्ज समझते हैं सभी लोग
कुल-ऋण से आज तो उद्धार करती हैं बेटियाँ

अपनी खुशी और गम को हृदय में छुपा रखे
पति, पुत्र, पिता, भाई पर कुर्बान बेटियाँ

गार्गी, मैत्रेयी, सीता, सावित्री और लक्ष्मी
कल्पना, किरन, इन्दिरा सी बुद्धिमान बेटियाँ

इनको नहीं तुम बोझ समझो या कोई मुसीबत
यह तो पिता का नाम, उनकी शान बेटियाँ

सुनती हैं सबकी, झेलती गुस्सा ये सभी का
पर मौन रह शुभकामना देती हैं बेटियाँ



परियाँ हैं ये मासूम कली, तितलियाँ सी हैं
दुर्गा कभी, काली व चण्डी माँ हैं बेटियाँ

'प्रतिभा' कभी तो 'साइना' और 'सानिया' हैं ये
हर मुल्क की हैं शान और सम्मान बेटियाँ

हैं कल्पना का सागर और मेघा की ये पहचान
मीरा हैं, महादेवी हैं और ताज बेटियाँ

रक्षा की याचना करें धागा कलाई बाँध
पर साथ ही झाँसी की रानी' सी हैं बेटियाँ

इनको सदा पूजो, नमन, वन्दन करो इनका
सृष्टि की एक अनमोल कृति हैं ये बेटियाँ

आकांशा दुबे, XI

आजकल के पढ़ने वाले

ये आज के पढ़ने वाले,
कहलाते हैं Student
पिता तो पहने लँगोटी,
ये पहने coat और Pant,
नसीब पिता को सूखी रोटी
ये जाते हैं Restaurant,
पिता तो भोले-भाले
रहे गांव में Permanent,
बेटा बोला नहीं पिता जी
कोटी लेंगे Hundred Percent

एक दिन Teacher बोली
बेटा क्यों रहते हो Absent,
बेटा बोला भारी बैग है
Mom, Dad नहीं रखते कोई Servant,
पास होने की इन्हें न चिन्ता
नकल करे Every Moment,
जब परीक्षा हुई सलाना
नम्बर आए Zero Percent
लेट गए Train के नीचे
बस रोते ही रह गए Parents.

शीमा परवेज़, XI

पिछड़ेपन की सोच की आग में जलता भारत

भारत विश्व में एक नवीन शक्ति बनकर उभर रहा है। भारत आज हर क्षेत्र में उन्नति कर रहा है। आज भारत एक ऐसे स्थान पर है जब यहाँ सुख-सुविधा की हर वह वस्तु मौजूद है जो किसी अन्य विकसित देश में है। भारत अब केवल 'भारत' नहीं है यह अब 'आधुनिक भारत' में परिवर्तित हो गया है, परन्तु दुर्भाग्य से भारत में एक चीज जो आधुनिक नहीं हुई है, वह है ... 'सोच'।

आज भी कई प्रतिशत भारतीय वही रूढ़िवादी विचारधारा को लेकर जी रहे हैं। ग्रामीण क्षेत्र, स्वतन्त्रता के पैंसठ वर्ष बाद भी अन्धविश्वास के अन्धकार में स्वयं को समेटे हुए हैं। आज भी सरकार की नाक के नीचे निषेध की गयी ऐसी कई प्रथाओं का पालन हो रहा है जो मनुष्यता को तार-तार करके रख दें।

यूँ तो भारत धर्मों का देश है, यहाँ हर हृदय में आस्था वास करती है, परन्तु आस्था के नाम पर कई लोग स्वयं को शारीरिक यातनाएँ देते हैं, स्वयं को गर्म लोहे की सलाखों से चोट पहुंचाते हैं। ईश्वर जो परमपिता है क्या चाहते हैं कि उनके बच्चे अपने आपको इस प्रकार का कष्ट दें वो भी उनके लिए? पशु बलि तथा मनुष्य बलि देना ताकि पारलौकिक शक्तियाँ प्राप्त हों, ये संकरी सोच में जकड़े हुए मस्तिष्क के परिणाम हैं। आस्था के नाम पर लोग ईश्वर की निष्प्राण मूर्त पर करोड़ों रुपए का दान करते हैं तथा सोना-चाँदी बढाते हैं, परन्तु उन्हीं लोगों को कभी गरीबों का ख्याल नहीं आता जो कई रातें भूखे पेट काटते हैं। तो फिर क्यों हमें यह सिखाया जाता है कि मनुष्य में ही ईश्वर का वास है।

हमारे देश की यह कैंसी विडम्बना है कि जहाँ की राष्ट्रपति और कई राज्यों की मुख्यमन्त्री औरते हैं, वहाँ औरतों को ही कमजोर माना जाता है। वैसे तो धरती पर पेड़ और पौधे दोनों उगते हैं, परन्तु इसका अर्थ यह नहीं कि वृक्ष पौधे से जीने का अधिकार छीन लें। यहाँ, कई बार जब लड़की जन्म लेती है तो उसे शाप माना जाता है और उसकी हत्या कर दी जाती है। फिर भी, अगर उसे जीवन मिलता है तो वह एक ऐसी जिन्दगी यापन करने पर मजबूर होती है जो मरने से बदतर है, उसका अपना कोई बज्र नहीं होता। आज भी इसी कारण भारत के कई इलाकों में लड़के-लड़की का अनुपात अस्थिर है। भारतीय समाज में लड़की को तुच्छ समझा जाता है। उन्हें शिक्षा तथा स्वतन्त्रता से विपन्न रखा जाता है, जबकि उसी समाज के लड़कों को उच्च शिक्षा दी जाती है और कई गुना आजादी तथा अधिकार। यह है आधुनिक भारत की 'सोच'।

भारत में जहाँ मनुष्यता को सर्वोच्च धर्म माना जाता है। वहाँ आज उसी मनुष्यता का नया रूप देखने को मिलता है, जब मनुष्य, मनुष्य की हत्या करता है 'सम्मान' के नाम पर। आज लोगों का सम्मान उनके अपनों के जीवन से महत्वपूर्ण हो चुका है। भारतीय संविधान सारे मनुष्यों को बराबर का हक देने की बात करता है फिर चाहे वह आदमी हो या औरत। पर किन्नरों का क्या? लोग आज भी उन्हें दयनीय नजरों से देखते हैं। उन्हें वे सारे अधिकार नहीं हैं जो एक मनुष्य को मिलने चाहिए। वह भी तो मनुष्य है कोई पशु नहीं। वह भी हमारे समाज का हिस्सा है और भारत की उन्नति में उनका भी हाथ होना चाहिए।

यूँ तो आजकल हर कोई कह रहा है कि देश को बदलना चाहिए, परन्तु देश को बदलने से पहले क्या देशवासियों को अपनी सोच नहीं बदलनी चाहिए? जब लोगों की सोच में बदलाव आयेगा तब कहीं जाकर भारत बदलेगा और यह काम करेगी हमारी पीढ़ी।

संस्कार की राजनीति

देश हुआ था आजाद,
देशवासियों ने बाँधी थी उम्मीदें।
होने लगा था विश्वास,
बदल जाएँगी उनकी तकदीरें।
नेताओं की सूझ-बूझ,
थी राजनीति का आधार।
आने लगा था,
हमारी दयनीय हालत में सुधार।

देश की प्रगति की,
बढ़ने लगी थी रफ्तार।
भारत में रचा जाने लगा,
इतिहास बार-बार।
बढ़ते विकास से जन्मी प्रतिस्पर्धा
बदलती जा रही है हमारे देश की फिज़ा।

भ्रष्टाचार वोट मॉँगता,
दुराचार धाक जमाता।
राजनीति का खेल है ऐसा,
जन-साधारण जिसे समझ न पाता।

हमारे देश के दिग्गज नेता,
कहते खुद को जनता के पुजारी।
घुनाव के परघात नहीं होती इन पर,
जनता की सेवा की कोई जिम्मेदारी।

घोटाले, रिश्वतखोरी और बेईमानी,
आज सभी कर रहे हैं मनमानी।
देश की दौलत को,
विदेश में रहे हैं हमारे नेता लुटा,
इन सबका खुल जाता है कच्चा चिट्ठा।
ए. राजा, कनिमोझी और कलमाड़ी,
हैं घोटाले के आधुनिक खिलाड़ी।
राजनीति का है काला चेहरा,
नहीं है इस पर न्याय का पहरा।

जहाँ कलमाड़ी और ए. राजा ने किए हैं घोटाले,
वहीं अटल जी रहे देश की छवि को संभाले।
राजनीति तो है देश की सेवा,
न ही कोई खेल, न कोई झमेला।
राजनीति का हिस्सा बनना तो चाहिए,
किन्तु देश सेवा का संस्कार भी होना चाहिए।

शीर्षा दुबे, XII

ANNUAL DAY

Junior Section



टी. वी. सीरियल तथा फिल्मों में बाल कलाकारों की बढ़ती सक्रियता अनुचित है।

आज के युग में छोटे व बड़े पर्दे का चलन बहुत बढ़ चुका है। अब बड़े ही नहीं, बच्चे भी इसकी चकाचौध की ओर आकर्षित हो रहे हैं। केवल धारावाहिक और फिल्मों में ही नहीं, वरन् बालक-बालिकाओं को लेकर बनाए जाने वाले 'रियलिटी शोज' भी बढ़ते जा रहे हैं। इसका सीधा प्रभाव बच्चों की शिक्षा पर पड़ता है।

ऐसी प्रतियोगिताओं और धारावाहिकों में भाग लेने के लिए बच्चों के माता-पिता भी उन्हें उत्साहित करते हैं, परन्तु वह भूल जाते हैं कि ऐसा करने से उनके बच्चों की शिक्षा पर विपरीत प्रभाव पड़ेगा तथा जीवन पर भी बुरा प्रभाव पड़ सकता है।

छोटे पर्दे के कुछ बाल-कलाकार जैसे—बालिका वधु के आनन्दी (अम्बिका) और जगदीश (अविनाश) मात्र छोटी कक्षा में थे, जब उन्होंने उसमें काम करना शुरू करा था। कुछ अन्य कलाकार जैसे—रजत छटकर, स्वीनि खेर और बड़े पर्दे के दर्शील सफारी, आदि ऐसे कलाकार हैं जो अभिनय तो अच्छा करते हैं पर इतना काम मिलने की वजह से इन्हें पढ़ाई के लिए तो समय ही नहीं मिलता। 'जय श्री कृष्ण' में कृष्ण जी की भूमिका निभाने वाली धृती भाटिया मात्र 3-4 साल की उम्र में ही छोटे पर्दे पर आ गईं और लोगों को खूब पसन्द भी आई।

'रियलिटी शोज' में भाग लेने से बच्चों की खूबियां तो उभरकर आती हैं पर जो बच्चे शुरुआती दौर में ही बाहर हो जाते हैं, उनका क्या? क्या उनमें उस कला की कमी थी? उन बच्चों को जिस दुःख से गुजरना पड़ता है, उसकी तो हम सब कल्पना भी नहीं कर सकते। कुछ बच्चे तो स्वयं से ही घृणा करने लगते हैं और उनमें हीन भावना उत्पन्न हो जाती है।

इन धारावाहिकों व फिल्मों में काम करने से बच्चों का बचपन छिन जाता है। मात्र 10-12 साल की उम्र में वे अपने से अधिक आयु के बच्चों की तरह व्यवहार करने लगते हैं, उनके धाल-धलन को अपने जीवन में उतारने लगते हैं। इससे उनके दिल-दिमाग पर विपरीत प्रभाव पड़ता है। बच्चों के छोटे व बड़े पर्दे पर काम करने का जितना प्रभाव उन बच्चों पर पड़ता है, उतना ही प्रभाव दुनिया के अन्य बच्चों पर भी पड़ता है, क्योंकि उनके माता-पिता उन्हें बात-बात पर टी.वी. पर दिखाए जाने वाले बच्चों की तरह बनने को कहते हैं और इससे उनके मन में स्वयं के प्रति हीन भावना और दूसरों के प्रति ईर्ष्या के भाव आ जाते हैं।

अतः टी.वी. सीरियल व फिल्मों में बाल कलाकारों की बढ़ती सक्रियता को रोकने के लिए उचित कदम उठाए जाने चाहिए। यदि ऐसा नहीं किया गया तो उन छोटे-छोटे बच्चों के चेहरों से उनकी मासूमियत छिन जाएगी। फिर बच्चों और बड़ों में फर्क ही क्या रह जाएगा! ...! यह एक यक्ष प्रश्न है। इसका उत्तर पता चलने पर ही लोग बच्चों की भागीदारी को कम करने के लिए कदम उठा सकते हैं और तभी देश-दुनिया का हर बच्चा अपना बचपन सुख से व्यतीत कर पाएगा। केवल भारत में ही नहीं, वरन् विदेशों में भी यह रीति चली आ रही है।

इस सबसे यही पता चलता है कि हमें बच्चों को ऐसी धीजों में भाग लेने से रोकना चाहिए वरन् न जाने कल क्या हो जाए? यह एक प्रकार का शोषण ही है। हम बाल मजदूरी को बढ़ावा दे रहे हैं जो अपराध है।

'मन पाखी बन'



मन पाखी बन,
 तोड़ के अब सारे बन्धन,
 बाँध ले अब सुबह का सुन्दर बन,
 तेरा ही है ये सारा जीवन,
 उसके आगे तो व्यर्थ सब धन।
 ना कर धिन्ता अब कि
 क्या सोचेंगे सब जन?
 आत्म-विश्वास के पंख लगाकर
 नील गगन का पंछी बन।
 अपनी दृढ़ता को ढाल बनाकर
 जीत ले तू सारी जंग
 अपने चंचल नेत्रों की शक्ति से
 कर दे अपने निन्दकों का मुँह बन्द।
 ऊँचे वृक्षों की ऊँचाइयों की छाँव में,
 घोंसला बना, उसको अपना बसेरा कर।।
 पर, कैसे बने पाखी मन?
 सोचता है ये अन्तर्मन
 कि मन पाखी मन बावरा ...
 ना जाने कौन डगर अपनाए?
 डर है कि जब आशा टूटे
 तो ये बैरागी ना हो जाए।
 ओ मन तू तो है दर्पण कहलाए
 भले-दुरे गुणों को तू देखे और दिखाए
 इस उजले दर्पण पर प्राणी
 धूल न जमने पाए।
 घकाघीघ की धमक को देखकर,
 खो ना जाना तू पाखी मन,
 वही है कर्तव्यपरायण पाखी जो,
 सुबह को दाना खोजने जाकर
 शाम को घर वापस आ जाए।



ज्योत्सना, XII

नैतिक मूल्यों की हार-बढ़ता भ्रष्टाचार !

आधुनिक युग में धन का महत्व इतना बढ़ गया है कि नैतिक मूल्यों को भी ये प्रभावित करने लगा है। प्राचीन काल से ही धन प्राप्ति की दौड़ चली आ रही है और ये सच है कि मानव की भावनाएं आज के इस युग में सिर्फ धन से ही आनन्द पाती हैं। मानव धन के लालच में पड़ गया है। अपने आर्थिक विकास के चक्कर में मानव भटक गया है।

स्वाधीनता के बाद भारत में बड़ी-बड़ी योजनाएं बनाई गईं। सब ने गांधी जी के नक्शेकदम पर चलने का प्रण किया लेकिन भ्रष्टाचार का विष समाज की गलियों में फैल चुका है। हम आर्थिक रूप से तो बढ़ रहे हैं, लेकिन नैतिक रूप से पतन की ओर बढ़ रहे हैं।

भ्रष्टाचार के कई रूप हैं, वस्तुओं में मिलावट, नकली माल, अधिक मूल्यों पर वस्तुओं को बेचना, विश्व खेलों में भी आजकल सरकारी भ्रष्टाचार ने अपनी जगह बना ली है और इन सबका कारण है सरकारी कर्मचारियों की 'धूसखोरी' जनता और शासन दोनों में ही फैले भ्रष्टाचार से मुक्ति पाना आसान नहीं है।

भ्रष्टाचार का दानव आज हमारे सामने अपना मुँह फैलाए खड़ा है और हम सिर्फ देख रहे हैं और अपने अन्त का इन्तजार कर रहे हैं, जैसे—अगर पुलिस वाले हड़ताल कर दें तो क्या होगा, जिन लोगों के हाथ में कानून है, यदि वही सारे नियम ताक पर रख दें तो प्रशासन का क्या होगा? आजकल लोगों में भले ही वे नेता या कोई छोटे-मोटे कर्मचारी हों, उनमें भ्रष्टाचार का ये विष फैल चुका है। उनको देश की सेवा करने में इतना आनन्द नहीं आता है जितना उन्हें अपनी जेब सेवा करने में आता है। आजकल तो जब तक जेब गरम, सब मक्खन है, सब खुश है।

इस स्थिति के लिए कोई व्यक्ति दोषी नहीं है, बल्कि वह व्यवस्था दोषी है, जो धन को मानवता से अधिक महत्व देती है। धन की तृप्ति के साथ ही धन का लोभ बढ़ता है। इसका मतलब हर प्रकार की बेईमानी से धन लाभ हुआ और भ्रष्टाचार की प्रगति हुई।

गाँधी जी ने कहा है, "जब तक प्रत्येक व्यक्ति स्वयं यह नहीं समझेगा कि हम देश के लिए काम कर रहे हैं, तब तक हम लोग ऊपर नहीं उठ सकेंगे। भले ही कुछ लोग स्वयं धूसखोरी और लगाव-बुझाव में न फँसे हों, लेकिन उसमें फँसे हुए लोगों को जानते हुए भी जो उनके प्रति उदासीनता बरतते हैं, वे भी अपराधी हैं।"

आजकल सबसे बड़ा भ्रष्टाचार का देव है कलमाड़ी। इनके बारे में तारीफ करें कम है। इनके जैसा भ्रष्टाचारी दूसरा कोई नहीं होगा। जहाँ विश्व खेलों में खिलाड़ियों ने देश का नाम रोशन किया वहीं खेल मन्त्रियों ने देश को बदनाम कर दिया है। उनके लिए :

“खेले हम जी जान से,
देश का नाम ऊंचा कर दिया
परन्तु राष्ट्रमण्डल खेल के नाम पर
कलमाड़ी ने अपना घर भर लिया।”

ये अकेले ऐसे व्यक्ति नहीं हैं जिनके पास ये भ्रष्टाचार की ताकत नहीं है, ऐसे और भी कई लोग हैं जैसे हमारे शरद पवार, ए. राजा, आदि नेता मशहूर हो गए हैं। ये वे लोग हैं जिनमें आचार, चरित्र की कमी है। भ्रष्टाचार जब किसी राष्ट्र में बढ़ जाता है, तो चरित्रवान् व्यक्ति छोटे-छोटे कार्यों के लिए धक्के खाते फिरते हैं। ईमानदार महँगाई की मार खाता है, राष्ट्र के रहस्य विदेशों को पता चल जाते हैं और सभी लोग सामाजिक और नैतिक नियमों का उल्लंघन कर अपने स्वार्थ के साधने में जुट जाते हैं। ऐसे में किसी पर भरोसा नहीं होता, राष्ट्र की रक्षा संकट में पड़ जाती है और सरकार गड़बड़ जाती है। हम भ्रष्टाचार को बुरा कहते हैं तो हम सबका कर्तव्य बनता है कि भ्रष्टाचार की इस बाढ़ को रोकें। अंग्रेजी में एक कहावत है 'Charity begins at home'। इसके अनुसार, हमको भी पहले स्वयं को भ्रष्टाचार से ऊपर उठाएँ। प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को चाहिए कि यह रिश्तत न ले और न दे; जो कमाए ईमानदारी से कमाए, वे हमेशा अपना आयकर दें और अपना कार्य भी निष्ठा से करें। इस आत्म-पवित्रता के आते ही भ्रष्टाचार की बहुत ही समस्याएं समाप्त हो जाएँगी। तभी हमारा राष्ट्र सुन्दर, संगठित, और आदर्श देश बनेगा। तब ही हम अपनी तुलना अच्छे देशों से कर सकेंगे।

सुनन्दा शर्मा, XII

कार्टून की दुनिया

शिनचैन की शैतानियों से रहते हैं सब परेशान
छोटे भीम की लड़ाई अब भी करती है मुझे हैरान
बैन टैन तो है और भी 'महान'।
फिनिक्स और फर्ब की कलाकृतियां
कर देती हैं सबको दंग,
पावर रेन्जर्स जब भी आए,
जमा दें अपना रंग
पावर ऑफ गल्स कर देती हैं
'जोजो' की शान्ति भंग।
डोरेमॉन और नोबिता हैं सबके दुलारे,
टॉम और जेरी हैं सबकी आँखों के तारे !
माँ कहती हैं हो गई हूँ मैं सयानी,
पर क्या करूँ इनसे हटता नहीं मन,
इन कार्टूनों को देखे बिना,
गुजरता नहीं मेरा दिन !
गुजरता नहीं मेरा दिना !



मुग्धा खण्डेलवाल, VIII-A

सवाल ढूँढ़ कर देखो

सवाल ढूँढ़ कर देखो मेरे जवाब में है,
कि जैसे ख्वाब की ताबीर मेरे ख्वाब में है।

मैं ख्वाब देख रही थी, सवाल मैंने किया,
वही जवाब मिला ख्वाब में जो उसने दिया।

जमाने में अगर मैं हुक्मरॉ होती तो क्या होती,
युदापा आ गया होता, जवाँ होती तो क्या होती।

जमी होती न मैं, एक आसमाँ होती तो क्या होती,
किसी मासूम पे मैं महरबाँ होती तो क्या होती।

मैं सच के बीच मीरे-कारवाँ होती तो क्या होती,
जो फूलों का महकता गुलिस्ताँ होती तो क्या होती।

अजीजमुरशान अपनी चास्ताँ होती तो क्या होती,
किसी की मैं भली होती किसी की मैं बुरी होती।

न मीरे-कारवाँ न हुक्मरॉ होती तो क्या होती,
कि सबसे बड़ के मैं इनसाँ अगर होती तो क्या होती।

भली होती सभी की न किसी की भी बुरी होती,
धुराई तलाशती न फिर इसका निशाँ होती।

धमक अगर है तो इन्सानियत की ताब में है।
नशा सुरुर है तो बस इसी शराब में है॥

सवाल ढूँढ़ कर देखो मेरे जवाब में है,
कि जैसे ख्वाब की ताबीर मेरे ख्वाब में है।

हम बोलेंगे तो बोलेंगे कि बहुत बोलता है।

प्रभु की रचना भी अपरम्पार है, कुछ भी एक सा नहीं। कुछ चीजों में उन्नीस-बीस का फर्क होता है, कुछ में जमीन-आसमान का अन्तर। ऐसे ही उस रचनाकार ने हम मनुष्यों को भी एक-दूसरे से बिल्कुल भिन्न बनाया है। आकार में, रंग में, रूप में, सोच में और आदतों में भी और आदतें भी कैसी-कैसी-ज्यादा खाने की, ज्यादा सोने की, ज्यादा पढ़ने की, ज्यादा घूमने की और तो और ज्यादा बोलने की, बातूनी होने की?

कुछ लोग होते हैं जो चुपचाप घण्टों तक बैठ सकते हैं। अपने आप से खुश अपने कार्य में मगन। उनके मुँह को खुलता हुआ कोई तभी देख सकता है जब उनसे कुछ पूछा जाए। ऐसा लगता है कि ऐसे प्राणियों को हर शब्द नाप तोल के ही बोलना है, अगर ज्यादा बोल दिया तो कहीं कोई ज्यादा न सुन ले।

और इनके विपरीत मिलते हैं हमें बातूनी प्राणी जो बिन्दास रहते हैं और बिन्दास बोलते हैं। यह उन लोगों में से होते हैं, कि अगर इन्हें कुछ बोलना है तो चाहे दुनिया इधर की उधर हो जाए इन्हें तो अपनी बात बोलनी ही है और बोलते समय यह न किसी और की सुनते हैं और न किसी और की परवाह करते हैं कि उनकी बात किसी को कैसी लग रही है या उन पर क्या असर कर रही है। ठीक ही कहा गया है :

‘मधुर वचन है औषधि, कटु वचन है तीर
देखन में छोटे लागे, घाव करे गम्भीर।’

बातूनी लोगों का बड़बोलापन कभी-कभी उन पर काफी भारी पड़ जाता है। इन लोगों के बड़बोलेपन से यह लोग हँसी का पात्र बन जाते हैं। कोई बात या किस्सा जिनमें उनका कोई योगदान न हो फिर भी उन्हें अपनी विशेष टिप्पणी देनी होती है। अक्सर ऐसे तेज और बड़बोले लोगों से लोग दूरी बनाने लगते हैं। हर कोई बातूनीयों को खास बात बताने से हिचकिचाते हैं, इस डर से कि कहीं वह बड़बोला कहीं पर कोई ऐसी बात न कर दे जिससे किसी की कलाई खुल जाए।

दूसरों का ऐसा रूखा व्यवहार और दूरी बनाना बड़बोलों को चुमता है, वह अपने को अकेला महसूस करते हैं, उदास हो जाते हैं या फिर अपना गुस्सा इस तरह निकालते हैं, कुछ ऐसा कह देते हैं कि उनके करीब दोस्त भी उनसे दूर चले जाते हैं। अतः काफी नुकसान होने पर भी यह बड़बोले सुधरते नहीं, आखिर करें भी तो क्या? ‘आदत से मजबूर है।’ अब बड़बोलापन आदत बन चुका है तो इससे पीछा छुड़ाना टेढ़ी खीर है।

मेरे विचार तो इसी प्रश्न पर आकर रुक गए हैं कि क्या होगा ऐसे बड़बोलों और उनके बड़बोलेपन का? कहीं भी जाए, यह आदत तो साथ जायेगी जो कभी भारी भी पड़ सकती है। तभी सन्त कबीर ने कहा है :

‘ऐसी बानी बोलिये, मन का आपा खोय,
औरन को शीतल करे, आपहु शीतल होय।’

ऐसे लोग अपने बड़बोलेपन से खुद भी फँस जाते हैं और कोई अगर साथ हो तो उस बेचारे का खुदा ही भला करे।

आरजू ऐडवर्डस्, XII

हाय टी. वी.

हाय टी.वी., हाय टी.वी.

सभी को लगे प्यारा ये टी.वी.

बच्चे, बूढ़े, नौजवान

सभी करें न्यौछावर इस पर अपनी जान

मम्मी कहती 8 बजे 'बालिका बधु' ही चलेगा

बच्चे कहते 8 बजे 'आईपीएल' न भूलियेगा।

8:30 बजे चलता है 'वैम्पायरो' का काला जादू

जिसे देखकर सब हो जाते हैं बिल्कुल बेकाबू।

9 बजे 'गुलाब' दिखेरे अपने हजारों रंग

9:30 बजे सीखे गीत-अक्षरा से रूठने मनाने का ढंग

10 बजे 'नव्या' की उलझने जीते सभी का दिल

10:30 बजे मम्मी कहती है ...

'अरे ! सो जाओ बच्चो न बढ़ाओ बिजली का बिल !!'

यही है कहानी घर-घर की

यही है कहानी हर घर की

हाय टी.वी. हाय टी.वी.

दीक्षा सिंघल एवं मनिका सरीन, IX-B



अब छिपना क्यों?

छल-छलावा, यह है कैसा?

बदलाव रूपी दलदल यह कैसा?

बढ़ती आबादी और निराशा
पर्यावरण है पीड़ित,
दूषित है हर आशा।

मां बेटे का प्यार ना रहा,
बेटी पर अत्याचार ना थमा।
रिश्तों और प्रथा से बड़ा,
बना दिया संसार एक नया।

आधुनिकता और अज्ञान जिसकी नीवें,
खोखली जड़ों की खान है यह प्रिय।
झिंझोड़ कर रख दी है हर आत्मा,
मन ना करता यहां फिर जन्म लेने का।

कहाँ गया पूर्वजों का वह सम्मान,
कहाँ गया वह जीवन का अरमान?
बनानी होगी अब नयी नीति,
करना होगा एक नया प्रण,

बनानी होगी एक नयी राजनीति,
लौटाना होगा वह चाणक्य।
एक नयी स्फूर्ति और जोश से हमें,
उठानी होगी नयी आवाज।

भारत और विश्व के लिए,
करना होगा एक नया प्रयास।

सम्पूर्ण स्वतंत्रता, सम्पूर्ण स्वाधीनता का,

एक नया ध्वज फहराओ,
करो वह एक नया सफल प्रयास,
जिससे तुम नया विश्व बनाओ।



अब छिपना कैसा,

तुम बदे चलो।

गूँज रही एक ही आवाज,
मन, वचन, कर्म से
उठाओ एक नया हथियार।

छुपने ना दो इस काली घटा को,
छँट जाए, हर अँधेरा,
तुम प्रार्थना करो,
समर्थ प्रार्थना करो।

छिप ना पाए कोई नमक-हलाल,
छूटी ना रह जाए कोई आवाज,
इस क्रान्ति की धेला में,

तुम सतर्क सामना करो,
तुम छिपे ना रहो ॥

अलविदा

सोच रही थी एक दिन बैठे,
चौदह वर्ष है कैसे बीते।
कुछ खुशी है कुछ गम है दिल में,
कुछ सवाल उठ रहे हैं मन में।
कुछ खट्टी कुछ मीठी यादें,
हर पल की हमें याद दिला दें।
यादें हैं बीते हुए कल की,
बल रहे इस हर एक पल की।
बंदल कितना मन था मेरा,
होता था हर कश्ती पर डेरा।
हर दिन होता एक नया सबेरा,
झीड़ा-आँगन था ये मेरा।
जब विद्यालय छोड़ने की बात है आती,
तो पल भर के लिए आँख है भर आती।
क्या नहीं मैंने यहाँ पाया,
मिली है मुझे हर शिक्षक की छाया।
मुझे आपको छोड़कर जाना होगा,
यह नीति-नियम निभाना होगा।
हर पल अब अनमोल लग रहा है,
न जाने को मन बोल रहा है।
वह मित्रों के साथ की हलचल,
क्या मिल पायेगी मुझको कल?
यादों के सागर में डूबा मेरा मन,
चाहता है बस एक ही धन।
धन आपकी दुआओं का,
आपके प्यार और स्नेह का।
हो सके तो हों न हम जुदा,
पर कहना ही पड़ेगा मुझे अलविदा,
पर कहना ही पड़ेगा मुझे अलविदा।



स्कूल से रुद्रसत

वह घड़ी दर्द जुदाई की भी क्या होती है।
जब कली कोई गुलिस्ताँ से जुदा होती है॥
प्रेम के फूल मोहब्बत के कमल खिलते हैं।
क्या कहूँ जिन्दगी स्कूल की क्या होती है॥
तबियत की हमें तालीम दी होशियार किया।
आज माँ फरजे मोहब्बत से अदा होती है॥
प्रेम उत्कत का यही सब से बड़ा मन्दिर है।
जिन्दगी एक नई दिल को अदा होती है॥
अपने स्कूल से मैं ऐसे जुदा होती हूँ।
जैसे गुलशन से कली कोई जुदा होती है॥
दूर हो जायेंगी हमजोलियाँ सारी मुझसे।
सोचकर ये मेरी तकलीफ सिवा होती है॥
अपनी उस्तानियों की आज दुआ लेके चलो।
के बड़ी चीज बुजुर्गों की दुआ होती है॥

असगा सलीमी, XII



Sr. Greta's Birthday



यादें

Ma'am "can I carry your register."

"Sorry ma'am I forget to bring my book."

"Sir, please give us this free period."

"Sorry sister for being late."

मैं इन शब्दों को कभी भूल नहीं पाऊंगी। जैसे-जैसे दिन बीत रहे हैं, सेन्ट पैट्रिक्स के प्रांगण में बिताये हुए क्षण याद आ रहे हैं।

मैं पहले अपनी पुरानी प्रधानाचार्या Rev. Sister Lawrence का आभार व्यक्त करना चाहूंगी जिन्होंने हमेशा हर राह में हमारा साथ दिया था। मैं अपनी नई प्रधानाचार्या Rev. Sister Greta का भी आभार व्यक्त करना चाहूंगी जिन्होंने हमारे कार्यों को सराहा। सेन्ट पैट्रिक्स के हर शिक्षक और शिक्षिकाओं को दिल से धन्यवाद करती हूँ क्योंकि उन्होंने हमेशा सही और गलत की पहचान कराई।

इन चौदह सालों का पता ही नहीं चला, पलक झपकते से चले गए। कल की ही सी बात है जब मैंने इस विद्यालय में अपना पहला कदम रखा था। मिस हैलेन (Ma'am Helen) से श्रीमती डोडिया (Ma'am Dodia) तक, फ्रॉक से सलवार कमीज तक कनिष्ठ वर्ग से वरिष्ठ वर्ग तक।

सेन्ट पैट्रिक्स में बिताये मेरे इन 14 सालों, एक साल के 7 महीने, हफ्ते के 6 दिन और हर दिन के 5 घण्टों के साथ कई अनगिनत यादें जुड़ी हैं। मुझे आज भी याद है वह SUPW की क्लासेस, कैण्टीन के बाहर का वह शोर, मस्ती से भरी हमारी पिकनिक, वो रात तक जग के पढ़ाई, परीक्षा के शुरु होने से पहले आखिरी क्षण तक पढ़ना और हॉं पेपर देकर कहना, 'कितने कठिन प्रश्न थे', आपस में छोटे-मोटे टकराव ... ये सब कुछ कभी भुलाया नहीं जा सकता।

आज सेन्ट पैट्रिक्स को अलविदा कहने का वक्त आ गया है। इससे मेरा साथ छूट रहा है। ऐसा लगता है कि मेरा घर मुझसे छिन रहा है। सेन्ट पैट्रिक्स मेरे लिए मेरा घर है जहाँ मुझे श्रीमती डोडिया के रूप में एक माँ की तरह ख्याल रखने वाली शिक्षिका मिली और कुछ ऐसी सहेलियाँ मिली जिन्हें मैं कभी भूल नहीं सकती। अपने स्कूल को छोड़कर जाना कितना दर्द पहुँचाता है आज मुझे यह एहसास हो रहा है। अन्त में अपने सभी शिक्षक और शिक्षिकाओं का आभार व्यक्त करते हुए कहना चाहती हूँ।

गुरु ब्रह्मा, गुरु विष्णु, गुरु देवो महेश्वराः।

गुरु साक्षात् परमब्रह्मः तस्मै श्री गुरुवे नमः॥'

अलविदा सेन्ट पैट्रिक्स अलविदा !!!

अरुणा सलीमी, XII

PRIZE LIST 2011-12

JUNIOR SECTION

ST. Patrick's Junior College

ART COMPETITION (29 th April 2011)		
GROUP-I (Class-I)		
1 st	Shreya Maheshwari	I-A
2 nd	Agrima Diwakar	I-A
3 rd	Anushka Anand	I-A
GROUP-II (Class-II)		
1 st	Kritika Pahilajani	II-B
2 nd	Palak Singhal	II-B
3 rd	Kirti Nautiyal	II-B
GROUP-III (Class-II)		
1 st	Rajashwi Saxena	III-B
2 nd	Pankhuri Goyal	III-B
3 rd	Vedanshi Jain	III-B
GROUP-IV (Class-II)		
1 st	Alice Morris	IV-B
2 nd	Kulsoom Raza Beg	IV-B
3 rd	Prashi Kalra	IV-B
GROUP-V (Class-V & VI)		
2 nd	Rishita Dembla	V-B

STORY TELLING COMPETITION (2 nd August 2011)		
GROUP-I (Class-I)		
1 st	Ritisha Tandon	I-B
2 nd	Krishnakshi	I-A
3 rd	Aditi Bansal	I-A
GROUP-II (Class-II and III)		
1 st	Sambhavi Sharma	III A
2 nd	Anika Garg	II B
3 rd	Ashna Taneja	III B
GROUP-III (Class-IV and V)		
1 st	Debolina	V-B
2 nd	Yusra Basit	IV-B
3 rd	Vaamika Budhiraja	V-A

HINDI ELOCUTION COMPETITION (12 th August 2011)		
GROUP ELOCUTION		
GROUP-I (Class-I)		
1 st	Class IA	
GROUP-II (Class-II and III)		
1 st	Class II B,	
2 nd	Class III A	
3 rd	Class II A and Class III B	
GROUP-III (Classes IV and V)		
1 st	Class IV B	
2 nd	Class IV A	
3 rd	Class V A	
INDIVIDUAL RECITATION		
GROUP-I (Class-I)		
1 st	Shreya Maheshwari	I A
2 nd	Sanchi Magan	I B
3 rd	Agrima Diwakar	I A
GROUP-II (Classes-II and III)		
1 st	Siya Kalra	II B
2 nd	Ananya Paliwal	II A
2 nd	Aditi Jain	III A
3 rd	Paridhi Agarwal	III B
GROUP-III (Class-IV and V)		
1 st	Shreya Shrotriya	IV A
1 st	Aditi Yadav	IV B
2 nd	Anjali Sharma	IV B
3 rd	Ruchika Sharma	V B

STORY TELLING COMPETITION D.P.S. (Agra)		
1 st	Riyaj Pahouja	II B
2 nd	Kriti Nautiyal	II A
2 nd	Aliya Khan	II B
2 nd	Yashika Gogia	II B
3 rd	Aishwarya Agnihotri	II B

G.K. QUIZ
(22nd September 2011)

1st GREEN HOUSE

Hemanya Sehgal	IV A
Nishtha Goyal	IV B
Sanyukta Faujdar	V A
Dikhsha Arora	V B

2nd BLUE HOUSE

Kuhoo Goyal	IV A
Sakshi Porwal	VI B
Vanshika Gupta	V A
Yoshna Marwaha	V B

3rd YELLOW HOUSE

Kavya Jindal	IV A
Jhanvi Gupta	IV B
Shreyanshi Agarwal	V A
Kashish Ahuja	V B

**INTER SCHOOL PAINTING
COMPETITION (24th Septmber 2011)**
(Organized by ICYM, Unit of Agra Archdiocese)

1 st	Aishwarya Rajee Chouhan (Trophy + Rs 3000)	V B
2 nd	Palak Khandelwal (Trophy + Rs 2000)	IV B

**ENGLISH ELOCUTION COMPETITION
(30th September 2011)**

GROUP ELOCUTION

GROUP-I (Classes LKG and UKG)

1 st	UKG A
2 nd	UKG A
3 rd	LKG B

GROUP-II (Classes I)

1 st	Class I A
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GROUP-III (Classes II and III)

1 st	Class III A
2 nd	Class II B
3 rd	Class III B

GROUP-IV (Classes IV and V)

1 st	Class IV A
2 nd	Class V B
3 rd	Class IV B

INDIVIDUAL RECITATION

GROUP-I (Classes LKG and UKG)

1 st	Sara Prakash	UKG B
2 nd	Vrinda Bansal	LKG A
2 nd	Kaashyapi Golani	UKG A
3 rd	Devanshi Khandelwal	LKG B

GROUP-II (Class I)

1 st	Kirti Mittal	I B
2 nd	Khushi Sharma	I A
3 rd	Vyakhya Sharma	I A

GROUP-III (Classes II and III)

1 st	Anushka Sinha	III B
2 nd	Ananya Mishra	II A
3 rd	Simone shradha Chand	II B

GROUP-IV (Classes IV and V)

1 st	Divya Daryani	V B
2 nd	Gayatri Sharma	IV A
3 rd	Aditi Goyal	V A

**DANCE COMPETITION
(15th October 2011) (Classes I to V)**

1 st	IV A
2 nd	V B
3 rd	II B

**ART COMPETITION BASED ON
MOTHER FOUNDRESS
(3rd Feb. 2011)**

GROUP-A (UKG-LKG)

1 st	Shehal Mittal	UKG B
2 nd	Ramayani Sharma	UKG A
3 rd	Roshahi	LKG A

Group B (I-II)

1 st	Aditi Agarwal	II A
2 nd	Manya Agarwal	II B
3 rd	Sneha Swankar	I A

Group C

1 st	Yusra Basit	IV A
2 nd	Sakshi Porwal	IV B
3 rd	Tejaswiri Srivastava	III B

SENIOR SECTION

Class (VI-XII)

ST. CLAUDINE THEVENET ART COMPETITION (3rd February 2011)

VI-Std.

1 st	Memansha Jain	VI A
2 nd	Somya Mathur	VI A
3 rd	Vanya Mathur	VI A
3 rd	Jahnvi Jain	VI A
Consln. P.	Srishti Deepankar	VI A

VII Std.

1 st	Radhika Arora	VII B
2 nd	Saloni Mahajan	VII B
3 rd	Yashvi Chawla	VII B
Consln. P.	Sara Basit	VII A

VIII-Std.

1 st	Ridhi Solanki	VIII A
2 nd	Chetna Tiwari	VIII B
3 rd	Ananya Agarwal	VIII B
Consln. P.	Deepali Gaur	VIII B

ENGLISH ESSAY WRITING (29th February 2011)

(Best Four Entries Sent to Council)

IX Std.

1 st	Keha Sagar	IX A
	Debjani Ghosh	IX B
	Chetna Tiwari	IX A
	Anushka Gupta	IX B
2 nd	Apoorva Ravat	IX
	Aditi Agarwal	IX A
	Kushagri Tandon	IX A
	Kavya Bhardwaj	IX B
	Ananya Agarwal	IX B
	Vanshika Mehra	IX B
	Arushi Gupta	IX A

X Std.

1 st	Gauri Gupata	X-B
	Sukriti Bhandari	X A
2 nd	Vanshika Singhal	X A
	Vanshika Benara	X A
	Gorisha Agarwal	X B
3 rd	Shravika Behl	X B

XI Std.

1 st	Sanhita Silas	XI Com.
	Tina Jain	XI Com.
	Noopur Gupta	XI Sc.
2 nd	Harshita Khare	XI Com.
	Sugandh Narang	XI Com.
3 rd	Aastha Kakkar	XI Sc.

XII Std.

1 st	Priyanka Tiwari	XII-Com.
	Mitali Daryani	XII-Com.
2 nd	Sherya Chawla	XII-Com.
	Somya Gour	XII-Com.
3 rd	Palak Jain	XII-Sc.
	Tehniat Khan	XII-Com.

INTER CLASS CHART MAKING COMPT. (July)

Middle School (VI-VIII)

1 st		VI-B
	Senior Category 'A' (IX-X)	
1 st		IX-A
	Senior Category 'B' (XI-XII)	
1 st		XI-Sc.

AISC ART & CRAFT COMPETITION. (3rd August 2011) St. Conrads

1 st Prize	Manu Bansal	IX-B
	Ridhi Solanki	IX A

ENGLISH ELOCUTION & DECLEMATION (3rd August 2011)

Category 'A' (VI-VIII)

(Group)	1 st		VIII-A
	2 nd		VII-A
(Solo)	1 st	Shivangi Chaturvedi	VII-B
	2 nd	Maitri Upadhyay	VII A
	3 rd	Ishita Chaturvedi	VI-B

Category 'B' (IX-XII)

(Group)	1 st		XII-Sc.
	2 nd		XI-Com.
	3 rd		IX-A
(Individual)			
1 st	Priyanka Bhadauria		XI st XI-Com.
2 nd	Vanshika Mehra		IX-B
3 rd	Shubhangi Kulshreshtha		X-B

AISC DECLAMATION COMPETITION
6th August (St. Patricks)

Jr. Category		
Sharmisha Chatterjee (VIII-A)	Best Speaker	
Sr. Category		
Priyanka Bhadauria XI-Com	Best Speaker	

AISC ENGLISH DEBATE (St. Anthony's)
3rd September

2 nd	Mitali Daryani	XII-Com.
	Charu Dhawan	XI-Sc.
Jr. Category (Winner)		
Priyanka Bhadauria	XI-Com.	
Sharmishtha Chatterjee	VIII-A	

G.K. QUIZ COMPETITION (VI-VIII)
(22nd September)

1 st	Blue House	
	Pratha Gupta	VI-A
	Divyansha Singhal	VII-B
	Saloni Goyal	VIII-B
	Sharmishtha Chatterjee	VIII-A
2 nd	Green House	
	Chavi Jain	VI-B
	Aline Ahmed	VII-B
	Ayushi Verma	VIII-B
	Yashvi Chawla	VIII-B
3 rd	Red House	
	Ishita Chaturvedi	VI-B
	Shivali Pahiya	VII-B
	Bhavya Bhatia	VIII-A
	Saloni Mahajan	VIII-A

G.K. QUIZ COMPETITION (IX-XII)
(23rd September)

1 st	Yellow House	
	Aditi Agarwal	IX-A
	Gauri Gupta	X-A
	Priyanka Bhadauria	XI-Com.
	Soumya Gaur	XII-Com.
2 nd	Blue House	
	Archita Singh	IX-B
	Sukriti Bhandari	X-A
	Amita Singh	XI-Sc.
	Shreya Chawla	XII-Com.
3 rd	Red House	
	Chetna Tiwari	IX-A
	Shaurya Agarwal	X-A
	Ruchika Gautam	XI-Sc.
	Eshite Jain	XII-Com.

INTER HOUSE ENGLISH DEBATE
(28th September)

Kavya Bhardwaj IX-B	"Best Speaker"
Mitali Daryani	} Shared the 1 st Prize
Tina Jain	

INTER HOUSE HINDI DEBATE
(30th September)

1 st	Manvi Mittal	XII-Com.
Green House Bagged the team trophy.		

GANDHI JAYANTI (2nd October)**Singing Compt. Sprd by Rotary Club**
Category 'A' VI-VIII

1 st		VII-A
2 nd		VI-A
3 rd		VIII-A

Category 'B' IX-XII

1 st		XII-Com.
2 nd		XI-Com.
3 rd		XI-Sc.

St. Claudine Thevenet Creative Writing Comp. (3 February 2012)

1 st	Mallika Bhagat	XI-Com.
2 nd	Kavya Bhardwaj	IX-B
3 rd	Archita Singh	IX-B
Consolation	Vanshika Mehra	IX-B
	Apoorva Rawat	IX-B

Art Competition based of Mother Foundress.

Group D (Classes-V-VI)

1 st	Kamakshi Nagaich	VI-B
2 nd	Nimrah Shakeel	VI-A
3 rd	Aishwarya Raje Chauhan	V-B

Group E (Classes-VII-VIII)

1 st	Maitri Upadhyay	VII-A
2 nd	Shajal Silas	VIII-B
3 rd	Saloni Mahajan	VIII-A

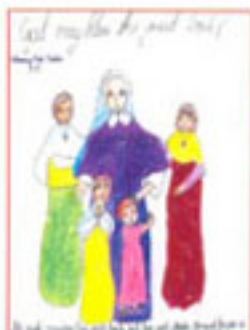
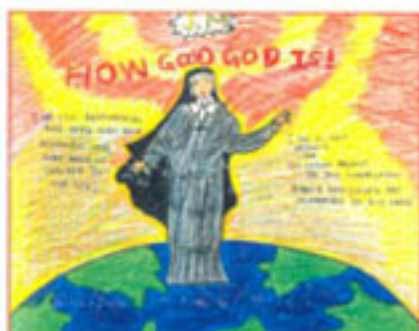
Inter School Literary Event Comp.
D.P.S. (Agra)

1 st	Bhavya Bhatia	VIII-A
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APSA English Debate Comp.
St. Anthony's (18th October)

1 st	Kavya Bhardwaj	IX-B
1 st	Tina Jain	XI-Com.
2 nd	Mugdha Khandelwal	VIII-A
3 rd	Arpita Chauhan	VIII-B

Patrician's Palette



Beyond Classrooms

OOTY TRIP



JAIPUR TRIP



Christmas Celebrations



Jeevan Dhara



Evening Literacy Classes



Mother General's visit



Feast of Our Mother Foundress : St. Claudine Thevenet



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Saint Claudine Thevenet

(Mary St. Ignellus)

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

"How Good God is!"



Blessed Dina Belanger

(Saints St. Cecilia De Roma)

Religious Of Jesus & Mary

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



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From The Mouths of The Babes

Trees and Plants

1. Trees and plants are important for us. They give us oxygen, food, clothes and shelter.
2. We get wood from trees.
3. We make furniture, doors, windows from wood.
4. Animals eat plants and grass.



Sneha Swarnakar, I-A

What I Must Not Do

I must not do anything that displeases GOD.

- I must not tell lies.
- I must not cheat.
- I must not steal.
- I must not fight or hurt any one.

What I Must Do

- I must do all that pleases God.
- I must work hard at my lessons.
- I must be kind to animals.
- I must respect my parents and teachers.
- I must be kind and helpful to all.

Tashna Thaper, I-A

Well Mannered Child

1. Everybody likes a well mannered child.
2. She respects and obeys her elders.
3. She is honest and always speaks the truth.

Krishnakshi, I-A

God

1. God has made all the things.
2. He gives us everything that we need.
3. He is our parents and teacher.
4. God loves all of us.
5. We must thank Him for everything He gives us when we are in need.

Harshita Gautam, I-A

Honesty

Honesty and truthfulness make one a good person.

Honesty includes admitting our mistakes.

Honesty keeps us happy.

I respect an honest person.



Ayushi Yadav, I-A

God

God has made this world. He created me. God takes care of all His children. I pray to God everyday for the well-being of my family.

Bhoomika Talreja, I-A

Responsibility

1. Everyone feels happy and proud of us when we behave responsibly.
2. Becoming responsible is a sign of growing up.

Anushka Mittal, I-B

Loving Mom And Dad



THEY FULFIL MY WISHES
AND THEY GIVE ME KISSES.
AND I LOVE THEM IN ALL CASES
GOOD TIMES OR BAD—
LIFE IS GOOD BECAUSE OF
MOM AND DAD

Vaibhavi Jain, I-B

I

I love colours, flowers and I love to fly,
So I want to become a colourful butterfly.

Ashleen Henry, I-B

Life

1. Life is happiness for those who know to share.
2. Life is enjoyment for those who know to live it.

Presha Parswani, I-B

Birds

Birds are not lazy
Birds are really crazy
They pick up grains
As fast as trains.



Navhya Agarwal, I

Trees

Trees are very important.
We need trees because they give us Oxygen and they give us shade.
We should take care of trees.
Grow more trees.



Garima Singh, II-A

My Puppy

It's funny
My puppy
Knows just how I feel.
When I'm happy he's yappy and dances like an eel.
When I'm grumpy he's slumpy and stays at my heel.
Its funny my puppy
Knows such a great deal.



Mahek Dhanwani, II-B

Corruption

Now-a-days corruption is very much in our society. But Government is not passing rules against corruption. They are not listening to Anna Hazare. He held fast again and again but the government is doing nothing against corruption.
In Delhi Anna Hazare held fast for 12 days. Team Anna wants Jan Lokpal. We should not support corruption. We should walk on the path of truth and peace.
Save our Motherland. Urvashi Singh, II-B



If I Were Mummy For A Day

If I were a mummy for a day, I would let
my children have fun and play.

I would join them in creating a mess in
their room,

And wouldn't tell them to
clean it with a duster or a
broom.



I would serve them pastry and cherry,
And make their moods merry.

I would teach them to read and write,
And make their minds sharp and bright.

Kriti Nautiyal, II-A

Why I Love My Daddy

I love you my dear daddy because

You are my pride.

And whenever I need you,

You are always by my side.

You give me suggestions,

Which are always right.

And buy new clothes,

When the old become tight.

You help me with my books

And you are also,

A very good cook.

Whenever I am in trouble

You show good care.

And such sweet daddies

In the world,

Are very rare.

Priyanshi Agarwal, II-A

School

The school is a Temple of learning. I love
my school very much. It has many
beautiful buildings. In my school, there
are only girls. I obey and respect my
teachers. I keep my school clean and tidy.
It is the best school. I play with my friends
during the recess. I like to go to school
everyday. The Principal is the head of the
school. The people who work in my school
help each other. There
are many teachers. I go
back home happy
everyday. The school has
many rooms. The school
is like one big family.



Samridhi Upadhyaya, II-A

Good Manners

'Good manners is the
key that shows the
character of a
person'. A person
can be good-
mannered or bad-

mannered. A good-mannered person is
humble, polite, kind and respects his
elders. A good mannered person is always
rewarded by God. A good mannered
person will always use words like 'Please',
'Thank you', 'Sorry', 'Sir/Madam'. We
always pick up good or bad manners from
the surroundings in which we grow up. So
we can say, "Manners maketh a man"



Stuti Singhal, II-A

Kindness

We should be kind to the old people, orphans, poor beggars and the sick. We should help them and always be kind to them.

Akashi Agarwal, II-A

Friendship

We celebrate 'Friendship Day' on the 1st Sunday of July every year. Friends are an important part of my life. I have many friends but some who are very close to my heart are my best friends. I enjoy very much with my friends and they are a part of my joys and sorrows. I try to learn good things from my friends and scold them for their bad qualities

Muskan Vij, III-A

Friendship

Friendship is like a tender plant.
We should never break friendship.
We should not be rude to a friend.
We should be gentle,
We should help him/her in need.
We should take care of a friend.
True friends are those who help each other.
Friendship is built upon love and sharing.
Only when we love, can we make true friends.



A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Anushree Dayal—III-A

Friendship

Friendship is built upon love,
I know, you must have heard.
Friendship is only when,
We know how to share love.
Friends who help us always,
Are called good friends.
Friends should be with
you and me,
Who help us in need.
There are problems here
and there,
But if we talk to our friends
They can be solved anywhere!



Khushboo Agarwal, III-A

Friendship

"Ointment and perfume rejoice this heart,
and so does the sweetness of a friend".

—The Bible

Friendship is a feeling of love and affection of one person for another. It is one of the most important relationships in life. Without friends it is not possible to live. They help us in our need. They are there in our joys and sorrows. My mother always tells me "Make new friends, but keep the old, one is silver and the other is gold." We should try to keep the friends we have. We should never hurt them but should be always there when they need us. Friendship is very essential to the well being of a person.

Mrinalini Fauzdar, III-B

Our School Canteen

Our school canteen has everything,
that I want to eat—like Chowmin,
Samosa, Patties, Sandwhich and Muffin.
I like all things in my school canteen,
I can also have a cold drink or juice.
With snacks like fun pop
Kurkura, and chips
I love my school canteen.



Sanskriti Goyal, III-B

friendship

Friends are for life
Until the end
They're more than special
They're your best friends.
They're the ones you can go to
When you're in despair,
The ones that'll help you
Even when you've got gum in your hair.
They're the ones who'll laugh
And go laughing with you all through the
night,
The ones who'll help you
With all their might.
To have a good friend
You have to be one
So be nice to one another
So you can be friends forever.

Friends



Aashi mathur, III-B

Sharing

When we share dreams,
They become more real.
When we share secrets,
It's our hearts we reveal.
When we share laughter
There's twice the fun.
When we share success,
We've surpassed what others have done.
If we share a smile,
That's when our love shows;
If we share a hug,
That's when our love grows.
When we share problems
There is half the pain;
When we share tears
A rainbow follows rain.

Mehek Agarwal, III-B

Autobiography of A Stone

I am a stone. A dusty road was my home. Sometimes, I was misused to tease the dogs. Sometimes, I was used to break the glass windows and was cursed. I was kicked by the feet of everyone. One fine day, a small little girl, Reena, picked me up and painted me with bright colours. She is using me as a paper weight gleefully. How happy I am now !

Limansha Hussain, IV-A

THE RAIN

Rain comes as a welcome relief after the heat and dust of the summer days. Rain is a wonderful gift of Nature to all mankind. If there is no rain, crops will not grow. All vegetation will wither away. We cannot think of life on this planet without rain. Without rain the water level of the earth will sink. People will not get water to drink and food to eat. There will be a terrible drought. Water is life and without rain there will be no life on earth. People wait for the rain eagerly, when the rains are delayed. We should thank God for this great gift of nature that He has given to us mankind.

Nandita Chaurasia, IV-A



On Reading And Knowledge

Knowledge is power. But do you know how to gain it ? The main source of knowledge is reading. Reading good books, magazines, newspapers etc. gives us knowledge.



Reading is a good hobby. It has many benefits and it increases our imagination. It improves our vocabulary. Dear friends, now I would like to tell you how I developed the habit of reading.

When I was about 6 or 7 years old, I always used to see my grandmother read English novels. I picked the habit of reading from her. Now I have so many books and novels that I could have a library of my own.

Kuhoo Goyal, IV-A

My Neighbour

A good neighbour is a blessing. Just one little experience can make you realise his importance. He is by your side so much so that he is almost a member of your family. He is with you in moments of joy and sorrow. He is loving, considerate and helpful as and when the situation may arise. My neighbours never speak ill of anyone. They always meet people with a warm smile. Such neighbours are rare. Someone has rightly said that we can live without our friends, but not without our neighbours. We are really lucky to have a good family in our neighbourhood.

Stuti Sharma, IV-A

The India Of My Dreams

Everyone in this world dreams. One always makes a plan about one's future. So, I have an India of my dreams.

It would be an India in which there would be no racism, communalism and regionalism. I want India to be scientifically advanced, technologically better and agriculturally advanced.

The India of my dreams would be an India that is self-sufficient in food. I would like the country to be highly industrialized. I would also strengthen India's defence.

Elimination of ignorance and illiteracy would be my next priority because these are also banes for any society. Another thing, which I see in the India of my dreams, is the abridgement of the gap between the rich and the poor.

If these measures are taken with utmost sincerity, India would really be counted among the most powerful countries of the world. It would be an India that Rabindra Nath Tagore described in his lines :

"Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high, where knowledge is free where the world has not broken up into fragments, by narrow domestic walls."

Hemanya Sehgal, IV-A



Entertainment

Can you imagine life without any type of entertainment ?
Yes, I knew you would say 'Never !'

In olden times, entertainment never ceased, so did studies. Children went to play after studying and found ways to amuse themselves by playing in the mud, throwing stones at each other, flying kites, etc. Nowadays, despite the advanced types of entertainment like televisions, computers, PSPs, etc. some children still enjoy and amuse themselves in the same ways that their grandparents used to enjoy themselves.

Entertainment should be what is called amusing or enjoying oneself by playing outdoors or indoors, pursuing a hobby, visiting places, joining a club, etc. and not spending hours in front of the television or computers. So friend, understand the true meaning of entertainment and indulge yourself.



Yusra Basit, IV-A

Internet

The Internet is a global system of the interconnected computer system. There are many sites on the Internet. Google.com is the most popular site. There are other sites also as Facebook.com, Yahoo.com and many more. We can also book tickets and get any information by typing on the keyboard. Internet also helps us to do online shopping. It gives us information and increases our knowledge in all fields. Internet has enabled the creation of new forms of human interactions through instant messaging, internet forums and social networking sites.



Jaanya Singh, IV-A

MY TEACHER

She teaches me, she preaches me.
Do you know why ?
She wants to place me high.
She corrects me, she scolds me,
Do you know why ?
That my character may reach the sky.
She can tell me, she can guide me.
Who is that gentle light ?
She is my dear teacher,
I bow my head to thee.
School is my temple,
Teacher is my God,
To study is my aim,
Duty is my name.

Shreyanshi Sharma, IV-B

OUR MORNING ASSEMBLY

Morning Assembly is an excellent way to start our school day. In every school there are morning assemblies. Assembly means to pray before God so that our day will be good and nice. A test creates tension but if we pray to God our tension will not be there in our mind. In our school we have assembly everyday. In our assembly girls speak according to their roll numbers to take part in the assembly. Do you want to know how our assembly routine is followed? OK! First 2, 3 girls come and speak on topics which their teacher may have chosen. Then, one girl comes to present the Bible reading. Then the selected girls come and offer prayers. Seniors sing a hymn. Then after the hymn one girl reads out the news and then one girl says the thought for the day. We sing our national anthem and proceed go to our respective classes.

Purvi Wadhwa, IV-B

Looking At The Brighter Side of Life

It is no doubt true that we cannot go through life without sorrow. There can be no sunshine without clouds. We must not complain that roses have thorns, but rather be grateful that thorns bear flowers. Our existence here is so complex that we must expect sorrows and sufferings. Many people distress and torment themselves over the mystery of existence. Although a good man may at times be angry with the world, it is certain that no man was ever discontented with the world, who did his duty in it. The world is like a looking glass; if you smile, it smiles; if you frown, it frowns back. If you look at it through a red glass, all seems red and rosy; if through a blue, all blue, if through a smoked one, all dull and dingy. Always try then to look at the bright side. There are some persons whose smile, the sounds of their voice, their very presence seem like a ray of sunshine that brightens the whole room. So greet everybody with a bright smile, kind words and do your bit to make this world a beautiful place.

Krati Jain, IV-B

Principal Speaks

In the world of "self".....we need to focus largely on values taught and caught at home. These are the basic values of love, respect, caring, sharing, compassion and helpfulness that we need to cultivate in our lives. Education begins at home. Parents do try to create a happy environment at home. Their effort to spend quality time with their children has remarkable impact on them. It makes for a happy home atmosphere.



We, in our school, strongly believe in developing these values inherited from the home. Each child is further given opportunities to grow up responsible for herself. She learns to build up a high esteem of self, compete with self rather than with others and to work with others in a team. Education cannot be confined to the class-room. Sports and physical exercise are part of the curriculum. Assemblies, festivals, celebrations, year-round activities....are all conducted under the guidance of the house mistresses. These co-curricular activities help to enrich the educational and social development of the student. These develop a spirit of healthy competition, co-operation, leadership team work as well as accommodate these abilities and interests. They provide a platform for an overall development of their creative talents. At the end of their schooling here, they emerge as responsible individuals and are capable of undertaking the challenges of life.

Our website has regular posts on School Events. The SMS system has been a great help to us to interact with parents on a daily basis and to keep them informed of the progress of their child/ward in the school. We are glad to inform you that we have a computerized library. It will keep our students informed of the latest in the field of their study and interest.

We hope that our efforts at providing these facilities for the students will make them the beautiful people all would like them to be. All this can only be achieved with your continuous support and co-operation.

God bless you.

Sister Greta
– (Principal)

EXAMS

The exams are near
But do not fear,
Be attentive in the class
And you will definitely pass.
But if you sleep
You will have to weep,
It's not the time to rest
Work hard and do your best.
Maths is not so hard
Where there is a teacher to guard,
Science can be fun
If you're an attentive one.
There's no time to waste
But do not act in haste,
So wake up and be ready
As it's time to study.

Vidushi Arora, V-B

MOTHER TERESA

Facing struggle in life,
Helping the poor and needy.
Does not think of doing wrong,
A moving Angel on the earth
that is she.
Giving values of life
Saying her words of love.
Saying that,
if we,
Can not do anything big,
so, we should do something small
with love.



The Angle of mercy that is she—

THE ONE AND ONLY

'Mother Teresa'

Ananya Bansal, V-A

GRATITUDE

I want to convey my gratitude
And acquire a mature attitude
To all those people who touched my life
To make it worth while.
First of all I thank God
For gifting me parents so wonderful.
I thank my teachers who strive
To make me intelligent and wise.
And then thank you to my dear friends
For every happiness and for every
surprise.
Thank you to all those persons
Who have taught me something or the
other
Thank you dear Earth
For nurturing me like a mother.



Neeti Guglani, V-A

HONESTY

An honest man
Is a figure of truth and divine virtue,
A man of peace,
A man of hard work.
Honesty lives in everyone's heart,
In everyone's mind,
In a man of peace,
In a man of violence.
Honesty is a beautiful creation of God
Do not miss it
Do not loose it
Culture it, imbibe it and spread it.

Bhargavi Agarwal, V-A

A Tribute To My Teachers

A teacher is someone
Who is more than one
Who cares about her students
and wears no disguise.
Honest and open, she shares from the
heart,
Not just lessons from books,
But life's goodness as they are.
It's teacher whose patience even in stress,
Never gives less than the very best !
A teacher takes time to help and tutor,
The grammatical concepts or the
language of computer.
A good teacher is like a candle
That consumes itself to light the way for
others.
Not that I was the perfect student,
But you were the perfect teacher for me !
We love you Dear Teachers.

Tishina Singh, V-A

Mother Teresa

Mother Teresa, moving angel on earth
she was,
With values and kind thoughts
Showed humanity in many ways,
How life could be of compassion, love and
care.
Savior of thousands of orphans she was.
Treated them alike their mother she was,
Her mission was to support any good
cause
Continuously, without a pause.
Honoured by many awards—
Nobel Peace Prize
For what she perceived-
Bharat Ratna, Raman Magsey,
To name a few she received.
Till her death she worked for the poor
Known to be the Moving Angel and Saint
of the Gutter.
Aditi Goyal, V-A

SACRIFICE

Long back our country was
Ruled by people of Great Britain.
We were helpless and weak
Each day with sorrow and pain.
God helped us, by making us aware
Gandhiji and other leaders came forth.
To show the path of sacrifice
To every Indian everywhere.
If we sacrifice something for a noble cause
Always we are winner, as Gandhiji was !

Minoti Chauhan, V-A

PARTINGA SWEET SORROW

During the assembly, I always wondered how did the big Didis manage their white Salwar-Kurtas. I wished to wear that uniform soon but never did I realize that soon would be so SOON!

Today I am in class V and two months from now I will be in class VI and will be wearing the white Salwar-Kurta. Suddenly I realize that I have grown big for my school trousers. I will miss the winter uniform, the grey trousers and the white shirt, which is only for the junior students.

Looking back at these beautiful years spent in the Primary block, I now feel very specially attached to it. A little toddler I was in L.K.G., wearing the green-check frock. I remember the open air assemblies under the huge trees, reciting poems and singing hymns.

Then the change from the green-check frock to the spotless white tunic took me to class I. I got many opportunities to participate in various activities. The sweetness, the strictness of my teachers have helped me in every way. I learnt to be responsible. I felt happy and proud when I was made the vice captain of Blue House.

Class V proved lucky for me as I was made the games captain and a special thanks to Sir Gunvanth for finding the 'racer' in me.

My heart-felt gratitude to all my teachers who have touched and shaped me. I know there will be new teachers but I will always miss the old ones. These last seven years were so full of learning, sharing, caring and friends. Diksha Arora has been my oldest friend and will remain so but many good friends have come into my life such as Anchal, Akarsha, Radhika, Anushka, Rishita and many more.

I remember how excited I was when we changed from pencil to Gel pens, when I had received my sash and badge when I first recited on stage, when I secured the first positions in competitions.

As I said earlier that looking at the didis I wished to wear the Salwar-Kurta but suddenly I don't want to do that now. I want to continue wearing the white tunic in which I feel so free, free to run, hop and skip. There is an excitement but there is also some tension.

A part of me feels sad but a part of me is also very happy about going to the senior block. Now I understand when elders say "You are a big girl now." Though I would love to continue in the senior most class of the junior section but again I am looking forward to, being in the junior most class of the senior section.

Debolina Verma, V-8

THE 'WILL' IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN SKILL

There is a saying "Where there is a will there is a way." Attitude reflects man's character. It helps him to achieve success in his life. A man with a strong will power always sets high goals. Will and willingness both play a vital role in our life. The art of successful seeking depends on your ability and will-power. Success is dependent on your will to work plus ambition. So we can say that without will we can't achieve success in our life.

—Divya Daryani, V-B

VALUE OF DISCIPLINE

Disciplined life is real life. Indisciplined life is worthless. A disciplined society is a developed society. An indisciplined society is a crowd of lawless persons. Discipline is needed in every walk of man's life. It is needed in family, in society, at school and in the playground. A disciplined nation can be a great nation. Discipline has value on international ground also. Discipline is the training of the mind and character. It enables man to obey rules that he himself has made to regulate his conduct for his own good and for the good of the society. Family is the first school in the life of a child. Wise parents inculcate discipline in their children from the very beginning. The child is allowed freedom to a certain limit. An indisciplined citizen make its nation indisciplined. Consequently, the entire society goes to the dogs. Thus discipline is needed by everyone, at every place and every time in our life. Discipline develops human personality. The entire advancement, civilization and culture of a nation depend on discipline in life.

—Ritika Mathur, V-B

OUR SPJC

Spiritual and natural,
Academic and sports,
Dance and Masti,
Grooming and discipline
Is not all we get from SPJC,
It is much more.
An unending world
Of soothing love and affection
Which fills up SPJC,
Which makes happy all the children.

Is not all that make up SPJC
It is much more.
A place of worship
For the younger and the older,
To get true knowledge,
Of every branch,
To build up a strong character
Is not all that makes SPJC,
It is always much more
If you do explore.

Iditri Mahajan, V-B

Annie

My pet's name is Annie. Its breed is Pomeranian. Its fur is white. It likes to wear a red color leash. It likes to eat dry fruits and sometimes milk and bread. It is also fond of eating boiled potatoes. It is a sweet puppy. I like to take it for a walk everyday. In winters it loves to wear a small and a cute blue colored dress. Whenever I get bored of watching television or studying I come and play with my puppy Annie for a while.

After some time my sweet little puppy will grow and become a bitch. It dances and sometimes it puts its hands on me for a minute. When my puppy gets bored it goes to its kennel and rests there. It sleeps in the morning and stays awake at the night to complete its duty. It is a very intelligent puppy. It always helps me whenever I am in danger. Once some monkeys came near me and began chasing me but when Annie barked at them all of them rushed and went away.

My puppy is very helpful to its master, that is my father. My parents brought it on their 10th anniversary. So that day I declared to each and every member of my family that we will celebrate Annie's birthday and mom and dad's anniversary on the same day that is 11th December 2008. Now my puppy has grown and is of three years.

We must not tease animals. Animals give us respect, company, and also enjoyment. They keep us safe from any danger. We should help animals and give time to their care and cleanliness. Animals suffer a lot of pain and agony to give pleasure to humans. I love my puppy and it also loves me a lot.

Somya Bhargava, VI-A

AN EVENING IN DELHI

We all like to visit malls, recreation places, etc. when we have holidays. We all love to spend our holidays by visiting our relatives. I love to shop. This year, in my summer vacations, I visited Delhi. There were many malls there.

One day we visited three malls which were close to each other and had only one entrance. It took us one whole day to visit all these malls.

We started with the first mall that was called 'AMBIENCE'. There were a number of shops there.

The first shop we visited was FAB INDIA. It had creative items used for decoration of homes. It even had clothes for children and adults. We bought many things from there. Then we went to 'Children World' where there were many games, toys, giant wheel and roller coasters. All of us were very happy to be there. We enjoyed very much at 'Children World'. Suddenly, there was an announcement that Amitabh Bachchan and his wife were coming to the mall for shopping. We were instructed, not to make a crowd around them, when they arrived.

The best shop I found was 'Om Book Store' where thousands of books were available. I bought some novels, some books related to studies and books that contained puzzles, sudoku etc. I love to read books.

Then we had some yummy mouth watering snacks. After that, we visited the other section of the mall that had craft items, jewellery shops, electronic gadgets and food court etc. In this section there were also a number of shops with renowned brands. We did a lot of shopping from this section. There were even shops of international brands like GUCCI, TOMMY HILFIGER, REVLON, HUGO etc.

I was thrilled to see them. The architectural quality of the mall was excellent and just awesome. Then we were entering a shop and saw that Amitabh Bachchan and his wife were in the same shop. I was very excited to meet them and shook hands with them. In the excitement of meeting him and his wife, I even forgot to take their autograph.

Then we had dinner at a Mexican restaurant. We all were totally exhausted. We had no energy left so we all demanded to go back to the hotel but as we saw mummy entering 'Landmark' we all got our energy back. From there, my brother and my cousin picked up uncountable video games like Wii, Psp, Gameboy, etc. My sister and I brought a lot of games based on knowledge, vocabulary and creative ideas.

I would recommend this mall to everyone and it was the best among the ones I have ever visited. There were so many bags to be carried back home that each of us had at least three bags to carry. This was the best mall in Delhi I found for entertainment.

Stuti Garg, VI-A

TEACHER

A teacher is like spring
Who nurtures new green sprouts
Encourages and leads them,
Whenever they have doubts.
A teacher is like summer
Whose sunny temperament
Makes studying a pleasure,
Preventing discontent.
A teacher is like fall
With method crisp and clear,

Lesson of bright colors
And a happy atmosphere.
A teacher is like winter
While its snowing hard outside
Keeping students comfortable,
As a warm and helpful guide.
Teacher, you do all these things,
With a pleasant attitude,
You're a teacher for all seasons,
And you have my gratitude !

Sakshi Senger, VI-A

KERALA DELIGHTS

Once a year every school has summer holidays. We all plan to go out to some place for spending holidays. This time we planned to go to south. We went to Kerala.

We went to the capital of Kerala, that is Tiruvananthpuram. When we were on the platform of Kerala I was surprised to see it. It was so clean and tidy. That time I got the proof that Kerala has 100% literacy. Now we had to find a suitable hotel for ourselves. We just started looking for a taxi as there was no other means of transport. Then a taximan came and said, "Sir where do you have to go?" We all were surprised to meet a taximan speaking English. We said to him, "We have to go to a suitable hotel for us in which we can stay. We hired this taxi which took us to a hotel and the driver said, "This will be suitable for you." We booked a room and went there .

In Tiruvananthpuram, I went to a zoo, art gallery, Padmanabhamswamy temple in which millions of gold was found and two beaches, Sangmam beach and Kovlam beach. In Padmanabhamswamy temple there was a statue of God which was very big. Under that statue was found lot of Gold. In the art gallery there were some old statues of God and even some manuscripts.

After spending a few days in Trivendram we went to Kanyakumari, the lowest point of India. There we enjoyed in the beach of Triveni sangam. In the hotel in which we stayed we could clearly see the sea. There were boats that took us out to the

sea. There was a temple of Parvatimata and statue of Tamil poet Thiruvallur that was 155 m tall. That was an island on which they have made a temple and that place was called Swami Vivekanand Memorial Road as there was a statue of Swami Vivekanand also. The statue of Tamil poet Thiruvallur stands near by the temple that was built on an island near it.

After that at last we went to island of Rameshwaram that was the last part of India. Even after that there is an island which belongs to India. On the island of Rameshwaram there was a temple of Vishnu Ji. We had to take a bath in the sea and then only we could enter the temple of Rameshwaram . We went there by taxi. Then we had to go back to Tiruvananthpuram and catch our train back.

At the night we came back from Rameshwaram. After that we went to the beach of Kanyakumari. A cool breeze was blowing. Again in the morning we went to visit some places of interest in Kanyakumari like the Mahatma Gandhi memorial, the temple of Parvatimata and then to Suchindrum temple.

I will always remember these holidays as I enjoyed a lot.

Akanksha Gupta, VI-B

CHOCOLATES

Chocolates Chocolates

Yummy ! Yummy ! Yummy !

I love to eat them,

They fill my tummy !

Some are square and some are round,

Some are white but most are brown.

When I am sad they cheer me up,

They give me energy to dance and jump.

Chocolates are good for breakfast and lunch,

Cadbury, Kitkat, Perk and Munch.

I can eat them any time of the day,

It's the best thing on the earth I say.

Megha Gupta, VI-B

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER HOLIDAY

'Summer Holidays' when this word comes in our mind, we get excited and start planning about our summer holidays. For these holidays we all are waiting throughout the year. This time our vacations were from 15th May to 3rd July.

My family and I started planning about how to spend these holidays. I suggested that we visit 'Kulu Manali' as I had never been there and I love visiting hill stations. My father confirmed the tickets of train to Delhi, because there is no direct train to that place. In Delhi we spent one day at my aunt's house. The next day we took an A.C. bus from Connaught Place in Delhi which my father had booked earlier. It took us more than a day to reach Manali. As we were going higher on the hills it became colder.

We reached there and booked a hotel, the name of that hotel was 'Holiday Inn'. It was a beautiful hotel and from the windows we could see the mountains, trees and snow. It was very cold in Manali. The first day we visited local sites in Manali like 'Hadimba Temple', 'Manali Bazar', etc. We also visited a 'children's park' in Manali. There we did boating and played on slides and swings. We did rafting and adventurous sports in a beautiful Inn.

The next day we went to 'Rohtang' a place covered with snow everywhere. I and my younger brother did skiing and made a snow man also. We went there by a tourist van. The clouds kept coming closer there on the mountains. It was the best place I had ever visited. But when we were going there it took us more than 4 hours to reach 'Rohtang' because of the narrow road and traffic jams.

The next morning we went to 'Manikaran'. This place is about 85 km from Manali. We visited the shawl factory over there. This place is famous for its Gurudwara. There is a river flowing where a river of hot water mingles with cold water.

We came back home after spending 3-4 days over there. After coming back home I completed my projects and holiday homework. These were the best holidays I have ever spent.

Rishika Sharma, VI-A

A VISIT BY AN ALIEN

It was a dark night and all my family members had gone to sleep. I was studying as usual because I like to study at night. My sister was also studying but she went to sleep earlier than me. I also felt sleepy but instead of sleeping, I went to the kitchen and made some coffee. I enjoyed the coffee and started studying, but suddenly I saw some light coming down from the sky and suddenly the wind started blowing. I was very scared by it and I got goosebumps on my body. Suddenly after that the wind stopped and to my surprise, I saw a spaceship in the park. It was as huge as I had read about, but today I saw it also.

Then at once the door of the spaceship opened from the top and it had stairs on the door just like the aeroplane but it was much wider than that. The spaceship was round and its top was slightly up and the light was coming from the bottom. When the door opened I saw a shadow of something that I had never seen before. It has something like two tentacles and the body was bulging from the middle.

Then I could no more control my emotions and screamed, but thank God nobody heard and no one awoke. I saw a creature with eyes on the tentacles and hands and legs quite thin and the body was fat. The nose was pointed and ears were so big. The body was of greenish blue colour. At that time only I was reading a story on Aliens and it looked much like the creature that was in my book. Then I came to know that it was an alien.

I was not able to believe my eyes that I had just read about aliens in the books, stories and movies but today I saw an alien also. It then started to look all around like laser and looked at me. I was very scared and so I closed all doors and windows of my room.

But instead of closing the room, I could not believe it, when it came inside the room. It started to move towards me and said in a strong and heavy voice "Food", "Food". It repeated it many times and after sometime I understood that it was very hungry so I told it to be in the room only and I brought some snacks from the kitchen for it. I understood it was very hungry as it was eating ravenously. After eating the snacks, I talked to it and it told me that it was from 'Mars' and by mistake had entered our planet EARTH.

It gave me something through which anybody's any wish could be fulfilled. I was very happy after hearing this. I thanked it for the gift that it gave me. It said that I gave him food to eat and it also said that the food was delicious. Then I asked it how did it know our language, it said that it could speak any type of language and told me that now it was the time for it to go. I stopped it and said to wait till I come. I went to pack some food for it for the rest of journey as it was a very distant journey from EARTH to MARS.

Editorial Note

The world today is in the grip of constant change—New Governments overnight, shifting trends in careers and education, weird fashions and unheard of hobbies and new technologies rendering the just discovered, obsolete. Indeed 'The old order changeth and gives way to the new'. However on the crest of these waves of change, riding high is utter and absolute CONFUSION! What is in and what is out? What is right and what is wrong? What does the society approve of and what does it frown upon? What is the need of the hour and what is it, that stands redundant?

The budding and blossoming minds of our students are intrigued if not perturbed by this scenario and need the right guidance and desirable moulding. And herein comes the role of the Parents and the Educators—not of providing answers—but equipping them in finding the right ones; to inspire them on paths of breathtaking and beautiful discoveries.

We at St. Patrick's Junior College believe in doing our bit by providing them with stability in this confusing world. We promote that aspect of life which never changes, namely VALUES. From the time they enter our portals as lively and enthusiastic tiny tots till the time when they are ready as young ladies to embark on the challenging journey of life, our goal is to make them discerning enough to choose their careers and to achieve their aims. We do this by instilling in them values of Honesty, Charity, Humility, Compassion and many more.

The poems and articles penned by our young budding writers stand testimony to their rational, inquisitive and energetic attitude. They have tackled a plethora of issues imparting extraordinary hues to mundane topics; challenging pre-set notions; asserting their will to exercise their opinions and reserving the right to judge, pick and choose—thus demonstrating poise and confidence. The Magazine also gives you a glimpse of the various activities that the Patricians have been participating and excelling in.

With our present Principal, Sister Greta D'Souza at the helm of the college happenings the winds of change are blowing gently and positively. I take this opportunity to thank her for taking a lively interest in promoting the college magazine. I also thank my co-editors for their valuable help, in bringing out this ninth issue of the PATRICIAN.

Your suggestions are welcome.

Happy Reading and God Bless.

Mrs. Priya Wadhwa

The Editorial Team



1st Row (From left to right): Mrs. Nabina Talukdar, Dr. (Mrs.) Vandana Ghosh, Sister Greta D'Souza (Principal), Mrs. Priya Wadhwa, Dr. (Mrs.) Padma Sharma & Mrs. Purna Verma

2nd Row (From left to right): Mr. A. Prakash, Tina Jain, Sanhita Silas, Shivangi Agarwal

I went to the kitchen and when I came back I gave the food to it and wished it good luck and safe journey. After taking the packet, it faded away and the spaceship was also not there. Then suddenly I was shaken up by my mother. I asked about it so she said that I was not in my senses as there was nothing like that then. I realized that it was a dream and my sister told me that I went to sleep before her. She also told me that I was talking to someone during the whole night in my dream. I started thinking, what if it had truly happened.

I missed that lovely and cute alien and will remember it always. I wished that it would come daily into my dreams and meet me.

This was my unforgettable moment and dream with a cute Alien.

—Avni Gupta, VII-B

MY LIFE IS A COLOURFUL WORLD

Red is the colour of anger,
growing up inside me.
Orange is the colour of fun,
and all my happy energy.
Yellow is the colour of the Sun,
which makes me feel happy and warm.
Green is the colour of freshness
which always keeps me fresh.
Blue is the colour of calm and cool,
like swimming in the summer pool.
Purple is the colour of arty ideas,
crayons and pencils and paint.
Pink is the colour of blushes and happiness,
love and warmth and closeness.
Colours describe how we feel every day,
So I listen to colours.
They help me find the way to my bright future.

—Divyansha Singhal, VII-B

A Memorable School Trip

Trips to anywhere are so exciting. When we get to hear the name 'trip' or 'tour' by our parents that trip of this or that we get so excited. And planning in our mind starts for our trip and our demands (which is the first and foremost) start towards our parents that we want to bring this or that for our picnic. Same way when we heard from our school Principal Sister Greta about the school picnic to Jaipur in Rajasthan on 25th November (only if we are disciplined!) Everyone started to be disciplined in school. At our homes our demands too started side by side. School trips are the most precious time with our teachers and most importantly with our friends. We all get to enjoy the picnic and everybody is in mood of enjoyment and 'Masti' and most important no scoldings from our teachers.

I was not able to sleep at night on 24th November imagining the enjoyment. I had dreams of tour only. The next day picnic We had to reach school by 5 o'clock. I got up in the chilly morning of winter, got ready fast and reached school five minutes late. We had 3 x 2 push back seater bus. We all sat in the bus. Then our journey to Jaipur started We started our journey with three cheers. We went dancing, singing in the morning and finally reached our destination by 12 o'clock. First we went to the hotel 'GARDEN VIEW' and kept our things in our rooms, had lunch and then went to 'Amer Fort'. There we went by jeeps which was the first and nice experience in hills. There we saw caves, a place where there were many spiders, a place where army lived and cooked food too. There were large vessels. There was house of winter and summer for queen. There was a place where rani slept and a cart type 'rath' in which she sat and went outside. Everything was explained to us. We saw 'Jal Mahal' from far because it was forbidden to go there as suggested by its name, it was totally in water. At night we went to 'Chokki Dhani' a show about the Rajasthan culture. When we entered there they welcomed us by putting 'tilak'. There were different things like dance, very complex, 'jhulas', 'katputli', magic, games, 'bhulbhuliya', 'bhutbangla' and shapes of different things, items. We enjoyed a lot there. We had dinner which was very delicious. And if we said 'no' for anything they didn't consider it; instead gave more. At night we came back to the hotel. We were four in each room, saw television till late night instead we were so tired. We also played games, cards, 'Antakshidi'. We got up in the morning at 6 o'clock as everybody's mobile's started ringing (to wake us up just like mothers at home). We had to report at 8 o'clock. On that day we went to Birla temple which was a very nice white marble temple. There were big statues of Gods and Goddess. Then we went to Birla Planetarium. There was a movie about the

sky like about comets and all seven planets - their vegetation, weather, climate and minerals in it. Next we saw 'City Palace'. There we saw dresses of king who had a height of seven feet and breadth—eight feet. We saw his clothes which were so large that we got thrilled seeing them. We saw dresses of many more kings and queens which were embedded with precious stones. There were weapons like—talwar, arrows, trophies won by them, a big pot type which could hold litres of water. Then we went to Jantar-Mantar which was an awesome place. There was an instrument made by Maharaja which denoted the circumference of the Sun. Many more marvellous, unimaginable instruments were made by him. Lastly we went for shopping in a marketplace which had a great crowd (as all girls have a habit for shopping and bargaining). We all enjoyed a lot in market in bargaining with the shopkeepers.

It was an awesome picnic. Never ever forgettable; the best picnic of my life with my classmates, friends and class-teacher.

Chitranshi Agarwal, VII-A

COMMONWEALTH GAMES

Commonwealth Games the World of Sports—held first time in India in Delhi, the capital of India. The main head and organiser of these games was Suresh Kalmadi. The money was provided from government for this work. Many types of games were held here like cycle racing, shooting, football, racing, hockey, tennis etc. In this all the Asian countries took part.

The host city was Delhi, India. The opening and closing ceremony was held in Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium. On 3rd October, 2010 was the opening and 14th was the closing. The opening ceremony was done by HRH the Prince of Wales and Pratibha Patil. The total number of countries that took part were 71 Commonwealth teams. Over all there were 6,081 players to play the wonderful games. For the players 272 events were held in 21 disciplines in different stadiums. The Athletic oath was given to Abhinav Bindra. Queen's Baton final runner was Sushil Kumar, the wrestler from India. The winner was Australia and they had 74 golds and all over they had 177 medals. Second was India; they had 38 gold and all over 101 medals. These were the 19th Commonwealth Games.

Aleena Varghese, VII-A

WINTERS IN AGRA

"The sun's first rays and the sparrow's sweet song woke me up this morning"

This line seems a little weird in winters, especially for Agra. Most of us rush to work early at six, whence our dear grandfather sun is busy seeing sweet dreams. While, small children head to their schools with heavy burdens (of course, books), the twinkling stars (tired of standing) make arrangements of sleep. At this time the dawn is also not broken ! But, the winters in the Taj city are fun and enjoyable. The mornings are available to busy people (like me) on Sundays and 'sweet and small holidays' only. The sun also looks as if in sweaters and thick woollens. The morning starts with the chirping of birds and chattering of monkeys on the house roofs. They sit relaxing cozily baking their bodies.

Winters are more memorable than summers as we can sit freely (in front of heaters) and think about the world. It's like a blessing for hard working and intelligent children (like me) as they can enjoy their holidays. There's no end to the happiness of kids enjoying the warm sun. The heritage monuments of love city, like the Taj Mahal, look flawless during the winters at dusk. The real beauty of these monuments shines out proudly in front of the world. The libraries (local) are kept open for a longer time to enjoy and drown in the books. The biggest advantage is that we can just push ourselves in thick blankets and enjoy the lovely shows on the idiot box. Winters mark the coming of Jesus Christ. The melodious festival of Christmas is celebrated in Agra by the decoration of houses with faith and love. We enjoy the yummy plum cakes and tasty delights. Lord showers His blessings of happiness on all. Winters also remind us of the beginning of the new session and the increase in our prosperity and thrift. The New Year gifts us with joy and encourage us to flip the coin of luck and welcome success.

We all agree that winters cheer us a lot, but the 'us' are only those people who belong to middle class or higher status. The poors and needy who even can't afford a meal per day, can they afford their children's dreams of having a number of toy cars and dolls? We can improve their lives by (at least) giving them our old woollens with the feeling of love, not pity.

The winters give birth to a special place in one's heart and mind. They come with happiness and depart with happiness. Agraites get a dose of joy by this creation of Lord. We always cherish these lovely moments. We smile and live out our lives freely in winters. We should thank the Lord for His lovely gift of 'WINTERS'.

Somya Upadhyay, VII-A

MY FIRST STAGE PERFORMANCE

Stage !!!! This word scares me a lot. I always get nervous when I step up on the stage. My body starts shivering. My pulse rate goes high. I end up to doing things. I have a lot of 'stage phobia' in my mind. I am unable to cope up with it.

I was in IIIrd standard when I first went on the stage. I was selected by my class-teacher to say the morning assembly prayer. It was a long prayer. Even when I knew the whole of it thoroughly, the day before, I was really confused with it. My class-teacher had called me that day, and said to practice the prayer nicely and then she asked me to narrate it in front of the whole class. With the very first word, I started to shiver and got nervous. The moment I started reading it, I felt as if all the words written in the dairy were new to me and I was unable to utter a single word of it properly. The class started to laugh. My class-teacher told me to go back to my seat. I was sure she would scold me as she had commanded me to meet her after the class got over. Tears started to roll down my cheeks but I controlled myself at that moment. I did not want to become weak.

After the period got over, I went to my class-teacher fearfully when she had stepped out of the class. She took me to the 'Staff room' and told me something. She did not scold me at all. She talked to me very politely. She said, "Think about the ones who are standing in front of you as fools. They are not capable of doing what you can do. They are just fools. This is the reason why you were standing in front of them to speak and they could just listen to you. They were laughing on what they could not do. Confident, be confident !!"

With these words of hers, my morale went high and she motivated me like a true mentor and guide. I reached home and thought about this a lot and started practicing in front of the mirror. I practiced a lot.

The next day, I had to appear to the stage first time in my life, I was confident. After all 'Practice makes a man perfect'. The words said by my class-teacher were there in my heart. 'Confident, be confident', I was repeating to myself again and again. Now, came my turn to hold the mike. I went on towards the mike. All my class-mates had a mocking smile on their faces when they saw me. I started looking at my class-teacher. She gave me a sweet smile. I started with my prayer. I felt a little nervous. I remembered my class-teacher's words. How she had motivated me ! I brought back my confidence and went on. I fought my stage phobia with confidence. The phobia and the laughter of the fools was defeated and I won. I did not make a single mistake. My good performance was like a tight slap for my class-mates and their laughter. After the assembly I went to my classteacher and said 'thanks' to her. She hugged me tightly.

That day I realized 'Hardwork is the key to success.' The words said by my class-teacher are there in my heart till date.

Shubhi Mittal, VII-A

AN EVENT IN MY LIFE WHICH I CLEARLY REMEMBER !

"Life is a novel and every day is a new page. So, if a page is sad, next page will be happy ... So we should not worry. We should turn the page and enjoy life." Each and every person's life is full of events. Some events are good, some are bad, some we forget and some are so memorable, that we can not forget them in our whole life time. The memorable events are like birthday parties, picnics, some good opportunities and so on.

Similiary, I also have an event in my life which till now, I can't forget. And that is when I was elected as the 'Red House' Captain in 5th standard.

It is my memorable day because it was the most happiest day in my life as, everyone first congratulated me and all my teachers and our Respected Principal 'Rev. Sr. Lawrence' gave me blessings and left a heavy bag full of opportunities and trust on my back. Our Principal gave me a Sash and Badge with 'Captain' written on it and both of these were red in colour.

I thought that this is my power that had made me a captain. But I was wrong, as it was the luck, the destiny or my charm that worked on that day and even my parents were very happy and they too congratulated me with lots of blessings, so that I could keep up to their expectations, help others and be kind towards all.

And finally my motto which stood for, 'Whoever knows nothing, fears nothing.'

This day—17th July, (2009), was the most memorable day for me which I will never forget and will always remember it clearly by heart.

—Apurva Dutta, VII-A

MY FAVOURITE SEASON

When we hear about winters we only think of warm quilts blanket and heaters and woollen clothes. In the month of September we have Autumn in Agra where trees shed their leaves and new leaves start growing from their branches. In this season we celebrate only a few festivals. People plant saplings in their garden and parks. People start preparing for winters. In October we celebrate festivals like Diwali, Dusshera and many other festivals. In this season people also prepare for upcoming winter season and finally winter arrives in November. In this month the whole city is covered with fog and smog and we can even see dew drops on plants and on glasses of cars and other vehicles. We can see them everywhere even on floors and gates and roads becoming wet due to dewdrops. People start wearing a few woollens in this month. In the month of December people prepare for Christmas. People prefer sitting in sunlight for warmth and most of them even switch on their heaters for warmth. Specially in morning nothing is visible due to fog, everyone has to drive his vehicle carefully to prevent accidents. Some flights are also delayed along with trains to prevent derailment of trains.

In winters everywhere in Agra we can see the rose bushes and many trees bloom in sunlight. Animals find their hiding places to survive in winters. Winter in Agra is very cool and chilly. Cool winds blow in December and January. We can not see anyone outside our houses except some street animals. In morning we can see people lighting fire and heating their hands and bodies in front of their shops and near roadside. In morning people sit in their homes in quilts and blankets for a long period of time. In afternoon when sun shines each and everyone comes out of house to continue his routine work. Ladies sit in the sun's warmth and continue with their household chores. In winters tourist visit Taj Mahal only in the afternoon. Children have their winter vacations in this season. So they too enjoy playing and chatting in sun. Some of them ride their bicycles while some play various outdoor games. Everyone in winters wears caps, mufflers, woollen garments to protect oneself from cold because woollen clothes absorb heat from sun.

Vegetables like cauliflower, peas, brinjal, spinach, carrot and turnip and beetroot are only available in Winter. Market of Agra are delightfully decorated

with woollens and various items. Really winters are very interesting as all unexpected things happens like cool breezes and winds keep on blowing and really Winter is one of my favourite season. We even get tea, coffee and hot snacks in winters in the markets of Agra especially in Sadar Bazaar. On 31st December at 12 midnight, people celebrate new year. Children and adults put on new clothes and enjoy various functions and parties held in clubs, restaurants parks and gardens etc. This season is liked by all as in this season we have long vacation and warmth of sun is pleasant and calm. The chirping of birds is very delightful to hear. I wish they come every month but of course it can never happen because we never know about nature and climate and what can happen at any time in this world. I love the scene of winters and hot milk with Bournvita and snacks which is outstanding. So at last I will say that we should enjoy winter's delight and should remain happy and welcome each and every season with glory.

Maitri Upadhyay, VII-A

FRIENDS

Friends are the treasure
Which we enjoy with pleasure
God has provided us with friends
So that we feel better
Friends can not be bought
Neither by money nor by gifts
But with trust and friendship
Friends are the light when it is dark
Friends show the way when we are lost
Friends show the right path when we are on wrong
A friend in need is a friend indeed

—Shatakshi Agarwal, VII-A

THERE'S ONLY ONE YOU

There's nothing to fear,
You're as good as the best
You can win in every battle or test
For there's no one just like you.
There's only one you
In the world today.
You can do your work in a fine way
You're the only there'll be.
So face the world,
And all life is yours
To conquer and love and live
And you'll find the happiness
That endures in
Just the measure you give.

Harsimar Sawhney, VII-A

IMPORTANCE OF BOOKS

"Books are our best friends". This is a quote we have heard since we were children. I personally feel that till now there are very few people who must have thought about this quote. According to me I feel that we can not really get a friend better than our books. If our friends come to know about any bad habit in us they stop talking to us or even leave us alone. But books are the friends who never leave us alone. Even in times of sorrow, they are the one who always guide us to move on the right path. Reading is something I really love a lot. If I do not have anything to learn or study I love to read. I like to read everything it could be newspaper. A magazine, a novel or a book of short stories. It is fun to read. It is very important for us as it improves our vocabulary, writing skills and our way of thinking and more than anything it is the best way to spend our free time. I personally love to read the novels written by Enid Blyton. I have read many-many books like the Mallory Towers, the Mystery of the

Hidden Treasures, etc. These books are written in a very lucid and clear language which everyone can understand.

Books are really hidden treasure of knowledge. They can be religious or funny, serious or sad. They can be full of emotions or very delightful ones. They can be very enjoyable. One can say that it is a never ending joyful experience. The best way of becoming a good writer is reading books and the best place for keeping them safe is a library. Books also include our course books. They also provide us with a lot of knowledge about different subjects. The one who is good at reading gains a lot of knowledge and can be an expert in it. It helps us increase our general knowledge which is important to pass any of the examination relating to any subject. The people who are interested in a particular topic, like space, machines, etc. can learn a lot from books. We can learn a lot from books. Books help us learn about things we are keen about. Like I am keen about space which includes curiosity towards stars, galaxy, sun, storms on the sun etc. So I like to read books relating to these subjects.

It is quite sad to know that some people believe that books are useless. Like some of the students after their examinations, tear their books and burn them. Some even read books only for the day of examination and then they forget everything read by them. These people do not understand the real meaning of knowledge and just cram it for a day. This way it is their own loss and disrespect to knowledge. I feel that one who does not respect books is not respected by them. It is very important to know that books are our best friends and have to be treated like friends with love. It is not a burden to read books. It's just a way of thinking that they are tough. Reading is something which does not state a specific limit. It can be read by all and it is also said that there is no age limit for learning and reading. With the magic of reading, one can grow fruits on a barren land. It does not discriminate between poor or rich. It is something everyone can achieve easily. It is said that knowledge increases by distributing it. The more we distribute, the more it increases.

At the end I would like to say that books are important in everyone's life and helps one to achieve his/her goal. It is a treasure of knowledge which can be gained by anyone and everyone. So we should respect books and should read them for knowledge and not for a day only to gain marks. It is just a guide which guides us, but it depends on us if we follow the right way or the wrong one.

Yashi Kapoor, VII-A

REGIONAL CONFERENCE, AGRA FEB 8 TO 11, 2012

Sisters of the Congregation of the Religion of Jesus and Mary from the three Provinces of Delhi, Vadodra, Pune and as far as from Thailand and Philippines had assembled in St. Patrick's Junior College, Agra. They were 120 in number. The purpose of this conference was to begin a process of reflection for revitalization and restructuring of the Provinces. This good work had begun in India, hundred and sixty nine years ago and still continues to bring to our people the love of Jesus and Mary through Christian education. May St. Claudine Thevenet, the Foundress of this Congregation bless our sisters for their dedicated service and commitment in education. God has chosen you as the special people to live in today's world where you are the symbol of hope, peace and love in a country known for peace and non-violence.

A well wisher of the school.



I AM THE MASTER OF THE PEN, THAT WRITES MY FUTURE

I am the master of the pen,
that writes my future.
My life is a blank paper,
I have to write my future,
With the pen God has gifted me,
I can write about my future
in Golden, Silver words.
But after all the ink is very
expensive, for it I have to
work hard, day and night.
I can also write my future
with blue on black ink,
it will cost me a penny.
But the question is for the life.
So to write my future,
I need, a blank paper, ink
and that's done,
But what to write is a puzzle.
I want to study literature,
but my mother
wants me to be a doctor
But being an engineer is a
better option.
So, friends we all have such a
pen but the choice is yours.

Alina Ahmed, VII-B

SHOW MERCY TO ALL

There was enthusiasm and an atmosphere of festivity all around. I was wondering still what to buy and what not to. Finally, I decided that I would go to the market, contemplate upon the articles and buy what would be the best suited. I went to the market that very day. It was a day before Christmas. There was hustle-bustle all over. I decided to go into the store which I had visited before many a times with my parents.

I entered the store and my eyeballs caught the sight of a girl who was about five to six years old. She was sobbing with a white rose in her hand. She called out to her aunt and said, "Are you sure there are only ten rupees with us?" Her aunt replied, "Yes. Now, stop weeping and wait till I come back."

As soon as her aunt had gone, I went to her and asked her the reason for what she was weeping. She said, "My mother loves white roses. I never give her what she wants but this time I really want to gift her a white rose." I asked her where her mother was, she said, "She is with God." I was shocked to see God's behaviour towards this little life. Without a mother, the world is not what it is, it just becomes a past to which one can never ever turn. I told her to give me the money she had so that I could count it. My mind had a plan. I took out my purse and added forty to fifty rupees to the money she gave me and counted the money. I said, "Oh ! there are sixty rupees with you. You can easily buy a white rose for your mother."

I came out of the store unnoticed due to the crowd. My mother always says, "Give in such a way that the other hand does not come to know." Then I bought the things I needed for my favourite festival. I packed all my things and put them in my bag which I had brought with myself. I called my father to pick me up from the shop I was in.

My father came to pick me up. I sat in the car and my mother was also with me. Suddenly, on the road our car stopped. My father checked the coolant but it was fine. Actually a sparking in the car's engine had taken place and a wire had broken. There was no mechanic and no person near by from whom we could get help. Our mobile's signals were non existent.

Then, I saw a girl with her aunt and uncle. When the girl saw me, she came to me and asked me what had happened. I told her that my car had stopped and it needed a mechanic. She called her uncle and told me that he was a mechanic. Till now, the girl's face was hidden by a veil. When she removed that cloth, I was surprised to see that she was the one whom I had helped (in an unknown manner). Her uncle repaired our car.

We thanked the family and wished them 'Merry Christmas'. Sitting in the car I admired Shakespeare's tale of Merchant of Venice which had a speech by Portia. "Mercy blesses the one who shows mercy and the one who receives it, and it better suits monarchs than crowns as it tempers JUSTICE." God helps us in one way or the other !!

Harshita Sharma, VIII-B

'THE DEATH STORM'

Sailing in a sea, in a storm,
It's haunting; scary
I hope someone comes for rescue,
May be an angel or a fairy !
The tides in the sea, soared up and fell,
Whispering a name they had never called,
The clouds above me, floating in despair,
turned black,
It seemed they were looking for something
left long back.
The water seemed endless,
It gushed towards me, making me breathless
The drops of water falling on me were burning me,
They felt like acid rain,
Was this my end or just a nightmare,
Carved by my brain?
I wished I could see the glittering sun among this darkness;
the blue clouds; the village river that is calm and quiet,
Or the cool and decent moon white !
Suddenly ! a gigantic wave soared up,
With an intention very clear - to gulp me up, .
The waves gushed towards me and my
little boat with force,
Down in the sea the water felt like sand—
so warm, so coarse,
After a long time I woke up and saw a dark, weary road
but didn't know where it led,
But I was sure of it now, that I was dead.

Sarah Momin, VIII-A

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCHOOLBAG

I am a schoolbag. I have been inspired from the design of Mr. Luke Ricci, the famous bag designer. I am caribbean blue in colour and I have a picture of the Jonas brothers on me. I feel very privileged to be adorned by their picture as they are very smart and talented and make me look amazing.

My life began in a factory in the USA. I was made of strong, durable fibre and also dyed in my favourite colour. Then after quite a few technical processes, I was given a tag of Rupert and Co. and Luke Ricci, my creators and priced at \$ 1,000 I was then placed in an expensive showroom of Luke Ricci and began enjoying my status among the other bags in the showroom, when one fine day, a couple named the Polkisses came and brought me for a whopping 1,000 dollars ! I soon got to know that Mr. Polkiss was a business tycoon and Mrs. Polkiss was a socialite heiress.

They took me to their grand mansion on 16th Avenue Street. Their mansion was extremely magnificent. I was delighted to know that this would be my home from now.

I was gifted to the Polkisses son, Jonathan. A cute and intelligent 10 year old, he was also extremely mischeivous. However, he was very happy to see me, and examined me all over with pure delight and immediately filled me with all his schoolbooks. Oh, there were so many ! Do kids have to study all those subjects in school? I felt deep sympathy for my young owner. However, my feelings did not last for long, as Jonathan was extremely careless with me. Over the first few days of my going to school, all of Jonathan's friends 'oohed' and 'aahed' over me and made me feel extremely important. But Jonathan hardly paid attention. One day he spilled ink on me accidentlly, but, by dry-cleaning, his servants once again 'readied' me. However, he still refused to take care of me. Once he spilled water on me and the other time, he left his tiffin box inside me ! The box was still full of food and then began to give off a horrible odour. Jonathan, as a punishment from his mother, was not allowed to watch the television for an entire day.

However, all of Jonathan's friends really admire me and lament the fact that Jonathan is such a spoilt child, and very careless with all his belongings, including expensive ones like me. And, I also think the same and really agree with them. This is because I am an important part of a student's life and help to carry Jonathan's books for him and I am special as I am waterproof and also have special packets in which he can keep gadgets like laptops. I am also made of durable and strong fibre.

But now, after a year, all my durable fibre has been wasted by Jonathan's carelessness, and now I look like a schoolbag coming home from a fight. Now I am going to get recycled for good. I then will be turned back into a bag and Jonathan will get that bag as the recycling factory belongs to his father. Jonathan, then, will surely be a more careful boy, and I request all the other little Jonathans out there to take care of their belongings, especially their 'all important' schoolbags !

Shajal Silas, VIII-B

LIFE AS A CORRESPONDANT

"Jason" !; 'Yes, Ma'am !'; 'Please bring a cup of coffee for me'; Being a NDTV correspondent I have to keep myself lively and fresh and a cup of coffee is very refreshing. Though I need to leave for work within an hour or two but I would feel exhilarated to tell you, how my life is.

From getting up in the morning sharp at 5:30 pm; till returning home at 10:30 pm in the night; my life is very adventurous; words are less to express the time I spend with my colleagues and the time I spend at the beautiful destinations. By 8:15 am. I am in my office. The 'NDTV' is a great place to work with, and the best part is, when it is 2:30 pm; I am telecasted on T.V. live. I really feel very nice. My confidence level seems to be rising day by day.

4:30 pm is our lunch time, we have a big cafe here; whatever food we want to have we just place an order and get our Identity cards swipped.

The security at NDTV is quite tight, whenever we enter the NDTV tower at the main gate; we need to first swipe our identity cards in a digital swiper then next is to get our retina imprint and fingerprint match with what is already stored in the data processings of the company.

Though a bit tiring but life is great here. Daily you get to know vivid and different news; I am the first one to know about the headliness; it feels great.

Whenever it's someone's birthday amongst our colleagues, we enjoy it to the fullest. We go and give party at the best of hotels. Stress is there but I don't feel that. I love the part when I get to talk to great people like politicians, filmstars, sports personalities etc.

I really feel sad about the growing crime rate in India, rape, murder, sexual harrasment, kidnappings, money laundring, the list is actually endless with terrorism as its boss. However we must report everything.

Life here is like a canvas with the most beautiful picture drawn on it. I get feedbacks from the viewers on my Facebook Account that I'm good at what I do, it feels great when you know that you are doing something for the people and you are appreciated for it.

The dress which we have to wear and present ourselves on National Television is very formal : Black trousers, Black Jacket, White shirt and a Black Tie I have to really look presentable before my take. Once I start with my part; it goes on smoothly without a stop for 2 hours . I look in the mirror several times before I start and my make up artist gives the final touch. Oh ! it's 7 : 00 a.m. I need to get going; do keep in touch with me; do take care of yourself.

Hope to see you next time; with Sharmistha Chatterjee from NDTV India. Thank you!

Sharmishtha Chatterjee, VIII-A

Competitions are essential for holistic development (Debate)

Holistic development through these competitions ! No way, It's questionable. However development of sense of importance and superiority among winners and low self esteem in others is the guaranteed result of these competitions.

In both the cases such individuals are not a profit, they are not contributors to the society, a huge loss.

Good morning to all, that's the concern which provokes me and I **Mugdha Khandelwal participating in a competition dare to oppose the motion that competitions are essential for holistic development.**

Competition happens! But it rarely needs any goading from any educational system. True education is the 'drawing out' of what is most worthwhile in an individual and to provide him the needed impetus. To face the challenges in life with adequate confidence not the competition but the collaboration is the mantra.

Note, it is collaboration not competition

The society needs responsible citizens who cooperatively work together to meet common goals and competition encourage rugged individualists. The schools should be educators not the judges, and only then will they be helpful to students' self esteem, to make them confident and pillars of society.

According to Ted Villaire, author of best seller 'Competition and Kids', it's not about development but nearly seventy percent kids participate just to fulfil their parents' expectations. Parents are living their lives through children.

I dont know how this will help to groom a child.

Competition pushes us into a blind rat's race with a win it at all cost attitude, no matter with fair or unfair means.

Competitions are treated as a fight. My dear, fight is a fight and the fighters under tremendous pressure of winning practice all dirty tricks and get feared, stressed, confused, tired and are left with no moral values.

Youngsters are future of any nation. Think, do we really want this type of future for our progeny?

Competition thrives on adrenaline. Adrenaline is addictive and addiction is suicidal. Take the example of any mountain climber or sky diver—they can rarely get enough of the “thrill” and continue to seek out situations that bring on adrenaline rush. Do we really want to encourage that mentality in students? For God’s sake—say no. Humans seem to be born with a competitive drive “Teaching competition can amount to overdrive!

What’s the point of teaching anything that is already excessively ingrained in the human spirit?

These days ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder) is very common in youngsters. Where does the cycle end? Educators certainly should emphasize on a better, more peaceful, more creative way of learning. It would be in the best interest of any student to learn how to navigate cooperatively in this world.

If schools caught onto that, perhaps there’d be fewer wars.

The relationship between self confidence and good work is circular. Self confidence results in good work and vice versa For some, competition means failure and generally victims lose self confidence and never willingly engage in challenges. A fear of failure, becomes instilled in them.

For them journey of life will be rough. Is it justified?

These are the concerns why I find competitions unglamorous. For the acquisition of wisdom there is no need for dabbling in competition when beneficial cooperation is an option. That is pure common sense! The road to pure knowledge and wisdom is not necessarily paved with competition. Every individual is a star in his or her own right.

If we can truly bask in “each other’s glory” and work together as opposed to against each other, oh ! what a world it can be.....

Thank you.

Mugdha Khandelwal, VIII-A

A Letter to Neptune

Hello it's Mars here. I thought you would like to keep up with the news so I am writing to you. I know I haven't written since a long time but it was because there was a lot going on.

It all started when one of those giant machines came out from the earth. But this one was different because instead of going round and round the earth, it came towards me. It had this huge container that it dumped in my area of the space. For a few days the container just floated in space but after a while my gravity started pulling at it. Slowly at first, but then it started travelling really fast. The container protected it from the atmosphere but it landed pretty hard and so the container cracked.

And you wouldn't believe this but it contained radioactive waste ! And it wasn't any ordinary stuff. It was very weird to look at and it also cracked my skin and caused me immense pain.

That was pretty much for a while, but then some weird creatures started forming in that pool of waste. It was some sort of tiny microscopic organisms. I was pretty excited at first but they did virtually nothing. But at least they didn't die out because then I'd be lonely again.

So a few millenia after, those boring creatures, some sort of swimming animals started forming in the nuclear lake. These were way more interesting than those micro thingies. They swim and few of them have really pretty colours.

I was enjoying all of this when some weird insects started forming on the land too. These weren't as interesting as the swimming things but they have got legs and they can move about.

I think I am going to be teaming with life too and then I can compete with that snob earth, who's always boasting about all the life on him.

Hope you are fine. Jupiter says Hi ! Send me an asteroid soon and say Hi to Uranus from me.

Yours Planetary,

Mars

Bhavya Bhatia, VIII-A

THE UNFORGETTABLE JOURNEY

Four friends Jackson, George, Ashley and Annie were returning to their hostel after their enjoyable trip to Paris. They were very happy but on the other hand were tense as they would not reach the hostel on time due to some circumstances. At 8:00 p.m. they all had dinner at a 'dhaba'.

All four friends with the driver sat in the car and continued their journey back to the hostel. They had just covered 5 to 6 miles and thereafter to their surprise, the car stopped. They were listening to loud music while the driver was busy cleaning the engine and trying to contact the mechanic but there was no network.

There was a graveyard nearby and they were so adventurous that they planned to go there. As they entered there, an old man sitting there stopped them. He enquired what was their purpose of entering the graveyard but they did not reply and went inside.

They saw many large webs with spiders crawling. There were many graves with written panels on them. They were covered with dust and could not be read by them. They moved ahead and a lady wearing a white saree holding a lighted lantern was standing under a banyan tree.

First they thought that one of their friends was playing a practical joke on them therefore they moved ahead, but to their amusement she was a lady who was a stranger to them. They froze like a statue !!

After some time, they thought the lady had gone and they began to roam here and there.

All the four were very scared and were begging for help.

They didn't even know the way to the exit. Suddenly they saw a wooden cottage. They decided to spend that night there. They went closer and saw that it was locked from inside. They knocked at the door and an old man opened it.

They asked for help. First he refused then they requested him persistently, begging earnestly and so the old man thought for a while and allowed them to spend the night there. They were feeling very hungry and asked for some food. The cottage was in a very bad condition. But they did not have any other option. The old man offered them some bread and milk. The old man showed them a room which was totally messed up. They agreed to stay there and their heart was beating very fast. Pictures of that lady under the banyan tree clouded their mind. They didn't sleep the whole night. It was six in the morning when they went to the old man and asked him the way to get out of the graveyard. He showed them the main gate, they thanked him a lot and moved ahead looking for their car.

They saw the car with a sigh of relief but the driver was missing. They waited for him and just few minutes later, he returned and told them that the car had been repaired by the mechanic. They returned to their hostel after a long and unforgettable journey.

"All's well that end's well."

Ananya Agarwal • Archita Singh, IX-B

SPLIT PERSONALITY

A girl was lying on a beach and had been stabbed mercilessly. It was clearly visible that she was on the edge of death and in her last minutes she was murmuring something. Alas! She died. Don't worry this was not the end, in fact, was the beginning. She is now back with a new name and fame but unfortunately with the same face. In this birth, she is a famous actress and her life is a great success. She is none other than the spectacular actress "Sanaya Kapoor."

She often gets nightmares of a place which had water all around. Now Sanaya has signed a new movie and has packed her bags to start the shooting and their first location is "Miami." She reached Miami on 5th of January. Wait! This date was quite familiar to her. She ignored all this. As the crew had still not arrived; she decided to chill out at the beach. She reached the most isolated beach of Miami because she wanted to stay away from hustle and bustle of the other crowded beaches.

As she reached the beach some pictures flashed in her mind. The scenario was quite familiar to the beach she saw in her dreams. She had visited Miami for the first time, how could she see all these pictures?

She ignored it, thinking that she was quite tired. She rushed back to her hotel. While sleeping, she saw the same dream but now there was a second person apart from her. His face was covered and he was proceeding towards her with a knife. Was it to kill her? She immediately got up shouting, "No, no you can't do this to me!" Just then one of the spot boys arrived to call her for the shooting. Sanaya was ready for her first shot and was looking very beautiful as always. The scene was that a man was coming near her with a knife. His face was covered and he stepped forward to kill her. She became scared after listening to the story but she controlled herself and started giving the shot.

The man, her co-star proceeded towards her with a knife and as soon as he dragged Sanaya's hand, she recalled everything of her previous birth. That beach flashed by her mind and within few seconds she recalled everything. She became very scared and started shouting; "No, no you can't kill me." She even became unconscious due to fear. Everybody rushed towards her and the director decided to pack up.

Sanaya was lying in her room in a half conscious state murmuring the same words. She went into flashback wondering about her previous birth but she couldn't recall the face of her murderer. She immediately got up and feeling sympathetic to herself dressed herself in the same attire of Sara [her previous birth]. She was suffering from

College Council Members (2011-12)

Senior Cabinet



Sushmita Chaudhri
HEAD GIRL



Divyanshi Malhotra
ASST. HEAD GIRL



Dina Johnson
Asst. Catholic Leader



Nupal Vasudev
Asst. Sports Captain



Pooja Bhatnagar
Asst. Social Service Captain



Anika Singh
Asst. Discipline Captain



Charvi Dharwad
Red House Vice Captain



Ruzi Goyal
Yellow House Vice Captain



Harshita Khera
Green House Vice Captain



Sugandh Narang
Blue House Vice Captain



Rakita Singh
Sports Captain



Mahak Gulati
Social Service Captain



Sugandha Sharma
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Jyotsna Pandey
Yellow House Captain



Musvi Mittal
Green House Captain



Shreya Chawla
Blue House Captain



Shwangi Agarwal
Hindi Editor



Sankita Silas
English Editor



Tina Jain
English Editor

Junior Cabinet

1st Row

1. Jhanvi Gupta
(Yellow House Vice Captain)
2. Avni Goyal
(Red House Vice Captain)
3. Kuhoo Goyal
(Discipline Vice Captain)
4. Anisha Kohli
(Blue House Vice Captain)
5. Hemanya Sehgal
(Green House Vice Captain)
6. Vaanya Singh
(Games Vice Captain)
7. Riddhi Wadhwa
(Asst. Social Service Captain)
8. Khyati Lazarus
(Asst. Catholic Leader)



2nd Row

9. Kashish Ahuja
(Yellow House Captain)
10. Anupama Singh
(Red House Captain)
11. Radhika Rathi
(Discipline Captain)
12. Krati Gupta
(Blue House Captain)
13. Diksha Arora
(Green House Captain)
14. Debolina Verma
(Games Captain)
15. Kashish Kushlani
(Social Service Captain)
16. Laveena Anthony
(Catholic Leader)

"Split personality disorder" and till she would take the revenge of her murderer she could not be back to normal again.

She took a knife in her hand and went to the same beach searching for her murderer. Suddenly the producer of her film Mr. Chopra who was the actual killer of Sara came and seeing Sanaya in such attire asked about her. When he called her Sanaya, she replied very abnormally that she was Sara and would not go till she takes her revenge. Hearing the name from Sanaya's mouth, Mr. Chopra's world turned upside down. He became very scared. He asked her that how can she be alive as Sara was killed. Sanaya said, "I have remembered everything and now I will take revenge." Taking out a knife, Sanaya stabbed him and took her revenge. She felt relieved and decided that she will forget everything and never return to Miami. She went away from Miami and was back to her normal life again but she didn't have the guilt of murdering someone because it was not Sanaya but Sara who murdered him and she didn't remember a thing due to her split personality disorder !!!

Shreshtha Bansal, Naaz Hussain, IX-B

SWEET OVERCOMES BITTER !!

Elements of the story—monkey, chocolate, remote control.

Innovation is a prominent process. In this era of human race where *homo sapiens* are in the quest to discover the hidden secrets of life..... so here we introduce the story of Prof. Silvis Weasely.

At six in the morning Prof. Silvis Weasely heaved a sigh of relief as he completed his so called innovation "Moochi," the robotic monkey. He had splendid capabilities which made him a super enhanced and advanced robo. He could become invisible, had the strength of 150 elephants. He had a super calculative brain.

When the Prof. discovered his capabilities, a wicked perception developed in his mind. He thought that this robot could be meant to achieve his desires and conquer the whole of Africa.

The Professor operated it with a mega hi-tech remote control.

According to the Professor's will, he looted 250 banks. He destroyed the cop centres, the whole continent was in a mode of destruction and the Prof. grew richer day by day. The other countries supported Africa to overcome this problem.

All the scientists and engineers of the world were busy to get to the weakness of this strange problem.

During one such loot in the people's bank the Prof. hid himself in the storeroom of the bank. Mistakenly a young boy came in the storeroom, he was having a chocolate and as there was darkness in the room the boy fell on the ground and the chocolate from his hand fell on the remote control set. And what happens next.....was actually shocking. The remote control stopped working. Moochi, the monkey failed to work and fell on the ground, the carmel was the destructive element of the remote control. After interrogation the Prof. told the truth that he had the aim of looting Africa. The remote control and Moochi were his weapons. He made the carmel the remote control's destructive element as it was the most unusual substance that could reach the remote control and he disliked chocolates.

The moral of the story is that at times of difficulties.....

"KUCH MEETHA HO JAYE."

or "Lay the foundation with something Sweet."

Sanjiti Arya & Anuti Gupta, IX-B

JACK AND MOKU

"Beep, Beep, Beep" went on the transmitter. General Moshi Boshi commanded his employees to check out what was going on in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands. The government had sent a team of divers and a group of scientists to explore the minerals found beneath the surface of the sea.

All of them were sleeping in the ship. Early next morning the divers had already left without informing the scientists. When the scientists woke up, they found that the divers had already left. As soon as they became aware of this, they realized that the pirates had hijacked their ship. They didn't know what to do and were feeling helpless.

On the ship there was a boy, Jack. He had a parrot Moku. He came to know that the scientists had surrendered, so to protect himself, he hid in a bunk with his parrot Moku. He was intelligent, brave and a bit naughty. He was worried for the scientists and the divers. Being a kid he himself was worried and afraid. Jack being intelligent, thought of a plan to save everyone.

He had some balloons on which a chip was attached; when these balloons would be sent up in the air, due to radio transmissions, the chip would make sounds on the transmitter so that people in the control room would know they were in danger. He sent Moku to distract the pirates. Meanwhile he was blowing up the balloons. Moku was making different distracting sounds.

By that time Jack had released the balloons in air. Within fifteen minutes the Indian Navy arrived for help. They fought with the pirates. Jack and Moku helped them in doing so by various means. They defeated the pirates and saved everyone. Later when they investigated the ship they found the treasure, that was trunks of petroleum and oil. They also discovered that all beeping noises of transmitter were coming from the ship itself.

In this way the Indian Navy was able to free the scientists, save the treasure and the ship. They were very happy with the work of Jack and Moku. They congratulated them for acting so smartly and bravely. In this way all was well and the most important part, the balloons were appreciated by everyone.

This story teaches us that even if a person is young, he/she can still do brave things if one has faith and belief in oneself. We should never underestimate the youth of our country. !!!!

Apoorva Rawat • Armeena Iqbal, IX-B

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING

In a small village, Dholakpur, lived a young boy Rajan Dholakia. He had an eccentric shine in his eyes, full of dreams and aspirations. Handicapped, he had lost his right hand and his family during an accident at a tender age of 11.

He could not get any job in the village and travelled to Delhi in search of a job. He worked as an apprentice in a garage. He saved some money and bought a cart to sell fresh fruits. He used to sing and attract people. He used to sell apples singing his favourite song "Khaike apple kashmiri wala." Though the song was strange and very funny, still people admired his singing.

When he heard about the competition SINGING KE SUPERSTAR, people encouraged him to go for it. All the customers collected funds and booked his ticket to Mumbai. Rajan was ecstatic and he had an urge to win the competition for people who loved him.

He reached Mumbai and used the funds to get an accomodation. The next sun-up, he was ready and quite nervous for the audition. The judges were flabbergasted to see that a handicapped fruit seller had come this far for audition. The judges didn't have a very high expectation from him. They thought, he would sing some old village song. However, when they heard him singing, they were spellbound and gave him a standing ovation. He actually sung one of the latest Bollywood songs for which he practiced for a week. The judge praised him for his talent and tears flowed from his eyes. He was finally selected.

He performed better day by day. Rajan's determination led him to success. He wanted to get the 'ONE CRORE RUPEES' he had always wished for after his family's death. Who knew that the winds will change his fate ? He got eliminated. He had become disconsolate, but again got determined when he heard about the wild card entry. He practiced day and night as well as gave an equal rest to his throat.

The final day arrived, and he sang in the best voice he could. The judges praised him but it was a public voting system. After much trepidation, finally a name was announced aloud Rajan Dholakia! Rajan had entered the finals. He sung with all his heart. He really wanted the ONE CRORE RUPEES. He had a very strong contender. Luck favoured the villager's side. He was finally successful in winning over a million hearts. The contender was anxious about Rajan and plotted revenge against him. He threw a huge party and invited Rajan. He mixed poison in his drink and asked the waiter to offer it to Rajan and the other drink to him, but the waiter was a huge fan of Rajan. He cleverly exchanged the drinks. The contendor died of poison and Rajan was saved.

"AS YOU SOW, SO SHALL YOU REAP"

Saanika Buddhiraja • Shubhangi Pasricha, IX-B

A BEAUTIFUL MIRACLE

"You cannot even keep your room clean!! Angela you're fifteen, c'mon start behaving like one...." She babbled on and on and I just kept listening. She scolded me for fifteen minutes and I got very frustrated. I still cannot forget that cold winter afternoon. Actually I can never forget that, it changed my whole life.

I was very sad and tense. I am fifteen and my mother still scolds me like I am five. I sat on a window and was looking out in the park. It was the normal routine.

Mr. Gortsby, as usual, was there sitting on the bench, reading a newspaper. Mrs. Nina Xavier, wife of Mr. Jake Xavier (the best doctor in town) was walking with her child in a pram. Few kids were playing with the ball.

The scene was immensely healing to my sad and depressed mood. I liked the scene of the park. I liked the children playing, the mother taking a walk with her child. Everything was as the day before except for one thing. There was a stranger, a young man, around thirty or forty years, with a tough exterior. He was wearing a 'long white coat' with a black hat.

He was normally working on a laptop. He stayed there for about an hour. He got a call on his cellphone, he kept aside the laptop and put his bag on top of it. I don't know whether it was done intentionally or was it just a coincidence. He talked for a while and then he took the bag and left.

He left his laptop!!! I don't know why he did that..How can someone forget something like a laptop? I was 90% sure that he did it intentionally. Ten minutes passed and the laptop was lying on the bench without gaining anyone's attention. Fifteen minutes passed, still nothing. The man didn't even come to know about his mistake.

BOOM!! I could see the thick yellow flame bursting out of something which was a laptop a second ago. The flare spread out like a cloud of fire everywhere and came rushing to me like a giant monster coming towards me to gulp me in his whole body. I could here the faint shouts of people. It was just a matter of few seconds and I became numb.....

I gently opened my eyes. I could see the plain white ceiling and a few doctors or nurses standing beside me. They told me that I was the only fortunate survivor of the bomb blast.

Yes I was fortunate. Actually it was
"A BEAUTIFUL MIRACLE".

(A story based on the only survivor of a bomb blast a consequence of 9/11)

Anushka Gupta & Mariyam Ashrat, IX-B

MY HERO

'Hero'. This epitome is meant not only for the celebrities or filmstars but for the common man as well, as he has the ability to do tasks for which he can be called a hero. For me, my hero is my Grandfather. He is the bravest, strongest and the most confident person I have ever come across in my life. Well, I could have said that my father is a hero as well; but after an incident, which took place, in which my grandfather, Mr. Madan Lal Benara had a key role, I had but no choice but to write about him. This incident took place on 27th September, 2010. It was early morning, the time being 6:30 am. We were getting ready for school, and my grandfather was out for his morning walk as usual. There is a couple living in our colony named Mr and Mrs Srichand Jain. My grandfather, "Baba ji" in a childhood friend of Mr. Jain. Mr and Mrs Jain have their children settled in Australia and they own a hotel in Agra. They are good company.

It was on the 27th Sept. 2010, that my Grandfather was out as usual. He was waiting for Mr. Jain to arrive so that they could go together as they always did. Usually Mr. Jain was never late, he is very particular in terms of time management. My grandfather patiently waited for him. Half an hour passed but there was no sign of Mr Jain. 'Babaji' decided to go to his place and see whether everything was alright or not. As soon as he reached Mr Jain's place, he found Mr. Jain and his wife lying on the floor and it seemed as if they had been poisoned. My grandfather was shocked. Without wasting a single minute he called for an ambulance and took them to the Prasad Nursing Home; the nearest to our house. He quickly got them admitted in the hospital and patiently handled the situation. The doctors started with their treatment as soon as possible; the only good thing was that they had just been poisoned and soon they were in the hospital. The doctors tried their level best to stop the poison from spreading in the body and surprisingly it worked.

Mr and Mrs Jain were out of danger by 6:00 p.m. in the evening. Poison had made them weak but they were safe.

My grandfather came back home but first went to Mr and Mrs Jain's home to search for any clue regarding who had poisoned them. The criminal, was standing just in front of my grandfather with his back towards him. He was their servant Ramu, who had been working for them for the last fifteen years. He was gathering all the money and jewellery. My grandfather was shocked to see this and he called for the police. Without coming in notice of the servant, he came out and locked the front and the back door of the house so that Ramu could not escape. As soon as the police came my grandfather directed them towards the house and told them the whole story on the way. They arrested the servant who is now in jail.

My grandfather is truly a person who handled the situation without panicking. We came to know about this case at night when grandfather finally returned. He is no less than a hero for me—he saved a couple's life. For Mr and Mrs Jain, he was an angel, a saviour. Without panicking he handled the situation very calmly. He had inspired us and had set an example for us. My grandfather is loved by all. I wish I could be as brave as he. For me he is no less than a hero; so what if he is not a very known personality; I don't care but he is 'My HERO'.

Anubhuti Benara, IX-A

Entertainment

Today, we have lost the ability of entertaining ourselves and are over-dependent on external means of entertainment

The old fashion of entertaining ourselves by means of dancing, playing, creating our own recreational activities and enjoying outings with our family is now scarcely seen. My parents tell me the way they used to create their own recreational activities and remained fit and healthy. And they were not as lazy as the teens of today. And yes, I readily agree to this fact. Today we are just dependent on TV, Facebook, mobiles, ipods, internet, etc.

And this is what makes us lazier day by day. We have actually forgotten to entertain ourselves. Infact, we don't know how to entertain ourselves.

In this era of increasing technology, we get more attracted towards the gadgets and external means of entertainment. We don't like playing outside, rather the teens think that playing out will spoil their image. They would prefer to go out with their friends and enjoy a cup of cold coffee and a slice of pizza.

If someone asks me to accompany him/her to watch a movie, which I already know is a flop, I would instead, sit back home and play chess or badminton with my younger sister because I know it will not spoil my image.

Today people are more concerned about their status, reputation, image, their position in society and have completely forgotten themselves. They don't know who they are. Thinking about their status does not mean that they are thinking about themselves, but about the opinion of other people. In past times when there were less inventions by science, people used to entertain themselves by means of dancing, painting, reading, writing and many more. But today these qualities in humans are rarely seen and what to blame and whom to blame. Should we blame science for giving us TV and music player because we cannot meditate and entertain ourselves or should we thank science for giving us telephones because we can remain connected through it to our family?

Yes, we have become over-dependant on other means and we have lost the ability, the power to think and entertain ourselves. We do what we like to and we do what others do. And today's youth being so advanced will not understand ways and lifestyle of their previous generation. I don't think anyone here is to be blamed. But the truth is that we have lost the ability of entertaining ourselves and yet we can not blame ourselves.

Sakshi Anandani, IX-A

My Possession

I have a possession as everyone does,
And its very extreme as compared to others,
I can barely manage an hour without it,
But I have to, as I go to school without it,
It's the most challenging time for me,
And for me I am a winner if I pass that time.

My possession is my cell-phone,
My "Wow ! so lovely NOKIA",
For me its better than Apple or Blackberry,
For which thousands go crazy !
It's my companion and almost my shadow,
Which remains with me all the time.

It makes me happy whenever I am sad,
And refreshes me as if I took a NAP,
I take care of it more than myself;
Decorating and renovating it all the time,
It hurts me more when it falls on the ground,
And I quickly make sure that there is no scratch or wound.

It was a gift to me from my parents,
One my sixteenth birthday,
Since then it has been my possession,
My companion and almost my shadow !
I can't afford losing it or getting it exchanged,
Even for the greatest cell-phone in the world.

I used to think earlier,
That how can anyone go crazy for a non-living thing ?
After such a long time I got my answer,
That If you have a heart,
Then even non-living things can connect with it,
And make a very important place in your life.

I truly love my possession,
My "Wow ! so lovely NOKIA",
And finally I have two lines to conclude my poem;
To present my feeling for my cell-phone clearly,
As food is for the poor and honey for the bee,
Just like that my cell-phone is for me.

Apoorva Saraswat, XI (Sc.)

1000

A Thousand miles to go before I sit
A Thousand miles to go before I sleep
A Thousand dreams exuberantly lit
A Thousand reasons to give up and weep.

Thousands of expectations from thousands of people
Thousands of agonies in people's smile
Thousands of thoughts scattered like leaves of a maple
Thousands of sorrows drowned in wine.

Thousands of challenges, dark and blind
Without an end, without a start
Just twists and turns no door to find
And yet strive not to lose heart.

Thousands of death in a single life
Thousands of sacrifices by our soul
Bloody, bloodier, bloodiest of all strifes
Yet search for scraps of happiness continue to stroll.

Thousands of irrelevant comments
Thousands of 'unasked' judgements
Thousands of unknown, unearned enemies
Thousands of vices not ready to cease.

There may not be thousands of seconds in an hour
But every second has a thousand problems,
Problems that shall rise and stir
Problems that always continue and come.

Thousands of reasons to end life
Yet another thousands to keep it going
Thousands thousands and thousands
Anticipations to reap after the hectic sowing !!!

Amita Singh, XI (Sc.)

So Long Farewell Goodbye



Rev. Sr. Lawrence our Principal was an integral part of St. Patrick's Jr. College, Agra from 1996-2011. She was an epitome of kindness, patience and hardwork. Under her principalship the college progressed well. We bade her Goodbye in May 2011



The Old Order Changeth ... Yielding place to new ...



The summer of 2011 ushered in our very new, young and dynamic Rev. Sr. Greta. Within no time she has won over the hearts of all. We welcomed her in July 2011.

"Where There is a Will, There is a Way."

Will is a power that can move even mountains. In simple words we may call it determination. The proverb which forms the subject of this article, emphasises the importance of will or determination. It means that a man of determination can do what he likes. By the power of will we can have our way in everything.

While men of will can have their way in all things, those of weak will can do nothing. Like the water reed they are blown this way and that way by every passing wind. They are distracted from their original aims by every obstacle that comes in their way. A drunkard resolves in the morning never to drink again, but by the night we find him back to liquor. A student determines to read at least six hours every day, but then, there appears a friend, an acquaintance and the resolve of a moment before is forgotten and time is wasted in idle gossip. These are examples of individuals who have lost their will power or have never tried to cultivate it. There is nothing wrong with them except that they lack in singleness of purpose—in that preservice which Carlyle considered to be but another name of genius.

Not only good things but bad things as well can be achieved only through will power. A thief can steal and robber can rob only if they have determined to do so and have sufficient will power for the purpose. But will power should be applied only to doing good things. If it is used to achieve evil, the forces of good within us would certainly weaken and stultify it. In this way would be built up a store of will power, which can then be developed further by being devoted to aims, noble and good.

To sum up, 'Will' is a great force both for good and evil. It makes impossible things possible. The story of man's progress from chaos to order from barbarism to civilisation, is nothing but a story of his will power pitted against all the hostile forces of nature. This will-power can be achieved by anyone of us by a continuous process of concentration on noble objectives. Once acquired, it will enable us to have our way in all things.

Waliya Shamsi, XI (Sc.)

OH ! ITS THE IPL

Shouts ! cries, thrill and cheers,
Motivation, love, happiness and tears.
A crowd spread over miles
With their expressions of tension and smiles.
The only time when there is no rivalry
Amongst the players of different country.
Oh ! Yes it is our IPL
Telling us that 'All is well !'
Players hugging and complimenting
Enthusiasm and hoots augmenting.
Different teams with international players
Tiffs, fights and jealous flares.
Gambhir, Kallis, Shakib and Lee,
Team up together so friendly
Sachin, Malinga now together
With Bhajji and Symonds under changing weather.
Shane Warne, Dravid are for Royals
With their stories of tries and trials,
Dhoni, Southee and Mike Hussey
Gilchrist, Sangkara, Daniel Vittori.
In come new tuskers from Kochi
And the Pune Warriors to win the trophy.
Games of happiness, games of joy,
Sixes and fours-Oh boy ! Oh boy !
A story not only of cheers and glamour
But of unity and peaceful tremors
Oh ! Yes it is the IPL
Hub of fans, a place to dwell
Not to be condensed
Not to fail
But to remind that its a game
To be played fair
To be played well !

Amrita Singh, XI (Sc.)

Changes.....right or wrong?

What was considered correct in the past is still considered correct but yes, what was considered incorrect in the past is considered correct today.

This change in value system has occurred due to the broad-mindedness of the individuals and to an extent—education, rather western influence. I feel that this change has both pros and cons. I would like to justify myself with the help of some examples.

In the past, love marriages were not allowed and the family in which this used to happen was insulted and pointed out in the society because at that time it was considered as something very wrong and unacceptable but in contrast to that mindset; today almost everybody is making his/her choice and it is accepted (at least in urban areas) without any torment to the family. This has been made possible due to the education provided to the people.

Similarly, the concept of women working outside homes was considered a social evil but today, because of the changed mindset, women are walking shoulder-to-shoulder with men and still are looked upon respectfully.

Another thing which I would like to highlight is that now-a-days youngsters enter into emotional relationship at a very early age which according to them is correct as per today's scenario but if we again peep into the past, it is next to performing a crime.

So, looking at both the sides of the coin, the changed value system is acting quite beneficial as well as harmful. Actually, the present generation is more practical and broad-minded. For example, in past, worshipping and being religious meant strict fasting and heroes prayers but today, people believe more in the fact that **'work is worship'**. We, as today's generation think, it's better to perform a good deed everyday and say just one prayer daily morning than sitting for hours and hours performing rituals and pleasing God. So, I personally feel that these changes are correct.

Now, I would like to highlight some facts which were called incorrect in the past and are incorrect according to me as well but again, according to the practical youth of today, they are correct.

Very recently, the drinking age had become a hot debatable topic. Well, isn't it quite ironical that in the past when drinking itself was considered extremely unethical, from that time till today, such a large transition has taken place that today forget about whether drinking is correct or not, society is debating on the age!!! and we all know that there are people (mostly youngsters) seconding the idea of lowering the age.

Secondly, now the government has made live-in relationships legal whereas in earlier days, it was considered illegal and the society called it a sin. Now-a-days, its perfectly normal and very much justified. So, definitely the value systems, the mindset of people has changed which is both, a boon and bane for the society.

One more thing which I would like to mention is that though there are many activities which are now considered correct and were considered incorrect in the past, but still, I feel there is no such thing or practice which was considered correct in the past but considered incorrect today.

The values, the etiquette which were to be practiced and which were justified in the past, they are justified and respected today as well. The change brought about by the present, by the changed value system is that it is trying to make the society more practical, thus justifying some past practices as correct.

I personally feel that all the changes that can lead us to a better society should be adopted even if they were considered incorrect in the past, and the practices which are immoral and unethical should not be justified in any manner by the present generation as well.

—Charu Dhawan, XI (Sc.)

And It Was Just A Dream ...

"IDEA CRICKET STAR AT YOUR DOOR CONTEST"

Winner-SANSKRITI AGARWAL

Address-34, Shivaji Enclave, Bypass Road, AGRA

Congratulations ! Sanskriti, you have won the contest.

On 1st June, 2012 Sachin Tendulkar will come and visit your house.



Visit our site-www.ideacricketstar.com

My eyes popped out when I opened the fifth page of the newspaper. The results of the "Idea Cricket Star At Your Door" contest were announced and I was declared the winner ! I became very excited and shouted-"Mummy ! Sachin Tendulkar is coming to our house !!" For a moment my family members didn't understand what I was saying but on reading the newspaper they couldn't believe their eyes. Everyone hugged and congratulated me on winning this contest.

On being asked by my father how it all happened, I explained how I took part in the contest wherein I had to answer three questions about Sachin Tendulkar through my idea mobile sms. I didn't tell anyone about my participation in this contest because I thought that according to their views, all these contests which come in these newspapers are fake and they are done just for publicity.

The news about Sachin's upcoming visit to my house spread in my locality like a forest fire. A series of phone calls from my relatives and friends followed the whole day congratulating me for the same.

Now what was important was how to make the preparations for welcoming the Master Blaster. It was decided that he would be welcomed with 'tika' and garland as per our Indian tradition. My mother decided that she would cook the best food for him. I also prepared some questions which I would like to ask Sachin like 'what is his success mantra' and like 'who was his ideal' etc. and would follow his key to success. It was also decided that he would be gifted with a memento of Taj Mahal as a souvenir of his visit to Agra.

I was busy planning about his visit when I heard my mother calling-"Sanskriti-It's 7 o'clock ! Get ready for the school." Within a moment, all my fantasies were shattered and my eyes were wide open and soon I realized that it was just a dream !!!

But being an ardent fan of Sachin Tendulkar, I would always wish that this dream comes true one day.

Sanskriti Agarwal, XI (Com.)

And Then I Met God

It was a cold Saturday night. Working hard for many days and night I was tired of my life. Crying and fighting, cursing my destiny, abhorring my over loaded life, I finally got the urge to ask HIM, "You always give shelter to the homeless, help to the helpless but why am I cursed with this unfortunate state, why am I so ill-starred? Why do you always hate this son of yours? Why GOD ! Why always me?" and I finally decided not to stay anymore at HIS holy feet and end up this unworthy life.

I was sleepless for the last four days, working hard round the clock, preparing myself for the big game and now everything seemed to be in vain. I pulled back my chair, wore my overcoat and with a mind of ending my life, I left my home.

I started to walk down the street, still in a perplexed state of mind, with feelings all mixed. Dying was the only alternative left.....

My hands were shivering, heart was pounding at its full pace, legs were trembling and my mind definitely lost somewhere and suddenly a voice called me, "Hey, where are you going?" I stopped and asked, "Who are you to ask me such a question?"

"I am your friend", he replied. There was a strange glare in his eyes. He was probably fifty, with a beard and with in a very strange attire. I replied, "Don't stop me, I am going to die, my desire to live has now come to an end, I am committing suicide."

He started to laugh and told me that he would like to accompany me to that place. There was something unique in him and I agreed to his proposal, suddenly he asked me the reason. With frustration I answered, "I am tired of living a life under pressure, I am tired of working hard, I am tired of running behind success, I don't want to live anymore."

He continued walking with me and after breaking a minute of silence, he asked, "Have you ever seen a man drowning?" I instantly murmured "No". "He who is drowning tries to strive hard, putting all his best efforts, struggles very hard so that he could just take his last breath", the bearded man replied.

Observing that I was not interested in his wise talks, he also turned silent and continued walking with me till we reached a lake.

I was standing at the verge of the lake with a puzzled mind and suddenly the bearded man pushed me in the lake.

Images of the past soon filled my mind, a feeling of nostalgia approached to my perplexed mind.

Desire to live more soon sparkled in my heart, unknown to the art of swimming, I began drowning. "I want to live, I want to live, help me!" I shouted. I decided to battle with death, I put in my best efforts to swim, to struggle for that minute volume of air one that could make me live some more seconds and soon I was pulled out of water by that bearded man. I was shivering with fear. I shouted, "Have you gone crazy, you pushed me in the water?" And with a disheartened mood I walked away from there.

Getting no response from him, I turned back and was completely astonished. The bearded man and the lake both had vanished. I started to tremble. The very first thought that struck my mind was that of the place being haunted. Without any second thought, I decided to run away from there.

I had barely covered a short distance and soon the same bearded man appeared. I stopped and was shivering, trying to call all the gods from heaven. There was a glare in his eyes. He was elegantly standing tall in front of me in the best attire. He softly smiled and said, "Son, I am God!" I was still trembling with fear and when his words struck my ear, I felt, I missed a heartbeat.

"I have given you this precious life, do not destroy and end it this way. Never lose confidence, efforts should be like the same you made when you were drowning and you will always find me pulling you out of the tough times," and saying this HE disappeared.

Sugandh Narang, XI (Com.)

World Peace Begins with Peaceful Relationships in and Around Me

*"Let there be peace on the earth
And let it begin with me."*

These words of Seymour Miller are not only very true but also very inspiring. World peace is the product of peaceful souls living in it and until peace is established in and among ourselves we can not make the world an abode of peace.

Highly revered Cambodian monk Maha Ghosananda once said,

*"A peaceful heart makes a peaceful person,
A peaceful person makes a peaceful family,
A peaceful family makes a peaceful community,
A peaceful community makes a peaceful nation,
A peaceful nation makes a peaceful world."*

When our mind is peaceful we create an aura of peace around us which affects people with whom we meet and resonate with their inner peace, enhancing it as well as our own. Says Maha Ghosananda "When we have peace in our mind, our neighbour will also be peaceful. It is contagious."

When every individual realizes the value and role of peaceful mind and relationship the world will transform into a peaceful one without the evils of terrorism, corruption and war. The only thing that people need to realize is that they are the missing link in the transformation. Once each person realizes this and brings a revolution within him the world will become a better place to live in.

The main question that arises is that how to be at peace with ourselves. True peace lies in true contentment, compassion and selfless attitude. When we are not greedy or possessive about any thing or person we feel a great deal of satisfaction and happiness. To create inner peace we must believe that peace in ourselves is completely responsible for peace in the world. As said by the Dalai Lama "Everything starts with us, with each one of us. The indispensable qualities are peace of mind and compassion."

Tina Jain, XI (Com.)

Nature—The Ultimate Healer

Majestic snow capped mountains, wide expanses of the green, mysterious forests, the silent calm lakes, the mischievous waters of the swift rivers, the roaring of the tigress calling out to her cubs, the beauty of the dancing peacock, the shining dew drops on the rich green leaves, the victorious sunrise, the beautiful sunset. Yes, this is the peaceful lap of nature whose beauty in spite of the presence of so many adjectives in the English languages still remains undefinable.

Nature is the most beautiful gift God has bestowed on the mankind. The best thing about nature is to sit back and admire its beauty from the window of our room which is absolutely "free of cost", a thing which people today almost die to hear. Nature, the beauty of nature, calms even the most disturbed of the human mind, it possess the healing power which no modern medicine or gadget possesses.

In the fast moving, materialistic, gadget-oriented world of today, nature seems to be a word lost from the dictionary of the young. Nature today merely remains a property which can be used as and when, by people. Mountains, the majestic mountains, whose beauty can not be described are now used merely for the purpose of blasting them for the mining activities. The trees, the lifegivers, providers of oxygen are nothing more than the source of paper which we throw away every second minute. The rivers, the lakes are now nothing more than "open air bathrooms" for the rural people and their animals. The varieties of native flora and fauna are of basically no importance today. All we care for is the ivory that the tusk of the elephant can provide, or the fashion statement a lion skin purse will make in the world. Nature has lost its importance in the fast world of today.

We need to go back in time to realise the importance and to discover the beauty of nature. The huge skyscrapers, the fast developing smoke emitting industries, is not nature. Nature is the huge expanse of the soothing green forest. Nature is not limited to the 2-day 'treat for the eyes' experience, it is one such valuable gift of the almighty which if misused can cause huge destruction. If nature's calmness can be felt, its anger can also be witnessed. The tsunamis, hurricanes are all the angry and disturbed forces of nature which are triggered by human activities. During the times when industrialization

was not a very active part of life, nature was the only resort man had after a tiring day. Nature, our natural resources don't just provide a beautiful scenery, they can easily provide us with our needs, too. All the raw materials for the manufacturing of our luxurious commodities are derived from nature.

Treatments like Ayurveda, herbal therapies are all gifts of nature. We seem to have forgotten that our basic needs of water, light, oxygen are all provided by nature. No television program, no shopping experience can be compared to the relaxation that a quiet walk by the swift flowing river with greenery all around can provide. The very fact that during our vacations, we generally go to the places of rich natural beauty is enough reason to emphasize the fact that nature can give what the television can't, nature can give what a mall can't and this gives rise to the question that why we humans destroy the beautiful forests, the sources of the oxygen we breathe in, the haunts of the wild to construct a new shopping mall which gives us monetary happiness? There is no valid answer to the question ... We just fail to recognise and realise the beauty of nature which surrounds us ... Nature is the song of the nightingale, nature is the roar of the lion, nature is the laugh of the hyena, nature is the rustling of the leaves but we as humans of the modern day are blind to all this. We are blind to God's most beautiful gift, nature.

In the end, I would like to lay emphasis on that :

If Nature can give, it can take,

If Nature can create, it can destroy,

If Nature can provide calmness, it can be the source of agony ...

We must remember that this gift of God, nature, should be taken care of because if we destroy it we are unknowingly destroying the very source of our existence. Mahatma Gandhi has rightly said :

"Nature has enough for man's need not for his greed."

Thus we must remember that nature is a part of life that can never be sidelined and keeping this in mind we must work towards recognising and realising the importance of this beautiful gift of the Almighty.

—Sanhita Silas, XI (Com.)

Helper's Day Celebration



Book Exhibition



E-Care Launching



"Balika Vadhu: A Saga In Itself"

"Anandi" is a name which comes up in every household talks, a name which has created a whole world for itself, a name which unconsciously fills many of us with an inner feeling of competition.....Well yes, its "Balika Vadhu" which has made an indelible mark on me and has carved a niche for itself.

A barely adolescent girl is made to enter into the contract of marriage, the meaning of which she is aloof, she breaks all shackles and rises above the daily monotonous chores of household to become a perfect wife, a flawless daughter-in-law and above all portrays a perfect human being. She comes of her age and is present with an unfazed smile even when she bears the brunt of most disastrous and tormenting storms. She braves it all to fulfil her duty and play her part with a religious fervour.

Anandi is the main protagonist of the show. Balika Vadhu which is telecast on colors channel has triumphed in creating an ambience which captivates of all.

In Dadi sa is portrayed a grandmother living in each of our homes. She keeps a hard exterior but has a very soft heart. She thinks for the welfare of all her family members and leaves no stone unturned for playing her role as the family head. In Anandi's in-laws are portrayed the family figures of our society who are against indian stigmas like women exploitation, illiteracy etc. Jagdish plays the role of the husband who gets strayed on the path of life.

These characters with whom we relate, with whom we identify ourselves, grow with course of time in our heart and satiate us with a feeling of fullness.

The whole setting and plot of this programme captivates me. Its lessons taught are myriad and with each lesson learned we acknowledge ourselves to be a better human being. This programme vehemently opposes women exploitation and endeavours in speeding the importance of women empowerment. Though the wheel of change is set in motion and we witness women empowerment widely now, the reality doesn't look that becoming in rural areas. In rural areas, women are still restrained within the four walls of their home and men still are the "sole bread earner"

Shakespeare's dictum : "Frailty thy name is women" is belied in this programme where women strive to take the front seat.

An invaluable lesson taught by this programme is how to tackle adversities and how to hone one's skill after every failure.

"It we can dream and not make dreams our master,

If we can think and not make thoughts our aim,

If we can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat them both as imposters....”

Thus even if we climb gradually on the rungs of ladder of success, we should remain down to earth.

Anandi is confronted with adversities, gargantuan in size as compared to her tender age but she strives throughout. She is hit with a bullet on her head, loses memory, loses her eternal love—Jagdish her husband, gets abducted, thus she loses it all. All that she doesn't lose is her hope which remains untouched. We must remind ourselves.

“I am not a brief candle which flickers low and then vanishes,
I am not a passing mood. I am not a transitory dream.
I am the splendid torch of hope...
Fire may turn my bones to ashes but I rise above it all.
I rise again from my ashes as a brilliant phoenix.

The programme lights us the way for social transformation. It shows us how impractical old customs reign over us and lead to a gradual degradation of our lives. Customs should be rooted in practical reality. It is said :

Old Order Changeth
Yielding Place To New
In Many Ways God Fulfils His Ways
Lest One Good Custom Should
Corrupt The World”

Thus this programme featuring small village “Jaitser” in Rajasthan, is my favorite programme. It shows us how to remain rooted in tradition and yet to prosper. A bird flies under the blue sky when it ventures out from its nest in the morning. It comes back into its nest in the evening and doesn't allow itself to lose its way in the alien territory full of lures. We should be the same.

All things need their culmination. This programme too will meet its end. However that doesn't disappoint me the least for it has created a parallel universe for it. Thus this programme has had a lasting impact on me and thus its saga will remain in my heart even if this programme meets a perfect ending.

Somya Gaur, XII (Com.)

MANAGING CLASSROOM DISCIPLINE

"We will have Manvi as our new class monitor", our teacher Mrs. Sharma declared on Tuesday. Amidst the huge round of applause, I stood up, but not as a student but as a responsible monitor.

The days of my being a monitor began and certainly I did not realize what being a monitor meant, except of course, the power of wings and feathers. Then one day our class teacher scolded me for not checking the uniforms of the students. How can I punish my own fellow mates? I have to think of ways of getting things perfectly done. I will be at loss if I shout and yell. But they are my friends. They surely will understand. And I straight went to the class, talked to the classmates in 'our language'. Surprisingly; the defaulters had ribbons, cardigans, clean uniforms and properly tied hair. I was delighted that finally I had received the chance of showcasing my leadership qualities.

I remember well once when there was no teacher and in the chaos, the principal entered. The confusion in the class was at its zenith. I had forgotten my responsibility and was carried away with my childhood innocence, we and 'I' were scolded. Today, we talk and still make noise in the absence of the teacher, but it never leaves the four walls of the classroom, for I had promised so to the principal, our class had learned to be disciplined in a teacher's absence.

And there was one day when a strong wind was blowing and suddenly the cracked (due to a student's mischief) window glass pane broke accidentally. Who would believe that it wasn't done by a student again? Who would take the report to the principal? I had to take charge though I was a bit scared and perplexed thinking how will she react? That day I learned—

"Honesty is the best policy"

I reported everything honestly. She scolded and asked the class to pay a fine at first, but the honest admission of the incident made her leave the class with a warning.

I felt extra responsible for the class during The Cultural Week. We had to prepare for the various inter-class competitions. It was almost

like being the co-ordinator ! There were problems and it added to the anxiety as I was asked to manage such and then felt extremely happy when victory knocked at our classroom door! All hurdles were resolved with patience and alternate solutions.

As the summer season reached its zenith, we realized how congested our classroom was ! There were only three fans and seventy-five students. I brought the matter to the principal's notice but didn't achieve success in the first attempt. As the condition were becoming unbearable, I again represented my class. Things were resolved and new fans were installed owing to the award for the "Most Disciplined Class" !

In the last week of my monitorship tenure, we were practising for the upcoming Football match with the other section. That day, I held a firmer grip over my decision to become a Doctor for I felt like one that morning. A classmate had fallen and hurt her knee. It was bleeding, she was our star player ! What will we do without her? But things were different for me. I did her dressing and felt even more responsible.

The winter season approached and it was time to change the class monitor. Other students were insisting to be but one statement that I still remember and will always do was a remark from our Class Teacher, "Manvi has been such a perfect and most responsible monitor. I don't want to change her." I was sincerely touched by this remark. During this summer season I realized, "With great power, comes great responsibility." I had always been an introvert, shy child. But these five months had a lasting impact on me. I had changed completely and the best change was that I had become disciplined myself managing the discipline of the class !

Manvi Mittal, XII (Com.)

FOR THE LAST TIME

It is indeed ironic that we spend our school days yearning to graduate and our remaining days waxing nostalgia about our school days.

There was a time when I looked forward to the end of school, when I wished for these 5 years to be over, when I wanted to jump to the life ahead...right now, the thought only gives me creeps.

Just thinking that this may be last time I would be wishing all of you a Good Morning, that this may be the last time I'd be addressing you all as a Patrician, not an ex-Patrician, that this may be the last time I'd be wearing this uniform, that this may be the last time I would see all of my friends with whom I've grown up, with whom I've spent some of the best days of my life, together, well I rather think not. I want to stop time, to halt this moment and cherish it for the whole of my life just the way it is, because I'm not ready for all this to end, for my school days to be over, I'm not ready to let it all go.....not now, yet.

Outside these red bricks, who'll I share my jokes with ? Who will pass those stupid comments, who'll laugh with me like maniacs ? Who'll have me enact anyone they wish, who'll tease me ? Who's tiffins will I hog ? Which teacher will scold me and show me the right path ? Who will work hard with me to earn me victories, and then who'll harass me for treats ? And who'll console me when I lose ? Who will be there by my side through thick and thin, and who will I depend upon ? What will I wake at 7 a.m. for, and where will I go ? Outside these red bricks, who will I be ?

This school has shaped me into who I am today. This is my mold, my alma mater, and I have no idea where I will be without it, without these friends that have become my life, without my teachers who've always been my guide, without my two principals, first Sr. Lawrence and now Sr. Greta, without the school helpers, without my juniors, who've earned me so many victories and supported me through my defeats, without any of this. I will admit, I'm scared, so scared that I have chills running down my spine, and I'm so sad that I might just burst to tears, but I'm also happy, because I had the honour and privilege of studying in this institution and that I'm graduating from here.

I wanted a perfect ending. Now I've learned, the hard way, that some poems don't rhyme, and some stories don't have a clear beginning, middle, and end. Life is about knowing to change, taking the moment and making the best of it, without knowing what's going to happen next.

Jyotsana Pandey, XII (Com.)

AU-REVOIR

I am a little surprised as to how a person like me, a person who has loved each and every inch of this stage, can be so hesitant to come up here and speak. I vividly recall the balmy April day when I first stepped into the portals of St. Patrick's. Little did I know that I was in for more than a dozen years of pure delight and stringent hard work.

Just as a child takes form inside her mother's womb, I grew in the cradle of St. Patrick's. The commencement of my form, as I first entered the gates of this red and yellow edifice promised in itself how caringly I would be moulded here. As I developed my radiant eyes, my teachers made me see the world. My mere sight was given a vision. While I started feeling my fingerprints, little pencils were made to support in my fragile hands. My ears were sensitized with the mellifluous sounds of nature. My legs shaking in my mother's body made her feel I was there, but felt the same only when I stood on the stage of St. Patrick's. My heart had been palpitating but it functioned only when those little unexpected acts of kindness and love harped it. The tiny bones provided a shape to my body even before I was born, but it could be my framework only when its marrow was infused with confidence and determination. Just as a child quivers inside the womb and has her own set of turbulences, my stay in St. Patrick's has made me sensitive to all the feelings.

Years passed by, as do months and days and now, Dear friends, I am nine months old, on the threshold of a new world. Poised as I am, at the threshold, half turned to go, yet half turned to stay; explore the world yet to always be a part of My mother-My Alma mater-My St. Patrick's.

14 years back, with a heavy heart, moisture laden eyes and unwilling steps, I had stepped into St. Patrick's and now life has come full circle, the only difference being my reluctance to move out and the plethora of memories I'm taking away.

A melange of countless reminiscences flash across my mind at this juncture. Be it those big blocks in our maths notebooks, or our diction problems with 'ॠ' and 'ॡ' times will never be forgotten when each of us carried our "personal" pencil boxes. But now I only remember our "Debit" and "Credit" balances with the Canteenwali aunty, or those exam fevers where the most important part of the syllabus was to be covered up

in the Activa stand; those dispersal of seeds and nervous systems, those marginal costs and Aboriginals....But now upon the maps—be it political, physical or thematic, we'll have to separate...We'll have to perform irreversible reactions where we'll never be able to return back. No longer will we spend our whole day in the library or just absorb "Vitamin-D" in the fields. From those green check frocks to these green jackets, time really takes a long leap.

As a caterpillar when I'm calling this an end, a teacher called "Life" awaits me calling me a butterfly. St. Patrick's has been the guiding force, reforming my personality. I am and shall always remain indebted to this institution, when I say this institution, I mean the head of this institution Rev. Sr. Greta, with whom we could build such a strong bond in such a short span of time, its staff and teachers, all that you taught me, lessons that extended the mere chapters of textbooks, well beyond the four walls of the classroom, its field and gardens where I spent my quiet moments, the building where I found a new 'me' everyday, the basket ball court, the long corridors, the assembly ground, my Endeavour house, my friends...the essence of St. Patrick's stands incomplete even if one was to be taken away.

Promising to upkeep the name of St. Patrick's and hoping to see its flag soar high up always, I would just say :

As this chapter of my life comes to an end,

As this last teardrop falls,

As this last step is taken,

As this smile fades away,

I promise myself this :

These letters shall remain unparalleled

For the rest of my life :

I AM PROUD TO BE A PATRICIAN..!

Shreya Chawla, XII (Com.)

Farewell Note

As I walked down the concrete road today, a part of me asked, "Is it really the last time I'll be doing so". My heart beating with an amplified sound said, "Yes."

As I walk across this empty hall I look back, count my last steps in this school, my sanctuary.

I've walked this path many times, but its different now. With each step, each echo I leave here a memory, a laugh, a cry, a part of myself.

I feel empty as I pour out my feelings. A last reminiscence, a last cry and finally a smile as I open the door, I pause for a moment and I think to myself,

I am going to start anew, fresh, another beginning.

I am going to right my wrongs, become a better person, as this chapter of my life comes to an end,

As this last teardrop falls, as this last step is taken, as this smile fades away.

I promise myself this, I will always and forever remember it.

But as I look back this morning on my journey a journey that started out with hesitant, tentative steps 13 years back, it shakes up my very self to realise the fact that its over.

- From my 1st alphabet 'A' to this last farewell note.
- My first tiny frock to this last salwar suit.
- My first sports day representing the class to the last sports day representing my house.
- My first farewell assembly for Ma'am Vohra, to my last farewell assembly, this itself.
- My first annual function where I was in the Goan dance to my last annual function where I was painting the Taj Mahal.
- My first inter-class drawing competition to the last inter-state drawing competition.
- My first timid steps, in, as a small, tiny girl to these last confident steps out, as a young lady.

No matter what I say in the next five minutes nothing will sum up even a fraction of how much I owe this institution, when I say "this institution" I mean our principal helpers, schoolmates, the gardens, the cemetery and every millimeter of this campus where I found a new 'me' everyday, every hour and every second.

13 years in St. Patrick's has been a beautiful journey which moulded me and made me the person I am today. Today I stand ready to face the world, it is all because of my respected teachers who taught me the alphabets, the most difficult formulas and above all the values of a good human existence.

My friends and especially my juniors who were always there with me in times of sorrow, in times of joy, in times of praise, and in times of punishment, each corridor, each classroom, each tree in the campus makes me nostalgic as I give them a last fleeting glance.

As I move towards the dusk of my school life, lying in wait of a new morning which will bring with itself a whole new world of change. I stand here, on this podium for probably the last time in my school uniform in front of our respected principal, my beloved teachers and loving juniors, saying a last goodbye, a last note of farewell.

In the end I would just like to utter the golden words that :

"I am proud to be a Patrician"

Mehak Gulati, XII (Com.)

I Thank My Friends Who Believed In Me, "When I Had Given Up"

" I hold within my hand grains of the golden sand.

How few ! yet how they creep through my fingers to the deep.

While I weep while I weep

Can I not grasp them with a tighter clasp ?

Can I not save one from the pitiless wave ?

Today as I stand here a journey of 3 thousand and forty four days comes to an end. 73 thousand and fifty six hours flew by in a jiffy. And how my heart yearns to relive one of those 43 lakh 83 thousand 360 minutes

As I stand here before you, I witness my dream of delivering a speech, materializing. My first and my last. I thank Sister Greta for giving me this opportunity. I thank my teachers for making me what I am today and I also thank my friends.

Infinite memories ! infinite lessons ! And today when it is the final goodbye words betray my sentiments. Before Ex-is added to the Patrician appellation I'd thank this red and yellow edifice, I'd thank SPJC, who in its womb houses my fondest memories,

for marking for giving me what no one else could for, giving me myself. From a bully to the sports captain, the transformation has been massive. And I owe it all to you S.P. without you God knows what I'd do, where I'd be.

As I look back I see a jumbled collage of memories ! A plethora of colours ! Myriad lessons ! the Picnic, the elocution, the APSA ! basketball victory ! the games ! the ravished tiffin boxes ! the laughs, the tears, and the office of the sports Captain ! My moment of glory ! I'd especially thank my vice captain Kapal Vasudev, my buddy Rashi Gaur and my entire team without whom the impossible would not have been possible. If I actually start thanking everyone who hold a special place in my heart then my speech perhaps would never end. But above all I'd thank the hollowed classrooms and corridors which in them have so many confidential information, I'd thank the neem trees under which the best moments of life were spent, I'd thank every part of this, which has been and will continue to be so much more than just a building.

Though our footprints won't be seen in the fields, the canteen will get better and creditworthy customers. There will be a part, a corner where our laughs, jokes and pranks will continue to linger on..... I will always be a Patrician .

Ratika Singh, XII (Com.)

The Lady In White

The clock struck its first midnight hour 12am when the world was fast asleep ☺ dreaming away to glory, I was experiencing another sleepless night. For the past few days, I am not able to sleep. The whispering of the cool breeze that people may find pleasing disturbed me. The fluttering of the leaves made me feel that some invisible force was present there. I felt someone walking behind me. I was never afraid of these supernatural activities happening around me, instead they always fascinated me. I've had an urge of exploring the "DEAD WORLD".

So, to spend my another sleepless night I decided to explore the GRAVEYARD. I wanted to sense the presence of an invisible power which people call "GHOST." I have heard about a graveyard nearby where the locals claim to have seen a lady walking by the graves, "A LADY IN WHITE", who was mercilessly murdered by her husband, she craves for revenge and justice.

I moved out of my place and started walking down the forest lane leading to the cemetery. The path was covered with dried, decayed leaves and twigs shed due to

Chart Making



Quiz Competition

Junior



Senior



autumn breeze. The night was foggy and pitch dark. I had a mysterious feeling. Will I be scared or else I will remain neutral.

Walking lost in deep thought I entered the Graveyard, The Holy Spirit Graveyard. The graveyard was enveloped in silence, all I could hear was the hooting of wild owls and creaking of crickets. The grass was wet with the dew drops, and there were wild ferns growing all over the cemetery. It was huge and there were innumerable graves of the dead. The graves had burnt candles and dried flowers that had been offered in their loving memory by their dear ones. The graveyard is a very old one, made in 1800's where some departed souls rest in peace while some are still fighting for freedom.

I can see many names on the grave, Kristen Mathew died in an accident, Daniel Robinson, died due to physical sickness. I had a remorseful feeling for every grave I saw but the one I wanted to see, for which I came here was not visible. I kept on walking through the paths suddenly I started hearing some footsteps behind me. I felt horrified at the unknown sound of these footsteps. Something strange was happening. It is said that when someone walks behind you or calls back your name, never look back. I dared not to look back but the continuous thudding of footsteps and unclear whisperings made me uneasy.

I started walking faster than before and changed my path without looking back. I was now walking on the lane, where I came from. The footsteps seemed to come closer and closer. There was a moment when something was just an inch away from me it said "ITS 3 AM DEAR." I was scared to hell, my legs were shivering and I had Goosebumps all over. I just shrilled away from that voice and as I was running I heard someone shout, "THE LADY IN WHITE HAS COME, RUNAWAY!"

It was 3 am, THE EVIL HOUR and the evil spirits were about to rise. Glancing through the graveyard I desired to see the glimpse of The lady in white but as I came back to my place I saw a grave with my name on it, SAMANTHA ANDREW murdered by her husband. All through the way I was looking for myself. I was the LADY IN WHITE.

I knew it was time to go back to my mud bed, my GRAVE, as my deadly slumber was calling me back. It wasn't the right time for a spirit like me to roam around. It was the evil hour where the evil is more powerful than the innocent one. Similar is the story of life. The evil triumphs over good people. Life dies but the dead strives to get justice. Even when they are dead the evils still surrounds them. So is the LADY IN WHITE surrounded by evil striving for her justice....!!!

Aishwarya Mittal, XII (Com.)

NOSTALGIA EVOKED

That dressing up on the Christmas parties, that adrenaline rush before going on stage, that chorus of unbridled laughter, that spree of gossips and pranks, that funniest part when a nanosecond's silence dropped in amidst the class's hullabaloo, and everyone with inquisitiveness, looking at each other, saying, 'kya hua !', that last minute onrush prior to exams, that incessant dancing, that freak and frolic on picnics, that yearning for the recess bell, that smoky aroma of the canteen samosas, that jitter of the SUPW classes, that blithesomeness after the last exam, ooh, little did I ever realize that this is soon going to end !!!

You were the cradle,

We danced, we laughed, we cried, we grew, we shone, we made friends, we built camaraderie tough and strong. All within your lofty walls,

An inherent constituent of our memoirs which while I reminisce,

Makes it hard to suppress that giggle and tear.

Ooh ! I'm on the threshold.

The onset of a new avenue , A renaissance, the dawn of new horizons, Awaiting our explorations !!!

My thoughts, curiosities anxieties, ecstasies, aspirations, dreams, values, executions, delights, all of 'em,

I owe to you !

Memories of a lifetime, you have given in,

This in the way,

I perceive you....

A racing forever

Of the warmth I share with you...

Ooh ! This is hard really hard....

Beaming young girls, we are now with heads held high

Cocooned in your lap till now, are ready to fly...

An adieu to you,

Our Alma mater,

Our St. Patrick's !!!

Lots of love....

Tahniat Khan, XII (Com.)

“A more positive insight and quick action, is what India needs.....” Anna Hazare

He came, he saw, he conquered. Anna Hazare has now become a household name, and the voice of the common man. With his strong determination, he has been able to achieve what none had ever thought of, shaking the government and curtailing its activities.

This medium-built, 70 years-old has baffled the government by taking a crusade against corruption. He is a true follower of the Gandhian Philosophy of ‘Satyagraha’, i.e. non violent struggle for truth.

Anna Hazare had also achieved much in his youth. He hails from the village of Ralegan Siddhi, Ahmednagar, Maharashtra. Through his efficient, eco-friendly technique of water-shed management, he was able to bring prosperity to his village which was once impoverished and forlorn. His efforts helped him to win his village, the title of ‘Urja-gram.’

And now, in his seventies, again he is ready to make a change. During his visit to Agra on Sunday, our reporter, Bilal Khan got the privilege of talking to him. He enquired about his feelings on the present day political scenario, the scams and scandals, his own tastes and preferences, his take on corruption, his aspirations and future plans....

Here are a few excerpts :

BILAL-Sir, How did the idea of ‘fast-unto death’ strike you?

ANNA-Look, the putrid condition of our country convinced me to do so. I empathise with the common man, so I thought someone had to be its voice, sooner or later; why not be the one, now!

BILAL-Very well sir, so do you think your persistent fasting would render any effect on our unperturbable government ?

ANNA-There’s nothing wrong in persistence for when it is for a just cause. Yes not entirely though, the government has conceded to our demand for a Jan Lokpal.

BILAL-How would the Jan-Lokpal Bill help, if passed ?

ANNA-This bill proposes a committee to be established at the Centre and its subsidiaries in all the different States. It is to be formed to solve the grievances of the ‘Jan’, the ‘am-aadmi’ against corruption at the district levels.

BILAL-Sir, why do you think the ministers and even the MP are being reluctant to negotiate on this issue ?

ANNA-Yes, obviously they will display reluctance! Because they are the reasons of the political and social fatigue. Corruption is deep-rooted and it has debilitated the very roots of our country. They are apprehensive that their scandals would be revealed.

BILAL-Recently, there was an allegation against you that you had spent a whopping 2-crore for your birthday celebration. How far is that justified ?

ANNA-That calls for a self-defence (smiles)! No, actually it was the people of my village who did so, from the funds of our local bank. Moreover, all this uproar is to deviate the attention of the masses from the real problems.

BILAL-What do you eat, particularly because of the fasts you keep ?

ANNA-I'm a man with simple but fine tastes. I love bhelpuri' and 'yellow-dal with rice.'

BILAL-And sir, what are your aspirations and what do you plan to do in future ?

ANNA-It is to keep on struggling and making the government accede. The servile government can not delude us anymore.

BILAL-Any message you would like to give to the people ?

ANNA-Yes, absolutely! Our people need to have a better sense of civil-responsibility. Simply inculcating one another would yield nothing fruitful. Rather, you should have a more positive insight and the laws need to be implemented and executed effectively.

BILAL-Thank you sir, it was a wonderful time talking to you.

Thus, we took a sneak-peek into the pensive nature of the 'new-age-Gandhi' and it was an experience worth earning.

Tahniat Khan, XII (Com.)

PASSING OUT

14 years have passed...

Travelling on the same way, wearing same uniform, white ribbon neatly plaited, heavy bags on our back, bottles hanging on our necks, our tiny feet matching each other's pace. In L.K.G., our classmates came holding the hands of their parents but we two sisters entered the school gate confidently, holding each other's hand, smiling and wishing every teacher we met. Now in class XII when we still enter the school gate together, we try to match the speed of each other's Activa.

In class V, we used to enjoy the delicacies which our mothers packed for us be it "aloo ka parantha" or sandwich and enjoyed every bit of it and very miserly shared it. Now in class XII we enjoy the delicacies which "canteenwali aunty" makes. Every Patrician's favourite "deluxe patty", a poor single patty now shared among 5.

As we both grew up, we focussed on our studies and started competing against each other. We were even jealous of each other if any one got even one mark more than the other. But still we could not see tears in each other's eyes. Apart from sibling rivalry, jealousy, we both were there for each other, supported the other one at every phase of failure.

These 14 years in ST. PATRICK'S gave both of us various opportunities to discover ourselves, to be independent but are still escort one another. As our class teacher says "sisters always have to be together."

We were sisters when we were admitted to school, turned to worst enemies when we were separated due to shuffling of classes into section A and B, each supporting her own class. Now as the 14th year is coming to an end and we will be passing out within a couple of weeks and as we look back there is a nostalgic feeling.

"Memories are beautiful and bright, just wanna hold them tight"

We were admitted to school with names Akansha and Arzoo but we are leaving school with various names nick names as AKKI AK-47, Zooie. Our 365 days "masti" season may end now when we both will be going on our own way. There are numerous incidents to be remembered, one was...once when one of us had 20 rupees and the other one was "than than gopal", the poor one used to pull out money from the other one's pocket, bring the eatable and offer to the other one, pretending as she brought eatable from her own money and when caught, none could save the other. We even played Hollywood, bollywood, and tic tac toe on the black board. And during chart making competition colouring our Kurtas more than the charts. When we were in class XIth Commerce, the class was creating nuisance in the class, Sr. Lawrence took us to the old basketball area and we plucked the wild grasses. But we two being little naughty ones we hopped over the grass cutting machine and had a joyful ride.

Akansha Edwards & Arzoo Edwards, XII (Com.)

A Farewell Note

In the past few days, the feeling that it is now the time to say our final goodbyes has finally sunk in. So while writing my farewell note, I came up with many ideas as to how I should begin with my speech, the most common ways of doing it was to begin with the beginning of my journey at St. Patricks or begin with an emotional quote but I donot wish to do that today. I'd just say I don't want to miss you dear St. Patricks. We miss something we are able to forget about but how can we ever forget about the pride and honour of being a Patrician.

First, I'd like to thank Rev. Sr Greta for all the love and affection she has shared with us in this short span of time. So this is the end of the movie and now its time for the credits. And we all know only our teachers can fit into the roles of heroes and heroines in this movie. Your smiles, your patience, your hardwork, your dedication, your compliments and even your rebukes have all inspired us and made us into better individuals. Thank you Dear Teachers.

Now I have something to say to my very dear housemates. I know this is a bit too late for this but I would really like to thank all my dear housemates for having considered me worthy enough for the post of the encounter house captain. Calling myself this, still, gives me goosebumps. This has been unforgettable reward for me and is going to remain a part of me forever. I would like to thank all my vices and very special thanks to Sanhita Silas for having stood by me during the hard times. A BIG THANK YOU to 11th Science for being so supportive and coopertive. And I know my encounter shall endure and endeavour each competition with ulmost confidence and skill.

We are all familier with every inch, every setting of the campus of St. Patricks. Every little corner has it own memory attached to us.

I remember well sitting there and wondering every year that why my seniors are so sad what's the big deal ! But today as I stand here talking to my St. Patrick's family for the last time, I realize that it is a big deal, learning something which made you from a nobody to a somebody, is a big deal.

The countless memories just flash through my mind. The long hours spent in classes, sometimes listening, sometimes dozing, the daily rush for the last bench, jostling each other just to get a patty or burger from the canteen, the general noise of the classroom, the silence of an examination hall, the long and spicy discussions on Sunday topics among a group of friends, the tiring yet fun filled dance practices for every other occasion, the happiness of getting a 100, the excitement of a class photograph, the long discussions of friends over insignificant things, the sudden quiet in the classroom at the footsteps of the principal, the Christmas party, the teacher's day celebration everything. Everything is just a memory now that will come with me wherever I go.

I stand here shivering not because I don't have my blazer on but because I know that now it is time for me to just let go and face the world.

The trees are bare, the leaves have shed. "Is it autumn already?" the sapling asked. The leaves still withering in pain, replied, "Don't worry the spring, 'yours and mine' shall come again".

Deeksha Goyal, XII (Com.)

EXPERIENCE OF BEING THE ASST. HEAD GIRL

Well Who is a leader ? This I came to know in my first cabinet meeting when Rev. Sister Greta said, "A leader is not the one who has a tag of being a leader but a leader is someone who leads without letting others know that he is a leader." Truly these words are eternalized for me.

I remember very well, it was 4th of May, 2011 when Rev. Sister Lawrence appointed me as the "Yellow House Vice Captain". My God, I was on the seventh heaven but who knew there was much more in store for me and when we came back from our vacations I got the great news of being appointed as the "ASST. HEAD GIRL". Listening to which my heart started beating with a pulse of 120 beats per minute. God, what a responsibility!!

But it is always said that duties come with responsibilities and the work of the Asst. Head Girl is a herculian task but yes I had a team with me who always supported me. Be it the maintaining of discipline of the college or the farewell practices. I was not so close to my cabinet members but as we all came together it became like a small family where one is dependent on the other. I think it was the best team of the best people.

I remember how I always cherished my senior standing in front and representing the school, today when I got that opportunity of being the ASST. HEAD GIRL of St. Patrick's Junior College I feel myself priveleged. Standing in front of the school where my loving juniors always welcomed me with a smile and sweetly said, "GOOD MORNING DI". Listening to which I forgot all my pains and sorrows.

Be it the Teacher's day or the Farewell of XII Std., I will always cherish the beautiful moments, the scoldings and love of the teachers and their smiling face which always welcomed me to do well.

In the end, I would just like to say :

"A girl who was always hidden in the crowd,"
A girl who felt shy to say her words aloud,
Was given a chance, was given wings,
To fly high and to handle the things.
Today she stands as the ASST. HEAD GIRL of
St. Patrick's Junior College,
Would like to say thanks to her school,
For giving her an opportunity
Of being a LEADER.

Divyanshi Malhotra, XI (Sc.)

A Book : The Only Immortality

Ever since I learnt to read, the only thing I have craved and demanded for is a book and my only paradise is a book store/library. Reading had always been my favorite pastime and within no time it turned into a crazy passion.

Reading has furnished me with much more than fact or knowledge. It makes my imagination run wild and soar free and carries me away to fantasy world, inhabited by my favorite characters. It unburdens me of all worry and stress and relaxes the tight grip of reality. It allows one to see and experience life through someone else's views and perspectives and learn from their experience. It enhances our art of communication and socialization along with revealing to us the various existing socio-cultural patterns. We learn to give words to our feelings and express them with greater ease.

Books encapsulate in themselves our messages through generations. Reading not only educates, entertains and amuses us but also helps us rejuvenate. Reading mysteries tickles one's brain and compels us to think and reason out. It enhances our logical skills. While creating great excitement and curiosity which is kept alive until the very last page. Very often when I am on the last page I feel as though I am about to part from a very dear friend of mine with whom I shared every emotion and feeling.

It is in reading books that I find true Paradise and pure happiness. It is from them that I learn to give colour and expressions to my feelings.....

Astha Kakkar, XI (Sc.)

LIFE AND TIMES OF OUR MOTHER FOUNDRRESS

"Unless a wheat grain falls on the ground and dies, it remains only a single grain, but if it dies, it yields a rich harvest". These words aptly apply to Claudine Thevenet's life. Amidst the smoking ruins of French Revolution, having witnessed the death of her brothers, she never gave up hope. Hope of a better place. She was strong in times of trial because she was happy in hope. Born on 30th March, 1774 in Lyons, France her family prospered, though everything changed with the French Revolution. The raging madness for power and vengeance stiffened every gentle emotion. Claudine's brothers were executed. It is surprising enough that out of this crucible of blood, hate and violence, arose an angel of light.

She rose from the ashes
Of truth and sacrifice,
Drew strength from the blood,
Shed mercilessly
An angel of light
She prepared her flight
To free the world of misery.
God spoke to her, chose her to be
The vessel through which he would
Pour his love,

She thought she was weak, that she had no strength but kept faith in His Benevolence.

She found Jesus and surrendered to God's will,
She opened to him her eyes and heart
In the sick, dying and needy, she saw his face
She undertook to serving orphans who starved.

Her vision of hope inspired other women who joined her to form the first Association, on 31st July, 1816. In October, 1818, Claudine undertook what to her seemed the longest journey of her life.

The Congregation was born,
The work began
Her love spread far and wide
She took to educating the girls
Thus found the purpose of her life.
She was emphatic, model of obedience,
A virtue she cared for a lot.
The world lost its biggest star the day she breathed her last.
Her last words define her love for God,
Though she never knew,
How far reaching would be the effect
Of the chain of love she started.

Mallika Bhagat, XI (Com.)

Farewell : 2012



Art and Craft Exhibition

