



# अभिव्यक्ति

*An E-Treasure of Creative Expressions*





**"A good system of education should aim at holistic development of the personality of an individual to ensure peace and happiness in his life.**

**It should also ensure that the mind of an individual is so cultured as to enable one to comprehend and to accomplish his full potential-of mind, body and spirit- in personal and social sphere."**

**Sh. Kulwant Singh**



# From the Principal's Desk



Warm greetings!

Expressions are very precious, especially when they are written. It reflects on the deepest of human emotions, feelings and experiences.

'Abhivyakti - an e-treasure of creative expressions' is a humble initiative taken up by our school to pay a befitting tribute to a very noble and a sagacious soul, our Founder Chairman, Sh Kulwant Singh. He always believed that the children should be given the wings to articulate their flight to optima.

So here we are with the creative literary talent of our students, parents and teachers presented in the form of Abhivyakti. Elated, I feel as I extend a heartfelt welcome to all the ardent and enthusiastic readers to the portals of our e-treasure.

**Gulshan Kaur**  
**Principal**  
**Bhavan Vidyalaya Panchkula**



# BLOOM DESPITE THORNS



**Poonam Malhotra**  
**HOD English**

Creativity is latent in all of us. It is important to give vent to this faculty and let it flourish for that alone gives a sense of fulfilment.

Encourage some form of creative streak. It helps in moments of loneliness and uplifts the soul in us. Most of the times we starve our souls, as we ignore the creative impulse. Creativity is a very personal and satisfying experience which can elevate the 'self' in us.

Creativity in any form is the outcome of an inner strength which needs expression portraying convictions, dreams and vision. Since imagination begets creativity, make your mind fertile through the manure of good reading, healthy exchange of views and recording it through writings.

Enjoy being creative.



# Editorial

Dear All,

Welcome to the First Edition of ' Abhivyakti: An e - Treasure of Creative Expressions'!

'If you want to change the world, pick up your pen and write'.

Featuring the juvenilia of the precocious whiz-kids at Bhavan Vidyalaya Panchkula, our e-edition is graced by the contributions of parents and guardians whose sapience and lingual grasp is certain to go a long way in augmenting the prestige of this E-book.

As the chief editor, I'm elated to witness an array of talents of students and staff of our school, Bhavan Vidyalaya Pachkula. I must admit that the overwhelmingly supportive response received from the Bhavan family is most heart-warming indeed. We had a really tough time picking and choosing the contributions. Working on the e-compilation from day one to now and witness the book take shape overwhelms me to the core.

Exhilarated we are to share and showcase the contributors' compadre with the pen and their lexical finesse.

A most cordial extension of thanks to all those who bolstered the initiative and contributed with vehemence and invigoration.



**Sheetal Kharbanda**  
**PGT English**  
**Chief Editor**



# Editorial



**Anvi**  
**Secretary**  
**Literary Club**

"That is part of the beauty of all literature. You discover that your longings are universal longings, that you're not lonely and isolated from anyone. You belong." — F. Scott Fitzgerald

Belonging is precisely what I have found in everyone who contributed in this edition of 'Abhivyakti : An e-Treasure of Creative Expressions'. It is exhilarating to find others who share a passion for literature, amongst whom ideas flow like electric pulses. The hard work that goes into any literary work transcends putting mere words on paper. This determination exhibited by fellow students has resulted in a sterling compilation that makes all of us proud.



# HEALERS

They come to heal me  
But end up hurting more  
With their dagger of words  
They leave me with wounds  
At this point I don't want to trust again  
I just want to live in my lonely zone  
I can't be more hurt, I can't be more wounded  
These words hurt more  
Than a fractured bone did  
While I try to release my feelings on Walls  
But just ended up with bloody knuckles  
And tissues that are torn  
Why doesn't it hurt any more  
Am getting invincible to pain  
Lying next to my bed  
Crying in vain  
So just please leave me in pain  
With all that blood on my hands  
My eyes are red and swollen  
Body filled with dry sand  
No space for nothing else  
No emotions, no feelings Just a heart that is dead  
I don't want anyone to come in my world  
It's like an ocean with no water  
It's like a desert with no sand  
It's like a winter with no snow  
Or the earth with no man  
Like some droplets of water on wall  
I am slowly sweeping towards my end  
Hiding away in my blanket  
Scared from dark and death  
Stuck like some sand in an hourglass  
Having no way out I am worthless and of no use  
Having nothing to brag about  
Still seeing this condition of mine  
Seeing me praying in the  
Devil's shrine People come into my life  
With just one intention of leaving me crying  
Again leaving me with the thought  
They come to heal me  
End up hurting more



**Devansh Singh**  
**XI-A**





*Colors are here and colors are there  
Colors are present everywhere.  
Red and yellow, black and white  
Are some colors very beautiful and bright.*

*Parrots, peacocks in the blue  
look very colorful for us to view.  
Fruits come in every color  
Some like orange have a name of color.*

*As summer arrives,  
Love for orange ice candy multiplies.  
Seven colors make a rainbow  
Is a great joy watching through window*

# COLORS



**Kartik Jain**  
**IX Satyam**



# Companions



Sometimes I sit and wonder,  
How she used to be back then,  
All the memories make me ponder,  
Upon questions of why she  
became this way, how, where and  
when.

She came across many people in  
her life,  
Some were rude, some were good  
But sometimes her only companion  
was a blade or a knife,  
In ways she thought no one else  
could.

A little cut here, a little scratch  
there,  
Would make her feel better;  
Had she known what she was  
doing to herself,  
She would have again felt her eyes  
getting wetter.

She knew how terrible this act  
was,  
Still, she continued doing so  
Started to not think about the  
cause,  
Allowing her mind to let it all go.

Wish I could go back,  
And give her all the comforts she  
needed  
But alas I would not see the plant  
of her emotional slack,  
In her mind, where it was seeded.

She was brutally honest,  
Hardworking and sincere

Any challenge was hardly a quest,  
Considering she did it all without  
any fear.

How it pains my heart,  
To see where life has led her  
She used to be beautiful, kind and  
extremely smart,

All her emotions now are a blur.  
She sought relief in those trickles of  
red,

Considering the trust, she had lost  
in everyone

No more tears she would shed,  
No longer believing someone out  
there to be "The One".

She closed herself off,  
Started finding distractions,  
People would humiliate her; they'd  
wait to scoff

At her, but she had lost the  
potential to react to these actions.

Not because it didn't affect her,  
It did.

But she had her companions,  
Which would prevent the water in  
her lids.

Wish I could go back in time,  
Tell her how miserable these acts  
were

But she would find it hard to believe  
that I,

Had the same companions as her.

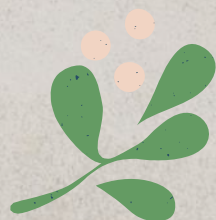
Jannat  
XI D





# NATURE

**Nature is the best medicine  
We have ever seen  
It has trees that are tall  
Along with heavenly fall  
It has elegant rivers  
That are mineral givers  
It has friendly creatures  
That are ethical teachers  
Nature is our mother  
Why do we hate her?  
Cut her down for our own needs  
But never plant new seeds  
Pollute her by our own hands  
Not grateful for her land  
Not thankful for her selflessness  
There is only restlessness  
We are making it all a cultural  
Destroying our own future  
Do we want a future without nature?  
A future without tree  
Without birds that are free  
Without resources like sea  
Sooner or later, this will be the future  
If we keep misbehaving with our nature  
Sobe a little selfish  
Plant new seeds  
Because they are the only one  
Who fulfill our needs  
Love mother nature  
Build a gorgeous future  
Make this all a new cultural**



**Hansika  
VII D**

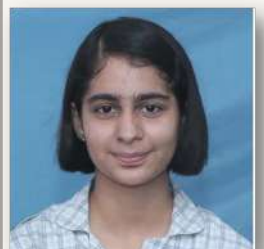


# FRIENDSHIP

*Friendship is like a bunch of flowers,  
Beauty and fragrance it shares  
Friendship is like a bird in the sky,  
Having no limit to fly high  
Friendship is like a precious stone,  
More expensive than a King's throne  
Friendship is full of feelings,  
It is one of the rarest blessings  
Friendship is like a wave in the ocean,  
It is like a sea of emotions  
Friendship is based on trust,  
It is as important as Earth's crust  
There are many other ships,  
But there is no ship like friendship  
Friendship is truth, Friendship is faith.*



**PRIYADARSHNI**  
**XI Humanities**



# IF WE WERE A PUNCTUATION MARK!

We'd be a question mark, a question mark I have no answer to.

We'd be a comma, we'd be so many commas; for the amount of breaks

we took because we were too afraid of full stops.

We'd be a colon, for the explanations you demanded— for the ones I gave.

We'd be apostrophes, starting and ending each other's sentences.

Although not quite understanding what lay between the apostrophes— what lay between us.

We'd be a semi-colon, almost ending, but not really.

Over-explaining each line we muttered.

We'd be an exclamation mark.

Sometimes inverted into an "i", when all of it had to be about you.

But that's okay, we could leave that in the parenthesis.

We'd be brackets. We'd hold all of it together

Safely.

We'd be a full stop.

Perhaps we'd be full stops, over and over, forming an ellipsis

Hoping for something more.



Rehmat  
XF



# I Looked into Your Eyes



**I looked into your eyes  
Never knew it would be the last I ever could  
Wish I held your hand a little longer  
And made you stay**

**You taught me the courage of the stars,  
Before you left,  
And I wish you could see,  
There is light, after death**

**I keep holding on to something you were,  
Something you had,  
Some dreams or the broken promises  
I can't bring you back,  
But these memories again.**

**We were just an equal temper of heroic hearts  
How rare and beautiful,  
Your eyes glinting by those forgotten tears,  
Smiling**

**Wish I held your hand a little longer  
Wish I could make you stay  
But my darling, there is,  
Light after death.**

**Parisha  
X F**



*O its going  
O its coming  
O its here*

*Can you guess what is there?*

*If you use,*

*It will be there;*

*If you don't*

*It will not go anywhere*

*Can you guess what is there?*

*You can see me,*

*On your wrist,*

*In your room*

*And almost everywhere*

*Can you guess what is there?*

*I am different at Brazil,*

*Different at India and*

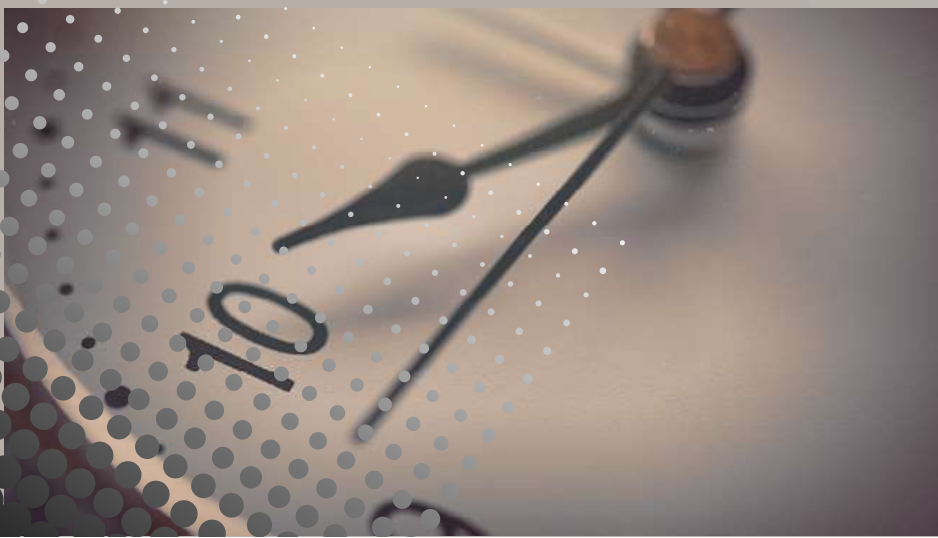
*different at every longitudinal layer.*

*Can you guess what is there?*

*So, now you can say that,*

*Time is there which is everywhere...*

**TIME**



**Srishti ;  
8A**

# COLOURS

World is full of colours  
And there is no limit for that.  
Would you enjoy colourless flowers  
or playing with an invisible bat.  
Let me ask a question  
What is the colour of hair?  
Like sky is coloured blue  
It is same when clouds are in the sky  
Oh oh oh I gave you a little clue!  
Sunflowers are yellow  
Roses are red, water is blue.  
But what would happen if  
These colours were not visible to you!  
If God wouldn't have made these colours  
The world would be very quiet.  
No drawings to make and no yellow  
Sun shining bright.  
Be thankful that God made these colours  
For everyone without comparison.  
So that everyone enjoys every colour of life  
In the world with fun

Jannat Sachdev

8 A

# **SEASONS**

**Summers, winters, autumn and spring  
What the great joy these seasons bring!**

**In the summers, the loo blows,  
And in the spring, the flowers glow**

**In the winter, my teeth chatter,  
to sit in a blanket, that's better**

**In the autumn, the leaves fall,  
strong winds like carry them all**

**Summers, winters, autumn and spring  
What the great joy these seasons bring!**

**Sehaj Pratap Singh**

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**7 A**





# DREAMS

**I USED TO DREAM PRETTY DREAMS  
THINGS I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED  
BEST FRIENDS IS ALL I NEED  
NOTHING QUIT SO HAUNTING  
ONE NIGHT MY DREAMS STOPPED COMING  
AND WERE SOON FORCEFULLY REPLACED  
FROM A GREAT FLOURISHING CAREER  
TO MY DEMONS AND THINGS I HATE  
IT WAS STUCK IN MY MIND FOR A LONG TIME  
WANTING TO CHANGE MY FATE  
THATS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME  
THE MONSTERS I'LL HAVE TO FACE  
I THOUGHT THAT I WAS STUCK FOREVER  
WITH NO WAY TO BE FREE  
BUT I REALISED ALL ALONG  
I HAD TO SIMPLY REDREAM**

# Family

**When I was just a little child,  
I began to see  
I had a special family  
Who is always there for me  
A family that stands by you  
No matter what you have done  
Who picks you up and dry your tears  
And points you to the sun  
A family that laughs with you  
And helps you see the good  
A family that will love you  
More than you thought they could  
Since I was just a little child  
I have been so very blessed  
To have a special family  
You simply are the best**



**Aaryan Singhal**

**7 C**

# Time



**O it's going,  
O it's coming.  
O it's here ,  
Can you guess what is there?  
If you use,  
it will be there.  
If you don't,  
it will not go anywhere.  
You can see me,  
on your wrist.  
In your room,  
and almost everywhere.  
Can you guess what is there?  
I am different at Brazil,  
different at India.  
Almost different at every longitude layer,  
Can you guess what is there?  
Now you can say that,  
Time is there which is everywhere**



# **ADVENTURE**

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**Oh how I wish I was a fish to swim in the deep blue sea.  
I would swim up and down and all around in laps of two or three.  
There would be no rules to follow, all fun down here.  
On land rules are trouble, a real pain in the rear.  
Humans are not wanted down here and for them you must always  
look.  
For they only want to see us fish dangling from their hook.  
A sea full of wonder, yes that's the life for me.  
Oh how I wish to be a fish and one day soon I'll be**

---

**Shivesh Bansal**

**9 A**



# बेटी



बेटी हँ मैं बेटी हँ,  
बेटों से भी बढ़कर हँ।  
अपने माता-पिता की रानी हँ,  
उनके जीवन की प्रिय कहानी हँ।  
मान भी हँ अभिमान भी हँ,  
उनकी छवि की पहचान भी हँ।  
माँ की राजदुलारी हँ,  
पापा की सबसे प्यारी हँ।  
उनके जीवन-भर की पूजी हँ,  
उनकी खुशियों की कुंजी हँ।  
दोनों का स्वप्न सलौना हँ,  
उनके हाथों का खिलौना हँ।  
जिसे प्यार बहुत वो करते हैं,  
संजो-संजो के रखते हैं।  
हाँ ....बेटी हँ..... मैं बेटी हँ,  
बेटों से भी बढ़कर हँ। ।

राध्या अरोड़ा  
पाँचवी सगंम



**My life!**  
**It sometimes feels like**  
**An empty glass,**  
**A glass painted from outside**  
**And a deep black shade inside,**  
**Neither it has stones**  
**Nor is capable of getting water.**  
**But I still tried to fill the vacant space**  
**And indeed was able to,**  
**But**  
**No sooner that**  
**Hope and those people left out,**  
**I made them understand**  
**But the journey of 15 long years together**  
**Just washed away by a wave**  
**My hearty heart used to be filled with people earlier**  
**Now is naked.**

**Anvi**  
**X C**





## By Proving

**Dreams are always seen just not to forget next day  
Instead dreams are seen to  
Let your parents say  
That the money they invested on you  
Was not a waste  
Just imagine 20 years later  
You see yourself as same as you dreamt of  
One should only dream for that day  
When in the crowd  
People start recognizing you  
And your parents see millions of people giving respect to you  
You should dream for that day**

**Anvi  
X C**



# **MY START UP DREAM**

**I do have a dream  
Like others,  
But sometimes I feel my dream is somewhere  
Different from that group of people.**

**I believe my heart says  
Do whatever you want in your future  
First it asks me to think of all what I desire  
Then to have a thought on how I can  
Fulfill that desire.**

**But it's just not fulfilling your desire  
Instead it is to be happy of your work**

**My startup dream is not like others  
It's not to start a business or so  
It is to prove those thousands and millions of people  
Who are always ready to demotivate others  
I want to prove it to those people that  
Life is short  
But you can make it long!**



**Anvi  
X C**





# THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF SCHOOL

Our school uniform is a symbol of equality,  
It doesn't make mention of our nationality,  
Two pairs of shoes, two pairs of dress,  
School bag is heavy, but there is no stress,  
We shall pass this too without any distress,  
Waking up is hard, dressing up is a pain,  
Milk is a must, mom asked -bournvita or plain.

Late to assembly eyes searching for the gang,  
Smiles meant high five, lips read a slang.  
Being a diligent scholar  
Is a tough task  
"What shall we do"?  
We always ask.  
We pray that the teacher of our class,  
Set up test that we all shall pass.  
Let them tell us everyday  
There are no lessons, go and play.  
Let them write in their report  
We are the best class they have ever taught.

Coming to my teachers what should I say  
about them,  
They are beautiful souls, Gods sent  
beautiful gems.  
From the bottom of my heart  
To the tip of my toes  
You are the best  
And that - everyone knows.  
Bhavan Vidyalaya is a great institution  
It gives me adequate education.  
Here, one has to work hard,  
To get a good report card.  
Boys and girls here don't scream  
We all work together as a team.  
School is a temple  
Teachers are my mentors,  
Learning is my sole aim and  
Khushbu is my name.  
Each day I'll do my best  
And I won't do any less,  
With learning as my quest  
I won't forget my promise,  
To always do my best.

**Khushbu Chadha**  
XI Humanities



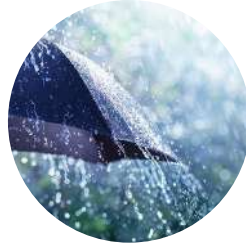


# हमारी ऋतुएं



मम्मी ने घेवर बनाया,  
भैया ने जहाज़ चलाया|  
दादू बोले पुए खालो,  
सावनआया सावनआया|

पसीना टपका प्यास लगी,  
बिजली गुल और नींद उड़ी|  
दादी बोली पंखा लेलो,  
गर्मीआई गर्मीआई|



ठण्ड लगी ठण्ड लगी,  
कोहरा छाया नाक बही|  
मम्मी बोली स्वैटर डाल लो,  
सर्दीआई सर्दीआई|

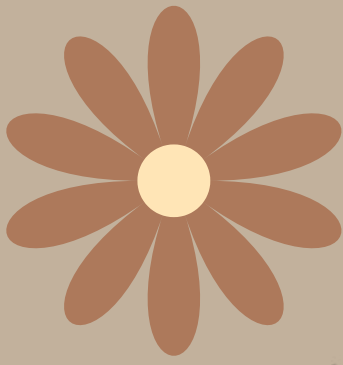
पत्ते गिरे पत्ते गिरे,  
हर जगह खुशकी छाई|  
पापा बोले क्रीम लगालो,  
पतझड़आई पतझड़आई|



फूल खिले फूल खिले,  
पतंग उड़ी चेहरे खिले|  
उछल- उछल केभैया बोला,  
बसंतआई बसंतआई|



**Mr. Nitin Goyal**  
(Father of Yogit Goyal, V A)



## STUCK UP WRITER

As I stare blankly at that empty, white plain paper  
I shout out to some eternal power to do me a favor;  
Which it begs to differ,  
To suck my soul right into the pond of endless ideas  
For I cannot forbear such a painful endeavor.  
If I be true to myself, it seems as though my heart screams  
My World is Pen and Paper;  
Though I became frail just upon the thought of being stuck,  
such a fever.  
I ponder, And I ponder and all I do is ponder,  
The only thing I come up with are maneuvers to get  
pardoned from the readers.  
The trashcan gets filled up; the paper gets crippled but I  
can't resort to this,  
The truth of being an author.  
Every Shakespeare has this phase now and then  
The adrenaline kicks in  
You start believing, you write what you're living.  
Who knows maybe every line that is written is what I'm  
experiencing  
Shush! that's a poet's secret.  
In the end you value every lesson  
And write no matter what  
You fill the bin  
Till it hits  
Even if it gives you a grin.

Samiya Singh

9 F



# A FALLING LEAF

When you plant a tree,  
Do you even think how do I feel?  
You give birth to my parent,  
Yes, you do!

Well if you don't know me,  
I am none other than the son of the tree.  
Hung above the ground,  
I see how you all sound.  
When you ride the merry - go - round,  
The joy you experience is new found.

When you take a shade under me,  
I do guarantee,  
That you will not disagree,  
I do feel free.  
I experience all the weathers,  
Just to become more better.  
Hardly do I know, I will see you never.

Here comes Autumn,  
I start looking at the bottom.  
My brothers and sisters all forgotten,  
As I become rotten.  
I see my death,  
As I am about to take my last breath.  
Seeing my parents for the last time,  
As they react.

All the good days come to my mind,  
Thinking about will you ever find,  
That I heard you that night  
When you were in fright  
And you said you were not right.  
I sent one of my brothers,  
To make you feel you have all the might.

It truly broke my heart to lose you,  
Nevertheless, you didn't go alone.  
For, a part of me went with you,  
The day you bundled me up and took up home.

I felt so relieved that even you cared about me,  
Hardly did I know what was about to come up,  
As I saw you in glee.

You ripped me off,  
Burnt me, till I cough,  
Was I so bad, that you scoff?

That day I knew you,  
All I did view  
Was never true  
As I went through.

Srishti Arora  
XI C



# **CHRISTMAS IS HERE!**

**Christmas is here with lots of joy,  
Be a good child and Santa is here to gift you a toy.  
Be ready with your gingerbread houses for Santa to taste them.  
Be ready with your Christmas stockings for Santa to put treats in them.  
Hear the jingly jingle bells chime,  
And the choir sing.  
Oh wait! Don't forget to give your Christmas cupcake a sprinkle,  
As you ring in the season.  
Oh! what great joy the season brings.  
It's Christmas Eve,  
And I believe, Santa's gonna come,  
Along with Dasher, Dancer, Prancer and Vixen.  
Oh! How could Rudolph be forgotten.  
He's got a nose like a red ball of cotton,  
And if Santa does plan to come,  
With joy I'm gonna jump.  
It's almost midnight,  
I better head off to bed.  
In the morning my house,  
Would be dressed in green and red.  
It's Christmas morning.  
The Christmas Tree's is well-decorated.  
It seems all round the year,  
I was very nice as the number of presents,  
Is not one, not twice but thrice!  
My eye catches the foot rest,  
I see a note it says 'Santa liked the cookies in my house the BEST'  
Off to the church,  
As I hear a melodious sound of chirping birds,  
The atmosphere couldn't be merrier.  
For the ambience, the celebration and the decoration I have no words.  
I think it's fair to say that Christmas is a magic day.**

**I guess I'll remember this season forever.....**

# THEY

My life has always been so hard,  
When you strive for perfection  
But, they try to bring you apart.

In the world full of emerging lights,  
All they could do is plight.  
That is when I learnt to fight.

They said, "You don't deserve to be here"  
Cause, life for them had never been fair.  
Your constant efforts just come to vain,  
Because, they could not understand your pain.

Those efforts you put in,  
Those sleepless nights  
That pain, that agony, that made you fright,  
All, just to be in the "limelight"!

Those thoughts, I , though, not fear  
But, dilemma is all I could hear.  
Those taunts are something they can't bear,  
Said my broken heart to the falling tear.

"Where mind is held high and knowledge is without fear"  
I doubt, did they hear?  
Those judgements,  
Just made me lament.  
Am I even worth it?  
Or shall I call it an end.



My mind, just said it all  
Why did I grow up so tall?  
Cause, as they say, "All you can do is fall!"  
All these days have been so tough,  
Is it because, I am rough?

When will I find that one person,  
Who will say I am strong.  
That is all I long.

All that fear, just rips me apart  
But you are worth it, says my heart.  
My soul, now just feels more comfortable,  
I believe that I am capable.

I now believe,  
That my strength gives me relief.  
That torture just made me strong,  
When they said i am wrong.

I believe that I am right,  
Cause, all they could do is plight,  
That is when I learnt to fight.  
That is when I learnt to fight.



**Srishti Arora**  
XI C

# ROMANTICISING A FREAKY PANDEMIC

Romanticising a freaky Pandemic

Imagine being born in 1900.

When you are 14 years old World War I begins and it ends when you 18 with 22 million deaths.

Shortly after, a global pandemic A flu called "Spanish".

It kills 50 million people.

I come out alive and free.

You are 20 years old.

Then at 29 years you survived the global economic crisis that started with the collapse of the New York Stock Exchange, causing inflation. unemployment and hunger.

At 33 the Nazis come to power.

You're 39 when WWII starts and ends when you're 45 during the Holocaust (Shoah) 6 million Jews die.

There will be more than 60 million deaths in total.

When you're 52 years old, the Korean War starts.

When you're 64 starts the Vietnam War and ends when you're 75 years

A child born in 1985 thinks his grandparents have no idea how hard life is, and they survived various wars and disasters.

A boy born in 1995 and today 25 years old thinks it's the end of the world when his Amazon package takes more than three days to arrive or when he doesn't get more than 15 "likes" for his photo posted on Instagram...

In 2020, many of us live in comfort, have access to different sources of entertainment at home and often have more than we need.

But people complain about everything.

However, we have electricity, phone, food, hot water and a roof over their heads.

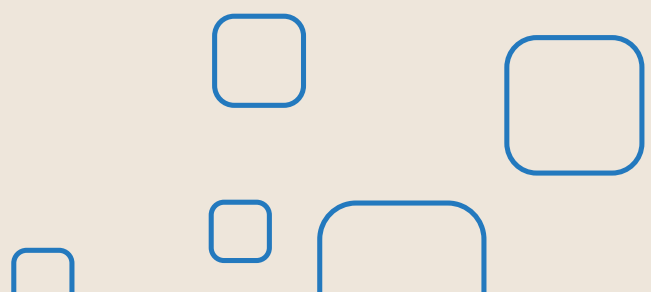
None of this existed before.

But humanity survived much more serious circumstances and never lost the joy of living.

Maybe it's time to be less selfish. stop complaining and crying.



**ARIANA GROVER**  
**XII B**



# एक अध्यापिका



जो हमारी वाणी को मधु सा मीठा बनाती,  
जो हमारे चरित्र को सिम्मी सा सुंदर बनाती,  
जो हमारी बुद्धि को हमारी कीर्ति बनाती,  
जो हमें ज्ञान की रश्मि में बुद्धिमान बनाती,  
जो मुश्किल से मुश्किल परिस्थिति को सिम्पल बनाती।

जिनके मुख से सदा बहती ज्ञान सरिता,  
जो दिखाती हमें आशा की नई दीपिका,  
जो शब्दों से हमें अतीत की स्मृति दिखलाती,  
जो स्वयं कष्ट लेकर हमें रीमा की अनुभूति कराती,  
जो हमारे सुरों में जागृति लाकर हमें मधुर जग में ले जाती।

जो हमें तीव्र बुद्धि व रुकमेश बनाती,  
जो हमारे भविष्य को अल्का सा चमकाती,  
जो हमें धैर्य सिख तेजिंदर बनाती,  
जो हमें जीवन मूल्य सिखा सोनिया बनाती,  
जो हमें प्रभु वंदना का नया ढंग सिखाती।

जो हमारे मन को शशि सा सुंदर बनाती,  
जो प्रतिदिन हमारे अंदर उत्साह की ऊषा लाती,  
जो हमें अनुशासन सिख रीटा सा चमकीला बनाती,  
जो हमारे आचार को अनीता सा सुशोभित बनाती,  
और ऐसे अनेक अध्यापक और अध्यापिकाएँ,  
मिलकर इस गुलिस्ताँ को गुलशन बनाती।

निकुंज खुराना  
कक्षा - छठी सुंदरम





# PEACE STARTS WITH US

Peace starts with us,  
When people realize the commonality,  
Of them being humans alike,  
Then we should leave our differences of  
nationality,  
And create peace a reality.  
A dark hand touching a light hand,  
A young face looking into an old,  
All people working together,  
For a goal to be told.  
A stranger and stranger together,  
A foe and foe are now friends,  
All people helping each other,  
Making beginnings meets ends.  
A heart understanding another,  
A soul reaching to a soul,  
All people feeding their elders,  
With a spoon, fork, and a bowl.  
A rich man helping a poor man,  
A convict dancing with a child,  
All people put aside their differences,  
And share a hope that is wild.  
A shout comes out from the open,  
Like a footstep falling on sand,  
All people together proclaim,  
“Now there is peace on this land!”



**Samanyu Ahuja**  
**IX F**



## A HALCYON SLUMBER, A BELLIGERENT RISE

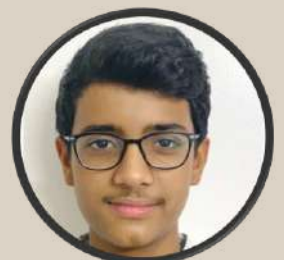
**I sail in the most surreal sea.  
I the captain, lids the mast,  
Pillow the hull, quilt the keel.  
Who knew, the next storm would leave  
me aghast!  
Tick-Tock-Tick-Tock-Tick-Tock,  
Tintinnabulated the clock.**



## CHOLER

**Choler killed the kitten,  
Stopped it from becoming a cat.  
By spikes and spokes it was  
smitten,  
For the bulky bull over it sat.**

**Mayank Sinha  
X E**



Trapped I was in the cabin,  
With the steer in my wee hands.  
For my crew's corpses were laden,  
On the bloated ship's in-lands.

Entered my eyes an odious flood,  
The diabolical sea had engulfed 'em.  
Five brave swains, lay slayed, smeared with blood,  
And doomed I was to see the mayhem.

The lightning tumulted, the seas screamed,  
The sky shuttered & the big bellies rumbled.  
Feasting on us, the sea and the sharks dreamed,  
Then something caught my eye – when she... alas!  
**TUMBLLED.**

Stood hovering above the deck, a heavenly fair maiden.  
On having gazed at the corpses,  
My vision too began to faden,  
Whilst the waves rode the holy – horses.

Stood I in the long-lost-Atlantis,  
For a beloved welkin loomed over my head.  
For the Earth seemed to be her own scientis',  
And the maiden towards me tread.

"Oh! You human! You bloody beast,  
I'm the Earth who gave y'll birth.  
But now on this weed I shall feast,  
To clear my ever-blossoming berth."

The skies then reddened,  
The land cracked.  
The yellow light blackened,  
For we free-fell – **GOBSMACKED.**  
(To be continued in the next round of life. Godspeed!)

This is how folks, we shall end,  
And we already get her smashes.  
So now it's time for our path to bend,  
Or we incinerate to ashes.



**INTO ABYSSMAL DEPTHS WE SHALL PLUMMET...**

Mayank Sinha  
X E



# THE DAWNING LIGHT

*We stood in a hopeless cave of the dark,  
Light as far as we could see was no more.  
We only heard the hound's gloomy dull bark,  
We couldn't fight hitherto, our moods were sore.*

*But we managed to keep ourselves alive,  
Not just us but our hopes and intent too.  
This is exactly how man could survive,  
Who in the gon'poch ran without a shoe.*

*If then he could do so, then why not we?  
There are miles of soil to run the plough.  
Millions of stars are now beckoning.  
Come on! Infernal men will create the sea,  
Fear not! On backs of fish we'll ride though.  
"We'll always march on – ALWAYS";  
So reckoning...*

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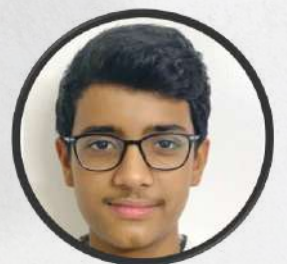


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# THE DECAY

*Virtues we sow,  
Vices we reap.  
Morals are low,  
Ethics are cheap.*

**Mayank Sinha**  
**X E**



# THEY WERE THE BEST OF DAYS, THESE ARE THE WORST OF DAYS...

The lovely flowers were omnipresent,  
They hastened the grinning smiles.  
Here worked in the field the peasant,  
There the beaver made wooden piles. ||1||

There were the tall and deceiving blades,  
And hid in ambush the wild king.  
The prey sometimes got His shades,  
Or at times, it failed surviving. ||2||

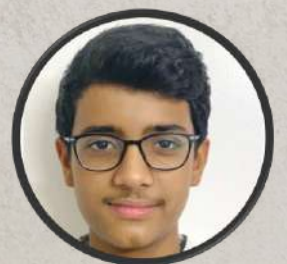
Into the deep and gushy and bubbling ravine,  
Which is far below the rocky precipice,  
Dived in the Natural Air Force which used to shine,  
In front of the sinking orange surface. ||3||

Now in the tropical forest let us dive,  
Where the birds sang all day.  
Despite the onerous burden to survive,  
In their mellow voices, the Gods themselves lay. ||4||

The welkin was light and blue,  
It let in the aureate ways.  
Everywhere, one saw the verdant hue,  
In short, they were the best of days... ||5||



Mayank Sinha  
X E





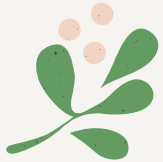
## NOTHING IS BEAUTIFUL

**Nothing is beautiful  
As this green fields  
Blue sky is giving  
Lively feeling  
Those bloomed flowers  
Attracting butterflies  
Bees are making honey  
Sweet smell is all over outside  
Nothing can match  
Beauty of this nature  
Now as a human being  
It's our soul duty  
To save this mother nature  
Decrease the pollution  
Create harmony in nature .**

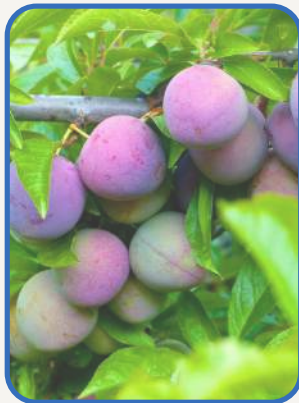
**ISHA SHARMA,  
IX-A**



# NATURE



*Once there were no trees,  
not even a breeze,  
Then came Nature.  
Sprouting saplings with ease,  
Making rivers flow,  
Setting canyons low.  
Setting up our future,  
She created fruits for flavour.  
Caves to inhabit,  
So we won't live like rabbits.  
So if you ever wonder  
Why our earth is so lavish,  
every bit  
Now you know  
You have Nature to thank for  
it.*





# Books Give Us Wings...

BOOKS GIVE US WINGS...  
TO FLY HIGH, HIGH AND HIGH.....  
THE MORE WE READ, THE MORE THINGS WE  
KNOW...  
THE MORE THAT WE LEARN, THE MORE PLACES  
WE'LL GO...

BOOKS GIVE US WINGS...  
TO FLY HIGH, HIGH AND HIGH  
WHEN WE OPEN A BOOK,  
WE WILL EXPLORE A NEW LOOK...  
IT IS INDEED OUR BEST FRIEND  
WHO WILL HOLD OUR HAND,  
UNTIL WE FINISH READING TILL THE END...

BOOKS GIVE US WINGS...  
TO FLY HIGH, HIGH AND HIGH  
BOOKS HELP US TO REACH OUR GOALS,  
TO ENLIGHTEN OUR MINDS, TO EMPOWER OUR  
SOULS...

BOOKS ARE THE GREATEST WEAPON,  
WHICH HELP US TO MAKE THINGS HAPPEN...  
BOOKS NEED NO AGE TO READ AND LEARN,  
JUST BE THEIR FRIENDS FOR LIFE AND EARN..

BOOKS GIVE US WINGS...  
TO FLY HIGH, HIGH AND HIGH

ANVI SONI  
V C





# Those Were the Days



**Those were the days  
When we used to enjoy dinner together  
But now when I see  
I see everybody in their rooms, eating alone  
And in their hands, unfortunately, I see a phone!  
Those were the days  
When we used to talk and laugh  
But now when I see  
I see people sitting alone  
Spending "quality time" with their phone!  
I wish the confusing truth of loneliness  
Could be known!  
Either they act or everyone is really happy alone  
Once family was the priority  
But now it is the phone...**

**Akshita Jain  
X C**

# Nature, Oh so wild and free...

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*Nature's beauty, wild and free  
A gift for all to see  
A world of color, sound, and scent  
Where all can find their own content*

*Nature, oh so wild and free  
A breath of fresh air, just for me  
The flowers bloom, the birds they sing  
A symphony of life, in everything*

*Birds in flight and flowers in bloom  
Mountains, rivers, and oceans too  
A never-ending source of delight  
Nature's magic, a pure and simple sight*

*The mountains rise, the rivers flow  
A never-ending dance, to and fro  
The sun shines bright, the moon glows pale  
A beauty to behold, without fall*

*In nature, we find peace and calm  
A refuge from the world's alarm  
A reminder of what's truly real  
And how we all must learn to feel*

*In nature, we find peace of mind  
A place to escape, to be kind  
A reminder of the world's true worth  
And the beauty that exists on this earth*

*So let us cherish and protect  
This wonderful world that we've been gifted  
For in nature, we find our home  
And the beauty of life to be shown*

*Nature, oh so wild and free  
Now it's time to sing with me*

*Nature, oh so wild and free  
Nature, oh so wild and free  
A breath of fresh air, just for me  
A breath of fresh air, just for me*



**Saksham Garg**



# **OH...NATURE, SAVE THE** **FUTURE**

**Oh...Nature, Save the Future The 'Green Panther' Wrote:**

**"A cool zephyr flows to the forest,  
Brings the best moments for a tree,**

**it gets his soul in the Zion, while him still being congealed."**

**"Once I heard of my parents that nothing is free, now I think the 'nature',  
which is priceless for me"**

**"I started thinking of what to write on nature, when I got a paper, he told  
me that even I'm his creature"**

**"Oh God gift us wisdom, so that we can think of saving nature,  
He said "It's not you but you are saved by nature."**

**"Oh Dear, Am I saving myself or is it a tree,  
Then my breaths told me it is tree and remember nature is not free,  
We should agree."**

**"Breath, Leaves, Trees, Sun, Moon, Sky and ocean,  
Thanks nature giving on earth all lives in motion.**

**"A lot can be penned down on this amazing factor,  
Thinking of how's it going? And who is that actor? "**

**"Silent! Think what the nature is mending..."**

**Not  
Attending  
Then  
Ur  
Resources (are)  
Ending**

**Ishan Sohal  
VII B**

# WINTER

**When the geese are flying south  
and the sky is grey, my dears,  
Close your eyes, and lift your nose;  
listen with your careful ears.**

**Feel the winter coming on,  
hear it in the crackling trees;  
Note the crisping, quivering wind  
sharply snapping at their leaves.**

**Feel it on the windowpanes  
Chilly glass on fingertips  
Mark the biting of the air,  
heated breath on numbing lips.**

**See it in the early morning,  
in the glowing sunset where  
Shadows of the trees  
are in the biting air.**

**Watch the nuthatch and the wren;  
they know it is time once more  
to abandon careful nests,  
as they've done each year before**

**Feel the winter when the land is white  
And full of dust of winter  
I love and live in the winter  
It is my favorite season.**

# BEAUTY OF NATURE

When you get some free time  
Just look at the sky's prime  
Look at its beautiful colors  
Its nature's original canvas  
Look at the birds flying by  
As you stare at the amazing sky  
Look at the attractive butterflies  
That twinkle in the bright sky  
River flowing with the calmness inside  
Birds chirping in beauty of light  
Trees sway as the wind passes through  
The rain makes everything look so new  
Enjoy the pleasant breeze  
Like it is a dream  
The kids play and the old laugh  
As they all admire the beauty of nature  
Have a glance at the colors that blend  
As the day comes to an end  
But there's nothing to worry  
Cause now we can see the moon's glory  
Look at the moon and stars shine bright  
Beautifully, even in the dark night  
Next day, the sun comes back at dawn  
That's how the beauty of nature goes on

**Aarav Arora**



# MY LITTLE SISTER

**When came my little sister,  
I was promoted to an elder one.**

**She is my world's twister,  
And most beloved one.**

**She loves me unconditionally,  
Though she fights with me too.**

**I behave more responsibly,  
Coz I never wanna let her see any blue.**

**Lots of things run in my mind,  
Which we're gonna share entire life.**

**Thanks to mom and dad for being so kind,  
And giving me a friend, a confidant for life.**



**Manya Gupta  
IV - Satyam**

# WHEN I SEE NATURE



**When I see nature  
The thoughts of my family fog my mind  
The way it fogs a wintry morning**

**My father suited-booted looking all mature  
Appearing as mysterious as mother nature  
He has a grin of face  
Resembling the leaves smiling after the rain of days**



**My mother rummaging around the kitchen  
Resembling a lioness whose looking for prey, all fierce  
Because her family is hunger stricken  
She has warmth in her hugs  
Resembling the snug  
A lioness gives her cubs**

**My sister giving me wisdom  
Appearing as wise as the mighty elephant,  
There is logic and sweetness in her words  
Sounding sweeter than the song of birds**



**When I see nature  
The thoughts of my family fog my mind  
The way it fogs a wintry morning**

**Co-dependence, the rule of nature  
I smile and grin as I remember  
The co-dependence running through our family  
Resembling the same as the one in nature's biggest family**

**Dishita Verma  
VII Shivam**



## **The Colonel's Death**

---

**I can still remember the day of funeral of a famous colonel.**

**Year- 1970**

**Time- 10:54**

**Place- Mussoorie**

**It was almost 11 in the night, a night of ghosts. Actually I was getting horrified at every small sound and that is because, I had seen a funeral. From childhood I am scared of dark, of horror movies, back of doors (you see in the Anabella movie she came out from behind a door) basically I was (& to some limit) am afraid of ghosts & having seen a dead body, I was just a few hours away of being a dead body myself. I saw a clock hanging on the peg of the door (it was mine) & mistook it for a ghost then I just went mad, shouting like & running like all the spirits of Mussoorie were after me. I switched on the light & when I saw it was a clock, I fell on the bed exhausted. I thought about listening to some soothing music but the house next to me beat me to it & they were not playing soothing music but a ghostly tune. Now, I was done with it, I ran out, slammed open the door of my Neighbour & threw the radio out of the window & told them to shut up for the night.**

**Then when I was walking back, I saw a man in a coat similar to that of the colonel. "The colonel" was all I could say & fainted. What happened next I don't know, but when I opened my eyes it was morning and I was in my room. I saw the same coat hanging on the peg of the door. Then a man came out & guess who he was, I know you'll be expecting the colonel, but no he was my brother.**

**Fancy me being scared of my own brother. He asked if I was okay. I told him about yesterday's activities & he laughed till his sides ached. I was a bit embarrassed, but then everyone has his or her own fear and mine was the colonel**



# अध्यापिका होना गर्व की बात है,

मैं मानती हूँ....

अध्यापिका होना गर्व की बात है ...2

क्योंकि हम सिर्फ बच्चों को पढ़ाते ही नहीं , संवारते भी हैं एक मां की तरह उनका चरित्र निखारते भी हैं।

हम बच्चों को पढ़ाते भी हैं और साथ पढ़ते भी हैं , हम उन्हें समझाते भी हैं और उनको समझते भी हैं, एक पिता की तरह उन्हें सीख भी देते हैं , और बातों ही बातों में उनकी समस्या का हल भी सोच लेते हैं।

कभी-कभी बच्चे भी हैरान होते हैं , उसने बताया भी नहीं पर अध्यापक कैसे जान गए?? उसकी उलझन को वे पल में कैसे पहचान गए? बिना कहे समझ जाते हैं, बिना बोले जान जाते हैं, पता नहीं वो कौन-सी चक्की का आटा खाते हैं,

हम बच्चों को पढ़ाने के लिए बहुत मेहनत करते हैं, उन्हें डाँटते भी हैं पर वास्तव में हम उनकी परवाह करते हैं, ये स्कूल के बच्चे भी हमें अपने बच्चों की तरह लगते हैं, इसीलिए हम उनकी बहुत फिक्र किया करते हैं,

व्यवसाय तो बहुत है पर मैंने यही चुना, और अपनी पढ़ाई के धागों से अपने ज्ञान की चादर को बुना, ज्ञान देना एक बहुत नेक काम है, तभी तो अध्यापिका होना मेरा स्वाभिमान है,

मैं मानती हूँ .....

अध्यापिका होना गर्व की बात है,  
अध्यापिका होना गर्व की बात है,



**Parent Name- Meetu Arora**  
**Mother of Radhya Arora**  
**Class- V San**

# Time

**I am time  
Wasting me is a crime  
Some people treat me like a dime  
Even though I am the only one who is sublime**

**I make days and years  
If you disrespect me, you will shed tears  
But if you use me well, you will forget about fears  
That's my rule, learn it or I will teach you by with  
spears**

**I decide if it rains or snows  
What I will do next, nobody except me knows  
I know whether, you are going to draw, win or lose  
I know whether, your decision is the correct one to  
choose**

**I stand still, when things are bad  
I seem to fly away, when you are glad  
I move at my own pace, and that's the way it should  
I treat everyone the same, but I am always  
misunderstood.**



# MY SISTER

She looks like an angel,  
But is as thunderous as lightning.

She is a ball of fire,  
Whom I cannot stop liking.

Her mood is even more unpredictable,  
Than weather or rain.

But she is as sensitive as a dew drop,  
And cannot bear anyone in pain

Our timings never match,  
And that is the reason for our fight.

But when I cry,  
She hates that sight.

Even our choices are always different,  
But we end up having the same  
present.

As soon as either of us adjusts,  
We forget the adjustment.

In her happiness,  
I find contentment.



Mishita

9 E

## **DISCORD**

1.

We have two eyes to see,  
And two ears to listen.  
Why then we put the blame,  
Pointing to me and thee,  
Making foes we thus hasten?

## **FORTITUDE**

Surrender?

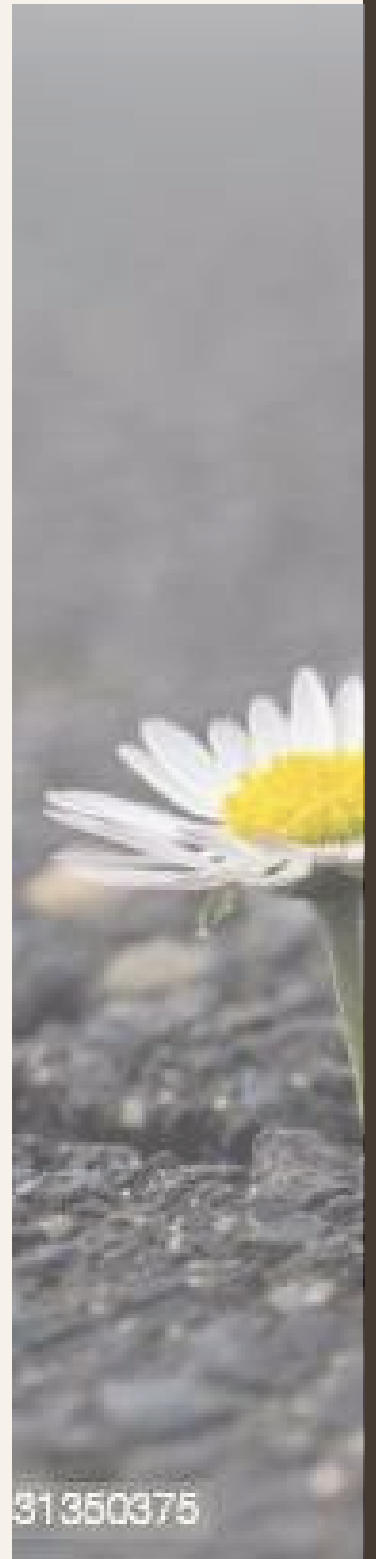
2.

Bereave. For it is the sign of the weak,  
It puts you forever to sleep,  
In a bog extremely deep,  
And covers you with a cosy quilt,  
So you may never out of it leap.

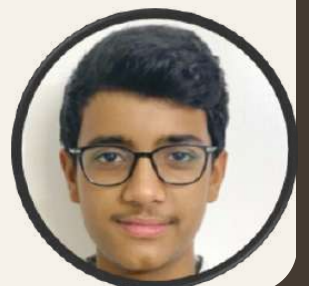
## **PEACE OF MIND**

3.

I have a garden of hopes,  
In my mind's sanguine slopes.  
I shan't let in even the most insipid insect,  
For in Paradise, I shall with it resurrect.



**Mayank Sinha**  
**X E**



# MOON

Everyone talks about it.  
'O the beauty of thou is like the moon',  
'O take a glimpse of the radiance it pours'  
or so is it told.

The uniqueness intrigues  
us But the fact of loneliness stings.

Among a billion stars,  
The moon does glitter

But

Does thou know of the loneliness it suffers?

The moon indeed  
'tis unlike mortal beings  
It lies vacant of a companion,  
still spreading it's hope to the world

Kimaya Agarwal  
X C



# MY DREAM MY WORLD



My dreams are my world, I reset those past I ran,  
And dreams of my future, I hold in my hand,  
Like pebbles or stones or an ocean of sand.

My life without the dreams would be so dark and grey,  
Sometimes I dream, just to spell my demons away.

Without my dreams, my hope is not there,  
And without my hopes, my world is just a lair.

In my dream world, all is fair,  
All wishes granted, everything is coloured and clear,  
But in reality, all blown away with air.

My dreams make me a great believer, that nothing in this  
life is too far,  
I keep my dreams aside, when reaching for that star.

My dreams make my world so whole,  
As if in life, I can play my role.

Why should I live in reality, where my life is so black and white,  
That's why I want to be in this trance of dream,  
Where I see everything coloured bright.

**Ananya Aggarwal**

**8 C**

# A Winter Sparrow

Once in a winter night  
I looked at the window  
Snow was shining bright  
In the garden from my sight

Sat at the couch near the fireplace  
Reading a book with my pleasure  
Going though a magical world  
From the book of treasure

With the passing time  
I looked at the window frame  
I smile with a pleasant chime  
And saw sparrows playing a game

I go out to enjoy the weather  
But saw with utter surprise  
A sparrow hurt  
And a pile of snow on his feather

I took him inside without a thought  
And treated him with joy  
Near the fireplace we sat  
And talked for hours until a draught

Time is being passing and passing  
Until it he grew up  
Finally the winter are gone  
With a shine and sour

Spring arrive flower blossom  
And the my mood was awesome  
But my little friend has to say goodbye  
And fly away in the sky

One year has passed by  
Thinking of him to be nearby  
As I was missing him  
I saw a little squirrel near a snow



# MY TEACHERS

MY TEACHERS ARE THE BEST OF ALL  
THEY ARE LIKE AN UMBRELLA DURING RAINFALL.  
THEY HELP ME WHENEVER I AM IN NEED,  
THROUGH EVERY THICK AND THIN INDEED.  
MY CLASS TEACHER WHO TEACHES ME MATH,  
HAS ALWAYS GUIDED ME TO THE RIGHT PATH,  
MY ENGLISH TEACHER WHO TEACHES ME  
COMPOSITIONS,  
HAS HELPED ME OVERCOME ALL MY HESITATIONS.  
FROM FINDING IT DIFFICULT TO WRITE IN HINDI,  
MY TEACHER MADE ME PERFECT MY EVERY CHANDRA  
BINDI  
STUDYING SOCIAL SCIENCE WAS ALWAYS A HEADACHE,  
BUT WITH MY TEACHER IT IS A PIECE OF CAKE.  
MY SCIENCE TEACHER WHO TAUGHT ME METALS ARE  
DUCTILE,  
ALWAYS ANSWERS MY CURIOSITIES WITH A SMILE  
NONE OF THE SUBJECTS HAVE EVER MADE ME FALL  
SICK  
THANKS TO THE TEACHERS OF P.T, THEATRE, ART AND  
MUSIC  
YOU ALL ARE THE BEST FOR NEVER LETTING US FALL  
APART,  
WE LOVE YOU AND YOU HAVE A SPECIAL PLACE IN OUR  
HEART



**Aadhya Arora**



# NO DOGS

It was half past three and Katie had just finished school. Her mum was waiting at the gates with Jessie, the dog.

'Can we go to the park with Jaia, Mum?' said Katie.

'All right, we can go for half an hour,' said Mum.

When they got to the park, Katie and Jaia ran towards the swings and slides. 'Come on!' shouted Katie. 'Let's see how high we can go on the swings!'

You can't come in here, Jess!' shouted Katie and Jaia. Mum took Jessie over to the bench and tied him to it. She sat down and started to read the paper.

Half an hour later ...

'Did you have a nice time?' Mum asked.

'Yes, it was brilliant! I went the highest!' said

Katie. 'No, I went the highest,' said Jaia.

'Come on, we need to take you home,' said Mum.

That night, Jessie couldn't sleep. He was thinking about the park. Quietly, he got out of his basket and walked downstairs. He squeezed through the cat flap – he was outside! He ran towards the park.

Soon Jessie was at the park. He walked towards the swings. The gate was open. He went through and looked around ... The playground was full of dogs!



Jessie climbed up the ladder, went down the slide, whizzed round on the roundabout, went up and down on the see-saw, bounced on the springy and went up and down on the swing.

'Woooooof!' barked Jessie. He went as high as he could on the swing.

Soon it was time to go. Jessie got off the swing, went through the gate and walked back home.

He squeezed through the cat flap, walked upstairs and got into his basket. He looked at Katie. 'I went the highest,' thought Jessie. And went to sleep.

# VISIT TO SCIENCE CITY



**Science City Kapurthala, otherwise known as Pushpa Gujral Science City is a heaven for science enthusiasts established by the Government of Punjab. At a distance of 15 km from Jalandhar, it is spread across an area of 72 acres. Its motto is to help people, especially younger children, develop an interest in the working of the physical world around them. It uses concepts from physical, applied, natural and social sciences, engineering, technology, agriculture, health sciences, energy, industries, human evolution, environment, ecosystems, Jurassic parks as well as other as other intriguing aspects of space, IT, nuclear science, robotics and biotechnology. It constitutes of a theatre and digital planetarium endorsing an engaging outlook onto the undiscovered world. There is a climate change theatre dedicated to educating younger and older minds to help save this planet. There are several other intriguing manifestations of abstract concepts. It is focused on inculcating a creative insight into how the world works and how can humanity as a civilisation succeed without destroying its natural habitat. The project also upholds education beyond age and profession. They promote learning through experience rather than textbook hindsight and mugging-up.**

# IMPORTANCE OF TEACHERS IN LIFE

In Sanskrit, there is a guru mantra, गुरु ब्रह्मा गुरु विष्णु, गुरु देवो महेश्वरा गुरु साक्षात् परब्रह्म, तस्मै श्री गुरुवे नमः।

It means that a Guru or teacher is a representative of the trinity (Brahma-Vishnu ,Shiva). One who creates, imparts knowledge and destroys the darkness that prevails within. We could have never stood where we are today, without our teacher's. Teachers are the pillars of society. They are the building blocks of the nation's future. They inspire us to bring about the best in ourselves and serve the country. Without teachers, there are no lawyers, no doctors, no administrative officers, no researchers and scientists. Teachers support us and guide us through our path towards a brighter future. Dr APJ Abdul Kalam, one of the finest scientists and most importantly a great teacher of the country says, "Teachers are the backbone of any country, the pillar upon which all aspirations are converted into realities." Teachers are a blessing in disguise. They help us in building our character and shape our personalities. They form those crucial stepping stones that ultimately guide us to the path of joy, happiness, and success. The teachers of Bhavan Vidyalaya are the finest gems who are an exemplary example of grit, great valor and optimism. Their teaching is beyond excellence which in turn encourages students to leave no stone unturned when it comes to doing their hard work and bring laurels of this prestigious institution.

Teachers paint our minds and guide us with their beautiful thoughts,

Share our achievements and advice on our faults.

They inspire in us a love for knowledge and truth

They light a sacred path that leads to success of our youth.

Our future brightens with each lesson they teach;

You, my teachers are the ones whom I follow and beseech.

How thankful I'm for all your guidance!

You listened to all what I said in my silence.



**Khushbu Chadha**  
**XI Humanities**





## **Are We Cricket Enthusiasts, Really?**

**India is a country which has unity in diversity, it is home to many religions, customs, traditions and beliefs. One such tradition is the love for cricket, passing on from generations in the form of playing, hearing commentary or watching cricket. These days all these cricket enthusiasts spread their love for cricket by posting updates on social media and making memes. But the most questionable element is that I've never seen them post updates about women's cricket. Recently a cricketer, Deepti Sharma mankaded another cricketer which led to India winning the match. But it's nowhere in the news. Whereas 3 years back, in 2019 Ravichandran Ashwin mankaded another player during an IPL match and it sparked debates and simping of national media. It continued to be a hot topic for several days. But this time, I haven't even seen this news on many prominent news channels.**

**That's it, that's the difference!**

**It's upsetting to know that people can name members of Indian Men's team, even the B and C team (which is supposedly the extra and reserve team) but they can't name more than 1 or 2 women players, not even that too mostly. They can't even recognize some names. It's a strenuous task to get tickets for the Indian team's match but during a women's cricket match, the stadium usually has empty spaces popping out. I guess these fans who say they like cricket, they're not cricket enthusiasts, they're just male cricket enthusiasts. Because women's cricket never gains any attention neither from the media, nor the public.**

**DIVYA KHURANA**  
**XII Humanities**



# Killing Our Only Happiness

**"This world is cruel yet Beautiful"**

In this world we try to seek happiness from materialistic things and so called success. Happiness can be found in small moments in our life. We need to create memories with our loved ones and capture those small precious moments in our hearts or a form of a photograph because we all know this small happiness is not going to come back again. We all need to live in the present and appreciate this beautiful gift of life called 'present'.

Lost in the memories of the past we forget to live in our present. Worried about our future we forget to make our present better. We all dream of a happy world. What if I told you God made everyone for happiness and kindness only but then he realized if there will be happiness and kindness only then this world won't end. God is not cruel at all..... it is humans who are suffering for their actions. It is we who become cruel to nature, harming & polluting it to the utmost & when things turn bad, we start blaming God. We humans became so selfish that we don't even care about the well-being of nature & other creatures. We human beings commit sins and weep to God during the night asking for forgiveness. In Greek mythology, there is a mention of 7 sins that we human beings commit. Greed is an excessive pursuit of material goods, Sloth is excessive laziness or the failure to act and utilize one's talents, Wrath is strong anger and hatred towards another person, Envy is the intense desire to have an item that someone else possesses, Pride is an excessive view of one's self without regard for others. Gluttony is excessive and on-going eating of food or drink. Hatred is an excessive disliking for another person. We kill our happiness slowly with our sins and pride that we forget to spread kindness in this world. We commit sins and then are scared of hell and the god of the underworld.

Something similar also happened with Lucifer his own actions killed him just like how human beings are slowly killing themselves with their materialistic and envious desires. The monster is real; he is not a small red colour creature with pointy horns that we saw in cartoons or shows he lives inside us they hold a twisted smile on their smile before stabbing a knife at our back. Lucifer was an important entity created by God he was a beauty with pride just like us humans his pride killed him and blinded, he craved success and more power of thorn. More powerful than God Lucifer the fallen angel rejected God beautiful grace and slowly turned himself into a monster who resides in hell now. In conclusion, we human beings were made to spread love and happiness. This world is cruel yet beautiful; we can make it better with a small act of kindness and can make someone's life better and filled with happiness. Don't try to kill your happiness with sins and sorrows. Learn to appreciate small moments and things in your life. Because in the end, a small heart can bring more things into your life than the things that money can.

**Akshambari**  
**XI Humanities**



# The Lens of Judgement

To me gender identity comes as a barrier many times. Women equality and empowerment felt perfect on paper but in real life they didn't feel concrete, instead felt baseless. For instance, in my house there are two different sets of rules, one for my brother and one for me. I can't go out alone after 8pm. Even if I have to go out with someone, I have to constantly seek my parent's permission. But for my brother, time is no barrier. He can go for a walk even after dinner, which he usually does around 10 pm. He returns late from his friend's birthday parties often. I remember when I was in Class 9, once I got late while returning from a friend's birthday party. It was around 8pm and I had an earful from my parents. Men can go out late at night, roam around fearlessly, and then have the audacity to say male privilege doesn't exist. Wait, did I just say "my house"? Just asking out of surprise because my relatives always told me that girls don't have their own house. First, they live in their father's house and after marriage in their husband's. Yet, I find people saying a house's reputation is in the hands of a daughter. All I ever wanted to do was feel safe. But society told me regularly, repeatedly that women need men to protect them from other men. We are taught about 'Women Empowerment' but I feel the actions of elders don't match with their words, it's just hypocrisy ruling people's minds. I can remember, when I was in Class 7, a teacher came to my class and asked for students who could help her during an event. I raised my hand. But the teacher didn't select me saying- "The task requires physical strength, it's a masculine job". This made me think, are girls born weak? The question soon made me realize, it's the stereotypes that society has made, and have already restricted girl's course of actions to a limited area. I have observed things that boys can do normally, girls can't. Whenever a girl is seen smoking, questions are raised about her character and values. Has anyone heard such comments when men are seen smoking? By mentioning this, I am certainly not favouring the act of smoking. Of course, it is injurious to health, but, of both- men and women. Then, why are such questions only about women?

Why do women always have to pass through society's lens of judgement? Why all agniparikshas for Sitas? As a kid, whenever someone asked me about my favorite color, they automatically answered it saying, it must be pink. No, for god's sake all girls don't like pink, they can like blue or yellow as well. But I could never say it to them back then. On my birthdays, I used to get dolls. It would be a lie, if I say I didn't like them. Maybe I was raised to like it. I wanted a remote-control car also. It might not be unusual to give girls toy-cars nowadays but ten years back, no one used to do it. If I ever wanted to do something different, something that didn't align with society's mindset I was snapped saying, I can never do something that has not been defined for my gender. I'll have to follow society's gender rule book, no matter what. Whenever there's puja, pandit ji always asks my brother to perform the rituals, I just sit behind as if I'm not a member of the family. On constantly intervening about why boys always do this, he mentions about the shastras which according to him state that women don't have the right to perform rites. Still if I persistently continue, he says that I can accompany my brother. But why do I have to ask and fight for my rights, why are they not passed on to me just as they're to my brother? Growing up I realise how society judges me, like the people in my surroundings constantly scan me and try to find where I fall out of line. Lines of predetermined perfect body shape, perfect behaviour which clearly doesn't involve asking questions and being curious. The eyes of strangers make me insecure about my own body and make me question myself, "Am I enough, am I good?". I don't know till when this judgement will continue, but I'm sure that the residues it leaves with me will completely vanish with time. Although society needs to clean its lens, it's grown old, dusty and needs to be changed.

It needs a new lens of equality, empathy and sensitivity, especially towards women.

**DIVYA KHURANA**

**XII-D**





## IT ENDS WITH US: BOOK REVIEW

COLLEEN HOOVER

Most of the young adult books read by youngsters these days are either about extreme tragedy or boundless love which seems pretty unrealistic. Many readers find it surreal and impractical. But, the book "It Ends With Us" gives a complete insight of what goes inside the minds of adolescents. How do they react to different situations and what different people do when their decisions go wrong. The protagonist of the novel, "Lily" is an extremely thoughtful, benevolent individual and at the same time is an aspirer having her own goals. She gets in a fuss when her childhood lover Atlas, pops up after he had left for Boston several years back, meets up with her present love interest Ryle. Lily had found everything with Ryle going smooth and easy. She had even gotten an opportunity to follow up her dream of being a florist and having her own business of selling ornamental flowers which was highly encouraged by Ryle. After having gone through and seen a dreadful time during her childhood, when her mother used to be assaulted and verbally abused by her father. She never in her wildest dreams could have ever imagined of landing up in the same vulnerable state as her mom. Tables had turned when Ryle "unintentionally" due to his anger issues, assaulted Lily too.

She was devastated and didn't know whether giving him another chance considering the safety of her child that was coming to life was okay. At the very end, Lily appealed to the conscience of Ryle and knew that he had never wanted to do what he had done. But in order to end this loop of patriarchy and domestic violence and ensure the safety of her daughter, Lily was bound to give up on him and start her life afresh on her own terms, not repeating the mistake her mother had made. All in all, the book will surely make the readers burst into tears considering the extremely impactful use of language to portray emotions. Colleen Hoover has done a commendable job and has unleashed the face of oppression that still carries on in this generation too. It has also instilled a sense of independence and courage in the readers especially targeting women through the character of Lily. Throughout the book, readers remain captivated in the storyline and are sure to turn feminist by the end of the book.

I highly recommend you all to give it a shot. It is surely worth the time!

Tarushi Sapra

X D



# GOOD & BAD FRIENDS



Rahul was an intelligent boy who had come to a new city. He took an admission in the government school in fifth class. After few months, Ajay became Rahul's best friend.

One day English teacher announced an exam for the next day.

While leaving from the school on that day, Ajay said to Rahul, "Let's go and play in the park". Rahul replied to Ajay, "Sorry, I can't play because I have to study and you also go and study".

In the evening once again they met when Ajay came to Rahul's house and said, "Let's go and play".

Rahul replied, "I cannot play because I have to study, and you also go to study".

Ajay replied that I am not able to learn it even I have read it many times.

Rahul said, "You don't worry. Once I finish attempting the paper, I will give you my answer sheet tomorrow".

Next day Rahul completed his English exam in a hurry and gave answer sheet to Ajay. Teacher caught them doing cheating. They both got zero marks in the exam.

The teacher called both and gave a strong message, "Best friends are those who share good things and not the bad ones."





## Book Review : 'The Hound of The Baskervilles' Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

I would like to apprise the good reader that this, is one of the four novels, featuring Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson penned by Sir Doyle. Now, having known this & with the aforementioned gloomy title, allow me to prepare you mentally for the twists and turns, tumbles and tragedies, in this titanic plot, clock full of humour, a good crop of characters, classically intricate use of vocabulary as the story roots its origin in the Victorian and Edwardian Era. The very first scene of the work teleports the reader to a whole other world, as Sherlock Holmes finds a walking cane of a visitor, who looked forth to interview the former the previous night, but accidentally left it and asked Dr. Watson to decipher the attributes of the nocturnal visitor, who turned out to be Dr. Mortimer, who had come with the woe of Sir Charles Baskerville's mysterious death on the Baskerville Hall. Then the adventure that follows, takes you on an enchanted sleigh, dashing through the snow, from sundry characters to new plots to new scenes and it's brimming with mystery, murder, melancholy moments and the awakening of the nimble spirit of mirth. Again, a perfectly plotted piece of fictional work, with a fantastic bedrock & setting – Devonshire, SW England, and what's even awe-inspiring is that the case becomes crystal clear towards the end. This goes at odds with many works of Charles Dickens.

Methinks, the most impactful element of this story was the way in which Sir Arthur summed up the entire case, in the final lesson – 'A Retrospection'. That's something that I've never seen or read before ever in my life... and now, I cordially sing the praises of this humble, well-lettered soul.

May Sir Arthur's soul rest in the most idyllic, and cosy corner of Paradise!

Mayank Sinha  
X E



## **Corruption Free India for Developed Nation**

The bygone epochs have regarded the rule of the Hindu Kshatriyas, whose provenance preponderates the Era of the Great Flood, in tandem with the Mohammaden rule ingressed into the Golden Bird by the Afghans, the Delhi Sultanate kings and the Mughals; which were followed by the consolidation of British footing in India, augmenting the boundaries of the Christian world. Political compromises, conflicts, insurrection, campaigns, bloodsheds eventually culminated in the emancipation of the Golden Jewel of the British Crown, maimed with the whelms of colonialism, institutions in tatters, an enormous illiterate rabble to educate, the naked to clad, and the famished to feed, for they all were shareholders of the political franchise. Now, the responsibility grew as we would henceforth carve out our country's destiny.

Today, we Indians, though indirectly, govern our own land, and together feed on the upshot, difference in shares would of course depend on individual industry, bequeathed privileges, and ancestral pelf. We must remember that the countries making a pretext of political, military and economic comity with India today were those who in 1947 poked fun at us, saying that our democratic structures will be a debacle. On the eve of India's independence, Winston Churchill, the then Leader of Opposition in the House of Commons warned the British Labour Government, "Power will go into the hands of rascals, rogues, freebooters... They will fight amongst themselves and India will be lost in political squabbles".

Our progress in the country's younger years was indeed meritorious, but later, we fell short of pace, able leadership and purpose, we were led astray, away from nationalist concerns, to the petty worries of one's own bread and butter, our leadership was inefficient and no coherent existed anymore to focus on pressing national issues of development. Most importantly, the ogre named corruption, whelped most of our woes, it sifted into the government's appellation altogether. Politics in India unravelled its dingy nuances and soon rascallions held the sceptre. Howard Zinn's words resonate in India too - "Our jails are full of petty thieves and the grand thieves are running the country".



**Corruption has rendered India the identity of a backward country, brimming with pauperdom, crammed with wastrels. It has not just rid us of our vigour but instilled in our greener, warmer bloods languor. The scourge can be mitigated by furnishing the populace with effective moral education. The definition of education must broaden to include not just what one must cram to keep the wolf away from the door. Every effort must be made to infill loopholes in the democratic system so that varlets get to harm our dear beloved mother no more. The civilized man has been fortunate to have produced noble works of philosophy, guiding the lost to live in halcyon and create a liveable society, so that barbarism doesn't reign, and we don't resort to savagery. These precious jewels deserve dissemination, and not the pictures and videos of Hollywood heartthrobs.**

**The contemporary generation needs an introduction to Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and their likes, and delving domestic, the Vedas, Upanishads, Manusmriti and the unfathomable expanse of Sanskrit Literature enlists the various tenets of becoming a true human, as God intended us to be. But attempts to spread Hindu teachings for a noble purpose are oft perceived by the so-called intellectuals as attempts to establish Hindu dominance over India. This essay embraces its conclusion with the sapient verse written by Acharya Chanakya –**

**“If the king is virtuous, so are the subjects, if he sins, so does the populace. If he is mediocre, so are the people. Thus, as is the king, so are his subjects”.**

**In light of the above, we must also ensure that our leaders lead by example in this combat against Corruption.**


**Mayank Sinha**

**X E**

# ONE MORNING

As usual the morning comes with a fresh start but for him it was a stressful and dark start. Eren Yeager a very dangerous and powerful fighter of the mafia world. He had a perfectly built body and tattooed arms with piercings on his ears making him look hell scary matching with his dark aura. Everyone in the underground world feared him knowing how much power he held. He lost his parents at a very small age and was raised by Erwin Smith, the mafia king. He trained and taught Eren every form of fighting that he could. He had no emotions and never felt any emotional pain or mercy for his enemies and killed them without giving any second thought.

He never got caught as he had many connections with the police department and mostly stayed hidden. He was very frustrated since he woke up this morning. A deal was bothering him. He had got a mission to export some packets, well two pounds of drugs to a sheikh in Saudi Arabia!


But his men were denying to do so  as Saudi Arabia, a very strict and dangerous country when it comes to crime. If a person is caught stealing, even a simple watch, his hands are chopped off, and what not do they do!

And right now it was a whole god damn amount of drugs. At first he rejected the deal but the sheikh offered double the amount of the previous one; in his greed he accepted it. As his men were not ready to go he himself went to the airport around 10:00 am and with ten body guards as support if anything goes wrong.

He wore a formal black suit, a mask looking breathtaking as hell. As the bag of drugs was passing through the checkpoint, he stayed calm as if nothing was going on. The officer on duty got shocked after witnessing the truth. Before he could call the security guards Eren came close to the officer's ear and whispered something that made his eyes widen and face pale. He quickly got away and allowed them to go through, struggling with fear himself. Eren went to Saudi Arabia without much trouble. He went to the decided spot and did his deal but it was getting difficult for him to leave the country as the cops got to know that someone entered here illegally.

# ONE MORNING

On the other hand the officer got all tensed up. His words were whirling inside his head "I've heard your wife is very beautiful. Mrs. Joey is alone at home right? What if something happens to her." Multiple questions were up in his head 'how does he know my wife's name?', 'is she alright?' Negative thoughts took over him. He quickly left from there and drove to his house at a very high speed. As soon as he knew that something was off as the main door was opened.

He entered inside the house and started searching for his wife. He found her sitting in the kitchen sitting in a corner crying miserably. Her sobs could be heard in the whole room. He sighed in relief knowing that her wife was safe. He went towards her and comforted her. Later that morning he got so scared and thought about it whole day and decided  to stay out of this shitty crap. He changed his job and started working at a café to avoid danger but that one morning still haunts him. He still gets scared at the thought of that person. 'what if he returned?'. After a few weeks Eren's men were captured but he was still missing. The sheikh betrayed him and this was all a set up to trap him.

But Eren didn't figure out this truth, he somehow escaped from Saudi Arabia but now wanted a revenge. He was not able to figure out who told the cops at Saudi Arabia about him, then something hit his mind. Later that evening the officer got an anonymous call . He answered it and froze at his spot after hearing the most unexpected voice "Hello officer, remember me?"

One Morning One Person.....

Preeti Singh

# Can Study be a love for the Students?

This is a big question to the young generation that " Do they study because they enjoy doing that ?" Well , the percentage of students saying "YES" would be very less. Why is this so?

Education today has just become a means to score high in exams and nothing more! People want to get education in order to get DEGREES and then a job !! That's it! Students do study just to pass exams with good marks . For them , Education is equivalent to Examination.

We as students never studied for the thought that " Oh! Today we are gonna learn something new." Instead, we did just to pass exams. Right?

But do you all know what Education exactly seeks to do?

Its purpose is to groom our personality , make us practical , a good decision-maker, innovative and a critical thinker. What is the benefit of good marks if the person is not able to speak confidently in front of the audience? If he/she is not able to tackle the situation which comes without any prior knowledge ? If he/she is not practical , logical , creative ? What is he/she going to do with the mark sheets if he/she doesn't exhibit humane virtues and values? No!! One thing can be done!! He can keep that mark sheet in a file , deep inside a box or frame it to save it for showing it to the next generations. But would it help him in his present life ? Education is meant to expand one's mind to think broadly , critically , creatively and practically. "Theories can help you pass the exams but not the Life Exams". The education system needs serious reforms. Education should become interesting so that students find it enjoyable. It should make amendments in its curriculum to make it more applied and practical rather than theoretical. Also , the focus has to be in one more sector , and that is to make it (education) knowledge oriented rather than marks oriented. After all , it is not an overnight process but with consistent efforts , change can be brought which would be really beneficial for the entire mass of students. So that , it is heard afterwards , " I LOVE TO DO STUDY!

**Ananya**

**XI-D**



## पराया धन

एक लड़की के घर में पैदा होते ही ,  
लोग उसे पराया धन क्यों कहते हैं,  
क्यों कहते हैं इसे अपने घर जाना है ।  
जब अपने कुल में जन्मी बच्ची पर पिता प्यार बरसाता है ,  
तो मां क्यों कहती है ,  
इसे सर ना चढ़ाओ इसे तो अपने घर जाना है।  
जब मां अपनी बच्ची पर ममता लुटाती है,  
तो दादी -नानी सब क्यों कहती है ,  
न बिगाड़ इसे, इसे तो एक दिन अपने घर जाना है।  
हर बच्ची जन्म से शादी तक हर दिन यहीं सुनती है,  
और सुनहरे सपने अपने घर के बुनती है।  
हकीकत तो कुछ और ही होती है,  
अपना घर अपना नहीं होता,  
उस घर पर लगी नेम प्लेट पर कहीं अपना नाम नहीं होता।  
बीत जाती है जिंदगी अपने घर की तलाश में ,  
पर अपने घर के जैसी उस घर में कोई बात नहीं होती,  
बहुत वर्षों के पश्चात पता चलता है, लड़की का कोई घर नहीं होता।  
समझ नहीं पा रही मै, जिस घर की माँ बात करती थीं,  
क्या माँ को मिल पाया था ,  
वो अपना घर,  
जिसे तलाशती रही वो उम्र भर।

**Mrs. Sonia Pabby**  
**Vice Principal**





# **HOPE**

**The Sun is about to rise,  
And infuse the world with life;  
Soon everyone will strive,  
To become prudent and wise.  
They will remove all social-ills,  
And discard all superstition;  
Stop all wars and destroy  
The deadly ammunition;  
Forget all jealousy and hatred,  
And let the feeling of brotherhood spread;  
End the rat-race for money,  
And everything that is vile;  
Sound the death knell of corruption,  
And bring morality back from exile.  
A new world will be created where,  
Peace and happiness will reign it seems;  
This is the picture of tomorrow,  
That I see in my dreams.**

**Poonam Malhotra  
HOD English**





**TODAY, STANDING AT THIS PHASE OF MY LIFE  
RECALLING THOSE MEMORABLE, JOYFUL AND  
CHERISHING MOMENTS,  
MY HEART STARTS BLEATING  
IT KEEPS ON REPEATING  
"SCHOOL PERIOD WAS THE GOLDEN PERIOD OF LIFE"**

I was an all-rounder throughout my school life .Be it academic, cultural or sports my name used to be on the top of the list. I was a singer, a good dancer, excellent in sports, powerful debater, a composer with perfection in situational writing. Perfectly dressed up in school uniform, with complete homework in neatly covered notebook I always reported school in time. I still remember that my teachers used to care for me to that extent that they never used to start a new chapter if I was absent. During Annual function the schedule card was prepared according to my convenience so that I got enough time to make myself ready for the next item. I was nominated Class monitor then House captain and left the school as School Captain. I give the credit to my parents also who really worked hard to develop me as an all-rounder individual.

I remember a very funny incident of the days when I was in class VIII; we were filling forms for CBSE. My teacher made one intelligent student to sit in the first bench of each row and asked other students to copy the details from his/her form. After some time the teacher was shocked to check that in one row all students had written Late with their father's name- oh My God! Late Mr Surinder kumar ,Late Mr Madan Lal. After checking she found that one of the leader in the row was not having father so he filled his father's name as Late Sh-----. and blindly everyone had copied. No,I was not there as I was the leader in the another row.

It is said every bean has its black, everyone has faults, and similarly my life was not perfect in one subject and was never appreciated by this teacher. I still remember her name "Mrs Devi Sharma" my drawing and Arts teacher. I was sooooo poor in drawing and always looked for excuses to bunk her class.I shared it with my mom too.I used to get embarrassed with the kind of comments and remarks she used to shower on me. One day I decided that I am going to improve my hand in drawing also I started giving more time to in but was of no use. Finally I purchased plastic stencils of few birds, I picked up the stencil of crane and outlined on the drawing sheet ,it came so well . Next day I went to school requested one of the friend to colour. It came out so well, very happily I submitted it to my teacher. She called me and we had the following conversation.

**Ms.D.Sharma - okkk you have made this??????**

**Me -Yes Ma'am**

**Ms.D.Sharma - Are you sure????? I don't think you can draw such beautiful crane?**

**Me -No Ma'am I have made.**

**Ms.D.Sharma - okkk sit here and make it one more time.**

**She passed me a drawing sheet and kit and made me sit down near her chair. She even gave my drawing file back to me with a mischievous smile and commented "you can look at it any time whenever you forget what all you have drawn."**

**I started crying as I was so helpless, I was drawing and rubbing, the process continued till we had our final dispersal.**

**From that day onwards I never told her lies and it was declared by her in the whole class that I could never draw. My phobia was not towards this subject it was for the teacher as I always used to draw neat and labelled diagrams in my science notebook, maps in social science. I was so scared of her sarcastic comments that instead of playing in the ground I used to draw and sketch in the notebook in the sports period, which I am not at all good till now. I think it was mere wastage of time which I could have devoted to my other passions.**

**If I get a chance to reset the time machine and go back to my school I really wish to show a movie "The Animal School" to my teacher. It's a lesson we learn over and over again. Most of us are unbalanced. The duck was excellent in swimming but relatively poor in running, so he devoted himself to improving his running through extra practice. Eventually, his webbed feet got so badly worn that he dropped to only average in swimming. We are relatively stronger in one area than another. There is a great temptation to fix ourselves or others by investing time to improve the areas that are relatively less strong. But that's not the way forward.**

**Let the fish swim. Let the rabbits run. Let the eagles fly.**

**We don't want a school of average ducks.**

**Play to people's strengths.**

**Ms. Anjum Vigha  
PRT Computer Science**



## लिखूं क्या आज समझ न जब कुछ आता है

लिखूं क्या आज समझ  
न जब कुछ आता है  
मन बेचारे पर तरस यूँ आता है  
दृष्टि जाती जब भी जिधर  
हर कोई बेबस -सा नजर आता है

लेखनी पूर्ण न कर पाती  
किसी की भी पूर्ण व्यथा  
कहीं कोई भूख से बिलखता  
हमें नित नजर आता है ।  
तो कहीं कोई रोगी बन  
चांदी के बर्तनों में खाता नजर आता है।

धनिकों के बच्चे कहीं बचते शिक्षा से  
तो चाहता पाना कोई गरीब शिक्षा को ,  
कुत्तों को बिस्कुट महंगे खिला ,  
भूखों के मुख से निवाले छीनते  
कोई रईस नजर आता है।  
देख के ऐसा मन मेरा घबराता है ।

किसे देखूं , समझाऊं आज  
समझ कुछ न आता है  
जब सामने कोई हँसता तो कहीं  
रोता कोई नजर आता है,  
चाँदनी है चाँद में तो  
अमावस-सा अंधेरा  
कहीं नजर आता है,  
लिखूं क्या आज समझ  
न जब कुछ आता है।



# काफ़िला बन जाएगा

काफ़िला बन जाएगा

मन प्रश्नों से भरा, किसी के साथ की जब कोई आस नहीं, रख  
खुद की काबिलियत पर भरोसा तेरी जैसी किसी में कोई बात  
नहीं।

सोचता क्यों है बार बार, तुझे अपने निर्णय पर इतना सन्देह क्यों  
हैं, अन्तःकरण में तेरे इतना भय क्यों है।

राह पर चलेगा तो मंज़िल भी मिल जाएगी,  
निराश बैठेगा गर तू, तो तेरी परछाई भी तेरा साथ छोड़ जाएगी।

कर निर्धारित अपने लक्ष्य को, बन के देख अर्जुन तू एक बार  
तेरी किस्मत पल में बदल जाएगी।

जीवन का यह नियम है,

हर पहल अकेले करनी पड़ती है।

पर्वत पार करना हो तो, डगर अपनी स्वयं तय करनी पड़ती है ।

समर्थन में तेरे कोई क्यों आएगा,

हाथ पकड़ तेरा, कोई क्यों रास्ता तुझे दिखाएगा,

स्वप्न है तेरा, तो उसे साकार करने साहस रख रे,

दूसरों से आस किस बात की रखता है बावरे।

सफलता जिस दिन थामेगी तेरा हाथ, पीछे होगा तेरे लोगों का  
काफ़िला । अग्नि परीक्षा है यह तेरी, पर जीत का परचम तेरे हाथों  
में होगा।



Meetu Jaitley,  
Teacher  
PGT Economics





## लगता है. मां को आज मेरी याद आई है

मौसम ने अपना रुख जो बदला,  
सर्द हवाएं जो वह आई हैं,  
लगता है, आज मेरी मां को मेरी याद आई है,  
तभी घर की खिड़की पर गर्म धूप चली आई है।  
खूब बुनती थी स्वेटर मां मेरे लिए, आज कतरा कतरा किरणों को सजा, मां ने  
मेरे लिए गरम धूप बिखराई है,  
लगता है, मां को आज मेरी याद आई है।  
आगोश में भर लिया हो जैसे मां ने मुझे, धूप ने ऐसी आत्मीयता फैलाई है,  
लगता है, मां को आज मेरी याद आई है,  
तभी ऊन के गरम गोले सी लिपटी धूप, मेरे घर की खिड़की पर आई है।  
आसमां से भेजा है संदेशा माँ ने,  
तू तन्हा नहीं है इस जहां में,  
मैं न सही, तेरे साथ मेरी परछाई है। कच्ची-पक्की धूप का उजाला जब- जब  
फैला होगा,  
मेरी बच्ची वह मेरे प्यार का आँचल होगा।

Meetu Jaitley,  
Teacher  
PGT Economics



# चिन्ता

मृत्युलोक का भागीरथ  
अपने पूर्वजों को तारने के लिए  
सुरसरि को स्वर्ग से धरा पर लाया  
पूर्वजों का उद्धार करवाया और यूँ ही  
बहने के लिए छोड़ दिया ,  
स्वार्थी मानव ने इसे  
अपने - अपने हिसाब से निचोड़ा  
इसके बहुमूल्य रत्नों को  
सदियों - सदियों तक बटोरा ।  
अब यह अपमान का घूँट पी रही है  
मानवों का अत्याचार सह कर  
किसी तरह जी रही है ।  
ऐसा नहीं है कि यह सम्मानित नहीं होती ,होती है  
केवल शब्दों से , कोरे आश्वासनों से  
भक्तों के भजनों से नेताओं के भाषणों से ।  
कोई इसे पापहारिणी , तो कोई तापनाशिनी  
कोई जीवनदायिनी , तो कोई मोक्षप्रदायिनी  
कह कर इसका मान बढ़ता  
इसकी अद्भुत गाथा सुनाता , नित्य आरती उतारता  
पर , समय आने पर चुप हो जाता ।  
विविध रूपा होते हुए भी  
आज इसके अस्तित्व पर ही  
खतरा मंडराने लगा है  
इसका बदलता स्वरूप डराने लगा है ।  
इसके तट पर बैठा मैं सोच रहा हूँ ,  
क्या , यह प्रवाह अनवरत यूँ ही चलता रहेगा  
या , कोई देवलोक का भगीरथ पुनः तपस्या कर  
इसे वापस अपने देवलोक ले जाएगा ?

श्याम चन्द्र मिश्र  
( संस्कृत अध्यापक



# ‘ਇੱਕੋ ਜਿਹੇ ਦੀਵੇ’

‘ਇੱਕੋ ਜਿਹੇ ਦੀਵੇ’  
‘ਇੱਕੋ ਜਿਹੇ ਦੀਵੇ’  
ਦਿਵਾਲੀ ਤੇ ਜਗਦੇ  
ਟਿਮ ਟਿਮ ਦੀਵੇ,  
ਕੁਝ ਵਿਚਾਰ ਵਟਾਂਦਰਾ ਕਰਦੇ  
ਜਾਪਦੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ।  
ਲੋਂ ਜਗਦੀ ਜਗਦੀ  
ਇਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਨੂੰ ਕੁਝ  
ਇਸ਼ਾਰੇ ਕਰ ਰਹੀ ਸੀ।  
ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੋਚਿਆ  
‘ਮਨਾ! ਕਿਓਂ ਨਾਂ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ  
ਗੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਸੁਣਿਆ ਜਾਵੇ?’  
ਰਾਤ ਦੇ ਘੁੱਪ ਹਨੇਰੇ ਨੂੰ ਚੀਰਦੀ ਹੋਈ ਲੋਂ  
ਕੋਲ ਕੰਨ ਲਾ ਕੇ ਬਹਿ ਗਈ  
‘ਅਸੀਂ ਕਿਓਂ ਵੱਲ ਕੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਜੀਵਨ  
ਗਵਾਉਣੇ ਹਾਂ ?  
ਅੱਜ-ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਤੇ ਚੀਨੀ ਲੜੀਆਂ ਨਾਲ  
ਵੀ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਦਾ ਕੰਮ ਸਰੀ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ।’  
ਨਿੱਕੇ ਜਿਹੇ ਦੀਵੇ ਦੀ ਇਹ ਗੱਲ ਸੁਣਕੇ  
ਕੁਝ ਸਿਆਣਾ ਦੀਵਾ ਬੋਲਿਆ,  
‘ਓਏ ਕਮਲਿਆ! ਇਹ ਲੜੀਆਂ ਸਾਡੀ  
ਥਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੈ ਸਕਦੀਆਂ।  
ਮੜੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਵਲਦੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਦੁੱਖ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕ ਹਾਂ,  
ਮੰਦਰਾਂ ‘ਚ ਵਲਦੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਆਸਥਾ ਦੇ  
ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕ ਹਾਂ,  
ਗੁਰੂ ਘਰਦੇ ਪ੍ਰਕਾਸ਼ ‘ਚ ਅਸੀਂ ਅਖੰਡਤਾ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕ ਹਾਂ,  
ਰਾਹ ਚੱਲਦੇ ਪਾਂਧੀ ਲਈ ਉਜਿਆਰੇ ਦੇ  
ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕ ਹਾਂ,  
ਤਿਉਹਾਰਾਂ ਤੇ ਵਲਦੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਖੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ ਖੇਡਿਆਂ ਦੇ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕ ਹਾਂ,  
ਅਮਰ ਜਵਾਨ ਜੋਤੀ ‘ਚ ਵਲਦੀ ਲੋਂ ਦੇ ਰੂਪ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਸੀਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਜਵਾਨ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਹਾਦਤ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕ ਹਾਂ,  
ਜਿਸ ਘੁਮਿਆਰ ਨੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਬਣਾਇਆ ਉਸਦੇ ਘਰ ਦੀ ਰੋਟੀ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕ ਹਾਂ,  
.....  
ਲੜੀਆਂ ਵੱਲ ਤੇ ਜਾਣਗੀਆਂ ਪਰ ਇਹ ਸਭ ਭਾਵ ਕਿੱਥੋਂ ਲਿਆਉਣਗੀਆਂ?’  
ਇਹ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਤੇ ਮਾਨ ਕਰਦੇ ਹੋਇਆ ਬੜੀ ਹਲੀਮੀ ਨਾਲ ਫੇਰ ਨਿੱਕਾ ਦੀਵਾ ਬੋਲਿਆ,  
‘ਇਕ ਗੱਲ ਹੋਰ ਦੱਸੋ ਬਾਬਾ ਜੀ,  
ਇਸ ਪੱਖਪਾਤ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਉਂਦਾ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਘਰ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਤੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਘਰ ਘੱਟ  
ਕਿਓਂ ਜਗਦੇ ਹਾਂ?’  
ਸਿਆਣਾ ਦੀਵਾ ਬੋਲਿਆ,  
‘ਮੈਂ ਵੀ ਸਦੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਉਸ ਦਿਨ ਨੂੰ ਉਡੀਕਦਾ ਹਾਂ ਜੱਦ ਮਨੁੱਖਤਾ ਦਾ ਉਹ ਦੌਰ ਆਵੇਗਾ ਜਿਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਰ  
ਮਨੁੱਖ ਗੁਰੂਸਾਹਿਬਾਨ ਦੀ ‘ਵੰਡਫਕੇ’ ਦੀ ਨੀਤੀ ਤੇ ਚੱਲੇਗਾ ਤੇ ਹਰ ਘਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕੋ ਜਿਹੇ ਦੀਵੇ  
ਜਗਮਗਾਉਣਗੇ।’



ਮੇਘਾ ਭਾਰਦਵਾਜ  
ਪੀ ਜੀ ਟੀ (ਰਸਾਇਣ  
ਵਿਗਿਆਨ)

# हाँ खुश रहती हूँ मैं



खिली कोंपलों पर आई नई कलियां देख कर।  
जब दूर पहाड़ों पर नज़र टिकती हैं तो  
अड्डधुले पहाड़, थोड़े हरे थोड़े नीले, खुशी देते हैं मुझे।  
दूर खेतों में खड़ा इक्क पेड़ जब अकेले मुस्कुराता है तो खुद का चेहरा पड़ती हूँ मैं।  
हाँ मुस्कुरा देती हूँ अंदर ही अंदर तेरे अपनापन जताने के अंदाज़ से।  
हाँ खुश होती हूँ मैं तेरे शाम को आँगन में छेड़े किसी राग से।  
हर शाम ,एक कप चाय तेरे साथ  
आँगन में ठंडी हवाओं के बीच पीना  
सहला देता है माँ की ममता सा।  
दूर गुरूद्वारे से आती आवाजें मुझे शब्दों से परे करती है।  
हाँ ,ये सब .....॥  
मुसकुराती हूँ मैं।

आभार  
मोनिका





# OUR TEAM



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**(IDEATION & CONCEPTUALISATION)**

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# OUR TEAM

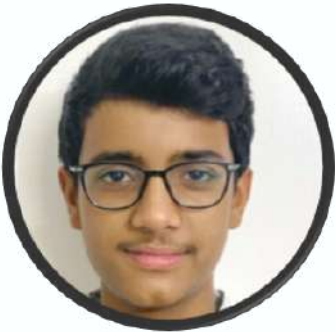
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