

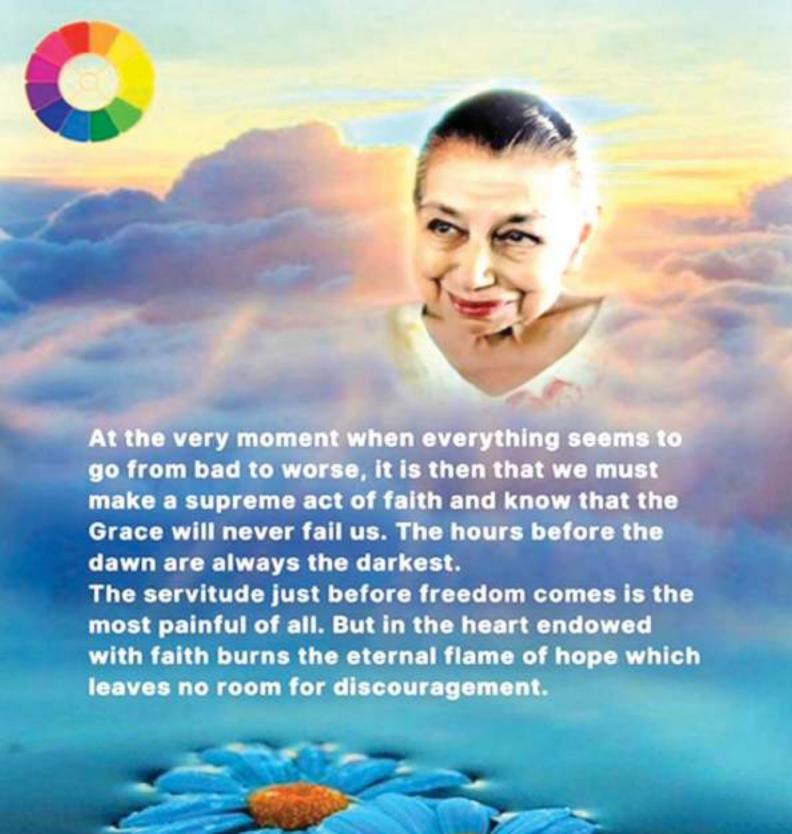






NAVCHETNA 2021

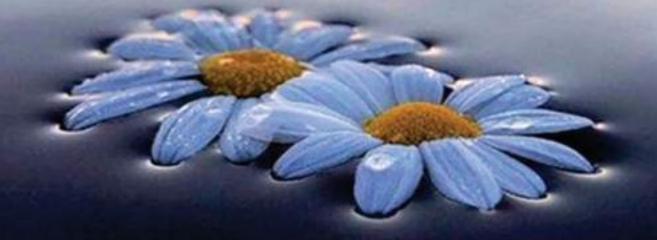
The Mother's International School Sri Aurobindo Marg, New Delhi - 110016







One who has shaped this world is ever its lord:
Our errors are his steps upon the way;
He works through the fierce vicissitudes of our lives,
He works through the hard breath of battle and toil,
He works through our sins and sorrows and our tears,
His knowledge overrules our nescience;
Whatever the appearance we must bear,
Whatever our strong ills and present fate,
When nothing we can see but drift and bale,
A mighty Guidance leads us still through all.



The Editorial Board 2021

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Agrani



Aishi M. Singh



Arijita Aggarwal



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Naisha Khera



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Shreemayi Nainwal

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Shreemayi Nainwal

Editorial

This year we opened our eyes at dusk
Reached our hands out into the falling shadows
Barely grasping at each other by the fingertips
And we held on for dear life.

In the expanse of our minds, we searched
Trying to see, to hear, to smell, to feel
Trying to explore this new world, to survive in it
Our senses clouded with the fears of inevitable ends.

But as the night lulled itself to sleep, we listened
To the sounds of the stream gliding over the rocks
To the sounds of the leaves rustling in the wind
The clouds were lifting, and we were ready to bid farewell.

Our ideas flowed like streams of water
Endless and refreshing, with the need to do something different
Sometimes our currents collided with one another
But we dove right in.

The waters danced with each other for the upper hand Like fools who did not realise that they were actually one The strong currents scraped at our limbs as we waded across Souls submerged in pain, for the clouds were long gone.

The task seemed huge and the path uncertain
But there it was, a helping hand, a slight crutch
It guided us over the waters, back to the shores
And we watched as the water flowed in harmony again.

The sky was still fast asleep
Breathing slowly and peacefully like the wind
The darkness had returned our sense of sight
And with hopeful eyes, we watched.

Watched as the air changed, as the path cleared
As the water went still, gleaming under the slivers of moonlight
There was beauty in this darkness
And in our journey throughout the night.

When we opened our eyes, it was dusk again
We reached our hands out into the falling shadows
Fingertips meeting into a beautiful end, and now a new
beginning

We smiled, and we held on for dear life.

Twenty voices, twenty muted audios
Mere boxes on a screen, with just our names
Behind which, brimmed excitement and nervous ideas
For finding light in this darkness was our only aim.

We picked up our pens, our sole weapons
Cleared our minds and let the words flow
These scattered thoughts, they weaved together
To form this florilegium we all know.

We beat the unforeseen circumstance We couldn't leave this tradition undone After weeks of thought, and months of work We present, Navchetna Twenty-Twenty One.





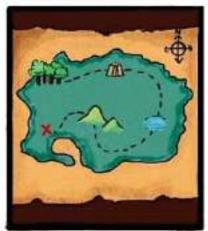














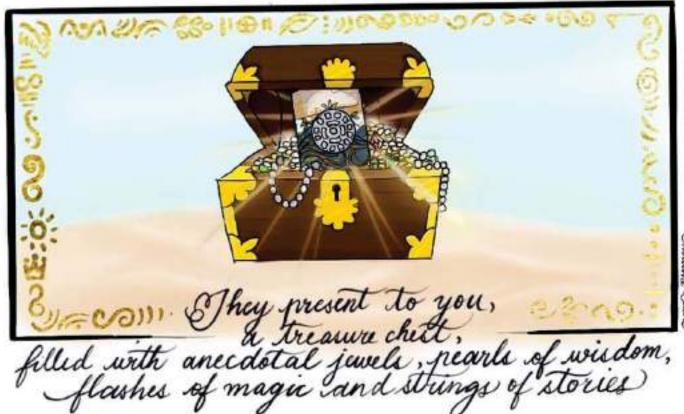






O 0 0 0 COUNTLESS BADGES .

ON THE FINAL DAY, THEY SAT AROUND THE CAMPFIRE TO COLLATE THE STORIES OF VALOUR. HOPE, STRONG BONDS, NATURE AND TRANSITION



Students' Council 2020 - 2021



Post	Воу	Girl
Head Boy / Girl	Hrijul Chauhan	Maanya Kocher
Sports Captain	Swabh Singh Marwah	Vanshika Rajan
Students' Coordinators	Aditya Pramar Karan Jain	Manya Ahluwalia Dhriti Vatsyayan
Cultural Coordinators	-	Anoushka Dutta Gupta Rayana Chaudhuri

HOUSE CAPTAINS

House	House Captain		Sports Captain	
	Girl	Boy	Girl	Воу
Aspiration	Aarushi Bansal	Eeshan Gupta	Anandi Raman Vig	Jasraj Singh
Gratitude	Arushi Singhal	Srijan Shekhar	Abhinav Sharma	Ujjwal Dixit
Honesty	Mehek Singh	Bhavit Chopra	Ananya Kalra	Ansh Madan
Perfection	Soumya Gulati	Ronit Chakraborty	Shambhvi Rai	Achyuta Mahesh
Sincerity	Ibtesam Rahman	Arhaan Bahadur	Ishika Mehra	Harshith S. Narayanan
Truth	Riddhi Agrawal	Siddhayak Goyal	Leela Dutta	Aditya Pankaj

THE YEAR THAT WAS

Classes on the Virtual Platform

hen a country wide lockdown was announced in the last week of March '20, MIS started to plan and devise ways to ensure continuum in the teaching-learning process. The teachers quickly equipped themselves to adapt to the changed scenario and classes on the virtual platform commenced in a phased manner. Collaborative learning among teachers paved the way forward for all. Classes for 10th and 12th began from 1st April; for 9th and 11th on 7th April; and for 6th to 8th on 15th April.

It was a novel experience and new methodologies were tried out. Through the use of PowerPoint



presentations, videos, the whiteboard, online study material, and so on, the teachers were able to establish a connect with the students virtually. Terms like 'Blended Learning' and 'Hybrid Learning' became a part of common parlance. The students got used to the new methodologies and interactive sessions were carried out to facilitate and maximise learning for all.

All academic subjects were taken up at all levels. Counselling sessions, once a week, with the Class Teacher formed an integral part of the time-table for all levels. Students were regularly counselled about online etiquettes and cyber safety guidelines. These counselling sessions form a medium to understand and address the pressures faced by the children during the pandemic. Gradually co-curricular activities such as Art, Music, Physical Education, Yoga, Computers, Work Experience and SEWA were also introduced.

Initially classes were conducted on the Zoom platform but slowly as other platforms were explored, the classes were shifted to Microsoft Teams. Microsoft Teams is a secure and comprehensive platform for online teaching with features for conducting assignments, maintaining class notebooks and attendance record of students.

Special care was taken to ensure that all students were able to attend the classes regularly. The School made arrangements to provide devices to students where there was a need. Olabs – Virtual Labs, a project initiated by the MHRD, has been used effectively to engage students with the practical activities in Science virtually. Teachers also share live demonstrations or recordings of practical work carried out in the School Science Labs.

Special assemblies and various Intra-school and Inter-school events are also organised from time to time to provide opportunities for learning and collective celebrations.

TALENT FIESTA - ABHIVYAKTI, APRIL 23, 2020



IS turned 64 on April 23, 2020. The School's birthday was celebrated with a difference this year. In the wake of the complete lockdown and no regular school, Talent Fiesta: Abhivyakti 2020 went online.

The preparations for the celebrations started almost two weeks in advance. The students were thrilled to receive the news that they would get an opportunity to showcase their talents despite the unprecedented circumstances. There were a total of 44 events divided into four categories.

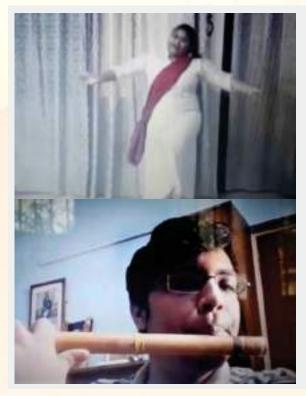
On April 23, a short video, compiled by the Students' Council to mark this very special day, was shared with the students. The judges from the Mother's Blossoms joined the meetings from all across the globe. Members of the 1996 Batch formed the Core Team that helped in the coordination of the event. It was a new experience for all, one that would be cherished by everyone for years to come.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS, MAY 8

Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore's birthday celebrations went online this year as students from across language sections marked the spirit of the day through various forms of creative outpourings within the confines of their screen spaces. Integrated within the language classrooms on May 8, 2020, the celebrations branched out into danceper formances based on Tagore's poems, recitals and rendering of 'Rabindra Sangeet'.

Slide shows and documentaries to understand a glimpse of the greatness of the life that reshaped the entire landscape of Indian literature, music, art, dance and redefined education not only within the country, but also in the world, were shared in the classrooms.

Students of Class 10-D conducted a special class assembly on Rabindranath Tagore, which began with an instrumental rendering of Tagore's 'Aguner porosmoni...' and included a short presentation on Tagore as an educator and humanist in French, along with poems from



'Gitanjali' translated in French 'Offrande Lyrique' and English. A musical offering was also made on piano of Tagore's 'Ekla cholo re' and the Assembly concluded with Tagore's mellifluous songs.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETS THE STUDENTS... MAY 15, 16 AND 18

The Students' Council conducted interactive sessions with Classes 8, 9 and 10 on May 15, 16 and 18 respectively. The sessions were conducted online through Zoom. The main objective of the sessions was to formally introduce the Council to the students, gather points of concern and suggestions of the students keeping in view the topics relevant to them and lastly, to create awareness about social media etiquette and duties of students regarding the same. These sessions served as a significant means of reaching out to the students and to let them realise that the Students' Council represents each and every one of them and is always there to help them.

ENIGMA, MAY 29 - 30

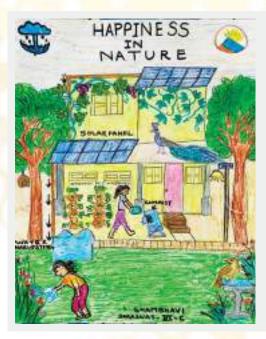
Inigma by Team Impulse (Physics Club) was a bid to uplift the spirit of the students during the lockdown and to kindle the flame of knowledge as they solved cryptic questions, working in groups on May 29 and 30. This year, 310 students spread across 137 teams registered for the event, a significant jump from last year's number: 193 students. Over the course of the two days for which the event was held, the students worked tirelessly to try and find clues in the questions designed by the members of Impulse. The questions had been designed keeping in mind that participants had all the resources of the internet at their disposal. Thus, the event proved to be the ultimate test of their wits and their ability to think. It was an initiative to help bring them a step closer to understanding the universe.

WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY, JUNE 5

To mark the celebration of the World Environment Day 2020, various online activities were organised. It was an initiative to remind everyone about the necessity of environmental protection and conservation of plants and animal species.

Various online activities were planned around the theme this year, 'Celebrate Biodiversity'. Activities were integrated with the faculty of Fine Arts, languages and Science. This helped in celebrating the day with enthusiasm amidst the lockdown and the prevailing pandemic. Awareness message on the world environment was followed by various online competitions.

- 1. Essay writing on various environmental issues especially highlighting the role of plants and animals in our ecosystem (in collaboration with language teachers)
- 2. Poster making (in collaboration with Fine Arts' teachers)



3. Photography Contest (in collaboration with Fine Arts' teachers)

To ensure maximum participation, competitive activities were conducted in both junior and senior categories. A total of 69 students participated in various categories. The essays, posters and photographs submitted by the participants echoed the message of celebrating biodiversity. The participants were appreciated for their efforts and the two best entries of each competition were nominated for ecertificates.



WEBINAR FOR TEACHERS, JUNE 30

A webinar on Microsoft Teams platform was organised for the Faculty members on the 30th of June. The virtual meeting was initiated with an address by the Officiating Principal, Ms Milan Mala Sarin. It was followed by the School's tradition of gathering one's thoughts while the meditation music played on. To set the momentum for resuming the teaching learning process, a movie on the ethos of the school, made by a student, Nachiket Sharma was played.



This was followed by a talk by Dr Namita

Ranganathan, Head of the Department, CIE, Delhi University on the Topic 'Evolving Role of Teachers in the Covid and Post Covid World'. In her talk, Dr Ranganathan demystified the 'new normal' and explained the concept of time and space with the help of anecdotes. She spoke about the role and work of teachers as professionals. Her session was followed by questions by the teachers which were answered by the expert.

THE POPULATION DEBATE, JULY 11

yceum is the Humanities forum of The Mother's International School. Every year, it hosts a range of Levents to encourage creativity and dexterity amongst students in various fields like public speaking, debates, moot courts, interviews etc. It also provides the children various opportunities to witness events and interact with accomplished professionals.

The World Population Day is observed annually on 11th July. The day signifies, recognises and reestablishes the importance of family planning, gender roles, human rights, poverty, demography etc.

1. Team SN: This house agrees that in 2020, India can pride itself on three things. Democracy Demographic Dividend and Demand (Quote source - Narendra Modi) 2. DeeBee: This house believes that Indian right-wing warriors have chosen to communalise the human tragedy to serve political ends 3. Catch 22: This house justifies the suspension of labour laws to revive a drowning economy 4. Team DNA: Covid-19 has proven that the superior power of population cannot be checked without producing misery or vice (Quote source: Thomas Malthus) 5. Prove Us Wrong This house affirms that Multilateralism is the way forward in the times of COVID-19 6. Alive and Ticking: This house believes that the poor should be exempt from the task of flattening the curve 7. Hoax: This house feels that the Indian Education System is equipped to transition to Digita

The Population Debate is an event, which attempts to shift the focus towards the urgency and relevance of issues related to the population. During such times of crisis, the debate topics were centred around the implications of the Corona virus pandemic on the population arrangement. They comprised key issues like communalism, digital learning, multilateralism, democracy, demography and demand, labour laws, poverty and power of the population.

Teaching Methods

The judges were Ms. Natasha Abrol, who joined the event from the United States of America and Mr. Chandraditya Raj. Former Principal, Ms. Sanghamitra Ghosh, the current Officiating Principal, Ms. Milan Mala Sarin and Lyceum teachers including Dr Jyoti Hirani, Ms. Malvika Pathak and Ms. Jayanti Banerjee graced the event with their presence. The participants comprised Humanities students from Classes 11 and 12.

In total, seven teams made it to the final event, each team comprising two members. Rhea Gupta and Vamika Aggarwal moderated the event.

The team which received the first position was 'Team DNA' comprising Ananya Iyer (12-F) and Bhargavi Prakriya (12-A). The team which secured the second position was 'Team Prove Us Wrong' comprising Ayonija Rai (12-F) and Janhavi Bhatnagar (12-A). The position of the first Best Speaker was held by Samhitha Sankar (12-A) and the second position was secured by Dhriti Vatsyayan (12-A).

INTER-HOUSE DEBATE IN HINDI, JULY 13

An online Inter-house Hindi Debate Competition was held on July 23. The programme started with a short assembly included 'bhajans' and recitations. The topic of the debate was 'आत्मनिर्भर भारत के लिए स्वदेशी आवश्यक है'. Two students from each house participated in this competition. All the participants expressed their views persuasively, while they spoke in favour or against the motion. The audience highly appreciated the debate. At the end of debate, the Officiating Principal, Ms. Milan Mala Sarin, announced the results.









The competition was adjudged by Ms. Simran Katoch and Mr. Harish Chaudhary. Mr. Harish is the president of the debate society of ARSD College. Ms. Simran, an ex-student of MIS, has actively participated in various debate competitions.

The Honesty House team consisting of Yashvi Dutt Pant and Siddharth Panda bagged the title of 'Best Team', while the 'Best Speaker' awards were given to Siddharth Panda, L. Lakshmishree and Aditi Chauhan.

INTRA-SECTION DECLAMATION COMPETITION, JULY 15-16

he Department of English conducted an Intra-section Declamation Competition, which provided an opportunity for almost all the students of Classes 9-12 to express their views on famous quotes spanning literary genres. While discussing Pablo Neruda's famous lines, "You can possibly cut down all the flower plants, but you cannot stop spring from coming", the students emphasised on the celebration of the irrepressible human spirit. Milton's 'Paradise Lost' was also taken up as a declamation topic by many as students were naturally drawn to the concept of the pre-eminence of the mind over matter. The human condition was also touched upon in this context. It was satisfying to see each student of the class put forward their views in an eloquent manner. The competition provided an opportunity to many of the shy and silent students to speak up in the class.

SYNAPSE CLUB EVENT, JULY 23

In the words of Marie Curie, 'Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time to understand more, so that we may fear less.' Synapse, the Biology Club of The Mother's International School, aims to instill the love for Science in all. They want to connect each student to another, to create an eclectic network for sharing of information and knowledge.

On July 23, the Club conducted an online webinar on the topic 'COVID-19 TODAY'. The team invited medical practitioners and highly experienced members of the physicians' community from all over the globe to talk about their expertise specifically highlighting the different methods adopted for the management of COVID-19 in their respective countries.

After extending a hearty welcome to the guest speakers, authorities, faculty members, parents and students, the event began by the presentation of Dr. Amit Arora, who spoke about 'The UK approach & Role of community in COVID- 19 response (Non-Pharmaceutical Interventions)'. After this expository lecture, Dr. Avneet Singh gave his presentation on the topic 'COVID-19 outbreak in the US and current practices in clinical management'. This was followed by a presentation by Dr. Arun Bansal, Professor, who spoke about the 'Indian scenario and potential role of vaccine'. The esteemed panel of guest speakers readily agreed to address a few questions after that.

The key points to be taken away from the eye opening webinar was to accept reality and remember that for now, prevention is the only cure to this disease. It is imperative to stay positive in this time of the pandemic. Spread of the disease can be prevented if each member of the community contributes. We must remember the endless sacrifices made by the 'superheroes without capes' in this period. Their immense hard work, passion and determination to fight the virus is remarkable.

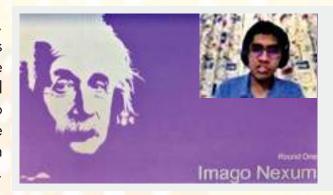




Lastly, in Dr. Avneet's words, we must learn from the mistakes already committed by others and not commit them again. The event was highly successful with more than 165 participants of Classes 9-12 attending the same along with the teachers.

INFINITY, JULY 24

Starting on July 18, the School's Physics Club, Impulse, organised its annual series of events 'Infinity', for high school students. Gauntlets were thrown to test one's wit and ability to think. And perhaps, help bring them a step closer to understanding the universe. This year, given the limitations of the lockdown, Team Impulse pulled off an impressive feat by organising three events – Enigma, Fermi, and Quiz – online.



Enigma was an 18-hour-long gruelling cryptic hunt. This year, over 300 students spread over 137 teams battled it out to win the event by decoding a series of cryptic clues laid out by Team Impulse.

The first position was secured by a team comprising Akshat Jain (11-C), Manan Sarnan (10-C) and Prashant Hajela (11-C). The second position was secured by a team comprising Achal Gupta (12-B) and Siddhayak Goyal (12-B). The third position was secured by a team comprising Arnav Bhambri (12-C), Hrijul Chauhan (12-C) and Trisha Mishra(12-C).

Fermi is a classic estimation event where participants try to estimate the incalculable. This year too, interested students raced against time to solve the problems specially designed by the members of Impulse.

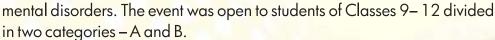
The first position was bagged by Aditya Kadam (9-C) and Eshaan Sharma (9-C). The second position was bagged by Siddharth Panda (10-B).

The Quiz was the test of a team's combined wits against the clock. This year, Team Impulse planned and executed a series of fun rounds which promoted the spirit of scientific enquiry in the students. The cleverly designed Quiz used science, movies and pop-culture references to form the ultimate test of one's logic and knowledge of Physics concepts.

IMPLICATA, JULY 25

mplicata was an Intra-school event organised on July 25, virtually on Zoom, by the 3M Club – My Mind Matters. The event was coordinated by students of class 12:Anoushka Dutta Gupta, Dhriti Vatsyayan and Rayana Chaudhuri guided by Dr. Jayanti Banerjee.

The event aimed at sensitising and raising awareness regarding significance of mental health especially during unprecedented times. It also focused on de-stigmatisation of various



The students of category A comprising students from Classes 9 and 10 were in teams of two with a mentor from Class 12. The mentor facilitated the identification of the mental disorder they were to detect from symptoms in the case studies provided by the 3M Club. Primarily, two case studies were chosen covering Post Traumatic Stress Disorder and Social Anxiety respectively. A team was allotted a case study on random basis. Students were to then present their findings using an art form of their choice – Art, Dance, Writing, Acting or Singing.



Implicata

25.07.2020 4 PM Onwards

My Mind Matters

Category B comprised teams of two students of Classes 11 or 12. Their task was essentially similar to that of category A, except that the case studies provided to them were either Virginia Woolf's Suicide Letter or Steve Job's Stanford Speech. Students were to use the allotted psychological approach (Behavioural, Cognitive, Humanistic, Psychodynamic) to analyse their case study and present it via a Power Point Presentation. Due to the overwhelming response of the students in category B, a qualifying round was introduced on 23rd July.

The judges for the semi-final event were Mother's Blossoms: Ms. M. Medha, Ms. Jahnvi Sengupta and Ms. Aditi Pradhan. Out of 18 teams, 10 teams made it to the final round, after intense deliberation.

Dr. Aruna Broota was the chief guest for the finals. She inaugurated the event by addressing all



present. Her knowledge and expertise in the field of psychology, her childhood experiences, sensitivity and wisdom greatly motivated all present.

The proficient panel of judges for the final event included Mrs Neelam Srivastava and Dr Poojashivam Jaitly. They were extremely interactive and shared valuable knowledge with the participating teams. They initiated intriguing and thought-provoking discussions with the category B teams while cross-questioning post presentation.

In Category A, Team 'Psychonauts' won the first prize, followed by Team 'Monumentals' at second and Team 'PJKDAWL' at third. Teams 'Prism' and 'Docs' received Special Mentions from the judges.

In Category B, Team 'We-Evolve' and Team 'Blue' tied for the first position, followed by Teams 'Sunny' and 'Bob' at second and Team 'Mojo Jojo' at third. Teams 'TN' and 'Quarencia' received Special Mentions from the judges.

The event ended with everyone having a take home message to be a little more sensitive and alert regarding the people in our surroundings.

KAVYA LEKHAN PRATIYOGITA, JULY 29

The Hindi Department organised a 'Kavya Lekhan Pratiyogita' for Classes 6-8 on July 29. It was an online event. The children from each class were asked to write a poem of about 16-20 lines in the given time period. Topics were given one day before the competition. The children participated enthusiastically in the competition as they donned their creative hats. They went on to pen down their imaginative thoughts and ideas. All the Hindi teachers of Classes 6-8 chose the two best poems from each section at each level for the School magazine, 'Navchetna'.



LYCEUM, JUST A MINUTE-2020, AUGUST 1

Language of the same objective in mind, Lyceum often organises proceedings aimed at developing confidence and proficiency in students of Classes 11 and 12. 'Just a Minute' was an event organised on August 1 virtually through Zoom with the aspiration of achieving



the same goal by Maanya Kocher and Dhriti Vatsyayan under the guidance of Dr Jyoti Hirani.

The event focused on inculcating within the students the ability to speak extempore for a minute. The topics provided to the students were primarily quotations pertaining to politics by various personalities from around the globe. The students were required to speak on the allotted topic in the context of India, backing their speeches with examples and facts. It was a pleasure to host two discerning Mothers' Blossoms as the judges for the event, Mr. Vedant Gupta and Mr. Ojas Date.

During the course of the programme, the Lyceum Magazine –The MIS Gazette 2019-20 was launched by Dr Jyoti Hirani.

The event ended with the announcement of the results. The first position was secured by Samhitha Sankar (12-A), the second position by Vidushi Mohan (11-F) and the third position was secured by Ananya Kalra (12-F).

LUMINAIRE - 2020, AUGUST 11

uminaire, the annual Inter-school competition reached out to the students of the school and the capital during the pandemic. It provided them with a platform to narrate their personal stories, poems and present artistic creations in multifarious ways. The mystery and the magic of words was celebrated through a series of Inter-school events on 11th August to commemorate the 148th birth anniversary of the poet, seer, and philosopher – Sri Aurobindo. The complete relocation of the annual event to a virtual platform was a seamless, effortless execution.

It included events such as the 'Arte Poetica', the French event 'Raconte moi une historie', 'Kahani Lekhan', a Sanskrit Declamation Competition and the Art and Design Event. This year's rolling trophy was won by Delhi Public School, Vasant Kunj. Luminaire 2020, provided the much needed gateway to the land of creative bliss.









SHRI SURENDRA NATH JAUHAR FAQUIR'S BIRTHDAY, AUGUST 13

n times of crisis, humans have a tendency to fall back on stories that draw on truth, valour and perseverance. What better way to do that than to recreate the saga of our beloved Chachaji, Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar, Faquir, on August 13. The ages of ardent aspiration that has brought us all together to do the Divine's work began with a single aspiration which was reignited through an offering of 'bhajans', recitations and stories about his life. A series of his photographs were livened up with tales highlighting his compassion, contrariness, connect and above all, his sense of surrender.

The annual School magazine, Navchetna 2020 was released by Tara Didi to mark the momentous occasion. Through an inspiring speech, Tara Didi urged the students to continue the journey towards 'New Consciousness' with sincerity and ardour.





VAN MAHOTSAVA, AUGUST 13

an-Mahotsava was observed on August 13, with a tree plantation drive. The children participated in the plantation activities at their respective places owing to pandemic related restrictions. They were made aware of the importance of maintaining biodiversity and nurturing the plants and trees through online classes of the Environmental Club.

To mark the day, tree plantation was carried out on the school campus, wherein beloved Tara Didi, Officiating Principal, Vice-Principal, teachers and the staff-members participated enthusiastically while maintaining social distance. The highlight of the day was the pitter patter sound of continuous showers.



The saplings included seven different varieties namely, 'Apple Ber, Chiku, Litchi, Papri, Chandani, Kaner and Cut Sagwan'. The saplings were planted in different areas of the school as per their sun/shade and water requirements. Tree saplings were selected in such a way that they would be able to play a role in attracting pollinators like butterflies, birds and bees.

SRI AUROBINDO'S BIRTHDAY AND INDEPENDENCE DAY, AUGUST 14

'His soul was all in front like a great sea Flooding the mind and body like waves'

Assembly. Students recited poems written by the great poet, nationalist and seer and danced to the tune of 'Vande Mataram'. Aditya Pramar and Bhavit Chopra, students of class 12, recounted Sri Aurobindo's 'Call to the Youth' to prepare themselves for the life of the spirit and dedicate themselves to greater ideals and the work of transformation. Nation building is not just a catchphrase, the students affirmed, but a sacrifice and a determination.



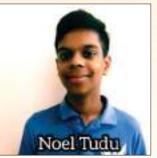


MATH QUIZ, AUGUST 20

t was once said that instead of worrying about what you cannot control, shift your energy to what you can create. Going with this thought, on 20th August, The Mother's International School held its first ever virtual Inter-house Mathematics Quiz for Classes 9 and 10 for the academic session 2020-21.

Perfection House Team









The quiz comprised a total of seven rounds, with questions based on logical reasoning, sequences and series, everyday math, directions and the classic round on famous mathematicians. The rounds were based on rapid fire, pouncing, bidding and picture association. The questions aimed at encouraging the students to think uniquely, logically and creatively.

Though all teams made an excellent effort, it was the Perfection House which secured the first position with Truth House in the second place, followed by Aspiration House in the third place.

ALICE- ONLINE MOOT COURT, AUGUST 21

Alice in Wonderland, the well-loved tale was transformed into a legal case in a sequel where Alice was framed of a charge and tried in the court. Legal Studies students of Class 12 gave life to this legal case of Alice in Wonderland-Mock Trial written by Heather Gascoigne. It was done in the form of a moot court. A moot court is a co-curricular activity at many law schools where participants take part in simulated court or arbitration proceedings, usually involving drafting memorials or memoranda and participating in oral argument.

In this innovative way of doing an online moot court, Alice

was framed of a charge to have caused disruption in the Wonderland and of chewing rotten cookies. All the students were dressed as various characters such as Cheshire cat, white rabbit, queen of hearts, Mad Hatter and of course Alice herself. The defendants and plaintiffs questioned the various witnesses and the judgement was awarded in favour of







Alice and she was proven to be not guilty. Humanities Students of Class 11 and 12 along with many teachers were present to watch this rather spectacular court proceeding on Zoom.

INTRA-SECTION POETRY RECITATION FESTIVAL, AUGUST

The Intra-section Poetry Recitation Festival was organised as part of the English Literary Week. This was held on the 6th and 7th of August in Class 6 and on the 27th and 28th of August in class 7.

Students selected poems of their choice for recitation in class. They chose humorous, meaningful and narrative poems. A few students preferred to recite self-composed verse. The range of poems covered varied from R.L.Stevenson to Robert Frost and modern children's writers. After each poem was presented, the class shared their observations on the poem. While some had a moral lesson, others were witty or had stories and legends in verse.

Students explored the vocabulary and rhyme in the poems. The students had learnt the poems by heart and made great effort to liven up their recitation with props and puppets. Feedback was given after each recitation, based on voice modulation, expressiveness, pronunciation, clarity. The students enjoyed appreciating poetry and its craft in a delightful manner.

THE ASIAN PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE, AUGUST 28

he Asian Parliamentary Debate was conducted by the lyceum forum, on the motion 'THBT absolute freedom of speech and expression will obstruct national security'. The Proposition and the Opposition, each consisted of 3 members, from Classes 11 and 12. Both sides advanced powerful and passionate speeches justifying their stance. The Proposition highlighted the fact that absolute freedom will obstruct and harm national security and lead to societal disharmony, with the misuse and over exploitation of the rights.



The Opposition, in response, highlighted the importance of freedom for citizens and society as a whole, the role of freedom in curbing abuse of power by the government and keeping it in check, encouraging intellectual debate and discussion as well as protecting the security and the voice of the common man.

The judges for the day included renowned social entrepreneur and research student, Mr. Vibhor Mathur and Ms. Shravangi Nag Lanka, a 3rd year law student, who has participated in and won many national and international Moot competitions. They provided insightful critique to the participants as well as valuable and meaningful advice for their future endeavours.

The event concluded with the Proposition being declared the winner and the title of the best speaker being awarded to Rhea Rinwa.

MINET: INTER-SCHOOL COMPUTER FESTIVAL, SEPTEMBER 1 & 2

The programming event, organised over Hackerrank – a popular platform for developer competitions, was conducted on both the days, where participants were given numerous labyrinthine obstacles, which they overcame through sheer wit and logic. The first prize was secured by DPS, Mathura Road.

This year's event included several competitions in which students from several school showed enthusiastic participation. The programming event, 'Hackerrank', was won by DPS, Mathura Road; 'Group Discussion' was won by DPS, RK Puram, who held the same title for the 'CryptX' event, the Design event (its counterpart, the Pitching event was won by DPS Noida) and the filmmaking event organised by MINET Lens. A quiz and a crossword event were also held, won by Bal Bharti Public School and Amity School respectively. DPS, Vasant Kunj emerged victorious in the photography event and the gaming event. DPS, Dwarka dominated the Surprise event at X, as well as the exclusive event 'Make', in which only a select few teams took part.

INTRA-SECTION STORYTELLING FESTIVAL, SEPTEMBER 3 & 4

An Intra-section storytelling session for Class 8 was conducted where students narrated stories from Indian mythology, Jataka Tales, Panchantatra and Akbar and Birbal. Some students even chose to share self- composed stories. While some stories were reflective, some reinforced moral values. Feedback was given on the basis of facial expression, voice modulation and overall impact. It was an interactive session which was thoroughly enjoyed by the students.

INVESTITURE CEREMONY, SEPTEMBER 4

'Vasudaiva Kutumbakam' was the theme for the Investiture Ceremony this year. Days of deliberations and preparations culminated in the solemn ceremony on this day. The whole school came together as one family when grandparents or eldest members of the family invested their grandchildren with a sense of commitment and leadership, as they pinned the badges



symbolising the students' responsibilities as leaders of the school. House colours were displayed vibrantly on the screen as House Captains and Vice Captains represented the qualities of their respective Houses. The Officiating Principal administered the oath wherein the students promised to uphold the values of The Mother's International School and abide by the school's motto, 'More true, forever more true.'



TEACHERS' DAY CELEBRATIONS, SEPTEMBER 5

virtual assembly was presented by the students on September 5 to mark the Teachers' Day. The day began with a 'bhajan', an invocation dance and recitations. It was after this that the main cultural event started, which was in the form of a television special titled "Teachers' Day Live". The show was managed by a team of comperes who introduced and handled transitions between the events. A skit followed by various dances, instrumental music, vocal music and numerous speeches expressing gratitude to the teachers were put up. At the end, a vote of thanks concluded the show. Following this, student teachers took virtual classes, engaging the junior classes through interactive games.

The teachers received e-cards with personalised messages written for them by the students of Classes 6-12. The messages were sent anonymously, but each and every one wholly expressed what the students felt. It is often said that the sense of gratitude makes every experience a fulfilling one, and as the students put on their sarees and suits at home to record themselves while they sang and danced, it seemed they had grasped the underlying meaning.









TAQREER BY GIRL UP MIS, SEPTEMBER 6

Girl Up MIS organised 'Taqreer', a virtual extempore and turncoat debate competition. Taqreer aimed at providing a platform for participants to share different opinions, spread awareness on gender issues and build confidence in the students when it comes to public speaking. The event was divided into 2 categories:-

Category A: An Extempore Event for Classes 9 and 10

Category B: A Turncoat Debate for Classes 11 and 12

For Category A, each speaker was provided with a quote 15 minutes before his or her speech. These quotes were centred around feminism, gender, and gender equality. The event was judged by members from the MIS alumni.- Aparajita Chaudhari and Ishita Phuloria. As the judges deliberated, a moderated and fruitful discussion took place between the participants on the various topics they spoke about. The first and second positions were secured by Risha Srinivas (X-D) and L. Lakhmishree (IX-B) respectively.

For Category B, each speaker was provided with their motion 2 days in advance and these motions were also centered around feminism and gender equality. The judges for the event included Yash Kumbhat, a student of literature at Harvard College and MIS alumnus, Aparna Shankar, who is currently studying Public Policy and French at Princeton University. The participants and judges also indulged in a passionate discussion involving the themes during the event. The first and second positions were secured by Rima Singh (XII-F) and DevyaniTripathy (XI-A) respectively.

DESIGN WITH A DIFFERENCE, SEPTEMBER 7

Adesign workshop - Design with a Difference was conducted by Ms. Shubhagata Mittal, an alumna of The Mother's International School and a Design graduate. Select Students from Classes 10, 12 attended the workshop which was conducted on a virtual platform. The students got an



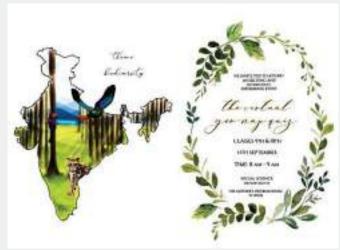
informative, beautiful insight into pursuing design as a career option. This workshop not only covered design as a subject but also provided a new perspective to Design through various activities. It was heartening to see the overwhelming response of the students attending the workshop. Shubhagata's in-depth knowledge and passion for Design provided a source of inspiration and encouragement to all the participants of the workshop.

INTER-HOUSE ONLINE GEO- MAP QUIZ, SEPTEMBER 8 AND 11

This online quiz was hosted for the first time to encourage map study. This year the theme, 'Biodiversity' was chosen from UNEP. 48 participants took part in the quiz. Quiz masters Aishi, Ananya, Aditya and Siddharth Kurur were trained for the day. The map marking round was made live where participants could point out the places on the displayed map. This was a new introduction this year. The logo for this quiz was selected after holding a competition. Anoushka Rathee of 10-A designed the beautiful Ganges Dolphin (critically endangered).

The quiz was conducted through separate rounds for the seniors and the juniors. The former had rounds such as 'Marine and Freshwater Biodiversity', 'The Green World', 'Wildlife Endangered' and 'Conservation of Biodiversity. The latter was given rounds such as 'Forest Types', 'Unique Plants', 'Biodiversity Hotspots' and 'Biodiversity Conservation'.

Maximum student involvement in a joyful learning process was the purpose of the quiz and it was well achieved. Senior students were given a chance to improve their organisational skills. Truth House consisting of Shiv Arya (9E), Aryan Goel (10D), and Hana Chopra (10E) stood first, the Sincerity House team consisting of Risha Srinivas (10D), L. Lakshmishree (9B), and Ishaan Suri (9A) stood second.







Q5. Ganges Shark is a critically endangered species listed by IUCN Red list. It is one of the 6 river or fresh water sharks that are at risk of extinction. An endemic species of India found in the Ganges is also available in few other rivers.

Name the other rivers of India where they are found?



WORLD OZONE DAY, SEPTEMBER 16

o mark the celebration of the World Ozone Day 2020, online competitions were organised for the students of Classes VI-IX. Awareness message was rallied across the students, parents, faculty and staff on the day to take everyone onboard for contributing toward sprotecting ozone layer for the present as well as future generations.

Online competitive activities were planned around the theme of this year entitled, "Ozone for Life: 35 years of ozone layer protection". Activities were integrated across the thematic areas exhibiting the hues of art, language and science. Awareness message on the World Ozone Day was reinforced by the two online competitions namely, (i) Slogan Writing (English and Hindi) and (ii) Cartoon Making.

The participants were appreciated for their efforts and enthusiasm and the two best entries in each of the categories were selected for awards. E-certificates were given to the winning students. The message conveyed through the slogans and cartoons was loud and clear that Ozone is crucial for our life and we must protect it for our future generations.

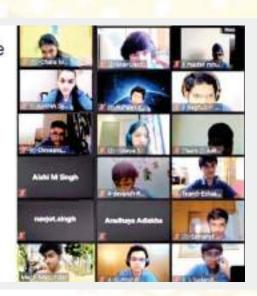
CONSTITUTION QUIZ, SEPTEMBER 21

The first edition of The Mother's International School's Constitution Quiz was held on 21st September. It celebrated the contribution of Gandhiji, the father of our nation, on his 151st birth anniversary and Dr BR Ambedkar, the father of the Indian Constitution towards making of the Constitution of India, which has been enacted upon since 26th January 1950. The themes for this year were 'The Constitution of India', 'Revolt of 1857', 'Gandhiji' and 'Current Affairs' based on politics. Our alumni member and former Cultural Secretary, Megh Mazumdar, was the quizmaster for the event. Five teams from classes 9 and 10 participated in the quiz comprising 24 questions, following an infinite pounce and bounce format. All participants showed enthusiastic participation and were thorough with the topics given.

The team 'Hist Quizzers' comprising Shreeyansh Pujari (10E), Dhara Mittal (9E) and Samanvit Teegela (9E) emerged as the winners.

Q.6.

- Mahatma Gandhi spent the last 5 months of his life at the Birla Bhavan as a guest of the Birla family. He was assassinated here after during a prayer meeting.
- The Birla House, situated at Albuquerque Road was later purchased by the Government of India and converted into Gandhi Smriti, a museum commemorating Mahatma Gandhi's life and teachings.
- Albuquerque Road was also renamed to a very specific reference to Mahatma Gandhi's assassination. What name do we know Albuquerque Road by today?



SPECIAL ASSEMBLY: HONESTY HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 23

A special assembly titled अंतः शांति on the theme of 'Peace' was organised by Honesty House on 23rd September. It is one of the 12 virtues of The Mother's Symbol. The theme of peace was chosen because it is becoming more and more relevant in present times as the world continues to unravel countless complexities with each passing day. The assembly started out with the display of an art piece depicting 'peace' made by Diva Sarvagya of XII alongside the Mother's music playing softly in the background followed by the Shanti Mantra. Samhitha Sankar of Class XII recited 'Nirvana', a poem by Sri Aurobindo after which the bhajan 'Sur Ki Gati' was sung by four students of Class XI - Prabhnoor Kaur, Aditi Solanki, Madhushree Singh and Sneha Rao. Students ranging from Classes VII to XII indulged the audience in a variety of recitations in English, Hindi, Sanskrit and French in between each performance. A soothing Violin recital by Bhavit Chopra (Honesty House Captain Boy) on Vaishnav Janto was performed to display the serenity that comes with achieving peace from within. A contemporary solo dance performance was choreographed and performed by Mehek Singh (Honesty House Captain Girl) depicting the complex process of introspection and the freedom found at the end of it which is like a light at the end of a tunnel. Next, a documentary made by the students of Honesty House was shown. It consisted of an introductory video with pictures and short clips of the school campus along with a voice over by Bhavit Chopra who recited a piece on the ever enchanting experience of peace written by Dhriti Vatsyayan of Class XII followed by a few recitations in English and Hindi. The ending of the introductory film posed a question to the students and teachers of the House on 'what peace meant to them' and was followed by their answers. The documentary was concluded by displaying powerful and impactful quotes on peace by prominent figures of the world meant to widen the audience's understanding of this topic. The assembly concluded with a gentle yet impactful group dance performance to the recitation of 'The Self's Infinity' by Sri Aurobindo which was recited by Bhavit Chopra. A total of 15 dancers from Classes VI to XII took part in the captivating performance choreographed by Mehek Singh and Palakh Khanna of Class XII depicting the deep wisdom embedded in the words of Sri Aurobindo in the form of movements from Kathak and Contemporary Dance. The assembly kept the audience captivated and provided a lot of food for thought.

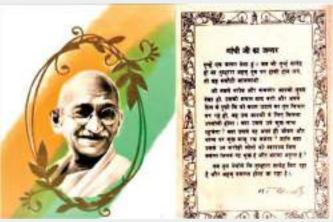
REMEMBERING THE MAHATMA: GANDHI JAYANTI CELEBRATIONS, OCTOBER 1

A midst the gloom and anxiety of living through a pandemic, we need a source of inspiration to survive more than ever. Remembering our great leaders is one such way of doing that. In that tune, MIS celebrated the 151st birth anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi through a virtual assembly on 1st October. The Assembly was put together through a mosaic of performances, all filled with the life messages of our beloved Bapu.

Students from Classes VI-XII participated in the programme and enriched it with their talented recitals, songs, skits and art. The faith prayers underlined the very important message of syncretism and the oneness of the ultimate reality. It was inspired from Bapu's own prayer meetings in which all religions

were given equal space and importance. Important events from Bapu's life were narrated through art highlighting his journey from being Gandhi to becoming the Mahatma. The preparation of the Assembly leading up to the final performance was an opportunity to re-engage with the life of Mahatma Gandhi.





TALK SERIES BY DR ALOK PANDEY, SEPTEMBER-DECEMBER

As a part of faculty enrichment, a series of talk-sessions by Dr Alok Pandey are organized on a regular basis through the virtual platform. The talks are followed by a question-and-answer session.

These highly engaging sessions included discussions on topics such as 'An aimless life is a miserable life.' and 'How to bring in and sustain an aim in our lives?' on September 23, 'How can one convert adversity into an opportunity?' on October 6.



The session on 27th October was organised for parents of Classes 9-12 on the topic 'Strengthening the world within to face the world outside'. Other topics included 'How to encourage excellence in students?' on December 1, 'Hope, Peace, Calm and Acceptance are indispensable states of behaviour and being-How do we sustain them?' on December 15.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY: TRUTH HOUSE, NOVEMBER 9

The Truth House Assembly for the year 2020 was on the theme of 'Generosity'. The assembly started with a 'bhajan' encapsulating the essence of generosity which was followed by empowering recitations, including words by The Mother.

A beautiful flute recital by Aditya Pankaj set the tone for the rest of the assembly which was then followed by a fusion dance-including Indian and Western Classical dance forms.

Following the dance, a few members of the MIS family, including teachers and students, shared beautiful instances of generosity that they have witnessed or experienced during their time at school.

The assembly concluded with an emotional note on generosity penned by Ms. Soumi Das and recited by the House Captain, Siddhayak Goyal.

INTER-HOUSE GK QUIZ, NOVEMBER 11

he Inter-house General Knowledge Quiz for Classes 9 to 12 was held on 11th November. on the Zoom App and live streamed on MS Teams. The preliminary round was held on 3rd November where in three top scorers from each House made it to the Finals.

The quiz was organised by four students of Class 12: Siddhayak Goyal, Achal Gupta, Kush Pokhariyal and Pratik Shanker. At the end of 24 challenging questions, the Truth House team comprising Aabir Dutt, Shiv Arya and Nysha Puri were declared the Runnersup. The Honesty House team comprising Keshav Saib, Sushmit Gupta and Ansh Madan emerged as the winning team. Students of Classes 9 to 12 attended the event.





CHILDREN'S DAY CELEBRATIONS, NOVEMBER 11

This year, the Mother's Blossoms, the alumni association of the school, organised online events for the Children's Day celebrations. The batch of 1996 came together to give back to its alma mater. The programme aimed at awakening the inner child in everyone. The students of Classes 6 to 8 were charmed by a Magic Show and interaction with performers on magic tricks presented by 'Kal-Aakaar Collective', an Indian collaboration of artists and performers.



Students of Classes 9-12 were equally entertained by a fascinating performance of internationally acclaimed shadow grapher, Drew Colby, who wove an expansive world with just his hands, a light, and

a rich imagination. Whether it be rabbits, dogs, camels, or cowboys – the unique art form kept the audience engaged and in awe of the artist. Following his performance, Mr. Colby interacted with the children by offering insightful answers to the many questions that arose from the students.

Despite the adverse circumstances we face this year, the children of the MIS family were able to come together virtually, and beautifully to recreate the same atmosphere of joy that they know and love.



DIWALI CELEBRATIONS, NOVEMBER 12

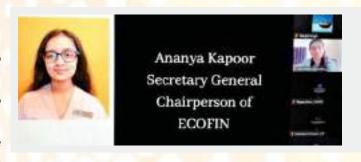
Assembly was conducted on November 12 to celebrate the festival that not only marks the victory of good over evil, but also gives us all an opportunity to celebrate a new light, one that grows within our hearts. Starting with the 'bhajans', the recitations followed, highlighting the importance of dispelling pollution alongside dispelling darkness. This was followed by vibrant joyful dance. By the means of a thought-provoking play and mono-acting, the students reminded the



audience of the alarming consequences of bursting crackers and the urgency to refrain from it. The programme ended with instrumental music.

MISMUN, NOVEMBER 19-20

ISMUN is the annual student-driven Model United Nations event that takes place over a course of two days. It is an event that seeks to simulate various deliberations at the United Nations, and encourages all participants to debate, write, hone their researching skills and engage in problem-solving by thinking out of the box. Awards are given to outstanding participants



and delegates. This year, the conventions simulated were 'The International Press', 'The Economic and Financial Affairs Council', 'All India Political Parties Meet' and 'The United Nations Security Council'. Each event had prizes, including Verbal Mentions.

SIDDHI DAY, DARSHAN DAY, NOVEMBER 24

"For this one moment lived the ages past; The world now throbs fulfilled in me at last."

November 24 began with soothing instrumental music and soft melodies. Followed by the familiar sounds of the school choir, singing 'Namo Namaste Sri Aurobindo', the school celebrated Siddhi Day. A video of students recounting the events of the day and its significance was played. A student recited the poem 'Krishna' by Sri



Aurobindo, as Sanghita Das of Class 12 rendered the essence through the free flowing language of dance. The assembly concluded with the sounds of the prayer 'Om Namo Bhagawate'. The blissful aura of Sri Krishna lingered in the hearts of the teachers and the students, as the morning classes resumed.

SANSKRIT QUIZ, NOVEMBER 26

quiz was organised by the Sanskrit Department on Sanskrit language and literature. Eighteen students from Classes 6-8 were selected after a preliminary test round. There were six rounds in the final quiz with exciting questions based on Sanskrit literature, grammar, the Vedas and Upanishads.



The first position was secured by Team 5 consisting of Pranav Kapoor (7-E), Shambhavi Saraswat (6-C) and Anjuri Gupta (7-D) while the second position was secured by a team comprising Shreeya Sinha (8-E), Soumya Jain (6-D) and Sanchita Suri (7-D).

CONSTITUTION DAY ASSEMBLY, NOVEMBER 26

Seventy-one years ago, on November 26, 1949, the lengthiest and the most comprehensive document in the world, the Indian constitution was adopted by the Constituent Assembly of India. To commemorate this significant day, Humanities students of Classes 11 and 12 put together a Special Assembly. The 45-minute presentation provided an extremely enriching experience to the audience.



Highlighting the role of women leaders who are most often forgotten and confined to the dusty pages of history in the Constituent Assembly, was an excellent idea to celebrate this day. Each speaker was very confident and spoke with so much of conviction, that the audience was actually transported to that historic time in Parliament. It helped us look at our Constitution with renewed respect. The comperes of the day, Prabhnoor Kaur, Bhasvar Adlakha and Agrani led the entire assembly in a very graceful manner.

The event began with the recitation of the Preamble. It was followed by eight powerful speeches, given by the students who represented the women members of the Constituent Assembly. The concluding part included recapitulating the Fundamental Duties.

In the end, the national song, 'Vande Mataram', was sung by K Sirisha Sarma, with the National flag set against the backdrop of the infinite sky, a symbol of tribute to the vastness of this beautiful country.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY: SINCERITY HOUSE, DECEMBER 3

Sincerity in thoughts Sincerity of thoughts Sincerity in purpose Sincerity in action The rock that stood solid The tide that lashed it The strength Of the Supreme That stood The courage To take it forward. The courage to keep The courage to believe Courage to remain resolute Despite the turbulence The courage to sustain The courage to display courage.

The students and teachers put together a beautiful compilation inspired by 'Courage', one of the virtues in the Mother's symbol. The virtue of courage was expressed in many ways and forms, through words, dance and artistic interpretation.

SRI AUROBINDO'S MAHASAMADHI DAY, DECEMBER 5

'To Thee who hast been the material envelope of our Master, to Thee our infinite gratitude...'

Every year, on the Mahasamadhi Day of Sri Aurobindo, a special assembly is held in the Ashram grounds adjoining the Samadhi. It is a day when each member of the MIS family and its extended family sit in the Samadhi grounds in reflective silence, and absorb the surrounding



peace and tranquillity. This year was no different. Even in our homes, the essence and importance of the occasion was felt by each member of the extended family through the online platform.

The students of MIS paid homage to Sri Aurobindo through various 'bhajans', recitations, prayers and a dance performance dedicated to him. Members of the Mother's Blossoms also took the initiative to make an offering through a dance choreography.



The solemn assembly brought together glimpses from Sri Aurobindo's life and literary works. Rare video clips of Pondicherry were shown and audio recording in the Mother's voice was shared.

The assembly concluded with a prayer. Each one took back with him or her the important message: Let us seek truth and let that truth guide our lives.

SCIENCE DAY, DECEMBER 9

Science Day was organised for the students of the middle school. The celebrations started with a Virtual Assembly. The highlights included showcasing wonders of Science, the achievements of Nobel Prize winners of the year 2020 and the contributions of Indian scientists in various fields. The Assembly ended on a very positive note, conveyed through a song on the theme of 'Conservation of water'.



The various events were organised keeping in mind

the objectives of integrating fun with learning, innovative thinking, encouraging scientific enquiry, creative and out of the box idea promotion and a stress-free interactive learning. A large number of students participated with great enthusiasm.

Students of each class submitted their work through e-mail or the links provided by their respective teachers in the Zoom meeting. The work of the students was compiled and shared on the day of the event. During the interactions, the teachers in-charge appreciated the efforts and innovative ideas displayed by the students.

Events such as 'Science Toons', 'Ad-Zap' and 'Limerick' were organised for students in Classes 6 and 7, while events such as 'Sci-Cons, 'Role-Play' and 'Fun with Science-Different Hands-on Activities' were organised for students of Class 8.

INTERNATIONAL HUMAN RIGHTS DAY, DECEMBER 10

A Special Assembly was organised by the students of Class 11 to mark the significance of the International Human Rights Day on December 10, on the theme- 'Recover Better- Stand up for Human Rights.' The assembly began with a song, 'Only the Young', helping transition the theme from

last year to this year. This was followed by recitations and a song, urging the audience to strive towards the development of the susceptible groups throughout the world by the means of spreading awareness and the spirit of brotherhood.

The videos and the documentaries shed light on the importance of being aware of our human rights, for it is only the names, dates and locations that change but the fact that these rights are frequently violated, remains universal and constant. This was followed by a short yet informative quiz covering the various aspects of rights. The students then took a pledge to raise their voice against the violation of others' rights apart from that of their own.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY: GRATITUDE HOUSE, DECEMBER 11

The Gratitude House celebrated the theme of 'Goodness', one of the virtues depicted in The Mother's symbol. The assembly highlighted the innate goodness present in each one and how selfless acts of goodness can create waves of happiness. The songs, recitations, dances and personal experiences shared by students showcased that acts of benevolence can help transform us from within and change the winter of our apathy into a glorious spring of goodness.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL ASSEMBLY, DECEMBER 24

This year's virtual Christmas assembly was put up amidst the unprecedented and unusual pandemic situation. The MIS inaugurated 'The First Noel' in unclouded resplendence with scenes from a holiday season that shone incandescent in dark times. The programme began with the students of Class 6, singing 'Heal The World' to set the tenor of unifying global community with shared love.

Next, a reading of an excerpt from 'The Old Testament', and Maya Angelou's 'Amazing Peace' aired Christmas amity and quietude, followed by Sanghamitra Ma'am's address to the Assembly encapsulating the spirit of Noel.

A film on the gladdening nature of the festival, perceptively conceptualised and presented by 'Fitoor' – the Theatre Club of MIS, was much appreciated. This was interspersed with joyous, canorous carols.





The programme concluded with Santa's surprise visit to MIS. Santa Claus walking through corridors, entering the class rooms with gifts in hand, playfully romping in the jungle gym were some of the enduring visuals.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY: ASPIRATION HOUSE, JANUARY 16, 2021

"Courage isn't having the strength to go on – it is going on when you don't have strength."

A Special Assembly was presented by the students and teachers of Aspiration House on January 16 on the theme of 'Courage'. It was chosen keeping in mind the situation of global pandemic and nationwide lockdown, and how we as individuals chose to be courageous by moving on each day despite daily life being disrupted by countless hurdles. The assembly showcased expressive and mesmerising pieces of art and dance. The 'bhajans' and instrumental compositions displayed the brilliance and the proficiency of the members. A new addition, the art-poetry collaborations were truly magnificent and very innovative. It ended with an important message: courage can have different meanings for different people, and no matter the size of the gesture, having courage and giving it to others is what matters in the end.

The seniors with their wisdom and the juniors with their exuberant enthusiasm made the assembly beautiful and meaningful. The assembly would not have been as impactful and well-centered without the hard work of the skillful editors. Lastly, the House teachers served as a constant source of motivation and support while the performances were digitally compiled.

HINDI KAVITA VAACHAN, JANUARY 19

The Hindi Department organised 'Kavita Vaachan' on January 19. This activity was held for the students of Class 8. They participated with enthusiasm and displayed commendable linguistic skills and poetic appreciation. Recitation of famous poems composed by well-known Indian poets was also undertaken.

Some of them picked themes on very sensitive issues -female foeticide, girl child, child labour etc. Students presented their poems with appropriate expressions and voice modulation.



SHRI ANIL KUMAR JAUHAR'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS, JANUARY 20

In January 20, 2021, our school hosted an assembly celebrating the life of Shri Anil Kumar Jauhar, who played a fundamental role in the institution's journey as its former Chairman. The assembly began with gentle but impactful quotes recited by the students, accompanied with soft,

serene music and pictures of Shri Anilji. The words were book ended by harmonious melodies of familiar morning 'bhajans' and an orchestral piece combining the notes on violin and beats on the tabla.

The Officiating Principal, Ms. Milan Mala Sarin then took the opportunity to welcome our Chief Guest, Dr. Pulkit Sharma, renowned clinical psychologist and spiritual counsellor, who graciously consented to share his thoughts on the theme 'Giving Wings to your Dreams'. He spoke eloquently on how students can give shape to their dreams and realise them. In the next segment of the session, the audience posed questions on the topic to Dr. Sharma, who answered them by giving examples close to the students' lives, which helped deepen their understanding.





NATIONAL VOTERS' DAY: SHAPING OUR TOMORROW, JANUARY 25

he students of Class 11 took the lead to help shape a better future on January 25, 2021 through a Special Assembly to celebrate National Voters' Day and Republic Day. The students reminded the audience of the power vested in their hands and also of their duty to build the nation that they aspire for, by making judicious use of the Right to Vote.



The students took a pledge and promised to uphold the democratic traditions of the country in future by ensuring maximum participation through informed and ethical voting, while encouraging others to do the same.

The real significance of the Republic Day was emphasised upon by the students as they highlighted January 26 as more than just a day of celebration, but also a day that was a result of immense struggle and countless sacrifices. At the end, the moving lyrics and strains of 'Ae Watan' filled everyone's hearts with great pride in their beautiful motherland.

ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION 2020-21, JANUARY 26

The Annual Art Exhibition, a regular feature of the School, was inaugurated virtually this year on January 26. The exhibition showcased the beautiful diversity of artistic and creative endeavours of students of Classes 6–12 through the year. Artwork entries of the students were collected through Google Forms. Photographs of final artworks were selected by the Art teachers for the virtual exhibition. Under the guidance of the Art Teachers, the exhibition was compiled and designed by a team of students of Art, Design and MINET Club.

A link to the exhibition was shared with parents and students for an enhanced universal experience. Everyone who journeyed through the exhibition, appreciated the artistic pursuits of the students. The exhibition was a veritable journey through creative accomplishments.



HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE DAY, JANUARY 29

Remembrance is an emotional experience but when it involves recall of painful and tragic events of historical enormity, it also becomes a process of encouraging resilience against intolerance, invoking awareness through the tool of education, allowing responsiveness to the past, and building a more inclusive future. One event of such enormity is the Holocaust. To mark the memory of the Holocaust, the United Nations in India, UNESCO India, Embassy of Israel, Embassy of Germany and Alliance Francaise de Delhi and other diplomatic missions in India partnered its annual commemoration through an interactive session with students of the NPSC schools on January 29,. Mr. Rajiv Chandran, moderator and Officer-in-Charge, United Nations Information Centre, opened the session with the clear aim and objective of the programme: to educate the future generations about the horrors of the Holocaust and to ensure that history does not repeat such acts of genocide, ever again. The event was attended by students of history from senior classes.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLY: PERFECTION HOUSE, FEBRUARY 4

"Be grateful for all ordeals, they are the shortest way to the Divine." — The Mother

Being grateful for everyday things and towards people is critical to happiness. This difficult time taught all of us to expand our gratitude manifold. When you have to do more for yourself, you realise how much you typically rely on those around you—and how meaningful their specialised skills

and contributions are. The students and teachers of Perfection House put together a beautiful compilation inspired by this virtue in The Mother's symbol-Gratitude.

The virtue of gratitude was expressed in many ways and forms: through words, thought, dance, music and artistic interpretation. Students presented 'Ganesh Vandana', 'Bhajan', 'instrumental music', recitations in Hindi, English, Sanskrit and French and inputs from students about "What they are grateful for!"

ASHRAM FOUNDATION DAY, FEBRUARY 12

The MIS celebrated the Foundation Day of Sri Aurobindo Ashram – Delhi Branch, in spiritual observance that echoed the institution's rich purpose. The day was led off by students singing 'bhajans', lyrically and symbolically encapsulating the significance of the day. Next, a video with narration chronicled the purpose, history and events that make this a special occasion. Pictures and messages from The Mother and Sri Aurobindo were contextualized in the trajectory of the Ashram's tranquil yet munificent journey. A spirited performance by the orchestra formed a part of the vibrant celebrations.

Finally, the current Students' Council gracefully passed on the responsibility of leading and guiding the student community to the newly elected Students' Council 2021-22, in a solemn handing-over ceremony.

THE MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS, AN OFFERING OF DEVOTIONAL SONGS, FEBRUARY 20

The Mother's International School celebrated the 143rd birth anniversary of The Mother virtually through an offering of devotional songs. The students held the audience spell-bound with soulful songs interspersed with recitations, instrumental compositions and a dance presentation based on lines from Sri Aurobindo's epic, 'Savitri'.

Videos of The Mother's balcony 'Darshan' and the spiritual significance of flowers along with Her rare pictures and spiritual paintings were not only a visual treat but also a special way of connecting to Her intimately and reaffirming Sri Aurobindo's words, 'She is indeed always present....' And that her loving guidance and grace surround us, always.









Melio Storytelling Challenge	Meher Aggarwal- VI A Yash- VIII B	1st Position 2nd Position
Essay writing competition organised by CMS Vatavaran, an Environment and Wildlife International Film Festival and Forum	Vishnuvardhan Batabyal - XI B	Best Writer
Melio Spelling Bee Challenge	Anya Gupta – VIII B	2nd Position
Essay Writing Competition-Technika 2020 Cambridge School, Indirapuram	Sushiana Sondhi- VIII E	2nd Position
Goenkan Grandeur Literary Event G.D. Goenka , Vasant Kunj	Shreeya Sinha –VIII E	2nd Position
Times Scholar programme organised by the Times of India	Aanya Khurana- XII D	Qualified
Art Poetica- Inverse Rhapsody DPS R.K.Puram	Shambhavi Tiwari- VIII E	2nd Position
Paricharcha Debate- Ridge Valley School	Anoushka Sinha- XI A	Best Speaker
GEHU Debate, Dehradun	Samhitha Sankar- XII A	1st Position
Vasant Valley Speakers' Forum 2021	Dhruv Chhabra- VII E Hoshika Gupta- IX A	1st Position 2nd Position
Maxploratorium- Battle of Words Inter-school Debate Competition Maxfort School, Pitampura	Abhishek Bhattacharya - VIII Roshit Chakraborty - VIII D	Consolation Prize
Tinkerfest- Article Writing Apeejay School, Panchsheel Park	Nitya Gupta- VIII C Shambhavi Tiwari- VIII E Shreeva Sinha- VIII E	1st Position 2nd Position 3rd Position

FRENCH

Poster Making Contest on 'Air' Francophonie 2021

Inaya Majumdar- VI B Samriddhi Sood- VI C Made it to the top 20 posters in the all India competition

Video making National Level Competition on Francophonie on Environment in French

Suhashini Sanyal- X E Srijan Soham- X D 1st Position 2nd Position

'Mélange' La publicité - Promouvoir un produit Birla Vidya Niketan Netra Kapoor- VIII C

2nd Position

Grandeur Literary event G.D. Goenka School

French Poetry Competition: Abha Sharma- VI D

Ad- Mad World:

Samaira Kapoor- IX D

1st Position

2nd Position

















HAYWIRE-3.0 - Hackathon Mount Carmel School, Dwarka	Arhaan Bahadur -XII C Aditya Pramar - XII D	2nd Position
Geek @ Hertz St. Marks Senior Secondary Public School, Meera Bagh	Design. APK: Videep Ekbote - X B Akshat Jain - XI C	Consolation Prize
	Hackathon: Siddhayak Goyal - XII B Arhaan Bahadur - XII C Hrijul Chauhan - XII C Riva Sarkar - XII B	2nd Prize
MIS Team won the Overall First Position	Hackathon: Akshat Jain - XI C Sagar Gupta - XI C Dhimaan Prasad - X D Risha Srinivas - X D Manan Sarna - X D	3rd Prize
	Surprise Event: Siddhayak Goyal- XII B Achal Gupta - XII B	1st Prize
Annual Computer Symposium CODE 2020- KEYNOTE Apeejay School, Noida	Akshat Jain- XI C Sagar Gupta- X D Manan Sarna- X C Videep Ekbote - X B Dhimaan Prasad - X D	2nd Prize
C.O.R.E – DPS, Dwarka	Hackathon Arhaan Bahadur - XII-C Siddhayak Goyal - XII-B Akshat Jain - XI-C Aditya Pramar - XII-D Riva Sarkar - XII-B	2nd Position
Byte.IT- BalBharati Public School, Pitampura	Hackathon Arhaan BahadurXII C Akshat Jain XI C Siddhayak Goyal XII B Riva Sarkar XII B Aditya Pramar XII D	1st Position

Dynamix - Ramjas School, RKP	Web Development Arhaan Bahadur-XII C	2nd Position
	Web Design Siddhayak Goyal-XII B Vishal Prabhakar-XII A Dhimaan Prasad-X D	1st Position
	Cryptic Hunt Team MINET	2nd Position
	Overall Team MINET	1st Position
XINO- Hackathon- DPS Rohini	Arhaan Bahadur- XII C Siddhayak Goyal- XII B Aditya Pramar- XII D	2nd Position
ION 2020- Hackathon- Indraprastha School	Arhaan Bahadur- XII C Aditya Pramar- XII D	1st Position
Rootronics- Designathon Amity International School Gurgaon, Sector 46	Siddhayak Goyal- XII B Arhaan Bahadur- XII C Riva Sarkar- XII B	3rd Position
Silico Battles Ahlcon Public School, Mayur Vihar	Designathon	1st Position
Ameon I ubite School, May al Vinai	Manan Sarna- X C Akshat Jain- XI C Dhimaan Prasad- X D Vishal Prabhakar- XII A Sagar Gupta- X D Videep Ekbote- X B	
Ameon I ubite School, May al Vinai	Akshat Jain- XI C Dhimaan Prasad- X D Vishal Prabhakar- XII A Sagar Gupta- X D	3rd Position
Ameon I done School, May at Vinai	Akshat Jain- XI C Dhimaan Prasad- X D Vishal Prabhakar- XII A Sagar Gupta- X D Videep Ekbote- X B Gaming	3rd Position 1st Position
Techathalon - Cryptic Hunt Delhi Public School, VasantKunj	Akshat Jain- XI C Dhimaan Prasad- X D Vishal Prabhakar- XII A Sagar Gupta- X D Videep Ekbote- X B Gaming Arsh Ali Khan- XI F Overall	
Techathalon - Cryptic Hunt	Akshat Jain- XI C Dhimaan Prasad- X D Vishal Prabhakar- XII A Sagar Gupta- X D Videep Ekbote- X B Gaming Arsh Ali Khan- XI F Overall Team MINET Code Warriors	1st Position
Techathalon - Cryptic Hunt Delhi Public School, VasantKunj Surprise Event- Exun 2020	Akshat Jain- XI C Dhimaan Prasad- X D Vishal Prabhakar- XII A Sagar Gupta- X D Videep Ekbote- X B Gaming Arsh Ali Khan- XI F Overall Team MINET Code Warriors Team MINET Siddhayak Goyal- XII B	1st Position 3rd Position
Techathalon - Cryptic Hunt Delhi Public School, VasantKunj Surprise Event- Exun 2020 DPS RKP Tech Mela- Hackathon	Akshat Jain- XI C Dhimaan Prasad- X D Vishal Prabhakar- XII A Sagar Gupta- X D Videep Ekbote- X B Gaming Arsh Ali Khan- XI F Overall Team MINET Code Warriors Team MINET Siddhayak Goyal- XII B Achal Gupta- XII B Sagar Gupta- X D	1st Position 3rd Position 3rd Position

	Quiz Achal Gupta- XII B Malhar Mazumdar- IX B	Finals
Hardware- DPS Rohini	XINO Manan Sarna- 10 C	3rd Position
Tech Spark Quiz Bharat National Public School, Ram Vihar	Malhar Mazumdar - IX B Siddhayak Goyal - XII B	2nd Position







Amity University, Noida Online Engineering Innovation Quiz Amity Youth Forum	Kartik Sai Valluru - XII D	2nd Position
In-Quiz-itive Inter-school Quiz Competition Cambridge Foundation School	Shaurya Vardhan - X E	1st Position
CCCC Cryptic Crossword Contest	Vijval Ekbote - XI C Harshul Sagar-XII B	3rd Position
All India Senior Quiz Organised by Quizcraft	Sushmit Gupta - XI A	1st Position



Anveshan and Mathemania-2020 Inter-school Science and Math

Mathematical Symphonies

3rd Position

Competition Gyan Bharti School

Arnav Gupta- X D

Overall Trophy was won by MIS



ATF - Mind Quest 2020 Yoga Competition- Fit India Fr. Agnel School

Online Yoga Competition Amrit Kala Sangam School Nioma Chabbra - VIII A Madhushree Singh – X D Himanshu Jha – XII E

Sarthak Naruka-VIII E

2nd Position 2nd Position 2nd Position

1st Position











Inter-school Hindi Kavita Paath
Pratiyogita - G.D. Goenka Public School

Shreeya Sinha- VIII E

2nd Position



'Shri Utsav' The Shri Ram School, Aravali	Indian Classical Solo Dance Vrinda Malhotra- IX B	3rd Position
	Western Group Dance Mehek Singh - XII A Pranjli Tuli - XII B Samhitha Sankar- XII A	1st Position
IRIDESCENCE Carmel Convent School	'Meraki'- Indian Classical Solo Dance Prisha Bansal- IX –B	1st Position
	'Meraki'- Western Solo Dance Priyadarshini Ray-XI A	1st Position
VIVANTE 2020, Veda Vyasa DAV Public School, Vikaspuri	Classical Dance Aadya Agarwal- IX A	1st Position
	<i>'Anugoonj'</i> Solo Song Nayanasree Bhattacharya - VII E	3rd Position
Delhi Public School, Jaipur 'Taal Tarang' Dance Competition	Theme: Festival - Holi Rea Bhandari - IX C Vrinda Malhotra - IX B Nysa Bahadur- IX A Aadya Agarwal - IX A	Judges' Appreciation Award
Rendezvous 2020 Inter-school music competition, Air Force Bal Bharti School	Sifat Kaur Malik-VIII E	1st Position
Rhythmic Raaga Amity International School, Gurugram	Veer Gupta – VI D Roshit Chakraborty-VIII D	3rd Position
Columban Fest- Dance Competition St Columba's School	Mehek Singh- XII A	3rd Position
Bal Bharti Public School, NTPC, Khargone	Amalgamating Steps Advika Bhambri -VIII B	3rd Position
	Taal (Instrumental) Ihaa Gautam- IX B	1st Position
Aroma of India (Recipe Presentation) AVN Sr Sec. School	Triman Bajaj- VIII A	1st Position





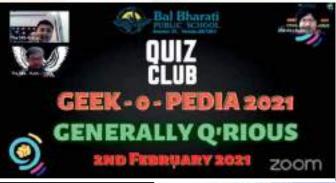


>SOCIAL SCIENCE

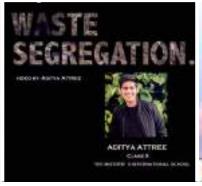
The Bishop's Model United Nations	Samhitha Sankar -XII A	Best Delegate in UNSC
	Bhasvar Adlakha -XI F	Special Mention in UNSC
	Maanya Kocher - XII F	Best Delegate in ECOFIN
Short Video Competition organised by Ministry of Environment, Forest and Climate Change, Government of India	Aditya Attree - X B	Encouragement Prize
Create-a-Jingle competition organised by Indian Cancer Society –	Nishtha Mehra- IX A	1st Position
World No Tobacco Day	Anvi Shandilya- X B	2nd Position
World No Tobacco Day	Alivi Shandhya- A B	Ziid i Ositioli
Bhavan's Vidyashram, Jaipur BVJ MUN	UN General Assembly Economic and Financial Com Soumya Gualti - XII A	
·	UN General Assembly Economic and Financial Com	umittee
·	UN General Assembly Economic and Financial Com Soumya Gualti - XII A UN Security Council Bhasvar Adlakha- XI F	Best Delegate Best Delegate
Bhavan's Vidyashram, Jaipur BVJ MUN Inglu Global	UN General Assembly Economic and Financial Com Soumya Gualti - XII A UN Security Council Bhasvar Adlakha- XI F Naomi Sengupta- XI A Suhani Mittal – XII E	Best Delegate Best Delegate High Commendation

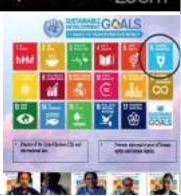
Laissez Faire Vasant Valley School	Eco Online Ayonija Rai - XII F Bhavit Chopra -XII E Dhriti Vatsyayan- XIIA Karan Jain-XII E	1st Position
	Psynergy Ananya Iyer- XII F	1st Position
Business- Rukmini Devi Public School	Digilogous Arhaan Bahadur - XII C Siddhayak Goyal - XII B Achal Gupta - XII B	Most Innovative Idea
The Theory Peddle-DPS Dwarka	Samhitha Sankar-XII A	3rd Position
Podcast: History Connect – DPS, Dwarka	Ibtesam Rahman- XII A Aaditya Khatwani- XII F Anoushka Sinha- XI A Ankita Nandi- XI A	3rd Position
Addressing The Nation - DPS, Dwarka	Risha Srinivas- X D	3rd Position
Erstwhile Leaders In The Modern Times – DPS, Dwarka	Aradhaya Adlakha- XI A	2nd Position
Geek-O-Pedias, All India School Quiz Competition Bal Bharti Public School, Noida	Chirag Gupta- VIII C Pushan Banerjee- VIII C	3rd Position
Dive Into The Depths	L. Lakshmishree- IX B	2nd Position
DPS, Dwarka ASN Mayur Vihar	Dhriti Vatsayayan - XII A Maanya Kocher- XII F	1st Prize in the Plenary Session
Classical Meme Making- DPS, Dwarka	Arav Vyas- X D	3rd Position





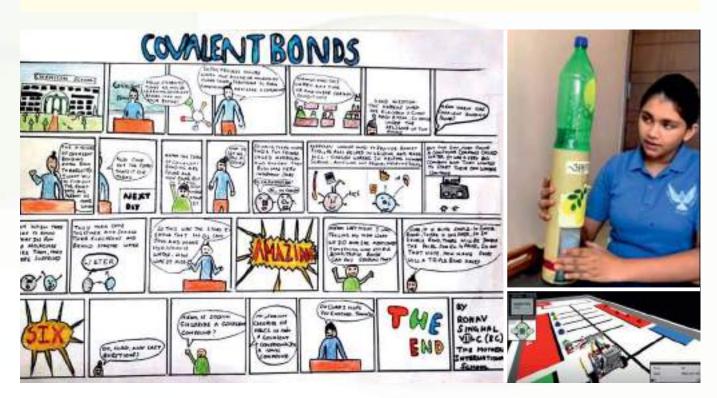






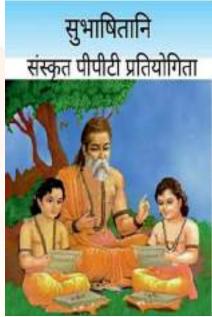


Erudite (Best out of Waste) DPS, Dwarka	Vaanya Vatsyayan- VIII A	Special Mention
Comicon- Ionista DPS, Dwarka	Ronav Singhal- VIII C	3rd Position
Clandestine- Quiz DPS, Dwarka	Hardik Agrawal- X C	1st Position
Ignite DPS, Dwarka	Spin-a-Yarn Shinjini Banerji - X D Shaurya Subhash Khandpur- X	2nd Position
Anveshan and Mathemania-2020 Inter-school Competition Gyan Bharti School	Film it Parth Singla- IX C Overall Trophy won by MIS	2nd Position
Robotronics- Amity International School Gurgaon, Sector 46	Akshat Jain- XI C Manan Sarna- X C	2nd Position
3 R Mission (Best out of Waste) The Foundation School	Stuti Pande- VII E	3rd Position
Ignite- Group Discussion DPS, Dwarka	Aishi M. Singh- XII D	2nd Position
KVPY Exam	Amish Kansal- XII D Rudraksh Mishra- XII C	Cleared the Final Round





Gyan Kaushal Pratiyogita - Sanskrit Diwas organised by Rachna Sagar Publishers	Second Group Shambhavi Saraswat -VI C Adiya Keshav -VI E Abirami Ramesh –VI C	1st Position 2nd Position 3rd Position
	Third group Aradhya Porwal –VII E Dhruv Chabbra –VII E Pankhuri Gupta- VII C	1st Position 2nd Position 3rd Position
'Bharatasya Gauravam' - Srimad Bhagwad Gita Shlok recitation competition, Cambridge School	Shreeya Sinha –VIII E	3rd Position
Sanskrit PPT competition - Subhashitani Delhi Public School, Dwarka	Shambhavi Saraswat -VI C Adiya Keshav –VI E RiddhimaWahi- VIII D	3rd Position
<i>'Sanskrit Pratibha Pradarshanam'</i> Army Public School, Shankar Vihar	Roshit Chakraborty - VIII D	1st Position
'Ekanki Natakam' - Sanskrit competition Amrita Vidyalam	Prisha Bansal - IX E	1st Position
<i>'Sanskrit Geet Gayan / Shlok Gayan Pratiyogita', "Jeevanostav",</i> Cambridge School, Noida	RidhimaWahi- VIII D	2nd Prize
'ShlokVachan' Competition Cambridge School (Technika 2020)	Shambhavi Saraswat – VI C	3rd Position
Indian School	'Sanskrit Sambhashan' Prisha Paliwal - X C	1st Position
	'Sanskrit Shlok Gyan' Shambhavi Saraswat – VI C	3rd Position
'Geeta' Chanting Competition Chinmaya Vidyalaya	Rohan Sadasivan -VI D	Consolation Prize
<i>'Sanskrit Shloka Gyan Pratiyaogita'</i> Bal Bharti Public School, Khargaon, NTPC	Tara Padmanabhan- VIII D	3rd Position







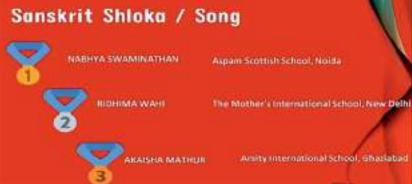


Roshit Chakraborty-VIII-D - 1st prize

Shreeya Sinha VIII-E 3rd Prize













Rohan Sadasivan - VI D Consolation Prize









19th Rotary Online Painting Competition	Adrija Paul- IX D	Consolation Prize
Caritas 2020 DPS International, Saket	Art Making Adrija Paul- IX D	1st Position
	Comic Making Shwaas Dutta – IX C	1st Position
	Graphic Design Arsh Ali Khan – XI F	1st Position
ICS Calendar 2021	N. Rajareethigha- X C	Special Mention- painting selected for their Calendar



THE SPIRIT OF

Physical Fitness is not just important for a healthy body but also imperative for a healthy mind and emotional well-being...



n the occasion of the birth anniversary of Shri Surendra Nath Jauhar 'Faquir', the Physical Education Department along with the help of Sports Club members organised an online Football workshop for students enrolled in Morning Games and members of the School Football team.

Mr Keshav Dutt, an Asian Football Confedration License Holder and CBSE Observer for National Championship, was the resource person. He encouraged the participants to stay active and healthy through simple exercises that can be



regularly practised at home. He also emphasised on the importance of eating a balanced diet and other aspects necessary to become a good and healthy sportsperson.



he 'Fit India Freedom Run' was organised from 24th August to 24th September 2020 for the students of Classes 6 to 12. A lot of enthusiasm was shown by the students for participation in the event. A total of 92 students covered a distance of 4957 kilometres. Many teachers too participated in the event with a lot of zest.

National Sports Day, August 29



The event 'Fostering Fitness' comprised an Aerobics session conducted by Ms Alpana Bhatty for the students of Class 6, and a Martial Arts session conducted by Mr Arshad Hashim for Class 7 students. The session began with a prayer and recitations related to lessons learnt through sports. Tara Didi shared with the students the importance of a culture promoting sports and fitness. The students enjoyed the workout sessions and the resource persons were able to motivate them to participate with vigour and feel energised in these unprecedented times.





Sports and Fitness Workshop, November 2-3

The Physical Education Department and the Sports Club conducted various workshops for the students of Classes 7 to 10.

Ms. Sadhana Singh conducted a Yoga session for Class 7 on November 2. The session began with the strains of meditation music followed by 'Yognritya' (a confluence of dance and asanas). Ms Singh highlighted the importance of Yoga and its efficacy in keeping students physically and mentally fit. She also taught the students important breathing techniques, including the 'Wim Hof method'.

Mr. Manoj Kumar, a teacher experienced in various dance forms, conducted a fun-filled Zumba session for the students of Class 8 on November 3. The students enjoyed swaying to the beats of the peppy music selected by Mr. Kumar. It was a joy to see the happy and smiling faces of the students.

Ms. Gayatri Bhushan, an MIS alumni and an acclaimed Sports Psychologist, shared her experiences as an athlete to guide the students of Classes 9 and 10. Ms. Bhushan emphasised on how it is imperative to take care of one's mental well-being, along with one's physical health. She also gave valuable advice to the students on taking charge of their lives and on managing anxiety.



Sports Festival, December 23-24

The Physical Education Department organised a 'Sports Festival' for Classes 9 and 8 on 23rd and 24th December respectively. Cardio-Bhangra was conducted by Anoushka Dutta Gupta,

Mehek Singh and Pranjali Tuli of Class 12. Anya Goel and Dhara Mittal of Class 9 taught Aerobics and Fitness workout to the students of Class 8. Scarf Juggling and Balloon Volleyball was taken up by Ms Darshana Bhandari on both the days. The students participated with a lot of interest and enjoyed themselves as it was a different activity.





Khelo MIS, January 22

To foster the spirit of sports and pay a tribute to our former Chairman, late Shri Anil Kumar Jauhar, the Khelo MIS Workshop was organised by the Physical Education department on the 21st and 22nd of January '21 for Classes 6 to 9. The workshop was held in four different disciplines: Athletics, Badminton, Basketball and Football. A vivid platform was provided by the professionals to learn new skills and the spirit of the students was a sight to behold.

The Athletics sessions were conducted by Mr. Rajeev Sejwal, a national level athlete. He began the workshop by illustrating the advantages of a healthy diet, and demonstrated exercises which would enable the students to improve their balance and agility. He also explained the way to do crunches, planks, sit-ups and push-ups with proper form, which, if performed daily, would enable the students to be fitter and stronger.

The Football workshops were conducted by coaches from the renowned Bhaichung Bhutia Football Schools. The sessions helped the students to better understand the game and its nuances, and the students too participated with a lot of enthusiasm and zeal.



The Badminton event started with a beautiful recitation followed by the introduction of the resource person who is an alumnus of MIS and an extremely passionate badminton player, Mr Anirudh Kundu. The training session started with a few words of encouragement to the students and proceeded with the basics of warm up and skill building specific to the sport. The students learnt to improvise for the lack of sufficient equipment and space at home. Mr Kundu also suggested strategies that could be used

during competitions for motivation and cool-down exercises for after a game. A small interaction in the form of Q&A between the participants and the resource person concluded the session.

Mr. Pulkit Rawat, our former Basketball coach, conducted the basketball workshop and revived the sports person in us. He began the workshop with warm-up exercises for the students. Then, the students tried out the workout exercises and drills after watching Mr. Pulkit demonstrate them. It was a new and innovative experience for the students, but just as enjoyable as the one on court.



Some of the students who attended the workshops shared their experiences:



"It was a good workshop and I got to experience playing a sport again. It was definitely different and a bit difficult because of the complications of being at home. Nevertheless, it was exciting and I was glad to play basketball again."



Rudra Prabhakar

"I used to play football everyday before the lockdown. This workshop helped me to pick up my football again. We were taught many exercises to help retain our football skills. I will be able to remain fit by practising these. This workshop really helped me and I hope more such workshops are also organised."

Kashvi Kapoor 🍨

"It was a fabulous experience. I enjoyed playing basketball at home, for the first time without using actual sports equipment. We used the dining table mats, bottles, but it didn't kill the fun of playing basketball. It was as fun as it used to be. I had lost the hope of playing basketball this year, but the workshop motivated me to play it at home, utilizing things around me."

Shalvi Singh

"The Khelo MIS workshop for Athletics was a new and different experience as we participated in it virtually. It was informative and fun. I hope to participate in more such workshops in the future too."



LAURELS



aavya Nayyar participated in the Noida All India Tennis Association Championship Series in February 2021 and participated in both the Under 18 singles and doubles events. She made it to the Semi-Finals in the doubles event. She also made it to the Semi-Final Round in the Gurgaon Championship Series U-16 Singles and U-18 Doubles in the Karnal Championship Series. She also participated in the National Level for Tennis in March 2021 at Indore, and in the Madurai Tennis Tournament organised by the International Tennis Federation.





participated in the National Karate Championship organised by the Karate Association of India in December 2020.



ur students participated in 'Spardha', an online Inter-school sports competition held on December 12 organised by Apeejay School, Saket. Jasmehar Singh and Triya Basu Roy participated in the Push-up challenge. Rudra Prabhkar and Netra Kapoor participated in the Squat Challenge. Aradhya Porwal and Kaustubh Maji represented the school in the Skipping Challenge. The event provided a valuable exposure to all participants.

Purvi Sejwal of Class 8 E won the third position in Shot Put, in Delhi State Annual Athletics Championship held at Jawaharlal Nehru stadium from 12th to 19th January 2021.





MISMUN

19th November, 2020



MISMUN is the annual student-driven Model United Nations event that takes place over a course of two days in our school. It is an event that seeks to emulate various institutional bodies organisations of the world, and encourages all participants to debate. write. hones researching skills and helps them in thinking out of the box. This year, the conventions simulated were as follows:

The International Press, giving students a chance to experience the true essence of journalism. It is the International Press' responsibility to report the developments of the various committees through Articles, Editorials as well as Quick Bytes meant for Social Media. One of the most exciting parts of the International Press' proceedings was the Press Crisis. The Press Crisis this year put the journalists in a situation, where sensitive phone recordings of calls between the Government, a famous Industrialist, and prominent Media Houses were leaked to the general public. The media was facing a crisis of confidence, as its independence was under question. After a whole session of frenzied discussion, the journalists finally came out with a Press Release assuaging the concerns of the public, and calling out the Government's role in curbing its independence. This concluded the committee. The Best Journalist award was bagged by Shreemavi Nainwal of 11-A. The High Commendation was won by Aradhaya Adlakha of 11-A. Vidushi Mohan of 11-F received a Special Mention

The Economic and Financial Affairs Council, analysing the global economic slowdown owing to the COVID-19 pandemic, with special emphasis on developing countries. Various facets of this issue were subjected to detailed discussion, in particular, the issue of rising unemployment, and global economic cooperation. The committee concluded with a unanimous resolution, showing international solidarity in the face of the pandemic. The Best Delegate Award was bagged by Keshav Saib of 10-D, the High Commendations were won by Shreeansh Pujari and Soham Mukherjee of 10-E and 11-F respectively, and Krisha Taneja of 10-E received a Special Mention.



All India Political Parties Meet, discussing the relevance and viability of the National Education Policy 2020. The committee analyzed the pros and cons of the policy, in particular the fears of the imposition of Hindi, a loss in common ground for inter- state communication. The Committee also went through a crisis, in which protests against the NEP had broken out in the Southern States of India, due to fears regarding the preservation of their linguistic culture, and the committee came up with a solution wherein these fears were allayed through clarifications of the actual wording of the policy through press releases and other documents. The Best Delegate award was bagged by Diva Chaudhry of 12-A. The High Commendation was won by Ananya Iyer of 12-F. Ananya Kaira of 12-F and Aryan Goyal of 10-D received Special Mentions.

This year, MISMUN also simulated an entirely new and novel committee, the News Panel. The participants were the prizewinners from all committees as well as the top 5 journalists from the International Press. The Committee engaged in an hour long debate on the topic, "Euthanasia- The Fundamental Right to Death", and after a fiery discussion, Risha Srinivas, representing the USA, was awarded the title of 'Premier Delegate', and Shreemayi Nainwal was adudged as being the 'Premier Journalist'.





The United Nations Security Council, holding an emergency session for discussion upon the current crises in Lebanon. Being an extremely complex and multifaceted issue, the UNSC chose to first engage with the Political and Economic aspects over the others. The Committee ended with a negotiation between the UNSC and the Hezbollah, regarding its role in the national instability. The two sides were unable to reach a constructive conclusion, and the negotiation ended in a deadlock. The Best Delegate award was bagged by Abhimanyu Singh of 11-D. The High Commendations were won by Risha Srinivas and Ahana Lal of 10-D and 11-F respectively. Adwik Roshan of 11-D and Agaaz Singhal of 11-C received Special Mentions.

Naomi Sengupta XI-A











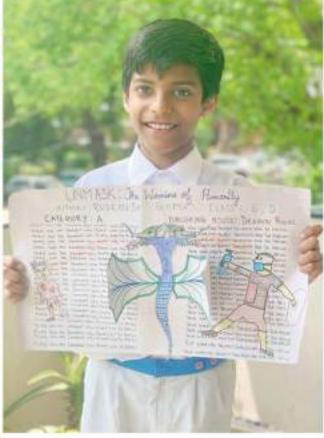
















The students of class XI took the lead in helping shape a better future on January 25, 2021 as a Special Assembly was conducted in recognition of the National Voters' Day and the Republic Day of India. The students reminded the audience of the power vested in their hands and also of their duty to build the nation that they aspire for, by making judicious use of their Right to Vote. In the form of a pledge, they promised to uphold the democratic traditions of the country by ensuring maximum participation through informed and ethical voting, while encouraging others to do the same. The real significance of the Republic Day was emphasised upon by the students as they highlighted January 26 as more than just a day of celebration, but also a day that was a result of immense struggle and countless sacrifices. At the end, the moving lyrics of 'ae watan' filled everyone's hearts with great pride of belonging to a beautiful motherland. I remember, evocatively, the 2014 Lok Sabha elections. This echo from the past bears a tenured distinction in the thematic flow of my adolescence. This distinction arises, not from the emergence of new political paradigms but from my first real contact with voting. The V-A classroom was not wise to the institutions of politics and government, but the idea of marking one's ballot piqued the curiosity of many a ten-year-old. The weeks of opinion polling and preposterous campaigning in the outside world were met with great enthusiasm within this group of children. The marches towards the Assembly, the strolls to fill the water bottles, and the animated sprints in the backfield

were packed with discussions about the process of going to the polls. By the end of the day, each student had blotches of election ink on their fingers. However, we never cared for casting a vote for someone, and we never imagined the implications of casting a vote. In 2019, Gammar Bam and his team of polling officers travelled across one lane mountainous roads, unsteady bridges, and hilly paths; a four-day journey over 300 miles just to reach one voter so that she may participate in the largest electoral exercise in the world. We are, more often than not, blind to the power of suffrage. I, somewhere between the evolution of Social Studies into Political Science, learned that the success of a full-blooded republic is perceived in the magnitude of its people's enfranchisement. The Indian Constitution provided this right in one swoop. As Constituent Assembly member Alladi Krishnaswamy Ayyar observed: "...in spite of the ignorance and illiteracy of the large mass of the Indian people, the Assembly has adopted the principle of adult franchise with an abundant faith in the common man and the ultimate success of democratic rule..." My generation has been moulded by political unrest and socio-economic crises, and dismantled by the worst pandemic in a century. This political process is the only path of true representation and problem solving. A vote carries the ambitions of our entire society. In this exchange, this link between the citizens and the state becomes synonymous with democracy itself. I hope that the next cohort of pre-teens can comprehend the hopes of billions that a little fleck of ink sustains.

> Aarushi Bawa XI-F Sushmit Gupta XI-F



MINET (X)

MINET's annual IT symposium X, was held on 1st and 2nd September, 2020. The interschool event saw enthusiastic participation from various schools which helped to maintain the fervour and creative spirit of the event, even through the online medium. The element of surprise is deemed an essential component to captivate an audience. The Surprise Event at X saw an array of participants enter clueless with regard to what the event might be, What followed were various activities such as Minecraft, which tested how fast the participants were able to adapt to,

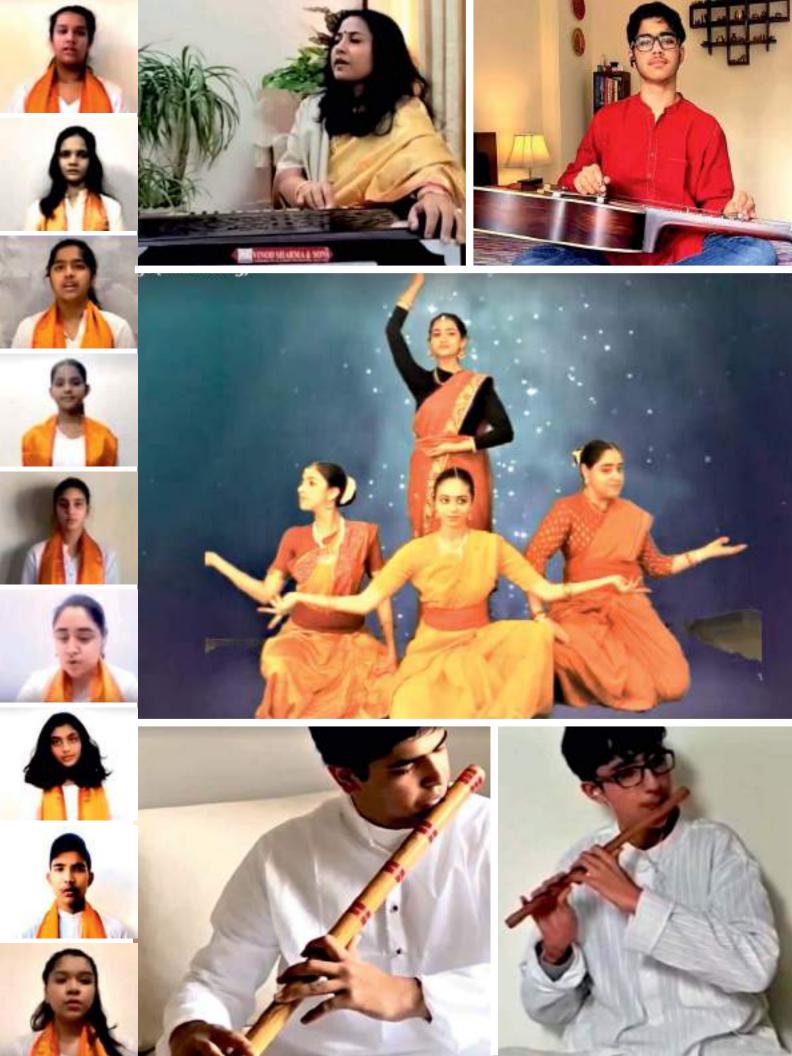


and overcome whatever was thrown at them and a few rounds later, DPS, Dwarka emerged as the winners. The photography and filmmaking events were organized by the MINET Lens team, where participants were given prompts, based on which they submitted films and photographs. These were critiqued by a panel of judges, who then picked the winners. DPS, RK Puram and DPS, Vasant Kunj won the photography and filmmaking events respectively. A gaming event was organised where participants were made to compete through a gauntlet of games where they fought to top the leader-board. As the second day came to an end, DPS, Vasant Kunj emerged victorious. Twenty six Design and Pitching Event necessitated the participants to choose a nation in the world, and had to design and prototype a product to resolve an issue that their chosen country is facing. After designing the product, the pitching team took over and pitched the product to a panel of judges in a shark tank like scenario. The winners for Design were DPS, RK Puram which made an app that helped reduce animal cruelty. Pitching was won by DPS, Noida. A select few teams were made to participate in an exclusive event titled Make, where the winners received special prizes that contributed towards making their design project into an actual product. This event was won by DPS, Dwarka. Apart from this, CryptX. the annual cryptic hunt was organised, which saw teams hunt through and decipher a trail of cryptic clues and signs to eventually reach the solution. CryptX was won by DPS, RK Puram. The programming event, organized over Hackerrank - a popular platform for developer competitions, was conducted on both the days, where participants were given a labyrinthine of obstacles, which they overcame through sheer wit and logic. The first prize was secured by DPS, Mathura Road. Group Discussion is an event not many are adept at. It requires quick thinking, ace problem solving and above all, a willingness to cooperate. The first prize for this event went to DPS, Vasant Kunj. People (specifically sci-fi fanatics) speculate that considering the pace at which technology is evolving, there will soon be a time when humans will be at war with robots for ultimate supremacy. While that day is far off (if at all existent), X's robotics event saw some formidable ideas for machines which can lend a helping hand to our society. Participants drew plans, made business models and built the outline for their machines. The event was won by DPS, RK Puram. A good old fashioned quiz was organized on both days of the event, with a preliminary round, followed by the finals. Participants were tested on their knowledge on a variety of topics revolving around



technology. Bal Bharti Public School emerged as the winner. Along with this, was the Crossword event, where the MINET team curated a select number of top quality puns, in the format of a crossword, all for the participants to decipher (and occasionally laugh at). The event was won by Amity School, Sector 46.

Siddhayak Goyal XII-B



The Mother's Birthday

There is a subtle quality of belongingness that settles in the self, when encompassed in an atmosphere both familiar and fresh, as beautiful as if being constructed atom by atom through a simple force enrapturing the senses and instilling a gentle hum within you in a place where the absence of its rhythm wasn't realised until its return. The 20th of February was dedicated to celebrating The Mother's 143rd birth anniversary, through an offering of devotional songs that transcended the barriers of physical space and distance, and united into a collective manifestation of love, reverence, and beauty in all its force and all its quietude. Although circumstances differed widely this year, the essence of the experience remained true to what forms the core of devotion reflection, gratitude, and an unwavering faith in the Divine grace - bhagvad kripa mein atyant vishvas, a sign of the presence of the Divine Will, an evidence of what shall be. Every time the lilting voices of the vocalists rose in prayer and the violins sang out their melody, the atmosphere was brought to life with a gentle nudge -touching the soul with an inexplicable conviction.

"Descend O Happiness, with thy moon gold feet. Enter our life Thy chamber and Thy shrine."



"If you expect at every moment to be lifted up and pulled towards the Divine, He will come to lift you and He will be there, quite close, closer, ever closer."

- The Mother

Visuals of softly unfurling flower petals seemed to still any disturbance in both the external and internal world with the intentionality of their movements, poised yet unabashed, delicate but free; the smile of Divine love. The first notes of the lone flute reverberated in the air. a crisp beckoning almost crystallized in space and time until a chorus joined in with rich fullness, in vibrations that give out a certain strength and a certain energy. Accompanied by the tabla, the music enraptured one with an overwhelming luminosity, as if hearing colour and seeing sound, as if someone was conducting the colours of the sunrise in symphony. A composition of dance movements on lines from Sri Aurobindo's Savitri' painted his words with a soft, celestial glow, channelling our offerings through body and spirit, in coalescence with the warmth and tenderness of light cradled within earthen chalices

How we ourselves are vessels, holders of love and tributaries of grace – a medium for light to be channelled through, elemental in the actualization of a process so uplifting, so raw, and so simple in its purpose.

held aloft:



Christmas

ASEMBLY



On 24th December 2020, a virtual Christmas assembly was put up umidst the unprecedented and unusual pandemic situation. The MiS inaugurated The First Noel in unclouded resplendence with scenes from a holiday season that shone incandescent in dark times. The programme began with the students of class 6. singing Heal The World to set the tenor of unifying global community with shared love. Next, a reading of an exceept from The Old Testament, and Maya Angelou's Amazing Peace aired Christma: amity and quietade, followed by Sanghamitra Ma'am's address to the Assembly encapsulating the spirit of Nocl. In her poem 'Amazing Peace', Maya Angelou speaks of the true spirit of Christmas - how it is 'the halting of hate time", a radiust affirmation of the compassion that flows through us, in a collective wave,

She reflects on how we can look "beyond complexion and see community", and how when brought together by an overwhelming feeling of connection of love and of hope – humanity is capable of cultivating a universal sweetness. "Angels, and Mortals, Believers and Nonbelievers, look heavenward," she writes, "and speak the word aloud. Peace." A film on the gladdening nature of the festival, perceptively conceptualised and presented by 'Fitoor' – the Theatre Club of MIS, was much appreciated. This was interspersed with joyous, canorous carols. The programme concluded with Santa's surprise visit to the school. Santa Claus walking through corridors, entering the class rooms with gifts in hand, playfully romping in the jungle gym were some of the endearing visuals.



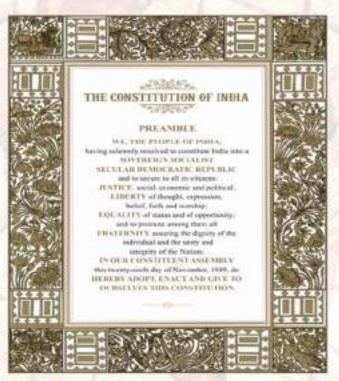


Sushmit Gupta XI-F Soham Mukherjee XI-A

Constitution Day

This year has been very different from what we anticipated, and yet we did not let these unprecedented times dampen our spirit of celebration. Seventy one years ago, on the 26th of November, the lengthiest and the most comprehensive document in the world, the Indian constitution was adopted by the Constituent Assembly of India.





To commemorate this significant day, the students of class 11 put forth an assembly. The comperes of the day, Prabhnoor Kaur, Bhasvar Adlakha and Agrani lead the entire assembly in a very graceful manner. The event began with the recitation of the Preamble, which was the perfect beginning, because as we all know, the Preamble is the soul of our Constitution. This was followed by eight powerful speeches, given by the students, who were clad in saris and represented the women members of the Constituent Assembly on this day. Each woman member, overcame countless obstacles and brought forth ideas that are now an important part of our Constitution. Dakshayani Velayudan, the only Dalit woman member in the Assembly was played by Ahana Lal, Durgabai Deshmukh who was a strong advocate for a free judiciary was played by Vidushi Mohan, Annie Mascarne, who emphasized on the importance of centralisation of power, was played by Vanshika Mahipal, Sarojini Naidu, who played an important role in adoption of the National flag, was played by Janhavi Bhatnagar, Begum Aizaz Rasul, who was a pioneer in promoting the rights of the minorities,was played by Aradhaya Adlakha, Hansa Mehta, whose vision gave shape to many of our principles, was played by Aarushi Bawa, Ammu swaminathan, who sought to strike a balance between the fundamental rights and directive principles of state policies, was played by Naisha Khera, Vijay Laxmi Pandit who, with her far sighted vision, highlighted the idea of security and peace, was played by Anvika Juneja. On this day of celebration of the Indian constitution how can we forget the 11 fundamental duties that every citizen of this country strives to fulfil? And so 11 students recited one duty each with joy and conviction in their voices. To end this Assembly, the national song Vande matram, was sung by K Sirisha Sarma, with our National flag waving in the background, making each one of our hearts swell with pride on being a citizen of India.

Luminaire

Luminaire, the annual inter-school competition celebrating the importance of creativity, was held on 11th August to commemorate the birth anniversary of the poet, patriot, philosopher, and seer -Sri Aurobindo. The unforeseen circumstances unique to this year were dealt with beautifully - with a complete relocation of the event to a virtual platform - a seemingly effortless execution. The school-like, peace laden atmosphere that we have all grown to know and love was brought to life once again, every time the lilting voices. of the vocalists rose in prayer and a feeling of reverence pervaded the air. Arte Poetica - the art of poetry - constituted the English event this year. A chance for young voices to ring out and string their words inexplicably to evoke something in the world. Participants were required to compose an original piece of poetry an ode, a ballad, sonnets, free verse -centred on any one of four themes given to them. The themes offered an infinite potential for exploration and poetic limitlessness, each possessing a quality of insight and a philosophical crevice. All contestants offered inimitable value to the occasion with the recitation of their self-composed pieces, artfully weaving a universe of their own. Listeners were but compelled to be drawn into the experience of stylistic deliveries that shone through for the sincerity they exuded. A remarkable panel of judges comprised Dr. Saba Mehmood Bashir (Author, assistant professor at the English department of Jamia Millia Islamia) and Ms. Namita Paul (assistant professor at the English department of Kamala Nehru College, University of Delhi). Keeping in mind the content, creativity, recitation, and overall impact - Amani Sharma of Springdales School was awarded the second position, while Nehal Raj of Amity International secured the first place. The French event hosted this year was 'Raconte moi une histoire' or 'tell me a story'. Each participant was required to narrate a story (a fable, fairy tale, incident, or short story) either self written or taken from any French or Francophone author. Despite the event being held online, the participants contributed with great spirit. Their clear diction and elaborate usage of props and costumes truly left the audience and judges mesmerized. The event was judged by a highly qualified panel comprising Dr. Jaivardhan Singh Rathore and Ms. Mayuri Assudani, who enriched the participants with their valuable insights. After much deliberation, Zaina Fatima of Delhi Public School (Vasant Kunj) and Risha Srinivas of The Mother's International school bagged the first and second prize respectively.

They wove soulful pieces with emotion and drama, and the audience was thrilled by the expressive way in which the stories were narrated. The event was a great success with ten reputed schools from around the city participating in the competition. Nikki Gautam from Birla Vidya Bhavan's Mehta Vidyalaya bagged the first prize and Siyonsa Pandey from Tagore International School, Vasant Vihar won the second prize. For the Sanskrit Declamation Competition, the topic was common for all - 'Building Immunity Through Ayurveda'. The contestants were required to present a speech in Sanskrit which highlighted the importance of the traditional Hindu system of medicine especially during the current pandemic: COVID-19. The four walls did not confine the participants from exhibiting their views and concerns towards the topic which took place with great passion. Their fluency in Sanskrit and how well they presented their thoughts truly left the audience and the judges charmed. The occasion was judged by an extremely professional panel of judges, Dr. Abhay Kumar Sandilya and Dr.Lala Shanker Gayawal, who enriched the participants with their perceptions regarding the topic and how the Sanskrit language is an ancient artwork in itself. After considerable deliberations, Shreeya Pant of Delhi Public School, Vasant Kunj, and Prisha Paliwal of The Mother's International School bugged the first and second positions respectively. The Art and Design event for classes 11 and 12 was judged by a panel consisting of Mr. Sonal Singh and Ms. Shachi Gurani Bharadwaj. All participants were given a time slot of 3 hours to prepare a 3-D model on any of the given themes using only environment friendly material. The models had features such as solar panels along with rain water harvesting systems. Each student designed his or her artwork in an innovative and creative way, coming up with different ideas to substitute air conditioners and heaters to avoid greenhouse emissions. For their presentation, they were to describe how their model would be used practically and the judges were to cross-question them. All students showcased exemplary talent by putting up extraordinary models, each one speaking eloquently with the judges. When the awaited results came, announced by our Principal, Ms. Milan Mala Sarin, Sanat Chaddha, a student from Springdales bagged the second position and our very own Diva Sarvagya secured the first position. This year's rolling trophy was awarded to Delhi Public School, Vasant Kunj, Luminaire of 2020, despite the extraordinary circumstances, was a fulfilling experience for one and all - a much needed gateway to the land of creative bliss.

Shreemayi Nainwal XI-A











International Human Rights Day

A Special Class Assembly was organised by the students of Class XI to mark the significance of the International Human Rights Day on December 10th, on the theme- 'Recover Better- Stand up for Human Rights.' The assembly began with a song, Only the Young, helping transition the theme from last year to this year. This was followed by recitations and a song, urging the audience to strive towards the development of the susceptible groups throughout the world by the means of spreading awareness and the spirit of brotherhood. The videos and the documentaries shed light on the importance of being aware of our human rights, for it is only the names, dates and locations that change but the fact that these rights are frequently violated, remains universal and static. This was followed by a short yet informative quiz covering the various aspects of rights. The students then took a pledge to raise their voice against the violation of others' rights apart from that of their own. Human rights are the rights that we all deserve simply because we're human. They are the basic building blocks of our character. These rights provide us with dignity, respect, equality, without any of which, life would be incomplete. Man can survive only in a society; he created the society for the sustenance of life and remained in it for the sake of a good life. Naturally, every society would require certain rules or laws, that is, rules that ensure that just because one is free to do whatever they want, they do not restrict your ability to be able to do whatever you want to do. Just imagine not being able to say what you want because others do not like it. It would be hard to live a life knowing that someone is constantly watching you and on top of that, can control you as well. There would be no security at all and so we would live under the constant fear of being harmed by others. This is exactly where our rights come in. A large number of governments across the globe commit genocide against their own citizens. Thus, it is not surprising that a need for these basic rights stems from their absence. One of the most horrific events in history, the German Holocaust, that arbitrarily designated human

beings whose lives were unimportant, became the primary reason for the United Nations to adopt its Charter on Human Rights, comprising of 30 articles guaranteeing what was deprived for so long. Over the years the topic of human rights has become increasingly relevant. The notion of universal human rights has been used by the ones oppressed all over the world to oppose certain laws which segregate them and deny them of equal opportunities and rights. The real question, however, is that how can we protect people from violation of their human rights? Is the existing legal system enough to do so? In the 1980's certain new mechanisms known as Public Interest Litigation (PIL) or Social Action Litigation (SAL), developed for the protection of rights of the poor, distressed, exploited and the disadvantaged groups of people. This not only expanded the scope of the rights that the Supreme Court could protect but also enabled the public spirted citizens and the social activists to fight for the protection and enforcement of the human rights of these sections who did not have access to the Courts on their own. Or perhaps it could also be the positive role played by the media in generating public awareness and building up an alert and vigilant public opinion as was done through the media reports regarding the sale of infants by the tribals in Orissa and Andhra Pradesh that acted as eye-openers against violation of human rights. Decades ago, Martin Luther King Jr. talked about a dream; a dream that preached of brotherhood, equality, liberty; that of a new dawn. Every democratic country today, shares this dream to see all its citizens at par, helping them lead the best life possible and making such rights meaningful to all of them. As Eleanor Roosevelt once said, "Where, after all, do universal human rights begin? In small places, close to home - so close and so small that they cannot be seen on any maps of the world... Unless these rights have meaning there, they have little meaning anywhere. Without concerned citizen action to uphold them close to home, we shall look in vain for progress in the larger world."



THE YEAR THAT CHANGED THE WORLD...

The year 2020 has seen unprecedented times, leading to a complete shift in the way the world IS. This shift is giving us an opportunity for accelerated transformation. While we are all evolving in our own ways, during these challenging times, the alumni community stood together as a strong support for one another and the society at large.

With Mother's Blossoms' vision to connect → collaborate → contribute, we reached out to those in need of Covid Relief, Treatment & Hospitalisation. During the year, we also took up EWS Education, Sanskrit Learning, Skill development, Health and Physical Development projects and offered our humble Environment initiatives to the Mother Earth.

We launched the Online Membership Application in April'21 and are also coming up with MB's Community Interactive Portal. It will be an unparalleled platform enabling interactions amongst all alumni, teachers and the school community. Praying for the well-being of all.

Divya Chaudhary, President, Mother's Blossoms

MB COMMUNITY CONTRIBUTES

Bhumi Mangalam - Tree Plantation @ AMVM Kechla







Support for Aashirwad Block Furniture, Herbal Garden

© Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Delhi







Mother's Blossoms connect collaborate contribute

Support for Kitchen, Vocational Training @ Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Delhi





Sponsoring Education for EWS Children



Support Staff Gifts
Our Gesture of Gratitude



Tabs for EWS Children
Enabling Online Education



Open Gym at @ Ramgarh



Sanskrit Workshop for Teachers



Mother's Blossoms connect collaborate contribute

Greenhouse @ Ramgarh, Uttarakhand



Sports' Promotion

@ AMVM, Kechala, Odisha



MB COMMUNITY COLLABORATES

Abhivyakti - Talent Fiesta on School's Birthday, 23rd April 2020





Career Counselling for MIS Children



Mother's Blossoms connect collaborate contribute

Surabhi - Our Publication





Children's Day







Teachers' Day Online Celebrations

MB COMMUNITY CONNECTS

Launch of Online Membership

Coming Soon MB's





Mother's Blossoms connect collaborate contribute

Last night I dreamt I went to MIS again...

I stood in my uniform of white & blue looking up at the school gate, the very gate through which I had walked out a quarter of a century ago. In my mind's eye the vast grounds strewn with courts and buildings look just as how I had left them. I walk past the Hall of Aspiration reverberating with Saraswati Vandana and enter the secondary building, taking pride in my talented classmate's artwork prominently featured by the Principals' Office and continue confidently along the maze of corridors and staircases. Always certain of which



classroom to enter, of which seat to take, the young schoolgirl in my dream looks like she belongs in this labyrinth of grey concrete. I dream often of long-ago school years. In some I am a little girl playing hopscotch or monkeying about on the Jungle Gym, in others I am a teenager buying Chocolate cake at Matri service store. Some nights I fret ruefully over a Math problem, on other nights I am washed with relief at receiving a modest score in Hindi exam. In one dream I see myself aspiring to represent my house in drama, in another, I find myself making a lame excuse so as not to run a lap around the track under a scorching midday sun.





These flashes from yesteryears, rich in tapestry, are reminders of an age of lost innocence. I try to catch my breath running behind the school bus on a foggy winter morning; I whisper secrets and giggle with my best friend, I plot an escape from a long-drawn-out special assembly at the Ashram; I am wrestling classmates over a portion of Chole-kulche in the canteen, I resign after failing to keep pace with the lightning speed at which History lecture is being delivered, I tumble down a big slide, I bounce around in an open truck on Madhya Pradesh's bumpy roads on a school trip.

I see many faces in my dreams— of teachers and of students. Some of whom have remained my confidante till date, some whose faces I immediately recognise from fading memory, and some only vaguely familiar through the web of time; and yet they are all inherently connected to me, by our shared past, accompanying me on my journey through bitter-sweet firsts. This is where I learnt lessons in friendship, where I had my first crush, where I first learnt to celebrate successes however small, where I had my heart broken for the first time, where I learnt to be adventurous and go out to face the world.

The alarm on the bed side rings... I wake up poignant from re-living the exuberance of youth.

Anwesha Dutta, Batch of 1996

Teachers Felicitated 2020-2021

Ms. Pramiti Chatterjee receiving the Shri Jaya Bhadra Choudhury Award for excellence in primary education





Ms. Reema Marwah
receiving the Shri Mani Pillay Award
for exemplary devotion to duty

Ms. Ruchi Phulli receiving the Shri Mani Pillay Award for exemplary devotion to duty





Our Dearest

M Magnetic Member,

E Empathetic,

E Exuberant,

R Radiant,

A Affectionate and Loving

Friend, Rest in Peace!

Dearest Meera,

Thank you for always guiding me to be on the right track of being self -confident and be fearless to fulfil and follow my passion in life! I will always preserve all the fond memories that we had in Class I D along with Nisha and Saraswati during the lunch break. Those moments are truly invaluable for me!

You were in deep pain and yet did not want anyone to know about it as YOU did not like to put stress on others. You even forbid your close friends to share about your physical state. Now, Your Soul is liberated from all the sufferings. May we always remember your qualities and learn to be like you.

Meera, we have lost you only physically but I will always remember you and celebrate your liveliness, your enthralling way of telling stories in the assembly. I will cherish our true friendship all my life!

Love and Regards

Namrata Prasad

I met Meera when I joined school in 1997. We were both teaching class I. Initially I was a bit hesitant in approaching her but as I got to know her, I found her to be the most genuine straight forward and authentic person I had ever known. A very caring person who cared a lot for the children, the underprivileged, animals and the environment. I also remember her as one who would always keep conversations full of humour and had us in splits.

My respect for her grew over the years as I saw her passion and affection towards our students. She loved story-telling and her story sessions in the morning assembly delighted both adults and children alike. Her students respected and loved her and never forgot her even when they reached senior school. On teachers day she had these groups of seniors hanging around outside her class with flowers to give do their favourite teacherand she LOVED it(ateacher's GREATEST REWARD).

Will miss you Meera, hope you are still spreading laughter wherever you are. Thanks for being a part of my life.

Charu Bandhu

My association with Meera ma'am goes long back to my childhood as my mother's colleague and friend. She would come for my younger sister's birthday party with her two cute daughters. Years later, I had the good fortune to come back to my school as a teacher for Class 1 to be guided and mentored by Meera ma'am. She was a fantastic orator and her story telling sessions were mesmerizing. I have learnt so much from Meera ma'am in all the years that she was here in the school. I felt blessed when she became my son's class teacher in Class 1-D. She gave so much

affection, love and values to him with so much patience. I have learnt and grown watching her in terms of teaching, handling children, developing their personalities and making them inquisitive learners. In my memory, the Annual Day performance of class 1 children using handmade sunflowers is so vivid. The whole concept of the prop and the exercises using them were Meera ma'am's idea. This show was appreciated by one and all. She was so creative in her ways of teaching that each child enjoyed and loved being in her class. I have such fond memories of Meera ma'am that will always stay with me make me smile. I wish her happiness and peace wherever she is.

Shivani Khazanchi

I first met Meera ma'am in March 2003 when I joined MIS as the Class teacher of 1 C. She was the class teacher of Class I D. As co-teachers of class 1 for five years, we planned many events together. During this period, I got a chance to know her better and learnt a lot from her. An excellent orator and full of wonderful ideas, Meera ma'am was always there to help and guide me. She was an amazing story teller too. I still remember how the entire Primary Wing, including the teachers, would look forward to the days when

she narrated a story during the morning assembly. It was a sheer delight! Ma'am loved dogs too and had a wonderful collection of books on dogs which she often shared with me.

Meera ma'am's classroom was right in front of my classroom. During break time, I would often see the senior children, her ex-students, running down to meet their favourite maa'm!

Some people spend a short time in this world but their fragrance lingers on forever. Meera ma'am was definitely such a person.

Jyotika R Singh

A mere mention of her name and I still feel a lump in my throat. My heart says she is here only, some here nearby. But reality hits hard and I know she is gone. Since I joined the MIS Family in 1997, she was a consistent mentor for me and a role model to the students. She was the avid gardener who nurtured so many lives, including mine and gave us so many beautiful moments. Candid, outspoken and flamboyant, she was way ahead in her thinking. While her fragrance lingers in my life, and I am going to cherish her for the rest of my life.

Miss you by loads Meera Ma'am...

Nisha Gupta



4 April

Talent Fiesta

The Foundation Day of our school is a very special day in our school calendar, as it was on this day, our school was ordained to be established, and go on to reach great heights...

This year, amidst the nationwide lockdown, the celebrations took a new turn. Activities were conceptualized and shared with the students through emails. Links to videos, specially prepared for the occasion were also shared to keep the memory of the 'Happy Days' alive.

Using their creativity and imagination, while following the instructions received online, students came up with their creations. Later, they shared pictures of their 'objet d'art' with the class teacher.





Rabindra Jayanti

Rabindra Jayanti or the birth anniversary of 'The Bard of Bengal', Rabindranath Tagore is observed on the 25th day of the month of Baisakh.

Therefore, May 9, was the day we celebrated his 157th birth anniversary in our school. To begin with, the class teachers narrated one of the well-loved children's stories written by the poet and then briefed them about the life and times of the bard. A short biopic was shown to the children which ended with the children lending voice to the rendition of 'Jodi tor daaksune....' a patriotic song written by Gurudev.



ID-UL FITR

Id Ul Fitr is a festival which is celebrated throughout the country to rejoice health and fortitude.

To celebrate the spirit of brotherhood as signified by the festival, a special online session was organized by the teachers. In the session, videos were shown to help the students understand the essence of the celebration as also the customs and traditions around the festival. Students of the Islamic faith were asked to share with the class how they planned to celebrate Eid amidst the lockdown.

Maths Day

Maths Day is celebrated every year to create an awareness of the presence of Math in our everyday life. Whether using measurements in a recipe or deciding the next move in a game, we use math at all times. It is therefore imperative for the teachers to use real-world examples to kindle a spark of practical interest in the students.

This year, Math Day was celebrated for two consecutive days on July 9 and 10. The subject teachers and the activity teachers of Primary Section got together and worked in coordination to integrate Math with languages, art, dance, music, physical education, craft, drama and computers. A treasure trove of well—conceived activities including songs, stories, puzzles and hands—on activities were devised and





conducted online to enthuse the children and ignite in them a lifelong interest in Mathematics.

English Poetry Festival (Classes 3, 4 And 5)

English Poetry Festival was celebrated for three consecutive days from July 21, 2020 to July 23, 2020. The event began with an offering of a colourful bouquet of poems by the students of Classes 4 and 5.

For the first time, children presented their poems for this literary event on a virtual platform. Donning

vibrant costumes and props, the children recited their lines with great enthusiasm and confidence.



8 August

Patriotic Songs Festival

The Primary Section celebrated its Shri Surendranath Jauhar Faquir Patriotic Festival on August 13. It was held on a virtual platform, nonetheless it exhibited patriotic fervour in its true spirit. The festival began with children reciting excerpts from Sri Aurobindo while highlighting passages from Chachaji's life. The festival included 'desh bhakti' songs, two poems and a beautifully choreographed dance set to a soul stirring and

inspiring song. The participants exuded confidence and invoked strong patriotic fervour in the audience. The programme ended with an equally charged 'VandeMataram' our National Song and set the spirit for the celebration of Independence Day.

Independence Day Celebrations (Class 3)

On the occasion of Swatantra Divas, activities were planned for the students of class 3, with the objective to build an awareness on the significance of August 15 among the students;

 हमारे स्वतंत्रता सेनानी — भारत की स्वतंत्रता में योगदान देने वाले लोगों जैसे मंगल पाण्डेय, श्री अरविंद आदि के विषय में बोलना।



The children were asked to dress up as a freedom fighter and speak about any one of the leaders or participate in poster making with a slogan.

Vasant Valley Drama Festival

The Vasant Valley Drama Festival is an annual event in which The Mother's International School participates every year. The festival was held on virtual platform and the theme for this year was 'Rumours'.

The students of our school performed a Hindi play 'Senapati ki Jai' based on a popular folk tale.

The children who participated in the play worked very hard to overcome the challenges of performing in the virtual platform. They created beautiful backgrounds for the scenes and enacted their roles enthusiastically.



It was a great learning experience for the children as well as the teachers. At the end, there was a question and answers round with the audience. The children interacted confidently and gave excellent answers. They were widely appreciated for their performance.

Hindi Day

This year Hindi Day was celebrated on August 27 and 28, with a lot of enthusiasm. On this day all the subjects were integrated with Hindi so that children could explore the wonders of the language. Children discovered during the class discussions how deeply embedded this language is in our culture. They watched videos,



listened to stories, spoke in the language and applied the language skills to speaking and writing activities.

To enhance their vocabulary children were asked to solve story problems in Hindi, learnt the names of things around them that they knew in English, in Hindi too. While using their creativity and imagination in oral communication, children realized the true essence of the national language.

Janmashtami Celebrations (Class 2)

Janmashtami celebrations on August 11, began with the rendition of the soulful bhajan 'Achyutam Keshavam' which was followed by the children sharing the various names used to address 'Lord Krishna'. Videos on the 'leelas' of Lord Krishna brought to light the important lessons of life and the values that we need to inculcate in order to lead a harmonious and fulfilling life.



9 Peptember

Hindi Diwas (Classes 3, 4 and 5)

Hindi Diwas was celebrated in the Primary Wing for three consecutive days, on Sept 14, 15, 16. The Poetry Festival held on the occasion commenced with a power-point presentation prepared by the students of class 5, following which the teachers shared important facts around the celebration.

The students of Classes 3 and 4 recited poems based on nature, while the students of Class 5 recited Dohas. The Dohas were set to music by the students, in an interesting twist and enjoyed by all.











11 November

Diwali Celebrations (Classes 1 and 2)

The virtual Diwali Assembly by Classes 1 and 2 saw mass participation by the children. Presented on November 12, it started with Ram Leela, showing Shree Ram going into exile and finally emerging victorious after killing Ravana in a war.

The Ram Leela further depicted Shree Ram bringing back Sita to Ayodhya on Diwali night. Children danced to a Diwali song holding diyas, emoting the joy that filled the hearts of the people of Ayodhya on witnessing the return of their Lord. The entire programme was narrated in a prose by the children, with eye catching graphics and special effects.



Children's Day

Mother's Blossoms, the alumni association of the School, organised a special programme on Wednesday, November 11 for the students of the school on the occasion of Children's Day.

A puppet show was arranged for the students of Classes 1 to 4. The show was followed by a puppet making workshop in which the children learnt to make a hand puppet using recyclable materials lying at home.

Guru Purab (Class 5)

The Special Assembly put up by the students of Class 5 on Nov 26, on the occasion of Guru Nanak Jayanti reminded all that love and peace exists within and it is to be shared with everyone. Guru Nanak Devji's teachings based on 'Ek Onkar' or presence of one God, sharing what we have with the less fortunate, making an honest living and contemplating upon God's name, were beautifully highlighted by the students through singing of 'shabad', recitations, computer presentation, play, graceful dance movements and artwork.

The devotion and the involvement with which the programme was presented, left everyone with moments of quietude and peace.



12 December

Grandparent's Day - Class 2

Grandparent's Day was observed by Class 2 on December 2, to celebrate the special bond shared between grandparents and their grandchildren.

The programme started with the rendering of famous bhajans by the grandparents followed by a few Brain Gym exercises.

A quiz was conducted to check on how much the students really knew about their grandparents, while the virtual 'Antakshari' provided a platform for the grandparents to showcase their talent, as they happily sang the



golden era songs and then, shared some life lessons with everyone.

The day was a memorable one for the grandparents who left with pleasant memories and loads of appreciation for the school.

Mahasamadhi Day

"To express our gratitude to Sri Aurobindo we can do nothing better than to be a living demonstration of his teaching"

- The Mother

The students and teachers of the school paid homage to Sri Aurobindo on December 5, the Mahasamadhi Day of the seer, through a Special Assembly presented virtually.

The presentation of a slide share on his life, interspersed with soulful bhajans and recitations

made for an austere start to the day as the students and staff of MIS gathered virtually to seek inspiration from the life and work of the great Rishi.



VVEAVES, Vasant Valley

VVEAVES, which is an inter-school festival to celebrate cross-curricular learning, is organized by Vasant Valley School every year. This year the festival in its 7th edition was a virtual one and was hosted on Friday 11th and Saturday, 12th December, 2020.

VVeaves brought together students of Class 4 from different schools of the NCR to explore a common theme integrated across subject domains. Subject experts guided the children through the process. 'Winds of Change' was the theme for this year's festival.

Vveaves was designed to help the children understand and build the skills needed to be able to conduct a workshop. The skills focused on were collaboration, communication, use of technology as well as the creative ability to come up with original ideas and execute the idea.

Interschool English Literary Festival

Birla Vidya Niketan organised an online Interschool English literary festival on December 7, for the children of Classes 3, 4and 5. There were three different activities for each of the classes. Sixteen schools from Delhi had participated in the event.

Aavyanshi Rajan of Class 3 A represented MIS in 'Be Aware- Enactment'. The children in this category were judged on presentation, originality, creativity, props used and costume.

Trisha Dutt Pant of Class 4 E represented MIS in 'Jing Along'. The children in this activity were

judged on clarity of speech, content and voice modulation.



Tara Sen of Class 5 A represented MIS in 'Twist it a Bit'. The children were judged on presentation, creativity, innovation, use of tools and storyline.

Aavyanshi Rajan won the second prize in her category

Pre School Sports Day

Pre-School celebrated Sports Day virtually on December 14 and 18, 2021. The event started with 'Adoration' music and a power-point presentation on fitness and sportsmanship, followed by a virtual tour of the school campus.

Guided Brain Gym exercises and mass PT were organised in which the parents and their wards participated enthusiastically before the start of the races. The event culminated with a 'Move and Freeze' dance and left the parents and the little ones energized and uplifted.



Project Day, Class 2

The virtual Project Day of Class 2 was conducted on December 18, 2020. The theme for this year's Project Day was 'Shapes' and was named 'Aakar Prakaar'.

An array of activities including Yogasanas and description of interesting shapes and patterns seen around, brought to light the visible regularities of form found in nature and drove home the fact that Nature also likes to stay in order.

Students engaged the audience in games involving shapes, such as, Geoboard, Tangram, Shapes Sudoku, Doodling Around Shapes and Complete the Patterns.

The program ended with a Storigami, where the presenter folded an origami hat while narrating a story revolving around it. The hat, became a souvenir for the memorable event.

The confidence with which the students explained their projects and interacted with the parents was commendable and appreciated by all.





Christmas Special Assembly

Christmas is the time of the year when the whole world is filled with the spirit of peace, goodwill and love. To keep this spirit alive, the students of Class 4 put up a virtual Christmas Assembly, on December 24, 2020. The echoes of Christmas carols and hymns sung melodiously by the choir ushered in the festive season. The students presented a 'Silhouette Play' based on Tolstoy's short story, which served as a reminder of the true spirit of Christmas.

Insightful recitations with the Mother's explanation of why Christmas has been celebrated as the 'Day of Light', musical presentations, nativity dance in contemporary ballet style and a song in which students explored what each letter of the word C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S stands for, emphasized, that Christmas is more than just cards and presents. The skit brought forth the true meaning of the Yuletide Spirit which lay in the joy of giving and helping those who are less fortunate.

The children were filled with joy and excitement as Santa was seen in the school campus dancing to the tune of Jingle Bells.

The message of the assembly was loud and clear—Let us embrace the spirit of Christmas and celebrate the Light, as Mother says, by bringing joy and happiness into everyone's life.



English Poetry Festival

The little children of Class 1 participated in the English Poetry Festival, held on December 11, the theme for which was animals. Children entered the virtual classroom dressed up as the animal in their poem and held a prop too. Each child recited a poem on his/her favourite animal with a lot of zeal. The poems took the listeners into the fascinating world of the denizens of the wild.



01 January 2021

English Day

The English Day was celebrated in the Primary Wing on the 19 and 20 of January with immense zeal and enthusiasm. All subjects were thoughtfully integrated with English. It encompassed activities ranging from reading stories to solving jigsaw puzzles and even making home-made pizzas, by following the given directions. Learning in a fun way, helped engage children in diverse activities, be it listening to stories in English and answering in Hindi



or even reading stories by Indian authors and writing stories by picking up the Indian ethos. Even the activities done in Yoga, Dance and Craft helped integrate English, be it choreographing their own dance moves to Shri Rabindranath Tagore's 'Where the mind is without fear' or simply doing asanas, to 'Row, row, row your boat'. In a nutshell, the day helped, children to understand that language is but a tool which can be used to unify learning, in an interesting way.

Republic Day Celebrations

The Republic Day special assembly which was held virtually on Jan 25, began with the children of Class 5 explaining the significance of the day, our constitution came into effect and sharing facts about the leaders and prominent people who were a part of the drafting committee of our constitution. The symbolism inherent in the colours of our tricolour flag was beautifully depicted through the events which followed. The drill display, the yogasanas on 'Matri Vandanama' and the vibrant bhangra moves depicting the aspiration for courage, peace and vitality were creatively woven into the program which drew to a close with 'Vande Mataram'.



02 February 2021

Shri Whiz

The Shri Ram School, Vasant Vihar hosted Shri Wiz, a collaborative technology festival on February 1, 2021. This year the event was themed around 'Stand for What You Stand On!' During the three-day event, 'envirowizards' of various schools from across the globe collaboratively used their ICT skills, to create projects targeted at generating awareness towards environmental issues. It was a non-competitive event, with the objective to enable the students to interact and share skills with their peers from different schools. The skills included designing and book publishing, video editing and coding.

Three students from the Primary were selected to represent MIS.

It was a new learning experience, both for the students as well as the teachers.



English Poetry Festival (Class 2)

Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty in words. It allows children to paint sketches of their lives and surroundings using metaphors, imagery, and symbolic language.

Taking lead from the above thought, the English Poetry Festival was organised for the children of Class II on February 4, 2021. The children recited different poems with great zeal and enthusiasm.

They also used props and virtual background to support the theme for their poem. Few of the students recited their self-composed poems. It was an enriching experience for the children, as they enjoyed reciting as well as listening to their friends' poem.









Devotional Songs Festival

The Mother guides us, showers us with immense love and always walks beside us in this journey we call life.

The Devotional Songs Festival was held on February 20, to celebrate the Mother's birthday. The Festival began with a prayer followed by recitations that were about Her from the time She was a little girl till She reached Puducherry and made it her home, where, She worked ceaselessly along with Sri Aurobindo. The songs were beautiful renditions in ode to the Mother and how inner awakening is what leads us to find the Divine within.

The culmination to this soothing Festival was the dance performance on a prayer by the Mother. The young dancers brought each word to life through the powerful expression of movement.





Intergrated Project Day - Class 1

With great fervour, Class 1 celebrated its Integrated Project Day on February 10, 2021. This year the theme for the Project Day was "A Rendezvous with Animals".

The day started with yoga postures and was followed by individual presentations by the children.

They took part in a wide range of activities which included storytelling, sudoku, poems, quiz, presentations on endangered animals, camouflage and many more.

The children were exuberant and spoke with clarity and confidence, leaving the audience with a sense of amusement and pride.



Sports Week

Primary Wing celebrated Sports Week from March 10 to March 16. Students of Classes 3 to 5 participated in the events held during the week.

The activities that were conceived, were in keeping with Sri Aurobindo's and the Mother's principles on Physical Education. The day started with silent meditation, followed by brain gym, basics of Zumba and ended with fun games.

EVS Day

The onset of spring brings us lot of joy. Environmental Science is all about exploring and respecting the wonders of nature. To celebrate the EVS Day on March 15 and 16, integrated activities were planned out at every level which aimed at making learning fun for the children.

Class 5 students made use of natural colours (from turmeric and beetroot) to prepare 'gulal' for Holi and created patterns on cloth applying 'tie and dye' technique. Language integration included learning new words related to the spring season as part of vocabulary development in Hindi and writing poems on the theme 'colours of spring' in English. Students explored symmetry in nature in the Maths period.

Class 4 students learnt the basic techniques of 'Ikebana' (a meditative art form of flower arrangement) and in other subjects too, elements from nature were incorporated making the entire exercise holistic.

Class 3 organized their celebrations around the 'Home Sweet Home' theme. Interesting hands-on activities included making a house using a shoe box and pencil puppets.

Class 2 had 'Habitat' as their central theme. Through a story all the subjects were integrated and the day culminated with beautiful art work by children.

Class 1 got the students to explore different materials that are found around them.

The EVS Day gave the students of the Primary Wing an opportunity to learn something more about their environment in a fun-filled and exciting manner.

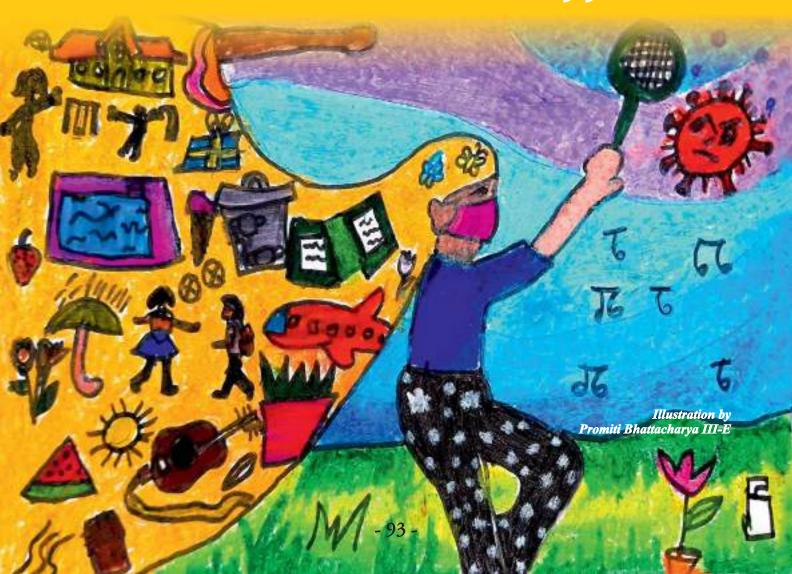




Primary Section

Lord, give me perfect sincerity, that sincerity which will lead me straight to Thee.

- The Mother







THE YEAR GONE BY!

Preschool and Pre-Primary spread their wings!

As we welcomed the little ones into our MIS family, they brought with them in abundance the gifts of love and hope. Spreading sunshine, joy and laughter, they won our hearts and rejuvenated our spirits.

In July, the youngest in our school began their virtual journey with the Mother's blessings. Adapting and embracing the online medium, the Preschool and Pre - Primary children surprised us all with their enthusiasm and energetic participation.

Every day was a new beginning, an adventure and a reason to explore and learn. Learning through play, sensorial explorations, stories, Montessori activities, music, yoga, games, drawing, sculpting, flameless cooking, art and craft were just a few tools of exploration that the children worked with. Hands-on activities, life skills, creative expressions and experiences dotted and sparkled their learning trajectory. Methodology workshop and parent- teacher interactions were organized through the year.

Festivals and celebrations took on a whole new fervor. Festivities brought forth their hidden talents and the little ones enthralled all with their performances. They dressed up, sang and danced enthusiastically, embracing the uniqueness and rich diversity of our nation. From Janamashtmi to Christmas, the children joyously celebrated all. Class Presentations, Show and Tell, and storytelling were other occasions when children showcased their speaking skills and creativity. The integrated learning through various projects, hands-on activities and art kept them excited and happy. The academic year also saw the little ones being introduced to English Day, Math Day, Hindi Day, EVS Day, Circle Time sessions and reflective sharing that enriched and enhanced the year gone by.

The magic of staying fit, healthy and strong in both mind and body was aptly brought into focus during the online Sports Day. The little ones thoroughly enjoyed participating in the races, actively played the games and were wonderful during the mass drill. They loved working and participating with their parents on the occasion.

The year flew by as the children blossomed and grew. They filled us with immense pride and joy in our journey together.

CREATIVE WRITINGS

I had a Dream...

One night I saw some dinosaurs on our earth. There was one baby dinosaur. It was so cute. I gave some food to baby dinosaur and we became good friends. Later, I saw baby dinosaur was getting bigger and bigger. Then baby dinosaur and baby dragon had fight competition. In the end the baby dinosaur won the competition.

Praveer Sejwal, I-B

I had a dream that all my cars and monster trucks came alive. They were parked outside my house. I sat in my favourite car Bugatti Veyron and went for a drive.

AvyaanWadhera, I-B

One night I dreamt that the virus had gone and I went to the play ground with my dad. There I enjoyed riding my bicycle and looking at the flowers around me.

Shomilli Nandi, I-B

If I had a magic wand...

... I would have made corona virus disappear. If I had a magic wand I would have made all of the dry flowers bloom. If I had a magic wand I would made lot of paper so the tress are not cut down.

Namasya Gupta, I-D

... I would like to change bad person to good person. I would give money to the poor people. I would gift trees to my earth.

Vihaan Pravin Jagtap, I-D

... I would do magic with it. I would turn myself into a fairy. Then I would fly around the city and help people.

Ananyaa Kapoor, I-D

... I will make corona go away and go and meet all my friends. I will fly to school then. I will ask the wand to give me more dolls and a big doll house. I will also keep a unicorn as a pet.

Tisha Mehra, I-D

My Flying Bag...

If my bag had wings. I would tie it with a rope and bring it with me to School. If I left my bag at home I could call it, So it would fly and come to me.

Akshar Agarwal, I-A

IfI was...

... a magician I would fly in sky and meet with all birds and talk to them. I also go to other planet and have fun.

Aditya Kataria, I-C

... Minnie Mouse, I would play hide and seek with Daisy the whole day. I would sing the welcome song for all those who come to my house. Mickey would bring rose flower for me. I would give high five to ma'am and all my friends for their good work.

Araina Goswami, I-C

... a flower, I smell very good. People use me to decorate their party and offer me to God.

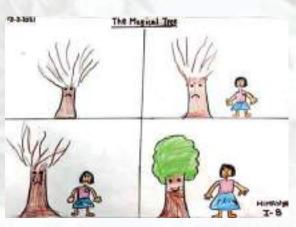
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Taisha Pewal, I-C

STORIESS

The Magical Tree

Once there was a magical tree because it can't talk. The tree was sad because the tree do not have any leaf. One sunny day a girl came to sit under the tree and asked. Why are you sad. Tree said I do not have any leaf. The girl was sad. She was crying. Her tears fall on the tree. After some time the leaves came on the tree. The tree was very happy.



Himanyaa Rohilla, I-B





Friends Forever

Once upon a time, there were two friends- Mini the butterfly and Cheenu the lady bug. One day, they went to the park. Cheenu fell from the slide and got hurt. Mini helped Cheenu reach home. They remained friends forever.

Vandita, I-A

Visit to the Park

One day Lily and her brother went to the park with their dad. In the park, lily saw the dog. His tail goes wag! wag! wag! Suddenly the clouds rumble loudly. ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! Then, dad said lets go home, anytime it will rain. But Lily and her brother wanted to play in the rain. Playing in the rain made Lily and her brother very happy. They both had lots of fun. In the end, they go home happy.



Hemakshi Gupta, I-C

My Dream'

One day I got up to find that world had turned upside down. I got up to find that sun was raining and clouds were shining. I saw animals were flying in the sky and fish were dancing on the ground. All the people were living in the forest and animals were living in the houses. Oh it was a dream.

Anmay Garg, I-D



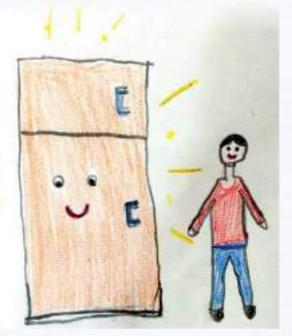




Magical Fridge

One Day John and his Mother went to the market. He bought lettuce, Tomatoes and carrots. When he reached home he kept the vegetables in the fridge. Later he opened the fridge's door and ate the cooked vegetables. It was a magical fridge. The vegetables cooked themselves magically.

Ayaansh Singh, I-E



Magical Man

One day a king was going to forest sitting on his horse. After sometime a dragon come in flying and killed the horse. Later horse died and king got hurt. Then Magical man came flying broom. He take out his magical broom and say a mantra. ABRA KA DABRA. Then the horse got alive. In the end king thanked the magical man and gave ten lakh rupees.

Aarav Gupta I-E



DROGO MAKES A MISTAKE

Drogo was a little dragon who lived in the ocean water near an island. One day Drogo was very hungry. In search of food, Drogo reached near a light house which was made up of wood and straw. Drogo went inside the light house to find out some food to eat. But no food was available inside the light house. So, in last, Drogo started to eat everything which was available in that light house. Drogo was so voracious that he ate the whole light house and trees nearby. After sometime he has stomach ache and felt uneasiness. So he laid down under the ocean water. Few small fish came around him and asked about his wellness. He replied, "please leave me alone. This all due to my mistake. O God! forgive me. I will never do it again."



Anvita Dwivedi, II-B

Drogo was a little dragon who lived in the ocean near an island. He was very intelligent and strong. One day he thought of making fun by teasing some of his friends. The next day he set off up the hill to meet his friends. All his friends were thrilled to see him there. Then he took off all of them far from the ocean . He had no idea that he would meet a monster on his way. The monster was very scary and powerful. He trapped all of them in a metal cage. They got very scared. Drogo realized that we should not trick anyone at the cost of someone's life.

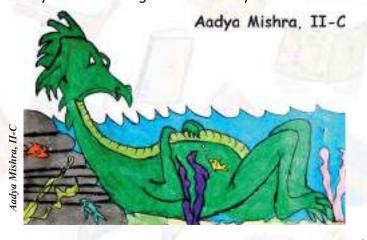
Aditya Bhandari, II-D

Drogo was a very cranky Dragon. He used to cry at small-small things. So all of his friends teased Drogo. They ate all his food and gave him the leftover. One day Drogo was very sad and he ran away. He reached an unknown place and lost his way back. He was very hungry. He saw a hut. Drogo thought that the golden straw on the roof of the hut looked very tasty. He took a big bite of the roof. But he didn't notice that the straw had lots of dust and twig. He got a bad stomach ache and he started to cry. He was now missing his mom , dad and little sister. He realised his mistake. Drogo shouldnot have run away without telling his mom and dad. He wished they were here. And his wish came true. His family and friends had come looking for him. His parents hugged him and his friends said "We love you Drogo and we are extremely sorry!"

They all went home happily.

Aarya Malhotra, II-D

Drogo was a little Dragon who lived in the ocean waters near an island. He was green colour and very large in size. His staple diet was fish. He got bored by eating fish. So, he decided that he would eat something other and fish. Suddenly, he found a house near the ocean. The roof of the house was made from hay. He thought that he should try hay. Drogo took abigbite of a hay. It was good in taste. Now Drogo decided to go home. When he reached home, his stomach started aching. He felt like a ball was bouncing inside his tummy. The stomach ache kept increasing. Now it was out of control. He decided to visit Dr Hegwig. The doctor asked him several questions about what he had eaten previously. Drogo told the doctor that he had eaten a group of sharks, some jellyfishes, a big whale and hay. "Hay!! The doctor asked "Don't you know that Dragons are allergic to hay?" "Ummm.... I did not know about that doctor" said Drogo." A dragon must never eat hay. "Yes I will never eat here ever again". Said Drogo. From that day onwards Drogo never ate hay.





Drogo was a little dragon who lived in the ocean waters near an island with his friends Sily and Silly. Every evening they met on the beach where they discussed what all had happened in the day. Drogo was very lazy but his friends were very active. One day they decided to go for picnic. His friends came to his house as per the plan but found him sleeping and went away. When he got up he realized his friends had left him and gone. He also felt very hungry and looked around for something to eat. Finally, he saw a thatched hat and had a bite of the hay on the roof. But when he realized he had destroyed the shelter of some people, he felt very bad. As he sat and repented his action, his friends came back from the picnic. When he told them everything, they decided to repair the roof. When the roof was finally repaired everyone was happy.

The moral of the story is - Think before you act.

Ayon Singh, II-A

Drogo was a little dragon who lived in the ocean waters near an island. Drogo was friends with some fishes. Drogo and the fishes would play everyday. There were some fishermen living on the island. The fishermen came to catch fish. One day Drogo was angry because they use to catch his friends who were fishes. So he decided to destroy their huts wich were on the beach. But when he saw fishermen suffering he realised he had made a big mistake.

Yasha Singh, II-E

WEAVE A STORY

Mystery at the Tomb

Once upon a time there were so many animals lived together, like Golu the bear, Tippy the giraffe, Fluffy the rabbit, eagle, worm, etc. All the animals were looking for food themselves. One day an eagle was flying in the sky and he saw some worms crawling on the tree. Eagle was very hungry. He came and take one worm and fly away. Golu the bear feeling very hungry and he saw a honeycomb on the tree. Golu was very excited. But the honeycomb is very high. Then Tippy the Giraffe came there. He saw the Golubear, he was very sad. The giraffe started eating the leaves of that tree on which the honeycomb hanging. So that the honeycomb camedown and Golu the bear drank the honeycomb and emptied all the honeycomb. Fluffy the rabbit is very naughty. He go to the fields where carrots are grown and brings carrot from there for his dinner. In this way all the animals eat there own food and live happily in the jungle.

Moral of the story: God gives food to all.

Saanvi Bhardwaj, II-B





One day I went to Sundar Nursery with my grandmother at night. We went to a tomb for a long walk. There I saw some kind of a white thing in the air. I told my grandmother about it. So, she took a lamp and tried to see in the dark, but there was nothing in the air. She called a detective to find out about the white thing. The detective saw a bright yellow flower in the middle of the tomb. He followed the flower and opened a mysterious door with a big key. Inside there was a ghost. It was red, black, pink, silver and purple. He saw a basket wrapped in a cloth under the ghost. There was a lamp under the basket. The detective removed the cloth and inside was my missing doll. I was so surprised and happy to see her. My grandmother and I thanked the detective and he said to me that there are no ghosts in the world. It was my mommy and daddy who had hidden my doll in the tomb. Shoumili, II-A

Magical Lamp

One day my mother asked me to get some cloves. I went to a forest which was magical. In the forest I found a red key. Suddenly I saw a castle. Its door was closed. I opened the door with the red key. There was a talking dog inside which had been captured by a witch. I freed the dog and it became my friend. It took me home and became my pet forever.

Paridhi Joshi, II-B



One day my grandmother went to the forest. She found a mysterious red lamp. She rubbed the lamp and genie jumped out of it. Genie showed her two magical keys. One key was of money and the other of happiness. Genie asked her to take only one key. She took the key of happiness.

Moral: Happiness is more important than money.

Pratham Gulati, II-B



Chamku's Vacation

One day Chamku landed on the Earth. Then he saw the beach ,he took out his beach chair and put on slices of cucumber and his face pack. Then for two hours he lay on his chair. Someone was doing Malish for him. He toom some coconut water. He liked the vacation. He decided to stay for his entire life on Earth.

Nayantara Rajaram, II-D

In 2021 Chamku decided to spend his vacations on Earth. One day he jumped on his spaceship and flew to Earth. He landed on a beach which has a beautiful sandcastle. He thought it will be fun to spend my holidays in a mysterious sandcastle. He knocked on the castle door and was greeted by a young princess. The princess lived with her grandmother. They welcomed Chamku to their castle and gave him a keyand a lamp for his room. Chamku enjoyed his vacation staying in his room and the white beach.

Dviti Jain, II-D

Shekhar's Dream

On the night before my sister's birthday, I had a dream that I was flying! I was flying so high that I was over the clouds. When I was flying I saw a mysterious castle I flew to the castle. I opened the door of the castle, I was surprised! There were mirrors, pencils, eraser, stationary boxes and even candies! I took some of the things and

got out of the castle. I flew back to my home. Just then my mom woke me up. She said "good morning Eshanya. It's your sister's birthday! Then I quickly got up and said "Happy Birthday didi"! She said "Thankyou Eshanya."

Eshanya Mishra, II-E

One day Shekhar took money from his mother and went to a shop to buy some candies. He wanted to gift these candies to his cousin Alex for his birthday. He

gave shopkeepr the money and bought 6 candies. Then he went back home ate his dinner and tucked himself in his bed and went to sleep. Next morning when he got up, he wanted to go inside his dream which he saw in the night he had an idea he requested his mother for some money and went to an ancient shop with his sister. Shekhar knocked at the door and a old man opened the door. He asked who are you, what do you

want? Shekhar replied I want to go inside my dream

and for that I need an ancient puzzle box. The old man gave him the box and warned him to be careful with it. Shekhar said thank you and went home. Shekhar told his mother about the puzzle box and his dream. His mother told him to take sister into his dreams. Shekhar said ok lets go sis! They chanted the mantra and opened the puzzle box and whoosh, they were inside Shekhar dream. Shekhar siad fantastic. They saw many rainbows, a big farm with animals, blue sky and lots of flowers. Shekhar's sister found a magic wand at the bottom of the rainbow. Both of them played together and had lots of fun. Shekhar also found a super uniform near the wand. Shekhar's sister called a magical unicorn. Both of them flew together home, this was the best dream ever!

Anvi Dugar, II-E

DREAMLAND A story of a... Spaceship

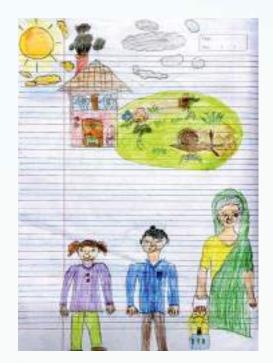


One day as usual me and my littel brother Mohan were sleeping under the stars. But suddenly Mohan told me I want to go to space and I want a ride in a spaceship. But how will we get a spaceship? Mohan said we can make one. Ok we can make it with cardboard, glass and some other things. Yes !!! So we made a big spaceship and we count down from 10 ... 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 10 WOOOHOOO and we were soon in space. We played for a while it was getting late so we happily went home.

Aradhana Venkata Mandapaka, II-B

Visit to Castle

This is a story of two kids. They lived in a house with a garden. One day they were playing in the garden. They were jumping around and were enjoying a lot. They played with their own shadows. While playing, they stumbled upon a shell that was moving. They had never seen such a thing before and it seemed very mysterious to them. Being unable to understand what it was, they decided to call their grandmother. As it had turned dark outside, they requested their grandmother to bring the lamp along with. She said "The lamp is in my almirah". She opened the almirah with the key and too out the lamp. When they had a close look at the mysterious moving shell, the grandmother told them "There is nothing mysterious about it! It is a snail in its shell." So, the grandmother solved the mystery. The kids were so happy to learn about a new creature.



Aryaman Jagdevan, II-D

One sunny day me and my family was going on a picnic on a castle. When we reached the castle, it was beautiful from outside. I ate my food as fast as I could eat. After eating the food I wanted to go inside the castle but the guards didn't allow. There was a window in the castle. I climbed up the castle and got inside the windows. I saw lots of gold. I clicked some pictures of gold and crowns. I had fun clicking pictures. It was time to go home and I came back down and showed the pictures to my mom and dad. They said WOW to me. Then we went home and whispered I love the castle.

Aradhya Gupta, II-C

Mysterious Shadows

One day after coming home from park I found there was no electricity. I took the keys from my grandmother and opened the door to get some fresh air. As soon as I went to get some fresh air, I saw mysterious shadows dancing. I thought the Monsters were partying. I shouted loudly for help. My grandmother came with the lamp. In the light I could see clothes hanging on the roof and swinging in the air. My grandmother and I started to laugh.

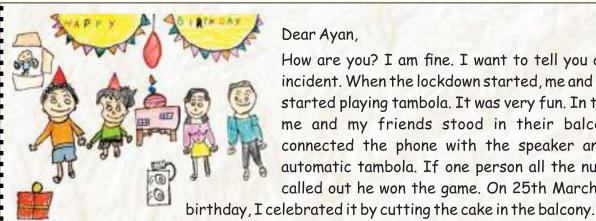
Vaibhav Gupta, II-C

Mom's Birthday Surprise

One day I went to my grandmother's place. I forgot my key at home. When I reached grandmother's house I told that today is 16th march, it is mom's birthday! When mom was sleeping me and my grandmother switched off the lamp, then we decorated the house with balloons and streamers. When momwoke up then we all wish her Happy Birthday Mom. She was very excited she jumped with happiness.

Sarbani Chawla, II-D

ORONA DIARIES



Dear Ayan,

How are you? I am fine. I want to tell you a lockdown incident. When the lockdown started, me and my friends started playing tambola. It was very fun. In the evening me and my friends stood in their balconies. We connected the phone with the speaker and started automatic tambola. If one person all the numbers are called out he won the game. On 25th March it was my

Bhavyam Aswani, II-E

Dear Meerah,

How are you? I hope you are fine. Are you missing school. Our biggest problem in lockdown is Zoom online classes. They were difficult but now it has been a year and we are learning more about Zoom. And we are at the state with lockdown but our life is still not like before-front field, assembly, etc. I hope schools open soon and we meet again, and my birthday is also close. I miss those parties .I am really excited to go to school.

Ritisha Saxena, II-C

Dear Reyansh,

How are you? How are Uncle Anuj, Aunt Shruti and Vihaan?

I enjoyed spending time with my family. During lockdown I learnd to make ice cream. I also baked cake with my mother. I played cricket, tambola with my family. I also take care of my grandparents. This was a lovely time and I enjoyed a lot. Hope you also have a great time with your family and friend. Your frien

Advik Jain, II-E

Dear Joslya,

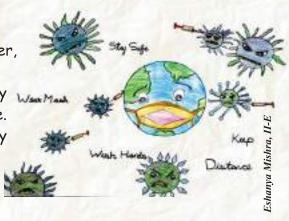
with love Ritisha

How are you? How are your grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt, brother and Oogy?

I am in my hometown now. In this lockdown, I am very bore. I can't go outside to play and visit anyone. Whenever I go outside I wore mask. It is very uncomfortable for me. What do you feel? Do you wear mask? Do not forget to wash your hands repeatedly. Take care. See you when school reopen. I miss you.

Your lovely,

Tamphatonbi



Tamphatonbi Sougaijam, II-E

COVID 19:

The Start To An Innovative Beginning

Everybody's life was going on smoothly when suddenly Covid-19 came into our lives. All the shops, malls, offices and schools were shut. People were locked in their houses. In India, where people love to meet each other and celebrate festivals, happiness and sorrows together, Covid-19 had completely changed their way of thinking



and doing daily operations. Everybody started thinking about how to deal with the situation. Work from home became a new normal. Online classes started for children. Children in cities and towns started attending classes using laptops and smart phones. But, the children who were poor or lived in villages could not attend the online classes because they did not have the device or the signal was not reaching their place. Many people became unemployed because of closing of shops, offices etc. Watchman, postman, maids lost their jobs.

To overcome the problem, a new idea was implemented by the teachers of private schools. The teachers thought to give their students an assignment – to teach ten poor students. These students were to send recordings and assignments to the students in villages. The problem of sending the assignments was solved by taking help of the postman. This way, the postman who had lost his job also earned some money. Village students could clear their doubts using a landline or a mobile phone. Certificates were given to the students who completed their worksheets and those who helped were given appreciation letters.

So, the problem was solved with this innovative idea and marked the beginning of a fresh start.

Avyaanshi Rajan, III-A

MOM

I love superhuman movies, know why, because in my life too there is a superwoman and she is my mother...I PROUD OF MY MOTHER....

I remember the first day of my online class. I was lazy in waking up, but then the sound of music came from somewhere. Yes, she was my mother. My tough time Warrior, she was standing in a new style and with a new dress to show me this new format of online class. I was impressed. Dressed in Indian clothes every day, my mother was ready to do yoga with me in a track suit today. This was the first lesson of my online class. Not shy, she did a yoga class with me so that I could get positive energy in this difficult time of the pandemic. Now it was the turn of my other subjects. This time I had a new student in my class and that was

my mother. She sat with me, holding a copy and pencil. I was happy and surprised to see her new look. She was sitting with me as my friend. I was very happy that she had filled my friends' shortage to a great extent.

.Now its evening time.... my mom became a tutor...

Yes....in every aspect she that education is important and it gives purpose to life. She has taught me to keep hope alive tought.

I realise how my mother taught me an important lesson that day, like nobody else could have.

My mother has always been a guide and friend to me throughout my life

Super humans, we read about them, watch them and admire them in the virtual world - but I live with a superhuman. She is my mother.

I love u mom

Aleeza, III-A

My Corona Warrior

Zohra Aunty was a sincere worker. She use to wash and iron our clothes. One morning my mother told me that because of Corona Virus I would not be going to school but, I would have to attend school through online classes. My father immediately got me a new laptop. The following day when Zohra Aunty came home to wash our clothes and iron them, she came late. When my mother asked her the reason for being late, she said her daughter was using her phone for her online class. She worked very hard and said she will go and work in a few more houses and earn more money to buy a better phone with camera and good network plan for her daughter as her phone was old and not of a good quality. She wanted her daughter to attend classes without any difficulty. She worked very hard for two- three months. One day when she came to work, she was looking very happy. She asked my mother which phone should she buy as she had saved enough money to buy the new phone for her daughter. My mother narrated her story to me and we were very proud of her. So she is my Corona Hero of the year 2020.

Aahana Chakraborty, III-B



A boy called Preston lived with his family. Preston was taking his online classes. He thought being at home was vacation time. 'Fun, fun fun! Online classes are fun!', said Preston. One fine Monday morning his teacher said to the class – "On Wednesday, we will have our mental maths test. You have two days to study." But Preston was not listening. He was waiting for his online class to end. He decided to study that afternoon. But then he thought he had the whole evening to study. So he spent the whole day trying to climb his bedroom wall! When the evening rolled in, some guests came to their house. Preston played with guests' children, but he thought he had another whole day to study the next day!

He decided to study in the afternoon again, but thought he had the whole evening to study. So, he played games. In the evening, his mother reminded him to study. But he said, 'I have the entire night to study.' He finally did sit down to study. After a few minutes he thought, 'This is so



The year 2020 was challenging for me as we were not allowed to go out. My mother and father see patients with the virus. We go outside with mask. I did not even get a chance to met my 3-C teachers. We were only having online classes. I want that the virus to be gone. My mother is an eye specialist. She checks eyes and attends emergencies. If anything is wrong with the eye, she fixes it in 5 minutes. My father is a child specialist if something is wrong with the child he will tell what to do and which medicine to take. Both of them treated corona patients amid the pandemic, working so hard, I hope I can also be a doctor to help people. I think the year 2021 will be much better than 2020. Lots of people are sick so doctors help just like my mother and father. I will be very happy after corona virus completely disappears.

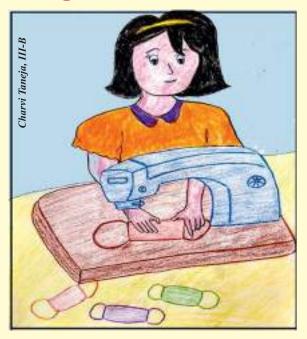
Mischa Raj, III-C

easy, I will surely pass.' Saying so, he went to play. The next day was the day of the test. The ones he had revised were easy, but other ones were hard. He did very poorly. His best friend, Briana did not like this as he felt sad that Preston got bad marks. His teacher said, "Preston you have got bad marks. You will give a re-test," Preston was sad and thinking what would happen now. But Briana planned daily meetings with him to help him. She helped him with every thing he got wrong. She revised everything with him for the re-test. He got good marks in this test. The question that was hard were now easy.

Preston thanked his friend Briana for helping him without asking for anything in return. Preston also promised her that he will study at the time of study and play at the time to play.

Advik, III-E

Bharti My Covid Warrior



There was once a little girl named Bharti who saw on T.V that Corona Virus is spreading all over India. She learnt that to prevent it from spreading quickly, everyone had to wear a mask and wash their hands regularly. Every time Bharti went out, she wore a mask but realized no one in her area did the same. She got worried. She wanted to know why people of her area were not wearing a mask? When she asked the people, they said that they did not have money to buy masks.

Hearing this, Bharti decided to help her neighbours. She decided to make masks for everybody and gift it to them. However, she failed in her first try as the masks she made did not fit well and were too thick. So, she asked her mother who stitched. Her mother asked Bharti to learn making a mask from Youtube. Bharti started to learn how to make a mask from old pieces of cloth. She distributed these cloth masks to her neighbours to save them from Corona Virus. Each and ever person in her area had a mask thanks to Bharti. Her determination of learning to make masks for people of her locality and protecting them from Corona Virus turned fruitful. A few weeks later a newspaper published the story of the amazing work done by the young girl Bharti for the people of her area. She is an inspiring Covid Warrior.

Adya Singh, III-B

My Experiences of 2020

Oh God, another problem has fallen on the head! Everybody around is talking about a disease called Corona Virus. Today on the television the Prime Minister gave a speech that everybody have to stay locked in their homes. We can not go to school. We have to stay in our homes for a long time.

One month has passed but still we can't go to school. Today we received a mail that the classes will happen online sitting at home. I was surprised, How could classes happen sitting at home??

It is 1st May today. I will have my first online class and I am very excited. I am enjoying the online class! Oh no!! the power went out and I got disconnected. Mummy and papa are not at home what should I do? I am calling mummy but she can't help me. I can not join.

Two months have passed and we are having online classes. From today, our tests have started. We have to study for our tests. We will have tests regularly. We will have online test.

It is September 5 today. I have my first online special assembly. This time it's more interesting. I have to participate in the Gandhi Jayanti online special assembly. I am happy.

It is Diwali time now. In the craft class we made dias out of atta. I have painted them red and green. They are looking really beautiful. I have enjoyed lighting dias and making rangoli with my grandparents.

Online classes are still going on. Its December and its really cold. It is 12th of December. Today is my birthday. I like to call my friends in the party. But this time we will not call anyone. Its going to be very boring. I am wearing a beautiful gown and I am playing at home. Chachu-chachi have come. They are wearing masks.

It is January 13 and it is Lori. I am having lots of fun throwing popcorns, peanuts and revaris in the fire. I am enjoying music. It is February, In the craft class, I am making flowers for Mother's birthday and in tha art class we are making lotus for the Mother's Birthday. Our online Classes are fun still I am missing school.

Reya Madan, III-A

The School Santa



Suniti Ma'am had been teaching biology to class 10th students in senior secondary school in Pune for the past 10 years. She had been a dedicated teacher and loved her class. She tried many ways to interact with the children and to make them study.

When the lockdown continued during the pandemic, online classes began for all classes. Many children could not attend online school and were missing the lessons. They were missing important lessons which could affect their exams. She was very worried.

One day a thought came to her mind that we can collect old laptops/tabs to help the children to study online. The next day she called the other teachers to discuss the idea. They called the principal and told her the idea. Suniti said, "Ma'am, I have been thinking about the students who have not attended the online classes. Maybe some of them do not have devices to connect to the class. If we can get some old laptops or tabs from people around us it would be very helpful and every child will be able to attend the online class." The principal agreed and made Suniti the in charge for managing the idea.

All the teachers called their family members and their family friends for donating of old devices which were working or which were not working.

Suniti's brother had a mover and packer company. She convinced her brother to help out. She asked him, "Sunil can you help me collect devices from different location for my school children?" They made a plan on how to collect devices from different places. After they got all the devices they sanitized them. They started to check each one of them one by one. They separated the ones that were working and those that were not working.

They contacted some repair companies and told them the idea. Only two of them agreed to help without money. Both the companies repaired the old devices and send them back to Suniti. She made a list with the help of school office staff. Then the school office called the children who were not attending the classes.

They asked the reason from the parents and made a list of children who did not have devices. After they made a list, they started giving the devices to each student. Suniti's brother arranged their delivery.

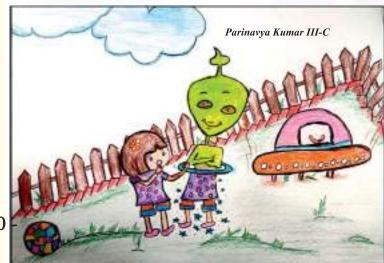
Suniti attached a chit to each device and the chit had a message "Enjoy online classes, love School Santa".

Kush Saib, III-B

My Alien Friend

I was fast asleep one night when I heard a loud sound of a vehicle crashing on my terrace and some strange sounds of someone talking in a strange language. At first, I got scared but my inquisitive nature pushed me to reach out to the terrace. Oh my God! It was an alien spaceship. When I came closer to it, I found a small pretty green coloured creature with an antennae on its head. She touched my forehead for few seconds and suddenly she became my look-a-like of me, speaking in my language. Her name was Ziza and she had run away from her planet because she did not like to go to school. I told her that going to school is so much fun especially if it is MIS! I allowed her to attend our online classes and she really loved it. Teachers say that I performed well in Class III. Well, well, well! Are they sure it was me?

Nishka Sharma, III-B

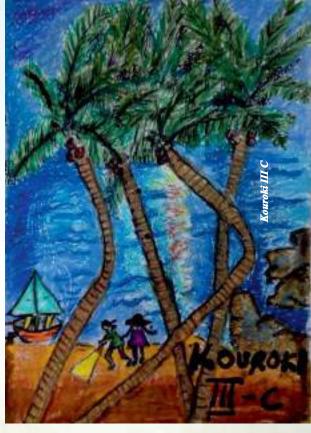


Treasure Hunt

Alizia, Sam & I were walking on a beach. There we found a bottle. We quickly opened it and it was a map! We searched on google and found out that it was a map of an island in Arabian Sea. We grabbed a boat and rowed towards the island.

We landed on the island and quickly got off. There was a tunnel but it was guarded by wolves. There was some food in our bag. I threw some food at the other side to distract the wolves. Then we quickly went through the tunnel. We saw that there was another clue in the map - the key and the treasure were at different islands. So to to go the other island we did a higgggghhhh jump and reached.

Sam felt something cold in his hand so we dug the sand and found the key. We were sooo happyyyy! Through a bridge, we reached the third island. The map showed the treasure was beneath a white hoisted flag. We walked towards it but it was guarded by angry eagles. Alizia took out her trumpet and started playing it loudly. The birds flew away.



We dug it and yipeee there was gold and jewels! We all thought what to do with the treasure. Then I said, maybe we can buy laptops for kids who can't attend online classes. That was our best day ever!

Naisha Bansal, III-C

Uncle "V"



Life was usual, brushing my teeth, a bath and going to school was fun. But suddenly it was declared that we have to stay indoors because of the Covid-19 Situation. Few weeks later it got more intense. I was fell inside bored. it wasn't fun anymore. But my Uncle "V" got out of his routine and decided to make a change. He created a series of online competitions which required research and practice before we challenged each other through our zoom calls, while my "maasi" was the judge.

First was the singing competition where we had to sing 5 songs back to back and I won that . Then was the House works competition which ended up in a tie. Then was the healthy eating competition where we had to share the images of our daily diet, it was a tie too . Next was the story telling which I won. I also won the yoga competition and dance my uncle won. There were many such planned activities back to back every weekend keeping our minds busy and active. The grand Finale was the 'Fashion Show' "which I won too . I won a Lego set for wining the overall show.

These activities kept me going during the lockdown. Uncle V reached out to me and made me happy each day. The lockdown was something I had never experienced before. I was grateful and thankful that uncle V arranged some learning activities for us and our families.

Kaynah Mishra, III-C

Home Sweet Home



My Home Is Very Special Its Walls are White Its Full of Light My Home Is Very Special Its Clean and Neat I Love to Dance to its Beat My Home Is Very Special I have my own Room I Clean it daily with a Broom My Home Is Very Special My Pet Hachi lives with Me He Comes Running at the Count of Three My Home Is Very Special It's Always the People who make it Special Its my Grandparents and Parents Who make my Home so Special

Tania Singh, III-D

Built of stick or wood or bricks or loom, Where the whole family is I call home, We love and care for each other, We are never alone but always stick together, We have rules that keeps us busy, Some are difficult while some are easy, We clean our house every day, And keep it tidy all through the day, It protects us from bad weather, Keeps us safe and sound in all weather, We celebrate lot of festivals traditionally, With everyone in the family, Friends, relatives all day long, And the bell goes ding dong, Keep your family in your heart, And you will never fall apart A happy family can make a home, A home Sweet Home.

N A. Tejesvini, III-D



My Dream House

My dream house is my home only. Since last one year, my house is not my home only, it has also become my classroom, my playground, my TT center etc. Come and visit my home with me. When you enter my home, there is a big drawing room. It has seven-seaters sofa and a center table. Then there is a large dining hall where we have kept the dining table and a refrigerator. Do you know, this dining area is my favorite place. In the morning, half of the dining table becomes my 3A class, and in the evening I convert it into TT table by attaching the TT net in middle. Then there is my room. I share it with my sister. There are separate almirahs for both of us where we keep our clothes, books and toys. There is a big balcony where we planted so many plants. In evening, we all sit here and enjoy. I love my home.

Japesh Bansal, III-A

Importance of Education

Rishi was a very good boy. He would always be the first to complete his work in class, he would play whenever he could, he would crack excellent jokes, and was great fun to be with. He had a friend called Raju. Raju was very shy, but he would laugh at Rishi's jokes. Raju was very good at Maths. Both the boys after school would play in the school lawns. One day, when "The Evil Coronavirus" came to India. The schools were open for a bit, but soon they shut down. The online classes started to take over. A month later Rishi was discussing with his parents as to why Raju was not attending online classes. Rishi had spoken to Raju and found that Raju's parents had only one laptop and that was given to his older brother, who is in class X and since Raju could not get a laptop, he could not attend the classes.

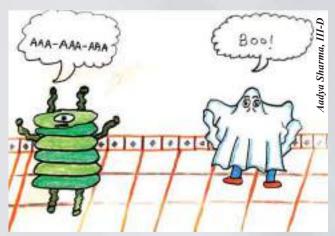
Raju was sad. He wanted to become a mathematician but as he was unable to attend classes, he could feel his dreams being shattered .He felt depressed, sad and disheartened.

Rishi's parents told Rishi's Maths teacher, Madhuri ma'am. Madhuri ma'am was an amazing teacher. Everybody liked her. She was a little strict, but she did Maths in a fun way. All the children looked forward to her classes. On Madhuri ma'am's suggestion, Rishi's parents asked Raju to come to their house and join online classes from there with Rishi. That is what Raju did. He took all his books and notebooks to Rishi's house. Raju studied with Rishi as long as online classes went on. The two had a wonderful time learning new things together.

Kaushik, III-D



The Alien Visitor



I was fast asleep one night when I heard a loud sound of a vehicle crashing on my terrace and some strange sounds of someone talking. I went to the terrace to check and saw that there was a Spaceship full of Aliens on the terrace. One of the aliens came down from the space ship and started looking around. I got really scared. I could not think of anything so, I got a white sheet, cut out space for eyes and covered myself with it, pretending to be a ghost. The alien kept staring at me and I got a little scared. At that moment I remembered that my grandmother had once said that our mind is like a computer and it does whatever we want it to do. So, I told my mind that I was not scared, and shouted loudly "BOO"! As soon as the Alien heard me, it got really scared. It ran towards its space ship making a strange sound. It was quickly pulled inside the spaceship and it immediately tookoff. I was very proud of myself for being so brave as had the aliens stayed on, no one knows what trouble they would have caused on the planet Earth.

Fatima Shuaib, III-B



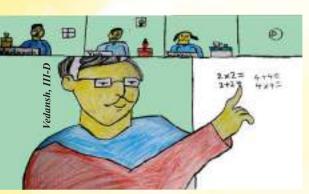
The Wonderful Teacher

Once there was a little school in Rajasthan. There was only one teacher there and her name was Mrs. Shanti. She was a brilliant teacher. Her students would always attend the class happily chattering with a smile on their faces. But all



of this changed when Corona began. The children could not come to school. This made Mrs. Shanti really sad. The reason that they could not do online classes was because they did not have computers and the internet connection was poor in the locality. Mrs. Shanti with all her savings tried to buy computers for her students, but alas! she could only buy two computers. Two computers amongst thirty children were far from enough to teach online classes. "What can I do?" Mrs. Shanti was perplexed and distraught, but when there is a will there is a way. Some children in Mrs. Shanti's class were good painters, some had pottery skills and others were good with crafts. Mrs. Shanti asked them to contribute as many pieces as they could. She then went to the district authorities for help to sell those pieces and collect money. The authorities were very supportive of the idea but could not do much as movement and gathering of people was not allowed. The district collector was impressed by Mrs. Shanti's dedication towards her students. He suggested Mrs. Shanti to go online with her exhibition and pledged full support in form of good internet and arranging delivery of the sold goods. The idea was a ray of hope for Mrs. Shanti. With a few educated young men of the village, she was able to put up an online auction exhibition with a passionate appeal to help children in their studies. As they say "A good deed never goes waste" the auction was a big success, and people made sure that the requirement of computers was fulfilled. Mrs. Shanti was overwhelmed by this response and the icing on the cake was the sparkle in the eyes of the children when online classes started. Change is always brought about by one person's determination. Mrs. Shanti proved this to the world thus emphasizing the fact that we should all believe in our abilities to stay strong in the face of adversities and do good to the society.

Sauravi Misra, III-D



The Story of Mr. Shyam

Mr. Shyam was a Maths teacher, he was 56 years old. He had been teaching in his school for 31 years. But Covid-19 he had changed his life, as he had to start teaching online. His problem was he did not know how to use a computer. He asked his grandson to teach him the various applications of the computer, but his grandson had to attend his own online classes. Mr.Shyam's grandson loved his a lot so whenever he had free time, he taught his grandfather to use a computer slowly

For Mr. Shyam, Covid-19 was a disaster. When the school announced that classes would be online, he told he principal about his problem. She heard him and said he could learn. Mr. Shyam went back home and sat on the couch. He was very sad but he could not do anything about it. After five days online classes had to start. He was worried as he did not know how to use zoom on phone or the computer as he never needed to use it ever before. He knew that five days were not enough to learn. Within five days all he learnt was how to switch on the computer, open zoom and schedule the classes. When there was a connectivity issue, he would get upset. As he was still learning, sometimes he forgot how to disable chat or forgot how to use the share screen. He has to call his grandson who helped him most of the time. Mr. Shyam sometimes got unhappy with the children when they did not want to listen to him but he was determined to make his online classes interesting.

Mr. Shyam practised using the computer alone and soon learnt how to create a word documents, disable chat, mute the children, share screen and now he knew how to teach through his phone and computer. Mr Shyam learnt everything so well that he was happy and taught the children confidently. So, Mr. Shyam began to be called not only a Maths teacher but also a computer science teacher too.

Anaya Bahri, III-D

A SCHOOL IN THE MOUNTAINS

Let me introduce you to Parth Phalke. A simple, humble person who loves playing ukulele.

We met him when, I and my family visited a small village named Tirthan in remote part of Himachal Pradesh, in Oct last year. We stayed in 'Sunshine Cottage', where there is unique school by the name of 'Sunshine Learning Centre'.

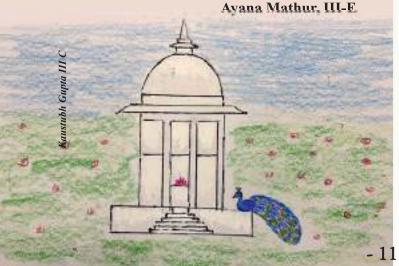
While the whole world had locked themselves inside their home, Parth decided to leave his own, to run this small school where online education was not an option for the village kids. He left his regular teaching job at a prestigious school in Pune and followed his heart to be with the children from the area.

You may imagine this to be school with classrooms, blackboard and benches but let me give you a sneak-peak into Parth's school.

There are no classrooms, no benches and no subjects. All the students are divided into small groups. Some do role play in English, some go up and down the stairs to learn Maths, some learn to make chairs out of wood logs while others just sit in the corner singing to a guitar.

Parth believes that this is real education learning has to be filled with fun for us. He spends all his time in following his passion to help children learn in a fun way.

That week after finishing my Zoom classes, I would run to Parth's School and spend my day having fun and doing new activiities.





Learning Bhangra COVID

In the year of Covid when all our sports activities had stopped, my teachers helped me learn a new dance which is Bhangra. There were 10 students of class three who were selected to present 'Bhangra' for online special assembly on Republic Day.

It would have been easier for the teachers to teach all of us together in school, but since the school were closed due to Covid our teachers worked hard to take out time from their busy timetable after school to teach us. It was a very different feeling for us to learn dance online but our teachers were really helpful and they did so many things to help us learn the steps.

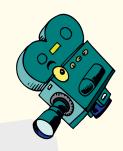
The teacher shared all the dance steps with us in a video, arranged for our dance costumes, made us practice, and made sure everything matched including the background. They then made a great video where dance of all of our students was shared with our school.

Our teachers made us do this fun activity in Covid times and did not scold us even if some of us were slow in learning. They had put lot of effort to prepare special assembly for Republic

I would like to say thank you to my teachers for teaching Bhangra in a fun way and working so hard with us. I now love to do Bhangra steps every day at home.

Yug Agarwal, III-E

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Hero Warriors -Mess Workers

COVID-19 period was a difficult time for everybody.

Our everyday life had changed, but with the help of my family we managed to bear this pandemic.

The day used to end in no time because of the support of my family.

My father is a scientist and teaches in the Jawaharlal Nehru University. The campus has several PhD students who had to stay in the hostel during the pandemic and could not leave to be with their families. The students had eat in the hostel mess and nowhere else. So, the hostel mess workers had to stay in the hostel only to be safe from the Corona virus during the lockdown. They also had to stay away from their families to give food to the students every day.

One day I asked Vinod Bhaiya, who works in the hostel if he wanted to visit his family and be with them during this difficult time. Vinod Bhaiya replied that the hostel members were like his family members and it was his duty to take care of their food. I have learnt so much that day and I have so much respect for him.

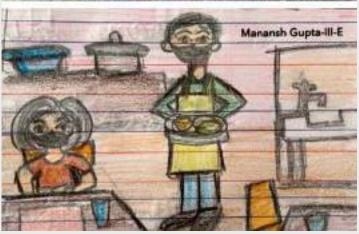
I want to thank all the hostel mess workers for providing not only food but also for showing us how to be hero warriors.

Thank you Mess Bhaiyas ♥!

Manansh Gupta, III-E







Patience and Experience !!

March 2020, I was in Shimla celebrating Holi. When we came back to celebrate my Nani's 70th birthday, Covid 19 struck, schools shut down and my Dad was at home!! Then online classes started through something called Zoom. I had no idea what Zoom was but now everybody knows about Zoom. My Dad got me a lot of snacks. I put on a lot of weight and then my mom and I started running in the park. Tom Brady has taught me to always get better.



Corona has taught us a lot of things. My bedroom became my classroom. My Didi cleaned up and got my room ready in a jiffy and helped me put on my uniform. My Mom and Dad got me a 'Big Boy' study table and it has a light on it so my eyes would not hurt. I got my breakfast but only during my 2nd break because my Mom was too busy doing yoga in the morning!! If that was not crazy enough, all my family members got covid but thankfully God is kind, all of them recovered well.

I am truly thankful to God for the roof above my head, food to eat and clothes to wear. Cheers to a great past and hoping for a great future. Above all, I love my family! LOVE

Arjun Sharma, III-E

TEACHER'S DAY POEM

On this special day my dear Teacher, I want to thank you for the way you help me build my future.

I could not get a chance to meet you this year,
But I still feel that you are very near.
One thing that I really wanted to share,
That you always give me lots of love and care.
I am always excited to attend your classes,
Don't even realize when half an hour passes.
No matter how much we shout and scream,
You're always patient, even your scolding is as
sweet as ice-cream.

Ayana Mathur, III-E



Raju's Dream

Once there was a boy named Raju. He loved learning about the space and was always thinking about the wonderful objects in space. Moon, planets, stars and many more. One day, he dreamt that he was gliding past the clouds up in space! Raju kept gliding till he met the Moon! Shaking hands, the Moon said. "Hi, my name is Milky. Are you Raju, from Earth?" He nodded his head in awe! "I have a huge family and many friends in space, Raju. Would you like to meet them?" the Moon said. Raju was overjoyed!

Milky led Raju to his family and friends who were all friendly planets and stars. They shared their stories and played the games that Raju enjoyed. After a while, the tired and hungry friends sat down on the clouds. They had a hearty meal of chips and fries in space!

Suddenly, Raju heard his mother's voice. "Raju, Wake up! It's 8:30 already and your class will start at 9:00. Get up fast!" Alas, his dream had to come to an end! Raju got up in bed, rubbing his eyes. Later, when he met his friends at school, he shared the strange dream he had. His friends enjoyed Raju's dream journey to space.

Aditi Gupta, IV-E

Teacher's Making a Difference

Beep! Beep! the alarm went off and mom hollered, "Get up, Mona it's time for your online classes!" "Ugh! Another day of online classes," Mona grumbled and pulled her quilt over her head. "What's that I am hearing young lady? No more excuses, get up and get dressed! Your classes will start in 15 minutes," said her mom.

Just then the door bell rang. It was their maid, Madhu. Mona's mom let her in and asked her angrily, "Madhu you took an off yesterday and did not bother to inform me, that is so irresponsible." Right then Mona entered the living room in her school jacket and pajamas. She too got a scolding from her mom, "What are you doing here, why aren't you attending your classes?" Mona replied, "Oh Ma, just chill! The teacher cancelled the class as she was unwell." Mona's mom rolled her eyes and went back to questioning her maid, "So, what's the excuse this time, Madhu?" Madhu made a sorry face and replied, "Madam, I had to go to my village in Haryana to check on my son and his studies. He is a bright student and to the pandemic, his studies have got affected."

Mona's mom calmed down and then Mona interrupted, "Madhu aunty, Ravi is in the same class as I am, doesn't he have online classes like I do?" Madhu replied, "No, beta, even though we have a phone, the internet connection is very poor but I was happy to see that his studies have not totally stopped. The teachers have used an innovative way to encourage their students and continue with their lessons." "Really? What is that Madhu aunty?" Mona asked. Madhu replied, "Even I was surprised that the teachers of my small Jhamri village in Haryana, are putting so much effort! They have arranged for a loud speaker system on a cart. The teachers are asked to go turn-wise with the cart and park it at a location and give lessons from there. The children too, get excited at the sight of the cart and are eager to open their textbooks. It was started by Satyanarayan Sharma who runs a school in the village. This has greatly helped our children." "Wow, that's wonderful" said Mona impressed. Her mom said, "Isn't that inspiring, Mona? Why don't you find out more such stories!." Since Mona had some free time, she thought it would not hurt to take a look. Half an hour later, she called out for her mom, "Ma, come upstairs, I want to show you something really interesting". Her mom went upstairs and Mona showed her research. "Like Madhu aunty's village, other villages in India too have tried innovative ways to teach children".

"There is Ghanshyambhai, a teacher in Janan village, Gujarat. He uses the public announcement system of the village panchayat to share stories, songs, guidelines for parents etc. He announces when he will be at the Panchayat so that students can meet him and clear doubts while following social distancing. He believes more than covering syllabus, students should stay interested, so that there are no dropouts."

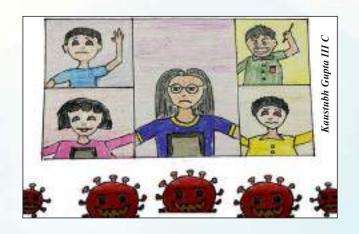
"Shano Devi, one of the teachers of Maharashtra's, Bhadole village, has identified students with smart phone access and have formed groups, clubbing them with those without any access. The teachers send lessons on that student's phone and the other students note down from their friend's phone and upload their work using the same device. Teachers have pooled their money to get data recharges for parents who are sharing their phones for studies, so that they are not discouraged because of the expense".

Mona's mom was impressed with her research on these extraordinary people and said, "Do you know that good teachers teach from their hearts and not from the books?"

Mona answered, "Yes Ma, I really appreciate all those teachers, who make a difference in our lives every day."

(Names and places of teachers in the story are real and have been taken from an article published in the Hindustan Times.)

Trisha Dutt Pant, IV-E



Going Beyond The Call Of Duty

Books are dreams that you can't lose, until you sleep and dream about it again! You guessed it right! It was Covid time and I was surely missing my friends. Since I missed chatting with my friends, we started a weekly quiz. The quiz was held not only amongst my classmates but also amongst friends from my previous years. Every week, all of us would brush up on our GK and get ready for the quiz. This helped my friends to work together, to get along, and me, having fun and learning new things.

It was going very well when my mom wanted to make it better. Thus, came the idea of the awesome book club! I suggested that every week we would meet up online, create fun games to play, read books and ask questions about them. Our first book was the 'Magic Drum' by Sudha Murthy. We moved to our next author, Roald Dahl. His books connected all of us together. We enjoyed his stories of fun, drama, action and horror and it was clearly the group's choice. Even, the friends who did not like reading, have now started to enjoy reading and dreaming about books! This book club happens once a week on Saturdays and spending each minute immersed in stories is worth it. I am inspired by my mom who helped me to create this book club so that I can meet my friends! Now, this is not just an ordinary book club! It's special to us and we all look forward to Saturday's meet-ups! Our dream, in future, is to make this into a blog so that everyone can share their stories and poems.

I hope my mother continues to support our book club and help us learn more. So, friends, let's share our thoughts and ideas and dream together!

Abhyuday Ghosh, IV-D

My Father, My Hero

My father, a hardworking and dedicated doctor, works in a big Central government hospital. Last year in January, Covid-19 started spreading all over the world from Wuhan, China and arrived in India too. All around the world, international travel was halted and Indians were stranded andCovid-19 was a big scare among the passengers coming back from various countries. It is a horrible disease and everybody wants to stay far away from it! My father was among the first to be posted to the Chhawla camp where people, who were brought back from Wuhan, were quarantined. There was a big risk of contacting coronavirus infection from them. He, then faced a bigger challenge of bringing back the Indians stranded on the Diamond Princess Ship in Japan. This ship was full of Covid positive passengers. We were scared but my dad was brave! When he was about to leave, we all prayed to God for his safety. He reached Japan with his team, did the medical check-up of passengers and brought them back. My father came back home but he had to be guarantined! We longed to meet and hug him! My brother and I had to wait for 14 days as he isolated himself for the well-being of everyone. We could talk to him by video calling only. My mother, also a doctor, would sanitize his room with a big machine every single day. We were overjoyed to meet him in person after fourteen days and ran to his open arms! Then, we all decided to celebrate this happy occasion. My mama made cholaykulchay, paobhaji and corn-cheese garlic bread and lemonade! We also got a celebration cake for my father who came out victorious and safe from Covid -19. What a wonderful a party we had!! I still remember my dad's smile of satisfaction on fulfiling his duty his duty inspite of all the challenges. My father is a real hero because he performed his duty fearlessly! I am so proud of him!

Riya Aggarwal, IV-B

My Happy School



My Happy School
I will soon be going to school
It will be cool
Finally the quarantine
will come to an end
Everyone will be content.

Studies and muddy puddles
Will be back again
Playing in the front field and back field
With our coaches we will train.

Brush awayTV shows, Video games, zoom sessions Welcome nature walks. Yoga and dance sessions.

We will sing *Bhajans* in the during assembly time Move the chairs and get ready for the Circle Time.

Will meet our teachers
Illuminating the prism of life
Celebrating special assemblies
Thrilled to be back in our happy zone.

Faliksha Talwar, IV-A



My Happy School My school is a bundle Of happiness and joy With lots of books, Swings and toys.

> With the sweetest of teachers The best of friends, I wish this journey

Doesn't come to an end.
Like a free bird
I soar high up in the sky,
Enjoying every moment smoothly gliding by.

Studies, fun activities, Canteen and more, Endless are the possibilities

To enjoy and explore! With this pandemic setting in, While the classroom has changed, The joy of being together still remains!

Aashna Khanna, IV-B





ing in My Dream World Last night I had an adventurous dream, where I was in the world of soft toys. In the cartoon 'We Bare Bears,' Grizzly bear, Panda and Icey bear (which was me) were detectives. Grizzly was a foody, Panda was addicted to his phone and me, Icey bear loved rummaging about in the fridge and cooking. We got a call on Panda's phone from Richard our unicorn client.

> "Hello I am Richard calling. My precious necklace has been stolen. Please come to my house," she wailed loudly.

I drove the car to her house. We knocked at her door. She opened the door and asked us to sit. She served us a cup of hot cocoa.

She told us the story and also showed us an image of her necklace. It was made up of tiny pieces of emerald jewels. We told her, "We will try finding it within 3 days." I checked my backpack and found a UV ray light in it. I asked her to switch off all the lights. We went into all the rooms. I started checking for footprints with my UV lights. We saw footprints leading to a window.

We looked out of the window and found the same muddy footprints outside. First, it led us to the market and then to Mickey and Minnie Mouse's house, who had gone for a vacation. We peeped in through a window and saw the thief had the necklace and was hiding in their house. The thief saw us. Before he could cover his face and run, Panda clicked a picture of his face.

There was a new feature to add a GPS tracker. So, Grizzly clicked on it. The next morning, we all decided to split our ways. Grizzly would go to the market, I would follow the thief and Panda would stay with Ms Unicorn, to keep her abreast about the latest happenings. Grizzly and I disguised ourselves. We tracked the thief down, trailed him and ultimately seized him red-handed.

By the evening, the necklace went back to its rightful owner!

Siddhani Maurya, IV-A

The Haunted Castle

Once there was a girl who lived in a very nice town, perhaps the nicest there was. The town had a fixed schedule for every day, week and season. Nothing ever changed every year, so the girl, whose name was Willow had a very boring life. Every Monday she had at least a slightly interesting day because she went to the house of the oldest man in the town. Now, you must be wondering, "How is it fun or interesting to go to an old man's house? If anything, it must be boring." But if you thought that, then you would be WRONG, because every time Willow went to the old man [called Aviator by everyone in the town] he told her stories about magical happenings. It would be different each time and interesting in its own way. On Monday, Aviator told Willow a story about a castle called Mazeley Manor, on the outskirts of the village. The place may sound boring by its name, but once you hear the local legend flying around about it, you'll wish you never heard about Mazeley Manor in the first place. The legend was about the death of the previous owner of Mazeley Manor and how his spirit still haunted the Manor. But when the Aviator finished the story, Willow just laughed and said, "You're just pulling my leg, aren't you. I'm old enough to know that ghosts aren't real." Then the Aviator said, "This one is as real as the blood in my veins." Willow was shocked to hear this and said," Well, if you're so sure then I'll go and check it out, just for your pleasure." The Aviator expressed his displeasure and kept dissuading Willow but he knew that she wouldn't change her mind. So he said, "Well, if you must go then why don't you take your two best friends with you. It'll give you some backup, though something tells me you won't need it." W i 1 1 o w smiled and

said, "I'm glad you have faith in me." Then she went back home. That night she asked her mother, "Can I go to June's house for a sleepover? Felicity is coming too." Her mother agreed and Willow was excited because in truth she was making plans to visit Mazeley Manor with her friends, the following night. The day finally arrived. Willow went to June's house at 4 pm and told June and Felicity the story about the Manor and her plan to sneak out at night and check out Mazeley Manor. At first, June thought Willow was joking but when she realized Willow was serious, she said, "Felicity and I are out, so you can go alone because right now I'm pretty sure you've lost your mind." Felicity had a disgusted expression on her face and she said, "Actually, I think the decision is mine to make and I'm all in." June gave Felicity a sarcastic look which made Felicity say, "What? Don't give me one of your looks. You know I've been longing for an adventure. We never get any excitement around here." June got angry at Felicity's statement and said, "I'm not going anywhere." So Willow said, "This is the first I've ever heard of a 12 year old who is scared of an imaginary ghost." June got annoyed and said that it was settled and that they all would leave at 9 pm and reach Mazeley Manor at 11 pm. After they settled their game plan, Willow said it was time for some HAUNTED SLEEPOVER FUN! They had fun till they dropped dead which was at 7:50 pm. They were having a pillow fight until they were exhausted ,collapsed onto the bed and fell asleep. Felicity was the first one to wake up at 8:47 pm and woke everyone up and said, "We have T-minus 13 minutes to get ready to go to Mazeley Manor. So, let's hurry it up, people." Willow packed a bag with 3 blankets, a few snacks,3 flashlights, and 3 pepper sprays. They got onto June's three seater cycle and started riding towards Mazeley Manor. They arrived at 10:58 pm. When they arrived, they saw a castle behind a large iron gate with a MM engraved on it, in bold letters. June figured it was the short form for Mazeley Manor. A strong breeze eerily threw open the large iron gate. The three went inside. A booming voice asked, "Did the Aviator send you?" Willow trembled and said, "Yes, but are you the owner of Mazeley Manor?" The booming voice replied, "Well if Edmond has sent you then you and I are friends. My name is Ethan and yes I am the previous owner of Mazeley Manor. If you are wondering why I haunt this place then it's because I became an angel when I died and my duty was to guard this Manor against those who would do it harm. And if you are also wondering why the Aviator didn't want you to come here is because he thought that you would get scared when I first spoke to you and run away and tell everyone in town about what you saw. Then the Manor and I would be in danger." June was exhausted from the bike ride just like everyone else so she asked the spirit, "May we spend the night here? It will take us hours to cycle back to town and we'll drop dead halfway." The others nodded in agreement, so Ethan said, "Of course, go inside and make yourselves comfortable." And that was exactly what the girls did. They went in and lay on the bed with their blankets over them and quickly fell asleep. In the morning, they bid goodbye to Ethan, thanked him for his hospitality and cycled back to town. They never told anyone about their little adventure. Now they visit Ethan every week, with the Aviator and they always play games and have fun.

Navya Rinwa, IV-C



Once upon a time, there was a haunted castle perched on the edge of an Irish peak. It was a very scary sight, and often there were people who went in and never came out. No one knew what happened to them. No one wanted to know. They had all been warned! One day, there was a woman named Gladys who announced that she would go inside the haunted castle and come out! The villagers in her village immediately made an outcry at this! Already the village bad lost many men, but not a woman! It was outrageous! Women were not supposed to be adventurous and go inside the haunted castle, of all places! Gladys seethed. She was even more determined to go! She flew from Britain to Ireland. "What a perfect place to live," thought Gladys, looking at the lush green and yellow fields as she rode past in a coach. At last, she made it to the Irish peak. On the top she saw a gloomy, abandoned castle. Well! This is it! She had finally made it! She couldn't wait to start her adventure! Warily, she opened the door, and swallowed a whole lot of dust. Gladys took a couple of steps inside, before turning into to a big hallway. It was huge! She walked on the dusty carpet slowly, all the time looking around for anything queer. When she turned to go right, there was no right! Instead of the stairs that Gladys had seen a few moments ago, there was a door with a griffon knocker. What was strange about it was that unlike the other doors in the castle, this one was not covered in dust. "Hmm, someone has been here! Should I go in?" thought Gladys. She made up her mind to go inside and then, slowly opened the door.

There were treasures and gems and much more! Suddenly, she knew why so many people were caught in the castle! It was pure greed! The people who were stuck there, admired the treasures so much that they never returned! Gladys thought hard. Did she want to be rich or did she want to enjoy life as it was and be happy? She smiled and thought, "Maybe I can live here, on this very peak itself!" She decided to break down the haunted castle, and make her own house on the peak. And now, the peak had a beautiful cottage and a potato field. Lush vines entwined the cottage and flower pots dotted the front porch. As Gladys went out to tend to the potato field, she thought how lucky she was to visit the haunted castle! She gazed at the beautiful view which was once, known as the scariest peak in Ireland.

Trisha Banerjee Basak, IV-B

My Inspiration, Doctor Grandma

COVID time has been a very difficult time for all of us – full of struggle to make both ends meet and stay strong.

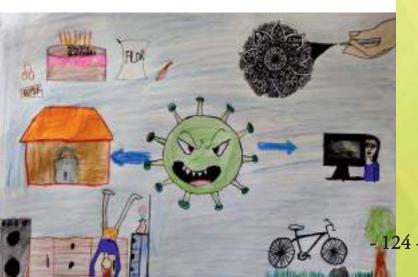
Education is one aspect which had affected the younger generation. While the schools had started online classes, this system was of little help for children who did not have access to technologies, like smart phone and internet.

One of the inspiring persons in my neighborhood, was a Doctor Grandma who, at the age of 66 having three grand children, was quick to forgo her clinical practice and help the children cope up with their online studies. Though, for doing this, she had to brush up her technological skills. Her efforts not only helped the children but also their mothers who were already overworked. Dr. Grandma gradually started helping children of maids, drivers and economically weak parents. She provided them free educational kits and coaching classes. This was a very satisfying experience for her.

Being a doctor, Grandma was fully conscious of social distancing and hygiene. She advised children about the pandemic details, health precautions and early signs of infection. Thus, she was able to help the society by providing comprehensive quality education. The best part was that children after going back to their homes, were able to talk about various health issues, pollution and technology.

Providing help to the underprivileged children in the time of need and pandemic, I am sure Grandma deserves full credit for her tireless efforts and noble service. This story has inspired me to notice that people from all walks of life, irrespective of their age, can do wonders by being sensitive and resourceful in times of crisis.

Taruvar Jain, IV-B



GIFT from The Swan Fairy

There was a knock at the door, I opened it and saw a huge egg with a note pasted on it that said, "take care of it".

At first I thought it was an eagle's egg, It looked like a big bird's egg so I looked up the Wikipedia and all Encyclopaedias at home but I couldn't find the egg that matched it. So I went to my brother's science teacher with the egg in a basket and gently placed a baby blanket underneath it to keep it safe. She started examining the egg, stared at it and wondered. Finally, almost losing her voice, she managed to stammer, "Th-tha that is a dr-dr-dr dragon's egg!!! Where did you find it!? I said in a rather surprised voice. "I found it on my doorstep. It had a note pasted on it that said to take care of it. She replied in a happy and soft voice, "The swan fairy from an enchanted forest faraway has brought this egg because she thinks that you are brave enough to take care of a dragon!"

I was very excited, but at the same time, I was anxious to keep a dragon at home for it could outgrow my house or could blow up my house by accident!

Now, I had started imagining the fun I would have with a dragon as a pet! Maybe, I could train it and when he grows, we can find a home for it in the forest... and also we could meet every weekend to see how each one was doing!

I trusted the swan fairy and have placed the egg in my backyard and I look at it everyday, waiting for it to hatch!

Arissa Tanwir IV-B

My Magic Plate

Once there was a girl named Saanvi. She always wished that she would never be sad, even though she had a great life, a beautiful house, an adorable puppy, a lot of stationery, a room for herself....and a lot of other luxuries to make her life perfect. But one thing was missing! It was that Saanvi knew that her parents loved her but never spent time with her. In the morning they would leave her alone in the house and all she had was Pogo (her puppy) as company. Even though Pogo was very affectionate and loved Saanvi more than anyone else, Saanvi still felt that she would only blossom if her parents would be with her. She used to cry and weep every day, waiting for her parents. One day, while she was washing the dishes, a plate just slipped out of her hands. She held onto it tightly and continued with her washing. But it slipped out again and said, "STOP IT!" She was stunned and ran into the bedroom. The plate followed her. Saanvi said, "I don't believe in ghosts! Get away!" The plate said calmly, "I won't hurt you. Don't worry!" Saanvi said, "How can I believe a talking plate! It has no life! Plus, how on earth can a plate even hurt me. See, you don't think before you say anything. Wait.... why am I talking to you anyway? Whatever, let me just finish cleaning the dishes, including you." The plate said, "Oh really, you don't believe me...and you are making fun of me? Hah, let's see...hm... can you tell me why are you always sad and gloomy?" Ugh do I have to liste- Saanvi was stunned again! "Wa-i-tt-t-tt b-bu-t how do you know?" The plate calmly said, "See, I told you, you can trust me!" Saanvi still did not believe the plate and said, "Umm, but that doesn't prove anything. Hmph whatever," and she just caught the plate and washed it. After sometime Saanvi went for a nap, as she had finished doing the dishes. Guess what! The plate reappeared in her dreams and asked her to wish for something. Trusting the plate this time, she asked for the most precious gift- time with her parents. Could it ever happen? She got up with a jerk and waited for the miracle to happen. The very next day, she was in for a surprise. She found a note on her table, written by her parents. It said,

We feel that we need to spend a lot more time with you. We are always so busy in our work. Wait for a lovely surprise!

-Love mumma and papa

Saanvi wept tears of joy and ran to hug the plate. She learnt that day that miracles and magic can happen. You have to be open to receive it!

Saanvi Thakur, IV-C

My Extraordinary Pet

Once I found a big blue egg on my doorstep! I got curious and took it to my room. I was wondering what to do when suddenly, my mother called, "Reeshu, come down quickly! Have dinner, it's already late!" "Yes, mummy! Coming," I replied. Hurriedly, I took out an empty box and put some cotton wool in it. Then, I placed the egg gently in the box and covered it with my sweater to keep it cozy and warm.

After dinner, I went off to sleep. At midnight, I sprang up on my bed as I heard some strange noise in my room. When I switched on the light, I was shocked to see a baby penguin in my school uniform, reading one of my fairy tales! "Hey little one, have you come out of the big egg?" I asked. Nodding his head, the baby penguin said, "Caucu!" My parents heard my voice and came rushing to my room. They were also, shocked to find a baby penguin in the room! Now came the biggest surprise! The little penguin could write! It wrote on a paper, 'I am a special penguin. I can read and write. I understand humans well and can communicate with them. I can live on land and water, in extreme hot or cold climate! I lost my parents. Need a loving home.'

Seeing this, my parents felt sad and allowed me to keep him. Since that day, the penguin has become my companion and an extraordinarily adorable pet!

Reeshu Ritisha Pati IV-E

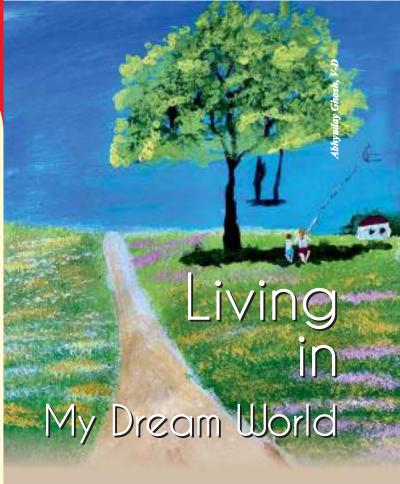
The Land of Doodles

Once upon a time a colourful, cloudy portal with Doodles in it opened up in front of my house. I hesitatingly entered it. It was really the portal to the land of Doodles! No one knew how to get there! And here I was, in it. Just then, the evil king of monsters, who looked more like a pig than a monster, challenged me. I drew a flying monster army and attacked it! Their monsters tried to climb up but I pushed them down. The war lasted two hours and guess what, I won! I went to the evil king and jabbed him with my pen. He became good! He was my friend now. We doodled on my castle together. Just then a rocket hustled doum and broke into a million pieces. It just told me to pick a piece. I picked a piece. It turned into a BURGER Doodle! I felt like I needed to eat it.

I ate it and wooooooooooooosh! I was home.

Neil Singh, IV-A





One day, I woke up to see, I was in a castle, Yet, couldn't see a bee! I got up from my comfy bed, A fairy appeared and said, "Saina, come! Let's go to the room of toys!" With a flick of her wand, We went down. In a new dress and many toys, I was too full of joy! The fairy said, "Pick one thing that impresses you." I chose a doll that looked like a princess. I asked the fairy, "What's your name?" She replied, "My name is Jess." "Oh, Jess! How I wish it would snow!" And Yes! I could see and touch snow! After all the fun. Jess said, "It's time for bed." Alas! The day is over. Good night, my friends And my fish, Rover!

Saina Sahni IV-D

What an Encounter!

Once upon a time, there was a place called Wellington. It had once been a lovely place but ever since ghosts had come and begun staying in the castle, which was abandoned and empty, as the king and his family stayed in another castle of theirs, the villagers had been scared out of their wits. Just one villager, named Stephen, did not believe any stories about the castle. To prove to all the villagers that there was nothing to be scared of, he went into the castle. Now, who did he meet there but Mr. Jordan, the ghost who loved to chase anyone, until they gave up. Then, of course, Stephen had to run all around the castle twice, until he gave up. Mr. Jordan then went on to chase someone else. He (Stephen) then went further

ahead into the kitchen and met Mrs. Ammy who insisted that he ate something. But what did she make, Ghost Food- UGGH. Pretending to eat it all, Stephen got away from her. He then went into the ballroom and had to dance with the many ghosts who were dancing there. Unfortunately, when he went into the field, he found that a party was going on. But what else? A Ghost Game called Splat was on and so his shiny new coat was covered with paint. The next thing Stephen did was to get out of the castle. He immediately went home, changed and told the villagers everything, to warn them never to take a step into the castle, unless they wanted to be chased, have their clothes dirtied, eat ghost food or attend ghost balls!!!!!!!

Bani Gupta IV-A

Our Misadventure

Everyone says that the old house at the end of the road is haunted. It used to be the residence of a rich family but now none of them stay there. So the house is vacant and unkept for and the compound is filled with over-grown grass and weeds.

One evening, my friend Varun and I bravely entered the house and prepared to spend the night there. We brought along a powerful torchlight, two sleeping-bags, some food, drinks and a portable stereo-set. We sat on our sleeping-bags and listened to our favourite music. The darkness was oppressive and there was a strange soft whining sound coming from upstairs.

Suddenly, we heard a loud crash from upstairs and the moans turned to horrifying screams!!! We screamed too and ran out of the house. The hair on the back of my head stood on end for hours afterwards. After that day, we never dared to go back into the house. Not even during the daytime. The next day, my uncle had to go get the things we had left behind there.

The creepy feeling still haunts me when I think about that fateful night.

Avirav Kapoor, IV-C

My Dream School

A School with Wings, So it would fly, A School on Clouds, Sailing High! A School with Giants, And Golden Hens. A School with free Books and Pens! A little Studying, And lots of Play, A Chit-Chat Room To enjoy the Day! Studying out, In the open Air, **Practical Lessons** Would not be Rare! Calculating the Area Of the Backfield, Speed and Distance, Of the Track Field! Where Mythology Theatre, Would replace the History Book, Fun and Exciting, In every Look! And that's how I Picture, Mother's to be, And I'm Sure, My Friends, That You'll Agree!

Ruhan Kalra, IV-E

Online School

When I first heard the schools were shutting down, I thought no student would have a frown.

Soon the days were nothing but a bore,
Sitting at home I had nothing more to explore.

Running out of games to play, Every day was a replay. Got a message on the phone, And my mind was blown.

Online school got my hopes up high,
I finally felt like a wise guy.
Zoom is the new classroom,
Attending online classes from the bedroom.

Online learning seemed fine, Until uploading assignments had a deadline. PowerPoint has replaced the blackboard, There is no chance to now get bored.

We are all stuck in a Zoom academy, All I want to do is flee. Hoping I don't pass my teens, Stuck at home in Covid-19!

Dhairya Sood, IV-C

God's Creation

When I gaze at the blue sky,
I really wish I could fly.
So many stars twinkle every night,
And shine so bright!

As the night time ends, Earth welcomes the sun. I see shades of orange and red, It empowers me to start my day, And with joy, I smile away!

It rains and I love the water droplets on fresh green leaves! Here comes the rainbow with so many colours, I wonder how God painted our beautiful Earth!

Devanshi Jain, IV-C

Nature Poem

Five little seeds will make the world so bright;
If looked after with care and pride.
Swaying in the air left and right;
Sun shining on it nice and bright;
With base on land, standing upright;
Giving us fresh air day and night.
We keep littering our land, allowing it to spoil;
But these seeds provide shelter to us,
Growing straight from the soil.
Beauty of growing seeds we must share
To always breathe clean, fresh and healthy air.

Kimaya Khanna, IV-A

My Dream World

Houses made of clouds, Sleeping in marshmallow beds, Flying across the sky, Fairy's with magical wands, Unicorns with magic horns, It's Christmas, it's Christmas... Thank you Santa Claus for gifts. Buses fly in the sky, Schools made of clouds, Dogs have magic carpets, Cats have Disney dresses, Trees are blue coloured, Hot chocolate rain. Junk food is healthy, My house is made of... Gummy bears, chocolate, Gingerbread, ice cream, nutties. Oh what a wonderful world!!!

Meera Bahl, IV-A





Ajji and kids were playing cricket in the park. Vishnu was bating and was overconfident. He said now you all see I will hit a six. But he got clean bold and then ajji said he was behaving like Sharma family. Vishnu was confused. Ajji started the story. There was a family who celebrated Ganesh Chaturthi every year with all the families in the building. They all lived like they were one family. They called a meeting for the preparations and the kids of the building always did the preparation so this time also they were asked to do. All the building members were over confident that the children would do the decorations so they too did not check. But that year the children bicked amongst themselves and everyone thought their idea was the best. They started making fun of each others ideas and when the mandapam was made it looked very untidy. The elders wanted to check on what they had done but the children wanted to surprise them. Each one wanted to show that their design was better. But that night it rained heavily and the mandapam was destroyed. The next morning all the children and elders gathered around and saw the damage the rain had caused. The children set aside their anger for each other and worked as a team. A beautiful mandapam was set up soon all because of the children's hard work. The ladies dressed up in new silk sarees and welcomed Ganpati Bappa in the beautifull mandap made by the children.

Saanvi Vashishtha, Rajveer, Vaneyh, V-B



"Hooray! We are going on a trip to Ajmer" exclaimed Keshav. I have already visited it more than a thousand times" said Poorna. The teacher told the students to keep quiet. "Everyone pack your bags and don't forget anything." The children followed the orders of the teacher. Everyone sat in the train excitedly. The class reached Ajmer within 8-9 hours. Their camp was on the edge of a forest.

The Journey begins.

When the children finished their food, their teacher took them for a trek. The teacher warned them not to run through the jungle as there was a steep cliff with a river running through it. But Keshav was really excited and didn't obey the orders. Because of that, he slipped and fell into the river.

When his eyes opened, he saw that he was in a cottage!! He went outside the cottage and saw two villagers. He asked them for help. They told him the whole story. Keshav was just asking something when a boat came. In which, there was his teacher and the guards t. The teacher thanked the villagers and took Keshav back to their camping area.

Now, Keshav had learnt his lesson and never repeated his mistake. Next year he was declared THE STUDENT OF THE YEAR because of his sincerity and observing the school rules.

Devansh, Divij, Dhruv, Garvit, Hemangi, Ishita and Kanishka, V-C

The Quest at Kanchenjunga

Mr.Fengthang and Mrs. Fengthang were at the Pang Lhabsol Festival near the Gangtok Palace. They decided to buy a treasure map. A man named Dawa was walking around with rolls of maps on his back, whispering around, "Maps, maps. Cheap Treasure Maps! Want one?" Mr. Fengthang noticed Dawa and walked up to him, "Give me a treasure map." The Fengthangs took the map and walked back home.

Mr. Fengthang and his wife arrived home. He told his three children – Dolma, Namgyal, Tsering - to change into their fitness Kho (Sikkimese traditional dressDolma was a girl aged 9. She had dark black hair like her mother and was always in a rush. Namgyal was a boy aged 12. He was very naughty and loved irritating Dolma. Tsering was the oldest child of the Fengthangs. He was 15 years old. He was always well behaved but he too loved teasing his sister.

After the archery lessons, Mr. Fengthang told his children that they were going on an odyssey to the summit of Mount Kanchenjunga. He was teaching them archery because in this odyssey, they'd require it a lot. Once they understood the objective, they started on their archery lessons with deep passion.

Mr. Fengthang called all his children to his study and said, "My dear children, it is time now that you start your expedition. Here is the map to the treasure chest. Let me explain it to you. To reach the summit of Mt. Kanchenjunga, you must go through the Valley of Peril. It is very dangerous to travel without experience(which you don't have), so remember to go by the Hednan village path. If monsters attack, don't worry and just stick to the path. Also, the Hednan villagers will provide you with supplies for your journey. You will see apples on trees along your journey, but don't try to pluck them with your hands. The moment you touch the tree you will lose the ability to move for at least the next hour. You should fire arrows at the apples so that once they fall to the ground, you can pick and eat them.

The Expedition Starts

The next day, Dolma, Namgyal and Tsering set off for Mt. Kanchenjunga. They reached the Valley of Peril in a couple of hours without any issues. They walked by the borders of the Valley of Peril looking for a path. Suddenly, Namgyal spotted some stones arranged neatly in rows and told his siblings, "I think I have found the path". Tsering and Dolma rushed there and Tsering patted Namgyal on the back, "Great job, brother!" They moved onto the path and it wasn't long before Tsering spotted the untouchable tree and shot 30 arrows. He

fired them so well with his amazing archery talent that 40 apples came raining down from the tree.

Soon, they reached Hednan village and stayed in a small cottage.

Trouble Strikes

After a few days of rigorous climbing, they set up camp at Jigme pass. One day, Namgyal was walking along the cliff, when he stepped on a loose rock and fell down. Dolma wailed and Tsering came running hearing her loud crying. He said, "Don't worry, I'll find him and will be back soon." He carefully went down the cliff and carried him on his back to the point where he had left Dolma. Now, they all were very cautious.

A few days later, there was a strong blizzard, just at the time they were setting up the tent. Dolma got caught up in the strong wind and got lost. After the

blizzard stopped, Tsering cried out Dolma's but couldn't find her anywhere.

Finding Dolma

They looked for her everywhere. They followed the map and instead of finding Dolma, they found a treasure chest in a cave. They opened it and saw Dolma inside it instead of jewels. Tsering was surprised

when he saw Dolma inside the treasure chest and immediately asked her, "Dolma, how come are you in this treasure chest instead of the jewels we expected to see?" Dolma replied, "I am inside this treasure chest because I'm your real treasure."

Tsering said to Dolma "I didn't get it. Can you please explain?" Just that moment, a magician who wore extremely dark blue coloured robes and who called himself 'Duke Mountain Magic' appeared, and told Tsering and Namgyal, "Dolma is your real treasure. She is more valuable than the jewels. Your father and I are friends. We have been watching you and decided to teach you a lesson. There is nothing more precious than sibling love, so enjoy this moment." From that day onwards the boys stopped teasing their little sister.

Suvir, Rishita, Charvi and Aanya, V-C



The Trials

Grandfather began his tale. He said, "Once upon a time, there was a demon called Urvashi. She roamed the slopes of Mt. Kanchenjunga to find Beyul Demoshong, the beautiful valley. In the valley was a special artifact called the Ehemacron that takes away youth. So, Urvashi swore to find Demoshong where the artifact was first so that nobody could take away her youth.

Hundreds of years went by and nobody could find it. I too was on the quest and found it. By it I mean Demoshong. But, I couldn't find Ehemacron. I could not make her disappear. Tomorrow, on PhangLhabsol Urvashi will wake up from her slumber and spread her wrath yet again."

"That's so exciting!" said Cahya. Zerdanwasn't interested. The other kids started shaking Zerdan. "Hey! Did you even pay attention?" Mingxia said. She was angry with Zerdan. Zerdan still didn't pay attention. "Grandfather just told us a really cool story, Zerdan! I'm disappointed in you!" Cahya said jokingly. Zerdan scowled and went outside.

The next day the children went to Gangtok to see the PhangLhabsol festival. They were awe struck by the masks, dancing dragons and the crowd. Zerdan moved away from the crowd and sat on a ledge far away from the hullaballoo.

Later on, when all the children were at Cahya's house again, Zerdan said, "The festival was just boring." "But you weren't even there to watch!" Cahya replied. Zerdan said, "Oh, whatever! It would be much more fun if he could climb to the base camp of Mt. Kanchenjunga!"

Mingxia's eyes brightened. "Oh my God! Can we go? Now? Now?" even Cahya was overwhelmed but she also later agreed.

They both persuaded Tashi and Namgyal so they also agreed. "Oh, you got to be kidding me! I was being sarcastic!" Zerdan said. But the damage was already done. They all agreed. They packed their stuff and headed off to Lachen base camp. They also packed a rope and a strong piece of wood, along with their other things. It took three days to get there.

"Hey that was actually fun!" said Tashi. "And I feel dizzy!" Namgyal added. As they were heading towards their tent, Namgyal saw a rock which had a scroll o sticking out. He told everyone else, and they came to the strange rock. "I say we should break it," said Cahya. Tashi and Namgyal went and took a sharp and sturdy rock, their rope and the sturdy stick and tied them together tomakesome kind of pickaxe. They all gathered to hit the rock and it broke.

"Hey, look! It's an old map." Zerdan said. "It was inside that rock the whole time." he said

Tashi took a closer look at the map. He was the best at navigator in the whole group. Tashi figured they would have to reach a cave where the Ehemacron was hidden. Urvashi saw the children in the valley and screamed, "You have walked into my territory, puny mortals. You shall meet your demise. This is a warning. Go back or you know what will happen."

"Huh. That's weird. Who is it? Come out, I want to see you." said Cahya.

But Namgyal, the historian of the group said "Cahya I don't think this is your average prank. This must be Urvashi. Remember grandpa's story?"

"Urvashi roams the slopes of Mount Kanchenjunga." Zerdan remembered.

"Wait. Zerry, you weren't even interested in the story. How did you know?" Cahya said, suspicious of Zerdan. "Y-Yeah but I did listen a-a bit?" Zerdan replied, very nervous because his secret was getting leaked.

"Okay..." Cahya said finally. She found it hard to. "Anyway, let's stick together. Nobody should be caught by Urvashi."

"Got it?" Namgyal continued.

of Demoshong

"Why would I listen to you?" Zerdan scoffed.

"Maybe, it is because I know more than you?" Namgyal remarked but Zerdan ran away that moment.

The others ran to find Zerdan. It was a bad idea to run away, especially there. After an hour of searching for Zerdan, they found him climbing up a snow capped mountain. Mingxia saw him first so of course she screamed "ZERDAN OVER HERE!" Her scream startled him and he fell down on the snow. She pulled him towards her. Suddenly, a thick mist formed. They were all confused when they heard an avalanche crashing down.

"Over here, everyone! There's a hole here! We can find shelter here! Mingxia, take out the beacon! Ok, inside everyone," said Cahya. Mingxia took the beacon and quickly went in the hole.

After some time they got their pickaxe and started digging through the snow. "Sorry I was so moody. I got you guys stuck." Zerdan apologized.

"Woah! Zerdan is actually showing softness? No way!" said Tashi. They all laughed and went on.

"Okay. The cave should be... here?" Tashi said. They went to the area but there was nothing. Just then, Urvashi appeared. But she looked like an angel! Snow white skin, brown eyes, red lips. "How could she be a demon?" They all asked themselves. Well, Urvashi changes her form to catch them off guard and attacks them!

"Who are y-you?" Mingxia whimpered. Just then, Urvashi changed her form. She caught everyone off guard and became an ugly, horrid demon! "Ohh, yeah! We are not scared of you," Cahya scoffed. She got many weird looks from everyone. Even Urvashi! "Uhh anyway, I see you have found Demoshong. Now, if you give me the scroll right away, I'll make it easy for you!" Urvashi said. "Never," the children shouted.

"Oh well, I didn't want to harm children, though." Urvashi said. Just then, she cried out. "Are you in pain?" asked Mingxia innocently. "Uh, No I'm just summoning my evil army."

Just then, an army of a thousand cute bunnies came. "Awww! Little cute bunnies!" Cahya said. But these bunnies were no joke. They immediately attacked. The children got knocked down.

"What!? Why are bunnies hitting us?" shrieked Mingxia. "Ok guys, formation 7H! The one I had taught you" Cahya cried. "We don't have time for formation 7H!" the other

children cried. They knocked down the bunnies and made them fall into the abyss. Then, nothing was left. No bunny army. You kids are strong!" Urvashi said, impressed. "Okay, anyway my turn! You guys can't beat me!"

And so, Zerdan just came up to her and flicked her on the nose and she collapsed. "Wow! That was easy. Come on, let's go." Zerdan said. His granddad had told him that Urvashi's nose was her weak spot. Zerdan ran up to the cave.

Cahya took out the scroll. She saw there were some words. A spell. She recited the words and they saw the cave. They all went in and it was paradise.

They saw a small statue. 'Ehemacron' was written on a plaque .Below the name was a spell. "I think we should take this." Tashi said. They took the artifact and said the words on the Ehemacron. "Whoever this may be used on, the young, to old, may they turn." And then Urvashi's youth drained from her. Hundred years of youth went away in a second and Urvashi disappeared forever.

From then on the children were known as heroes of their village.

Aadya, Arohan, Arnav, Shweta, Suryansh, V-D

The Path Suma Chose

Suma was a wonderful and innocent fourteen year old girl. She was intelligent and always at the top of her class. She lived in a village, right outside Kolkata. Yes, even though, she had so much of good inside her, she nurtured the bad. The bad was not naughty stuff-like being disobedient [which she never was] or talk rudely, [which she also did not do],but evil, beyond limits. Her goal was to become a cyber-hacker, like her hero—Anonymous!

Her parents never really realized this and so she was pampered to a great extent which was harmful for her. She first found the love of hacking when she caught hold of her father's laptop. Suma accidentally opened a site which, as she first thought would be fun. She started to hack into small stuff like email accounts, traffic lights, whatsapp and other devices, but she started getting hungry for power, hungry for money, hungry for more.

Her victimless crime was starting to fade and the victims started to fill. This might have gone the wrong way, but for the household God, Vishnu saving the day. Suma had a friend called K.A.K.A. K.A.K.A. was so dear to her. However, as darkness took over her brain, her soul became numb. It was like she had suffered a dementor's kiss. She no longer found any need for friends. Slowly, she became prejudiced against everyone but herself and pity she mustered up for her dog.

Those days were lonely without everyone else .She abandoned her education and cared for nothing but hacking. One of her most prized valuables was her shining silk saree and duppata given to her by her grand mom she loved dearly.

No matter, however much anger you may have inside you, you always have one unchangeable kind, gentle side to you.

Life became lonely. She felt sad. She wanted to hug her parents, laugh with them but she was so caught in the world of cyber hacking. She missed her friends. Then something happened as if by Divine intervention. She started feeling miserable, shut in the world of computers and one day she fainted.

The next time she opened her eyes, her family had made a large crowd around her. She was in her home amongst those whom she loved. It was now time for merry making. After this she dropped hacking forever and vowed to help the CBI(Central Bureau of Investigation) when she grew up. Which she did and good luck helped her live a healthy life. You will nowadays see her pottering about in the garden, tending flowers and plants with her pet dog always by her side. She also now has a lot of friends in the neighbourhood who now often go to her when they need advice.

Averi, Arnav, Arunoday, Armish And Arivaan, V-B



It was a Diwali night and lots of people had gathered in Aahana Ajji's house. Even though there were a lot of people, no one expected a separate bedroom or a special dish.

Everybody had prepared a special dish like bhajias, halwa, biryani, chole etc. Vishnu and Ayesha were very excited. "Aaji looks gorgeous in her new saree!" said Ayesha while twisting her dupatta.

Everyone ate the meal and went to sleep on mattresses in the living room itself. However, Ayesha and Vishnu, being from the city, could not sleep on such uncomfortable floors.

They just lay there when suddenly they heard voices- "Come, lets rob the house quickly, while they are still asleep!". They got scared.

"What shall we do?" said Vishnu. "We should follow them." saidAyesha. They got up quickly and followed the robbers.

The robbers were stuffing Aahana Ajji's jewels into a sack. "What shall we do now?" asked Vishnu. But Ayesha was not there as she had already gone and called the police.

They arrived shortly and immediately arrested the robbers. Thank you for helping us catch these robbers!" said the police to Ayesha and Vishnu. It was indeed a special Diwali for both of them!

Pranali, Shagun, Kaustav, Pratishtha, Parth, Ridhima, Megha, V-D

At A Beach *

It was 5.40 PM, Chhaya Ahuja a 10 -year- old girl was getting ready to meet her school club friends.

She arrived at the beach at exactly 6 PM. Chhaya was new to this town, she had made friends with two people-Tara Nitramuni and Lavya Sen.

Chhaya had black curly hair which she loved, her skin was bright like the sun.

Tara had a very-big heart.

Lavya had chocolate brown eyes, pale skin and a heart-warming smile.

Chhaya was scared but she was excited as well. Her friends had already gone indoors but she just stared at the sunset wondering about her new adventures. She thought about the sun, her pet parrot, her family and she felt a huge smile on her face.

She was marveled beyond thoughts. She made a promise to herself that she would go down the cliffs one day.

Naisha Mitra, V-C

Bff save the Best,

Better than the rest,
They are always happy to lend,
And will be there with you till the end,
They don't get angry when you change the plans,
Somehow, they are never out of second
chance!!!

They look out for you, And can't miss a clue.

I am so lucky to have them around,
And when they are near it's like safety surrounds,
They fight with you but our friendship still
stays like a special brew
They are like what water does to send!

They are like what water does to sand!!

THEY ARE THE BEST BFF'S KNOWN ON

LAND!!!!!!!!

Nivedita Gupta, V-E

S Will Wass Everyone

I will miss everyone, in this class, Our range of talents is so vast. About each person, let me tell you a bit, So, get your snacks and comfortably sit.

Aadya, the sporty girl,
And Ariana, prettier than a pearl.
Being with Aayushi is so much fun,
And same with happy Aditi and sporty Aarohan.

Then we have Jai and Akshaya, the sincere kids, And goodbye to Daivik's musical welcome everyone bids.

Anika and Arnav, the born leaders, And also such superb readers.

Shivang, Gagan, Jayant, the courageous kings of the wild,

And then kids like Nitin who are a little naughty but mild.

Joshua, Nilotpal and Shreya fit in so well despite being new,

Into this class they so totally grew.

Shagun, Pranali, Yukti, they are the fun girls, And then our Mandala Maker Megha with her patterns and curls.

Devansh, Gurmehar, Tayen, the ones who silently speculate,

Suryansh and Suryanshu, who in Maths are great!

Pratishtha, Vyoma, Shubhika, Such sincere workers,

Shweta dances so well and is totally not a shirker.

Kaustava and Kanishka, so fast they run,

I think that they can even dodge bullets from a gun!

This year was very memorable and fun, Even though, in the backfield, we were not able to run.

Everyone worked hard and still enjoyed, At least that's what I felt, and I know others are also overjoyed.

With all the colours in class 5-D,
This year we were as good as can be.
That's the most important thing,
So many joys to us, this year will surely bring.

Ridhima V-D

Undefeated

The pandemic of Corona saw the world locked down.

Life stood still, transport, markets and towns. With schools shut a new learning dawned ...
We connected online with computers and phones.

Subjects were taught, skills were honed.
Our teachers and we soldered through, sports, dramatics, exams there was nothing we didn't do.

MS teams, the Zoom app made sure in class, no child could nap!. With our innovation, the virus could never compete.

The spirit of learning and school, it could never defeat!.

Arivaan Thakur, V-B



Mayuree's Ratience and Confidence



It was 22nd August and it was the month of Pang Lhabsol festival in Sikkim. Pang Lhabsol Festivals was just round the corner. Tevy and Mayuree belonged to the Lepcha tribe. They were very excited to go on a trek to Mount Kanchenjunga with their parents.

The next day they dressed in their traditional dress – Dumvum (Dumvum traditional dress of Lepcha tribe worn by women). They saw valleys, villages and state animals like Red panda and Blood pheasant on their way to Mt Kanchenjunga.

They reached Mount Kanchenjunga Camp. From the camp they could see the snow capped mountains. It was beautiful. Tevy, who was standing on the edge of a cliff when she slipped and fell. Thankfully Tevy got hold of a huge rock that jutted out of the cliff.

Mayuree ran as soon as she saw Tevy falling. She started thinking of way to get Tevy out. Just then she came up with an idea. She quickly called her parents and they agreed. The idea was that the three of them will act like a rope.

The rope would be formed with their mother leading the chain. It was decided that Mayuree will hold her mother's leg and her father would hold hers. The plan worked and they were able to rescue Tevy in no time.

Because of Mayuree's patience and confidence she saved her sister Tevy.

The lesson we got from this story is-

If you have patience and confidence you will always succeed

Divij Jain, Saanvi Goel, Yash Kataria, Garvit Kadiyan, Tanishq Gulia, V-C

My Class V

It was mid March, it was nearing Sports Day,
I had to be outside, marching away
But then a virus outbreak happened,
We were all baffled.

School went out, it was fun.

But still, Covid was on a stampede and away from it everyone tried to run.

It was mid April, we were still new,
To Zoom and computers, but some people knew!
It was hard at first for me,
But in the end it was easy.

Later in May, when my mom was returning from work, She went to the park.

My mom saw little puppies.

When she came back and told me, I asked "Can we have one of them please???"

My mother initially disagreed,

But later, I did succeed.

In one month to my delight a pup was adopted.

Many a days I finished my homework on the roof in the evening sun,

It was a little fun and my life was fine,
My parents were home all the time!
"It's changed now, we do classwork at home!" I thought,
These have become a routine,

And the online exams were like experimenting with a new cuisine.

We made new ways of communicating,
On the screen which was always illuminating.
I made it class 5 amid corona protocol of not
meeting comrades

But Oreo the puppy grew one year with me.

Shweta, V-D



Our Childhood Days

Aria a 10-year-old girl came to a village festival to celebrate Durga Puja with her parents and 7-year-old brother, Advik. The village was Gazna, Nadia, West Bengal. While playing with his clay toys Advik saw a strange light.

He rushed out while his parents were busy talking to their cousins, but his sister immediately noticed his absence and ran along with him.

'Addi, please stop. Mum is going to be very upset.'

Aria warned her little brother.

'Oh, didi !You keep on saying not to do anything. I'm going to go and inspect the strange light.'Addi replied adamantly.

Little did he know that a robber was sitting there waiting for a victim to steal from.

Both of them saw the robber. Addi was surprised to see a boy roughly around 11 standing beside the robber. Aria felt bad for the boy.

'Ah, no! Why did they have to come here? Now I have to steal from them or dad will surely kill me.' The small boy thought. He didn't want to rob anybody.

Addi told the boy to run away and asked him to talk some sense into his dad and tell his dad to stop robbing others. The siblings were kind and didn't want the boy to get caught.

They quickly went to the festival and told the villagers about their adventure. Everyone was proud of them.

N. Aisha Mitra, Naisha Singh, Rajasva Bharadwaj, Prithvi Basu, Raghav Kataria, Khanak, V-C

The Adventurous Hike to Mt. Kanchenjunga

This is the story about Lucas who lives in Tsuklakhang Palace also known as Gangtok Palace, located in Gangtok, in Sikkim and his first adventurous hike to Mt. Kanchenjunga, the third highest mountain in the world.

On the night before the famous Pang Lhabsol festival, Lucas was very excited. According to the ritual, on this day, first everyone pays homage to Mt. Kanchenjunga. After paying his homage, Lucas would take part in game carnivals, archery contests to show his archery skills and Lama warrior dances which was his favourite dance performed on this day. He had prepared a bright red costume with a warlike mask for the dance. After playing and performing he would be served famous Sikkimese cuisines like momos, phagshapa and chhurpi, his favourite. On the day of the festival, Lucas payed his homage to Mt. Kanchenjunga. He took part in lots of carnivals and scored a bullseye in the archery contest. He looked very handsome in his red costume and performed magnificently in the warrior Lama dance. Now it was time for him and his friends to set off on their hike. They packed tents, water bottles and matchsticks with them and set off. On the way they saw many beautiful sights like a flock of blood pheasants soaring in the sky, the rarest of rare, the red panda, and some rhododendron trees. In some time they reached the foothills. Now it was time to climb. Lucas loved the pure, fresh air. He ran in the plains having great fun. The mountains were steep and rocky so it was fairly hard to climb them. Things were bad in itself but to make matters a lot worse, it started snowing. It was a SNOWW STORMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!! They tried to climb to a safe place but it was useless because the winds were blowing at 60 km per hour. When everything seemed hopeless, something caught Lucas's eyes. It looked like a cave which was carved out in the mountain. Just then Lucas had an idea which could not fail. He told his friends to go to the cave and use the tents to make a door. Once they were safely inside the cave, they lit a fire to warm themselves. Since it was starting to get dark, they all slept. Even after the snow storm Lucas did not give up. The next morning was a very sunny and pleasant day. In an hour and a half, they had reached the top of Mt. Kanchenjunga. They planted their flag and started returning to the castle. Lucas may not remember all the details, but he will remember one thing for sure. It was an adventurous trek! They were really proud that Sikkim's flag waved in the air.

Aamogh and Devansh, V-E

Taste of India

Once upon time Oregano the explorer travelled to many places like Sweden, Brazil, Mexico and New Zealand. For the first time he came to Asia, by Asia I mean India. One day, when he was walking along a beach, he saw some wirchies (woman + mirchies) going to a nearby pond. Then he saw Chat Masala near the bus stand. He was selling free tickets to a place called Masalagarh. This village was famous for its Diwali celebrations.

Oregano asked Chat Masala why he was distributing free tickets. So, Chat Masala answered, "This bus is going to an Indian village so that all who go there can participate in the Diwali celebrations." Oregano wanted to explore India more so he asked Chat Masala if he could go too. Chat Masala agreed and gave him the ticket. The journey was of around two hours and Oregano was really tired. But when he saw the beautiful fields in Masalagarh he got really excited.

He saw a lot of stalls and joy knew no bounds. He was super excited to see everything. First, he went to a food stall where Mr. Turmeric was selling *bhajjiyas* for 100 rupees per kg. He took half kg, He went ahead. After that he saw Cinnamon Jr. selling colourfulduppatas. He saw Mrs. Cuminwearing a silk sari. She was telling the young children about the history of their village, how the brave spices had discovered their village and how it became famous because of the Diwali celebrations.

Then Oregano sat down and started listening to Mrs. Cumin tale about the brave spices and thought about his father who was also very brave but how he was very scared of him, so scared that he woke up with a start. That's right. It was all a dream and he wasn't Oregano he was a 10 ten-year-old boy. He thought, "That was a really crazy dream but still it was great being Oregano.

Jai, Yukti, Tayen, Shreya, V-D



My Days in Class V

I really miss my class 5 school days, those moments of pleasure and sways. Whenever we were late for the class, we used to think of excuses to take entry into the class.

I really miss those scolding's of our class teacher,

when she asked for homework and we had nothing but blank faces to show her. I miss those talks, laughs and moments of happiness,

we used to share with our friends.

I miss those fun activities done by our teachers,

and the EVS lessons about landforms and Earth's many features. I miss those lecture hours,

And talking about if I had a super power.

Happy were those moments when we were together,

wish I could bring those memories back to life further.

Life changes with time, but memories still remain the same anytime

Nischay, V-B

The Night on the Train

Once upon a time, there was a girl called Vanya and she lived in Mumbai. She was a very happy go lucky girl until an incident happened. Once her family had planned to travel to Bangalore on a train. As soon as the train stopped at midnight on a station, she saw a puppy cowering and bleeding as its leg was stuck to a rope which was tied to a pole. As her parents were sleeping they did not notice that she had stepped out of the train and was trying to help the little puppy. While she was doing it, she did not notice that the train had moved away. A grumpy woman came to her and Vanya told her what had happened. The woman took her to an orphanage. The orphanage had a dull golden plate ~ MOTHER TERESA CHILDREN'S ORPHANGE just above the front door. After a few weeks of staying in the orphanage, a cruel looking lady adopted her. All her friends were jealous that she finally got to have a guardian.

The cruel woman used to illtreat her by making her do the chores, but she never allowed her to go and see the world outside the house. Once, when the cruel lady was not at home, Vanya decided to explore the city. While exploring the city, she came across a bazaar. She saw a bullock cart on which were bits and bobs, sarees and colourful bangles too! She saw a woman buying a dupatta with a Warli art design. She noticed something odd. The woman, who was buying the dupatta before, resembled her mother and staring at the girl. She wanted to believe that the woman was her mother, but she could not. She felt why didn't her parents come looking for her. The woman muttered something under her breath- "M-My d-daughter...!" She ran towards Vanya and told her how the police was looking for her everywhere. Vanya was over the moon! She had found her parents. The family swore never to leave each other and they became the happiest family in the world.

> Aayushi, Anika, Akshaya, Ariana, Jayant, Aadya and Aditi, V-D

My Beautiful World

One day a star knocked at my window
It called my name like a willow
I rubbed my eyes astonished
It was still there and hadn't vanished

It called me into its world, to have a look
I just had to pull a hook
Whoosh! I went into the world so dear
With green all around and sky so clear

The birds and the animals, all extinct
Are now there roaming with natural instinct
The world that was, was so beautiful
The world that is, is so merciful

The fun I had cannot be defined Fresh air and green trees all lined Wish I could stay there for my lifetime But the star said, I can come here any time

The lesson I learned that we should treasure What we have, so as not to lose all the pleasure Save the world and save the trees The animals, the birds and the bees.

Aavir Singh, V-E

My Haven

How can I imagine a place as cool?

A place happier than Mother's International School.

A place where teachers and students connect so well,
My favourite heaven, my place to dwell.
In the lap of nature, it's so airy and green,
Birds chirp, peacocks dance, it's all so serene.
Like a garden with pretty flowers with their
beautiful fragrance,
My school works in complete belance

My school works in complete balance.

Where education is not just about studies,
It includes moral values and responsibilities.

Studies, friends, fun and activities,
These are some qualities, my school guarantees.
I am a happy person, when at school,
Where 'Happy-Go-Lucky' teachers and students is a
RULE.

Chaitanya Katyal, V-E

The Ghost Story

Once upon a time, the village Kolhapur was rumoured to have a haunted market named Janpath.

Shanaya and Aakash were going to their Kaka's house as he didn't know much about the village. He had shifted to that village ten days ago.

Chowpati, the guard of the market, told the children that there was a haunted shop in the market. The children were terrified and told Kaka about it. Chowpati saw Kaka going towards the shop and warned him. Kaka asked, "Why shouldn't I go?"

Chowpati replied, "There is a ghost".

Kaka said, "I don't believe it", and went inside.

In the evening, when Aakash and Shanaya went to the market, they asked Chowpati about Kaka. He told them that he had not seen Kaka. Then Aakash said, "Let's go inside the shop and find Kaka".

Shanaya replied, "Yes, let's go". They saw Nafeesa, who asked, "Why are you looking so scared?"

Aakash replied, "I think Kaka has been kidnapped by a ghost."

Nafeesa asked, "When did this happen and how?"

Aakash told her everything and asked her to join them to find Kaka. Suddenly Chowpati came and said, "Can I also help you? I know a lot about the shop as well". They all agreed.

Shanaya and Chowpati Bhaiya went from the front door and Nafeesa and Aakash went from the back door. They decided to meet after 30 minutes.

Shanaya suddenly screamed and fainted, Aakash immediately texted Shanaya to enquire. Chowpati took Shanaya's smart watch and answered. Aakash went to their location and sprinkled water on Shanaya's face. After a while, Shanaya got up and said that she had seen a ghost. Everyone was scared. Nafeesa suggested that everyone should move together now. Out of nowhere, a little boy appeared. Nobody knew him. He asked them to follow him.

He took them to a mysterious underground room where Kaka was tied with a rope. They rushed towards Kaka, when somebody screamed, "Don't you dare go near him otherwise you all will be in the same condition."

They could not see any one. "First answer three questions. If you give the right answers, you can take Kaka back with you." They agreed, as they had no choice.

The first question was:

I have cities, but no houses. I have mountains, but no trees. I have water, but no fish. What am I? Ans: MAP

The second question was:

What word in the English language does the following: the first two letters signify a male, the first three letters signify a female, the first four letters signify a great person, while the entire word signifies a great woman. What is the word? Ans: HE, HER, HERO AND HEROINE

The third question was:

What are the two words that people like to listen to the most?

Ans: CD (Compact Disc)

As soon as they answered the three questions, the "ghost" appeared. The children were surprised and then they started laughing. It was Ramu, Kaka's friend, who ran the shop.

It was Kaka's idea to teach the children a lesson that there is no such thing as ghosts.

Devanshi Pahwa, Kanav Seth, Mansha Rathee, Karan Sharma, Myraa Jauhari and Nakshatra Kaushik, V-A

The Abandoned Cottage

I was walking down a road when I heard a scream from the abandoned cottage. A shiver ran down my spine. No one had been in that cottage for years. The owner of the cottage died thirty six years ago. A butcher was the owner and used to kill animals but a sudden accident took place which lead to his death. I stepped into the cottage and the door behind me closed! I felt goose-bumps on my back and heard... the sharpening of knives! I turned around and there was no one, or was there someone? I could not see because it was pitch dark. I explored around and saw many scrolls and... pig -meat, gross!

It was so stuffy and so dark but an object caught my attention. I gulped. It was a huge butcher's knife! At that moment, I heard someone call my name. I spun around and grabbed the butcher knife but saw no one. I then snooped around and found a phone. It was dusty but had one recording on it. I played it, this is how it went: "Thump, Thump. If you're hearing this I may not make it out alive, I am trapped in here!"

Suddenly I heard the swing of a butcher knife and something slicing. I gulped and looked around, I had no idea what this place was capable of.

My heart was pumping, my chest was screaming I was so scared. I turned the phone around and saw a piece of paper with something written on it. Here's what it said, "Fiddlysticks." I laughed at the name not realizing that it was a big mistake. I looked at all the pictures hung around. Some were of the butcher and some were of his family, but one caught my attention. It was a picture of his house. Just as I moved closer to it I heard a thump and a balloon flying. I tried to catch it but as soon as I touched it, it burst! I groaned and fell to the ground. My vision blacked out and so did I.

I woke up with a sore head and numb legs, but heard someone walking. I quickly ran and hid under a table. To my surprise I saw the butcher, he looked normal except that he had red bloodshot eyes and a huge knife in his hand. He sniffed the air and growled, "Someone is going to die today." He lifted the table and looked at me maliciously. I ran and ran as he chased me. We ran around in circles for a long time when suddenly the door flew open! I threw myself out of the cottage and vowed never to go in there ever again.

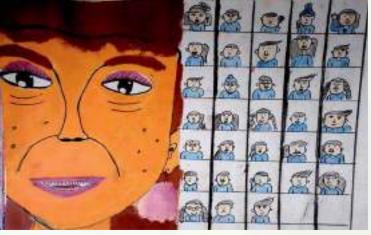
Divansh Paliwa, IV-E

The Copcorn Stall

I went to buy popcorn, From the nearest stall, But that was also 3 km away, And I had to walk it all! I passedby houses, I passed by a park, I passed by a street dog, Who really loved to bark. I heard people talking, I heard car horns, I heard children playing, I even heard the bellowing sound of, Bulls with large horns. Finally I reached the stall, Which had buttery popcorns, A sweet woman was selling them, Who had a frock with that was torn. I ate the popcorns, And gave the woman money, And she gave me a smile, Which was very sunny!

Anika Goyal V-D





Education: A Necessity of Our Life

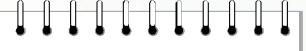
As we all know that Covid-19 has caused many difficulties, but the only way to cope up with this situation is by clinging on to hope.

There was a boy named Rahul. He was 13 years old, who

faced a challenge of studying online during the time of the pandemic. He was very eager to study but he did not have any device to study online. Then one day, his parents surprised him with a brand-new smartphone. He was very happy and thanked shisparents. The next day he went to meet his friends, "Hey friends! How are your online classes going?" He asked his friends. "Well, we are not able to study as we don't have any device to study online," replied Raj, Neena and Manu. Rahul went home that day thinking of a way to help his friends. Then it occurred to him, he could make a home-made projector that he had learnt to make in his science class and use it to for the online classes for all his friends who are not able to study. It took a whole day's hard work when he finally exclaimed coming out his room, "I did it!!". He then called all his friends to gather around his house where he had arranged the projector in such a way that everyone was able to view the screen. All his friends could easily study that day. "Thank you, Rahul," all the friends spoke together.

We should all look at the brighter side of the situation like Rahul and find solutions.

THE END



Sweet Spring

Beautiful flowers and trees are growing
Gentle and cool winds are blowing
With perfect temperatures
And new born cute creatures
Spring is plants' future.

My favourite is spring season
To prove it, I have many reasons
It is the king of all seasons
With vibrant colours
And flowers so attractive,
In spring everyone is active.

Really!! Spring is the best
No one takes rest
Every creature and plants bloom,
My favourite is the spring's full moon
It is the season of new beginnings
Where life gets new wings.

Vedansh Joshi, V-A



Spring is coming, Spring is coming
Do you see the jumping deer?
Spring is here, Spring is here
And the summers are almost near.

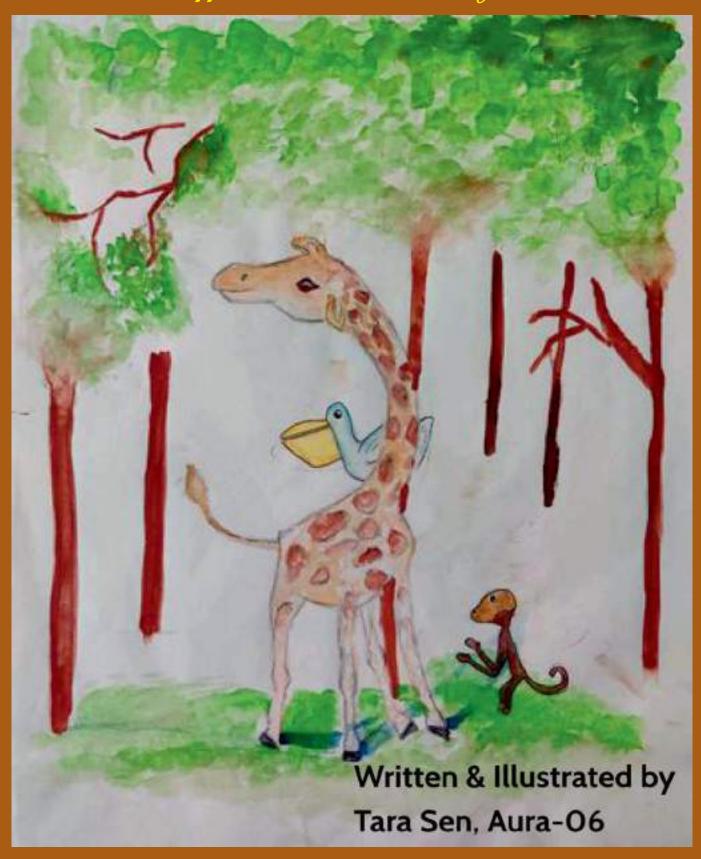
Perfect temperatures More sunny hours in a day The cutest of baby animals And butterflies everyway.

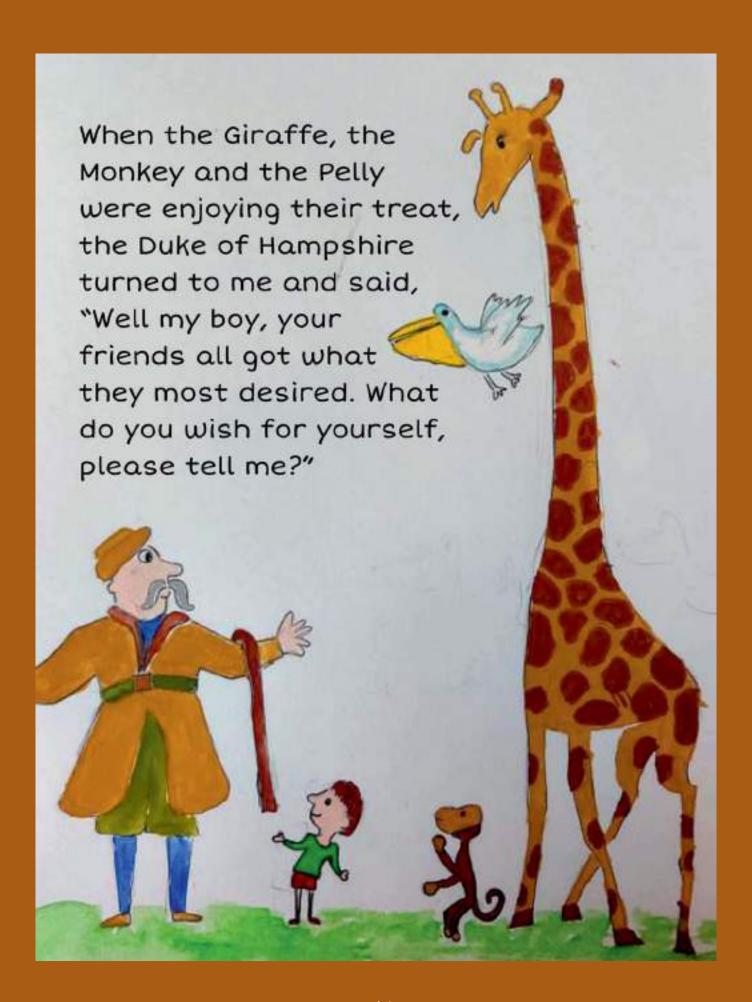
All the animals
Including all mammals
Wake up from their nests
And enjoy the best.

My plants are finally growing
And the wind is gently blowing
I love spring season
And playing games around colourful blossoms.

Avantika Agarwal, V-A

The Giraffe and the Celly and Me





I hesitated and then said, "Well you see, I've always wished that I could live in your palace for just one day!"

"One day?!" cried the Duke laughing,
"Why, you can live in my palace FOREVER!
With me!"

I was flabbergasted! What would it be like to LIVE with the Duke FOREVER? My mouth was opening and closing like a codfish.

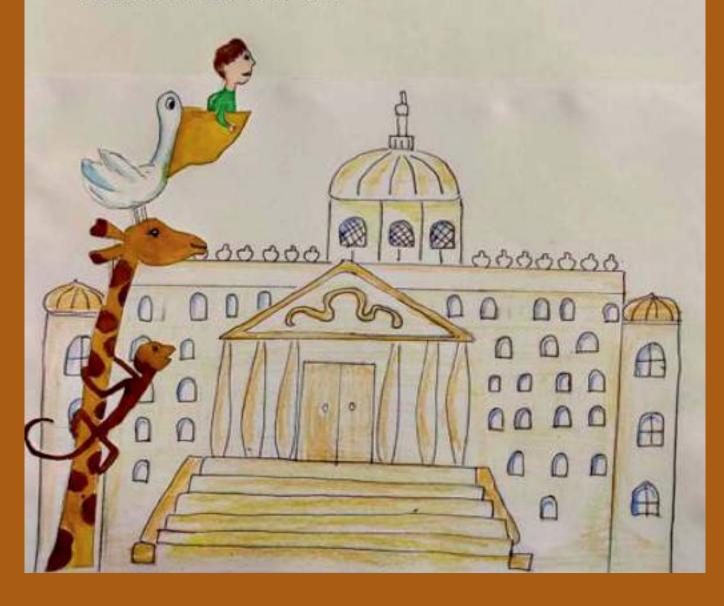
"Oh-oh-oh I -I - I am - you-you don't mean it?" I sputtered.

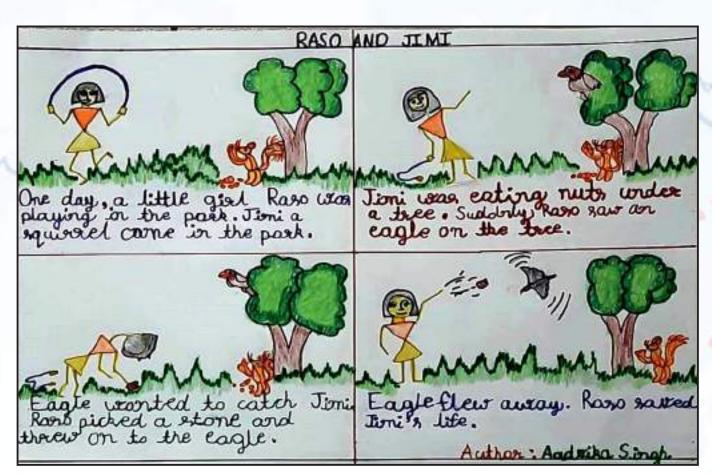
"Of course I mean it. I would love to have you, Billy. So, will you?" said the Duke eagerly.

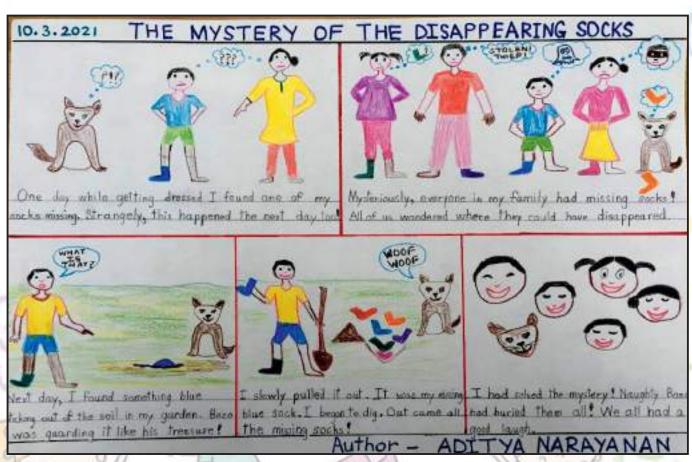
"Oh Sir, it would be a dream come true to live with you in the palace!" I replied, feeling absolutely marvellous.

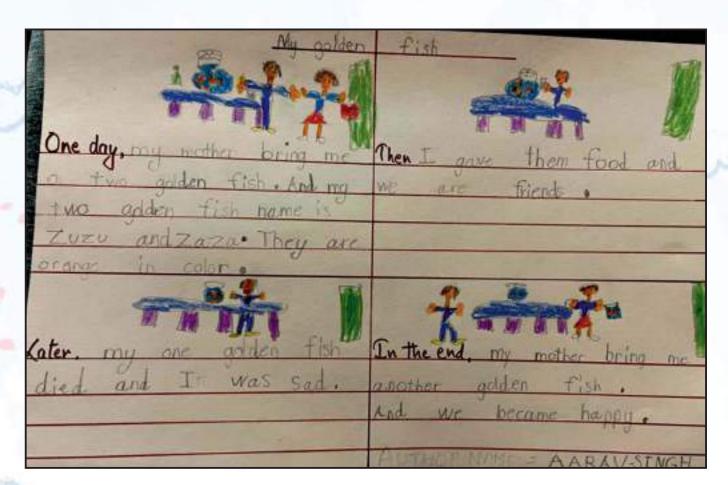
"So what are we waiting for?"

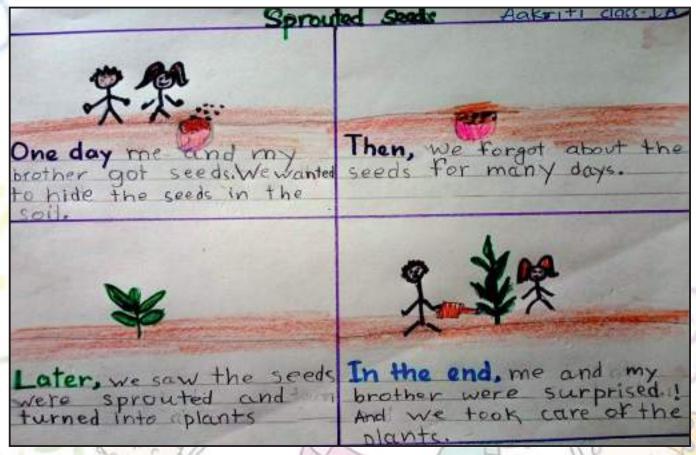
The Duke put all his twenty four porters to work at once and had my meagre belongings brought to the palace. I got a lovely room with twelve windows - my little piece of heaven on earth!



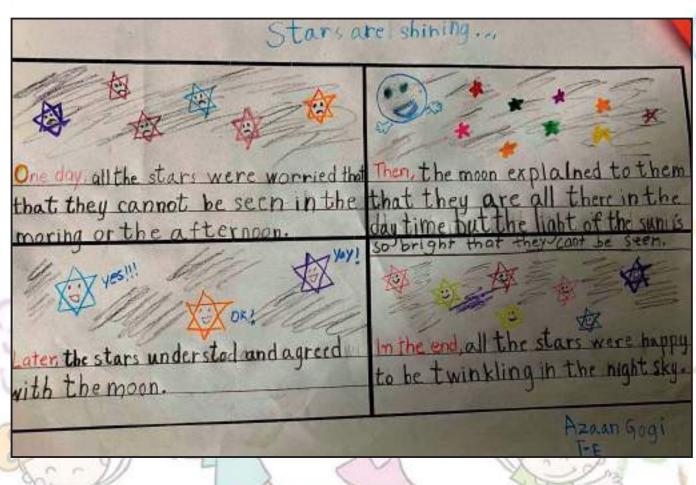


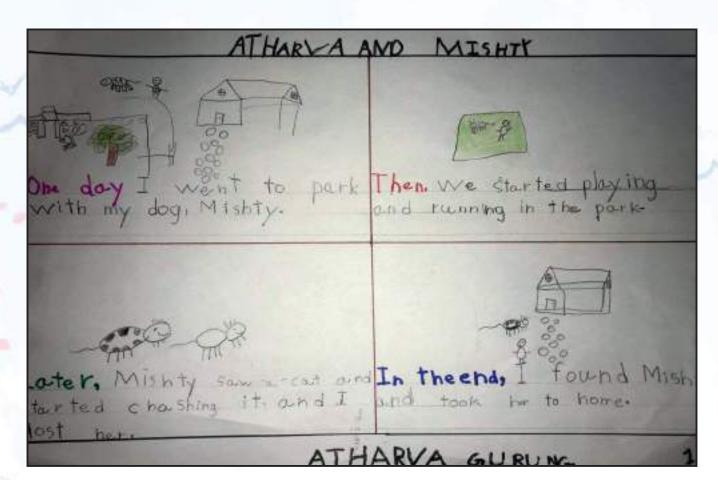


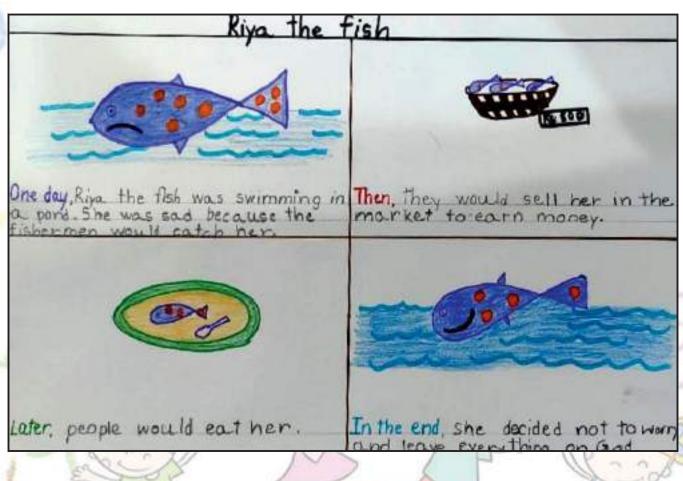


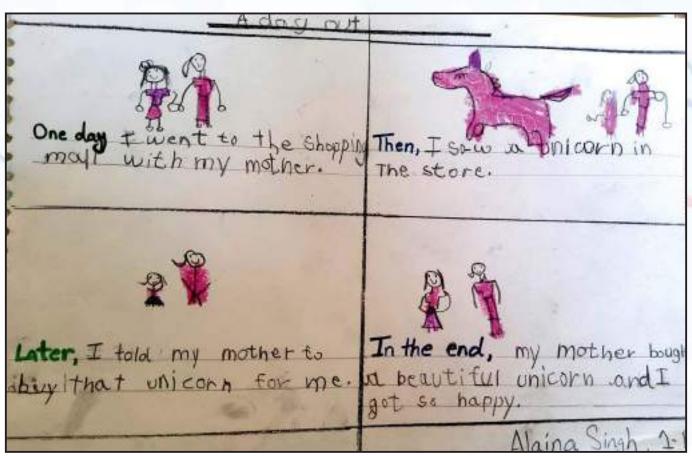


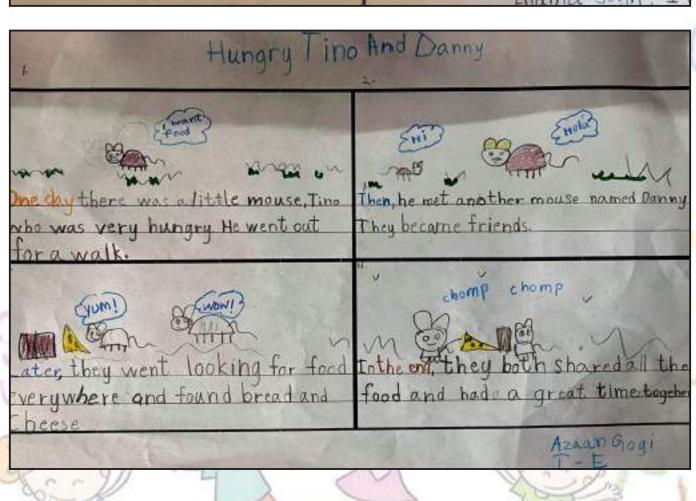


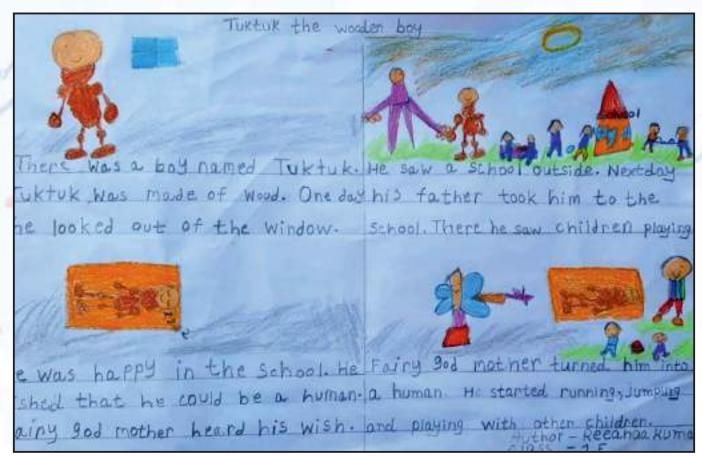


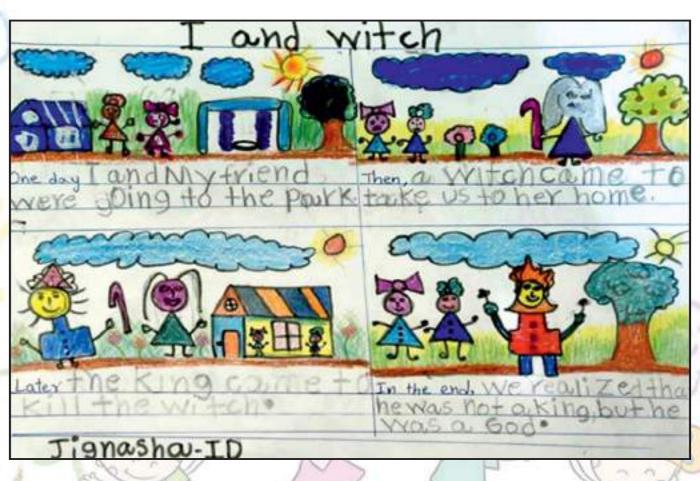


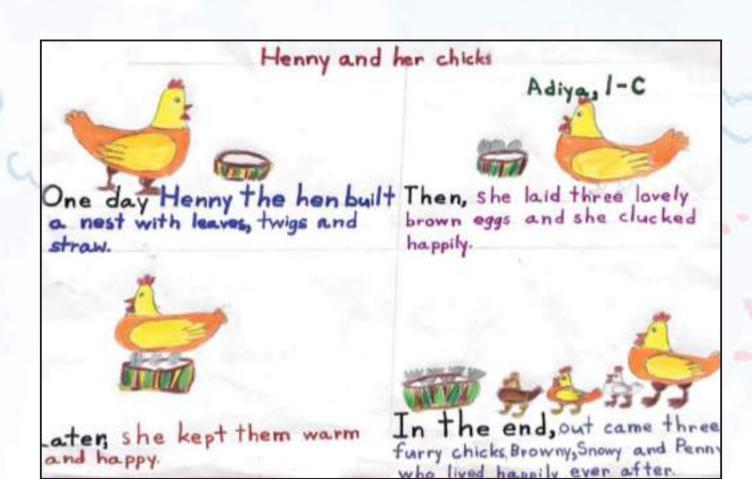


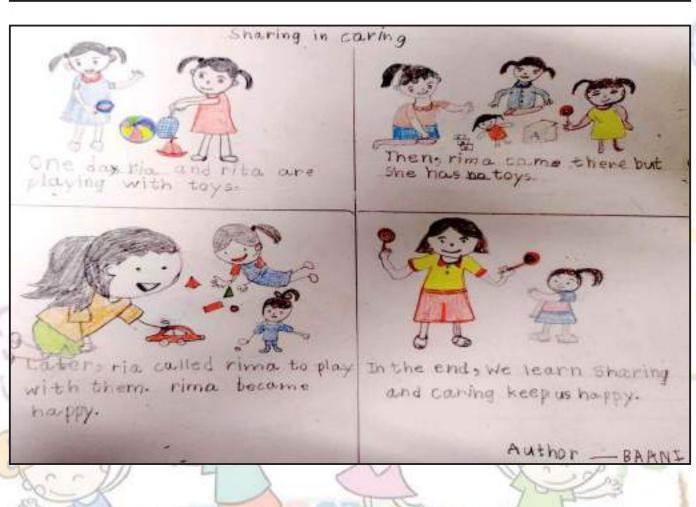


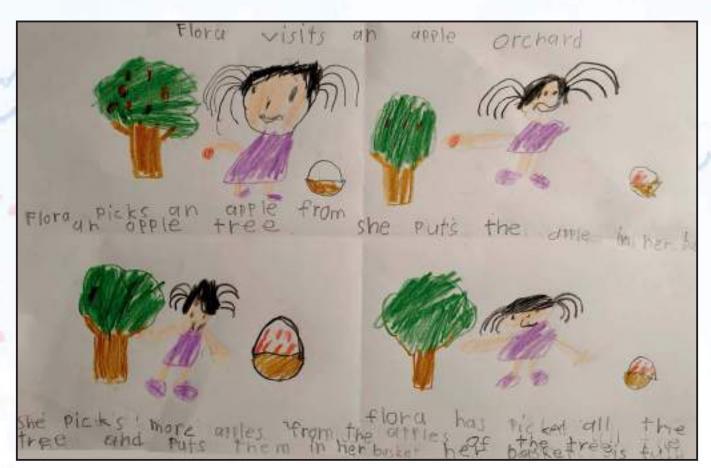


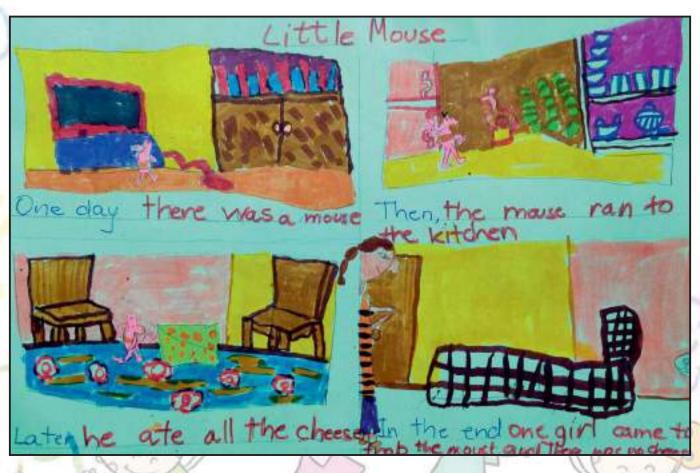


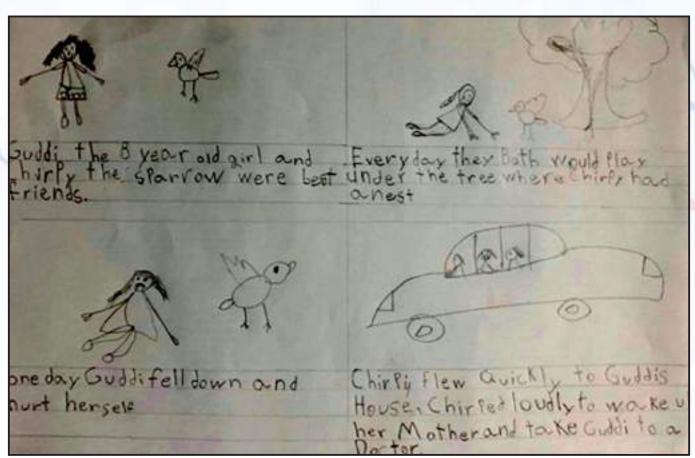


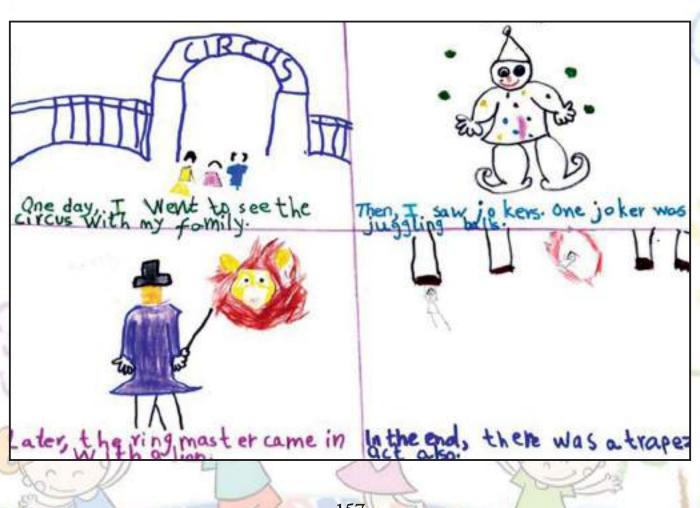


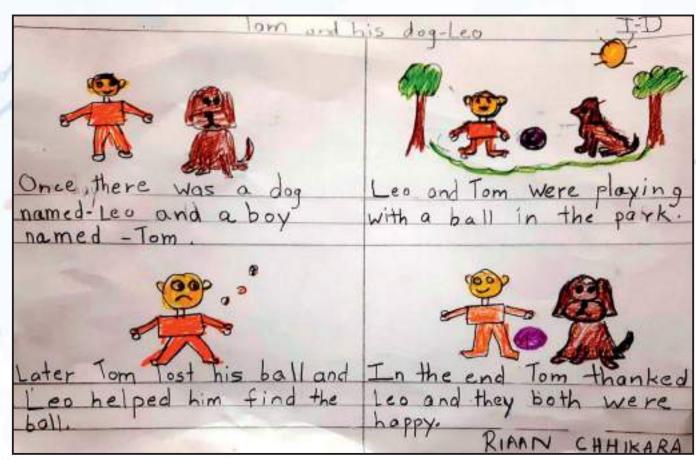


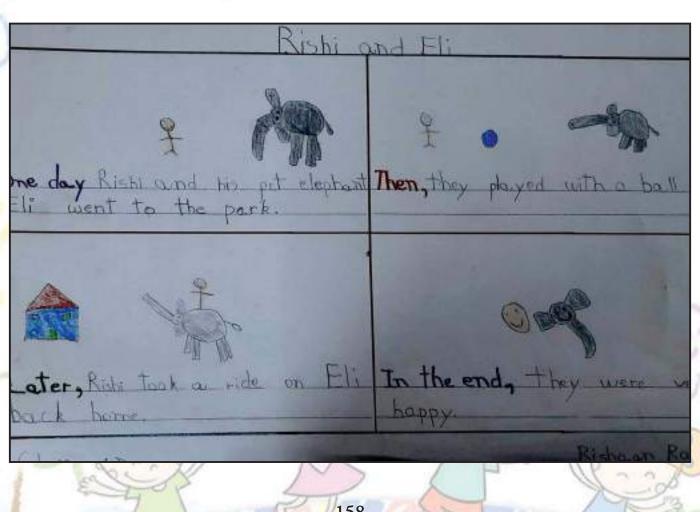




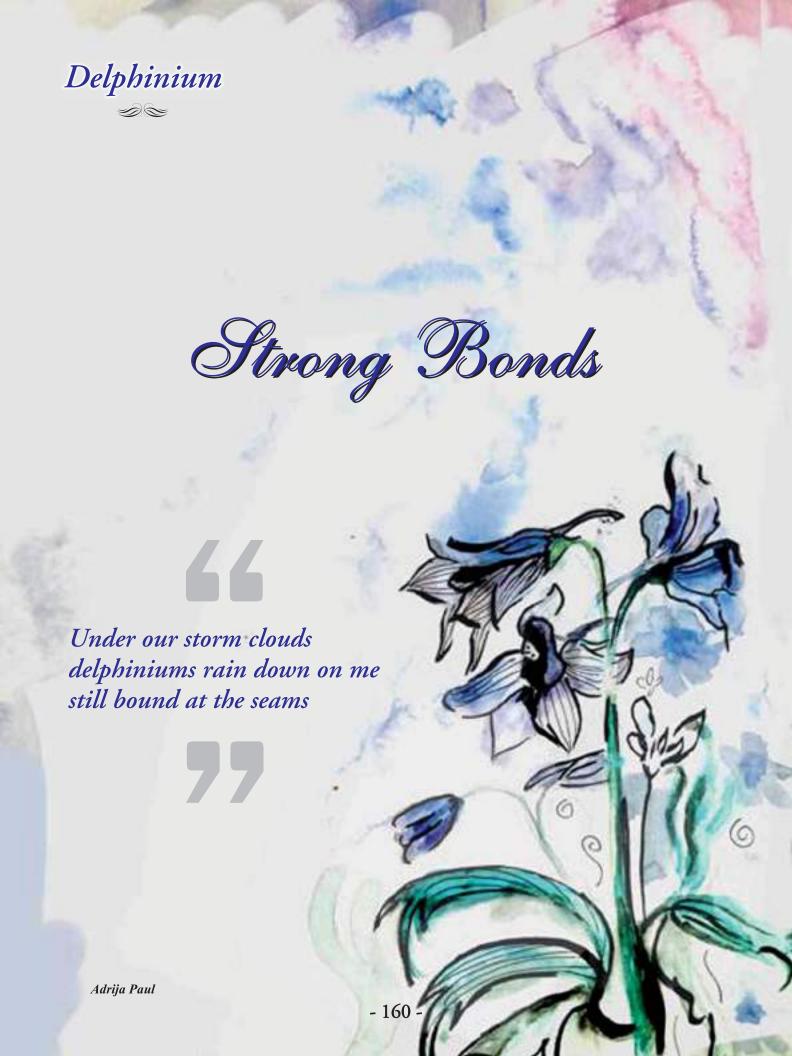












HAPPY MOTHERS' DAY!!!

n this occasion, I would love to share an incident that I witnessed. It displays how incredible each and every mother's love, affection and instinct is, even in nature. In this case, the mother squirrel did not give up in trying to retrieve her baby. Squirrels commonly found in India, known as Indian palm squirrels, are small animals you can see just about everywhere. Living in Delhi, you can commonly see these threestriped furry animals in parks, on the road, or even coming to your house. On the sunny afternoon of February 10th, I learned that a mother squirrel had given birth to two babies in an air conditioning vent of the house in front of mine, and she was nowhere to be found. They had not opened their eyes yet. Being animal lovers, the immediate reaction of me and my family was to adopt and take care of the newborn baby squirrels. However, on second thought, we decided that we would wait till evening for the mother to come and collect them, as it would get dangerous for them to be alone dark at night. So the babies were placed in a bucket along with their nest and hanged from the branch of a tree. Around lunchtime, we saw that the mother had come looking for her babies, found the bucket, and carried one of them up to her nest. We were thrilled to find out that one of the babies had been carried safely. However, when carrying the second baby up, a dog had run out to follow her and the path to her nest had been derailed. With the mother in a state of panic, the baby slipped and was left on the door of a house. That was wildly unsafe for the newborn as many dogs and other squirrel predators were usually seen there. The mother came back to get her second baby. She made a lot of effort to pick it up from the door but she was unable to do that after trying again and again for about an hour. I decided to give her a helping hand and the second baby was put back into the bucket, so as to make it easier for the mother to retrieve it. When the mother came back down to get her second child, she could not find it on the door. But after looking around the area, she found it kept in the bucket again. I

saw her looking around the area again and again, as if she was checking out the territory. This was all filmed by me. After standing for an hour holding the camera, the moment came. She carefully climbed up the tree, and went up to the bucket. She entered the bucket and looked for her baby. She carefully held it between her teeth and rolled it up to carry wouldn't hurt. She carried it down the tree cautiously. After coming down the received up her baby and cleaned it properly, and then took it up to her nest. This was a truly

Vanya Savara, IX-E

touching moment.

Double Choco-Chip Frappuccino

e looked at her with fear in his eyes, unable to form sentences or make any sound. If she hadn't snapped at him, he would've probably continued looking at her.

"Excuse me?"

She snapped her fingers in the air.

"My friends pointed out that you've been staring at me."

He followed her gaze to a bunch of people wearing baggy clothes covered in paint.

"Who are they?" He whispered to himself. Canvases were stacked on the table. "Artists? No, that can't be. You hate art, you only love music."

"Hello!" She snapped again, he knew she could act very stern with people she didn't like.

"But you were never like this with me," he whispered to himself.

She was a mess of a gorgeous chaos. You could see it in her eyes. Her hair was like lovely whiskey, it was the colour of the fallen leaves, browned and soft like the first heap of leaves of autumn. But those leaves had dried a long time ago, yet here they were, full of life, right in front of him.

Earlier that day...

The sun had peaked again in the sky. Ruhaan finally got a chance to escape his office building and enter the coffee house. The bells jingled upon his arrival. His favourite time of the day was here! The sun shone through the big window that faced the skyline of Mumbai, and it danced in front of his eyes.

The golden glow was rare. There were more cafés down the street, but this was lucky enough with an incredible view.



Ruhaan as always went to the counter, and without skipping a beat, the barista asked "The usual?"

"Woah! The best barista check?" he beamed.

"Ah haha! That would be -"

"250 rupees! Yes, I know," Ruhaan interrupted, and handed out the money, "Keep the change."

"This is new," the barista chimed.

"What can I say? Today is a good day."

Ruhaan took off towards the red, high chairs facing the outdoors. This was his moment, he would look out at the traffic, look at the people going on with their lives.

While he waited in a daydream, he heard a familiar laugh which made him sit up straight. He couldn't hear that voice. He was probably just hallucinating.

'Yes, that was it!' he assured himself.

But there it was again! He turned so fast that his neck cracked and a piercing pain traced his spine. He didn't care, because what he was seeing, more like who he was seeing made him feel as if his heart was on fire. It flared up in his chest.

The soft music playing in the background died along with sounds of the people talking, and the spotlight fell on her. Her laugh was amplified in his ears, he felt like he was dissolving. Losing all control, his vision blurred until it was black.

Ruhaan found himself in front of his -their home.

A frustrated girl sat in the front seat of the car. "Ruhaan!" she shouted, "I will have to find another job!" she said impatiently.

"I'm here!"

Then appeared a stumbling Ruhaan. "You know you can get free coffee from that coffee shop in your office building." he said sitting in the car. "For once you can miss the Chocolate Frappuccino and be on time. It tastes like a sugar bomb exploding in water anyway."

Aisha looked at him hurt "Why should I miss my golden moment of the day? You should stop showering instead!" she scoffed.

They were memories. The scene started to fade, as they drove off into the distance.

Once again, he found himself in the dark until the light blinded him again. This memory did not consist of an extraordinary incident, yet he remembered it so vividly.

Ruhaan saw himself entering the house late at night. He flinched at the memory, leaning back as if knowing what was to come. Out of nowhere, Aisha smacked him with an iron pan right in the face.

This resulted in Ruhaan being knocked out for several minutes. A broken nose, his wife freaking out and splashes of coffee all over the wall. Coffee that Ruhaan had brought as an I-amsorry-I'm-home-late gift.

Ruhaan watched, smiling at Aisha, who was frantically trying to wake him up, knowing that it would be a story that would be told at numerous parties and bonfires. He touched his twitching nose, which triggered the darkness again. The fading sensation overpowered him.

Time flew by to a few months later.

"Are you going somewhere?" Aisha asked, looking up from her magazine.

"Yes...I'm sorry I told the boys I would meet them at the restaurant, and I'm taking the car!" Ruhaan said while making his way out the door.

"NO TODAY IS MY TURN! GET ME A FRAPPÉ ATLEAST" Aisha shouted.

"IF I GET TIME, LOVE YOU" he replied already out the door

He lost track of time and stayed longer than he was supposed to. After he got a call from the aunty living next door, telling him that Aisha had been in an accident. She had taken a taxi to go to the coffee house and the driver was drunk. The driver faced minor injuries, but Aisha was critical, she was in a coma.

Ruhaan was forced to decide, let her live on a ventilator forever, or let her go from this pain. Was living like this even living? They were so young they never had a chance to talk about this situation. Would she be mad at him for letting her ao?

In reality, he knew he had to let her go because every day was getting more and more expensive. Ruhaan saw his past self, sitting by her side –numb. The sound of the constant ringing in the background that declared that she wasn't here anymore.

Ruhaan seated by the bed looked up at his future self. In his eyes was anger and guilt when he mouthed the words to him, "It's all your fault."

He was thrown back into the void, and then the light expanded, blinding him momentarily yet again.

Now he saw her walking back to a group of strangers, whom he was sure she didn't know.

The ringing in his ears was as loud as ever, he was still staring at her. As she walked back, he heard a faint voice calling his name. She stopped dead in her tracks, as if she knew something. The barista called out for an order of a "Double Choco-chip Frappuccino!"

Aditi Solanki, XI-F



have always been fond of pets, especially dogs. One of my first memories is of our Lhasa Apso breed, black male dog, named Ninja.

Ninja was so playful and cute, but once during our winter vacation, we had gone to Guwahati, leaving him in the care of our guard. But the guard carelessly left him out in the cold at night, and poor Ninja passed away.

Everyone was so upset to hear that, and my father decided to never have a pet dog at home again. Time passed, and I kept asking my father to get a new pet, but he was very reluctant.

Then four years ago, during the summer break, when I went with my Grandma or 'Nani' to her sister's place in Bareilly.

Their female, white Pomeranian Shiba became so friendly with me. I was so in love with her and I wanted to bring her home to Delhi, but no one allowed that. I got emotional and asked my father to get me a pet soon. He finally agreed,

and on my birthday in August 2017, I got this small, cute, two-month-old Labrador, whom my mum instantly named JoJo.

JoJo is so dear to me. He is my all-time companion at home, silently walking beside me. He loves to play with a ball and play hide and seek. I love to feed him, pet him and play with him. He wants all the attention. He loves festivals and is more excited than usual during the hustle bustle of Holi and Diwali.

The cute thing about him is that whenever we are sitting in the lawn, he always puts a ball in his mouth asking me to play with him. He doesn't understand that unlike him, we have homework and studies. All things said, I love JoJo and I try to understand more and more of what he wants to convey. His love is unconditional and I wish JoJo a long and healthy life.

Chinmayi Pande, VI-E



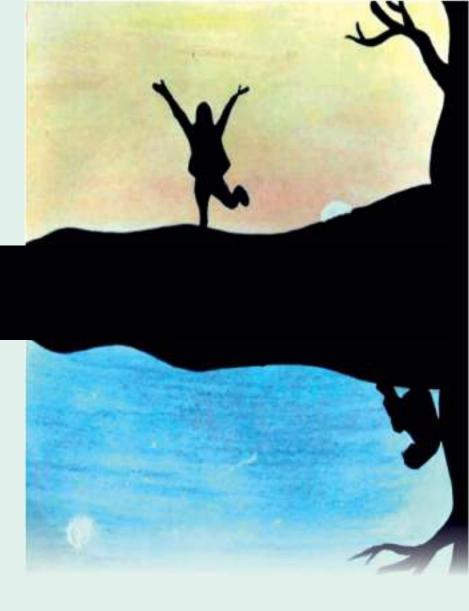
Fading LIGHTS

They meet in the fading lights,
Of twilight and dawning skies.
Never were, never will be,
Maybes of eternity.

United undercurrents of time, History repeats itself, Painting the canvas of the universe.

War is red and so is love,
Serene blue; also a sombre hue,
And the yellow hope that seeps
through.
Love wars for love,
And war sets like the sinking sun.
In fading lights, they meet,
Pearls of Ishtar shine,
And reveal secrets they keep.

Time bends, stops and folds over,
Paradoxes; they unite,
Under the pale sky.
The blue moon,
Witness to every sigh.



Forgotten moments in passing time, Insatiable desires put in rhyme, Bursting nebulae and dying suns, Two stars that shot through, Broke to realise their own truths.

All is fair in love and war,
But the universe has some rules,
Two sides of the same coin never meet,
Depths of the blue sea and heights of
the blue sky,
And so, they unite in fading lights.

Tavishi Sharan, XI-B

GOLDEN

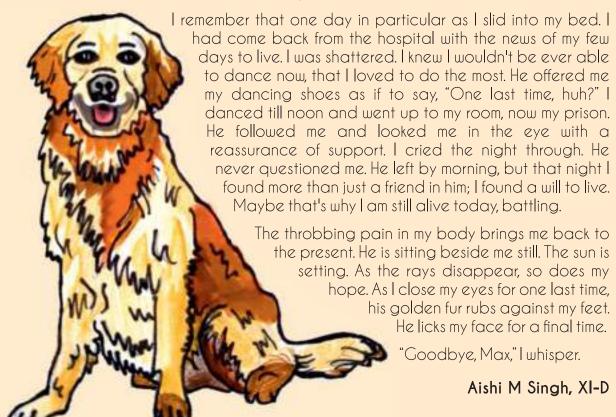
Footsteps slowly creaked on every step of the stairs. The bedroom door handle turned slowly. It was him. I could see him I smiled feebly.

His golden locks glistened in the sun as if to symbolise my only ray of hope. His black eyes gave me the reassurance that this was for the best. I could hear mom calling him. He stayed. Like always.

I knew losing me was his biggest fear, yet he stood beside me as my biggest source of strength. He slammed the door shut. The room was dark. I looked at the brown ceiling. It had been my 'sky' for over a year now. I had survived longer than the doctors had said. As I tried to lower my gaze, unable to see him eye to eye, he stared right into mine and I knew he was telling me that the truth could not be denied, I had to face it. I was going to go soon.

I could hardly move to reach out to him. I lifted my hand with a lot of effort but it fell. I sighed in frustration.

I wanted to shut the window, "There is no hope," I murmured.



My Book, My Friend

As I glance back and move through the memory lanes of my childhood the only things which were constantly with me were my books. That tiny book rack in my room seems to have grown with me. I moved on from 'Pepper' to 'Enid Blyton' to 'J.K .Rowling'. Gradually, the empty bookshelf was filled with so many books.

I have never felt lonely after that first encounter. That moment when my mother sat down with me one evening and brought to life all those characters the book portrayed. I had never been an avid reader before this, but since it was raining heavily that evening, I was not able to go out to play. I was frustrated and upset.

As my mother read out the book I gradually gained interest and a delightful sensation replaced my agony.

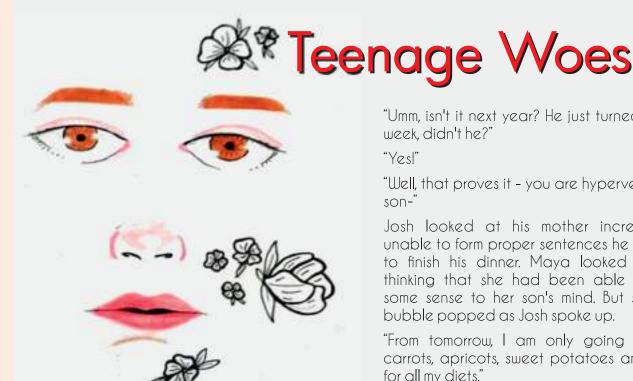


That day changed me forever and I started reading more often. My interest grew stronger day by day. I never felt lonely again. Many a times, when my friends and I had fights, books replaced them. When I read books I think we can experience a plethora of emotions. Some stories make you sad, some make your stomach ache with laughter, while others just leave you wondering what actually happened.

It is strange how books managed to replace human presence on days when I was lonely. It's true that books cannot talk to you like your friends can, but they can express themselves freely as they are not hesitant of being ridiculed, and end up connecting you to the story they narrate.

As I sit down on my desk writing this essay in these times where the world is fighting a pandemic, I wonder whether I would ever be able to meet my friends. The lonely streets of my locality make me feel separated from the world but still we have respite in the form of books.

Yadhuvir Sood, VI-E



"I just can't help it anymore Mom! It's all over my face, by next week you won't be able to see my normal skin at all!" complained Josh.

"Honey it's normal, at this age everybody has it, you are nothing different...

Josh, a 14-year-old adolescent who just started experiencing the changes of puberty had just pointed out the most prominent problem experienced by probably all the teenagers around the world. Acne. Well, maybe not all teenagers but most of them at least. Maya internally sighed and looked at Josh firmly.

"Son, they will go away on their own, don't worry."

"Don't worry? Don't worry! My dearest mother who doesn't seem to understand my life's biggest problem, how am I going to attend Robin's party without getting shunned at least ten times? Oh God I'm destroyed, I'm finished, there is nothing left for me to do now!" he wailed.

"What party are you talking about Josh?" inquired Maya with the sternest motherly tone. "Well, duh, his birthday party mom."

"Umm, isn't it next year? He just turned 14 last week, didn't he?"

"Yes!"

"Well, that proves it - you are hyperventilating" son-"

Josh looked at his mother incredulously, unable to form proper sentences he decided to finish his dinner. Maya looked relieved, thinking that she had been able to bring some sense to her son's mind. But soon her bubble popped as Josh spoke up.

"From tomorrow, I am only going to have carrots, apricots, sweet potatoes and water for all my diets."

He continued before Maya could speak up, "I've heard that they help in reducing these ooze bombs which are growing on my face." Saying this, he got up and went to bed as from the next day, a highly classified mission was to be carried out and he couldn't risk getting tired the day before.

Next Mornina

Maya woke up with serenity. She was feeling fresh but she could always feel fresher by brushing her teeth with the new toothpaste which she bought from an e-store for the first time. It was the first and the last time she did so because the cost was simply outrageous. But as she walked into her washroom, she noticed that every single thing was present there except the paste.

"Josh have you seen my toothpaste?!" she called out impulsively

In return all she could hear was a whimper from the room next to hers. With immense curiosity she went to check the room, only to find it empty and the veranda door open. Maya was already wishing that what she dreaded would not come true but sadly today was not her day. She walked out to the veranda.

In front of her stood Josh with his face covered up in a white cream and his hands holding the expensive tube of toothpaste which already appeared half finished. And she knew exactly what had happened. The only thing which was preventing Maya from going into shock was the boiling rage in her.

She exploded, "What-happened - here?!"

Her son casually shrugged, "Oh mornin' Mom. Nothing much. You know all these days of hardships and struggle got me to do some 'scientific' research and I found out that applying toothpaste on these acne actually helps in reducing them..."

"Illha-"

But he didn't let his mother finish, "... And I thought 'Why don't I try it out'. So here I am."

Maya couldn't believe her son's extent of reasoning, "First of, you are going crazy and secondly why couldn't you use your own toothpaste. This is a very expensive one which made me spend a quarter of my earnings."

"Well that thought did cross my mind when I was expertly applying it on my face but you see, I figured that since yours is expensive, it might work better than the cheap one which I own."

"Oh God, Joshua Dylan you are so in trouble. And why are you standing outside, huh?!" the woman asked.

"Good question Mom, you see, another source namely Parker who has the clearest skin told me that applying bird droppings on the pimples which fall exactly on a penny really helps in curing the bubbles along with removing the spots, so I am waiting for the birds."

Maya stood there gaping at her 14-year-old son, "Isn't Parker the 4-year-old brother of Robin?"

"Precisely."

"Oh wow! He is just a kid Josh who hasn't reached adolescence and after all!"

Maya cleared her throat uncomfortably, "Yep. Never mind son. Come on let's go and have breakfast."

This made Josh calm down. But it lasted only for a few minutes. After having a hearty breakfast, he again started fidgeting nervously. This made Maya's concern grow further for her son. She carefully approached him and reassuringly touched her son's shoulder.

"Hey, what's wrong Joseph?"

"Mom, will you stop changing my name every 10 minutes. I am Josh, not Joshua, not Joseph. And what makes you think that anything is wrong?"

"Well, you always fidget with your pinkie finger when something's wrong..." "Fair enough..."

"So...?"

"Gah, I don't know mom. It's just- it's just that I keep having this feeling that I will not be accepted by my friends just because my face is filled with disgusting pimples. I have kept myself perfect since the beginning and I just don't want these acne coming into the way."

"Oh, I see. Well, tell me one thing Josh, who are your true friends? The ones who are your friend because of your looks or the ones who support you because of your personality and the person you are?"

"I guess the latter..."

"Don't guess honey. It is the latter. Good friends are those who love and support you because of the heart which you have in there," she said as she lightly poked his chest and a smile started forming on Josh's face.

"Honey you are perfect just the way you are and all your true friends, me, your dad, everyone who knows you would want you to remain just the same and grow and learn naturally. And I am not only saying this for your pimples, I am saying this for your whole life. I love you son. Oh gosh, I hate it when I start giving long speeches."

By now, Josh was grinning widely, "It's okay mom, I love you more" and he hugged her tightly. She hugged him back as she whispered, "Not possible, I love you most"

Shinjini Banerji, X-D

THE CALL

"If I am not home by 8 p.m. Monday you should start to worry," he said. Jennifer laughed. It was so typical of him.

His job as a forensic psychologist often put him in a lot of danger but no one had tried to murder or strangle him so Jennifer was not too worried but it was better to be safe than sorry.

"You better come back in one piece then Keith. I am not paying the rent all by myself," Jennifer replied, hugging him as he went out of the door.

That was the last time she had heard from him in two days. He had gone to Los Angeles because they needed a psychological evaluation from the experts but there were not many so Keith was flown there from home.

He had promised to send texts, at the very least, to Jennifer but there had been no contact from him in the past few days so Jennifer thought that he might be busy and brushed her concern off without a second thought.

Monday evening, exactly at 19:57, she got a call. "Hello, this is the doctor from LA General Hospital speaking. You have been listed as Mr. Keith Kogane's emergency contact."

Jennifer's heart stopped. A call from the hospital was not good. She sat down on the couch to brace herself for bad news.

"Miss Jennifer, are you still on the line?" The voice rang out from the other end.

"Yes, I am there. What has happened to Keith?" Jennifer's voice trembled as she asked the question.

"You do not have to worry much Miss. He is out of immediate danger. He got strangled by one of the criminals he was evaluating but he is currently out of danger. He should be clear for discharge by tomorrow," the doctor said.

Jennifer heaved a sigh of relief and then she said, "Thank you doctor. May I speak to him?"

The doctor replied in the affirmative and then the phone was handed to Keith.

"Keith, I told you to come back in one piece. That means no getting strangled also," Jennifer said.

Keith gave a hearty laugh at the other end and said, "I will be back by tomorrow but now do I get I-told-you-so rights?"

"Of course you do not but come back safe. I will be expecting you by evening Mister," Jennifer said, ending the call.

All turned out to be well and Keith was home by the next evening.

Triya Basuroy, IX-D



Cold Gaze of the Camera

A tiny drop of sweat trickled down my neck, as I stood there in front of the class,
Arriving exactly four minutes late as everyone's eyes stared at me from head to toe
And the teacher's harsh glare made me shake in my shoes as I put my late slip on her table.
I aulped.

This was just like me, on the first day of school -only I could arrive late.

I slowly took a step forward and went towards an empty seat, Wishing desperately I would get sucked in a hole so deep that I won't be able to see those 36 pairs of empty eyes staring at me.

I felt like an outsider, who was pretending to be someone they are not, just so I could blend in and not be under the spotlight, be the same as everyone else and avoid the camera as I merged into the symphony of colors that flourished from everyone's laughter and happiness while I sat forlorn constantly feeling as if people were judging me.

Suddenly, the class doors opened and in came a girl who unlike me didn't cower but smiled at those emotionless 36 pairs of eyes, as she went to the teacher and handed her a late slip.

Ignoring all the staring and the whispers, it was like she knew that they were watching her, judging her, but here she looked as if she didn't care, Class went by in a blur as this girl, the total opposite of me, sat beside me and talked to me as if I wasn't an outsider, she talked to me as if I were just me and I for the first time felt what it was like to not be judged, now in a snap I didn't care about everyone else and the feeling of being under the constant gaze of 36 pairs of eyes, 36 pairs of camera's just vanished.

I've always lived in the fear of being judged and made fun of, always afraid of making friends in the fear of being betrayed, anxious to be in the spotlight and not wanting to be stared down at.

The change came as fast as the flash of a camera, in just a single 30-minute-long class, I learnt what it's like to be free, not from the cameras, they will always

be there, No, I became free from the confines of my own mind.

I have her to thank for this after all, the person who was the total opposite of me, My best friend, who taught to look at the cold gaze of the camera and just smile.

Hoshika Gupta, IX-A

Bookworm's Nook



The library is fun , We can learn, everyone, We can read like a worm, And be quiet or get a churn.

"Just a moment I am reading,"
"I want to find this word's meaning,"
The children say this everyday,
And the parents say go out to play,
Play? Why play today?
When I can go to the library.

I want to read about owls,
Rather than clean mud off me,
With a thousand towels,
The library is fun,
We can learn, everyone.

Rhea Bishnoi, VI-B

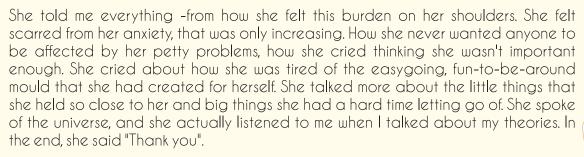
Save the Stardust

here was obviously something wrong with her One could feel how she held everything tied up with a strong thread, protecting people from her feelings. I could see it when I saw her sitting alone in class when she took off the heavy mask she had made for herself.

So I went up to her one time and asked, she was surprised, "You think I'm upset? Have you not seen the things I do to be fun?"

But that was what was bothering me, was she doing all of these hilarious things to keep herself happy? Or the others?

So I asked again, she shut me out once more had to try a new way, but if she was going to shut me out again. I wouldn't stop trying. I wash going to ignore my gut. Surprisingly, this time the smile faded, the eyes washed away the mask she was wearing for God knows how long!



"For what?" I asked,

"For asking me how I was doing," she replied with the same incredible smile on her face and the sparkle in her eyes, which was most definitely genuine this time.

Imagine if I hadn't asked her. Imagine if these feelings that she had bottled up escalated, could she have done things she would have regretted. But thank God I did.

So, ask people how it's going. Talk to them one on one. Do not be afraid or shy, you never know if you have accidentally saved someone, saved the stardust in their eyes.

Aditi Solanki, XI-F

Richness in Diversity

ndia is a diverse country, a fact that is visibly prominent in its people, culture and climate. From the eternal snows of the Himalayas to the cultivated peninsula of far South, from the deserts of the West to the humid deltas of the East, from the dry heat and cold of the Central Plateau to the cool forest foothills, India has a diverse topography.

Indian culture varies like its vast geography. From the ancient era, people have spoken different languages, dressed differently, followed different religions and eaten different cuisines. This variety in race, culture, or religion, accounts for the existence of different ethnic groups who while living within the boundaries of one single nation, display different social habits and characteristics.

Regional territories in India play an important role in differentiating amongst these ethnic groups, with their own social and cultural identities. The religions that are prevalent in the country are Hinduism, Christianity, Islam, Sikhism, Buddhism, and Jainism, with the freedom for citizens to practice any religion they want to.

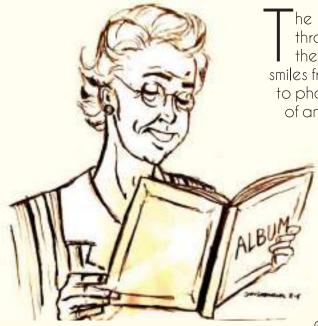
In India, a festival or a celebration is never restricted to a family or a home. The whole community or neighborhood is involved in bringing liveliness to an occasion. Likewise, an Indian wedding is a celebration of union, not only of the bride and groom, but also of two families, maybe cultures or religion too! Similarly, in times of sorrow, neighbours and friends play an important part in easing out the pain.

The culture of India itself can thus be defined as a prime example of "unity in diversity." Indians are rooted to their rich culture in a variety of ways, but are still united on the front at all times.

The beauty of the Indian people lies in their spirit of tolerance and a composite culture that can be compared to a garden of flowers of various colours and shades of which, while maintaining their own entity, lend harmony, grace and beauty to the garden - India!

L. Lakshmishree, IX-B

UNFORGETTABLE



he memories flooded back, as she flipped through the photo album. The glassy eyes of the people she loved stared back at her, their smiles frozen in time. Her own eyes flitted from photo to photo like a butterfly relishing the sweet nectar of an array of flowers.

This precious bouquet of memories was all she had left. Like the colours of the photographs, she too was now fading away. Her fingers slowly caressed the smooth laminated surface of that one photo which she had hidden from everyone and revisited over the years. It was a photograph of 'him'.

She could still remember that perfect Sunday afternoon. It flashed before her eyes, the final replay...her ultimatum.

"I have to go. You don't understand, I can't

spend my life shut in a box!" he cried angrily.

"But you don't even have any plans for the future or any prospects. Ambition without direction is the perfect recipe for disaster. You have a future here... with me." She tried to reason with him.

"There are no opportunities for people like me left in this small town! I want to see the world, find the meaning of life..." his voice droned on and on.

The other day, he had called himself 'a citizen of the world'. He had turned into a complete lunatic, she was convinced of that fact. He was leaving tomorrow.

"What about us then?"

She tried to talk past the lump that had formed in her throat. Tears were stinging her eyes and sweat had dewed on her skin, making her glow in the warm afternoon sun. His heart had swelled upon seeing her that way, one last time.

Twilight was approaching now; they had reached an impasse. She sighed, they had both known it was not to be. He had always wanted to explore and spread his branches, believing that the sky was the limit. She wanted to set down roots and stay rooted to the same place. But they had promised each other that they would make it in the end ... together.

The time had come to fulfil her part of the promise. She closed the album and shut her eyes. A beautiful smile was etched on her age-old face. The silent beep of the heart monitor only meant one thing, she was reunited with him at last.

Agrani, XI-F



BALANCE

The balance in life, in which we all thrive, Seems true for some, for others far sight.

It's about maintaining a life,
That has satisfaction to begin,
Not just family and friends
But time for self-digging.
To nourish oneself, to grow and develop,
So inner satisfaction can also erupt.

Studying for some, jobs for rest, What we need to do, Is pause, grow and introspect. Then comes family, you need to look after, Maintaining a balance, and standing by, in times of disaster.

Share happy moments, and sad feelings as well,

That's what families are for, to support and to dwell.

Another important aspect is our friends,
With whom we share our grievances,
Spend happy times and on whom we
depend, to a large extent.

Not to forget the environment, without which we may fall,

That's an important aspect that got missed by all.

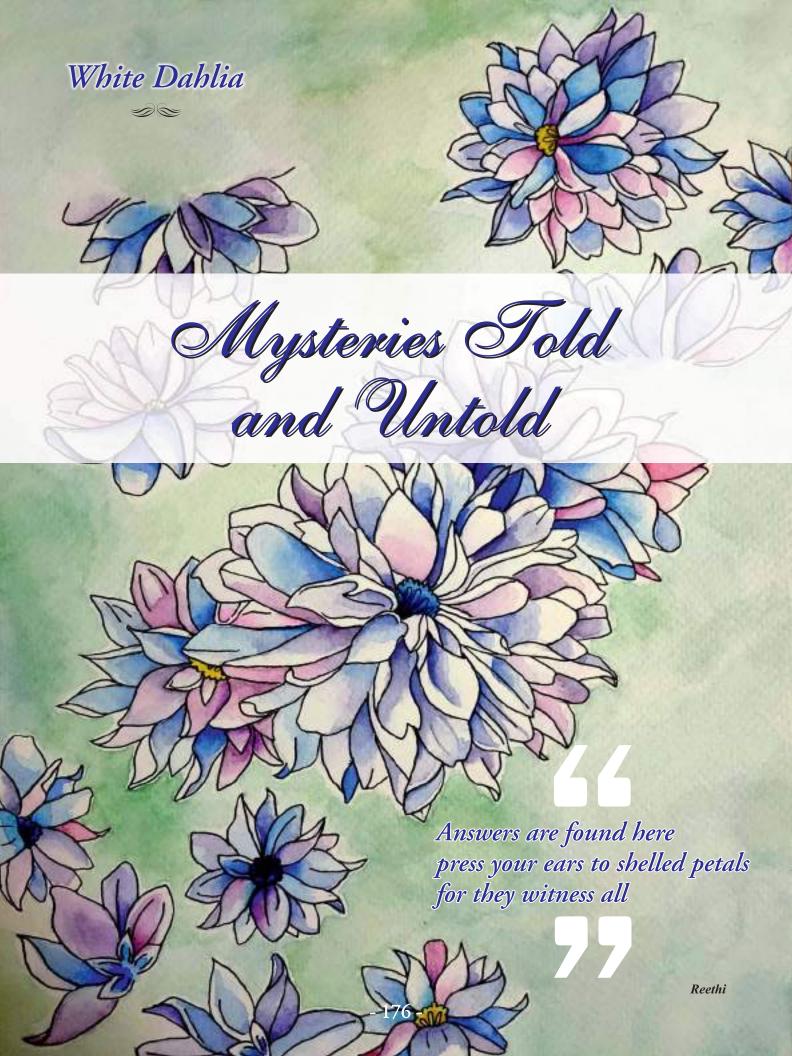
It's a kind of repercussion, of all our deeds,

That today, we stand helpless, and a cure is what we need.

Balancing is the key
Be it studies, co-curriculars or family
The culmination is that our doings
revolve,

Lend a hand, and see the world evolve.

Palakh Khanna, XII-F





ABANDONED CASTLE

ver since I was a little girl, I was fascinated by castles. They were structures of magnificent beauty, and it took all of my effort to comprehend the intricacies of a castle. Every story that resonated with me had a castle. No matter what kind, colour, shape, or type of castle it was; it was first and foremost, a castle. The concept of high walls baited me, fuelling my fascination further. How people were unable to penetrate the walls of a structure, so cleverly made. I often wondered what ensued within the walls of the structure that had captured my amazement all those years ago.

I still do.

The castles in the stories seem more distant now. I don't think they are made of ice, or chocolate, or even bricks now. They are made of metaphors.

Every heart beats profusely within, braving the weather, the rain and the days when only silence is its neighbour. I no longer wonder what kind of people live within.

Why?

Because I know.

I know that every castle is abandoned. Tucked away from the forest floor where the insects crawl at peace. Peaceful are the ones who do not expect. Is that bad? Abandoned castles lie in solitude under the moonlit sky. With penetrating silence all around, chaos ensues inside. There is a reason why abandoned castles make the most interesting stories. They aren't made up of finer emotions that can pass away with the flurries of the wind. They have structure and Intricate carvings by the architect. Feelings that are tucked so deep inside, that one gets lost roaming the passageway.

Apologies to you. When I said nobody lives inside the castle, I was not really telling you the absolute truth. Two people may, may just show themselves occasionally. The Beauty and the Beast. Only the Beast is the most beautiful person you will ever encounter in your life.

Would you ever bother to climb the walls of the castle? But every heart protects its own. So, the castle remains abandoned, and I remain fascinated.

Vidushi Mohan, XI-F

FORGOTTEN

The epilogue of Kabuliwala by Rabindranath Tagore

Mini's father

I couldn't decide whether it was the fire, through which Mini would proclaim herself a Bengali wife and move away. I also thought of my recent act of 'kindness' towards Rahman which made my heart warm.

I stood there, gazing at Mini's innocence being extinguished in the fire as the manher husband now - applied vermillion on her forehead. That streak of red was a gateway to a new world she would now step into.

A woman's journey of life, away from her nest, begins from here. The hands with white and red bangles would move to raise a family and win over a household with her devotion. Even though I knew my Mini would love to discuss and question every existing topic in the world, my heart would always ache to listen to her naive questions about Ramdayalor the elephant on the clouds. As those questions swirled in my kind, I noticed Mini's face glowing like a rose receiving the light of dawn.

Rahman

The mountains of Afghanistan are where he would be heading now. With probably a bundle on his head, his scarred face would have eyes of flickering hope. The light extinguished was here when an old ally was forgotten by Mini, but his love hadn't dimmed. Igniting hope in his heart, was my act of gratitude even though the scar of truth had already been carved in Rahman's heart. Far away, another young bride would be waiting to enter a new stage in life, blessed by all. Except him. A father lost in time. One less hand to be kept on her head,

but the northern winds of the valleyand the cruel time would fade him away as if he was mere imagination of one's mind.

12th September 1878. Kabul Bus stop

Rahman

The heart is a brittle cup which we tend to overflow every time. I cupped my mouth to blow it warm. The hands never obeyed and trembled cold...

My daughter, Farah. It means joy and that joy ran through every bone in my body when I held her in my rough hands, years ago. I don't know how to count but I sensed several springs had passed and the Kash flowers had bloomed and fallen innumerable times.

I remember. Her snow-white face had a touch of beauty that no snowflake in Kuwat valley could ever possess. She had her mother's nose, as Ammi Jaan had exclaimed and my eyes had quivered in happiness. I murmured, and I do every day, a prayer of gratitude to my wife, resting peacefully with white flowers and our tears. If Farah was a rose petal, I was always her stem and gladly accepted all her thorns.

The rose and the stem had to detach when money went in the diminishing direction. The snow did not fall peacefully like in a dream where the heavens would bow down to the snowfalls of Afghanistan. That year the snow was accompanied by the frost of wrath, destroying the grains and soon the containers turned transparent, filled with air.

They said the money was gushing like water in the cities. So my faded coat was put on and a sack over my spine. I looked like I was to start for the city, but I wasn't ready. I laughed in pain when I thought about it. My life was here, my angel and my little devil of joy.

In a world of possessions, humans fall into either rich or poor. The worst was the man who staggered in between.

Farah was oblivious of this fact. For her, the world was a merry-go-round with flowers and snow as companions. The birds soaring up, and the big reindeer with big scary horns but a calm face; Farah treasured them all.

"Abba when these butterflies fly around you, you should close your mouth."

"Goodness! and why so?", and my eyes used to shine with amusement and absolute curiosity

"Because", her laugh knew no bounds, "then they will get inside you and you will have butterflies in your stomach."

It was as if thousands of bells tinkled in innocence and my heart would feel warm with love as I used to watch Farah's face glowing with happiness and shine just like her mother.

I put on my shoes. Farrah was standing there. I remember. Vividly. Standing with a curious face but with doubting eyes. Neither spoke. I took out a small piece of paper and put it out. Instantly, Farrah screamed in delight as she took out the ink bottle, smeared the black liquid all over her hands. She came back and placed her hands on her paper, with the greatest precision, and with each impatient twitch in her eyes and eagerness to see how her hand impression would come out, my heart broke into pieces no human can ever count. Soon those two black handprints were in my sack: my worldly possession costlier than money which I was heading towards to hunt.

"Bhai sahibs get in or move." Impatient scorn came from behind.

I moved and looked up. A big rusty bus with intense commotion at the door stood probably for a minute more. Twelve years ago, was it this bus? Was it? Was it this very thing that bought me? I blamed the bus. My guilt was burning my insides and the bus made my neck sore, and my

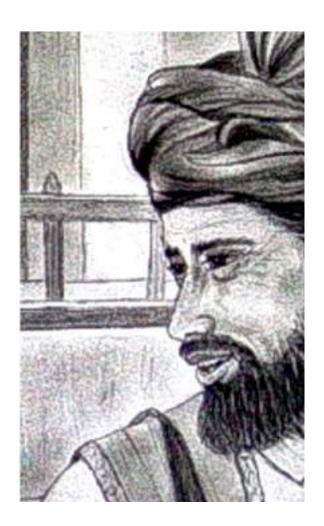
eyes blurred. The conductor had all the time in his life, yet frantically waved at the passengers to squeeze in.

Thesitated.

If this bus took me back, I would walk a kilometre to reach my house. Since the day I had departed, I had been waiting for this moment. Yet, I hesitated.

The conductor looked at me, paused for a second, and then the door closed. The bus drove away, snorting like a broken machine, till it's only legacy left behind was a pile of smoke and dust. There was silence and then I heard time laugh, mercilessly.

Sampreeti Kar, X-D



SPRING DAY

When spring surprised us, it sang us out of our slumber.

Blooming flowers filled the air with the honeyed scent of sweet relief.
You and I, we sat under the falling blossoms and thought about life.

We thought about changing seasons, how they come and go.

How winter left us, and spring appeared, We wondered if it paused to say goodbye. We wondered if anyone heard it.

The winter curled into wisps of smoke around our feet.

It still lingered, the slight traces of it.

The occasional frigid blast sent chills down our spines,

But it didn't matter, for spring was here now.
Spring was beautiful and it was all we needed.
Nothing could dampen our spirits,
Not even the regret of the words unsaid.
Not even the regret of incomplete farewells.

But the thoughts trickled back in.
The chill stripping the trees bare, devoid of their leaves.

Everyone bustling about, clinging to each other in attempts to keep warm.

Looking back at everyone hiding from the winter,

Maybe that's why it was cold, and alone.

Everyone lets the sun inside,

But for winter, no one opens their doors.

Left out and cold shouldered,
With everyone just waiting for it to pass,
longing for just one day of spring.
Maybe, winter was misunderstood.

We thought of the people on the streets, Bundled up in their warmest clothes. The tips of their noses flushed red. And then, there was the falling snow. For winter was beautiful, it was raw and breathtakina.

But in this ignorant world, how was it to know? For if you don't tell anyone how beautiful they are,

They spend their lives believing that they were invisible.

Sitting under the falling blossoms, you and I, We wondered if it would have been different, Had someone heard winter say goodbye.

Binati Arora, XI-B

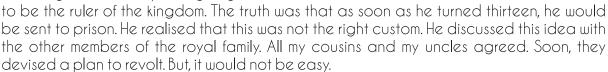


The Right to Rule

Have you ever wondered why only men ruled the world? Well, that was a long time ago.

I was born in a kingdom that was matriarchal. My kingdom had a peculiar system of ruling as only women were allowed to rule. The boys born in the royal family were not allowed to rule and were sent to prison as soon as they turned thirteen.

My brother, Archie grew up believing that one day he is going



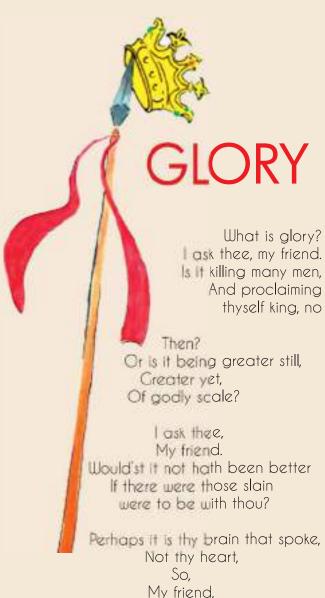
So, during lunchtime, they would pass chits among themselves in which the plan would be written. The plan would be executed only after all of them agreed.

After weeks and weeks of planning, the day to execute the plan had come. At night, one of my uncles released a gas which apparently made all of them fall asleep. Well, some of them had tied a piece of cloth around their faces. After that, my uncle managed to grab the keys to the locks of the prison. One by one, he freed all of them. With Archie and Ryan, one of my other brothers, in the lead, they started going towards Queen Sheila's room. They tip-toed as quietly as a mouse, and barged into mom's room. She screamed, tried calling out to the guards but it was of no use as the guards had fallen asleep. Ryan told my mom, "No matter how hard you try, there's no one to rescue you. You are our hostage. You should be lucky that Archie did not want to kidnap you, otherwise you don't even know what would have happened to you." Archie scolded Ryan for being so rude with mom. Then Archie asked mom, "Mom, this is not the end of it. All of us have a question to ask you."

After the confrontation, Archie asked mom, "Why are only women allowed to rule and not men?" Mom replied, "In the kingdom where my great-great-great grandmother was born, only men ruled there. They never took the women's point of view into consideration, they would torture us to no end. My great-great-great grandmother had no choice but to gather a few women and flee from the kingdom. Ever since, we could never, ever trust men." Archie thought about it, and then said, "Mom, I am sorry. I had no clue that this had happened." Mom forgave him. Ryan proposed to mom his idea. Ryan said, "From now onwards, both men and women will allowed to rule. Those who torture women or do not let them voice their point of view, would be sent to jail." All my family members agreed to this idea.

The next day, Mom gave up her throne to her first born son, Archie. Since that day, all my family members and the people of the kingdom lived happily ever after.

Parni Dasgupta, VIII-C



So,
My friend,
I forgive you now,
For false is that facade of yours,
I know of what lies underneath,
You are corrupted,
I believe.

Wake up,
Brother!
Mater is gone.
Pater is old,
Leprosy hath broken out.
Come back to us,
From this killing spree.
You are not king,
And you will never be.

Anirban Mishra, VIII-B

THE STORY

A story, now,
I shall tell you today,
Of castles so grand,
And kings so great,
Of wizards so powerfull

Yet now has our story just begun,
For there is a universe.
Together to be strung!
Stars and galaxies, far apart,
Yet a cosmos grand,
There is to traverse!

Nebulae denser formed the stars, Those ones that we see in our night sky. Yet hush! And let us go further back,

And let us go further back, When all was matter, Hot and dense.

The lord had planned, For a universe (great). His mind then struck, A dot to be welded! Then it expanded, Astounding its creator.

Rocks, Asteroids, Galaxies formed, Earth, Made life, Then its life made Earth.

Now look at our planet, So green and diverse, And forget for a moment, How minor you are, In the Lord's great scheme of things.

Anirban Mishra, VIII-B

NOURISHMENT

It was his twelfth summer. He was slenderizing, becoming more angular and awkward, but the jollity, the jester-like zestfulness, kept him lively, ageless and exposed. His humour, flourished and animated with clowning since he was a small child, always let you know that he was in existence.

He always seemed to be the focus of attention, so it was no surprise to his friends to hear Aman say: "I'm taking a tent and running away from school for the day, and I won't come back for anything, not even lunch. Okay?"

This had been the marker of their friendship-lunch. The settings of the canteen area, and the aroma of every ingredient in the ambience, had been the backdrop of their companionship.

He observed them now, expecting panic and discouragement, but he was received with captivation. "Where will you lay your tent?" Aman was asked.

His friends did not trust him to be cautious or caring of his surroundings. They had to know.

"I'll rest only at the foot of the hills. Near the apple orchards."

The spot belonged to a remote, faraway land. The woods do that-they absorb time and smell and direction like distant whereabouts. An outlying market was hustling and bustling nearby. The glitz and glamour of the setup was different than that of his favourite supermarket.

Metal columns overflowed with ripe apples and painstakingly arranged oranges. Stands of packaged fruits and vegetables stood in the company of tall shelves as citizens well practised to the impositions of such contemporary establishments zigzagged through marbled aisles. His mother appreciated the onerous pattern of modern shopping.

This was poles apart. The affair spread across vast, prosperous expanses. The precision of previously packaged items contrasted against raw grains being measured in old-fashioned balances. It was noisy here—an intemperate barrage of animal and human noises. Stacked side by side, the barrels of live shellfish and broken chariots filled with leafy greens.

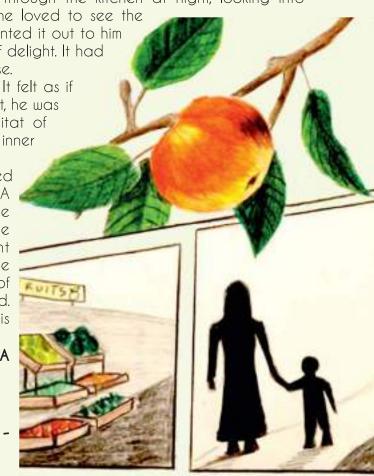
Aman had seen his mother scrupulously move through the kitchen at night, looking into uncountable pots, listening to them. He knew she loved to see the

bubbles emerging out of still water. She had pointed it out to him once when they cooked together, her face full of delight. It had been a long time since he had cooked in that house. Each vendor shouted the prices of their goods. It felt as if they were all speaking to him, and in that moment, he was lost in his admiration of this spectacle. A habitat of culinary exchange set against the miasma of his inner

affliction.

It had been a year since the accident. He hobbled from corner to corner breathing in this experience. A feeling of unbridled joy washed over him. Ever since he had mildly convalesced, he decamped to the woods every now and then, but the silent communion between the trees could not match the gratification of human pandemonium. The notion of his self-observed defectiveness was slowly erased. He began his journey back home, but on this instance, he felt complete.

Sushmit Gupta, XI-A





rom a distance, Dr. John Watson noticed a towering, willowy figure heading out of the house. He strode towards the figure who he recognised as his friend Sherlock Holmes.

"What's it this time, Watson?" enquired Holmes, with surprise in his voice.

"Ah Holmes! The situation is a solemn one. There has been a theft including a priceless Chinese Teapot which once belonged to the empress of China in 7th CE. I am here to interrogate the auction attendant who may have witnessed it." explained Watson.

"Unfortunately, your witness was killed last night at around 8:30 p.m and I am here to inquire about his whereabouts with his wife," informed the cop.

"Oh! That's very unfortunate and quite a setback for us," replied Watson.

"We must work together on this because I see a link between both the cases. After conversing with his wife, I have come to realize that the only place to get some evidence is the warehouse where he was killed," said Holmes.

"Well, it's getting quite late. May we continue tomorrow morning?" requested Watson.

"Sure, meet me at the warehouse near Gretson's Field at 9:00 a.m. tomorrow."

From his car, Watson spotted the rundown warehouse. On entering, he choked on his breath as the air inside the void smelled musty and ancient. Holmes was already inside, waiting for Watson.

"Watson! I'm glad to see you're on time," greeted Holmes.

"Good morning. Have you found any clue yet, Holmes?" questioned Watson.

"Well, from the five beer cans lying in that corner, it seems as though five of them were here. From the rope right there and the traces of what seems like blood on it, I feel as though one must have been tied up, that too very tightly. Possibly the auction attendant. There was a pocket knife kept near the cans. It had nothing distinguishing about it. That's all I figured," finished Holmes.

But Watson, seemingly disturbed by something on the wall, flashed his torch towards it.

"Ah but what's that? There is lettering on the wall, Holmes!"

"What?!"

The numbering was minute, hidden in a dark corner behind the rope. It seemed to have been written using the victim's blood.

"203-X48-2YZ! Hmm, it could be the number plate of the taxi they arrived by, seems like a solid lead." muttered Holmes.

"We can try visiting the local taxi service to obtain some more information." suggested Watson.

Holmes and Watson visited the local taxi stand that evening and with the help of the owner, managed to locate the taxi which had taken the five people to the warehouse. Holmes immediately began questioning the driver but to no avail. They then decided to inspect the taxi itself. Looking bewildered, the driver opened the taxi and Holmes began to examine each nook and cranny of the taxi.

"Found something Holmes?" commented Watson on seeing Sherlock give a satisfied nod.

"Nothing in the front but ah! Look at this!"

Watson, merely stared at Holmes in surprise, who was looking quite interested in a tiny piece of torn

paper. From a few feet away, it had no distinctive look about it.

"Uh, it's just a piece of paper Holmes."

"This! Look at it closely. The texture and pattern of the paper seemed familiar to me, it's a notepad sheet and here at the bottom there is a tear, however I think I can make out which hotel it spells-"

B-E-L-L

"Wait-It's Bellagio Hotel!"

"And here the digits '04', I think they refer to the last two digits of the room number the notepad was from," said Holmes.

Finishing their examination of the taxi, Watson and Holmes proceeded to the famous Bellagio hotel, to continue their investigation.

**>

The pair arrived at the grand hotel and Holmes questioned the receptionist, who confirmed his theory about the digits and told him the group had left the hotel at 7pm on the day of the murder.

In order to derive more concrete proof about the identity of the murderers, Watson suggested logging on to the server system of the hotel as he felt sure the thieves would have tried to extract some information about the auction on the net.

Doing so, they found that the people of room 104 had searched extensively about the Chinese Teapot in particular. They proceeded to room number 104 and meticulously began examining the room

Holmes found a mud stain and upon closer examination he discovered it was a type of red soil found only near the auction house. This backed up Holmes' deduction that these people had indeed been the murderers and the mud had cluna to their boots as it had been a rainy day.

As they still didn't know where the teapot was, Holmes concocted a plan to retrieve it. He asked the police to alert the local cops and seal the town so that the criminals couldn't escape. They were going to act as pawn dealers as they expected them to sell the precious artifact as soon as possible.

On the other hand, the thieves went to many places to try and sell the teapot but were unsuccessful because of the alarm raised by the police about the its theft.

"This is a futile attempt, Amelia" commented Bob, a seemingly experienced member, in despair.

"Well, we don't really have a choice, do we?." replied Amelia anarily.

"I know of a place near the railway station that is popular for such things. We should try to sell it there tomorrow," commanded Mark, the leader of the gang.

The next morning, the thieves proceeded to sell the teapot in a shady little market. They visited the most famous pawn shop and started haggling..

"This is the teapot of the Empress of China! This is worth at least five million euros!" exclaimed Cilia, a gang member.

"Ah, alright miss, we'll give you four million for it."

Desperation and circumstances did not permit them to bargain and they readily agreed. The pawn dealer sealed the deal.

The artifact was handed over to the pawn dealer but Mark, who had raised his hand expectantly for the money, only succeeded in getting his hands in cuffs by a police officer, who on Holmes' instructions had laid a trap on nearly all the popular pawn shops in the area.

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The case ended with the teapot returned and sold at the auction and the busting of the famous gang, 'The Spiders', who had carried out many successful thefts before this but were stumped by Holmes' wit. Holmes also deduced that the auction attendant was killed as he had threatened to expose them after gaining knowledge of their plan to steal the artifact.

Aarushi Aggarwal, Advika Bhambri, Anya Gupta and Saisha Gupta, VIII-B

Sherlock's Twin

Re-imagining a Sherlock Holmes story

I called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes two days after returning home from India. Upon reaching, I found that Holmes was sitting on his study table with a cup of coffee as usual, examining a spotted and holed boot. Without further provocation, Holmes told me that the boot belonged to an infamous lion hunter called Mr Artemas, said to have been in the hospital due to an accident with a lion. It may have been the work of his arch nemesis. Mr Poe.

Holmes said, "I received the monthly bill from my restaurant just yesterday, and am rather surprised to note that my bill is much higher than what it usually is, especially counting the fact that I ate at home most of the time this month."

At this moment, I suddenly recalled a man that I had seen on the street.

"Say, Holmes, I do recall seeing a man who looked just like you, and was of approximately

the same height. I could not see his face though; it was obscured by a deep hood. Only a pipe, and the reddish tinge of his lips was visible."

"Do you recall seeing anything strange about him? Perhaps, was he walking with a gait different from mine?"

"Uh... Holmes, I could not observe the man that far and make a note of how he walks!"

"Ah. but that information would have been crucial to the case, Watson! Perhaps someone is impersonating me, and, God forbid, trying to bring my reputation down!"

After some discussion, the local newspaper came in with the headlines exclaiming, "Once more, Holmes has done it! He has solved the difficult Artemas case!" The whole article summarised that Poe's allies had attempted to shoot Artemas, accidentally aiming at the shoes, thus making holes."

We both read the article silently together. Slowly, an idea started to develop in my head, but, as usual, Sherlock Holmes beat me to it.

"It seems to me, Watson, that this man, whoever he may be, is not here to play with my reputation. There seems to be something else at play here."

"Let us go for a walk, my friend, perhaps our auestion shall be answered then," I said.

"I agree. Let us go."

Whilst walking past an old, prestigious restaurant to which we had never been. I looked through the glass pane, and saw a man wearing a coat with the same markings as the mysterious man in the morning. However, now even his face, which looked nothing like Holmes', was also visible. He seemed to be bargaining with the waiter.

I tugged at Sherlock's coat, and pointed towards the man. I said. "There Sherlock! That is the man I saw this morning!"



"Is it? Oh, yes, he does seem a lot like me, except that his face is not at all like mine, and that he has recently been on a country wide tour, which is a time consuming thing I would never do."

"Нош?"

Holmes flashed that mischievous smile that had always annoyed me to a great extent. Finding out that I had slept on a sofa through the night was one thing, but knowing someone had been on a country wide tour? That was something else altogether.

"So, how do we catch him? Going up to him and saying, 'Hi, please come with me so I can turn you in' is out of the question," I said.

"I have an idea. Let us quickly go to the newspaper office, and post an advertisement about a mysterious house theft, and call for Sherlock Holmes."

"And where would this house theft be?"

"At your house, of course!"

"Ah. Of course," was all I could say.

The trap was set. We went to my house, and waited for the impersonator to turn up. And he did turn up. He was wearing a face mask, which made him look exactly like Holmes. The real Sherlock was sitting beside me, wearing a hood which made him look ordinary at first glance. The man turned towards me and greeted me with a polite "Good evening, Dr Watson."

He then turned towards my friend and said, "Good evening, Mr—"

"Holmes," said Sherlock, and he removed his hood.

The man's eyes widened, and he started to back away to the door slowly.

Sherlock pointed his gun at the man and said, "Not so fast, Moriarty. I am not letting you go so easily."

"Oh, I think you are," The imposter glanced at Holmes' chest. Sherlock looked down. Two lasers were pointed right at his chest.

"It turns out you will have to let me go, then."

"Very well, then."

No more words were spoken as the criminal mastermind walked away. Holmes looked down again, and the lasers were gone. He owed me an explanation.

Anirban Mishra & Rudra Prabhakar, VIII-B



Impressions

First impressions can be duplicitous,
First impressions can be veracious,
But how can we judge?
How can we know him all at once?

He may be outlandish,
He may be faithful,
He may be brutish,
He may be truthful,
But how can we judge?

He may be lonely yet jolly,
He may be weary yet lively,
He may be guilty yet prissy,
But how can we judge?
How can we know him all at once?

Naysha Jain, XI-C



The World from the Antagonist's Point of View

The conflict between the antagonist and the protagonist is the primary focus in any media be it movies, books, graphic novels, or even video games. I'll be analyzing the antagonists of Lord of The Flies (1954), The Godfather and Godfather: Part II and Watchmen (1986-87).

If you plan to see or read these comics, books and movies, I'd suggest that you do not read this article or discount certain parts from it.

The Lord of the Flies initially begins with a plane carrying schoolboys crashing to a remote island. The protagonist, Ralph, manages to get elected as leader and attempts to create a civilised society on the island

The antagonist, a boy named Jack, believes that he is the obvious choice for a chief, as he is the leader of the choir boys on the island. Ralph gives Jack the responsibility of keeping the fire alive and hunting pigs for food to appease him.

The primary focus in the first half of the novel is the power struggle going on between Jack and Ralph. Jack represents the savagery in the boys and resorts to fear tactics and bullying to get what he wants while Ralph represents democracy, civilization and morality. When Jack's

uprising fails, he separates from the group and forms his own tribe, inviting everyone to join it. Ralph's indecisiveness results in most of the boys joining Jack's tribe. By the end, Jack has turned into a tyrant, corrupt and ready to murder Ralph and the others with his sadistic lieutenant, Robert. Going so far as to torture on of the smaller boys on the island to solidify his regime and to warn against what would happen to anyone who sided with Ralph.

Did Jack act ethically? Of course not. Were his actions justifiable on an objective scale? Of course not. But were his actions justifiable to him? Indeed.

Jack sees how Ralph failed as a leader and turns into the exact antithesis of Ralph. Even being a tyrant, as well as a savage by the end, he is able to provide for his tribe with his hunting skills and is effective in assigning and motivating people to work, something that Ralph terribly failed at. Jack desired power above all else, and was willing to go to all extremes to achieve his goal, which he did. Jack acted as he did because of ambition, self righteousness and most important of all, savagery. By the end of the novel, each of the boys except Ralph, has given in to savagery, as they only felt pressured to act civilized within society, where there were consequences to acting savagely. The only reasons why Jack gave in to savagery, was because it made him more dangerous to his subordinates and because Jack did not believe in morality.

Michael Corleone in the Godfather trilogy doubles as the protagonist and antagonist. being the primary character and also serving as the only long staying villain. As an antagonist, he is a cold blooded, ruthless, smart and determined mafia. Unlike his father, Vito, Michael never appears at ease in the role of Godfather. He can almost be seen as a sacrificial figure, constantly slaving away to his work to ensure the well-being of those around him. At the same time, he is also a tragic figure, constantly undone by his flaws. His insatiable desire for vengeance, which creates a web of violence that he is unable to escape, and his illusions of omnipotence, which blind him to the fact that making his criminal family, 'legitimate', is impossible. Michael's motto, 'it's not personal, it's business', also leads him to cold heartedly murder his elder brother Fredo, who seeked forgiveness after conspiring with one of Michael's enemies. Even then it is clearly evident that the killing is nothing but personal, as he can not tolerate treachery. His vengeance becomes emotional instead of strategic and results in a never-ending cycle of violence. Michael's life is tragic, with him becoming the Godfather after his father is shot and his brother murdered. His sister distances herself from him as much as possible, with his wife leaving him at the end of the second installment due to Michael's lack of warmth. The last antagonist that I'm going to talk about is Ozymandiaz, the primary antagonist of the Watchmen series. A self-made billionaire who operated as a masked vigilante during the Vietnam war along with his vigilante group known as Watchmen. Due to a growing fear against vigilantes, Ozymandias, Adrian Veidt, reveals his identity to the public and retires, becoming a businessman. The story forwards to the days of the cold war next, where the United States and Soviet Union are on the brink of nuclear war. To put it plainly, the cold war was developing into a 'hot' war. Throughout the comic, he is seen idolizing Alexander the Great, with Adrian thinking that his sole failure was not being able to unify people around the world. Adrian sees what the reader knows, that

the cold war will turn into an actual war with billions of possible casualties. Adrian devises a plan to engineer a being which could cause mass destruction, but which could also unify the world against a areater threat than to fight against themselves. The plan succeeds, with the war being averted and billions of lives being saved, but does it at the cost of destroying half of New York. For the final time, were Adrian's actions unethical? Only in this case, they were not. Adrian is possibly the only antagonist who's plan succeeded, and was ethical. Given that he caused genocide doing it, was unethical, but in this particular case, he saved tenfold more lives than had he done nothing. The protagonist, Rorshach, disagrees with his methods and wants to report Adrian's plan to the media. but gets killed by another hero, as the net result would be a World War where nuclear weapons could be used. Adrian's actions were completely justified and ethical, even if the protagonist disagreed with it. In the end, Adrian achieved his goal: uniting the entire world and averting a war.

The conclusion I've come through writing and reading and seeing these books and movies again is that every antagonist has a certain reason and justification for their actions, but most importantly are willing to do everything to achieve their goals. Most of the antagonists fail, but a few succeed, like Jack and Adrian. And each antagonist is not necessarily evil, but always ambitious. Adrian, Jack, Michael, Napoleon from Animal Farm or the Emperor from Star Wars.

No antagonist ever sees himself as evil, but only ambitious and willing to do whatever it takes to achieve his goals.

Sukrrit Bhardwaj, VIII-D

THE VILLAIN

Villain they called me,
So a villain I became,
Learnt to embrace it,
Malevolent is now my middle name.

My laughter haunts them,
My presence makes them tremble,
In front of me,
Even the mightiest warriors crumble.

I had a vision,
To rule the universe,
Wanted to make a change,
Before things got even worse.

But they see me as the cause of it,
Blame me for all things bad,
I wanted what they wanted,
Only a different vision I had.

If I am blind with pride,
Then so are they,
They want theirs,
And I want my own way.

Shades of grey are aplenty, It's not just black and white, Don't we all hide behind these drab veils, With intentions never seeing the light?

The crown professes love for the kingdom,
Benevolence galore,
But deep down he craves for power,
Why stop when you can have more?

You may call me cruel,
I see me fearless,
You think you are moral
I think you're cowards, nothing less.

Cowards not because you fear my name,
But because you don't have the courage to see,
There may be more to someone,
Then the surface may reveal.

What makes a villain, a villain after all?

Murderous eyes, wicked lies,

Or black clothes and crooked smiles,

Well, I think otherwise.

They say a villain is the opposite of a hero,
But is it really?
Because a few chapters in a book may not
be enough,
To tell the whole story.

Perhaps I was once a princess or a fairy,
I could have been pure as snow,
But because of those few chapters,
You will never know.

Villain they called me,
To them, a villain I became,
But I have a story of my own,
It will remain hidden forever... oh, what a shame.

Aarushi Bawa, XI-F







Freedom for Al

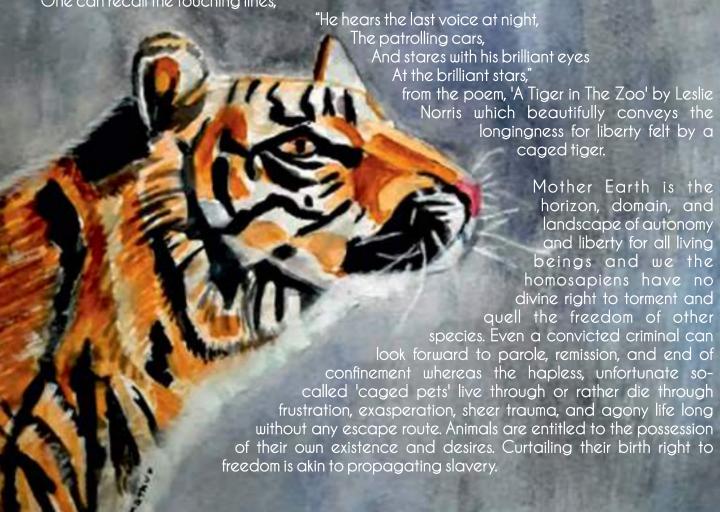
Il of us, though in different degrees and magnitude, suffocate under the restrictions, regulations, lockdowns, quarantine and other such shackles thrust upon us due to the prevailing Covid-19 pandemic, and yearn for interactions, outings, group play and camaraderie, especially during the extant vacation period.

Captivity, confinement, incarceration and immobility all have negative connotations.

Abraham Lincoln, an ardent votary of freedom and liberty remarked, "Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves." But in reality, even our immediate environment is full of agonising, sorrowful human acts of subjugation, subordination, and slavery.

A moment of truth, self-reflection, and introspection would definitely and invariably reveal each one of us as perpetrators, enablers, or silent spectators of these brutalities inflicted upon fellow beings, either human or other living species. A caged tiger, parrot, or squirrel languishing in their captivity just for the sake of instant pleasure and prestige for us are telling testimony to the day-to-day inhumanity and savagery we all are part of and shamelessly indulge in.

One can recall the touching lines,



Thinkers have always championed the cause of universal freedom in all its dimensions namely speech, thought, expression and assembly, among others.

Following the great words of Gandhiji, "You must be the change you wish to see in the world," each one of us should strive to ameliorate the sufferings and to wipe the tears of our speechless fellow creatures. Animal rights movements across the world espouse animal rights and support the extension of basic legal rights to animals.

In the poem 'Amanda' by Robin Klein, little Amanda is subjected to trivial sermons and nagging masquerading as healthy advice which in reality suppresses her individualism and ideation. This poem bears a resemblance to the story titled 'The Little Girl' by Katherine Mansfield. Out-of-box thinking, being deviant from paternalistic herd behaviour, are the traits that are to be nurtured for holistic grooming and the empowerment of young minds.

Freedom is the incubator and uninhibited thinking is the catalyst for breeding human-ness and compassion. Inculcating the virtues of empathy among younger ones will transform them to be considerate humans on whose minds always liberal and progressive ideas thrive.

John F Kennedy the former President of the USA said, "The great revolution in the history of man, past, present, and future is the revolution of those determined to be free." Hence, all of us should awaken and be always mindful of the saying "Freedom cannot be bestowed – it must be achieved."

Arundhathi Shankar, X-D

Fight For Freedom

Our fight for freedom,
Is beyond heroism!
We made this discovery,
As an unknown virus crept into our country.

We decided to fight back,
But it started to unpack;
Everything was shut,
There was no time to say "But".

We were all confined to our homes, And stuck to our phones, Now we are having online school, And it's the opposite of the rule.

We can't meet our friends,
And that isn't where it ends,
We are having virtual birthdays,
And we are trying to adjust with its ways.

The adjustments were quite odd,
And we had to pray to god;
Slowly we started doing the things we enjoyed,
And found happiness within us that the
virus couldn't destroy.

We learned to do more with less,
And stop our ways of excess,
Now we are feeling that bad gave way to
good,

And how strong in the hard times we stood.

We have learnt not to upset nature, As it will put us in danger!

Jiya Ahuja, VI-B



DIAMANTE POEM

War and Peace

War,
Destructive, devastating,
Battling, conflicting, struggling,
Bloodshed, force, truce, friendship,
Calming, quieting, soothing,
Tranquil, serene,
Peace

Fire and Ice

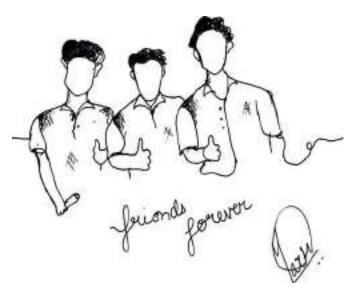
Fire,
Hot, fierce,
Roaring, blazing, frightening,
Flame, smoke, frost, crystals,
Cooling, numbing, soothing,
Sparkly, frozen,
Ice

Silence and Noise

Silence,
Peaceful, untroubled,
Calming, unsettling, pacifying,
Spiritual, still, commotion, uproar,
Piercing, deafening, echoing,
Intense, shrill,
Noise

Ananya Banerjee, X-B





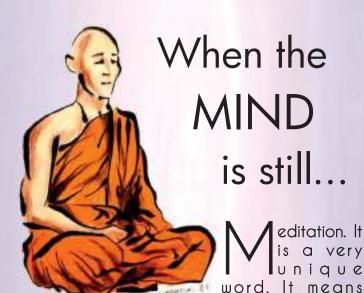
Au Revoir MIS

As I sit pale in my chair,
Thunder and lightning filling up the air,
Never thought this would be our fate
as we grew,
The emerald we cherished,
Would no longer be true.

Birds clapping those words for me,
Fly away, chase your destiny,
Voice trembling with emotions,
Legs giving way...
Holding on to our breath,
Praying the time would just stay!

Today we'll move to our new horizons,
With some teachers, dancers and
some designers,
Time won't wait, neither would we,
There's no stopping us, as we are on
our spree.

Palakh Khanna, XII-F



something different to every being on the physical plane. Each and every person has a different interpretation of the word and everyone has their own style of meditating. To some, it may be complete silence, while to others, it may be in the middle of chaos. But what really is meditation? It is to look deep within ourselves. To let go of all our worries and thoughts, and enter an entirely spiritual plane, where we realise and learn the true meaning of everything and find out who we really are. It helps us become mindful of ourselves. We can focus our attention and achieve a mentally, physically and emotionally stable state. It helps us love ourselves and others around us. It reduces stress and encourages self-awareness. Our minds become still.

This painting depicts how a man enters an entirely spiritual plane while he meditates. He does not focus on the external, materialistic world around him and gets distracted but looks deep into himself. He senses the Divine grace upon him and meditating makes him a more calm being. We should all aspire to know the true meaning of our existence and I truly believe that. Our lives should be meaningful as I believe that we all have a higher purpose.

Sri Aurobindo once said, "When the mind is still, then truth gets her chance to be heard in the purity of the silence."

Vanya Savara, IX-E



SAYONARA

Some leaves rustling, Some pearls falling, Midst of everything, Memories struck us.

A soft whistling tune rises within, An unexplained emotion yet to sink in, 'Kusum kali sa' croons every cell of our heart.

Years go by, this feeling remains,
We drift apart but we'll meet again,
Amidst the chaos, canteen keeps us hungry,
You'll be missed, no matter in whichever
country!

After 12 years, far away we tread,
Life lessons learnt- we shall spread,
In many a language, we've confessed,
The Mother's International School will
remain our beloved.
4383 days,
Thousands of friends for life,
Countless exams,

Vidushi Jain, XII-C Vrinda Shah, XII-B

Infinite memories.

JUST BEING

How is it just being?
Not striving not stressing,
But just being.
No deadlines, no shouts
No commitments,
But just being.
Just waiting,
Waiting for an outcome,
Waiting naturally for the natural,

How to unwind?
How to pick up from where you left?
How to comprehend the
incomprehensible?



How to read the unreadable?
How to predict the unpredictable?
When to eat, pray, love and trust?
Or to just adjust?
Or to fight and win?
Why do we have to be like everyone else?
Be calm, be quiet.

Or learn to be loud and learn to be showy,

Else be wiped out in a tizzy;

The inner struggle remains

When to be loud or be quiet?

No, don't be frenzied,

Life's not to be hurried,

Life is for life's sake,

It ought to be celebrated.

Living in moments,

Not ruining one for the other.

It's important,
Not fretting over trivialities,
But to observe the pain come and go,
The pleasures coming in and out.
Living within each,
Living without them too,
Just being.

Abhirup Chakraborty, IX-D

The hardest challenge brought out the best in me

I sometimes look outside my window,
And see the whole street drowned in sorrow,
Though I try to look optimistic and bright,
It seems as if reality has drained me of my might.

The reality my world is in, is not a lie,
Nor is it a trivial reason over which babies cry,
It is indeed a sordid case,
Being controlled by the microbe race.

It is a miscreant called Corona,
With a very bad aura,
And anyone who comes near it,
Would catch it and have a fit.

People are now stuck at home,
With nowhere to run, nowhere to roam,
They are forced to stay in and mop,
With the lonely company of sanitisers and soap.

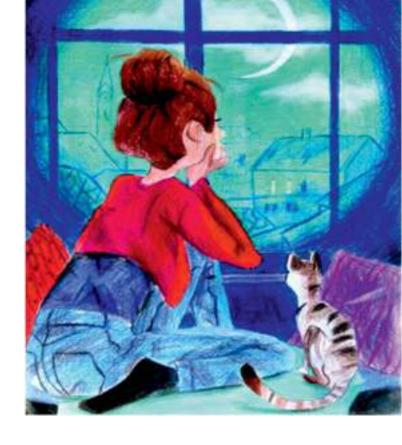
But as time will never stop,
It is time to step up and start working,
After all, we are the human race,
And have we ever given up on a situation we
have had to face?

People are slowly returning to their normal lives.

One step at a time, with a thought in mind, Of not lagging in their safety and work, And to also tell their kids about fighting the disease.

I too have settled down as much as I could,
I have started living the way that I should,
But much as I call my friends and peers,
I have almost forgotten what it's like to have
your loved ones near.

Nevertheless, I have accepted this, As the new normal.



Though it is a little hard to give online tests, I must admit, we do it with a lot of zest.

It has not been easy for any of us, In changing our entire life without a fuss, But now on seeing the state of the planet, I feel grateful and will try not to lament.

This lockdown has taught me so much stuff, From being humble to preventing a cough, And even though my childhood is passing away, And every moment is not going to come again.

I think that I am blessed, To have a family that has a place for me in their heart.

And now as I sit by that window,
I see people laughing and having fun,
With almost the same nature as when there
were viruses none.

And though for the next few years, all places will not be open and free, I don't have a problem, as this pandemic truly brought out the best in me.

Shreeya Sinha, VIII-A

THINKING

Perhaps a quote from my history book sums it all: "Till when will we be allowed to think?"

This quote isn't just a part of history, it is a part of the perennial. It appears interesting, for most believe that thinking is an uncontrollable process, a process so intricate that it makes it possible for everyone to have a slightly different idea of the same aspect.

Something which may seem perfectly normal to one, will be unacceptable by another. For that is what our environment does to us – it manipulates our thinking process in such a way that we form a perception of right and wrong, and the extent of these words is, of course, defined by the society.

That is where stereotypes come in, and the formation of judgement takes place. When the word 'judging' comes into people's minds, often people create a negative image associated with it. However, it is not necessarily negative – often, it is an essential part of our daily lives, something which helps us survive. The problem arises when one thinks that my thinking, and judgement is superior to that of others, and that others should follow my way of thinking, for that is the right one. It may seem like an absolutely ridiculous idea – for as said earlier, thinking cannot be controlled in the first place.

Yet, there have been many leaders who were able to lead the movements by being able to make people visualise the same aspect, and fight for it. The difference here is that the first case is applicable for a dictator – who cannot tolerate other viewpoints, going up to the extent of eliminating the other ones. The second case however, is not binding – it makes space for other viewpoints, and therefore garners support from all, for they may be following the same thought, but may have a different interpretation of it.

When we consider the first case, another related issue develops – that of censorship. Censorship, if existing, should be tailored to the requirements of the society, not to - the requirements of an individual/or group of people. However, tailoring it to the requirement of the society does not mean that something not acceptable by the society at the moment should not be brought out in the public eye – for if that happens, then the society will never develop. Thus, a balance should always be maintained. I cannot define the limits of censorship, non the identity of the person who has the right balance, as I am not a representative of the society. But then, who can? Who can define how open a person should be? You define it on the basis of your understanding – but how will you know if that is

the understanding of others? That is the conflict of interest. In other words, the negative effect of different ways of thinking. I will now leave you with a final thought – think about how great leaders are able to capture peoples' thoughts, and make them support them, even though they all have a different meaning of the same idea.

Sharanya Patnaik, X-C



Blue Dahlia



Change



Change is hard for us we all try to build bridges where time has built walls





This world of doubt.
I drift in the middle of this ocean,
The gelid waves of insanity
slowly washing my body.
Where my tears seem to form the ripples,
And hopelessness in its depths,
Which deem me broken.

I dunk my head,
In an attempt to wake up from this slumber,
Yet again, I find myself imbued.
Can't you see it too?
How I now drown in this unending hue of blue.

Kangana Yadav, X-D

I crawl in this colourless desert,
the skies painted in grey.
The synthetically bleached fibres of this cloth,
Piercing my bare neck, choking me day by
day.

This uninhabited island of my mind remains unfamiliar – unknown,
From which agonising arcane voids incessantly grow.

Lost, the word resonates in the crevices of my mind.

I hear it's dementia that made me this blind.
But ungraspable Delphic terms are all
that are left behind,
Because each day I stare
at the walls – white and cold,
Silently begging for someone to hold.

Someone who can help me find, My emotions, my feelings, free me from this ceaseless bind.

My eyes shut tight in desperation, As my hands reach out to grasp, Even the smallest remains of warmth, of ecstasy and elation.

But I am stray, adrift,
In this distorted mist of memories.
Absent as I float about,
In this world of nothingness,



Big crunch

Spread out throughout,
Thin, thinner, slimmer yet.
Thus all shall not end in a great bang,
But suffocated with a minuscule whimper.

Stars, photons, far apart,
Not able to touch,
The universe shall be so great and fast!

Thus shall all break, Alone and lonely, Dead forever.

One Step Away

Like a blue mirage in the desert,
I wish I could touch;
I had never seen it before,
A priori deep inside me,
I had lost my emotions, even myself,
the time was such,
But that creature lifted me up,
I could feel it, I could see.

My brightest fantasy was in front of me, Had just a few steps to take,



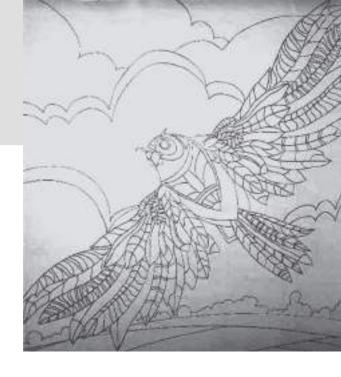
Last star

It will be sad, Yes. It will be dark, Tenfold.

Yet what a glorious sight it shalt be,
To see it die before thee!
Bathed shalt the space around be,
The final light one shall ever see,
Made of hundreds of thousands of colours.

The destructive supernova,
The last of its kind,
Shalt be.

Anirban Mishra, VIII-B



A small breeze, bluebird,
Had taken over my imagination,
I couldn't breathe for a moment, my
passion was finally awake,
The path was getting clearer now,
The path to an ideal destination.

One step, I took in front,
And the gleam became stranger;
It shuddered and looked at me,
Bending the living knot of pain,
Trying to rest itself as if it were to stay a
little longer,
As if it wanted my buoyancy to remain.

One step further, I took, hesitantly,
For it could have flown away,
And it spread both of its beautiful wings
as evenly as it could,
And a beautifully balanced figure
emerged on a lonely day,
My soul was in a rush,
And the reason was certainly
understood.

One step further, I took
As I gained new strength to carry on,
But this time, it flew away,
Across the sky, over the horizon
And even beyond,
And I was left only with loneliness and dismay.

Abhinav Bhatt, XI-D

Broken Music

She sat and began to play. Her bow flew on the violin; her fingers danced over the strings. She tapped her foot in rhythm and closed her eyes as the notes swelled, enveloping her in waves of music.

As the world ceased to move, she ceased to breather the music breathed for her. She stood and moved around the room pacing furiously as her fingers quickened. Tears brushed her cheeks as they tell in tune with the melody. They mingled with her hair and darkened it.

She played faster, willing her pain through the strings into the violin. Her pain became concrete. The music was relentless it carried her and screamed for her to keep going. She was running through the nates now desperately sprinting through woods that couldn't contain her. The bow singed her. It burned her with a need to be played. She burned with the need to fulfil it. She waltzed alone in the room, change were note before hunting it down. She was hurt, and resilience embodied. She was mist and solid. The music pressured her from inside; it pushed on the walls of her sin until they were rounded outward.

At that very moment, everything stopped. She stayed where she was, without making any movement or sound.

Slowly, she opened her eyes and came back to the world. She slowly went towards the small table on which her violin case was resting and waiting for her reddish-brown violin and bow.

She bent down to keep her instrument and closed her case. When she turned around to go, she saw a young man around her age.

"I listen to your music every single day at the same time. It is so beautiful but, why do you always play the same song?" he asked without hesitation.

His hazel eyes were eager to know and waiting patiently.

That woman standing opposite to him just stood there in silence. There was no expression on her diamond-shaped face.

"Thirteen years ago, there was a man. A man who was mad for music. Violin was his instrument, and he used to play it every single day. He was so passionate and eager to master the art that he left his family and friends." she started softly, as she knew that the man standing in front of her wanted an answer.

"Whenever he used to play, the world around him would vanish. The music he played would pull him in his violin. His music was mellifluous." she continues.

"I listened to his music every single day. He knew that I wanted to learn and saw the potential in me. He used to teach me every single day and would ask me to practice it every hour.

"I soon realised that I was not doing anything except playing the violin. I was not allowed to play outside, study or even meet my family or friends. I became alone and sad." she paused for a few seconds.

Tears were in her eyes and she just couldn't forget that moment.

"I talked to him about this. He was infuriated and told me that if you want to become famous, you have to do this. He became harsh and brutal. I got fed up and, one night, I decided to run away."

"I didn't know where to go. I didn't know where my parents and friends were. We lost touch, and I was helpless. After all these years, after pursuing so much in life, I regret that day when I ran away. That he wasn't there to support me. The last music piece he composed is what I play every day. He intentionally made this song for me. I feel ashamed and will regret this for my whole life. He loved me so much but; I never realised it."

She ended her story with a small smile. Tears filled her beautiful black eyes.

"I know who you are. You are Emma Gruber, Mr Barnabas Gruber's grand-daughter, aren't you?" He suddenly said after a long silence between them.

She stopped crying and just sniffled. She wiped her tears and just gave a smile. Quietly, she left the room.

Saanvi Maurya, VIII-B

The Blues

Sometime in the future...

I am so lonely, so sad, so depressed. It seems years since fell the warmth of the sun or ran in the open. Ever the shouts and laughter of children have faded away in the distance. It's so quiet and eerie. I feel like a captive serving a prison sentence.

Oh! When will I bounce out of this dark hole, real the breeze hear the laughing, cheering children of MIS running and playing in the grounds?

God please make everything alright once again so that I can escape from this hell hole.

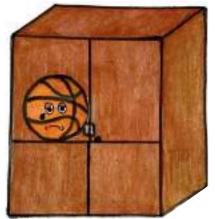
Suddenly the door bursts open and two kids come running to pick me up. "Oh! Here's our

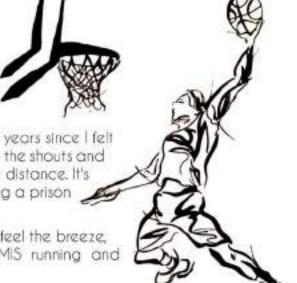
basketball!" shouts one of them. "It's deflated," comments the other, "Let's pump some air into it," he continues.

Once again I am fat and round. They rush me outside to the basketball court where the other boys and girls of MIS come running and screaming with joy. I am dribbled, I score and thank God from the bottom of my heart that the awful Covid-19 is over. I also send up a fervent prayer that we may never have to face such a pandemic ever again.

I am sure you must have guessed by now who was feeling this way during quarantine. Yes, it is Mr Basketball.

Stutee Dawar, VI-E





Grandmother Did Not Want to Go to FLORIDA

"You are acting like a child, Ma!" Arya sat still in her chair, hearing her mother explain to her Nani, and Arya's mother looked tired.

There were only two days left for their flight to Florida for her Maasi's wedding.

Just yesterday, her grandma had refused to go for no apparent reason (or at least Arya wasn't being told the reason).

Her parents tried to convince their best to change Nani's decision - they said that the tickets were booked, and cancelling them would cause a lot of trouble and money. She couldn't be left alone at home, and it was her youngest daughter's wedding!

"I have made up my mind. I will not go, and neither should you. Niti can come back home and have her wedding."

Grandma said.

"Oh! So this is what all this drama is about? Niti having her wedding abroad!" Arya's mother replied infuriated.

"No, it's not about that..." the words barely left Nani's mouth, and the air got very tense. Arya watched for a very long time, until her mother noticed her sitting in the shadows and told her to go to bed.

That night was a rough one, even closed doors couldn't stop the raging fight in the living room.

The next evening, Arya was told to see if everything was packed and ready, as they were to leave in a few hours. Nani was not coming. She was staying with Radha didi, who usually worked as a day helper. She would stay at night with Nani until they returned. With a few minutes left, Arya decided to spend them with her grandma.

"Knock-Knock!" she said, already peeping into the room.

"Ah! Look who's here."

Nani's face lit up.
"Come sit," she patted
on the chair next to her,
and Arya went and sat.
After a few casual
conversations, Arya built up
enough courage to ask,
"Nani... Nani, why won't you
come with us? Maasi would be
ecstatic." Grandma let out a sigh
and said, "Did Ashish send you?"

"No, no, Papa didn't say anything," Arya quickly replied.

After a minute, which felt like eternity for Arya, grandma continued, "Okay, I will tell you, hope you understand it better than your mother -" "Arya! Come it's time," her father called from downstairs. "Just a minute!" Arya replied, "Quick, Nani, finish it quickly."

"So as I was saying, whenever you get a strong feeling about anything in life, you listen to it, as it is your heart speaking to you. I have lived that way for 80 long years and will continue to do so. About a week ago after talking to your Ma..."

"The plane will have to fly without you, Arya," interrupted her father again. Arya stood up to leave

"I'm so sorry I should go, Nani. I will call you once we land," she said her goodbyes and saw that a tear trickled down her grandma's eye. This caught her by surprise. "I love you," is all Nani said to her

In all this mess, all Arya could do was smile, and she left.

Now she was in the plane regretting not saying 'I love you' back, with panic in her heart while the air hostess shouted "Brace."

Aditi Solanki, XI-F



The HUMAN Mind

In the real world, one is rarely content, Happiness is fleeting, momentary. The senses of satisfaction, ruined, By endless 'What Ifs' of the past.

The human mind, the greatest of all time, Cannot wrap itself around a single fact, That the present you own, cannot be defined,

By the one that you do not have.

Humans, the only beings with a conscience, The ones who make intelligent choices, Interestingly, also the only ones, Who regret them. For somewhere in the world right now,
There is someone who regrets.
A regret so harsh that it tears at their
seams.

So unforgiving, as it prods at the cracks, In their broken screams.

The human mind, the greatest of all time, It dreams big, but thinks small. For the world that you picture, Is not the real world at all.

The world in your head does not circle the sun.

It bounces off the walls in your mind, And only cares about what it'll become.

So when I say, your world is small,
It does not stray any further,
From where you belong.
And somewhere in your world right now,
There is someone who regrets.

The human mind, the greatest of all time,
Cannot resist asking itself,
What would it have been like?
Had it chosen,
A different route instead.

It's ironic, that it fails to realize, The choice it discarded, Can do nothing to change, The present before its eyes.

Would you believe me if I said,
That each and every one of you,
Right now, regrets?
But has your pretty little mind,
Ever stopped screaming,
To think why?

The human mind, the greatest of all time,
Regrets the paths it did not choose,
And forgets the reality it has.
When will it realize,
That the untrodden paths are not its own?

Binati Arora, XI-B





Black or White

Oh Whiteman, how privileged are you to Have the white skin, while we the Blacks and browns have had to be enslaved by you for our skins.

The hurt, pain and torture that we have felt

Cannot be described in words.

The slurs and the lies, and the action Taken by you to subjugate us has Till date not died.

What started as slavery has today led to the Killing of Blacks by Whites.

Oh God! If we were so bad Why did you give us this life?

For we thought you had made man Black or White As your reflection.

How long do we have to bear this unbearable pain and subjugation? For what sins we have to pay? There have been great souls but Why judge us by colour?

Why has man become such a sadist that The melanin on my skin determines my abilities, my position in society, my calibre, my character or my right to live?

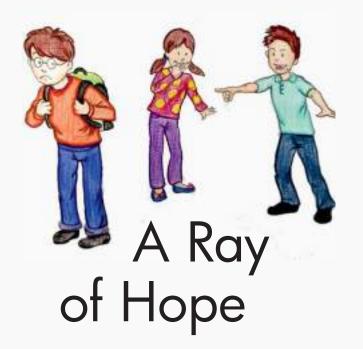
I am waiting in anticipation for the day when we all shall be equal,

Whether black or white and where there is no discrimination.

When we shall be free of these shackles of bondage and rise above them.

Divyani Tripathy, XI-B





welve-year-old Charlie's day began very early at 5 am. He waited for the first rays of the sun and said to himself, "Far away in the sunshine are my highest aspirations."

When he had first gone to school he wanted to be a doctor, to art class, an art teacher. Whenever someone asked him he would say, "I want to be a doctor who teaches art to his patients," but whenever he said this to someone, they would laugh at him, pull his cheeks and walk away. His dream was the reason why he never had any friends, why his teachers talked a little longer to his parents every time they visited him, but he never tried to make new friends until today.

Charlie quickly got dressed and went to school, and before anyone could call him mean names he went and sat in front of the teacher's desk. Mrs. Nigulas was the strictest teacher he knew, but she had never scolded him, not even when he dropped a pot of paint which oozed over her shoes and another boy's painting. Then the class finally started, Mrs. Nigulas made an announcement, a new girl was coming to the class, everybody was really excited until she came, she had frizzy hair, glasses and worst of all, a book in her hands, everyone immediately looked away, but Charlie was interested.

The girl walked over to his seat and asked him his name. He replied, "Charlie." She said, "My

name is Olive." Olive started a long rant about a book she had just read. Charlie was bored, Charlie was very bored, Charlie was almost asleep, when she stopped and suddenly asked him, "What is your dream?" Charlie said, "Mine? I want to become a doctor who teaches art to his patients." Charlie expected Olive to laugh, he expected her to call him dream-boy, Dr. Charlie, etc. He had heard them all, but she didn't say any of those. Olive looked interested, she looked very interested. Then she finally spoke, "My father is a neurosurgeon and attends to stroke patients. I can talk to him and maybe he will agree for you to get an internship." Now Charlie looked interested, he looked very interested.

Charlie looked at Olive and said, "For real? I don't think your father will allow a 12 year old an internship." But Olive just said, "When I was 7, my father offered me an internship." Charlie was so excited, he let out an exclamation of joy. And then when everyone was staring at him he remembered he was still in class.

The next day when Olive came to school, she was surrounded by Charlie's question, "Did your father give me an internship? Will you be working with me? What kind of art am I allowed to teach?" Olive answered each and every question and turns out Olive's father had allowed him to work. He was going to Daisy Country Hospital every Saturday with Olive and her father and teaching patients who suffered brain strokes, art. Every Saturday he went to the hospital and soon enough, teaching art to patients who suffered from cerebral attacks was his hobby.

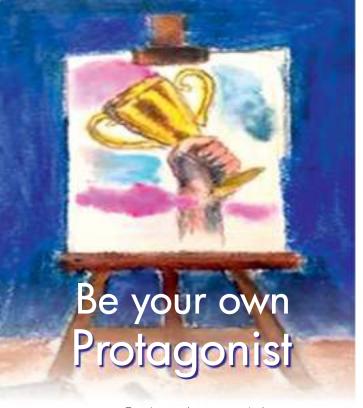
~19 years later~

(Reporter speaking)

"Breaking news, the 31 year old, Dr. Charlie, the doctor who has cured over 100 patients who suffered a brain stroke by teaching them art, will start his own television show, 'The Artzilla', from tomorrow evening, hoping every kid out there will be watching tomorrow at 5pm. (Reporter out.)

Charlie got what he had aspired to be.

Advika Malik, VII-E



Faith implies possibility,
Belief defines humanity,
Life can be our canvas and we can be
the artists,

If we have faith in life, we can be our own protagonists.

It's because I believe in my dreams and in my aspirations,

It's in this unwavering belief and this self-conviction,

Life in its deepest sense is our own creation, And so reality is about my thoughts, words and actions.

We humans are adaptive creatures with the ability to define fate itself,

This extraordinary power is the strongest emotion I ever felt,

One day, I will look back and realise how it's always been about believing in myself, How faith has been my beacon of hope with every problem I've ever dealt.

So now I know that nothing is beyond my capability,

Only my belief can truly decide my destiny, Life can be our canvas and we can be the artists,

If we have faith in life, we can be our own protagonists.

Hridayansh Khera, IX-D

It Is All About Hope

When the hatchling first spreads her wings, When the baby stands on his feet for the first time,

When the sapling opens into a bud, It is all about hope.

Hope, that one day they will soar high in the winds.

Hope, that one day they will open new doors and explore.

Hope, that one day they will bloom like the other flowers.

It is all about hope.

Dismay is not bad when it is backed up by hope,

Fear is opulent, but hope is prevalent.

Even the darkest of nights open with sunshine,

Every moment is about hope,

And decisions on how to cope,

It is all about hope.

Every problem has hope, Every solution has hope, Every relation has hope, Our current situation has hope. In the end, it is all about hope.

Viren Wadehra, IX-E





s the morning sunrise brings hope to the darkest of the days with the promise of perseverance and strength, I often lie in my bed and think of the people around me. The hopes of a young school kid who wishes to play all day, to the smile of the old milkman when he visits his first customer of the day.

It reinforces my faith in mornings and new hopes that we build every day.

My bedroom has a window overlooking a farmland that gives a spectacular view of the sunrise. I am awakened by the chirpy birds and scarlet hues. The uncertainty that crept in during the initial lockdown attenuated the hopes of rising from the bed. The vermillion skies and my dog running around with glee sparkling through his eyes made my heart fill with joy and gratitude.

Nature reminded us of the poetry and prose written in awe of it as the skies turned into hues of lilac in the evenings.

Some days were heavy and often, fabricated a sense of despair.

In those moments, I remembered that Ralph Emerson once said "Nature is beautiful because it is alive, moving, reproductive. In nature, we observe growth and development in living things, contrasted with the static or deteriorating state of the vast majority of that which is man-made. In nature one doesn't come across individuals that are robustly independent of their environment; rather things are intimately interconnected with their surroundings in ways that we don't fully understand." What a thought to behold!

The clear night skies were something that I longed for. Admiring the night sky, I am welcomed by countless stars, constellations, and the moon. For me, the starry night sky is a time of comfort and peace. Away from the city, I am greeted by a sight I usually do not get to view quite often. The serenity and quietness of the nearby trees swaying in the gentle breeze, and the sound of crickets and owls in the night. The packing away of the day's work that was now being done from home had its own sense of tiredness.

These precious moments that I got to steal away from the city allowed me time to think. From the terrace one can see as the night falls, the blue sky is dotted with countless small stars. One by one, as if to invite people to the vast space. The chaste moon sails like a silvery boat in the deep blue sea.

We experienced the power of nature to calm a precarious world. The beautiful stars that shine in the sky, although not as brilliant as the sun, are not as clear as the moon, but they sprinkle the dreamy light into the world, turning the earth into a strange world, inducing people to explore the starry sky.

And this is how, I understood and felt my peace.

Kimaya Bhatara, XI-A



THE PLATFORM

woke up to the sound of the six-thirty Shatabdi arriving from Lucknow. Rising from my battered mattress at the foot of Pillar 6, I dusted my torn, faded clothes, stood up and started walking towards the public washroom in the fancy waiting room near Platform 3. It was usually reserved for fancy first class passengers, but the kind guard let me use its facilities each morning. The platform was bustling with people from all spheres of society and a myriad of colourful figures floated about it in a frenzy.

I reached Salim Bhai's tea stall. It was a small kiosk with a metallic table supported by four poles and a red fabric shed with the words 'New India Tea and Snacks' in bright yellow lettering. One could get a whiff of the invigorating tea and spicy snacks from far away and any child with a heart in his body would waft towards the bottles of colourful cold drinks and vibrant packets of chips from every brand lining the stall's shelves.

"Salam, Mohan! How did you sleep?", asked the stall's manager and owner, Salim Bhai – a handsome but rough, worn-out but hard working man in his late thirties. He was the perfect amalgamation of a loving brother and a caring father for me, yet was neither one of these by society's standards of blood and birth.

I answered politely, "The usual. No dreams. And no nightmares as well. Anyways, what could a poor boy like me dream about?"

With his usual reassuring smile, he said, "Okay beta. Here is a glass of water. Go freshen up and I will give you the snacks to be sold for today."

Walking through the scores of people rushing towards the Platform, I reached the waiting room. I greeted the guard, Ramu Kaka with a namaste. "Salam, Kaka! How are you today? Thanks again."

"Don't mention it. Go and come quickly before Manager Sahib sees you."

I walked into the spacious waiting room, feeling the rush of the cool airconditioned air on my face. I longingly gawked at the comfortable plush sofas, and the refreshing glasses of cold coffee lined up on the counter. After entering the grey washroom, I brushed my teeth using the thickened toothpaste and rough toothbrush I had found six months ago in this very place. Standing in front of the large floor length mirror, I stared at my reflection – a lean, tall dark figure adorned by a thin scarred face; not particularly



attractive, but never failed to charm the occasional donation from a generous passer-by. A seventeen-year-old boy trying to make meet on the dusty platforms of the mighty Indian Railways' New Delhi Station.

Not wasting any more time, I took a short shower and changed into my sole other set of clothes that the good-natured auntie from the NGO had given me once. After pursing my lips into a smile, exposing my crooked teeth, and once again looking into the mirror, I walked out with a sense of purpose and determination to face the day ahead.

On seeing my beaming face, Salim Bhai, suppressing a laugh, said, "Now that you are ready, go and pick up one samosa from that shelf, and one kachori from that basket. Wrap each of the two in newspapers and go sell them. Each

packet is thirty rupees each. Pick up the crate of Colas as well. Each is ten... no make it fifteen." I closely listened to the instructions and executed them. I placed the newly packed snacks in a crate held in my right hand and using the other, set the crate of Colas on the crown of my head.

"Cola for fifteen! Cold, refreshing cola for fifteen! Samosa and kachori for thirty! Hot, steaming samosa and kachori...", I shouted, as I passed by the windows of bogies their passengers like devotees waiting to receive prasad. A stout, elderly lady in a saree embarking on a pilgrimage. A bunch of students returning from their school trip. A newly married couple on their first vacation together. A family of four playing chess. All these people had nothing in common but their presence on the Platform, and a fondness for hot kachoris and steaming samosas and cold colas.

I made Salim Bhai a sale of one hundred packets of snacks and a hundred and fifty colas that day, adding up to... five thousand, two hundred, ... and fifty!

This was one of my better aualities: calculating. Three and a half years ago, I had attended my last Maths class at the neighbourhood school. Up till then, I had learnt a great deal: adding, dividing, fractions, decimals, lines, circles and more. However, my eagerness to learn more, especially in the subject of mathematics, was not satiated. Thus began my tryst with the old books of my friend Sonu's brother, who was now a college student. Since Salim Bhai could not afford to pay the fees of the secondary school, I dropped out and started working at his tea stall. English, Hindi, SST, Science - these subjects bored me to death and I utterly dreaded studying them. (I was happy, to some extent, that I dropped out, as the lack of studying these subjects pleased me!) But Maths -Maths was my one true love. I used maths to do Salim's books every night and helped him calculate his profit and loss. Over the last three years I had developed a keen interest for higher level concepts and over time. practiced and learnt to solve problems in college level topics like Multivariable Calculus, Algebra, and Infinite Series.

At around seven, Salim Bhai gave me a glass of water and some kachoris for dinner, after which I sat down and did his books. At nine, I proceeded towards my home, my mattress, and squatted on the ground. Lifting the mattress, I felt for the book I had been reading, titled 'Differential Equations: An Overview of its Applications'. Opening it to Page 110, I lay down and started reading. Soon, I fell asleep with the book rising and falling on my chest with every breath.

Three days later, I was occupied by my usual work, selling snacks and Colas to the passengers aboard the three-fifty to Mumbai, when a curious incident occurred. There was a group of students in their late teens accompanied by a middle aged, short, and thin man, wearing round gold rimmed glasses. They were chattering away in English, when I suddenly recognised a familiar language, the language of mathematics, which transcended the barriers of language or dialect. A feeling of warmth and joy coursed through my body, and my face lit up at the sight of someone discussing my beloved Calculus.

The middle-aged man, whom I had now established as their teacher, asked them encouragingly, "For the function f(x) equals to x minus...?".

My mind started racing... I knew the answer, and without giving it much thought, I shouted out, "7!". Twenty heads turned and forty eyes stared at me, but quickly turned away as they probably had something better to do than observe the crazy Chaiwallah.

But one person's gaze never lifted off me, and that was the gaze of the teacher. He paused, and then asked me, "Chaiwallah, What did you say?" "Umm... seven, Sir. The answer, to your question," I answered, now frightened, and preparing my face for a tight slap for my insolence. His quizzical look turned into one of admiration and respect.

"How do you know this?", he enquired.

"Sir, I used to attend the neighbourhood school till I was fourteen. Now, I work at the tea stall and study these mathematical concepts at night using my friend's brother's old books."

"Okay, fine. Can I get ten packets of snacks and eleven bottles of cola?". I handed his order over and walked into the next bogie. I forgot about this incident and life went on.

Two weeks later, I was passing around snacks in the seven-thirty express which had arrived from Mumbai. I saw the same group of students and their teacher. The students were laughing over some joke, while their teacher's eyes wandered up and down the platform, as if looking for something. When he tilted his head in my direction and noticed me, his face twinkled with a sense of satisfaction. Calling me closer, he said, "Chaiwallah, same order please. Ten Snacks,

eleven colas." I gave them the order and held my hand out for the money. He handed me an envelope, saying that he had put some money in there. Suspecting an act of con, I opened the envelope to examine its contents, and saw a thick bundle of notes in it.

I thought, "This man must have been truly impressed by my maths skills, as he was paying me much more than required." I folded my hands into a quick 'namaste' and my heart beamed with a sense of joy. Skipping the other passengers in the bogie, I ran out of the train, towards my mattress. I sat down on it and opened the envelope to count its contents and celebrate my good luck. What astonished me was, that instead of a huge tip, there was a piece of paper folded into a thick square, tucked away between the notes. My heart sank, realising that there were exactly four hundred and sixty-five rupees in it, the amount which was due. I proceeded to open the paper up and in a rough Hindi handwriting, the following words that changed my life were written:

Dear Chaiwallah,

I am impressed that you have taken out the effort to read and study college level Mathematical concepts such as Calculus from your busy life. I have decided to invite you to attend the three-year Bachelor of Science in mathematics program at the university at which I am the head of department. I look forward to seeing you at the aforementioned address this July. Moreover, do not worry about the money. I will be funding your education and living costs for these three years.

Best of Luck for your future endeavours. Love.

Professor Ramanathan

My thoughts were confirmed: This man truly was impressed by my efforts to learn Mathematics. However, he had decided to not treat me like some circus monkey by handing me a treat for my tricks. Rather, he gave me the gift of education, treating me like an academic peer. I ran back to the platform where his train was, but it was already in motion. I ran along the bogies, scanning all the windows. Just as the train left the platform, I caught a glimpse of his smile, and I beamed back at him too.

Keshav Saib, X-C

COVID-19 Corona Warriors

Dear Grandfather

I hope you are doing well in these challenging times. I hope you are staying indoors and staying safe. I am writing this letter to tell you that you are not alone even though you are staying away, I am concerned about your health and wellbeing, grandfather, I still remember all the wisdom and life lessons that you have taught me. Most importantly, you have taught me to enjoy the little things in life and be grateful for them. One day we may look back and realize they were the big things. I still remember you talking about how we hardly realize that we receive more than we give and that it is only with aratitude that life becomes rich. Gratitude indeed is the fairest blossom which purifies our soul. Today, I remember those inspirational words of yours and truly feel gratitude towards the heroic warriors of Coronavirus.

As you are aware, this global Coronavirus pandemic has had us all relearning how to live our lives. There is at present no certainty, there is also no previous experience to draw and learn from. This is all new and this is our new reality.

We owe it to the fearless people who are working for the safety of humanity. The sacrifices that they are making every day for the safety and welfare of humanity, is priceless and deserves our heartfelt lifelong gratitude, respect and compassion. The first to lead the fight against this pandemic are doctors, nurses, healthcare workers, ambulance drivers etc.. who were particularly vulnerable to the highly infectious disease. The medical researchers

and the scientists were in the lab day and night working on developing the vaccine.

The policemen also have been working very hard while they were deployed in containment zones at bus stops, hospitals etc. The resources available may be minuscule, despite the handicaps and limitations, they rose to the challenge by enforcing the lockdown and promoting public health. Police officers are also at the front of India's Public Health Campaign providing information and essential supplies like rations. medicines, food etc.

These Corona Warriors have a much bigger fight than the pandemic itself. They have to fight against their own fears. Many of these warriors have lost lives in the line of duty. We have clapped, clanged utensils, lit diyas to salute their bravery. We sincerely applaud the heroic efforts of courageous and inspiring warriors across the globe.

Nobody can predict how long this battle would last. The need of the hour therefore is to utilize this crisis as an opportunity. The times are tough, crucial and challenging but the era belongs to the toughest.

I hope to see you and grandmother very soon. Hope this pandemic situation calms down. I pray for your and grandmother's good health. Stay healthy and safe. My regards.

Yours lovingly

Ananya Bajaj, VIII-E





Solidarity as a Silver Lining

Not a single soul ever saw it coming.

The times are legendary. Terrible, but legendary, similar to how the soldiers were caught unaware just before the final battle of the Trojan War was fought.

It is a blow to how very egocentric humanity has always been. A mark that is so unbelievably ethereal that it will take all of eternity to heal. We consider ourselves the rulers and wear our crowns proudly, flaunting it in front of the very person who allowed the first life to breathe: mother earth.

Time changes. I would call it cruel but who am I to judge, really? Mankind cannot possibly call anybody else short of giving. Time changed, and here we are, confined to our homes, devoid of physical interaction with the outside over the past several months. The novel coronavirus has arrived. It is ruthless, its wrath dangerous enough for us to keep our eyes on the ground, our ears and mouths covered with masks.

Colossal tears have been wept by those who plead for respite. And in these strange times, humanity glimpses out from behind the curtains, ducking back behind the stage curtains the second anybody notices it. I would say it almost likes to play this game of hide-and-seek. And it loves to win. That is why it so strongly seeks another and equally well hides, when others need it.

There is a force that can battle with the everlasting manyfold effects. Something rare. Something...strange.

A surprise element.

Solidarity.

Solidarity is all that we have. All is fair in love and war they say. But aren't the two words complementary? The only thing that can conquer war is love. It is compassion, the fortitude and equanimity to understand one's own follies, to acknowledge them, and to point out those of another person. When we hold hands, and hold our chins up high and smile together like we weep together, there is an inkling that this too shall pass. Humanity must come out stronger than ever before. Gossamer threads can't be relied upon to bind something so fragile and yet so important. Instead, it's us.

We have always been stronger together.

Vidushi Mohan, XI- F

The Girl Who Couldn't Eat Cake

8th May 2011. I was 3 years old when I got diagnosed with Celiac disease (intolerance to gluten). As I started getting older, I started learning more and more about my condition. Birthday parties were especially troubling. Many times, when I would go to these parties, like any other child I would be very excited to have fun, play and enjoy with my friends but reality would strike when I would realise that I could not eat anything at the party. I had to either wait to go home and eat food or eat food before the party. The main attraction of any party is always the cake, which I could look at, admire, maybe even smell it... but I could never eat it. Sometimes, I used to think of sneaking in a piece and eating it to my heart's content. But I never dared.

Avoiding gluten might be a way to lead a healthy life, but I was not very accepting of my condition in the beginning. Like I wished to eat this and wished to eat that, but I was always left out. I recall this incident. When I was around 5 years old, my friends decided to have a pasta party and I felt completely out of place. I went to the rooftop and cried a lot, kept thinking to myself "Why can't I eat gluten?" or "How bad could it get if I took a small bite?". I am still to this day, trying to find the exact answer to this. It has been a couple of years since this incident happened and I have now learnt to control myself in a much better way. Sometimes I do get annoyed but I have made peace with it. I now actually feel grateful to God for putting me on a path to eating healthy (though not an easy one!).

Gradually life started sprouting beautiful surprises along the way. Amongst a lot of people, my dad who is like my go-to person for food is also my beacon for life. He keeps making a lot of gluten-free food for me which is very yummy. Like just the other day, he made guacamole along with gluten free

almond bread and it was delicious. He is constantly trying to make new things for me to eat, so much so that there are times I need to give my taste buds a break from it.

I think I take after my father when it comes to passion for food. I have many hobbies but experimenting with cooking tops my list just like my dad's. You could call me a-chef-in-the-making (or the chef who is always making) as I keep trying silly recipes with unique combinations but I try them nevertheless and also love naming all my unique dishes. Over the years cooking has become my passion because I want to show to the world the pool of options that are available for people with my kind of condition and then, they never have to feel left out ever again.

My family offers very big support to me as they encourage me in my art. I have many relatives who live in different parts of the world and they love to explore markets for gluten free stuff and get it for me. My maternal grandparents who live in UAE, never lose an opportunity to discover new things for me to eat. My paternal grandmother who lives with us tries to make everything gluten-free for me. My aunt and uncle who live in Birmingham enjoy shopping for food items for me and are extremely sensitive to my needs whenever I visit them.

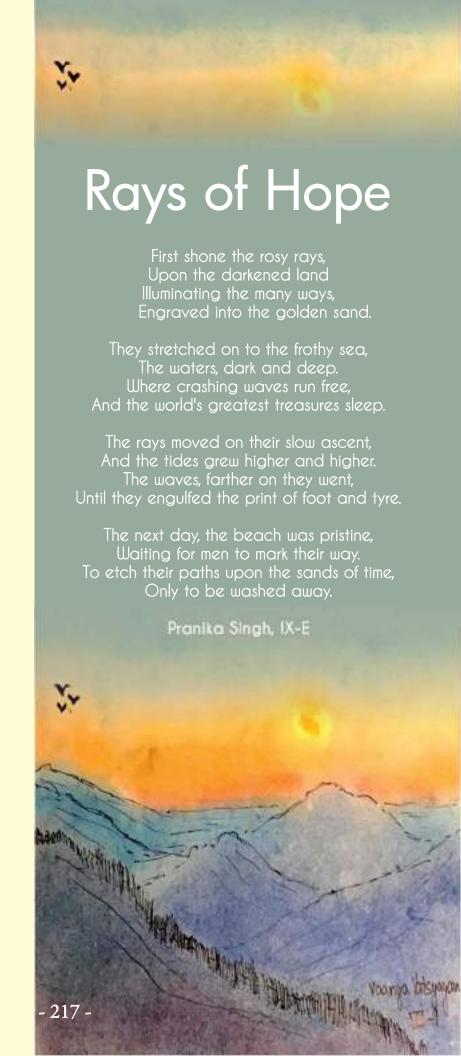
I can never forget this one incident when I was around 7 years old and I was visiting them. The airline surprisingly offered gluten-free food and along with the food came small square shaped chocolate, which I saved so that I could eat it later. Once we were at my aunt's place, my uncle who was equally fond of chocolates without realising ate the chocolate. I turned the house upside down crying and screaming. My uncle just planted me in his big car and took me to a nice shop full of gluten-free chocolates. (What a wonderland that was for me!) I walked around inspecting the shop and obediently picked up one chocolate. That's when the real show began. We started picking one sample of each variety

that was there in the shop, got it billed and got the entire bag of chocolates to the car. Then we sat and tasted each chocolate and I had to tell my uncle which one I liked and which one I didn't. After the sorting ceremony of likable chocolates, we went back to the shop and bought many more of the type of chocolates I liked. Needless to say, the look on my mom's face was indescribable when she saw us walk back in with chocolate bags. This was totally crazy but also so loving.

I feel blessed as I have also had incidents where complete strangers have turned out to be angels for me. This one time when we were in Goa and the chef got to know that a child in his dining hall was gluten allergic (that was me). He came to me and asked me what I wanted to eat and I just out of the blue said - Donuts (absolutely sure in my heart that he was asking out of courtesy and I will never get to see any). And next day on the breakfast table while everyone was busy fussing over the breakfast he appeared with a tray full of freshly made gluten-free chocolate donuts. When I took the first bite I did not like it, but on the bus during that day I don't remember when, but I ate all the donuts. I now think he must have made them with a lot of love, along with all the other incredients, that is why they tasted so nice.

I am 12 years old now. While there might have been many birthday cakes that I haven't eaten or will never get to eat, in my heart I know that there are and will be many more things that will be bought or made with much more love for me than I could have asked for.

Sushiana Sondhi, VIII-E



UTOPIA



I close my eyes and dream,
Of an undivided world,
Where standing out is not a sin,
Where society does not pressure us,
To try and blend in.

No judgements and snide remarks.

Walking on the path of solitude,
That we paved for ourselves,
Is not such a Herculean task.

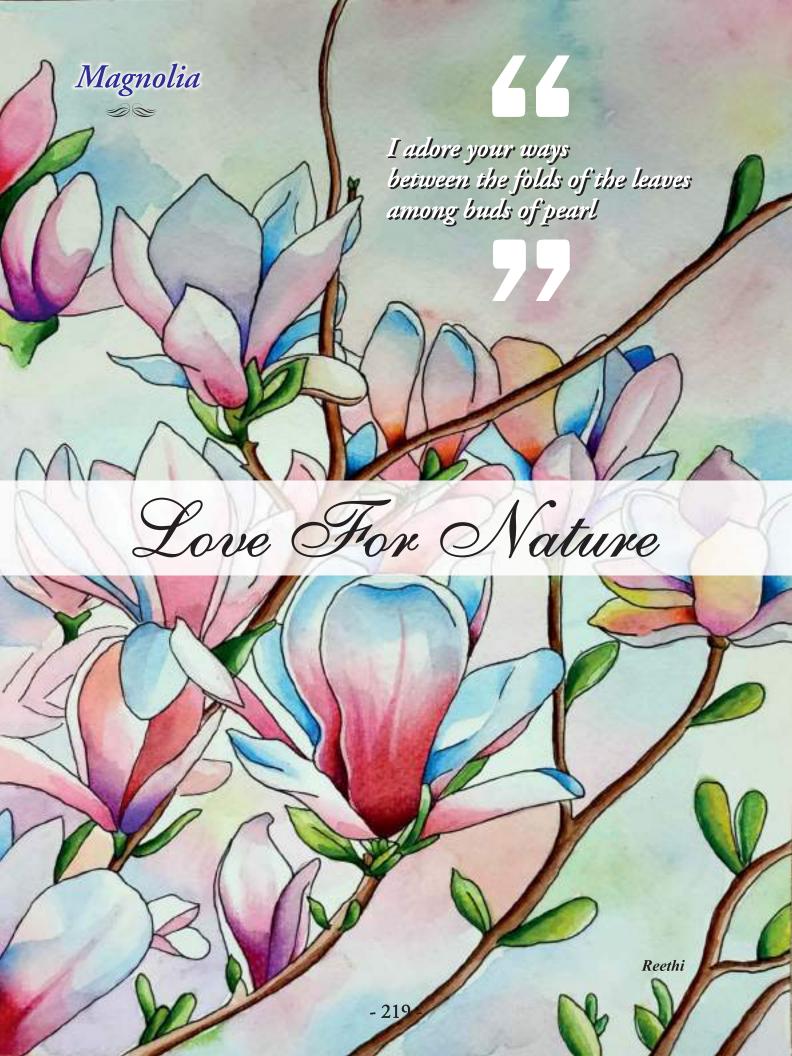
Survival of the fittest,
Mr. Darwin's theory is put to a test.

I dream of a world,
Where peace and harmony go hand in hand.
For humanity we all take a stand,
Where our future is not tainted by our past,
With no divisions on the basis of caste.

A place where people finally understand, All our personalities are unique and perfect,

No need to change what is already flawless. No one looks twice at a so-called defect, This acceptance will make insecurities ao ашау, Progress taking baby steps every day. Fire and Ice, Yin and Yana. Dark and Light, We know we are powerful. We do not crave a fight. To showcase our might. This place cannot be seen in plain sight, Gazing at the starry sky, This is the world I disappear into, Every night.

Agrani, XI-F





As the dawn breaks, the peacock screams,
The life in the jungle awakens from a dream,
From cattle to deer, all start their chore,
Clinging to their little ones, whom they adore.

As the day passes, the jungle comes alive, With chattering monkeys and chirping birds striving to survive,

Herds of elephants and sambars arrive, For the green pasture and water to revive.

From dusk till dawn, the jungle's aura refashions,

The lazy, relaxing predator suddenly goes into action,

The whole jungle festooned with owls and bats thrills,

The scavengers have their own fill.

Let us revive our jungles with their true inhabitants,

Else we will be left only with their memories to pass on to the descendants.

Aditya Nandan, VII-A



The queen of warmth,

Thinking of others even in the windiest storm;

I wonder, if you ever feel hot or cold,

Scared of what summer and winter might hold?

You crackle all night,
Civing heat, light, shooing away fright,
The sky would look dark,
So, there you are too, prominent as a mark.

A mysterious element,
On dry leaves, slowly augment.
Camping won't exist without you,
Alona with the smoked s'mores to chew.

Sister to the "great flame tree", Teach us your selflessness I plea, Often thought of the element of fireflies, Burning so bright, never letting your spark die.

You change raw to useful,
I wish humans could mould to truthful,
Sometimes in rage or calmly dancing with
the breeze,
Oh fire, the best teacher to appease.

Nitya Gupta, VIII-C

A Short Trip to Lansdowne

ature has always been our greatest solace and human beings have found companionship and camaraderie in multifarious natural objects. The post-Covid world is fraught with severe repercussions particularly psychological where human beings have been severely impacted both on the personal and professional fronts. But nevertheless, when we look back at the past year, we can fathom the lessons that we have learnt from Nature. Nature has created an opportunity for herself to heal and to repair the damages wrought by the selfishness of human beings. Nature has taught me to be patient and tranquil taking each day as a new beginning. She has taught me to be grateful for each new day in my life.

Two years back I had undertaken a short trip to Lansdowne in the company of my parents and some colleagues of my mother who are family friends too. We drove down from Delhi and as we approached the foothills the landscape on both the sides underwent a transformation. Undulating lush green mountains unfolded their hidden splendor and the fresh fragrance of the conifers wafting around scintillated my senses.

We put up in a picturesque homestay on a ledge edging out into open space. It was as if we were enveloped in a cocoon of clouds. The pristine beauty mesmerized me. We took long walks along the trails exploring, unearthing hidden secrets kept safe for centuries in the lap of Nature. Tranquility seeped into our tired visages and the din and bustle of city life started oozing out. I felt relaxed and rejuvenated, almost ready to break out into a song or a laughter at the slightest provocation.

realized my entire personality was becoming more tolerant and patient as if the placidity and stolidity of the Dhauladhar range was gradually providing me with a sense of security. I was becoming used to the magic of the mountains in a couple of days.

As I established communication with the local people I was taken aback by their simple lifestyle and their naiveté. A sense of satisfaction pervaded their outlook towards life. The vibrancy and riot of colours provided by the flora enthralled my senses and I marveled at the uniqueness of creation. The night before we were scheduled to leave the place it rained all through the night. I looked at the darkened skies and the rains as it created music on the asbestos rooftop punctuated by the occasional deafening roar of the thunderclouds. I witnessed the cloudburst and it gave me a sneak peek into the ferocity which can be unleashed by Nature. I sat up in bed embracing my parents wondering if the world would come to an end? Were we staring at an apocalypse? The winds lashed the windowpanes and the howling sound deafened me. Is this how we were going to be punished for all the wounds we had inflicted on Mother Nature? The deluge seemed to continue, and I don't know when I fell asleep. The next day I woke up to a fresh, sunny and chirpy morning.

I propose to visit a hill station as soon as the pandemic is over as the time spent in the proximity of Nature creates memories which I know will remain etched in my heart forever.

Anubhav Mukherjee, IX-D

In Awe of BIRDS

The wind sways the trees to and fro,
And the birds seem to come and go,
Raising their kids is a tough job for them,
Making ends meet for their little gems.

Building their nests with twigs and stem,
With endless patience for them,
Guarding young ones from predators,
A big challenge for their protectors.

Tweeting and chirping, it's a wonderful sight,
Which fills me with immense joy and delight,
Preparing for a higher flight,
Shows us their fight with plight.

Seeing them locked up in a cage,
Fills me with utter rage,
But do we all have the wisdom,
To play with another's freedom?

Aditya Nandan, VII-A





Living with NATURE

Nature is something humankind needs to survive. Nature also needs us to preserve it. It is an important factor that helps us live. Yet, some people don't understand its value. Man destroys nature without thought. Trees provide us with air to breathe, wood, paper, fruit and so many other things, but every day hundreds of trees are cut down and forests are destroyed. We need water to sustain ourselves, but our waters are polluted by us. Animals are creatures who deserve to live just like us, but they are hunted and captured for money and greed. There are more situations like this where humans take what they want and do what they want without thinking about what it's doing to nature. We need nature and urban life to exist side by side. If nature is wiped out humans will also not last anymore. If we take from nature, we also need to appreciate and take care of it. We need to learn to live with nature in harmony. It is a beautiful gift of earth that is meant to be treasured.

Mandovi Ray Chaudhuri, VI-B

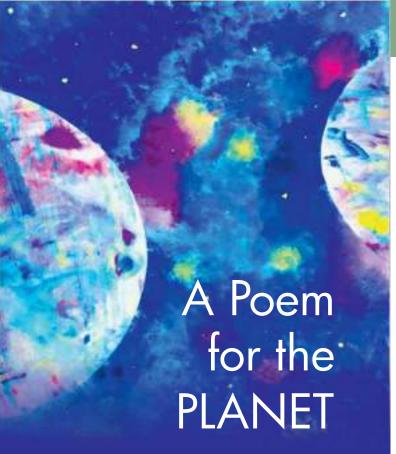
The Silent WOODS

Turn away to the forest still, In a little cabin of wood. With me, my piano, and the listening trees, The test of time, who have withstood. Nothing to break the music's flow. Nothing to make it stop, In the silent sunshine sits my piano, And out the melody hops. Carried by the winds, heard by the trees. Heard by the birds, the flowers and the bees. Nobody to say - "You played that wrona!", Just me, my piano, and my very own songs. Of the troubles of life, there will be no trace. This is how I imagine, my

Sriian Soham, X-D

dream place.





Circles around the sun, so many miles to tread, Circles around you, some blue, yellow and red, A hundred thoughts cross my mind.

What must it take,
For every star and asteroid,
To float in space and not break,
To stay put and not fall into the void,
Ninety nine fears ply my mind.

What if you fall and crash,
You take everyone else along,
You turn to grit and ash,
Everything will just feel wrong,
and still fifty concerns sail my mind.

That vibrant hue,
Your rings that are red, yellow and blue,
A million years old still look as good as new,
Made of dust, what really are you?
Now a last wringer cuts across my mind,
How do you do it?
About me,
I could not hold myself together,
with every nerve and every feather

I could not hold myself together, with every nerve and every feather, I could not shine so bright,

So far yet still in sight.

And so I ask you, How do you do it?

Arijita Aggarwal, XI-C

Winsome Dusk

The nightingale sang and the little bird chirped,

In the ocean of the sky, the ship of the moon sailed high.

Gliding in the rising waves of clouds, Bolstered by the forest of stars all around.

The stars danced merrily in the sky and twinkled brightly,

Emitting illumination like the sun, delightfully.

The night blooming cereus flourished, And the exotic fragrance was once again cherished.

The leader of the mossy stones slept in the calm,

Followed by the rest of the cushiony green farm.

Fruitful cherries were held by the trees in a charming mood,
As in the quiet grove they stood.

Gouri Shandilya, VII-D





he vast aquamarine blue ocean kissing the pale blue sky near the horizon seems to steal the mind. As the coconut trees sway their large leaves in the sea breeze, the twinkling sands on the beach play hide-and-seek with their shadows. At daybreak, the fishermen leave the island, with the hope of a very big catch; while the women during the day weave new nets for fishing - purse nets, seine nets. When the sun climbs to the zenith, fishes are salted and hung on long rows of wooden stands to dry. While some will engage themselves in crushing coral skeletons to make cement-like building material for tombs or houses. Their homes are never permanent on the island. As the sea water encroaches, their coastal address keeps receding. Elderly women prefer to weave coir ropes or make copra at home till the sun casts long shadows and it's time to rest.

Like any other day Tuarupi and Taurupu made a big castle in the sand and decorated it with sea shells. Broken arms of dead corals stood as guards before the castle to stop anyone from entering. They planned to make a fortress around it the next day. As the sun drifted to the other hemisphere waving goodnight to the children, they returned home to listen to the interesting tales from their grandpa, an old wise man. He was the oldest in Funafuti, the capital city of Tuvalu. He

had seen many changes in life. He loved to narrate those experiences to prepare the children for life. Though there is no formal schooling as such, some basic numericals and language are taught by Grandpa to the island children. The fury of the wild waters was something he dreaded. He often narrated how the sea once got angry and engulfed a whole islet like a big monster. Funafuti was then called Ellice Islands, named after a British ship. He drifted to this faraway island by the long shore waves. He remembered giant waves grabbing islands in moments to hide them deep beneath in the abyssal plains. They were never to be seen again. Tuarupi wonders whether they are stories or a reality!

One night when they were fast asleep, tagged to their mother, their playground in the eastern beach along the fringing reef got completely washed away only to find the sea much closer at doorstep next morning.

It was a King tide, a giant tide. All low lying areas were submerged. Water surged up from underground through the coral reef on which the islands were built. Frequent storm surges, cyclones and coastal flooding have already submerged several islands in the last decade. Tepuka

Savilivili has already been reduced to a rock due to the cyclone Keli in 1997. Tropical cyclone Tina last year damaged Nicolaelae uprooting banana crops and tearing away every roof. This is a grim reminder of the fate of other islands.

King tides are also getting higher nowadays. The Funafuti airport often has puddles of water oozing from underground. Homes are inundated frequently. The only asphalt road about 10 km long that runs like a life line along the elongated island of Funafuti often lies under water. Children brave the waters to play but the ocean maybe nasty! Sometimes people in the island are lost forever to the sea never to return home.

Rising waters are slowly creeping into the heart of the ecologically fragile 4th smallest island nation in the world. Tuvalu, with a population of 11,792 (2020) is a part of the Polynesian archipelago in the South Pacific ocean. Nine low lying coral atolls just below the Equator, is all that makes this beautiful island nation. Some of the islands are barely a metre high ASL ,though the average height is 4m ASL. Islands are merely composed of mobile sands and sediments therefore more susceptible to typhoons and tsunamis. South Pacific Islands are nothing but summits of subterranean mountains near the Pacific ocean plate boundaries. As the two plates converge sediments below the sea are warped and raised up to form fold mountains at the plate boundaries.

These islands are today vulnerable to sea level rise which is a consequence of rich nations warming the atmosphere to escalate the temperature of the earth. The relative sea level change at Funafuti is a rate of rise of 0:8 to 1:9 mm/year. Funafuti being only 1.5 m ASL makes it very insecure and finally uninhabitable.

Sea level variations are also due to various reasons like tides, storms, cyclones, El Nino and catastrophic events like volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and subsidence of land due to plate movements. These variations are often referred to as 'noise'. These are all short term variabilities and the extent of variability reduces over time. These islands suffer from problems of remoteness, limited land resources, population pressure and stress caused by waste disposal and pollution. A record of 20 years at least is required before any trend in sea level can be detected with certainty. Global sea level has fluctuated throughout earth's history. Its not new.

Long term changes are known as 'eustatic changes' which are due to thermal expansion of water in the ocean, exchange of water stored on lands by glaciers and ice sheets and regional subsidence due to tectonic displacements. With the increase in the atmospheric temperatures the warm waters of the ocean increase in volume which inundates or submerges lowlying islands.

Inundation of such islands mean reduction of territorial seas and Exclusive Economic Zones. These Polynesian islands are a treasure of biodiversity for our earth. Already so many plant and animal endemic species have been threatened. As there are no streams or rivers, collection of rainwater is most essential. Inundation of coastal lowlands can lead to salinisation of groundwater which will reduce land availability for agriculture. As the densely populated lowlands are washed away large areas of arable lands are lost. This induces food crises. With islands drowning people are migrating to other local islands in the neighbourhood. Handling population pressure is also getting difficult. Fishing, agriculture and tourism is badly affected. Mostly the men in these islands have gone to Australia , Tasmania or New Zealand to work. The plight of the people dwelling in these coastal areas need serious considerations.

But it's not the people of these islands who are to be blamed for the situation. Tuvaluans use very little fossil fuel and have very little industry and contribute no carbon emission yet had to be the first among the casualties of climate change. The intensity can be understood when Asst. Secy. for Foreign Affairs, Tuvalu, Mr.Paani Laupepa said, 'Our whole culture will have to be transplanted." With only 20C temperature rise scientists have predicted about 88cm. rise in sea level in the next decade and if that be true Tuvalu will be underwater by another 40yrs. That process might have already started. Many of the islets of Funafuti are already under the threat of erosion .This concern is compounded with the effects of tectonic subsidence -both naturally and due to non natural land use caused compaction.

There is no tomorrow for Tuarupi and Taurupu's family. Faith in Christ and hope in their minds keep them going.

-Mrs Ananya Roy, Faculty, Social Science Department, MIS

The Ocean

The ocean is like two sides of a coin,
Calming yet so volatile,
The creatures within, free in this deep void,
From the biggest whale to the smallest fish.

It houses magnificent corals,
That serve as gardens,
The ethereal waters,
Reflect the endless sky
above.

The radiant moon brings forth the tides of life, Washing the dazzling shells ashore, Only to return with the sands of time.

Anoushka Nair, VIII-C



FIRE

Invincible and strong, Needed for our survival, Giving us warmth, Stoking our lives.

When man discovered fire,
It changed our lives forever,
Being a ray of hope,
In the darkest of the jungles
and our days,
By cooking food,
And so much more.

Yet, it is so strange,
That humanity has turned
this gift
Into a weapon,
Using it to destroy,
vandalise and spread terror.
This same gift that had once
Ignited our lives.

'Tis my believe that you should be an inspiration For those who are scared everyday,

To be strong and as invincible as you.

Parni Dasgupta, VIII-C





Soaring gems of the sky, Orange hued and black, How elegantly you roam about, My garden, front and back.

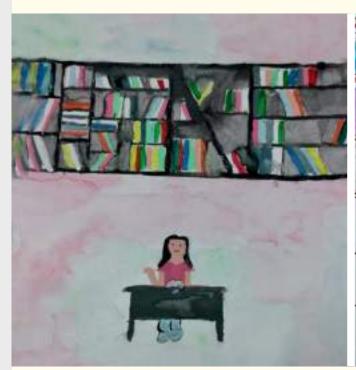
You seem so fragile and delicate,
As if one breeze could blow you away,
I know one day you will leave me,
Till then, O sweet butterfly, in my garden, you are welcome to stay.

During the day, you flutter and play,
At night you laze on the trees,
I don't know where you were born or where you grew up,
You're full of mysteries.

Here one moment, gone the next, I hope one day on my palm you rest, Until the day that you return, Forever for you, I shall yearn.

Anya Singhal and Srishti Chakraborty, VIII-C

Students Take on Books





Some books are to be tasted,
Others to be swallowed,
And few to be chewed and digested

-Francis Bacon





Becoming: Michelle Obama

compelling memoir, this book has one mesmerized in a world that is not initially one's own, but somehow soon becomes. What stands out is the humbling honesty in the emotions that seeps through the pages like gold lacquer. One is happy, consumed with frustration at the crumbling realities of society and battling with emotional turmoil, all within the span of a single book, an iconic rollercoaster of a ride.

The former First Lady of the United States, strikes a chord in the hearts of a plethora of readers with her honesty of the mundane happenings of an early life, and this very fact is bound to resonate with many who read this book. But most of all she offers glimpses into so much more-being a lawyer, a director of a nonprofit, and vice president at a hospital; of being singled out under penetrating scrutiny due to the colour of her skin; from being a little girl who bossed her brother around to being a mother.

Starting out in a cramped apartment on the South Side of Chicago, where she wore pigtails and wanted a dog, this story progresses, battling gender, race, and many other forms of stereotypes that leave huge impacts. There was so much happening beyond the elegance and power that met one's eye. The brutality of politics, the effort she had to put in to balance her personal life, how she refused to comply with social norms that tried to trample on her ambition are all systematically navigated through in chapters and pages separated by themes.

This book teaches you lessons that you are receptive to though it not once preaches them. All it puts forth are opinions that resonate with you long after you read those words printed on paper. It teaches you ambition, dreams, the infinity of growing up, compassion, days that are glorious and days that evoke hurt. It teaches you what your heart wants to learn.

A stunning must read, this book will stay with one long after one reads it!

Vidushi Mohan, XI-F

Eleanor Oliphant is Completely Fine: Gail Honeyman

The story is about Eleanor Oliphant, a 29-year-old woman, who leads a monotonous life, following the same routine every day. She has no social circle and her only interaction is with her mother once every week.

At first one might find Eleanor very strange with an unusual attitude, but glimpses of her traumatic past make the readers understand her personality and perspective of the world a little better, and how that affects her in the present. A series of events takes place, and you can witness Eleanor taking gradual steps towards her moral development, she starts making friends, helping others, and doing things which may seem normal to us but for her they are something new.

She is not all perfect, and the author highlights her imperfections which make her a relatable character. Eleanor is like every other person, she has insecurities, troubles, coping issues, and dreams and fantasies too.

If you ask me the genre of this book, I cannot give you any one, as this book cannot really be categorized into one genre. Yes, it is humorous, thought provoking, and emotional too but it is also a lot more than that. It tackles two very important and relevant issues in today's times, loneliness and being an outcast in society. The author touches upon both of these serious issues with humour and sensitivity.

This book is about self-love, how Eleanor through the course of the story begins to love herself and her life. Seeing her transform into someone who is living her life rather than just being alive is truly heartwarming. This book makes us stop and reflect on the small moments of life that bring us joy which we often take for granted. It makes us realise the importance of being grateful for everything that we have. Overall, it was a very interesting read and once you actually get into the story, you cannot put the book down before devouring it.

Ahana Lal, XI-F

Ikigai:

The Japanese secret to a Long and Happy Life – Hector Garcia and Francesc Miralles

passion mission

whether word good at profession vocation

what you have be paid for

I recently completed reading Ikigai - The Japanese secret to a Long and Happy Life by Hector Garcia and Francesc Miralles.

Ever wondered how the Japanese get so much energy to put into their work that they do it till their last breath?

The Japanese people strongly believe that everyone has an Ikigai. Meaning, engaging in such work that you feel so deeply and passionately about it that you lose track of time. It is your flow. The book provides the essentials for finding your own Ikigai or flow to live a more meaningful life.

Basic Plot Summary:

Data is heavily gathered from the lifestyle of people living in Okinawa, an Island in Japan. The place is known for people living long and happy lives.

The book talks about logotherapy, lifestyle of people living in Okinawa, exercises of people living in the east (yes, that includes India too) including activities like Yoga, martial arts and so on.

I would recommend this book to those who feel lost in life or those who want to bring more meaning to their lives, especially to those who still are not sure of what to pursue and struggle to find flow in life.

This book is a good read. Getting to know about Japanese culture is a good reminder of what is important in life. Work and living with mindfulness is key. The part I loved about this book was finding your Ikigai. Living in an age where it is important to know what career to choose, this book is a good guideline to fall back upon.

Vanshika Mahipal, XI-A

The Silent Patient – ALEX MICHAELIDES

had heard a lot about the silent patient and what an enthralling plot it had. After giving it a read, I can say that all the hype about this book was totally worth it. I finished this book in one afternoon, directly after my classes. The reason why I read this psychological thriller was because of the description at the back which drew me in.

The story is about a talented and famous couple, Alicia and Gabriel who were living the good life. Until one fine day, the wife shot her husband and never spoke another word about it. Then entered a psychologist, Theo, who was oddly very determined to hear Alicia's side of the story.

This plot is simple enough, with two characters, Alicia and Theo at its centre, but the narrative is what makes the book complex. The way it goes back and forth between the point of views of Alicia and Theo and the way we discover their overlapping stories is what sets this book apart from the other psychological thrillers. I do not want to go deep into the plot for the fear that I might give too much away.

However, I would highly recommend this book to those who want a riveting plot, a fast-paced narrative and complicated characters. I must warn you, once you pick this book, you would not be able to stop turning the pages till you reach the very last word.

Ahana Lal, XI-F

The Fountainhead: Ayn Rand

The Fountainhead is a prime example of Ayn Rand's unique brand of thinking and philosophy. Widely considered controversial, most people who have read it can be sorted into two categories: those who find themselves completely enamoured by the story or those who are critical of its every aspect. Regardless, it has long established itself as a work of literary genius due to the level of thought and intellect needed to understand it

It is a novel celebrating those that dare to be different, the manifestation of whom we see in Howard Roark, a stoic, innovative (and often stubborn) architect who firmly refuses to conform to the norms of the field. It explores his career in parallel to that of his much more conventional as well as objectively less talented peer, Peter Keating, and how both stories intertwine and cross with common characters.

Rand's ability to write complex characters is in full display here, especially in the case of a layered persona such as Ellsworth Toohey (the supposed villain of the story), a journalist who designs a personality suiting that of a humanitarian, while in reality, all he craves is power and control, a desire to which his niece purportedly falls victim. Hers, however, is a character arc that is thoroughly interesting.

First introduced as the sweet girl who caught Peter Keating's eye due to her charming clarity regarding her emotions towards him, Catherine Halsey was later transformed into a ruthless bureaucrat with an attitude reminiscent of her uncle's due to Toohey's manipulation of the easily-led Keating after he convinced Keating to woo Dominique Francon in lieu of his niece, to whom Keating had been engaged. Keating reaped the consequences of this particular choice much later, when he unexpectedly ran aground of his former fiancée and was struck by how they had seemingly exchanged places, with her being confident and uncaring of him, while he was lost, and in need of an anchor.

Because of this, many are divided on whether Catherine was indeed a victim of her uncle's

wiles so much as she was provided an opportunity to escape the all-encompassing passion of her love for Keating.

Another character who may in fact be the most complicated of all, and therefore extremely hard to understand is that of Dominique Francon. Despite being the possessor of a strong personality, she seems to lack will and direction, allowing other people to take the reins of her life. Furthermore, she seems to lose all free volition as soon as she comes into contact with Roark. Perhaps it takes a more trained mind to make sense of her unfathomable nature.

The main theme of the book is a cynical mockery of society's easily malleable hivemind. of which the fourth estate often acts as shepherd. Roark's buildings and designs are widely ridiculed by the public, but when his sketches are taken by Keating and lauded by newspapers, they are seen as revolutionary and a 'game-changer' in the field. However, as soon as Ellsworth Toohey makes up his mind to turn his praise toward Roark instead of Keating, we see Roark's career blossom and consequentially, Keating experiences a downward spiral. This is simply one example of Rand's obvious criticism of the masses that is present in this book, although others may be a bit more obscure.

Turning the last page of the novel, one finds their mind anything but empty- that is, if it has been perused properly, for this is not a book you can simply read. It has to be scrutinized and interpreted, understood and explained.

To conclude, I leave you with one of my personal favourite quotes from the novel:

"Most people build as they live-as a matter of routine and senseless accident. But a few understand that building is a great symbol. We live in our minds, and existence is the attempt to bring that life into physical reality, to state it in gesture and form. For the man who understands this, a house he owns is a statement of his life. If he doesn't build when he has the means, it is because his life has not been what he wanted."

Anohita Dutta, XI-A



अगर में आईसकीम होता

अगर मैं एक आइसक्रीम होता तो मैं गरमी में मैं ना जाता। अगर मैं एक आइसक्रीम होता तो मैं ठंड में रहता, और मैं कई रंगो में होता, और मेरे कई स्वाद होता, और जब मैं ठंडा होता तो मुझे बच्चे खा जाते और मेरे अदर डंडी होती है।

यशस कुमार, प्रथम-ए

अगर मैं आईसक्रीम होती तो मैं बच्चों की बहुत पंसहीन होती। अगर मैं आईसक्रीम होती तो बहुत स्वादिष्ट होती। अगर मैं आईसक्रीम होती तो मैं अपने पंसदीदा रंग होती।

स्वरा प्रवीण इंगोले, प्रथम-ए



अगर मैं आईसक्रीम होती तो मैं रंग–बिरंगी होती। मैं बहुत ठंडी होती। लोग मुझे खाने की सोचते। मैं कभी भी धूप में नहीं जाती। मैं अलग–अलग आकार की होती। मेरा स्वाद बहुत मज़ेदार होता।

हंसिका राठी, प्रथम-ए



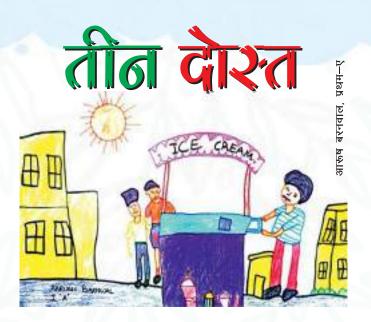
अगर मैं कबूतर होती तो मैं उड़ सकती। मुझे सारे उड़ते देखते। मुझे देखकर सभी बच्चे ताली बजाते। बच्चे खुश हो जाते।

हीनल बुद्धिराजा, प्रथम-ए



एक बार एक जंगल में एक बाघ के पाँच बच्चे थे। एक दिन वे घूमते हुए एक नदी के पास जा पहुँचे। नदी में से एक शार्क उछल कर बाम बाहर ज़मीन पर आई और बोली "यहाँ से चले जाओ वरना मैं तुम्हे मार डालुंगी। यह कह कर वह वापस पानी में चली गयी। बच्चो में उस से छुटकारा पाने की तरकीब निकाली और वापस नदी पर गए। वहाँ जा कर उन्होने शार्क जेसे ही उछल कर पानी से बाहर आइ, वह गढ्ढ मे गिर गई जो उन बच्च ने पहले से हखोय रखा था। शार्क मर गई। और इस तरह बच्चे ने समझदारी दिखा कर अपनी जान बचाई।

अक्षर अग्रवाल, प्रथम-ए



तीन दोस्त थे। अमन, नमन, रजत अमन बहुत नटखट था और नमन थोड़ा सा नटखट था। रजत बहुत ही अच्छा बच्चा था। एक दिन अमन और नमन के बीच मैं लड़ाई हो गई फिर रजत ने उन दोनों के बीच में दोस्ती करवाई।

आरूष बरनवाल, प्रथम-ए



किसी गांव में एक किसान रहता था। उसके पास एक जादुई हंस थी। वह रोज एक सोने का अंडा देती थी। किसान उसे बेचकर पैसे ले लेता। एक दिन उसे लालच आ गया। उसने हंस का पेट चाकू से काट दिया। लेकिन उसे एक भी अंडा पेट में नहीं मिला। दुःखी किसान जोर—जोर से रोने लगा।





शनकुमारी _{और} चिडिया

एक राजकुमारी थी। वो बदसूरत थी। एक दिन उसने बगीचे में एक चिड़िया देखि चिड़िया को चोट लगी थी। राजकुमारी उसकी मदत की चिड़िया एक परी बनगयी। उसने राजकुमारी को सुन्दर बना दीया। क्युकी राजकुमारी बहुत अछी ईनसान थी।

यश्मिता दत्ता, प्रथम-ए



जादुई तबला

एक लड़का था। उसका तबला बजाने का मन था। फिर उसका जन्मदिन आया। उसके नानाजी ने एक सुंदर सा तबला उसको दिया। वह लड़का बहुत खुश था। अचानक तबला अपने आप बजने लगा। वह तबला जादुई तबला था।

> नचिकेत पी. मधु, प्रथम-ए

अगर में सब्जी होता/होती...

अगर मैं सब्जी होता तो मैं आलू होता। मैं उपर भूरा रंग और अंदर सफेद रंग का होता। मैं सब बच्चो का पयारा होता मैं घोल



आरव धवन, प्रथम–बी

मठोल आलू सब सब्जी से मिलकर रहता हूँ।

आरव धवन, प्रथम—बी

अगर मैं सब्जी होता, तो मैं बिंडी होती। मैं हरे रंग की होती। मुझे खाकर सब बच्चे

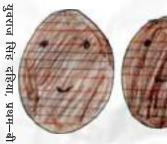


फलक वासवानी, प्रथम-बी

खुश हो जाते और मैं सबको ताकत देती।

फलक वासवानी, प्रथम-बी





अगर मैं सब्जी होता, तो मैं आलू होता। मैं भूरे रंग का होता। मैं सब्जियो का राजा हूँ।

मैं सब बच्चो को मोटा बना देता।

युवराज सिंह दहिया, प्रथम–बी



अगर मैं मटर होती तो मैं हरे रंग की होती। मैं खाने में मीठी होती। बच्चों को मेरे छोटे—छोटे दाने बहुत पंसद आते।

हिमान्या रोहिल्ला, प्रथम—बी





अगर में पक्षी होता तो मै तोता होता। मैं पेड़ो पर बैठकर चिल्लाता। मै कभी पिंजरें में कैद नही होता। मै आसमान में ऊँची उडान भरूगा।

माज़ खान, प्रथम-बी

नानी का जन्म दिन



आज मेरी नानी का जन्म दिन है। मैं उनके लिए एक तौहफा लाई हूँ। नानी ने सबके लिए हलवा बनाया है। सब हलवा खाकर बहुत खुश हुए। मैने और नानी ने शाम को केक काटा। हम सबने एक साथ बहुत खेल खेले। हम सबको बहुत मजा आया।

लाव्या नागपाल, प्रथम-बी

आम का पेड़

एक दिन में खेलने गए था। मैने साइकिल चलाई थी एक लडका भी साइकिल चलाई रहा था उधर मैंने एक पड देखा उसके उपर आम लगे थे मैन आय तोडा और मीठा आम खाया।

तकशील गौर, प्रथम-बी



HURS ch & I-



में आज गोआ मे हूँ। मैंने एक चलती किताब देखी। मैंने सोचा कि चूहा है। लेकिन वो नहीं था। फिर मैं अपने कमरे में चली गई। वो किताब फिरसे चलने लगी। तभी मेरी नींद खुल गई।

काव्या श्रीवास्तव, प्रथम-बी

समान की सैर



एक दिन निशि और निशु खेल रहे थे। आसमाान से तेज रोशनी आ रही थी। अचानक उन्होंने एक परी देखा। वह आसमान से उड कर उनके पास आ गई। निशि ने परी से उसका नाम पूछा परी ने कहा कि मेरा नाम लुसी है मैं आपके साथ खेलना चाहती हूँ। फिर तीनों खेलने लगे। लुसी ने जादू से निशि और निशु के पंख लगा दिए। तीनों ने पंख फड़फड़ाए और आसमान में उड़ गए तीनों ने खुब मज़े किए। फिर वे वापस घर आ गए।

आद्विका सिंह, प्रथम-सी

चिड़िया का बच्चा



मैं मैदान में खेल रहा था अचानक एक चिड़िया का बच्चा पेड़ से गिर गया। मैं उसको मरे साथ घर ले कर आया। मेरे पिता उसको पानी पिला और मैं एक घर बनाया। बह एक दीन उड़ने लगा और मेरा नाम बोलने लगा बह एक तोता का बच्चा था।

वसील अली, प्रथम-बी

अगर मैं जादूगर होता तो मैं एक केला को कदु बना देता। फीर मैं एक फूल को खरगोश बना देता। मैं जादू की छड़ी घुमा कर बच्चों को टफी दे देता।

आर्दश स्वाई, प्रथम-सी

अगर मैं जादूगर होती तो मैं मैडम के लिए फलो की बारिश कर देती। हमने तरह तरह की जादू दिखाई। सब दोस्त देख कर बहुत खुश हुए।

प्रियांशी, प्रथम-सी

अगर मैं जादूगर होती तो मै अपने और अपनी भहन के लिये उस जादू की छड़ी से सुनदर सुनदर कपड़े सैडल और जुते जादू की छड़ी से लाती और हम रोजन ऐ कपडे पहनते और खुश रहते।

उन्नती, प्रथम-सी



अगर मैं जादूगर होती तो मैं जादू की छड़ी घुमा के कोरोना को भगा देती। फिर मैं स्कूल जा सकती और मैम से मिल पाती। और फिर मैं मौल जा सकती।

रिधिमा जायसवाल, प्रथम-सी



अगर मैं मैम् होता/होती.

अगर में मैम होती तो मै बच्चों को कोरिया डांस सिखाती। जैसे कि बैली डांस, आइस स्केटिग भी सिखाती।

कनक, प्रथम-सी

अगर मैं मैम होता तो बच्चों को दस हफतो की छुटिया देता। बच्चों को सवीमीग पुल मे लेकर जाता। और मैं सब बच्चे को दुसरी कलास में जल्दी भेज देता।

अयान शर्मा, प्रथम-सी



सैकल पर सैर

सावन का महीना था। एक शाम मैं अपने पापा के साथ सैकल पर सैर करने निकले। मैंने सैकल की घंटी बजाते हुए तेज़ी से पैर चलाए। जब हम पार्क पहुँचे, वहाँ बहुत बच्चे खेलते दिखे। मैंने उनके साथ खूब मज़ेदार खेल खेले। रात हो गयी और मैं और पाप आसमान के चमकते तारे देखते घर लौट आए। अदिया, प्रथम-सी

एक बार मैने सपने मे जूते देखे जो बोल रहे थे। जब मैं सुबह जागा तो वह जूते मेरे पास थे। उन जूतो को पहन कर मैं उड़ सकता था और आसमान में चल सकता था। मुझे उन जुतो को पहना बहुत पंसद था। जब मैं उन जूतो को याद करता वह आप मेरे पास आ जाते। मै उन जुतो का बहुत ध्यान रखता था लेकिन एक दिन वह जूते अपने आप गायब हो गए।

कृष्णाव मित्तल, प्रथम-सी



मैं और मेरे दोस्त

एक दिन मैं पाठशाला जा रही थी। रासते मै मेरे दोसत मिले। मैं उनके साथ खेलने लगी। मैं कलास करना भूल गयी। झब मैं कलास में देर से आई मैम ने मूझे टाईम पर आने को कहा। फिर मैने मैंम से वादा कीया की मै कभी कलास के लीये देर से नहीं आऊँगी।

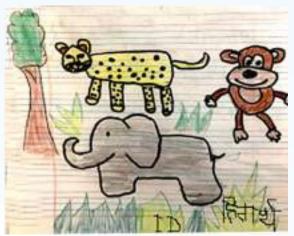
मिराया खोसला, प्रथम-सी



STOR JL.

अगर मैं एक चीता होता तो मैं जंगल में तेज—तेज भागता रहता। मेरे दोस्त बंदर और हाथी होते। मैं उनके साथ पूरे जंगल में घूमता। मैं बंदर के साथ पेड़ पर कूदता। हाथी की पीठ पर बैठ कर पूरा आसमान देखता। मैं चीता इसीलिए बनना चाहता हूँ क्योंकि मुझे दौड़ना पसंद है।

हितार्थ, प्रथम-डी



हितार्थ, प्रथम-डी

अगर मैं एक चिड़िया होती तो मेरे भी पंख होते और मैं आसमान मैं उड़ती मैं रंग—बिरंगी होती। मैं किसी भी पेड़ पर अपना घोंसला बना लेती। मुझे सोने के लिए पंखे की भी ज़रूरत नदी होती। मैं सबको ऊँचाई से देखती मैं किसी भी देश में पासपोर्ट और वीजा के बिना ही

उड़ कर चली जाती। मुझे कोई भी पकड़ ना पाता। काश मैं एक चिड़िया होती।

तिशा मेहरा, प्रथम-डी

अगर मैं शेर होता तो मैं बड़ी गुफा में रहता और मैं जंगल का राजा होता। सब जानवर मेरे दोस्त होते। मैं सभी की सहायता करता।

मौराक्ष वीर शैलिया, प्रथम-डी



मौराक्ष वीर शैलिया, प्रथम–डी

अगर मैं चिता होती तो मैं सबको नचाती और खुद भी नाचती। मैं शेर के तरह दहाड़ती मैं पेड़ पौधे खाती और मज़ा लेती।

प्रिया, प्रथम—डी

अगर मैं चीता होता तो मैं बहुत तेज़ भागता और पुरा जंगल की सैर कर लेता। मेरा दोस्त भालू होता। मैं पेड़ो पर चढ़ कर अपने दोस्त के लिए शहद लाता। फिर हम नदी में मज़े से नहाते। बड़ा मज़ा आता। अन्मय गर्ग, प्रथम—डी



मेश अपनी

एक रात मैंने एक सपना देखा कि मैं एक सुंदर सी परी हूँ। मेरे पास एक जादूई छड़ी है। मैंने रंग—बिरंगे कपड़े पहने हुए हैं और मैं बहुत सुंदर लग रही हूँ। मैं बच्चों को प्यार करती हूँ और बच्चे भी मुझे बहुत प्यार करते हैं। मैं बच्चों की इच्छा पूरी करती हूँ।

कात्यायनी सिक्का, प्रथम-डी



एक दिन जब मैं रात को अपने कमरे में सो रही थी तब मुझे एक सपना आया वह बहुत अच्छा था सपने मैं में आसमान में उड़ रही थी एक परी की तरह फिर अचानक मेरी आँख खुल गई तब मुझे पता चला मैं सपना देख रही थी।

विहानी, प्रथम-डी



े दो दोस्त



एक दिन रामू तोता आम खा रहा था। कालू कबूतर को बहुत भूख लगी थी। उसने रामू से एक आम मांगा। रामू ने कालू से अपना आम बांटा और दोनो अच्छे दोस्त बन गए।

आध्या गुप्ता, प्रथम–डी

JIIGS GODIOI



अयाश सिंह, प्रथम–ई

एक दिन अनु जादुई दुकान पर गया। उसने जादुई जूते खरीदे जो अनु को कहीं पर भी पहुंचा सकते थे। फिर उसने जूते पहन कर कहा, ''मुझे मेरे घर पहुंचा दो'', फिर अनु जादू से अपने घर पहुंच गया।

अयांश सिंह, प्रथम-ई

अगर में बादल होता/होती...



में बादल होती तो इधर उधर घूमने जाती जहाँ सूखे गाँव खेत खलिहान होते वहाँ बारिश के पानी से चारों तरफ हरा भरा हो जाता और खुशियाँ फैल जाती।

रीआना कुमार, प्रथम-ई

अगर मैं बादल होती तो मैं गोल मटोल होती। मैं आसमान में घूमती। मैं पानी की बूंदे पीती और शरबत की बारिश करती। मैं पंछियों को बादल की सवारी देती।

न्याह चावला, प्रथम-ई

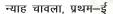
अगर मैं बादल होती तो मैं सबके ऊपर बरसती और गरजती हूँ। सबको भीगों के मज़ा कराती। मैं खेतों पर पानी बरसाती और खेतों को हरा भरा कर देती। मैं पानी के छोटे—छोटे बुलबलों से बनती हूँ। मैं ठंडक लाती हूँ।

ताशी अग्रवाल, प्रथम-ई



अगर मैं बादल होता तो मैं अपने मीत्र के साथ बहुत खेलता। अगर बारीश होती तो मुझको कुछ नही होता। और मैं अपने मीत्र के साथ बात पूरी करता।

आरव गुप्ता, प्रथम—ई

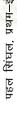


मैं देखता नीचे लोगो को। मै हसता तो घड़घड़ होता। तब मै खुश होता। तब मैं बारिश करता।

जय वर्धन प्रताप सिंघ, प्रथम-ई



जय वर्धन प्रताप सिंघ, प्रथम-ई





एक दिन मैं पहाड़ो पर जाता। फूलो पर पानी बरसाता, मुरझाए हुए फूल खिल जाते। सूखे हुए पेड़ों पर पत्ते आ जाते।

अयाश सिंह, प्रथम-ई



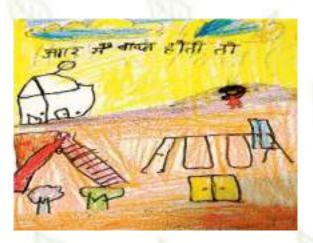
में सूखे पेड़ो को पानी देती। और मैं जिस भी बच्चे को जो भी खाना होता उसी चीज़ की बारिश कर देती। और फिर आईसक्रीमशाला और चौकलेटशाला बना देती। मेरे इलाके में जो भी आता तो उसे मैं धूप से बचा लेती। और एक छाता देती और बारिश करती।

पहल सिंघल, प्रथम-ई



अगर मैं बादल होती तो आसमान में घूमती रहती। चिड़ियों के साथ खेलती और बाते करती। जब मेरा पेट भर जाता तो मैं बिजली और बारिश गिराती। हवाके साथ नई—नई जगह घूमती रहती।

वान्या गुप्ता, प्रथम-ई



अगर मैं बादल होती तो मै बारिश करती। एक लड़की नाम शेक था एक बादल बारस रहा था फिर शेक भाग—भाग कर घर चली गया।

वृन्दा सीकरी, प्रथम-ई

वृन्दा सीकरी, प्रथम–ई



एक दिन सूरज सैर को निकला उसको एक मजाक सूझा। उसने देखा बच्चे पार्क में खेल रहे हैं। उसने अपनी गर्मी तेज कर दी जिस से बच्चे तेज गर्मी के कारण छाँव में बैठ गए और ठंडा—ठंडा पानी पीने लगे। कोई जूस पीने लगा तो कोई आइसक्रीम खाने लगा। वह बार—बार अपने पसीने पोंछने लगे। यह देखकर सूरज बादलों में छिप गया। यह देखता ही बच्चे फिर खेलना शुरू हो गये। सूरज थोड़ी देर बाद फिर बादलों



अमायरा अग्गरवाल, दूसरी–ए

में से निकाल आया। बच्चे फिर एक पेड़ के नीचे बैठ गये। इस तरह से थोड़ी देर सूरज बच्चों के साथ लुका छिपी का खेल खेलता रहा और फिर पहाड़ी से दूसरी तरफ चला गया। जहाँ पर बर्फ ही बर्फ थी सूरज की गर्मी से सारी बर्फ पिघल कर बहने लगी। चिड़ियाँ चहचाने लगी। चारों तरफ फूल खिल गये लोग घरों से बाहर निकल आये। इस तरह सूरज को धरती का चक्कर लगाने में बहुत मजा आ रहा था।

अमायरा अग्गरवाल, दूसरी-ए

एक दिन सूरज सारे ग्रहों का सैर करना चाहते था। तो वह पहले मरकूरीने गया। सूरज ने देखा मरकूरी—मरकुरी बहुत गर्म है। उसके बाद वह वीनसमे गया। वीनस एक रेगिस्तान की तरह था जिसमे बड़े—बड़े पत्थर थे। इसके बाद सूरज को भूख लगी तो वह चाँद के पास चला गया। वहाँ पर भोजन करने के बाद मंगल के पास पहुँचा। लाल रंग का मंगल ग्रह सूरज को बहुत पसंद आया। वहाँ सूरज को बर्फ भी नजर आए। मंगल के बाद सूरज ने सोचा कि वो सबसे बड़े ग्रह से मिलकर घर चला जाएगा। तो वह जूपिटर के पास गया। वहाँ पर सूरज को जूपिटर के अनेक चाँदों के बिच से जाना पड़ा। जाते—जाते सूरज बहुत थक गया था, तो उसने घर जाने का फैसला किया।

शौमिली मौनिका सेन, दूसरी-ए



लक्षिता, दूसरी–ए

कल आसमान में बादल छाए हुए थे। सूरज कही नहीं दिख रहा था। लेकिन आज तो सूरज चाचा बादलो पर बैठे है। उनके चेहरे पर हँसी है। वह चश्मा पहनें, टोपी लगाए और सूट पहन कर घूमने निकले हैं। बादलों पर बैठे—बैठे वह कॉलड्रिंक पी रहे हैं और चिप्स खा रहे हैं। वो छाते के नीचे बैठे हुए हैं। उनकी तो पार्टी चल रही है। उनकी तो पार्टी चल रही है।

लक्षित मीना, दूसरी-ए

वाहरी द्वांनिया की और

आद्या, दूसरी–ई



चमकू मंगल ग्रह पर रहता था। एक दिन वह मुझे भी अपने यान में ले गया। मैंने देखा कि उसकेग्रह से लाल रोशनी आ रही थी। हम वहाँ दो मिनट में ही पहुँच गए। मैंने देखा कि वहाँ सभी इमारतें गोल आकार की थीं। मैंने चमकू से पूछा, "क्या यहाँ सभी घर ऐसे ही होते हैं?" चमकू बोला, "हाँ, आओ मैं तुम्हें भीतर से भी दिखाता हूँ।" हम अन्दर गए तो हम दोनों को भूख लगी थी। चमकू मेरे लिए एक प्लेट में एक गोली ले आया। मैंने उससे पूछा, "तुम मुझे दवा क्यों दे रहे हो?" वह बोला, "तुम कहा कर तो देखो!" जैसे ही मैंने वह गोली खाई मेरा पेट भर गया। फिर मैंने चमकू से कहा,

"अब मैं घर चलती हूँ।" मैं यान में बैठकर पृथ्वी पर वापस आ गई। पृथ्वी के पेड़—पौधे व पशु पक्षी देखकर मेरा मन प्रसन्न हो गया। हमारी पृथ्वी से अच्छा और कोई ग्रह नहीं है।

साम्या खेड़ा, दूसरी-ए



में हूँ अंतरिक्षयात्री रुद्र! कल रात मैं अपने अंतरिक्षयान को तैयार कर रहा था तभी मम्मी ने मुझे बुलाया और कहा की बेटा अगर तुम किसी ग्रह पे जा रहे हो तो अपना टिफिनलेके जाओ। मैंने उसमें गरम गरम छोले भटूरे रखे है। मैंने भी खुशी खुशी अपना टिफिन लिया और अंतरिक्ष के सफर के लिए निकल पड़ा। कल तो मैं एक अजब गजब ग्रह पे पहुँच गया। वहाँ के पेड़—पौधे, रस्ते, घर, आदमी, पंछी, जानवर यहाँ तक की सुरज—चंदा भी ओरीगामी से बने थे। मैंने वहाँ पे बहुत मजे किये। बहुत खेलकूद की। फिर मुझे भुक

लगी और मैं होटेल चला गया। लेकिन हाय रे मेरी किरमत! वहाँ तो खाना भी ओरीगामी से बना था। मैं कुछ भी नहीं खा पाया। तभी मुझे मम्मी के टिफिन की याद आई और मैंने उसे निकाल लिया। तभी मम्मी की आवाज आयी वो मुझे पुकार रही थी। उठो स्कूल जाना है की नहीं? मैंने तुम्हारे मनपसंद छोले बनाए हैं।

रुद्रांश बुवा, दूसरी–बी

धरती पर जब मैं और चमकू दोस्त बन गए तो चमकू ने मुझसे पूछा कि "क्या तुम्हे मेरे गृह ठंडग जाना है?" ठंडग सुनकर ही मुझे लगा कि उधर बहु ठंड होगी। मैंने कहा कि "मैं ठंडग जाऊँगा।"जब मैं उधर पहुँचा तो मुझे दिखाई दिया की उधर सब कुछ बर्फ का बना हुआ है। मैंने देखा कि उधर गाडियाँ रोड पर नहीं बलकि हवा में चलती हैं। वहाँ पेड़ के ताने का रंग लाल और पत्तियों का रंग सफेद था। ठंडग में आसमान का रंग हरा था।



मुझे भूख लग रही थी तो मैंने चमकू से कहा कि "मुझे खाना खाना है।" चमकू ने खाने में बर्फ दी। मैंने बर्फ खाई और मुझे मिर्ची लगी। चमकू ने कहा गृह के लोग सौ चम्मच मिर्च डालकर खाना खाते हैं।" यह सुनकर मैंने आव देखा न ताव और याँ में बैठकर धरती चला गया। मैंने कहा की "जब भी मैं ठंडग जाऊँगा तो अपना खाना साथ लेकर जाऊँगा।"

अभिमन्यु गौर, दूसरी-बी

भाभनेती में में अव्हेली बहीं थी

एक दिन मैं कहीं जा रही थी। मेरे साथ मेरी परछाई भी थी। मैंने जब पीछे मुड़कर देखा तो अपनी परछाई देखकर डर गई। मैंने अपनी परछाई को भूत समझ लिया था। मैं चिल्लाने लगी, "बचाओ—बचाओ", "भूत—भूत"। मेरे मम्मी और पापा मेरी आवाज सुनकर बाहर आए। मैंने उनसे बोल की नीचे भूत है। उन्होंने हँसकर मेरी ओर देखा और कहा कि वो भूत नहीं बल्कि तुम्हारी परछाई है। मैंने बोला, "ओ अच्छा।" फिर हम सभी हँसने लगे।

अन्विता द्विवेदी, दूसरी–बी

रास्ते में मैं अकेली नहीं थी। चारों तरफ अंधेरा था। मुझे पता था कि कोई पीछा कर रहा है। मेरे पीछे "छन छन" जैसी आवाज आ रही थी। मैं डर के मारे तेज भागने लगी, लेकिन वो आवाज भी तेजी से मेरा पीछा करने लगा। भागते—भागते मैं अपने घर पहुँची और चिल्लाने लगी। "दरवाजा खोलो!! बचाओ!!!" जब दीदी ने दरवाजा खोला तो वह हँस पड़ी। मेरे पीछे किसी ने मजाक में एक रस्सी से एक पायल बांधी थी जो जमीन पर घसीट कर मेरे साथ चल रही थी। मेरे दोस्तों ने मजाक उड़ाया।

नित्य मेनन, दूसरी-बी



कहाँ गया शूरज

एक दिन जब मैं उठी तब मैं देखी की सूर्य है ही नहीं। तब मैंने अपने दोस्त को बुलाया और फिर हमलोग सूरज के पास गए। जब मैं और मेरी दोस्त वहाँ गए तो सुरज रो रहा था। मैंने पूछा की आप क्यों रो रहे थे? सूरज ने कहा की मेरे से कोई भी प्यार करता नहीं है। मैंने कहा की आप के बिना धरती पर चारो ओर सब

परेशान हो गए हैं और हरियाली खत्म हो रही हैं। तब सूरज को समझ आया की उसको सब कितना प्यार करते हैं। सूरज आसमान में खुशी-खुशी निकाल आए। आदया पटेल, दूसरी-बी





एक दिन की बात है। एक गाँव में एक दिन सूरज नहीं आया। गाँव के

सब लोग सोच में पड़ गए कि सुरज क्यों नही आया। उन सब को यह लगा कि रात इतनी बड़ी क्यों हो गई है, और दिन क्यों नहीं आ रहा है? सब एक दूसरे से बातें करने लगे। एक कहती कि सूरज अपनी घड़ी में अलार्म लगाना भूल

गया। तो दूसरा कहता सूरज चाँद के साथ घूमने चला गया। सब लोग बाते करने लगे, कोई कुछ कहता तो कोई कुछ कहता। लेकिन मुझे तो बहुत मजा आया। मैं तो दिन को रात समझकर सोती रही। कुछ ही देर में सूरज आ गया। सब लोग हैरान हो गए कि सूरज कैसे आ गया पहले तो वो नहीं आया था।



सान्वी भरद्वाज, दूसरी-बी

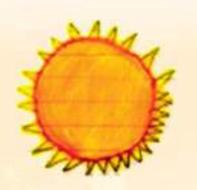


मैं और रवि खेल रहे थे। लेकिन धूप नहीं आया। रवि और मुझे गुस्सा आ गया। तभी मैंने आरूर्ध आया। रवी और मैंने आरूर्ध से पूछा सूरज कहाँ गया? लेकिन आरूर्ध को पता नहीं था कि सूरज कहाँ है। लेकिन आरूर्ध के पापा के पास एक मटका था। उस मटके को कुछ भी कहो तो वो दे देगा। तो वह तीन मटके को सूरज के पास लेजाने को बोल रहे थे। तो वह आसमान में उडने लगे। तब उन्होंने देखा सूरज बादल पे सो रहा है। तो उन तीनों ने सूरज को उठाया और वह खुशी-खुशी खेले।

आराधना वेंकटा मंडपका, दूसरी-बी

एक दिन सूरज ने सोचा कि उसने कभी छुट्टी नहीं ली है। अगले दिन सूरज छुट्टी लेकर अपनी मित्र बर्फ से मिलने ऐनटारकटिका चला गया। बर्फ सूरज को देखकर खुशी से पिघल गई। दोनो ने मिलकर आईस हॉकी खेली। सूरज खेलते—खेलते थक गया इसलिए बर्फ ने उसे आईसक्रीम दी। सूरज ने बर्फ को गर्म—गर्म सूप दिया। बर्फ ने सूरज को पेंगुइन दिखए। पेंगुइन देखकर सूरज सोलर गाड़ी में काम पर चला गया।

अभिमन्यु गौर, दूसरी-बी



एक बार की बात है एक दिन सूरज नहीं निकला। सब ओर अंधेरा था। सब लोग सोचने लगे कि सूरज कहाँ चला गया। तभी वहाँ बुध ग्रह आया और बोला कि सूरज अभी अपने घर में सो रहा है। बुध ने कहा की कल रात मंगल ग्रह के जन्मदिन की दावत है। सूरज ने वहां भरपेट खाया। और देर रात तक नाचा। वह बहुत थक गया था। मैं अभी उसके घर जाकर उसे जगाता हूँ। कुछ देर बाद सूरज आकाश से निकाल आया। सब ओर उजाला हो गया। सब लोग बहुत खुश हो गए।

> परिनीति गुलाटी, दूसरी–सी

स्रजा की चाह

मैं सूरज हूँ। मैं पूरा सा काम करता हूँ। मुझे भी आराम करना होता है। सारे लोग मेरा चक्कर काटते हैं। मुझे तो खुद चक्कर आ जाते हैं। मुझे कल डॉकटर के पास जाना है। मैं तो उस सोलरपैनल को बहुत गर्मी देता हूँ। सर्दी मेरी दोस्त हैं क्योकी वह मुझे आराम करने का मौका देती है। मैं अपनी नानी के घर जाता हूँ। वहाँ से तुम्हारे लिए बारिश लेके आता हूँ। अंत में लोगो से कहना चाहूँगा की मैं मेहनत से पेड़ पौधों को उगाता हूं। तो उनको ना काटो।

रिदान, दूसरी-सी

सूरज चाहता था कि सारे बच्चे धूप में खेलें और बाते करे और खूब मजा करे और स्कूल जाए। सूरज बाजार भी गया और धरती के साथ कॉफी पीना। सार्टन के साथ चौस खेलना था। विचित्र पाणी से मिलना जूपिटर के साथ सैर करना और मंगल को पत्र लिखना। फिर सूरज थक गया था। उसने चाँद को बुलाया और बोलारू मैं थक गया हूँ अभी आप सब कुच ठीक रखो। बारह घंटे बाद सूरज उठ गया। उसने चाँद को बोलारू आप विश्राम कीजीए। मैं सब कुच ठीक रखता हूँ। सारे बच्चे खेल रहे थे और स्कूल जा रहे थे। फिर दिन ढलने लगा और सूरज चला गया।

आलिया दवे, दूसरी-सी

एक दिन सूरज आया भी नहीं। तो फिर मैं सूरज से पूछा, क्या हुआ सूरज जी, सूरज ने बोला, मुझे कभी भी आईसक्रीम दिलाना का समय है ही नहीं। पर मेरे पास पैसे भी नहीं है। मैंने सोचा की सूरज के लिये आईसक्रीम कैसे लाऊँगी। तो फिर मेरे पास एक तरकीब आई, मैं ज्यूपिटर से आईसक्रीम को जादू से बड़ा कर के सूरज जी को लाके। वो खुश हो गया।

मीरा शर्मा, दूसरी-सी

रिंकू का जादुई गटका



राएशा आर्या, दूसरी-सी

एक बच्चा था। उसका नाम रिंकू था। एक दिन वह सैर पर निकल। रास्ते मे उसे एक मटका दिखा। उसने मटके को खोल और उसमे से एक जिन्न निकला। रिंकू तो बहुत खुश हो गया। उसने जिन्न से कहा मेरे लिए एक घर बना दो। फिर जिन्न ने उसके लिए एक घर बना दिया। फिर रिंकू और जिन्न उस घर में रहने लगे। और वह दोनो बहुत अच्छे दोस्त बन गए। एक दिन जिन्न को अपने परिवार की याद आने लगी फिर रिंकू ने जिन्न को मटके से आजाद कर दिया।

राएशा आर्या, दूसरी-सी



एक दिन एक लड़की घने जंगल में कुछ जड़ी बूटीयाँ लेने गई थी। उस लड़की का नाम था रिंकू! उसने एक जादुई मटका देखा। फिर वह उसे लेकर घर गई। उसके भाई ने तोड़ दीया मटके को। उसके अन्दर से चमकीले रंग का चावल निकला। उसके भाई ने चावल को खा लिया। रिंकू ने यह देख कर चिल्लाया और कहा कि भाई यह तो जादुई मटका था, क्योंकी उसपर जादुई लिखा था। चावल खाते ही वो लम्बा होने लगा और घर वाले डर गए। फिर रिंकू दौर कर मटके के जगह पर पहुँची। रिंकू ने वहाँ एक बुढ़ी औरत देखा। रिंकू ने उसऔरत से पूछा कि क्या यह आप का मटका था। बूढ़ी औरत को गुस्सा आया और उसने रिंकू को धमकी दी। रिंकू ने माफी मांगी और अपने भाई को ठीक करने के लीए बोली। बूढ़ी ने रिंकू को माफ किया और समझाया कि

कभी दूसरों का सामान नहीं लेना चाहीए। बूढ़ी अम्मा ने उसके भाई को भी ठीक कर दिया।

ईशान बनेर्जी, दूसरी-सी

एक दिन रिंकू सैर कर रहा था। सैर करते—करते रिंकू को एक गुफा मिली। रिंकू अन्दर गया और उसे सोना दिखा। रिंकू आगे चलता गया। रिंकू को पास मे एक मटका मिला। जब रिंकू पहुँचा घड़े के पास, तब उसने कहा 'नकली—मटका' और जब उसने घूमाया मटके को, उसने दिखा कुछ लिखा हुआ। मटके मे लिखा था, की यह एक जादुई मटका है। फिर रिंकू बाहर आया। और दो बदमाश उसके पास आए। रिंकू को डर लगा। लेकिन उसने अपने जादुई मटके से बदमशों को भागा दिया। फिर रिंकू अपने जादुई मटके को लपक कर घर ले गया।

अराध्या गुप्ता, दूसरी-सी

दिनिद्ध के शाश बाहरी दुविया की शेर



अहाना पासवान, दूसरी–सी

एक दिन मैं उदास बैठी थी। तभी मैंने देखा की एक उड़न—तस्तरी आसमान से नीचे आ रहा था। उड़न—तस्तरी मेरे सामने रूक गया तभी उसमें से एक अदभूत बच्चा निकला और वह मेरे पास आया और मुझसे पूछा की तुम क्यों उदास हो। तब मैंने बोल की मेरा कोई दोस्त नहीं है। तब उसने बोला की तुम मेरे दोस्त बनोगे तो मेने कहा हाँ में तुमहारा दोस्त बनूगी। फीर हम दोनो उड़न—तस्तरीमें बैठ गए। तभी हम छू कर के उड़ गऐ। और हम चमकू की दुनिया में पहोच गऐ। मेने देखा की वहाँ बहुत हरे—भरे पेड़ थे। पेड़ों के उपर चिड़िया गाना गा रही थी। और बहुत सारे जानवर आपस में खेल रहे थे। फीर में और चमकू एक बहुत बड़ी दुकान में गऐ।वहाँ पर बहुत सारे खाने—खेलने के समान थे। हमने खूब खाया और खेला। फीर मेरे दोस्त चमकू ने मुझे उड़न—तस्तरी से मेरे घर छोड़ दीया। तब से चमकू और में दोस्त बन गऐ।

अहाना चौरसिया, दूसरी-सी

चमकू किसी बाहरी दुनिया का प्राणी था। पिछले दिनों जब चमकू धरती पर आया तो अचानक मुझे मिल गया। उसे देख कर मैं हैरान रह गया। वह एक खिलौने जैसा दिखता था। उसने कहा, "मेरे साथ बाहरी दुनिया की सैर पर चलोगे?" मैं कुछ बोल नहीं पाया बस हाँ में सिर हिला दिया। अगले ही पल मैं चमकू के साथ एक याँ में था। सब कुछ विचित्र था। चमकू और मैं मंगल पर गए। हम ने लाल रंग की मिट्टी ले ली। फिर हम यान में बैठ कर घर चला गया।

कृष्णा कार्तिक जयरमन, दूसरी—सी

शपनां की अजीन दुनिया

एक दिन मैं सो रही थी। मुझे बहुत ही अजीब सपना आया। उसमें एक बड़ी सी रस्सी थी। उसमें सारे रंग थे जिसमें लाल दृ गुलाबी दृ नीला सबसे जयादा था। वो क्यों था मुझे नहीं समझ आया। फिर मैंने सोचा की मैं उस पर जाऊँ। फिर जब मैं उसके पार गई तब मैं एक कौआ बन गई। फिर मैंने रस्सी के ऊपर जाने की कोशिश की पर मैं जैसे ही ऊपर उड़ी वैसे ही एक दिवार आ गई। और फिर मेरी नींद खुल गई।

श्रीशा जैन, दूसरी-डी

एक रात मुझे एक सपना आया की मैं एक फूल के अन्दर खड़ी हूँ। फूल लाल रंग का था। मैंने घूम कर देखा आसपास कुछ बच्चे खेल रहे थे और मैंने देखा कि चाकलेट के फल रखे थे। रंग बिरंगे मिठाई के पौधे लगे हुए थे। और केक के घर बने थे। मुझे ये सब देख कर भूख लगी जैसे मैंने हाथ बड़ाया तो माँ ने उठा दिया। मेरी सपनो की अजीब दुनिया गायब हो गयी।

द्विति जैन, दूसरी-डी

श्वापतीं की अजीन दुनिया

आओ मैं आप सबको अपने सपनों की अदभुत दुनिया में ले चलूँ। वैसे तो मुझे बहुत प्रकार के सपने आते हैं ।उनमें से कुछ अजीबो—गरीब और कुछ बहुत ही मजेदार होते हैं। लेकिन कुछ दिन पहले मुझे एक बहुत ही रोमांचक सपना आया था। सपने में मैं अपने पिताजी के साथ घर की छत पर खड़ा था। उस रात आसमान बहुत साफ था। अचानक मैंने एक ऐसा दृश्य देखा जिसने मुझे आशचर्यचिकत कर दिया। मैंने देखा कि एक धूमकेतु बहुत तेजी से आकाश से पृथवी की ओर आ रहा था। देखते ही देखते वह धूमकेतु हमारे घर के सामने पार्क में आ गिरा। यह सब मुझे बहुत ही रोमांचक लगा। यह देखकर मैं बहुत खुश था कि जिस चीज के बारे में मैं अकसर सोचा करता था वह मेरे सामने हो रही थी। फिर अचानक मुझे एक आवाज सुनाई दीक "आर्यमान जल्दी उठकर नहा लो ऑनलाईन कक्षा का समय हो



आर्यमन जगदेवन, दूसरी–डी

रहा है।" बस फिर क्या? मेरी आँख खुल गई और सपना टूट गया। यह सपनों की दुनिया भी कितनी निराली है जो हमें विचित्र चीजों का अनुभव करा देती है।

आर्यमन जगदेवन, दूसरी–डी



अपने सपनों की दुनिया में मैं पंख वाली गुलाबी गाड़ी में उड़कर एक विचित्र जगह चली जाती हूँ। यहाँ पहुँचने के लिए मैं बादलों को पार कर इन्द्रधनुष पर स्लाइड करती हूँ। बहुत मजा आता है। इस जगह का नाम है... फनटूश। यह अदभुत जगह है, यहाँ रंगबिरंगे पेड़ हैं जिनपर फलों के स्थान पर आईसक्रीमलगी है, जैली के फाउनटेन हैं,विनलाशेक की नदी है और जैम्ज का तालाब है। वहाँ एक ऐसी मशीन है जिससे कुछ भी भोजन बनवा सकते हैं। पूरी एक किलो मैगी खाकर मेरा मन प्रसन्न हो जाता है। फनटूश में सुंदर—सुंदर परियाँ भी हैं। उनके साथ मैं भी परी बनकर उड़ती हूँ। मेरे पास बहुत सारी शक्तियाँ हैं। मैं सभी जानवरों की भाषा समझ सकती हूँ। फनटूश में अजीब जानवर हैं। हाथी उड़ता है, कुत्ते बंदरों की तरह पेड़ों पर कूदते हैं और मछलियाँ तितलियों के जैसे फूलों पर बैठती हैं। उनकी बाते सुनकर मैं परी मिशिका अपने जादू से मदद करती हूँ। फिर मैं अपने सुनहरे यूनीकॉर्न पर सवार होकर पृथ्वी पर आ जाती हूँ। इतना दिलचस्प सपना देखकर जागने और उस दुनिया से बाहर आने का

मन नहीं करता परन्तु मुझे अपनी अध्यापिका जी का चहरा याद आता है और मैं क्षणभर में उठ जाती हूँ।

मिशिका गोयल, दूसरी—डी

एक दिन मैं घर से बाहर निकली स्कूल के लीये। सुबह के सात बजे थे। लेकिन बाहर निकाल के देखा। ये क्या! बाहर तो अंधेरा है! सूरज उगा नहीं! इतनी देर हो गयी सूरज कहाँ है? मैंने सूरज को बुलाना शुरू कीयाद "सूरज–सूरज कहाँ हो तुम?" बहुत बुलाने पर वो बाहर आया। वो रजाई में लिपट कर सो रहा था। मैंने उस को पूछा दृ "तुम अभी तक नहीं उठे हो! सब को तुम्हारी जरूरत है।" तो सूरज बोला "मुझे ठण्डमें आलस लग रहा है।" मैंने कहा – "ठीक है तुम सर्दी में जल्दी सो जाओ और देर से उठना। लेकिन अभी तो उठो नहीं तो पेड़, पक्षी, फूल, हम सभी उठना भूल जाएँगे।

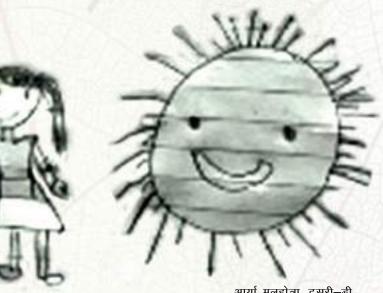
नयनतारा राजाराम, दूसरी-डी



पथ लम्बा है, लेकिन आत्मसमर्पण उसे छोटा कर देता है, मार्ग किवन है, पर पूरा भरोसा उसे सरल बना देता है।

– श्री माँ





आर्या मलहोत्रा, दूसरी-डी

जब मैं उठी तो मैंने देखा की बाहर अंधेरा हो रहा था। तब मैंने सूरज भैया को आवाज दी कि आप कहाँ छूपे बैठे हैं? हम पाठशाला कैसे जाएंगे? तब उन्होंने कहा कि आज मुझे आलस आ रहा है। मैं बादलों के पीछे बैठा हूँ। आज मेरा मन नहीं कर रहा। अगर आप नहीं आए तो हमारा क्या होगा? फूल कैसे खिलेंगे? फल और सब्जी कैसे उगेंगे? अगर आप आलसी हो गये, तो हम भी आलसी हो जाऐगें। तब उन्होंने कहा मैं भी आ रहा हूँ। और थोड़ी देर में धूप निकल आई।

आर्या मलहोत्रा, दूसरी-डी



एक दिन में उठी मैंने देखा कि सारी तरफ आनधेरा है। जब मैंने घड़ी में देखा तो नौ ब्याज चुके थे। मैं नाहाई और बाहर गई। मैंने देखा कि सूरज तो निकला हि नहीं था। फिर मुझे एक कुर्सी दिखी मैं ऊसपर बैठ गई। ऊस कुर्सी ने पख निकले और उड़ने लगी। उस कुर्सी ने मुझे आसमान में पहुचा दिया। जहाँ से मुझे सूरज दिखा। उसने काहा आज जन्मदिन है मैं नहीं आऊगा। मैंने काहाप्लीज तो वो मान गया और आ गया। सब खुश हो गये।

अद्विका, दूसरी-डी

कक्षा एक व दो की त्रुटियाँ सुधारी नहीं जातीं।

मेरा सपना सच हुआ



विस्मया रमेश, दूसरी-ई

मैंने सपने में देखा सफेद रंग की रुई के छोटे—छोटे गोले मेरे उपर गिर रहे हैं। सर्दी की छुट्टी पड़ने पर मैं पहाड़ों में अपनी नानी के घर गयी। एक दिन हम घूमने बाहर गये क्योंकि उस दिन तेज धूप थी। कुछ देर में आसमान में घने बादल आ गये। रुई जैसी बर्फ के छोटे गोले मेरे उपर गिरने लगे। मेरा सपना सच हुआ और मैंने बर्फ में बहुत देर तक मजे किए। मैं बहुत खुश हुई कि मेरा इतना सुंदर सपना सच हुआ।

आद्या चंगोत्र, दूसरी-ई



एक दिन मैं टीवी देख रहा था। देखते—देखते मुझे नींद आ गई। फिर मैंने सपना देखा कि मैं गाड़ी में अपने परिवार के साथ घूमने जा रहे हैं। इतने में मेरी नींद खुल गई और मुझे पता चला कि हम सच में घूमने जा रहे थे। फिर हम गाड़ी में बैठे हमने गाड़ी में बहुत मजे करे। हम एक घंटे में पहुँच गए। मैंने वहाँ पर चुस्की खाई, कचौरी खाई और नींबू सोडा पीया। वहाँ पर एक सुन्दर मन्दिर था। हमने वहाँ झूले भी झूले। उसके बाद हम शाम को घर वापिस आ गए। काश मेरे सारे सपने सच हो जाए।

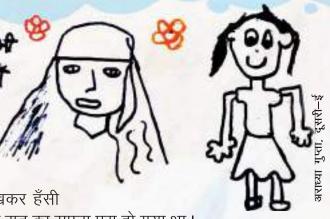
अयन गर्ग, दूसरी-ई

एक दिन मैं अपनी मम्मी से पूछा कि "क्या मैं बाहर बंगीचे में जाकर खेल सकती हूँ"? मम्मी ने बोला "क्यों नहीं? जरूर।" मैं बगीचे में जाकर खेलने लगी। तब मैने देखा कि रॉन का गडी मेरे घर के सामने खड़ा है और गाड़ी का दरवाजा खोलकर हैरीपॉटर, रॉन और हर्माईनी बाहर आ गयी। वो लोग मेरे बगीचे पर आ गये। हम थोडे देर उधर खेले। बहुत गर्मी लग रही थी। हैरीपॉटर ने अपने जादुई छड़ी से आइसक्रीम लाया। हम सब आइसक्रीम खाया। तब हर्माईनी ने मुझसे पूछा कि "तुम हमारे साथ हमारे स्कूल देखने आ रहे हो?" मैं बोली "मुझे मम्मी से पुछना है। वैसे ही तुम लोगों के स्कूल खुला है क्या?" हर्माईनी ने बोली कि "उधर कोरोनावाईरस नहीं है। स्कूल सब खुला है" मैंने बोली "ठिक है एक मिनट मैं मम्मी से पूछकर आ रही हूँ।" तब मुझे लगा कि कोई मुझे बुला रही है। अरे ये तों मेरी मम्मी की आवाज है। मैंने धीरे से मेरी आँखें खोल दिया। मुझे पता चला कि मैं सपना देख रही थी। उसी दिन श्याम को मैं मेरी मम्मी पापा और दीदी के साथ मॉल में गये। उधर दीदी और मैं खेलने के जगह में खेलने के लिये गयी थी। तभी मैंने उधर रॉनका गाड़ी पार्क किये हुए देखा। कोई मुझे पीछे से विस्मया बुलाया। मैंने पीछे देखा। अरे मैं एक दम से आश्चर्य हो गयी। मेरे हैरीपॉटर, रॉन और हर्माईनी। मैं बहुत खुश हो गयी। मेरे दीदी भी बहुत खुश हो गयी। हम सब उधर बहुत समय तक खेले। हैरीपॉटर ने अपनी जादुई छड़ी से हमे बहुत सारा बलून दिये थे। वैसे मेरे सपने सच हो गयी।

विस्मया रमेश, दूसरी-ई

एक रात को मेरी नानी ने मुझे हमारी पाठशाला की श्री माँ के बारे में बताया। अचानक मेरे सपने में श्री माँ ही दिखाई दीं। वह बहुत सुंदर थीं। उन्होंने मुझे बहुत सारी बातें बताई। उन्होंने मुझे हमारी पाठशाला का आश्रम भी दिखाया। सुबह जब मैं उठी तो मैंने अपना सपना माताजी को बताया। उस दिन हम पार्क की सैर करने गए थे। अचानक मुझे एक महिला दिखीं जो श्री माँ जैसी

दिखती थीं। मैं उनको देखकर हैरान हो गई। वह मुझे देखकर हँसी और वह वहाँ से चलीं गई। मैं बहुत खुश हुई क्योंकि मेरा कल रात का सपना पूरा हो गया था।



अराध्या गुप्ता, दूसरी-ई



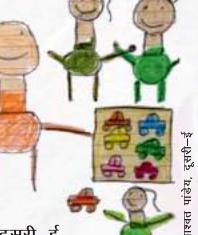
एक दिन मुझे सपना आया कि मैं टेनिस कोर्ट में खेल रहा था। वहाँ पर कोच भी थे। उन्होंने एक बॉल फेंकी मैंने बॉल को रेकेट से नेट के पार मार दिया। कोच सिर बहुत प्रसन्न हुए। उन्होंने कहा कि विवान तुम अब टेनिस स्टेडियम में खेलोगे। मैं बहुत ही खुश हुआ। फिर मैं पूरे दिन प्रेकटीस करने लगा। सब लोग विवानदृविवान चिल्लाने लगे। मैं रेकेट हिलाने लगा। तबी मैंने माँ की आवाज सुनी। वह विवानदृविवान कहकर मुझे जागा रही थी। मैंने आँख खोल कर देखा तो सामने माँ खड़ी थी और मैं हाथ हिला रहा था। माँ ने पूछा कि क्या हुआ विवान? मैंने कहा कि मैं तो टेनिस खेल रहा था। फिर माँ मुझे टेनिस कोर्ट ले गई। मैंने वहाँ

टेनिस खेल और कोच ने कहा कि विवान आप बहुत अच्छा खेलते हो। मुझे लगा कि मेरा सपना सच हो गया।

विवान राठोड़, दूसरी-ई

एक बार मुझे इच्छा हुई कि मुझे संदूक भरकर खिलौने वाली गाड़ियाँ मिलें, मैंने अपने माता दृ पिता से कहा कि मुझे संदूक भरकर खिलौने वाली गाड़ियाँ चाहिये। उन्होंने मुझे बस एक, दो गाड़ियाँ दिलवाईं, पर मैं खुश नहीं था। एक रात इसी बारे में सोचते दृ सोचते मैंने देखा कि एक संदूक में भरकर खिलौने वाली गाड़ियाँ राखी थीं। मैं बहुत खुश हुआ। मैंने अपनी माँ से पूछा कि क्या यह सपना है? मेरी माँ ने कहा कि यह सपना नहीं सच है और यह सारे खिलौने तुम्हारे ही हैं। मैं बहुत खुश हुआ। उन खिलौने को छूने के लिए मैंने जैसे ही अपना हाथ बढ़ाया, तभी मेरी आँख खुल गई और सवेरा हो गया। फिर मुझे पता चल गया कि मेरा सपना सच हुआ।

शाश्वत पांडेय, दूसरी-ई



कक्षा एक व दो की त्रुटियाँ सुधारी नहीं जातीं।





प्रिय भानू,

किस हो? आप रात में सो जाते हो या कहीं और चले जाते हो? आप बहुत अच्छे हो क्योंकि आप हमें रौशनी देते हो। आप हमें अपने घर बुलाओंगे क्या? आप के पास माता पिता होंगे या नहीं। आप हमारा कितना ख्याल रखते हो, धरती तुम्हारे वजह से सुंदर लगती है, तुम्हारी वजह से पेड़ और पौधे उगते हैं। इन सब चीजों में मदद करने के लिये आपका बहुत—बहुत शुक्रिया। तुम्हारी मित्र,

इशान्या मिश्रा, दूसरी-ई

प्रिय सूरज,

सूरज आप कैसे हो? मैं ठीक हूँ। सूरज आप मेरे साथ घूमने और खेलने आ सकते हो। रात को जब मैं सो जाता हूँ तब आप कहाँ चले जाते हो? सूरज जब आपको गर्मी लगेगी तब मेरे घर आकर ठंडा जूस पी लेना। इस रविवार मैं घर में आपका इंतजार करूँगा। आपका मित्र,

अरनव गुप्ता, दूसरी-ई

प्रिय भानू,

तुम कैसे हो? गरम हो या ठंडे हो? तुमको गर्मी लगती होगी, मेरे घर आ के तो देखो। ठंडी-ठंडी चीजें खिलाऊँगी। मैं अपने दोस्तों को बुलाऊँगी और हम सब मिल-जुल कर मजे करेंगे। मुझे तुम्हारे आने का इंतजार है। तुम्हारी प्यारी,

रिद्धि भाग्बरी, दूसरी-ई

मेरे प्यारे सूरज भैया,

आप मुझे बहुत प्यारे लगता हैं। रोज सुबह मैं आपका इंतजार करता हूँ। अभी के इस ठंडे मौसम में आप बहुत लुका छुपी करते हो। कभी निकलते हो और कभी छुप जाते हो। इस ठंड के मौसम में ना ही खेल पाता हूँ ना पार्क जा पाता हूँ। आप हमेशा चमकते रहेना। आप के बिना धरती पर जीवन सम्भव नहीं है। हमेशा हम सब से मिलते रहिए और सबको स्वस्थ रखिये। आप मेरे सबसे अच्छे मित्र हो और मैं आपका आभार व्यक्त करता हूँ। धन्यवाद। आपका प्यार दोस्त,



आयुषमान चौधरी, दूसरी-ई

प्रिय सूरज,

सूरज चाचा जी आप में इतनी उरजा कहाँ से आती है। जो आप रोज सुबह आप हमको जगाकर फिर कहाँ छुप जाते हो? शाम को लाली फैलाकर कहाँ चले जाते हो? क्या आप मुझे अपने घर ले जा सकते हो, मैं देखना चाहता हूँ तुम रात को क्या करते हो। मैं तुम से नाराज भी हूँ। आपको पता है आज बारिश आई थी और मेरे सारे कपड़े गीले हो गए। और तुम पता नहीं कहाँ छिप के बैठ गए। मैं आप के बारे में सब कुछ जानना चाहता हूँ कि तुम सारा दिन क्या—क्या करते हो। आप से निवेदन है कि आप मुझे अपने घर ले जाओ। आपका प्रिय दोस्त,

प्रिय सूरज,

तुम रात को कहाँ चले जाते हो और तुम्हारी जगह चाँद आ जाता है और उनके मित्र तारे और हम तुम्हेयाद करते है और सुबह तुम आ जाते हो और हमारे कपड़े सुखा जाते और हमे धूप लगाते और वापस चले जाते हो हमारे साथ क्यों नहीं रहते। तुम हमसे इतनी दूर अकेले क्यों रहते हो तुम मेरे साथ आकर मेरे घर रहो मुझे बहुत खुशी होगी। तुम्हारी मित्र,

वंशिका टोकस, दूसरी-ई



विरेन गौतम, दूसरी–ई

दिनिद्ध को साथा बाहरी दुविया को और

चमकू और मैं नई दुनिया की सैर पर उसके यान में बैठ कर निकले। उसके यान में मैंने नई चीजें देखी जैसे बहुत सारे लैपटोप थे। उसके यान में मैंने उसके माँ और पापा की फोटो देखी। यान में जब हम प्लूटो जा रहे थे तब मैंने चाँद और सितारे देखे। वे बहुत चमक रहे थे। जब हम वहाँ पहुँचे तब मैं चमकू के दोस्त और माँ और पिता से मिली। उनकी दुनिया में सब जादुई थे। उनके सिर पर एनटिना थे और आँखे बड़ी थी। धूप और पानी उनका खाना होता है। इस से उनको ताकत मिलती है। चमकू ने पूछा कि तुम भी धूप खाओगी। नहीं मैं पिजा खाऊंगी, चमकू ने जादू से पिजा मंगवा दिया। पिजा खा कर हम सैर पर निकले। चमकू के ग्रह पर रंग—बिरंगे शीशों के घर बने हुए थे। प्लूटो के लोग जादू से नई—नई चीजें बनाते हैं। चमकू की माँ ने जादुई लैपटोप दिया। चमकू के दोस्तों ने मुझे एक जादुई थैला दिया। चमकू ने मुझे एक जादुई शीशा दिया जिस से देखने पर मुझे अपनी और चमकू की फोटो दिखाई दी। फिर शाम हो गी चमकू यान में मेरे घर गया।

अन्निका अग्रवाल, दूसरी-ई



हम पंछी उन्मुक्त ।

हम परिंदे आज़ाद आसमान में। हँसी—ख़ुशी से बिताएँ अपना समय इस जहां में।

हम निदयों और झरनों का पानी पीने वाले वृक्ष की ऊँची डालियों पर हम झूलने वाले मन में आशा लेकर चले हम जगह ढूँढ़ने जहाँ सुंदर घर बनाएँ,अपना परिवार बसाने।

रंगे—बिरंगे मेरे दोस्त प्यारे, सुन्दर, निडर,होशियार हैं हम सारे। बुलंद आवाज़ में चहकते, हम सब हैं बहादुर सैनिक आसमान के।

श्रीआंश कपूर, तीसरी-बी

आसमान में उड़ते परिंदे,
कितने सुन्दर रंग—बिरंगे।
चहचहाते कितने प्यारे
मस्ती में उड़ते जाते।
कभी—कभी मेरे घर में
गाना गाते, दाना चुगते।
अगर मेरे भी पंख होते
मैं भी दूर गगन में उड़ती।
इन्हें पिंजरे में बंद मत करना
ये हो जाएँगे उदास वरना।
खत्म हो जाएगा गाना—हँसना,
देखो उदास न हो परिंदा अपना।

चारवी तनेजा तीसरी-बी



पिछले साल के वे पल...

घर में बंद सभी बच्चे हो गए तंग माता—पिता के संग। केवल करते फ़ोन पर बात दादा—दादी और नाना—नानी जी के साथ। खिलौने और केवल पढ़ाई खा लो भोजन सो जाओ भाई। जूम पर की पढ़ाई नही हुई दोस्तों से लड़ाई। देखते—देखते थक गए हम चलो अब लौट चलें स्कूल

कौरोकी तीसरी-सी





यह मास्क भी ना..!

उफ़! ये मास्क भी ना...! आओ सुनाऊँ आज तुम्हें मैं मास्क की कहानी, कभी हटाओ, कभी लगाओ इसकी बड़ी परेशानी।

मेरे कानों पर, आपके कानों पर सब के कानों पर एक ही कहानी आप मास्क क्यों नहीं लगा रहे? ना करें ऐसी नादानी...।

घर से जब निकलें बाहर मास्क पहनना ना भूलें हम सबको करोना से बचाना है अपने मुँह को ज़रूर ढकें।

मास्क—वास्क का प्रयोग करना है छींक—खाँसी से मुँह को ढँकना है घर के अंदर ही रहना है करोना—वरोना को भगाना है।

> इसको हटाने की जिसने भी की नादानी उसे भुगतनी पड़ेगी खूब सारी परेशानी।

कपड़े का हो या डिस्पोज़ेबल काम दोनों का समान है खुद भी बचना है, दूसरों को भी बचाना है आओ मिलकर इस महामारी को भगाना है।

आरव दुगर, तीसरी–ए

उफ़! ये मास्क भी ना...! यह क्या समय है आया, लोगों का अब चेहरा नज़र नहीं आता। कानों के पीछे की रस्सी, नाक के ऊपर की पट्टी, दर्द से बना चेहरा.... अब किसी को नजर नहीं आता।

उफ़! यह मास्क भी न.... आँखों से होती हैं अब बातें, होठों पर लगे होते हैं ताले। पहले चोरों का होता था ये अपना अब यह सबों का है गहना।

> उफ़! यह मास्क भी न.... अब इतना मुश्किल होता एक—दूसरे को पहचानना। उफ़! यह मास्क भी न....!

> > अनुमन, तीसरी-ए



समर्थ सूरी, तीसरी-ए

उफ़! यह मास्क भी ना... इसने क्या हाल है मेरा बना दिया, मेरा पूरा चेहरा, अपने पीछे छुपा दिया।

वैसे तो यह हमको कोविड से खूब बचाता है। पर हर वक्त पहने रहने से यह मुझको बड़ा सताता है। ऐसा—वैसा यह मास्क नहीं, साल भर से यह साथी है। यह है मेरा दोस्त यही सही, हर बीमारी इससे घबराती है।

कानों से मेरे टँगकर, यह गहने—सा इठलाता है। कभी खिसक, तो कभी फिसल और कभी टूट यह जाता है।

उफ़! यह मास्क भी ना... इसने क्या हाल है मेरा बना दिया, पर सच है यह भी मेरे प्यारे मित्रो, इसने कोविड को उल्लू बना दिया।

अथर्व आदित्य, तीसरी-बी

उफ़! ये मास्क भी ना...!
कहीं भी जाऊँ मम्मा का एक ही कहना
मास्क पहना है ना?
ओ करोना, तू कहाँ से आया
सब कुछ हो गया पराया—पराया
तेरा आना किसी को ना भाया।
मम्मा बोले—हाथ धोया
ठीक से है ना नहाया?
स्कूल की टीचर की याद सताए
नानी का घर हमें बुलाए
अब तो ऐसे रहा ना जाए
उफ़! ये मास्क अब कोई तो बचाए!

उफ़ यह मास्क भी ना... 2020 में इसने सिखाया हमें नए अंदाज़ से जीना।

जब करोना ने किया खूब अत्याचार, तब मास्क आया बचाने हमें न बन जाएँ हम करोना का शिकार अरे वाह! मास्क तू है कितना मज़ेदार।

इसकी है बस एक कमी, इसे पहनते ही लगती है गर्मी, साँस आती है थोड़ी कम, जिसके कारण ऑखें हो जाती है नम।

जिसने भी मास्क को किया स्वीकार, वह जान गया कि मास्क नहीं है बेकार, दोस्तो, अब बना लो मास्क लगाने की आदत, वरना शरीर करेगा करोना का स्वागत।

अद्विक सक्सेना, तीसरी-बी

अब जाओ स्कूल खुलने दो करोना...

करोना–करोना करो ना करो ना परेशान बच्चे हो गए स्मार्ट करने लगे क्राफ़्ट–आर्ट।

सबने जूम कक्षा के नियमों को माना अध्यापिका जी को जूम पर ही पहचाना हमारी सब बातें जूम पर होती हैं सारी कक्षाएँ बिना रुके अब होती हैं।

> म्यूट करके हम करते बातें म्यूट करके म्यूजिक हम गाते अब हमें बोलने दो करोना जाओ स्कूल खुलने दो करोना।

काव्या सुमन, तीसरी-सी

ये कैसी स्थिति आई है?

ये कैसी स्थिति आई है? सारी आज़ादी खत्म हो गई। मिलना–जुलना खत्म हो गया, लोग दूर भागे एक–दूसरे से।

पल-पल लगता है भारी, कहाँ चली गई आज़ादी हमारी। पहले वक्त होता नहीं था, अब वक्त ही वक्त है।

घर से सभी अपने—अपने काम कर रहे —चाहे हों बच्चे या बड़े एक वायरस है फैला कोविड—१६ उठाए जा रहे हैं कदम कुछ कड़े।

हम इससे ना घबराएँगे मास्क लगाकर, धो— धोकर हाथों को आपस में मिल—जुलकर इस कोरोना को मार भगाएँगे।

अनन्या सिंह, तीसरी-ए



अर्शिया गुप्ता, तीसरी-सी



अगर मै

परिंदा होती.....!

अगर मैं परिंदा होती तो आज़ादी से उड़ती ऊँचे आसमान में।

अगर मैं परिंदा होती तो हँसी—खुशी उड़ती इंद्रधनुषी आसमान में।

मैं आज़ादी से उड़ती, कभी इधर चुगती , कभी उधर चुगती । निडरता से घूमती पूरे संसार में।

अगर मैं परिंदा होती तो चहचहाती बुलन्द आवाज़ में!

माहिरा खान, तीसरी-बी

कोरोना की

सज़ा में मज़ा

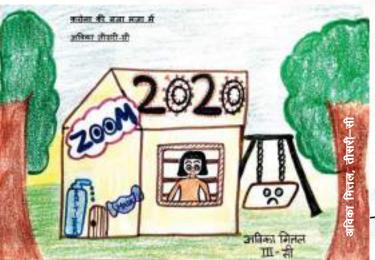
बीत गया जो 2020 का वो साल थी उसकी अपनी एक नई ताल। याद दिला दी तो इसने सभी को अपनी नानी आओ सुनाएँ बीते साल की अजीब एक कहानी। हो गए सब घर में बंद अरे यह क्या हुआ, सब रह गए दंग।

बैठे—बैठे बोर हुए करना है कुछ काम चलो सब किचन में, लेकर राम का नाम। पीत्ज़ा, गोल गप्पे, जलेबी और केक १०० प्रतिशत शुद्ध और होम मेक। जूम ने बदली जीवन की डगर पढ़ाई के साथ मिला दोस्तों का साथ भी मगर। हो सके हम सब से रीजॉइन

हो सके हम सब से रीजॉइन और तो और डॉक्टर से भी मिली दवाई ऑनलाइन। हे भगवान, अब करो कोरोना से दूरी हो गई हमारी सज़ा पूरी।

लगता है मुझे स्कूल और पार्क जाना अच्छा बस यही है मेरे दिल की इच्छा।

अविका, तीसरी-सी



मेरी आनलाइन कक्षा के कुछ पल.

साल 2020 की बात है। मार्च के महीने में करोना महामारी फैली थी। सभी स्कूल बंद हो गए। हम एक जगह कैद हो गए। मई के माह में हम ऑनलाइन क्लासेज करने लगे। वैसे तो ऑनलाइन क्लास में बहुत मजा आता है, लेकिन हम अपने दोस्तों से सचमुच नहीं मिल पाए। ऑनलाइन क्लास में हमेशा म्यूट करके रखते हैं इसलिए उनसे उनके बारे में कुछ पूछ नहीं पाए। हमारी अध्यापिकाओं ने हमें ऑनलाइन कक्षा में पढ़ाया और बहुत कुछ सिखाया, लेकिन स्कूल जाने का मजा तो कुछ और ही है। ऑनलाइन क्लास में बिना बिजली के हम पढ़ नहीं सकते, ना हम सुन सकते हैं और ना हम देख सकते हैं। कक्षा में कभी–कभी काफ़ी इंतज़ार भी करना पड़ता है। ऐसे में मैं कह सकती हूँ कि ऑनलाइन क्लास अच्छी तो है, लेकिन स्कूल जाने का मज़ा कुछ और ही है।

"स्कूल जैसी कक्षा का मज़ा कुछ और ही है ऑनलाइन क्लास में स्वयं पढ़ना कुछ और ही है।

ऑनलाइन कक्षा के साथ—साथ मैंने खाए ढेर सारे पकवान कुत्ते, बिल्ली, चिड़िया और खिलौने सभी मिलकर पढ़ने आए लगा चार चाँद।"

शडल्यन, तीसरी-सी

जब लॉकडाउन हुआ तो...



कोई टी.वी. पर, कोई फ़ोन पर तो कोई घर की सफ़ाई, कपड़े और खाना बनाने का काम करते नज़र आए, लॉकडाउन ने कुछ इस तरह अपने रंग दिखाए।

थोड़े समय में हम भी इसमें फ़ायदे लगे देखने, मम्मी-पापा के हर पल घर रहने से खुश होने लगे।

स्कूल के लिए जल्दी न उठना पड़ता, तरह—तरह के खाने खाकर घर पर ही मन था भरता।

ऑनलाइन क्लास शुरू होते ही सभी दोस्त नज़र आने लगे, इस तरह हम भी कप्यूटर और इंटरनेट को ज्यादा चलाने लगे।

कोविड – १६ ने जीने का एक नया तरीका सिखाया अकेले रहकर भी सबके साथ रहें कैसे, ऐसा जीना हमें आया।

धैर्य गुप्ता तीसरी–डी

कोविड-19 आँखों देखी कथा...

इस संकट में लोग बीमार हो रहे हैं। कभी 20,00,000 केस कभी 30,00,000 केस। मगर कुछ लोग हैं जो इसे ठीक करने के लिए जुटे हुए हैं, वे हैं 'डॉक्टर्स'...हमारे भगवान! न जाने कितने बीमार हुए, मगर किसी ने हौंसले की रस्सी नहीं छोड़ी। हमको इनकी मदद करने के लिये बाहर जाते वक्त मुँह पर मास्क लगाना चाहिए और बहुत ज़रूरी काम से ही बाहर जाना चाहिए। बाहर से आकर बीस सेकंड तक हाथ धोना चाहिए। इस वक्त हम परिवार के साथ समय बिता सकते हैं। पढ़ाई भी घर से करते हैं और मम्मी के हाथ का स्वादिष्ट खाना खा रहे हैं। इतने मज़े तो कभी नहीं किए, जितना मज़ा इस लॉकडाउन में किया। हम अपनी ड्रॉइंग क्लास और ताइक्वांडू क्लास भी घर पर ही ऑनलाइन करते हैं। जल्दी से यह करोना खत्म हो जाए तो हम मॉल जा सकें और पहले जैसे बर्थडे पार्टी मना सकें।

मनाश गुप्ता, तीसरी-ई

जल भैभ ने हमें...

जब नम्रता मैम ने हमें पहली बार रेसिटेशन सुनाई, तो मुझे कुछ समझ नहीं आया। फिर मैम ने हमें मजेदार ढंग से उसका अर्थ समझाया, तब मेरे अंदर शहद की मिठास भर गई। मैम हर हफ़्ते एक नई रेसिटेशन सुनाती हैं। अब सारे बच्चे ऑनलाइन कक्षा में समय से पाँच मिनट पहले लॉगइन करके रेसिटेशन सुनाते हैं। रेसिटेशन के बिना हिंदी कक्षा अधूरी लगती है। मैंने रेसिटेशन की एक कॉपी भी बनाई है।

जपेश बंसल, तीसरी-ए

कोशेना में मज़े

एक खतरनाक वायरस आया, दुनिया को वह खतरे में लाया।

मार्च बाईस में शुरू हुआ एक लॉकडाउन, घर पर हम टिके रहे और बढ़ गया प्यार।

ना उड़ सकते थे कहीं तो हमने खेल—खेल में, हवाई टर्मिनल घर पर ही बना लिया, मज़े—मज़े से खेल—कूदकर हमने समय बिता लिया।

> एक भाई पैदा हुआ हमारा पूरा घर हो गया निराला, परीक्षा दी संगीत की मैंने नंबर आए अव्वल, ऑनलाइन देखकर क्रिएट किया हमने बायो बबल।

खुशी में की पीत्ज़ा की दावत, और मज़े भी किए हमने।

दिवाली आई हमारे पास, हमने दीये जलाए, क्रिसमस पर बोला सेंटा से कि कोरोना से छुड़ी दिलाएँ।

अर्जुन अग्रवाल, तीसरी-डी



करोना तेरी होगी हार...

करोना तेरी होगी हार करके दिखाएगा ये संसार। चलो सभी काम पर जाओ पर इससे पहले टीका ज़रूर लगाओ। दुनिया में सब लोग परेशान हो गए टीका आया तो खुश हो गए। हम पहले टीका लगवाएँगे और सभी बच्चे इस साल स्कूल जाएँगे शोर मचाएँगे। अपनी मनमानी जरूर करेंगे पर टीचर की भी सुनेंगे। आओ बच्चो यह कदम उठाएँ। टीकाकरण करवाकर दुनिया से इस बीमारी को दूर हटाएँ। दुनिया तभी कहेगी करोना हार गया टीकाकरण से भाग गया।

श्री धरण, तीसरी-सी

कोविड-19

देखो दोस्तो आया करोना. इससे बिल्कुल भी तुम डरना ना। मिलकर इसका करेंगे सामना, कोई भी पीछे हटना ना। मुँह पर हमें हैं मास्क बाँधना, दो गज दूरी भूलना ना। जेब में अपने प्रक्षालक (Sanitizer) रखना, किसी को भी भईया छूना ना। बाजार खाली सडकें खाली, बस घर में रहना। देखो इससे हमें ना डरना जिंदगी बहुत लंबी है साथ ना छोड़ना यह वक्त आया है ऐसा, जिसका करना ही पडेगा सामना। देखो दोस्तो आया करोना इससे बिल्कुल भी तुम डरना ना।

गुनिका, तीसरी–ई



हमको आज़ादी उड़ने की, हमको आज़ादी दाना चुगने की। सुबह—सुबह उठते हैं हम, चीं—चीं, चीं—चीं गाते हम। एक दिन गगन में बारिश हुई.... मोर नाचता, तोता ढोल बजाता, कोयल गाना गाती, बुलबुल लड्डू बाँटती। अरे! वो देखो मैना आई, अपने संग गुब्बारे लाई। आओ, हम सब उड़ते जाएँ, उड़ते जाएँ, बस उड़ते जाएँ!

हम है पंछी उन्मुक्त गगन के, डाल—डाल पर मँडराते हैं। दाना चुगते पानी पीते, आसमान में उड़ जाते हैं।

आन्या गर्ग, तीसरी–डी

हमें पसंद है आज़ादी, हम पिंजरे में नहीं रह पाएँगे। यदि बंद किया पिंजरे में तो हम हँसी—ख़ुशी नहीं रह पाएँगे।

हम हैं निडर बहादुर सैनिक जैसे, बुलन्द आवाज़ में गाते हैं। रंग–बिरंगे पंख फैलाकर, दूर–दूर उड़ जाते हैं।

स्तुति जैन, तीसरी–डी

करोना की शिक्षा...

पिछला बीता साल मेरे जीवन में परिवर्तन लाया उसने मुझको बहुत कुछ सिखाया।

मेरा कमरा बन गई कक्षा मेरी दादी और मेरी माँ बनीं अध्यापिका।

> मैंने हर कार्य खुद किया हर पथ पर माँ ने साथ दिया।

> > माँ बड़ी ज्ञानी हैं हर पल रहीं मेरे साथ मैं उनका आभारी हूँ।

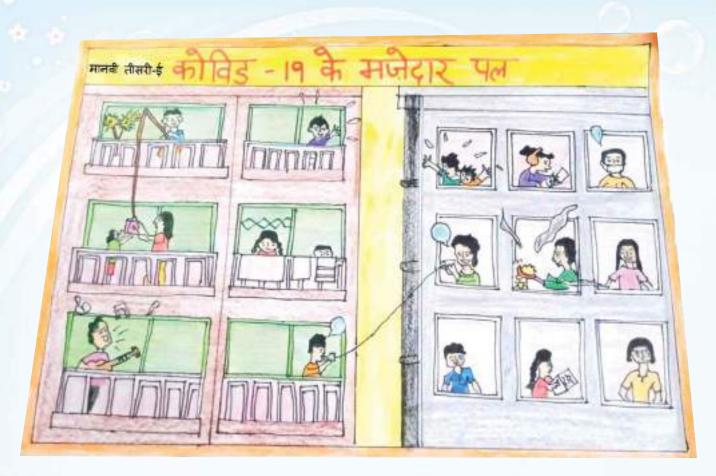
मैंने जमकर खूब खाना खाया मोटा हुआ फिर माँ ने मुझको पार्क में खूब भगाया।

अब ऑनलाइन में मिलते—मिलते दोस्तो मैं थक गया हूं चाहता हूँ खेलना—कूदना और सबसे मिलना।

काश, यह करोना जल्दी चला जाए और हमारा स्कूल दोबारा खुल जाए।

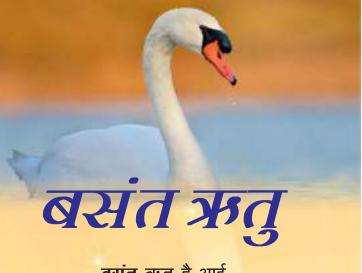
अर्जुन, तीसरी–ई











बसंत ऋतु है आई,
चारों ओर हरियाली छाई।
खेतों में सरसों लहराई
देख उन्हें तितली रानी आई।
मधुर —मधुर चली पुरवाई,
जिसने पक्षी को उड़ने की दिशा दिखाई।
बगीचे में रंग—बिरंगे फूलों ने,
मौसम में अपनी खुशबू फैलाई।
चहकते बच्चों से खुशहाली छाई,
बसंत ऋतु ने रंगों की बौछार लगाई।

किमाया एवं सरिशा, चौथी-ए

चुन्नू, मुन्नू, टिंकू, मुन्नी खेल रहे हैं झूलों पर और उस ओर देखो भैया उड़ रही हैं तितलियाँ इधर—उधर।

चुन्नू, मुन्नू, टिंकू मैं लाई हूँ दाने चलो हम सब मिलकर दबाएँ इनको मिट्टी में उगाने।

> चुन्नू, मुन्नू, टिंकू ने एक-एक दाना उठाया और फिर मिट्टी खोदकर दाना अंदर दफ़नाया।

फूलों की खुशबू फैल रही है चारों ओर क्या आप सुन सकते हैं बच्चों का शोर?

नोरा, चौथी-ई



चली हवा में चली मेरी पतंग बादलों से मिलने उड़कर चली डोर उसकी मेरे हाथों में

> ज़रा भी ना रुकती वह मनचली रंग–बिरंगी लाल हरी सतरंगी नीली

देखकर उसे मुझे मुस्कुराहट आती मेरी सबसे अच्छी दोस्त उसी तरह मुस्काती।

विवान, चौथी-सी

घर में खज़ाना

खेलने, दौड़ने के लिए हम जाते, पसीने से लथपथ वापस आते, फिर एक दिन कोविड आया, उसने हमें घर में बंद करवाया।

पापा ने बनवाया छत पर बगीचा, उसमें फूल – पौधों के साथ था घास का ग़लीचा।

हम उस बगीचे की देखभाल करते, और देख उसे खुशी से भर जाते।

अब बुरा न लगा बाहर की जिंदगी का मज़ा न ले पाना, क्योंकि घर में था बगीचे का खज़ाना।

बानी गुप्ता, चौथी-ए

इस बार का सुंदर बसंत

सुंदर बसंत आया बसंत रंग–बिरंगे सुंदर फूलों का छाया बसंत

लाल गुलाबी नीले पीले इतने सुंदर रंग इतने भड़कीले।

> तितली उन पर आती उनका रस पी जाती।

मैं जा-जाकर तितली से खेलूँ उसके आगे-पीछे दौडूँ।

इतने में रिमझिम बारिश आई भीनी-भीनी खुशबू लाई।

जब भी बारिश आ जाती है मोर नाचने लग जाते हैं।

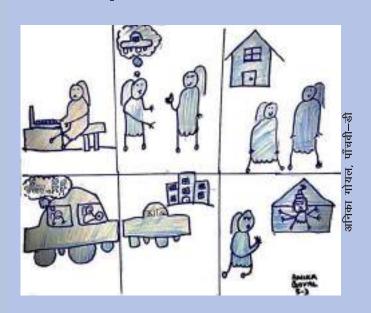
कितना सुंदर सब कुछ लगता जब आता बसंत छाता बसंत।

रंग-बिरंगे सुंदर फूलों का देखो फिर आया बसंत।

कृति, चौथी–डी



गाड़ी की सेर...



कोविड के चक्कर में हम सब हो गए थे बंद, एक दिन सोचा क्यों न निकले हम।

गाड़ी में बैठते ही होने लगी घबराहट, क्या गाड़ी है दुरुस्त? क्या टायर हैं चुस्त? और क्या माँ को है रास्ता याद? पर जैसे ही गाड़ी लगी हवा से बातें करने, मन की सब शंका हो गई फूर्र...।

> देखा संसद भवन, देखा स्कूल, मन में आया कब जाएँगे स्कूल? करती हूँ भगवान से प्रार्थना अब ना करेंगे कोई शिकायत, जल्दी से भेजिए हमें स्कूल।

> > सिद्धानी मौर्य, चौथी-ए



शिविका विजयन सिंह, पाँचवी–बी



चावल का प्रयोग..

अजब—गज़ब था यह योग, मैंने किया चावल पर प्रयोग। अध्यापिका ने दिया था निर्देश, मैंने माना उनका आदेश।

तीनों डिब्बों में डाला चावल और पानी, परिणाम देखकर हुई सबको हैरानी। लिखा एक पर प्रेम, दूसरे पर घृणा, तीसरे पर नज़रअंदाज़, अजीब था प्रयोग का यह अंदाज़। रोज़ कही मैंने एक से प्रेम की बात, की दूसरों से घृणा और किया तीसरे को नज़रअंदाज़।

> चलती रही महीने की रफ़्तार, आखिर महीना बीता और जब आया परिणाम, देख उसे सभी थे हैरान।

सफेद रंग था चावल का प्रेम के डिब्बे में, रंग भूरा हुआ चावल का घृणा के डिब्बे में, नज़रअंदाज़ डिब्बे के चावल का था बुरा हाल, जैसे आ गया हो उसका काल।

काले हुए उसके सारे चावल, इससे समझ आई यह बात, कभी ना करो किसी से बुरा व्यवहार, सबसे करना चाहिए हमें प्यार।

ईशान, चौथी-ए

उंदि टिंगिटिंड हमाने देश पधाने ...

जनवरी 2020 को कोविड हमारे देश पधारे आते ही उन्होंने चारों ओर अपने पंख पसारे।

देखते ही देखते पूरे देश में ताला लग गया और बाकी चीज़ों के साथ हमारा भी आना—जाना बंद हो गया।

जल्दी छुट्टी शुरू होने पर आया मजा फिर घर में बंद रहना लगने लगी सजा।

> मई के आते ही शुरू हुई हमारी ऑनलाइन कक्षा कुछ हम घबराए कुछ हड़बड़ाए फिर खुद को सँभाला।

ज़ूम ऑनलाइन कक्षा में अध्यापकों और मित्रों से मिले पढ़ाई के साथ—साथ हमने खूब मज़े किए।

ऑनलाइन क्लास के कारण मुझे समय पर लैपटॉप मिल गया और उसे पाते ही मेरा चेहरा खिल गया।

यूँ तो स्कूल जाते तो हमें ज़्यादा अच्छा लगता पर घर पर रहकर क्लास करने से भी हमने बहुत कुछ सीखा।

हम सब हो गए बेहद टेक्नो सेवी पर स्कूल न जाने की लगती है कमी।

> प्रभु से करते हैं हम सब मिलकर प्रार्थना कि दोबारा हम जाएँ स्कूल ईश्वर प्रार्थना करे कबूल।

आयशा फ़ारुख, चौथी–डी

जब भैने केक और

ओवियो शेक बनाया...



जब मैंने पहली बार केक बनाया तो नाचते—नाचते केक बनाया पहले सुंदर—सा बेस बनाया फिर व्हिपड—क्रीम की मदद से उसको सजाया।

ओरियो शेक के लिए तो बस ओरियो और दूध मिक्सी जार में डालकर घुमाया, गिलास में डालकर उसे ओरियो के चूरे से सजाया।

केक और शेक परिवार में सबको चखाया सुन अपनी तारीफ़ मुझे बड़ा मज़ा आया।

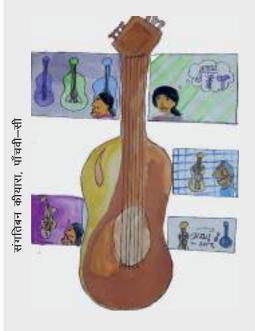
रिया कपूर, चौथी-बी

बनाया मेंने एक गिटान.

एक दिन मैं गई बाज़ार, लेने के लिए गिटार, पर कोई ना आया पसंद मुझको, सब के सब ही थे बेकार।

फिर सूझा एक उपाय, क्यों न घर में ही बनाएँ, जुट गई मैं काम पर, अपने इस नए निर्माण पर।

लगा था बड़ा आसान, पर था बहुत मुश्किल यह काम, आख़िर मैंने बना डाला एक गिटार, जिसमें बजते मधुर सितार। आशना खन्ना, चौथी–बी



वारिश का भौअभ



वर्णिका अग्रवाल, पाँचवी–बी

बारिश का मौसम है आया हम बच्चों के मन को भाया कागज की हम नाव बनाएँ छप— छप नाचें और नचाएँ गरम पकोड़ी मिलकर खाएँ चना—चबीना खूब चबाएँ गरम चाय की चुस्की प्यारी मिट गई तन की थकान सारी बारिश का हम लुत्फ़ उठाएँ सब मिलकर बच्चे बन जाएँ।

लॉकडाउन में

समय का सदुपयोग...

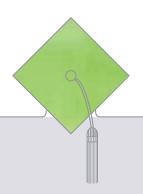
मुझे लॉकडाउन से पहले खाना बनाना नहीं आता था। मैंने लॉकडाउन में बहुत कुछ सीख लिया है। कोरोना के कारण हम खाना बाहर से नहीं ला सकते थे इसलिए मैंने घर पर बनाना सीख लिया। मैंने पहले दिन एक केक बनाया था। जब लोगों ने मेरे खाने के प्रशंसा की, तो मैंने और भी चीज़ें बनानी शुरू कर दीं। मेरे पड़ोस में रहने वाली दादी भी मेरी मदद करती हैं। वे मुझे नई—नई चीज़ें बनाना सिखाती हैं। अब तो हम कई प्रकार के भोजन पकाने की कोशिश करते हैं। जिसमें मुझे मज़ा आता है।

मीरा मृणाल, चौथी-ए



'मास्क मानव' पहले हमें कार्टून में दिखाई देता था, लेकिन आज सभी जगह हमें 'मास्क मानव' ही दिखाई देते हैं। पहले मास्क फ़ैशन के लिए लगाए जाते थे, परंतु करोना काल में हम 'मास्क मानव' बन चुके हैं। यह 'मास्क मानव' क्या नहीं कर सकता। मास्क ताकत है, तो सैनिटाइजर उसका हथियार! तो करोना बता तू कैसे बचेगा? हम तुझे जड़ से उखाड़ फेंक देंगे और तुझे वापस जाना ही पड़ेगा।

आयुष्मान, चौथी-सी



वाह चली रे

मेरी पतंग चली रे...



देखों—देखो भागे बादल, हवा, सूरज से आगे... मेरी पतंग हवा में भागे चल रही है देखो, सभी से आगे निकल रही है।

ऐसी मतवाली हर तरह के रंगों वाली पक्षी जैसी हवा में उड़ती जाए दुपट्टे की तरह यह लहराए।

वाह रे मेरी पतंग! देखो भागी चल रही है...

साईसा, चौथी-सी

न्यी जीमाथी...

कैसी है यह नई बीमारी इसकी हमें ना कोई जानकारी चारों ओर फैली है महामारी हम सबको अपनी जान है प्यारी।

छोटा—सा है यह विषाणु छिपकर बैठा है यह रोगाणु इसे हम सभी करोना कहते घर पर सभी हैं छिपकर रहते।

बच्चे बूढ़े सभी हैं परेशान इस रोग का नहीं है निदान हर पल बस हो यही ध्यान साफ़—सफ़ाई का रखो तुम ज्ञान।

चारों ओर रखो तुम सफ़ाई इसमें हम सबकी है भलाई ध्यान रहे हमें एक बात हाथों को धोना है सुबह और रात दो गज की दूरी मास्क भी है ज़रूरी।

मनन नंदन, चौथी-ए

करोगा कहाँ ज आया?

करोना कहाँ से आया तेरा आना किसी को ना भाया। घर से बाहर कहीं ना जा पाएँ स्कूल और टीचर की याद रोज़ सताए।

दोस्तों की याद आती है आजकल मम्मी भी हमें ज़ोर से बुलाती है।

करोना तू कहाँ से आया? तेरा आना किसी को ना भाया। शॉपिंग के लिए हम तरस गए त्योहार सब अकेले मन गए। बर्थडे दोस्तों के बिना ना भाए कैसे बचें तुझसे समझ में न आए।

करोना तू कहाँ से आया? तेरा आना किसी को ना भाया। करोना तुझसे नहीं डरते हम हममें इतना है दम।

हम दोस्त कोई उपाय अपनाएँगे और तुझको जल्दी दूर हटाएँगे।

मायरा, चौथी—डी

सोचा ना था कभी...

सोचा ना था कभी कि ऐसा साल आएगा जब छुट्टी से ज़्यादा पाठशाला जाने को मन ललचाएगा।

मोबाइल, लैपटॉप और टैबलेट जिन पर थे बच्चों के लिए प्रतिबंध

वही बन गए आचार—विचार और पढ़ाई के माध्यम।

सोचा ना था कभी कि ऐसा साल आएगा जब सड़कों का यातायात इंटरनेट पर बिखर जाएगा।

खाली हो गए
सब खेलकूद के मैदान
पीटी, योग और व्यायाम
जूम पर हुए ये सारे काम।
ऐसा सोचा ना था कभी
कि एक ऐसा साल आएगा
जब सब कुछ बदल जाएगा।

वत्सल सिंघल, चौथी-बी

मेशी प्राधिना...



चलो भैया पतंग बनाएँ करोना को उस पर बैठा दूर देश को छोड़ आएँ।

होली आ रही है
 उसको होलिका के साथ जलाएँगे
 हम इस साल स्कूल ज़रूर जाएँगे।
 बसंत की हवा चल रही है
करोना की बीमारी भारत में कम हो रही है।

मिलकर बच्चो करो प्रार्थना ईश्वर ज़रूर सुनेंगे करोना बीमारी ज़रूर खत्म करेंगे।

निकोलसन, चौथी-डी

मेरी आन्गड्डन क्लास...

पिछले वर्ष की सुनाऊँ मैं क्या—क्या बात करोना ने जब कर दिया था सबको उदास इसी के बीच शुरू हुई हमारी ऑनलाइन क्लास।

पहले की बातें सब याद आती हैं कक्षा में दोस्तों की मुलाकातें मुझको भाती हैं। पहले जो ना सोचा था वह हमने अपनाया पढ़ाई का ढंग कुछ खास, दोस्तो नज़र आया। झूले और मैदान में खेलना सब हो गया बंद

ऑनलाइन क्लास और ऑनलाइन गेम्स से बच्चे हो गए तंग।

इस ऑनलाइन क्लास में सब कुछ समझकर करना हमने सीखा पर लगता था कुछ फीका।

ऊपर से पहनते थे स्कूल शर्ट्स और नीचे पहनते थे हम पजामा बैक ग्राउंड में रहता था हमेशा हंगामा।

म्यूट—अनम्यूट की आदत पड़ गई भले ही बढ़िया रही मेरी ऑनलाइन क्लास पर स्कूल वापस जाने की इच्छा मन में घर कर गई।

कठिनाइयों के बाद भी अध्यापिकाओं ने हमें मेहनत से पढ़ाया मुश्किलों से लड़ना सिखाया।



अनिका गोयल<mark>, पा</mark>ँचवी—डी

कभी—कभी रहती थी अच्छी ऑडियो कभी हो जाती थी खराब और कभी वीडियो ऑफ़ करके करते रहते हम इंटरनेट की तलाश।

घर में बैठे छोटे से कमरे में हम करते रहे अपनी ऑनलाइन क्लास...

वेदांश गिरधर, चौथी-डी

ना स्कूल ना खेल सारे जतन हुए फ़ेल आई वर्षगाँठ ना टॉफ़ी न केक और न मेरा मनपसंद ओरियो शेक।

भूल गए गेंद, भूल गए मैदान भूल गए दोस्त अपने शैतान न बाहर जाना ना गाड़ी की सैर अपने भी हो गए गैर।

बैठे—बैठे हो गए मोटे दिल हुए हमारे छोटे शहरों पर सबने लगाए मास्क पहचानना हुआ एक मुश्किल टास्क।

सारा दिन घर पर होते बोर मम्मी पीछे पड़ती मत करो शोर स्कूल हुआ घर पर ऑनलाइन बस यही थी एक प्यारी लाइफ़लाइन।

शौर्य गर्ग, चौथी-बी



चली को सेर की की सेर

चलो करें बगीचे की सैर मत तोड़ना फूल वरना तुम्हारी खैर यह है एक सुंदर बगीचा जिसमें है घास का गुलीचा।

कोयल इतने मधुर स्वर में गाती और मधुमक्खी भी फूलों से ही शहद लाती रंग—बिरंगे फूल हैं इसमें चहचहाती चिड़ियाँ गाना गातीं।

सुगंधित हवा का झोंका आया
फूलों को चैन की राहत लाया
पेड़ों की शाखाएँ झूमती
और चटकती कलियाँ कर घूमतीं।

आयी है इसमें नई कोंपलें यहाँ पर चिड़ियों के घोंसले आए हैं पक्षी बनकर मेहमान जो लगाएँगे इस मनोरम दृश्य में पूरी जान।

> रंग–बिरंगे पक्षी आते और मधुर स्वर में गाना गाते यहाँ पर मखमली घास जिस पर लेटकर आती है चैन की साँस!

है यहाँ पर साफ़ आसमान जो है इस पूरे दृश्य की शान तितलियाँ लगतीं कितनी अच्छी जिसे देखकर हुई प्रसन्न एक बच्ची।

> इतना सुंदर दृश्य यहाँ पर कि मन करता बस रहो यहीं पर चलो करें बगीचे की सैर मत तोड़ना फूल वरना तुम्हारी खैर!

> > वंशिका, चौथी-ई

एक दिन मैं बगीचे में गया
वहाँ सुंदर रंग-बिरंगे फूलों को देखकर
मेरा मन खुश हो गया
भीनी-भीनी फूलों की सुगंध ने
मेरा मन मोह लिया
और मैं
एक अलौकिक आनंद से भर गया।

जब भी मैं उदास होता हूँ
उस बगीचे की याद से
तरोताज़ा हो जाता हूँ
उस उपवन की सुंदर अनुभूति
मेरे रोम—रोम को खुश कर देती है।

आर्जव वडेरा, चौथी-ई



रंगों की अनीखी बेला

रंगों की अनोखी दुनिया धरती पर छाई देखों—देखों बसंत ऋतु आई।

कोयल की कू-कू मेरे मन भाए खेत की हरियाली भँवरों को लुभाए।

हरी-भरी फुलवन-फुलवारी खेतों में सरसों की फैली हरियाली।

किसानों को पीला रंग है भाए भँवरा गागर भर मधु लाए।

जहाँ हरी-भरी हो गेहूँ की बाली वहाँ फैले चारों ओर खुशहाली।

दिव्यांश शाही, चौथी-सी

शात २०२०...

साल 2020 था बड़ा अनोखा एक वायरस ने दिया पूरे संसार को धोखा।

> कोविड—19 वायरस क्या आया पूरी दुनिया पर घना अँधेरा छाया।

पर फिर आसमान में धुआँ कम हुआ वातावरण हरा–भरा हुआ।

> मेरे दरवाज़े पर आया मोर मचाया उसने बहुत शोर।

माँ ने बनाए स्वादिष्ट पकवान हम सबने साफ़ किया अपना मकान।

खूब की हमने चित्रकारी जब फैली यह महामारी।

देवांशी, चौथी-सी

जब कोविंड आया...

जब कोविड आया घर में हम सब हो गए बंद परंतु फिर भी आया हमको आनंद।

दुनिया में बदलाव आया हमने घर पर माँ के हाथ का बना भोजन खाया।

घर के बाहर लक्ष्मण रेखा लेकिन मित्रों को हमने स्क्रीन पर देखा।

चलो अपने अंदर ताकत लाएँ फिर से सब मिलकर करोना को भगाने का कदम उठाएँ।

मास्क और सैनिटाइजर का प्रयोग अपनाएँ करोना को भारत से दूर भगाएँ।

सायरा अग्रवाल, चौथी-डी

वायरस...

जब वायरस आया चीन में मैं था कक्षा तीन में।

जब वायरस आया हमारे देश हम सब को मिल गया एक संदेश।

एक साल रहे हम घर के अंदर बंद खेल-सैर-मस्ती का हो गया अंत।

हमने ऑनलाइन स्कूल किया एक साल कोरोना ने किया हमारा बुरा हाल।

और फिर वैक्सीन आई कोरोना को हमने बोला—"बाय—बाई!"

निरजंन नायर, चौथी-ई



जब से आई करोना महामारी बच्चों पर पड़ गई भारी।

कहीं नहीं जा पाते बाहर जन्मदिन हो या कोई त्योहार।

रहना पड़ा घर में बंद गर्मी, बारिश या हो ठंड।

मिल नहीं पाए दोस्तों से हम फिर भी दोस्ती हुई ना कम।

याद आती हमें स्कूल की क्लास स्कूल की कैंटीन और बैकफ़ील्ड की घास।

ऑनलाइन करनी पड़ी पढ़ाई इंटरनेट से रोज़ करते हैं लड़ाई।

हिंदी, इंग्लिश, डांस और योगा टीचर्स ने बोला– सब ऑनलाइन ही होगा।

घर में फँसे हुए पूरा साल गया बीत जल्दी ही हम करोना पर पाएँगे जीत।

अहाना सिंहल, चौथी-सी

घर में बंद बच्चे हुए तंग इतना तंग सब डॉटें एक संग।

दीदी के कमरे में जाऊँ प्रश्न पूछो तो डाँट खाऊँ।

सब हमें केवल सिखाएँ ना बात हमारी सुनें ना उत्तर बताएँ— केवल सीख और फिर नई सीख...

क्या—क्या तुमने किया?

—ऐसा रोज़ पूछें

"कहीं जाओ तो हाथ धोकर आओ,
हाथ मत लगाओ,
बाहर की चप्पल घर में मत लाओ,
मास्क लगाओ,
सैनिटाइज़र हमेशा साथ ले जाओ।
टी.वी. मोबाइल स्क्रीन मत देखो,
मत बोलो सुनना सीखो।"

यह सुनकर हँसना हो गया

ऐश्वर्या, चौथी–डी

घर में बच्चे हो गए हैं तंग!



अराया

खेतों में फ़सलें लहराएँ बच्चे मिलकर नाचे—गाएँ और फूलों पर भँवरे मँडराएँ। आया बसन्त आया बसंत खुशियाँ संग लाया बसंत।

बाग में पंछी चहचहाएँ तितलियाँ भी सैर पर आएँ कोयल मीठा गीत सुनाएँ मधुमक्खी भी नाचे—गाएँ आया बसंत आया वसंत खुशियाँ संग लाया बसन्त।

पेड़ों पर नए पत्ते ये
सजाए
कलियाँ भी खूब इतराएँ
हरी घास की चादर
बिछाए
मनोरम दृश्य सबके मन
को भाए
आया बसंत आया बसंत
खुशियाँ संग लाया
बसंत।

दैविक, चौथी-ई

की दुविया

मुझे कहानियाँ पढ़ने का विचार आया, 'भूत आया और छाया' 'चिड़ियों ने गीत गाया' 'हैरी पॉटर और भूत का साया'।

कहानियों की दुनिया में मैं खो गई इतनी, कि रात को देर से सोई कितनी।

कहानियाँ पढ़ने में मुझे जो मज़ा आया वह मेरे मन को बहुत भाया।

कहानियाँ ले जातीं हमें एक नई दुनिया चाहे डायन हो चाहे परियाँ।

> खो जाने को जी चाहे जहाँ नई बातें सीखने को भी वहाँ।

अवंतिका अग्रवाल, पाँचवी-ए



नई दुनिया

शुरुआत हुई थी बड़ी सुहावनी सुनो भाई लोग मेरी ज़ुबानी करोना आया लॉकडाउन लाया ज़िंदगी का एक नया रूप दिखाया।

ऑनलाइन स्कूल का किस्सा लाया इसने हमें बहुत कुछ सिखाया ऑनलाइन खेलकूद, ऑनलाइन प्रोजेक्ट ऑनलाइन उत्सव, ऑनलाइन परीक्षा।

जूम और टीम्स का खूब लुत्फ़ उठाया इस पर एक किस्सा याद आया स्पेशल असेंबली पर अवसर था हिंदी कविता सुनाने का।

सोचा था कि होगा आसान लेने पड़े री—टेक बारंबार कभी पानी की मोटर की आवाज़ तो कभी कुकर की आवाज़ जैसे सब चीज़ें करना चाहती थीं परेशान।

बहुत दिनों बाद जब निकला था पहली बार अपनों के संग घर के बाहर प्रदूषण का था नहीं नामो—निशान और सड़कों पर था इक्का—दुक्का इंसान। फिर भी लॉकडाउन मुझे बहुत भाया क्योंकि अपनों के संग खूब समय बिताया।

अथर्व जोशी, पाँचवी-ए



मेशी मदद

लॉक—डाउन में मैंने सबकी मदद की, सबने मुझसे मदद भी ली।

भूल गया, मैं देखना टीवी, घर की मैंने सफ़ाई की साथ ही मेरी इज़्ज़त बढ़ी लॉक—डाउन में मैंने बहुत मेहनत की।

मैं बन गया घर की फुलझड़ी, उतारी मैंने कई चीज़ें कुर्सी पर चढ़के, समझ आ गया परिवार है सबसे बढ़के, बहुत खुशी मिली मुझे, सबकी मदद करके।

> जितनी मदद कर सकता था, उतनी कर दिखाई, हमेशा मुझे मिली भाई वाह—वाही!

वेदांश जोशी, पाँचवी-ए

मैं किसी राष्ट्र की, किसी सभ्यता की, किसी समाज की, किसी जाति की नहीं हूँ, मैं भगवान की हूँ ।

– माताजी के वचन (भाग–१)

वसंत ऋतु आई...

बागों में देखकर रंग—बिरंगे फूल, भँवरे मगन होकर गाते हैं गाने कूल। पेड़ों पर झूमते कोमल—कोमल पल्लव, देखो यह तितलियों के नए—नए करतब।

> धूप मीठी—मीठी, मनोहर छटा, चंचल हवा उड़कर है आई। हवा में है खुशबू ही खुशबू, मचलती हैं मधुमिक्खयाँ बेकाबू।

रंग — बिरंगी बसंत ऋतु आई, रंगों का त्योहार लाई। होली के रंगों की मस्ती है छाई, मानव मन में नई उमंग लाई।

इस ऋतु में प्रकृति हर ओर मुस्काई, प्यारी बसंत ऋतु आई।

रमयन कुमार, पाँचवी-ए

न्या उजाला

दो हजार बीस का वह साल था, पूरे संसार का हाल बेहाल था। सभी जगह लग गया अचानक लॉकडाउन, महानगर, गाँव या था छोटा टाउन। घर में बैठे—बैठे हम सब हो रहे थे बोर, सभी जगह था सन्नाटा नहीं था कोई शोर। स्कूल और कॉलेज में लगा था ताला, ऑनलाइन क्लास ने किया था उजाला।

श्रीयसी, पाँचवी-ए

जिंदगी लॉकडाउन में...

कोरोना आया लॉकडाउन लाया, घर में सबको खाली बिठाया। थाली बजे, दीपक जलाया, दोस्तों और अपनों से दूर करवाया।

मैंने माँ के साथ घर का काम करवाया, घर में पीत्ज़ा और बर्गर भी बनाया। स्कूल बंदकर लैपटॉप से पढ़वाया, अध्यापिका से बच्चों को दूर करवाया।

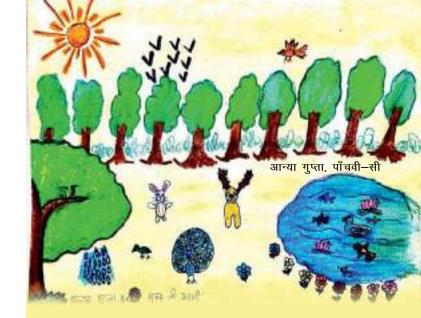
अच्छी तरह साबुन से हाथ धुलवाया, सोशल डिस्टेंसिंग और मास्क पहनाया। अंत में कोरोना ने जीने का ढंग बदलवाया, हमें साफ़–सफ़ाई से रहना सिखाया।

प्रत्युश अग्रवाल, पाँचवी-ए

मेची बागिया...

रंग—बिरंगे फूल खिले हैं मेरी बिगया में लहराएँ। इनसे मेरे पूरे घर में एक सुगंध—सी छाए। इठलाते इन फूलों से मेरा मन हर्षाए। झूम रहे हैं पेड़ सभी मानो नाच दिखाएँ। सूरज की किरणों से जैसे लगते हैं नहाए।

अरिवान ठाकुर, पाँचवी-बी



सुबह की कहानी

देखो आया मौसम सुहावना, ओस की बूँदें डाली—डाली, जैसे अमृत और हरियाली।

सूरज की किरणें मस्तानी, कल—कल बहता दरिया का पानी। लगा रंगीन बूँदों का मेला सौंदर्य बिखेरती सुबह की बेला।

> सुबह के उजाले में , हर पशु—पक्षी इटलाए, रंग—बिरंगे पत्ते और फूल चारों ओर खुशबू फैलाएँ।

धरती माँ की यह सुंदरता, देख हमारा मन हर्षाए, हवा के झोंकों में लहराकर, डाली,पत्ते, फूल इठलाएँ।

ओस की बूँदों में छन—छनकर, सूरज की किरण मुस्काई, ऐसी सुबह कितनी सुनहरी हर तरफ़ है सुगंध छाई।

वेदांत झा. पाँचवी—बी



विशंत ऋतु..

वसंत ऋतु का मौसम आया सदी से राहत लाया।

हर जगह सुगंध छाई देती है हरियाली दिखाई।

हवा के साथ फूल लहराएँ पेड़ों पर सुनहरे पत्ते छाएँ।

रंग–बिरंगे फूल मुस्कान लाएँ छोटे–छोटे बच्चे खुशी से इठलाएँ।

बसंत ऋतु होती है सुहानी, फैलाती है हर जगह खुशियाँ मस्तानी।

इशिता घई, पाँचवी-सी

वसंत ऋतु में पेड़ों के पत्ते हवा से लहराएँ इस ऋतु में बड़ी हरियाली छाए। प्रकृति को देखकर मन बड़ा हर्षाए, आसमान में रोज़ उजाला छाए।

फूलों की सुगंध छा जाती, कोयल मीठा गाना गाती। शुरुआत में इसके मकर — संक्रांति आती, आसमान में रंग—बिरंगी पतंगें लहरातीं।

सुवीर तनेजा, पाँचवी-सी

पेड़ों की डाली पर, हरियाली छाई है मस्तानी पवन ने जैसे धूम मचाई है सुहावना है मौसम, खुशहाली मुस्काई है अब लगता है जैसे बसंत ऋतु आई है।

धरती सुनहरी, आकाश है उजाला पीली सरसों का लग गया है मेला। लहर—लहरकर देखो खुशियाँ लाई है अब लगता है जैसे वसंत ऋतु आई है।

हिमांगी मिश्रा, पाँचवी-सी

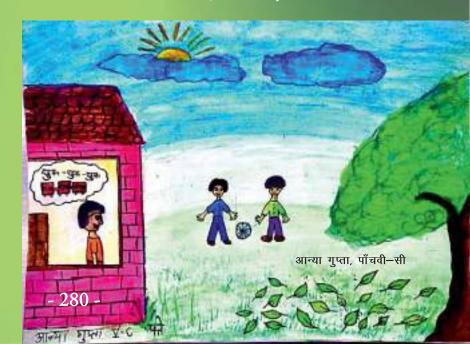
बाहर पत्ते झड़े हुए हैं हम घर में बैठे हुए हैं पेड़ हवा से हिल रहे हैं बच्चे खेल, खेल रहे हैं।

जाना है मुझको बाहर खोलो दरवाज़ा जल्दी आकर फिर हम खेलेंगे खेल अच्छी लगेगी छुक—छुक रेल।

बाहर पत्ते झड़े हुए हैं ज़मीन पर बिखरे हुए हैं...

गर्वित, पाँचवी-सी

الزائد إ



मेश अनुभव...

लॉकडाउन से पहले लग रहा था कि अब आएगा मज़ा, नहीं पता था कि ये है सज़ा।

लग रहा था कि आप-हम खेलेंगे नहीं पता था इतना कोरोना ले लेंगे।

मैं अपने घर वालों के साथ खेला करता था, हमारे घर में कोरोना ना आ जाए इसलिए मैं लड़ता था।

तब हमने अपने घर में काफ़ी चीज़ें बनाईं हमें नहीं पता था कि कोरोना से करनी पड़ेगी इतनी लड़ाई।

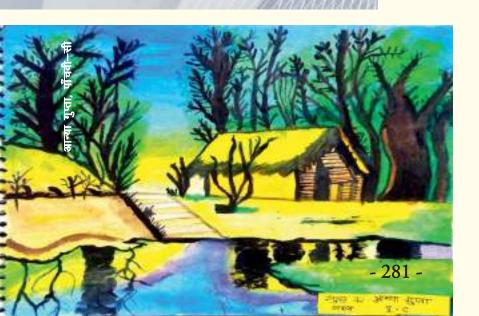
तब ज़िंदगी थी काफ़ी फ़न मगर पीछे था कोरोना जिसने ले लिया था हमारा चैन—मन।

बाद में मैं काफ़ी होने लगा था बोर क्योंकि करने को ही नहीं था कुछ और।

> तब आया एक ईमेल ऑनलाइन क्लासेज़ के लिए जो थीं हमारे पढ़ने के लिए।

हुई क्लासेज़ शुरू जिसमें आने लगा मज़ा, अब हम और नहीं सहेंगे करोना की सज़ा।

यश कटारिया, पाँचवी-सी



कोरोना पर जुस्सा कोरोना पर गुस्सा

पिछले साल कोरोना आया, हम सबको घर बिठाया। लॉकडाउन में सब हुआ बंद, समय चला फिर मंद—मंद।

स्कूल न जा पाए जब, सोचो कैसे पढ़ते अब।

ऑनलाइन फिर हुई पढ़ाई, और घर में हुई भाई—बहन की लड़ाई।

वैक्सीन कर रही है कोरोना पर वार, हम कर रहे हैं दोस्तों से मिलने का इंतजार।

सानवी गोयल, पाँचवी-सी

सुबह का समय...

देखो, खत्म हुआ अँधेरा, बगिया में हुआ उजाला, शुरू हुआ नया दिन निराला।

पंछी डाल—डाल चहचहाते, चिड़िया दाना चोंच भर लाई, चूँ – चूँ कर बच्चों ने मचाई दुहाई।

चलती है हवा सुहावनी गुलाबों से छलकता ओस का पानी।

कोई दौड़ रहा, कोई भाग रहा, कोई व्यायामशाला में हाँफ रहा, कोई अभी बिस्तर से जाग रहा।

चलो बच्चो उठो, क्योंकि खत्म हुआ अँधेरा, हर ओर हुआ उजाला, शुरू हुआ नया दिन निराला।

अक्षया शर्मा, पाँचवी—डी

कोरोना से डरा ना...

इंसान को है कोरोना का डर कहीं न जाएँ वे सब मर।

सब सोचते हैं कि कहीं कुछ हो ना जाए कल, अरे, इससे डरो मत, मेरे पास है एक हल।

जब भी बाहर निकलो तो रहना सुरक्षा के साथ, अगर हो तुम बच्चे, तो मत छोड़ना माँ का हाथ।

ज़रूर पहनना तुम मास्क, क्योंकि यह है हमारा सेफ़्टी टास्क।

बाहर निकलो तो रखना सैनिटाइज़र अपने साथ, कहीं करने पड़े सैनिटाइज़ अपने हाथ।

घर वापस आकर बदल लेना कपड़े, ताकि यह वाइरस तुम्हें न पकडे।

अरे! एक खास बात तो मैं भूल गई तुम्हें बताना, कि सोशल डिस्टेंसिंग पर भी हमें ध्यान है लगाना।

आयुषी गुप्ता, पाँचवी–डी

हर ओर छाया बसंत...

करके अलविदा पतझड़ को, खिलखिलाता आया बसंत। मस्ती भरी फूलों से सजी, धरती का सौंदर्य बढ़ाता बसंत।

रंग— बिरंगी तितलियाँ झूमें झूमें पंछी और मुस्काएँ हँसती किरणें, खेतों में पीली सरसों सबका मन हर्षाए।

हर दिशा में कोकिला अपने मधुर गान सुनाएँ रंगीन प्रवासी पक्षी झूमें और इठलाएँ।

सुनहरी धूप और सुगंधित पवन प्रदूषण से रहित है वातावरण मधुमक्खी, भँवरे रंग—बिरंगे फूलों पर मँडराएँ, मस्ताना बसंत सबके मन को भाए।

नई कोपलें, बिखेरे वसन्त ऋतु के रंग

इसमें होली के रंग, हम खेलें दोस्तों के संग।

आद्या बैनर्जी, पाँचवी-डी



अनुभवा... का अनुभवा...

लॉकडाउन पड़ा था किसलिए? करोना नाम की बीमारी आई थी इसलिए।

पूरा विश्व जब कर रहा था करोना का सामना तब चेतावनी दे रहे थे, हाथ धोना, मास्क पहनना और दो गज की दूरी बनाना।

लॉकडाउन जब पड़ा तब ख़राब हुआ मेरा मन, स्कूल बंद हो जाएँगे गहरी सोच में पड़े कि दोस्तों और टीचर से कैसे मिल पाएँगे हम?

होना पड़ा जब दोस्तों से अलग हम मिल रहे थे ऑनलाइन तब फिर शुरू हुआ एक नया रुटीन पापा और मैं सुबह वॉक पर निकले हर दिन।

जब बंद हुआ घर से निकलना और घूमना फिर भी अच्छा लगता था सुबह चिड़ियों का चहचहाना।

लॉकडाउन में हो गया था प्रदूषण बहुत ही कम सुहावना हो गया था तब मौसम। कितने सारे लोगों को हुई परेशानी उन्होंने किया इसका डटकर सामना पर इसमें ना थी आसानी।

शिजिनी कुली, पाँचवी-सी



ओह! कोरोना तू क्यों आया, तेरे आने से स्कूल हो गया पराया।

तुमने कर दिया है जीना बोझिल, दोस्तों से मिलना भी हो गया मुश्किल, हाथ धो— धोकर हो गए हैं परेशान, हे भगवान! तुम ही बचाओ इससे हमारी जान।

घर से बाहर मम्मी जाने नहीं देती, टी.वी. और फ़ोन से हो गए परेशान, अब ना कोई त्योहार, और ना कोई मज़ा, लगता ऐसा जैसे मास्क लगाकर मिल रही सज़ा। बहुत हो गया कोरोना अब तुम जाओ भाग, ताकि अब हम बिना मास्क ले लें साँस।

विवान शर्मा, पाँचवीं-ई

केवल स्थिरता और शान्ति में ही तुम जान सकते हो कि करने लायक सबके अच्छी चीज क्या है।

– श्री माँ



मेरी प्यारी बहन

मेरी प्यारी बहन सिमरन, लॉकडाउन में उसने किया मस्ती का रूप धारण।

हमने की जी भरकर मस्ती जो थी बिल्कुल सस्ती।

खेले हम दोनों ने खूब खेल जैसे पटरी पर रेल।

हमने की बहुत शरारत जिससे घर में आ गई आफ़त।

बीत गया यूँ ही पूरा साल, कभी मैं उसे चिढ़ाता, तो कभी खींचती वह मेरे बाल।

माँ का काम था खाना बनाना, और हमारा कपड़े सुखाना।

कपड़े सुखाते गाना गाते, दिख जाए अगर ततैया, तो मिलकर करते ता–ता–थैया।

घर में रहकर हम बन गए अच्छे दोस्त, लॉकडाउन का ना अब कोई अफ़सोस।

शारंग लाल, पाँचवी-ई

बसंत ऋतु...

ठंड के उदासी भरे दिन, और कोहरे से भरी रात इंतज़ार है सबको उस मौसम का जो दे सके इस कड़कती ठंड को मात।

नीला आसमान समय रूहानी लो आ गई बसंत ऋतु मस्तानी बसंत ऋतु आई फूलों से धरती लहराई आदमी तो क्या, जानवर और पक्षियों के चेहरों पर ख़ुशी छाई।

ठंड कम हुई मौसम हुआ सुहावना कसरत से बचने का अब नहीं चलेगा कोई बहाना। जिधर देखो, धरा फूलों और हरियाली से सराबोर है प्रकृति के इस सुन्दर रूप को निहारने हर तरफ़ सैलानियों की भरमार है।

जय शर्मा, पाँचवी–डी

दोस्त

दोस्तों के साथ मैंने रहना सीखा उनके बिना अब लगता सब फीका।

वे हमारे साथ होते हैं हर पल जिससे हमारा हो एक अच्छा कल।

वे सब हँसते हैं
खुश हो जाता है मन
दोस्त जितने हों, उतने हैं कम
प्रयास करो नए दोस्त बनाने का हरदम ।

जीवन के वे पल अच्छे होते हैं। जब दोस्त हमारे साथ होते हैं।

देवांश पालीवाल, पाँचवीं-ई



आज कल के दिन...

आज कल मैं हो गई हूँ तंग, उड़ गए हैं जीवन के सारे रंग। कुछ करने में मज़ा आता नहीं, पहले के दिन, बस खो गए है कहीं।

ऑनलाइन शिक्षा मैं लेती हूँ नित्य, करती हूँ फिर दो घंटे गाना और नृत्य। उसके बाद मैं करती हूँ स्कूल का काम, यही करते हो जाती है शाम। फिर बस पढ़ती हूँ कोई किताब, इससे मुझे होता है कुछ लाभ। बस यह मुझे नहीं करता बोर, और नहीं करने देता है शोर।

जल्दी हो जाते हैं किताबों के पृष्ठ खत्म, दोस्तों के साथ न खेलना लगता है ज़ख़्म। दिनों, हफ़्तों, महीनों, मैं बोर होती रहती, चले जाओ करोना, मैं प्रतिदिन कहती।

रिद्धिमा खन्ना, पाँचवी-डी





देश हमारा है सबसे महान

देश हमारा है सबसे महान, नाम है इसका हिंदुस्तान। यही पूरे संसार की शान, आओ करें भारत का गुणगान।

स्वतंत्रता सेनानियों से आज की फौज, करते आ रहे है परिश्रम बिन मस्ती और मौज। जैसे भगत सिंह और सुभाष चन्द्र बोस, आर्मी, नेवी और एयर फोर्स।

> देश हमारा है सबसे महान नाम है इसका हिंदुस्तान।

स्वतंत्रता संग्राम में लड़े लाखों जवान, आजादी पानी थी, न बनना था गुलाम। ब्रिटिश शासन में झेलना पड़ा असीम कष्ट, परन्तु सबने एक होकर किया अंग्रेजों को नष्ट।

> देश हमारा है सबसे महान नाम है इसका हिन्दुस्तान।

आज आजादी पाने के बाद भी होते हैं युद्ध, जब कुछ देश होते हैं एक दूसरे से क्रुद्ध। अगर कोई करता, हिन्दुस्तान से लड़ाई, तो पहले हम कहते, छोड़ो यह लड़ाई।

> पर जब कोई नहीं माने, हम उनके छुड़ा देते हैं छक्के। फिर बन जाते हैं हम विजेता, और दुश्मन रह जाते हक्के—बक्के।

> > देश हमारा है सबसे महान, नाम है इसका हिन्दुस्तान। जय हिन्द!

आराध्या पोरवाल, सातवीं–ई



मस्ती भरा वसंत

बसंत ऋतु की सुगंध आई, खेतों में हरियाली छाई। हर तरफ सुगंधित पवन, और सुनहरी तितलियाँ, चाहें गाँव के खेत हों, या शहर की गलियाँ।

अब सुन्दर फूलों का आना, और मौसम होगा सुहाना। साथ ही बच्चे इठलाएँ, और खुशी से मुस्कुराएँ। बागों में भँवरे मँडराएँ, झूमें पंछी और कोकिला मधुर गाएँ।

बसंत सुहाना खुशबू फैलाए, और सुन्दर फूलों से धरती सजाए। बसंत है — प्रदूषण रहित, बसंत पंचमी और होली सहित। बसंत में आता है सबको बहुत मजा, यही है इसके ऋतुराज होने की वजह।

वेदांश जोशी, छठी-ए





यह अनोखी प्रकृति हमारी, जिसमें बहतीं नदियाँ सारी। कहीं अँधेरा कहीं उजाला. अदभूत है इसकी माया।

बदल-बदलकर मौसम आया. कभी गर्मी तो कभी सर्दी आई। कहीं गगन को चूमते पहाड़, कहीं दूर तक वीरान मरुस्थल।

यहाँ हैं घने हरे-भरे जगल, जिसमें करते सारे पश्—पक्षी जीवन मंगल। जंगल हैं भरपूर खजाना, जिसको लूट रहें हैं हम रोजाना।

मनुष्य कर रहे हैं प्रकृति से खिलवाड़, कर रहे हैं जंगल-नदियाँ प्रदूषित और बिखर रहे हैं पहाड। अब बनना ही पड़ेगा हम सबको प्रकृति का रक्षक, नहीं तो यह बन जाएगा महा विनाशक।

वृंदा मित्तल, छठी-सी

एक अनोखा संवाद

बुधवार शाम की बात है। मैं अपना गृह कार्य कर रही थी, अपने कार्य में बिल्कुल मग्न। चारों तरफ एकदम खामोशी थी। तभी मुझे सिसकियों की आवाज सुनाई दी। मैंने घूम के देखा तो कोई भी नहीं था। तभी अचानक मेरी नजर मेरे स्कूल के बस्ते पर पड़ी। मैं दौड़कर बस्ते के पास गई। मैंने पूछा-''तुम रो क्यों रहे हो ?''

उसने जवाब दिया, "मैं बहुत उदास हूँ। पूरा साल हो गया और मैं घर से बाहर नहीं निकला।" फिर मैंने कहा-''अच्छा! तो तुम्हारे दुख का कारण यह है।'' बस्ते ने कहा, ''मुझे विद्यालय की बहुत याद आती है, खासकर सुबह उठना और फिर गाड़ी में सवारी करना।"

मैंने हाँ में हाँ मिलाई और कहा, "बात तो तुम सही कह रहे हो।" मुझे भी स्कूल की, अपने दोस्तों की, 'बैकफील्ड' की और अध्यापकों की बहुत याद आती है। बस्ते ने फिर कहा, "क्या तुम जानती हो, मेरा प्रिय मित्र कौन था? वह बड़ा सा नीला बस्ता जिस पर गुलाबी फूल बने थे। हम घंटों बातें करते थे।" मैंने पूछा-सच्ची? "तुम दोनों किस विषय पर बातें करते थे ?"

बस्ते ने जोश में आकर जवाब दिया- "अरे! हम तो खूब गप्पें मारते थे।" कभी अध्यापिका के बारे में तो कभी उन शैतान बच्चों के बारे में, जो अक्सर मुझे जमीन पर फेंककर भाग जाते और मैं बारिश में भीगता रहता था। लेकिन, एक बात बोलूँ ? तुम जानती हो, "इस बार तुमने मुझे धोकर भी नहीं रखा।''

मैंने कहा-मुझे तो याद ही नहीं रहा। मैं तुम्हें आज ही साफ

कर दूँगी। और दोस्त, चिंता मत करो! यह मुश्किल वक्त जल्द ही खत्म हो जाएगा और हम शीघ्र ही विद्यालय वापस जा पाएँगे।

समृद्धि सूद, छठी-सी



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बी टी एस, कोरोना काल और मैं

मुझे यह पता है कि इस वर्ष कोरोना को सभी लोग बुरा—भला कहकर कोस रहे हैं पर मैं सच कहूँ तो यह वर्ष मेरे लिए उतना बुरा नहीं रहा। हाँ! शुरू—शुरू में तो मैं भी कुछ समझ नहीं पाई पर कुछ महीनों बाद कुछ—कुछ समझ में आने लगा। जैसे कि कोरोना एक ऐसी बीमारी है जो व्यक्ति की जान भी ले सकती है। परन्तु इस कोरोना काल में मेरे साथ इतनी अच्छी बात हुई कि मैं दंग रह गई। एक दिन जब मैं यू—ट्यूब देख रही थी तो मेरी नजर एक गाने पर पड़ी। मैंने ध्यान से वह गाना सुना और मेरा मन खिल उठा। थोड़ी जाँच—पड़ताल के बाद पता लगा कि वह गाना एक दक्षिण कोरिया के पॉप बैंड बी.टी.एस. के द्वारा लिखा गया है। थोड़ी और जाँच के बाद पता लगा कि यह गाना इस बैंड ने 2013 में बनाया था। तब से ये दुनिया में धूम मचा रहे हैं। इस ग्रुप में सात व्यक्ति हैं — किम नाम जून, किम सिओक जिन, मिन यूनगी, जंगहो सोक, पार्क जिमिन, किम तेहयंग और जंग कुक।

हर सदस्य की अपनी खासियत है। इस कोरोना काल में इन्होंने मेरा बहुत साथ दिया है। इनके कुछ गाने अंग्रेजी में हैं और अधिकतर कोरिया की भाषा में, पर कहते है न कि संगीत की अपनी भाषा है और इस बैंड ने मुझे ये अनुभव करवाया, मेरी रूचि कोरियाई भाषा में भी हो गयी और मेरी कोशिश है कि मुझे थोड़ी कोरियन आ जाए। इनका गाना 'लाइफ गोज ऑन' मुझे सब से ज्यादा पसंद है और ये मैं मम्मी पापा के साथ भी सुनती हूँ। उनको भी पसंद आता है और बी टी एस से प्रभावित हो कर मैंने बहुत से कोरियाई ड्रामा देखे, उनके खान पान पर शोध किया और अब जब अंतर राष्ट्रीय पर्यटन खुलेगा तो पापा से कह कर दक्षिण कोरिया घूमना चाहूँगी।

अगर आप इनके बारे में जानते हैं तो मैं आपके लिए बहुत खुश हूँ और अगर नहीं तो शीघ्र गूगल पर बी.टी.एस. सर्च कीजिए। यहाँ क्यों बैठे हैं? मैं आज इस कोरोना काल की और बी.टी.एस. बैंड की शुक्रगुजार हूँ कि मुझे इनको सुनने का अवसर मिला और मैं अपना खाली समय इस संगीत को सुनकर बिता पाई।



क्या है यह मित्रता ?

आखिर, यह मित्रता क्या है ? जो मुझे कभी न समझ आयी। क्या यह सिर्फ मित्रों से होती है ? या फिर हमारे अपने भाई—बंधुओं से भी है, और बस नाम अलग दिए हैं ?

> मित्र तो वह होता है जो मुश्किल समय में सहारा दे। हमें हँसाए, तो कभी रुलाए, लेकिन हमेशा हमारा साथ दे।

मित्रता कभी किसी की जात, रंग या रूप नहीं देखती । वह तो आसानी से हो जाती है जरूरत है – बस थोड़े विश्वास और प्यार की।

मित्रता कभी मित्र की तरक्की से जलती नहीं, वह तो सबसे ज़्यादा खुश होती है। भला वह मित्रता कैसे हुई जो मित्र की तरक्की से जले? वह तो दुश्मनी कहलाती है। इसलिए तुम मित्र सँभलकर बनाओ, ताकि भविष्य में कभी न पछताओ।

> इसलिए मुझे मित्रता कभी समझ नहीं आई, बस इतना समझी कि कभी धोखा न देना। हमेशा मित्रों को सहेज कर रखना, मेरे लिए तो बस यही है मित्रता।।





यह मेरी सबसे प्यारी कलम है। यह मेरी मित्र भी है क्योंकि यह मेरे सभी विचारों को लिखित रूप में प्रस्तुत करती है। यह भगवान द्वारा रचित एक अद्भुत शक्ति है जिससे मनुष्य अपना भाग्य लिखकर उन्नति के पथ पर अग्रसर हो सकता है।

एक बार मेरे पिताजी ने अपनी सबसे पुरानी तथा बहुमूल्य कलम मुझे भेंट स्वरूप प्रदान की। वह एक साधारण कलम नहीं परंतु उनके जीवन यात्रा का एक संपूर्ण संचय थी। उस कलम को जब मैं परीक्षाओं में उपयोग में लाती थी तो मुझे एक विशेष अनुभव तथा गौरव महसूस होता था। वह कलम मुझे पिताजी की मेहनत और सफलता का एहसास कराती थी। वह कलम मुझे यह भी आभास कराती थी कि कलम कभी साधारण नहीं होती, यह तो किसी के कर्म तथा भाग्य को बदलने में सहायक हो कर निर्णायक भूमिका निभाती है।

एक बार एक परीक्षा के पश्चात में यह कलम अपनी कक्षा की मेज पर रखकर भूल गई। उसके खो जाने का दुःख मुझे अत्यंत पीड़ा दे रहा था परंतु मेरे पिताजी मुझे साहस प्रदान कर रहे थे। अगले दिन दूसरी परीक्षा में मुझे वही कलम अपनी कक्षा की एक छात्रा के हाथों में उपयोग होती दिखी। परीक्षा समाप्ति के बाद जब मैंने अपनी कलम उस छात्रा से वापस माँगी तो उसने यह कहकर देने से मना कर दिया कि वह कलम उसकी है। उसकी इस बात को सुनकर मैं बहुत क्रोधित हुई परंतु शांत रही। जब परीक्षाओं के परिणाम घोषित हुए तो मैं कक्षा में प्रथम आई और उस छात्रा के बहुत ही कम अंक आए।

निहारिका सहगल, सातवीं-ई



ચોગ માયા

प्रातः काल छोड़ चारपाई चलो पार्क की ओर, बिछा दरी घास पर हो जाओ आत्मविभोर। सूर्य—नमस्कार से आलस्य दूर भगाएँ, योगाभ्यास द्वारा नवजीवन हम पाएँ।

'पहला सुख निरोगी काया' पदमासन में बैठ जाओ, पवनमुक्त अभ्यास से गैस को दूर भगाओ। ताड़ासन, वजासन स्फूर्ति शरीर में लाते हैं, भुजंगासन, हलासन हृष्ट—पुष्ट बनाते हैं।

प्राणायाम क्रिया से आंतरिक शक्ति मिलती है, सूर्योदय से प्रदूषण-रहित ऑक्सीजन मिलती है। नित्य योग अभ्यास से जीवन का आनंद लेते हैं, 'ॐ' उच्चारण करके प्रफुल्लित हो जाते हैं।

योग के शिविर हमको जीवन कला सिखाते हैं, आधुनिक दिनचर्या में मंत्र—मुग्ध हो जाते हैं। प्रधानमंत्री मोदी जी दे रहे हमको संदेश, योग क्रियाएँ अपनाकर बनो नागरिक विशेष।

प्रातःकाल छोड़ चारपाई चलो पार्क की ओर, बिछा दरी घास पर हो जाओ आत्मविभोर।

निहारिका सहगल, सातवीं-ई

एक छात्र अपने देश की सेवा किस प्रकार कर सकता है?

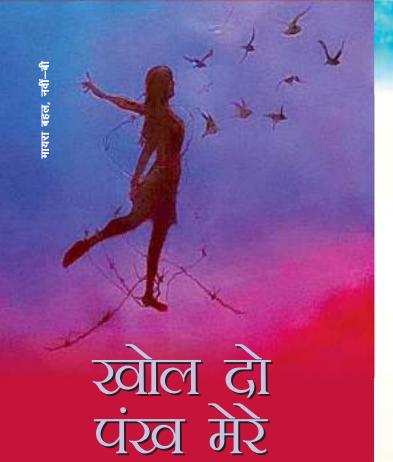
अक्सर हम छात्रों को यह चर्चा सुनने को मिलती है कि सरकार बेकार है, सरकारी बाबू भ्रष्ट हैं, बिजली—पानी का अभाव है। मेरे विचार में हम सब छात्र मिल कर ठान लें कि समस्याओं की जगह हम समाधान पर ध्यान देंगे। जैसे कि—हम सब हिंदू, मुस्लिम, सिख, ईसाई मिलकर रहें तो कल को देश में सांप्रदायिक दंगे कभी नहीं होंगे।

देश के सब छात्र अगर अपने घर, पाठशाला और आस—पास सफाई रखें तो हमारा देश स्वच्छ और रोग मुक्त हो जाएगा। हम सब मिल कर अगर जल बचाएँ, पेड़—पौधे लगाएँ, अपने वन और जानवरों की सुरक्षा का ख्याल रखें और प्लास्टिक का इस्तेमाल कम से कम करें तो पर्यावरण में सुधार होगा।

हम ही कल को इंजीनियर बन कर मजबूत इमारतें और बाँध बनाएँ। डॉक्टर बन कर कोविड—19 और कैंसर जैसी बीमारियों की दवाइयाँ बनाएँ। खेलों के द्वारा देश के लिए पदक जीतें। अध्यापक बनकर हजारों बच्चों को देश की सेवा और नाम ऊँचा करने की प्रेरणा दें। मेरे विचार से अगर हम सब छात्र यह प्रयास करें तो हमारे देश का भविष्य बहुत उज्ज्वल होगा।

स्तुति दावर, छठी-ई





खोल दो पंख मेरे, उड़ जाऊँ मैं पंछी की तरह। कोयल की तरह मैं गाऊँगी, आसमान को छू आऊँगी।।

तितली से हाथ मिलाऊँगी, मोरों की तरह में नाचूँगी। छम–छम बारिश में नहाऊँगी, हर डर को दूर भगाऊँगी।।

गली–गली में जाऊँगी, खुशियाली को फैलाऊँगी। हरियाली भी मैं बढाऊँगी, फिर अपने घर मैं जाऊँगी।।

कड़वे को मीठा बनाऊँगी, दुर्गंध को दूर भगाऊँगी। खोल दो पंख मेरे, उड़ जाऊँ मैं पंछी की तरह।।

अबीराम रमेश, छठी-सी

सावन

सावन का महीना जब आता, सब खो देते अपना आपा, रंग अपना फैलाए, लुभा लेता सावन सबको, बरस बरस कर, खुश कर देता हमको।

करता सावन मदद सबकी, हो किसान, या हों हम ही, उल्लास इतना फैलाता, कि भूल जाते सब सुध—बुध, और लेते सावन का मजा।

खिलता सब कुछ, जोर–शोर से, मोर नाचें, पंख खोल खोल के, सावन का महीना जब आता, इस तरह खो देते सब अपना आपा।

शाइना बागड़िया, सातवीं-सी



प्रकृति

इस दुनिया को गौर से देखो, कितना सुन्दर है ये नजारा, कहीं तो दिखती चट्टानें हैं, कहीं दूर सागर का किनारा।

कितना रंग बिरंगा है, यह अनंत पर्यावरण, कभी चाँद की झलक है दिखती, कभी सूर्य की पहली किरण।

कहीं सुनती पक्षियों की ध्वनि, कहीं पत्तियों की सरसराहट, कोयल का मधुर गीत है सुनता, कहीं लहरों के टकराने की आहट।

> देती प्रकृति हर जीव को, अपार असीम आनंद, जो इसको पहुँचाए हानि, उन दुष्टों को मिले दंड।

आद्या मलिक, सातवीं—डी





शिकारी कथा

एक बार मैं और मेरा परिवार गुजरात के गिर जंगल की सैर कर रहे थे। अचानक एक हिरण का झुंड तेजी से दौड़ने लगा जिसके कारण मैं अपने परिवार से अलग हो गया। मैं थोडी दूर ही गया था कि मुझे गोलियों की आवाज सुनाई दी। मैं समझ गया कि गोलियों के डर से ही हिरण भाग रहे थे। फिर मुझे कुछ सरसराहट सी सुनाई दी। ढूँढ़ने पर मुझे एक घायल हिरण का बच्चा मिला। मैंने अपनी जेंब से रुमाल निकला और उसके जख्मों पर बाँध दिया। फिर मुझे एक और गोली चलने की आवाज सुनाई दी। मैंने हिरण के बच्चे को गोद में उठाया और भागने लगा। कुछ देर बाद मैं जंगल के दूसरे कोने पर पहुँच गया और थकान के कारण बैठ गया। तब तक हिरण का बच्चा कुछ ठीक लगने लगा था। उधर मुझे तीन बन्दूकधारी शिकारियों ने घेर लिया। वह मेरा पीछा करने लगे और हम दौडते—दौडते गडढे में गिर गए। शिकारी भी उसमें गिर गए। गड़ढ़े के चिकना होने के कारण मैं और शिकारी फिसलते जा रहे थे। बहुत मुश्किल से मैंने पहले हिरण को गड्ढ़े से बाहर निकाला और फिर अपने हाथों के बल से बाहर आ गया। शिकारियों ने भी अपनी बंदूकें फेंक दी और बाहर आ गए। मैं भागते-भागते एक शेर के झुंड के पास आ गया। वहाँ की लम्बी-लम्बी घास से होकर मैं एक पेड़ की आड़ में छूप गया। शिकारी मेरा पीछा करते हुए जब वहाँ पहुँचे तो अपने—आप को शेरों से घिरा हुआ पाया। बिना बन्दूक के वे अब असुरक्षित थे। मैं दबे पाँव वहाँ से चला गया। थोड़ी दूरी पर मुझे फिर पैरों की आहट सुनाई दी परंतु वह मेरा परिवार था, जो मेरी खोज में निकला था। अंत में हमने हिरण के बच्चे को उसके झुंड में छोड़ दिया और मेरा एक रोमाचक सफर खत्म हुआ।

वेदांश जोशी, छठी-डी

लोकतंत्र में विरोध

जब हम कहते हैं कि एक देश लोकतंत्र के आधार पर चलता है, तो हम यह मानते हैं कि उस देश की सरकार वहाँ की जनता बनाती है। आसान शब्दों में लोकतंत्र में सरकार जनता की होती है, जनता से होती है और जनता के लिए होती है।

हर लोकतांत्रिक देश को वहाँ का संविधान प्रजा को विरोध करने की आजादी देता है। यह आजादी लोकतांत्रिक देशों की जनता को अपनी परेशानियाँ प्रकट करने का अवसर प्रदान करती है। इससे सरकर उन कितनाइयों को ठीक करने का प्रयास करती है जिससे जनता खुश, सुरक्षित और संतुष्ट रह सके। एक समूह या दल का विरोध करने से दूसरों को भी उनकी परेशानियों के बारे में पता चलता है। विरोध से सरकार काम करती ही है, साथ ही इससे लोगों में भी जागरूकता फैलती है। विरोध से सरकार को उन मुश्किलों के बारे में पता चलता है जो शायद उन्हें पता ही न हों। विरोध के कई उदाहरण देखने को मिलते हैं — जैसे भारत के 'सी.ए.ए' और 'नए किसान कानूनों' को लेकर लोगों और किसानों के विरोध। विश्व के सबसे मजबूत लोकतंत्र

अमेरिका में भी कभी—कभी 'नस्ल भेद और रंग भेद' के विरुद्ध विरोध होते हैं। अलग अलग मुद्दों पर विरोध होते रहते हैं। कभी—कभी यह धर्म, जाति, रंग से सम्बंधित होते हैं तो कभी कभी सरकार व कानूनों से सम्बंधित। जहाँ पर लोकतंत्र होता है, वहाँ विरोध होना स्वाभाविक है। यह तो सरकार की जिम्मेदारी होती है कि वह अपनी जनता में अनुशासन व प्रेम बनाये रखे। अंततः एक सफल लोकतंत्र में विरोध की महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका है।

HOUSE HELP

शाइना बागड़िया, सातवीं-सी

PARENTS

स्वास्थ्य ही धन है

हमारा अच्छा स्वास्थ्य ही हमारी वास्तविक दौलत या धन है जो हमें अच्छा सोचने—समझने की शक्ति देता है और हमें जीवन की सभी चुनौतियों का सामना करने के लिए सक्षम बनाता है। अच्छी सेहत ही शारीरिक, मानसिक और सामाजिक स्वास्थ्य को बढ़ावा देती है।

हमारा शरीर ही अच्छी व बुरी, सभी परिस्थितियों में हमारा साथ निभाता है। यदि हमारा स्वास्थ्य ठीक है तो हमारा शरीर किसी भी अप्रत्याशित परिस्थिति का सामना कर सकता है। दूसरी तरफ, यदि कोई अस्वस्थ है तो अवश्य ही अन्य परेशानियों से भी पीड़ित रहेगा।

अच्छे स्वास्थ्य को बनाए रखने के लिए हमें नियमित शारीरिक व्यायाम, योग, ध्यान, संतुलित भोजन, अच्छे विचार, स्वच्छता, नियमित चिकित्सकीय झाँच, पर्याप्त मात्रा में नींद, आराम आदि की आवश्यकता होती है।

सभी प्रकार से सुखी होने के लिए और अपने कार्यों को स्वयं करने के लिए अपने स्वास्थ को बनाए रखना अति आवश्यक है। अच्छी सेहत हर समय साथ देती है और हमें न केवल धन कमाने में मदद करती हैं बल्कि जीवन को और बेहतर बनाने के लिए प्रोत्साहित करती है।

आज कल के प्रदूषित वातावरण में सभी के लिए अच्छे स्वास्थ्य को बनाए रखना और स्वस्थ जीवन जीना बहुत कठिन है। स्वस्थ्य रहने के लिए नियमित देखभाल और चिकित्सीय जाँच अनिवार्य है। आज कल अच्छा स्वास्थ्य भगवान के दिए हुए वरदान की तरह है। यह बिलकुल सत्य है कि स्वास्थ्य ही वास्तविक धन है।

अनन्या बजाज, आठवीं–ई

माँ की चरण वंदना

किसी ने खूबसूरत कहा है, माँ के चरणों में ही बसता है, यह सारा खूबसूरत संसार। यकीन मानो अगर माँ न होती, तो यह पूरा संसार भी न होता।

भगवान भी जिसकी करते हैं वंदना, उस महान शख्सियत को कहते हैं माँ। जो अपने दिल में दुःख और दर्द सँभाले, उस ममता की मूरत को कहते हैं माँ।

बच्चों के हर गिरते कदम को सँभाले, उस महान शख्सियत को कहते है माँ। जो अपने परिवार को हर समस्या से बचाए, उस कृतज्ञता का नाम है माँ।

कुछ शब्दों में क्या वर्णन करें उसका, जिस माँ में समाता है सारा जहान। खुशनसीब है हर वह इंसान, मिली है जिसे माँ की ममता। जग जननी, लक्ष्मी, शक्ति, सरस्वती, भगवान के हर रूप में है माँ।





मेरी एक छोटी सी अभिलाषा

मेरी एक छोटी सी अभिलाषा, पंख लगा कर उड़ जाऊँ, रंग बिरंगी जगह को देखूँ और मस्ती से इठलाऊँ।

ऊँचे गगन में पंख फैलाकर बादलों में जाकर छिप जाऊँ, सूरज दादा को देखकर मंद–मंद मैं मुस्काऊँ।

ऊँचे—ऊँचे पेड़ों पर मैं सुंदर सा आशियाना बनाऊँ, अपने सारे मित्रों के साथ खेलकूद कर दिन बिताऊँ।

न कोई रोके न कोई टोके अपने मन की मैं कर पाऊँ। दिन भर की मेहनत के बाद जब मैं थक जाऊँ, तो चंदा मामा की गोद में चुपके से सो जाऊँ।

नयनाश्री भट्टाचार्या. सातवीं-ई

वह मधुमरवी जो

वह मधुमखी जो
मँडराती दिन भर
फुदक—फुदक कर
चूसती फूलों का रस
उसके छोटे—छोटे से पर
रुकते नहीं क्षण भर।

वह मधुमखी जो आकार से तो है छोटी परन्तु बड़े काम है करती अमृत जैसा शहद बनाती और सत्तर प्रतिशत परागण भी दुनिया में है करती।

वह मधुमखी जो जिसके छोटे छोटे कंधों पर निर्भर हैं पेड़, पौधे सब। हो सतर्क और ध्यान दो वरना न बचेगी यह सृष्टि न नर, न नारी।

स्तुति डावर, छठी-ई





તક્શાબ

अब बस करो! दो हजार बीस, रोको यह प्रकृति की सजा, हमें करना है थोड़ा मजा।

देखो यह महामारी 'कोरोना', हमें है जिसको जीतना। आए भारत में तीन चक्रवात, अम्फान, निसर्ग और निवार।

टिड्डियाँ आईं बहुत सालों बाद, जिन्होंने लगाए पेड़ों पर दाग। दिल्ली में आए कई भूकंप, उन्होंने मचाया हडकंप।

प्रकृति माँ ने है बदला लिया, हमने उन्हें बहुत परेशान किया। कृपया हमें माफ करो, बदलों की सूची कूड़ेदान में धरो।

पंखुरी गुप्ता, सातवीं-सी



यह कहानी है एक मुसाफिर की जिसका नाम राजू था जो कि अपना सामान ऊँट पर लादकर अरब के रेगिस्तान में एक स्थान से दूसरे स्थान में व्यापार के लिए ले जाता था। एक बार वह अपने 100 ऊँटों के साथ ऐसी ही एक यात्रा कर रहा था, रात होने पर विश्राम करने के लिए एक सराय में गया। सराय मतलब मामूली किराए पर रहने का स्थान। वह सराय के मालिक के पास गया और उसने वहाँ पर रात को रुकने की इजाजत माँगी। सराय मालिक ने कहा यह सराय तो बनी ही व्यापारियों के लिए है और उसका स्वागत है, वह यहाँ पर रह सकता है। सराय मालिक ने कहा कि वह अपने ऊँटों को बाँधकर आ जाए। राजू गया और मैदान में अपने ऊँटों को एक—एक कर बाँधने लगा। उसके पास एक बस्ते में हर ऊँट के लिए एक खूँटा और रस्सी थी। जब उसने 99 ऊँटों को बाँध लिया और वह आखिरी ऊँट के पास पहुँचा तब उसने देखा कि उसके पास एक खूँटा और रस्सी कम है शायद रस्सी और खूँटा कहीं पर गिर गए होंगे। लेकिन अब कुछ नहीं हो सकता था और ऊँट को खुला नहीं छोड़ सकता था क्योंकि ऐसा होने पर रात को वह ऊँट भाग जाता।

इस समस्या को देखकर राजू बहुत परेशान हो गया उसको कुछ भी समझ में नहीं आ रहा था। वह तुरंत सराय के मालिक के पास गया और उससे पूछा क्या उसके पास कोई खूँटा और रस्सी है? सराय के मालिक ने कहा कि उसके पास कोई खूँटा और रस्सी नहीं है क्योंकि जो भी व्यापारी यहाँ पर आता है वह अपने ऊँटों को बाँधने के लिए खुद खूँटा और रस्सी लाता है। राजू परेशान हो गया और वह काफी देर तक सोचता रहा कि इस समस्या का क्या समाधान निकाला जाए। तभी उसे अपनी दोस्त अंजली गुप्ता की याद आई जो भारत में मदर्स इंटरनेशनल स्कूल में पढ़ती है।

उसने तुरंत ही अपना फोन निकाला और अंजली से बात की। अंजली गुप्ता ने उससे पूछा कि वह कौन बोल रहा है तो उसने कहा कि मैं उसका मित्र राजू ऊँट वाला बोल रहा हूँ जो कि अरब में व्यापार करता है यह सुनकर अंजली ने पूछा कि भाई क्या हुआ तुमने आज ऐसे कैसे याद किया ? राजू ऊँट वाले ने कहा कि अंजली मैं बहुत समस्या में फँस गया हूँ। मेरे पास 100 ऊँट हैं और उनको बॉधने के लिए सिर्फ 99 खूँटे और रस्सी हैं। क्या तुम मुझे कुछ तरीका या सुझाव दे सकती हो जिससे में अपने 100 वें ऊँट को बाँध सकूँ। अंजली ने कहा कि अगर बुद्धि का उपयोग करें तो हर समस्या का हल निकल सकता है। उसने कहा मुझे 2 मिनट का समय दो मैं सोच कर बताती हूँ। अंजली ने दिमाग लगाया उसके दिमाग में एक विचार आया उसने तूरंत राजू को फोन लगाया और बताया तुम एक काम करो कि उस ऊँट के पास जाओ और ऐसा नाटक करो कि जैसे तुम उसे रस्सी से बाँध रहे हो एक खूँटा गाड़ रहे हो और रस्सी उसके गले में डाल रहे हो तुम काल्पनिक रूप से उसे बॉधने की कोशिश करो ऐसा देखकर उसको शायद यह लगेगा कि वह बाँधा जा रहा है और वह बैठ जाएगा। राजू उस ऊँट के पास गया और वहाँ पर ऐसा नाटक करने लगा कि जैसे वह जमीन में खूँटा गाड़ रहा है उसके बाद उसने ऊँट के गले में रस्सी बाँधने का भी नाटक किया। ऊँट को लगा कि रोज की तरह उसे रस्सी से बाँध दिया गया है और वह जमीन पर बैठ जाता है।

राजू खुशी से उछल पड़ा उसने तुरंत ही जाकर यह बात सराय के मालिक को बताई। मालिक ने कहा चलो तुम्हारी समस्या सुलझ गई है अब तुम जाकर आराम से विश्राम करो। आप सभी पाठकों को लग रहा होगा कि कहानी खतम हो गई पर अभी बहुत कुछ बाकी है।

जब राजू सुबह उठा तो देखा कि दिन चढ़ आया है और उसे निकलने में थोड़ी देरी हो गई है वह तुरंत गया अपने सारे ऊँटों को एक—एक करके उठाया और चलने की तैयारी करने लगा ऐसा करने पर उसने देखा कि सारे ऊँट उठ गए हैं सिवाय उस ऊँट के जिसको काल्पनिक रूप से बाँधा गया था। उसने काफी कोशिश की लेकिन वह सफल नहीं हुआ। उसकी समझ में नहीं आया और परेशान हो गया।

कुछ भी समझ में ना आने पर वह फिर से सराय मालिक के पास गया तो उसने कहा कि इसका इलाज तुम्हें वही तुम्हारी दोस्त अंजली गुप्ता ही बता सकती है तुम तुरंत उसे फोन करो। उसने तुरंत अंजली गुप्ता को फोन किया तो उसने पाया कि उस वक्त वह अपनी क्लास अटेंड कर रही थी फिर भी उसने उसको परेशानी में जानकर तुरंत उसको जवाब दिया उसने उससे पूछा अब क्या हुआ भाई अब तुम्हें क्या समस्या हो गई तो उसने कहा कि तुमने जिस ऊँट को काल्पनिक खूँटे और रस्सी से बँधवाया था वह ऊँट उठने से मना कर रहा है समझ में नहीं आ रहा है कि उसे कैसे उठाऊँ। अंजली ने कहा कि अच्छा मैं समझ गई कि वह ऊँट क्यों नहीं उठ रहा है, तुम एक काम करो उसके पास जाओ और ऐसा नाटक करो कि तुम ऊँट के खूँटे को उखाड़ रहे हो और रस्सी को खोल रहे हो, ऊँट तुरंत उठ जाएगा।

राजू दौड़ के उस ऊँट के पास गया और उसने उस काल्पनिक रस्सी को खोल दिया और खूँटे को उखाड़ दिया। यह देखकर ऊँट तुरंत खड़ा हो गया और राजू एकदम सकपका गया कि यह कैसे संभव है कि ऊँट जो उठ नहीं रहा था वह काल्पनिक खूँटे को निकलने से उठ गया तो उसको लगा कि अंजली ने उसको सही सलाह दी है और उसे तुरंत फोन करके अंजली को धन्यवाद दिया और अपने रास्ते चला गया।

अंजुरी गुप्ता, सातवीं-डी

इंतजार

कहते हैं, 'वक्त और लहरें कभी नहीं रुकतीं', चलती ही रहती हैं, और जिंदगी भी चलती ही रहती है। पर कुछ पल ऐसे भी होते हैं जिनका आपको बेसब्री से इंतजार होता है।

एक बच्चे के पैदा होने के इंतजार से लेकर उसके बड़ होने तक माता—पिता की लाखों मासूम उम्मीदें होती है। मसलन, उसके बोलने की, उसके स्कूल जाने की, मंच पर देखने की आदि। इन उम्मीदों का सिल्सिला चलता रहता है। एक स्

की, आदि। इन उम्मी<mark>दों का सिलसिला च</mark>लता रहता है, एक खत्म होता है तो दूसरा शुरु। बचपन, जवानी, फिर <mark>बुढ़ापा, इन उम्मीदों व</mark> ख्वाहिशों के <mark>ताने—बाने में जीवन</mark> पलता रहता है।

आधुनिक युग में कुछ इंतजार ऐसे भी हैं जो हम भूल चुक हैं, जैसे कि किसी की चिट्ठी का या किसी के ट्रंक कॉल की घंटों राह देखना। शायद हमारे माता पिता की पीढ़ी इस इंतजार के बारे में अधिक रोशनी डाल सकें। आजकल तो बस किसी के वॉट्सएप्प के जवाब का इंतजार है या दोस्तों के इंस्टाग्राम की पोस्ट को देखने का।

कुछ इंतजार ऐसे भी हैं जो एक परिवार या समूह तक ही सीमित नहीं हैं, बल्कि पूरे देश के लिए समान होते हैं, जैसे भारतीय क्रिकेट टीम का विश्व कप लाना या हमारे देश का विकसित देशों में गिना जाना।

आज के दौर में पूरे विश्व को एकमात्र इंतजार है कि यह महामारी जड़ से समाप्त हो जाए और सभी स्वस्थ हो जाएँ। जहाँ एक तरफ इस उम्मीद के पूरा होने की आशा की किरण दिखती है वहीं अगर यह अलग मोड़ ले ले, तो हमें चिड़चिड़ा या गुस्सैल भी बना सकती है। देखा जाए तो यह इंतजार हमें बहुत कुछ सिखाता है। जहाँ एक तरफ यह हमें आशावादी रहना सिखाता है, वहीं दूसरी तरफ धैर्य का बहुमूल्य पाठ पढ़ाता है। किशोर अवस्था में धैर्य और ठहराव का महत्व शायद आज हम नहीं समझ सकते परन्तु कल अवश्य समझेंगें।

आप सभी की तरह मुझे भी इंतजार है उस सामान्य सी सुबह का, जब मैं बैग टाँग कर स्कूल बस मैं बैठकर जाऊँगी, अपने दोस्तों के साथ गप्पें माऊँगी, पढाई के साथ मस्ती भी होगी। शाम को कॉलोनी के दोस्तों के साथ फुटबॉल का मैच होगा और सामान्य से विषयों पर बहस भी। वो सुबह कभी तो आएगी... मुझे इंतजार रहेगा।

देविका जोशी, बारहवीं-एफ

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं

वे दिन भी क्या दिन थे जब गर्मियों की छुट्टी खत्म होती थी, हम बेसब्री से जुलाई का इंतजार करते थे।

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं, आज हम स्कूल जाने के लिए तरसने लगे हैं, घरों में बंद बाहर जाने के लिए तड़पने लगे हैं।

जब हम स्कूल जाते थे, तब दौड़कर अटेन्डेंस रजिस्टर ले आते थे। ब्लैक बोर्ड साफ करने के लिए, अपना हाथ सबसे पहले उठाते थे।

> ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं, जब हम ऑन—लाइन क्लास की दुनिया में सिमट गए हैं। आँखों पर पड़ता है जोर, जिससे आँखें हो गईं कमजोर।

महामारी का प्रकोप है आज, जिससे हो गया विश्व का नाश। अगर चलना है बचकर आज, उपयोग करें सेनिटाइजर और मास्क। दूरी लोगों से बनाए रखें, करें दूर से अपना प्रणाम।

पीह् चौरसिया, छठी-ई





हम और हमारी मृगतृष्णा...

एक तरफ मनुष्य है हैरान, अपने ही घर में कैद—परेशान कितने तो पहुँच गए श्मशान, खो गए हम सबके अरमान।

कोरोना ने कर दिया सबको बेहाल न जा सके हम अपने स्कूल, दफ्तर या ननिहाल पता नहीं कैसे चढ़ा है यह साल, हो रहा है सब गोलमाल।

परन्तु दूसरी तरफ यह लॉकडाउन, हो गया सृष्टि के लिए वरदान। खिल उठे हैं फूल-पत्ते एवं खलिहान, खुले में घूम रहे हैं पशु-पक्षी, जो थे इंसानों से परेशान। गंगा-यमुना को भी आई साँस, स्वच्छ जल का उठा है उफान।

बस अब छोड़ दो मृगतृष्णा की आस और उसको पाने के लिए बेमतलब की रफ्तार अब भी वक्त है सुधर जाओ जीवन जीने की नयी शैली अपनाओ।

स्तुति डावर, छठी-ई

प्रकृति की पुकार

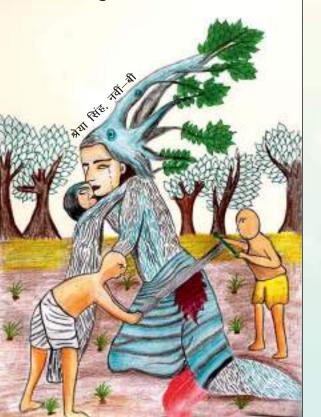
प्रकृति ईश्वर का आशीर्वाद, इससे ही मानवता आबाद, लेकिन नर को नहीं यह बोध, स्वयं बना प्रगति में अवरोध।

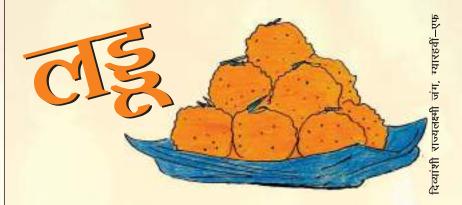
पंछी सारे लुप्त हो गए, उपवन—झरने शुष्क हो गए, मानव करता वन बर्बाद, प्रकृति से टूटा उसका संवाद।

धरा के उर में भरा विषाद, कोई नहीं सुनता फरियाद, मूढ़ मनुष्य करता शोषण, प्रकृति कब तक करेगी पोषण?

धरती कहती बार—बार, मानव सुन लो मेरी पुकार, उज्ज्वल भविष्य को दो आकार, काटो एक पेड़ तो लगाओ चार।

<mark>ध्रुव छाब</mark>ङा, आठवी–ई





अरे—अरे खाना तो लेते जाओ!, माँ ने बोला। मैं दौड़ा और खाना लेकर चलता गया। रास्ते में जो दिखता, उसे मुसकराकर देखता और उछल—कूदकर बस स्टॉप पहुँचता। एक बार रास्ते में एक अंकल दिखे, जो करीब पचास साल के होंगे। उन्होंने बहुत सी मिठाइयाँ पकड़ी हुई थी और मेरे मुँह में मिठाइओं को देखते ही पानी भर आया। मैं दौड़कर उनकी सहायता करने गया और उनकी छोटी सी एक दुकान में पहुँचा। वह छोटी थी पर बड़ी खूबसूरत और मिठाइयों की खुशबू तो अनुपम थी। अंकल ने मुझे मुसकरा कर देखा और मेरे हाथ में एक लड्डू पकड़ा दिया। मैं बड़ा खुश हुआ और मैंने हँसते—हँसते उनको धन्यवाद बोला। उन्होंने फिर मुझे बताया—''तीस साल से यह दुकान चला रहा हूँ। कई तरह के लोगों से मिला हूँ पर आज तक किसी ने मेरी ऐसे सहायता नहीं की।''

मुझे यह बात तब समझ नहीं आई पर खुश होकर मैं चला आया। उस दिन से मैं हर दिन घर से पंद्रह मिनट जल्दी निकलता था ताकि अंकल की सहायता कर पाऊँ। प्रति दिन मैं उनसे मिलता और देखते ही देखते वो मेरे चाचा जैसे बन गए। जिस दिन मैं बारहवीं कक्षा से पास हुआ तो मैंने उन्हें बताया कि आगे की पढाई के लिए मैं कानपूर जाऊँगा। वे मेरे लिए बड़े खुश हुए और मुझे आशीर्वाद देकर एक लड़ु पकड़ाया। मैं कानपुर चला गया और करीब पाँच साल बाद मेरी शादी हो गयी। उसके दो वर्ष बाद मैंने और मेरी पत्नी ने दिल्ली आने का फैसला किया। हम दिल्ली आते ही मेरे माता-पिता के घर गए और अपना घर ढूंढ़ने तक हमने वहीं रहने का निर्णय लिया। इसी कारण फिर मैंने अपने बेटे को भी अपने पुराने स्कूल में ही डाल दिया। उसके स्कूल के पहले दिन वह भाग कर बस स्टॉप जा रहा था कि वह एक अंकल से टकराया। मैंने भाग कर उनकी सहायता की तो वह हँस कर बोले, "बहुत साल पहले एक लड़के ने इसी तरह मेरी भाग कर सहायता की थी। वह तो मेरे बेटे जैसा बन गया था और उसे मैं लड्डू खिलाता था। आओ–आओ! आज तुम्हें भी लड्डू खिलाता हूँ।"

यह सुनते ही मैं चौंक गया और बोला, ''चाचा! मैं अमन हूँ!'' वे मुझे देख कर फूले न समाये और उन्होंने फिर मुझे और मेरे बेटे को एक—एक लड्डू दिया।

रीया भंडारी, नवीं–सी

स्कूल के यादगार पल

प्रवाधि राज्यवस्ती जंग, ग्यारहरीं न ता जिया था।

आज भी मुझे याद है स्कूल का वह पहला दिन, रोते हुए जब रखे थे प्रवेश द्वार पर अपने नन्हे कदम। वह यूनिफॉर्म पहनने की खुशी का पता न था, और गैर भी पक्के दोस्त बन जाएँगे यह कहाँ सोचा था।।

कभी न भुला पाऊँगी स्कूल न जाने के लिए वह तरह—तरह के बहाने बनाना,

फिर धीरे-धीरे से स्कूल के शांत वातावरण से प्रेम हो जाना।

वह दोस्तों से गपशप और लड़ना, शिक्षकों के डाँटने पर छुप—छुपकर हँसना।।

सुबह—सवेरे पेड़ों की झुरमुट से सूरज की किरणों का आना,

पक्षियों की चहचहाट सुनकर मन खुश हो जाना। बारिश के मौसम में मोरों का पंख फैलाकर अपना नृत्य दिखाना,

और ट्रैक फील्ड की हरी हरी—घास देखकर नंगे पाँव दौड़ने को जी ललचाना।।

असेंबली हॉल में घुसते ही उन मधुर भजनों से दिन की शुरुआत करना,

स्टेज पर जाते ही एक अलग जोश से भर उठना। अरेंजमेंट चार्ट देखने के लिए वह होड़ लगाना, और एक भी फ्री पीरियड पाकर खुशी से चिल्लाना।।

कक्षा में होकर भी मस्ती भरी दुनिया में खोए रहना, पढ़ाई के वक्त भी खेल—कूद के बारे में सोचना। हर रविवार वह सोमवार वाली परीक्षा के लिए जमकर पढ़ना,

और एक छुट्टी के बाद दूसरी मिलने का बेसब्री से इंतजार करना।। अपना लंच ले जाकर भी कैंटीन के छोले कुलचे खाना, सर्दियों में टोली बनाकर मित्रों संग धूप सेंकना। जौहर कप के दिन अपनी टीम के लिए नारे लगाना, और याद आएगा हर साल वार्षिक उत्सव का वह नाच गाना।।

अब फिर कहाँ सुनने को मिलेगी स्कूल की घंटी की आवाज,

साथियों का प्रेम और शिक्षकों का आशीर्वाद लिए करने जा रहे हैं हम एक नए भविष्य का आगाज़। पहले दिन रो रहे थे और अब अंतिम दिन पर भी, कभी सोचा न था कि कहना पड़ेगा अलविदा इतनी जल्दी।।

रिया सरन, बारहवीं-एफ

भौतिक स्तर पर भगवान अपने आपको सौन्दर्य द्वारा, मानसिक स्तर पर ज्ञान द्वारा, प्राणिक स्तर पर भाक्ति द्वारा और चैत्य स्तर पर प्रेम द्वारा अभिव्यक्त करते हैं।

– श्री माँ



किसी भी देश की जनता यह चाहती है कि उनका देश आत्मिनर्भर बने। वैसे ही हम भारतीयों के मन में भी एक ही इच्छा है कि हमारा देश आत्मिनर्भर बने। किसी भी देश के आत्मिनर्भर होने का अर्थ होता है कि उस देश की दूसरे देशों पर निर्भरता शून्य के बराबर हो जाए। हम जानते हैं कि किसी भी देश का आत्मिनर्भर बनना एक अत्यंत कठिन काम

है पर इसका यह मतलब नहीं कि यह असंभव है। भारत खुद को हर क्षेत्र में आत्मनिर्भर बनाने की कई कोशिशें कर रहा है। सरकार भी इसके लिए

कई कदम उठा रही है और बहुत सी योजनाओं को लागू कर रही है जिससे भारत में विदेशी वस्तुओं के आयात में कमी आए और स्वदेशी वस्तुओं के उत्पादन में वृद्धि आए। इसके लिए सरकार स्वदेशी वस्तुओं को बढ़ावा दे रही है। आखिर 'मेड इन इंडिया' वस्तुओं के इस्तेमाल से ही भारत आत्मनिर्भर बनेगा।

कृषि क्षेत्र भारत के लोगों को रोजगार देने वाला सबसे बड़ा स्रोत है। भारत के कुल जनसंख्या के लगभग 60% लोग कृषि क्षेत्र में काम करते हैं। कृषि क्षेत्र भारत के जीडीपी का 20% लगभग

योगदान देता है। यदि हम इस क्षेत्र पर और ध्यान दें और इसकी प्रगति के लिए सहायता करें तो यह क्षेत्र भारत को आत्मनिर्भर बनने में बहुत सहायता करेगा। केवल इतना ही नहीं, यह क्षेत्र भारत की आर्थिक प्रगति में भी एक बहुत महत्त्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभाएगा। भारत से कृषि सम्बन्धित वस्तुओं का दूसरे देशों को निर्यात बढ़ेगा और इन्हीं वस्तुओं के दूसरे देशों से भारत में आयात में कमी आएगी। इससे देश आत्मनिर्भर भी बनेगा और उसकी प्रगति भी होगी। जब तक हमारे देश के सारे किसान आत्मनिर्भर नहीं बनते तब तक हमारा देश भी आत्मनिर्भर नहीं बनेगा। हमें उनकी वर्तमान स्थिति को और बेहतर बनाना होगा। कई किसान अपना और अपने परिवार का पेट नहीं भर पाते और कई अपनी पूरी जिंदगी कर्ज़ चुकाते रह जाते हैं। हमें किसानों की स्थिति को सुधारना पड़ेगा तभी वे कृषि क्षेत्र में अधिक योगदान दे पाएँगे। बहुत बार ऐसा भी होता है जब किसानों को अपनी फसल बिना अपनी इच्छा के व्यापारियों को सस्ते दामों में बेचनी पड़ती है। इससे उन्हें मूनाफे के बदले घाटा हो जाता है। जो पैसे उन्होंने फसल उगाने में खर्च किए थे उनकी भरपाई नहीं हो पाती है। इस कारण उन्हें अपना जीवन गरीबी में बिताना पडता है। किसानों को और आत्मनिर्भर बनाने के लिए हमें इस बात पर भी ध्यान देना चाहिए कि हर वर्ष कई फसलें बरबाद हो जाती हैं। इसके लिए हमें किसानों को कृषि के अलग-अलग तरीकों को बताकर जागरूक करना पड़ेगा जिससे उनकी सारी फसल बरबाद न हो। इससे कृषि क्षेत्र की प्रगति होगी और किसान भी आत्मनिर्भर बनेंगे इसके लिए सरकार ने कई योजनाएँ लागू की हैं। उनमें से एक योजना है – 'प्रधानमंत्री कृषि सिंचाई योजना' – इस योजना का उद्देश्य है सिंचाई को बेहतर बनाना। एक और योजना 'परंपरागत कृषि विकास योजना' – यह योजना ऑर्गेनिक फार्मिंग को बढावा देती है। इन दो योजनाओं के अतिरिक्त सरकार की और भी कई योजनाएँ हैं।

यदि हमारे देश के सारे किसान आत्मिनर्भर बन जाएँ तो हमारे देश के कृषि क्षेत्र का विकास होगा। कृषि क्षेत्र का विकास मतलब देश का विकास। कृषि क्षेत्र हमारे देश का एक बहुत महत्त्वपूर्ण क्षेत्र है। यदि इस क्षेत्र में काम कर रहे सारे किसान आत्मिनर्भर बन गए तो हमारा देश भी बहुत हद तक आत्मिनर्भर बन जाएगा।

शाम्भवी, नवीं-ए

दोस्ती होती है बहुत विचित्र, अनमोल होता है जीवन में मित्र। सारे दु:ख-दर्द होते हैं दूर, बनता है वह हमारी आँखों का नूर।

खेलते हैं हम दिन-प्रतिदिन. जिंदगी कठिन होती है उनके बिन। होता हँसी-मजाक और मस्ती. ऐसी मित्रता नहीं होती सस्ती।

कभी न छोडते मित्र अपना साथ, थामे रखते हम उनका हाथ। सब कुछ करते उनके संग, वे जीवन में लाते कई रंग।

फिर भी होता लडाई-झगडा, जीतता वही जो हो अधिक तगडा। दोस्तों से कभी न बोलो तुम झुठ, वरना वे जाएँगे तुमसे रूठ।

मित्रता की इमारत सच्ची नींव पर बनाना, ऐसे ही सदा अपनी दोस्ती निभाना।

आरुष उदय खन्ना, आठवीं-बी





वो काबिल उतनी ही है जितना पडोस वाले का लड़का है. बस दुनिया वालों के समझने की देर है,

कि इन्हें मौका देने का फ़र्ज भी उनका है।

उन्होंने कहा-आज कल यह लैंगिक समानता का ढिंढोरा पिटता रहता है. पर आखिर असल काम तो मर्द ही करता है. अब इन्हें कौन बताए कि यह तो देखने वाले के नजरिए में छिपा है।

उन्हें औरत होने का दर्जा नहीं चाहिए. चाहिए तो बस थोड़ी सी इज्ज़त, चाहिए तो बस थोड़ा सा बदला हुआ नज़रिया, वैसे तो यह सम्मान को तरस गयीं, पर हाँ, हर नवरात्रि पूजा इन्हीं की होती है।

ईहा गौतम, नवीं-बी

भगवान विशुद्ध सुख हैं, आनन्दपूर्ण सौभाग्य हैं परन्तु यह सौभाग्य तभी पूर्ण होता है जब समग्र हो।

– श्री माँ





यादें

शहर की इस भीड़ में आपा धापी के जोर में कुछ पल याद आते हैं, जो मेरे दिल के करीब रहते हैं।

इन 12 वर्षों में कुछ नए चेहरों से मुलाकात हुई है देखते ही देखते एक नई दोस्ती की शुरुआत हुई है जाने कब अब हमारे रास्ते टकराएँगे, बीते हुए पल बहुत याद आएँगे।

वह टीचर की डाँट जो कभी—कभी रुलाया करती थी याद करेंगे जब उन लम्हों को तो एक मुस्कराहट सी आया करेगी इस घर से निकलकर जाएँगे हम कहाँ, एक दिन जरूर लौटकर आएँगे हम यहाँ।

> वृंदा शाह, बारहवीं—बी एवं विदुषी जैन, बारहवीं—सी

जान से प्यारा है मेरा हिंदुस्तान

जान से प्यारा है मेरा हिंदुस्तान, ये देश मेरा है सबसे महान। वीरों की धरती, जो देते हैं बलिदान, किसानों ने सींचे हैं खेत—खलिहान।

प्रगति में दिया कल-कारखानों ने योगदान, बनाया लोगों ने जीवन आत्मनिर्भर और आसान। उन्नति ले आयी हमें विकसित देशों के समान, जान से प्यारा है मेरा हिंदुस्तान।

> विविध भाषाओं में आदान-प्रदान, अनेक परिधानों का अलग सम्मान। विभिन्नता में एकता है इसकी पहचान, जान से प्यारा है मेरा हिंदुस्तान।

विकास के लिए परिश्रम करता जन—जन, हर क्षण करते प्रयास कि रखें देश की शान। ये देश मेरा है सबसे महान, जान से प्यारा है मेरा हिंदुस्तान।





खुद से जीतने की जिद है मुझे खुद को ही हराना है अपने डर को भगा कर मुझे स्वयं को निडर बनाना है।

अपनी गलतियों को सुधार कर अपनी सीमाओं से आगे जाकर मुझे ऊँचाइओं तक पहुँचना है। दूसरों की देखा देखी नहीं अपनी खुद की सोच को आगे बढ़ाना है।

> मुझे हार नहीं माननी कोशिश करते रहना है पिछली बार से बेहतर करना है यही मेरा मकसद है, यही मेरा कर्तव्य है।

> > मिताली, ग्यारहवीं-बी

जिसे भगवान पर भरोसा है, उनकी समझ और दया पर भरोसा है, उसके सामने फिर और कोई समस्या नहीं रहती।

- श्री माँ



समय

कुसमय रूपी चंदवा ऊपर, मानो है फैला हुआ इस कारण सूरज की कोई किरण, न धरा को आकर छुई

आखिर एक किरण सामने पथ पर पड़ती है।

यह किरण, मैं मानता हूँ है आशा की अवतार तोड़ती है मन के भीतर की निराशावादी दीवार आशा की महत्ता, हमें यह सिखाती है।

समय दौड़ता है, उसका ईंधन हमारी खुशी, सिवाय कुसमय, जो रेंगता है। यह भला कौन सा न्याय ! समय अपना महत्व, ऐसे हमें बतलाता है।

इसे न रोका जा सकता है, है यह अति क्रूर, नदियाँ हैं सूखती, करती शहरों को चूर समय अपना बल, ऐसे दर्शाता है।

समय ही है महानतम, जो न करे उसका सम्मान, मिटा देता है वह धरती से, उसका नामोनिशान।

विज्वल एक बोटे, ग्यारहवीं

मित्रता की सच्चाई

मित्रता का महत्व जीवन में अनोखा है यह साथ हो, अकेलापन दूर हो जाता है। मन की असुरक्षा नष्ट हो जाती, मुश्किल रास्ते भी आसान हो जाते हैं।

जब कभी भी हम उदास होते बिना बोले ही वह समझ लेते, अपने प्यार और देखभाल से जीवन में खुशी भर देते।

विश्वास का यह अटूट रिश्ता है दिल में छुपे राज उन्हें बता पाते जो खुद को भी बताने से कतराते उनके साथ बाँट शांत हो जाते।

मित्रता की पहचान है जरूरी धोखा खाकर या नुकसान उठाकर आते—जाते झगड़ों में भी, सच्ची मित्रता ही रहे पक्की।

असली मित्रता एक ऐसा बंधन है जिस पर दूरी प्रभाव डालती नहीं आपस का प्यार और सम्मान है राखी की गाँठ के समान!

नित्या गुप्ता, आठवीं-सी



जब रसोई में ऐसा होता है तो...

जब रसोई में कोई अच्छा पकवान बनता है, खुशबू इन लोगों को रसोई में पहुँचाती है, इंतजार करते—करते लोग बन जाते हैं शेर, इसलिए पाँच—पाँच मिनट में पूछते, और कितनी देर।

अगर बनता पिज्जा, पास्ता और केक, प्रतीक्षा करते जब तक ना होता बेक, अगर बनते पूरी, छोले और पनीर, उन्हें खाते वे ले—ले के नीर।

अगर बावर्ची ने नौकरी छोड़ दी, तो इन लोगों को मिलेगी खिचड़ी, अगर बावर्ची को नहीं हो मसाला ज्ञान, तो ये लोग ले लेंगे बावर्ची की जान।

भले के लिए कान खोलकर सुनो, अभी के लिए बाहर का खाना खाकर अपने लिए जाल मत बुनो, सुरक्षित रहो।

अंजुरी गुप्ता, सातवीं—डी





वृक्ष

पशु, पक्षी और मनुष्य, इन पर निर्भर जीवन सारा, वृक्ष हैं हमारी धरोहर, इनको बचाना कर्त्तव्य हमारा।

भीषण गर्मी में शीतल छाया देते, मूसलाधार बारिश से हमें बचाते, चारों दिशाओं में शुद्ध हवा फैलाते, प्रदूषण से हमें राहत देते।

वृक्ष नहीं तो हम नहीं, यही हैं हमारे सच्चे मित्र, क्यों नहीं हम भी खूब बड़े बनें, अपना चरित्र वृक्ष जैसा बनाएँ।

नम्या मदान, छठी-ई



क्रीराना की नारिश में आशा की किरण

पूरी दुनिया एक ठहराव पर आ गई है और इसका कारण यह महामारी कोरोना है। अचानक, ऐसा लगता है कि हम एक हॉरर फिल्म का हिस्सा हैं। खलनायक कोरोनो वायरस हजारों लोगों को मार रहा है और हम असहाय महसूस कर रहे हैं। इसने हमारे जीवन को उल्टा कर दिया है।

यथोचित, स्थिति ने हमें बातें को देखने के लिए एक मौका दिया है। शुरुआत में इस लॉकडाउन को मेरे जैसे कुछ बच्चों द्वारा छुट्टियों के रूप में माना जाता था। कई बार विस्तार होने के बाद इसने हमें विद्यालयों में भाग लेने के मुल्य का एहसास कराया है। हम अपने शिक्षकों की कड़ी मेहनत की सराहना करते हैं जो हमें ऑनलाइन कक्षाओं के माध्यम से पढाने और अध्ययन सामग्री प्रदान करने की पूरी कोशिश कर रहे हैं। शिक्षक कोई कसर नहीं छोड़ रहे हैं ताकि हम बेकार बैठे अपना कीमती समय बर्बाद न करें। हालाँकि शुरू में ऑनलाइन कक्षाएँ लेना उनके लिए एक चुनौती थी, लेकिन वे जल्दी से उसमें पारंगत हो गए ताकि हमारे शैक्षणिक लक्ष्य पर कोई असर न पड़े। इसने हमें सिखाया है कि जब जीवन चुनौतियों को हमारे सामने रखे तो हम उससे कभी दूर न भागें और रिथति के अनुसार ढलने की कोशिश करें।

यह किठन समय हमारे जीवन में फलों, सिब्जियों और किराने का सामान जैसे रोजमर्रा के खाद्य पदार्थों के मूल्य सिखा रहा है। वे इतने मूल्यवान हो गए हैं कि आजकल वे आसानी से उपलब्ध नहीं हैं। हम खुद को सीमित संसाधनों के साथ प्रबंधित करना सीख रहे हैं। हमने अपने किसानों और विक्रेताओं का सम्मान करना सीख लिया है जो इन जरूरी चीजों को हमारे घर तक पहुँचा रहे हैं। हमने महसूस किया है कि हमें कभी भी भोजन बर्बाद नहीं करना चाहिए क्योंकि बहुत से लोग इस लॉकडाउन के दौरान भी भोजन कर पाने में असमर्थ हैं। इसने हमें जंक फूड से परे जीवन भी सिखाया है क्योंकि अब हम जानते हैं कि स्वादिष्ट भोजन घर पर भी पकाया जा सकता है। हम स्वच्छता और व्यक्तिगत स्वच्छता के बारे में अधिक सतर्क हो गए हैं।

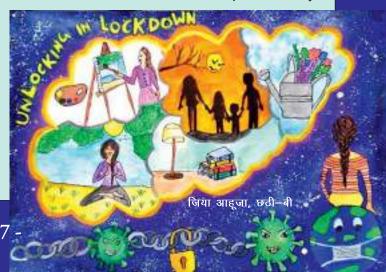
लॉकडाउन ने हमें हमारे माता-पिता की सराहना करना भी सिखा दिया जो आमतौर पर हमारी उचित और अनुचित माँगों को पूरा करने के लिए दिन-रात काम करते हैं और कभी शिकायत नहीं करते हैं। उनके साथ अधिक समय बिताने से हमें उन्हें समझने और सीखने का मौका मिला।

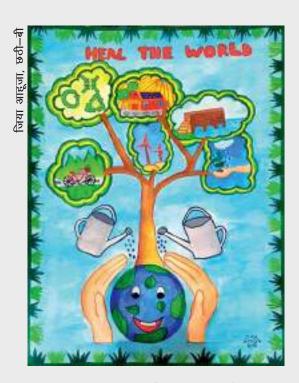
जीवन न केवल पढ़ाई, टीवी और खेल के बारे में है बिल्क यह जीवन के किसी भी चरण के दौरान एक दूसरे के साथ शुख—दु:ख साझा करने और खड़े होने के बारे में है। हमें अपने माता—पिता के बचपन के दिनों को जानने, रामायण, महाभारत आदि देखने, लूडो जैसे खेल खेलने का भी मौका मिला है। माता—पिता ने हमें पैसे का मूल्य भी सिखाया है और यह कि बारिश के दिनों के लिए पैसे बचाना कितना आवश्यक है। हमने सीखा है कि हमारा यह कर्तव्य है कि हम अपने कर्मचारियों—चाहे वे दफ्तरों, कारखानों और घरेलू मदद वाले हों की मदद में खड़े हों क्योंकि वे ऐसे लोग हैं जो हमारे जीवन को जीने लायक बनाते हैं।

वर्तमान स्थिति ने हमारे उन संगठनों को महत्व दिया है जो हमारे जीवन को आसान और सुचारू बनाने के लिए दिन—रात काम करते रहते हैं। हमें अपनी सरकार और पुलिस अधिकारियों के प्रति आभारी होना चाहिए जो लोगों को सामाजिक दूरी के नियमों का पालन कराने की कोशिश कर रहे हैं। हमें उन स्वास्थ्य कर्मियों का भी सम्मान करना चाहिए जो हजारों लोगों की जान बचाने के लिए अपनी जान खतरे में डाल रहे हैं।

लॉकडाउन हमें जीवन के बारे में कई सबक दे रहा है। हमने सकारात्मक सोच के साथ मुश्किलों को सँभालना सीखा है और मुझे आशा है कि ये पाठ जीवन भर हमारे साथ रहेंगे। हर दुःस्वप्न का अंत होता है और यह जल्द ही समाप्त हो जाएगा।

के. शीर्षा शर्मा, बारहवीं-ए





प्रकृति की लीला न्यारी

प्रकृति की लीला न्यारी कहीं सूखा, कहीं पानी कहीं ठंडी, कहीं गर्मी कहीं अँधेरा, कहीं रोशनी।

प्रकृति की लीला न्यारी हमारे लिए ये कितना करती लेकिन हमने इसकी बात न मानी कुदरत को पहुँचाई हमने बहुत हानि।

प्रकृति की लीला न्यारी देती हमें हवा, आग, जमीन, पानी इसी से बनती हमारी जिन्दगी और बनती सारी सृष्टि।

प्रकृति की लीला न्यारी हमने पहुँचाई इसे बहुत हानि हमें दे दो कृपया माफ़ी बख्श दो लोगों की जिंदगी।

अंजुरी गुप्ता, सातवीं-सी

मिलकर कोरोना को हराएँगे

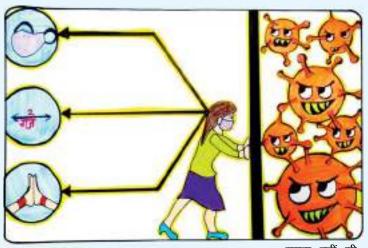
हम सभी देश वासी कोरोना को हराएँगे घर में रह कर ही इस जंग को जीत जाएँगे हाथ किसी से भी हम नहीं मिलाएँगे नमस्ते करके भारतीय संस्कृति का मान बढ़ाएँगे एक दूसरे से दो गज की दूरी हमेशा बनाएँगे, भीड़—भाड़ वाली जगह में बिल्कूल नहीं जाएँगे।

> अगर घर से बाहर है जाना तो मास्क को जरूर है लगाना सभी नियमों का पालन करना, सावधान हमेशा रहना।

कोरोना से हमे नहीं घबराना है सावधानी रखकर इसे दूर भगाना है हम सभी देश—वासियों को यह कदम उठाना है, बचाव ही इलाज है, यही सभी को समझाना है।

> मिलकर कोरोना को हराना है, मिलकर कोरोना को हराना है।

सृष्टि गुप्ता



समता, नवीं–सी



पेड़ की शाखा पर बैठी

पेड़ की शाखा पर बैठी तितली बहुत ही रंग—बिरंगी और सुन्दर पंख उसके हैं नीले—पीले पीती है फूलों का मीठा रस फूलों को भी खुशी मिलती कि ऐसी तितली बैठी शाखा पर।

जब रस पी लेती तितली
फुर्र से उड़ जाती है
दूर नीले आकाश में
देखता रहता है पेड़ वहाँ पर
जिस दिशा तितली उड़ जाती है।

बहुत सी तितली–चिड़िया बैठी उस डाल पर, पर कोई उतना सुंदर नहीं जितनी वह प्यारी तितली थी।

कल्याणी गुप्ता, छठी-ई

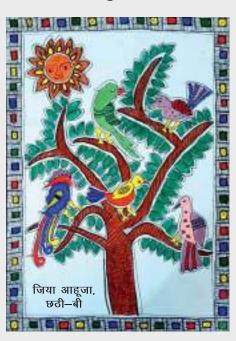
वह पेड़ जो

वह पेड़ जो बहुत से जीवों को घर देता, और बदले में कुछ नहीं लेता।

वह पेड़ जो सैकड़ों वर्षों तक सर्दी—गर्मी सहता, और एक जगह पर ही खड़ा रहता।

वह पेड़ जो हमें बहुत कुछ है देता, पर हमें उसका ध्यान न रहता, कि कितना कष्ट है वह सहता। तो आओ इसे बचाएँ, और नए पेड़ लगाएँ।

कल्याणी गुप्ता, छठी-ई





मित्रता-एक

सुन्दर मिजाज

वह कौन है, जो मुझे सताता है रुलाता है, खूब हँसाता है मेरे आँसू पोंछकर वह खुद—ब—खुद, मेरे लिए रोता है।

वह मेरा दोस्त, मेरा मित्र, मेरा साथी और जैसा भी मैं हूँ, वह हमेशा मेरे साथ है खड़ा।

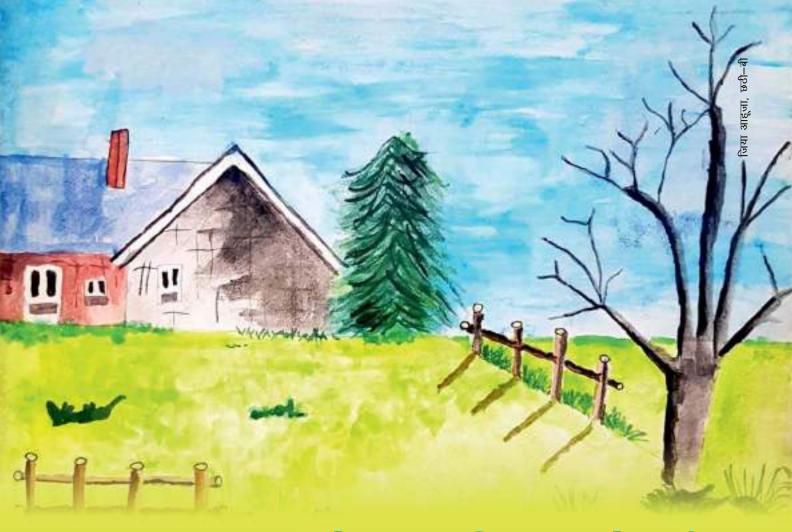
अगर बारिश से भीगे चेहरे में, कोई आँसू पहचान सकता है, तो समझ लो वह मित्र ही नहीं, बल्कि ईश्वर का वरदान है।

दोस्त हों तो जैसे खुशनसीबी के अनोखे तोहफे क्योंकि उन्हें खोलने पर वह, चारों ओर मिठास है फैलाते।

दोस्त के बिना हम रहते कहाँ इस जटिल—विशाल दुनिया में, सच्चे मित्र ही तो दिखाते हैं कि अच्छे लोग भी दुनिया में हैं।

श्रेया सिन्हा, आठवीं-ई





लॉकडाउन और प्रदूचति का सौंदर्श

जिस तरह एक मुसकराता चेहरा देखकर हमारा मन प्रसन्न हो जाता है, उसी तरह प्रकृति का सोंदर्य मनुष्य के मन को खुशी से भर देता है स मनुष्य ने विकसित होने की आड़ में प्रकृति का संतुलन बिगाड़ दिया है। इसकी कीमत वह बेमौसमी बरसात, बाढ़, सूखा, मौसम परिवर्तन, सूखते जंगल, नित्यों का जहरीला पानी जैसे पिरणामों को सहकर चुका रहा है। धरती ने मनुष्य को हमेशा माफ किया है और यही हमें फिर लॉकडाउन में देखने को मिला। वायु गुणवत्ता में बहुत सुधार हुआ है और तबसे सब लोग साफ और ताजी हवा में साँस ले पा रहे हैं। गंगा और यमुना जैसी प्रदूषित नित्यों का पानी भी पहले से बहुत साफ हो गया। गंगा के जल में ऑक्सीजन का स्तर बढ़ने से पानी को साफ करने वाली सुनहरी मछिलयों की संख्या भी बढ़ गयी है। वैज्ञानिकों के अनुसार आर्कटिक के ऊपर स्थित ओजोन परत पर सबसे बड़ा छेद बंद हो गया है। वायु प्रदूषण कम होने से भारत के कई शहरों जैसे जालंधर से हिमालय की बर्फीली चोटियों के दृश्य ने वहाँ रहने वालों को रोमांचित कर दिया। अब दिल्ली जैसे महानगरों में दिन में नीला आसमान और रात को चमकते तारों से भरा आकाश दिखाई देने लगा है। घरों के बगीचों में पक्षियों का कलरव सुनाई देने से अब सबको खुशी होती है। तोते और दूसरे पक्षी जो शहरों से गायब हो गए थे, वो अब चबूतरों पर बैठे नज़र आते हैं। नेशनल पार्की में पर्यटकों की भीड़ और शोर ना होने से जंगली जानवर निडर होकर आराम से घूम रहे हैं। लॉकडाउन में इतने दिन कैद होने के बाद हमें उनकी व्यथा समझ आ गयी है। जिस प्रकार भारतीय संस्कृति में व्रत रखने से शरीर अपने आप को शुद्ध कर लेता है, उसी तरह कुछ दिनों के लॉकडाउन से प्रकृति को अपनी पुरानी रंगत में लौटने का अवसर मिल गया!

नित्या गुप्ता, आठवीं-सी

मित्रता की सच्चाई

मित्रता का महत्व जीवन में अनोखा है यह साथ हो तो अकेलापन दूर हो जाता मन की असुरक्षा नष्ट हो जाती, मुश्किल रास्ते भी आसान हो जाते हैं।

जब कभी भी हम उदास होते बिना बोले ही वह समझ लेते अपने प्यार और देखभाल से चेहर पर मुस्कान एवं जीवन में खुशी भर देते।

विश्वास का यह अटूट रिश्ता है दिल में छुपे सब राज उन्हें बता पाते जो खुद को भी बताने से कतराते हैं उनके साथ बाँट कर शांत हो जाते!

असली—नकली मित्रता की पहचान है जरूरी कभी धोखा खाकर या नुकसान उठाकर आते—जाते झगड़ों में भी, सच्ची मित्रता ही रहे पक्की!

असली मित्रता एक ऐसा बंधन है जिस पर दूरी का प्रभाव पड़ता नहीं आपस का प्यार और सम्मान राखी की गाँठ की मजबूती के है समान!

नित्या गुप्ता, आठवीं-सी

धरती मॉ

दया करो धरती माँ पर, देखो उनका कैसा घर। प्रदूषण की पड़ी है ऐसी मार, बच्चे—बूढ़े सब बीमार।

देखो कितना कम है जल, हमको पानी कैसे मिलेगा कल। कटते जा रहे हैं सारे पेड़, मनुष्य रहा है उनको छेड़।

प्लास्टिक फैला यहाँ—वहाँ, दूषित कर दिया सारा जहान। जागो बच्चो, देखो माँ का हाल, तुम्हें रखना होगा माँ का ख्याल।

मत काटो ये पेड़, दूर करो प्लास्टिक के ढ़ेर। ले लो तुम यह प्रण, हटा दो धरती से प्रदूषण।

मत करो सब कुछ नष्ट, कम करो धरती माँ का कष्ट। कर लो तुम यह संकल्प आज, माँ को पहनाओ प्रकृति का ताज।

जिया आहुजा, छठी–बी

तितली राजी

आसमान में सूरज चमका बसंत ऋतु आई है फूल खिलाती मन को लुभाती तितली रानी आई है।

खुशबू फैली फूलों की फिर पूर्वा ऐसी छाई है रंग चुराकर रंग बरसाती तितली रानी आई है।

अख़ियों की फिर प्यास बुझी ख़ुशियाँ ऐसी लाई है बागों की शोभा बढ़ाती तितली रानी आई है।

रौनव गुप्ता, छठी–ई





कब लौट कर आएँगे वो दिन

मैं द मदर्स इंटरनेशनल स्कूल की पाठशाला वीरान—सुनसान पड़ी हूँ। याद आते हैं, वे कुलाँचें भरते हिरणों जैसे बच्चे। एक—दूसरे से रूठते, एक—दूसरे को मनाते बच्चे और खेलते—गाते बच्चे कहाँ चले गए?

प्रतिदिन सुबह—सुबह उनके झुंड के झुंड आते थे। कोई बसों से, कोई गाड़ियों से, तो कितने तो पैदल ही चलकर आते थे। गूँज उठती थीं उनकी किलकारियाँ, वे आबाद कर देते थे अपनी पाठशाला को स बच्चों के आगमन से पहले कितनी तो तैयारियाँ होती थीं। कमरों—गलियारों की साफ—सफाई, अध्यापक—अध्यापिकाओं के कमरे, प्रधानाचार्या जी का कमरा, फूल, गमले और न जाने क्या—क्या। आधी छुट्टी में तो तरह—तरह के पकवानों की सौंधी महक गलियारों में घूम जाती थी। और फिर, अपनी स्कूल कैंटीन की तो बात ही निराली है।

कहाँ गए वो दिन? कब लौट के आएँगे और मैं—पाठशाला फिर से आबाद हो पाऊँगी ?

स्तुति दावर, छठी-ई



अरे!ये क्या हुआ एक दिन चौन से सोये थे हम तीन में, मम्मी और भाई गाँव गए थे पापा साईं।

जैसे ही सुबह नींद खुली भाई की चीख सुनने को मिली भागे हम दोनों झटपट—झटपट कमरे में पहुँचे चटपट—चटपट।

जोर से रोने लगा मेरा भाई मैं और मम्मी बहुत घबराए गायब थे उसके गोरे गाल उनकी जगह थे काले बाल।

जैसे–जैसे दिन बढ़ता जाए भाई की दाढ़ी बढ़ती जाए न कुछ करे, न खाए–पिए छोटा भाई बस रोता जाए।

तभी पापा घर में आए जादुई ब्लेड साथ में लाए उन्होंने भाई की दाढ़ी बनाई हँस कर उसकी जान में जान आई।

आर्या बुवा, छठी-सी

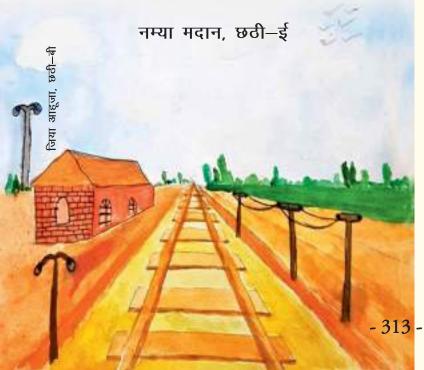
जिंदगी में कठिनाई आए तो

जिंदगी में कठिनाई आए तो घबराकर रुक मत जाना अपने हौसलों को थामकर एक कदम और बढाना।

जिंदगी में कठिनाई आए तो उदास न होना. हिम्मत न खोना त् अपनी मंजिल जरूर पाएगा त एक दिन जीत ही जाएगा।

जिंदगी में कठिनाई आए तो हार मत मानना मन को रखना शांत याद रखना ईश्वर हैं तेरे साथ।

जिंदगी में कठिनाई आए तो धैर्य मत खोना नामुमकिन भी मुमकिन हो जाएगा दुनिया में तेरा परचम लहराएगा।



ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं शिक्षा का रूप है बदला हर एक घंटे में पीरियड है अगला बाकी विषयों के साथ प्यारी भाषाएँ जो पढाते हैं मेरे शिक्षक-शिक्षिकाएँ।

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं खेल और कला की है ऑनलाइन कक्षा इस सब के बावजूद भी मौजूद है परीक्षा परीक्षा देने से अब नहीं घबराता है दिल बटन दबाते ही अंक जाते हैं मिल।

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं जिनसे मिलने को तरसते थे उन्हीं को मिलने से डरते हैं पता नहीं कब खत्म होगी बीमारी अब हर पल हो रहा है भारी।

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं पहले मेरी पसंद थे सैंडविच और पिजजा अब पता चला, जूस और सलाद में भी है मजा पहले सुबह उठने का करते थे जोग अब जल्दी जागकर करते हैं योग।

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं हाथ मिलाना और गले लगाना है एक मुसीबत नमस्कार की अपनी संस्कृति की है जरूरत कोल्ड-ड्रिंक्स और आइसक्रीम को सबने है भूलाया हल्दी, तुलसी और अदरक का काढ़ा है छाया। ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं।

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं।

शाम्भवी सारस्वत, छठी–सी

दिल्ली और सिविकम

देश में हर जगह एकता फैलाने का विचार, संस्कृति है दो राज्यों को मिलाने का मार्ग एक तरफ दिल्ली और एक तरफ सिक्किम शारीरिक रूप से जितने भी दूर कला पास में ले आती है सबको चाहे हो सिक्किम का नर्तक या दिल्ली का मजदूर।

विविध हैं ये दोनों राज्य और एक दूसरे से काफी अलग सिक्किम है भारत का सबसे कम आबाद राज्य यहाँ दिल्ली की आबादी डेढ करोड़ से अधिक इतने अंतरों के बाद भी हम दोनों राज्यों ने, कला—संस्कृति की मदद से दोस्ती कर ली।

सिक्किम में लोगों का मुख्य आहार चावल और मांसाहारी व्यंजन दिल्ली में लोग अनेक स्वाद रखते इतने ज्यादा अलग स्वाद, पर दोनों जगह हमें एक दूसरे का भोजन मिलता गया।

अब बस मेरी इक आशा है कि, हम हमेशा एक दूसरे का हाथ बँटाएँ और बंधन—संबंध बना के चलें दोनों राज्य साथ में आगे बढें।

होशिका गुप्ता, नवीं-ए

जिया आहुजा, छठी-बी

ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं

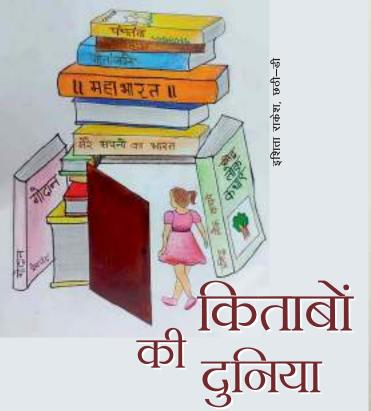
ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं! मिल नहीं सकते अब दोस्तों से क्योंकि हैं हम बंद घरों में आ गई कैसी यह महामारी ?

बाहर देखकर हो जाती हूँ परेशान यह कोविड—19, है बहुत शैतान घर बैठकर मैं क्या करूँ ? क्या बार—बार चित्रों में रंग भरूँ ?

अब तो किताबें भी कंप्यूटर पर आ गईं जैसे असली नींद सो गईं मुझे पाठशाला जल्दी जाना है अब कोई बताएगा यह होगा कब ?

डॉक्टर बोले बढ़ाओ इम्युनिटी वैक्सीन बनी नहीं अभी इसकी पीकर थक गई हूँ मैं हल्दी आ जाए इस बीमारी का अंत जल्दी ये दिन भी क्या दिन हैं!

आयुषी चौहान, छठी–सी



आओ चलो मेरे साथ अनोखी दुनिया में वहाँ खो जाओगे तुम मजेदार दुनिया में वह है किताबों की दुनिया।

अगर पेड़ अच्छे लगते हैं तो चलो मेरे साथ अगर कहानियाँ अच्छी लगती हैं तो आओ मेरे साथ किताबों की दुनिया में।

गणित हो या अंग्रेजी सारे हल हैं इसके पास वीर लोगों के बारे में सारी जानकारी इसके पास तो चलो मेरे साथ किताबों की दुनिया में।

एक बात समझो मित्रो बनाओ किताबों को मित्र वे मदद करेंगी हर वक्त तो अब क्यों रुके हो चलो मेरे साथ किताबों की दुनिया में।।

इशिता राकेश, छठी-सी



दिवाली का प्रदुष्ण

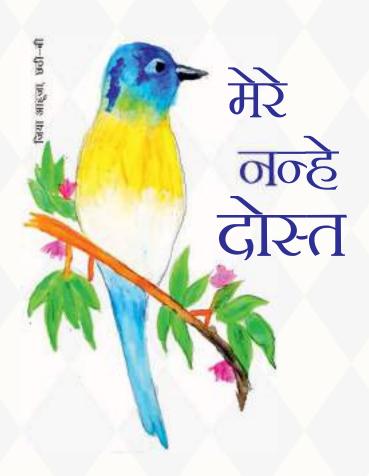
हर दिवाली सब कहें पटाखे मत जलाओ वायु प्रदूषण और मत बढ़ाओ यह सोच मैं मान जाती पर कभी समझ नहीं पाती।

क्या सिर्फ पटाखों से ही प्रदूषण होता है ? या सिर्फ किसान की पराली जलाने से ? या कि उन कारखानों और खदानों से जिनके आसपास सूरज भी धुँधला दिखे ?

जीवनचर्या में प्रदूषण सिर्फ दिवाली पर ही दिखता है दिल्ली का प्रदूषण हमारी दिवाली निगल जाता है रुकी हवा से पराली का धुआँ यहाँ ठहर जाता है दिवाली के दीयों को मास्क के साथ देखा जाता है।

> दिवाली है हर साल आती हमें खुशी का संदेश दे जाती हम मिलकर पेड़ लगाएँ जीवन को प्रदूषण मुक्त बनाएँ।

> > दीत्या, सातवीं-ई



मेरे पास है दो चिड़ियाँ, सारा दिन जो करती हैं चूँ—चूँ मैं खेलता और खिलाता उनको एक चतुर है तो एक है बुद्धू।

सुबह—सुबह उठकर वे प्यारा गान प्रति दिन गाती हैं न उनकी बोली मैं समझ पाऊँ न वे मेरी समझ पाती हैं।

एक है सफेद, एक है पीली, वे दोनों हैं रंग—बिरंगी, लड़तीं—झगड़तीं मगर एक साथ रहती, इनकी यही बात मुझे सबसे अच्छी लगती।

> हम इंसानों को भी पक्षियों से कुछ सीखना चाहिए मीठी बोली बोलें सदैव साथ रहना चाहिए।

ओमर खान, छठी-सी

पर्यावरण की सुंदरता

फूल खिले हैं रंग—बिरंगे आसमान में पंछी उड़ते कल—कल झरने की ध्वनि हर पल नदियों में जुड़ती।

बादलों में छिपते पर्वत जैसे खेलें आँख मिचौली प्रकृति के सौंदर्य से, आओ हम सब भर लें अपनी झोली।

पर्वत बोलें, नदियाँ बोलें सबकी है अब यही पुकार सदियों से जो करते आए हर गलती तुम लो सुधार।

रह जाएगा वर्ना फिर तुम संग दूषित हवा और दूषित पानी अब भी यदि न ध्यान दिया तो समझो खत्म हुई कहानी।

करो न पानी को मैला अब कटे न कोई पेड़ अब दूजा शुद्ध हवा व शुद्ध जल हो प्रकृति की करें हम पूजा।

शाम्भवी तिवारी, आठवीं-ई





प्रतियोगिता

एक बार मेरी अध्यापिका कक्षा में आईं और बोलीं — ''सात दिन में एक फोटोग्राफी प्रतियोगिता होने वाली है। जो भी उसमें भाग लेना चाहे वह सूची में अपना नाम लिखवा दे।'' मैंने जैसे ही यह सुना, मैं झट से स्टाफ रूम में चली गयी और सूची में अपना नाम लिखवा दिया।

अगले सात दिनों में मैंने अपने कैमरे को एक रिमोट कण्ट्रोल हेलीकाप्टर पर लगा दिया जिससे मेरा कैमरा उड़ सके। प्रतियोगिता के दिन,मैं अपना कैमरा और रिमोट लेकर स्कूल पहुँच गयी।

मेरे सभी दोस्त मेरा उडने वाला कैमरा देख कर

चिकत हो गए। थोड़ी देर बाद प्रतियोगिता शुरू हुई। सब बच्चों

को पूरे स्कूल में घूम कर फोटो लेने की अनुमति थी। मैं सबसे पहले बैक—फील्ड में गई। मैंने बहुत सारी फोटो खींचीं। मेरे रिमोट में एक स्क्रीन थी जिससे मुझे दिख जाए जो मेरे कैमरा को दिख रहा था। ऊपर से इतनी अच्छी फोटो आ रही थी कि मुझे लग रहा था कि मैं इस प्रतियोगिता में पहले स्थान पर जरूर आऊँगी परन्तु प्रतियोगिता के बीच में मेरा रिमोट कण्ट्रोल हेलीकाप्टर खराब हो गया। वह ऊपर आसमान की ओर जाते गया। मैंने उतने ऊपर से भी फोटो ले ली। थोड़े समय बाद मेरे रिमोट के स्क्रीन पर कुछ नहीं दिख रहा था।

मैंने तब भी थोड़ी सी फोटो खींच लीं। फिर मेरी अध्यापिका ने बोला कि प्रतियोगिता ख़त्म हो गयी है। मैं अपनी अध्यापिका के पास भाग कर गई और उन्हें बताया कि मेरा कैमरा हेलीकाप्टर के साथ बहुत ऊपर चला गया है और रिमोट काम नहीं कर रहा है। उन्होंने मुझे रिमोट ठीक करने के लिए पाँच मिनट का समय दिया। मैंने झट से रिमोट को ठीक किया और कैमरा नीचे ले आयी।

अब मेरा कैमरा नीचे आ गया। जब मैंने कैमरे की तस्वीरें देखी तो मैं आश्चर्यचिकत हो गयी। मेरा कैमरा स्पेस में चला गया था और मेरे कैमरे में थोड़ी सी फोटो एलियंस की भी थी। अब तो मेरा पहले स्थान पर आना पक्का था।

आयुषी चौहान, छठी–सी



वह तितली जो
पंख फैलाकर
रंग बिरंगे फूलों में से
रुचि से, रस पी जाती है
वह छोटी संतोषी तितली
रंग बिरंगे पंखों वाली मैं हूँ
मुझे फूलों से बहुत प्यार है।

वह तितली जो
पंख फैलाकर
पौधों की खातिर
एक फूल से दूसरे फूल पर
बैठ जाती है
अपने रस के साथ
पौधों को नया जीवन दे जाती है
मुझे फूलों से बहुत प्यार है।

रौनव गुप्ता, छठी–ई

दिव्याशी राज्यलक्ष्मी जग, ग्यारहवी-एफ

ऑक्सीजन

टिमटिमाता दीया अनबुझा सा जल रहा है अभी तो इसमें कुछ तेल बाकी है बाती के निचले भाग का अभी तो रंग खाकी है तूफानों से जूझता बुझा नहीं कभी ऐसे तूफ़ान उसने देखे थे नहीं कभी भीगी तो रहती थीं बातियाँ तेल में अक्सर पहली बार देखा था उसने कम तेल का मंजर।

अभी तक वहा आशा से भरपूर है बेशक दीये में तेल कम जरूर है शायद कहीं से कुछ तो सहारा मिले और डूबती नदिया को कोई किनारा मिले।

अस्पताल के अंदर कुछ दीये जल रहे हैं बाहर रोशनी के लिए हाथ पल रहे हैं बिलख रहे हैं. घबरा रहे हैं दीये को किसी तरह बुझने से बचा रहे हैं तेल जुटाने को भाग रहे हैं।

हमें अँधेरे से सवेरा करना है बाती में फिर से तेल भरना है सूखती बाती की मुश्किल बड़ी है किसी तरह टल जाए, आई जो घड़ी है।



उड़ान

चली वह उड़ने खुले आसमान में समाज की बेड़ियों से बँधी थी वो पर फैलाकर उड़ने लगी थी पर समाज की सोच से गिर पड़ा था वा फिर उडने की एक कोशिश को तैयार उटकर हिम्मत कर रही थी वो इस बार शादी के जोड़े से बँधी बँधी रह गई थी वो।

प्रमन्र कौर, ग्यारहवीं-ए

हमारे बीच की गलतफहमियाँ इनकी है एक बडी दीवार इस ही का दु:ख कर रहा है हम दोनों पर लगातार वार।

चल इस दीवार को मिटाते हैं चल इस दूरी को हटाते हैं एक दूसरे के करीब आने के लिए एक खिडकी या दरवाजा बनाते हैं।

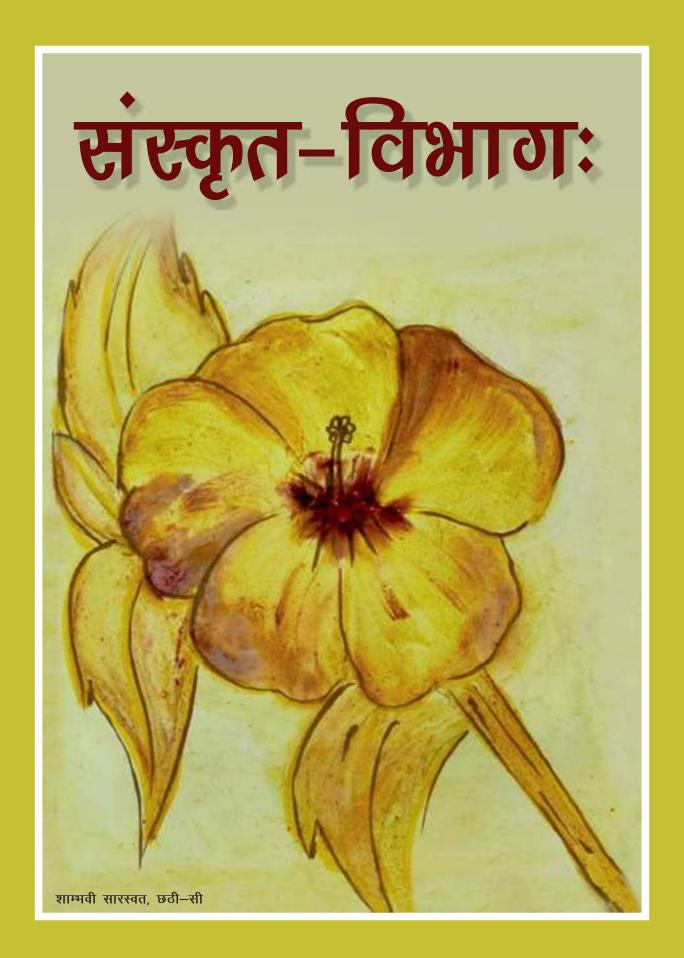
प्रभनूर कौर, ग्यारहवीं-ए





प्रभनूर कौर,

ग्यारहवीं-ए



संस्कृत-रिडल्स

- प्राणाधारः खलु अहं जगतः मया हि प्रातः मया हि दिवसः। मया विकासः मया प्रकाशः मयि गते स्वपिति संसारः।।
- नासिका दीर्घा करोति कार्यम् पशुः वनवासी न खादति मासम्। पादाः स्तम्भाः चलन्ति धम्–धम् बालः चतुरः जानाति कः अहम्।
- पक्वं पीतम् अपक्वं हरितम्।
 मधुरं मधुरम् अम्लम् अम्लम्।
 मया जितं खलु जिह्वा इन्द्रियम्
 माम् जानासि किं, फल–राजानम् ?

हें —सिवः, २. गजः, ३. आसम् ४ —सिवः, १. थानः, १. आसम्

अधुना दिल्ली नगरे

कोरोनायाः रिश्वतिः

कोरोना विषाणोः स्थितिः दिल्ली नगरे अधुनाऽपि समीचीना नास्ति। प्रतिदिनं अनेके नवीनाः रोगिणः जायन्ते। प्रतिदिनं अनेके रोगिणाः स्वस्थाः अपि भवन्ति। प्रारम्भे तु जनाः कोरोनातः अत्यधिकं भीताः आसन्। ते अत्र तत्र कुत्र अपि न गच्छन्ति स्म। परम् अधुना जनाः भयमुक्ताः सन्ति। जनाः हस्तप्रक्षालकस्य मुखावरणस्य च प्रयोगं कृत्वा निज—निज कार्यस्थलेषु गच्छन्ति। आयुर्वेदमते अस्य रोगस्य सम्पूर्णम् उपचारम् अस्ति। यथा—गिलोच—तुलसीपंचाग आर्द्रकम् च इति औषहीना सेवने प्रतिदिनं 'काढ़ा' इति सेत्यपदार्थ उपयोगं कृत्वा जनाः रोगमुक्ताः भवन्ति। आशासे यत् सर्वे जनाः शीध्रमेव स्वस्थाः भवन्तु।

रेयांश, आठवीं– डी

संस्कृत-दिवस:

- 1. भारते प्रतिवर्षे श्रावणमासस्य पूर्णिमायाः दिवसे विश्व संस्कृतदिवसः मन्यते।
- 2. अस्मिन् एव दिवसे रक्षाबन्धनम् इति त्योहारम् अपि मान्यते ।
- 3. ऋषयः एव संस्कृतसाहित्यस्य प्रणेतारः सन्ति ।
- 4. अतः श्रावणीपूर्णिमायां ऋष्यपर्वः संस्कृतदिवसः च कथ्यते।
- 5. संस्कृतभाषा भारतीयसंस्कृतेः प्राणस्वरूपा मन्यते।
- 6. संस्कृतभाषा सर्वासु अपि विश्वभाषासु प्राचीनतमा सर्वमान्या च अस्ति।
- 7. संस्कृतदिवसे देशस्य विभिन्नक्षेत्रेषु अनेके संस्कृतिककार्यक्रमाः आयोजिताः भवन्ति।
- 8. अस्मिन् दिवसे संस्कृतकविसम्मेलनं लेखकगोष्ठी श्लोकोच्चारण प्रतियोगितादयः आयोजिताः भवन्ति।
- 9. राज्यसर्वकारः संस्कृतक्षेत्रे प्रतिभाशाली जनान् पुरस्कृतं सम्मानवर्धनं च करोति।
- 10. अद्यत्वे न केवलं भारते अपितु विदेशे अपि अयं दिवसः उत्साहेन मान्यते।

धुव छाबड़ा, सातवीं- ई

जीवनेकः कः व्यर्थः ?

तैलं विना दीपकं व्यर्थः
सत्कर्म विना धर्मः व्यर्थः
जलं विना मेघः व्यर्थः
दक्षिणां विना यज्ञः व्यर्थः
श्रद्धां विना भक्तिः व्यर्था सैनिकान् विना सीमा व्यर्था जलं विना नदी व्यर्था गुणं विना रूपं व्यर्थम् हरिभजनं विना जीवनं व्यर्थम् साहसं विना अस्त्रं व्यर्थम् उपभोगं विना धनं व्यर्थम्

दीत्या, सातवीं-सी

ज्योतिषाफूले

ज्योतिराओं गोविंदराओं फूले:- ज्योतिराओं गोविंदराओं फूलेः एकादश चैत्रस्म 1827 खिटाब्दे जन्म अलभत। तस्य पत्नी सावित्री बाईफूले आसीत्। सः कन्याभ्यः विद्यालयान् उद्घाटयत्। स चतुर्विशतिः अश्विनमासस्य 1873 खिटाब्दे

'सत्यसोधक समाजः' इति संस्थां शूद्रेभ्यः उद्घाटयत्। सः अष्टाविंशतिः

मार्गशीर्षस्य मासस्य 1890 खिटाब्दे मृत्यु प्राप्नोत् । सः अष्टादश—चैत्रमासस्म 1858 खिटाब्दे जन्म अगृह्णात् । तस्य पन्त्यौ राधाबाई गोदुबाई च आस्ताम्। स कार्यकर्त्री, शिक्षकः साम्यवादी आसीत्। सः स्वयं विधवाविवाहस्य समर्थकः आसीत्। नव—कार्तिकमासस्य 1962 खिटाब्दे मृत्यु प्राप्नोत्।

राजा राम मोहन रायः— राजा राम मोहन रायः द्वाविंशति—वैशाखमासरय 1772 खिटाब्दे जन्म अगृहणात्। तस्य पत्नी देवी ऊमा आसीत्। सः बाल विवाहस्य सति प्रथायाः च विरोध अकरोत्। सः 'राजा अकबर' इति उपाधिना अपि आह्वयते। सः बाह्म-सभायाः संस्थापकः आसीत्। सः सप्तविंशति-अश्विनमासस्य 1833 खिटाब्दे मृत्युम् प्राप्नोत्।

भीमराओं रामजी अम्बेडकर:- भीमराओ रामजी अम्बेडकर: चतुर्दश-चैत्रमासरम 1891 खिटाब्दे जन्म अगृह्णात्। तस्य पत्न्यौ सविता अम्बेडकर रामबाई अम्बेडकर च आस्ताम्। सः धर्मविधा, राजनीत्ज्ञ च आसीत्। सः भारतस्य प्रथम विधि युक्तता नियोजितः। सः भारतस्य शरीररचना अपि अलिखत्। 1956 खिटाब्दे सः बौद्धधर्मधारणं अकरोत्। 1990 खिटाब्दे अम्बेडकरः भारतरत्नेन सम्मानितम्। सः षट्—मागशीर्षमासस्य 1956 खिटाब्दे मृत्युं गतः।

शिफ़त कौर मलिक, आठवीं ई

पर्यावरणं प्रति अस्माकं कर्तव्यम्।

वयं वायुजलमृदाभिः युक्तावृत्ते वातावरणे निवसामः। एतदेव वातावरणं पर्यावरणं कथ्यते। पयावरणेनैव वयं जीवनोपयोजितवस्तुनि प्राप्नुमः। जलं वायुः च जीवने महत्त्वपूर्णी स्तः। साम्प्रतं शुद्धपेयजलस्य समस्या वर्तते। अधुना वायुरपि शुद्धं नास्ति। एवमेव प्रदूषित-पर्यावरणेन विविधाः रोगाः जायन्ते। पर्यावरणस्य रक्षायाः अति आवश्यकता वर्तते। अने कानि कारणानि औद्यौगिकायशिष्ट पदार्थ उच्च ध्वनि–यानधूम्रादिनि प्रमुखानि कारणानि सन्ति। पर्यावरणरक्षायै वृक्षा रोपणीयाः। अस्माभिः नदीनां तडागानां च दूषितं जल न प्रातव्यम्। तैलरहित वाहनानां प्रयोगः करणीयः। जनाः तरूणां रोपणम् आरक्षण च कुर्युः। अस्मान् परितः यानि पञ्च-भूतानि सान्ति तेषां समवाय एव परिसरः अथवा पर्यावरणाम् इति पदेन व्यवूहयत्। इत्युक्ते मनुष्यो यत्र निवसति, यत् खादति, यत् वस्त्रं धारयति, यज्जलं पिवति यस्य पवनस्य सेवन करोति, तत्सर्वं पर्यावरणम् इति शब्देनामिधीयते। अधुना पर्यावरणस्य समस्या न केवलं भारतस्य अपितु समस्तविश्वस्य समस्या वर्तते। यज्जलं यश्च वायुः अद्य उपलभ्यते, तत्सर्व मलिन दुषितं च दृश्यते अथवा भारतस्य राजधानी अस्ति। पर्यावरणक्षेत्रे भारतम् राज्येषु अन्यतमम् अस्ति। भारतदेशस्य राजधानी विश्वस्य अतिविशालासु नगरेष् अन्यतमा इति गण्यते। पर्यावरणम् एषा भारतस्य तृतीया बृहती नगरी वर्तते। इत्यपि विक्षुता इमम् नगरी प्राचीनकाले हस्तिनापुरमिति ख्याता आसीत्। इन्द्रसभा यागपि सभातिता नां भरतकुलोत्पत्रानां महीपालानां राजधानी अद्यतनीया एव। पर्यावरणं मुगलवंशीयानां चक्रवार्तिना तथा आङ्गलानामयि अधिकारिणां केन्द्रभूमिर्भूत्वा अधुनापि भारतीयगणराज्यस्य राजधानीपदमतङ् करोति।

वत्सल गर्ग, नौवीं- ई

स्त्रीशिक्षायाः आवश्यकता

यस्मिन् कुटुम्बे नार्यः शिक्षिताः न भवन्ति, तस्मिन् कुटुम्बे प्रतिदिनम् एव कलहः भवति, येन तस्य कुटुम्बस्य उन्नितः कथमिप भवितुं न शक्नोति। सुशिक्षितास्त्री सद्गृहिणी सत्कर्मपरायणा च भवितुम् इति। स्त्री एवं मातृपदं च प्राप्नोति। शिशुपालनं शिक्षादानञ्चमातृकर्तव्यः। यदि माता स्वयं न शिक्षिता स्यात् तर्हि सा स्विशशवे शिक्षादानं कथं करिष्यति? तस्मात् स्त्रीणां कृते शिक्षायाः परमावश्यकता वर्तते। एतेन अज्ञानरूपम् अंधकारं नश्यति।

प्रवण विवेकानन्दन, आठवी-डी

डाः अम्बेदकर-महोदयः

स्वतन्त्रभारतस्य "संविधानशिल्पी"

अनेन उपाधिना ख्यातः डा अम्बेदकरमहोदयः अस्पृश्यता निवारणान्दोलनस्य सूत्रधारः आसीत्। अतएव तस्य चित्रे चित्रितम् अस्ति— "

सः अस्पृश्यसमाजस्य नायकः वर्तते"। अस्पृश्यसमाजनायकत्वं तु तस्य व्यक्तित्वस्य पार्शदृश्यमात्रम् आसीत्। तावन्मात्रम् एव अवलम्ब्य तस्य समग्रव्यक्तित्वस्य अवगमनाय प्रयासः अनुचितम् एव भवेत्। तस्य सर्वेषु निर्णयेषु समग्रदेशस्य हितं आवहति स्म।



प्रणय दीक्षित, आठवी-ई

मम प्रथमसत्रस्य अनुभवः

मम प्रथम सत्रस्य अनुभवः अतीव विचित्रम् आसीत्। एतिसमन् वर्षे कोरोनाविषाणोः कारणात् सर्वे विद्यालयाः बद्धाः जाताः। अस्मात् कारणात् छात्राः गृहात् अन्तर्जालेन सह शिक्षां प्राप्नुवन्। एषा शिक्षा अतीव सुविधायुक्ते अस्ति किन्तु बहुदोषाः अपि सन्ति। शिक्षिकायाः छात्राणां मध्ये संयुक्तिः अल्पः अस्ति। सम्मुखपटलस्य पुरतः अधिकसमयं व्यतीतं कृत्वा अहम् अतीव श्रान्तं अनुभवामि। अध्ययनं संवादात्मकं न अस्ति मित्रैः सह च संवादः परिहासः च अल्पौ स्तः।

एतस्य सत्रस्य अन्तर्जालेन सह परीक्षा अपि संपन्नाः जाताः। एषः एकः बहुनवीनानुभवः आसीत्। सर्वाणि कष्टानि आछाद्य अहं पूर्णं प्रयासम् अकरवम्। अन्तर्जालेन सह परीक्षायां शाठय्कृत्वा उत्तमङ्कान् प्राप्तम्। कारणं बहु आकर्षकः विकल्पः आसीत्। किंतु अहं न वञ्चयामि यतः तत्मह्यम् हानिकारकः भविष्यति। अहं आशासे यत् एषा महामारी शीघ्रं नश्येत् अस्माकं च विद्यालयः पुनः उपक्रमेत्।

पृशा पालीवाल, दशमी-सी

कोरोना विषाणुः

अद्य संपूर्ण जीवलोकस्य जनाः कोरोना त्रस्तः सन्ति। विश्व स्वास्थ्य संगठनेन एषः विषाणुः एकः सांस्पर्शिकरोगः उद्घोषितः। कोरोना एकः अतीव औपसर्गिकव्याधिः अस्ति। एषः विषाणुः तीव्रमात्रायां जनानां मध्ये प्रसारयति। वयं कोरोनाविषाणोः स्वं रक्षार्थं सर्वदा गृहैव तिष्ठेम। अधुना दिल्लीनगरे कोरोनायाः स्थितिः कुशलं नास्ति। अत्र जनाः कोरोना विषाणोः अतीव संक्रमिताः भवन्ति। अत्र



जनसंख्यायाः घनता बहुमात्रायाम् अस्ति। अतः कोरोनाविषाणुः जनानां मध्ये अतिशिघ्रं प्रसरति। अत्र आरोग्य—सेवा अत्युत्तमम् अस्ति। वयं पुनः कोरोनाविषाणोः संक्रमणे संयमं कर्तुं समर्थाः भविष्यामः।

रीधिमा वाही, आठवी-डी

भागतभ्य भामाजिक कार्यकर्तानः

इतिहासापि साक्षी अस्ति यत् कथं भारतस्य समाजस्य कुरीतिः समाप्तं कर्तुंम् अनेके समाज—सुधारकाः समये–समये प्रयासान् कृतवन्तः। न केवलं भारतवर्षे अपितु सम्पूर्णविश्वस्य प्रत्येकपरिवर्तनशीलसमाजस्य

> उद्धारे सामाजिक—कार्यकर्तानां योगदानं वर्तते। बाबा साहब अम्बेडकरः, महात्मागांधी, राजाराम—मोहनरायः, ईश्वरचन्द्र विद्यासागरः, पण्डिता रमाबाई,

> > स्वामी दयानन्दः सरस्वती इत्यादयः आधुनिक भारतस्य इतिहासस्य प्रमुखाः

समाज–सुधारकाः आसन्।

यत्र राजाराममोहनरायः बालविवाहस्य, सतीप्रथायाः, जातिवादस्य, कर्मकांडस्य, पर्दाप्रथायाः च विरोधं अकरोत्, तत्रैव महात्मागांधी बाबा साहब अम्बेडकरः च अस्पृश्यतायाः विरोधं कार्यं कृतवन्तौ। इत्थमेव महात्मा ज्यो तिबाफुले तस्य भार्या सावित्रीबाई च विधवा—विवाहे—स्त्रीस्शक्तिकरणे च सक्रियौ अभवताम्।

आरूशी ग्रोवर, आठवी-ई



उत्सवानां देशः भारतम्

दीपावली, होली, दशहरा इत्यादीनि पर्वाणि अस्माकं देशे मान्यन्ते। परन्तु गतवर्षेभ्यः उत्सवानां स्वरूपाणि । परिवर्तितानि सन्ति। एतस्य एकं कारणं प्रदूषणं वर्तते। परन्तु अस्मिन् वर्षे उत्सवानां स्वरूपाणि बहुपरिवर्तितानि



सन्ति । एतस्य मुख्यकारणं कोरोना विषाणुः वर्तते । केवलं भारतवर्षे एव न, कोरोना विषाणोः कारणेन सम्पूर्ण—पृथिव्यां बहुपरिवर्तनानि अभवन् । होल्याः उत्सवे सर्वे परस्परं वर्णलेपनं कुर्वन्ति परन्तु अस्मिन् वर्षे सर्वे अन्योन्यस्मात् दूरं तिष्ठन्ति । दशहरायाः उत्सवे मेलाः विपणानि च भवन्ति जनाः च तत्र गच्छन्ति किन्तु अस्मिन् वर्षे जनाः मेला न विपणानि न अगच्छन् । ते बहिः भोजनम् अपि न अकुर्वन् । दीपावल्याः उत्सवे सर्वे स्वपरिवारं मेलितुं गच्छन्ति परन्तु अस्मिन् वर्षे ते न अगच्छन् । अहमपि स्वपितामह्योः गृहे गन्तुम्ऐच्छम् परन्तु कोरोना विषाणोः कारणात् न गन्तुम् अशक्नवम् । मम गृहस्य सहायकः अपि स्वग्रामं छठपूजायै गन्तुम्ऐच्छत्किन्तु कोरोना विषाणोः कारणात् न गन्तुम् अशक्नोत् । एतेषां सत्स्विप सर्वेषां उत्सवानां उत्साहः विचरन्ति । दशहरायाः उत्सवे जनाः मेलाः विपणानि च गच्छन्ति ते च अन्तर्जालस्य सहायतायाः प्रयोगं अपि कुर्वन्ति । दीपावल्याः उत्सवे परिवारः अपि दृश्यपरिशदमाध्यमेन पूजाम् अकरोत् । दशहरायाः उत्सवे वयम् अस्मिन वर्षे बहिः न अगच्छाम परंतु गृहे मम माता स्वादिष्टं भोजनं अपचत् । अतः अस्मिन् वर्षे सर्वेषाम् उत्सवानां परिवर्तित स्वरूपं आसीत्, परंतु सर्वे स्वयं पूर्वं योगदानम् अयच्छन् ।

धारा मित्तल, नवमी-ई



शाम्मवी सारस्वत, छठी–सी

बंगाल:

बंगालः भारतस्य पूर्वं भूभागे अस्ति। अत्र "सुन्दरवनम्" नामधेयम् कान्तारः अस्ति। अत्र अनेके सिंहाः अनेके च "सुन्दरी" नमधेयाः वृक्षाः अपि सन्ति। आङ्गलदेशीय सर्वकारस्य काले अत्र अनेकेविद्रोहिणः विख्याताः आसन्। अपूर्वलोकगीतानि, लोकनृत्यानि विविधानि च पर्वाणि बंगाले प्रमुखद्योतकानि सन्ति। अत्र "रविंद्रसंगीतम्" अतीव प्रसिद्धं वर्तते। कलकत्तानगरं



आङ्गलदेशीयसर्वकारस्य राजधानी आसीत्। अत्र "नवीनचन्द्रदास" नामधेयः व्यक्तिः "रसगुल्ला" इति मिष्ठान्नं किल्पितवान्। अत्रबहुमात्रायाम् तण्डुलः उत्पादयते। वाङ्गभाषा पूर्णे विश्वे अतीव मधुरं वर्तते। रविंद्रनाथ ठाकुरः भारतवर्षे प्रथमं नोबल पुरस्कारं प्राप्तवान्। "बंकिम्चन्द्रचैटर्जि" नामधेयः महापुरुषः भारतवर्षस्य राष्ट्रगीतम् अलिखत्। अत्र दार्जिलिग्म् कलकत्ता, दीघा इत्यादीनि पर्यटनस्थानानि सन्ति।

कौस्तुभ मांझी, सातवी-सी

कोशेग काले श्वानुभृतिः

अद्यहं कोरोनाकालस्य स्वानुभूतेः वर्णनं करोमि। अहं आदित्य केशवः षष्ठी कक्षायाः छात्रः अस्मि। गतवर्षे कोरोनाकाले मम परिवारस्य निर्णयः स्ववाहनेन स्वग्रामं प्रति यात्रायाः विचारम् अभवत्। यात्राः सड़कमार्गेण आरंभम् अभवत्। प्रातः चतुर्वादने अहं पित्रा मात्रा सह यात्रायाः आरंभम अकरवम्। मार्गे यदा वयम् आगच्छाम् तदा वयं अपश्यां यत् बहवः जनाः स्ववाहनेन यात्रां प्रति गम्यमानाः आसन्, यतोहि कोरोनायाः समयः आसीत्। तेन मम जनकः मार्गे किम् अपि न अक्रीणात् स्वगृहात् यत् वयम् आनीतवन्तः तं वयं मार्गे स्थित्वा अल्पाहारे उपयोगं कृतवन्तः। सायं सप्तवादने वयं गौरखपुरं मातुलस्य गृहं प्राप्तवन्तः। तत्र दिनत्रयं स्थित्वा पुनः गृहं प्रति यात्राम् अकुर्म। सायं षट्वादने वयं अस्माकं ग्रामं प्राप्तवन्तः। यात्रा बहुमनोरंजकम् आसीत्। एषा यात्रा वयं कदापि न विरमरिष्यामः।

आदित्य केशवः, षष्ठी–ई

पश्चिमलंगः



पश्चिमबंगः भारतवर्षे सर्वाधिका रम्यामनोहरा च प्रदेशः अस्ति । पश्चिमबंगस्य राजधानी कोलकाता वर्तते । "हावड़ा" नामधेयः सेतुः वर्तते । पश्चिमबंगस्य प्रसिद्धे भोजने मत्स्यः ओदनं च स्तः । पश्चिमबंगे "सुंदरवनम्" इति स्थानं विश्वविख्यातम् अस्ति । "सुंदरवनम्"

इति स्थानं भ्रमणार्थ स्वर्गेण सदृशं वर्तते। सुन्दरवने विभिन्नजातयः पशवः च निवसन्ति। "राजकीयबंगबाघः" अतिप्रसिद्धः अस्ति। मम ग्रामम् अपि पश्चिमबंगे वर्तते। पश्चिमबंगे बहवः समुद्रतटानि अपि सन्ति।

रोशित चक्रवर्ती, आठवीं—डी

गतवर्षस्य अनुभवः

अहं शाम्भवी सारस्वत अस्मि। अहं गतवर्षे कोरोना व्याधिः कारणात विद्यालयं न अगच्छम्। सम्पूर्णवर्षे सङ्गणकेन एव कक्षाः अभवन्। प्रारम्भे विद्यालयस्य अध्यापकानां मित्राणां च बहुरमरामि रम। परन्तु अनन्तरं विभिन्नगतिविधिषु प्रवेशं कृत्त्वा उत्साहिता अभवम्। विशेष रूपेण श्रीमद्भगवग्दीता श्लोकानां रमरणम् अकरवम्। अहं अनेकास् प्रतियोगितासु पुरस्कारान् प्राप्य प्रसन्ना अभवम्। चित्रकला मह्यं बह् रोचते। रिक्तसमये अहं चित्रनिर्माणं अकरवम्। नृत्यम् गायनम् च अपि अवकाश समये मम समययापकौ आस्ताम्। प्रतिदिनं प्रातः काले शीघ्रम् उत्थाय योगासन करोमि रम। मनोरंजनार्थं स्व जनकेन अम्बया च सह खेलामि रम। एतेन मम समयः आनन्देन व्यतीतः। विद्यालयस्य कार्य पठनं च अपि उत्साहपूर्वकं करोति स्म। यदि वयं स्वरूचिपूर्वकं कार्य कुर्मः तर्हि कठिनसमयः अपि उत्साहपूर्वकं व्यतीतः भवति ।

शाम्भवी सारस्वत, षष्ठी-सी

मम उद्यालम्



एतत् मम उद्यानम् अस्ति। अत्र विविधानि पुष्पाणि सन्ति। अत्र अनेके वृक्षाः अपि सन्ति। वृक्षेषु अनेके खगाः निवसन्ति। अत्र पवनः शनैः—शनैः वहति। अहं प्रतिदिनम् उद्यानं गच्छामि। मम पितरौ अपि मया सह उद्यानं गच्छतः। तत्र मम मित्राणि अपि आगच्छन्ति। अहं तेन सह क्रीडामि। उद्याने अनेके जनाः आगच्छन्ति। ममौद्यानम् अति सुन्दरम् वर्तते।

तपस्या, सातवी-सी

किं त्वं जानासि ? भोजनस्य पश्चात् निद्रा कथं आगच्छति?

भोजनस्य पश्चात् प्रायः अस्माभिः आलस्यं निद्रां च अनुभूयते। इदं कथं भवति ? भोजनोपरान्तः आहार— नलिकायां पाचन— क्रियायै अतीव रक्तस्य आवश्यकता भवति। रक्तस्य अतीव भागः जठरे प्रवाहितः भवति मस्तिष्के च रक्तस्य मात्रा किञ्चित् कालाय अल्पः भवति। अनेन मस्तिष्कस्य कार्यशीलता मन्दः भवति। अतः अस्माभिः आलस्यं निद्रां च अनुभूयते।

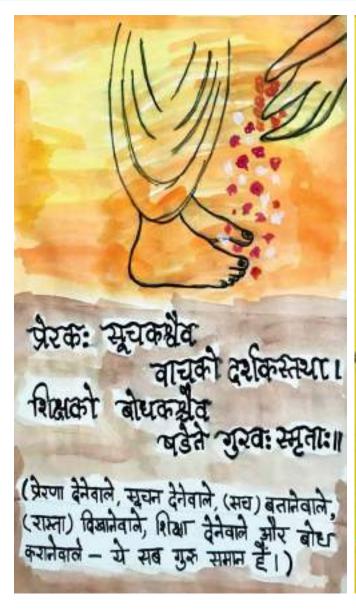
ध्रुव छाबड़ा, सातवीं– ई

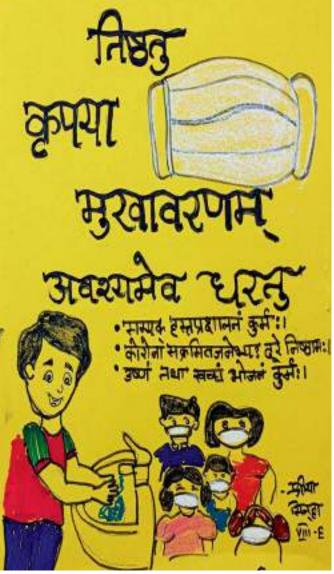
'हिमालयः'

भारतवर्षस्य उत्तरदिशायां हिमालयो नाम पर्वतोऽस्ति। अस्य पर्वतस्य शिखराणि अत्युन्नतानि सन्ति। अत एव अस्य पर्वतस्य अभिधानं हिमस्य आलयः हिमालय इति प्रसिद्धमस्ति। बहुतां नदीनां जलं हिमालयात् प्रादुर्भवन्ति। भारतवर्षस्य विशालं भूभागं सिञ्चति। अस्मिन् पर्वते विविधाः ओषधयः वृक्षाः च रत्नानि उपलभ्यन्ते।

ग्रीष्मकाले जनाः हिमालयस्य पर्वतीयस्थलेषु गच्छन्ति सुखं च अनुभवन्ति । एतस्मिन् पर्वते स्थितासु अनेकासु गुहासु साधकाः तपश्चरन्ति । अयं पर्वतः सुरक्षा—दृष्ट्या अतीव महत्वपूर्णेऽस्ति । अनेनैव कारणेन अस्माकं सुरक्षा—सैनिकाः अस्य रक्षायै तत्पराः भवन्ति ।

श्रीया सिन्हा, आठवीं-ई





भारतस्य पूजनीयाः जनाः

अस्माकं भारत देशे अनेकेः समाज सुधारकाः आसन्। एतेषु ईश्वर—चन्द्र—विद्यासागरः, राजा—राम मोहन—रायः, स्वामी विवेकानन्दः, दयानन्द सरस्वती च प्रमुखाः सन्ति।

ईश्वरचन्द्रविद्यासागरः

आश्विन मासस्य 26 दिबसस्य 1800 तमे वर्षे ईश्वरचन्द्रविद्यासागरः बंगाले अजायत। सः एकः प्रसिद्ध समाज सुधारकः आसीत्। एतस्य पिता ठाकुरदासः बन्दोपाध्यायः आसीत् माता च भगवती देवी आसीत्। एषः विधवानां पूर्नविवाहाय कार्यणि अकरोत्। एषः संस्कृतभाषायाः प्रचलनाय अनेकानि कर्माणि अकरोत्।

विवेकानन्दः

अधुनिक भारतस्य निर्माणे युगपुरूषस्य विवेकानन्दस्य नाम सर्वोपरि अस्ति। तस्य जन्म 1863 तमे वर्षे अभवत्। तस्य पितुः नाम विश्वनाथ दत्तः आसीत्। बाल्येकाले विवेकानन्दस्य नाम नरेन्द्रनाथः आसीत्। एतस्य गुरूः रामकृष्णपरमहंसः आसीत्। 1893 तमे वर्षे अमेरिका देशे शिकागो नाम नगरे विश्वधर्मसंसदः अभवत्। तस्मिन् सम्मेलने सः भारतस्य प्रतिनिधित्वं अकरोत्। एषः लोकसेवार्थं रामकृष्णमिशण इति संस्थानस्य स्थापनाम् अकरोत्।

<u>राजा राममोहन रायः</u>

ज्येष्ठमासस्य 22 दिवसस्य 1772 तमे वर्षे राजा राममोहन रायः जन्म अलभत। एषः भारतस्य जनकः इति नाम्ना प्रसिद्धः आसीत्। एतस्य पिता रामकांतः माता च तारिणी देवी आस्ताम्। राममोहन रायः ''ईस्ट इंडिया कंपनी'' नाम्नि संस्थाने उद्यमं त्यक्त्वा देशाय कार्यम् अकरोत्। एषः सतीप्रणाली, बाल्यविवाहः इत्यादिनः कार्यणां विरोधम् अकरोत्। एषः ब्रह्मसमाजस्य संस्थापकः आसीत्।

दयानन्दसरस्वती

एषः महापुरूषः आर्यसमाजस्य संस्थापकः आसीत्। आधुनिक भारतस्य महाचिन्तकः, समाजसुधारकः च आसीत्। एतस्य बाल्यकाले नाम मूलशंकरः आसीत्। एतस्य जन्म पौषमासस्य द्वादशदिवसस्य 1824 तमे वर्षे गुजरातस्य टकारा, राज्ये अभवत्। एषः वेदानां प्रचलनम् आरंभम् अकरोत्। एषः सती प्रणाल्यैः, बालायाः विवाहाय स्त्रीशिक्षायाः च कर्मणि संलग्नः आसीत्।।

जोस्या दादा, आठवीं-ई

कोशेना विषाणुना अह संवादः

अहम्— हे कोरोनाविषाणो! त्वम् अत्र? कोरोनाविषाणु:— आम् ! किम् अहम् तव समीपे आगच्छानि? अहम्— कदापि न कोरोनाविषाणु:— किमर्थं न? अहम्— किं त्वं न जानासि? कोरोनाविषाणु:— आं आम् अहं जानामि। अहम्— त्वं अतिलघुः परं तव कारणात् पूर्णविश्वः मुखावरणं धारयति। कोरोनाविषाणु:— अहं लघुः परंतु अति प्रभावशाली अस्मि। (उच्चैः हसन्) मह्यम् अतीव रोचते। अहम्— परम् अद्यत्वम् आनंदं न प्राप्स्यसि। कोरोनाविषाणु:— किमर्थम्? अहम्— यतोहि अद्य वैज्ञानिकाः कोरोनाविषाणोः रोगद्रव्यनिवेशकस्य निर्माणम् अकुर्वन्।

तपस्या, सातवीं-सी



Où est mon portable?!

La semaine dernière, Mme Lavigne est montée dans un bus.

Elle est allée chez son fils. Mais après elle a atteint chez son fils,
elle n'a pas pu trouver son portable

Elle a été très inquiète. Elle est allée à la police avec son fils.
Elle a dit à la police, « J'ai laissé mon portable dans le bus!

Puis-je chercher le bus, s'il vous plaît?>>.

Mais son portable n'a pas été dans le bus.

Mme Lavigne a été triste et elle est retournée chez elle.

Son portable était sur son lit.

Shanvi, Tanisha, VIII-B

L'été et COVID-19

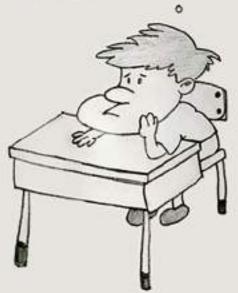
En été il fait très chaud Et on boit beaucoup d'eau On préfère aussi la glace et le café froid dans une tasse. Les enfants allaient à l'école Et rencontraient leurs amis drôles Mais cette année c'est différent Parce que COVID-19 tue les gens.

De COVID-19, on a peur

Assis à la maison, je mange des tartines avec du beurre Je ne vois personne dans les rues avec mes yeux Et c'est très ennuyeux.

Tanmay Yadav, X-E





Écoute cette voix

Écoute cette voix qui n'est pas entendue D'un enfant maltraité, assassiné et battu Écoute cette voix de rêveur

D'un monde qui est doux et devient plus doux

Mais malheureusement celui-là a été confronté par la vérification de la réalité

D'un pays déchiré par la guerre et d'un monde plein l'infortune

Je peux juste voir et entendre si loin mais incapable de faire, quoi que ce soit pour cette voix perdue dans la guerre vous et moi pouvons faire tellement plus, juste besoin de quelques voix de plus pour monter en flèche

Joignons nos mains et sensibilisons et apportons du bonheur à ces personnes, perdue dans la guerre laissons venir ceux qui veulent nous terroriser

Mais nous ne les laisserons pas nous secouer

Aidons à raviver un lendemain réjouissant et ne laissons aucune place à l'affliction ne laissons aucune frontière nous diviser mais que l'amour et la solidarité nous unissent!

Suhasini Sanyal, X-E



Samaira Kapoor, IX-D

Les aventures



Avez – vous lu la B.D Tintin ? Je l'ai lu ce matin Menée par le gangster Al Capone Et son petit chien, Milou

Tintin a un visage ovale
Et aussi souriant
Ses cheveux sont blonds
At aussi un peu bruns
ses yeux sont noirs
Il est beau, c'est difficile à croire!

Un vieux garçon Américain
Tintin est très malin
Il est fort et souriant
Et aussi très très content

Milou : le chien blanc Est mignon ou rien Le chien est plus actif Et parfois plus gentil

Capitaine Haddock est en colère
Parfois il est difficile de tolérer
Il a été très utile
Thomson et Thompson étaient les deux
jumeaux détective,
ils sont maladroits mais très intelligents

la bande dessinée par Hergé est intéressante et drôle de sorte que vous deviez lire!!

Aarna Sareen, IX-D



Qui suis - je?

Je suis Hridayansh et j'aime chanter, Je recherche surtout quelque chose de délicieux à manger;

Je suis un petit étudiant dans une grande école,

Je pense que je suis gentil et un peu drôle;

J'ai un grand visage et mes yeux sont bleus, Mes cheveux sont longs et mon nez est pointu; Je

suis assez timide et je ne suis pas très sociable,

Bien que mes amis soient incroyables;

J'habite à New Delhi qui est une ville magnifique,

Les gens sont gentils et sympathiques; Mon endroit préféré doit être le jardin Lodhi, C'est un beau jardin avec une grande histoire;

Ma vie est très compliquée, Mais j'essaie d'être sympathique; J'espère que je serai un bon auteur à l'avenir, Donc je travaille dur pour ce jour à venir;

Je suis défini par les choix que j'ai pris, Ma vie peut être un peu difficile mais j'aime ma vie.

Hridayansh Khera, IX-D

Le mendiant

Il est le 25 décembre. Demain c'est Noël. Le ciel est aris mais les aens de Paris sont très contents. Près de l'hôpital est chez Rita. Elle a vingt et un ans. Tous ses amis allaient chez ses parents mais Rita est ici. Seul. Ses parents ont annoncé divorce hier: << Désolée chère>> a dit la mère de Rita. Son père n'a pas dit, il est parti de la maison. Pour Rita, elle n'a pas une maison où elle peut aller et célébrer Noël. Aujourd' hui, elle s'est réveillée à dix heures et a reaardé la télé. Intérieurement elle a été très triste. A midi elle a entendu quelqu'un frapper à la porte. Il a été un mendiant < Bonne Noël Madame < Que veux-tu ?> Rita a été ennuyée. << eh... oui madame mon fils->, << tu veux de l'argent ? Attends ici>>. Rita a été ennuyée mais elle savait qu'il n'est pas de bon augure de refuser quelqu'un à Noël.

Sampreeti Kar, X-D

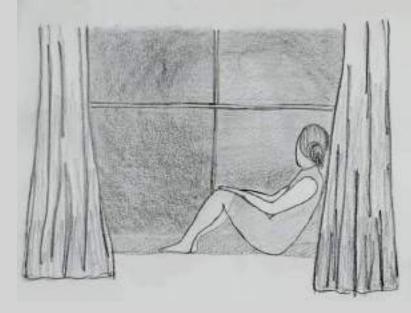
Ne soyons pas bête!

De la lune, un étranger est venu,
Sans le savoir, notre ami, il est devenu;
Il était comme nous, joyeux et amusant,
Ici et là , nous courons et nous jouons.
Mais il est plus heureux, il ne regrette pas
la moindre des choses, Nous
devons apprendre de lui, pour être
heureux et l'amour des roses;
Soyons meilleurs que nous ne l'avons
jamais été,
Travaillons dur et ne soyons pas bêtes!

Hridayansh Khera, IX-D



Quand j'ai perdu quelqu'un qui était aimable



Le sentiment est insupportable J'ai senti comme je ne pourrais pas plus vivre Je me sentais brisé Et le ciel est devenu gris Tout tourne à rien Et celui j'ai adoré était près de moi, le mien

Mais quand tu n'es pas, c'est comme la Terre a cessé

Avec toi, c'est comme ressentir je suis dans

paradis

de tourner et ma vie n'a pas de but Tous les jours je veux te voir de nouveau Se souvenir de vieux jours, quand nous avons ri à mes

blagues boiteuses, juste nous, deux Où es-tu? Je ne peux pas voir ton visage, c'est tout foncé

Difficile d'affronter la réalité,
car maintenant je suis tout déprimé
Tu as été vraiment un aubaine
Je ne savais pas que tu partirais si tôt
Et j'espère toujours qu'un jour nous serons
ensemble de
nouveau, unis

Aarav Mehta, VIII-A

La nature

Je me réveille le matin,
Quand, le soleil réveille ses yeux.
Je dis au revoir au lapin,
Qui vit sur la lune.
Je cours vers les arbres,
de mon jardin.
Je nage dans la mer,
Avec dix dauphins,

Qui murmure à mes oreilles:
"Viens avec nous,
au fond de la mer".

Adrija Paul, IX-D



LES EMOTIONS

Qu'est -ce que c'est la peur? La peur est quelque chose que tout le monde peut avoir. Néanmoins, tout le monde a peur de choses différentes comme une araignée, les hauteurs ou faire quelque chose de nouveau par exemple. La peur est une émotion qui nous domine dans une situation. Ça met un sentiment d'insécurité.

Dans nos vies, nos peurs changent tout comme comment nous parlons. Quand nous sommes dans une situation dans laquelle nous avons peur, nous ne pouvons pas penser rationnellement. Normalement quand nous avons peur, nous essayons de nous échapper mais seulement quelques personnes essaient de surmonter leur peur.

Nous devons comprendre qu'il n'y a pas une seule personne dans ce monde qui n'ait pas peur. Nous devons essayer de faire des choses différentes pour surmonter la peur.

Personne n'est parfait. Alors, pour surmonter la peur, nous devons essayer, essayer et essayer. On peut aussi demander de l'aide d'une personne peut-être. Mais la réalité, c'est seulement nous-même qui pouvons vraiment nous aider à surmonter la peur.

Charvie Singla, X-D



La Joie

'La joie' fait beaucoup de sens différents, pour moi 'la joie' veut dire moi, je joue au foot. Pour vous, la joie a un sens différent. Je me rappelle d'une histoire. Autrefois, j'avais 8 ans à ce moment-là.

Je voulais un miniature, alors j'ai demandé un jouet à ma mère. Mais, ma mère refusait d'acheter le jouet parce que j'avais déjà acheté deux jouets. Enfin, j'étais triste. Mais j'ai vu un garçon. Il a été très heureux parce qu'il a de la nourriture.

Nous pouvons être heureux, mais nous demandons encore plus. Si nous comprenons notre besoin, nous serons toujours heureux et on voudra éprouver de la joie.

Shashwat Sinha, X-D

L'Espoir

L'espoir est de pouvoir trouver la lumière dans les temps très sombres. L'espoir nous aide de faire face à des situations très stressantes et négatives d' une manière positive...c'est généralement très difficile de faire face à la fin de bonnes choses. Dire au revoir à des amis est souvent très difficile. Mais nous devons rappeler que cela nous donne une chance de se faire de nouvelles amies. Il y a toujours des fins mais ce sont toujours les débuts. L'espoir, pour moi, est équivalent au courage. Tout ne sera pas heureux tout le temps. Le changement est la loi de l'univers. Il est très irrationnel de perdre l'espoir. La vie devrait être facile ou difficile à mesure que nous laissons ça. Nous devons réaliser que toutes les fins ouvrent les portes à un nouveau départ. Si nous faisons face aux adversités avec l'espoir et la positivité, la vie deviendra plus jubilante. Les personnes de milieu modeste ont augmenté car ils espéraient. L'espoir et la détermination sont nécessaires pour réussir. L'espoir aide les malades à se rétablir et l'encourage à faire ce qu'ils font pour guérir. Il les assure « vous irez mieux ». L'espoir est le don de la foi, qui motive une personne à s'engager dans la méditation, à contempler les mystères de la vie et à trouver des réponses. L'espoir est la dernière lueur d'espoir que nous avons en ces temps où beaucoup d'entre nous souffrent.

S. Arundhati Shanker, X-D



Aujourd'hui la vie n'est plus la guerre. Nous luttons tous gagnons, tombons et perdons. Mais une chose qui nous unit, ne nous laisse pas s'écrouler, c'est l'espoir. L'espoir nous fait dire que demain sera meilleur qu'aujourd'hui. L'espoir est l'optimisme. L'espoir nous aide à ignorer les souffrances du présent.

Lorsque nous restons optimistes pour notre avenir, nous devons nous battre pour gagner les problèmes, nos chances de succès augmentent. L'intensité de ce sentiment de se changer : notre présent et notre futur.

Le sentiment d'espoir est très doux. C'est une source d'inspiration pour vivre la vie de la meilleure façon possible.

C'est parti parce que nous nous battons en essayant de rester forts mentalement et de faire de notre mieux.

L'espoir est de pouvoir voir qu'il y a de la lumière malgré toutes les funebres. L'espoir est une pensée magique.

L'espoir est une émotion,un état d'esprit,une croyance,une motivation que malgré les épreuves et les malheurs, malgré le revers et les obstacles, malgré le dernier chapitre de l'histoire de la vie, vous croyez que votre vie va bien.

Je voudrais conclure par une citation à laquelle je tiens personnellement dans ma vie quelle que soient les circonstances

<<Une fois que vous avez choisi l'espoir, tout est possible>>

Parnika Sunda, X-D



C'est une émotion omniprésente. Même dans les moments les plus sombres, l'espoir existe. Il existe, mais seulement si nous choisissons de le voir.

La pandémie qui ravage le monde, est un exemple de montage. Nous nous sommes enlisés dans nos maisons, et nous écoutons la nouvelle des décès, et des combats entre les nations. C'est vraiment une situation très décourageante.

Mais si nous pouvons voir le bon côté de cette situation, cela peut être une expérience spectaculaire. Par exemple, nous sommes très chanceux d'avoir de l'eau potable, l'internet, les installations en ligne, et beaucoup plus. Avec le temps supplémentaire, nous pouvons apprendre de nouvelles compétences ou nous pouvons améliorer nos talents existants. Dans ces moments les plus sombres, nous voyons la persévérance de l'humanité. Les gens plus différents donnent la main pour s'entraider. Donc, l'espoir est omniprésent, mais ce n'est pas toujours facile à trouver. Si vous trouvez l'espoir, il faut le répandre. La meilleure façon de trouver l'espoir est de le créer, et de montrer aux autres les possibilités infinies. Donc, propagez et répandez l'espoir, parce que vous pouvez juste changer la vie d'une autre.

Srijan Soham, X-D

Il était une fois un homme, Il avait marché dans le noir, Il a perdu son travail, il était triste comme, Le terne soleil dans le soir. Il a pleuré tout seul

Il a pleuré quand personne n'a regardé, Il a pleuré sous

le tilleul, mais il avait marché.

Puis, une nuit il a regardé une petite flamme, Il a

vu quelque chose brillant, ll a touché la flamme.

belle et calme, La flamme a été sa vie, sereine et scintillante.

Maintenant, il a rêvé,

Il a rêvé des oiseaux, il a rêvé des fleurs, Il a dansé, il a retrouvé, Il était très joli, il a rêvé de

la couleur.

L'homme a fixé son cœur, Et il a vu le soleil, Il a peint les murs,

Dans la couleur la plus brillante de la ville. Il est allé par une nouvelle route aujourd'hui, ll a vu le matin, il n'a pas vu le noir ll a dansé sous la pluie,

Et la flamme, on avait été l'espoir.

Misha Sharma, X-E





Colère humaine

La colère est une émotion qui est considéré nocif et toxique. La colère peut consommer une personne facilement et il fait peur aux gens autour de la colère.

Mais il faut réaliser que cette colère est très humaine. L'incontesté explosion de la colère ou une colère silencieuse, tout ce qui vient de blesser les sentiments.

Comme les humains en colère quand ils ne comprennent pas, la colère on peut dire est plus d'ignorance et blesse les sentiments et c'est inutile. C'est pourquoi je crois que cette émotion, qui est vilaine, doit être traitée avec soin et préoccupation.

La colère est concernant avec acceptation aussi ne pas accepter c'est la perte ou la défaite ou la vérité aussi. Tout le monde fait ça. Comme Shakespeare a dit, "Ne viens pas entre l'homme et le dragon, je comprends une fureur dans tes mots. Qui est l'homme qui n'est pas en colère?"

Risha Srinivas, X-D

La réalité de ma colère

Je suis toujours en colère. Mes parents me disent que la colère n'est pas bonne pour les filles. Mais, mon grand-père m'a toujours dit, "Une fille en colère a le pouvoir de changer le monde". Et j'étais la fille naïve qui le croyait. Ma colère est venue de mon père. Il a eu une enfance difficile. Il était en colère contre le monde parce qu'il était injuste envers sa famille.

Mais, sa colère a été excusée parce qu'il est un homme. Dans notre société, être une fille peut mettre n'importe qui en colère. Je veux changer cela et on ne peut changer les choses que si elles sont mécontentes ou en colère à ce sujet. Tout le monde a des émotions et toutes ces émotions sont réelles. Les émotions, bonnes ou mauvaises, nous rendent humains. Alors, quand je suis en colère, pourquoi les gens rient? Pourquoi est-ce que seules les émotions de frères sont considérées comme réelles?

Nandini Menon, X-D

J'ai peur

La lumière meurt J'entre dans le noir Je suis fatiqué La dique de mes larmes se brise Je ne vais pas bien J'ai peur de noir Alors, s'il vous plaît restez avec moi La lumière est morte en moi Dans le noir ie vois Mes amis qui ne sont pas avec moi Je crie J'ai peur de mes pensées Alors, s'il vous plaît restez avec moi Mes pensées sont ma prison J'essaie de m'enfuir J'essaie d'être meilleur Mais c'est difficile Je ne peux pas le faire seul J'ai peur d'être seule Alors, s'il vous plaît restez avec moi

Aanvi Kumar, X-E

IL ÉTAIT UNE FOIS...



Valérie

C'était l'anniversaire de maman! La maison était remplie d'excitation, tout le monde se précipitait pour faire avancer les choses à temps. Nous nous sommes habillés et sommes montés dans la voiture, prêts pour le long voyage qui nous attendait. En chemin, j'ai eu un bouquet de ses fleurs préférées, roses blanches et rouges. Nous sommes vite arrivés, j'ai conduit ma famille à travers les grandes portes de fer tout en offrant un petit sourire à M. Philips à la porte. Marcher sur le chemin pavé, les souvenirs me viennent à la tête. Une tristesse soudaine est tombée sur moi, mes frères et sœurs s'étaient tus et mes grands-parents chuchotaient entre eux. Le soleil projette des ombres à travers les nuages gris, des couches de neige sur l'herbe épaisse et de grands champs au loin. Nous avons atteint notre destination, un sourire triste s'est frayé un chemin sur mon visage pendant que je me penchais pour placer les fleurs sur la pierre tombale.

Valérie Dubois 1970-2017

"Toujours dans nos pensées, Toujours dans nos coeurs."

Shirin Bhatnagar, IX-C

La main

Les vacances étaient les meilleures. Principalement parce qu'il y avait tellement de jeux à admirer, et nos parents ne se sont jamais plaints, tant que nous ne les dérangions pas. Nous ne les avons jamais dérangés. La meilleure chose à propos de notre groupe était que chacun de nous appartenait au même groupe d'âge sauf mes deux frères aînés. Même s'ils étaient les plus étranges, ils aimaient également concocter des jeux et y participer. Nous les entourions toujours avec de nombreuses suggestions et ils choisissaient, comme les vrais vétérans qu'ils étaient, ceux qui sonnaient le mieux. Nos petits cerveaux pouvaient penser à des milliers de jeux, seulement pour être passés au crible par leur intelligence. Mais parfois, je pense que c'est le but de la vie. Rien n'est assez bon tant que ça ne l'est pas. Quelqu'un a eu une idée folle; Je pense que c'était mon frère." Allons au cimetière voisin!" Aussi effrayant que cela sonnait dans ma petite tête, nous avons tous cédé à son anneau pur. "Oui! Faisons-le!" Et donc nous nous sommes dirigés dans toute notre puissance. Nous avons commencé à jouer à nos jeux habituels comme cache-cache et étiquette, nous avons sauté abondamment dans la saleté, inconscients de notre environnement, sans réfléchir à l'endroit où nous nous trouvions. À part les tombes, tout ressemblait à un terrain de jeu maternel pour nous. Nous avons couru partout, nos rires remplissant l'atmosphère alors que nous nous cachions derrière les tombes, ou dans des buissons imprudents qui faisaient une demi-promesse de nous

cacher. Soudain, mes yeux sont tombés sur quelque chose qui m'a intrigué. J'ai crié du haut de ma voix. "Venez ici! Tout le monde! Il y a une main ici! Nous avons arrêté de jouer aussitôt par le strident violent, tout le monde s'est rassemblé pour voir ce qui se passait. Quand je les ai pointés vers une main virile qui semblait avoir émergé de nulle part, tout le monde a tourné autour d'elle pour voir l'étranger qui poussait comme un jeune arbre du sol. Nous étions très jeunes, il est donc compréhensible que quelque chose d'aussi énorme ne nous ait pas dérangés pour aller chercher nos parents. De plus, cela aurait gâché le plaisir. Alors, nous nous sommes assis pour le toucher, le poussant pour voir s'il bougeait. Un de mes frères aînés, le plus drôle, a beaucoup apprécié. Juste au moment où il a fait cela, Presque aussitôt, la main s'est levée vivante et a saisi la main de mon frère. Effrayé comme l'enfer, mon frère a essayé de s'en débarrasser, s'éloignant de l'embrayage. Mais la prise était trop serrée. Il ne réussissait pas à déloger ces vils doigts de lui tout seul. Donc, malaré la terrible horreur de tout cela, avec cette main morte agrippant notre héros, nous sommes intervenus. Il chantonna de douleur. La prise semblait forte. Nous l'avons tous tiré avec force. Mais la main ne lâcherait pas la prise.ll y avait tellement d'agitation dans ces moments que personne ne pouvait penser clairement. Nous avons commencé à crier, "Aidez-moi! Aidez-moi! Quelqu'un s'il vous plaît aidez! C'est à ce moment qu'un moteur a rugi sur la route voisine, une voiture probablement, avec ses feux allumés, a lentement rampé. C'était peutêtre à cause de ce bruit ou de la lumière directe qui tombait dessus, que la main lâcha finalement sa prise. Tout comme cela,

nous avons couru de toutes nos forces vers nos maisons. Nous étions convaincus que c'était un fantôme et n'aurions pas pu attendre de respirer ou de regarder en arrière pour craindre qu'il nous suive. Mais la vérité est-ce que nous ne savons toujours pas si c'était le fantôme de quelqu'un qui nous a attaqués.

Shreya Hans, IX-C



Le complot

"Calmez-vous Astérix, ou ils nous entendront," dit Elena. Pendant qu'elle regardait les rois, les hommes passaient sous leurs arands manteaux noirs sous la brousse. Ce n'est qu'hier qu'Elena a appris que le prince était mort. Elle et le prince étaient des amis d'enfance et il y a quelques semaines à peine, il a écrit une lettre urgente lui demandant de venir ici car il sentait au'un complot était planifié contre lui. Cependant, au moment où elle est arrivée, il était trop tard. Mais elle n'était pas d'accord pour dire que c'était une mort naturelle au lieu de penser que c'était un meurtre planifié! Elle a été soudainement ramenée à la réalité en entendant des mouvements par derrière.

Par Aditi Patra, IX-C

L'histoire Inachevée du Capitaine Bundy

À l'aube sur la veille d'Haloween, une personne est morte près d'un cimetière. C'était censé être hanté aux fantômes. On pense également que ces fantômes ont des pouvoirs surnaturels pour se déplacer entre les royaumes des vivants et des morts dans chaque 13 années. Ce n'etait pas une différente année, mais les fantômes étaient diriaés par les meurtriers les plus notoires connus de l'humanité dans les années 2000, Ted Bundy. Il venait et voulait sa vengeance. Il avait faim de chair et soif de sang. Son plan directeur était de bloquer les sorties de l'église et de verrouiller toutes les personnes après la nuit du service du dimanche. Et bien sûr, son plan fonctionnait très bien, les gens venaient à l'église comme un dimanche normal. Le capitaine borgne suivit alors pour demander à tous les vampires, fantômes et chauves-souris de garder les sorties. Personne ne pouvait partir et tout le monde était sous la merci du fantôme Pirate, Bundy.

Aaditya, IX-C

La bête

C'était une nuit froide ce jour-là, Marc et son équipe avaient entendu des rumeurs sur un trésor dans le cimetière. Ils entraient dans le cimetière depuis 3 mois, mais rien n'a été trouvé. Encore. Il y avait de la neige partout, Marc supervisait son équipe. Tout d'abord, les lumières ont commencé à clignoter. Deuxièmement, tous les membres de son équipe sont morts. Ensuite, le monstre est venu le chercher. C'était un énorme dragon rouge! Le dragon vivait ici depuis 100 ans, et Marc avait dérangé son repos. Maintenant, il prend sa revanche sur l'humanité...

Parth Singla, IX-C

Maman

Ce matin, alors que je suis allé rendre visite à ma mère au cimetière dans les forêts, j'ai commencé à trembler de peur. Dès mon arrivée, j'ai su que quelque chose n'allait pas. Je me tenais là, regardant en état de choc en me disant: «Qu'estce qui aurait pu arriver à ce cimetière autrefois magnifique et paisible. Je rendais visite à ma défunte mère, décédée il y a six mois. Je me suis dirigé vers la tombe S 237 et j'ai jeté un coup d'œil à la petite image éclatante de ma mère. Des souvenirs de mon passé brillaient devant mes yeux larmoyants. Je me suis agenouillé et ai placé ses roses préférées dans un vase en plastique et l'ai fait glisser généreusement dans l'eau. J'ai alors chuchoté doucement: "Je te verrai la semaine prochaine maman". J'ai lentement commencé à marcher vers ma jolie voiture délabrée. J'ai sauté par-dessus les pierres tombales, une par une essayant de ne pas déranger les personnes qui se reposent sous moi. Quand j'ai atteint le sentier de gravier, j'ai saisi la poignée de la porte et me suis assis sur la chaise en cuir. C'est alors que j'ai entendu la porte de ma maison s'ouvrir, j'ai pensé que c'était juste mon frère aîné. Mais le plus étrange était qu'il n'y avait pas un seul bruit de pas. J'ai tourné la tête pour voir...

Par Suryansh Singh, IX-C



Un cruel royaume, un gentil nécromancien, et un mort royaume. C'était autrefois une terre remplie de vie. Pas d'humains mais un nécromancien et un mort. Ils étaient en harmonie avec le royaume humain de Syra. Puis une maladie mortelle qui n'a affecté que les morts. Le gentil nécromancien était pressé de sauver son peuple. Il a tout essayé, mais a échoué. Les humains ont vu cela comme une opportunité et ont attaqué. Mais ils ne correspondent toujours pas aux morts, même sans le nécromancien. Le royaume de syra était en ruines. Mais les morts mouraient à un rythme jamais vu auparavant. Le gentil nécromancien pensait qu'il avait trouvé le remède. Il a fini par se sacrifier pour que les morts puissent revivre. Mais cela n'a pas abouti à ce qu'il pensait être le salut.

Par Suryanshu Das, IX-C

HUSH

Alice revenait seule de son bureau. Pour rejoindre sa maison, elle doit passer un cimetière. Elle n'a pas peur facilement. Quand elle passait devant le cimetière, elle a commencé à entendre des voix disant "shhhhhhh". Soudain, elle a entendu son nom être appelé. Puis, elle a commencé à entendre des bruits de pas. Ces voix la suivaient même après qu'elle eut quitté le cimetière. Soudain, elle a réalisé que las voix venait de son téléphone qui était dans sa poche. Mais... elle a commencé à penser qui l'appelait parce qu'il n'y avait personne dans la vidéo qui s'appelait Alice.

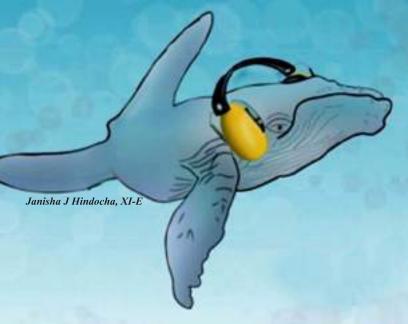
Sneha Rao, IX-C



Elle rêvait exactement du même endroit pendant des jours et se réveillait au milieu de la nuit terrifiée. L'endroit qu'elle voyait dans ses rêves semblait très effrayant mais on avait aussi l'impression qu'il avait appelée vers lui. L'endroit avait une sorte d'arche de grand porte avec des gens qui la traversaient, entourée d'arbres effrayants et à l'arrière se trouvait une structure majestueuse. Elle a pensé qu'elle ne devrait pas ignorer ce rêve et a commencé à rechercher. Un jour, elle a finalement trouvé une photo du même endroit derrière de nombreux livres au fond d'une bibliothèque. Peu de temps après, elle a trouvé un livre qui contenait des informations sur cet endroit. Au moment où elle ouvrait le livre, elle a été transportée exactement au même endroit dont elle rêvait. Être là en vrai, elle n'a pas eu peur. Le livre était toujours entre ses mains. Les mots du livre disaient-"Dépêchez-vous! Le monde va finir. Vous faites partie des élus, sauvez-vous"

Par Kayva Sinha, IX-C

IMAGES ET EXPRESSIONS



La photo que i'ai choisie est la baleine avec les écouteurs. J'ai choisi cela non seulement parceque je suis moi-même un grand fan de la vie aquatique, mais aussi parce que je sentais que cela véhiculait quelque chose qui semblait aller au-delà de l'apparence de base de l'image. Je sens que cette image est en quelque sorte une représentation allégorique de la façon dont les inventions de l'humanité peuvent avoir un impact positif sur la nature si nous y mettons notre esprit, notre cœur et notre âme. Si nous choisissons de penser au-delà des besoins de notre propre espèce, je pense que nous pouvons former une sorte d'amitié avec la nature qui changera cette planète pour le mieux. Et une idée simple, mais aléatoire, comme une baleine appréciant la musique d'un casque, peut provoquer de telles pensées dans notre esprit. Je voudrais terminer en citant un proverbe français «Chassez le naturel et il revient au galop».

Par Kaustabh Ray, X-D

Marc la baleine

Mark est un garçon qui vit près de l'océan Atlantique et

Il n'a pas beaucoup d'amis à l'école mais je pense qu'il avait un ami, la mer ! Chaque soir il s'assit au bord de la mer et regardait la lune et les étoiles. Un soir, soudainement il a entendu le bruit d'une baleine.

Mark a vu une baleine surgir de la mer

La baleine s'est approchée de Mark et il a dit, « Bonjour! »

Mark a été surpris et a répondu « Bonjour ! Je n'ai jamais parlé à une baleine avant » ! La baleine a dit, je n'ai jamais parlé à un homme avant, aussi « Voulez-vous faire un tour de la mer » ?

Mark a répondu, « oui »!

Quel est ton nom, Mark a demandé de la baleine ?

La baleine a répondu, mon nom est Mark.

Mark l'homme a répondu, « Moi aussi »! Pendant longtemps, Mark l'homme et Mark la baleine ont parlé de la terre et de la mer. Marka donné des écouteurs à son ami baleine (ils étaient un peu petits) et Mark a raconté à son ami humain des histoires sur sa vie sous l'eau. A la fin de la nuit, Mark devait rentrer à la maison.

Comme il a dit au revoir à Mark la baleine, il a pensé, « Nous pouvons être différents à l'extérieur, mais à l'intérieur nos cœurs sont les mêmes »

Bornik Nag, X-D



Aujourd'hui je vais parler d'un vélo. Cela semble un peu drôle, n'est-ce pas? Mais oui, je vais parler d'un vélo.

Chaque fois que je vois un cycle, trop de choses me viennent à l'esprit. La première chose qui me vient à l'esprit est la première fois que i'ai essayé le cyclisme et c'est ce dont je vais parler aujourd'hui. La première fois que j'ai fait du vélo, j'avais 6 ans, je me suis presque cassé la jambe et j'ai définitivement cassé mon vélo. Mais j'ai eu la chance d'en avoir un autre, je détestais faire du vélo . Je me souviens clairement que mon père a couru après moi quand il a pu voir que je perdrais l'équilibre et essayer de m'assurer que je ne tomberais pas. Un jour, mon père ne m'a pas aidé, j'ai commencé à pleurer en tombant. Mon père n'a rien dit, mais il est resté là-bas, je n'ai pas compris ce qu'il voulait dire mais il m'a demandé de me lever et au lieu de rentrer à la maison, il m'a demandé de réessayer.

J'étais très fatigué mais c'était la première fois que je faisais du vélo sans craindre de tomber. Je n'ai jamais pensé que tomber serait la raison pour laquelle je me pousserais et ferais ce que j'avais peur de faire, mais aujourd'hui, quand je regarde en arrière et je souris.

Parnika Sunda, X-D



J'ai choisi ce sujet parce que je vois ici la faim.

La famine est un problème majeur, mais il n'a que peu d'importance. À travers cette image, je vais vous donner un aperçu de la faim dans le monde comme une image de la pauvreté. nous vivons dans un monde où les gens ont des milliards de dollars et chaque cinquième enfant meurt de faim. Pensez à ces enfants qui dorment affamés. C'est troublant. Vous ne le comprenez peut-être pas, mais pensez-y comme ceci...

Quand votre famille a-t-elle connu la faim pour la dernière fois parce que de l'absence de nourriture? D'un autre côté, ces enfants se sont habitués. C'est malheureux, mais parfois, ces enfants reçoivent leurs repas de l'école. Que font les enfants pour manger si l'école est en session? la réponse simple- faim. Certains pourraient penser que l'image aurait pu signifier beaucoup plus, mais comme je l'ai dit, la faim se trouve dans ce monde avec très peu d'importance. Et je pense que c'est une question de justice et non de charité.

Ishita Khanikar, X-D



RÉSONNE

Le vent souffle et la forêt résonne, Il murmure les noms de ceux qui sont passé, Qui connaît sa vérité, pas une personne, Certains mystères sont destinés à être embrassés.

Il marche dans la forêt. Les arbres sont peints en vert et le soleil, filtrés par les feuilles. La beauté de la forêt à couvert le mystère, il veut découvrir. La terre est couverte de bois, on la couvre avec des fleurs sauvages. Les fleurs collées à ses chaussures, elles essayent de l'arrêter mais il marche dans la forêt. Il pense que son frère a dit, < la nuit est arrivée tôt dans la forêt > , < tu es très stupide, tu vas à la forêt, c'est hanté > mais il a ri de ces affirmations. La forêt est sans fin, il pense que la forêt pourrait être un bon endroit pour une petite promenade un jour. Il ne connaît pas son avenir mais il pense à beaucoup de choses auand il marche dans la forêt. C'est un homme dans la forêt et c'est la forêt dans laquelle la vie de plusieurs personnes a été perdue. Il pense que cette rumeur. Il dit < que peut me faire la forêt? > A ce moment-là, la forêt devient sombre, il fait froid, les arbres se plient, une lumière blanche éclaire le ciel, le silence est suivi d'échos, il arrête de marcher, il y a une rafale de vent et il disparaît.

Le vent souffle et la forêt résonne, il murmure un nom de plus, celui enterré sous les feuilles, Maintenant cette histoire est connue de chaque personne, Certains mystères sont mieux lorsqu'ils sont laissés seuls.

Misha Sharma, X-E

a nature n'est pas quelque chose à regarder et à avancer, mais c'est une expérience. Et je veux raconter une de mes expériences avec la nature-mon voyage aux îles Andaman et Nicobar.Les îles sont très diverses- il y a des montagnes vertes, des plages, des palmiers-ils sont très tranquilles. Un soir dont je me souviens est quand j'étais à la plage avec ma famille. Nous nagions et nous nous restions sur la plage, et à la fin nous voyions le coucher du soleil. C'était très mémorable et stupéfiant. Le lendemain, nous avons fait une croisière. La mer bleue et tranquille, la musique douce, les poissons, les dauphins, les oiseaux, ils m'ont fait grand plaisir. C'était une expérience vraiment naturelle.

Par Srijan Soham, X-D

Simplicité-

Vavons-nous pas tous peur d'être seuls, peur de la solitude, mais parfois, dans les moments les plus étranges, cette solitude est de l'or.

Lors de notre voyage à Shimla, un matin je me suis réveillé tôt et je me suis tenu au balcon de l'hôtel. C'était la vue de là, j'avais remarqué tout du long juste devant mes yeux, mais je ne l'avais jamais vraiment ressenti. La vue sur les montagnes couvertes de neige, la lumière du soleil ajoutant de la couleur à leur terrain noir et blanc, l'odeur des arbres mouillés, le chant des oiseaux qui sautent d'une branche à l'autre.

La beauté de la nature, pensais-je, ne peut être expérimentée que seule, elle ne peut être vécue que lorsque vous l'écoutez, lorsque vous lui parlez, lorsque vous la ressentez. et cette expérience est incomparablement.

Dans notre agitation quotidienne, la précipitation nous fait oublier la simplicité de la vie, les expériences simples comme le vent qui souffle dans vos cheveux ou les.

pétales tombant des fleurs, sont en elles-mêmes si précieuses, si vous décidez de passer quelques minutes juste en regardant dans ces expériences, vous trouverez une joie pas comme les autres.

Kangana Yadav, X-D

La vie d'un voyageur

uand je vois une valise, je me connecte simplement pour voyager. Je me demande souvent: «Quelle est la C passion de la vie d'un voyageur? Ils ont l'occasion de voir tellement des lieux, ils peuvent explorer de nombreux secrets. Surtout, ils mangent différents types de nourriture. Mais les gens ne voyagent pas toujours pour la même raison. Est-ce qu'ils? Non. Certains voyagent pour la joie, certains voyagent à cause du travail et certains voyagent simplement parce qu'ils n'ont pas le choix. Par exemple moi. J'ai été dans quatre villes différentes et sept écoles différentes à cause du travail de mon père. Je n'avais pas le choix. Mais je dois dire que je l'ai aimé au départ. Il n'y a rien de tel que voyager, comme voir une nouvelle place pour la première fois ou revenir à sa place partie si vous êtes une personne sociale, mais malheureusement, je ne le suis pas. Voyager à sa propre excitation et j'espère avoir pu exprimer mon point de vue.



Par Shinjini Banerji, X-D

Un Monde Calme

C'est un extrait d'un devoir en classe. Je parle d'une image dans le devoir parce que j'aime voyager. Chaque année, je vais dans 2 stations de montagne et dans n'importe quelle jolie ville. C'est paisible et je n'étudie pas. J'adore les hauteurs et les très hautes montagnes et je veux escalader une montagne enneigée un jour.

J'ai également cliqué sur une image comme cette image et je m'y rapporte beaucoup. Je veux avoir un café sur la montagne beaucoup et je veux jouer de la guitare pour les gens qui viennent visiter l'endroit. C'est un endroit très calme et j'aimerais rester sur une montagne pendant un certain temps dans ma vie. C'est un bon endroit pour s'échapper car c'est calme, paisible et je n'étudie pas.

Aadil Tanwir, X-D

L'ENVIRONNEMENT



Imaginez un monde fait de fumée
Un endroit où les cendres forment votre lit
Et les vapeurs remplissent votre tête
délicate

Je ressouffle

Et pensez à tout ce qui a mal tourné, mais Malgré la dystopie Où les choses tournent-elles mal? (les yeux fermés) Nous étions des enfants, assis dans nos chambres

Je frémis d'y penser tous les jours

Le monde est devenu une chambre à air

Et nous n'avons aucun respect pour notre mère

Faire les choses en se regardant soimême

Nous avons vécu trop dans l'heure

Les montagnes ont disparu, même les Alpes ont perdu leur Foehn Et le cœur de mon enfant n'est toujours pas heureux Le monde n'a pas toujours brûlé à cause de notre bulleur Cela a changé à cause de ce que nous avons fait

Mais quand je ferme les yeux Je n'ai plus peur

Je vois les oiseaux déployer leurs ailes

Et je vois les avions décoller et se diriger vers un ciel pur

Eolien m'aide à attraper un fragrance

Mais c'est une illusion joyeuse Hélas, la réponse n'est pas si loin si vous essayez de allure sur ce vaporeux chemin la justification, le prétexte de la condamnation que vous cherchez est vous, vous-même et vos actes cataclysmiques

Ishita Khanikar, X-D



IMPREGNE

Une petite driad m'a chuchoté Les fables des bois vierges de la sérendipité. Un monde où l'air parfumé du printemps, fait pousser des ailes sur la famille des anges .

Les pixies ont chanté leur musique en décollant au vent, les matins de rosée envoûtée, les après-midis submergés par le foehn. quand le fragrance de la fleur a enveloppé vos émotions, comme l'euphorie, danser dans ce tissu de la nature.

sous l'épiphanie d'un conte fantastique qui semblait maintenant étranger, Le rêve d'un monde qui semblait si lointain.

Parce que mon monde était ombragé de froid,

Un monde qui est tombé trop profondément dans les fosses de l'inconnu horrible, Un monde sans souffle se leva à l'aube,

Un monde qui avec la suie et la poussière avait été dessine. Le jardin fleuri d'épines, un monde sur cette bulle toxique avait juré, comme le ciel rose, maintenant devenu une teinte gris cendré, comme ces éoliennes, qui se tiennent à la place des arbres. une chambre d'air toxique, c'est ce que je respirais chaque jour...

sur l'éclipse, j'ai respiré sous mon masque.

Moi aussi je voulais voir un monde où l'on pourrait respirer librement.

Un monde où l'allure des vents correspondait au mien.

C'est alors que j'ai senti ses larmes contre ma main,

Elle m'a dit dans sa voix remplie de lamentations et de malheurs, que ce conte soit toujours dit, le conte du monde qui brillait en or,

Que ce conte redevienne réalité, sauve ce monde vaporeux qui est le mien et le tien, Que ce soit notre dernier souhait, s'il vous plait pouvez-vous nous laisser insuffler?

KANGANA YADAV, X-D

Je sens l'éolien

Sur les Alpes, le Foehn

L'éolien m'a réveillé de buller

Tiré dans un paysage de rêve

L'avenir semble n'avoir pas d'ailes

Il y a une différence de une lettre entre paix et allure

Ils portons chambre d'air sur leur visages

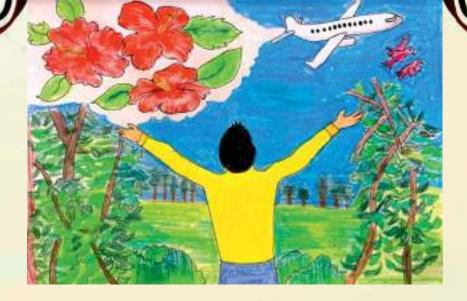
Je ne veux pas laisser l'éolien et la fragrance

Les fenêtres doit être vaporeux, et non fissuré

Ces problèmes doivent être vus Laisse notre

imagination décoller Je laisserai le monde insuffler.

Kaustabh Ray, X-D



"N'oubliez Pas..."

Pourquoi est l'air important?
Eh bien sûr,
Vous pouvez insuffler car il y a de l'air
La chambre à air qui couvre la Terre
L'air, c'est indispensable à la survie
Mais cela nous aide aussi à profiter de la vie
Alors, déployer vos ailes grandes et belles
Décoller et partir, voyager la Terre
Pas de soucis, juste toi et l'éolien
Vous pouvez être arrêter par rien

Sentir le doux soleil et marcher dans le palais des nuages Entendre le chant des oiseaux et voir leurs jolis visages Entends le vent siffler avec le chant de la pluie Et contempler les étoiles brillantes dans la calme de la nuit Les fleurs avec leur allure soufflent dans le vent

Ils touchant nos cœurs avec leurs fragrances
Les bulles que nous soufflons comme enfants
Nous nous souvenons ces beaux moments
Escalader des montagnes, sentir le vent
Le foehn sur les Alpes, ou le Cers de Narbonne
Et regarde du haut le paysage vaporeux
Regarde le monde, devant vos yeux

Il y a beaucoup de petits choses à apprécier dans la vie Mais n'oubliez pas qu'il est donné par qui

Alors la prochaine fois que vous voyez un avion Ou vous volez dans votre imagination Où vous voyez des bulles flottants

Ou sur votre visage vous sentez le vent

Arrêtez

Appréciez ce que vous obtenez sans frais Et respirer, respirer l'air frais.

Srijan Soham, X-D



Invisible, pourtant visible

L'air est une chose tellement invisible pourtant si possible. Je le sens, je le respire toujours sans ma vie.Nous sommes-nous déjà demandé s'il n'y avait pas d'air comment serait notre vie?

Pourrions-nous jamais voir l'allure des arbres et des fleurs se balancer autour de nous où les oiseaux pourraient battre des ailes et atteindre le ciel où pourrions-nous jamais sentir la fragrance frais de la nature qui nous entoure. c'est tellement intéressant à quel point l'air est si agréable à bien des égards. comment la vaporeux matinale enroulée autour des montagnes est si jolie et délicate et d'un autre côté comment les vents foehn dans les alpes une touche de chaleur au milieu de l'hiver.

Avons-nous déjà pensé à quel point l'air est utile, comment la nature nous a permis de produire de l'énergie qui ne nuit à personne d'autre à l'aide d'éolien.

A quel point les promenades en montgolfière sont amusantes, mais pourrait-elle décoller sans l'air. où pourrions-nous jamais conduire nos voitures ou faire du vélo sans pneu qui a aussi rempli d'air? Ainsi l'air est si essentiel à notre existence et pourtant

Ainsi l'air est si essentiel à notre existence et pourtant nous le polluons. Nous sommes constamment dans cette bulle que l'air est renouvelable. Donc, préservons pour nous et nos générations futures.

Suhasini Sanyal, X-E

Vie sans toi

Le 3 décembre 2050,

Cher journal

Aujourd'hui, nous avons eu un gros problème. Comme j'ai mentionné après, nous sommes parties pour de longues vacances.

Nous sommes rentrés au matin. Comme prévu, nous ne pouvons pas reconnaître notre maison. Oui, la pollution ici fait que tu as seulement quatre murs noirs seulement. En tout cas, nous avons dit bonjour à Monsieur aspirateur. Il n'a pas dit et après nous avons essayé de le réveiller mais Monsieur aspirateur a eu aussi bon que mort. Cette a eu un grand problème maintenant. Nous sommes mais sans monsieur aspirateur nous ne faisons pas nettoyer ou dans d'autre mots, nous ne pouvons pas entrer dans notre maison parce que il a été très sale.

Tu sais I Ma grand-mère et sa famille ont utilisé un humain pour nettoyer leur maison. Il est très drôle à penser ce que les gens font. De nos jours il n'y a pas quelqu'un qui nettoie les maisons. Monsieur aspirateur et ses amis sont les rois du nettoyage. Ils nettoient mieux que quelque chose.

En tous cas, après une heure ou demi, finalement mon père a dit qu'il pouvait aller en acheter un nouveau. Il a été triste, parce que monsieur aspirateur coûtait très cher.

Nous avons attendu deux heures à l'extérieur dans nos voitures. Nous ne savions pas combien d'heures nous devions attendre.

Après trente minutes mon père a appelé et a dit qu'un nouvel aspirateur est venu. Mon frère a essayé et a dit << Je nettoierai la maison, Je veux coucher.>>.

Nous avons ri. Comme si, lui ou quelqu'un connaissait l'art du nettoyage

A la tienne,

Anne

Sampreeti Kar, X-D

Batch of 21' Group Chat



From Siddhayak Goyal to MIS:

To put the relationship I have had with my seniors, juniors, MINET members, and the sheer amount of amazing people I have interacted with throughout the years in MIS is beyond the scope of this message. It really is a wild thought, that one day I would be trying to hold back tears as I wrote my message, as a final goodbye to the school, I could be emotional here and talk about all the small things I miss about the campus, the birds, the small sounds that would fill the ears of those who would listen, the ambience, reminiscence about all my experiences, the mornings, the breaks, missing classes or running around doing things for the teachers, but, no wait, i ended up doing just that,

There is a lot about MIS that I will miss, but nothing sums my experience there better than THE quote from Mr. Macho Man #1 vin diesel himself, "i dont have friends, i got family", and THAT'S what defines my time in MIS, the fact it gave me a family.

From Shireen Mubavi to MIS:

1st April 2017, my first day at MIS, seemed scary. I had grown up in a school where there were only a total of 180 children; so over 200 in a single batch was unimaginable. I was now part of the blue sea I watched from afar. But my inhibitions were washed away by its comforting waters. I was welcomed in the best way possible, by both teachers and students and that made my transition much easier. Thank you MIS, for helping me learn to adjust and giving me the freedom I needed to grow .

I've seen this institution change and grow parallel to my personal growth because of the school. I would just like to thank all the teachers Eve had the honour to interact with, especially all eight math teachers who have shaped me and my thinking into what it is today. MIS gave me a childhood I can never forget, from the Mira Nursery swimming pool to the rollercoaster like slides of the front field to the sand pit in the track field all the way to the canteen where some of the best memories of my life were made, From the bottom of my heart and the end of my wits, thank you MIS.

From Eeshan Gupta to MIS: From Aditya Pramar to MIS:

The first chair I ever occupied in MIS was the one right next to the door, as my mother worriedly sat me down and muttered words of comfort, perhaps for her own self. Twelve years later, I sit on the same seat, and I see the journey that my entire batch has taken with me. I see childhood fights and school picnics, I see school trip drama and the occasional united batch front. I then see myself fit into this batch, as a person more complete than I could've been elsewhere For that I have the entire class of 21, and with it, this institution

to thank

From Swabh Marwah to MIS:

Suddenly, to just think that I will not be able to step into the building every morning, all sweaty from morning training, running late for the assembly, choosing to play with my friends instead of eating my lunch, it feels heartbreaking, to say the least, I might be leaving school but one thing I am certain about is that this school and the memories it has helped me create will never leave me. This is the Sports Captain-session 2020-21 signing off

From Ananya Iver to MIS:

How wonderful it is to have grown up in a place as

beautiful as this! How truly

lucky I am to have such

didi'.

wonderful things to miss. Goodbye, second home. Thank

you for your magic, I will really

miss being called 'Stage-wali

From Soumya Gulati to MIS:

Do I feel sad that our batch missed out on Teachers' Day? No. Do I feel sad that our batch missed out on their farewell? No. Do I feel sad that our batch missed out on their last year at

Because I have 11 years of memories to look at and smile. I will cherish each and every one of them forever. Thank you is a very small word for all that MIS has given me!

From Riza Arshi to MIS:

14 years ago, unlike any child, I entered school gates with a big smile on my face. Everyday, realising how beautiful it is. It was a rollercoaster of emotions, but there was always warmth, love and happiness in every corner of the school. Am so glad I could call MIS my home. I looked forward to coming to school.

From Maanya Kocher to MIS:

Thanks for giving me a space to grow and be myself. Thanks for nurturing us. Thanks for shaping me into the person I am today.

From Vishnupriva Gaur to MIS:

I still cannot believe that 12 years of my life have been spent with this. beautiful family at MIS. The school building has genuinely been a home to me. I think now I truly understand the meaning of the poem 'A Thing of Beauty' by John Keats. MIS is an example of how a thing of beauty is of joy forever. The buildings, teachers and atmosphere have always encouraged me to move forward and do better. There will never be a place as beautiful as MIS.

From Rashika Sengupta to MIS:

Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end." -Semisonic How true it is, even for my journey at MIS. I set foot in this institution 12 years back with a feeling of nervousness and my little hands clutching my parents' hand tightly. When I look back, I can feel that time has passed by quickly since then.Class 12 was one of a kind....and will be written down in history for generations to remember. It was really novel? Students and teachers, together we sailed through. We may be saying goodbye now, but we will always carry a piece of MIS in us, all our liune:

From Paras Gupta to MIS:

I am grateful and thankful to this wonderful institution, my love and joy for MIS can never be expressed in words. The teachers are the artists and we are the art in front of the world. These 14 years have taught me to be bold, fearless and kind. affectionate through the passage of

Now we start a new tour with heavy hearts and wonderful memories etched in us.

When something you love becomes a memory, that memory becomes a treasure'.

Bidding Farewell

"When we leave a place, it's a strange feeling, one of excitement for what the future holds mixed with this uncertainty of what happens when we step out of known territories. That's when we realize that we'll not only miss people we love or this place we love, but also the person we were in this comfort zone of ours."





Aaan Chadha Aaditya Khatwani Aanya Khurana Aanya Sharma Aarushi Bansal Abheet Menghani Abhinay Goel Abhinav Sharma Achal Gupta Achintya Mohan Achvuta. M. Aditi Shrivastav Aditya Dhawan Aditya M. Aditya Manik Aditya Pankaj Aditya Pramar Adyant Srivastava Aizza Gupta Akhil Subramanian Akriti Kar Amish Kansal Anandi Raman Vig Ananya Bhardwaj Ananya Iyer Ananya Kalra Aniket Mukherjee Anirudh Mishra Anoushka Dutta Gupta Ansh Madan Anupriya Chakraborty Archisha Garg Arhaan Bahadur Arhan Goval Arnav Bhambri Arnav Nayak Arshi Sandhu Arushi Singhal Aryan Kumar Aryan Sharma Aswathi Alappat Ayam Bhura Ayonija Rai Ayrika Chakrabarti Ayush Gupta Bhaawan Pandev

Bhargavi Prakriya Bhavik Jain **Bhavit Chopra** Debasish Pattnaik Deepanshu Joshi Dhriti Vatsyayan **Dhruy Chhatwal** Dhruv Idnani Dhruy Nandan Siyamani Diva Sarvagyaa Diva Chaudhry Eeshan Gupta Harini. A Harshita Suri Harshith S. Narayanan Harshul Sagar Harshvardhan Muvvala Himanshu Jha Hrijul Chauhan Hrrishita Patrra Ibtesam Rahman Ishika Mehra Jasraj Singh Sehmbey Juwairya Siddigui Kabir Khanna Karan Jain Kartik Sai Valluru Kartikeya Khazanchi Kashvi Jain Khushi Aggarwal Kush Chaddha Pokhariyal Kyna Sen Lakshaya Sabharwal Leela Dutta Maanya Kocher Madhvi Choudhary Mallika Singh Mallika Singh Manvi Manya Ahluwalia Mehek Singh Moesha Anand Mrinal Sood Myanka Singh Nandini Bothra

Narayani Bhatnagar

Neel Suri Nikhil Kumar Nimagnna Dhir Palakh Khanna Paras Gupta Peehu Agrawal Pradyumn Mahajan Pragya Kapoor Pranavdeep Singh Pranjal Prabhat Singh Pranili Tuli Prannay Chhabra Pratik Shanker Prerana Kumari Raghav Sharma Rashika Sengupta Rayana Chaudhuri Rhea Kapahi Rhea Rinwa Ria Saran Ribhay Sood Riddhi Agrawal Riddhi Mehta Rima Singh Risaa Cauvery Rishab Ghai Rishabh Agarwal Ritoja Ray Riva Sarkar Riza Arshi Rohan Rana Ronit Chakraborty Rudra Jyotirmay Rudransh Mishra Saakshi Khandelwal Sahil Igbal Samarth Bhardwai Sameer Ali Ansari Samhitha Sankaranarayanan Sampreeti Kalaga Samridhi Rana Sanghita Das Sargam Kapoor Saumva Gupta Senjuti Ghosh Shambhvi Rai

Shaurya Singhal Shireen Saudamini Mubavi Shivraj Kampani Shourya Julka Shreeya Jain Shreya Shrish Gupta Shruti Chawla Sia Maheshwari Siddak Singh Marwaha Siddharth Gupta Siddhayak Goyal Sneha Soumya Gulati Srija Bhowal Srijan Kumar Kar Srijan Shekhar Stuti Dixit Stuti Mehrotra Subroto Bhowmik Suhani Mittal Suhasini Sharma Surabhi Kumar Swabh Marwah Tanishka Singh Tarab Yaseen Tarini Vvas Tarus Pande Tejaswini Panigrahi Trisha Bankata Mishra Tuhin Basu Tushaan Soi Tushti Joshi Ujjvala Kanungo Ujjwal Prakash Dixit Utsav Alok Vamakshi R Mishra Vanshika Rajan Varudev Singh Vedant Vinayak Vidushi Jain Vikhyaata Dhoundiyal Vishal Prabhakar Vishnupriya Gaur Vrinda Shah Yashika Gaur Yuuv Jauhari