



Loreto Convent

Doranda, Ranchi



Musings

Annual School Magazine 2012-2013



**M/S Sakhambari Traders
(C & F Prism Cement Ltd)**

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School Crest

This crest is familiar to Loreto Pupils worldwide. It is surmounted by the words

"Maria Regina Angelorum

*Which indicate the patronage of
Our Lady, Queen of Angels.*

The emblem is rich in symbolism:

The Cross - sign of our Salvation;

*The Sacred Heart - Source of the infinite love of
Jesus for each one of us;*

*The Heart of Mary - Our human model and
inspiration;*

The anchor - symbol of hope

This symbolism is summed up in the final scroll:

*"Cruci Dum Spiro Fido" "Throughout my life,
I shall place my hope in the cross".*

Mary Queen of Angels
In the Cross,
While I breathe
I trust

Loreto Chorus

*To East and West of their fair isle
Where the First Loreto stands.
Loreto's banner now both fly in many distant lands.
In sunny Spain, on Africa's stand and
Under the Southern Cross
And Westward ho. Where rainbow hued
Niagra's water toss.*

CHORUS

*Loreto's banner gaily floats
In lands both East and West
Loreto's name each girl reverts
And holds it ever blest.*

*But first Loreto found a home
beneath our Indian skies
Where now o'er plain and
mountain peak
The well loved banner files
Loreto's standard bearers we
In girlhood's springtime gay
O may we e'er be loyal and true
To the school friends of today.*



Message

Warm Congratulations to the Editorial Team who have taken a great initiative to bring out this School Magazine. I hope that it will contribute to encourage Creative Writing, Wider Reading and Research.

Through this magazine the students can express her own views and reflect on various issues.

I am happy that this is taking place during Mary Ward week and I am sure that she will inspire some of the budding writers to blossom into poetry.

I sincerely thank Sr. Marion and editorial team for their hard work.

Every good wish and God Bless you all.

Sr. Pushpa Ekka (Community Leader)

CHORUS

*And when our school days ended are
And our varied paths divide
O may the ideals of our Youth
Still ever be our guide
High ideals of purity, of duty and of truth
Learnt while we bore Loreto's flag
In the sunny days of youth.*

Principal's Note



I have been here some time now and I must say that I enjoy being in Loreto Ranchi. The first year we put up 'The Witness' which was a superb production in every way, then we had our two great rounds of Sports, Senior and Junior and this year, 'Fantasia' done by the Junior school. In all these events, in which every one of the girls took part, I saw the talent and the gifts that each one of the students has. Your talents in every field bore good fruit at these productions and numerous other things we staged over the years.

Our Christmas projects also have given me life. It was great to see you, the students of Classes 5-12 going out to the various places, Shishu Bhawan, the M.C. Convent in Jail Road which houses different kinds of people from 0-80 yrs of age, the Gurunanak Home, the Blind home at Chona, the blind school at BahuBazar,

the old age home at Hesag and the Cheshire home. The effort you have put into communicating with these people, collecting things for them and bringing your vehicles to go to the different places just before Christmas, has been great.

It has been my dream to see all the girls here reach their full potential and become the best they could be. The school is there to support you in more ways than one, but you have to do the hard work. All must work hard to fulfill their dreams to reach the impossible star and know who they are.

On this 64th Republic day let us remember how India has set an example to entire world by means of assertive freedom struggle. We may not be a wealthy power in the world yet we are recognized as good human beings in a great country. Everything in the world changes but not principles or human values. India is known to be a great country that follows these principles. Let us thank great leaders who fought for our freedom assertively and set us a good example. Let us thank our country for recognizing eminent researchers especially Dr. Abdul Kalam who was even made President of India. Such level of recognition indicates how our country strives for growth in all areas, most importantly knowledge. Knowledge is always the key to success and growth.

(Most importantly) let us not fret about the things that we don't have. Let us strive to make our country a better and safer place by following the values and principles taught by our great leaders. Let us spread awareness, knowledge, values and gain wisdom. Let us make this our Republic Day resolution. If each individual of our country follows these basic principles she would grow, so would her family, her surroundings and eventually it would lead our country to become a great nation. Therefore, let us make a promise on this auspicious Republic day and let us make India our motherland, shine even brighter into our future.

I quote from Marianne Williamson, "Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate. Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond measure. It is our light that most frightens us. We ask ourselves, "Who am I to be brilliant, gorgeous, talented, fabulous?" Actually, who are you not to be? You are a child of God. Your playing small does not serve the world. There's nothing enlightened about shrinking so that other people won't feel insecure around you. We are all meant to shine as children do. We were born to make manifest the glory of God that is within us. It's not just in some of us; it's in everyone. And as we let our own light shine, we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same. As we're liberated from our own fear, our presence automatically liberates others."

My prayer is that all of us continue to live the Loreto ideals in our lives and see the face of God in all the faces we see each day.

Sr. Marion Vase
Principal

Loreto Alumnae



LARA i.e. Loreto Alumnae of Ranchi was formed on 4th December 2003 under the visionary initiative of the former Patron and Principal Sr. M Bernadette of Loreto Convent, Ranchi. Lara is an association of ex-students both boys and girls, since boys were here at the beginning before St. Xavier's began. It provides a much needed platform to those ex-students who are willing to contribute substantially and effectively to their school and society by sharing their experience, expertise and skills.

LARA has successfully completed 9 years of existence and in these seven years, a lot of activities have been organized which were a great success and highly appreciated by all. It was under the constant support, guidance and inspiration of all our former Principals, Superiors and other sisters of the community, that we were able to plan and carry out all our activities smoothly and successfully. Our present Principal and Patron Sr. Marion Vase too is a very experienced, dynamic and a far-sighted woman.

She also takes a keen interest and is always ready to lend a helping hand in this regard.

A re-union of all the past-pupils was held for two consecutive years i.e. 2011 and 2012. Both were attended by more than 200 students residing in and outside Ranchi.

The members of LARA had the privilege to honour all the





ICSE toppers of 2011 and 2012 batches. They also got an opportunity to felicitate the teachers for dedicated and sincere service for more than 20 years.

Many of the old teachers Mrs. Satyanarayan, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Mathew, Ms. Khalkho, Mrs. Sen, Mrs. Banerjee, Mrs. Sharan and Sister Celine, Sister Mercy, Sr. Anne Mary were invited for the occasion.

The 1986 and 1987 batches celebrated their 25 years of passing out. Both the batches have very generously contributed towards the Audio Visual Room and the School Crest and also for the BPL (Below Poverty Line) children.

Members of the executive committee

- Patron*Sr. Marion Vase (Principal) Loreto Convent, Ranchi*
- President.....*Mrs. Pratima Bose*
- Vice President.....*Mr. Pradeep Modi*
- Secretary.....*Mrs. Niti Modi (Poddar)*
- Joint Secretary.....*Mrs. Debolina Gosh*
- Treasurer.....*Mrs. Sonika Munjal*
- Public Relation Officer.....*Mrs Sharmistha Mazumdar*

We have a dream that in the years to come, LARA members will remain united and chalk out plans which will reach to the masses and our little help can throw light into the lives of the those who need love and care.



Editorial Team



Editorial Team (Teachers) for the School Magazine



Editorial Team (Students) for the School Magazine

Cover Painting by: Arunima Basmi Girl Class IX-C

Sisters & School Staff



*First row (left-right): Sr. Christopher, Sr. Pushpa, Sr. Binista, Sr. Ranjita
Second row (left-right): Sr. Jeena, Sr. Maave, Sr. Marlon Vase*



First row (left to right): Mrs. Kaur, Mrs. M. Pandey, Mrs. R. Jha, Mrs. G. Pandey, Mrs. Bawa, Sr. Christopher, Sr. Marlon Vase, Sr. Pushpa, Mrs. D. Roy, Miss L. Tigga, Mrs. K. Kaur, Mrs. P. Roy

Second row (left to right): Mrs. D. Chatterjee, Mrs. S. Sinha, Mrs. Deepika, Miss J. Kumari, Mrs. S. Patra, Miss L. Dey, Mrs. S. Saha, Miss L. Bhowm, Mrs. S. Basu, Mrs. K. Bandyop, Miss A. Kujur, Mrs. A. Chacko, Mrs. S. Sengupta, Mrs. M. Neg

Third row (left to right): Mrs. M. Mallik, Mrs. Navika, Miss P. Ekka, Mrs. Alshim, Mrs. A. Bera, Mrs. S. Singh, Mrs. S. Datta, Mrs. S. Naha, Mrs. R. Sinha, Mrs. I. Prakash, Miss S. Tandi, Mrs. S. Sinha

Fourth row (left to right): Mrs. K. S. Ekka, Miss G. Shreea, Mrs. R. Jena, Mrs. A. Bhattacharjee, Mrs. B. Indran, Mrs. Mukoni, Miss S. Sharmas, Mrs. S. Khatun, Mrs. A. Najeeb, Mrs. P. Durgabong, Mrs. S. De

Fifth row (left to right): Mrs. S. Sengupta, Mr. T. Prasad, Mrs. A. Kumari, Mrs. B. G. Bose, Mrs. Maba, Mrs. S. Shaha, Mrs. Sun B, Miss J. Kujur, Miss V. Aliza, Mrs. S. Wadia, Mrs. S. Sen, Mr. Jayshree

Class Photos



Pre-Prep



Ms. P. Ekka (Class Teacher), Miss J. Kujur

Prep-A



Miss. L. Bilung (Class Teacher), Mrs. S. Dang



Class Photos

Prep-B



Mrs. M. Pandey (Class Teacher), Mrs. P. Bose

Prep-C



Mrs. R. Simes (Class Teacher), Ms. J. Kujur

Class Photos



Class I-A



Mrs. S. Kaur (Class Teacher), Mrs U.T. Munzni

Class I-B



Mrs. Swati (Class Teacher), Mrs. S. Dang



Class Photos

Class I-C



Miss. Beronika Indivar (Class Teacher), Mrs. S. Nath

Class II-A



Miss. S. Sharma (Class Teacher), Mrs G. Sharma

Class Photos



Class II-B



Mrs. B.C. Bose (Class Teacher), Mrs. S. Nath

Class II-C



Miss. S. Tandi (Class Teacher), Mrs. I. Prakash



Class Photos

Class III-A



Mrs. M. Nag (Class Teacher), Mrs. S. Dang

Class III-B



Mrs. S. Shaw (Class Teacher), Ms. G. Sharma

Class Photos



Class III-C



Mrs. S. Sengupta (Class Teacher), Mrs. U.T. Munzni

Class IV-A



Mrs. G. Pandey (Class Teacher), Ms. J. Kujur



Class Photos

Class IV-B



Mrs. S. Waris (Class Teacher), Mrs. I. Prakash

Class IV-C



Mrs. P. Ray (Class Teacher), Mrs. U. T. Munzni

Class Photos



Class V-A



Mrs. S. Basu (Class Teacher), Mrs. S. Singh

Class V-B



Mrs. R. Tete (Class Teacher), Mrs. I. Prakash



Class Photos

Class V-C



Mrs. Heba (Class Teacher), Miss. J. Kumari

Class VI-A



Mrs. S. Sinha (Class Teacher), Mrs. M. Chacko

Class Photos



Class VI-B



Mrs. A. Nafees (Class Teacher), Mrs. S. Sinha

Class VI-C



Mrs. S. De (Class Teacher), Miss V. Minz



Class Photos

Class VII-A



Mrs. A. Bhattacharjee (Class Teacher), Mrs. S. Kundra

Class VII-B



Mrs. K. Kaur (Class Teacher), Mr. T. Prasad

Class Photos



Class VII-C



Mrs. P. Dungdung (Class Teacher), Mr. S. Sengupta

Class VIII-A



Miss A. Kujur (Class Teacher)



Class Photos

Class VIII-B



Ms. L. Tigga (Class Teacher), Ms. J. Kumari

Class VIII-C



Mrs. G. Mallik (Class Teacher)

Class Photos



Class IX-A



Mrs. S. Saha (Class Teacher)

Class IX-B



Mrs. L. Dey (Class Teacher), Mrs. Kumari Rakhi



Class Photos

Class IX-C



Mrs. A. Bara (Class Teacher)

Class X-A



Mrs. D. Chatterjee (Class Teacher), Miss P. Kumari

Class Photos



Class X-B



Mrs. S. Mishra (Class Teacher)

Class X-C



Mrs. S. Sen (Class Teacher)



Class Photos

Class XI-Arts



Mrs. D. Roy (Class Teacher)

Class XI-Commerce



Mrs. K. Pandey (Class Teacher)

Class Photos



Class XI-Science



Mrs. S. Singh (Class Teacher), Mrs. M. Chakravarty

Class XII-Arts



All Teachers Teaching Class XII



Class Photos

Class XII-Commerce



All Class XII Teachers

Class XII-Student Council



First row (left to right): Monalisa Bara, Shubhi Pandey, Ritika Kerketta
Next row (left to right): Neel Kusam Topno, Mousumi Chakravarty, Shweta Topno, Sheetal Topno
with Principal - Sr. Marion and Mrs. D. Roy

Class Photos



Entire House Captains



First row (left to right): Mrs. S. Kundra (Captains Incharge), Satirtha Sen Gupta (Social Service Asst. Captain), Pritika Gulati (Discipline Captain), Tanu Jha (Social Service Captain), Sweety Choudhary (Asst. Games Captain), Nupur Tirkey (Vice Games Captain), Rani Varsha Singh (Vice Shakespeare House Captain), Shruti Elejabeth Guria (Asst. Captain Shakespeare House), Shalini Jojo (Games Captain), Riya Mehta (Activity Vice Captain), Sr. Marion Vase (Principal)

Second row (left to right): Pragya Basla (Discipline Captain), Sara Asim (Social Service Vice Captain), Vijya Shekhar (Discipline Captain), Prakriti Anand (Asst. Gandhi House Captain), Nishtha Dogra (Gandhi House Vice Captain), Deepika Xess (Ashoka House Vice Captain), Shalini Gloria Kivlu (Shakespeare House Captain), Sneha Panna (Activity Captain), Jaya Anand (Activity Asst. Captain)

Third row (left to right): Aishwarya Thakur (Tagore House Asst. Captain), Kanishtha Kujur (Tagore House Captain), Nilisha Kujur (Tagore House Vice Captain), Joshi Xaxa (Ghandi House Captain), Shannon Khalkho (Head Girl), Viveka Mishra (Asst. Head Girl), Anamika Barla (Ashoka House Captain), Vatsala Jainwal (Asst. Ashok House Captain)

Neutral Captains 2012-2013



First row (left to right): Satirtha Sen Gupta, Pritika Gulati, Tanu Jha, Sweety Choudhary, Nupur Tirkey, Shalini Jojo, Riya Mehta
Next row (left to right): Pragya Basla, Sara Asim, Vijaya Shekhar, Shannon Khalkho, Viveka Mishra, Sneha Panna, Jaya Anand

Silver Jubilarian



I would like to begin with one of the maxims of Mary Ward (Foundress) that inspires me and gives me great strength to continue in my teaching profession. "We ought diligently to endeavour to give a good example to everyone." I believe, a teacher gets the best chance to make this saying come true.

I am happy I have the responsibility towards our future citizens and in making the dream of Mary Ward come true. (Women in time to come will do much).

I joined Loreto in 1987 as a primary teacher and completed 25 years here in 2012. My sincere thanks to Sr. Celine who gave me this opportunity. I joined with great enthusiasm and Sr. Philomena (Incharge of Junior Section) gave me a warm welcome and made me feel very comfortable. I was given Class Prep, handling the new toddlers who were raw at the beginning. Like

a potter, moulding the clay, I realized it was my responsibility to give them proper shape. I am privileged to be the first Class teacher of many of my students who are all successful in their lives. I feel honoured when I am fondly remembered as their first teacher. I became the director, actor, singer and dancer all when giving a perfect show on Sports day and for Concerts. I feel this also builds the bond even more strongly between the teachers, when we, while training them come even closer. We really have a friendly atmosphere in the Staff room sharing our joys and sorrows together and maintain a Loreto family feeling.

During these 25 years I have worked under many Principals like Sr. Celine, Sr. Philomena, Sr. Mercy, Sr. Bernadette, Sr. Shalini (Incharge of Junior Section) Sr. Goretti and now with Sr. Marion Vase. Each one of them have contributed to open my doors to success in life. It is their motivation, encouragement and support which has made me stand today where I am. I am thankful to Sr. Christopher also. Her Seminars and Workshops on teaching techniques and making learning enjoyable has given a boost to my career.

I was given the responsibility of being the co-ordinator in 2000 for 5 years and I tried to give my best while facing many challenges living up to the expectations of both my co-workers and authority. One of the significant milestones in my career has been my association with 'Asha Kiran'. It was Sr. Mercy who possibly had discovered my potential in the field of stitching, therefore thought it appropriate to induct me in this centre. It was during Sr. Goretti's tenure, that making costumes for Concerts and Sports became a routine activity. Having seen the growth of Asha Kiran from virtual infancy to its present state of maturity gives me a sense of intense satisfaction and fulfillment. In fact, 'Asha Kiran' today is a busy hub, which not only is a symbol of women empowerment but also plays an active role in designing and making the costumes for our Annual Concerts and Uniforms for the Whole School. This has been largely due to the whole hearted support and encouragement of Sister Marion Vase, ever since she took over as the Principal. It has now become more organized and systematic.

I feel proud of being part of the Loreto family which while imparting knowledge unleashes the hidden talents in the children and inculcates values of Peace, Justice and Integrity which helps them to grow as good human beings for life. Completing 25 years of service is a milestone in my career and I have achieved this by the blessings of our 'Almighty Father' in my relationship with my family, Loreto sisters, parents and students. I hope to endeavour and give many more years of valuable service with the love and support given by everyone.

Mrs. Satinder Kaur (1987 – 2013)

Silver Jubilarian



It was June 1984 when I became a part of this prestigious Institution named Loreto Convent, Ranchi. I owe my sincere gratitude to Mother Victorine and Sr. Anne Marie who were kind enough to guide at the onset of my career.

I joined here as an ordinary teacher but this Institute has given me the opportunity to be a part of some extraordinary activities like visiting slums, working with the children of Asha Kiran, helping out the lepers etc. For all these things I thank God from the bottom of my heart and after my Twenty Five years of long association with this school I sincerely think that no other place would have given me this kind of satisfaction professionally.

It was Sr. Celine and Sr. Moira who involved me in various kinds of social work. It was under their guidance that seed of Asha Kiran was planted and it was Sr. Philomena who entrusted me with the noble task of constructing the floor of the houses of which the lepers dwell. I owe a lot to Sr. Anita and Sr. Igora for making me part of various activities.

Working with Sr. Mercy enabled me to learn a lot as a Social Service Co-ordinator. It was during her tenure that I got the opportunity to be a part of Inter-Religious movement under the banner of USM. The first session was held in Mahatama Gandhi's Ashram, Sewagram. It was an amazing experience to be at a place where a man of such erudition lived and worked.

I was lucky enough to be a part of the Knit India Programmes where I came across dynamic personalities like Dr. Kiran Bedi, Mr. G. Khairnar and K.J. Alphonse when I went to Bangalore with Sr. Bernadette for this programme. It was Loreto Ranchi that introduced me to the magnanimous Baba Amte in one of the Knit India Programme in Anandvan, Nagpur.

It is rightly said that education is a continuous process, hence even today I am still a learner.

Our present Principal Sr. Marion has taught me organize major events in an efficient manner. She actually knows how to bring out our inner potentials which without her guidance would have remained dormant within us.

I honestly feel that this school has helped me in a huge way to shape my personality and has ignited the spark in me and I promise to serve this Institution with the motto.

Do your best and God will help.

Mrs. Kawaljeet Kaur (1985 – 2010)

Missing...

Missing that's what we'll be after a few days missing from school while we are missing the school the good ol' days. The little girl with a boy cut hair who had looked on with eyes as round as saucers as she beheld a new world, who has now finally grown up and has long hair, can hardly believe that she'll have no more of school. We'd be missing those times spent in our second home those times of sitting together, exchanging stories minding each other, pulling each others' legs, laughing our heads off till we could do no more than bang whatever was at hand No more singing those beloved songs and teasing each other, watching movies and going crazy talking about them for weeks having grave discussions about our future (really we had such discussions grave ones too!) No more preparing assemblies ... no more groaning, "We have to make the boards ... AGAIN!"

We'll be missing from our dear class ... from those corridors that had been ours ... a place where we grew to know and care for each other. There will be tears in our eyes and a song on our lips

I am really gonna miss this place.

I'm gonna miss my college ... oops school days.

We'll be missing from our second home but one thing I'm sure of that these precious years will never go missing from our memories.

■ Deepti Barla / Class-XII Arts

What is Maturity?

Knowing myself.

Asking for help when I need and acting on my own when I don't.

Admitting when I'm wrong and making amends.

Accepting love from others, even if I'm having a tough time loving myself.

Recognizing that I always have choices, and taking responsibility for the ones I make.

Seeing that life is a blessing.

Having an opinion without insisting that others share it.

Forgiving myself and others.

Recognizing my shortcomings and my strengths.

Having the courage to live one day at a time.

Acknowledging that my needs are my responsibilities.

Caring for people without having to take care of them.

Accepting that I'll never be finished – I'll always be a work-in-progress.

[From COURAGE TO CHANGE : ONE DAY AT A TIME]

■ Neel Kusum Topno / Class - XII Arts



Phoney Festivity

*Figuring out the 'con-text' of all
those anonymous Diwali SMSes*

Beep..... Beep..... I picked up my phone and checked the new message I received. It was yet another Diwali SMS. 'May Laxmi light up your home, heart and hearth with the radiance of prosperity, peace and plentitude.' This is what the message said. It is one of the many messages I received on that day. Some of the messages are from people I know ... my friends, distant relatives and well wishers. It feels good when those people are out there to wish you on such an auspicious occasion like Diwali. I do reciprocate my sentiments by replying to their SMSes.

The trouble arises when many of those greeting messages are from unknown people, people whose identities are not revealed to us. "Let the lamp of Wealth, health and happiness be lit for you and fill you with joy and cheer", my SMS inbox informs me without telling me who it is who's wishing me joy, cheer and other festive goodness!! The person's phone number does not provide any clue. But the big question is whether I should ignore such messages or not? Will my failure to respond to a message from person X make me an object of scorn? Better safe than sorry. I go on to reply to the SMSes from all the unknown senders.

This year I got to know that all these messages are generated by mobile service providers to cash in on the Diwali bonanza and earn revenues by sending such SMSes. My phone buzzes again. I receive yet another message. Could it be Goddess Laxmi herself? It's my service provider thanking me for replying to all the SMSes. This is the reason for my negative balance on my mobile phone. My so-called Happy Diwali just turned into what we call HAPPY DIWALA.

■ Shubhi Pandey XII - Arts

Friend & Friendship

When the flowers will forget to blossom
When the beauty of Earth will be stolen
And the Sun will be inside the sky
The glory of friendship will remain high
Friendship is a sweet of the soul;
Affects one and all.

It is a casement of options
Blows every time love and affection
And the smile of an infant
Where no place for adulteration
A Friend is one who inspires you
When in need and guides you
Carving your morality
Encourages you when gloomy.



When the whole world stands aside
The friend is still beside,
Friendship has worth
Incomparable to the Moon,
Worthier than Earth
A real friend is more precious than treasure
If still unbelieving, you can try!

■ Swati Minj Class XII - Arts



The Fish Bowl

Have you ever noted the aquarium outside sister's Office? Have you ever sat and stared at the fish watching them go about their daily lives. Have you ever tapped the glass to get a reaction from the fish, laughing as they disperse, terrified of your finger? Have you ever wondered how they feel, with their whole life on display and open to scrutiny? Well, I know, because I'm in a sort of fishbowl myself.

Cristina, who is from Italy, is my fellow fish. I'm from the United States, and we are here in Ranchi for one year as a part of a cultural exchange program called AFS. We came because we were interested in learning about the people and culture here, but what we didn't anticipate was that the people here were even more interested in learning about us! Every spare moment, whether it's before assembly or during the lunch break a crowd forms of curious children. They always ask the same questions, so by now Cristina and I have a routine script.

Children: Didi, what is your name ?

Me: I'm Laura and she is Cristina.

Children: Didi, from where have you come ?

Cristina: I'm from Italy, and she is from USA.

Children: Thank you!

Then they run away giggling and chattering in Hindi. Though we know they are just curious and only mean well, it can sometimes feel like they are tapping the glass of the fishbowl to prompt a reaction.

On one of our first days here we decided to eat our lunch under a tree downstairs for a change of scenery. Big mistake! A huge crowd formed, watching us eat. We don't eat any differently than anyone else, but this mundane activity was still viewed as spectacle by the girls of Loreto! The girls stared with rapt attention as we ate from our tiffin boxes, not saying a word. I thought back to all the times I've watched fish swimming about in fishbowls, doing mundane things. Cristina and I thought the novelty of us would wear off in time, but we are still greeted every morning by a group of kids. We don't mind the curiosity, but allow me to clear some things. E.g. I have never met Justin Bieber and I don't personally know any movie stars or pop stars. Yes, I love the food here, though I sometimes miss the food back home. Our families are still back in our countries, and while we miss them very much, we are very happy to be here. We can speak a tiny bit of Hindi, but we understand more than we can say, so watch what you say!

So, while we don't mind the curiosity and attention, just remember that Cristina and I are just regular people. People are sentimentally the same all over the world, and kindness begets kindness. Keep the questions coming, we are happy to answer. Just always remember that we are more alike than you think, and while we don't mind being watched in our fishbowl, PLEASE don't bang at the glass!

■ Laura Pena Class XI-Arts

The Story of a Housewife

I am a beautiful devoted innocent face
Working in continuous cadence
with awesome pace
A hasty morning in tightening my
son's shoe lace
My interference makes you an Ace
A yummy recipe is always cooked
in my mace
My kids hold me always when in
any menace
My household experiences protect me
from any chase.
I am an amazing diva on my
husband's grace
My home is a shrine and I am its base
My smile let my inmates in solace
They are sad when my tears condense
I back the economy without any pence
Everyone knows this,
but nobody cares.
I am a housewife so is the case.

■ Shivangini Jha Class XI - Arts

Army Man

Boots filled with dust,
Sands of the battle.
Dreams filled with aims;
Aims, that do matter!
Seeing the dawn each day,
I see life in another way.
A way that's built on strength.
A way that decided my life's length.
My family's parted, sacrificed it all
Valiant hearts combating for lives,
And risking to my life's fall.
It's a life lived for another;
A life, tough and striving
Struggling through sweet
and bitter weather,
It's a life worth living!
It's the heart of mine, that cries:
The pain on my shoulder,
The loveliness felt inside,
Expressed in the battle, louder.
I hope the country to shout
And be proud:
Shouldn't be that my acts
Got lost in the sand,
And was never found!

■ Shivangi Mehta Class X-A



The Marvellous Haven...

The attractive little blue desks and chairs, the wonderful pictures on the soft board, all the children, some smiling and some crying, and the pleasant face of the teacher. But would this all be enough?

I wondered as I held on to my mother's little finger. This huge yellow coloured building was quite intimidating. Yet I gathered all the courage I could, and stepped into the marvelous haven....Loreto Convent, Ranchi.

From that moment till now, it has been eleven years, yet it feels like yesterday. How quick and rushing life can sometimes seem, when at the same time it is so slow, sweet and everlasting!

It feels so good to tread back along memory threads and go to days by gone and take in the good content in them. And at the end of the day it's just those pleasant and nostalgic memories of the past that I'm left with to cherish.

I remember the time when I broke the birds made out of egg-shells for the craft exhibition. I was reluctant and scared, but then the teacher's warm and affectionate words didn't fail to brighten me up.

The excitement of becoming a flower in one of the assemblies was probably the greatest feeling I've ever had. I had to be on stage and sway around for merely a minute, but then it was something to be proud of. After all, I got a precious opportunity to put on the magnificent head-gear and also one of my prettiest dresses!

The Senior School was completely a different world in itself. The competitiveness among our own friends to put up the best board work, the constant fear of the head girl and other captains, zealously asking for merits and with equal zeal, defending ourselves against demerits; frantically running around for the morning assembly searching for someone with a spare house-badge, auditioning in front of the house captains to get a role in the independence day programme, praying for a teacher to be absent and then enjoying the free period to the fullest, forgetting to bring the required assignment on the allotted date, then making up all kinds of excuses possible; during the class hours, bending down underneath the desk and eating our own and other's lunch as well....

All these are small yet integral pieces of the beautiful and priceless journey that we hope will never end. Yet somewhere in our hearts we know that it will, someday. We try to paint a picture of that 'someday' in our minds, but we never can. That's someday when we will finally step out of our haven....Loreto Convent, Ranchi. On that day we will let our tears flow, till the last bit of our memory reminds us of the first moment when we had left our parents and entered this place, no less than a home for us now, and let our tears flow....

■ Shannon Anouskha Khaikho
Class X-A



A new beginning

I'm getting ready for my first real examination..... This is the most critical juncture of my life so far, one where I must examine my dreams and my reality. Suddenly my responsibilities to myself have jumped into my field of vision. This year, as life looms, ahead of me I have to assess what I've done so far. What do I enjoy? What do I want to be? Which field should I choose? I am questioning everything I do. There's a deadline before which the answers must arrive and I will be acting on the answers and these actions will live with me forever. There is a part of me that wants to stop. It doesn't know where it's going and is scared of where this might end. But another part in me, as in every human being, gives me courage because it isn't afraid. It's excited by the prospect of making something great of my life, of contributing to the society, of leaving a mark. It wants me to venture forth, eager to take whatever life has to give. The procrastinator in me thinks this is a nightmare while the optimist keeps dreaming. My parents have their own views, while friends wallow in the misery of their own decision-making. A thousand wars are being waged inside me. In half a year my life will change either for the good or for the bad. But I know I'll only be stronger. So, let the game begin.

■ Isha Sinha Class X-A



India Today

India has come a long way from gaining Independence to earning a place in the world economy. There is no doubt that India is emerging as a strong developing country in the world whose precious jewels have exhibited their talents and have won the hearts of the people of the world. Whether it is academics, sports, cinema, cuisine or culture everywhere India has left a mark to follow. But still after 65 years of Indian Independence, there are some things that are reducing the erstwhile glory of our nation day by day.

A newspaper read that even after so many years of Independence, India is still mentally divided into two parts or maybe more. Apart from all the big schools and prestigious colleges here in India, there is still a section of the society that cannot dream of getting in to one of these. According to Robert T Kiyosaki, in his book 'Rich Dad Poor Dad,' "Rich are getting richer and poor are getting poorer." People talk about the modern age and modern generation. What kind of 'modern' are we dealing with here? Fashionable and branded clothes? Cool hairstyles? Stylish shoes? What kind of 'modern' are we talking about where we can still see small children without proper clothes roaming about the streets of big cities, where we can still see young boys and girls picking up things from the dumping grounds? What kind of 'modern' are we talking about when our hearts and minds still belong to the cruel customs of ancient India? Untouchability is now abolished in India but how many of us have really played with a poor child without having a single reservation in our minds? How many of us have given them a hug or welcomed them with open arms and shared a meal with them? Some of us will still hesitate to do so and we call ourselves 'modern.' When? When shall we stop blaming others for the condition of India? When shall we take a lead? It is evident that the journey is not easy for those who take a stand against injustice. Their struggle is very difficult and sometimes it can take their whole life to get to the right thing but remember, either we can live safely under the cruel rules of the world with guilt in our hearts or make a move to change the world with pride and respect. Gandhiji said, "Be the change you want to see in the world."

It is we the youth of today's India who hold the responsibility to architect our Nation's Tomorrow. APJ Abdul Kalam had a vision of India where there would be no division of status where everybody would live in peace and untouchability would be abolished from the hearts of the people. It is time we visualize our India and take steps to paint it with truth, honesty, peace and justice.

■ Bijaya Irene Ekka Class X - A

Chasing Strange Clouds

When the sun outshone the darkness
A little lonely cloud had to drift away
It was unlike any other
In its own pretty little way

At times it took the colour of the
rainbow
Red with wrath, green with envy;
And sometimes it became grey like the
burnt ashes
It symbolized the colours within me

I sat down on the edge, and stared
through across the horizon
In the end finding myself chasing
strange clouds.
Who am I inside, where have
I lost myself?
Is this what happens when you try to
fit in the crowd?

That warm April sky needed
no strange clouds
To darken the days glow with
the gloom
The vivaciousness would be
lulled to sleep
Had the strange clouds been
audacious to loom

I chased the strange cloud as
it travelled ceaselessly
Changing colours in the course
of time;
Then came a day when it should
have rained,
People wished they could buy it
with their dime

This mean world looks up to someone
Only at their times of despair
Never concerned that many-a-times
Someone's desolation could
call for repair

Following the cliché, even I call this
life giver a 'strange' cloud.
Taciturnity was its loquacity;
Because all it wanted was to
speak aloud.

The truth that we ignored, was the
strange cloud's beg for attention,
If only for once it was accepted;
Among the five elements sans
discrimination.

But if we could read between the
lines and see,
The colours of seven deadly sins
make a rainbow,
And that diamond and gold were also
someday a piece of rock.

Chasing the chase, chasing strange
clouds in the sky
This is me I hope someday I can find
my own eye.

■ Sakshi Srivastava Class X-A



Lamentation For Childhood

Eleven years ago I came weeping and
now I am still weeping? Not because I
am joining a new school but because I
am leaving my school, my second home
Loreto Convent

That day I could see several hands to
close my little one. But now when I look
back I see those comforting hands van-
ishing in the dark.

My pencil turned to a pen,
ABCD turned to alpha, gamma,
1234 turned to $\sin\theta$, $\cos\theta$, $\tan\theta$ water
turned to H₂O

Light turned to spectrum,
Human turned to Homo sapiens,
And Class Prep turned to Class 10

Earlier I didn't like to go to school
That same school,
Those same teachers,
And that same me!
What was new?
But now that I look ahead a few
More days in my hand and then more.

Either in home or in school,
My parents or teachers,
Siblings or friends,
Somebody or the other were beside me,
But now, I hate to feel some people
Leaving me.

As a little one I used to think:
"When will I reach class 10 to scold
the juniors."
And now I think:
"I wish I could be in Class 1 to be
scolded by my seniors."



Never had I thought that parting
From this school would be so difficult,
11 years have rolled by,
11 summers and 10 winters
have passed,
But each and every memory is clearly
Etched in my heart.

Concert and sports days,
Colour dresses on birthdays,
Picnics and movies,
Scolding and blessings
Step by step I grew up,

My school dress changed with by class,
My thinking changed with my books,
But my fist sized heart,
Oh! It's still the same which loved
Loves and will love my school,
My second home - Loreto Convent
forever and ever.

■ Kasturi Kabiraj Class X-C

Height Of Expectations

I expected it to rain today morning since I had noticed a few thick black clouds piled up high in the eastern sky. But I was disappointed. Hardly had the thought of rain breezed past my brain, when the sun smilingly pushed its way through the opaque, dark clouds, only to reassure us once again the promise of heat and light.



To expect is to think or believe something will happen. Expectations are however, not supported by any logical background. It is usually prompted by interaction or circumstances. We are often disappointed with our expectations, as we possess little ability to enable our expectations to face the reality.

Expectations are usually guided by personal favour or profit. We wish it would rain if we have a school examination; we wish the weather to be absolutely fine if we are to go on a holiday with our peers. We expect the question paper to be extremely simple and then we expect the teachers to lose our answer sheets. We expect each day to end well. We expect the sun to rise late so that we can spend longer time on the cozy cushions of our beds, which we reluctantly leave. We expect our parents not to discover our mistakes. We expect our birthdays to be just round the corner and we expect the scent of festivity to set itself afloat in the air soon.

When we can have dozens of such expectations, it is quite natural that our parents shall have equal expectations from us. When we were yet to see the world, our parents expected to have a cute little baby who will give a new dimension to their lives. When we landed up in the cradle,

peacefully chewing the mouth of the feeding bottle, our parents expected us to walk gently with our unstable legs and surprise them one fine day. We did walk but we crumbled down at regular intervals. But when we tried hard to get walking once again, we fell down yet again and rolled to and fro on the floor, the smiles on the faces of our parents spread wider only to indicate that they wanted to see us at primary school next.

We had been fulfilling our parent's expectations right from our birth and it is quite natural. We get much closer to our parents as we gradually grow up. This not only leads to a rise in their expectations but also in our desires to fulfill them and win their hearts. Parental expectations are beneficial to the children as they help them to perform, but only to a certain limit, high parental expectations do more harm than good. Some parents set deadlines for their children, failing to clear which, sometimes, even cost the life of the child. They pressurize their children to perform but to no avail. Such crude procedures affect the mental and physical health of the child, thus increasing their worries. It prompts nothing but irritation and disgust for studies in the mind of the student.

It appears to me that nothing can be more appalling and pitiful than a child feeling he has no one to care for him and love him, even his own dear parents. It is extremely disgraceful when a child is pushed to the periphery of the parameter of love and care of his own parents, just due to lack of dedication to work. Parents who pressurize their children to perform better in order to make them fulfill their own expectation are devoid of the basic truth that humans have little ability to compel their expectations to come true. They can only hope for the best.

Most parents are aware of the fact that a talent in singing, dancing and painting is revered and endeared by all. A parent must always see to it that his child's dream becomes his dream and not the contrary. One of the most deadly weapons often used by parents is comparison. A child must never be compared with a more successful child for this leads to the development of depression and inferiority complex. Parents must always encourage their children in whatever they do but must see to it that they do not stray away from the path of righteousness. As a child, on behalf of all children, I would like to say to all parents that just as you have a lot of expectations from us, we also have a lot of desires to fulfill. In all these years when you have thought us to be negligent to our work, you have been mistaken, for in all these years and even today, we are constantly attempting to perform better. At times we have been unsuccessful. But then, we have been taught in school, "to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield." Trust us parents we have not given up yet.

In a world where time is fleeing like a strong gust of wind leaving us bewildered all the while, through each of our unsuccessful attempt, we are trying to prove nothing else, but our utmost desire of always living up to your high expectations. In order to establish ourselves firmly on ground, we do need your love and support.

Just as the sun promises us hope, the wind promises us vitality and the sea promises us joy, in a world where there is no place for the second best man, parents, if you always be by our side, summer or winter, in dawn or dusk, in the plains or in the hills, we promise you, we will never let you down.

■ Raina Dasgupta Class X-B



Work Is Worship

"Work is worship." This is a very old proverb that means there is no better way to worship God except to be hardworking and this is fully justified. What man has achieved during the course of his development is a result to hard work over long periods of time. He owes all his greatness to hard work. Hence, it is the root of all success.

There is no alternative of hard work. Today man has conquered nature, he has set foot on the moon, he has travelled to space, he has invented so many life saving drugs – all became possible because he never avoided work. We see wonderful progress in field of agriculture and industry.

The methods of agriculture have been improved which has resulted in the growth of production. Now the farmers are enjoying better days than what they had to face previously. This is again the result of hard work. Indeed work is worship.

There is an old proverb, "God helps those who help themselves." God also gets impressed and helps and cooperates with only those who are hardworking and sincere. God does not love being worshipped by a person every second. He wants that person to work hard. So it is not praiseworthy if we worship God all the time and do not work at all.

By working day and night only, one can hope for miracles. So, we must think that God has made us with some purpose and for achieving this purpose he sent us into the world – The world of work. Now, it is our humble duty to utilize each and every minute in the best possible way. We have to utilize our potentialities to the fullest so that we may be counted among the successful men of the world.

Here, we should be alert that when we say, work is worship we mean work which is useful and wholesome for the society. Work which is harmful for the society can never be useful. Our work must be creative and it must have some humble base – only then we can say work is worship otherwise it will be devil's worship. India has a rich heritage of hard working people such as Mahatma Gandhi, Rajendra Prasad, Sardar Patel etc. we should take lessons from them and work for the benefit of the nation at large.

■ Amarpreet Kaur Class X-C

Beautiful Thoughts

Keep your face towards the sun
You will not see the shadow.
It is choice not chance that determines the destiny.
Nothing has ever happened without a dream.
If you don't stand for something,
You will fall for anything.

■ Namita Sanku Class X-C

A Success Story

A white sheet and a lamp's light
That's all a painter needs to do his
Job right

The sky, the stars and
The beautiful moonlight
Make a picture come alive
A brush's stroke and
Two keen eyes

Are what make a masterpiece
From a sheet of plain white
He spends endless, sleepless nights
Just for the passion which
In his heart lies.

This is what success requires –
Passion of the heart and
Two focused eyes.

■ Viveka Mishra Class X-C



Our Experiences as Activity Captains

We the Activity Captains, Sneha Panna and Jaya Anand of Loreto Convent, session 2012-2013 would like to share our experience in conducting our various school activities.

Loreto Convent, as the name itself suggests, is a school of dignity, pride and tradition. It stands for the wellbeing of the students. Our school is one in a million.

In school we have six houses - Ashok, Gandhi, Shakespeare, Tagore, Sarojini Naidu and Kalpana Chawla house. Every Wednesday we have an activity period of one hour, during which different types of competitions are organized like- Quiz, singing, drawing/painting, dramatics, declamation, debate, elocution etc. We have it either house wise or class wise. This is done to inculcate in the students the spirit of sportsmanship and the desire to win. Quiz competitions help the students to keep themselves in touch with the current affairs. Declamation and Extemporaneous competition help to inculcate in us the excellent oratory skills. These competitions give us a chance to boost our self-confidence. Drawing and painting help to bring out the artistic skill hidden inside students.

God has endowed abundant talents in us, it's just that we have to discover them and try to enhance them in every way we can. These different activities of our school help us to discover our hidden talents.

Every two-weeks we are given different topics on which we have to present a beautiful class board. At the end of each activity we announce the results. The results are not meant to make the students feel bad if they lose, it is only to instill in us the value of hard work. The participants are honoured with certificates. This encourages other students to take part in future.

We also have different sports events like throw ball, race, javelin throw, discus throw, long jump, high jump, volleyball, basketball etc.

Our school provides the students with the best facilities. We are very grateful to our dear teachers for choosing us as the Activity Captains of the school. We are very fortunate to be a part of this prestigious institution and wonderful group of Captains. No day went by when we did not have to do our work and update our activities. Every nook and corner of this school holds a special memory in our hearts.

This post is not there in all the schools. Well then, we must tell you that this post has helped us a lot. Before every event/ activity we have to collect all the details, organize it, prepare our ushering speeches, direct the girls and invite the judges. This has made us very responsible and sincere. We now know how to organize an event, maintain records and to handle both studies and our work hand in hand without neglecting any of them. We know how to work under pressure and in coordination with everyone. Surely it is going to help us a lot in our future. School at times may be hard, annoying and a little tedious but we admit that we are going to miss it when it ends. We will always cherish the beautiful memories that we had in Loreto.

■ Sneha Panna & Jaya Anand Class X-C

When You Thought I Wasn't Looking

When you thought I wasn't Looking I hung my first painting on the refrigerator, and I immediately wanted to paint another one.

When you thought I wasn't looking I saw you feed a stray cat, and I learned that it was good to be kind to animals. When you thought I wasn't looking I saw you bake my favourite cake, and I learned that the little things can be the special things in life.

When you thought I wasn't looking I heard you say a prayer and I knew that there is God I could always talk to, and I learned to trust in Him.

When you thought I wasn't looking I saw you awake and look after a friend who was sick and I learned that we all have to take care of each other.

When you thought I wasn't looking I saw you take care of our house and every one in it and I learned we have to take care of what we are given.

When you thought I wasn't looking I saw how you handled your responsibilities, even when you didn't feel good, and I learned that I would have to be responsible when I grow up. When you thought I wasn't looking I saw tears come from your eyes, and I learned that sometimes things hurt, but it's all right to cry.

When you thought I wasn't looking I saw that you cared, and I wanted to be everything that I could be.

When you thought I wasn't looking I learned most of life's lessons that I used to know, to be a good and productive person when I grow up.

When you thought I wasn't looking I looked at you and wanted to say, "Thanks for all the things I saw when you thought I wasn't looking."

■ Sara Shaw Class X- C



The Greatest Artist

God is the greatest artist
to whom no one can compare.
Streaking sunsets very beautiful,
Painting rainbows in the air.
Brushing green the hillside scene,
Blotting blue the sky above,
Splashing flowers across the ground
beneath,
Shading white clouds with his glove.
Of the wonders God has made,
There is none that is so fair
As the smile he paints upon your face
When you realize he's there.

■ Riya Mehta Class IX-A

It's all I Believe

I believe in improvement; Improvement
for the better.
I believe in adjustment; not in a meaningless
argument.
I believe in hardwork; not in corruption.
I believe to be happy; have fun and enjoy and
not steal others' happiness.
I believe to love others; not seeking who loves me.
I believe to respect others; not seeking
who respects me.
I believe to dream and fulfill it and not think what
others will say.
I believe in originality; not in copying others.
I believe in reality; not in stories.
I believe in earning; not in stealing.
I believe in myself; not in meaningless comments.
I believe I'm different; not among the common
crowd. It's not just my belief I know I'm right.

■ Antara Chattopadhyay Class IX - A



Relived

[Few people leave this world peacefully. Fewer have the fortune to be free of the cycle. But there was one ... who went in the worst way, and 'relived' it. Here's her tale ...]

I woke up, gasping. I couldn't see them, but I knew my eyes were wide and dilated. I licked my lips, and found them dry. My hands felt like ice. I rubbed them together then just stared at them in shock. They didn't warm. No matter how hard I ground them together, they didn't warm. Then came the second shock, and with a sheer horror I realized that... I wasn't breathing.

How was that possible? Mad with fear and numb with shock, I stood up. I looked down at myself half expecting, to see my body missing and my head floating in thin air. But it wasn't so. I wore the same clothes, the ones that I'd worn that morning, before going to... to? Where was I? I glanced around, but it was pitch dark, making it impossible for me to make out anything. I blinked, and strained my ears to catch a sound, the thud of a footstep the call of an owl... anything. I was desperate, confused. As my eyes started adjusting to the darkness, I could see some parts of my surroundings. There were trees, tall huge ones, standing like great black shadows in the blacker night. I started walking along which I could just see, hissing like a stone still viper. It was hard to see, to move, to think. My head felt as if it was being battered by a thousand hammers. My feet dragged so slowly as if they were bound by iron chains. I tried to remember what I'd been doing. Where am I? I thought. What's happening? A wind was blowing. It crashed across my face. But, it was cold. No, I was cold. The wind blew my hair over my face. I brushed the wisps off, and then I sighed with relief- it was the first warm thing I'd touched since I rose from oblivion. And wet. Warm and wet with... my hands shook as I saw what came off on my fingers. It was a brilliant red spot, a kind of serene sun on the pale horizon of my palm. It was blood. I was bleeding. And then... then why didn't it hurt? Why didn't I feel it? Why didn't I feel anything? I touched my forehead, found it cold and damp. But that wasn't what caught my attention. What caught it, held it, was the large gash on my head. Like a slit cut open in a piece of tightly stretched leather. What? I tried to calm myself down. Tried to reason this madness. Maybe, I thought, maybe I got hurt, and... and I passed out. But I'm okay. I kept repeating the words in my mind, said them like a prayer. I waited for realization to dawn, for help to arrive, but none came.

I stumbled over rocks, and tried to feel my way through. The darkness had spread again, and in my terrified state of mind, I couldn't think anything. I jabbed my toe at something, possibly a stone, but didn't feel it. If I hadn't seen it, I doubt I would have known. Tears were gathering in my eyes. What was happening?

The wind blew more fiercely as I entered a sort of clearing, right there, in the middle of the woods, or wherever I was. The stones were smoother here, mere pebbles glistening like gems. And then I saw the dark shape on the ground. Just lying there, right in the middle of nowhere. I crawled to it, and thought it might be someone who could help. At that moment, the moon appeared from behind the foggy curtain of the clouds, and the whole world was bathed in its glory. I looked around, and saw the pebbles which still glistened with blood. The sight of it made me want to puke. I turned back to the dark shape, and saw it clearly for the first time. It seemed awfully familiar. The narrow waist, the shiny hair tumbling like a waterfall of rich satin. Then I blinked. What? I reached my hand, touched the shoulder, and turned the body around. My eyes popped out of my head. My mouth opened, and my scream froze in my throat.

I looked at the face, and my face stared back at me. How was this possible? The moment, when I saw my own eyes, filmed and lifeless, my own hands, limp and powerless; my own face, framed

Continued on next page

with blood dried in small rivulets starting from my forehead, continuing down my neck, and disappearing in my shirt... nothing could have prepared me for that. I touched the face and found it as cold as my face, as pale as mine. I shuddered, and then snatched my hand away as if the body was a snake, poised and ready to strike.

And then everything inside me shattered. It was as if my soul died, like the last cry of an owl with the first glimmer of dawn. One moment it was there, and the other, it was gone, faded away. But then I realized, I didn't have to feel anything, did I? Wasn't that the job of the ... I'd heard the saying the quick and the dead. 'Quick means living. I was now the other part. I got up. There wasn't really much difference between me and the other me, we looked the same and we had the same wounds. But she was gone. I was here to stay.

I turned away from her, breaking my last ties with the human I'd been. I held up my hand, flared my nostrils wide. No breath. No whisk of hot air, no chill of the cold being sucked in; of course I couldn't breathe. Of course I couldn't feel anything. Of course I was chilled and frozen. Of course I didn't hurt. I was dead.

■ Divya Sanjay Class IX-A

'A Student's Prayer'

I want to learn from my teachers more than lessons in a book;
I want to learn deeper things that people overlook -
The value of a rose in bloom, its use and beauty, too,
A sense of curiosity to discover what is true;
How to think and how to choose the right above the wrong,
How to live and learn each day and grow to be strong,
To learn always how to gain in wisdom and in grace,
So that I may someday make the world a brighter, a better place.

■ Seniorita Shreya Lakra Class IX- B



Disconnect bad habits to connect better to life

I can give a directive to my mind and it will act or react accordingly. Most people who make up their minds to stop smoking or to eat so many sweets will continue with those actions inspite of themselves. They do not change because their minds, like blotting paper have soaked up habits of thoughts. Don't try to change in yourself what is good. But those things you do against your will and that make you unhappy after you have done them, are what you want to get rid of. Swami Parmahansa Yogananda rightly said - The minute you say to yourself, "I am not bound by this habit," and mean it, the habit will be gone. If you stop doing a thing, then it can leave a vacuum in your life. It is easier to replace it with a new and good habit. For example: if you stopped checking social media and the internet for many hours then replace that habit and space with reading books or joining club, sports etc. Affirm with conviction "I can change I have the will to change. I will change."

■ Ananya Shreya Class IX-C

Fun In Translation

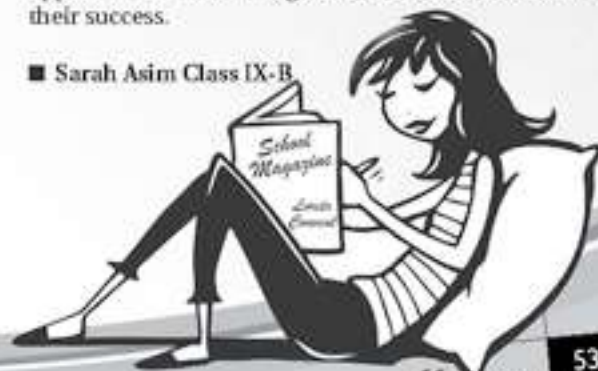
God's Door Haridwar
Miss Girl..... Kanyakumari
Money After Dhanbad
Mr. Town Srinagar
Queen's Field Raniganj
Honey Jungle Madhuban
Make Juice Banaras
Went Come Goa
Bye-Bye Town..... Tatanagar
Snake Town..... Nagpur
King's Place Rajasthan

■ Ankita Kumari Class IX-B

A School Magazine

A school magazine gives an opportunity to the budding talents among students to begin their apprenticeship as would be writers or journalists. A school magazine serves as a training ground for students to try their hands at writing short stories, essays and jokes, poetry and many other things. To other students also who have no ambition or aptitude for writing, the school magazine has an attraction because it contains many activities of the school. When they see in print, the name of their fellow students, interest is bound to get a boost and they feel like emulating them. To those students whose articles appear in the school magazine, it is a sense of elation at their success.

■ Sarah Asim Class IX-B



Teenage Problem In a dilemma “Parents or Friends”?

As William Shakespeare said, “Voice of parents in the voice of God, for to their children they are heaven’s lieutenant.” We the present day children, or to be precise, “Teenagers” raise our brows when this statement is put forward. Friends in our list seek a higher priority than our parents.

We teenagers, seldom communicate with our parents instead share all our confusion and fears with our friends. Why do you think this happens? It is because of the discipline or stern rules which our parents impose on us. This discipline or rather restrictions after sometimes turn out to be punishments for us. For a few days there is a natural opposition by the child but soon they feel pressurized and start sharing most of their problems with their peers.

“Peer pressure”, is a very commonly known word amidst the teenagers as well as their guardians. It is a rule of nature that everything has pros and cons to it. Similarly, peer pressure can prove to be of both kinds. We will be one of the lucky ones if we find a true friend who guides us and leads us to the correct path. Imagine your life as a sea and your heart as a seashore and friends as waves. No matter how many waves touch the seashore, what matters in how many engrave their marks on the sand of the seashore.

It is said, “Good taste is the flowers of good sense” Good taste here refers to selection of friends. If we have found a true friend who would never betray, then at this age we would never go astray.

As any parent of a teenager knows that discipline can be a difficult and confusing issue, of course being a 15-year-old teenager we know what good behaviour is and which is the right way to comfort and make our parents happy. But often both the parties fail to do their jobs efficiently. At this time our emotions start getting attracted towards our friends and we forget that our parents are much more experienced. Comprehension of our problems and a considerable amount of freedom with trust is all what we want. Finally, I would like to say, friends are lubricants who smoothen our life but our parents are the fuel that sail the ship of our life.

■ Tanvi Maheswari Class IX-C

Mujahid or Mercenary?

Today I'll be taking you to the journey of a real life story. Neither am I doing a comparison nor am I judging wrong and right; I am just framing out the difference between the innocent and the guilty.

Before starting, I would like to introduce two very bold, rustic, chivalric and barbaric words which are not just an assembly of alphabets but are a bench mark to some people's life not only in the twenty first century, but starting from the late fourteenth century. MUJAHID, and its better-half, MERCENARY. It is very easy to casually utter these words but, are we aware about its actual roots?

Initially, Mujahideen were the people who helped Prophet Mohammad to fight against Quayser and his army. But, in due course of time, the scenario calamitously changed and the able warriors became scoundrels, who could do any kind of anti social act in the name of religion. In addition to that, the political 'butchers' added to the downfall by brainwashing the inoffensive youngsters. I hope all of you have heard the word, 'mercenary,' trained full-fledged warriors being compelled to be involved in the gun battle due to greed of the 'most patent thing in the world,' - money.

Okay, so now it has become quite monotonous, the actual story begins now. 26/11, a day which every Indian remembers, a day which shook the soul of our country to the roots, a day which took a hundred and sixty six lives, a day on which brave and gallant sons showed imperturbability to save the pride, dignity and honour of their country, a day in which the face of a demon that gave rise to hatred in every Indians' heart and soul - Muhammad Ajmal Amir Kasab, a youngster of twenty years age, innocent face, but thousand secrets inside was caught hurling grenades and AK-47, mercilessly killing people.

Whilst lying on a hospital bed, Kasab said that he didn't know much about Jihad and had joined the terrorists only to earn a handsome amount of money and help his family. Well, I guess this is the allegory of every terrorist; young men in his late teens or early twenties, uneducated, may be with some rudimentary education and from underprivileged



families. History proves that no one has ever met a person who wants to be a terrorist. Circumstances make them so. The difference between terrorists and freedom fighters is just a matter of perspective. It all depends in the observer and the verdict of history.

According to Arundhati Roy, "Terrorism is a symptom, not a disease." What is your conclusion? Are these villains taking the life of the common people doing it intentionally or are they struggling to earn decent meals for their family and themselves, and are being exploited in the name of religion? The choice is yours. But always remember, everyone is worried about stopping terrorism. Well, there's really an easy way. Stop participating in it.

■ Aaryaka Nidhi Class IX-C

Facebooking....

Facebook the social networking site
The hearts of our lives, isn't it right?
But our concerned parents and teachers,
Are worried about its negative features.

Where uploading- downloading is our
favorite task,
Our friend list includes all unknown masks.
Leading many sleepless nights,
Just waiting for the comments and likes!

But now avoid the facebook trend,
And say no to facebook boy-friends.
Come out of the world of pretence,
Because already our precious time is mis-spent!

Time and tide wait for none,
And facebook hampers your studies being done.
Don't give chance to be a material of fun,
Then you'll surely rule in all the sites in the
long run!

■ Apoorva Dey Class IX-C

The Role Of Students In Free India

India is a free country. Students are the backbone of the country. There are many problems before India. They cannot be solved without the help and co-operation of the students. We have to play an important part in the development of the nation. We have to be dutiful and responsible. We must grow into useful members of society.

India faces a lot of social problems. Castes, religions, languages and culture divide our people. We students must try to end these social evils. We should create a sense of brotherhood in our society. Our social difference should go. There must be an atmosphere of truth, justice and peace in our society. Only then our country can grow into a land of social justice and equality. We students must try to remove corruptions from all walks of life.

Our country needs students of character and discipline. Student unrest is a common problem. We students should try to be disciplined. We must follow the laws of the nation. Our society will be ruined if students create problems of law and order. The nation can develop when there is order in society.

We as students should be good scholars. We must not neglect our studies at any cost. We should study hard. We must devote all our time and energy to enrich our knowledge. Our aim should be to make name and fame in the world. We should learn the culture and follow the traditions of our country. We must be competent persons in the field of our studies. This is the greatest need of developing nation like India.

India faces the problems of national unity. There are enemies both inside and outside the country. We as students should try to remove the economic gap between the rich and the poor. The forces which want to break India must be crushed. The enemies who try to attack should be taught a lesson. We as students should do everything to keep the nation united. We have to protect our hard earned freedom.

■ **Sristi Mishra Class IX-C**





Paid In Full

A little boy came to his mother in the kitchen one evening while she was preparing dinner and handed her a piece of paper that he had been writing on. After his mom dried her hands on an apron, she read it, and this is what is said.

- For cutting the grass : \$ 5.00
- For cleaning up my room this week : \$ 1.00
- For going to store for you : \$ 0.50
- Baby sitting my kid brother while you are shopping : \$ 0.25
- Faring out the garbage : \$ 1.00
- For getting a good report card : \$ 5.00
- For cleaning up the yard : \$ 2.00
- Total owed : \$ 17.75

The mother looked at him, standing there and the little boy could see the memories flashing through her mind. She picked up the pen, turned over the paper he had written on, and this is what she wrote.

- For the nine months I carried you while you were still growing inside me : no charge
- For all the nights that I've sat up with you, doctored and prayed for you : No Charge
- For all the trying times, and all the tears that you have caused through the years : No Charge
- For all the nights filled with dread, and for worries I knew were ahead : No charge
- For the toys, food, clothes and even wiping your nose : No charge
- When you add it up, the cost of my love : No charge

When the boy finished reading what his mother had written, there were big tears in his eyes, and he looked straight up at his mother and said, "Mom, I am sure you love me." And then he took the pen and in great big letters he wrote : PAID IN FULL

■ Arthya Pandey Class IX-C

Thank You Lord Smile And Life

You who made the mountain and seas,
Flowers, tree birds and bees.

You who gave the clouds its hue,
Grass with dew, not so few.

You who made the sky so blue,
Guess who gave Him the clue.

You who made the animals so big,
Lions, tiger, monkey and pig.

You who made the smallest insect,
In the laboratory which we dissect.

You who gave the finest food,
Which we eat when we're in the mood.

You who gave us knowledge to think,
Pens, refills, pencils and ink.

You who made so fat the book
Which neither we study nor ever look

You who made dresses so awesome,
Which are pretty but not same.

You who made so good our choice,
With a cheer and a good voice.

You who made us so happy,
To our teenage from our nappy

We thank You Lord for Your wonderful creations,
With all the continents and the nations.

■ Sneha Kindo Class VIII-B

Smile is the electricity and life is a battery. Whenever you smile, the battery gets charged and a beautiful day is activated. So, keep smiling forever.

■ Purnima Lakra Class VIII-A

Quotable Quotes

See the good in every one
Be blind to the faults of others.
It brings peace in your life
Things don't change but our way
of looking at them do.

Don't hate a friend who hurts you
Don't hurt a friend who loves you
Sacrifice everything for a friend
But don't sacrifice a friend for anything.

We all are travellers
in the wilderness of the world
and the best that we can find
in our travels
is an honest friend.

If there is any trouble in your
Achievement don't get tired
Because every trouble is your way
To achieve your goal.

Heart is not a dustbin
To dump all the worries of your life.
It is a golden chest for collection
Of sweet moments of your life
So always be happy. :)

■ Abobi P. Toppo Class VIII-B

Success

Success is not the triumph over regress
 Success is the power to suppress
 Success is not the money or the fame
 Success is, knowing you are still the same
 Success is not the power or the pride
 Success is the knowing how to hide
 Success is not a gift or gain, Success is
 accepting and believing in your name
 Success is not a goal to seek, Success is
 believing you have never reached the peak.

■ Simran Celesti Ekka Class VIII-A

Love

Love is the blossom of childhood
 Love is the blossom of adulthood
 Love neither decays nor dies
 Everyone wants love in their lives.

To be kind to others is love,
 To care about everyone is love,
 To respect everyone is love,
 If we do all these, we'll get love in return,
 And everyone wants love in the whole world.

So friends vow from today that
 You'll not hurt anyone
 Help your friends indeed,
 Help the poor in need.
 And always fight for the right,
 Because everyone deserves love
 In their beautiful lives.

■ Sudha Ekka Class VIII-B

Keep Smiling

Small keys can open big locks
 Simple words can reflect great thoughts
 Your smile can cure one's heart blocks
 So keep smiling

■ Sudha Ekka Class VIII-B



Riddles

Q When does the computer sneeze?

Ans When it catches a virus.

Q What is the computer's favourite dance?

Ans Disc - 0

Q What do the computers eat when they are hungry?

Ans Chips

Q Why was a computer tired when it got home?

Ans Because it had a hard drive.

Q It has two hands but cannot clap

Ans Clock

Q It is a tool having many teeth.

Ans Saw

Q It is the funniest thing. The longer it lives, the shorter it grows.

Ans Candle

Q When can't you eat an orange?

Ans When it is a juice.

Q What is that you can swallow but it can swallow you too?

Ans Water

Q What goes through the window without breaking it?

Ans Light

Q When I travel I remove my cap, when in rest I put on. What am I?

Ans Pen

What has no legs yet runs?

Ans River

■ Alvia Khan Class VIII-C

A Loving Heart

I remember when I was a baby of three,
Crying for a blanket out of cold for peace.
And I made your laps my eternal home,
For nothing in the world was so lovesome.
I doubt whether those days would ever come back,
Seems like the feeling and love, been packed and
thrown in a sack.
For now I feel like I've completely broken apart.
And I truly want to come back, to that loving heart.

Slowly I turned to jovial five,
Longing for the evenings of my cycle's drive.
And there was my Mom, like always, warning
me from behind
About what things to do and what all
to mind,
All that love and care felt boring
sometimes,
Making me feel as if I'm a baby.
But now the truth and utmost truth
is now
I know how worthy it was.

As I stepped on my 10th year,
I do still remember,
How I disobeyed, how I interrupted.
The longing eyes calling me near,
But I so mean, never cared.
And there was my Mom always,
Warning about my days ahead.
But I didn't pay heed, and see what's
happened.

Now I've grown to my teenage life,
Fully packed with work and play.
My mom being a working wife,
Goes out for work, when it's day.
But she still never ever forgets,
These long years haven't made her forget
The goodbye kisses, hugs and waves
before I go off to the gate.

■ Mallika Chatterjee Class VIII-C

Am I too late ?

From those around, I hear a cry
Oh God! Oh God!
My eyes are dry.
I hear their footsteps leaving slowly
And then I know, my soul must fly.

A chilly wind begins to blow
Within my soul, from head to toe
And then the last breath escaped my lips
It's time to leave, and I must go.

So it's true, but it's too late
They take each soul at its given date
When it must leave its body's core,
And meet with its eternal fate.

Oh God! Oh God! I cannot see
My eyes are blind, am I still me?
Or has my soul been led astray
And forced to pay a priceless fee?

Alas! To dust we all return
Some shall rejoice, while others
burn
If only I knew that before
The line grew short, and them come
my turn.

And now as beneath the soil,
They lay me (with my records flawed)
They cry, not knowing I cry worse
For they go home, I face my God!

Oh mark the words that I do say,
Who knows tomorrow would be
your Day?
At last it comes to Heaven or Hell
Decide which now, do not delay
"The life of this world is only an enjoyment
of deception."

■ Zovaria Rahman Class VIII-C



That's Faith, Trust And Hope

3

Nice examples that will
always inspire you –

1

Once, all villagers decided to pray for rain. On the day of prayer everyone gathered and only one boy came with an umbrella.

THAT'S FAITH

2

Example of the feeling of a one-year-old baby when you throw him in the air, he laughs because he knows you will catch him.

THAT'S TRUST

3

Every night we go to bed; we have no assurance to wake up alive the next morning, but still we have plans for tomorrow.

THAT'S HOPE

■ Shaeza Tabrez Class VIII-C

A Teacher for all Seasons

A teacher is like spring,
Who nurtures new green sprouts,
Encourages and leads them,
Whenever they have doubts.

A teacher is like summer,
Whose sunny temperament,
Makes studying a pleasure,
Preventing discontent.

A teacher is like fall,
With methods crisp and clear,
Lessons of bright colours
And a happy atmosphere.

A teacher is like winter
While its snowing hard outside;
Keeping students comfortable
As a warm and helpful guide.

Teacher you do all these things,
With a pleasant attitude,
You're a teacher for all seasons
And you have my gratitude!

By Joanna Fuchs

■ Anamika Kumari Class VII-A

Did You Know?

The Indian cricket team won the world cup in 1983 mainly because the players showed team spirit. Interestingly, the Indian cricket team was never the favorite to win the cup before the tournament began. What really stood out was team spirit that the players showed throughout the tournament.

Wrestling is one of the oldest, barehanded combat games in which two opponents try to throw each other down and pin their shoulders to the ground using various holds and techniques.

Sumo wrestling is one of the oldest Japanese martial arts. The most notable features of the sumotori [competitors] is their weight [more than 200kg] weight makes them more stable.

India is losing more than 1.5 million hectares of forest cover every year. Around 22 million hectares of forests land was destroyed in the last 30 years.

Tsunami is an extremely large wave in the sea caused by an earthquake. It is so strong and forceful that it wipes out towns in coastal areas.

Apollo XI was the spaceship that took the first men to the moon. Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin become the first two men to walk on the moon.

Edward Jenner, a British doctor invented a vaccine to prevent smallpox. Because of this successful vaccine, smallpox has been eradicated from the world.

Louis Pasteur, a French Chemist and microbiologist invented vaccines to prevent cholera and rabies.

Hockey is the national game of India and has many medals in this sporting event [7 times Olympic, 2 times World Cup and 6 times Asian Championship], but cricket continues to be the most popular game in India.

International organization like WWF [World wild life fund for nature] and IUCN [International union for conservation of nature and resources take up projects involving conservation of endangered species.

■ Priya Bharti Class VII-A

Astonishing Facts

In 24 Hours An Average Human

HEART beats 1,03,689 times.
LUNGS respire 23,045 times.
BLOOD flows 16,80,000 miles.
NAILS grow 0.00007 inches.
HAIR grows 0.01715 inches.
Consumes 2.9 pound **WATER** [including all liquids]
Take of 3.25 pounds of **FOOD**.
BREATHES 4.38 cubic feet a **AIR**.
Loses 85.60 **BODY TEMPERATURE**.
Produces 1.43 pints **SWEAT**.
Speaks 4,800 **WORDS**.
During **SLEEP** moves 25.4 times.

Did You Know?

Today there are more than 1.5 billion T.V. sets in use.

New Zealand is home to 4 million people and 10 million sheep.

The heart of a blue whale is the size of a small car.

The first English Dictionary was written by Samuel Johnson in 1755.

Money notes are not made of paper. They are mostly made from a special blend of cotton and linen.

■ Saumya Sakshi Class VII-A

Fascinating Animals, Birds, Trees:

SNAILS have 14175 teeth laid along 135 rows on their tongue.



A **BUTTERFLY** has 12,00 eyes.

DOLPHINS sleep with 1 eye open.



A **BLUE WHALE** can eat as much as 3 tones of food everyday, but at the same time can live without food for 6 months.

The **EARTH** has over 12,00,000 species of animals 3,00,000 species of plants & 1,00,000 other species.



DEMETRIO was a mammal like **REPTILE** with snail on its back. This acted as a radiator to cool the body of the animal.

The **SWAN** has over 25,000 feathers on its body.

OSTRICH eats pebbles to help digestion by grinding up the ingested food.



POLAR BEAR can look clumsy & slow but during a chase on ice, can reach 25 miles/hour of speed.

ELEPHANT TEETH can weigh as much as 1 pounds.

The **OWL** is the only bird, which can rotate its head to 270 degrees.

■ Ananya Poddar Class VII-A





Before You Do... Think

Before you speak, **LISTEN**
Before you write, **THINK**
Before you spend, **EARN**
Before you criticize, **WAIT**
Before you pray, **FORGIVE**
Before you quit, **TRY**
Before you invest, **INVESTIGATE**
Before you retire, **SAVE**
Before you die, **GIVE!**

Watch your thoughts
They become words,
Watch your words
They become actions,
Watch your actions
They become habits,
Watch your habits
They become character,
Watch your character
It becomes your **DESTINY**

■ Zahra Feroz Class VII-A

Grammatical Poem

A noun is the name of a thing,
A school garden, kite or king;
An adjective describes the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, yellow or brown;
In place of nouns, pronouns stand,
His head, her face, your arm, your hand
A verb tells of something being done,
To see, count, carry, laugh or run;
How things are done the adverbs tell,
As quickly, slowly, ill or well;
Conjunctions join words together,
As men and women, wind and weather;
The preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through a door;
The exclamation shows surprise,
As now pretty, now wise!
These little words you often use:
Articles 'a', 'an' and the;
All these are called parts of speech:
When you read, write, speak or teach!

■ Rishika Pushpal Class VII-A

Mistake

If a barber makes a mistake,
it's a new style.
If a politician makes a mistake,
it's a new can.
If a scientist makes a mistake,
it's an invention.
If a teacher makes a mistake,
it's a new theory.

*But, if a student makes a
mistake, it remains only
a mistake.*

■ Isha Talwar Class VII-B



Facts on Famous US Presidents...

Ronald Reagan was a movie actor before he became the 40th president of the USA.

Abraham Lincoln was the tallest president of the U.S.A.

One of **George Washington's** favourite foods was ice-cream!

Did you know that **Andrew Johnson** was a tailor before he became the 17th president of the USA!

Before he became the 39th president of USA **Jimmy Carter** ran a peanut farm!

Qualities Of The Student

Sportsmanship : Even though thrown out of the class we have the potentiality to stand out with a smile.

Obedience : When a teacher fires us, we obey them by going out of the class.

Speed : We can finish the whole year's portion in just a night before the Exam.

Hope : Even though we do not write anything in the exam answer sheet, we hope to pass.

Dual Personality : We can be physically present in one place and mentally present in another.

Creativity : We never repeat our mistakes, we make new ones

■ Simran Gupta Class VII-C

Poems

Exam! Exam!! Exam!!!

Exams ,Exams, Exams,
We are not their fans,
Every time they come and go,
Shaking our minds to and fro,
Day and night we labour hard,
To get good marks on the card,
The day during exams pass hurriedly,
As we prepare for them tirelessly,
After the exams we laugh and sing,
Playing outside every evening,
But these exams are very important to our life,
As they are the building blocks of our life.

Teachers, the Architects.

If we are the rivers, they are the water,
If we are trees, they are the leaves;
If we are the books, they are the authors;
If we are a country, they are the leaders;
If we are the sky, they are the sun;
"Who spread the light of knowledge anytime
anywhere."

■ Simran Thakur Class VIII-B

English

Teacher : Hey you boy stand up. Tell me two pronouns.

Student : Who? Me?

Teacher : Very good, sit down.

In a 100 metre race, it was announced 1,2,3 start. All started running except Gopi.

Coach : Why are you still waiting?

Gopi : My number is four.

Teacher : What is the difference between orange and an apple?

Sonu : The colour of orange is orange but the colour of apple is not apple.

■ Abha Jyotsna Toppo Class VII-A

Success and Perseverance

"Success in life is a matter not so much of talent or opportunity as of concentration and perseverance."

■ Nisha Jenifer Minz Class VII-B

Jokes



1 A teacher instructed the class to write an essay on "Due to heavy rain, the match was postponed!"

2 *Amit* : I wish I was living in ancient times.

Arun : Why ?

Amit : There wouldn't be so much history to learn.

3 *Steve* : I am glad I wasn't born in China

Ravi : Why ?

Steve : I can't speak Chinese

4 *Sam* : My Dad is a great hunter in Australia. He shoots polar bears.

Jim : But there aren't any polar bears in Australia!

Sam : No? Well, he must have shot all of them.

5 *Martin* : Should someone be punished for something he didn't do ?

Teacher : No

Martin : Good because I haven't done my home work.

■ Elizabeth Thomas VII - B

My Best Friend

My best friend is a book
Which doesn't give me a weird look.
It is like a golden door
Which takes me to the land where I have
Never been before .
It tells me the tales of fairies
Which takes me to the land of merry.
Some books are boring like History
Which is a big mystery
Books are the source of enlightenment
Which remove darkness and fill our life with
brightness.

■ Sneha Alisha Kullu Class VII-B

Its Raining Facts !

In some urban areas rain is up to
25% more likely
on a Saturday than on Monday.

On Titan, Saturn's natural satellite,
it rains methane!

It takes about 15 million cloud
droplets to make one raindrop.

Even though cartoon pictures of
raindrops look like teardrops, real
raindrops are actually spherical!

In 1894 newspaper in Bath, England
reported a rain of tadpoles.

■ Aditi Sinha Class VII-C



Teacher Is

Someone who takes the time to think of other's needs, warms the heart with her thoughtful deeds, someone who is always ready to listen and advise.

Someone who helps you to solve the problems whenever they arise, someone who is glad to share; glad to help, to give and care. Someone whom you can always trust, someone who brings cheer and gladness everyday, someone whom you can confidently call your "FRIEND"

■ Simran Gupta VII C

Tension! Tension! Tension!

Students have tension
For their examination
Parents have tension
For their child's admission
Old persons have tension
For receiving their pension
Environmentalists have tension
For environment pollution
Police men have tension
For their thieves' location
Ministers have tension
For their administration
Farmers have tension
For their crop production
All have nothing
But tension and tension.

■ Shashi Mona Horo Class VII- C

Did You Know ?

According to NASA'S Mars Exploration Rover Mission, there are strong evidences of a persistently wet environment that could possibly be hospitable to life.

Andromeda Galaxy is our closest neighbour and brightest in the sky.

The Ayer's Rock is a spectacular monolithic hill formed of red sandstone. It changes its color from reddish brown to yellow during the day. At times, it appears violet too, it has been named Uluru, which according to Aboriginal language means where the wind moans between sunset and dawn.

Spinifex is a thorny grass growing in Australian deserts. It has earned the name of 'porcupine grass' as it resembles huge pincushions and is prickly in nature. It can withstand long dry spells and droughts.

Moa was a flightless bird found in New Zealand of about 30 different species from the size of a hen to that of a horse. They are extinct now.

There are two types of camels - the dromedary and the Bactria. They can be distinguished by the presence of a single hump in a dromedary (Arabian Camel) or double hump in a Bactrian Camel (Central Asian Camel).

■ Kashish Poddar Class VI -A

Fascinating Facts For Children

1. Strawberries have more vitamin C than oranges.
2. December 25 was celebrated as the birthday of Jesus only from 440 AD.
3. Coal and diamond have their common origin in the same chemical element carbon.
4. The digit zero was invented by an Indian mathematician in the early centuries of the Christian era.
5. The car is the most complicated piece of machinery, made up of over 10,000 different parts.
6. The most common name in the world is Mohammed.
7. In the next one minute about 100 people will die and 240 will be born. The population of the world, therefore, increases by 140 every minute.
8. A plane gets its 'lift' from the shape of its wings. This shape is known as 'aerofoil'.
9. Kathasaritsagara is the oldest collection of stories in India.
10. The only mammals able to fly are bats.
11. The female lion does more than 90 percent of hunting.
12. To make about a kilogramme of honey, bees have to collect nectar from about four and a half million flowers.
13. Petroleum is the largest item in world trade, and coffee comes next.
14. You can go without food up to a few weeks, but you must drink at least two litres of water a day.
15. Plants watered with warm water grow larger and quicker than plants watered with cold water.

■ Vedika Verma Class VI-A

What's A Friend

Someone who is kind and thoughtful
Whose company is a pleasure
Someone who listens and understands
Whose good advice you treasure
Someone who is ready to lend a hand
And give a word of cheer
Someone who shares the laughter
And also shares the tears
Someone whose warmth and patience
Never seems to have an end
Someone who has a caring heart

That SOMEONE is a friend!!

■ Nisha Tirkey Class VI- B

Best Friends

We met by chance and
Turned into friends
And now our sting
Keeps us close to each
Other making our
Friendship grow more
With the passing of time
Never feel Alone

Coz my best friend is my
Loneliness
Always forgive your
Enemies but never
Forget their names.

■ Mohini Ratna
Amvastha Class VI-C

Life Is Short

They say it takes a minute
To find a special person
An hour to appreciate them
A day to love them,
But then an entire life
To forget them.
Don't cry 4
Some one who
Won't cry 4 U.

■ Mohini Ratna Amvastha Class VI-C



An extraordinary association of more than 25 years, which began early in 1970 and has lasted till today (with some breaks in between) cannot be condensed into just a few words. I would like to begin with a heartfelt 'Thank you' to the Sisters of this Community, my colleagues and numerous students who helped to make this association a memorable blessing!

'Teaching for the first time? - Hope you won't get cold feet!' - were the words of my first Principal at Loreto Convent, Mother Pauline nervous? What for I was just going to teach some young girls, I thought with the usual beginner's brashness soon I was surrounded by a group of students who stood a good 4 to 6 inches taller than my not-even 5 feet frame, asking me if I'd start with Twelfth Night or Pygmalion that morning.

With that began my learning process - 60th as an individual and as a teacher. Teaching at Loreto was not just opening a book and stuffing its contents from cover to cover into my pupils' heads - it was much more. I don't know how over the years I was transformed into a motivator, guide, friend, second mother, and above all, one who accepted my 'girls' for whatever they were and tried to love and encourage them. Whether I succeeded or not, they alone can tell!

I have very fond remembrances of each of the nuns I have worked with. The Sisters were disciplined and encouraging and so sincere themselves that some of that dedication passed on to us teachers as well. From them I learnt that teaching is not just a profession, it is a vocation of love and of joy. In a close friend like Mother Bernadette, who passed away in Ireland quite some years ago, I always found a sympathetic ear. Mother Gertrude and Sr. Anne Marie taught me the ropes in this job. Mother Victorine, another Principal who is no more, was an embodiment of sweetness and love, and which teacher or student, can forget the dulcet voice of Sr. Celine or the quiet efficiency of Sr. Moira? The effusive personality and sunny voice of Sr. Philomena are unforgettable, while the present new building stands as a testimony to the administrative ability of Sr. Mercy. Sr. Bernadette never let her handicap come in the way of showing affection on us teachers or in quietly dealing with the problems of some troubled student. Sr. Goretti and lately, our ubiquitous Sr. Marion, have left their stamp of happy memories in my heart and of course I must mention the young Sr. Igora, Sr. Pushpa, Sr. Maeve, Sr. Eileen and many other Sisters whose association with the school and its activities will be happily remembered by us teachers.

My colleagues at Loreto were indeed the best in the world. The Loreto Staff Room was a collection of ladies of different shades - young and not so young - but each a multifaceted and dynamic personality in her own way. I'm sorry I can't mention each one by name, but as I go down memory lane, I realize that it was their caring and sharing nature (diffin as well much more!) that helped me grow as a person.

My student! - Unknowingly, these little ladies played a major role in my life from the time I was a raw, inexperienced person till I have become the mature person of today! Their smiles, chatter, giggles, occasional mischief and downcast looks on being chided, led me on as I trudged along this path of twenty-five years. Thanks to them, each day became a day of joy and zest; the moment I stepped through the gates of Loreto, all other problems and worries were left behind!

Nostalgic memories will always come back of the many events, special Days celebrations and outings the buildings and grounds and the workers, to light up my quiet moments. God has been kind in letting me be a part of that busy hive of spiritually loving activity - Loreto, Ranchi!

Mrs. Shukla Banerjee

Retired Teacher



Life consists of a plethora of experiences. My 32 years experience in 'Loreto Convent' is made up of smiles and tears which has carved my journey from January 1980 to March 2012. In the process I have given all to the betterment and all around development of my students. I have never faltered in my dedication and devotion towards my Institution. My student's have been my biggest fans and worst critics. They have been a regular source of inspiration and knowledge teaching me to be a better person every step of the way.

The unconditional love and respect received from my Principals, Staff and non teaching staff have left deep imprints on my sands of time, which can never be erased or over written. I am grateful to each member of the Institution for making my journey here a turning point in my life.

Mrs. Christine Francis (1980 - 2012)

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Club Photos



Students are given opportunity for development of personality and leadership skills through movement like C.L.C., U.S.M., L.T.S., and J.P.I.C.

C.L.C. Senior Group



C.L.C. Junior Group



C.L.C. is a movement to help students deepen their faith & prayer life. It gives them opportunities to become involved in preparation of the liturgy and in the choir both at school and parish level.



Club Photos

J.P.I.C. Senior Group



J.P.I.C. Junior Group



J.P.I.C. (Justice, Peace and Integrity of Creation) helps the students to reflect on situations of injustice, on their causes and possible remedies and challenges them to think of others (children deprived of the advantages of education) and to work for them.

Club Photos



U.S.M. Group



U.S.M. (Universal Solidarity Movement) provides a vision and directions for aspiring students who are eager to make their lives purposeful in a fast developing and challenging world. The school program seeks to weave into their lives the attitudes that will give meaning and direction to their efforts, thus making them enlightened at every level.

L.T.S.



L.T.S. (Leadership Training Service) helps the students to put God above self through prayer and social activities. L.T.S. challenges the students to value themselves and they become responsible citizens of the country and the world.



Club Photos

Nature Club



Nature Club promotes the judicious use and conservation of Natural resources. It celebrates Van Mahotsava in the month of July by planting trees. Earth Day is celebrated to make students aware of Environment pollution and its prevention.

Crusaders



Crusaders are the soldiers of God. The four weapons of the crusaders are prayer, sacrifice, apostolic work and Eucharist. Crusaders are the children who are helped to deepen their faith and prayer life. The students of class 6 and 7 are the crusaders. Every year the students of class 7 take an oath to be the soldiers of God. The Crusaders help the needy and the poor children. By giving packets of milk to the babies in Missionaries of Charity Sisters, Hino. Every year the Crusaders take part in Rally to understand the importance of Christ in our life.

Photographs



Basket Ball Team



*ICSE/ISC Basketball Tournament-2012
Junior Girls - Winners (St. Xavier's Doranda)
Senior Girls - Runners Up (St. Xavier's Doranda)*

Farewell



Class XII Batch 2012 - 2013 Farewell (23-01-2013)

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Our Indian Culture

Let's fight against Maggie culture' can
it stand before our 'wheat launcher'
Lets fight against 'Dominos launcher'.
Backless, sleeveless, low- waist!!
Lets forget them,
It's not our taste.
Why to remember 'Rose Day'? Can't we
remember our Independence Day?
Why to go with Salsa, and Disco?
Choosing Kathak is the best way to go.
Its mad to be crazy about Tom Cruise,
When we have Salman and Sharukh.
So lets start the Indian culture,
And stop the International Launchers.

■ Samridhi Astha Class V-B

Study with my teacher

With my teacher in the bright sun,
Study is indeed great fun,
On the shore of the sea,
How much fun, it will be,
Anywhere on the tree,
I will agree,
She makes my study a thing of joy,
As if it's a playing toy,
Alone in the world of glee,
My teacher and only me.

■ Samiksha Mondal Class V-C

Nature Is Our Friend

Nature is cool in its own way,
Nature is cool in the day.
But if global warming happens, it would not be good,
for our earth and neighbourhood. Global warming
would make the earth hot, which would be like a
boiling pot.
Global warming would harm the earth,
Mother Nature would not give any birth. The earth
would not be clean, and green.
Our water will dry, and it will make us cry.
Our government will try to do something,
But you and I need to save everything.
So start playing it smart,
And do your part
Life might not end,
If you're really Earth's friend.

■ Swarnima Singh Class V-C

Good Handwriting

If you are wise,
You will organize;
Your handwriting always,
To be the right size.

The shape is important,
Round and neat.
Only with practice,
You achieve this feat.

Keep the right space,
You are not in a race;

Or your poor little word,
Will fall on its face.

Be careful of spacing,
Because like racing,
If you don't pay heed,
You won't be able
to read!

■ Nupur Srivastava
Class IV-A

The Lion and the clever Rabbit



Once upon a time there lived a lion in a forest. One day, the lion was very hungry. It roamed here and there, but it could not find anything to eat. Suddenly, he saw a rabbit playing around the tree. He ran towards the rabbit. When the rabbit saw the lion running towards it the rabbit also ran as fast as it could. The rabbit was very clever. It ran towards the hut and hid itself inside the hut. When the lion came there, there was no one about so it thought that the rabbit had gone away. So, the lion went back home very sad.

■ Aditi Nigam Class IV-B



The story of Ice-cream

The Chinese are said to have invented ice cream almost three thousand years ago. Their recipe called for a mixture of snow and fruit juices. Through Alexander the Great, as early as 335 BC, and later, the Roman emperors, are said to have tasted a sort of ice-cream made from milk, honey and fruit juice. Europeans in general, got a taste of ice-cream only in the 13th century. The Italian adventurer, Marco Polo is said to have brought the recipe from China. From Italy, ice-cream soon spread to all parts of Europe. But it was in America, that the word 'ice-cream' was first used. Before that, it was called 'butter ice', 'cream ice', or 'milk ice'. The first ice cream factory was set up in America in 1851. Today, Americans are the largest producers and consumers of ice-cream in the world. In 1904 at the St. Louis fair in America, an ice cream seller ran short of serving dishes. He borrowed some wafers from the next shop rolled them into cones and served the ice-cream in them. They were the first ice-cream cones! The daughter of an American confectioner felt that the way ice-cream was served was messy and that it should be put on a stick, and that was the stick ice cream.

■ Vaishnavi Kumari Class IV-C



Our Loreto School

Our Loreto School,
It is a temple of knowledge,

It is famous far and wide,
And is now Ranchi's pride,

The Principal and teachers are kind and nice,
They always try to make it rise,

How great is our Loreto,
Which spreads the light of its fame,
Throughout the world may shine its name.

■ Aastha Verma Class IV-C

Smile

I have a little smile,
Which comes on my face everyday.
It comes only when I am happy,
It makes my face glow,
And my eyes glitter
And when I am sad, it goes away.
It makes me even more sad than I can say
So I always like to smile,
Now and everyday.

■ Rushadi Chatterjee IV-B



My life

My family is my life.

Papa and mummy
are very nice.

Grandpa and grandma take
care of me.

My brother and sister play
with me.

I sing, I laugh, I dance and
play,

That's my life day after day.

■ Preksha Kaushal
Class III-C

Jokes



Doctor : Have you ever fainted?
Chirkut : Yes, when last time you told me
your fees.

■ Shatakshi Anand Class IV-C

We Should Save Our Environment

It was beautiful,
It was green and clean.
The smell of fresh air,
The sound of the river flowing
I loved everything happening there,
I pinched myself to see, if it was real.
That was when I realized I was dreaming
couldn't it be real!

Now all is wasted.
The colour is just awful.
The smell of pollution is killing me,
The sound of traffic is giving me a headache.
I wanted my perfect dream to come true,
But again, I was dreaming!

■ Shrestha Jyoti Class IV-A

My Mother

God has made a beautiful and a wonderful mother,
Whose cheeks are like red apples
and eyes are like shining stars
with rosy lips and a pure heart with lots
of love and kindness in her heart.

■ Tanushree Ghosh Class IV-A



Trees

Trees are so helpful,
They give us fruits so colourful,
Please don't cut them
They make our world green.

Trees are so useful,
They give us flowers so colourful,
Oxygen and many green tasty vegetables so useful
So that we can breathe and eat.
So please take care of trees,
Give them water, protect them from
cruel woodcutters,
And plant more and more trees to make
our world green, green and green.A

■ Sampriya Choudhuri Class IV-B

The Sun

The sun is a hot ball of fire,
It gives us heat, light and energy, so we don't tire.
The sun is our nearest star,
From us, it is very very far.
The sun shines very bright in the morning,
not at night
It rises in the East and sets in the West.
Oh, does the sun ever rest?
The sun helps the plants to make its food
Sunshine on my shoulders, makes me feel so good.

■ Class III-B



Story about Malala Yousafzai

Have you heard of Malala Yousafzai? She is a little school girl like us who lived in a distant corner of Pakistan. The girls in her town are not allowed to go to school and face many other restrictions. But, Malala wanted very much to get an education. She dreamt of becoming a doctor or even a pilot when she grew up.

Often, Malala had to secretly go to school, pretending to go to the market instead, and hiding her books under her shawl. Then, she started writing against the old social values, that stopped girls and women from having a free life. She changed her name in her writing, so that she was not found out.

People all over the world read her stories and came to know about the difficulties girls and women faced. Soon, she became quite famous. Malala was given the 'International Children's Peace Prize' for her efforts to improve the conditions of girls and women. But, many people in her country were angry with her effort for a better life for girls.

Recently, when Malala was returning from school, she was shot by someone who disliked what she was doing. Luckily, she survived. Malala is now getting well in England. The United Nations has declared November 10th as 'Malala Day' to draw attention to the difficulties faced by girls all over the world in growing up normally.

Are we not lucky to be able to get such wonderful education so easily where we live?

■ Ranjini Sengupta Class III-A

Number Rhyme

One, one, one ,little puppy run,
Two, two, two ,cats say mew,
Three, three, three ,monkeys on the tree,
Four, four, four ,rats on the floor,
Five, five, five ,see the dragonfly,
Six, six, six ,pick up the bricks,
Seven, seven, seven, God is in heaven,
Eight, eight, eight ,sorry I am late,
Nine, nine, nine ,thank you I am fine,
Ten, ten, ten, a tiger in the den.

■ Dipansha Suruti Sumbroy Class III-A

Strange Land

Once I went to the land without gravity,
I don't remember when I sat down to write.
And up flew my pen!
So did my paper and all sorts of things.
Almost as if they had sprouted wings!
I was so surprised, I fell off my chair .
And instead of landing on the ground,
I floated up in the air!
My mother came in just then;
she was floating, too!
She said, 'Has anyone seen my book
that is blue?'
Then she saw the book,
Soaring through the door,
And said things like this,
Have never happened before!

■ Hysha Singh Class III-B

The Miracle

Once upon a time, there lived a poor girl named Usha. She had a brother named Anush. Usha was very ill so the doctor had told them to collect Rs3000 for buying medicines or Usha would die. When a kind landlord came to know about it: he called twenty poor children and said, "There is a small loaf of bread for each one of you." Everyone began to quarrel and hit one another to take the best one. Anush was one of the poor children. He took the smallest one left then thanked the landlord and went home. When he broke the loaf, he saw that there was Rs9000 inside. He gave it to the doctor. The doctor gave him the medicine. This way, Usha's life was saved. Then they lived happily ever after.

Moral - God helps the poor and the needy.

■ Aparna Class Class III-C

My Family

This is my family with four members
This is my father, good and kind.
This is my mother with a loving mind.
This is me, pretty and tall.
This is my sister seen with her doll
This is my family so full of love.

■ Aadrika Sahu Class II-A

Story Gems For Children

There was a boy named Raju. His father and mother taught him good habits and told him stories about goodness and bravery.

Raju's neighbours did not have any children of their own and so they loved Raju. One day, Raju was sitting in his neighbour's house where he saw a beautiful pen on the table. He liked it very much. He kept it in his pocket and ran to his house. When he was about to start writing with that pen, his inner voice said, 'Raju' you have stolen a pen! Your father and mother have taught you to do only good deeds; they love you so much and if they come to know that you have stolen a pen, how sad they will feel. Your neighbours also love you so much. If you had just asked them for it, they would have gladly given you the pen. But you stole it.

Raju felt guilty. He felt that his inner voice was speaking the truth. He took the pen and went back to his neighbour's house. He put it back where it had been and returned home. Then he felt that he did the right thing.

Next day, when the neighbours came to his house, they gave Raju a gift. They said, that they had forgotten to give it to him earlier. When he opened the gift parcel, he saw that it was the same pen that he had stolen the day before and then returned.

He thought, how nice his neighbours were! He resolved never to steal ever again and always remain honest. From that day onwards, Raju always listened to his inner voice and felt happier.

■ Amisha Minz Class II-C



Dinky the Spider

Dinky, the spider lived in a deep dark cave. One day, he tried to catch some bees, but they flew away. He tried to catch some grasshoppers, but they too hopped away. He was hungry and he needed food fast; so he thought of a plan. He wove a big web inside the cave. Then he went outside. A swarm of flies were playing outside the cave. He sat quietly. He didn't try to catch them. The young flies were very curious regarding this strange behaviour of the spider. When asked, Dinky sweetly said that it was his birthday and so he would not eat flies that day. Instead, he invited them for a small party of some sweets inside the cave. The flies tried to tempt him into action by flying very close to him, but he took no notice of them and sat quietly. The young flies started believing Dinky's story about his birthday and on impulse, decided to go with him inside the cave. An old fly warned them against Dinky, but the young ones took no heed of his advice. At Dinky's suggestion, some bold flies went into the cave for the sweets while Dinky waited outside with the others. When the flies did not come out after a long time, the ones waiting outside flew inside to look for them. Dinky had tricked the flies. There were no sweets or party inside the cave. As the cave was dark, the flies could not see properly. They flew right into Dinky's web and got caught in it. Ha, Ha, Ha, Happy Birthday to me! Dinky laughed and ate them up.

■ Sara Asad Class III-A



How Beautiful The World Is!!

How beautiful the world is,
How blue the sky above,
How green the grass in the morning dew,
How musical are birds above.

Eyes to see the colours bright,
Ears for music of delight,
Nose to smell the fragrant rose,
Skin to feel the breeze that blows.

How beautiful the world is,
How blue the sky above,
God is there in all creation,
Flowing forth in light and love.

■ Trina Mukherjee Class II-A

The Moon

Moon, Moon, Moon,
Come daily soon.
You come at night,
You give us light.
You are high and bright,
Give us wisdom and might.

■ Suondous Fatima Prep-A

A Beautiful Day

What a fine day
To go out and play,
In the month of May,
Making me happy and gay.
All I have to say,
What a beautiful day!!

■ Dhvani Mishra Prep-B

My First Pet

One day, a dog was very hungry. He was crying. I gave him some food. I thought I will play with him. But when I brought him home, my mother became angry. I said, "Please mom, can I keep him? My mom looked at me for a second and said, "Yes".

That is how, I got my first pet.

■ Vrinda Sarkas Class II-B



Riddles

Q How do you make 'seven' an even number?
Ans Take the 'S' out.

Q What has four legs but can't walk?
Ans A chair.

Q What is round as a cookie, busy as a bee?
Ans Watch.

Q Where can you find an ocean with no water?
Ans On a map.

Q Why did the oreo go to the dentist?
Ans Because he lost his filling.

Q What has a head, a tail, and no body?
Ans A coin.

Q Why did Mickey Mouse go to outer space?
Ans Because he wanted to see Pluto.

Q What bird can you write with?
Ans Penguin

■ Meher Minocha
Class I-A

Artistic Skills



▲ Alpana Monali Khalkho Class IX-C



▲ Shristy Shiwary Ekka Class VIII-C



▲ Mahima Kumari Class VIII-A



▲ Dilpreet Kaur Class VIII - A

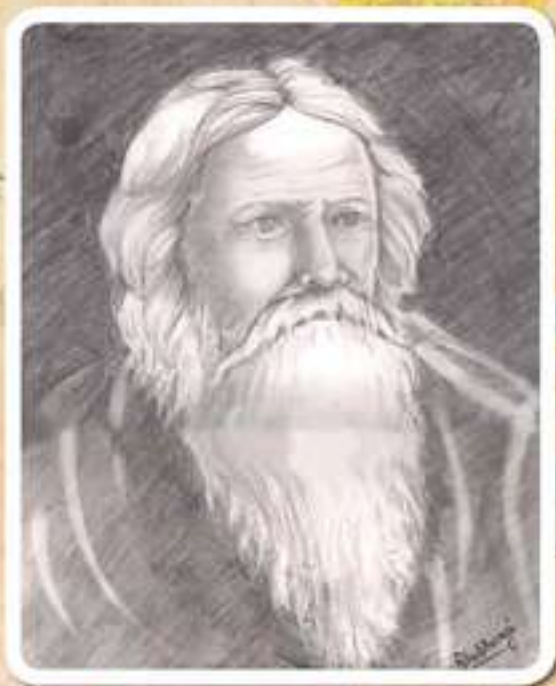


▲ Aditi Chatterjee Class VIII-C

Artistic Skills



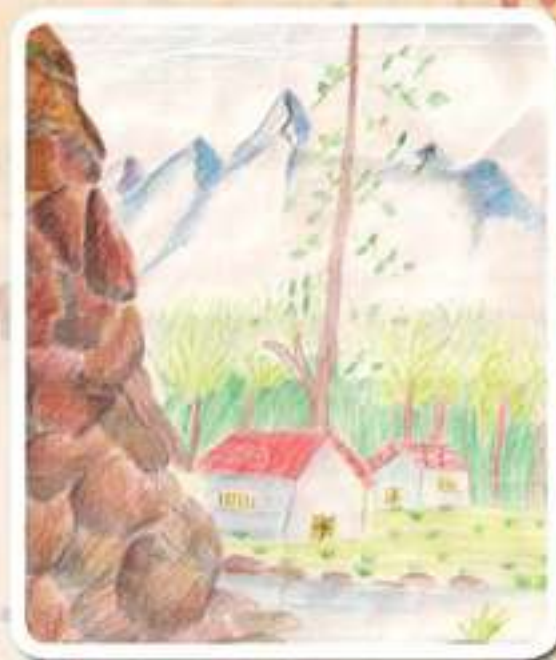
▲ Kanishtha Kujur Class X-B



▲ Shubhangi Mehta Class VIII -A



▲ Divya Sanjay Class IX-A



▲ Mary Priyanka Ekka Class VI-B

Artistic Skills



▲ Tasmiya Mariyam Class VI-A



▲ Debashrita Mahata Class VI-C



▲ Anjali Barwa Class VI-A



▲ Diksha Chawla Class VIII-B



▲ Chetna Anjali Class VI-C

Artistic Skills



▲ Saumya Agrawal Class VII-C



▲ Sneha Banka Class VIII-B



▲ Ankita Vivati Kujur Class VII-C



▲ Trina Mukherjee Class II-A

Artistic Skills



▶ Manisha Banka Class VIII-A

▶ Mahima Jalan Class III-A



Artistic Skills



▲ Swartupa Moji Class I-A



▲ Vanshi Arora Class I-A



▲ Poorva Class I-A



▲ Megha Giri II-B



▲ Siddhi Suman Class III-B

Artistic Skills



▲ Anushree Class III-C



▲ Shinjan Mukherjee Class I-B



▲ Muskan Priya Class V A



Do Not Cage Them

▲ Samaira Kumar Class IV-C

Artistic Skills

▼ Himashree Saha Class V-A



Annual School Magazine 2012-2013

Loreto Convent



▲ Vedashree Class V-B



क्या भूलूँ, क्या याद करूँ

मेरे छोटे से दिल में बड़ी – बड़ी डेरों यादें दबी पड़ी हैं पर अपनी लेखनी को एक सीमा में बाँध कर तो रखना ही है। इतने सालों में कई – कई छात्राएँ कई – कई शिक्षिकाएँ और कई सिस्टर्स मेरे शिक्षण काल के दौरान संपर्क में आईं उन सबका उल्लेख करना असंभव है पर जिन्होंने मेरी जीवन धारा मोड़ कर मुझे नए आयाम दिए उन्हें आज याद न करूँ तो ये मेरी कृतघ्नता होगी।

मेरे दिल के झरोखे से खड़ी – मीठी यादों की चौदनी आज फिर बिखरने लगी है। 1979 की एक सुबह जब दुर्गा पुजा की छुट्टियों के बाद की गुलाबी ठंडक घंघरे से लिपटने लगी थी, मुझे लोरेटो कॉन्वेंट से बुलावा आया – धड़कता दिल लिए हुए मैं स्कूल पहुँची। स्कूल के बड़े से गेट को जब दरबान ने खोला तो गेट के साथ – साथ मेरे सपनों की नगरी खुलती नजर आई। बच्चों को पढ़ाने का सपना, कुछ बेहतर करने का सपना। मेरे साथ मि० गुप्ते थी जो मुझे लेकर प्रिंसिपल के कमरे में पहुँची। कुछ महीनों के लिए एक शिक्षिका छुट्टी पर गई थी उनकी जगह काम करने के लिए मिसेज गुप्ते ही मुझे ले आई थी।

पहली बार घर के बाहर के संसार में कदम रख रही थी, उत्साह के साथ डर भी था पर प्रिंसिपल से बात करते ही सारा डर दूर हो गया। मुझे कक्षा "तीन" की शिक्षिका के रूप में रखा गया। उस समय सिस्टर मर्सी जुनियर सेक्शन की इंचार्ज हुआ करती थी। जिस स्नेह के साथ उन्होंने मुझे मेरी कक्षा से परिचय कराया वह मैं कभी नहीं भूल सकती। जो कॉन्वेंट कल्चर उन्होंने मेरे भीतर बोया वह सदा के लिए मेरे शैक्षणिक जीवन में रचा – बसा रहा। वे कुछ महीने मेरे जीवन की दिशा मोड़ने के लिए पर्याप्त थे। यह अस्थायी नौकरी थी अतः निश्चित समय के बाद मेरा कार्यकाल खत्म हो गया लेकिन फिर किसी ओर स्कूल में काम करने की इच्छा ही नहीं हुई।

फिर आया 1981 का दिसंबर जब लोरेटो सिस्टर्स ने दोबारा मुझे अवसर दिया। प्रिंसिपल थी सिस्टर मार्गरेट सीनियर सेक्शन की इंचार्ज थी सिस्टर ऐन मारी। उन्होंने मुझे कक्षा आठ की हिन्दी शिक्षिका के रूप में नियुक्त किया। ये स्थान मिसेज बी. आर. सिंह के चले जाने से रिक्त हुआ था। उन दिनों नया सत्र जनवरी में शुरू होता था। और सत्र का अंत 17 – 18 दिसंबर तक खत्म हो जाता अतः सिस्टर ने कहा कि मैं 11 जनवरी को अपना कार्य शुरू करूँ जो स्कूल खुलने का पहला दिन होता। मेरी खुशी का ठिकाना नहीं था मानो उस दिन मुझे पर लग गए थे मैं उड़ती हुई सी घर पहुँची थी। मेरे सिर्फ दो बेटे हैं एक बिटिया की

चाहत थी पर लोरेटो आते ही मुझे कई बेटियाँ मिल गईं। इस स्कूल ने न सिर्फ मुझे बेटियाँ दी बल्कि साथ में दिए डेर सारा आत्मविश्वास जिसके लिए मैं लोरेटो स्कूल की सदा आभारी रहूँगी।

खेलकूद और सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रमों की ओर मेरा रुझान बचपन से ही था अतः स्कूल के वार्षिक उत्सव का मुझे खास इंतजार रहता। इस संदर्भ में मैं लीना गर्ग को विशेष रूप से याद करती हूँ। वह 1982 में कक्षा आठ की छात्रा थी। स्कूल कान्सर्ट में "एन्ड्राक्वेलिस एंड द लायन" का सफल मंचन हुआ था जिसमें लायन बनी थी लीना गर्ग। उसने न केवल 'लायन' के पात्र को जीवंत किया बल्कि अगली बार वार्षिक खेलकूद समारोह में जलते हुए रिंग के आर पार कुद कर जो कारनामा उसने दिखाया उससे मेरे रोंगटे जितने खड़े हुए उससे ज्यादा दर्शकों की तालियों की गड़गड़ाहट से रोंगटे खड़े हो गए थे।

उन दिनों खेल के मैदान ओर स्कूल की इमारत के बीच लाल ईंटों की दीवार ओर खपरैल की छत वाला एक खूबसूरत गोलनुमा बंगला हुआ करता था। ये आइरिश नन्स के जमाने से ही था। इसी बंगले से बच्चों की प्राथमिक शिक्षा आरंभ होती। उन बच्चों की किलकारियों से स्कूल का आहाता चहकने लगता। बंगले को घेरे हुए बड़े-बड़े बॉस के पेड़ और धनी अमराइयों स्कूल के वातावरण को तपोवन का आभास दिलाते।

लोरेटो के कान्सर्ट का हर अभिभावक बेसब्री से इंतजार करता था। कान्सर्ट में सिस्टर सेलिन का पियानो बजाना, उफ! अभिभावक मंत्रमुग्ध हो जाते। 2-3 घंटे तक उनकी उंगलियाँ पियानो पर अनवरत, अथक खिरकती रहती जिससे हर नृत्य-नाटिका जीवंत हो उठती। सनी शिक्षिकाएँ, छात्राएँ, कर्मचारी बड़े उत्साह से वार्षिकोत्सव की तैयारी करते।

कई नृत्य-नाटिकाओं का तो हिन्दी में मैंने ही रूपान्तरण किया, कई बार बाल-दिवस के उपलक्ष्य में बच्चों के लिए गाने लिखे, नाटक लिखे, बच्चों के साथ टेबल टेनिस खेले, बास्केटबॉल खेले, नृत्य किए गाने गाए। अपनी उम्र तो मानो मैं मूल चली थी ऐसा लगता मानो मैं भी स्कूल की एक छात्रा थी। इस स्कूल ने मुझे हुदापे का आनास भी न होने दिया।

सिस्टर मॉयरा का शांत, सौम्य मेहरा हर किसी के दिल को सुकून पहुँचाता। न केवल उनकी Geography Classes मशहूर थी बल्कि P.T. Display में भी उनकी दक्षता थी। उनसे मैंने सीखा कि किस प्रकार हम संतुलित रहने हुए दृढ़ता और कोमलता बनाए रख सकते हैं। उन खुशनुमा और तनाव रहित दिनों की याद आज भी मन में शीतल झील की तरह चमकती रहती है।

1997-98 में लोरेटो प्रिंसिपल की हैसियत से सिस्टर मर्सी का फिर रौंधी आगमन हुआ। उनके सान्निध्य में मैंने टीम-वर्क सीखा। उन्होंने अनेक नई-नई activities की शुरुआत की, खासतौर से 'धर्म-भारती' संस्था। गरीब बच्चों के लिए "आशा किरण" की शुरुआत उनके प्रयत्नों से ही संभव हुआ। इन कार्यों ने मिसेज कैवलजीत कौर का बड़ा योगदान रहा। उन दिनों हम सभी शिक्षिकाएँ अपने-अपने विषय "आशा किरण" के बच्चों को पढ़ाती, धीरे-धीरे हम लोगो ने लोरेटो छात्राओं को भी इस कार्य के शामिल किया। सिस्टर मर्सी की जिंदा दिली सभी को प्रभावित करती थी। वे पिकनिक पर जाना बहुत पसंद करती। शिक्षिकाएँ अपने सुख-दुख, अपनी समस्याएँ उनके साथ निस्संकोच बँटती। उनके कार्यकाल में मेरा आत्म विश्वास और भी निखर गया।

फिर आई सिस्टर बर्नडेट जो सरलता एवं नम्रता की मूर्ति थी। वे छात्राओं और शिक्षिकाओं के साथ बहुत प्यार और सद्भावना से पेश आती। मुझे अब भी याद है जब हम शिक्षिकाएँ वार्षिक परीक्षा के बाद उत्तर-पुस्तिकाएँ जाँचते रहते तो सिस्टर बर्नडेट हम लोगो के लिए जैम, जेली बना कर भिजवातीं। उस जैम में चीनी की मिठास से ज्यादा अपनत्व की मिठास होती थी। वो मिठास अभी भी मेरी जुबान को तर कर देती है। उनके कार्यकाल में हमने 'प्रेम-काति' नामक नृत्य नाटिका का सफल मंचन किया। शुरु में उसकी जिम्मेदारी जब मुझे दी गई तो लगा इसका मंचन संभव नहीं होगा पर जब हुआ तो ऐसा जोरदार हुआ

कि सभी वाह – वाह कर उठे। उस नृत्य – नाटिका के नायक की भूमिका को जीवंत करने वाली छात्रा ऐश्वर्या त्रिपाठी मुझे अभी भी याद है।

मेरे कार्यकाल का अंतिम पड़ाव सिस्टर मैरियन के नेतृत्व में आया। उनके बारे में इतना सुना था कि उनसे मिलने से पहले ही हम भयभीत थे धीरे – धीरे जब उनको जाना तो समझ में आया कि निम्नलिखित व्यवहार किसे कहते हैं। सभी के लिए कुछ न कुछ अच्छा करने की भावना उनमें कूट – कूट कर भरी है।

हर सिस्टर के कार्यकाल में तीन बातें सदा महत्वपूर्ण रही थीं – अनुशासन, नैतिक मूल्य एवं मानवीय संवेदना – इन तीनों का संगम मैंने कहीं देखा तो वह बस लोरेटो कान्वेंट में देखा।

सिस्टर मैरियन हर क्षेत्र में बहुत योजनाबद्ध एवं सक्रिय हैं, वह चाहे वार्षिक उत्सव हो या किसिमस की तैयारी या हर सप्ताह होने वाली गतिविधियाँ उनका ध्यान हर बारीकी पर रहता है। हर गतिविधि के दौरान हम अपनी छात्राओं के बहुत करीब आ जाते। खेलकूद हो या बाल दिवस हो या वार्षिक समारोह। हमेशा एक दोस्ताना माहौल बना रहता। साथ – साथ बच्चों की सुरक्षा का डर भी हमेशा बना रहता अतः सावधानी रखने के लिए छात्राओं को कई बार डॉट भी लगानी पड़ती। इसके बावजूद एक बार ऐसी घटना घटी कि जिसने सबका दिल दहला दिया। बात शायद 1991 के आस – पास की है। एक बार वार्षिक खेलकूद के अभ्यास में 'जैवलिन थ्रो' के दौरान किसी लड़की के हाथ से जैवलिन छुटा तो वो जाकर लगा अदिति झा नामक छात्रा के माथे पर खुन का फव्वारा फूट निकला। कुछ पल के लिए तो मेरी साँस ही रुक सी गई। फिर अपने को संभाला, बिजली की गति से अदिति की तरफ दौड़ी उसके माथे को अपनी हथेली से दबाया एक छात्रा को दौड़या कि First aid वाला Box लाए। ढेर सारी रुई निकाल कर किसी तरह दबा – दबा कर खुन रोका, दवाई लगाई और डाक्टर के पास भेजने का प्रबंध किया।

ईश्वर की दया से वह ठीक रही बल्कि वही मेरा साहस बँधाती रही। जिस छात्रा से गलती हुई थी वह भी डर गई, ग्लानि से मरी बार – बार अदिति से कहती कि वह भी उसके माथे पर वैसी ही चोट पहुँचाए। वो यार्दे आज भी मन भिगों जाती है। जाने कितनी ही बार बच्चों को घोट लगने पर या उनमें आपसी लड़ाई होने पर न केवल उनके घावों पर, बल्कि उनके मन पर भी मरहम लगाया है। बच्चियाँ रोती तो मेरा रोता, छात्राएं पढ़कर नहीं आती या अच्छे अंक नहीं लाती तो मुझे वो अपनी असफलता लगती, वे उत्तीर्ण होती तो लगता मैं उत्तीर्ण हो गई। बोर्ड की परीक्षा में वे अच्छे प्रतिशत लाती तो मैं घर में मिठाइयाँ बाँटती। मैं स्कूल और घर का फर्क भूल चली थी पर 2012 की अप्रैल ने मुझे याद दिलाया कि अब मेरे पास मेरा स्कूल नहीं, केवल मेरा घर है। अब अपनी सहकर्मियों और छात्राओं से मेरा साथ छुट जाएगा मेरे अवकाश प्राप्ति का दिन आ गया था।

प्रकृति का अटल नियम है कि हर बीज का एक अंत होता ही है। वृक्ष का हर पत्ता पीला पड़ता ही है और फिर डाली से विलग होकर विछुड़ जाता है। मैं वो पीला पत्ता थी जो लोरेटो की डाली से बिछुड़ रही थी। मन भारी हो रहा था पर साथ थीं सिस्टर मैरियन से मिली मधुर यार्दे – वो सम्मान, वो प्यार और

अपनत्व, सबसे बढ़कर वो महत्व जो उन्होंने मुझे दिया, सब कुछ दामन में समेट कर मैं 22 अप्रैल 2012 की शाम को लोरेटो स्कूल के उसी बड़े से गेट के बाहर आ गई जिसने कभी अपनी बाँहे खोलकर मुझे भीतर ले लिया था। मन में दर्द था लेकिन

“दर्द के फुल भी खिलते हैं बिखर जाते हैं

जख्न कैसे भी हों कुछ रोज में भर जाते हैं”

संगीता शरण (1982–2011)



तीन बातें

तीन चीजें किसी का इंतजार नहीं करती समय, मौत और ग्राहक।

इन तीनों का सम्मान करो गुरु, पिता और माता।

तीन चीजें परदे योग्य हैं धन, स्त्री और भोजन।

तीन चीजों से बचने को कोशिश करनी चाहिए दुरी संगति, स्वार्थ और निंदा।

उन तीनों पर सदा दया करें बालक, भूखा और पागल।

तीन चीजें कोई नहीं घुसा सकता अक्ल, चरित्र और हुनर।

इन तीनों से हमेशा सावधान रहें कर्ज, फर्ज और मर्ज।

तीन चीजों पर से मन लगाने से उन्नति होती है ईश्वर, परिश्रम और विद्या।

तीन चीजें जीवन में एक बार मिलती हैं माँ, बाप और जीवन

■ अलबिया खान कक्षा VIII -C



ऊपर क्यों गये सूरज और चाँद

बहुत पहले सूरज और चाँद जमीन पर रहते थे, पानी उनका अच्छा दोस्त था। वे अक्सर उससे मिलने आते थे, लेकिन पानी कभी उनके घर नहीं जाता था। एक दिन सूरज ने पानी से पूछा, तुम कभी हमसे मिलने क्यों नहीं आते? पानी बोला, मेरे बहुत सारे दोस्त हैं यदि मैं तुम्हारे घर आऊँ तो वे भी मेरे साथ आयेंगे। उन सबके लिए तुम्हारे घर में जगह नहीं होगी।

सूरज ने कहा, मैंने एक बड़ा और नया घर बनावाया है। उसने पानी को इस नये घर में बुलाया, पानी तरह तरह की मछलियों और दूसरे जीवों के साथ सूरज के घर पहुँचा।

पानी अंदर आया और कुछ ही देर में सूरज के घर में घुटनों तक पानी भर गया। देखते ही देखते पानी इतना ऊँचा हो गया। मछलियाँ और पानी तमाम जीव सूरज के घर में इधर उधर घूमने लगे। अंत में पानी इतना ऊँचा हो गया कि सूरज और चाँद को छत पर जा कर बैठना पड़ा। थोड़ी ही देर में पानी छत पर भी आ गया। अब सूरज और चाँद क्या करते? कहाँ बैठते? वे भाग कर आसमान पर जा पहुँचे। आसमान उन्हें इतना पसंद आया कि वे वहीं रहने लगे। तब से लेकर आज तक सूरज और चाँद आसमान में ही रहते हैं।

■ निशा चरांव कक्षा VI - B

अंकों का महत्व

- आसमान में सात तारों का समूह 'सप्तर्षि' है।
- संसार में सात महाद्वीप हैं।
- पवित्र ग्रंथ बाइबल में 7 अंक सर्वश्रेष्ठ हैं।
- सप्ताह में सात दिन हैं।

- संगीत में सात सुरों का संगम है।
- हिन्दू मान्यतानुसार मनुष्य का 7 जन्म होता है।
- विवाह के समय सात वचन लिये जाते हैं।

■ युक्ति मेहता कक्षा VI-C

खुशबूदार पुस्तक

क्रिसमस के छुट्टियों के दौरान जॉन और टॉम अपने घर के बगीचे में खेल रहे थे। अचानक एक परी उनके सामने प्रकट हुई। उनके अध्यापिका ने उन्हें परियों के बारे में बताया था। इसलिए वे परी को आसानी से पहचान पाए। परी के दोनों हाथों में उनके लिए सुन्दर तोहफे थे। परी ने उन्हें तोहफे देकर वादा किया कि वह अगले वर्ष उनसे मिलने जरूर आएगी और नये साल की शुभकामनाएं देकर वहां से चली गई।

उन दोनों ने अपने तोहफे खोले। उन्हें एक-एक पुस्तक मिला था जिसके प्रत्येक पन्ने पर तारीख के साथ एक सुन्दर चित्र बना हुआ था। पुस्तकों को खोलने पर अच्छी सुगंध आ रही थी। प्रतिदिन उन पुस्तकों के चित्र को देखना उनकी आदत बन गई थी।

एक साल बाद, परी वापस आई। टॉम और जॉन बगीचे में थे। परी के हाथ में तोहफे थे। परी ने पिछले वर्ष के तोहफे मंगवाए। वे दौड़ कर पुस्तक ले आए। दोनों पुस्तकों को संभाल कर रखने के लिए परी ने उन्हें शाबाशी दी।

परी ने दोनों किताबों को खोला। पहले कुछ पन्ने खोलने पर अच्छी सुगंध आ रही थी। परंतु पिछले के कुछ पन्ने फटे हुए थे और स्याही के दाग लगे हुए थे। "ऐसा किसने किया? हमने तो पुस्तकों को अच्छी तरह संभाल कर रखा था।" जॉन और टॉम ने कहा। पुस्तकों को खराब देखकर वे दोनों उदास हो गए। परी ने मुस्कराकर कहा "तुम दोनों में से किसी ने ऐसा नहीं किया है। वह स्वयं ही ऐसा हो गया।" उन बच्चों को कुछ न समझ आया।

परी ने उन्हें समझाया कि जिन जिन दिनों में उन्होंने अपने दोस्तों को खिलौने दिये और अपने माता-पिता का कहना माना। उन पन्नों से खुशबू आ रही है। जिस दिन उन्होंने अपने दोस्तों से लड़ाई की और अपने माता-पिता का कहा माना उस दिन के पन्ने फट गए और स्याही का दाग लग गया। टॉम ने परी से कहा कि अगले वर्ष जब वह आयेगी तब हर एक पन्ने से उन्हें सुगंध मिलेगी। परी ने कहा, "तुम लोगों को इस के लिए और मौका नहीं मिलेगा। मैं यह पुस्तक ले जा रही हूँ।" परी ने उन्हें सांत्वना दी और तोहफे देकर कहा, "अगले वर्ष जब मैं आऊँगी, हर एक पन्ने से मुझे सुगंध मिलती है तो मैं यह किताब तुम्हें लौटा दूँगी।" यह कर यह वहाँ से चली गई।

दोस्तों अगर ऐसा ही एक पुस्तक इस नये वर्ष में परी ने हमें दी तो क्या वह जब अगले वर्ष आयेगी तब हर पन्ने से सुगंध निकलेगी?

■ इजितावेश थॉमस कक्षा VII - B



चुटकुले

पत्नी (पति से) : आज जब भी स्कूटर मोड़ते हैं तो

मुझे बहुत डर लगता है।

पति : तो तुम भी मेरी तरह डरपोक हो।

मैं तो मोड़ पर आंखें बंद कर लेता हूँ।

आगे से तुम भी ऐसा ही करना।

शिक्षक ने क्लास में एक छात्र से पूछा – अगर एक भ्रष्ट नेता नदी में डूब जाए तो क्या होगा?

छात्र ने जबाब दिया—पॉल्यूशन

शिक्षक ने फिर पूछा – सारे भ्रष्ट नेता नदी में डूब जाएं तो?

छात्र ने कहा – सॉल्यूशन।

एक लड़का (रिश्तावाला से) :

सामनगर का कितना

भाड़ा लगेगा?

रिश्तावाला : पाँच रुपये।

लड़का : और सामान का?

रिश्तावाला : कुछ भी नहीं।

लड़का : तो ठीक है, सामान लेकर आगे बढ़ो, मैं पैदल आता हूँ।

■ मौसमी कक्षा VI - A

सोनू – पिताजी, क्या आप आंखें बंद करके हस्ताक्षर कर सकते हैं?

पिता— हाँ! हाँ! बिल्कुल कर सकता हूँ।

सोनू – रिपोर्ट कार्ड आगे करते हुए। अपनी आँखें बंद करके हस्ताक्षर कर दीजिए।

■ इना एंजलीन तिर्की कक्षा VII - A



बताओ तो जानें

- ऊपर नीचे कौंटे ही कौंटे अंदर बैठा बीज गरमी का मैं प्यारा फल, खाने का रसीली बीज
- मैं रहती लकड़ी के घर में रंगबिरंगे हैं मेरे रूप चित्र बनाओ या लिखवाओ मगमावन मेरे सारे रूप
- झलझल पर, फूल पात पर मंठराता वह काला बंजारा, फूल कहे वह मेरा साथी, लोग कहे उसे अवार
- सफेद सड़क पर मुझे सब हाथ पकड़ कर दौड़ते, जग में उनका कोई मान नहीं, जो मुझे चल न पाते

उत्तर : 1 लीची, 2 पेंसिल
3 भौरा, 4 कल

■ प्रिया भारती कक्षा VII-A

चेतना शक्ति

भगवान क्या है, इसे मैं क्यों आँखों से नहीं देख सकता हूँ। नास्तिक अक्सर ऐसा बातें किया करते हैं। अगर भगवान है, तो इतने दुःख क्यों हैं? अन्याय क्यों है? धर्म को लेकर लोग आपस में खून बहा रहे हैं। एक मजहब के लोग दूसरे मजहब को श्रद्धा के आँखों से न देखकर घृणा तथा नफरत की दृष्टि से देखते हैं।

मगर भगवान कोई व्यक्ति विशेष भी नहीं है और न ही भगवान का कोई एक ठोस आकार या रूप है जिसे लोग अपनी आँखों द्वारा देख सकें। भगवान एक प्रकाश है। सभी प्राणी में चेतनाशक्ति रूप में विद्यमान है। उसी में हमारा जीवन हमारी गति तथा हमारा अस्तित्व निहित है। हम हवा को भी देख नहीं सकते, इसका अर्थ यह नहीं है कि हवा है ही नहीं। हवा को हम महसूस करते हैं, उसी प्रकार भगवान को भी चर्मच्छु से नहीं देखा जा सकता है। उन्हें देखने के लिए दिव्य चक्षु यानी कि विश्वास श्रद्धामान होना जरूरी है। वास्तव में वह हमसे किसी से भी दूर नहीं है, क्योंकि उसी में हमारा जीवन हमारी गति तथा हमारा अस्तित्व निहित है। वह तो सार्वभौम है और समस्त विश्व में सभी समय समान रूप से व्यप्त है। उसे किसी देश जाति के दायरे में बाँध कर नहीं रखा जा सकता। सर्वजीव एवं सर्वत्र विद्यमान इसी शक्ति को परमात्मा, एवं जीव के चेतन शक्ति को जो उसी परमात्मा के प्रतिबिम्ब मात्र है, आत्मा कहा जाता है।

जीवात्मा अगर परमात्मा को नापने चले तो कैसे नाप पाएगा भला? जैसे रामकृष्ण परमहंस कहा करते थे कि लवण की पुतुलिका सागर नापने गया तो लौटकर आ नहीं सका, सागर में ही मिलकर एकाकार हो गया। ब्रह्माण्ड में उनके अलावा कुछ है ही नहीं, सभी मजहब के लोगों में एक ही चेतना शक्ति विद्यमान है तभी तो सभी के खून का रंग एक ही होता है। सुख-दुःख से न घबराकर उसे गले लगाते हैं क्योंकि इस दुःख में ही उनका स्मरण हो जाता है। अभी जगत में जितनी भी अन्याय हो रही है सभी की विचार जरूरी होगी क्योंकि भगवान के घर देर है, अंधेर नहीं। धर्म लेकर लोग आपस में लड़ रहे हैं; ये तो उसकी नामसझी है। हममें अगर थोड़ी से भी समझ है तो हम सभी उन विश्व रचयिता का भक्त बनकर क्यों न एक दुसरे से प्रेम से एकाकार हो जाएँ फिर तो सारा विश्व में प्रेम ही प्रेम होगा और पृथ्वी स्वर्ग बन पाएगी।

■ मैत्रेयी घटर्जी लाइब्रेरीयन

लड़खड़ाते कदम

आज का युग एवं किशोर वर्ग बहुत ही पीड़ित है। जिन्हें अभी मानसिक एवं शारीरिक रूप से स्वस्थ होना चाहिए उनमें ही सहनशीलता, संयम एवं अनुशासन की कमी दिख रही है। इन्हीं कारणों से उनके कदम बहक जाते हैं और वे अपना संयम खो देते हैं।

आज का युवा वर्ग कुसंगति का शिकार है, जिसका प्रभाव बहुत घातक है। लोग इस कुसंगति के कारण ही नशीले पदार्थों का सेवन करने लगते हैं जो उनके शरीर के लिए बहुत ही हानिकारक है। शरीर ही नहीं अपितु, ये पूरे मानव मन एवं जीवन को झंझोर कर रख देता है। सभी जगह यह लिखा रहता है कि धूम्रपान शरीर के लिए हानिकारक है लेकिन जिसको इसकी लत पड़ गई उसे इससे पीछा छुड़ाना मुश्किल हो जाएगा।

कुसंगति ही नहीं अपितु "आत्महत्या" का भी शिकार आज का युवा वर्ग हो गया है। दुनिया भर में आत्महत्याओं की संख्याएं दिन प्रतिदिन बढ़ती चली जा रही है। नौजवान असफलता एवं बेरोजगारी के कारण जीने की इच्छा छोड़ देते हैं और आत्महत्या करने पर विवश हो जाते हैं। कुछ माता पिता का रोकटोक अपने जीवन में पसंद नहीं करते और अपने मन मुताबिक काम करते हैं चाहे वह उनके हित के लिए हो या न हो। अपने माता-पिता के शिक्षाप्रद एवं सानकारी बातों को सिर्फ एक उपदेश के तौर पर लेकर वे उन पर अमल नहीं करते और आखिरकार वहीं करते हैं जो वे चाहते हैं, यही कारण है कि वे भटक जाते हैं और सही रास्ते में लौटना कभी कभी असंभव हो जाता है।

युवा वर्ग आज के चकाचौंध वर्तमान दुनिया की ओर आकृष्ट हैं। हर चीज एवं हर क्षेत्र में वे आधुनिक बनने की कोशिश कर रहे हैं। नए-नए आधुनिक यंत्रों एवं शास्त्रों को अपने व्यवहार में जल्द से जल्द ला रहे हैं। वे अपनी संस्कृति एवं सभ्यता को भूलते जा रहे हैं जो कि कमी नहीं होना चाहिए।

युवा देश का भविष्य है। आज के युवा वर्ग को सभ्यता एवं अनुशासन में रहना चाहिए और जो उनसे उम्मीदें हैं उसे पूरा करने की यथासंभव प्रयास करना चाहिए। युवाओं पर ही निर्भर है कि वे हमारी प्राचीन संस्कृति एवं सभ्यता को संभाल कर रखे एवं उसे पूरे विश्व में प्रसिद्ध करे।

■ रश्मि कण्डुलना कक्षा XII - Arts

नदी की आत्मकथा

मैं नदी हूँ। लोग मुझे सरिता, तरंगिणी, नद, तटिनी, आदि विभिन्न नामों से पुकारते हैं। मेरे पिता हिमालय, पर्वतों के राजा हैं। मेरे पिता ने मेरा अत्यंत लाड़-प्यार से पालन-पोषण किया है। एक दिन मेरे पिता ने मुझसे कहा, "तुम्हारा जन्म यहां रहने के लिए नहीं हुआ है। तुम्हें अपने शीतल जल से लाखों-करोड़ों लोगों की प्यास, बुझानी है। लोगों पर उपकार करना है, अपने कर्तव्य पथ पर चलते हुए तुम्हें कभी रुकना नहीं है और अंततः सागर में मिल जाना है।" पिता के इन शब्दों ने मुझे भावुक बना दिया। पिता की गोद छोड़कर जाना है, इसकी कल्पना मात्र से ही मेरा हृदय विह्वल हो गया लेकिन तभी अपने कर्तव्य का ध्यान आया और मैंने पिता की आज्ञा मानकर घर से निकलने और संसार की सेवा करने का निश्चय लिया। मैं पिता की गोद छोड़ कल कल निनाद करती हुई धीमी गति से निकल पड़ी। उस समय मैं बहुत घबराई हुई थी।

मन में यही सोच रही थी कि मार्ग में पता नहीं, कौन-कौन सी कठिनाईयों का सामना करना पड़ेगा। इतना लंबा सफर है, मैं अकले कैसे तय करूंगी? किंतु जैसे जैसे मैं आगे बढ़ती गई, मेरा आत्मविश्वास बढ़ता गया। अब संसार की सेवा करना ही मेरा धर्म था। मेरा जल पाकर किसान तो धन्य हो गए। मैं किसानों द्वारा बोए गए बीजों को अंकुरित करती हूँ। धन-धान्य उगाकर लोगों का पेट भरती हूँ, प्रकृति को सींचती हूँ। मेरे जल का उपयोग करके लोगों ने बिजली का निर्माण किया। मैं विघ्न बाधाओं से घबराती नहीं हूँ। यदि मेरे मार्ग में कोई अवरोध आ जाता है तो उसे भी अपने साथ बहा ले जाती हूँ। मैं अपने तेज प्रवाह से पत्थर के भी टुकड़े-टुकड़े कर देती हूँ। अंत में मैं जब सागर में मिलती हूँ तो मुझे इस बात का संतोष रहता है कि मैंने निरंतर गतिशील रहकर अपने कर्तव्य का पालन किया तथा मानवमात्र को पुत्रवत् स्नेह दिया।

लेकिन मुझे अफसोस इस बात का है कि जिस मानव पर मैंने उपकार किया, उसे जीवन प्रदान किया आज वहीं इतना कृताघ्न हो गया है। कितनी बेदरती से मुझमें कूड़ा-कचरा फेंक देता है। वह जरा भी नहीं सोचता कि मेरा जल कितना अशुद्ध हो जाएगा। मेरी सुंदरता, स्वच्छता और निर्मलता, नष्ट हो जाएगी। ऐसा करके वह स्वयं अपना नुकसान कर रहा है। एक समय ऐसा आएगा जब उसे पीने के लिए पानी भी नसीब नहीं हो पाएगा। मैं मनुष्य जाति को चेतावनी दे रही हूँ कि यदि वह मुझे इसी प्रकार प्रदूषित करता रहा तो मेरी भी सहनशक्ति एक न एक दिन समाप्त हो जाएगी। फिर मैं दंड देने में पीछे नहीं हटूंगी। मनुष्य ने बाढ़ के रूप में तो मेरा क्रोध देखा ही है। मनुष्य यदि यह संकल्प ले कि वह मुझे प्रदूषित होने से बचाएगा, तभी सारे संसार का कल्याण होगा।

■ दीप्ति एक्का कक्षा XI

महंगाई की मार से जनता में मची हा-हाकार*

हमारे देश में अनेक समस्याएँ हैं। कुछ बाहरी समस्याएँ और कुछ आन्तरिक समस्याएँ। लेकिन आजकल आन्तरिक समस्याओं में प्रमुख महंगाई की समस्या है। इस देश में अनेक वर्ग के लोग रहते हैं। कुछ लोग ऐसे होते हैं जिन्हें अपने जीवन शैली को चलाने में किसी तरह की कठिनाई नहीं होती, वही कुछ ऐसे वर्ग के लोग भी होते हैं जिनके लिए एक वक्त का गुजारा करना भी कठिन होता है। आज हम इसी समस्या पर चर्चा करेंगे।

आजकल हर चीजों के दाम मानो आसमान को छू रहे हैं। जिससे आम जनता पर इसका गहरा प्रभाव पड़ रहा है। सबसे पहले बात करें डीजल और पेट्रोल की जिसके दाम बढ़ने से मध्यम वर्ग के लोगों की आन्तरिक स्थिति खराब होती जा रही है और डीजल के दाम बढ़ने से ट्रान्सपोर्टर्स ने भी सभी वस्तुओं का दाम बढ़ा दिया है। यही गैस सिलेंडर के भी दाम बढ़ रहे हैं जिसके कारण आम जनता का गुजारा दुश्वार हो गया है। इस व्यवसाय का आम जनता पर इतना गहरा प्रभाव पड़ रहा है जिसकी हम कल्पना भी नहीं कर सकते। सबसे ज्यादा महंगाई तो हमारे विद्यालयों में हो रही है। जिससे आम छात्रों का विद्यालय आना भी दुश्वार हो गया है। जो लोग सही से अपने एक वक्त का गुजारा नहीं कर सकते वे कहीं से अपने बच्चों को इन महंगी, स्कूलों में विद्या ग्रहण करने को भेज सकते हैं। आज ऐसी कौन सी वस्तु नहीं है जिसके दाम आसमान को न छू रहे हो। जिसे ऊँचे वर्ग के लोग तो आसानी से खरीद सकते हैं लेकिन मध्यम वर्ग के लोग के लिए तो यह एक स्वप्न है।

इस समस्या का समाधान हमें जल्दी करना चाहिए नहीं तो आम जनता का गुजारा कठिन हो जाएगा। इसलिए हमें एकजुट होकर इस समस्या पर गौर फरमाना चाहिए और अपने कदम आगे बढ़ाने चाहिए, तभी हम इस समस्या से छुटकारा पा सकते हैं और एक उज्ज्वल भविष्य की कल्पना कर सकते हैं।

इसलिए कहा गया है –
“चलो मिलकर करें प्रयास,
महंगाई से सब मिलकर लड़ें
और इसे जड़ से उखाड़ फेंकें।
मरेंगे तो मरेंगे
पर अब इस महंगाई से नहीं डरेंगे।”

■ पल्लवी सिंह कक्षा XI - Arts

क्लोरीन की आत्मकथा

प्रिय बंधुओं,

मेरा नाम क्लोरीन है। मुझे लोग बचपन के नाम Cl_2 से ही पुकारते हैं। मेरे पिता का नाम HCL है तथा माता का नाम MnO_2 है। मेरा जन्म 1774 ई में हुआ था। मिस्टर सील ने मेरे जन्म के समय मेरी देखभाल की। जब मैं 13 वर्ष की थी तब मेरी शादी एक डाई स्लेकडलाइम) $CaO \cdot H_2O$ नाम वृद्ध से कर दी गई। तीन वर्ष बाद मुझे एक पुत्र हुआ, जिसका नाम क्लिफिंग पाउडर रखा गया। जो बड़ा होने पर नेक इन्सान बना। बड़ों की सेवा करना, गरीबों की सहायता करना और गंदगी दूर करना ही इसका मुख उद्देश्य रहा। मेरा एक छोटा सा परिवार है जिसके हाइड्रोजन, ब्रोमीन और आयोडीन सभी संबंधी हैं। सन् 1889 ई. मेन्डिलिफ महोदय ने क्लोरीन की अरबन श्रेणी के ब्लॉक न 1 के कमरा नम्बर 7 में मुझे रखा। मैं हमेशा घनात्मक गुण देता हूँ। यानि इलेक्ट्रॉन ग्रहण करती हूँ। वेश-भूषा में हरे पीले रंग की साड़ी पहनती हूँ। इसी से मेरा नाम क्लोरीन पड़ा।

मैं स्वभाव की बहुत जहरीली हूँ। मैं हवा से ढाई गुणा भारी और शक्तिशाली हूँ। मैं अपने भाई को बहुत प्यार करती हूँ। जब हम दोनों मिलते हैं तो क्लोरीन जल बनता है। लिटमस पत्र और फूलों से हमें नफरत है। मुझे देखते ही उनके रंग उड़ जाते हैं।

यदि मुझे कोई दबाता या पीटता है तो मैं द्रवीभूत हो जाती हूँ। आज का युग बड़ा ही भयंकर है। मुझे लोग नौकरानी समझते हैं। कुछ काम मुझे जबरदस्ती कराया जाता है। जब मुझे पानी में डाला जाता है तो कीटाणुओं को मार कर साफ कर देती हूँ। अस्पतालों में गन्दे स्थानों की सफाई करती हूँ। लड़ाई के मैदान में अपने जवानों सहित कदम से कदम मिलाकर विस्फोटक पदार्थ बनकर उनका साथ देती हूँ। रंग बनाने में, रबर बनाने में, सोना निकालने में मुझे ही खोजा जाता है।

अच्छा नमस्ते! मैं चलती हूँ। फिर कभी मुलाकात होगी। क्लास में ही, अभी जल्दी में हूँ।

■ ताय रानी लकड़ा कक्षा IX C



आज के युवाओं का सच्चा मित्र- इंटरनेट और मोबाइल तथा अधिकतम समय दोस्तों के साथ

किसी भी देश का युवा वर्ग उसकी शक्ति ही नहीं, उसकी सांस्कृतिक आत्मा एवं उसके भविष्य का भी प्रतीक होता है। यौवन जीवन का वह पड़ाव है जहाँ जाकर हमारे चरित्र का जैसा अद्भुत सृजन होता है, वह हमारे पूरे जीवन काल में फिर नहीं बदलता। इस समय में जो हमारे अंदर बदलाव आते हैं, वे आगे चलकर हमारी व्यवहारिकता का एक अभिन्न अंग बनते हैं।

आज के युवा-वर्ग खासकर 13 से 18 वर्ष के युवा अध्ययन के स्थान पर अपना अधिक समय संगी साधियों के साथ तथा इंटरनेट एवं मोबाइल पर बिताते हैं। आज का युवा वर्ग इलेक्ट्रॉनिक उपकरणों की दुनिया को ही अपना सुखमय जीवन समझता है। अध्ययन से वे हमेशा दूर भागने की कोशिश करते हैं तथा जब भी उन्हें पढ़ने के लिए कहा जाए तो वे उग्र हो जाते हैं। यदि आज देखा जाए तो दिन के 24 घंटों में से 8 घंटे तो यह युवा पीढ़ी केवल, फोन, इंटरनेट एवं दोस्तों की संगति में बिताती है। यदि आज के मशीनी युग में हम इन सभी दैनिक जरूरतों में काम आने वाले उपकरणों का उपयोग करना नहीं जानते तो अपने सहपाठियों के बीच हंसी का पात्र बन जाते हैं।

इसी तरह यौवन में दोस्तों का प्रभाव भी सर्वाधिक होता है। इस उम्र में भटकने की संभावनाएं अधिक होती हैं। युवाओं को केवल अपने साधियों की बात पर ही विश्वास होता है। उन्हें लगता है कि उनके सच्चे सुभक्तिक केवल उनके मित्र हैं। उनका अंधा विश्वास उन्हें सही निर्णय नहीं लेने देता है, और मित्रों की सहमति से लिए गए अनेक निर्णय गलत भी साबित हो जाते हैं। यही से भटकन की शुरुआत होती है और अनेक युवाओं का भविष्य नष्ट हो जाता है। कुछ मित्र सच्चे हितैषी होते हैं। ऐसे मित्रों का साथ पाना हमारे लिए सौभाग्य की बात है, परन्तु ज्यादातर दोस्त हितैषी के नाम में हमारा इस्तेमाल करते हैं और अपना उल्लू सीधा करते हैं। दोस्तों की संगति का असर हमारे चरित्र में भी अनेक बदलाव

लाता है। इसलिए दोस्तों का चुनाव करते वक्त हमें अत्यंत सावधानी बरतनी चाहिए।

जहाँ आज युवा वर्ग मित्रों के बिना अपना जीवन अधूरा समझते हैं, वहीं इलेक्ट्रॉनिक उपकरण उनके जीवन के महत्वपूर्ण अंग बन गए हैं। इन उपकरणों की जानकारी रखना बहुत अच्छी बात है क्यों? आज की प्रगतिशील दुनिया के साथ कदम से कदम मिलाकर चलने के लिए इनकी जानकारी आवश्यक है। परन्तु किसी भी चीज की अधिकता हमेशा नुकसानदायक होती है।

कुछ युवा वर्ग जो मासूम एवं नासमझ हैं इंटरनेट के गलत इस्तेमाल के कारण गुमराह होते जा रहे हैं। दुनिया भर के कई युवा फेसबुक और ट्विटर के कारण आत्महत्या भी कर बैठते हैं। इतना ही नहीं अत्यधिक मोबाइल के इस्तेमाल के कारण उससे निकलने वाली रेडियो फ्रीक्वेंसी रेडिएशन नामक किरण मोबाइल उपयोगियों के स्वास्थ्य पर अपना हानिकारक प्रभाव डालती है। मोबाइल पर व्यस्त होने के कारण लोग अनेक दुर्घटनाओं के भी शिकार हो जाते हैं। इंटरनेट और मोबाइल पर अपना बहुमूल्य समय व्यतीत करने के कारण वे पारिवारिक तथा सामाजिक रिश्तों से भी दूर होते जा रहे हैं। युवा समाज के आशानुमन है, राष्ट्र के भावी कर्णधार है, विश्व के प्रेरण प्रदीप है। उनके कंधे राष्ट्र का भविष्य स्तम्भ है। अतः उन्हें अपना अधिकाधिक समय अध्ययन एवं एक योग्य नागरिक बनने में व्यतीत करना चाहिए।

अतः उन्हें माखनलाल खतुर्वेदी की इन पंक्तियों को सत्य करते हुए नवनिर्माण की ओर अप्रसित होना चाहिए।

“वे ही माता के रक्षक, वे ही सच्चे शिक्षा की।
वे ही लक्ष्यों के लक्षक, है भारतीय विद्यार्थी।।

■ ऐश्वर्या ठाकुर कक्षा X-B

बंद के कारण आम जीवन पर पड़ने वाले प्रभाव

हम सभी 21वीं सदी के प्राणी हैं। हमारी दिनचर्या इतनी व्यस्त है कि जिंदगी की रफ्तार में रुकावट संभव नहीं है। जहाँ एक ओर हम अपने संवैधानिक अधिकारों को लागू करवाने के लिए तत्पर हैं वहीं दूसरी तरफ इन अधिकारों के दुरुपयोग से भी आम जनजीवन पर बहुत बुरा प्रभाव पड़ता है।

हमारा संविधान हमें अपने विचारों को अभिव्यक्त करने का अधिकार देता है। परन्तु प्रायः लोग बंदी धरना आदि करके इसका गलत उपयोग करते हैं। आए दिन होने वाले बंद से आम जनजीवन अस्त व्यस्त होता दिखाई दे रहा है। हमारे राज्य झारखण्ड की राजधानी में बंदी होना सामान्य सी बात हो गई है। जो लगभग हर वर्ग के लोगों पर अपना प्रभाव और छाप छोड़ जाती है।

बंदी के कारण आम जनजीवन बुरी तरह से प्रभावित होता है। यातायात में होने वाली असुविधा के कारण लोगों को अनेक परेशानियों का सामना करना पड़ता है। यातायात की बंदी के कारण न केवल आम जनजीवन बल्कि समाज, राज्य, देश सभी बुरी तरह प्रभावित होते हैं। बंदी के कारण व्यापारियों को अत्यधिक नुकसान झेलना पड़ता है।

विद्यार्थी वर्ग पर भी अत्यधिक असर पड़ता है। बंदी के कारण विद्यालय एवं कॉलेज को विवश होकर बंद करना पड़ता है। इस बंदी से बच्चों की पढ़ाई, पाठ्यक्रम और विद्यालय व्यवस्था अत्यधिक प्रभावित होती है। उन्हें अपनी अनेक योजनाओं को स्थगित करना पड़ता है।

इस बंदी का प्रकोप गरीबों तथा प्रतिदिन की कमाई पर गृहस्थी चलाने वाले मजदूर वर्गों को सहना पड़ता है। कमी कमी तो पैसे के अभाव में उनके घर के घुल्ले भी नहीं जलते और उन्हें भूखे ही सोना पड़ता है।

बंदी का प्रभाव अस्वस्थ लोगों पर अधिक पड़ता है। समय पर इलाज न होने के कारण या चिकित्सा की असुविधा के कारण उन्हें अत्यधिक कष्टों का सामना करना पड़ता है और कमी कमी तो असुविधा के कारण उन्हें अपने प्राणों से हाथ धोना पड़ जाता है।

अतः हमें आम जनजीवन को इस परेशानी से बचाने के लिए तथा समाज, राज्य तथा देश को उन्नति के मार्ग पर अग्रसित करने के लिए अपने अधिकारों का सही दिशा में प्रयोग करना चाहिए। अपने अधिकारों की मांग के लिए ऐसे मार्ग अपनाने चाहिए जिससे आम जनजीवन प्रभावित न हो।

■ निष्पट डोगरा कक्षा IX



भ्रष्टाचार मुक्त समाज

'भ्रष्टाचार' अर्थात् भ्रष्टाचार। यदि हम गौर करें तो पायेंगे कि जीवन मूल्यों से दूर हो जाने के कारण ही यह बुराई हमारे समाज में फैल गई है। यह निचले स्तर से ही हमारे समाज को दीमक की तरह चाटने लगा है और अन्तःसत्ता को दबाने लगा है। आज कई छात्र कठिन परिश्रम कर उत्तीर्ण होने के बजाए नकल करके अव्वल आने लगे हैं। साथ पूछो तो भ्रष्टाचार की शुरुआत यहीं भी से हो जाती है। वहीं छात्र बड़ा होकर जिस भी पेश में जाता है वहां कम मेहनत करके अधिक कमाई करना चाहता है और भ्रष्टाचार को बढ़ावा देता है। आज इसकी जड़ें इतनी गहरी तक फैल चुकी हैं कि लोग यह मानकर चलने लगे हैं कि बिना रिश्तत दिए आसानी से कोई काम हो ही नहीं सकता और रिश्तत देना, रिश्तत लेना मानो स्वभाविक सी बात हो गई है। न रिश्तत लेनेवाले को कानून का खर है और न ही रिश्तत देने वाले को शर्म।

यदि भ्रष्टाचार को जड़ से समाप्त करना हो तो हमें फिर से सच्चाई और ईमानदारी के राह पर चलना होगा। इसके लिए केवल कानून बनाना आसान नहीं है। अमेरिकी पूर्व प्रेसीडेंट अब्राहम लिंकन ने अपने बेटे के शिक्षक को पत्र में लिखा था, "मैं चाहता हूँ कि आप मेरे बेटे को सिखाएं कि नकल करके पास होने से फेल होना ज्यादा अच्छा है।" आज कल ये संवाद भी कई बार सुनने को मिल जाता है। काबिल बनने के लिए पढ़ो, कामयाब बनने के लिए नहीं। कामयाबी झक मारकर तुम्हारे पीछे आएगी।

अतः हमें यह नहीं भूलना चाहिए कि परिश्रम ही सफलता की कुंजी है और संतोष में ही सुख है। हम जीवन में जो कुछ भी पाना चाहते हैं उसे हमें परिश्रम और ईमानदारी से पाने की चेष्टा करनी चाहिए। सच्चाई की ताकत को पहचानें। एक सच, हजार झूठ पर भारी है इसलिए सच और सच्चाई का साथ दें। यदि हमारे समाज का हर व्यक्ति ईमानदार बनने की कसम खाए तो भ्रष्टाचार अपने आप ही समाप्त हो जाएगा।

■ रिया मेहता कक्षा IX - A

पर्यावरण

पर्यावरण का गर्म होता मिजाज है
जिसका असर आज दिखाई देता
साफ साफ है
लोगों ने इसे छला है
इसलिए यह लोगों को छल रही है।
इसकी वेदना
कमी बाढ़, कमी भूकंप
कमी सुनामी बन निकल रही है।
हरी हरी घरती को, काली तुम

बना रहे,
प्रकृति के अनुपम उपहार को
नजर क्यूँ लगा रहे।
हरीतिमा हट जाएगी,
रह जाएगा बंजर।
क्योंकि तुमने घोपा है
इसकी पीठ पर,
बेदरती से खंजर।
अब तो चेत जाओ,
इसे न सताओ।
प्रकृति के दिए उपहार का कुछ

तो मूल्य चुकाओ।
वरना।
न रह जाएगी यह दुनिया
न रह जाएगा यह आशियाना।
अपने बुरे कर्मों पर,
रह जाएगा सिर्फ पछताना।

■ सिमरन ठाकुर
कक्षा VIII - B

बंदी

बंदी है जिंदगी पर भारी
हो जाती है, स्कूल बंद सारी।
बच्चों को मिलता है आराम
पर लोगों के जीवन पर यह हराम।।
इनका रहता पूरे विश्व पर प्रभाव।।
बदल जाता है देश का हाव नाव।।

गरीबों के लिए है यह सिर का बोझ
होती है बंदी रोज रोज।।
सरकारी कार्यालयों में कार्य
हो जाता है बंद
देश की अर्थ व्यवस्था हो जाती है बंद।

हमारे देश में भूख हड़ताल का घर्षा बढ़ा
हमारे देश का अहिंसक प्रयोग है दूषित बढ़ा।।
बात मनवाने का है यह उपाय अच्छा।
इसे दूर करने के लिए लोगों को
होना होगा सच्चा।।

करना होगा, हमें सवाल!
मथाना होगा अब बवाल।
ताकि यह बंदी न हो बार-बार
हमारा जीवन चलता रहे सदा
दिशा में इसी प्रकार।।

■ मोहिनी शर्मा कक्षा IX - A

भ्रष्टाचार

है देश पर छाया
भ्रष्टाचार का घना साया।
कोई भी इससे नहीं बच पाया,
सब के जीवन में है यह तुफान आया।
हुआ बहुत नुकसान

उनका जो है नादान
मिल जाए गरीबों को, दो दक्त की रोटी
अगर करे सब ईमानदारी से अपनी ड्यूटी
रहो ना पैसा बैंकों में पड़ा,
हर भारतवासी हो अपने पैरों पर खड़ा।
जब होगा पैसा इस्तेमाल सही जगह।
ताब ही मिलेगी हमें खुश होने की वजह।

रहे ना कोई भूखा
दे न कोई किसी को धोखा
होगा भ्रष्टाचार दूर
खिलेगा हर एक फूल।।

■ रिया चौहान कक्षा IX - A

समय का महत्व

समय बहुत मूल्यवान है,
व्यर्थ मत खोना।
चला गया तो समय,
लौटकर कभी नहीं आता।
सदा समय को खोनेवाला,
मल मल हाथ पछताता।
जिसने इसे न माना,
उसको समय सदा तुकाराता

लाख यत्न करने पर भी,
हाथ न उसके आता,
हो जाता है एक घड़ी के लिए
जन्म भर रोना।
समय बहुत मूल्यवान है,
इसे व्यर्थ मत खोना।

■ अदिति वटर्जी कक्षा VIII - C



मेरी मम्मी

मम्मी मेरी सबसे प्यारी,
सबसे सुन्दर सबसे न्यारी।
खाना मुझे खिलाती है,
मुझको खूब पढ़ाती है।
गीठी गीठी लोरी गाकर,
मुझको रोज सुलाती है।
अपना पेट काटकर
मुझे भर पेट खिलाती है।
मुझे इस जग में सबसे ज्यादा,
मेरी नौ ही भाती है

■ राशि विजय कक्षा I-A



नारी उस शक्ति का नाम

क्यों होती निराश तू अबला,
क्या तू कर नहीं सकती है?
दुनिया जो जो काम करे वो,
सब कुछ तू कर सकती है।
नारी उस शक्ति का नाम,
जिसने किया रावण का नाश।
नारी उस शक्ति का नाम,
जिसने मिटाया महिषासुर का नाम।
जन-जन करती जिसकी भक्ति,
नारी उस शक्ति का नाम।
न हो अब निराश तू अबला,
सब तू कर सकती है, अब।
दुनिया जो जो काम करे वो
सब कुछ कर सकती है अब।
नारी उस शक्ति का नाम,
जिसने बदला दुनिया का नाम।
वो तू भी कर सकती है अब,
नया दौर आया है जब।
बदल आल तू दुनिया अपनी,
कर दे कुछ ऐसा कि,
दुनिया तेरा नाम करे।
शत्-शत् तुझे प्रणाम करे।

■ अन्ना तेरेसा लकड़ा कक्षा VIII-B



पानी

पानी हमारा जीवन है,
हमें इसे बचाना है।
गर्मी में जब प्यास सताती
पानी हमारी प्यास बुझाती।
बरबाद मत करना पानी को,
बचाना हमारा जीवन को।

■ अदिति हेम्ब्रोम कक्षा II - C



प्यारे फूल

लाल बगान में लाल गुलाब
लाल लाल पंखुड़ियों
हरे हरे पत्ते हरी-हरी घासों
अब मत तोड़ो इन फूलों को
प्यार करो फूलों और पेड़ों को
ये हैं बड़े प्यारे और हरे भरे।

■ ख्याती कान्त कक्षा I - A



गाय

मेरी गाय मोली माली
धोड़ी गोरी, धोड़ी काली।
रोज सुबह घरने को जाती,
सांझ डले घर में आ जाती।
घास, फूस, खल, चरी खाती,
सबको मीठा दूध पिलाती।

■ सोरिका कुजूर कक्षा IV - A

बेटी

एक छोटी प्यारी धड़कन हूँ मैं,
कोई वस्तु तुल्य विश्वास नहीं,
आने दो मुझे सुंदर जग में
कन्या हूँ कोई अनिशाप नहीं।
सोची समझी औलाद हूँ मैं,
कोई अनजाना अंश नहीं,
इसलिए मुझे मत दूर करो,
बला सक्ती आपका वंश नहीं।
जीवन में सहारा बनूंगी मैं
कभी बनूंगी आपका बोझ नहीं,
बेटी होकर भी आपका
साथ निभाऊँगी,
बेटों की तरह त्यागूंगी नहीं।
माँ, तुझ पर क्या कोई बोझ हूँ मैं,
एक बार मुझे तू देख लो ले,
मैं भी तेरी ममता की प्यारी हूँ,

इस तरह मुझे तू फेंक न दे।
पापा, आपका सम्मान बनूंगी
कभी भी मुझ पर पछताना न,
दौलत देने के डर से न मारो मुझे,
फिर पापा कभी पुकारूँगी नहीं।
यदि जन्म नहीं पाऊँगी मैं,
तो समाज को कैसे बनाओगे,
एक कन्या ही बहू बनेगी तेरी,
जिससे ही वंश बढ़ाओगे,
मत करो प्रकृति से छेड़छाड़,
यह है विनाश का प्रथम चरण
अब भी समय है रोको इसे
वरना स्वयं पर ही पछताओगे।

■ सौम्या अग्रवाल कक्षा VII - C



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