

For students, parents and well-wishers

GLIMPSSES

2011-2012



LORETO
CONVENT
SCHOOL

LORETO CONVENT SCHOOL DELHI CANTT.

A Woman Beyond Compare



Mother Mary Ward
1585 - 1645

Foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (Loreto), pioneer in the field of education, Mary Ward foresaw the need for a sound religious and moral education for young women who would assume responsibility in society.

The serenity and confidence in God with which Mary Ward accepted opposition and sufferings makes her a model of faith, trust and courage for all. Her conviction was that "Women in time to come will do much."

In 1985 we celebrated the 4th Centenary of the birth of MARY WARD. In 2011, we celebrated the 4th Centenary of the founding of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary (the Congregation of Loreto). Although her aims and objectives of education were formulated in the early 17th century, so farseeing was she, that the goals of our education today are in essence the same as the goals of our Foundress. In modern society, the most important issues to be raised are issues of values and the translation of these values into action. Hence, the goal of our education today continues to be the all-round development of the child. This prepares every student to take her place and make her contribution to society.

Thus Loreto education today follows the goals set by Mary Ward – 'that incomparable woman' who saw Integrity, Justice, Freedom and Love as essential qualities for any person.

Mary Ward Scholarship



First Row (L – R) : Jannat Babbar (6A), Riya John (5B), Divya Kumar (8C), Disha Roy (5B), Lydia N. Haokip (6B), Varsha Suresh (11B)
Second Row (L-R) : Ashwathy Babu Paul (11B), Sanskriti Sharma (9A), Navneeta Shankar (7B), Nikita Sharma (7B), Pranika Massey (9C), Pratishtha Diwakar (8B)

Principal's Special Award



Radhika Thakur (8C), Pratishtha Mangain (11)

Principal's Message

A day in school is packed with so much! There are, each day, so many wonderful happenings and so much learning - for students, Staff and administration - that no amount of print and celluloid can do justice to even one moment of a day! Who can ever know or fathom the secret thoughts, longings or desires of even a single individual... so could one ever concretize completely the collective experience of a large group of people in one school community? It is, rather, an impossibility.



Our Editorial team has made an attempt to give you glimpses of the academic year 2011. They have spent a lot of time and energy encouraging our budding scribes, artists and poets and then spent several hours editing, formatting and presenting what is now in your hands – Glimpses 2011 - truly a work of love.

I congratulate them and would specially like to thank them for making Glimpses 2011 a reality. May God bless them and all the homes and hands which will receive this magazine.

Happy Reading!

Anita M. Bhargava

Editorial

The annual school magazine highlights the major events held in the school and the achievements of its students throughout the academic session. Besides it is designed to be a literary outlet, bringing out the best of all creative writers, innovative minds, talented artists and energetic sports persons.

A school magazine is an entity that constantly evolves; it takes a new avatar year after year with the pooling in of fresh talents, brimming with enthusiasm and awaiting a channel for expression. It provides a platform for budding poets, writers and artists to express their talents. Their wings are poised for flight. Let the school magazine be the wind beneath their wings.

The latest issue of the magazine has been aptly titled GLIMPSES in order to get a brief view of the immense potential of Loreto girls.

No magazine can see fruition without the tireless effort of the editorial board which consists of student editors and teachers. We extend our heartfelt gratitude to our principal Reverend Sister Anita Braganza, who is a true visionary and has given us guidance at every stage. Sister has set a precedent where excellence and creativity will always be the norm.

It is our proud privilege to present this issue of the school magazine as a souvenir for your perusal. We hope that you will enjoy leafing through its pages.

Happy Reading!

Editorial Board



Left to Right: Ms. Priya Nasir, Ms. Priti Singh, Ms. Bindu Jaggi, Ms. Beena Sugathan, Sr. Anita M. Braganza, Ms. Radha Pai, Ms. Ritu Manchanda, Ms. Neelam Anand

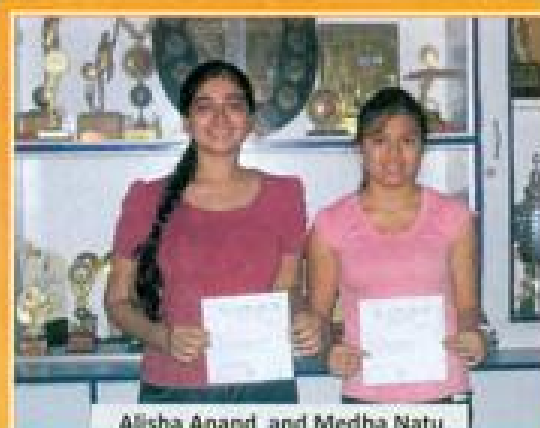
CBSE Results

CBSE award ceremony was held on 08 July 2011.

93 students appeared for Class XII CBSE examinations.

HIGHEST MARKS

SUBJECT	PERCENTAGE	NAME OF STUDENT
ENGLISH	95	ANISHA GARG
		NIDHI AHIR
		NIYATI SAROHA
		VISHAKHA KALRA
ECONOMICS	95	AVANI RAGHUVANSHI
		AKANKSHA SHARMA
		ARUNIMA HAKHU
		DIVINA BAIJAI
		MEGHNA HADA
		PRACHI CHHABRA
		ADITI UPMANYU
		DAMANDEEP KAUR DANG
		SHIFALI MAKKAR
		MEDHA NATU
PHYSICS	95	ALISHA KAUR ANAND
		MALLIKA SEN
CHEMISTRY	95	SANJANA BABBAR
		PRACHI CHHABRA
		ALISHA KAUR ANAND
BIOLOGY	96	SANJANA BABBAR
INFORMATICS	93	SAÑICHITA GUPTA
BUSINESS STUDIES	96	SHIFALI MAKKAR
ACCOUNTANCY	95	DAMANDEEP KAUR DANG
		ISHITA GUPTA
		SANJUTA GOEL
		SHIFALI MAKKAR
		ANISHA GARG
		PURVA TAKKAR
		TAMANNA GUGNANI



Alisha Anand and Medha Natu

100 out of 100 in Maths

Hearty Congratulations!



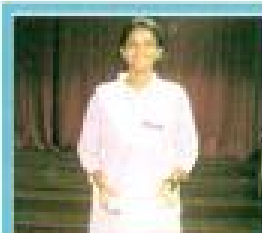
SANJANA BABBAR scored the highest marks in class XII Science stream was awarded the Principal's award.



SHIFALI MAKKAR was awarded the Principal's award for scoring the highest marks in class XII Commerce.



PRATISHTHA MANGAIN received the Kirti MEHRA SCIENCE AWARD for scoring highest marks in Class X CBSE Science Exam.



ASHWATHY BABU PAUL received the MEENAKSHI ROY AWARD for truly imbibing Loreto values.

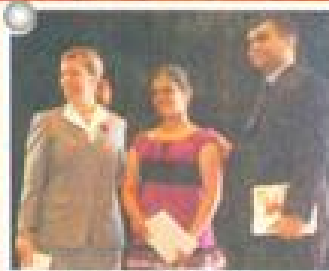
143 students appeared for Class X CBSE examinations

The Achievers of the year Award was given to following students scoring highest grade point **10 CGPA** in **Class X CBSE Examinations**:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. ARUNA CHAWLA | 8. ANTARA GHOSHAL |
| 2. SUKHAMRIT KAUR PAWAR | 9. ASHWATHY BABU PAUL |
| 3. PRATISHTHA MANGAIN | 10. GARGI CHATURVEDI |
| 4. ADITI JAISWAL | 11. NEHA JACOB |
| 5. ROLI RAI | 12. RHEA SAMYAL |
| 6. SANYA KAUR GULATI | 13. SNEHA SINGH |
| 7. ANANYA | |

International Assessment for Indian Students (IAIS) was conducted in our school. 244 students took the written exam on 25th and 26th August.

Young Achievers



Paymeesh Kaur, VII B
Event: All India Art Competition organised by High Commission Of Canada on the theme of Smart Transportation in October 2011.
Position: Paymeesh was one of the winners from among 500 participants.

Sachu Singh, XI B
Imasha Dhringra, XI B
Eshita Srani, XI B
Position: Second
Event: Wordsworth Literary Week (Drama)
Venue: Tagore International School, Vasant Vihar.
Date: 4 Aug 2011



Sachu Singh, Eshita Srani, Imasha Dhringra



Anusha Sinha, IX B
Upesma Sengupta, IX B
Position: Second
Event: TET Quiz Competition
Venue: Energy and Resources Institute
Date: 19 April 2011



Malika Singla, IX A
Sanskriti Sharma, IX A
Position: First
Event: Web Page Designing
Venue: Sri Venkateshwara School
Date: 25 August 2011



Arunita Duggal, VII B
Divya Bengani, VII B
Position: First
Event: Cookery Competition
Venue: Carmel Convent
Date: 24 July 2011



Mehak Dahiya, VI A
Adrija Mukherjee, V A
Position: Winners
Event: Painting Competition on Energy Conservation
Organised By Power Finance Corporation, CCR undertaking
Date: 22nd Sept 2011



Kuhu Shrivastava, VII B
Position: First
Event: Singing Competition
Venue: Carmel Convent
Date: 21 July 2011



Malika Malik, XI B
Position: Second Runner up
Event: UN Economic Forum Elocution Competition
Venue: Date: 28 Oct 2011



Mrinalini Raj, X B
Position: Second
Event: Dr. Bergins Inter School Music Competition
Venue: Mt. St. Mary's School
Date: 5 Nov 2011



Alisha Joseph, XII A
Antara Ghoshal, XI B
Kriti Sharma, XI A
Position: First (Hindi)
Event: Dr. Bergins Inter School Music Competition
Venue: Mt. St. Mary's School
Date: 5 Nov 2011



Aishwarya Babu Paul, Lavanya Badola, Nibedita Ayan, Anjali Tigga, Priti Bharti, Merin Jacob and Sanya Khurana, XI, Vrinda Chawla and Dharamjyot Kaur, XII
Position: 1st Runner Up
Event: Trishna, Street Play
Venue: St. Columba's School
Date: 5 Nov 2011



Iyobsona Singh, X C
Position: Best Speaker - For the Motion: Chetna Batra, X A
Position: Best Interjector
Event: Hindi Debate Competition
Venue: St. Columba's School
Date: 14 Oct 2011

Prachi Bahuguna, VI A
Position: Second Runner up
Event: Spellathon
Venue: Mater Dei School
Date: 4 Nov 2011



Sachu Singh, XI B
Position: First
Stephanie Fernandes, XI A
Position: Second Runner up
Event: Recitation Competition
Venue: Delhi Archdiocese



Tuba S. Vluu, VI A
Position: 1st Runner Up
Event: All for Kids' Elocution Championship 2012
Venue: Ambience Mall, Vasant Kunj
Date: 24 Feb 2012

Fare-thee-well

Mrs. Agnes Davies

On 31st July 2011 it was farewell time at Loreto. Mrs. A. Davies who was the principal for three years stepped down from office. Teachers and students came together to make her last day in school as memorable as she had whole heartedly made each of their days in Loreto for 10 years initially as a teacher of Social Science and then as a Principal.

From anecdotes and touching memories, to tearful goodbyes and warm wishes for her life ahead, the students and teachers opened up to her like never before. The junior school students were absolute eye candy as they danced to tracks of

foot-tapping music and also voiced their feelings through a self-composed song. The school band was yet another delight!

The farewell culminated in offerings of cards and flowers to Mrs. A. Davies, who later gave her heartfelt thanks to the wonderful staff she was honoured to work with, the students whom she would never forget to wish well for and of course, the very essence of Loreto that she was going to carry and express in every turn of her life.



Welcome Reverend Sr. Anita!



Sister Anita Braganza took charge as the Principal of Loreto Convent School, Delhi Cantt on 1 August 2011. A prayer service was held during the morning assembly to welcome her as the new Principal. As Sr. Anita lit the sacred lamp, students sang the chant, 'Hey, Prabhu darshan do...'. This was followed by the Lord's Prayer as the teachers and students prayed for abundant happiness, spirit of wisdom and spiritual strength for her to shoulder the responsibilities entrusted to her.

A multi-faceted personality, Sister Anita has been part of the Loreto order, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the past twenty-seven years. A Loreto student herself from the age of 5 right through College, she embodies the essence of the Loreto spirit. Sr Anita has a Masters in English Literature from the Jadavpur University, Kolkata and a Masters in Clinical Counseling from the Loyola University, Maryland, USA. She also holds a Licentiate from the Trinity College of Music, London.

What she finds most rewarding is her interaction with the children and young ladies of the school and what gives Sister most satisfaction is to see the *weakest of the weak* growing from strength to strength.

The students and staff are truly blessed to have Sr. Anita as the Principal and her expertise and cheerful demeanour is a source of inspiration to many. An experienced, efficient and brilliant administrator, Loreto Delhi is certain to scale greater heights of glory, under her able stewardship.

Mrs. S. Russell

On 12 July, 2011 the school bid adieu to Mrs. Russell who had been a prominent staff member of the Loreto family, since 1989. Beginning the morning with a prayer service the students followed it up by showering her with cards, flowers and good wishes for the beginning of a retired life that awaited her.

The entire teacher fraternity gifted her with a plaque as a small token of appreciation. Tears welled up in everyone's eyes as they bid farewell to one of the long-serving staff members.

Apart from teaching Hindi in the middle school she has inculcated values in all through Catechism and Value Education.

A moral guide and a gem to be treasured, the school prays for her health and well being and wishes her all the very best for her future.



Au Revoir , Mrs. Subramanian

Mrs. Chandra Subramanian, an illustrious Maths teacher with a wealth of almost two decades of teaching at Loreto Convent School, reached superannuation on 31 March 2012. She joined the school 21 years ago on 2 April and has served the institution with commitment and dedication.

Legendary among her students for her mathematical ability, Mrs. Subramanian has been a catalyst for changing the perception of Maths and phobia associated with it. Mrs. Subramanian will be sorely missed in the years to come for she has been a mentor, role model and friend to many of her students.

She has left her stamp of excellence on both curricular and co-curricular activities of the school such as the Leadership Training Service (LTS) and Get Active Clubs. She was instrumental in introducing Maths Olympiad for the school students.

A farewell assembly was organized in her honour on 22 February and students of each section presented a card and flowers to Mrs. Subramanian as a token of affection for their beloved teacher. She was given a beautiful memento in appreciation for her commendable service in Loreto. We wish her all the best.

Adieu, Mrs. Meera Chandra!

Mrs. Meera Chandra has touched the lives of thousands of Loretoites in their formative years for more than two decades.

Mrs. Chandra joined Loreto Delhi on 4 January 1990 as a junior school teacher and became the coordinator within two years. After a decade of dedicated service in Junior school, she became the Middle School Coordinator in 2004 and continued to fulfil her responsibilities till the end of the academic session in 2012.

Mrs. Chandra's association with Loreto family started ever since she was six years old, first as a student and then as a teacher. She is an alumnus of Loreto House, Kolkata and taught in Loreto, Asanool for five years before shifting to Loreto, Delhi. She is a true Loretoite indeed! We wish Mrs. Chandra all the best in all her endeavours.



A Warm Welcome to the new Middle School Coordinator, Mrs. Alice D'Lima!

Mrs. Alice D'Lima is an M.A. B Ed with History as her main subject. She is a qualified lecturer has cleared the State Eligibility Test. Over the past 16 years she has taught Pre-Primary Teacher Trainee Junior, Higher Secondary school and college level students. She has been with the Loreto family in 2003 as a teacher in the middle school, moulding young minds of class V, VI and VII. She will be the new Middle School Coordinator from April 2012 onwards. We wish Mrs. D'Lima well as she assumes new responsibilities.

Investiture Ceremony

The Students' Council for the academic session 2011-2012 was sworn in on 12 April with a prayer service in the presence of the parents of the badge-holders, Sisters and the then Principal, Ms. A. Davies. The representatives elected by the students were invested with the responsibility of working hand in hand with the school administration for the welfare of their school and fellow students. Students were administered the oath of office and were given their badges by the Principal, who expressed her faith in their ability to shoulder their responsibilities and hoped that they would become alert and committed citizens of the country.



Sitting (L-R): Manju Philip, Shivali Bhatti, Akshita Yadav, Mrs. A. Davies, Mrs. R. Ranjan, Aishwarya Sastry, Sambhavna Biswas, Pooja Kapahtia
Standing (L-R): Arti Kadyan, Ruchika Adlakha, Eshita Sran, Merin Jacob, Sreelekha, Swarnim Kotnala, Neha Jacob, Diana Joseph, Sanya Gulati, Anjali Tigga, Ashwathy Babu Paul

Students' Council

Head Girl – Aishwarya Sastry | Vice Head Girl – Neha Jacob

Games Captain – Akshita Yadav | Vice Games Captain – Swarnim Kotnala | Games Prefect – Sreelekha

ALL HOUSE	HART HOUSE	WALSH HOUSE	WARD HOUSE
Captain – Shivali Bhatti	Captain – Manju Philip	Captain – Pooja Kapahtia	Captain – Sambhavna Biswas
Vice Captain – Merin Mary Jacob	Vice Captain – Aarti Kadian	Vice Captain – Ashwathy Babu Paul	Vice Captain – Diana Joseph
Prefect – Eshita Sran	Prefect – Ruchika Adlakha	Prefect – Anjali Tigga	Prefect – Sanya Gulati



The proud parents of the elected members of the Students' Council 2011 ~ 2012.

Calendar of Events

MARCH

- 24 Mar New Academic Session
- 29 Mar Talk by Fr. Valerian to students of class IX and X
- 31 Mar Paper Quilling workshop for classes VI - VIII was conducted by Scholastic India.



- 1 Apr Orientation Day for Class Prep students and parents
- 2 Apr CCE presentation for Students and parents of classes IX and X was conducted by Mrs. Subramaniam, Mrs. Chopra and Mrs. A. Davies
- 4 Apr Career counseling for class XI students
- 6 Apr Book Fair
- 7 Apr Election for Students' Council
- 11 Apr Confession was organized for Catholic Children
- 13 Apr Investiture Ceremony
- 15 Apr Ball House Week commences
- 15-21 Apr Inter School Mary Ward Basketball Tournament
- 21 Apr JPIC members organized a Street Play and the theme was Save Trees
- 18 Apr Fancy Dress Competition for students of Class III
- 27 Apr Inter- House Athletic Meet
- 28 Apr Medical Health camp conducted by JPIC for the residents of Jharera village
- 29 Apr Exhibition of Oil Paintings on the theme 'FORESTS' to celebrate International Year of Forests
'Save Forests' Street Play
Inter School Dance Competition
Nature Trail organised by DNA Club
- 30 Apr YCS fellowship day for parents of Christian students

APRIL

Calendar of Events

MAY

- 2 May Crowning of our Lady
- 5 May Workshop on Dental Hygiene for Junior School conducted by Ms. Bhawna Mahajan
- 5-7 May JPIC Annual General meeting at Ranchi
- 7 May Psychometric test conducted by Chopra consultants for classes IX to XII. 144 students appeared for the tests.
- 7 May Mother's Day was celebrated. A lucky draw was also organized. Students made hand made cards for their mothers.



JULY

- 1 July School reopens after summer vacation
- 7 July A Visit by Sr. Tressia Aricatt, President of the Loreto Delhi Education Society
- 8 July CBSE Award ceremony for classes X and XII
- 15-16 July Retreat for classes IX - XII
- 19 July Mrs. Russell's farewell
- 20 July Pratham Career Counsellors organized a counseling session for students of class XII
- 21 July English Handwriting Competition for students of classes I - IV
- 27 July English Recitation Competition for classes I - IV
- 29 July Farewell to Mrs. Agnes Davies



- 1 August Welcome to our New Principal, Sr. Anita M. Braganza
- 9-12 Aug Hart House Week commences
- 10 Aug Yellow Day for Preps
- 12 Aug Independence Day Assembly organized by LTS members
- 17 Aug Poster Making and Slogan Writing competition organized by Venu Eye Institute.
- 18 Aug Hindi Hand Writing Competition for classes I - IV
- 19- 26 Aug What's the Good Word competition for classes II - IV
- 26 Aug A visit to the India International Center by 20 students for an Information session about the Heidelberg University in Germany

AUGUST

Calendar of Events



- 2 Sep Teachers' Day celebrations
- 5 Sep Staff picnic to Sirsa farm, Najafgarh
- 8 Sep Literacy Day organized by JPIC members
- 14 Sept Hindi Recitation competition for classes I - IV
- 22 Sep Counselling Session on Sex Education for students of class VIII, conducted by Ms. Risa Joseph



- An informative session on Stamps and their purposes, was organized by Indian Postal Department for students of classes V and VI
- Painting Competition on Energy Conservation, organized by Power Finance Corporation Limited, Government of India undertaking.
- 30 Sept Sr. Celine's farewell assembly

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

- 1 Oct Book Fair
- 17 Oct Global Hand Washing Day was observed to emphasize good habits of cleanliness and hygiene.
- 21 Oct Support Staff Day Celebration, organized by LTS members



- 3 Nov Walsh House Week commences
- 5 Nov Retreat For Classes IV - VIII
- Walk for Cancer Awareness at Navy Children's School
- Junior School Sports Day
- 14 Nov Children's Day
- 15 Nov Nrityaarpan Dance Group performance to highlight moral values
- 18 Nov Grandparents' Day organized by JPIC members
- 25 Nov Students participated in the "One Nation Reading Together 2011" organised by Scholastic India



- 28 Nov Story Telling and Reading workshop held for students of classes III and IV, conducted by author Vinita Krishna
- 29 Nov Hart House Week commences
- Celebrating Humour - Inter-House English Dramatics Competition for Senior School.
- 30 Nov Social at St. Columba's for students of class XII
- Advent wreath prayer service was held in preparation for Christmas.

NOVEMBER

Calendar of Events

DECEMBER

- 03 Dec School Fete - Serendipity
- 08 Dec The school Disaster Management Team conducted an earthquake evacuation drill
- 15 Dec Celebrating Shakespeare - Inter House Dramatics Competition
- 17 Dec Christmas Programme
- 21 Dec Inter House Carol Singing Competition organised by Ball House Secondary School



23 Jan - 30 Jan Mary Ward Week

JANUARY

FEBRUARY

- 03 Feb Special Prayer Service and Prize Distribution for students of class XII
- 04 Feb Farewell to students of class XII
- 22 Feb Farewell to Mrs. Subramanian
- Farewell to Ramachal



- 12 Mar Graduation Day for students of class IV, hosted by students of class III
- 14 Mar Declaration of Results and Prize for distribution Junior School.
- 15 Mar Class IX students of the DNA Club went on a trip to Sultanpur Bird Sanctuary, Haryana
- 29 Mar Declaration of Results and Prize distribution Senior School.

MARCH

Best Classes of 2011-12



Middle School - Class V-A



Secondary School - Class VIII-C



Senior Secondary School-Class XI A

Calendar of Events

Kaleidoscope

A Visit by Sr. Margo

Sister Margo, who coordinates globally all projects of Mary Ward International, visited Loreto Convent School, Delhi Cantt. from 3 to 7 April 2011. The JPIC teachers of our school attended a meeting with sister, where 'reaching out to the poor and the needy' was the prime focus. Sister appreciated the efforts of Jeevan Rekha in our school, conducted by students and teachers of class V and VI. The programme caters to the poor women of Jharera Village who are trained in Beauty Care and Catering to

make them self-sufficient, which in turn contributes to women empowerment. Sister Margo emphasized the need to continue the good work, and reach out to a larger section of the society.



Celebrating International Year of Forests

The universal language of art both creative and performing was used to highlight the message.

INTER SCHOOL DANCE COMPETITION

The Junior School section of Loreto Convent organized an Inter School Dance Competition on 29 April 2011 which coincided with the International Dance Day. This provided a platform to 13 elite schools of Delhi to carry forward the message of the International Year of Forests. The Chief Guest on the occasion was Mrs. Kiran Mehra Kerpelman, the Director of the UN Information Centre in India.

The participating schools explored the various facets of the theme in folk, western and free style dancing performances and brought alive the spirit of forests and created awareness about their conservation.



NATURE TRAIL

The DNA Club of the school also conducted a Nature Trail for all participants and their escorts giving them an insight into 39 varieties of trees growing in the school premises.

ART EXHIBITION

Over 150 paintings made by the students of the school were also displayed in an

exhibition that beautifully captured the forests in all seasons and colours. Card-making Competition was also organized for which recycled paper was provided to the students.

Banners and Placards by class VIII and **fancy dress** by classes III and IV added colour and vibrancy to our celebration.



Speaking on the occasion the Chief Guest, Mrs. Kiran Mehra Kerpelman applauded the efforts and initiatives of the school in encouraging awareness in the younger generation towards the great cause of the Conservation of Forests.

Calendar of Events



The District Disaster Management Authority is in charge of creating awareness and executing programmes related to Disaster Management. An exercise such as Drop, Cover and Hold drill has been made mandatory for all schools. According to its instructions, two Disaster Management Drills were conducted this year for students of classes Prep to XII. The first one was

conducted on 8 Dec 2011 and the second one on 15 February 2012 as part of all-Delhi Drop Cover and Hold drill. This is a reinforcement exercise for evacuation in the eventuality of an earthquake. The students executed the drill as per their teachers' guidance. It was supervised by the school disaster management team with the help of the teaching faculty, office staff and support staff.

Disaster Management Drill



Social



The young ladies of Loreto Convent and the young men of St. Columba's had an opportunity for a social interaction on 30 November 2011. The Principal and the respective class teachers accompanied the students of class XII A and B to this much awaited event at Edmond Rice Hall. The social started with an introductory session. Soon after, the girls and boys took to the dance floor with some hectic dancing, that left

quite a few broken heels and innumerable blisters. With their energy levels recharged after some refreshments, everyone was back on the dance floor again. Some enthusiastic dancers even got prizes as the evening wound to a close. The social at St Columba's School will definitely be a high point in the memories of the outgoing batch.



One Nation Reading



'One Nation Reading together 2011' was organised by Scholastic India to celebrate the pleasures of reading on 25 November 2011. The whole school participated in this activity. The students of the middle school, secondary and senior secondary classes sat together in the sprawling quadrangle along with their teachers and enjoyed reading books. Author Vanita Krishna read out stories for Classes III and IV, 100 books were donated by Scholastic for a poor school. The books were despatched to a school run by Loreto Sisters for children of the coolies who work in the tea gardens of Panighata, Siliguri.

Calendar of Events

Nrityaarpan

Value based dances were presented by a dance troupe consisting of one male dancer and six female dancers. The troupe performed several dances, much to the delight of the students of Classes VII, VIII, IX and X. One of the dances "I LOVE MY INDIA" was patriotic in nature and it depicted the love and honour we have for our country. Other dances performed included a Plate Dance which expressed the nine facial expressions of human beings –NAVARASA; Snake and Peacock Dance which gave the message that all creatures are unique and beautiful; Seed Dance which was a classical dance on the life of a seed; and Pot Dance which depicted living-giving water. All these dances conveyed a common message of strengthening our bond with the community and our commitment towards the betterment of society.



Green and Clean School Campus



Our school started the 'Clean-the-Campus' campaign in 2010, and we are proud to say that our efforts have borne fruit. Loreto Convent received the prestigious 'Green and Clean School Campus', 2011 Award at a spectacular ceremony held at the of India International Centre on 29 Dec, 2011. Our Principal Sr. Anita received the award from Dr. Tiwari.

Workshops and Seminars

April 2011	Mrs. Joshi attended a Mathematics Workshop organized by Jodogyan at IIT Delhi. Mrs. G. Agarwal attended a workshop conducted by Arpan Stephen titled 'Phonetics in English'.
May 2011	Mrs. Chopra and Mrs. Alimchandani attended Lectures on Biopesticides and Genetically modified plants at National Bureau of Plant Genetic Resources, Pusa Institute. Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Andrews attended the JPIC Child Welfare Meet in Ranchi.
August 2011	A Spiritual Retreat was attended by all Catholic and Christian Teachers at St. Michael's School.
September 2011	Mrs. D'Lima and Ms. Bosco attended a seminar on Prevention and control of Aggression in school children organized by ITRC at Siri Fort Auditorium. Ms. R. Joseph and Mrs. Andrews attended a workshop on Career Quotient organized by Hindustan Times at India International Center. Mrs. Chopra attended a CCE workshop at St. Columba's School.
October 2011	Ms. R. Joseph attended the Global Conference of Education at India Habitat Center.
November 2011	Mrs. Sreedharan attended a workshop on Origami organized by the Japanese Foundation.
December 2011	Mrs. P. Nasir attended an Interactive workshop on Information Technology organised by Kips Publishing World.
January 2012	Mrs. Stanley attended a Library workshop organized by TERI.
February 2012	Sr. Anita, Mrs. Mathew and Mrs. Cherian attended the 39 th Annual Conference of the NPSC on Effective learning communities, exploring New Vista's held at India International Center. Sr. Anita, Ms. Bosco and Ms. R. Joseph attended a seminar on New Dimension of anxiety in academic session and changing role of school counselors. Mrs. Raizada attended the Annual Meet of Newspaper in Education, NIE. Mrs. R. Jacob, Mrs. D'Lima and Mrs. Ashish attended a seminar on New Paradigms for Youth Catechesis in Bangalore.
March 2012	On 5 and 6 March 2012, Mrs Alimchandani and Mrs Chopra attended a conference entitled Urban Green Spaces held at the India International Centre. The function was inaugurated by the Chief Minister of Delhi Mrs Sheila Dixit. Eminent personalities like Charles Corea and Dr Fiyaz shared their views on the subject.

Free Medical Camp

Justice, Peace and Integrity of Creation (JPIC) epitomizing the social objective of Loreto Convent School Delhi Cantt, conducts Medical



Camps which are voluntary in spirit and charitable in nature. It is hoped that such noble activities will inculcate in our students societal concerns, acquaint them with the harsh realities of the community, awaken a desire to serve the society and promote social causes. At an early age these young Indians are encouraged into a deeper engagement to catalyse social change and social justice. We expect our students to grow into socially committed students who can make a meaningful contribution to society.

The second medical camp was held on 28 April 2011 for the residents of the nearby Jharera village. A team of medical specialists and paramedics from Paras Hospital lent their valuable time and expertise to make the camp a great success. Medical checkup, advice, consultancy and an analysis of their health problems, from some of the best medical teams of the city, were



some of the advantages experienced by the people who attended the camp. The ailments ranged from minor physical discomforts to major disorders affecting the body.

The specialist doctors consisted of a Pediatrician, skin specialist, gynaecologist and a general Physician. Dr. T Saigal (Senior Ophthalmologist, NTPC Dadri) conducted an eye check up, He has generously sponsored a free cataract operation for one of the

needy villagers. A team of specialists from Beni Madhav Medicare Centre under the guidance of Dr. Veena Saigal also provided valuable services to the villagers. Ms. Rupali



(dietician) gave a talk on the importance of balanced nutrition and obesity related problems among school children. Provisions for testing levels of sugar in blood samples and counselling, were also made.

A lecture was delivered by our school homeopath, Mrs. Shivprasad on this occasion highlighting the hazards of tobacco and alcohol abuse. During the camp the students made posters and banners on issues such as use of tobacco and alcoholism to create awareness among the villagers.



The camp proved to be a blessing for many who attended it. It was possible to give all patients sufficient time and adequate attention, thanks to the relentless efforts of the student volunteers from classes VII to XII who happily provided assistance in registering the patients, giving them sequential numbers and allowing them to meet the doctors in an orderly manner.

Loreto Convent conducts health camp



The second medical camp was held on 28 April 2011 for the residents of the nearby Jharera village. A team of medical specialists and paramedics from Paras Hospital lent their valuable time and expertise to make the camp a great success. Medical checkup, advice, consultancy and an analysis of their health problems, from some of the best medical teams of the city, were



Nine is Mine

*"Children may not be voters.
but the voices of children can be
stronger than the votes of adults".*



Students of classes 9 to 11 formed the Nine is Mine campaign on Independence Day

The Millennium Development Goals formulated by the United Nations have found the UN member states pledging their support to meet the eight objectives by the year 2015. Six of these goals are directly related to children and some of them are eradication of extreme poverty and hunger, achievement of universal primary education, reducing child mortality, promotion of gender equality and empowerment of women.

Launched by more than 4500 children in Delhi on 16 October 2006, under the aegis Wada Na Todo Abhiyan, the Nine Is Mine campaign is a consolidated effort to hold the government accountable to its promise to end poverty, social exclusion and discrimination. It is a participatory children's advocacy initiative to call for 9% of the Gross Domestic Product (GDP) to be committed to health and education as promised in the Common Minimum Programme of 2004.

Children from across the country are provided with a platform to keep their government accountable to their promises and also an opportunity to help

them influence national and local policy. Children from secure environments have joined hands with their deprived peers to extend their creativity, time and voice to press systems and governments to press for genuine efforts for the inclusion of this non-negotiable right.



Students for a cause



Meeting Chief Minister Sheila Dixit

A Rail Yatra was organised wherein enthusiastic campaigners, which included children from all over India, travelled across all states, spreading the message of Nine is Mine. This momentous journey culminated in New Delhi on 19 Nov 2011.

Loreto students (JPIC) displayed an exceptional bonding across the linguistic and age gaps as they, together with student representatives of St. Columba's School and various institutions from across the country, assembled on 19 November at St Columba's School. They interacted and performed several activities like writing their demands and presented it to the various dignitaries together.

A function was held at Malvankar Hall on Monday 20 November 2011 where Mr. S. H. Khan, Chairperson of the Delhi Minority Commission and Mr.

Pushpinder Singh, member of Delhi Minority Commission were present as the Chief Guests. Children put up a programme which included songs, dances and a street play. Two students of class IX met Mr. Sudip Bandhopadhyay, Minister of the State for Health and shared their concerns.



Lavanya Badola and Aarohi Khare were emcee at the function held in Malvankar Hall.

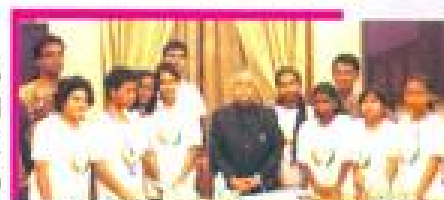


With Minister of State for Health Mr. Sudip Bandhopadhyay



With Dr. Sinha

On 22 November, student representatives interacted with the Chairperson of the National Commission for the Protection of Child Rights, Dr. Sinha and also got an opportunity to meet Pranab Mukherjee, the Finance Minister of India.



With Finance Minister Mr. Pranab Mukherjee



Banners for Public Day Rally

Nine is Mine Rally

On 1 Feb. 2012, 44 students from our school marched with banners, flags and posters demanding Protection of Child Rights at a Public Day Rally at St. Columba's School. Surbhi of class IX B played a major role in designing the cover of the Nine is Mine brochure. Chandni Sharma of IX C was the head of the Social Networking team while Pragya Misra of IX C got the golden opportunity to draft the bilingual press release for the campaign.

Arunima Chauhan, Surbhi, Chandni Sharma and Pragya Misra of class IX were a part of the core committee for the campaign and attended regular meetings at St. Columba's School in the month of December and January. Surbhi designed the cover of the Nine is Mine brochure



Nine is Mine Brochure

Purpose of Nine is Mine

1. *Rights of a Child – Enable every child to enjoy basic healthcare and quality education.*
2. *Right to have their views taken seriously even in judicial and administrative proceeding affecting the child.*
3. *Children are active citizens today. Children are active participants in all aspects of democracy including that of 'Governance accountability'.*
4. *Platforms for an equal and inclusive world - Spaces must be created for vulnerable voices to be heard. Children from more secure situations are invited to provide their spaces/talents and connections to their less privileged peers.*
5. *Training for justice and advocacy - training children in being involved citizens of a vibrant democracy. So rather than taking 'the right to human rights education' into a classroom to be taught out of a textbook and through sterile printed stories, the Nine is Mine campaign opts to teach on the street where children access tools and skills for advocacy and social justice, hands on, while simultaneously effecting a change in the process.*
6. *Creative expression – A child shall have the right to freedom of expression; this right shall include freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas of all kinds, regardless of frontiers, either orally, in writing or in print, in the form of art, or through any other media of the child's choice - children's ideas shall be channelized to meet National situations.*
7. *Think globally act locally – child rights abuses anywhere are a concern for children everywhere.*

OUTREACH PROGRAMMES

Class V & VI - Jeevan Rekha

Jeevan Rekha is a combined outreach programme for classes V and VI and it is a step towards empowering the girl child among the less privileged. Loreto Convent offers its premises and infrastructure from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. to provide academic assistance to many girls from Jharera village in the vicinity of the school.

In addition to this, a vocational centre for the women of the village is also functioning where they are taught sewing, embroidery and beautician's course. Both the tailoring and beautician courses are for

about 9 months to one year. These are charitable ventures of Loreto to support the less fortunate. The tailoring course has been part of Jeevan Rekha for some years in Loreto, Delhi and at present we have 16 students. These students are assessed from time to time.

The beautician course commences with proper training in threading, manicure, pedicure, facial and body massage, all types of waxing, facial pack and bleaching, make-up for various occasions, exclusive bridal make-up and draping of the sari according to the custom of different states. This course is highly appreciated by many.

The beautician course was started in July 2010 with 14 girls out of whom 9 received certificates of completion in February 2011. The students found these courses very helpful as an excellent source of income. The second

batch commenced with 13 girls out of which 9 girls proudly received their certificates of completion from Loreto in July 2011. They appreciated the service offered by the school staff.

Another milestone in the Jeevan Rekha training programme was the introduction of computer skills. The students are trained in the use of Word Processing, spreadsheets and PowerPoint Presentations. Loreto student volunteers from class VII to X train Jeevan Rekha students and they are evaluated from time to time by the Loreto faculty.

In March 2011 Jeevan Rekha went a step further. Cooking classes were started and those classes were exciting as students learnt to make various food items.

Besides these activities of a vocational nature, students of Class V and VI organized the Senior Citizens' Day on 20 December 2011 under the aegis of JPIC. The principal, Sr. Anita, Sr. Lourdes and Sr. Alma joined the class teachers and the JPIC teachers to welcome the guests. The festive spirit of

Christmas was captured in a Nativity skit enacted by the students of Jeevan Rekha. Singing of carols and the presence of Santa completed the celebrations to perfection. Games were organized and gifts distributed to all those present.



Class VII - 'Jivodaya Ashralayam, Home for the Abandoned Ladies, Budhella, Vikaspuri

A Memorable Visit to a Home for the Homeless

As part of their outreach programme, students of class VII B and VII C visited 'Jivodaya Ashralayam', Home for the Abandoned Ladies in Budhella, Vikaspuri on 24 October 2011 and 24 January 2012 respectively.

This ashram is run by the Sisters of the Congregation of 'Sisters of the Destitute'. Their mission is to empower the inmates and improve the quality of life by organizing them into self-help groups. The sisters provide utmost care and support to the unwanted and destitute women in a homely atmosphere. This humanitarian service is rendered to the poor free of charge and is not influenced by caste, creed and religion. The centre provides facilities for trauma counseling, health check up, yoga, HIV Aids awareness, non-formal education and vocational training.



The students were excited about the visit but on entering the premises they were a bit apprehensive as it was the first time they had come face to face with the homeless, the sick and the traumatized. However, their apprehensions vanished as they started to interact with the inmates and those ladies joined the children in their entertainment programmes. Some of the inmates were talented and could make useful things such as paper bags, table mats and earrings. They all sang and danced together and took photographs with the students. There was a prayer session as well in which the inmates prayed for the bright future of the visitors. Sweets and chocolates were distributed. It had become a family atmosphere which everyone enjoyed thoroughly and felt very happy and satisfied at the end of the day.

The visit was truly a heart-warming and touching experience. The students observed the dedication and devotion of the sisters who made these abandoned women feel at home. Within a short span of time, students became their friends and promised to be back soon. The young visitors realised that there was a harsh world outside the comforts of their own safe and secure environment and it needed their attention and active support. It was a memorable visit because of the rare opportunity it offered.

Class VIII - Asha Niwas Social Welfare Centre, Najafgarh



Holy Asha Niwas Social Welfare Centre, Najafgarh belongs to the congregation of the Holy Family. It is an orphanage with over 50 children. These children are provided with basic amenities and education. Neglected and unwanted girls from the street have truly found a home in Asha Niwas. First it was the turn of class VIII A to visit the institution and then on 24 October, the students of class VIII B accompanied by their class teacher

Mrs. Subramanian visited the centre. On 6 February, students from Class VIII C and Mrs. Andrews visited the welfare centre. The students gifted many utility items to the inmates, sang songs and played with them.



Walk For Cancer Awareness

A walk for cancer awareness was organized at Navy Children School, Chanakypuri on 6 Nov 2011. Among those present at the event were the Chief Minister of Delhi Mrs. Sheila Dixit and some eminent naval officers who are closely associated with the Indian Cancer Society, the organizer of the event. Young cancer survivors were also a part of the group. There were performances by a band of drummers and students of Lady Sri Ram College. Before the walk culminated everyone took the following pledge:

"I pledge my support to a tobacco-free environment at my home and school/college. I will not use tobacco products. I will speak up to control tobacco use."

The walk was an enriching experience for the students who attended the event.

Class IX - Compassionate Missionaries, Old Court Road, Kashmere Gate, Delhi.

Students of class IX A, B and C visited Antyodya Niketan, an institute run by the Compassionate Missionaries on 2 February, 9 February and 16 February 2012 respectively, accompanied by their respective class teachers. The institution is located on Old Court Road, Kashmere Gate, Delhi. It was a memorable and enriching experience for the students as they witnessed how life, often, wasn't kind to all. We all face adversities but the courage, hope and faith that we face them with, makes us who we are. Living examples of this hypothesis are the people of Antyodya Niketan, an institution that does compassionate service and provides shelter and care to the **Least and the Last**. Its vision includes caring for the homeless, destitute, abandoned women and children with special focus on the vulnerable sections of the society. The institution provides free medical service to the sick, and runs mobile dispensaries to cater to the needs of the poor. It provides shelter, education and rehabilitation to destitute children. It supports and provides solace to the needy, both physically and spiritually.



The students carried various utility articles like food grains, pulses, toiletries, notebooks, warm clothes etc. They interacted with the inmates, singing heartfelt songs, as the inmates shared their life experiences with the youngsters.

Class X - Ozanam Old Age Home, Kingsway Camp

As part of their Outreach Programme on 24 August 2011 Class X A visited Ozanam Old Age Home, run by St. Vincent D'Paul Society and on 18 October it was the turn of the students of class X B, followed by those of class X C. The society was founded by Frederick Ozanam and it provides basic facilities like food, clothing, shelter and medical facilities to the deprived among old people. During their visit, the students interacted with the senior citizens, presented gifts and sang hymns for them. They spent some quality time with the elders, bringing in some moments of happiness.

Class XI - Shanti Avedna Sadan, near Safdarjung Hospital, New Delhi



In October, students of Class XI A accompanied by Mrs. Bhatti visited Shanti Avedna Sadan, housed in a complex next to the Safdarjung Hospital. On November 3 Class XI B also visited this hospital to terminally ill cancer patients. The institution is a sanctuary for patients to reconnect with themselves and find peace in their last days. The student interacted with the inmates of this hospice. It was heartening to see the patients sporting a zest for life despite their debilitating disease and physical ailments. Their determination to live each moment to the hilt was indeed inspiring. It was a touching experience for the students.

Class XII - St. Anthony's Orphanage

Classes XII A visited St. Anthony's Orphanage on 6 September 2011 followed by XII B. This organization is run by a group of nuns, who mentor and support orphaned children, looking after them with great sensitivity. There is a case of two sisters who were inmates in this orphanage but who are now pursuing further studies abroad. This is an excellent example of how perseverance and consistent hard work can lead to financial independence and a true life of dignity.



Loreto sisterhood Across the Globe

Some of the students of Loreto Convent, Msongari, in Kenya, Africa, faced a great tragedy during their school trip. The bus in which they were traveling met with a major accident and many suffered serious injuries which needed expensive medical treatment. Since the school could not afford it and the students belonged to economically weaker sections of society, an appeal was made to Loreto institutions worldwide to help with the task of rehabilitation. In response to that appeal, Loretoites across the globe collected money and supported the school. Loreto, Delhi also chipped in to help their counterparts in Kenya. As a fund-raising effort different classes organised canteens in the months of October and January. The money thus raised was sent to Loreto Convent, Kenya.

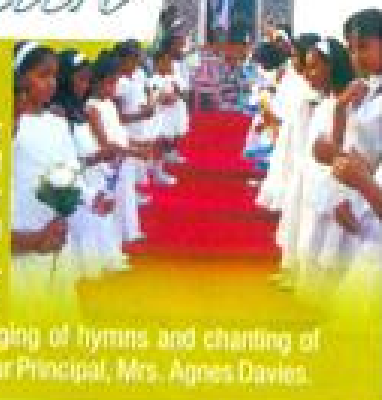
Finding the Lord's Path

On the morning of 15 July I woke up to a bright sunny day which my friends and I had long waited for. The occasion was our school retreat which the girls of classes IX to XII would be attending. Brimming with anticipation we stood outside the activity hall. The event began with a song and soon we had talks on very useful topics. We were taught how sin is addictive and polluting nature an act against God. It is not the hands of the Almighty which are short but it is our sins that block Him from reaching us. After the lecture we had our confession as well as counseling, followed by the Holy Mass. The next day commenced with prayers and the Holy Mass and we were enlightened about the Holy Spirit which enabled Jesus to perform miracles. The entire retreat was an enriching experience which allowed us to delve into ourselves and reclaim our place under the Almighty's loving care.

Amrita James XI A

Crowning of Our Lady

1 May is dedicated to Our Lady, Mother Mary and every year Crowning of Our Lady is celebrated by the YCS team comprising of both the teachers and the students. They conducted the prayer service which started in the School Activity Hall and then moved outside in a candle-light procession towards the Grotto of Our Lady. The vice-head girl of our school Neha Jacob, dressed in pure white, placed the white crown on Our Lady. It was followed by the singing of hymns and chanting of prayers. The beautiful ceremony concluded with a prayer said by our Principal, Mrs. Agnes Davies.



Visit to pay obeisance to the Relics of St Don Bosco



On 28 July Christian students of class VI accompanied by their teachers visited Don Bosco Provincial House, Okhla where they paid their respects to the relics of St. John Bosco, popularly known as Don Bosco. The students were enthusiastic to see an exhibition on the life of the saint, a film depicting his younger days, his vocation to priesthood and founding of the Salesian order. Students had made banners and carried them there and paid floral tributes to the saint.

Fellowship Day For Parents

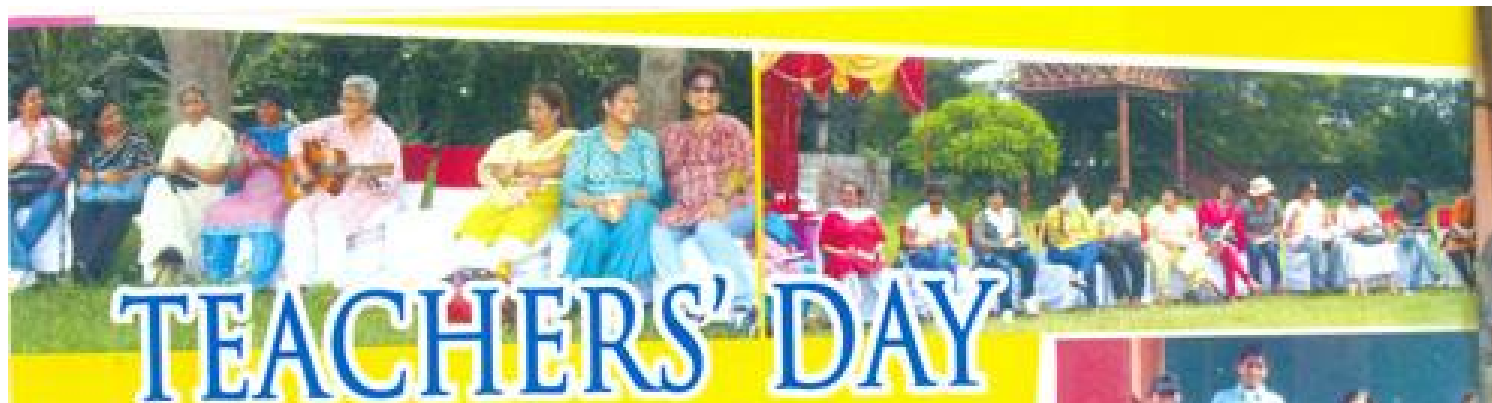


A Fellowship Day was organised in school on 30 April 2011, for the parents of the Christian students of classes VIII to XII and it was followed by lunch. The team 'Living Waters' from the Cathedral conducted this special programme with a power point presentation, prayers and spiritual songs. Many parents appreciated the programme and said it gave them a sense of inner peace, joy and happiness.

Retreat

A retreat for the Christian students of classes IV – VII was organized on 5 and 6 November in the school premises. For classes IV and V, it was conducted from 7.30 to 4.30 pm on 5 November, whereas the girls of classes VI to VIII, stayed overnight in the school premises and the retreat continued till 4.30 p.m on 6 November. The retreat was conducted by the Christeen Ministry comprising of a team of 10 members. Spiritual sessions on Faith, Obedience and the Holy Spirit were included. Children were taught songs and they learnt the importance of kindness and forgiveness.





On 2 September 2011, Teachers' Day was celebrated with great pomp and splendour as the students of Loreto Convent gave a creative expression to the respect and gratitude they felt for their educators. In an assembly they sought the divine benevolence for their teachers, upholding the values that help define their contribution in moulding the character of the students entrusted to them.

A graceful dance performance to soulful "Ik Tara" choreographed and performed by the students of the secondary school set the ball rolling on a programme that showcased the ample effort and talents of the students. A self-scripted rib-tickling comedy titled 'Knocking on Heaven's Door' presented by senior-secondary students, etched out the selfless love and compassion of a teacher that lives on even beyond the years spent at school. Not to be outdone, Junior School students recited an English poem capturing humour in a maths class.

The staff, both teaching and non-teaching, got a chance to let down their hair for a picnic on 5 September 2011, at a farm house on the outskirts of the city. A series of games comprising of musical chairs, bursting the balloon and a round of tambola conducted over snacks and soft drinks helped to bring out the child among those present. Old melodies, both English and Hindi, were sung to the strains of the guitar, played by Sr. Anita and Mr. Ashish as everyone cooled their heels while the lunch was being laid out.



CHILDREN'S DAY

The program commenced with the lighting of the lamp by Sr. Anita and the school head girl Aishwarya Shastri.

The prayer service began with the teachers relating a beautiful story about an oyster, which decides to improve upon a grain of sand and turns it into a beautiful pearl. The moral of this tale was that if an oyster could turn a grain of sand into a pearl, then the students of Loreto Convent could do much more.

The prayer service followed by an entertainment programme organized by the teachers. They performed a Quawali for which some of the teachers were dressed up as students and others as teachers.

The students enjoyed the various games that had been organised for them later in the day. The memorable day ended with a treat of ice cream and an impromptu Jam session in the quadrangle.



SUPPORT STAFF DAY



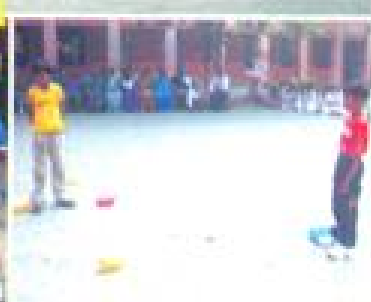
At Loreto Convent, we have a tradition of felicitating the support staff for the work they do for us throughout the year.

The management, teachers and students of Loreto Convent found an opportunity to express their gratitude for the behind-the-scenes but constant help rendered by them on 21 October.

The Support Staff Day was organized by the LTS and the members were felicitated for their relentless efforts in keeping the school premises spic and span, and making arrangements for the various activities of the school.

The programme started with a special prayer service for the guests of the day, followed by a cultural programme by the students. A street play was enacted by the Hindi Dramatics Club to spread the message of a corruption-free society. Dances were performed by the students of class IX and X. Everyone enjoyed the games like GUESS WHO which held the attention of everyone from the enthusiastic audience of students and teachers as well as our most humble domestic staff.

Our worthy friends were felicitated with distribution of gifts and refreshments at the culmination of the programme.



Farewell Ramachal

Ramachal, who was appointed as the school gardener in 1968 reached superannuation on 27 February 2012 after putting in over four decades of service. Most of the trees and plants that adorn the school campus are his handiwork. He planted saplings and tended those plants till they were in full bloom thereby bringing colour and cheer to the school premises. He is a proud father of five children, all of whom are well settled and married. Post retirement, he looks forward to spending time with his grandchildren and return to his village in Uttar Pradesh to tend to his fields. He expressed great satisfaction at having lived a fruitful life and thanked everyone for all the appreciation he had received.

BALL HOUSE

Ball House week was held from 15 April to 27 April 2011. The emphasis was on Sports.

An Inter school Mary Ward Basketball Tournament was organized in which elite schools of Delhi participated.

These were G. D. Goenka Public School, Mater Dei School, Carmel Convent School, Sanskriti School, Venkateshwara School, St. Michael School and Bloom Public School.

The final match was played between The Venkateshwara School and Loreto Convent. Our team won the match with a score of 39 - 32.



Inter House Athletic Meet was organized on 27 April 2011. It commenced with a House-wise March Past followed by taking of oath by the Students' Council.

Events like Races (60 m, 100m and 400m), Obstacle, Hurdle and Relay races were organized. Ball House bagged the trophy for the best Marching squad.



Best Marching Squad Trophy went to Ball House

An Inter-House Carol Singing competition organized by Ball House was held on 21 December 2011 with all the four houses recreating a perfect ambience for the forthcoming festival with their wonderful rendition of all time favourite Christmas songs. There were moments of celebration with joyous songs and Christmas decoration all around. There was festivity in the air. Ball house secured the first position in this competition.



WALSH HOUSE

The students and house mistresses of the Walsh House played host to a variety of competitions organized as part of the Walsh House week celebrated from 24 October to 28 October 2011.

The students of classes V to VII competed in an **Inter-House English Group Singing Competition** where they rendered their voices to two songs per team, one celebrating the theme of 'Nature' and the other, any song of their choice. Walsh House emerged the winner with their melodious rendition of 'Fireflies' and 'Top of the World'.



An **Inter-House Quiz Competition** was organized for the students of classes VIII to X wherein six teams from each house fielded questions from a variety of topics ranging from Sports, Current Affairs, Indian Mythology, Science and Environment, Art and Music and World History. The host team of Walsh House secured the first place with Ward House at second position.

A competition, '**Wealth from Waste**' was conducted for classes XI and XII. Their creativity and resourcefulness found a worthy expression in a vast variety of objects d'art which were later displayed in an exhibition for the staff and students.



HART HOUSE

Hart House students and house mistresses organized several activities to commemorate Mother Delphine Hart, one of our founders.

A **Folk Dance competition** was organized on 11 August, 2011 for the Middle School. Each House put their best foot forward showcasing the beautiful diversity and culture of India. Hart house won this competition.

In keeping with the Independence Day celebrations, a **Patriotic Song competition** was held for the Secondary School, in which all the houses sang with a



English Poem Recitation competition was organized for Middle School in November. Ball house recited the poem "The Enchanted" while Walsh house recited "Macavity- the mystery cat". Hart house narrated the poem "The spider and the fly". Ward house bagged the first prize with "Oh I wish I'd looked after me teeth".

An **Inter House Dramatics competition** was organized for Senior School students. The theme was 'Humor'. Ball House enacted the play "Villa for Sale" whilst Hart house performed "Mother's Day". Ward house performed "Dear Departed" and Walsh house won with their play "Cantaloupe Crescent".



lot of enthusiasm, mesmerizing the judges and audience. Ball house triumphed in this competition.

A **Declamation competition** on the topic 'Freedom' was held for the Senior Secondary School on 10 August, 2011 in which each participant spoke a famous speech by a world leader and brought alive the importance of freedom and liberty in today's world.

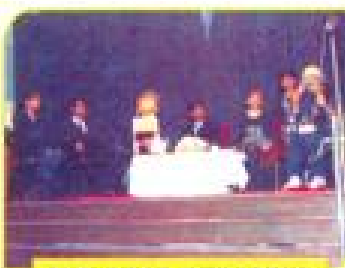
Ball house won this competition. The best speakers were Dharamjyot Kaur and Shivali Bhatti.



VILLA FOR SALE



MOTHER'S DAY



THE DEAR DEPARTED



CANTALOUPE CRESCENT

Celebrating Shakespeare



On 15 December 2011, Hart House organized an Inter-House Dramatics Competition based on four extracts from renowned plays written by the Bard of Avon.

The enthralling event started on a dramatic note with the entry of the three witches. A palpable eeriness descended upon the Activity Hall as the awe inspiring enactment of the macabre tale of ambition and thirst for power unfolded to send shivers down the backs of many among the audience. The members of the Ward House who presented an extract from 'Macbeth' won accolades with their amazing performance.



Ball House students enacted the dramatic court- room scene from the 'Merchant of Venice', a witty drama revolving around the protagonists, Antonio and Portia up against the cunning moneylender, Shylock who arrogantly demanded a pound of flesh.

'All hail Caesar' chanted the audience as Walsh House, left the audience spell bound and wonderstruck by the landmark speech of Mark Antony from one of the most powerful tales of love, ambition and betrayal from

'Julius Caesar': a mighty Roman general who fell prey to his diabolical conniving senators.



The hosts, Hart House rounded up the proceedings with the enactment of an extract from 'Othello': a tale of passion, fury and lament. The jealousy of the moor, apparently betrayed in love, translated into a violent revenge as he smothered his beloved Desdemona. The revelation of the truth and the ensuing remorse came aptly alive during the performance.

In this closely contested event, Walsh House bagged the first prize, followed by Ball House and Ward House securing the second and third positions respectively.

Swept by a surging tide of nostalgia about their own school days when they themselves enacted Shakespeare's plays, the judges were full of praise for the house mistresses and actors for their excellent effort at portraying Shakespearean characters. The judges agreed that apart from channeling forth new talent, the event also succeeded in reviving the magic and allure of Shakespeare in the hearts of those present for years to come.



WARD HOUSE

Ward House organized a plethora of activities during the Ward House Week from 16 January to 23 January 2012.

The **Inter-House Spell Bee and Mental Maths Competitions** were challenging for the students of classes V to VII. Walsh House secured the first place in the Spell Bee competition whereas Ball House won the Mental Maths Competition.



Students of the middle school participated in an **English self-composed poem competition** on the maxims of Mary Ward. Akshita Singh of Walsh House composed a poem on the maxim 'GOD IS RICH ENOUGH FOR US ALL' and won the first position among the girls of class V A, B and C. Vrinda Dabas of Hart House was the winner from class VI A, B and C and her poem was on the maxim, 'DO GOOD AND DO IT WELL'. Teena Benjamin of Hart House wrote a poem on the same maxim and she won the first prize among the girls of class VII A, B and C.

An **Inter-House English Extempore Competition** was conducted for the students of classes VIII and IX on the maxims of Mother Mary Ward, the founder of Loreto and the patron of the Ward House. A two member team of each house upheld the relevance of those words of wisdom, aptly interpreting them in the contemporary context. The team from Walsh House emerged the winners.

Classes V to XI came alive with myriad colours for the **Inter-Class Flower arrangement Competition** in which two teams



from each house in every class captured varied moods of life and nature by creating exotic flower arrangements. Classes VA, VI C, VII B, VIII B, IX C, X C, XI A were adjudged the winners on the basis of the cumulative marks scored by them.

An **Inter-House Basketball Match** was organized in January 2012. Hart House won the finals.

PRIZE WINNING ENTRIES

from self-composed poems based on the Maxims of Mary Ward

GOD IS RICH ENOUGH FOR US ALL

Why do we run after money
When breathing last, no one takes a
single penny.
Why do we wear diamonds and gold
When people clothed in tatters, shiver
with cold

Why do we make merry in forts
When people are sleeping on the roads
For ages kings ruled for greed
To fill the coffers, made people bleed
Let's end this once and for all
Let's share our riches with the poor and
the small

God is rich enough for us all.
Wake up! Heed to our brethren's call.

Akshita Singh VA (Walsh House) Winner
from class V

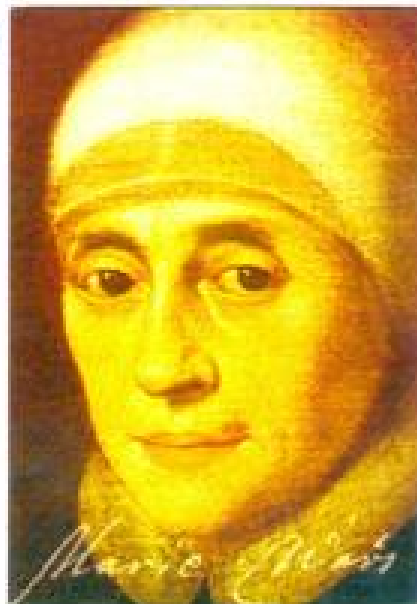
DO GOOD AND DO IT WELL

Do something, from which people will gain,
Help someone to stand up again.
Do something to bring a smile,
Help everyone at each and every time.
And don't forget what Mary Ward said,
'Do good and do it well!'

Make someone feel happy today,
Make this day better than yesterday.
Do something which will make you proud,
Never do anything wrong.
Do something which will please everyone,
Think for everyone, not only one.

And remember what Mary Ward said
'Always do good and do it well!'

Vrinda Dabas VI C (Hart House)
Winner from class VI



SHOW YOURSELF AS YOU ARE

The sun was out to bring a new
beautiful day, but it was time for
me to go school; it was my second
day at the new school but my
confidence was still low. If only I
had my way! I would avoid going
there. I want to tell the world,
shoot from mountain tops, "It's me.
This is the way I am. Accept me as I
am!" A little voice inside, my mind
has always told me to play the
golden rule, but somehow, I felt, I
always ended up looking like a fool.
That night after I got back from
school, I sat on my bed and thought
about my new friends; they were
the ones oozing with confidence,
the ones who just taught me new
trends, the trends they thought
would make me 'cool'. I looked at
the moon and cried in its glow and
a voice came from deep down
below which said, "Show yourself
as you are and be what you show
yourself", only then you will find
your shooting star in the sky.

Rheeya K. Sreedharan Class IX-C
(Best Speaker, Extempore
Competition)

DO GOOD AND DO IT WELL

My ode is not of warriors dead,
Or of what some great man said,
My ode is of a girl called Nell,
Who did good and did it well.

Nell was a orphan, she had no mother
She had no father or sister or brother.
She had a hut but no money,
Every day she earned just a penny

She worked hard at the mayor's place,
She scrubbed and shone even on cold
winter days.
On such days she wore her jacket, old,
And braved the cold for she was bold,

One day while walking to her house,
Nell found a child, small as a mouse
She was wearing a cotton frock, all torn,
And looked blue from that cold she'd borne,

"Poor child" Nell was sad,
"You have no woollens? That's too bad."
Then quickly, without making a racket
To the child, she gave her jacket.

She'd tell no soul of this, not she,
For good things done must be a pebble
in the sea,
And though she'd done what is good,
Keep quiet about this thing she would.

Next day Nell was sick in bed,
She looked so stiff, as though dead,
Nell was sad, she began to cry
For she thought she would surely die,

Then a girl came, her eyes were blue
The one she'd given her jacket to.
The child said, "My name is Dianne."
"I'll nurse you, till you are fine."
So you see, God blessed Nell
For she'd done good and done it well.

Teena Benjamin VII B (Hart House)
Winner from class VII

Hasta Manana



Loreto, I Salute Thee!

Why is it that Time flies by so quickly when you least want it to? If granted a wish, I'd ask God to stop the clock, so that I could, for the last time, soak in and capture everything in my heart before I leave.

Being the daughter of a navy officer, several schools have been a part of my journey – from a toddler then, to a young, aspiring woman now.

Then why is walking out of Loreto gates any different? This school has blessed me with the perfect combination of amazing friends and highly tolerant teachers. I salute those very teachers who have seen me through the ups and downs of school life; those teachers who helped me rise up every time I fell; those teachers who inspired me to think out of the box – to be different, different from the rest and as unique as I am; those teachers who brought out the best in me; those teachers who cut an extra mark so that I do not make the same mistakes again; those teachers who made me believe in me and that is why I am what I am today. Ma'am – mom, mom – ma'am; how easy it is to use these words interchangeably! It is among you teachers that I found my guide, my mentors, my guardian angel.

I walked through the gates of this school 6 years ago without realizing that a day would come when it would be my turn to walk out. I often scoffed at my seniors who shed tears at the time of their farewell. Little did I know that one day I too would break down like them at the thought of walking past these gates.

Loreto's role in molding me into who I am today – is carved in stone, it is not a footprint in sand.

Dharamjot Kaur XII A

The Farewell Assembly - Follow Your Dreams - was held in the school on February and the Candle Light Ceremony - Let the Light Shine - was held on the same day to bid adieu to the outgoing batch of class XII. The students who were about to leave school spoke from their heart, expressing their gratitude to those who had touched their lives and molded them throughout their school life. It was an emotional moment indeed. The next day a farewell function followed by lunch was organized for them by the students of class XI. The young ladies were dressed in their best, fit for the occasion. And they received a red-carpet welcome. Students of class XI said farewell to their seniors by presenting a programme with a variety of items, which was highly entertaining. The programme for the day included fusion dance, a skit, games and jam session for the young ladies, and they were well appreciated. **HASTA MANANA- Goodbye, Till We Meet Again.**

To Loreto, with Love

As I walk down memory lane I am nostalgic. As a five-year-old toddler when I first stepped into the campus of this school I was amazed to see the sprawling area but little did I know that this would become my second home in times to come.

My school gave me so much. It taught me to respect my elders, to help everybody young and old, it taught me to be able to balance academics with co-curricular activities, to be mischievous, to play pranks, to have a healthy laugh with friends. In fact, it shaped my personality. Today I would want to call myself a 'TRUE LORETO GIRL' who carries the essence of its spirit within her.

I will miss everybody and everything about this school. I will miss my beloved teachers who have always been there for me; I thank all of them most humbly, for moulding me into the person I am today. My friends, my seniors, my classmates and my juniors have been my lifeline. With them around, each day was filled with fun. Thank you so much!

I would also like to thank the members of the domestic staff who were always there in the background, cleaning and scrubbing the school for us. A big heartfelt thank you!

When I look back at my school life, I shall miss the house meetings, canteen days, birthdays, interschool events, annual day, sports' day, parents' day and the innumerable stay-backs for practice. All these are priceless memories etched in my mind.

Vrinda Chawla XII A





Let's Play!

SPORTS SECTION

BASKETBALL

The school Basketball team emerged victorious in the first tournament played by them during the Mary Ward Inter School Basketball Tournament, hosted by the school in April 2011. With brilliant teamwork displayed by the team members on court, we showed the opponents that we don't claim to be the best but we are certainly a force to reckon with. Jyotsna Singh from the host team was awarded the Best Player trophy.



Strong (L-R): Akshwarya Babu Paul, Garima Alawadhi, Pooja Kapadia, Jyotsna Singh Standing (L-R): Ribekka Singh, Shivani Bhatti, Akshita Yadav, Raveena Verma, Mrs. A Davies, Virangana Shah, Rhea Samyal, Swarnim Kotnala, Mr. Minhal

HIGHLIGHTS

Event: Friendly Match against Mt. St. Mary's School

Category: Sub-Junior Position: Winner

Event: Zonals

Category: Sub-Junior, Junior and Senior

Position: Sub-junior and Senior team reached the semi-finals.

Event: Zonals

Category: Sub-Junior, Junior and Senior

Position: Sub-junior and Senior team reached the semi-finals.

Event: 11th Archbishop Alan De Lastic Memorial Invitational Basketball tournament

Category: Senior Position: Reached the quarter finals

Event: 4th Gayatri Devi Goenka Memorial Basketball tournament

Category: Senior Position: Second Position

Event: CBSE basketball tournament

Category: Senior

Three team members, namely Akshita Yadav, Raveena Verma and Virangana Shah were selected to be members of the Inter zonal team to play for Zone 20 and secured the fourth position.



Akshita Yadav Received 'Best Player' award in the 11th Archbishop Alan De Lastic Memorial Invitational Basketball tournament.

Jyotsna Singh received the Best Player trophy in the Mary Ward Inter School Basketball Tournament. She also received the trophy for 'The Most Promising Player' in the 4th Gayatri Devi Memorial Basketball Tournament.



Swarnim Kotnala, Aastha Sehgal, Simran Banga and Yosha Dutt were selected to represent our school in the CBSE National Athletic Meet.

Tanushree Tanwar, Aadya Magotra and Avni Bhasin secured second position in Badminton Zonals held at Air Force Golden Jubilee School.



KHO KHO

Kho-Kho teams (Sub Junior and Senior) participated in Zonal competition which was held at D Block Janakpuri Government School from 28th September 2011 onwards. In Sub Junior category there were 16 schools and in Senior category 12 schools from across Delhi took part. Sub junior team reached in the semifinal whereas Senior team won the final.

CBSE National Athletics Meet

ZONALS



Four athletes from our school got an opportunity to showcase their talent at the CBSE National Athletics Meet held at Meerut from 4 Jan - 7 Jan 2012.

Swarnim Kotnala of XI-B and Yosha Dutt of IX-A, competed in Shot-put for Girls U-19 and U-16 category respectively.

Aastha Sehgal of class X C competed in Javelin in Girls U-16 while Simran Banga of IX-B competed in 400mts and 800 mts in Girls U-16.



About 2700 participants not only from India but also from the gulf countries competed for a place on the victory stand.



The training and mentorship of their coach Mrs. Aggarwal who also accompanied them, stood our school team in good stead.

The athletes performed remarkably but failed to secure a medal. However, as failures are the stepping stones to success, this enriching experience

at the meet would certainly go a long way to help them improve their performance at the forthcoming events.

Kho Kho Senior team secured the first Position

Basketball Sub-Junior and Senior team reached semi-finals

Badminton (Singles) Avni Bhasin secured the 1st Runners up position in Senior category

Volleyball Junior team reached semi-finals

TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS

Event	Name of Student	Position
Shot Put	Yosha Dutt	Winner (Junior)
	Swarnim Kotnala	Winner (Senior)
	Ria Handa	Silver Medalist (Sub-junior)
	Sourmya Gupta	Bronze Medalist (Junior)
Discus Throw	Nayan Mahajan	Winner (Sub-Junior)
	Mannat Mehta	Winner (Junior)
	Swarnim Kotnala	Silver Medalist (Senior)
Javelin Throw	Aastha Sehgal	Winner (Junior)
	Akshita Yadav	Silver Medalist (Senior)
High Jump	Natasha Raghav	Gold Medalist (Senior)
400m Flat Race	Simran Banga	Silver Medalist (Senior)
	Ananya M S	Bronze Medalist (Sub-junior)
800m Flat Race	Simran Banga	Gold Medalist (Junior)
	Akshita Yadav	Silver Medalist (Senior)
1500m Flat Race	Simran Banga	Gold Medalist (Junior)
4 X 100m Relay	Rushali Shivprasad	Gold Medalist (Sub-junior)
	Arushi Toppo	
	Vidhi Tiwari	
	Rachita Puri	
	Simran Banga	Gold Medalist (Junior)
	Natasha Raghav	
	Akshita Chauhan	
	Priya Sharma	
	Sureena Dalal	Bronze Medalist (Senior)
	Saumya Sharma	
	Sadhvi Dang	
	Sanyukta Singh	

Inter School Athletics

CBSE Athletic Meet Cluster XII 2011 – 2012 was held at Salwan Public School, Rajender Nagar from 21st Nov to 23rd Nov 2011. Following are the events and positions secured by our students.



SHOT PUT

Yosha Dutt	Gold Medalist	Junior Category
Swarnim Kotnala	Silver Medalist	Senior Category
Ria Handa	Bronze Medalist	Sub-Junior Category

JAVELIN THROW

Aastha Sehgal	Gold Medalist	Junior Category
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FLAT RACE

Simran Banga	Gold Medalist - 800 m Silver Medalist - 400 m	Junior Category (Junior Category)
Arushi Toppo	Fifth Position - 200 m	Junior Category

RELAY

Simran Banga Ananya Agarwal Tanushree Tanwar Bhavya Kumar	Silver Medalists (4 x 400 m)	Junior Category)
Rushali Shivprasad Rachita Puri Arushi Toppo Vidhi Tiwari	Fifth Position (4 X 100 m)	Sub-Junior Category

INTER ZONE ATHLETIC MEET

15th Nov 2011 at Chatrasal Stadium

Simran Banga
800m Flat Race, Silver Medalist
1500m Flat Race, Silver Medalist

Aastha Sehgal
Javelin Throw, Silver Medalist

Swarnim Kotnala
Shot Put, Bronze Medalist

Mannat Mehta
Discus Throw, 4th Position

Rushali, Rachita, Arushi, Vidhi
4x100m Relay, 4th Position

Yosha Dutt
Shot Put, Fifth Position

Akshita Yadav
Javelin Throw, Fifth Position

Nayan Mahajan
Discus Throw, Sixth Position

Football Zonals

Date: 16th August 2011 onwards
Venue: Vasant Valley School
Participants: 27 Participants in total
Results: Reached 2nd round

Volleyball Zonals

Date: 27th August 2011 onwards
Venue: Army Public School, Dhola Kuan
Participants: The Senior and Junior School team participated each comprising of 12 Players
Results: Junior team reached the semi-finals

Inter House Athletic Meet

An Athletic meet was organized in the school to celebrate as a part of the Ball House Week from 25 March to 3 May 2011. The following events were organized and the first second and third position for each event was awarded to the following girls for the different categories.



BEST ATHLETES OF THE YEAR 2011 - 2012



JUNIOR CATEGORY

JAVELIN THROW	Aastha Sehgal	Gold
	Neha Yadav	Silver
	Ambica Bora	Bronze
DISCUS THROW	Mannat Mehta	Gold
	Neha Yadav	Silver
	Chetna Sharma	Bronze
SHOT PUT	Jyotsna Singh	Gold
	Yosha Dutt	Silver
	Akshita Chauhan	Bronze
LONG JUMP	Pragya Lende	Gold
	Prema Saroha	Silver
	Akshita Pathania	Bronze
HIGH JUMP	Kavya Singh	Gold
	Natasha Raghav	Silver
	Tarannum Paul	Bronze

SUB-JUNIOR CATEGORY

LONG JUMP	Nikita Sharma	Gold
	Palak Khanna	Silver
	Kuhikaa Srivastav	Bronze

CRICKET BALL THROW	Emome Thingujam	Gold
	Bhavya	Silver
	Pragya	Bronze

Inter House Kho Kho

Hart House secured the First Position followed by Walsh House and Ball House.

Inter House Dodge Ball

Ball House secured the First Position followed by Hart House and Walsh House

RACES

GOLD MEDAL

NAME	EVENT	CLASS
NATASHA CHAKO	RACE 60m SUB-JUNIOR	5B
PALAK KHANNA	RACE 100m SUB-JUNIOR	6B
SIMRAN BANGA	RACE 100m JUNIOR	9B
	RACE 200m JUNIOR	
	RACE 400m JUNIOR	
	RELAY 4x100m JUNIOR	
SERENA CARDOZ	RACE 100m SENIOR	11A
	RACE 200m SENIOR	
RITIKA RIA	RACE 200M SUB-JUNIOR	7B
AKSHITA YADAV	RACE 400m SENIOR	12 A
	RELAY 4x100m SENIOR	
PRITHVI KRISHNA	OBSTACLE RACE 200M SUB-JUNIOR	6A
VIDHI TIWARI	OBSTACLE RACE 200M JUNIOR	8C
ARUSHI TOPPO	HURDLE RACE 80m JUNIOR	8C
SANYUKTA SINGH	HURDLE RACE 80m SENIOR	11B
JUSTINA XALXO	RELAY 4x50m SUB-JUNIOR	6C
SANA PANGHAL		7A
RITIKA RIA AAN		7B
SHIKA BHUSHAN		7C
ANANYA AGGARWAL	RELAY 4x 100m JUNIOR	9C
SURYASHREE NAYAR		8A
SAGARIKA NEGI		10B
SIMRAN BANGA		9B
SERENA CARDOZ	RELAY 4x 100m SENIOR	11A
RIBEKKA SINGH		11B
SUREENA DALAL		12A
SAUMYA SHARMA		12A

SILVER MEDAL

JYOTSNA YELLAPRAGADA	RACE 60m SUB-JUNIOR	5C
MEHAK BHULLAR	RACE 100m SUB-JUNIOR	7A
	OBSTACLE RACE 200M SUB-JUNIOR	
BHAVYAA KUMAR	RACE 100m JUNIOR	9C
SHREYA BHATTACHARYA	RACE 100m SENIOR	
	RACE 200m SENIOR	11B
OJUSVI SINGH	RACE 200M SUB-JUNIOR	7
ANANYA M S	RACE 200m JUNIOR	8A
	RACE 400m JUNIOR	
CHARU KANDPAL	RACE 400m SENIOR	12B
RUSHALI SHIVPRASAD	OBSTACLE RACE 200M JUNIOR	8A

NAME	EVENT	CLASS
RANJANA KACHHAP	HURDLE RACE 80m JUNIOR	8C
RHEA SAMYAL	HURDLE RACE 80m SENIOR	11B
PALAK KHANNA	RELAY 4x50m SUB-JUNIOR	6B
OJUSVI SINGH		7C
PRITHVI KRISHNA		6A
NATASHA CHACKO		5B
YOSHA DUTT	RELAY 4x 100m JUNIOR	9A
VIDHI TIWARI		8C
DIANA MANI		9B
AARUSHI MALIK		9C
ANUBHUTI SHANDILYA	RELAY 4x 100m SENIOR	11B
RAVEENA VERMA		12B
RUCHIKA ADLAKHA		1A
PREETI TOKAS		112A

BRONZE MEDAL

NAME	EVENT	CLASS
CELINE ANTHONY	RACE 60m SUB-JUNIOR	5B
VRINDA KATARIA	RACE 100m SUB-JUNIOR	7B
ARUSHI TOPPO	RACE 100m JUNIOR	8C
ANUBHUTI SHANDILYA	RACE 100m SENIOR	11B
SAUMYA DALAL	RACE 200M SUB-JUNIOR	7C
NEHA CARIAPPA	RACE 200m JUNIOR	9C
RAUNAK AHLAWAT	RACE 200m SENIOR	12B
SHAMBHAVI KALA	RACE 400m JUNIOR	10B
STEFFI STEPHEN	RACE 400m SENIOR	12A
FEBA .S. VINU	OBSTACLE RACE 200m SUB-JUNIOR	6A
DISHA YADAV	OBSTACLE RACE 200M JUNIOR	8C
NEHA YADAV	HURDLE RACE 80m JUNIOR	10B
PREETI TOKAS	HURDLE RACE 80m SENIOR	12A
SEJAL SEHRAWAT	RELAY 4x50m SUB-JUNIOR	6A
SEEMS MAHATO		7B
VRINDA KATARIA		7B
ZOYA JAFFERY		7C
KAVYA SINGH	RELAY 4x 100m JUNIOR	10B
SHALINI TIGGA		8A
BHAVYAA KUMAR		9C
SHAMBHAVI KALA		10B
ADITI BISHNOI	RELAY 4x 100m SENIOR	12B
SAHIBA KHURANA		11A
GARIMA AILAWADI		11A
SANYUKTA SINGH		11B

SERENDIPITY

The Loreto Carnival, SERENDIPITY held on 3 December 2011 was a landmark event in the annual calendar. The grand event was inaugurated at 8 a.m. with celebrations galore.

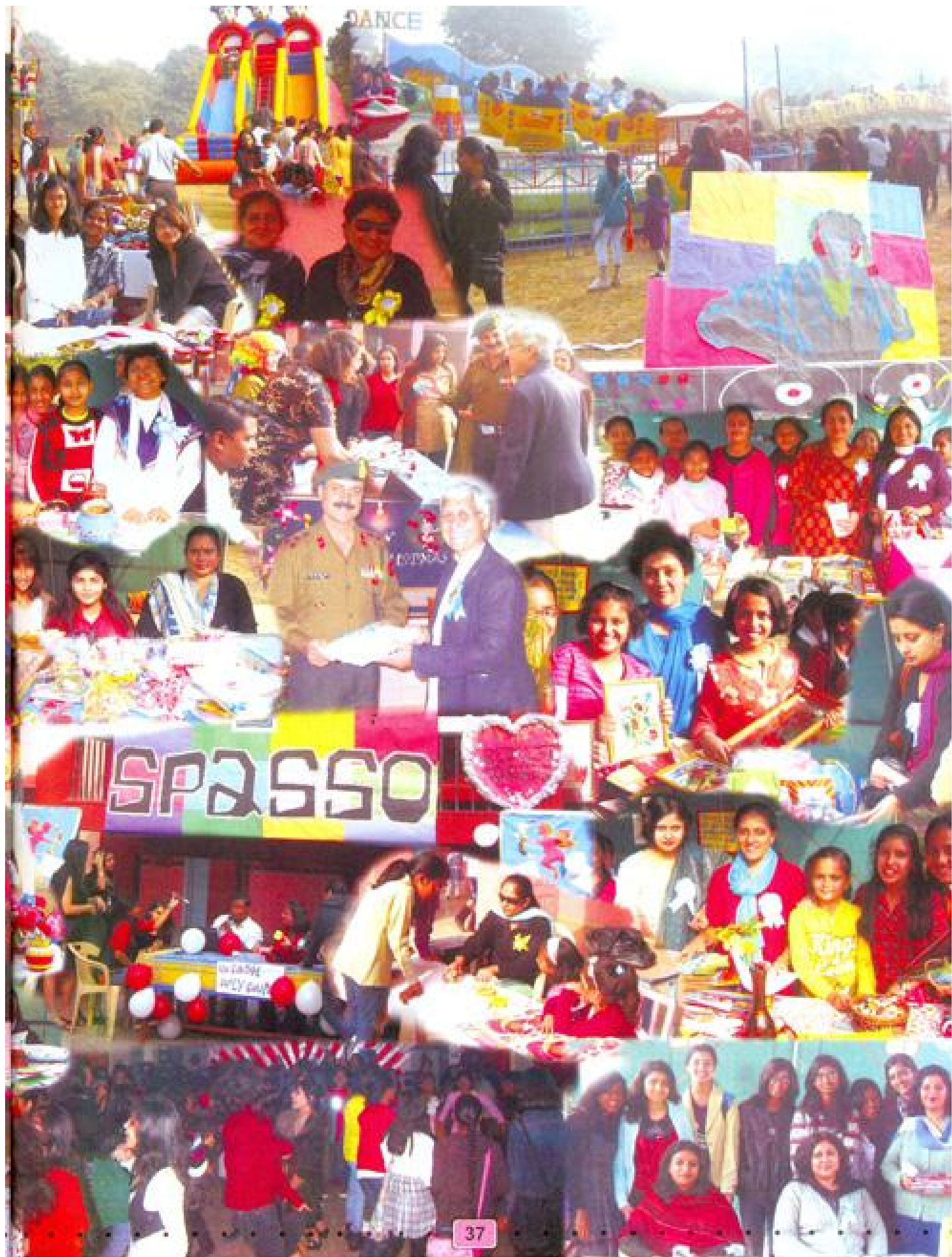
The fete was graced by the presence of Brig DVS Rana, SM, VSM and was truly a potpourri of effort put in by the students and staff. It was aimed at incorporating the "Spasso" (Fun) spirit in one and all. With the quadrangle decked up in the multi-coloured banner painstakingly prepared by class XI, the crisp winter air was tinged with feverish excitement. The icing on the cake was the scintillating performance by DJ Abhishek Rajput in the artistically and trendily decked up activity hall as all present let their hair down and grooved to live music.

Food stalls with mouth watering aromas lured the crowd as they feasted on everything under the sun ranging from Indian to Italian. The child in every individual was brought to the fore as boards of people, young and old shrieked with wild pleasure aboard the merry-go-round, Columbus, Break dance, Giant Wheel etc. Game stalls like Treasure Trove, Guess the Weight etc. organized by the teachers, surely upped the excitement quotient.

However the real crowd puller was the Request Corner, introduced by Sister Anita, which drew the host and visitors alike as they dedicated tracks to their beloved ones. The basketball court was transformed over with the SUPW stalls of the respective classes. The stalls boasted of handicrafts which sold like hotcakes and were a runaway success.

All agreed that Serendipity 2011 was a great success. We assure all that Serendipity 2012 will be an event to look out for.







Yuletide Celebrations

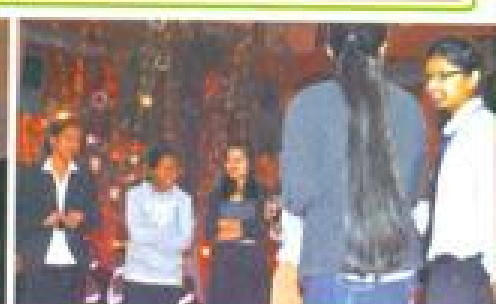
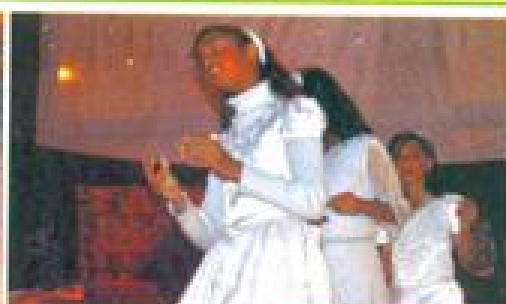
On 17 December 2011, the school staff and students shared the bonhomie of Christmas with the students and parents of the Christian fraternity of the school. The Nativity scene and the beautiful banner put up in the quadrangle provided the perfect backdrop for the celebrations as stars hung from the arches in the corridors and balloons, in the traditional red and green colours, added to the festive mood.

The programme commenced with the Eucharistic Mass conducted by Father Prasad and Father Lal. A musical, **The Miracle Child**, aptly captured the real spirit of Christmas by showcasing the joy of giving and making all present realize that the Lord Jesus Christ himself is a present given to us by the Almighty Lord.

The quadrangle resonated with the mellifluous carol singing that brought in the mood of celebration of Christmas both as a holy day as well as a holiday. A lucky draw for parents, gifts for the priests, address by Sr. Anita and the arrival of Santa in an open jeep were all interesting facets of the programme which culminated with sumptuous snacks and joyful cheer.

STAFF SHARE THE CHRISTMAS JOY

As part of the Christmas celebrations in school, the staff, both teaching and non-teaching, partook of a sumptuous lunch hosted by Sr. Anita and Community on 21 December 2011. The staff received their gifts as a part of a novel Treasure Hunt, giving an opportunity for frenzied movement and excitement.



Excursions

Jaipur

On 20 August, 2011 a group of 52 girls from class VII, went on a fun filled trip to the Pink city of Jaipur. The group left for Jaipur by the Shatabdi Express on the morning of the 20th. On reaching Jaipur they checked into Hotel Clarks Amer where they received a traditional welcome with a tilak ceremony. The first visit was to the famous and beautiful Birla Mandir. Over the next two days, the students visited many places of historical as well as cultural interest such as the Amber Fort, City Palace, Hawa Mahal, Birla Planetarium and the famous Chowki Dhani. On the last night in Jaipur, a DJ night was organised where all the students danced merrily. The trip was a wonderful learning experience for all.



Jim Corbett National Park

Class VIII went on a trip to Nainital and Jim Corbett National Park on 17 May, 2011 and on 5 November, 2011, students of Class IX accompanied by their teachers proceeded on a three-day educational trip to Jim Corbett National Park. Starting their long journey in the wee hours of the morning on 5 November, they reached The Wild Crest, a comfortable forest resort with an amazing ambience.

After lunch they visited the famous Jim Corbett museum, where they saw the memorabilia of Jim Corbett, preserved with great care. The trip to Garjia Devi temple offered an opportunity to enjoy the scenic beauty. On their arrival back at the resort, they had an elephant joy ride, which was a first for many. Before calling it a day they burnt the dance floor dancing to the latest Bollywood numbers. The students woke up the next day to enjoy an action packed jeep safari and then proceeded to have fun-filled adventure activities like river crossing, rappelling and rock climbing. They returned furnished to a piping hot lunch at the resort. That evening brought an opportunity to play in the river water and take a short trip to the adjoining village. They left for Delhi after a sumptuous breakfast filled with memories of some wonderful time spent with friends.



Reduce, Reuse, Recycle



Winners of Green Warrior Trophy - Class V-A

Recycling Paper



The handmade paper machine was gifted to our school by the Delhi government. It was installed in February, 2012. The school is a keen participant in the clean campus initiative and it is a constant endeavour that any waste is recycled. The paper recycling machine is a boon as

there was a lot of scrap paper that was generally thrown away. Now this paper is recycled and used for various purposes such as art and craft and SUPW.

Grandparents' Day

Grandparents are the corner stone of their grandchildren's life providing them guidance, inspiration and value system that always hold them in good stead. JPIC students organized Grandparents' Day on 18 November and felicitated those who nurture and nourish their progeny, a feat impossible to replicate through any other relationship.

Divine blessings were invoked as children offered prayers for the good health, happiness and long life of their grandparents. A Bharatnatyam recital by Antra Goshal, Ayushi Hada and Akanksha Kaushik set the ball rolling. Class VII recited a poem "Hamare buzurg" in which infinite love found expression. A street play carried forward the message of respect and love for the anchor that grandparents provide the young ones. An excellent performance by the school band enthralled the audience. Students of class V, VI and VII brought alive the colors of India in a beautiful medley of some folk dances. Grandparents and grandchildren shared some vignettes of their lives that led to an atmosphere charged with emotions. The grand finale of the day, however, was a round of Tambola that electrified the atmosphere and brought about excitement and thrill among the grandparents to match up to the spirits of their grandchildren.

Fond memories of the day will undoubtedly be cherished by all those present.



My School My Home...
My Junior School!



"I refuse to be anything else
except my **BEST** today & everyday!"

Accolades...



Receiving the Stars



Winners of the Quiz on Gandhi's life



Winners of the English Handwriting Competition



Encouraging Consistent Effort

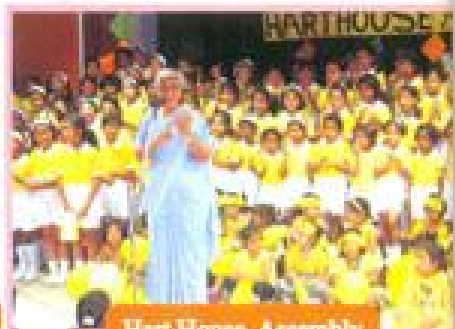


The Best House 2011-12 - Hart House

JUNIOR SCHOOL



Ball House celebrates 'The Year of Forests'



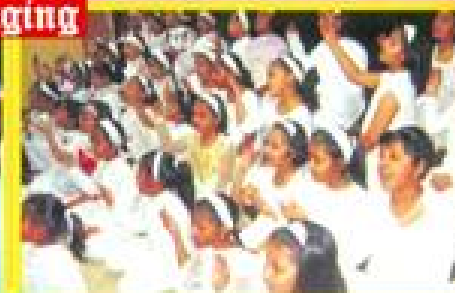
Hart House Assembly



Recitation



Singing



Inter School Events



Winners of India-UK Quiz organized by British Council



ACTIVITIES



Fancy Dress for Class III – Theme: Forest



What's the Good Word?



Enjoying Reading Hour



Workshop on Dental Hygiene by
Dr. Bhawna Mahajan



Story telling by author Mrs Vinita Krishna

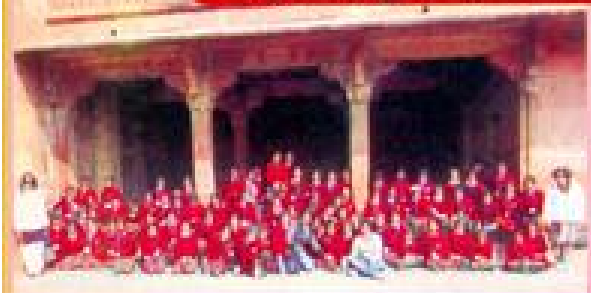


Ward House Play on the Life of Mary Ward



Walsh House Activity - Fun with Maths

Trip to Agra by Class III & IV



Creativity...



I wish

I was a fish
To swim across the sea
And eat food for free.
I would like to be friends with an octopus
And never travel in a bus.
I would breathe from my gill
And never stand still.
I would swim more and more and never would
go to the seashore.
But it's only a wish
And I think of it at every day's finish.

Tarangini
IV A

My Teacher

I love my teacher
She is very kind,
Even if I trouble her
She doesn't seem to mind,
She smiles so gently
And nods her head
And says
"Child, never do that again."

Bratisha Sen
III B

Paradise on Earth

Andaman Islands are like heaven on Earth. It has 527 islands both small and large. I go there every year to visit my Grandpa and Grandma. It has beautiful beaches and picnic spots. On my visit this summer I went to the Fisheries Museum which has a huge collection of the fishes found on these islands. I thought there was a fish in every colour and shape!

Tehreen Nasir
II B

'True Friend'

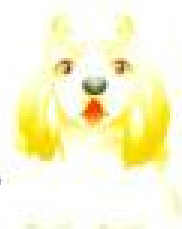
The true friend is one -
Who loves like a mother,
And helps like a brother
Who shares like a sister,
And guides like a teacher,
What a great creature
And what a great pleasure
Only few ones are lucky,
To be and to have true friend
I want to bow to all of them
And wish to be one of them.

Aadya Verma
IV A



A Dog

I have dog,
His name is Sunny,
He likes to drink milk,
His colour is brown,
I play with him,
And make him dance.
He barks at strangers,
And guards our house.
I take him for a walk every evening.
I love my dog Sunny.



Sreeshma
III A

The letters of the Alphabets

- Which two letters mean vacant ? - MT
- Which two letters mean very cold ? IC
- Which letter means a water body? C
- Which letter is an insect? B
- Which letter is a human organ? I

Trip to Gandhi Smriti

On 26th July our class went to Gandhi Smriti for an educational trip. The Gandhi Smriti was made in memory of Shree Mohandas Karamchand Gandhiji.

Gandhiji is the Father of the Nation. He freed India from the British. His teachings were about truth and non-violence. When we went inside the building we saw Gandhiji's room where he spent his last 144 days. We saw many photographs along his prayer and meeting rooms. We saw Gandhiji's footprints and there was a stone tablet in which his last words 'Hey Ram' was engraved.



On the way we also saw *Teen Murthi* and *Gyarah Murthi*. We also were very excited to see monkeys on the way. We laughed and played in the bus. It was a very enlightening and wonderful experience for us all.

Novelle Jibby John
III B



THE POSTMAN

Knock, Knock the postman is here,
Bringing news from far and near,
Oh, postman quickly check,
If there is a letter waiting for me.



Devanshi Gahlot
II A

MY TEACHERS

Teachers make our life
Oh! My teacher, oh! my teacher
You are a real preacher,
You teach us how to write,
And scold us when we fight
You are so nice and wise
You are happy with my rise.
You are my future
You are my creature
Oh! My teacher, Oh! My teacher.

Tushita
IV A

Riddle Me, Riddle Me

- What is always coming but never arrives?
- What is black when it is clean and white when it is dirty?
- What did the baby corn say to the mother corn?
- Why is the river so rich?
- A dress which we cannot wear?

- Address
- Popcorn
- Tomorrow
- Blackboard
- It has two banks.

Answers

SUNFLOWER

Sunflower, Sunflower I love you
You look so gay and bright.
Sunflower, Sunflower, I love you,
You make me think of light.
When I see your cheerful face,
I want to dance and sing.
Sunflower, Sunflower I love you,
You make me think of spring.

Manvi Wasan
III B



THE AEROPLANE

When people go travelling and
come back again
Most of them do it,
By bus or train.
But buses are bumpy and
trains are slow,
So I don't like suffering when
I have to go.
So if I can find someone, to
pay for my fare,
Then the way that I'll go
Is to fly through the air.

Ananya Tiwari
IV B

Snow Dream

As I was lying in bed one night
I thought I saw a tiny light.
I looked out of the window
and saw lots of snow.
And then I heard the winter wind blow.
As soon as I woke up I ran to the T.V.
And quickly turned on channel three.
'No school today' I started to scream,
But then I realized it was only a dream.

Jessna Brar
IV A



My Mother

My mother is a cutie
Loving her is my duty
She is so beautiful
Yes! She is so wonderful
She's the best.
I love my mother,
She's so nice
Yes! so wise
I love my mother very much.

Christabelle J. John
IV A

MY SCHOOL

School, School, School
I love my Loreto Convent School
Every morning I dress so neat and clean,
Everywhere pink and white is seen.
In the school every day,
We learn to study and play
I love my teachers, who are wonderful,
My school is so beautiful
School School School
I love my Loreto Convent School.

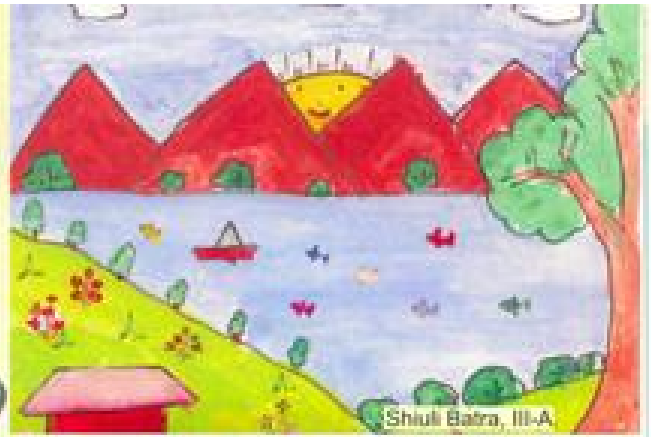
Shiuli Batra
III A

Books

Books give us knowledge to learn and know.
They are our future
They are like our teachers
Books give education
From them we get every solution
Books teach us history
Books teach us chemistry
Books are the gods
Books are the lords
Books give us manners to eat and talk
Books give us power to play and walk.



Priyasha
IV A



Nature

Look look at that bird
It is so wonderful.
Look look look at that river
It is so beautiful.
Look look look at the sky.
It's so colourful.
Look look look at nature,
It is so quiet.

Remya Saji
III A

Sunday

Sunday, Sunday,
My dear Sunday,
Oh you come so late
That I can't wait.
My dear Sunday,
Come to me every day,
Sunday means holiday
I want to play the whole day.

Suhani Srivastava
II B

The Doll

I am a cute doll,
Also fair and tall.
I wear a hat
And have a cat.
I wear a shirt and blouse,
I live in a big house,
When you press a button,
I laugh.

Shreya Mehta
II B



Rainbow

Rainbow, rainbow
You give me a smile
When you are on my clothes,
You give me a style,
But why do you come
Just for a while?
Rainbow, rainbow
You give me a smile.

Arima Kumar
II B

My Mother

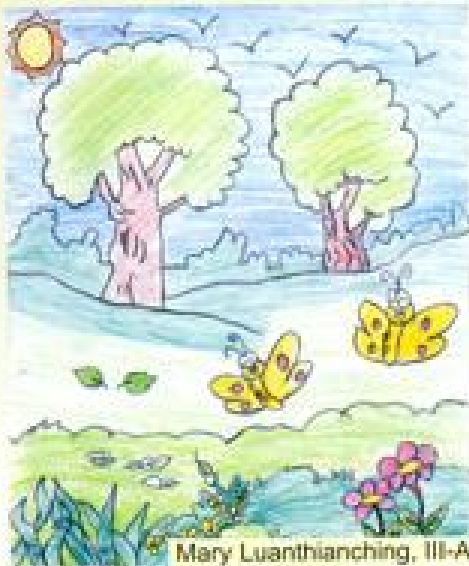
My Mother is everything to me in the world. She is the most important person in my life. Not only is she my guide but also my friend. She takes care of all my needs. She cooks my favourite food. She helps me in doing my homework. She plays with me, she dances with me. She teaches me good manners. The good values of truth and honesty are instilled in me by her. She has taught me to keep a positive attitude and to face all the challenges with a smile. Undoubtedly she is the best mom in the world.

Mahima Dahiya, III A

Mother is the Best

When I came home in the rain,
My brother asked,
"Why you didn't take an umbrella".
Sister advised
"Why didn't you wait till the rain stopped".
Father angrily warned!
"Only after catching a cold you will realize".
Mother while drying my hair said,
"Stupid rain!
Couldn't it wait till my child came home".
That's Maa (Mother)

Ananya Singh
III B



Butterfly

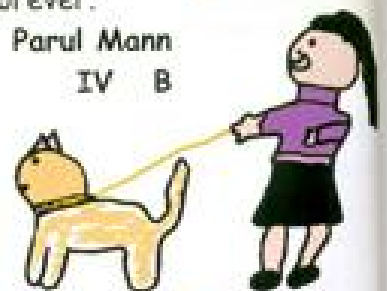
Butterfly, butterfly
where are you going?
I am going to the garden
to play with my friends.
When I get hungry,
I collect my nectar from flowers.
When I get tired,
I sleep on flowers.
When I wake up,
I get lost in the beauty of nature.

Keerati Verma
II B

My Country

India is the best
We will work hard, never rest
No one should fight
Do only what is right.
Keep our country clean.
Don't be mean,
Let us all do it together
And live happily forever.

Parul Mann
IV B



My Pet

I have a dog
His name is Bob
He likes to jog
And runs after frogs.
I love my dog
He has a friend Buddy.
He likes to go all muddy.
This is the world of dogs.
I just love dogs.

Joanne Reuben
II B

Divya Agarwal
II B

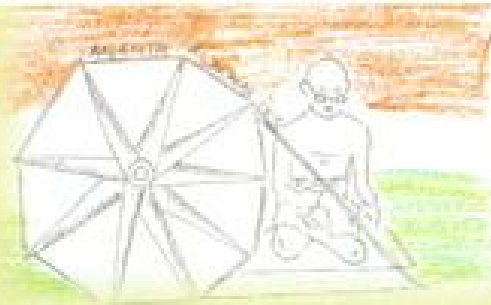


Shagun, I-A

गाँधी जी

गांधी बाबा इस धरती पर
क्या तुम फिर से आओगे?
लूटमार की इस दुनिया में
सत्य का शस्त्र चलाओगे?
सारे चरखे बंद पड़े हैं
झूठ का होता है व्यापार।
शायद बापू तुम आ जाते
तो घट जाता अत्याचार।
सारे सपने टूट चुके हैं
तुम आकर करो उद्धार।
सारे नेता झूठे हैं
इसलिए तुमको लगाते पुकार।

- कुमारी कल्पना
चौथी 'ब'



एक सन्त था दुबला पतला
रहता नदी किनारे,
चरखा नित्य चलाया करता
रहता दूध सहारे।
गाँव-गाँव में धूम-धूमकर,
उसने अलख जगाई।
सत्य अहिंसा की दुनिया को
राह नई दिखलाई।

- आवीषी सिंह
चौथी 'ब'

नया सवेरा

सूरज के आने से पहले
लाली-सी छा जाती है
पूरब दिशा में लाल गंद की
किरणें अंधकार मिटाती हैं।
धीरे-धीरे आ धरती पर
जग रोशन कर जाती है
नया सवेरा अब है आया
यह संदेश सुनाती है।
सूरज की किरणें आ कहती
खुशियाँ ले हम फिरती हैं
सुबह-सुबह जो उठ जाते हैं
उनकी झोली भरती है।

- पारुल मान
चौथी 'ब'



गर्मी और किसान मैं हूँ कौन?



उफ़फ़! यह गर्मी और यह धूप
न दिखे हरी घास का कोई तिनका,
पंछी ने भी अंबर से मुँह मोड़ लिया।
न गूँजे मधुर संगीत, न दिखती तितलियाँ,
कहीं कोई किसान दिखता है
मजदूरी और सिर्फ पसीना
जलती गर्मी में लहराते
खून से सींचे गये वो
खेत नज़र में आते हैं
तरसते हैं पानी नहीं
बंजर गाँव नज़र आते हैं।
महलों में बैठे हैं वो सेठ,
गरीब के अंशक पीते नज़र आते हैं।

- जैसना द्वार
चौथी 'अ'



मोटा हूँ मैं मोटा हूँ।
जंगल में मैं रहता हूँ।
लम्बे-लम्बे कान हैं,
दो नुकीले दाँत हैं।
मोटे गन्ने खाता हूँ,
खूब पानी पीता हूँ।
भारी-भरकम पाँव हैं,
नदी किनारे गाँव है।
वीरों का मैं साथी हूँ,
बड़ा निराला हाथी हूँ।

- निषुम गुप्ता
तीसरी 'ब'



कद्दू जी की बारात

कद्दू जी की चली बारात,
हुई बताशों की बरसात।
बैंगन की गाड़ी के ऊपर
बैठे कद्दू राजा,
शल्लगम और प्याज ने मिलकर
खूब बजाया बाजा।
मेथी, पालक, भिंडी, तोरी
टिंडा, मूली, गाजर
बने बाराती नाच रहे थे
आलू, मटर, टमाटर।
कद्दू जी हँसते मुस्काते
लौकी दुल्हन लाए,
कटहल और करेले जी ने
चाट-फकीड़े खाये।
प्रातः पता चली यह बात
सपना देखा था पिछली रात।

- आकृति शर्मा
तीसरी 'ब'

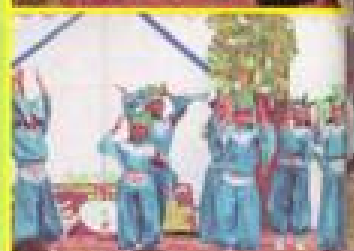


Winners - APS Shankar Vihar

Inter School Dance Competition

The Junior School organized an **Inter School Dance Competition** on 29th April 2011 which coincided with the International Dance Day. The competition provided a platform to 13 elite schools of Delhi to carry forward the message of the International Year of Forests. The Chief Guest on the occasion was Mrs. Kiran Mehra Kerpelman, the Director of the UN Information Centre in India.

The participating schools explored the various facets of the theme in folk, western and free style dancing performances and brought alive the spirit of forests and created awareness about their conservation.



Runner up - The Pinnacle School



Adieu Sr. Celine We will miss you....

We bid a fond farewell to Sr. Celine, a wonderful teacher and human being. In her gentle and soft spoken manner, Sr. Celine taught young students the joy of music. Alongwith music she helped inculcate moral values through catechism. Her warm presence is not only going to be missed by the students but also the staff.



Fare thee well...

The Graduation ceremony held on March 12th 2012 for the students of class IV began with a prayer service in the presence of their parents.

Class III presented a program showing the growth process of that of the pupa to the butterfly depicting the



transition period of Class IV from the Junior school to Middle School.

Sr. Anita addressing the parents requested them to play a more active role to support the emotional needs of their growing daughter in this transitory period.

The Class IV students smartly dressed in their winter uniform and sporting house sashes with their graduation caps solemnly took an oath to live by the precepts of Mary Ward.

Heartfelt gratitude was expressed by Class IV for parents, teachers, domestic staff and all those who helped the students in this journey to Middle School.

The program was concluded with a dance program by the Class III followed by tea for the parents. A very special day for the students of class IV!



SPORTS DRILL DISPLAY



Sports Day

Sports Day was lots of fun
 In scarlet, under the bright November sun.
 Drills and races! Drills and races!
 Excitement was all on our faces.
 Oh! We practiced so much for this day,
 Our teachers would have it no other way.
 They told us - "Hard work always pays."
 CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! It sure did that day,
 And JINGLE! JINGLE! JINGLE!
 We cheerfully jingled
 our 'morning mayhem' away.



Contributed by a parent.



With The Beat...



The little Pom Pom Brigade of Preps cheering their zest for life with colourful pompoms...

Sports Day

We had our sports day
On 12th November
which was a Saturday.

Ball, Hart, Ward and Walsh
All four houses
Smartly marched.
We had our drills
And the races too
But the very best
Was our parent's race.

Cute, cute girls
Wearing cute skirts
Some were blue and some were green
Some were red and some were pink,

After the little ones,
Time came for the class ones
Dressed in Red and Yellow
They did their part.
Simply adorable!

Then came the Charlie Chaplin
Dressed in black and white,
Danced with their walking sticks
Much to our delight!

Next was the Robot dance
With CDs in their hands
Dressed in silver costume
They did their drill with the band.

Last but not the least
came the class fours
Dressed in blue and white
Oh! What a display it was
And we enjoyed our day.

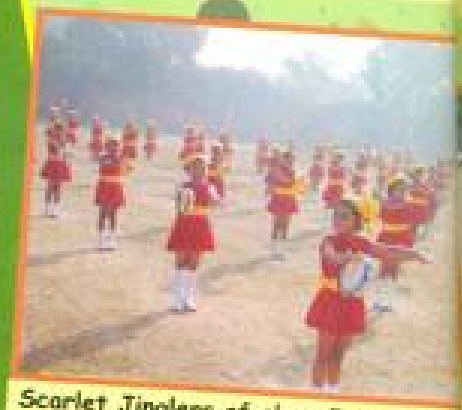
Manvita IV A



Junior School getting ready for the pledge!



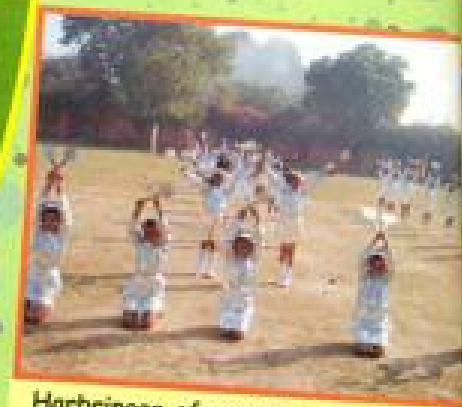
Cheerful Chaplins of class II transporting us to the black and white



Scarlet Jingers of class Is setting a rhythmic pace with their tambourines



Keeping the pace with technology the Techno Dazzlers of class III



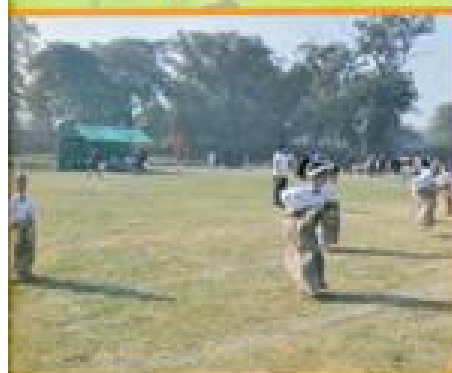
Harbringer of peace, here they come class IVs with Blue Hope.

Sports Day

Everybody is happy and excited for that day.
My mama always says eat healthy to excel on that day.
March past, drill and many kinds of races are held on that on that day.
Everybody wants to win prizes on that day.
Please God be with me on that day,
So that I will give my best performance,
Yes, I'm waiting for our Sports Day.

Navya Kadyan, IV A

Ready Steady Go...



Let's see who is the fastest...



Morning Mayhem....Off to school



Eco Drivers of class III B with the message 'let's car pool'



The little blossoms of Prep as they Grab and Gather

Sports Day
Sports days are fun and cool
They are the best days at school!

The delightful marching goes on and on
With the captains holding the flags broad and tall
And as the parents watch eagerly
The cute little pom-pom cheer leaders are at the top!

The parents see the funny little 'Charlie Chaplains'
And also the 'Robotic Silver Girls'
The Chaplains make fun and clap
And the Robotic girls shine like pearls!

Then the interesting races start
Everyone almost at the edge of their seats
Followed by the beautiful earth drill with balls
Oh! What a pleasant sight it is.

I really feel thankful to all the teachers
For putting in such effort,
They not only make our sports
Day a success
But also make sure that parents
are fine and comfortable.

Vandini Sharma, IV B



The Green Crusaders of class III A racing to Go Green.



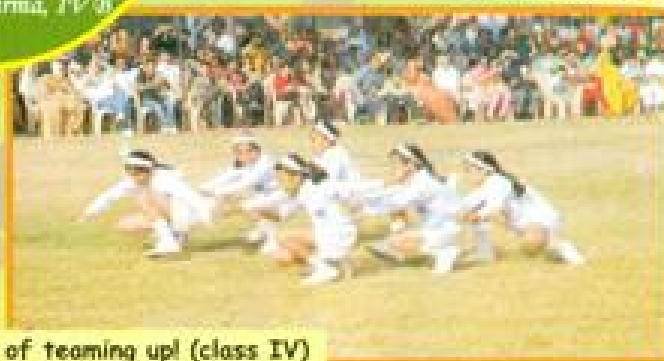
Hop , Skip and go...



Now it's the parents turn!! On your toes...



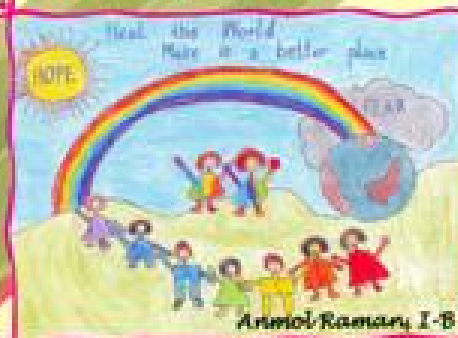
Team spirit...The joy of teaming up! (class IV)



Tender Strokes



Asmita Dey, IV-B



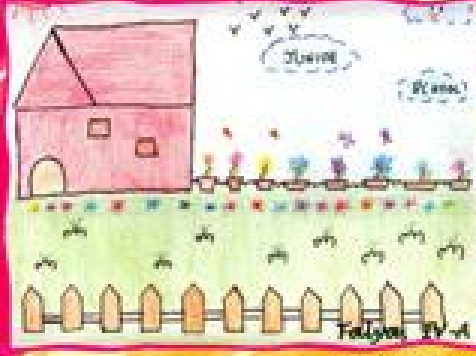
Anmol Ramani, I-B



Ananya Singh, III-B



Aditi Acharya, I-B



Talvin, IV-A



S. Shrivastava, I-A



Kumari Sushmita, I-B



Sanyam Biswas, IV-A



Divydrilla, IV-A



Sienna Chaudhary, I-A



Nipun Gupta, III-B



Ananya Kulkarni, III-B



Esha Mishra, IV-A



INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF CHEMISTRY

As we commemorate Chemistry through yet another year we realize its significance as the International Year of Chemistry dawns bright and clear.

Chemistry-a word that reminds us of glory in which mankind proudly basks in remembrance of the wonders of the Earth.

The goals of IYC 2011 is to increase public appreciation for chemistry, to encourage interest and to generate enthusiasm for the creative future of chemistry.

To begin with the celebrations Class VIII was given an exciting task of conducting a research on a given element, which they had to share with the other students.

The students of Class XII carried out various experiments in the school laboratory which exposed them to the first hand feeling of discovery....



When it's pouring reactions



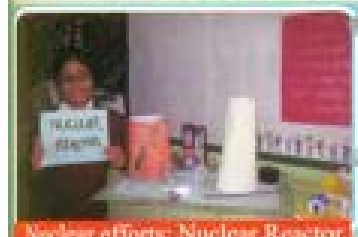
Chemistry is fun



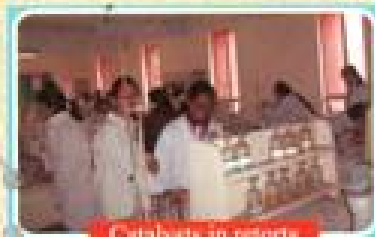
Burners and test tubes



Brainstorming's begun



Nuclear efforts: Nuclear Reactor



Catalysts in retorts



Titration : Sweet sorts



Clairevoyant fusions



Amid a scientific view



Amalgamated effort



So products anew !!

Captions By
Shaoni Kar and Sonal Shad , IX C

Live Your Life

The actual fun is not in the treasure, but merely in the journey of finding it.

Life is so much like an obstacle race. At the starting point you can only see the finishing line, but once the race is over, you look back, only to realize that the actual motive of the race wasn't just to finish first - but to overcome the obstacles without getting dejected.

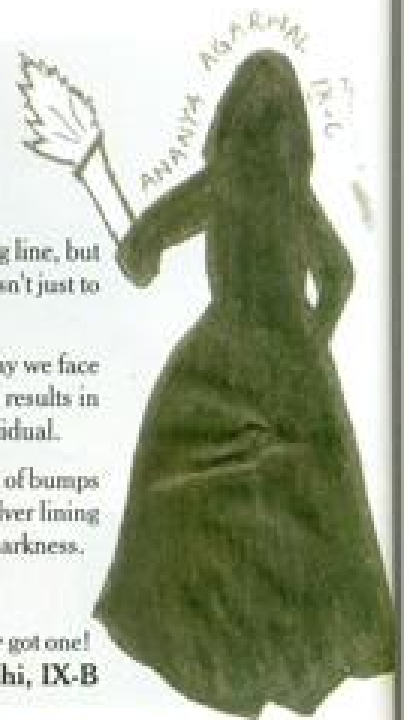
Even in life, one faces countless obstacles. But it is not the hardships; rather it is the way we face them that shapes our life. Whining, hiding or running away from challenges actually results in missing out the required exposure and ultimately the path, to grow into a complete individual.

A great life is not the one that is deemed smooth...rather it is one where even the hardest of bumps can't take our smiles away. And the perfect way to keep this smile intact is to find the silver lining in the clouds, the rainbow after a hurricane, the calm after the storm and light after the darkness.

After all, a shadow merely means that there is light nearby.

To live life is not a big deal, but to live life happily, is. So start living your life. You've only got one!

Surabhi, IX-B



A MAIL FROM KARGIL



In the midst of war, darkness and senseless killing of men, there were survivors who have learnt to breathe more easily.

The situation of Kargil, 1991, was quite different from the regular day-to-day life. I am Neel Kashmiri, a postman in Kargil and a witness of the events that unfolded there.

During those days, the letters that were sent were quite different. Each one narrated the death of a soldier and burgeoning sadness around. My easy job was turning to be tough, with each passing day.

Among all the letters, I remember one which had a different meaning to it. The letter was to be delivered at: 78/1 Nalix Chowk, Kargil. As I reached the written address, an old lady slowly opened the door. I told her my mission and gave her the letter.

The old lady asked me to read the letter for her because she was unable to do so. I learnt that the letter was from her only son, who was a 'Major' in the Indian Army. He had written that he had survived the darkness of his life, and also expressed his gratitude and respect for those who could not survive but had fought valiantly for the safety of the country and its citizens. He asked his mother to stay calm and pray for him and his companions.

The old woman had a calm poise on her face; her prayer had been answered.

Malika Malik, XI B

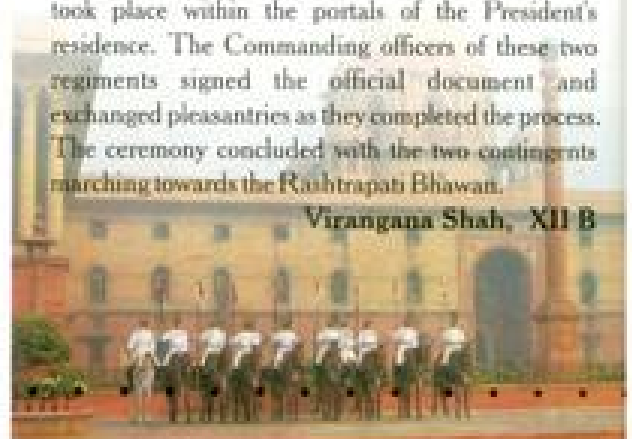
Change Of Guard Ceremony, Rashtrapati Bhawan

In the early morning of 7th May 2011, 21 girls from our school went to the Rashtrapati Bhawan to witness the change of guard ceremony between the 28th Battalion of the Madras Regiment and the 15th Battalion of the Jammu and Kashmir Rifles. The girls were accompanied by the Principal Mrs. A. Davies, Sr. Lourdes, Sr. Celine and Mrs. Choudhary.

The guards were dressed in crisp uniforms and marched spectacularly between the North and the South Block of the Rashtrapati Bhawan. The cavalry of the Presidential bodyguards put up a great show on their horses and were led by their commanding officer Lt. Col Akashdeep Bhanot who was mounted on top of the fifth largest horse in India-Vikrant.

Later, the official taking over of the Madras regiment took place within the portals of the President's residence. The Commanding officers of these two regiments signed the official document and exchanged pleasantries as they completed the process. The ceremony concluded with the two contingents marching towards the Rashtrapati Bhawan.

Virangana Shah, XII B



Down Memory Lane **Ms. DURGA NAGPAL, IAS**

(Durga was a student of Loreto till 1999, from prep to Class VIII)

It is a great privilege for me to be given the opportunity to write for the Loreto Convent school magazine. It is also a moment of pride that the school deems it fit to share my memories with the LC family. I am full of nostalgia as I go back down memory lane to the most lingering moments of Rani didi's sumptuous idlis, Priyanka Vashisht's home made pickle, Surbhi Popli's pao bhaji, Ravneet Sandhu's parathas, Parul Bhatia's friendship bands and Christmas celebrations full of joy.



The school has groomed me from my very initial years and inculcated a sense of self-discipline and confidence from day one. I am sure Loreto girls are distinct from the rest and envied by the less fortunate. Each one of us has been nurtured here and moulded into an all-round personality that can sustain the rigors of an after-school, career-oriented life.

One of the major strengths of the school has been its most dedicated teachers who are totally focused on their children's wholesome growth. I remember Mrs Dey teaching me the difference between 'I' and 'eye' in Class I, Mrs Gautam, the addition of more than three four-digit numbers, Ms. Kitchen on giving me her own breakfast when I had forgotten mine at home, Mrs Saini for improving my handwriting and vocabulary, Mrs Sharma for chemistry symbols that I can never forget and Mrs Sugathan for giving me an extra mark for honesty. As I look back, I firmly believe what is often said, 'God and Teachers only differ in name, but the miracles they perform are one and the same.'

In 2009, I was selected for the Indian Revenue Service (Income Tax) and subsequently in 2010 for the Indian Administrative Service with rank number 20. I am presently posted as Assistant Commissioner, Mohali district, Punjab.

I feel most blessed that I spent my childhood and growing years with the Loreto fraternity. I would like to share with fellow Loretoites my family's and my happiness at this selection to the elite service of the country.

Two Sides Of The Same Coin

Rani set down the earthen pot in the kitchen, a small corner in a one room hutment on the outskirts of Dhanpur. She sat, tired and exhausted after the long walk, a routine, to fetch water.

The year had been rough. The rains, below average. Failing of the crops prevented her from a temporary job in the fields. Life had been hard, since the death of her husband, yet it grew worse as she fended for her child and herself.

As she wallowed in self pity and misery, her boy rushed in, clutching her dry, calloused palm, he began a detailed account of his day, blissfully unaware of the struggles, trials and tribulations of life.

Rani smiled and turned to commence preparation for their dinner, while her son continued to chirrup as a bird. Opening the container, she realized that the little flour wasn't enough for a single chapati.

Her eyes welled up with tears as she stood up to beg for money from the local moneylender. She was already heavily in debt.

"I shall be back soon." The Gods are unkind, she thought. Heaving a sigh she closed the door on this unfortunate existence, no matter how momentary.

Pratishtha Mangain, XI-B

GENIUS: A PASSIONATE FALLACY

Passion takes one to places where no one can. Where nothing, not even the most beautiful talent can lay its charming snare. It is the actual genius that God gifted us humans. We don't discover our genius, we discover our passion. And being able to *live up to that* is what makes a genius.

Einstein wasn't as much of a virtuoso as he was passionately curious. Mother Teresa, a spiritual genius, had the ability to care for others with passion. What about Hitler? If his misdirected ethics are for once overlooked, his endeavors can be read as that of a true political genius with an exceptional gift for the rhetoric. He had a dream. And he had the passion and spirit to live up to the world he dared to give substance to. I could illustrate innumerable more examples to append to the list, but the underlying crux would remain alike: *only those with passion become the ones to be remembered.*

In fact any famous or infamous individual is bound to have blazed with a passion, which when ignited lasted all the way through. The only other thing that matters is the way this feral fire is tamed. Steadfast enough to not let it char the very torch, yet subtle enough to let it stand alight.

Passion makes life worth living. It makes the world seem like a surreal expanse of unopened, promising doors and you the only key holder. The day you discover what gives you happiness, what makes your chest ache with a desire so excruciatingly exciting that just conjuring up a different possibility makes your heart knot ... is the day you have just stroked the horizon of genius. *Go get the whole sky.*

Sneha Singh, XI B

A Bouquet of Red Roses

This was the fourth time since morning that she had to answer the door just to find another bouquet of red roses addressed to her. The name of the sender was missing. But this one had a message: "Happy Birthday!! I know you still haven't figured out who I am ... so I have a piece of good news for you. I'll meet you today at 6 in the evening, at your doorstep."

Hit by a wave of emotion surging through her, Jane was entangled in a dilemma. She could not decide whether she ought to be excited or alarmed about the incident. She was bothered about her own safety! At the same time, for some unfathomable reason, she thought this person meant her no harm, and thus decided to keep this news to herself.

It became difficult for Jane to spend the next few hours of the day waiting for the clock to strike six. The whole day she kept on wondering who it was, but could not come up with any name.

Finally at six sharp the doorbell rang. Jane got up to answer the door excited that she would finally get to know who the person was. She opened the door. But to her dismay it was her neighbour who had come to ask for her lawn-mower. She lent it to her and closed the door.

The bell rang again. She excitedly ran to answer it. Another disappointment! It was the same delivery boy with another bouquet in his hand. He handed it to her. It contained a letter that read "I am sorry I could not make it today. I promise to meet you tomorrow. I hope you enjoy your twenty fourth birthday. Yours..." It did not have a name again. She signed the receipt dejectedly with a blank face.

Roli Rai, XI B



The two angelic toddlers came running towards her with bright sunny smiles. "Mrs. Smith! See what I got!", said the curly haired boy showing a sea shell in his pudgy hands while his little sister gave the child-bereft woman a beautiful wild bouquet. Other people shuffled mindlessly around the three but the woman's unstarling eyes were filled with tears for the first time since she had been put in the asylum.

The warden came rushing over, amazed at what the angels had done. As the children were pushed away by the doctors, the woman again slipped into the unstarling coma, her mind clouded once again by the shock and grief she had been carrying since the car crash.

Her longing eyes watched the rays of hope fade away.
The warden's heart reached out to the woman.
With a sigh she closed the front door.

Garima Bisht, XI B

Give The Best To Get The Best

Success depends a great deal on our will power. God has given us many gifts and talents. Most of us don't lack caliber nor do we lack the potential to do any task. What we really lack is the spirit and willingness to work. We all wish to enjoy and have a great time. We want to be rich, powerful, popular and famous.

We yearn to be important, recognized, appreciated and of course; we want to be happy always. But if we want good things in life, we must work towards them.

The output that we get is just the product of what we put in our tomorrow and entirely depends on what we do today. It depends on hard work and will power. We can face any challenge with courage. We will win if only we think and believe that we can.

The things we want in life can be ours if we have a truly strong motivation for getting them. We can look up to Sachin Tendulkar who has a 'never-say-die' spirit. Bill Gates, the Chairman of Microsoft Corporation has turned the ordinary into the extraordinary through his superhuman efforts.

Keep your will strong and be dedicated and you will certainly fulfill the expectations and dreams of all your well wishers and parents. Rather than criticising, be optimistic, because, as they say, sooner or later the man who wins is the man who thinks he can.

Sophia Thomas, IX A

My First Day In School

When I left my previous school in Kota, the thought of going to a new school and that too a convent school had me thrilled. I was a mixed bag of emotions. The new routine got me up at 5 in the morning. The new candy striped dress reminded me of the strips in the alpenliebe toffee. The moment I reached the school, my heart started pounding. The assembly was an eye opener as the beautiful hymns were sung. Then I reached my class which was beautifully decorated with bulletin boards. I gave my introduction and the very first day I made many friends. The idea of having lunch outside the class is wonderful. The girls were really very helpful and made me feel comfortable. It was the most memorable day of my life. Much to my parent's relief I came back happy from my school. I am really thankful to all my teachers and friends for having accepted me wholeheartedly.

L - LAUDABLE
O - OPTIMISM
R - REVERENCE
E - ESTEEMED INSTITUTION
T - TREASURE OF KNOWLEDGE
O - ORCHARD OF TALENTS

Reshal Dahiya, VIII B

LORETO
CONVENT
SCHOOL



Waiting for Closure

How she wished what she had just heard was false. No, this could not have happened. It could not happen with her. But hadn't she seen it all on television? Yet, she was hopeful! But all hope was dying now. The man who had just visited her had confirmed her worst fears. She moved to the kitchen and put the kettle on the stove. She watched as the water boiled and turned to vapour vanishing into thin air.

Oh! That fateful day, had she known, she would never have let her father go. Her father was the only family she had ever had; he had been everything to her. Her father owned an office on the eightieth floor of the twin towers, how proud he had been to have a part of that marvellous structure to himself. But it had fallen, in fiery misery, in front of her eyes as she stood glued to the television, frozen as if she could never move again.

Minutes before the crash he had called her up asking her whether she would like to have a chocolate cake for her birthday. She had not realised that tears were rolling down her cheeks. But her father had taught her to be strong and she would not cry.

After long hours, that became days and then became weeks they had finally found some evidence which confirmed her father's death, yet she still would not believe them. But there was no question now. They said if she accepted the reality, it would be easier on her. The catastrophe that hit the world had shattered her life too.

As of this moment she had nothing to say, to console herself with. They say, "time is a great healer", but not in her case. She collapsed onto the kitchen table with sobs that no one could hear and grief that no one could understand.

Ananya, XI-B

2011 International Year Of Forests

"I think that I shall never see,
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Indeed unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all."

Odgen Nash

Long ago the Vikings used to tell tales of an enormous tree that supported the entire universe. The roots of this mighty tree grew down into the under-world. Its trunk held up the earth and its evergreen boughs reached beyond the sky. Birds flew upon its branches, deer nibbled at its buds and honeydew dripping from its leaves provided Gods with food. It is not surprising that these Vikings believed in a giant tree that supported the universe, for their world really was supported by trees. Wood fires kept them warm. Blazing pine knots lit their way at night and, bark and roots gave them medicines. The log houses that sheltered them were made from trees.

The United Nations General Assembly declared 2011, the 'International Year of Forests'. It is a global platform to celebrate people's actions to sustainably manage the world's trees and forests. The objectives are to reverse loss of forest cover, enhance economic, social and environmental benefits, and increase areas of sustainably managed forests and to mobilize increased financial resources.

"There is always music amongst the trees in the garden,
But our hearts must be very quiet to hear it."

This 'music' is often lost due to the clearing of trees. But this year it was different. Events were organised worldwide to celebrate this year. From nature walks and tree plantings to awareness being spread in schools, this year held a promise of a green year ahead.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and music in its roar,
I love not man the less, but nature more!"

-George Gordon from
'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'.

There are many organisations contributing to the year long celebration of this designated year. Their ideas, energy, passion and commitment to healthy forests are an inspiration for each one of us!

Let us all celebrate forests! Celebrate life! Now and forever!

Aastha Sehgal, XII B

MORNING MAYHEM

"What?" I barked over the crackling piece of bacon; my two year old Tara's undeterred bawling and my ever cheerful daughter's torrent of morning obscenities.

Ask a mother. Six in the morning is the real rush hour.

"I said where is my purple halter top?" snapped Grace.

"In the laundry bag!" I snapped back.

"No! The one with the black pattern!"

"Drawer, ma'am!"

"Oh my God! No! That has the burgundy halter with the black pattern!"

No wonder why God made 99% species colour blind. "Ask your father" I managed, wiping the little drops of perspiration that had trailed from the bridge to the tip of my nose, hanging dangerously above the breakfast plate.

"Washroom."

"What the hell is he still doing there?" I was amazed. An hour had- Ohhhhh! Of course. It was more of an anti-climax actually.

Monday morning. Special Sudoku edition with nine grids.

I sighed. He wasn't leaving the stink throne any sooner. Picking up enough breakfast for a ravenous King Kong, I set off towards the dining table, successfully dodging red, blue and green play doughballs and my pug who looked more like a gloating pig every passing day. My neighbour had named her Portia. The naive nine year old inspired by either Shakespeare or De Rossi. I hoped for the latter. Not that it matters now. It literally translates into 'pig'?

And people say, what's in a name.

"Aha!" I exclaimed with ecstatic pride, laying my laboured efforts on the table. Beaming like Edison in front of his first luminous, working bulb I turned towards the next task at hand, only to step on something. Something really gooey.

"Please be a lump of play dough. Please be a lump of play dough. Pleasssse be."

A disgruntled sob escaped my throat as I saw my right foot



converging with Portia's own, luminous organic art. "OH MY GOD! OUT! OUT! AAAAAAAHGH! OUT!"

A pair of lazy puppy eyes opened at my remake of the exorcist and followed my finger pointing at the door. A whimper followed and... Well that's it. Her head came tumbling down after the mammoth effort of being lifted.

Excellent! Apparently my dog didn't find me worth her time. A loud wail erupted from the kids' room again. I sighed.

"NINA! Are you okay? Wait I am coming! Grace, give me toilet paper!" hollered Frank.

Grace and I groaned together, but no one moved an inch.

I sat down. Looking about, all I could see were piles of clothes strewn over the place, poop and play dough on my cleaned and polished wooden floor, and me alone in a family of four maniacs trying to make everything look normal.

Which I was palpably failing at.

"THIS IS IT!" I shouted as I got up.

"Frank, I am NOT giving you toilet paper! Use that Sudoku edition and come down RIGHT NOW! Grace, quit hollering and wear burgundy for a day and take this dog out! And the breakfast is not getting any warmer and I am not making it again! And we are not buying play dough, ever!"

Words yelled in one breath have great power

They bring about a really uncomfortable, unchallenging silence, catalyzing actions with ruthless command and endless foreboding.

And so, 10 minutes later I stood waving goodbyes to Frank who suddenly realized he had an office meeting, to Grace who declared burgundy the new colour of Prada and to Portia. Oh yes Portia, who walked out of the heated room for her nature calls.

Perfect! I now have a whole house and the whole day to myself with nothing to do! Except the dishes. And the laundry. Oh! And let's not forget the poop on the floor.

Sneha Singh, XI-B

Aphorism: The Art Of Being Lucky

There are rules of luck: it is not all chance with the wise: it can be assisted by care. Some content themselves by placing themselves confidently at the gate of Fortune, waiting till she opens it. Others do better, and press forward and profit by their clever boldness, reaching the Goddess and winning her favour on the wings of their virtue and valour. But on a true philosophy, there is no other umpire than virtue and insight; for there is no luck or ill-luck except wisdom and the reverse.

The lexicon says of luck, that it is good or bad fortune in life caused by accident or chance, and endorsed by some to reasons of faith or superstition, which happens beyond a person's control.

But, is that all?

Luck occurs not merely by a catastrophe or by likelihood. Luck comes about when 90% preparation meets 10% opportunity. Luck comes not merely due to faith in the unknown, but it is owing to the faith in oneself, the faith that there is more to be achieved than the set confines.

Luck! Numerous prophecies speak about it in every religious conviction and culture. What we overlook is that these prophecies also call for resolve and perseverance for one to be truly fortunate. Magellan, the sailor who established that the earth is round (spherical), was not purely lucky. He was audacious; he had set out on a journey towards the unknown, for a superior glory. He was unwavering; strong-minded and thus was able to elevate the bar of human triumph.

The next time you think that Lady Luck hasn't been on your side, reflect yet again. It is possible that good fortune is waiting at your door and you haven't exhibited sufficient awareness to open it to welcome it.

Aruna Chawla, XI A

The Existential Dilemma

She remembered that night; etched in her memory for eternity with the horror fresh and vivid as ever. A little past midnight, they had been returning from her grandmother's house after savoring freshly baked delectable shortbread; when hounded by unease and doubt, that nagging feeling in the pit of her stomach amplified.

There in the distance was a small orb of warm yellow light which gradually grew in size as the drunk driver closed in maniacally, till all was sheer blinding whiteness.

Clinging on to the thread of life she battled her way through major concussions before finding the strength to emerge from the rubble, ready to put the shattered pieces over her parents' corpses.

Today she stood in front of the mirror, a year since the fateful day wondering, her parents would have been so proud. Tears welled up in her eyes as she donned the white coat, preparing for her maiden surgery; operating on the comatose son of the very man who had thrown her life overboard. His piercing ebony eyes, heavy set jaw and a scar, was all that haunted her every day.

A face memorized only too well. Eyes stone-hard now, she brushed away tears of injustice and irony, strengthened her resolve, picked up her tools and with a sigh walked into the operating theatre.

Aditi Jaiswal, XI B

Never Too Late

Betty could never forgive the lady who had usurped her mother's place. The girl had lost her mother when she was six years old, turning her life upside down. Ever since that tragedy everything changed and she had been living with her father's second wife who remained a stranger to Betty. She had refused to accept her as a new mother.

As usual Betty started her morning with an argument with her step-mother and left home in frustration. Her step-mother tried to stop her but she was in no mood to listen. She tried to cross the road in haste to get away from her and realized too late that a car was speeding towards her. She just couldn't react in time.

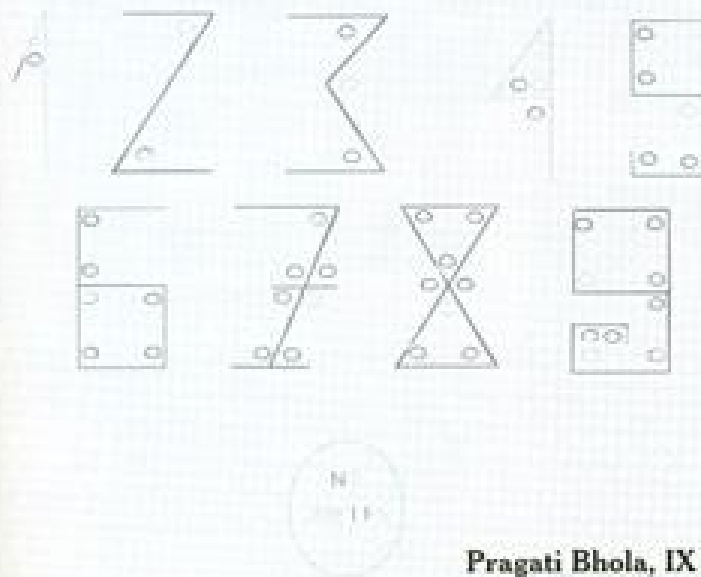
She felt a push and fell down. As she recovered from the shock, she realised that she was lying on one side of the road with minor bruises but her step-mother was lying in front of her fully soaked in blood.

She realised that her affectionate step mother was just behind her to ensure her safety. Her anger had made her blind! With a guilty conscience Betty rushed the injured lady to a nearby hospital. She did not want to lose her mother once again but all she could do was wait and pray.

Srishti Jain, XI B

Why number 1 is called "one"...

Do you think why number 1 is called "one" and 2 is called "two" and so on? According to an ancient Phoenician manuscript the logic behind naming number 1 as "one" or 2 as 'two' and so on is the number of angles present in a particular number. If you see 0 carefully you will notice that 0 has no angles and similarly number 3 has three angles and 4 has four angles and so on. To discover the fact, you however need to write the numbers in the oldest form like:



Pragati Bhola, IX A

The Haunting

It was a dusky evening and the sun was hiding behind its veil of dark clouds, but for Ruma, this darkness was eternal. She tried hard but the pangs of guilt did not free her from the grasp of gloom. She had not revealed her inner turmoil to anyone, but the conscience after all is the needle that pricks one's soul.

Ruma was a little girl, sent to her uncle for a few days' stay. She enjoyed her time spent there, yet her eyes were lured to that attractive bundle of notes. She'd seen people handle it with reverence and wished to wield the same power. She stole it.

The theft was proclaimed to be committed by the housemaid, with no thought to her appeals. Brutally beaten up and later handed over to the police- her life was now dampened with the loneliness and curse of living in a prison cell.

Ruma stared into the empty void, the crestfallen face of the maid staring back with empty, questioning eyes, seared in her mind. She was now aware. She had broken a fellow human's spirit. Could she ever hope for salvation?

Sanyukta Singh, XI B

Does Education Today Curb Individual Talent?

With the above topic rekindling the controversial issue which has been raging over the years among elite educationists and pundits of the schooling saga, I strongly believe that the education system today does not curb the individual talent and instead allows us to grow, mature and flourish into well groomed individuals ready to take on the word head on. The recently implemented CCE played an instrumental role in overcoming grave flaws of a primitive education system based on rote learning.

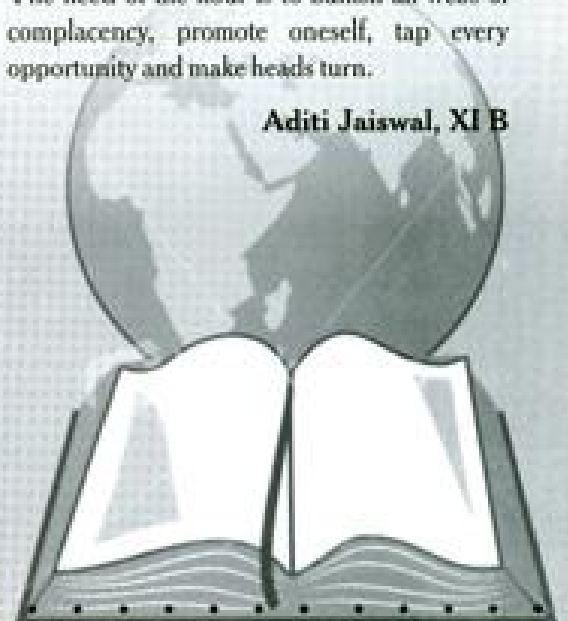
Revamping all its aspects CCE provides a plethora of activities to showcase academic as well as non-academic passions. Be it debating or dancing, making extracurricular activities mandatory, has unearthed diamonds which till now had been obscured in darkness.

The icing on the cake is the aping of our educational norms by giants like USA and China to revive their plunging economies.

The fault lies not with the system but with us. In this dog eat dog world of today, in order to be the pack leader, one has to have a heady cocktail of aggression, talent and wits without compromising on morals.

The need of the hour is to banish all webs of complacency, promote oneself, tap every opportunity and make heads turn.

Aditi Jaiswal, XI B



A Touching Experience of my Life

It was probably last year in the month of November that our school took us to Shanti Avedna Sadan for the Outreach Program. Shanti Avedna Sadan is a home for elderly cancer patients and most of the patients there have no hope of living for more than a few months to say the most. To be very honest, I was sceptical about going there in the beginning. I knew I would see some tragic stuff that would be burned in the back of my mind for life. But what happened was entirely different.

When we reached there early morning at about 8a.m, we were greeted by a group of cheerful nuns. When we started moving around the ward, I saw many people groaning with pain. I remember this lady in particular, I can't seem to forget the way the poor thing was howling in agony. We walked further ahead and saw an eleven-year old child! He was younger than me and he had lymphatic cancer! I wondered how he would feel despite knowing that children his age were outside playing and he was lying in a cancer ward, so weak and frail with most of his hair gone, the toll taken by chemotherapy, blatantly visible on his fragile body. We saw him sleeping. I still think about that child sometimes. I don't even know if he's still alive or not.

Later I interacted with a few elderly men there and I must admit I was impressed by their lively spirit. They were all so vivacious. So full of life! No different from you and me. I got down to discussing Bollywood films with them. Their eyes twinkled every time they talked about Amitabh Bachchan's movies. But unfortunately they weren't that keen to talk about my favourite actor, Shahrukh Khan.

I asked one kind old man a rather personal question in the absence of my teacher. I asked him how he ended up here and he told me, "When my family found out that I had cancer they abandoned me. Then one of my close friends told me about this place and I came here. Now these people are my family." He also said, "Last week the chap who was in the bed next to mine passed away. Incidents like that are very frequent here. It leaves us stunned in silence for a day or two and after that we act like it never happened. Because to be honest with you, I know I could be next in line. So why waste my time thinking? I've chosen to live these last few days of my life as happily as I can."

That old man's words of wisdom filled me with so much hope. I was infused with a desire to live life like I've never lived before.

He also asked my friends and me to sing for him and we all did. Though we are not a very good bunch of singers, he applauded us with such genuine pleasure that it felt like we were no less than budding Lata Mangeshkars of Loreto Convent.

We also met a lady battling bone cancer and she showed us a picture of hers taken a few years back. She placed it very carefully like it was some cherished trophy, on her bedside table. She told us that she was an airhostess back in those days. And there's no denying the fact that she looked absolutely stunning in that picture. It was nothing like her current self. Is there a lesson to be learnt there?

She had tears in her eyes when we were leaving. In fact, most people there did.

A few days later our class teacher told us that the gentleman we had sung for (the one whose family abandoned him) passed away the previous night. I swallowed a lump in my throat, fought my tears and decided never to forget what he told me. "Live like you've never lived before, and fight all the obstacles that come your way."

Khadija Khan, XC

CHOCO LAVA



It's so hard to figure out what your life is all about. Is there a reason behind our existence? A purpose?

Is it good deeds or serving your nation, serving mankind? Is it learning good manners and gaining praises from all? No.

I think 'LIFE' has a deeper and larger meaning. It's bigger than anything and everything. A thousand infinities bound with a hundred more might just make up 1% of what life is.

It means living every second of it. Welcoming all things with open hands and bright smiles. Be it a pride filled pat on your shoulder or mockery at your defeat.

Each moment holds innumerable things to be learnt and admirably shared.

Life is all about living large because this world... it's magnificent!

It's almost like a choco lava cake. Its outer crust seems dull and boring. Only when taken the trouble to cut through it, do we encounter the true hidden happiness-The bliss of liquid chocolate.

Our life is filled with opportunities. But it is up to us to have the courage and strength to find light in a place doomed with darkness or let the darkness be.

Everything happens for a reason. Good for an optimist; bad for a pessimist. What are you?

It's up to you to decide.

Ayushi Anand, XA



War-The Road To Peace

To those who were burdened,
To those who did suffer
Due to prejudices,
Of the ones who fought for might,
Light brought them peace,
Bringing forth an unforeseen respite.

When the tears rolled down,
Children wept for their mothers lost,
And mothers who were with grief overwrought,
Howling for their babes in Hades' arms,
With no shelter, with no homes they lived,
With no land because of those
Angels of avarice who brought
darkness in their wake.
The only connection, the only choice left to take,
For what their lives needed was light,
A hope for a new beginning.

The Almighty saw this game of chess.
The weak mothers and babies, played as pawns
Whose wills were juggled, with no remorse.
For kings who rested during this conflict
In their castles with smug smiles
painted on their faces.

The hope that had evaded them
Now took a new form.
As He promised peace anew,
with the break of dawn.

Aishwarya Sastry, XII B

Adieu, Mrs. Russel

I remember when I first came to class five,
All little and stubbornly alive.
The subject was Hindi that put me to sleep,
It was you who woke me to its beauty deep.

The subject to me spelt a morbid dread;
Your calm voice gave it a new meaning instead,
Hindi is a subject I'd say:
Only because of you I like it today!

I remember that it was a long way,
To see you again was in IX A;
When you opened a new vista for me
And taught me how to cook macaroni.

As we part ways today,
You'll still stay on in my heart always.
All our interactions with you have enriched us;
And it is rare to find such a dedicated teacher.

May the years of your retirement
be rich, rewarding and kind,
And may there be no limit,
To the happiness you find.

Thank you Ma'am for being my teacher

Chetna Batra X-A

A Heavy Loss

A dreadful mistake committed,
A dear friend lost.
Is there any way,
I could repair this loss?

She helped me although
She needed help herself.
But I was too selfish,
I cannot forgive myself.

She got into trouble
When she lent me a helping hand.
A question keeps troubling my mind,
'Why didn't I understand?'

She looked up to me as a friend,
Which I did not prove worthy of.
Now I have only regret,
And no way to amend the loss.

I lost a wonderful friendship
A relationship unsurpassed.
I pray, she would forgive me
I'll desperately try to repair this
loss.

Srishti Singh, X-C

Lovely Loreto

*I love my school,
Where I read and write.
I love my school,
For it teaches what is right.
I love the assembly,
where I learn new facts.
I love the free periods,
In which I play, sing and act.
Even recess has its own charm,
For then my friends and I,
Have a lot of fun.
Because of all these reasons,
I think my school is the best.
and all these make,
My school different from the rest.*

Punya Kalra ,VI B

More Than Words

*This is about the time
When there was :
More green than grey
More truth than lies
More love than hate

More sacrifices than slaughters
More sons and daughters
More peace than anger
Life more secure than endangered

More light than darkness
More holiness than hollowness
More need than greed
More temples than priests

There was, more happiness than sorrow
No fears for tomorrow
But now the reverse is true
With little more to say or do.*

Aditi Bishnoi, XII B

Behold Spring

*Spring is here, spring is here!
Everyone asks: Where? Where?*

*Where flowers start to bloom...
Look outside the window of your room!
When insects come and start to sing,
and butterflies spread their pretty wings.
When children come out and start to play,
In the sunlight of a bright fresh day.*

*Everyone loves this spring season.
Believe me, you don't need more reasons!
I love this spring season too.
And I hope that you all love it too!*

Khyati Batra, VI B

GIFT OF LOVE

*You brought me into this world
You filled my life with care.
Whenever I stumbled upon a stone
I looked back – you were there!
You give me all I ask for
Even when it is beyond your means.
You sacrifice your own happiness
To fulfill all my dreams
You shower me with wisdom
You teach me right from wrong
And I want you to know,
no matter where I go
In your hearts I'll always belong
For all this and for so much more
I want to thank you MOM- DAD
And I'm really, truly sorry
For all the times I've made you sad.*

Neha Yadav, XB

Memoirs Of A Star

*I shimmer at night,
In the ink-black sky.
I wink at you,
Through the clouds so high.

I dance in the moonlit sky,
With my friends the sun and moon,
And if you wish upon me,
I have the power to grant you a boon.

I am a guide to those,
who have lost their way.
Or to those who are in sorrow,
Treachery or dismay.
You may see me as a diamond
a jade or a ruby;
I sparkle so brightly,
I am the symbol of beauty.*

Nirupama Kumar, IX - C

CHILDHOOD

*Childhood, forever gone,
Just pleasant wisps remain.
Close your eyes and remember
The bliss of young ignorance
Sitting on the worn out brown rug.
With Barbie in your hands,
Your sister sits beside you,
How well you bond
how well you forgive.*

*Remember those precious days
For in the world everything,
Must be explained.
Childhood forever gone and
Life fleeting along just continues
To remember.....
Childhood's sweet song.*

Manisha Gloria, X A

My Mother

Mother! You gave me birth,
Because of you I came on this Earth
You are my world.....
I still love to sit in your lap, curled!!

You taught me how to walk,
Because of you I began to talk!
You told me, it is bad to borrow,
You always make sure
I don't suffer with sorrow!



Now, you are my best friend,
And I cherish every moment we spend,
We sometimes fight.....
Yet, ultimately you are my guiding light!!

You, devote all your time to me,
One day I'll do you proud, you'll see,
You are the best mother.....
One thing I know for sure
That there is none like you,
And that I love you,
Forever more!

Aakanksha Kaushik, X A

My Mother

I love my mother,
she is a beauty,
To love and cherish her,
Is my duty,

She encourages me to be the 'best'
when sometimes she's too tired,
I ask her to rest.

My mother is so beautiful.
Oh yes! She is so wonderful.

Drishti Bhatia, V B



Life

Life is beautiful, if you want it to be!
It will create images which you want to see.
Decisions you make can change your way
Your command and your say.

Don't blame it, when times are bad
Governed by things you lost or had,
Destiny and fate play a part too
They may change the things you do.

But these just play a small part in this movie,
It's up to you how to make it groovy!
Life can be fair and it can be cruel
But these are just phases, they'll end like fuel.
Sometimes you'll hate it; others you'll love it.
But in the end it's a beautiful gift
Some will realise it earlier than the others
And will be thanking the Maker.

For those who realise this in the end
Well, maybe it's not too late and there are mistakes
that you can mend.
It's a river which will always flow.
Live it to the fullest and make your dreams come true,
And that's the key for sure!!

Rishiya Dutt, IX A

Nurture The Nature

Mankind, where is the love for lands?
Where once upon a time you lend me a hand.
Today, even the wind that kisses me stinks
Of filth from industries, vehicles and rotten things.
You have made me barren like the desert sand,
The very sun seems to be the enemy of land.
The clouds no longer seem to be so grand.
You do not allow beautiful trees to stand.
Greenery will very soon become an illusion.
It will be late when you have this realisation.
Please nurture nature to nurture thee,
Else nature will cease to give free.
Nature's dignity has a lot to shower,
Do take care of every plant and flower.

Namita, VIII C

Welcome Lakshmi

*Why is a girl's entry to the world
greeted with fret and fear?
She is an angel, a 'Lakshmi'
To be welcomed with cheers.*

*First, she is sweet like candy,
Daddy's darling and Mother's pride.
Soon she grows up to look,
Lovely, concerned in her outlook.*

*She blossoms to become
A young and charming maiden.
The world looks towards her
With glances of admiration.*

*At home she is not only
the other siblings' delight
But, soon becomes a man's
Faithful, companion and loyal wife.*

*She nurtures everyone, everything
in her new marital home
Yet she seldom cares for herself
Or for glory to unfold.*

*For those who love the girl child
And hold her in good measure
God fulfills their homes
With gems and treasures.*

Harleen Ahluwalia, XI-A

Light

*Surrounded by darkness.
No one to listen to my plight.
Then comes my beautiful mother
Cascading me in light.*

*She brightens up my gloomy days
She's my one true friend,
Who puts up with my crazy ways
and banters that never end.*

*She's the brightness of a candle
The beauty of the radiant sun.
She hugs me when I'm down
Conjuring smiles from my frowns.*

*My mother is pure and bright!
I'm grateful to God to be her child.*

Charu Kandpal, XII B

Actions Speak Loud

*Darkness took over the street and our
car came to a halt at the red light
I gave the little girl a chocolate to eat
And met her eyes which were glittering
bright
She thanked me profusely
I inspected her from head to toe
Dressed so shabbily
Her pace- so slow*

*She dragged herself in her hand me
downs
Brightly lighting up the night with her
smile
The nine year old eagerly ran back
To fetch some magazines kept in a pile*

*Her smile still in place
She ran towards me, with expectation
and hope
Full of enthusiasm which refused to be
drained
"Ma'am ", she said, "Please buy.
Fifty for four"*

*They were useless to me
But I didn't want that smile to fade
So I decided - whatever it might be.
I'll take them so her day would be made.*

*The lights turned green and I saw her
retreat
I felt proud at the good I'd done
But I just managed to see
To an old, blind woman she had run
The little girl gave her the money and
chocolate
Exclaimed, "They are sold!"*

*How happy I felt for her good soul
And I could clearly see-
She may be a little girl
But she is definitely nobler than me!*

Himani Ahlawat, X C



An Angelic Life

*If distress is removed
And happiness is kept,
If hearts are won
And miseries are wept,*

*If the day is spent
In thoughts for others,
If promises are kept
For all anxious mothers,*

*If roses are praised
And songs are sung,
If care is given
to everyone.*

*If nature is liked
And feelings expressed,
If poor are helped
And destitute dressed,*

*If God is believed in
And an upright life spent,
If duties are fulfilled
And with deep love supplement.*

*If lifelong, work is learnt,
And others' love is earned,*

*Nothing is the limit
Neither the sky, nor the sea,
Neither sorrow, nor death,
Neither distress, nor being sick,
It is only to be known,
That life has been angelic.*

Shaoni Kar, IX-C



Twinkling Stars

Millions of breath taking stars in the night,
They are a shining beautiful sight.
Some try to hide, some try to peep,
while others keep secrets in their hearts deep.
To see them is like a dream come true.
It seems that they are only made for you.
I wonder if I could hold them in my hand,
Each star coming down on silver land.
When it is morning they say goodbye,
The sun comes out while the busy birds fly.
Let us all be like twinkling stars,
Light up each other's lives..
With love in our hearts!

Collectively composed by the
students of class VI

One Scary Night

One day when I was sleeping,
Through the window I felt someone was peeping.
Well it wasn't a calm night,
It was dark and full of fright.
I called my mother because with her at my side,
My fears would subside
She convinced me saying it was just a storm,
But in my imagination it was something else
I had seen...

Tanvi Nara, VII A

The Friendship Chain

Friendship is a golden chain,
The links are friends so dear,
And like a rare and precious jewel,
It's treasured more each year.
It's clasped together firmly,
With love, deep and true
With so many happy memories,
To hold and cherish too.

Jaisal Singh, VIII C

Exploring The Deep

The emerald green isles of Andaman beckoned,
The vacation this summer would be fun.
After the museums, beaches and all else was over,
Only scuba diving was left to be done!

Initially scared, but then brave enough,
In the sea, I decided to dive.
The task seemed a little too daunting
and I wondered if I'd come back alive.

Far too many signals to remember
But I just recalled one sign,
To tell my buddy diver I was okay
and that I was breathing fine

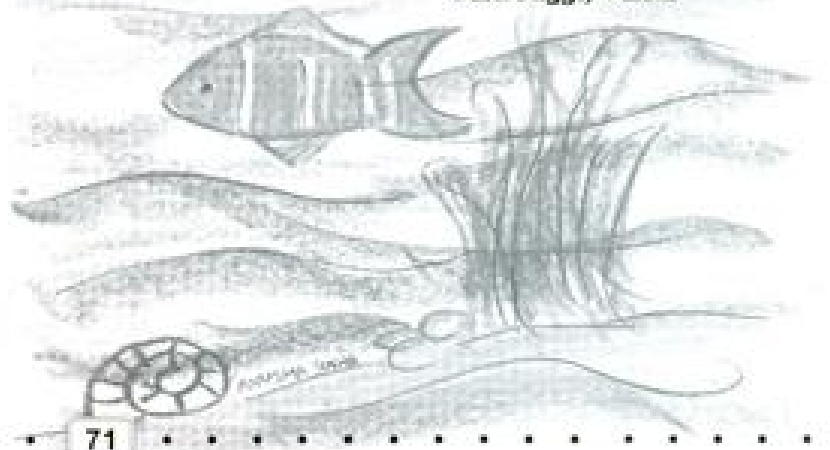
Once in the water, no more on ground,
A great variety of fish swim all around
The sea was so quiet, not a sound
The beauty of sea life around me did abound

The deep sea water,
in brilliant shades of blue
How deep I'd gone...
I didn't have a clue

The bright corals and sea urchins,
Many jelly fish I did see.
A new world I'd discovered
A unique adventure it was for me.

I am awe struck and overwhelmed
At the creator's magnificence and grace
and grateful to Almighty
for my very own little space.

Fiza Jaggi, VIII B



The Pain

The pain of lying
The pain of crying
The pain of loving..
I know it all!

The fire burns me alive
Churns up my filthy insides
Down and down it pulls me to the ground
Trying to purge me from the inside.

It pains you know..
Hurts when you receive a blow
Blow that comes from the trusted
The cared and the loved..
They played with you..
That's what you were
The toy.. the pawn!

It pains when you strive
To know what made you care.

Do we have the time to rest?
If yes, then why do we fail in life's test?

Do we have faith in God?
If yes, why do we do anything wrong?

Do we believe in our friends?
If yes, then why does friendship end?

Do we say everything right?
If yes, then why do we hear
our own words with fright?

Do we have any future?
Then why is death a part of nature?

Do we have answers to these questions?
If yes, why don't we apply
instead of giving suggestions?

Shriya B Gulati, XII B

Serendipity!

Symphonia band performing is just one
of the perks.

Enter Loreto on 3rd, you'll see what
excitement lurks.

Raring to go in their awesome dresses,
Everyone's going to make sure people
love their tresses.

No one is going to be left behind,
Decked up with make-up, looks on their
mind.

Inside the gates everyone's invited,
Pity for those who aren't going to be
sighted.

In saying it will be fun is the
understatement of the decade!

Tons of preparations already made,
You guessed it right, it is the school
FETE!

Rutvi Saxena, VII C

Maths' Love Letter

My dear love,
Yesterday, I was,
Passing by your rectangular house,
In trigonometric lane.
There I saw your cute circular face,
Conical nose and spherical eyes,
Standing in your triangular garden.
Before seeing you, my heart was
A null set.
But then a vector of magnitude,
From your eyes,
Made a tangent to my heart,
It differentiated.
My love for you is,
A quadratic equation,
With real roots,
Which only you can solve by,
Making a simple equation.

Tanvi Joshi, IX A

The Sentinels

I was born a valiant son
from the womb of the earth,
Bedecked by the fresh foliage of
snow, ever since my birth.
I have seen the world moan,
I have seen the world rejoice;
I am old, but dear friends
I still have a voice.
My brothers and sisters are many,
Climbing each one will cost you a
pretty penny.

My majestic peaks stand guard to
the nation's worth,
A duty I perform, leave behind
no dearth.

I stand as the Himalayas in
severe slumber.

I've ignited the spark of adventure
in many.

A lot of them conquered my peaks,
but others lost battles too many.
Years ride on...

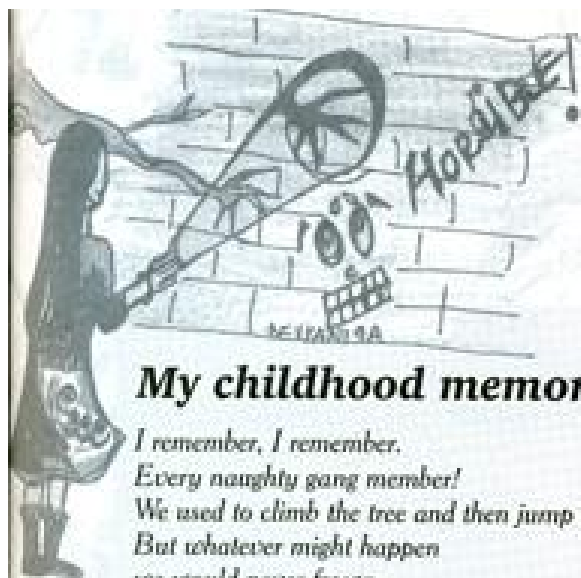
My eternal stance stands guard

Shanvi Kukreti, IX - B

Lifestyle

Eating sugar and spice would be nice,
But fats and oil, cream and chips
Can put you in a fix.
Soft drinks may be fun
But soon you'll become like a bun.
If you want to be healthy,
wealthy and wise,
Without paying a heavy price.
Remember your friendly food all time,
Problems which harm your body,
vitamins which build your strength,
And then at the end of each meal
You will find yourself,
With a much healthier appeal.

Vishakha Chaudhary, X A



My childhood memories

*I remember, I remember,
Every naughty gang member!
We used to climb the tree and then jump down,
But whatever might happen
we would never frown.*

*I remember, I remember.
The funny TV shows we would watch!
And even the spooky shadows,
We would cast with the torch.
We used to go for long walks,
And Oh, God! How much we would talk!!
I wish to go back to those sunny days,
which I enjoyed in many ways!!*

Manvee K Saidha, VIII B

Fantasy

*If I were to be born a bird,
I would fly,
To the top of the world!*

*I would sing along,
the rivers and ravines,
In the forests of pine,
And in the grape vines,
Like the jangle
Of a nightingale.*

*In a meadow of the spring,
I would sit free,
Amidst the flowers of the tree,
And watch the colors of the changing sky.*

*Through the rainbow,
I would fly,
And with colors of my own wings,
I would make him shy.*

Mahek Khowala, V A

A Grandparent's Love

*It seems like only yesterday
Our lives were just beginning.
Your love for us never failed,
Our hearts continually mending.*

*It is strange to watch the time fly
Before our very eyes,
Which reminds me of the blessing,
That we have with you in our lives.*

*To have yet to feel the touch
That's as gentle as your hand,
The closeness of our family
One could never understand.*

*As each of our lives
Continue to change,
Reflections of your love
In each of us remains.*

*You have pointed out the path
And led us along the way;
The wisdom you have planted,
We each still hold today.*

*You sheltered us through childhood
And saw us through today,
Taught us of the Lord above,
About faith, and how to pray.*

*One day we'll all be in heaven
Dancing on the throne,
Praising God for giving us
A family like we've never known.*

*No matter where our lives may go,
We will trust the Lord above
And through it all always thank him for our
grandparents' love.*

Shalini Lohia, VIII B

The Black Swan

*Let no man know the prowess
of a graceful, young woman.
Not much does it take for them
to sabotage that ethereal grace.*

*The ballerina of swan lake
an innocent naïve girl,
carrying the baggage of unparalleled dreams
of the future and success to come.*

*Let the lights shine
as she is chased down that lane.
The dark alley where sight is unforgiving
and the destructive late of fear- a threat to
happy memories.*

*On the road to purgatory
run she did,
out of lawless insanity and chaotic sorrow.
Escaping the fiery force of life's brutal secrets.*

*The strength and laughter lost
to the young woman of dreams,
the chaste white angel,
morphing into the threatening black swan.*

Kriti Sharma , X C



THE LONGEST JOY RIDE

(Dedicated to Mrs. Subramanian)

*Class 7 to 10, mathematics,
and every rule I had to abide,
also my class teacher in class 8,
ma'am, I've never undertaken such a long joy ride.*

*A little unsolved doubt,
could become a big problem you taught,
hence proved : the huge nightmares,
given by a little red dot !!!*

*"Adwaitidha child !!!" you exclaimed unbelievably,
everytime you saw me behaving wild,
no matter how many times I answered wrong,
you said, "What happened to you this time child?"*

*You advised us before every exam to score,
atleast 80/80 with a deliberate look.
Ma'am I'll never forget the 'very good' you gave me,
for a rough design I'd drawn behind my book !!!*

*I confess, I don't have a chart with all formulaes,
anywhere near my study table, 'tis true,
and ma'am I've never liked maths,
but,*

I have always liked you.

THANK YOU.

Adwaitidha Lilly, 10 C

The Way Of Life

*Take light food and do hard labour;
It will keep your health in favour.
Hear too much but talk very few,
You will achieve much more in lieu.*

*Think thrice before you speak once,
It will lessen embarrassments by tons.
Weigh your thoughts just prior to actions;
This will make for job perfection.*

*Avoid using wine and smoking
As its result is always shocking.
Don't waste time by sitting inactive,
It will make your future unattractive.*

*Have ambition but don't be greedy,
Be confident and move steady.
In the middle, if you stop,
There are chances the contest might be lost!*

*The way it is not, if not complicated,
The traveller is not who sits frustrated.
Achieved with ease is never a goal;
If so tell me what is your role?*

*All aren't born with a silver spoon,
With bright futures like a full moon;
Brave is he, who smiles in troubles;
In difficulties, who's daring doubles?*

*Respect the nation, parents and women;
Help the poor and the downtrodden.
Love all children and your wife,
That's all about "The Way of Life"*

Ananya Karanwal, IX A



Day Will Come....

A day will come, when I'll fly,
Reach the clouds or even high.
Dedication, hard work and a will that's strong
Will never let me stumble or take a fall.

A day will come, when I'll stand on my feet
And crush the phony and the cheat.
Passion, hardwork and perseverance
Will one day surely metamorphose my appearance.

A day will come, when I'll feel
That these pains and obstacles that make me kneel
Must be dispelled with patience, understanding and confidence
That will break apart the doubting fence.

A day will come, when I'll cry
Because these chains won't let me reach high.
It may seem that my goal is far a mile
But, I'll have to remember that these dark clouds are
just for a while.

A day will come when my optimism will help me,
To break apart those chains and be free.
That's when I'll turn back and put down my hood,
And then remember, 'Everything happens for the good'.

Aadya Magotra, IX A

The Unspoken Words

You recreated me,
From the ruins of my soul.
You reassembled me,
When I was broken apart, when I had lost hope...

You made me feel,
Evil had left the world for good.
A feeling so surreal,
And then I came to know,
Everything you had said and done...
Couldn't last forever.

Just when I thought,
The winds of fate were lifting up the sails of life,
A storm broke overhead
And the light of my life stopped shining... again.

I thought you were someone I could always be with,
But it turned out to be a myth.
You turned to go on and leave me on my own forever
From my life and this world... you left
Leaving me helpless... you just slipped away.

I cried and cried when I saw,
My best friend at death's doorstep.
I wished to say a lot,
But my silence said it all.
And just as I held your hand...
My world fell apart.

(This poem is dedicated to my friend whom I lost to
brain tumour two years ago)

Surabhi, IX B

A dewdrop at dawn

I am a dewdrop,
I come at dawn,
when everything is quiet and calm.
I am cold and I fall on leaves, flowers and windows.
I have friends who live in the meadows.
When the first rays of the sun shine on me,
They make everything as beautiful as me.
I look above at the clear sky,
As to my friends I say goodbye.
It sometimes feels bad,
when I disappear, it is so sad.
As the sun says, it's time to go back,
I go up again, to the clouds,
to come again... the next day at dawn.



Sanskriti Jain, VI C



The Star

Look at that star
Shining so far
A spark of happiness
In the black sky of sadness

It is just a dot of light
Yet it glimmers so bright
Undoubtedly a sight to behold
For both the young and the old

But yet this star alone stands
As couples admire it holding hands
So filled with gratitude
Unaware of the star's solitude

Far, far away it stays
In an unknown place
Spreading light far and wide
While quietly it is burning inside

It craves for company
For its own happy family
And when it stares down at couples
It cries and twinkles

But yet every night it returns
For the star a lot learns
About love that never does end
And seeks such a friend

Seerat Kaur, X C

A Silent Journey

Tears thou trickle down the pale mask,
without chattering and babbling;
Stealthily, softly, silently thou flow free
of all grumblings.

Swiftly thou meander your way like a
brimming river
Glistening against the rosy cheeks
Falling further when lips quiver.

Like a soldier fighting his way
through pain and suffering
Like a dew drop sparkling
amidst the foliage covering.

Art thou a sign of weakness,
Or a curse to the sensitive heart;
A witness of cruel agony
when the soul is hurt by verbal darts?

Oh tear! Our soul is your hearth
is always seen in pain and mirth
Hiding somewhere in oceans wide
You reflect our humane side

Sanyukta Singh, XI B

My Starlight

When I stood at your grave and cried,
You are not here yet you never died,
You are the soft starlight,
At night.

Looking down on me protecting me forever,
Illuminate the darkest phase of my life that isn't over,
Twinkling and shining brightly, so I don't miss you,
Playing hide and seek, leaving me puzzled every day or two,
Please give me a clue.

I wish for you to come back when I see a shooting star,
But how can I fetch you, you seem very far,
Brighter than ever every night,
I wish to shine like you in everyone's sight.
To come near to you I can take a flight,
Or send my message by flying a kite.

When I stood at your grave and cried,
You are not here but you never died,
You are the soft starlight at night.

Shaambhavi Sharma, IX - B

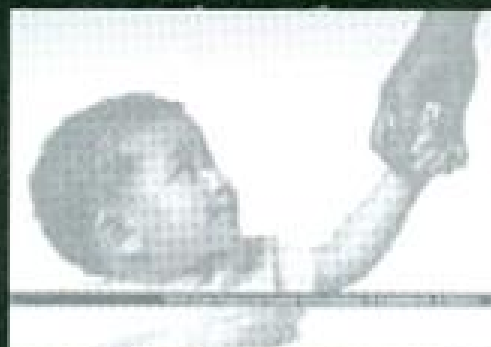
Before the Daylight

The first thing I feel when I wake and see,
Is the beautiful dawn rising above the trees.
I feel so fresh with the rustling of leaves,
And hear the birds chirping in glee.
The misty dawn makes me yawn
And the bees at work,
Try to rouse me from sleep,
But when I wake again
I seek for it but only in vain
Its not just it without the mist
the dewdrops on the leaves and
the singing of birds in trees....

Manchit Jasrotia, VI B.

For The Long Gone Hand

For holding my hand,
and teaching me how to walk,
For being there
as I learnt to talk,
For explaining the Maths sums
that went over my head,
For telling me stories
as you put me to bed,
For all the pranks,
you played on mom with me,
For all the locks
to which you found the key,
For running after my scooter
so I don't fall;
For postponing all your work



if I wanted a trip to the mall
...And for secretly planning
my birthday "Surprise".
Today, searching for you,
tears roll down my eyes
I wish I could turn back the clock
and get you back in my life.
Thank you , Dad ! For
all you did for me,
And today I promise
I'll try to be
just the way
you'd have wished me to be.

Neha Nara, IX A

School life

There is a school life beyond books
But it is not a small nook
Dance is there to be graceful,
Singing to be melodious,
Acting to be a star and
Sports to cross a barrier too far.

Friends to share our feelings
Teachers to tell us the true meaning
Of life which we perceive to be a thief
of happiness which we must receive.
Turning us into a broken reed,
Before we blossom into plant from a seed.

Values of life we learn
How to utilize the wisdom we earn
School life is full of fantasies
Where we learn to recognize our destinies.
It is a mixture of happy and sad moments,
Giving us life's true meaning,
And making it worth living.

Janet Kurian, X A

My Roots And Me

I came as a sapling,
Unaware and naïve,
My beholder is the one,
who warns me,
If not alert, I'll be burned alive.

She tells me to stay away from weeds,
They are uncouth and mean,
They'll catch you unaware,
And then you won't be seen.

She keeps me grounded
when harsh winds come,
She's gentle yet so strong,
She nurtures me when I'm starved,
And makes me feel I belong!

I love you more than you know,
You're my cushion when I fall,
You help me in times of trouble,
You support me whenever I call.

And now I am a strong sapling,
Firmly fixed to my roots,
They are the ones I depend upon,
From their embrace, I'm never aloof!!

Avni Bhasin X A

India Now and India Then

India now and India then,
What a hell, what a heaven,
India now and India then.
Kani Mozi and Kalmadi now,
Gandhi ji and Jhansi Rani then,
India now and India then,
Mom, Dad, sis and bro now,
Mataji, Pitaji, behen and bhai then,
India now and India then.
Hi and Hello now,
Namaskar and Pranam then,
India now and India then,
Slut March now,
Dandi March then,
India now and India then.
Skirts and capris now,
Sarees and Lehenga then,
India now and India then.
Violence and terrorism now,
Peace and brotherhood then,
India is good now,
But it was better then.

Anushka Sadhukhan, V-I

A CRY FOR HELP

*I am gigantic, I am upright,
I hold everyone together in delight,
I am majestic and stand tall,
Never let anyone fall.*

*I see everything, above and below,
The flying dove and the gentle sparrow,
I have a white crown,
I hear a river's gong.*

*Oh! What pain it is to see,
The human race is cutting every tree,
But now even I get choked,
By the factories blowing out smoke.*

*I am the origin for mighty rivers,
Who cry out against pollutants and give
them shivers,
My snowcaps began melting,
As I get warmed up by the trash piling.*

*Ah! You saw me, I am a mountain,
Crying in pain and all my sufferings in vain,
May I appeal to all you children,
My countrymen and all my brethren.*

*Take care of me and our ecosystem,
A healthier nature awaits us all,
Let's listen to the nature's call.*

Sanchita Sivaraman, IX B

The Enlightened One

*There I lay open upon the couch,
With my leaves flickering, in the air breeze.
He picked me up and put me in his pouch,
And I knew I could fascinate him with ease.*

*After a long journey that night,
He held me up for the first time.
And I knew he was bright,
My story was about the climb.*

*I told him that it mattered not,
If you pass or fail.
It is the climb that mattered a lot,
And if you left behind, for others to follow, a trail.*

*I told him that there always was a mountain,
Against whom he sometimes would have to lose.
But if he sacrifices and not complain,
His is the world and nothing else to choose.*

*I kept on telling him tales,
And he kept on reading.
I told him how a fairy plays,
And how the devil was misleading.*

*Really fascinated he was,
As I told him a tale of a brook and a crook,
And you know why because,
It is my work, as I am the enlightened one, the BOOK.*

Mallika Singla IX A

Cry Of The Earth

*A shattered world, a wounded mother,
We waste so much of water.
We've become devils instead of sages.
We've troubled our mother
Earth over the ages,
That is why she's rising up in violent rage,
Tsunamis, floods, droughts and
earthquakes.
This is the way she expresses her pain,
More than us, our mother suffers,
We've broken her heart, left her forlorn.
She is our mother, and she is ill,*



*And she needs a little help,
A lot can they do, our little hands
We'll start today by ourselves.
We feel the pain, we feel the tears,
Her life force drives us on,
The hatred and dirt we've created,
We have to work towards a new dawn;
We have to clean the Earth,
And the floors of our hearts,
And use a super glue to join,
A world that is growing apart.*

Garima Mukherjee, IX-A

जीवन एक, रंग अनेक

फूलों के है रंग अनेक,
चूँ-चूँ करके चिड़ियाँ गाती,
रोज सुबह मेरा दिल बहलाती।

गरज-गरज के बिजली चमके,
टिप-टिप बरसे पानी,
माता-पिता खुश होते हैं देखकर,
सभी बड़े निराले हैं।

मामा-मामी, चाचा-चाची, नाना नानी
सब यह हमको प्यारे हैं,
जीवन के यह सब रिश्ते
जीवन के नजारे हैं।

और भी रंग हो सकते हैं जीवन में,
अगर हम इतना जान लें,
सब से प्रेम, सब का आदर,
ऐसे जीना हम ठान लें।

- प्रियांशा अरोड़ा
आठवीं 'अ'

जीवन का सार

जीवन को न जाने दो तुम व्यर्थ,
समझो इसका असल अर्थ।
आएँगी बाधाएँ पल-दर-पल,
सीखाई देंगी इनका हल।

हर परिस्थिति का तुम करना सामना,
न भूलना अपने मन की कामना।
आएँगे दिन कुछ बुरे, कुछ अच्छे,
परन्तु सदैव रहना तुम मन के सच्चे।

मन में रखो सकारात्मक विचार,
जिस से हो सदा परोपकार।
मेहनत, हिम्मत व दृढ़-विश्वास,
यही करेंगे पूरे तुम्हारी हर एक आस।

- आद्या मगोत्रा
नवीं 'अ'

जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी

मनुष्य जैसे कर्म करता है, उसे वैसा ही फल मिलता है। कर्मों के फल मनुष्य का पीछा कभी नहीं छोड़ते हैं। हमारा व्यवहार, संसार का व्यवहार है।

उसने चाहे अच्छे कर्म किए या बुरे, कर्मों का फल उसे भोगना ही पड़ता है। ऐसा कहा गया है कि "जैसा खाओगे अन - वैसा हो जाएगा मन" और "जैसा पिओगे पानी - वैसी हो जाएगी बाणी।"

जिस तरह कीचड़ में खिलकर भी कमल गंदगी के संपर्क में नहीं आता, हमें भी उसी तरह होना चाहिए।

यदि बुरे कर्म करेंगे, किसी का मन दुखाओगे तो उसका पाप जरूर भोगना पड़ेगा।

मरने के बाद भी नर्क में कई तरह के काष्ट झेलने पड़ेंगे, इसलिए मनुष्य को सदैव पुण्य कर्म ही करने चाहिए।

अच्छे कर्म करने से हम संघर्षशील और पुरुषार्थी व्यक्ति बनेंगे, साथ में धार्मिक चिन्तन और विवेकशील भी रहेंगे।

- चिदूषी सूद
आठवीं 'ब'

क्या घरेलू हिंसा एक व्यक्तिगत समस्या है?

'अबला नारी हाथ तेरी यही कहानी
औंवल में है दूध और औंखों में पानी'

मैथिलीशरण गुप्त द्वारा रचित उपर्युक्त पंक्तियाँ दिल को छू जाती हैं। आज से बहुत साल पहले लिखने वाले कवि को क्या तनिक से आभास रहा होगा कि उनकी अबला नारी वर्षों बाद भी यानि आधुनिक समय में भी उसी रूप में समाज के द्वारा प्रताड़ित और सहिष्णु मिलेगी?

इसकीसवीं सदी की ओर बढ़ता हमारा भारत अभी भी कहीं ना कहीं विभिन्न सामाजिक मान्यताओं के कारण पिछड़ा हुआ कहलाता है। इससे हमारे देश भारत की छवि गिर जाती है। इन सभी सामाजिक समस्याओं में शामिल है महिलाओं के प्रति बढ़ती घरेलू हिंसा, जो अलग-अलग रूप में सामने आती है। यह एक गंभीर समस्या है। यह घरेलू हिंसा क्या है? यह कैसे समाप्त होगा? क्या कभी किसी ने सोचा है?

घरेलू हिंसा एक व्यक्तिगत समस्या है। यह व्यक्ति के द्वारा किया जाने वाला वह चिन्तना कृत्य है जहाँ एक ब्यक्क अपनी शक्तियों का दुरुपयोग करता है। घरेलू हिंसा के रूपों में शारीरिक व मानसिक प्रताड़ना शामिल है। घरेलू हिंसा रिश्तों में भय व अन्य प्रकार की प्रताड़नाओं के द्वारा अपना दबदबा बनाए रखने का एक गलत प्रयास है। प्रताड़ित करने वाला व्यक्ति अपने शिकार को शारीरिक रूप से धमकियों द्वारा मानसिक और मारपीट द्वारा शारीरिक प्रताड़नाई देता है। इस घरेलू हिंसा की शिकार अक्सर महिलाएँ ही होती हैं चाहे वो उच्च वर्ग की हों या निम्न वर्ग की।

घरेलू हिंसा का मुख्य कारण पुरुषवादी सोच का होना है। पुरुषवादी मानसिकता में स्त्री को भोग का विषय और पैर की जूती समझा जाता है मीके से मीके उनकी पिटाई और बात-बात पर प्रताड़ना होती रहती है।

पितृ प्रधान व्यवस्था घरेलू हिंसा का एक अन्य कारण है। जिसमें घर का प्रधान पिता सारे कार्य अपने हिसाब से करता है। घर के अन्य सदस्य अगर किसी कार्य को करने से मना करते हैं तो उसके फलस्वरूप घरेलू हिंसा उत्पन्न हो जाती है।

पुरुष प्रधान समाज में अक्सर पति हमेशा स्वयं को पत्नी से हर स्थिति ऊपर समझता है नारी का मानसिकता, आर्थिक स्थिति और अगर उसका समाज में स्थान नहीं है तो यह भी घरेलू हिंसा का कारण है। शराब, भोग, गौजा, हेरोइन आदि का सेवन करने वाला व्यक्ति भी प्रतिदिन घर में कलह करके घरेलू हिंसा उत्पन्न करता है। हमारे देश में प्रतिमाह कोई ना कोई त्योहार आता है। घरों में खर्चें बढ़ जाते हैं जिस कारण घरों में लड़ाई झगड़े बढ़ जाते हैं। घरेलू हिंसा यहाँ पर भी उत्पन्न हो जाती है।



घरेलू हिंसा का क्षेत्र सीमित नहीं है। यह जाति, संस्कृति, धर्म और क्षेत्र के दायरे में बँधी नहीं है। आँकड़े बताते हैं कि भारत और यूरोप की महिलाओं और बच्चों की स्थिति एक-सी है। प्रश्न उठता है कि क्यों बच्चों व महिलाओं को इन प्रताड़नाओं का सामना करना पड़ता है। अंत में मैं कुछ पंक्तियाँ लिखना चाहती हूँ -

दसों दिशाओं के समक्ष,
मैं अपनी बात सुनाती हूँ
बंद करो इस घरेलू हिंसा को
कह कर शीश को मैं झुकाती हूँ।
जिस देश में मिट्टी को माँ कहते
और बहती धारा को मैया,
जहाँ रामचंद्र के पहले लोग
कहते थे सीता मैया,
जहाँ कैंकेयी भी माँ कहलाती थी
और कुंती भी पूजी जाती थी
वहाँ नारी को प्रताड़ित करना
क्या उसका अपमान नहीं?

- शाम्भवी पांडे
दसवीं 'अ'

आरक्षण - कब तक?

आरक्षण का अर्थ है - सुरक्षित करना या रखना। अर्थात् ऐसा प्रावधान करना जिससे उपेक्षित, निम्न जाति, अधूरे समझे जाने वाले, जन-जाति के लोगों के लिए स्थान सुरक्षित कर देना, ताकि वे लोग भी अपने जीवन का स्तर ऊँचा उठाकर बाकी लोगों के समान आदर-सम्मान का जीवन व्यतीत कर सकें। उन्हें वे सारी सुविधाएँ मिल सकें, जिन से ऊँच-नीच, जाति-पाति या वर्गवाद के चलते वंचित रहते आ रहे हैं। भारतीय संविधान में ऐसी जन-जातियों का उल्लेख तो किया ही गया है, उनके लिए कुछ काल के लिए आरक्षण का प्रावधान भी किया गया है ताकि उनका उत्थान संभव हो सके। दलितोत्थान की बातें भी कही गई हैं, ताकि उपेक्षित होकर सदियों से पीड़ित चले आ रहे लोग भी अपना अधिकार पा सकें।

आरक्षण की वास्तविक समस्या और प्रयोजन मात्र इतना है कि सभी को, विशेषकर उपेक्षित लोगों को जीविका पाने-कमाने का उचित अवसर प्राप्त होना चाहिए। ताकि उन्हें भी एक तो सामाजिक न्याय मिल सके और दूसरा, ऊपर उठने का अवसर-अधिकार प्राप्त हो सके। वे भी अपने को एक पूर्ण इन्सान मान सकें। लेकिन क्या मात्र योग्य-अयोग्य सभी को नौकरियाँ दे देना ही इस समस्या का समाधान है? मेरे विचार में तो इस समस्या को जटिल ही बनाया है। सो चुके जाति-पाति के भूत को फिर से जगा दिया है।

उण्डे दिमाग से विचार करने पर इस और इसके साथ जुड़ी अन्य सभी प्रकार की समस्याओं का उचित समाधान तो यह है कि सभी के लिए शिक्षा का उचित एवं व्यावहारिक प्रबन्ध किया जाए, जिससे किसी भी जाति-वर्ग का व्यक्ति अपने-आप को पूर्ण शिक्षित बना कर दूसरों की प्रतियोगिता में खड़ा हो, अपनी शिक्षा एवं योग्यता से उचित एवं योग्य स्थान पाने का अधिकारी बन सके। ऐसा होने पर ही स्वस्थ मानसिकता एवं स्वस्थ ढंग से इस समस्या का समाधान हो सकता है। इस तरह की तैयारी किए बिना किसी भी तरह के आयोग लागू करने का कोई अर्थ नहीं हो सकता। प्रयोजन की सिद्धि भी सम्भव नहीं।

जैसा कि हम ऊपर कह आए हैं, इन सभी प्रकार की समस्याओं का उचित समाधान सब को सुशिक्षित बनाकर प्रतियोगिता में लाना ही है। सभी उपेक्षित एवं दलित समझे जाने वाले लोग दूसरों के साथ भुल-मिलकर उचित स्थान, मान-सम्मान सब कुछ पा सकेंगे।

- तरन्नुम सिंह
वसवी 'अ'



चेहरे पर मुस्कान लिए, आँखों में मामुमियत लिए, माँ के गोद में लेटी, मैं। आस-पास के माहौल से अनजान। माँ के आँसू मेरे बदन को गोला करते बहते रहे। मैं, एक नवजात शिशु, सिर्फ सबका मुँह ताकती रही। इतनी मजबूर कि ना अपनी अम्मा के आँसू पोंछ पाई और ना पहचान पाई अपने बगल में लेटी उस लाश को। खेखबर पूरे मामले से, इतना भी समझ नहीं पाई कि एक लाश क्यों होती है? आठ महीने की जेनीफर राओ, माँ की गोद में लेटी, अपने पिता की लाश के बगल में बैठी इतना भी नहीं जानती थी कि एक पिता क्या होता है। 2 अक्टूबर, 1998 मेरे जीवन का सबसे बुरा दिन था क्योंकि मैं अपने जन्मशतक के मृत्यु दिन पर रो भी नहीं पाई। दुनिया में मेरा पहला साल मेरा सबसे बुरा भी साबित हुआ। इससे पहले कि मैं उनके साथ खेल सकूँ, उनके साथ दुनिया देख पाऊँ... वो जा चुके थे। पर इन सालों में जैसे मेरी माँ ने अपने-आप को संभाला है, उसी तरह मैं भी संभल गई हूँ। आज मैं गर्व से कह सकती हूँ कि मेरे पापा अभी भी मेरे साथ हैं, मेरे पास हैं, हर दिन हर समय मैं उन्हें महसूस कर सकती हूँ। बस, अफसोस सिर्फ इस बात का है कि मैं कभी उनके चेहरे कि वो मुस्कुराहट नहीं देख पाऊँगी जो सिर्फ मेरे उन्हें "पापा" बुलाने से होती। आज वे जहाँ भी हैं मैं उनसे ये बार-बार कहना चाहती हूँ कि, "मैं आपसे बहुत प्यार करती हूँ, पापा"।

- जेनीफर राओ
आठवीं 'अ'

यह दिल्ली

यह दिल्ली कैसी है भाई!
मेरी तो कुछ समझ न आई!
पहाड़गंज में पहाड़ नहीं है,
न दरियागंज में दरिया है।
चौदनी चौक में कहाँ है चौदनी,
भौला कुआँ में न कोई कुआँ।
मोती बाग में बाग नहीं है,
कमला नगर में कमल नहीं है।
नई सड़क पुरानी दिल्ली में,
नई दिल्ली में पुराना किला है।
गेट बिना दरवाजे के हैं,
अजमेरी, कश्मीरी और दिल्ली।
शांति पथ पर दंगा देखा,
सूट पहन भिखमंगा देखा,
बस में सबको बेबस देखा,
पानी भी यहाँ बिकते देखा,
कैसी अजब है दिल्ली भाई!
सच में मेरी तो कुछ समझ न आई!

- जॉर्जर मैसी
नवीं 'ब'

अनोखी भाषा

मुझे लगे हिन्दी,
एक अनोखी भाषा।
र में उ तथा ऊ की मात्राएँ,
नीचे न लगाकर
लग जाती हैं ऊपर।
मुझे लगे हिन्दी,
एक अनोखी भाषा।

मुझे लगे हिन्दी,
एक अनोखी भाषा।
मात्रा के लगते
अर्थ बदल जाता।
मुझे लगे हिन्दी,
एक अनोखी भाषा।

हिन्दी मुझे नाच नचाती
दिनभर मुझसे गीत गवाती
जो इस भाषा को समझ पाये
दुनिया में जानी बन जाए।

- निकिता शर्मा
सातवीं 'ब'

जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी

जीवन के पथ पर साथी,
अपना किया ही पाओगे।
सुकर्म किए तो स्नेह और यश,
दुष्कर्म पर सिर्फ पड़ताओगे।

विकल्प कई आते हैं संमुख,
क्या चयन करो तुम पर है निर्भर।
बबूल के वृक्ष को रोपोगे तो,
आम कहाँ से खाओगे?
जीवन के पथ

जो देते हो वो पाते हो,
जीवन का नियम यही समझो।
जो खोदो खाई किसी के लिए,
तुम स्वयं उस में गिर जाओगे।
जीवन के पथ

अजनबी मिले या मित्र कोई,
अच्छा ही सोचो, बोलो और करो।
जो निःस्वार्थ सतत संलग्न रहें,
सौभाग्य और गौरव पाता है वो।
जीवन के पथ

- फिज़ा जग्गी
आठवीं 'ब'

क्रांति भरी आवाज़

अन्ना तुम नहीं हो अकेले,
सरकार के मन हो गए हैं मैले।
अन्ना जी तुम आगे बढ़ो, हम हैं तुम्हारे साथ।
कुछ भी हो, लेकिन हम चलेंगे एक जुट डाले हाथों में हाथ।
हमारा है तुमसे ये वचन कि लड़ेगें सारे,
आज लगाएंगे हम अपने बदन के लिए जोर-से नारे।
पाएंगे हम अपना हक, बिल जन लोकपाल,
भले ही जाना पड़े हमें रामलीला मैदान से स्टेडियम छत्रसाल।
आज हमारे लिए तुम हो हमारे गौधी,
तुम्हारे संगम तो छोटी पड़ जाती है ये औंधी।
तुम्हारे विचार हैं शुद्ध इस क्रांति में,



हमारा तुमसे है ये वचन कि बनाए रखेंगे हम शांति।
मिलकर हम आपके संग मिटाएंगे इन भ्रष्टाचारियों को,
समय आ गया है, लड़ना होगा हमें बनकर नवीन क्रांतिकारी।

- प्रिया यादव
नवीं 'अ'

सफलता का आधार – शिक्षा

विद्यार्थी जीवन का एकमात्र उद्देश्य होता है – शिक्षा ग्रहण करना। शिक्षा ही एक व्यक्ति को सफल बना सकती है।

सफलता की परिभाषा व्यक्तिगत विशेषताओं और व्यक्ति की विशेषता के क्षेत्र पर निर्भर करती है। कुछ लोग व्यक्ति का सीधा संबंध उसकी आर्थिक स्थिति से करते हैं। परंतु सफलता का अर्थ केवल करोड़ों रुपये कमाना नहीं होता। इस हिस्से से तो दुनिया में गिने-बुने लोग ही सफल कहलाए जाएंगे।



चाहे आप किसी नौकरी के लिए आवेदन कर रहे हों, या कोई नया व्यवसाय शुरू करने जा रहे हों, बहुधा आपसे पहला प्रश्न यही पूछा जाएगा कि आप कितने पढ़े-लिखे हैं। सरल शब्दों में, लोग आपको आपकी शैक्षिक योग्यताओं से परखते हैं। शिक्षा व्यक्ति को सदाचार के आधार सिखाते हुए एक व्यक्ति का चरित्र निखारती है व उसका व्यक्तित्व प्रभावशाली बनाती है।

यदि आप गणित, विज्ञान और हिंदी और अंग्रेजी जैसी भाषाओं में अच्छे हों, तो आप सफल होंगे, क्योंकि यह आपको गणना करना, नव निर्माण करना व वार्तालाप करना सिखाते हैं। यह सब सफलता प्राप्ति के अत्यावश्यक गुण हैं।

सफलता प्राप्ति के इन अत्यावश्यक गुणों का विकास होना विद्यालयों और महाविद्यालयों में पाए गए मार्गदर्शन के बिना असंभव है। अतः गुणों की प्राप्ति को परखने के लिए विद्यार्थियों की परीक्षा ली जाती है। और यदि उनकी विद्या संतोषप्रद होती है, तो उन्हें एक प्रमाण पत्र दिया जाता है, जो उनकी शैक्षिक योग्यता दर्शाता है।

कुछ अपवादों को सामान्य नियमों के अंतर्गत नहीं लाया जा सकता है। इन अपवादों के लिए भी एक सरल सा प्रश्न उठता है – यदि आप संसार के सफल लोगों की एक सूची देखें तो शायद आपको बिल गेट्स और सचिन तेंदुलकर जैसे सौ-दो सौ लोग मिल जाएँ – परंतु उन करोड़ों चिकित्सकों, ककीलों, वैज्ञानिकों, यंत्रवैज्ञानिकों और आई.टी. पेशेवरों का क्या, जो अपनी शैक्षिक योग्यता पर निर्भर हैं? क्या एक देश इनके बिना प्रगति के मार्ग पर अग्रसर हो सकता है? नहीं।

शिक्षा व्यक्ति को जीवन का मूल अनुभव प्रदान करती है क्योंकि विद्यालय में विद्यार्थियों को अलग अलग सामाजिक वर्गों से आए लोगों से मिलने का अवसर मिलता है, जिसके कारण वह अपने देश, संस्कृति को पूर्णतया समझ पाता है। एक शिक्षित व अपनी संस्कृति का ज्ञान रखने वाला व्यक्ति ही सही मायनों में सफल कहलाया जा सकता है।

शिक्षा हमारा आचारशास्त्र बेहतर बनाती है क्योंकि वह हमें प्रसिद्ध चिंतकों की सोच से अवगत कराती है। शिक्षा हमें हमारे अधिकारों का ज्ञान दिलाते हुए एक उदार लोकतंत्र को जन्म देती है। शिक्षा व्यक्ति के कौशल व परिश्रम करने की क्षमता को उच्चतम स्तर तक ले जाने में सक्षम है। इसलिए शिक्षा व शैक्षिक योग्यताएँ, व्यक्ति, जाति व देश के विकास में बहुमूल्य भूमिका निभाती हैं।

– संस्कृति शर्मा
नवी 'अ'

माँ

माँ प्यार है,
माँ दुलार है,
माँ संस्कार है,
माँ आधार है,
माँ सहाय है,
माँ किनारा है,
माँ सूरज की चमक है,
माँ चौदोनो की ठंडक है,
माँ दिवस है,
माँ निखारती है,
माँ संवारती है।
माँ ममता है,
माँ क्षणिक किरण नहीं
माँ अलौकिक ज्योति है।



– बुलबुल भट्टी
पाँचवीं 'स'

माँ संवेदना है, भावना है, एहसास है माँ।
माँ जीवन के फूलों में खुराबू का वास है माँ।
माँ रोते हुए बच्चे का खुशनुमा पालना है माँ।
माँ रेगिस्तान में नदी या मौला सा झरना है माँ।
माँ लोरी है, गीत है, प्यारी सी थाप है माँ।
माँ कलम है, दवात है, स्पाही है माँ।
माँ परमात्मा ही स्वयं एक गवाही है माँ।
माँ त्याग है, तपस्या है, सेवा है माँ।
माँ चिंता है, चार है, हिचकी है माँ।
माँ बच्चे की चोट पर सिसकी है माँ।
माँ चुल्हा है, धुआँ है,
रोटी और हाथों का छाला है माँ।
माँ बिंदगी की कड़वाहट में अमृत का प्याला है माँ।
माँ पृथ्वी है, जगत है, धूरी है माँ।

– मल्लिका सिंगला
नवी 'अ'

मीडिया: एक वरदान

समाचार माध्यम हमारे प्रजातंत्र में एक बड़ी भूमिका निभाता है। मीडिया प्रजातंत्र की रीढ़ होती है। यह हमें देश-विदेश में होनी वाली सामाजिक, आर्थिक व राजनीतिक गतिविधियों से अवगत कराता है। यह एक साफ शीशे के समान है जो हमें ज़िन्दगी की सच्चाइयों से रुबरू कराता है।

राजनीतिज्ञों को चुनाव के समय मीडिया ही उनके आधे-अधूरे कामों की याद दिलाता है और उन्हें पूरा करने में विवश करता है। यह ही प्रजातंत्र की कमियों को उजागर करता है। इसके फल-स्वरूप ही हम एक जिम्मेदार नागरिक के रूप में उभरते हैं। आज के तकनीकी युग में हर प्रकार की जानकारी उपलब्ध है। समाचार तकनीकी व पत्रकारिता ने हमारे देश में कई क्रांतिकारी परिवर्तन किए हैं। मीडिया की वजह से ही जैसिका लाल हत्याकांड में न्याय हो सका।

मीडिया हमें दूसरे देशों की संस्कृति व सामाजिक मान्यताओं से परिचित कराती है। इंटरनेट, दूरदर्शन व रेडियो ने हमारा सामाजिक ज्ञान बढ़ाया है एवम् हमारे शब्दकोश में वृद्धि की है। इंटरनेट आज हमारी उम्मीदों से भी उत्कृष्ट प्रदर्शन कर रहा है। हम अपने प्रियजनों से भी आज कुछ ही क्षणों में जुड़ सकते हैं एवम् उन्हें देख भी सकते हैं। आज की तेज़ ज़िन्दगी में ई-मेल एक पत्र व्यवहार करने का तेज़ साधन है। हम घर बैठे-बैठे ही टिकटें बुक कर सकते हैं।

मीडिया ने हमें उस मुकाम पर लाकर खड़ा किया है जहाँ हम अपने विचार किसी भी विषय पर बिना किसी भय के व्यक्त कर सकते हैं। यह हमारे जीवन का एक अभिन्न अंग बन चुका है। समय के साथ यह एक परिपक्व व जिम्मेदार सत्ता बन चुकी है। आज की पत्रकारिता से ही सर्वव्यापी जागरूकता आई है और इसके माध्यम से ही एक नए प्रजातंत्र का अरंभ हुआ है। "मीडिया के बिना एक प्रजातंत्र, बिना पहिये के वाहन के समान है।"

- निमिषा शर्मा, नवी 'अ'

पर्यावरण के प्रति युवाओं की जिम्मेदारी

प्रकृति ईश्वर की देन है। हम प्रकृति पर शुद्ध पानी, वायु और खाद्य सामग्रियों के लिए आश्रित हैं। परंतु सभ्यता के विकसित, आबादी बढ़ने व उद्योग धंधों को बढ़ावा देने हेतु हमने पेड़-पौधे काट दिए। फलतः जल, वायु व वातावरण दूषित हो गया है और प्रदूषण की समस्या उत्पन्न हो गई है। वन प्राकृतिक संतुलन बनाए रखते हैं। वर्षा समय पर हो, मिट्टी का बहाव रुके, पर्यावरण प्रदूषित न हो, अकाल न पड़े, इन सब प्राकृतिक विपदाओं से वन हमें बचाते हैं। वायु को शुद्धता के लिए वे कार्बन गैस लेकर ऑक्सीजन देते हैं वरना कल-कारखानों से आने वाली जहरीली गैस, सैकड़ों मोटर गाड़ियों के पेट्रोल और डीज़ल से निकलने वाली गैस का धुआँ हमारे शरीर में अनेक बीमारियाँ उत्पन्न करेगा। इसके अतिरिक्त हानिकारक ध्वनि प्रसारक यन्त्र जो बहरेपन के साथ मानसिक तनाव, रक्ताचाप और हृदय रोग उत्पन्न करते हैं।



आज युवाओं का कर्तव्य है कि वे अधिक से अधिक पेड़ लगाएँ और समाज में जागृति उत्पन्न करें। प्रत्येक नागरिक प्रति वर्ष एक वृक्ष लगाने का प्रण लें, पुराने पेड़ों को काटने से रोके और वन संपदा को नष्ट न होने दें। इसके अतिरिक्त जनसंख्या का नियंत्रण, 'गंगा विकास', 'नर्मदा बचाओ' प्राधिकरणों में सरकार को सहयोग, ग्रामीण जीवन का प्रोत्साहन, वातावरण को साफ स्वच्छ व शांत बनाने में भी सहयोग दें। युवा पीढ़ी के मजबूत कंधों पर पर्यावरण के महत्व को समझने की जिम्मेदारी और अपने स्वार्थ हेतु पर्यावरण को प्रदूषित न होने देने का कर्तव्य है।

- मुस्कान सहगल
आठवीं 'ब'

आतंकवाद

क्या है यह आतंकवाद?
एक शैतान जिसकी ना कोई जात।
कई मासूम लोगों को मार,
बनते हैं अपने वतन के गद्दार।।
अमेरिका से लेकर मुंबई तक,
फैलाया इन्होंने आतंकवाद का कहर।
चंद पैसों का लालच देकर,
भरते हैं बेरोजगार युवकों के मन में जहर।।
आतंकवाद को हमें जड़ से है मिटाना,
खूँड निकालना है इन्हें जहाँ भी है इनका ठिकाना।
इनकी योजनाओं को नहीं होने देना है कामयाब,
फैलाते हैं आतंकवाद और नाम देते हैं 'जिहाद'।।
ऐ वतन! हमको तेरी कसम,
आओ मिलकर करें आतंकवाद को खत्म।।

- अनुराधा पाई
दसवीं 'अ'



माधुर्य गुण से पूर्ण हूँ मैं,
सितार के सप्तक से तबले के बोल तक।
निझरी के तेज़ बहाव में भी संगीत है
संगीत वही है, जिसमें लय व सुरक है संगम।

लय के साथ धिरके जब तन,
या सात स्वर छुए दिल को,
या ध्वनि वाद्ययंत्रों की करें मुग्ध हमारे मन को,
नृत्य-गान या हो वाद्ययंत्र
इन्हीं तत्वों का मेल कहलाता संगीत है।

संगीत मिलता नहीं विरासत में,
मिलता उसी को जिसमें हो तृष्णा सच्ची,
मिलता उसी को जिसमें हो साधना सच्ची,
अतः करोगे जब तुम साधना सच्ची,
तभी मिल पाओगे लय व सुर के संगम संगीत से

मुर्दे की आवाज़

पहले तो कभी नहीं बिछाया,
अब सभी मेरे चारों ओर क्यों बैठे जा रहे हैं।
पहले तो कभी मेरा हाल भी न पूछा,
अब सभी फूलों के हार पहनए जा रहे हैं।
पहले तो कभी एक रुमाल भी भेंट न किया,
अब सभी गर्म शालें उढ़ाये जा रहे हैं।
सब जानते हैं, अब ये किसी काम की नहीं,
फिर भी दुनियादारी निभाये जा रहे हैं।
पहले तो कोई दो कदम भी साथ न चला,
अब सभी आँसू बहा कर,
कंधे पर उढ़ाये चले जा रहे हैं।
अब मुझे यह मालूम पड़ा, जिन्दगी से मीत कितनी बेहतर है,
मैं तो यूँ ही, बेवजह जिये जा रहा था।

- नेहा सहाय
नवीं 'अ'

डायरी...

जिंदगी भी बड़ी अजीब है। कभी दोस्त नहीं बना पाते,
और कभी तो जीवन रहित वस्तु को भी अपना मान लेते।
कई घरों में डायरी पड़ी रहती है रद्दी में
मच्छर गुनगुनाते हैं- गीत वही थे
क्या कोई महत्व है इनका हमारी जिंदगी में?
परंतु कुछ लोग.....
डायरी को अपनी हर बात बताते,
गम हो या खुशी सब लिख डालते।
डायरी के हर पन्ने पर होती है हमारी कहानी
और जब पुराने दिनों की याद करना हो तो
खोलकर वही पन्ने पढ़ते अपनी जुबानी।
यही रीत है, हर चीज़ की विशेषताएँ हैं महान,
मानो न मानो कमाल की होती है चीज़ें बेजान।।

- दीया मुखर्जी
दसवीं 'अ'

भ्रष्टाचार के बढ़ते कदम

वे भारत कभी सोने की चिड़िया,
वहाँ बहती पवित्र नदियाँ जैसे गंगा और यमुना,
रन्तु इस घोर कलमुर के भ्रष्टाचार ने सबका नाश किया,
और आज हम देशवासी उठाते इसका भार कई गुणा।

इस भ्रष्टाचार ने जन्म लिया उस काले अधेरे में,
जिसमें हर गलत कार्य का निर्माण हुआ।
उसी काली मिट्टी में विकसित इन्सान ने
दुआ की कि भ्रष्टाचार फूले फले,
और सरकार ने ऐसी करनी पर ज्यादा ध्यान दिया।

आज भ्रष्टाचार अपने पैर इन्सान के
तन-मन में पसार चुका है,
आज किसी के जेब में काला धन गड़ा न हो
ऐसा हो नहीं सकता,
अरे जाग, ये इंसान, आँखें खोला!
इस विषय पर जरा सोचो क्योंकि,
हम ही हैं इस देश के कर्ता-धर्ता।

सफलता, ऐश्वर्य, समृद्धि पाने का
आसान उपाय है भ्रष्टाचार,
इस कलमुर में है यह सर्वत्र व्याप्त,
है नीति-विरुद्ध, कष्टदायक, न करो सोच विचार,
काले धन ने तबाह किया इंसान को
रन्तु अभी भी यह नहीं है पर्याप्त।

जिसने भी उठाई आवाज़ भ्रष्टाचार के खिलाफ,
उसकी जिंदगी में आया प्रकाश,
ईश्वर ने भी करा ऐसे लोगों को माफ,
भ्रष्टाचार की जननी मानव न होता, काश।

- देवयानी रूस्तगी
नवी 'अ'



भ्रष्टाचार

घूस हो रही है सम्मानित,
सड़कों पर चौराहों पर।
महंगाई का आतंक छा रहा,
हर जगह, हर घर घर।
न्याय की आँखों पर है पट्टी,
सच के मुँह पर है ताला!
इस सब ने अंत में
संकट आम आदमी पर है डाला।

राजनीति के गलियारों में,
मण्डी लगी दलालों की।
जहाँ लालच के जाल में फँसा,
बिकता है आम आदमी ही।
खुलते हैं खिड़की दरवाजे,
नेता जी ने आना है।
इस बात से अनजान है सब,
कर रहा वही फोटाला है।

- देविका अरोड़ा
दसवीं 'अ'

मानवता

अचानक गोलियों की आवाज़ फिर हृदय विदारक चिलकार,
 धुआँ ही धुआँ, रक्त रंजित शरीर कर रहे पुकार।
 कहीं किसी का बेटा, तो कहीं किसी की माँ
 चढ़ गये इस आतंक की भेंट,
 बंटी बंटी दूसरों के साथे में अनेक दुखों को समेट...
 कब तक भारत तड़पेगा, चढ़ेगा अपनों ही की भेंट?
 कब तक मानव पहुँचायेगा मानवता को ही ठेस?
 इन्सान ही इन्सान के खून का प्यासा हो गया है
 ये नरभक्षी मानव, मानवता से परे हैवान हो गया है।
 जागो मानव परावर्तन से उठो!
 अब आततायियों के आतंक का नाश करने उठो!
 फिर कहीं न हो नाच इन आततायियों का!
 फिर न हो विस्फोटक नाश दिल्ली, गुजरात,
 मुम्बई की इमारतों का!

जागो भारत जागो, परस्परवर्तन से उठो!
 इसलिए उठो, जुड़ जाओ एकता के सूत्र में
 मत खींचो आपस में जाति और धर्म की लकीर,
 सच तो है कि आतंकी होते हैं दिल से फकीर,
 चाहे जितना भी बटोर लो, साथ कुछ नहीं ले जाना है।
 जीवन की पुस्तक में तो नाम नहीं होगा,
 पर उस खुदा को भी तो मुँह अपना दिखाना है....

- लावण्या बडोला
 ग्यारहवीं 'ब'



कल्पनाओं से पूर्ण दुनिया

मन करता है एक बूँद पर बैठे,
 कर लूँ आसमान की सैर।
 सितारों से थोड़ा नीचे,
 पल्लियों से न कोई बेर।
 इंद्रधनुष को स्लाईड बनाकर,
 कर लूँ बादलों का स्पर्श।
 नदियों में ही देख लूँ,
 यहाँ मैं सागर जगत।
 फिर मैं एक पत्ती से टकराई,
 कुछ ही पलों में एक पुष्प के भीतर।
 फिर एक नई उड़ान भरूँ,
 और बैठ जाऊँ टहनी के ऊपर।



सुनु गंधुर कोयल का गीत
 और फिर बैठ जाऊँ शतुरमुर्ग के ऊपर
 इधर भाग, उधर भाग, मजे लिये जी भर कर
 तभी डाला मैं ने मुँह पर पानी
 पता चला सपने में
 चल रही थी यह मेरी कहानी।

- ईश
 नवी 'अ'

बदलता सामाजिक ढाँचा

मनुष्य एक सामाजिक प्राणी है। वह अपनी हर प्रकार की ज़रूरत को पूरा करने के लिए समाज से जुड़ा रहना चाहता है। इसलिए वह उसके नियम-कानून का पालन भी करता है। हमारा परिवार समाज की एक इकाई होता है। कहा जाता है, एक स्वस्थ परिवार से एक स्वस्थ समाज का निर्माण होता है। और इसी प्रकार स्वस्थ समाज से एक विकासशील तथा प्रगतिशील देश का निर्माण होता है। देश रूपी इमारत को खड़ा करने के लिए समाज को पूरे मजबूत स्तंभों की ज़रूरत होती है। परन्तु आज आधुनिक कहलाने की होड़ में हमने अपने स्वभावों को कमजोर कर डाला है। हर धर्म-सम्पन्ना के परिवार तथा समाज की यही तस्वीर है। आज सामाजिक और पारिवारिक ढाँचा दोनों ही बिगड़ चुके हैं। परिवार टूट रहे हैं। बच्चों के कोमल स्वभाव में कटुता तथा अपराध की भावनाएँ नज़र आती हैं। बच्चों के सिर पर नाना-नानी, दादा-दादी का दुल्हार भरा हाथ नहीं है। अभिभावक अपने स्तर को ऊँचा रखने के लिए तथा अधिक धन कमाने के लिए घर से बाहर रहते हैं। परिवार जैसी अति-महत्वपूर्ण इकाई, नौकरों के हवाले हो चुकी है। शायद यही कारण है कि बाद में बच्चे माता-पिता को अकेला नौकरों के भरोसे छोड़ देते हैं। यह बदले की भावना से नहीं बल्कि एक-दूसरे के दर्द को न समझने के कारण होता है।

टूटते-बिखरते परिवार और अनैतिक होता समाज, यह सब एक संवेदनशील विषय है। इस पर हमें गहन-चिन्तन करना होगा। वरना हम अपना वजूद खोने की कगार पर आ जाएंगे।

- राशिका जैन
 दसवीं 'अ'

यदि मैं नदी होती . . .

यदि मैं नदी होती,
तो पहाड़ों की गोद में जन्म लेकर
दूध सी सफेद और पवित्र धारा में
बहते-बहते,
हर रास्ते, हर घर को देखती।

यदि मैं नदी होती,
तो हर पीढ़ी को आते-जाते देखती,
अपने अमर होने का सार लेती।

यदि मैं नदी होती,
तो विश्व की उन्नति देखती।
जीवन को पनपता देखती।

यदि मैं नदी होती,
तो पूजी जाती,

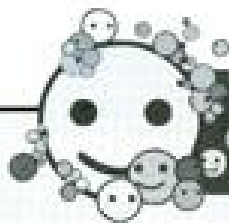


यादों में स्मरण करी जाती,
आज के मनुष्य की प्यास बुझाती जाती,
सारे जीव-जंतुओं का दूसरा
विश्रामस्थल बन जाती।

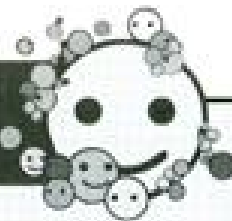
यदि मैं नदी होती,
तो एक नटखट बालिका की तरह,
हर पत्थर से लड़कर उसे गोल कर देती,
हर पहाड़ी के साथ आँख मिचौली खेलती।

यदि मैं नदी होती,
तो जीवन को नए मायने देती
सारे विश्व की गर्द अपने भीतर समाती
और उसकी जगह मोती फैला जाती,
अंत में अपने सागर से मिल जाती।

- चेतना बत्रा
दसवीं 'अ'



बुलबुले बुटबुले



1. शर्मा जी अपने एक दर्जन बच्चों के साथ सिनेमा देखने जा रहे थे कि एक सिपाही उन्हें थाने ले जाने लगा।

शर्मा जी ने धक्काकर पूछा - "भई मैंने क्या किया है, मुझे थाने क्यों ले जा रहे हो?"

"तुमने जरूर कुछ न कुछ किया होगा, तभी इतनी भीड़ तुम्हें घेरकर शोर मचा रही है।" पुलिस वाले ने जवाब दिया।

2. रवि (एक अंधे भिखारी से) "तुम्हारे पास क्या सबूत है कि तुम अंधे हो?"

अंधा भिखारी - "वो जो सामने पीपल का पेड़ है न, वो आपको दिख रहा है, पर मुझे नहीं दिखता।"

3. जज - "तुमने सरे-बाज़ार इतने बड़े आदमी को जूता मारकर इनका अपमान किया है, तुम पर पच्चीस रुपए का जुर्माना किया जाता है।"

अपराधी - "मेरे पास खुले पैसे नहीं हैं पचास का नोट है, एक जूता और मार देता हूँ।"

4. पहला व्यक्ति (दूसरे से) - "तुमने तो कहा था, तुम सीमेंट की फैक्ट्री बनाने जा रहे हो, क्या हुआ उसका?"

दूसरा - "कहा तो था, परन्तु बनाने के लिए सीमेंट ही नहीं मिलती।"

- राधिका ठाकुर
आठवीं 'स'

चरित्र-निर्माण में साहित्य का योगदान

मानव के पास यदि कोई सर्वाधिक मूल्यवान् वस्तु है, तो वह उसका चरित्र ही है। जैसे मानव का चरित्र सर्वोच्च है, उसी प्रकार मानव-जीवन और समाज की जो महत्वपूर्ण उपलब्धि है, वह साहित्य ही है, कुछ और नहीं। व्युत्पत्ति या बनावट के अनुसार जब हम 'साहित्य' शब्द पर विचार करते हैं तो पाते हैं कि जिस रचना में 'सह' और 'हित' का भाव हो उसे ही साहित्य कहा जाता है। मानव-चरित्र, व्यक्तित्व और व्यवहारिक जीवन के निर्माण में साहित्य का बहुत बड़ा योगदान हुआ करता है। विद्वानों ने साहित्य को समाज का दर्पण कहा है। ऐसा इसी कारण कहा गया है कि इस साहित्य रूपी दर्पण के सामने जाकर व्यक्ति अपने चरित्र के अच्छे-बुरे सभी रूप स्पष्ट तथा सामने आ जाया करते हैं। जैसे दर्पण में अपना चेहरा देखकर उसकी सुंदरता-असुंदरता का अनुमान हो जाता है, उसी प्रकार अच्छा साहित्य पढ़कर व्यक्ति को अपने चरित्र की सुंदरता-असुंदरता का भली प्रकार पता चल जाया करता है। स्वस्थ तन और मन - स्वस्थ चरित्र - निर्माण में साहित्य का बड़ा योगदान होता है इसलिए अच्छे साहित्य का ही अध्ययन मनन करना चाहिए। अच्छा साहित्य ही अच्छे लोगों के विचारों, अनुभवों और जीवन के सार को प्रस्तुत करने वाला हुआ करता है। इसी कारण हम अपनी समस्याओं और मानसिक चिंता से बच सकते हैं। अपनी चरित्रिक दुर्गुणा भी बनाए रख सकते हैं। महान लोगों का जीवन इसी बात का साक्ष्य है। स्वतंत्रता-प्राप्ति के संघर्ष के दिनों में हमारे स्वतंत्रता-सेनानी जिस प्रकार का साहित्य पढ़ा करते थे, जिस प्रकार का साहित्यिक गीत गाया करते थे, उनसे उन्हें बहुत प्रेरणा मिलती करती थी। अतः अच्छा साहित्य मनुष्य को एक सुसंस्कृत इंसान बनाता है।

- शिमोल मंगावा
दसवीं 'अ'

नई सदी

हर पल, हर क्षण इस तरह बीत जाता है कि समय का पता ही नहीं चलता। बीता हुआ समय और वर्तमान पर नज़र डाले तो हमें पता चलता है कि समय के साथ-साथ हर वस्तु में परिवर्तन हुआ है। जहाँ हमें एक स्थान से दूसरे स्थान पर जाने के लिए दिनों लगते थे, वहाँ अब हम केवल कुछ घंटों में ही पहुँच जाते हैं। नई तकनीकों के द्वारा नए जो हमारे सुख-सुविधाओं का एक महत्वपूर्ण हिस्सा है। आज मानव मतलबी व स्वार्थी हो गया है। उसमें अहंकार व हीन भावना वास करती है। वह न तो बड़ों को आदर दे पाता है, और न ही स्वयं को। आज के व्यस्त वातावरण में अपने परिजनों के पास ही हमारे लिए समय नहीं होता। आजकल शिष्टाचार तो रहा ही नहीं। हर तरफ भ्रष्टाचार है। आज का व्यक्ति अपने दुखों से इतना दुखी नहीं जितना वह दूसरों के सुखों को देखकर दुखी है। जहाँ पहले परोपकार, सेवा भावना हर व्यक्ति में मिलती है, वहाँ वर्तमान स्थिति को देखते हुए लगता है जैसे भविष्य में तो इनका नाम ही नहीं होगा। मानवीय मूल्यों को अपनाने वालों को कमजोर देखें तो समय के साथ हमने तरक्की भी की है। हमें इस तरक्की को बरकरार रखना होगा लेकिन बुराई के लिए नहीं भलाई के लिए।

- वर्षा यादव
दसवीं 'अ'

हिन्दी तुझे नमन

आओ हम तुम्हें सुनाएँ आज एक कहानी,
विश्व में थी कितनी ही भाषाएँ पुरानी,
सबसे अलग थी ब्राह्मी, प्राकृत और पाली,
अपभ्रंश टूटी-फूटी, देवनागरी निराली।

संस्कृत अगर है जननी, हिन्दी भी कम नहीं है,
मातृभाषा, राजभाषा, राष्ट्रभाषा यही है,
निराला, सूर, तुलसी, कबीर ने इसे सजाया,
प्रसाद की 'कामायनी' तो गुप्त की 'यशोधरा',
सुमित्रानंदन पंत से हुई हरी-भरी धरा।

आदर्श राम का चरित्र हो या,
कृष्ण कर्म का पाठ,
सब लिख गए यहाँ कवि,
न कर सका कोई भी काट,
हिन्दी हैं, हम - वतन है हिन्दोस्ताँ हमारा
प्रेम की है भाषा, स्वाभिमान की परिभाषा
भाषा हमारी हिन्दी, गर्व हमारा।

- नेहा यादव
दसवीं 'ब'

भारतीय नारी

भारत की नारी दया, सहनशीलता, मधुरता और गहरे विश्वास से युक्त है। उसका हृदय सुंदर गुणों का खजाना है। वह स्वभाव से देवी है। किसी ने सच ही कहा है "जिस देश में नारी की पूजा होती है वहाँ देवता निवास करते हैं।" पुराण और इतिहास इस बात के गवाह हैं कि नारी ने भी हर तरह के त्याग और बलिदान के रास्ते पर चल कर अपने आदर्श रूप और अपने प्रति अपनाये गये पूजा-भाव की रक्षा की है। आज भारत की नारी हर प्रकार के अपमान, कष्ट और विरोध-बाधा को सहन करते हुए भी, अपनी वास्तविक मुक्ति का, सच्ची स्वतंत्रता का प्रयास कर रही है। अब वह सिर्फ माखन की टिकिया नहीं बनी रहना चाहती जो कि थोड़ी-सी आँच पाकर पिघल जाये या ठण्डक पाकर जम जाये। नहीं, अपना संतुलन बनाये रखकर अपनी लड़ाई आप लड़ने के लिए कमर कसे हुए है। वह पुरानी नारी के समान लाज की गुड़िया नहीं बल्कि पुरुष की सहयोगिनी है। उसके पास प्रबलता से जागा हुआ आत्मविश्वास है, सुनहरे भविष्य की आशा है, और है अदम्य साहस, काम करने की शक्ति, हर हालत में डटे रहने का पक्का निश्चय! पुराने समय में नारी को घर की चारदीवारी में बंद रहना पड़ा। पुरुष के अत्याचारों के कारण उसे शिक्षा से वंचित होना पड़ा। इसलिए वह जीवन की दौड़ में पिछड़ गई। पर अब ऐसा नहीं है। आज भारत की नारी आजाद है। वह सभी क्षेत्रों में पुरुष को चुनौती दे रही है। आज नारी एक माँ और बेंटी होने के साथ-साथ एक सैनिक, वक्ता, व्यवसायिका तथा एक डाक्टर भी है। उसने समाज के हित के लिए स्वयं को उद्यत कर लिया है।

- रिया चाको
दसवी 'अ'

गरीब कौन?

कहावत है, साधनहीन मनुष्य तो संपन्न बन सकता है लेकिन लालची व्यक्ति कभी तृप्त नहीं हो सकता। सबसे गरीब वही है जो अतृप्त है। जीवन के लक्ष्य को प्राप्त करने में मनुष्य सारी जिंदगी दौब पर लगा देता है परन्तु लक्ष्य तक पहुँचने के मार्ग और दिशा की विवेकपूर्ण जाँच अति आवश्यक है। बड़े-बड़े सम्राट दुनिया को जीतकर जो आनंद प्राप्त नहीं कर सके, उस आनंद को साधारण से साधारण व्यक्ति भी अपने विकार जीतकर प्राप्त कर सकता है।

एक संत को एक बार रास्ते में पड़ा धन मिल गया। उन्होंने निश्चय किया कि ये इस धन को उसे देंगे जो सबसे गरीब है। गरीब व्यक्ति की तलाश में वे भूमते रहे लेकिन उन्हें कोई ऐसा गरीब मिला ही नहीं जो कि रोखी रोटी खलाने में सक्षम न हो। कई दिन बीत गए। एक दिन संत ने देखा कि उनके आश्रम के आगे से अस्त्र-शस्त्रों से सजी विशाल रैली कूच कर रही है। रैली के साहूकार नेता ने संत को प्रणाम किया। संत ने पूछा, इतनी फौज लेकर कहाँ जा रहे हो? साहूकार ने कहा, महाराज, गाँव में कुछ जमीन ऐसी पड़ी है जिसको हम अपने कब्जे में लेना चाहते हैं लेकिन गाँव वालों ने देने से मना कर दिया है, इस फौज द्वारा हम वहाँ कब्जा लेने जा रहे हैं। संत समझ गए कि इस साहूकार से अधिक गरीब व्यक्ति मिलने वाला नहीं है।

संत ने वह सारा धन साहूकार को अर्पित कर दिया और कहा, मैं गरीब व्यक्ति की तलाश में कई दिनों से था, आज वह तलाश पूरी हुई, तुम दुनियाँ में सबसे गरीब हो। साहूकार सुनकर अवाक् रह गया। उसे समझ नहीं आया कि सबसे गरीब मैं कैसे हुआ।

संत ने कहा, तुम्हारे खजाने तो हीरे-जवाहरतों से भरे पड़े हैं, फिर भी यह फौज, अवैध तरीके से जमीन हथियाना, धन इकट्ठा करना, लोगों का खून बहाना, क्या ये अमीरी के लक्षण हैं? साहूकार की गर्दन शर्म से झुक गई और संत की वाणी से, जीने की नई राह प्राप्त कर वापस लौट गया।

कहानी का सार यही है कि गरीब वही है जिसका मन गरीबी महसूस करता है, धन साधनों की भरमार होते हुए भी मन कहता है, और चाहिए। जो मिला है, उसका सुख भोगकर तृप्त होने का तो समय ही नहीं है। जो नहीं मिला, उसे किसी भी विकार का सहारा लेकर अपना बनाने की योजनाओं में ही समय बीत रहा है, ऐसा व्यक्ति गरीबों से भी परम गरीब है।

सौम्या वर्मा
नवी 'अ'



पहेलियाँ

1. सिर उसका लगता है मटका
मटके को घर लाकर पटका
कुछ को खाया कुछ को फेंका
मटके का पानी भी गटका।
2. मुझमें भार सदा ही रहता
जगह घेरना मुझको आता,
हर वस्तु से गहरा रिश्ता
हर जगह मैं पाया जाता।
3. हरी थी मन भर थी
मोतिया से जड़ी थी
राजाजी के बाग में
दुशाला ओढ़े खड़ी थी।
4. चार अक्षर का मेरा नाम
टिमटिम तारे बनाना काम,
शादी, उत्सव या त्योहार
सब जालाएँ बार-बार।

आयुशी सिंह
नवी 'अ'

उत्तर पृष्ठ न. 94 में देखें।

कोशिश करने वालों की हार नहीं होती

लहरों से डर कर नौका पार नहीं होती,
कोशिश करने वालों की कभी हार नहीं होती।

नन्हीं चींटी जब दाना लेकर चलती है
चढ़ती दीवारों पर, सौ बार फिसलती है
मन का विश्वास रंगों में साहस भरता है,
चढ़कर गिरना, गिरकर चढ़ना न अखरता है।
आखिर उसकी मेहनत बेकार नहीं होती,
कोशिश करने वालों की कभी हार नहीं होती।

डुबकियाँ सिंधु में गोताखोर लगाता है,
जा जाकर, खाली हाथ लौट आता है।
मिलते न सहज ही मोती पानी में,
बढ़ता दूना उत्साह इसी हैरानी में।
मुट्ठी उसकी खाली हर बार नहीं होती,
कोशिश करने वालों की कभी हार नहीं होती।

असफलता एक चुनौती है - स्वीकार करो।
क्या कमी रह गई, देखो और सुधार करो।
जब तक न सफल हो,
नींद, चैन की त्यागो तुम,
संधियों का मैदान छोड़ मत भागो तुम।
कुछ किए बिना कभी
जय-जयकार नहीं होती,
कोशिश करने वालों की कभी हार नहीं होती।

- संजना बच्चर

दिल्ली की सदी

हाय राम, कैसे झंसे दिल्ली की सदी!
किसी ने कभी सोचा, भला बेचारे छात्रों
की परेशानी,
कोहरे की चादर तानी
हाय सुबह की बेईमानी
किसी तरह धसीट निकाले,
खुद को कमबल की गरमाहट से,
ठंडी हवा के झांके रुहें तक जमादे,
सिकुड़-सिकुड़ कर, ठिठुर-ठिठुर कर
यहाँ तक कि पंखी भी हो गए फुरें
स्कूल का हर नया दिन
फिर एक नई चुनौती लाया
हम पर एक पीढ़ा का
नया बदल बरसाया
आलस से भरे, चींटी की चाल से चले
सर से पाँव तक ऊँची कपड़ों से लदे
सोचते चले जा रहे
जाने कब वापस आएगा
वो तपती धूप का सुनहरा समय!
नवंबर, दिसंबर, जनवरी, फरवरी
हाय राम कैसे झंसे दिल्ली की सदी!

- अभिलाषा कौर
नवी 'अ'



क्या सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटें हमारे समाज के लिए अच्छी साबित हुई हैं?



सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटें लोगों को तरह-तरह की फिजूल उपलब्धियाँ प्रदान कर उन्हें अपने ऊपर अधिक समय व्यतीत करने के लिए लुभाती हैं। जो लोग इन साइटों द्वारा चैटिंग करते हैं वे असल जिंदगी में उन लोगों से नहीं मिल पाते व अपने रिश्ते कमजोर कर लेते हैं। वे अपना अनमोल समय इन साइटों पर बर्बाद करते हैं व अधिक उत्पादक गतिविधियों को समय नहीं दे पाते। एक किशोर/किशोरी सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटों पर औसत नौ घंटे प्रति सप्ताह व्यतीत करते हैं।

इन साइटों के साथ अपनी जिंदगी जी रहे किशोरों को यह ज्ञात नहीं है कि वे जो फोटो लगा रहे हैं अथवा पोस्ट कर रहे हैं, वह सार्वजनिक हो जाती है और विलोपन के बाद भी देखी जा सकती है। व्यक्तिगत जानकारी को साझा करने के परिणामस्वरूप हम कई शिकारियों के ग़ैर या विलीय जाल में फँस जाते हैं और कई बार तो बात नौकरी तक पहुँच जाती है। वे हमें ब्लैकमेल करते हैं। व जब नियोजकों को इन शर्मनाम फोटों व टिप्पणियों का पता चलता है तो वे उस कर्मचारी को नौकरी से निकाल देते हैं।

फरवरी 2009 में माइस्पेस साइट पर पंजीकृत प्रोफाइलों के साथ 10000 यौन अपराधियों की पहचान की गई थी। वहीं फेसबुक ने ऐसे लोगों की पहचान प्रकट करने से इंकार कर दिया। अगर यहाँ साइटें यौन आदि अपराधियों को अपनी साइटों से हटाने के लिए सहमत हो भी जाती है तो भी वे उन लोगों को नया खाता खोलने से नहीं रोक सकती।

सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटों पर साइबर बुलिंग, एक प्रकार की बदमाशी व जोर जबरदस्ती जो कि ऑनलाइन होती है, अधिक आसान व सार्वजनिक तरीके से होती है अगर उसको उपमा अन्य ऑनलाइन गतिविधियों जैसे कि ईमेल, त्वरित संदेश आदि से किया जाए। 2009 में एक अध्ययन में पाया गया है कि मध्य विद्यालय के 17.3% छात्र/छात्राएँ साइबर बुलिंग का शिकार हो चुके हैं। साइबर बुलिंग, जिसे कि सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटों ने शायद रखी है, से पीड़ित बच्चे पढ़ाई में गिरावट व कम आत्मसम्मान अनुभव करते हैं। वे अक्सर ही अवसाद अर्थात् depression के शिकार भी होते हैं।

अमरीकी मरीन कोर सामाजिक मीडिया पर प्रतिबंध लगाने का विचार कर रहा है क्योंकि उसका पूर्ण रक्षा विभाग महत्वपूर्ण गुप्त जानकारी के रिसाव के कारण सुरक्षा खतरों का अनुभव कर रहा है। सामाजिक मीडिया इस विशेष जानकारी को दुश्मन तक पहुँचा देती है, जिस कारण विरोधी दल आसानी से इन के जहाजों का लक्ष्यीकरण कर उन्हें

जोखिम में डाल देती है।

सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटों के उपयोग से बचने असली बातचीत से रूचित रहते हैं। पुरानी कहावत है 'अति सर्वत्र वर्जयेत्' अर्थात् अत्यधिक सदा नुकसानदायक होता है। बच्चे आवश्यकत अत्यधिक समय सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटों पर व्यतीत करते हैं और परिणामस्वरूप attention deficit hyper activity disorder अर्थात् एक गतिविधि में ज्यादा ध्यान देने से अन्य गतिविधियों में ध्यान न लगने के शिकार होते हैं। उनके दिमाग के एक हिस्से पर अधिक जोर पड़ता है व अन्य हिस्से काम करना कम कर देते हैं। लोग घंटों-घंटों इन साइटों पर बिना असली सामाजिकता से घरे रहते हैं। वे लोग इन साइटों का अक्सर उपयोग करते हैं वे सामाजिक अलगाव के प्रवण होते हैं। कार्यरत माता-पिता अपने बच्चों के साथ व आपस में कम समय बिताते हैं क्योंकि वे इन साइटों द्वारा ही आपस में बातचीत कर लेते हैं।

यह साइटें बहुत ही महँगी भी पड़ती है। उदाहरण स्वरूप 2007 में किए गए अध्ययन में पाया गया कि कार्पोरल में फेसबुक का उपयोग करने वाले कार्यकर्ताओं ने ऑस्ट्रेलियाई कारोबार की लागत 4.5 अरब डॉलर प्रति वर्ष से बढ़ा दी है।

सुरक्षा की एक सांत्वना देकर सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटों को कई अरबों का फायदा हुआ है परंतु एक मिनट के लिए सोच लीजिए कि यह सांत्वना झूठी है तो न जाने आप हेकिंग, संवेदनशील जानकारी का रिसाव आदि कितने ही अपराधों के चपेट में आएँगे। लोग इन साइटों द्वारा भेजे गए संदेश को एक ई-मेल से ज्यादा सुरक्षित व वैध मानते हैं। हालांकि सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटें संदेश को वायरस या फिशिंग घोटालों के लिए स्कैन नहीं करती जबकि अधिकांश ईमेल साइटें संदेश को एंटी वायरस सॉफ्टवेयर के माध्यम से स्पैम और वायरस के लिए स्कैन करती हैं।

लोग अपने घूमने जाने की योजनाओं, वे कब लौटेंगे, कब जाएँगे सब जानकारी सार्वजनिक कर डकैतों और चोरों को भी अनजाने में सुलावा देते हैं।

अतः सामाजिक नेटवर्किंग साइटें जीवन को सुधारने के लिए नहीं बल्कि जीवन को जोखिम में डाल पैसा बनाने की तरकीब है।

- हेपनी शर्मा
नवी 'अ'

ईश्वर का वचन रवींद्रनाथ के लिए (आत्मत्राण)

(रवींद्रनाथ ठाकुर की कविता आत्मत्राण पर आधारित)

प्रभु, कवि ठाकुर से :

पुत्र! हूँ प्रसन्न तुम्हारे यज्ञ से।

न आज तक पाया ऐसा कोई भक्त जिसका....

यज्ञ, न है आग समक्ष तप,

पर है सच्ची ईश भक्ति।

माँगो वत्स! देता हूँ तुम्हें तीन वरदान,

माँग लो जहाँ की सारी खुशी,

ऐशो-आराम समस्त सुख-सम्पत्ति।

या माँगो तुम ऐसा वर,

हिरण्यकश्चप और होलिका के भाँति दिव्य-शक्ति।

माँगो चाहे समस्त ब्रह्माण का ज्ञान,

या जान लो इस भूमंडल के प्रत्येक रहस्य।

कर सकता हूँ चाहे लो तुम्हारे सभी दुःख-दर्द दूर,

समस्त जीवन हो सकता है तुम्हारा आसान, श्रम-रहित।

माँगो वत्स, माँगो बेजिज्ञक।

स्वयं ईश्वर तुम्हारी अधूरी इच्छाओं को करेंगे पूरा।

उत्तर में रवींद्रनाथ :

स्वर्गलोक के प्रभु को रवींद्रनाथ का प्रणाम।

गीतांजली नवैध, पूरबी और काकुलीवाला के ज्ञान है मेरा यज्ञ।

मन में है मेरे आपको साधना और मस्तिष्क में पवित्र विचार

मेरी कृतियों में सच्ची भक्ति का सार।

इस निर्धन के द्वार पर आपके पदचिह्नों ने

कर दिया इसे मंदिर सा पवित्र।

न माँगू मैं विश्व की कोई धन-सम्पत्ति, दिव्य शक्ति,

ज्ञान, रहस्य भूमंडल का,

न चाहूँ मैं आसान मार्ग, श्रम-रहित जीवन।

आपकी क्षमता पर मुझे शक नहीं, मगर प्रभु मैं ...

चाहूँ यह केवल इस परीक्षा रूपी

जीवन में आपका आशीर्वाद सदैव।

प्रसन्नता से प्रभु:

कलयुग में ऐसा भक्त पाऊँगा न सोचा था कभी।

सफल हुए हो तुम मुझ द्वारा रचित इस परीक्षा में।

होना मेरा आशीर्ष सदैव तुमपर,

यह है ईश्वर का वचन रवींद्रनाथ के लिए।

- अश्वथी बाबू पॉल
नवी 'ब'

परीक्षा

आया मार्च का महीना, कामचोरों का बहे पसीना।

लायकों के ये कारनामों, अंक कमाकर बने सयाने।

परीक्षा भूत न उन्हें सताएँ, मेहनत से वे अंक कमाएँ।

आया मार्च का महीना, कामचोरों का बहे पसीना।

सभी विषयों पर हक जमाएँ, मेधावी छात्र वे कहलाएँ।

घर में बने सभी के प्यारे, मैडम के भी बने दुलारे।

आया मार्च का महीना, कामचोरों का बहे पसीना।

बड़े-बड़े वे काम करें, जग में ऊँचा नाम करें

ऐसे बनें सभी की आन, सर्वत्र बनायें अपनी शान।

आया मार्च महीना, कामचोरों का बहे पसीना।



आज करें संकल्प यही, काम करें हम सभी सही।

समय पर काम करें सभी, कभी न सोचें अभी नहीं।

आया मार्च का महीना, कामचोरों का बहे पसीना।

- तन्वी जोशी
नवी 'अ'

पहेलियों के उत्तर: 1. नारियल 2. गैस 3. भुट्टा 4. फुलझड़ी



Balwadi

Class Prep-A



Class Prep-B



Class I-A



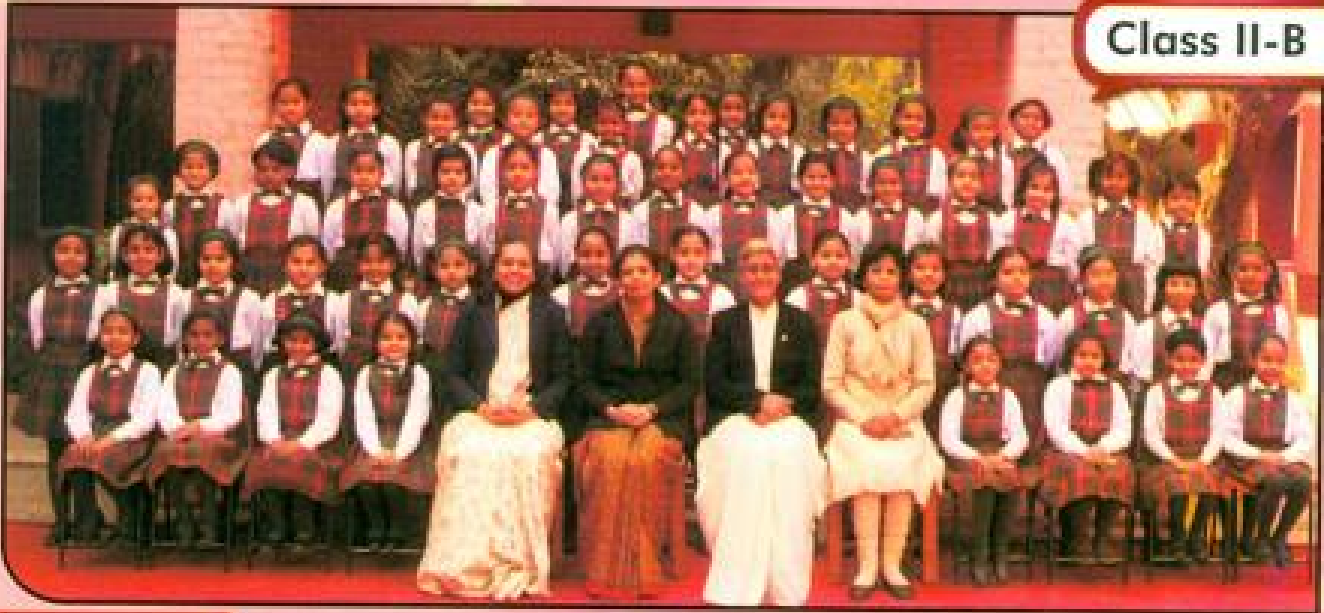
Class I-B



Class II-A



Class II-B



Class III-A



Class III-B



Class IV-A



Class IV-B



Class V-A



Class V-B



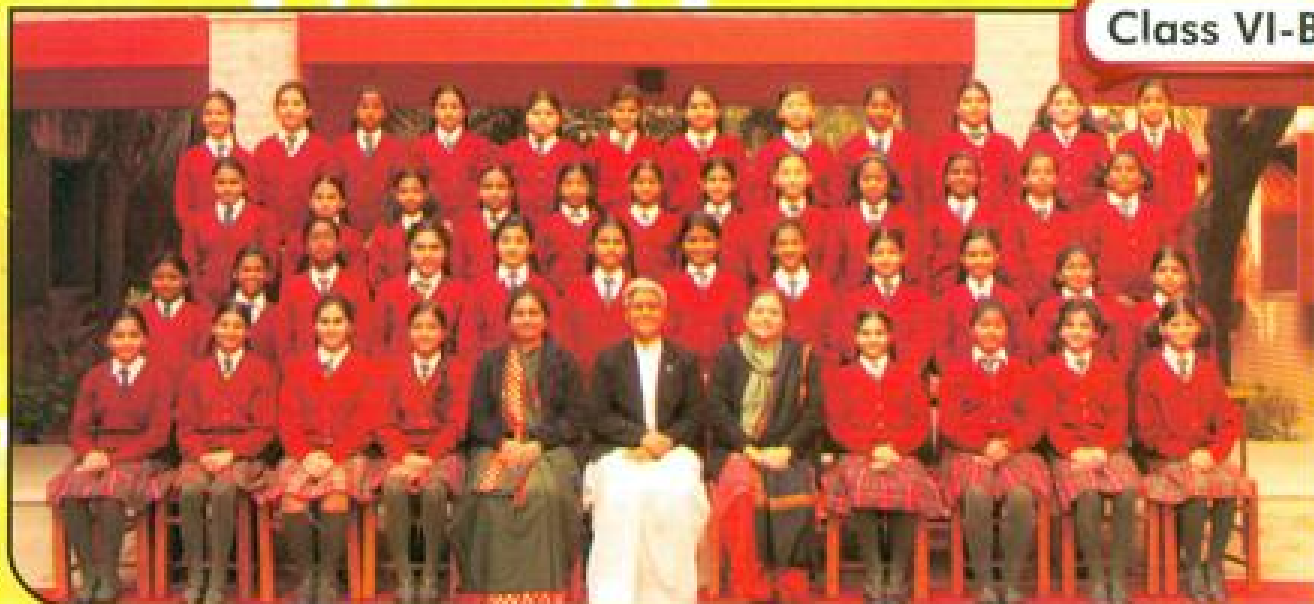
Class V-C



Class VI-A



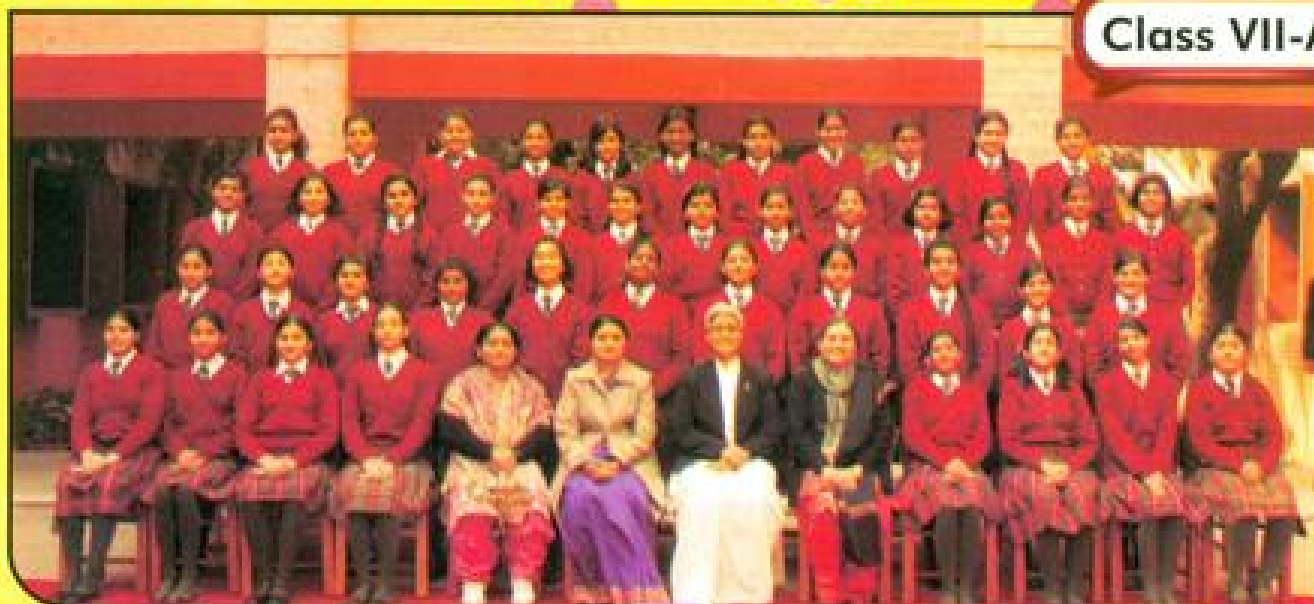
Class VI-B



Class VI-C



Class VII-A



Class VII-B



Class VII-C



Class VIII-A



Class VIII-B



Class VIII-C



Class IX-A



Class IX-B



Class IX-C



Class X-A



Class X-B



Class X-C



Class XI-A



Class XI-B



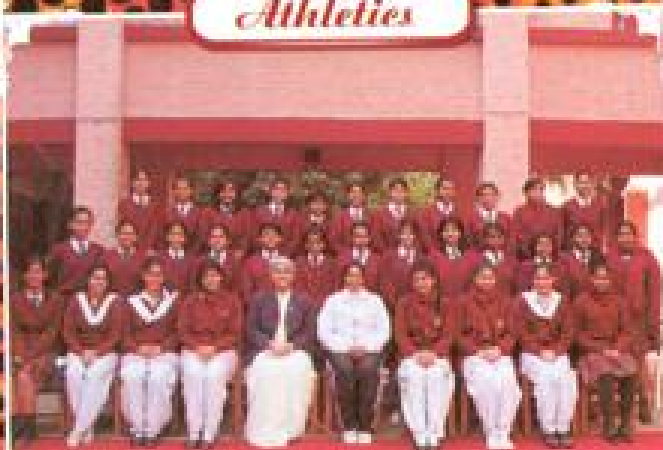
Class XII-A



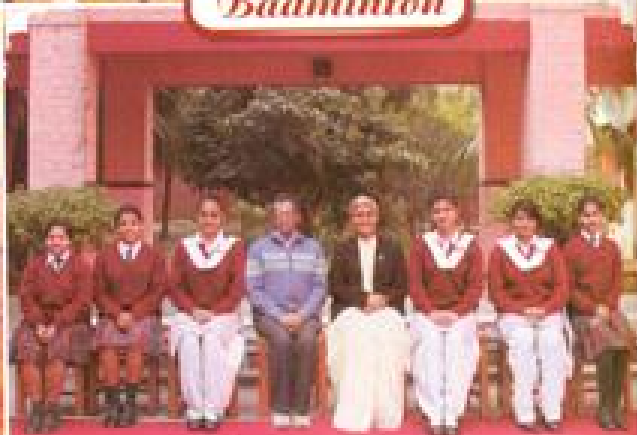
Class XII-B



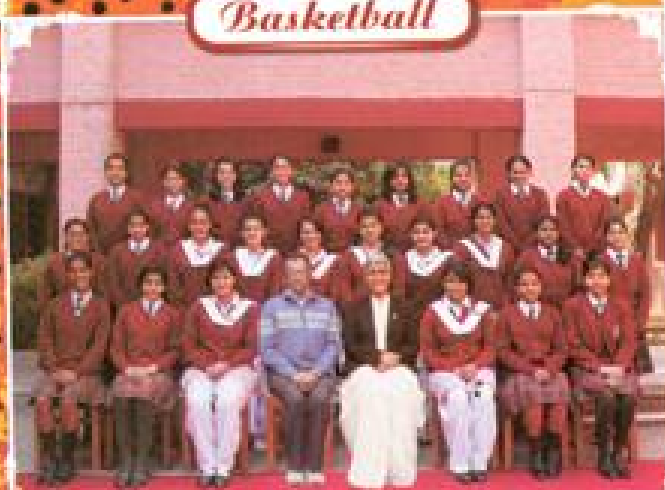
Athletics



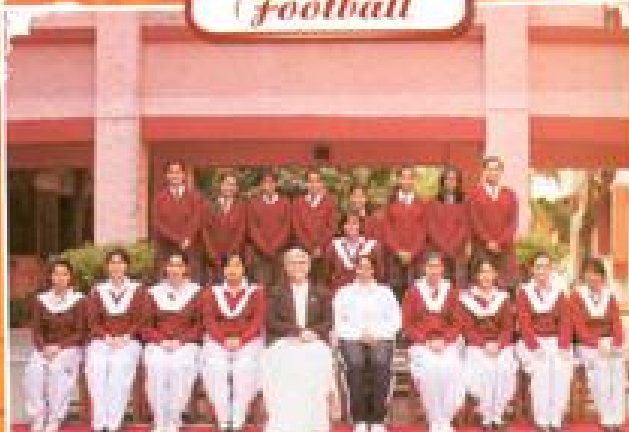
Badminton



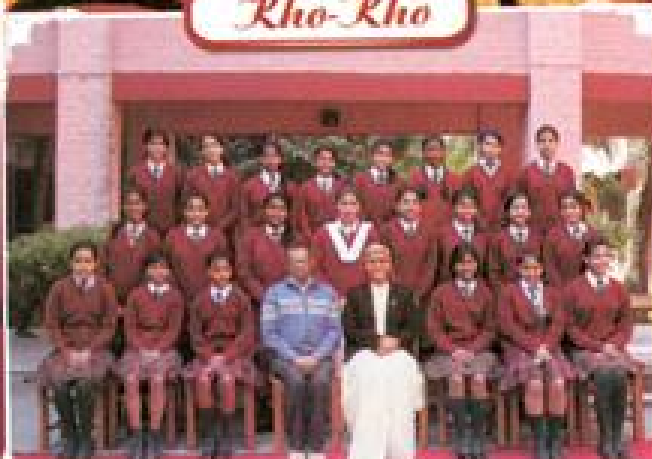
Basketball



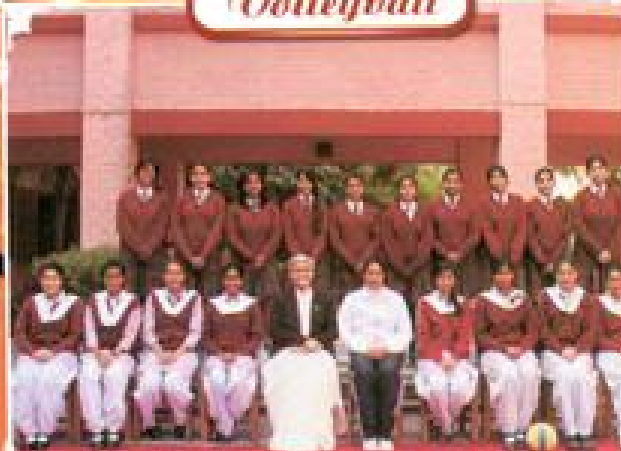
Football



Kho-Kho



Volleyball



Teaching Staff



Seated (L-R) : Ms. N. Anand, Ms. O. Singh, Ms. S. Ahluwalia, Ms. B. Sugathan, Ms. C. Subramanian, Ms. A. Cherian, Sr. Anita Braganza, Ms. M. Chandra, Ms. R. Ranjan, Ms. V. Chatterjee, Ms. M. Chandani, Sr. Lourdes, Ms. P. Gautam

Standing (L-R)

First Row: Ms. P. Nasir, Ms. G. Kaur, Ms. V. Grover, Ms. R. Mehrotra, Ms. J. Dey, Ms. A. Edmonds, Ms. S. Chopra, Ms. S. Kadam, Ms. M. Ghoshal, Ms. A. Parmeswaran, Ms. A. D'Lima, Ms. D. Joshi, Ms. G. Agarwal, Ms. B. Jaggi, Ms. S. John, Ms. R. Manchanda, Ms. K. Vasishth, Ms. S. Vats, Mr. Ashish

Second Row: Ms. R. Pai, Ms. R. Bosco, Ms. R. Das, Ms. M. Mahajan, Ms. A. John, Ms. M. Jacob, Ms. S. Shivprasad, Ms. Kanti, Ms. R. Jacob, Ms. R. Chakraborty, Ms. M. Sharma, Ms. R. Oberoi, Ms. L. Mathew, Ms. S. Andrews

Third Row: Ms. S. Aggarwal, Ms. S. Kancharia, Ms. Dadwal, Ms. M. Kadian, Ms. D. Sreedharan, Ms. P. Singh, Ms. S. Raizada, Ms. A. Sharma, Ms. S. Sharma, Ms. P. Bhatti, Sr. Alma, Ms. M. Jha

Missing in Action (L-R): Ms. Stanley, Mr. Minhas, Ms. R. Joseph, Ms. N. Davis



Office Staff



Seated (L-R) : Ms. L. Mitra, Sr. Anita, Ms. A. Choudhary

Standing (L-R): Mr. Sandeep, Mr. Joseph, Mr. Pinto

Support Staff



Seated (L-R) : Mr. Ramachal, Mr. Krishna, Ms. Sunita, Ms. Lakra, Mr. Pinto, Sr. Anita Braganza, Ms. Anna, Ms. Mary, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Ajit

Standing (L-R): Mr. Alexander, Mr. Suraj Bhan, Mr. Gopal, Mr. Mangal, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Bipin, Mr. Uday, Mr. Rajesh, Mr. Roop Singh, Mr. Suresh

