

S.M.C ALLAHABAD



WHERE SHALL I BE

Many years later
Where shall I be?
Playing under the sun
And just having fun!
Or sitting on a mountain top
At dusk to watch the sun drop?
Or just gazing at the moon so bright
And the twinkling stars on a silent night?
Or lying in my cozy bed
Where I sleep still-like I'm dead?
Well! It's not for me to decide
I have to go on with my life
Which is such a very long ride!

By : Anurita Gupta
V-A

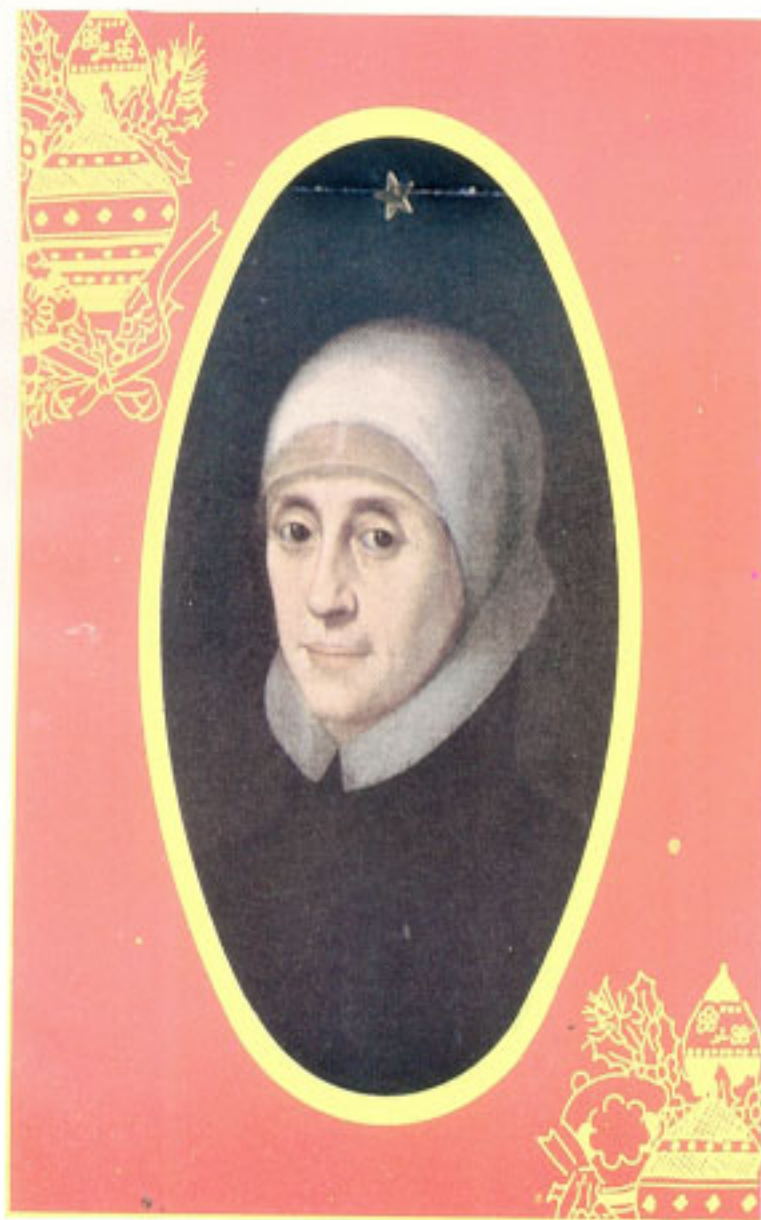
BELIEVE IT OR NOT

One bright morning
In the middle of night
Two dead bodies
Began to fight
Back to Back
They faced each other
Took out their swords
And killed each other
One deaf policeman
Who heard the noise

Came to see
What the matter was
Why you don't believe
This lie is true
You can ask the blindman
Who saw it too
Why he does not reply
Ask the dumbman
He will answer you

By : Shikha Tomer
VII-D

350th Death - Anniversary
Mary Ward
Foundress of The
Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary
1645-1995



...the prosperity, progress and security
of the Institute did not depend upon
wealth, dignitg and the favour of Princes,
but that all its members had free and
open access to him from whom proceed
all strength, light and protection."

MOTHER MARY WARD THAT INDOMITABLE WOMAN

Mother Mary Ward was born at Mulwith in Yorkshire on 23rd January, 1585. When she was 15 years old Mary first distinctly heard God's invitation, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast and give it to the poor, and come follow me". Following this divine call she dedicated her life to God, in the service of others, overcoming the many hurdles that were on the way, with undaunted courage.



MARYWARD AND HER COMPANIONS (TABLEAU)

In 1609, with a band of seven companions, a modest beginning of the Institute was made at St. Omer France, which later came to be known as the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, which in Latin is abbreviated to 'I. B.M.V.' The main mission envisaged by the Institute was the education of youth specially girls.

The Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary came to India in the year 1853, in response to an invitation from Bishop Anastatices Hartmann and opened St. Joseph's Convent, Patna. In 1866 the sisters opened St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad. The Primary School at 21

Thornhill Road was opened later on in 1960 to meet the demand of the ever increasing numbers.

Mary Ward had striven against all odds and tried to bring the light of knowledge to all sections of society, particularly, the poor the down trodden and above all, WOMEN.

Cardinal Bourne of Westminster, England had rightly said, 'The very existence of the modern educational and charitable congregations, as we know them in their countless multiplicity, was made possible by the supernatural foresight, the heroic perseverance and terrible sufferings and disappointments of Mary Ward. She waged the battle to the point of apparent defeat of which they are reaping the VICTORY'.

On the 350th Death Anniversary of Mother Mary Ward, we pay our humble homage to her, by remembering her with admiration and gratitude, and dedicate ourselves anew to the task of keeping the flame, lit by her four centuries ago, ever brightly burning.

Tammana Usman

'WOMEN IN TIME TO COME WILL DO MUCH'

Those were the days,
When women were suppressed,
Burnt at the pyre of their dead husbands
Killed as infants for being a girl.
Ignored and uneducated,
thought of as inferior to men
Beaten mercilessly for coming
To their so called 'real home',
Dowriless and penniless with only themselves as a scapegoat.
Thanks to you the times have changed!
Men have lost the confidence with which they reigned!
You brought the light of education,
Into the lives of women
And helped them in their salvation

Walking shoulder to shoulder,
With the confidence and strength
That your faithful sisters instilled in us women.

The women of today walk into a new era,
A new generation, a new field
And achieve new dimensions of success
We the women of India today
Walk with a clear vision of
The dream you had dreamt
When you dear Mother Mary, had dreamt
And hoped and said these enlightening words :

..... And I hope in God it will be seen that women in time to come
will DO MUCH.

By : Mitu Basu and
Protima Ghatak
12B

THE INCOMPARABLE WOMAN – MARY WARD

In the service of mankind and humanity.
To preach the message of brotherhood and generosity,
A holy soul—'His' creation,
Devoted herself with a pure intention.

Human in nature and benevolent in character,
She was a virtuous lady—who in good faith fulfilled 'His' orders.
Her high thinking and acts of charity
Were a token of her great simplicity.

She enlightened the illiterate minds
With the efforts she made for education.
For the needy and the sick she had great compassion,
To raise the status of women she made a great contribution.



MARY WARD ON HER WAY TO ROME - 1621 (TABLEAU)

"Satisfy thyself with nothing which is less than God", were her words,
For she realised that the real satisfaction
Dwells not in the material world.
Thus, God's blessings were bestowed upon her
In all she did for her people and her neighbours;

She remarked, "Love and speak the Truth at all times".
And followed it throughout her life.
For her, Love was the highest virtue,
But, still higher was the eternal truth.

'Love thy neighbour as thyself', was her message.
And she believed that love and human respect take one closer to
'Him'—

on the path of truthfulness—away from any sin;

High position and rank are not the virtues—of a great soul,
But, to become the greatest of the great there should be self control.
Thus, she said, 'Never look upon thyself as a conqueror unless thou
hast overcome thyself',

And she, endowed with richly gifts, gave herself to the Church.

'God will assist and help you... it is no matter the
who but the what', were the last words of her life,

And it was through her teachings that England,
From the darkness of illiteracy, was revived,
The greatness of this great lady is incomparable
So, let us pay her great homage

For this great lady is the Foundress of our school—Mary Ward.

By : Prinyanka Chandra

IX-B

MOTHER MARY WARD – THE INSPIRATION OF WOMEN TODAY

Spurred by the fire inside,
They fight for their dignity and pride,
Devoting themselves to the service of God,
And to the Welfare of mankind.

Yes ! These are the women of today,
Who strive for excellence in every way
After all, that was Mother Mary's ideal—"THE LIBERATION OF WOMEN".

She said, 'Do good and do it well'.
She challenged us to be bold,
To break the fetters of society;



LIBERATION THROUGH EDUCATION (TABLEAU)

And yet to be humble and devoted
In the service of humanity.

"Do your best and God will help".
These golden words we should remember,
To fix our eyes on the distant goal,
Let's wake up from our deep slumber
Face the world with our head held high
And be true to our dreams until we die.

We thank you, Mother Mary Ward,
You have inspired us,
You have taught us,
You have made us understand
To strive for what is ours by right
And always fight for a better tomorrow.

By : Richa Rai & Gayatri Dhawan

12B

**"Never look upon thyself as a conqueror
unless thou hast overcome thyself".**

(MARY WARD)

I will tell you a story of a great king,
Laurels and glory to his kingdom did he bring,
He fought the battles and won them all,
Never in a war did he face a fall.
All his victories were ever rewarding.
Paying him gold, jewels and farthing,
But something more they had brought in,
Pride ! he was stained with this sin,
He was conquered by power and pelf,
He,..... who thought was a conqueror himself
But the tables were turned one day
And to the haughty King's dismay
The people he looked down upon
Came up to him and kicked away his crown
It was the self, the king forgot to win
And dreamt of bringing the world in
His dream shattered like a castle of sand
In distress and misery did he land
So, I advise you, my dear friend,
You may be successful and change trends,
But, just win over your heart and mind
Before you make victories of any kind.

By : Saumya Singh

12B

OUR FOUNDRESS – MARY WARD.

When the world was a miserable sight,
And women were all denied their right,
To embrace true knowledge, to read and to write,
Like an angel from heaven, did she alight.

She was not just a woman, but a heavenly sprite,
Who served the needy, day and night.
She taught women to stand upright,
And for their rights and freedom, fight.

She empowered women with vision bright,
And thus turned the darkness to light,
And by her great inspiring might,
She educated woman and changed their plight.

Until her death, she served the Lord,
She believed in humanity, serenity and good accord,
This great woman was none other
Than our Foundress—Mary Ward.

Moushumi Banerji
IX B

**"And I hope in God
It will be seen
That Women in time to come
Will do much".**

So remarked Mother Mary Ward, the foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On the 16th, 17th and 18th of December 1995, St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad commemorated her 350th Death Anniversary by holding a Foundress' Day Programme.

On 16th December the ex-students of St. Mary's Convent took a nostalgic walk down memory lane as they entered the portals of St. Mary's Convent once again.

Rt. Rev. Isidore Fernandez, the Bishop of Allahabad presided over the function on 17th. The Head Girl, Tamanna Usman and the School Captain Rushda Majeed Welcomed the Bishop and the other guests and the programme commenced with a 'Prayer Dance'. It was followed by the Tableau presented by classes VI-XII, showing glimpses of Mary Ward's life. The scenes were beautifully depicted with light effects and apt stage setting.

The school choir sang melodious songs 'Nari Hum Jagat Mein Hain Mahan'. 'Char din ki hai Zindagi' which filled many young ladies with zeal and enthusiasm.

The next item was a Dance Drama—'And God Created Woman'. A fusion of the classical Bharat Natyam and the Russian Ballet, directed by Dr. Saroj Dhingra, it showed the various evils prevalent in our society. With excellent acting by the characters and synchronised dances and beautiful light effects, it was a treat to watch.

The Dance Drama was followed by a hymn, 'This is my Father's World'.

The Training College then presented 'The Challenge of the Jubilee Year'—a fitting finale to a grand programme.

The second day's programme came to a close with the Bishop, Reverend Isidore Fernandes, delivering an inspiring speech in eloquent Hindi, congratulating the students and staff for the excellent performance and the parents for their valuable audience.

On the concluding day the results of the 'Inter Class Tableau Competition' was announced. The Tableaux staged by class XI was judged best, followed by the one presented by class VIII and the third place bagged by class IX.

Sr. Celine, the Provincial Superior, gave away the prizes and delivered an inspiring speech emphasizing the role of women with the lines 'The heights which great men reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight.'

The hall reverberated with applause when she addressed the audience saying, 'Hum Kisi Se Kum Nahi', a tribute to womanhood.

The three day programme came to an end with a vote of thanks by the Principal, Sr. Carola.

One went back delighted to see the spirit of Mother Mary Ward still continuing among the students, staff and teachers of St. Mary's Convent. May this hold true for all time to come.

CHRONICLES

Another year has become history
We are all a year older,
And perhaps a bit wiser.

1995-96—a year which held a special significance for us as it marked the 350th death anniversary of our foundress, Mother Mary Ward.



TANUSHREE SINGH, SHRUTI DUTTA

JULY

- 10 : School reopens after summer vacations.
Welcome Back.
- 15 : Election of Head girl, games captain and house captains held today.
- 20 : Our Vice Captains elected today.

- 24 : Investiture ceremony of the office bearers held today.
 Head Girl : Tamanna Usman.
 Games Captain : Tripti Mishra.
 Florence Nightingale House
 Captain : Avantica David.
 V. Captain : Suparna Pandey.
 Mary Ward House.
 Captain : Rushda Majeed.
 V. Captain : Aashini Agarwal.
 Gandhi House.
 Captain : Manisha Chandra.
 V. Captain : Pragati Kapoor.
 Tagore House.
 Captain : Prarthana Agarwal.
 V. Captain : Nandita Ghoshal.
 Sr. Christa's feast day celebrated by the Junior Section.

AUGUST

- 4 & 5 : Tickets of 'Gemini Circus Charity Show' sold in school to collect funds for Cancer Association.
 9 : Representatives from 'Aptech Computers' conduct a talk on 'Career options' for Class 12.
 12 : Rehearsal for Independence day programme held today.
 15 : Independence Day celebrated by holding Inter House competitions.

Father Eugene was our Chief Guest.

The distinguished panel of judges comprised of Sr. Florence, Mrs. Bhattacharya, Mrs. D. Sharma.

The results were as follows :

GROUP SONG—	Winners—Florence Nightingale House.	
SOLO SONG—	Winners—	Florence Nightingale House,

GROUP DANCE—
SOLO DANCE—

Winners—Tagore House.
Winners—Florence
Nightingale
House.

L. T. Sers gave a fitting finale to a grand programme.

WELL DONE!

- 21 : Display and sale of 'St. Paul's Publications' held in school.
22 : Maggi Quiz Semi Finals held today.
ALL THE BEST TO THE PARTICIPANTS.
28 : Basket ball match held today.
Honourable Justice Dhawan was our Chief Guest.
Tagore House Won 'Best Team Shield'.
Dable Wu bagged 'Best Player' title.

CONGRATULATIONS :

SEPTEMBER

- 2 : Anshu Malhotra of Class 9 won the 1st prize at the Science Competition, under the National Science Conference held at the pedagogical Institute.

WELL DONE !

- 5 : HURRAH! It's Teacher's Day.
Celebrations begin with prayer service followed by programmes put up by all the classes.
8 : We wish Sr. Mary on her feast day. Dear Sister, may you have a memorable day.
9 : Basket ball match between B. H.S. and S.M.C. to be held today.

ALL THE BEST.

We win, HURRAH !

- 17-22 : First Terminal Examinations' held.
23 : Classes 6-12 participate in the Art Competition.

- 27 : The finals of the Maggi Quiz Competition held at Holy Trinity. We bagged the third prize.
- 27 & 28 : Sr. Margarita, the L.T.S. Coordinator of North India took Class 11 for 'Orientation'.
- 29 & 30 : Sr. Margarita, conducted 'Orientation' for Class 12.
- 30 : Classes 1-12 participated in the G. K. and Painting Competitions organised by the Lions Club.

OCTOBER

- 13 : Classes 1-5 get their results today.
- 14 : Classes 6-12 received their report cards today.
- 20 : Sr. Mary met the house moderators and the office bearers helping them out with pictures and details on Mother Mary Ward's life.
- 21 : L.T. Sers conducted a prayer service on the occasion of Diwali for the employees of the school.
- 27 : Inter House Debate competition held between Classes 11 and 12.
Preeti Gupta adjudged Best Speaker.

CONGRATULATIONS :

S. M. Cians participated in the Painting Competition organised by Rotract Club.

- 28 : Inter House Debate Competition in Hindi for Classes 9 and 10 held today. Amna Usman adjudged Best Speaker.

WELL DONE !

First prize in the Inter House Elocution Competition for Class 6 bagged by Suchita Khare.

First Prize in the Inter House Elocution Competition for Class 7 bagged by Pratima Chaitanya and Anita Sharma.

KEEP UP THE GOOD PERFORMANCE !

- 29 : Mary Ward House lifts the "Best Team Shield" in the Inter House Badminton Competition held today

WELL DONE !

- 30 : Surabhi Chandra bags the Best Speaker award in the 'Inter House Elocution Competition for Class 8'.

CONGRATULATIONS !

The Florence Nightingale House gets the Best Team award in the Inter House Quiz Competition organised by Class 12.

CONGRATULATIONS !

KEEP UP THE GOOD PERFORMANCE !

NOVEMBER

- 1 : Shweta Maheshwari bags the first prize in the Camelin Painting Competition.
- 2 : Sr. Carola's feast day celebrated with much fanfare.
Dear Sister, may you celebrate many more feast days in the years to come.
The Rotract Club of Allahabad conducted an Essay Writing Competition.
- 14 : Children's day celebrated with much fanfare.
The celebrations marred by the untimely death of Shuchi Vishen, a student of Class 7-C.
- 15 : Holiday declared as a symbol of mourning for our dear friend, Shuchi.
- 16 : Sr. Carola conducted a short condolence meeting for Shuchi.
Drawing and painting competition on Mother Mary Ward's maxims held today.
- 22 : Memorial Service for Shuchi Vishen held today. Her parents were present. In the solemn ceremony the entire staff and students prayed for the peace of the departed soul.
- 24 : Junior section sports held today. The occasion was graced by the presence of Sr. Celine.
- 27 : Second terminal examination begin today.

ALL THE BEST TO ALL OF US.

DECEMBER

- 3 : Classes 3-12 participated in the English, Mathematics and Science competition conducted by the International Education Testing Centre.
- 5 : Second terminal examination end today.
- 14 : Classes 6-12 attended the Christmas prayer service.

'FOUNDRESS DAY' COMMEMORATED!

- 16 : (The S.M.C. Annual concert staged today.
The highlights were : Tableaux based on Mother Mary Ward's life & "... And God created woman", a dance drama directed by Dr. Saroj Dhingra.

WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE I

- 17 : The second performance of the Annual Concert programmes held today.
Gracing the occasion were Sr. Celine and Bishop Isidore Fernandes. Results of Tableaux Competition announced. Class 11 bags the first prize.

CONGRATULATIONS.

- 22 : School closes for winter vacations.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS.

JANUARY

- 3 : Sister Maria Goretti after a short battle against lung cancer departs for heavenly abode.
Dear Sister, you will be dearly missed.
- 16 : School reopens after winter vacations.

WELCOME BACK.

- 18 : Mother General, Annuntiata Pak and Sr. Patricia Harris honour us by their visit.
- 22 : Preliminary examination of Classes 10 and 12 begin today.

23-30 : Mary Ward week celebrated to commemorate her 350th death anniversary.

27 : Parent-teachers meeting held today.

29 & 30 : S.M.C., Allahabad hosted the Inter School meet of I.B.M.V. Institutions.

FEBRUARY

2 : S.M.C. team comprising of Vartika Bhandari, Anshu Malhotra, Saumya Khare bagged the first prize at the state level computer science quiz.

WELL DONE !

7 : Class 12 Preliminary Examinations end today.

15 : Class 11 bids farewell to the students of Class 12.
Gayatri Dhawan adjudged Miss S.M.C.

CONGRATULATIONS!

17 : Charts and models made by the students displayed in the science exhibition.

22 : Pragati Kapoor, Indira Malik and Anupama Chatterjee bag the 1st prize in the Quiz contest organised by the National Academy of Science.

24 : Mr. B. J. Srivastava and Mrs. N. Chattree completed 25 years of dedicated service in our school.

Students staged a programme on this occasion.

26 : S.M.C. won the State level Science Quiz Competition.

WELL DONE!

KEEP UP THE GOOD PERFORMANCE.

27 : Srishti Dutta and Reena Solanki bagged the 2nd prize, and Anupriti Saxena, Kamayani Pant and Shruti Tiwari got the third prize, in the Charts and Models competition in the National Academy of Science.

MARCH

2 : Final Examinations begin today.

ALL THE BEST!

18 : Final examinations end.

WHAT A RELIEF!

29 : Junior section receives report cards.

30 : Senior Section receives report cards.

The outgoing Class 12 gifts a tape recorder to the School.

Thus, the academic year 1995-96 draws to a close.

Dear friends, Time is just a collection of these incidents and accidents, joys and sorrows, pains and pleasures, tears and laughter which we all had in the year which has gone by. The future beckons us. Let's greet it with open arms.

WE DREAM OF A SPECIAL 1996

- (1) We dream of a year where man,
No one else will scorn,
When love will bless the earth,
And peace will be all around.
- (2) We dream of a year,
Of freedom to all,
When corruption no longer saps the soul,
Nor is greed and selfishness all around.
Nor superstitions, ruin our day,
Nor wretchedness blocks our way.
- (3) When our aim is,
Opportunity to all,
And prosperity like a noble queen,
Sits on the throne,
And bounties of the earth, like
An emerald light up the world,
Of Such a 1996 we dream.

By : Chulbul Tiwari
VII-B SMC

MY HOUSE

Home—Home

That is the place

Where I want to be,

There my mummy, Papa love me

I can make my home great

If I follow my parents wishes

If I make them happy

Yes then I make my home a heaven !

By : Vidhi Malviya
I-C SMC

MY LITTLE PUPPY

With my puppy, so small and funny,

I go walking everyday

In our garden, green and sunny,

Puppy and I love to play

Should my little puppy go astray

I will find him straight away.

By : Bipasha Roy
III-D

SHORT STORY

TIPPSY THE CAT

Once upon a time there was a cat. Her name was Tippsy. She had a white husky tail. Her body was as white as snow. Her eyes were as green as grass. She had four small kittens. All the four kittens were very naughty. They were so naughty that in the house they used to drink up all the milk! Tippsy's kittens were so naughty that it was hard work to keep them in control. Tippsy used to keep her house clean but the kittens would mess it all up.

One day they were all roaming around in a park and while they were crossing the lake, they did not look in front and they all fell down into a BIG SLIMY MUD PUDDLE. They went home quickly and changed their clothes and had a bath. After they had a bath they wore new clothes and looked smart and clean.

They were about to go into the garden to play when the smallest kitten remembered that some guests were coming. Thank God! They remembered it, before they messed their clothes again! The guests came, drank tea and went away. Tippsy was very happy that one of her kittens had remembered that the guests were coming. She was glad that at least one of them had a good memory and they did not let her down before the guests. They all cried for joy and danced around the house.

By : Manasvini Raj

III-A SMC

RIDDLES :

- (1) What goes up and never comes down?
- (2) What starts with T and ends with T and is full of tea?

MY WORLD

My world is a little home
With my mother and father
And a big big brother
There are shops below
A lovely blue sky above
A road in front

A road behind
This little world-it's all just mine!
O Lord I thank you
For this little world
O Lord how I love you
For this little world!

By : **Subham Bhushan**
IV-B SMC

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ONE RUPEE NOTE

I was born in a Printing Press as a one rupee note. I was packed in a bundle along with 99 others and attached to them with a staple'. It was painful, but I was helpless.

Then I was sent to a Bank and kept in a dark safe. It was suffocating. As luck would have it. I was taken out the next day and handed over to one Mr. M. K. Henry. He kept me in his pocket and took me home. He then separated me from others and gave me to his wife. She kept me in her purse. It was dark but cosy and comfortable. After a few days she handed me to a vegetable seller in exchange for potatoes. The vegetable seller folded me and put me under the gunny cloth. He threw water on the vegetables and wetted me also. I was miserable. The next day he gave me to a Panwala. He crushed me with his dirty hand. I was stained and deeply hurt. I was fortunate that I was given to a fat Lalaji who kept me in his safe.

Every day he opened the safe and did Puja to me and called me Laxmi.

After many years I was taken out and sent to the Bank. There I am again kept in a dark safe. Now I am living happily with my friends.

By : **Saba Kazmi**
IV-A SMC

SALT WATER IN TINGALEE TOWN

Tingalee town was flooded. It started with a trickle of salty water down the mountain. Now it was a great river through the town. Business was impossible. Every one felt miserable.

Then the mayor called a meeting. "Who'll stop the flood?" he asked. "Who'll save Tingalee?" A beggar lifted his pack on his back. "I will, your Honour," he said. "Tingalee has been good to me. I'll save it."

The beggar went to the library. There he looked up old tales and legends. Then he walked to the shops. He filled his pack with games, books and model-building kits. Finally he went to the mountain from where the river came down. Taking a deep breath he began to climb following the salty river's path. Up he went over great rocks, past huge forests through deep valleys until he went to the

clouds. With outstretched hands he felt his way through the clouds. Then he was in sunshine on the mountain top. And there sitting on the mountain peak was a huge giant. The giant was crying. Big salt tears poured down his cheeks. They formed the river. The beggar laughed and just as the books said, the giant stopped crying. He said, "You are the first person I have seen in my life. People do not walk over the mountain now." The beggar answered, "But I have brought something to cheer you up." He poured out books and games from his pocket. The giant was so interested that he stopped crying. And when the giant was busy reading and building models the beggar left him. And that was how the salt-water flood of Tingalee Town was stopped.

By : Anupama Singh
V-B SMC

STORY

THE DISHONEST SWEET-MEAT-SELLER

Once a poor man went to the market to buy sweets. He went to a shop of a sweetmeat seller and bought some sweets. The shop keeper tried to cheat him by not selling him the full weight of the sweets. The man saw this and protested. "You are not giving me full weight", he said. "Never mind", replied the sweet meat seller. "You will have less to carry". The poor man did not say anything. He took the sweets and paid him twenty paise less. "What is this?" said the shopkeeper. "You have paid me twenty paise less." "It does not matter," said the man. "You will have less to count". The shopkeeper could not say anything. He kept silent over his folly.

By : Shilpa Singh
IV-C

THE LITTLE MERMAID

Once upon a time there was a girl. Her name was Maria. She was very pretty. Maria lived with her parents near the sea shore.

One day Maria was playing with her friends on the sea shore. It was getting dark. Other children went home. She lost her way and started crying. Suddenly from the sea a mermaid came and took Maria deep into the sea. She asked Maria what the matter was. Maria told the mermaid how she had lost her way.

At that time, in Maria's home, her parents were deeply worried. They had searched for her every where, but could not find her.

Down in the deep sea, Maria was still crying. The Mermaid told her not to cry and took her deep, deep inside the sea. There Maria met Mr. & Mrs. Octopus, Mr. Sea horse, Jelly fish and other strange creatures. She was very happy to see them but she was also sad

that she could not meet her parents. Maria told the mermaid that she wanted to meet her parents again. So the mermaid said, "Do not worry. I will give you friends to swim with and also a prayer to say. Pray and you will become a mermaid. But if you want to change back again, say this prayer". So Maria became a mermaid and started living under the water. But every day, she came to the surface of the sea and searched for her parents, but she could not find them and returned to her new home deep under the water.

One day she came above the water and saw her parents. Her parents saw her too. She quickly spelled the prayer and changed back to Maria again and went back home. But she always remembered the wonderful days she had spent under the sea and her friend, the helpful mermaid.

By : Rakhi Chandran
V-C

MY MOTHER

If you were not here for me
I'd stumble on my road,
I'd be turning at the wrong corners
And aiming for wrong goals.

If you were not here for me,
I'd be walking with such strides,
Too large for my little feet
Or too small for my own eyes
Oh Mother! you're the dearest
The one I can wholly trust
The one I can share my feelings with
And not leave them to the dust.

By : Suchi Malhotra
VI-C SMC

THE LONGEST STORY IN THE WORLD

Once upon a time, there was a chief who liked to listen to stories. And he knew so many stories that sometimes he stopped the storyteller and finished telling the story himself.

One day, the chief sent his servant to find a good story teller.

"Our chief will give many presents to the man who can tell the longest story in the world and make him laugh". Many people came to the chief and told him very long stories. They tried to make him laugh but nobody could do that. The chief always said, "This is not the longest story in the world and besides, there is nothing to laugh at." Then one day, a boy came to the Chief and said, "Oh my Chief, let me tell you the longest story in the world and make you laugh."

The boy began the story "Long long ago there lived a man. Ubanban by name. He ate so much that no man could feed him to his satisfaction

until he was full. The chief of that country heard about Ubanban and said, 'Bring him to me. I shall feed him full. And he ordered his people to bring hundreds of thousands of pots of soup, meat and fruits. Hundreds of camels carried the pots to the chief's house. Many people came to see Ubanban's diner. Now look at me! Look at me.' With these words Ubanban began to drink soup. And then he ate, and he ate and he ate and he ate and he ate and he ate and he ate.

'Well, what then?' asked the chief. 'He ate and he ate, and what then?'

'Oh my chief, this only the one pot and there were thousand of pots that are left.'

Evening came and the boy continued with his story, 'And he ate and he ate'. At last chief ordered him to stop the story and continue it in next morning. In the morning the boy started again.

It seemed his story would never end. And he got many presents from the Chief.

Samra Khan
6C

"COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS"

Wrapped in the cover of darkness
We fail to see his might
That keeps us and guides us,
Morning, day and night.

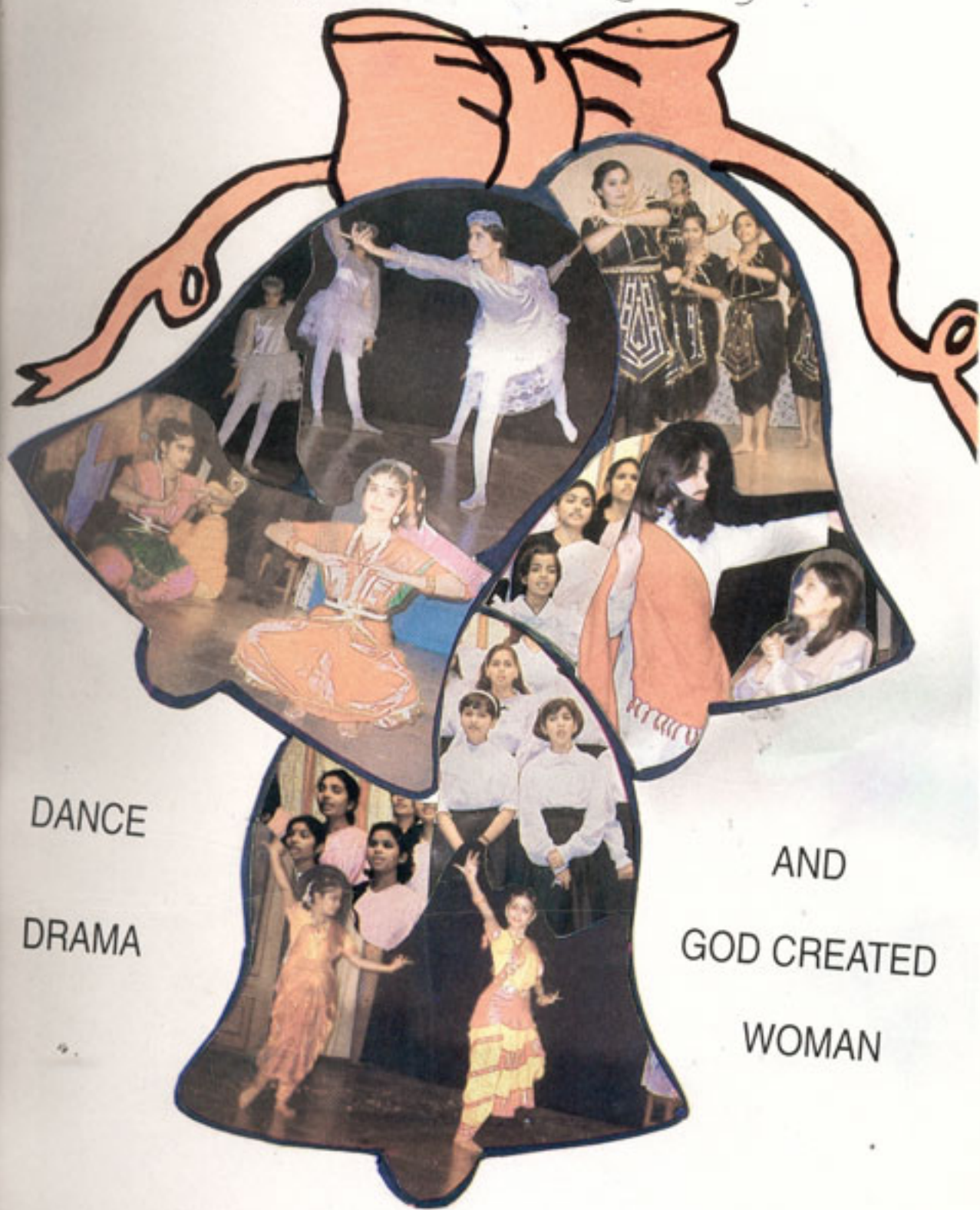
We want money so badly
For our worldly lives
We see not the many joys
That He provides.

We feel not the answer
Our prayers receive
We still lack faith

And in our reason believe.
We seldom give any thought
Whether we deserve
All we've got
So we should stop
Thinking of me, me and me
Serve Him, and of his love.
Prove ourselves worthy.

By : Abhilasha Sarah Singh
6C

The Bells of St. Mary's

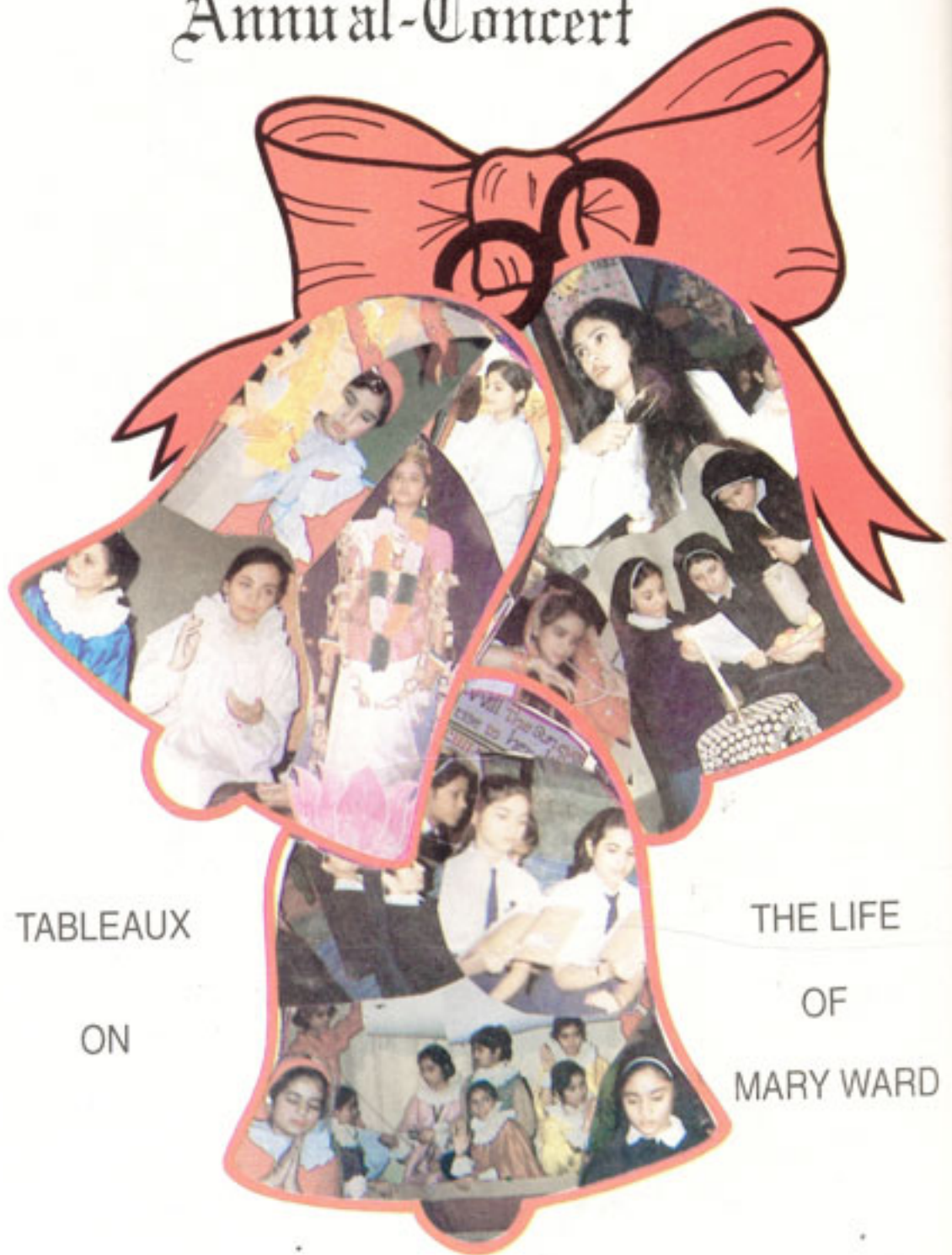


DANCE

DRAMA

AND
GOD CREATED
WOMAN

Annual-Concert



TABLEAUX
ON

THE LIFE
OF
MARY WARD



The IBMV Sisters arrived in India at Bombay harbour in 1853. On their way to Patna, they experienced the warm hospitality of the villagers who gave them shelter for the night. Bishop Hartmann gave a hearty welcome in Patna. (TABLEAU)



INTER-
SMC MEET

30th
JAN.



"LOVE AND SPEAK THE TRUTH AT ALL TIMES".

Mary Ward



Mother General M. Annuntiata Pak



General Assistant M. Patricia Harris



M. Annuntiata with the Staff.



A Friendly Greeting.

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First row standing (Left to Right)

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: Seema Arora, Gargi Majumdar, Ratika Batra, Nupur Majumdar, Ruchika Batra, Nidhi Gupta, Kavita Bhargava, Manju Mathai.

THIRD ROW STANDING (Left to Right)

: Sweta Bhargava, Shubra Jain, Nishi Lal, Shoma Chatterjee, Madhulika Mishra, Swati, Eusebius, Rita Agarwal, Nikki Bhutani,

LAST ROW STANDING (Left to Right)

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THE OFFICE STAFF



'SHAME'

Does it pain you,
When they chop you up?
Severing your branches,
Tearing your leaves
Do you feel the pangs of shame,
When defiled?
So alone and bereft,
In your grief?
Is that you groaning,
With the winds?
Crying on this stormy night?
Are you lamenting the indignity
The injustice of this unequal fight?
Sustaining life
Is your only purpose
All you ever do
Is GIVE
It is important
But to keep alive,
These hands that chop you
That, they let you LIVE!.

**By : Shubhl
SMC**

FOR THE AGED

I am a girl aged ten,
Eager to learn why
How, what, where and when
When I see the old and infirm,
I know someday it will be my turn,
To be old, feeble and ill
Little do they show or say,
They gave us all that we have to-day
The only way we can show gratitude
Is to develop a loving attitude,
Not much they from us expect
Nor asked for things expensive or best,
So the least we can do is give what is their due,
If nothing else, come, love and respect.

By : Sneha De
V-D

LOLLY POP

I took a hop, to my shop
To buy my favourite lolly pop.
See the big stick, and the red top,
I'll soon put it in my mouth,
And finish it plopl plopl

By : Noopur Kacker
V-A

WHERE SHALL I BE

Many years later
Where shall I be?
Playing under the sun
And just having fun!
Or sitting on a mountain top
At dusk to watch the sun drop?
Or just gazing at the moon so bright
And the twinkling stars on a silent night?
Or lying in my cozy bed
Where I sleep still-like I'm dead?
Well! It's not for me to decide
I have to go on with my life
Which is such a very long ride!

By : Anurita Gupta
V-A

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

One bright morning
In the middle of night
Two dead bodies
Began to fight
Back to Back
They faced each other
Took out their swords
And killed each other
One deaf policeman
Who heard the noise

Came to see
What the matter was
Why you don't believe
This lie is true
You can ask the blindman
Who saw it too
Why he does not reply
Ask the dumbman
He will answer you

By : Shikha Tomer
VII-D

PRIZE NOT PUNISHMENT

It was a sunny morning when I woke up from sleep. I dressed and rushed off to school, after having some bread and jam.

The class was full of friends waiting for the teacher who was to come at nine. When the teacher did not come my friends rejoiced and I drew her face on the black-board. My friends designed her hair. Just then, there was silence because the teacher walked in. Seeing her face we stood up, scared and frightened. She called me outside the class. Some thought she would thrash me while others thought that she would spare me and indeed it did happen. She gave me a chocolate and told me that I was the best artist in the whole class. Amazed at getting praise for my misdeed, I began to feel uncomfortable and a little ashamed of myself. It was then that I realized how the punishment had come to me alongwith the prize.

By : Swati Tiwari

VII-B

POEM :

THE WINDMILL

It used to grind the farmer's corn.
As its sails turned round and round
But now it stands quite hushed and still,
For there's no more corn to be ground, to be ground,
There's no more corn to be ground.

For streets were made and houses built
In the place where the corn once grew,
So the windmill stands quite hushed and still,
And has nothing at all to do, to do,
And has nothing at all to do.

By : Swati Srivastava (I)

VI-C

THE WISE DOG

One day nine dogs went out to hunt. They met a lion. He said : "I am hunting too. I am very, very hungry. Let us hunt together." So the dogs and the lion hunted together all day.

They caught ten antelopes. Then the lion said : "Now we must divide this meat." One of the dogs said : "Why, that's easy. We are ten, and we have ten antelopes, so each of us will have one antelope." The lion became very angry. He hit the poor dog and blinded him. The other dogs did not say a word. But then one of the dogs said : "Our brother was wrong. We must give nine antelopes to king lion. Then they will be ten together . And we, dogs, shall take one antelope, and we shall also be ten together."

The lion liked his answer and asked the dog : "Who taught you to divide like this? You are a wise dog." The dog answered, "Oh, king lion, you hit our brother and blinded him. That blind brother taught me, King lion"

By : Suchi Malhotra
VI-C

CRICKET

Cricket is fun
Cricket is fun
But only when India has won
When Sachin hits a six
And Border is in a fix
When Kapil hits a four
And Imran can do no more
When Azhar takes a catch
And Richard goes to the pavilion back
When Shashtri takes a wicket
And gets rid of Hadlee's wicket
So Cricket is fun
But only when India has won.

By : Nazia Faruqi
8-D

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Once upon a time there lived a boy named Raj. He lived in a village named Patu. His college was 20 kms away from his village. Everyday he used to cycle down to his college. On his way home he used to come across a house which was said to be haunted. Being an educated boy Raj never believed the rumour.

One day Raj had to go to a party in the city. It became quite dark when he was returning on his cycle. It was a stormy night. Suddenly there was a flash of lightening and rain started to pour down. He looked around and saw a house nearby. He ran towards it and saw a light in the room upstairs. He climbed the stairs and entered the room in which the light was shining. It was then

that he realised that he was in the haunted house for something caught his attention.

The next day he was found unconscious in front of the house. He was rushed to a hospital where he regained his consciousness. He was very frightened and tried to say something. He talked about a young girl hanging upside down from the ceiling of the room..... He could not say anything else and became incoherent. He was taken home and tended carefully. In time, he seemed to become normal, but the memory of that frightful night remained with him and haunted him throughout his life.

By : Sarah Kazmi

(VIII-D)

RIDDLES

1. What makes a tree noisy?
2. What can never be made right?
3. What looks like half a look of head?
4. Which word is always spelt wrongly?
5. What can you make that no one can see?

A TRIBUTE TO A FRIEND

It was November 14th, 1995 the whole class of VII-C was in high spirits and enjoying every moment as it was children's day. Suddenly, as if lightning had struck, the cruel hands of death snatched away our dear friend Suchi Vishen from us. It was impossible to imagine one who was so full of life was no more.

A good friend, as affectionate and loving daughter, a good sister, an intelligent and obedient student are only some of the terms which we can use to describe her. Forever smiling, she was extremely popular with everybody. I especially miss the times we played badminton together. Suchi, you are no more but you will live forever in our hearts.

By : Shivanjali Kumar
VII-C

TO A FRIEND

Those sincere emotions
That charming spree
 That enchanted glory
 That sorrow-free
Exhilarating smile
That welcoming face
 Abounding in nonsense
 Variety and unmatched grace
That humorous outlook
That blend profile
 Seems a dazzling star
 Growing up young in a popular style
We have those touching feelings
While will defy all forced sealings
 On our glorious relation
I believe, which is only second to race.

By : Farozan Naqvi
8-C

POEM

The cock is crowing
The stream is flowing
The small birds twitter
The lake doth glitter
The green field sleeps in the sun

The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest
The cattle are grazing
Their heads never raising
There are forty feeding like one

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated
And now doth face ill
On the top of the bare hill
The plough boy is whooping anon-anon;

There's joy in the mountains
There's life in the fountains
Small clouds are sailing
Blue sky prevailing
The rain is over and gone.

By : Ankita Narula

6-C

WATCH OUT

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

For it becomes you.

By : Kanika Arora

VIII-D

TENSIONS

Tensions are challenges for better living. We do not invite tensions but when they come we must challenge ourselves to face them creatively. They are a part of our lives. They have both positive and negative influence on us. They help us to bring out the best in us. We must learn to live with them and try to have control over them rather than become their slaves. We should be masters of our own self.

By : Gunja Jaiswal

VII-A

POEM

LAUGHTER

Laughter is the best medicine for every disease
It gives you happiness, It gives you relief.

It fills your heart with the emotion of pleasure
And provides you with joy's treasure.

It takes you away from the world of sorrow
And makes Today delightful as well as tomorrow.

So, always be happy and never be sad
So that the world may say, You're a very good lad.

By : Aparajita Agarwal
VII-D

SHORT STORY CONTEST

The maxim on which my story is based on is :

'It anyone gives thee trouble, meet him with friendly words for so thou wilt soften both yourself and him'.

LITTLE THOUGHTFULNESS

I had been selected in the IPS and appointed at Allahabad-the place where I had spent my childhood days. I was overjoyed and very much excited when I put my first step on Allahabad soil. I saw that almost everything in the city had changed since I had left it.

Anyhow, I joined my job the

very next day. It was a challenging job and I grew like it more and more.

One day, as I was returning home, a woman rushed towards me and exclaimed. 'Didi, you?' I was struck with wonder. Who was she and why was she calling me? She had dark complexion and had long beautiful hair. Though

dressed in a simple saree she had a jolly face.

She again started, "Do you not remember me? I'm Meena". Suddenly it came to me. I cried, "You

I recalled that incident of my childhood days, when I was of twelve years old. My family was of a middle-class one and we had a maid servant. Her daughter, Meena, often accompanied her when she came to work in our house. Meena was a very timid and shy girl and would not speak to anyone.

One day I noticed that a few of my pencils and other stationery items were missing from my study-table. I asked my mother about them but she replied negatively. Anyhow, this incident was easily forgotten.

But, a few days later I found Rs. 10/- missing from my purse. As this was a matter of money, I was greatly concerned. Who was the thief in our house? As no one had gone into my room since morning except Meena, I deduced that Meena must be the thief.

To check her innocence, I placed Rs. 20/- on my window and after telling her to dust my room I went out of her sight. After she had finished her work I found

my money missing. "Good", I thought, "So Meena is the thief".

I told my mother about it and we enquired of her strictly about it. She accepted that she had stolen the money. We coaxed and cajoled her and she told us why she had started stealing.

"We are very poor, didi," She said, "And my sister is very ill. My brother takes all the money and wastes it in gambling. Please, do not tell my mother about it. She'll never forgive me." Then she burst out crying.

We told her to trust us and we promised her that we would never disclose her secret to anyone. We also promised to help her in any way we could....

And now, she was standing in front of me in the same grateful way as she did ten years ago. I was very happy to learn that she had been married into a respectable family. She made my day. And now, I would close with the words of Mary Ward that I had learnt at my school.

"If anyone gives thee trouble, meet him with friendly words, for so thou wilt soften both yourself and him."

By : Samahita
VIII-D

A GARDEN OF MY DREAMS

Dreams are nothing rare. Every human being in the world, dreams. Dreams are desires or wishes, which we hope will someday become a reality. They whisk us away from the cruel, evil, corrupt and selfish world and take us to the world of fantasy where evils do not exist and where we can spend blissful moments in peace and quiet and experience serenity.

In my dreams, I see a garden. It is bordered by a spotless white fence. Along the fence there are numerous fruit-trees laden with a variety of delicious-looking fruits.

The ground is covered with a thick carpet of lush green grass dotted with tiny multi-coloured flowers. Roses of all colours bloom in the golden sunlight and beautiful butterflies flutter all around. When the wind blows, the daffodils, lilies and petunias all begin dancing to and fro, gently but gaily.

In the center of the garden there is a small pavilion built of

white marble with a lavender creeper climbing up its walls. A marble fountain squirts water high up in the air. At the foot of the fountain there is a shallow marble pool with vividly coloured fish frolicking in the crystal-clear water.

The ground on the far side of the garden is covered with cherry blossoms. The air here is sweet and refreshing. Over to one side a small brook bubbles and gurgles along. Its water is cool, pure and cool. Pink, white, yellow and blue lotuses bloom in some of the rock pools. Small freshwater fish are in abundance here.

This is the garden, just as I see it in my dream. And when I wake up, it gradually fades away leaving a great impact on both my mind and my heart. I hope that this lovely and celestial garden of my dreams will someday become a reality.

By : Maushumi Banerji

9-8

RAJJO THE BRAVE WOMAN

In Indian society, a widow has to lead a very hard life. Apart from having to cope with her loneliness, she also has to undertake the responsibility of the correct upbringing of her children all alone, for in the absence of her husband, there is no one whom she can share it with, and if it is a village woman, with no proper income, then there is no limit to the hardships she has to face in her lifetime. It seems as if she is thrown into a sea of troubles, to find a way across it on her own.

Rajjo fitted this description. She resided in the small village of Sonpur, in a dilapidated hut with her two-year old son and earned a living by selling herbs, berries and wild fruits which she gathered from the nearby woods. Her husband had been killed two years ago by a panther, while working in the same woods. This tragedy had created in her heart a mingled feeling of fear and hatred for the four-footed beast.

One day, Rajjo, as usual, after leaving her son with her neighbour, picked up her sickle and set off to work. While she was bending over a clump of herbs, she heard a soft padding noise behind her. She turned and froze

in terror. It was there that the incident took place which changed her attitude towards panthers.

Standing hardly three metres away, her teeth snarling and her hackles raised, was a full-grown she-panther. For a terrifying moment, Rajjo was paralysed with fear. Coming back to her senses soon, her first impulse was to rush off towards her village and safety. 'But then' she realised, 'I will never outrun this beast.' The only choice left was to face the peril.

The panther moved close. Rajjo, her mind racing, searched for some idea that would save her. But, the panther was now only half a metre away. Rajjo attacked it with her sickle. But now the injured panther was more furious than ever. So was Rajjo. Foregetting her fear, she charged at the animal again. This time the animal knocked her down. Rajjo now struggled with the beast on the ground. 'You killed my husband' screamed Rajjo. 'Now I can not let you kill me too and ruin my baby's life.' Gathering all her strength, she shoved the panther aside. Slashing viciously, Rajjo was now smothered in her own blood. The panther was in

the same state.

Suddenly, Rajjo saw two little cubs, playing nearby. She realized that she had unknowingly entered the panther's territory and the animal, feeling insecurity for her cubs, had come to attack her. It was a mother vs. mother duel.

Rajjo had first planned to kill the beast. But then she realized, 'If I kill her, the cubs are sure to

perish in the forest. What, if it were my own son in their place?' Thinking this, she suddenly felt pity for the cubs and so, instead of killing the animal, she injured it in such a way that it could not follow her. Then, Rajjo struggled back to her village, leaving the animal alive for the sake of the cubs.

By : Parnika Chandola

VIII-D

PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL

Pride is born out of over confidence. It is considered to be a sin. Pride always results in weakness. There are many things like riches, status, power, recognition, ability etc. which create pride in man. The saying 'Pride goes before a fall' is proved by many instances. For example, the story of the hare and the tortoise.

The hare was very confident of running fast and reaching the destination before the tortoise. He slept on the way and lost the race to the tortoise. It is seen that many students who have scored high marks become so over-

confident of their achievement that they consider themselves to be above average and neglect their studies. As a result, they lose their high position. On the other hand, many weak students work very hard and in the end they surpass the brilliant students.

The feeling of pride in achievement makes a person slack. It is the cause of laziness. A proud person is self-centred. He does not like to listen to other people's advice. He thinks that he knows everything. One should be humble in life.

By : Richa Sinha

VIII-D

U. S. PRESIDENT FOR ONE DAY

It is rightly said that the U. S. President occupies a post, which is envied by even angels. What is actually meant is that world peace or world war depends upon his attitude towards the political situation all over the world. This is the reason why the attention of the entire world is focussed on the U. S. Presidential elections. Therefore my humble ambition is to become the U.S. President for at least one day.

Though the previous Presidents were not able to solve some of the knottiest problems of the age, I can assure the world that I will solve many complicated problems if I become President of USA, just for a day. Though people will laugh at my words-words coming out of the mouth of a student-studying in the small town of Allahabad, yet, unmindful of their jeers, I shall stand erect with my aspirations flying high. It must be known that the first President of America was a raw youth having less education than I have, when he was elected President of that country. We all know that George Washington was a Master Man.

If I become the U. S. President even for one day, my very first-

step would be making some important political changes. I would invite the presidents of the other countries to sign peace treaties. I would ask them to forget and bury the past and look together towards peaceful co-existence.

My next move will be magnificent enough to make the world marvel at me and my government. I shall order the entire stock of atom and hydrogen bombs to be dumped in the Pacific Ocean. I am convinced that this act of promoting world peace on my part will move the other big powers and they would also do the same with their stocks of nuclear bombs. Nuclear energy, which is the most creative of all the powers of nature, will be harnessed for peaceful purposes—this will be my creed. Now my next step will be to order American troops, stationed in various parts of the world-to return home, because according to my new foreign policy, the U. S. army shall not intervene in the domestic affairs of other nations, and I am confident that this change will have reformative effect on other world-powers.

Food is the basic need of the people all over the world. Hardly is there any country in the East where some people do not die of starvation everyday. U.S.A. has more than sufficient food for its people. I shall order the entire surplus stock of food to be despatched by air to the countries which stand in dire need of food to save their people from the jaws of starvation. How silly as well as inhuman it has been on the part of my predecessors to have embarked upon an aggressive policy of sending arms to some of the Asiatic countries instead of food! Starving people do not need bombs or tanks, they want bread. Last but not least, I shall try to check the imperialist tendencies of the western powers. I shall also try to reform my people morally.

My above stated views might cause loud laughter and controversy but I think there is a way for every good ideal to be achieved. I strongly believe in Mahatma Gandhi's statement.

"A true friend and guide of man can create so many facilities for peace and comforts of mankind that an insincere and self-seeking leader cannot do in twenty years. Of course my idea of being elected the President of U.S.A. for one day is fantastically funny, yet there is a good deal of truth in what I have stated. Dreams may not come true, but then, it is not impossible that a dream may become a reality.

So I shall continue to dream and hold on to this noble ambition.

Trisha Srivastava

8-A

A GHOST STORY

One may or may not believe in ghosts. But ghost stories are often of fascinating interest. As we listen to a ghost story, our attention is held owing to a temporary suspension of disbelief. In the 'Arabian Nights' these supernatural elements figure in many stories which have worldwide popularity.

The supernatural plays an important role in world-famous epics and dramatic plays.

Long ago I heard a ghost story which made a lasting impression on my mind.

A yogi had taken up his abode in a dark forest. Many visitors used to come to him to pay their

respects to him. One of his daily visitors was a milkman who, every evening brought cow's milk for the yogi. When darkness fell the milkman wended his way home through the dark forest.

In the twilight of the early night the milkman saw a ghost threatening and frightening him on his way home. This happened every night. This had a disastrous effect on the milkman, who looked more and more distraught every time he came to visit the yogi, who noticing his condition asked him what the matter was. The milkman told the yogi that his sad plight was due to a fearful-looking ghost who crossed his way every night on his way home. The milkman said that it was with the greatest difficulty, he was able to escape from the clutches of the ghost.

Thereupon the yogi took some ashes from his extinguished fire and told the milkman that when the ghost came his way next time, the milkman should not run away from the ghost even if it meant the greatest risk to his life. He should let the ghost come right up to him and then rub the dust on the ghost's forehead. The yogi also told the milkman that on reaching

home he should look at his face in a mirror.

With a trembling heart the milkman carried out the yogi's instructions. When on reaching home the milkman looked in the mirror, to his great astonishment he saw the dust mark on his own forehead. The next evening, as usual, the milkman visited the yogi with his gift of cow's milk and narrated his previous night's experience to the yogi.

With a knowing smile the yogi told the milkman that his own fear of the darkness of the night in the forest had assumed the illusory form of the ghost which tormented him every night on his return. The milkman in making the dustmark on the forehead of the supposed ghost had besmeared his own brow with the ashes from the yogi's fire.

The milkman received great comfort and relief from the yogi's words. His fear left him, and from then on he saw no ghost on his way home from the yogi's abode. Our fears are the worst ghosts that haunt us.

Bushra Hasan

IX-B

IN SEARCH

There is a little awakening light
Which holds me upright
But, it seems beyond my reach
And I am.....

In search of my inner being
Where end all the bondages of
Temptation and ego
And never after any wrong we go;
In search of eternity
Where flourishes the presence of God-The Almighty;

In search of serenity
Where, minds' waves
Stop eroding the pure creativity,
And where dwell the angels,
Of unfathomable beach;

In search of freedom-
Where end the worldly ties,
And where the relaxation of-
One self lies;

In search of truth and love-
Which are but other forms of God,
Where the kingdom of righteousness
Is ruled by the prince of harmony,
And brotherhood;

In search of purity of intention,
In search of reason and revelation,
I am in search....

By : Priyanka Chandra

IX-B

NATURE

O Ubiquitous and all-pervading-entity.
All things around that we do see
Are but you in myriad Forms,
Symbols of your universality.

Magnificence of the greatest kind,
Transcending fancies of the mind,
Flora, fauna, peaks and vales,
Pellucid waters later to salinity consigned.

The hide and seek of Day and Night
Sun, moon, stars and their lustre bright
Evanescent splendours of Dusk and Dawn
The shades of morning and twilight.

Sounds of bird and beast, roaring of the sea,
And whistling of the breeze, no less a symphony
Than human art creates; for true it is indeed,
All music has its deepest roots somewhere in Thee.

With actors mortal and immortal, on the stage of Time,
You enact a universal and external pantomime,
And not a moment insipid anywhere is found,
Majestic Nature! Most exalted and sublime.

By : Vartika Bhandari

10-A

I could have been
..... a farmer, but did not cultivate the habit.
..... a forger, but I wanted to do something original.
..... a navigator, but I lost my direction.
..... a carpet salesman, but I had the rug pulled out from
under my feet.

By : Gunjan

8-D, Red House

WOMEN ARE NO LONGER THE LESS PRIVILEGED SECTION OF OUR COMMUNITY

I stand before you to oppose this proposition. Lately women all over the civilised world have come into their own. They have proved beyond any shadow of doubt that if given a chance, they can show that they are in no way inferior to men. It will be wrong to speak of them as the less-privileged section of our community. They have, in fact, proved that they are even more intelligent, diligent, tactful than men. They have, more recently, shared the sacrifices and triumphs of our struggle for independence. Doctors, Nurses, Research Workers, Magistrates, Lawyers, Secretaries, ministers, in fact in all walks of life, they

compete with men and do even better than their counterparts. Until a short time ago a woman was regarded as an inferior being, a less privileged member of society, who was physically weak, easily frightened, apt to faint or to grow hysterical, incapable of understanding politics or finance. The woman of today claims and justly gets, equality with men. She has won political rights eg. the right to vote, the right to sit in Parliament, to serve on juries. She can swim the British channel and can also fly across the Atlantic. She has entered all the professions and big businesses that were previously reserved for men.

Let us try to account for the change which has taken place in the status of women and which impells us to oppose the statement that women are a less privileged section of the community.

There are two main causes which will be obvious to anybody and which require to be touched upon briefly here.

The first is the feminine revolt against the theory of women's inferiority. The rebels demanded to be taken seriously. They demanded that they be given a chance of proving that they have brains, courage, and a hundred other qualities which had hitherto been suppressed. They refused to be considered charming and irresponsible.

The second was the lessening of domestic responsibility by the use of labour-saving devices. The sewing machine, the vacuum cleaner, the washing machine, the pressure cooker, the LPG gas, the electric fire, the stainless cutlery and a score of other things reduced the work of the house wife to a minimum and gave women time to spare. The modern family is smaller than that of two decades back. The modern house or flat requires only a small fraction of the time which a woman formerly had to give to her home.

The two types of women who have benefited most by the changes of the modern times are the suburban wife and the domestic servant. The former can finish her work by midday and can devote the afternoon to knitting, to reading, watching the TV or any other form of recreation she likes. The latter no longer toils from early morning to bed time—often the slave of a monitoring mistress, but works for definite hours and is treated as an intelligent being with a right to a margin of freedom and to the enjoyment of her life.

To conclude this argument I may add that the modern woman is no longer a gilded object of decoration in the drawing room. She is not a drum-driven being or a slave. She does what a man can do. Rather she excels him in those fields which were previously monopolised by him.

The achievements of women in all spheres of mental and even physical activity bear ample and eloquent testimony to the fact that a woman is inferior to none in intellectual and physical attainments. It will be a mistake to consider them less privileged than their male counterparts.

By : Meetu Dutta
VIII-D

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE
(INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES)
TAKEN FROM THE BOOK : STEPS TO GENERAL
KNOWLEDGE.
AUTHOR-PEARL SCOTT

TELEPHONE	:	GRAHAM BELL
TELEVISION	:	J. L. BAIRD
AEROPLANE	:	WRIGHT BROTHERS
RADIUM	:	MADAM CURIE
WIRELESS	:	G. MARCONI
GRAVITATION	:	NEWTON
FOUNTAIN PEN	:	LEWIS WATERMAN
MALARIA PARASITE	:	RONALD ROSS
THEORY OF EVOLUTION	:	DARWIN
VITAMINS	:	FUNK

By : Aparajita Agarwal
7-D

(INCREASE YOUR G.K.)
PAPER MONEY

The leather money was the forerunner of paper money. Made out of white stag skin; adorned with designs of water plants, it was issued by Emperor Wu of China between 140 and 86 B.C. The first paper money was issued by Emperor Hein Tsung in China between A.D. 806 and 821. The first Bank note printed on paper in Europe was issued by the Bank of Sweden in 1661.

COINS

Coins were first struck in the 18th century B.C. Crocuses, the king of Lydia in Asia Minor (now Turkey) was the first to introduce pure gold coins. The first important gold coin of European Commerce was the Bezant which got its name from Byzantium (now Istanbul). It remained the standard gold coin till the florin and ducat were coined in the 13th century.

ANIMALS WHICH ARE NO MORE :

1. Dodo-a large and flightless bird which lived on the islands of Mauritius and Reunion in the Pacific Ocean until it was wiped out on the arrival of man in the 17th century.
2. Quagga-a type of zebra from Africa which died out at the end of the 19th century.
3. Passenger Pigeon—They thrived in flocks of millions in U.S.A. but the last survivor was seen in 1934.

By : Roli Srivastava
VI-D

"SOMETHING ABOUT SNAKES"

"Snake". This is a word so terrifying, that it creates a wave of fear and anxiety all over the body.

In reality, snakes do not bite unless provoked and it is also said that they do not harm a person while he is asleep.

If it had not been so, then Haider Ali, a great emperor in Indian history, would have been bitten and killed by the snake, which came upon him while he was asleep. Instead, the snake held up its hood above Haider Ali's head, as a symbol of protection.

The snake is our friend when it kills rats and other rodents, which are harmful to our crops, a foe when it attacks the animals which are useful to us.

In Greek 'Reptum' means to crawl i.e., the animals that move by crawling.

The snake is a vertebrate, belonging to the class, reptilia. Snakes cannot maintain their body temperature to a constant degree (poikilotherm). Hence, during winter, they go into hibernation i.e., They are most inactive at this stage of their life.

SNAKES IN RELIGIOUS BOOKS AND 'GRANTHS'

'Nagpanchami' is a known Hindu festival, when people offer milk to the snakes, in order to please them. Snakes also have an intimate relationship with Hindu gods. e.g., the snake is the ornament of Lord Shiva and also the fancy bed of Lord Vishnu. In Hindu mythology, there is a clear indication of the enmity between snakes, eagles, and peacocks.

Worship of snakes was prevalent even in Babylon, Greece, Japan, Egypt, America and in many other countries. The churches in Alexandria had live snakes.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE SNAKES

The long, slender, soft and slippery body of snakes is very suitable for moving on rocks and grass, and also for hiding in crevices in walls and holes in the ground. The scales on the outer part of its body, protects the snake from sharp rocks and thorns. It has a large number of vertebrae. The structure of its lower jaw enables it to hang it down upto an angle of 90 degrees. That is why snakes are able to swallow animals as big as a pig. The upper jaw has a pair of poison glands which secrete venom. These glands open in the fangs through ducts. Different kind of snakes have different marks in their fangs.

Snakes do not possess limbs, but the marks of their origin are present in several species. They do not have external ears like us. So, they cannot hear external sounds. Instead, they have 'internal ears' which can perceive vibrations produced by an object. Snakes do not have eyelids. Their eyes are covered by a transparent nictitating membrane to protect them from dirt and also, injury.

POISONOUS AND NON-POISONOUS SNAKES

There are many snakes that are non-poisonous but their appearance is equally frightening as that of a poisonous one. *It is absolutely wrong* to think that large snakes are always poisonous. On the contrary, most of the colourful (usually small) snakes are deadly. e.g., Pythons are non-poisonous snakes which kill their prey by their power, while the common poisonous snakes are the Cobra, the Krait and the Viper. The King Cobra, a deadly snake, is called "Naja Jana" and measures upto 14 feet. The "Naja Hazi" Cobra of Egypt always keeps its hood up, as if worshipping "Allah". On this basis, it is called the "Hazi" (one who worships Allah). The Indian Cobra is called "Naja Naja". The Krait is also a poisonous snake. They have a variety of species. Among the Vipers, the Russel viper is poisonous as well as swift and smart. It keeps its neck so curled, that it looks like a "S", which enables it to throw itself suddenly on its prey to bite and kill it. Its length also ranges from 4 to 5 feet. Another viper, named the Pit Viper does not live in pits, but has a pit on its head as an identifying mark, hence its name. The Rattle snake is also a strange poisonous snake, which makes a strange rattling sound with its tail.

Snakes are cosmopolitan and New Zealand is the only country where snakes are not found at all. In Madagascar, poisonous snakes are not found.

SNAKE POISON

It is called Venom. It is a mixture of a specific organic compound which the human body cannot tolerate. Different kinds of snakes have different types of venom with different effects on the body. The venom of the Cobra and the Krait, usually affects the nervous system and the muscles (neurotoxin). As a result, the victim dies of respiratory failure. The Viper venom mainly affects the cardio-vascular system and the blood (cardiotoxin and haemolysin). In this case, the victim dies of internal bleeding.

The treatment of a snake-bite is the specific snake anti-venom and other respiratory and cardiac supportive measures. But, before taking the victim to a hospital a preventive tourniquet should be applied above the bitten area. No attempt should be made to suck out the

poison by the mouth. Rest and assurance should also be given to the victim.

UTILITY OF SNAKES

The skin of the snake is used in making purses, wallets, bags, belts etc. Medicines are also prepared from the venom and bones of the snakes. In many countries, delicious recipes are prepared from the flesh of snakes.

Like other animals, snakes are also reared on farms to be used for different purposes.

"SO, MY DEAR FRIENDS? DO NOT BE AFRAID OF SNAKES. WHY NOT HAVE ONE AS A PET?"

By : Parnika Chandola

8-D

RESOURCES FROM THE EARTH—LIFE SUPPORT FROM THE ATMOSPHERE

Chairman Sir, Honourable Judges, Ladies and Gentleman, and Friends,

Under the Central Theme "Resources from the earth", I have chosen the sub-topic, "Life Support From the Atmosphere".

We all know that mainly two types of resources are available on the earth. These are **renewable** and **non-renewable** resources.

Ozone is one of the most important renewable resources which is present in the earth's atmosphere. It is like a protective umbrella that prevents the ultra-violet rays from entering the earth's atmosphere. But, we human beings,

have caused much damage to this layer by atmospheric nuclear explosions and introduction of gases like chlorofluoro carbon etc. which deplete the Ozone layer. As a result of this depletion, for example, over Antarctica, to about 10 million square Km., roughly the size of Europe, the ultra-violet rays enter the earth's atmosphere and consequently diseases like cancer and green house effect due to excessive carbon-di-oxide in the atmosphere occur frequently (Fig. 1). To highlight the negative effects of this depletion in Ozone

layer, the **International Ozone Layer Conservation Day** is to be held on September 16 each year.

Water is an example of a renewable resource. It is one of the most important components that support life in the earth's atmosphere. Therefore, all living organisms need water to carry out their basic life functions. So, nature as an answer to this, regulates the movement of water in a cyclic form, so that it is readily available to all living organisms and plants. In **hydrological cycle**, water is present in the earth in the form of lakes, rivers, oceans etc. This water evaporates and forms a part of the atmosphere. Before being precipitated, this water condenses to form clouds. The precipitated water, is then either transpired by the plants, it flows into the streams and finally into the ocean or else, it percolates downward to form underground water. But whatever the case may be, this water again forms a part of the atmosphere by a process known as evapo-transpiration. Thus this cycle involves the whole earth : (i) **Atmosphere**—which is the blanket of air covering the earth; (ii) **Hydrosphere**—which is the water bodies present on the earth, and (iii) **Lithosphere**—which is the solid rock material below the hydrosphere (**fig. 2**). According to recent scientific opinion **aquifers**

are the real futuristic resource of water that conserve water under rocks.

Oxygen is an essential renewable resource prevalent in the earth's atmosphere. It is present in the atmosphere in the form of molecular oxygen, water and carbon-di-oxide. it is also present in organic foods like sugars and starches etc., in metallic ores like bauxite and sedimentary rocks like limestone etc. (**fig. 3**).

Carbon is added to the air by the action of micro-organisms on dead and decaying matter, and also by the reactions that take place with carbon-di-oxide. Thus oxygen and carbon-di-oxide are present in the atmosphere. Oxygen is taken up by the fish and other water animals and carbon-di-oxide is given out which is deposited as carbonates on ocean floor. The organisms on land also give out carbon-di-oxide (**Fig. 3**).

The exchange of gases through the atmosphere takes place by the activities of living organisms. An interesting example of this is the process of **photosynthesis** in which plants take up carbon-di-oxide from the air, water and minerals from the soil, and in the presence of chlorophyll and sunlight, they prepare food which is stored in different parts of the plant, like tubers of potato, bulb of onion etc. which also serves as

food for other living organisms. Thus plants are the primary source of food in a food chain. Several other substances like organic acids and alkaloids are also prepared by the leaves by photosynthesis. **Sea-weeds** convert solar energy by photosynthesis that is processed to yield fuel, food and industrial products.

Another resource available in the earth's atmosphere is **nitrogen** which is fixed upon by bacteria like **Rhizobium** which are found on the roots of leguminous plants like peas, beans etc.

Now the question arises as to **how these bacteria fix nitrogen?** Latest researches have shown the presence of "**nif**" genes which induce this activity in bacteria. They transform nitrogen into forms usable by living organisms. The fixed nitrogen occurs in the form of nitrates, nitrites, ammonia etc. Nitrogen is needed by both plants and animals because it is a constituent of protein (**Fig. 4**).

One may ask **whether Nitrogen is fixed by means other than the biological ones?** The answer to this is "**yes**". Nitrogen is also fixed in an abiological manner, like by lightning, photochemical reactions etc. This fixed Nitrogen is utilized by plants and animals. It is then acted upon by denitrifying bacteria and fire, which convert it back into free Nitrogen which is

released into air. These cycles work together in a composite form and are known as **biogeochemical cycles**.

An important association called **mycorrhiza**, between a fungus and a gymnosperm or a member of family Orchidaceae is an example of nutrient resource. They form a web-like structure on the outer surface of the roots and perform the function of root hairs. This is termed as **ectotrophic**. On the other hand, mycorrhiza may even penetrate inside the root cortex and live in the cells. This is termed as **endotrophic**. Thus, the plants provide the fungus with food, and the fungus provides the plant with water and minerals.

Earth's resources are monitored these days by remote sensing satellites. Some other non-conventional resources are biomass materials such as agricultural and agro-industrial products and solar, wind and ocean wave energy.

Coal is also a non-renewable resource that is obtained from the earth and is used to manufacture fertilizers.

Amongst **animal resources**, we have farmer's best friends **i.e.** the **earthworms** which break humus on soil to change the soil texture. They also add nitrogenous content to soil through their excreta.

By : Anshu Mulhotra

IX

POLICE BLOTTER

- (1) From a suburban New York Newspaper :

"A woman reported to the police that an unidentified man had taken a picture of her through the window of her residence. Police said they searched the area with negative results."

- (2) "At 8.20 p.m., officers received a missing person's report. Investigation revealed that the man had forgotten that his wife was admitted to the hospital the previous evening."

- (3) From a newspaper in California :

"Resident reported she has been receiving phone calls from a male named Lee for 25 years. She is tired of the calls and will change her phone number."

By : Gunjan

8-D

JOKES

1. While eating in a restaurant, a woman reprimanded her four-year old son for speaking with his mouth full. "Mump umn kmpfhm", was all she heard.

'And ' she scolded, 'no one can understand a word you're saying.

'He says he wants some ketchup', replied her husband calmly.

A woman sitting nearby leaned over and asked, "How in the world did you understand him?"

'I'm a dentist', her husband explained.

2. In Montana, an American state with fewer than 900,000 people, the governor is very recognizable. But fame can not go to one's head, as governor Marc Racicot learnt one day.

While travelling about the state, Racicot walked into a convenience store to pick up a Soda. As he approached the counter to pay, he noticed a spark of recognition crossing the salesman's face.

'Has anybody ever told you that you look like the governor?' the sales man asked.

Not knowing whether he faced a fan or foe, Racicot answered, "Yes, they often do".

"Boy, I'll bet that makes you mad, does not it?" replied the Salesman.

3. Having been taught as a child to use rhymes to help memorize historical dates, a woman suggested the method to her teenage son who was studying for an exam. By way of example, she told him he could not forget when Columbus discovered the New World if he remembered the line, "In fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

After the test she was keen to know if her tip had helped. "It was brilliant. Mum," replied her son. "I remembered the date. In fourteen hundred and ninety-three, Columbus sailed the deep blue sea."

4. A man was returning a globe to a store, because it was a duplicate gift. When the saleslady filled out the credit slip she asked, "What is the reason for this return?"

he man replied, "Wrong size. It's a small world."

By : Gunjan

8-D

UNITY

United we stand
And divided we fall
This is a universal truth,
Undisputed and accepted by all
Laxity of unity caused the rise and fall
Of many a country
Which repeatedly told in history,
Bears a proven testimony
That, have peace with one and all
And with neighbours living around
The feeling of unity
Is a prime necessity
To be taught and cultivated
In every youthful mind,

By : Bandana Chatterjee

XI-B

TEN YEARS

My Walk of Ten years is now complete.
With friends and Teachers, it was sweet
A two-day fight, and then friendship for whole year
In the morning a scolding, and Teacher's bye bye after school
How can I forget, memories of years & years.
Spring of excitement, Winter of results,
With rain of tears,
What a world
Oh! what a world
Were my ten years !

By : Vidhi Lohani

XI-B

MATHS

Oh! what should I do?
Maths is my Waterloo!
When my mind harks
Back to many marks
In the previous term
Could shivers run
Down my spine
But now I am firm
I shall do well
So why repine
Over things bygone?

I'll make a new start
Bend my mind
To the task at hand
Very soon I'll find
Out where I stand
Ten years later
I may recall
Maths was not
So bad after all.

By : Suparna Pande .

XI-B

POEM

The class is in a state of Bliss.

The class is in a state of bliss
When the teacher does her class miss
All around, the chalks fly by.
Leaving behind some to cry
The naughty girls march up straight
For the important announcement to be made
That, about the homework not to remind
Otherwise with punishment the teacher will bind.
To keep the class quiet the class captain tries
But adds to the noise by her protesting shouts and cries.

The teacher's arrival is not yet sure
Some girls run and peep through the back door
And if the teacher is seen coming
In the class there is a lot of confusion and running
In a minute every one is in her seat
The books come out and everyone pretends to read
To the teacher the scene is extremely strange
She thinks in the children, God has brought
A great change
She does not know that the class was in the state of bliss
When a few moments of her teaching she did miss.

By : Ankita Sinha

XI-B



Tamanna Usman (Head Girl)

INVESTITURE

CEREMONY



Tripti Misra
(Games Captain)



Shaini Shukla
(LTS General Secretary)





Mr. B.J. Srivastava



Mrs. N. Chattree



SILVER JUBILEE



UNITY IN DIVERSITY- INDEPENDENCE DAY



Children's Day

Teachers on March



14th
Nov.
1995



CLASS 10-A



Bottom Sitting (Left to Right) => Miss V. Agarwal, Mrs. S. Khosla, Mrs. N. Salman, Miss N. Gupta, Sr. Carol, Sr. Mary, Mrs. D. Panda Mrs. S. Bannerjee, Miss. A. Saxena, Mrs. M. Malviya
 Bottom First Row Standing (Left to Right) => Manu Priya Pandey, Maniya Noor Khan, Abhilasha Singh, Devina Mitra, Priti Kishwaha, Pooja Jain, Awantika Banerji, Vasundhara Singh, Aditi Bhargava.
 Second Row standing (Left to Right) => Rahat Haleem, Sangeeta Rao, Swati Srivastava, Ipsita Biswas, Seema Yadav, Annie Zeharia, Gunjan Gupta, Gunjan Bhargava, Shuchi Srivastava.
 Third Standing row (Left to Right) => Shrutu Agarwal, Garima Bhargava, Priyanka Dhar, Jyoti Lily Sharma, Shail Kapoor, Anshu Jaiswal, Sumbul Altaf, Nidhi Swaroop, Gauni Shukla.
 Fourth Standing row (L to R) => Anpita Agarwal, Neha, Agarwal, Rupali Ganguly, Ritika Kohli, Nidhi Kant, Suchi Mishra, Sweta Verma, Rachna Chaurhan.
 5th Standing Row (L to R) => Bhawna Gupta, Neeti Singh, Pragya Mehdiratta, Pallavi Srivastava, Ekta Chaddha, Gauni Malik.
 6th Row (L to R) => Smita Rai, Saumya Khare Pallavi Dubey, Varika Bhandari, Beenish Salman, Vijayshree Tiwari

CLASS 10-C



Standing (Left to Right) - (1st Row) : N. Bhattacharya, M. Tripathi, R. Ghildiyal, G. Srivastava, S. Gupta, A. Saxena, V. Dubey, K. Chhabra, S. Dey.
 Standing (Left to Right) - (2nd Row) : D. Tiwari, A. Verma, R. Dubey, T. Majumdar, R. Bhatia, Z. Siddhiqui, A. Ganguly S. Shekhar, P. Bawela.
 Standing (Left to Right) - (3rd Row) : B. Naitani, A. Singh, G. Mehta, Puja Singh, E. Siddiqui, J. Das, P. Gupta, M. Kohli.
 Standing (Left to Right) - (4th Row) : S. Kappur, G. Singh, S. Rizvi, S. Kumar, A. Haider, M. Prasad, S. Maheswari, A. Purwar.
 Standing (Left to Right) - (5th Row) : R. Jauhari, M. Kaur J. Anand, R. Gard, D. Diwedi, S. Srivastava.
 Standing (Left to Right) - (6th Row) : M. Singh, P. Rana, P. Diwedi, M. Jaisrisha.



1st Row Sitting (Left to Right) : Mrs. D. Panda, Miss V. Agarwal, Mrs. N. Saliman, Miss. N. Gupta, Sister Mary, Sister Carola,
 Mrs. M. Bajpai, Mrs. R. Shukla and Mrs. C. Srivastava
 2nd Row Standing (Left to Right) : Tina Roy, Priyanka Srivastava, Rosien Haq, Namrata Srivastava, Deepthi Rajvanshi, Vidisha
 Ratna, Shivani Sachdeva, Divya Agarwal, Abhilash Mittal, Shafali Kesharwani,
 3rd Row Standing (Left to Right) : Pallavi Sinha, Salomi Agarwal, Nadia Ahmed, Dable wu, Saumyata Sahu, Shilpi Banerji, Rashmi
 Malhotra, Shruti Singh,
 4th Row Standing (Left to Right) : Shagulta Zafar, Neelam Singh, Astha Shively, Toshiba Haider, Richa Pandey, Sadaf Siddiqui,
 Ina D'Souza, Aparna Mathur, Sumona Chakravarty,
 5th Row Standing (Left to Right) : Sarika Sinha, Annette Chacko, Rossie wu, Dipanita Chattree, Smriti Agarwal, Shubhangi
 Srivastava, Bhavna Gupta, Rashi Arora, Komal Srivastava,
 6th Row Standing (Left to Right) : Riddhi Khanna, Pallavi Mishra, Judy D'Cruz, Pratuasha Dixit, Shweta Agarwal, Surabhi Dubey,
 Rashmi Tripathi
 7th Row Standing (Left to Right) : Tulsi Chaturvedi, Paridhi Tandon, Snigdha Sinha, Sakshi Upadhyay, Nidhi Agarwal, Pratima
 Tripathi.

CLASS 10-D



- Sitting Teachers (Left to Right)** : Mrs. M. Joshi, Mrs. Malhotra, Miss. V. Agarwal, Sister Mary, Mrs. Shukla, Sr. Carola, Miss Gupta, Sr. Sabina, Mrs. Srivastava, Miss Saxena, Mrs. Khosla.
- 1st Row Standing (Left to Right)** : Shilpi Srivastava, Manisha Srivastava, Sonali, Huma Jamal, Nameeta Chandra, Rashmi Baptist, Rawil Gupta, Nupur Chandra, Richa Tiwari.
- 2nd Row Standing (Left to Right)** : Vatrika Singh, Richa Bali, Vertika Agarwal, Ruchi Khanna, Samman, Swapnil Sinha, Arunima Saxena, Nidhi Sinha.
- 3rd Row Standing (Left to Right)** : Shashi Shanta Lugun, Prabha Renuka Horo, Shachi Gupta, Pooja Nautial, Smriti Singh, Shubra Hajela, Rashmi Gupta, Monika Bali.
- 4th Row Standing (Left to Right)** : Sushmita, Sarika Sushil, Eram Khan, Anubha Darbari, Nishat Zameer, Nitya Mishra, Pratibha Chakraborty, Srivastava.

TO MY TEACHERS, ON MY DEATH

When I die, bury me deep
Six feet down, fast asleep

Place my Physics book on my right
Tell my teacher, my future was not bright
For I forgot the speed of light!

Keep My English book on my clothing
During Language period I went on snoring
All long speeches I kept ignoring
As Shakespeare was very boring!

Look at my Chemistry book-torn to pages
Reactions! I could not follow from ages
Bury those pages deep in holes
For I was fully confused with moles!

Place my history book on my tummy
I have now become an Egyptian mummy
I never learnt history as the emperors were too bold
And the subject was so old and cold !

With Maths I had always fought
As I paid little attention to what was taught
Formulae and theorems I always forgot
And you can guess the results I got!

Place my Hindi books on my forehead
Tell my teacher nothing got into my head
The new chapters I had never read
As I always slept in class without a bed!

Keep my geography book in my red cap
I jumbled all the cities in the world map
In the class I often took a long nap
And from my teacher I got a tight slap!

Place my Biology book on my chest
Tell my teacher my heart is now at rest
You all know, now I cannot respire
For I could not remember how plants transpire.
Place my computer book on my thigh
Looking at Binary I heaved a deep sigh
The theory lessons were terrifying
And the programs were horrifying

Thus we have such a lot of course
One cannot pass without a source
On my death, tell my teachers not to cry,
For it's their subjects who made me die.

By : Smriti Agrawal
Abhilasha Mittal
Shubhangi Srivastava
Surabhi Dubey

X-8

THE BLOSSOMING OF A FLOWER

Fragile, tender and ever so delicate,
Enclosed in the softest blankets green,
Rested a tiny fragment of life,
In a slumber, peaceful and serene.

The flowing rays of the dawning sun,
Enfolded it in their warm embrace,
The gentle motion of the wind,
Rocked the cradle with an easy grace.

As the dewdrops bathed its face,
A gentle stirring ever so slight,
Arose deep within its being,
Awakening it to the morning light.

Quivering, tremulous, hesitant and shy,
It unfolded its garb and opened its eyes,
And lifting its blushing face to the sun,
Looked at the world with awe and sighed.

The crickets and the morning birds,
Welcomed the little flower with glee,
The wind whispered in its ears,
You're sweet, buzzed the honey bee.

Nature showered on it her love,
Filling its little heart with joy,
It swayed and danced in the breeze,
Enraptured, charmed and yet so coy.

Bedecked with pearly drops of dew,
Spreading its fragrance wide and far,
The tender bud had blossomed forth,
Into an exquisite, erubescant flower.

By : Anshula Alok
XII-B

CRICKET QUIZ 1996

QUESTION :

1. Who are the newly elected members of the Indian Cricket Team?
2. Who has the highest runs in the one day cricket?
3. Who is the trainer for fast Blowers in the MRF Cricket training camp at Madras?
4. Who composed the theme song of the Wills World Cup 1996?
5. Who was the political personality who inaugurated the Wills World Cup 1996?
6. Who is the Chairman of ICC (International Cricket Commission)?
7. What car did Sanath Jayasuriya get in Wills World Cup 1996 for the best Cricketer?

8. Kapil Dev is the highest Wicket taker in one day cricket. Whose record did he break?
9. Who was the match referee for the semifinal between India and Srilanka at Calcutta in Wills World Cup 1996.
10. Which brand of Chewing gum was called the "Official Chewing Gum of Wills World Cup 1996".
11. Kenya has played its first World Cup in 1996. Which big team did it win against?
12. Sanath Jayasuriya of Srilanka has got the record for the fastest so. Whose record of fastest so did he break?
13. Who is known as the "Gentle giant" in the West Indies Team?
14. At what age did Sachin Tendulkar come into Cricket.
15. At whose places did these players come in the Indian Cricket team:—Sunil Joshi, Paras Mamhrey, Saurav Ganguly and Narendra Hirwani.
16. Who got the Best Catch award in Wills World Cup 1996?
17. Who is the Manager of Indian Cricket Team?
18. Who is the vice captain of Sri Lanka?
19. Which country does Shivaram Chandrapaul play for?
20. Name the two Indian Commentators who did the commentry in Wills World Cup 1996

ANSWERS

1. Sunil Joshi, Narendra Hirwani, Sourav Ganguly, Paras Mamhrey
2. Allan Border of Australia Runs-11000
3. Dennis lily
4. Anand Shanker
5. Joti Basu, the Chief Minister of West Bengal.
6. Jag Mohan Dalmia
7. Audi S4
8. Sir Richard Hadler
9. Gary Sobers
10. Center Fresh
11. West Indies
12. Mohammad Azharuddin. 50 runs in 24 balls

13. Courtney Walsh
14. At the age of 16
15. Ashish Kapoor, Prashant Vaidya, Vinod Kambli, Manoj Prabhakar
16. Sanjay Majrekar
17. Sandip Patel
18. Aarvind De Silva
19. West Indies
20. Ravi Shastri and Sunil Gavaskar.

By : Paromita Majumdar

VIII

INTER-HOUSE BASKET-BALL TOURNAMENT FINAL 1995-96

Finally, the day dawned. It was the much awaited day of the Basket Ball Inter House final match. All the running and sweating had to be put to test. Both the teams, the Mary ward House team and the Tagore house team dreamt of emerging as the winners. With anxiety and little fear the 'Champions' entered the School campus. Seeing the excitement of the school-mates our morale was boosted up. We were determined to do our very best. With banners and balloons everyone was out there ready to sweat for us for the house. It was good to see this kind of team affection.

The whistle finally blew and the match started. Both the teams attacked each other's baskets with vigour and enthusiasm. The players of the Tagore house gave a good start and were in the lead till half time. After the half time Mary Ward house geared up and started gaining points till they were at par with their opponents. The time was over but the game was not. There was a tie! The game started again and the tie was broken but very soon it was again made. But as the rule says only one of the teams has to win finally the Tagore house won the

match though the Mary Ward house players had put forward a fine game.

A few faces brightened up and a few sulked but all these feelings were just momentary. After a few minutes all joined in the gala celebration of victory and triumph and felt the same joy as we held aloft the grand shield.

By : Kamayani Pant

SOLAR SCLIPSE – A CELESTIAL EVENT

Twinkle, twinkle little star

How I wonder what you are?

Yes! How well this nursery rhyme states that our Universe has many facts still to be explored.

On 24th October, 1995, scientists from all over the world gathered near the belts of totality of solar eclipse, just to discover, understand and learn more.

It was surely a rare cosmic event. After the firework of the festival of lights, Diwali, it was the turn of the cosmos to dazzle Indians. Media played a key role in educating and guiding people of India, thus eradicating fear. Doordarshan was very successful in the live-telecast of the celestial event from Iradatganj in Allahabad, Neem ka Thana in Rajasthan and Diamond Harbour, South of Calcutta.

I was also very eager to watch the event taking place. I made a pinhole camera and collected photographic films.

The solar sclipse began at about 7.20 in the morning. People sat glued to their television sets for the live telecast. I also witnessed the solar eclipse with the help of the pin hole camera and thick layer of photographic plates.

There was a rapid procession of the beautiful events in the sky. There was a very gradual dimunition in the size of sun's image, slowly the ghostly moon blocked the sun and day virtually turned dark. This

lasted for about 1 minute and few seconds. Birds were totally confused as they fluttered their wings to return to their nests. The diamond ring was visible when only a speck of sun remained just before totality. It was spectacular. I felt a sitr of excitement when I saw the diamond ring.

It was surely an exciting experience both for laymen and the scientists. I will surely remember this great and exiting event all through my life.

By : Mahima Bhatnagar

XI-B

THE CRICKET VERVE

Cricket, since ages, has been the favourite sport of the Indians. Passion, religion, obsession- nothing quite stirs the collective consciousness of the Indians as cricket does. When cricket steps forward, reasons step back. Indians forego their regular routine, their jobs and at times their meals for cricket. This could easily be witnessed during the month long tournament and cricket's greatest-WILLS WORLD CUP 1996'

The months of February and March were exciting with the spirit of Cricket in India, Pakistan and Srilanka, the nests of the World Cup 96. The Inaugural ceremony, which took place in Calcutta was the most spectacular

ceremoney ever held. Indians had pinned their hopes on their cricketers. Each had only one wish and that was to recreate or revive the nascent spellbound and rapturous victory of prudential world cup 1983 or in quintessence TO VIEW INDIA AGAIN AS THE CRICKETING STALWART.

The first match to be played by India was on 18th February against Kenya in Cuttack. Indians easily vanquished the Kenyans who made their debut in the Wills World Cup. Thus, Indians had a brilliant opening. The second game against West Indies was being rated as a very crucial match and which indeed it was; but, the excellent manoeuvre on the part of the Indians won for them another

jewel for the World Cup crown. After Indians defeated the valiant West Indians the other teams started regarding India as a challenging opponent which was quite contrary to the forecast of the soothsayers about India.

The third match against Australia dimmed the hopes of the Indians. The Australians defeated India in a facile manner. Even the match against Sri Lanka in Ferozshah Kotla stadium of New Delhi was a blow for the Indian team. In spite of the swashbuckling performance from the Indian Cricket star, Sachin Tendulkar, India was crushed under the weight of the prolific batting by Sri Lankan star, Sanath Jayasuriya and the steely resolve of the Sri Lankan Cricketers. The last match won over Zimbabwe mustered some courage and hope for the Indian team. Despite their debacle against Sri Lanka and Australia, Indians had still paved their way into the Quarter Finals.

Bangalore was the arena where the traditional arch rivals, India and Pakistan were to play their Quarter Final Match. Somehow, other than the Indians- and Pakistanis, the whole cricket world looks forward to an interesting Indo-Pak match. Perhaps the political and economic rivalries

are also mixed up with spirit of cricket. They find a stadium, the best place to vent their spleen over each other.

Indians had the greater advantage of playing at home while the Pakistanis were under severe pressure. Indians were put to bat first. Under severe tension and chastising summer afternoon, Sachin Tendulkar faced the ball from Waqar Younis, the bane of the batsmen and Oops! it went off for a boundary. The crowd was absolutely thrilled. Any boundary from the Indian side and there was a furore and a paroxysm of excitement while any wicket down would be followed by dead silence except for the rejoicing of the Pakistani Cricketers. Both the teams gave their best. If Sachin Tendulkar and Ajay Jadeja went hammer and tongs then Aamir Sohail and Saeed Anwar were not to be left behind, but, as luck would have it, India was destined for victory, a long awaited and cherished victory over Pakistan.

The moment India won the match, celebrations could not be bottled up. Firecrackers, stored since Deepawali, specially for Cricket, presented a flashy sight. The whole country wore the colours of a festival. It seemed as if we had won the final and not

Quarter Final. The effect of the match was just the reverse in Pakistan. They mourned the victory of India over Pakistan. Rejuvenated and exhilarated with their victory over Pakistan, Indians looked forward to another optimistic match in Calcutta against Sri Lanka which was the semi-final. This time the people of Calcutta had great expectations from their team, but due to the poor performance by the Indian cricketers, they were utterly dejected and disappointed. The crowd which had given a hearty welcome to their team now became so fierce that it became

difficult for the team to face them and their anger. The game had to be cancelled with more than fifteen overs still remaining because of the misbehaviour of the crowd.

Thus toppled the expectations of Indians. As the adage goes 'Heaven and hell do not get together' so is this euphoria in which victory and defeat do not interact. The banner 'SHARE THE MAGIC' now trails behind the magicians of Cricket viz. THE GREAT SRI LANKANS'.

By : Anupriya Kaushik

XII-A

A DAY IN THE N.C.C. CAMP

It was 5 a.m. we thought we were very smart to get up so early, and we would get everything to ourselves. Hold on! the girls from the other schools were already up and about in their P.T. uniforms—pricking the first pin into our inflated egos of punctuality and discipline.

Somehow we managed to tumble out of our hold-alls, rush to the bathrooms and break all previous records (thankfully not our teeth or limbs!) in speed

brushing, answering (or not answering) nature's call, zooming back to the common hall, pulling on our uniforms and dashing towards the field, just in time for the line up. Whew! A few of us who were not yet fully awake, closely resembled walking zombies in their white P.T. uniforms. The roll-call began, and it was only then that we realised the foolhardiness of leaving the morning ablutions incomplete. Somehow we managed to

complete the one kilometre cross-country jogging. Thus began our first day at the N.C.C. Annual Training Camp '95.

Back at the camp we got our breakfast. It was the first time we had been served tea in a plastic bucket and piles of buns without butter. Yet how good they tasted after the jogging and exercising! Within half an hour we had to get ready again for the parades. The drill and the lectures went on till eternity, so that by the time we got back to the common hall every inch of our body was aching and each muscle protesting against the tiniest movement. For the first time in our lives, we learnt what real fatigue was like.

Lunch consisted of nothing that we were even remotely familiar with, but by that time we were so knocked out that we did not care. It was an experience to stand in line and wait patiently to be served. N.C.C. really feeds you well. The food is slopped onto your plate in such away that it is impossible to distinguish the items on the menu. The result on my plate would have made my dog look up at me in wonder. The afternoon went in the preparations of the programme to be presented on the last day of the camp and in which we, the S.M.C. cadets played

a major role.

Five to six in the evening was reserved for visitors. There were varied reactions from the cadets on seeing their parents—Some howled without reserve, while others remained outwardly cool and controlled. We S.M.C. cadets delighted our parents with smiles outclassing those of Madhuri Dixit! After six we had a roll-call parade and were then left free to do anything we pleased.

It was then that the time came for the evening shower. We made the mistake of jumping to the pleasant conclusions, but it did not take long for all our ideas to be shattered. Instead of the tiled walls there were the semi-transparent nessian walls on three sides, a rusted tap which stubbornly refused to obey any rules of water control. Three girls standing side by side formed our human door with an automatic alarm system which was activated at the slightest sight of danger. The clear night sky formed our bathroom ceiling and to top it all we had constant company from the four and twenty other cadets, taking a peep to ensure that their turn had not passed them by. The more the merrier, they say—ask us!

The evening flew by in getting

to know the other school-girls. At around 9 p.m. we were served dinner which was repeat performance of lunch, and then we were packed off to our beds; but we remained awake for the midnight feast we had planned to celebrate the birthday of one of our friends in our group.

After the dinner, it was not at all difficult to eat the birthday cake and a dozen delicious snacks! The feast was a big success, the

fond memory of which we will cherish all our lives.

It was just twenty-four hours since we ten S.M.C. cadets had really come to know each other but already there was a special bond growing among us; a golden bond of love, sharing and understanding, a relationship which is truly human, and knows no barriers of caste and creed, age or economic status.

By : Nandita Ghoshal

AN INWARD JOURNEY OF SELF-DISCOVERY

(NAV SADHANA-VARANASI)

1st April 1996-5 : 30 a.m.

The day which we had been eagerly awaiting had finally dawned. Today, the L.T.S. ers were embarking upon a short but wonderful sojourn to Varanasi.

We met in school on 25th March to decide about the trip. 33 girls had opted to go from classes 9 and 11. Our principal, Sr. Carola and the guide of the Senior Unit, Mrs. Chatterjee, were accompanying us. We were divided into five groups for better functioning-BLUE, GREEN, BLACK, PINK, PURPLE. It was decided that

all of us would wear white caps with the L.T.S. flame in the centre and our motto "SPIRIT, MOTIVATION, CHALLENGE" written all around it according to the colour of each group. Each group would give its feed back through the scrapbooks they prepared.

We reached the school premises at 5.30 a.m. on 1st April. After loading our luggage we boarded the bus and set out our three-day unforgettable trip to Nav Sadhana, Varanasi. In the beginning the gap between the

seniors and juniors was quite evident but on the way we shared food, played games and cracked jokes which broke the ice and we became one compact group. It proved to be a journey of DISCOVERY and TOGETHERNESS.

On the way we took a break at Bhadohi and stopped at Baba Tea Stall where we drank cups of steaming, hot tea and stretched our limbs. As we entered Varanasi, Mrs. Chatterjee pointed out important features of Varanasi City such as the Varanasi Railway Station, Lohar Bridge, The T.V. tower, Circuit House, Anand Vatika and Rivers Varuna and Assi from which Varanasi gets its name.

We reached Nav Sadhana at 10.30 a.m. by taking the by-pass road. On reaching Nav Sadhana the beauty and tranquility of the place enthralled us. Nav Sadhana is a well-planned structure. It has many buildings like ASSISSI where we stayed, SANJEEVANI HALL the place where we had our sessions. It also had a prayer room and chapel. VIHARA had the dining hall and kitchen where we had our meals and SEVA SADAN houses the office, the recording room, the shop selling souvenirs and the living quarters of fathers and other male guests. The buildings are surrounded by lush lawns on

all sides where beautiful flowers are in bloom throughout the year. Besides the plants, Nav Sadhana is also the home of many animals like nilgais, tortoises, white mice, rabbits, guinea pigs and the mischievous but cute monkeys, Bholi and Basanti. After freshening up we went to Sanjeevani for our session. There we were introduced to the staff of Nav Sadhana by Father Thomas D'sa, the director of Nav Sadhana. We learnt that Sr. Anita would be taking our sessions. Sr. Alexandra affectionately called 'amma' by the inmates of Nav Sadhana saw to our meals and Father Jose Prakash and Sr. Antoinette, the 'nightingale' of Nav Sadhana took our prayer sessions. The inmates of Nav Sadhana are very warm, affectionate and friendly people. They made us feel at home during our brief stay. Nav Sadhana is managed efficiently by its team of dedicated and sincere members.

The sessions were very meaningful and interesting which ensured the active participation of all the girls. Since this was an L.T.S. group the sessions mainly dealt with leadership. We were taught about the Characteristics of good leaders, styles of leadership, different types of handshakes, better

communication skills and discovering ourselves and others. We learnt the use of our LEFT and RIGHT brain and the breaking of our deceptive masks and emergence of our real selves. We also found out the type of people we are, on the basis of our choice of the following shapes-CIRCLE, SQUARE, TRIANGLE AND SQUIGGLE. We were taught the IALAC mantra-I AM LOVABLE AND CAPABLE to cure us whenever we felt depressed or sad. Short-role plays, debates, group discussions and several exercises were used to bring out clearly the aspects of certain topics. To enliven the sessions Sr. Anita taught us many action songs like LITTLE PETER RABBIT and JOHN BROWN'S BABY. We also had really wonderful and awe-inspiring prayer sessions which were unlike anything we had ever experienced before. The girls felt relaxed and calm in the presence of God. During the YOGA NIDRA Sessions some felt so relaxed that they fell asleep!

On the second day we went sight seeing to Sarnath. The Dharma Chakra Stupa and the Mulgandha Kuti Vihara are truly exquisite pieces of fine architecture. Many girls bought souvenirs from the nearby shops. Another novel experience was the

visit to St. Mary's Cathedral and the Jeevan Darshan Bible Exhibition which is built underground and is only one of its kind in Varanasi. The everlasting stories of the Bible were brought to life by the amazing play of light and sound and the moving statues.

On our return to Nav Sadhana we put up a short entertainment programme for the inmates as a token of gratitude for all the love and affection they had showered on us. It was much appreciated.

Despite the heavy schedule of the day we eagerly waited for the nights not to sleep but to eat, dance, sing, play games, crack jokes, dress up like ghosts or sit in groups big or small and chat deep into the night. It was this time that forged friendships and revealed our capacity for mixing, sharing and adjusting.

When everyone retired the secret editorial board woke up to recapture the humorous and hilarious moments of the day in our special magazine THE NAV SADHANA RAG.

How quickly time flies. We did not realise how fast the three days flew by and our time for departure came. With sad hearts we bade adieu to Nav Sadhana which had become like a second home for

us in the short time we stayed there. After our return we put together not only our scrap books but also filled in response sheets. We shared our feelings—

The three-day stay at Nav Sadhana was a fun-filled trip all the way. We found Nav Sadhana peaceful and beautiful, the people friendly and welcoming, the sessions meaningful and interesting. We love staying and working in a group. We discovered

a lot about ourselves i.e. the real me and wished more of our friends had come along with us. Everyone felt sad that others had missed this wonderful opportunity. We also think that such trips should be organised more often to give everybody an experience—AN EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME.

By : Tanushree Singh
XII-B

PURSUIT OF EXCELLENCE—N.C.C.

Swami Vivekanand visualised a mighty India made up of a strong youth force tempered with the qualities of manhood, unity, discipline and sacrifice and this vision has come true with the emergence of the National Cadet Corps (N.C.C.) as the premier youth organisation in India way back in 1948.

To Quote Swami Vivekanand, "What I want is muscles of iron and nerves of steel, inside which dwells a mind of the same material as that of which thunderbolt is made."

Keeping pace with such an avowed objective, perhaps, the

N.C.C. was created in 1948 to help channelise the youth energy in constructive work and to mould the character of young men and women along correct lines.

The objectives of the N.C.C. are as follows.

(i) To develop qualities of character, courage, comradeship, discipline, leadership, secular outlook, spirit of adventure and sportsmanship and the ideals of selfless service among the youth to make them useful citizens; and

(ii) To create a human resource of organised, trained and motivated youth, to provide leadership in all walks of life

including the armed forces and to be always available for the service of the Nation.

In tune with the objectives of the N.C.C. the programme of training has been designed with emphasis on 'UNITY AND DISCIPLINE', which is also the motto of N.C.C. today. N.C.C. is the only youth organisation which grooms the youth, moulds their future and inculcates in them the feelings of dedication, fortitude, sportsmanship, comradeship and the great gospel of selfless service to fellow citizens.

The training in N.C.C. involves instruction in areas of discipline, military service, weapon training, map reading, self-defence, personal hygiene and leadership.

This training is given through regular parades and specially organised camps. Every cadet has to attend the camp to qualify for the Certificate Examinations A, B, C conducted by the Ministry of Defence, every year.

Adventure oriented programmes were introduced in N.C.C. as a part of training in the form of mountaineering, trekking, rock-climbing, sailing expeditions, basic leadership courses, parasailing and so on.

From the government's side, a number of incentives are being provided to the cadets in the form of reservation of seats in educational institutions, employment sectors, apart from liberal financial help through scholarships.

To expose the cadets to the world outside, N.C.C. has launched the 'YOUTH EXCHANGE PROGRAMME' with a number of friendly countries like Canada, U.K., Singapore, Bangladesh and Sri Lanka. The Cadets visit these countries at the Governments' expense.

In our school, St. Mary's we have the provision of N.C.C. for class XI and XII students. We have regular parades and theory classes after the school hours. The cadets get opportunities to take part in various camps organised by the N.C.C. During our camps we learn that one can live and enjoy life, without luxury and comfort. It increases our love and respect for India and makes us proud of our own country. It brings the realisation that an individual or a small group of people can bring about significant changes in society.

The general impression among the majority of our country men

that N.C.C. provides only some kind of military training and perhaps prepares the youth to join the defence services, is not true. As a matter of fact, it aims at developing qualities of character, courage, discipline and selfless service.

*For your Country.

If you plan for a year, sow paddy.
If you plan for a decade, plant trees,

If you plan for the future, nurture youth*.

That is what N.C.C. does.

By : Ruchi Anand

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NOSTALGIC MEMORIES

HEAD GIRL SPEAKS

Today, as I sit down to write this article, nostalgia grips my mind. Emotionally, I wonder if this will be the last article that I write in my cherished institution. It is only today that I have come to terms with the reality that very soon I will have to bid goodbye to something which is, has and will be most dear to me-my school life.

I had entered the portals of this school with fear and apprehension like most little children. It is ironical that the place where I feel most secure today is within these very portals. It is in this school where under the love and care of my teachers, I grew out of my shell. Just the other day I came across a tiny tot of class I, with tears brimming in her eyes as she had

missed her bus. As I consoled her I smiled inwardly thinking how very soon she will be the one who will be asking to be picked up slightly late after school so that she could spend more time on the swings and as years will pass by chatting with her friends or staying in for practices or co-curricular activities.

I remember distinctly the first time I was given the role in the 'Teacher's day' programme in Class II. I had rehearsed it over and over again, and, as I descended the stairs after doing my role, I felt on top of the world.

School has always been fun-singing classes, recitation practices, school plays, Teachers

MELANCHOLY

The mellifluous tunes sound plaintive,
The whole world seems gray
When the mind is in a state of melancholia
All enthusiasm and zeal
Seems to ebb away
With the onslaught
of this unscrupulous tempest
which unwarranted by, plays
hide and seek,
as one succumbs to
the unpremeditated whims of the mind
which none can vanquish
The vagrant mind
tends to vacillate vacuously
in this kaleidoscopic world
jeopardizing the unblossomed
cherry-blossoms, in search of an impervious solitude
amidst the amalgamation of
pandemonium and the mayhem
of ambiguity.

By : Cinni Mathews
Ex-Student 92-93

VIE—WHY NOT ?

Oh! I feel ashamed of myself. Was that the way to behave? How clumsily had I acted! Why does it so often happen to me in the presence of any person whom I am not acquainted with—that all my confidence, my self assurance start to shake? Before it turns out to be a boring, everlasting list of questions, let me, myself initiate and break the ice by trying to analyse and reason out my behaviour.

There comes an age in every individual's life, when he/she tries hard to strive for a loved by all, smart and a goody-goody image. This is perhaps the most crucial time in one's psychological restructuring and reframing for the future. Like most people I also had an image of myself which I surely wanted to project in front of everybody; and I started working for that image on the lines of this proverb 'to get a good reputation, endeavour to be, what you desire to appear'. So, that was it!

I came across people of all sorts and enjoyed analysing their appearances and attitudes. I must admit here, that being a very keen observer I realised that the subject of a majority of conversations in

context of the inherent undertones and subtle pauses, is manoeuvred by each speaker to his/her own advantage.

So there I was, succumbing to the vicissitudes of life I was exposed to at that age. I think I tried to incorporate within myself the good qualities of all the positive endowments of most individuals that made them so liked by everyone around. It was, however, only later that I realised that this would undoubtedly put me in a catch-22 situation.

As I look back today, like all 'adults I also murmur to myself how foolish was I ! I think it's our human quality (is it a quality?) to look back and think of our actions at a previous, initial stage and then dismiss them altogether as either too flamboyant, immature or simply stupid! And, mind you, these decisions when we had first taken were our best options, most mature and foresighted ones ! Anyway, that is the irony about the whole episode.

So, coming back-I thought it was best to be my own natural self, which could get me out of the alleged catch-22 situation. Thus started another phase of being

my natural self-with all my human vices as well as positive traits; but many a time I found myself leaning on my previous strategy and caught myself unconsciously trying to behave like some other practical Miss X or a dynamic Mr. Y. I attributed this to the fact that whatever is learnt in early years does not fade away easily so there was I! again, perplexed, agonised and of course confused.

At this juncture, if anyone urged me, I could have in a very convincing manner, delivered a lecture upon how to improve one's personality—to be dynamic, versatile and at the same time to be soft spoken and straightforward. This can be attributed only to the fact that I, myself had been experimenting and striving to help evolve myself to the 'acne' and for all others, I think I can contribute something from my own experiences and my phase of evolution. After all, isn't a question of your personality significant enough to vie for-why not? so, there we go!

A good, strong and stable disposition can be cultivated only by being natural (of course, not overdoing the natural self) and very relaxed. One can emerge-a winner (in the true sense of the

word) early by taking everything in one's stride and the key words there are 'in the right spirit'. So, for a balanced individual and a stable one always remember that there are many individuals far better than you in all respects—that you are better than an equal number of individuals and that you need not try to step into any person's shoe to be like him/her, because you are simply different from all others around in your own way. You can, of course, learn and cultivate with alacrity, some attributes of any individual which you find inspiring or simply appreciative. None of us is completely altruistic. We all have the right to think about ourselves. You should be flexible enough to adapt yourself to all circumstances—dark clouds or bright sunshine; naive, unscrupulous people or humorous, amicable ones. So in a nutshell, be your ownself and 'do your best and leave the rest'. now, with your head held high (not with arrogance, but humility), look straight into the eyes of life's various shades, throw a challenge with a grin and emerge a winner—Believe me, you will!

By : Manisha Singh
Ex-Student 1993-94

STAND UP AND BE COUNTED

Mahatma Gandhi used to say that India was struck with paralysis due to the inferior status and poor treatment accorded to women generally. Though women comprised fifty percent of the population and the primary influence on the development of all future citizens, they were kept confined to the four walls of their homes, deprived of all intellectual stimulation and forced to do dull monotonous work most of the day. He believed that not only did women have equal mental capacities but in human qualities they were more than a match for men. Gandhiji was convinced that till the time Indian women took equal share with men in all social, economic and political responsibilities of the nation India would not be really free, even if the form of freedom was there. His prophecy has come true. Though India has been politically independent for nearly fifty years, in real terms she is not. Women do not comprise even ten percent of the members of parliament or the various legislative assemblies—which are the highest policy and law making bodies of the nation. The chief cause of this sorry state of affairs in the lack of literacy and social awareness

among Indian women as a whole.

Conscious of these facts some women of Allahabad city got together and formed a voluntary women's organization called Chetana. Though initially the members met as a study group to learn about women's problems through reading and discussion they soon took up literacy work in three slum areas of the city. It was a richly rewarding experience for all members.

Chetana, has conducted several public campaigns to raise social awareness on some burning issues. The evil of the dowry-custom plagues our society. To understand and analyse this problem and find out the methods to fight it, members of Chetana organized a public discussion on the issue. Members of several social organizations and large numbers of students of the university freely expressed their views and a consensus emerged on an action-plan to deal with the problem. This consisted of a scheme of suggested social, educational and legal reforms which was forwarded to the state government. Many participants took an oath which was in three parts. The first was not to

participate in any marriage where dowry was either asked for or even given by the girls' parents voluntarily as this set a bad example for a poor country. The second part of the oath was to boycott also those weddings where there was a vulgar display of wealth on decorations, arrangements etc. for the same reason as stated above. The third part consisted of becoming members of a task force to publicly protest and stage demonstrations against such marriages. Chetana feels that to find a permanent solution to the dowry problem girls have to be made aware of their own identity and dignity and their legal rights and social responsibilities.

Another campaign by Chetana was to raise public awareness on the issue of obscenity and degradation of women on the mass media. Many girl's schools sent contingents of students and teachers to participate in the big march-cum-rally organized to mark the occasion. St Mary's College sent the biggest contingent and was the only one to be accompanied by their principal, Sister Carola, besides other teachers. A memorandum, containing over 700 signatures was sent to the Ministry of

Information and Broadcasting expressing Chetana's views on the media policy.

Recently Chetana began another campaign to consider ways and means to curb the increasing expenditure and vulgar display of wealth on social occasions. At a public meeting organized by Chetana representatives of social organizations expressed their well considered views on the subject. It was planned to send a memorandum to the Central Government demanding that it should constitute a body like the Election Commission to limit and inspect private expenditure on social occasions. This, the participants felt, is an absolute necessity in a poor developing country like India.

A legal awareness campaign is presently being conducted through the local newspapers to make women aware of their legal rights and responsibilities. Chetana hopes that more social organizations join together in empowering women and other less privileged sections of society. Only through such a process can we build up a strong and egalitarian society.

By : Malabika Pande—Parent



BIOLOGY LAB





AGE
of
Computers

INPUT
Hard work

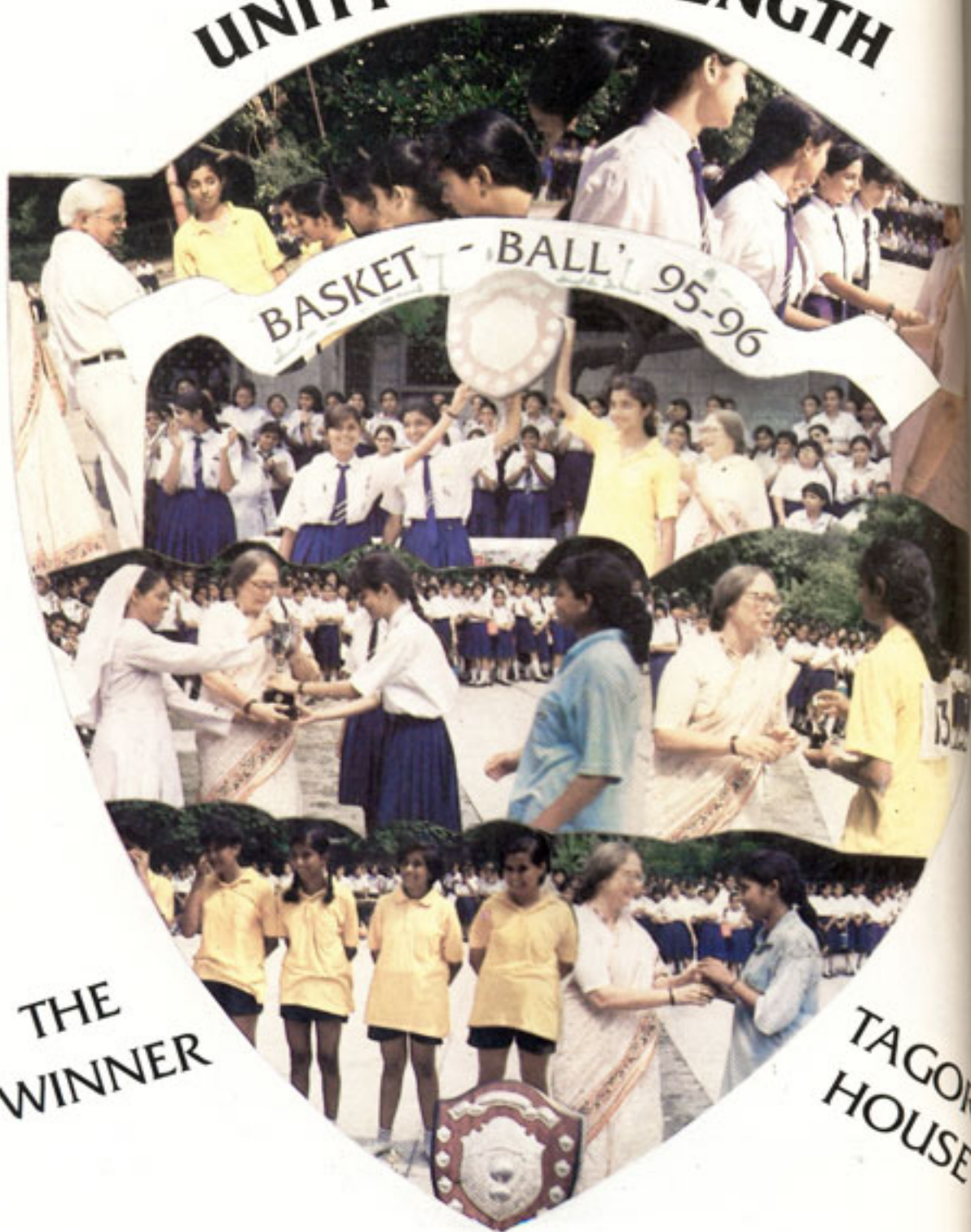


OUTPUT
SUCCESS

Reading leads to wider thinking



UNITY IS STRENGTH



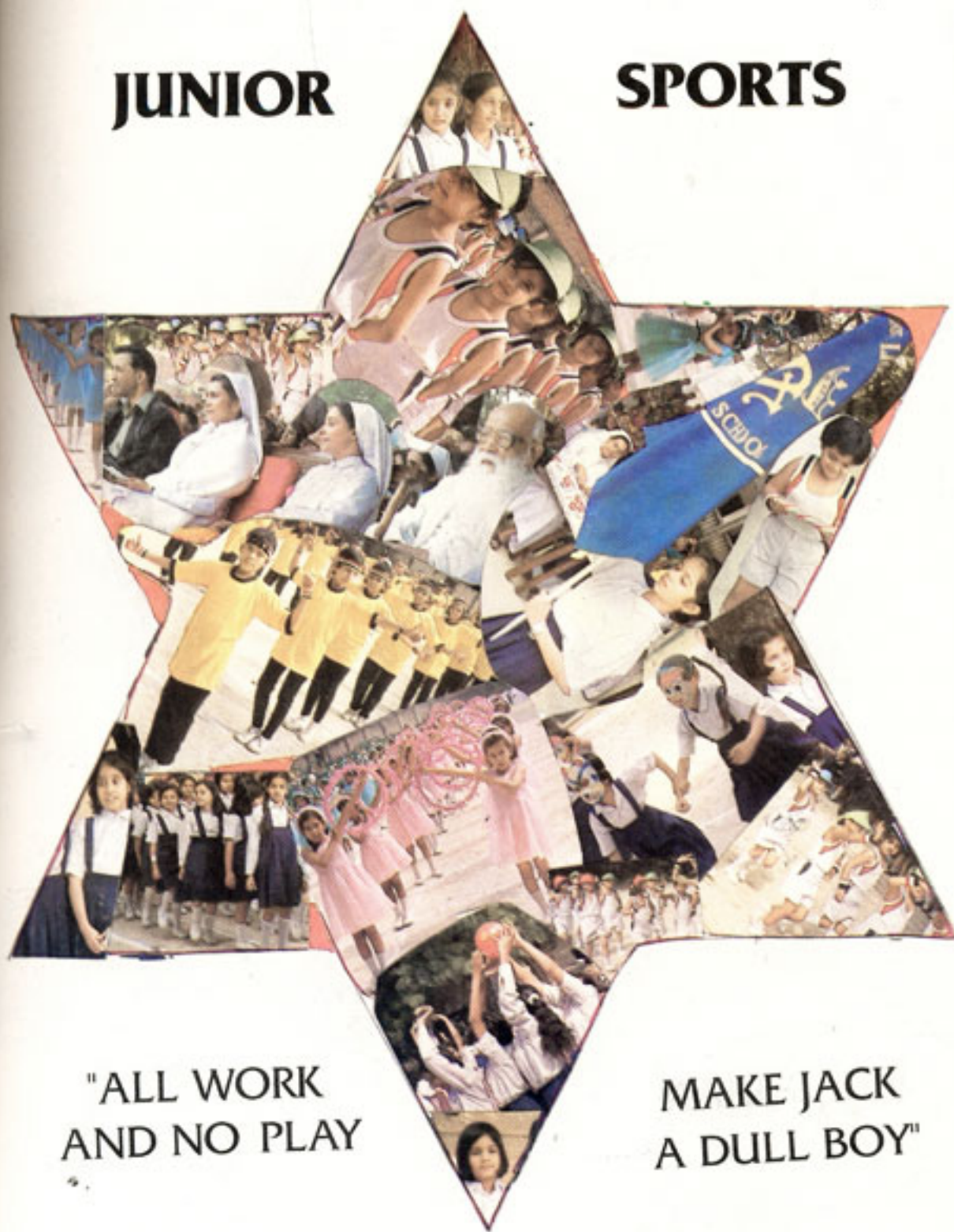
BASKET - BALL' 95-96

THE
WINNER

TAGOR
HOUSE

JUNIOR

SPORTS



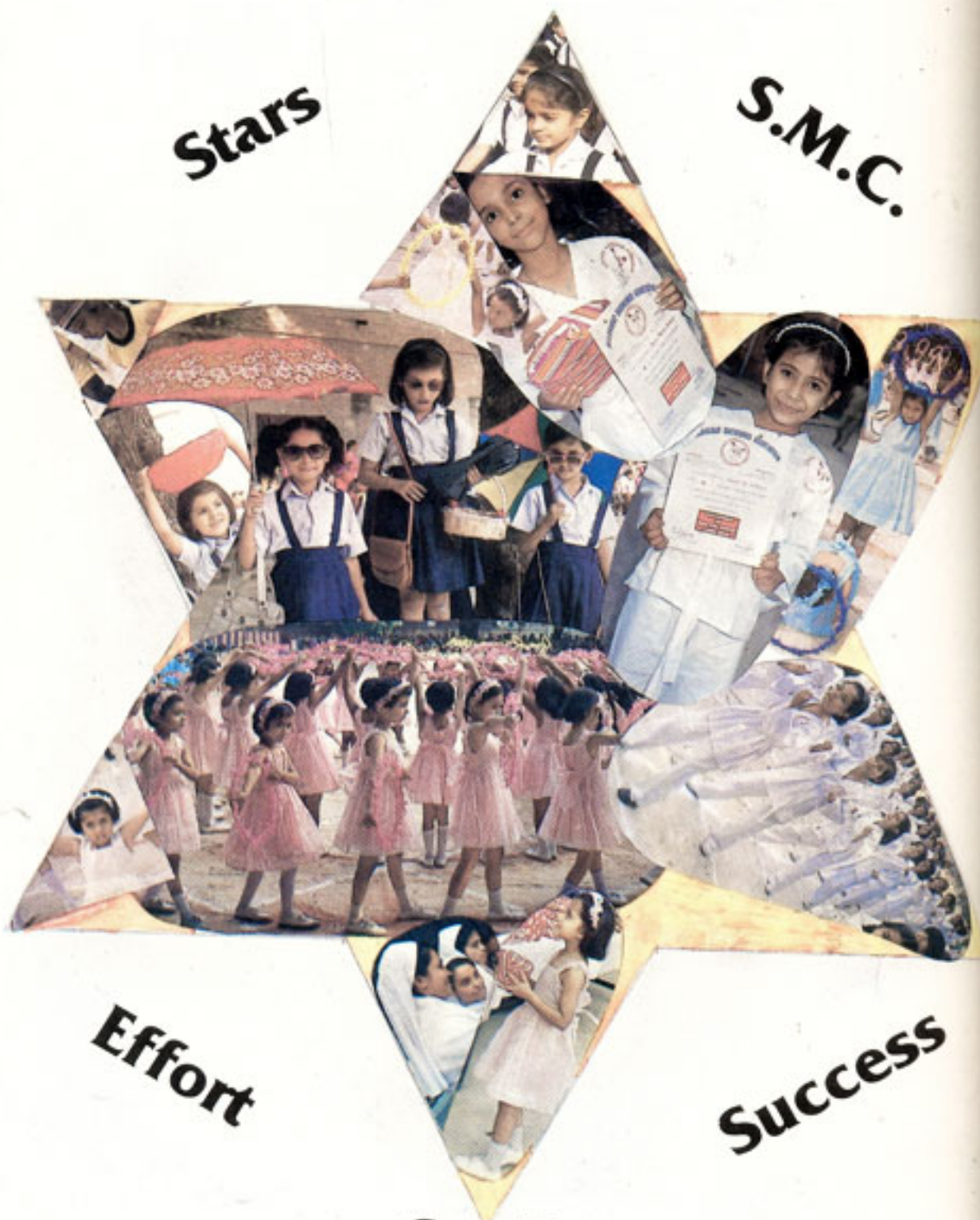
"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

MAKE JACK A DULL BOY"

Stars

of

S.M.C.



Effort

Spells

Success

N.C.C.



WING



L.T.S.



UNIT.



TOPPERS 1995-96

I.S.C. Results

<i>Manisha Chandra</i>	–	93.2%
<i>Nisha Yadav</i>	–	93%
<i>Parul Sinha</i>	–	92.7%

ICSE Results

<i>Vartika Bhandari</i>	–	97%
<i>Smita Rai</i>	–	95%
<i>Saumya Khare</i>	–	94%
<i>Sudakshina Tyagi</i>	–	94%

Congratulations
Well done !

MY EXPERIENCES AT THE NATIONAL SCIENCE SEMINAR, 1995

When I started preparations for National Science seminar, 1995 competition, at the District level, there was hardly any parallel available that could guide me about the finer points of this National level competition. Thus, I had to start on my own and I took it up as a



Prof. Yashpal delivered the scholarship award to Anshu.

challenge in which the assistance from my School teachers, who escorted me to the Seminar at the **Regional** and the **State level** was most readily forthcoming. The comparative presentation pattern of the scientific matter as well as of the display charts, and the helpful advice of my teachers helped me to gradually improve my performance at different levels. Thus, I secured **First positions** at the **District, Regional** and the State levels in three consecutive attempts. It was a fascinating experience altogether when I received invitation as the **U.P. State Winner** to compete with thirty other winners from different States/Union Territories at the National Science Centre, New Delhi on 10th October, 1995. My joy knew no bounds when the Senior Biology Teacher, Ms. Chanchal Srivastava granted her kind consent to accompany me to New Delhi as an Escort Teacher, that was required under rules of the competition. I was thrilled at the opportunity of the exposure at a National level competition at which I had to deliver my talk, and thereafter answered the questions put up by the experts.

The confidence of being an individual possessing noticeable potential

to perform grew in the participating budding students of Science when we were invited to the "**Draw of Lots**" for deciding serial of presentations, and for handling projection equipments ourselves while at the stage to deliver the talk. Frankly, I was slightly nervous before my turn came at the very thought of facing an audience of **500 plus**" for the first time in my life. But once I started delivering my talk, everything else was forgotten, but for the feeling of proving with confidence that I represented a premier Institution from Allahabad, and thus did not let the opportunity slip out of my hands to emerge victorious with a scholarship in Science. It was moment of pride when the renowned scientist, Prof. Yashpal shook hands and delivered the scholarship award to me at the glittering ceremony in the end. Next day, a meeting was arranged with another luminary, Dr. S.X. Qasim and the scientists from National Science Centre, that enriched us in knowledge and strength to converse on our objectives in life. All the younger scientists were given a free trip to have a glimpse of famous monuments in Delhi that, in my opinion, was the fitting finale of a terse mental exercise in which we were engaged academically for over a month.

By : Anshu Malhotra

IX-B

"MOTHER"

— by Runjhun Saxena (13)

Silver Medal

It was an early winter morning. But for Ravita it was a dark, dull morning. She was standing alone in front of her mother's photograph. Now only the photograph was left for her mother had died seven days back. Ravita had been very attached to her mother and would not leave her even for a second. But now her mother had gone very far, very far away from her. Mr. Rakesh Kumar, her father, was a businessman. Ravita lived in Delhi with her father and her grandmother. The death of Mrs. Kumar was a shock to Ravita. Everyday, after her mother's death, she used to come and stand before the photograph in the morning.

Her father came close to her and said, "Ravita, go and take your bath."

When she came downstairs after bathing, with her grandmother, "Ravita, I have taken a decision," her father said to her.

Looking very surprised, she asked what it was.

"Well, I have decided that we will go and stay in Ooty. Here, in Delhi, I cannot forget your mother".

"That's all right, but what about grandmother and..... and where will we stay in Ooty?" Ravita asked her father.



"I have a friend, Mr. Sudhakar Deshpande. He stays in Ooty. He has already arranged a house for us in Ooty, and grandmother will be going with us," her father answered.

"That means my father was so sure that I will be going? He had already arranged for a house?" Ravita thought. She could not do anything about it now. She wanted to stay in Delhi, but was helpless. So unwillingly she nodded in affirmation.

The next day they started their packing, Mr. Kumar also did business in Ooty, so it was not a problem going there. Ravita especially kept her

mother's photograph with her luggage. Their flight was at 6.10 in the morning. "Dad, how are we going to Ooty; I mean to say, that for Ooty which is the nearest airport?" Ravita asked her father while they were going to the airport.

"Our flight is upto Madras. Mr. Deshpande will come there and then we will go in his car to Ooty," her father clarified.

They arrived at the airport at the correct time. Ravita sat with her grandmother in the aeroplane. Finally they reached Madras. There, finding out Mr. Deshpande was not difficult for them.

"Sudhakar," her father called out to a stout, short man.

Mr. Deshpande shook hands with Ravita's father. Then all of them together went to the car. Ravita sat with her grandmother. After her mother, her grandmother was the only person to whom Ravita had talked. Her father was out of station most of the time.

At about 1 o'clock they reached Ooty. Ravita's new home was a very good one. But she did not like it much. There was one thing lacking in the house and that was Ravita's mother.

Ravita slept with her grandmother that night. Next morning she came to the drawing room with her mother's photograph. Her father and grandmother were also there. She hung the photograph on the wall. Her father and grandmother came near her. Her father said, "Ravita, now you have to forget your mother. She is DEAD." Her father was very annoyed because of her behaviour for Ravita had not been eating much or talking to anyone after her mother's death.

Ravita started crying, because of her father's rude behaviour. She ran to her room closing the door behind her. "Mother, why have you left me? I am alone," Ravita cried repeatedly. After a few minutes she took her bath and came downstairs.

"Come, Ravita, have your breakfast. Your father has gone to his office," her grandmother told her when she saw that Ravita's face showed fear. She came slowly to the table and took her breakfast. Then again she went into her room, sitting alone and thinking of her mother.

'Poor child. Rakesh should not behave like this,' her grandmother said to herself when, Ravita had gone back.

Three days passed but Ravita did not talk to her father. Mr. Kumar was also sorry for his behaviour and wanted to talk to Ravita. So he went to her room.

'Ravita, what are you doing?' he tried to speak to her. Ravita who was sitting on her bed watching an animation film ignored him.

'I am sorry for my behaviour. I want to talk to you,' her father said.

Ravita looked at her father. Her eyes were filled with tears. She did not say anything but started crying while leaning on her father's shoulder, her emotions for her mother always made her cry.

From the next day she started acting normal. She started talking to her father who had had her admitted in eighth standard. But it seemed as though happiness was not going to last for long with Ravita.

One evening, when she returned home after playing with her friend, she saw that her father was talking to a lady.

When her father saw her, he said, 'Come Ravita, meet Miss Sunita Chowdhary'.

'Hello, Ravita,' Miss Chowdhary said,

'Hello!' Ravita answered. But she felt that something was wrong. She asked her father, 'Who is she and why has she come here?'

'Well she she is she is your NEW MOTHER.'

These words startled Ravita so much that she almost screamed. 'WHAT! A NEW MOTHER.... NO, IT CAN'T BE. NO ONE CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF MY MOTHER, NO ONE.' Saying this, Ravita went to her room and slammed the door. Her grandmother followed her to her room. She tried to console Ravita. But all her sympathy was in vain.

That night she slept without eating her food. While on the other side Sunita decided to talk to Ravita. In the morning when Ravita woke up, she came to the drawing room after taking a shower. It was Sunday.

When she came downstairs she saw that Sunita was sitting there. When Ravita saw her, she decided to go back. But her grandmother stopped her.

"Hello, Ravita," Sunita said when Ravita came to her grandmother.

"I want to talk to you. Your father told me that you are very lonely. So he wants me to marry him, for your sake," Sunita said. Ravita did not say anything. "I know that you loved your mother very much. But ... but she is DEAD AND ..."

"DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! I know she is dead. But no one can take her place. Not even YOU. My father is not talking to me because of you. What else do you want?" Ravita burst out in anger. Saying this she left for her room.

In the evening when her father came, Ravita who had not eaten anything since morning, was in the kitchen, since she was feeling very hungry.

While she was leaving the kitchen her father stopped her. "Ravita, what is this that I am hearing about you? Why did you speak so rudely to Sunita? Do not you have any manners?" her father was very annoyed by her behaviour.

"I said, I do not want a new mother and no one can take the place of my mother," Ravita repeated.

"Shut up! and now do not speak any more. I am doing all this for you," said Ravita's father.

"I DO NOT WANT A MOTHER," Ravita said.

Her father was so annoyed that he slapped her. Ravita was so scared that she started crying.

She said, "Papa, my new mother has not come yet and you have started beating me. Before this you have never even scolded me," saying this she ran to her room. Her father shouted after her, "Whatever you say, tomorrow you have to come to our wedding."

Hearing this Ravita could not do anything except cry.

Next day Ravita was very angry. her grandmother came to take her. But the door of Ravita's room was locked. "Ravita, Ravita, dear, open the door. Come out. We have to go for the wedding ceremony," her grandmother said.

"NO, NO, NO. I will not open the door. I will not go," Ravita was crying when she said this. She did not go for the wedding ceremony. Her grandmother also decided not to go. Ravita was very much disheartened. Mr. Kumar and Miss Chowdhary were married in the absence of Ravita and her grandmother.

The next day her father had to go out of station for some work. Ravita came downstairs. She saw the dining table was full of her favorite dishes. She sat down to eat. "Grandma, today you have made very delicious dishes," Ravita said when she tasted the food.

"Sunita has prepared these," her grandmother answered.

"WHAT, SUNITA HAS PREPARED THESE?" Ravita stopped eating and left the table.

Sunita was watching all this. She was disheartened when she saw Ravita's behaviour. Many days passed but Ravita's attitude did not change towards Sunita. When her father returned she did not speak to him either. All night she felt very lonely. She slept with her mother's photograph and often talked to it saying that she was very lonely.

One day Sunita decided to go for a picnic with only Ravita. Ravita was not told that they were going by themselves. her grandmother had gone to their relatives and Ravita's father had gone with his mother. When Ravita knew that she was going with Sunita she decided not to go, but then she changed her mind and agreed to go with her. She went for the picnic but did not speak even a single word to Sunita. When they returned Ravita went back to her room.

The next day her father returned. He was glad to know that Ravita had gone for a picnic with Sunita, but was annoyed to know that Ravita still called her 'Sunita' and did not speak to her properly.

After a few days, Ravita's grandmother also came back. On November 24 was Ravita's birthday. Sunita was suffering from high fever. Still she

made the cake and completed the dress which she was making. Ravita saw the cake and the dress. She just threw the dress when she heard that it was made by Sunita. Ravita went back to her room. That day Ravita's grandmother was very annoyed by her behaviour. She went to her room and said to her, 'Ravita, you are a very selfish girl. You do not have any manners either. Sunita is suffering from high fever. Still she made the cake for you. She even made a dress for you. And you just threw it. Do'nt you know how hurt she is? If you do not want to say sorry, do not say it, but at least do not speak rudely to her. She is also a human being. She also feels bad.' Saying this her grandmother went back. Ravita was very touched by these words of her grandmother. She realised her mistake.

Next day Ravita had to go to her friend's birthday party. Ravita went with the gift to her friend's house. 'Hi Nidhi!' she said, 'Happy Birthday.'

'Thank you. But I am sorry my mother has fever and so I am not able to arrange for a party,' Nidhi said.

Ravita returned home. On her way back she was comparing Nidhi's mother and her mother. Sunita did so much for her, inspite of suffering from high fever which Nidhi's real mother did not even do for her. Ravita felt guilty because of her bad behaviour. On the way she stopped and bought some flowers. When she returned home, she took out the cake, which her grandmother had kept in the refrigerator. Then she wore the dress which was made by Sunita. She made a bouquet of the flowers and went to Sunita's room. Sunita was sleeping.

Ravita kept the cake on the table which was lit with candles. Then she slowly touched Sunita's hand. Sunita woke up and was surprised to see Ravita in her room wearing the dress made by her. Ravita gave her the flowers and a card. On the card was written 'I AM SORRY'. Sunita was overwhelmed when she came to know that Ravita had accepted her as her mother. Then breaking the silence Ravita said, 'MUMMY, will you not cut the cake with me?' These innocent words of Ravita's made Sunita cry, but the tears reflected happiness. Just then Ravita's father and grandmother came in. They were very happy to see Ravita and Sunita together. From that day onwards they all lived happily together happier than they were before. Ravita had found her MOTHER.

BIDDING ADIEU

The end of another year. The turning of another page in the history of the school. The ISC' 96 batch passed out, and was given the customary farewell by Class XI.

The preparations began with hectic joint sessions of XI-A and XI-B to decide upon the theme of the programme. After much discussion, we chose 'Arabian Nights'. Then, the girls were divided into various committees, to see to the different aspects of the show, such as the costumes, the eatables, the decorations and so on. We had decided upon February 15th as the day of the programme, with the invitation being issued on February 3rd. Rehearsals began in right earnest from the first of February. Everything was to have an Arabian flavour.



On 3rd, things proceeded smoothly. The opening announcement, made by a girl dressed as the town crier, concerned a handsome prince in search of a suitable bride. All the girls of Class XII were invited to try their luck on 15th. This was followed by a group dance to the song 'Mehbooba Mehbooba'. The Arabian ambience made a perfect setting for the song, which had the spectators clap from the very first note..

The last item of the programme was the invitation speech, made in poetic language by a girl dressed as the court jester.

The programme was generally appreciated and heightened the girls' curiosity about the actual show.

On 15th, Class XI was given a day off. The programme was scheduled to begin at 2.30 p.m. in the Lower Concert Hall. Girls of Class XI started assembling in school at 10.30 a.m. First of all, the Hall was decorated. Soft-hued sarees were hung up on the walls and the stage. A red carpet was rolled out for the guests. Once the decoration was complete, it was time to start dressing up. Exactly at 2.30, the guests started arriving—students of Class XII, looking very different and very Exotic in their beautiful sarees.

The programme opened with a speech by Mumul Singh, welcoming the guests. The speech was followed by a group song, 'Teachers Kehte Hair', set to the tune of 'Papa Kehta Hain'. The next item was the presentation of titles to the girls. Each title was read out, along with the name of the girl it was being given to. As each girl came forward to receive her title, she gave a brief introduction of herself. In between the presentation, there were two songs—'Tujhse Naraaz Nahin Zindagi', sung by Parul Mishra and 'A jeeb Dastan Hai Yeh', sung by Sonu Saxena.

The titles were followed by a skit, 'Laila Majnu', which recreated the immortal love story of the star-crossed pair. It was a huge success. The hilarious, over-dramatized dialogues were much appreciated, as were the performance. The action was interspersed with the latest songs and dances which literally brought the spectators to their feet.

After the skit the song 'Aane wala pal', was sung by Parul Mishra and myself, followed by the arrival of the Prince with his attendants.

Then came the eagerly awaited Miss S.M.C. Contest. The contest had four rounds. In each round, the contestants were required to answer tough questions. Points were awarded to the girls on the basis of their answers. The three girls who eventually reached the final ground were Gayatri Dhawan, Tamanna Usman and Anshul Jain. Each of the three girls was then asked the question—'If you were given a large amount of scam money, how would you spend it?'. On the basis of the answers, Anshul Jain was adjudged the second runner up.

Tamanna Usman the first runner-up and Gayatri Dhawan was declared Miss S.M.C. The three girls were presented with bouquets and sashes and were crowned by Sister Carola. Then the Prince came up and accepted Miss S.M.C. as his bride. This was followed by a group dance to the song 'Yaaron Na Jaane', which suited the occasion perfectly.

The next item was an emotional farewell speech by Mumul Singh, bidding goodbye to the seniors on behalf of class XI. Sister Carola then spoke a few sincere, heart felt words, which were deeply appreciated by the girls. The programme concluded with the presentation of mementos to each girl-a booklet on the life of Mother Mary Ward, a book mark and a souvenir card. After the programme, it was time for the refreshments. The guests enjoyed the fare laid out, and by 5.30 it was time to leave.

The farewell was a memorable experience for both Class XII and Class XI. It will stay in our hearts and minds for a long time to come.

Suparna Pande
XI-B

Answers of Riddles on page 19

(1) Age

(2) Tea Pot.

By : Manasvini Raj
IIIA SMC

Answers of Riddles on page 30

- (1) Its bark (2) your left ear (3) the other half
(4) wrongly (5) a noise.

By : Swati Srivastava (I)
VI-C

Just When You Thought

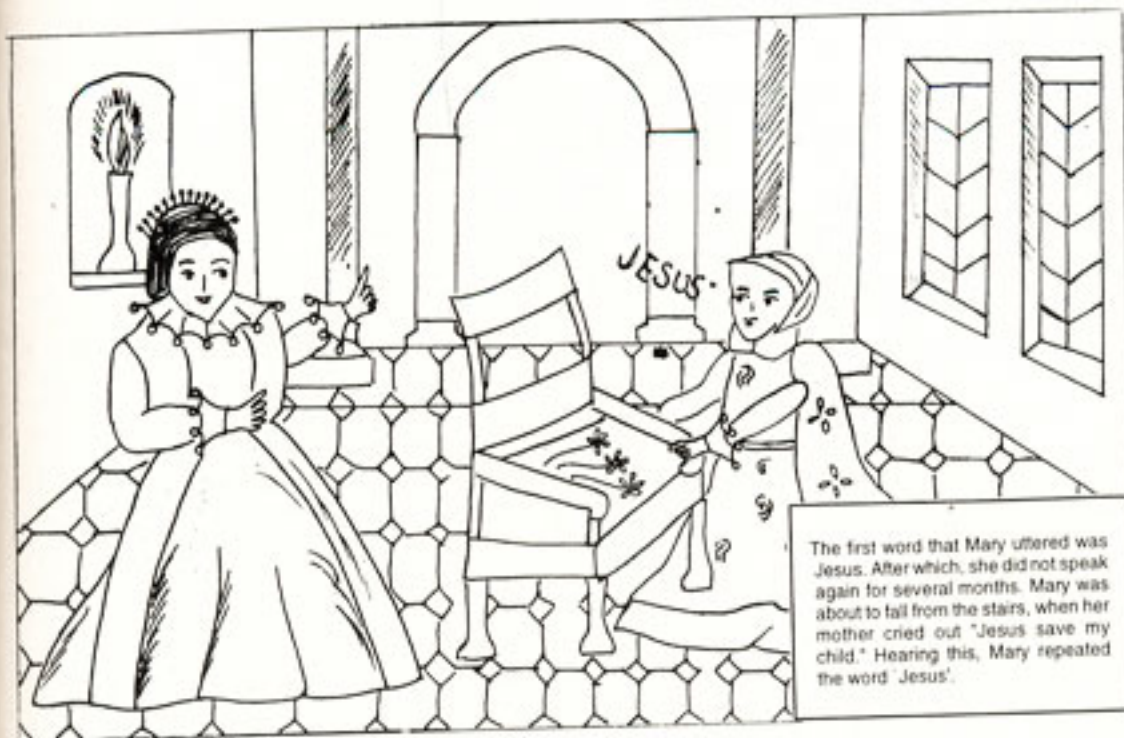
**COMPUTERS
WERE FOR BIGGIES ONLY
WE DECIDED TO CHECK OUT
AND THIS IS WHAT WE FOUND**



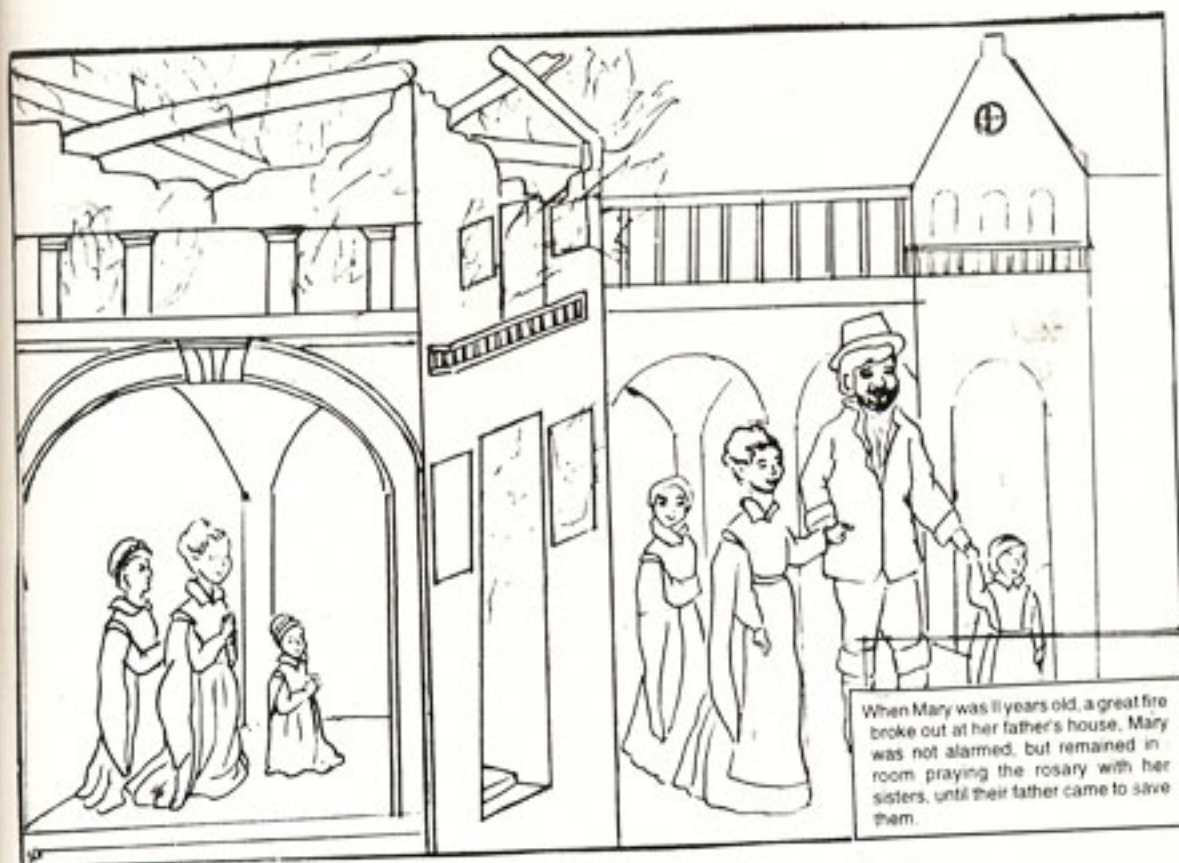
**NOW, WHAT ABOUT YOU ?
WELL, MEET US AT MCA AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE!
MCA COMPUTERS**

1/4 Prayag Street, N. Katra, Allahabad. Ph : 641438, Fax 0532-640429

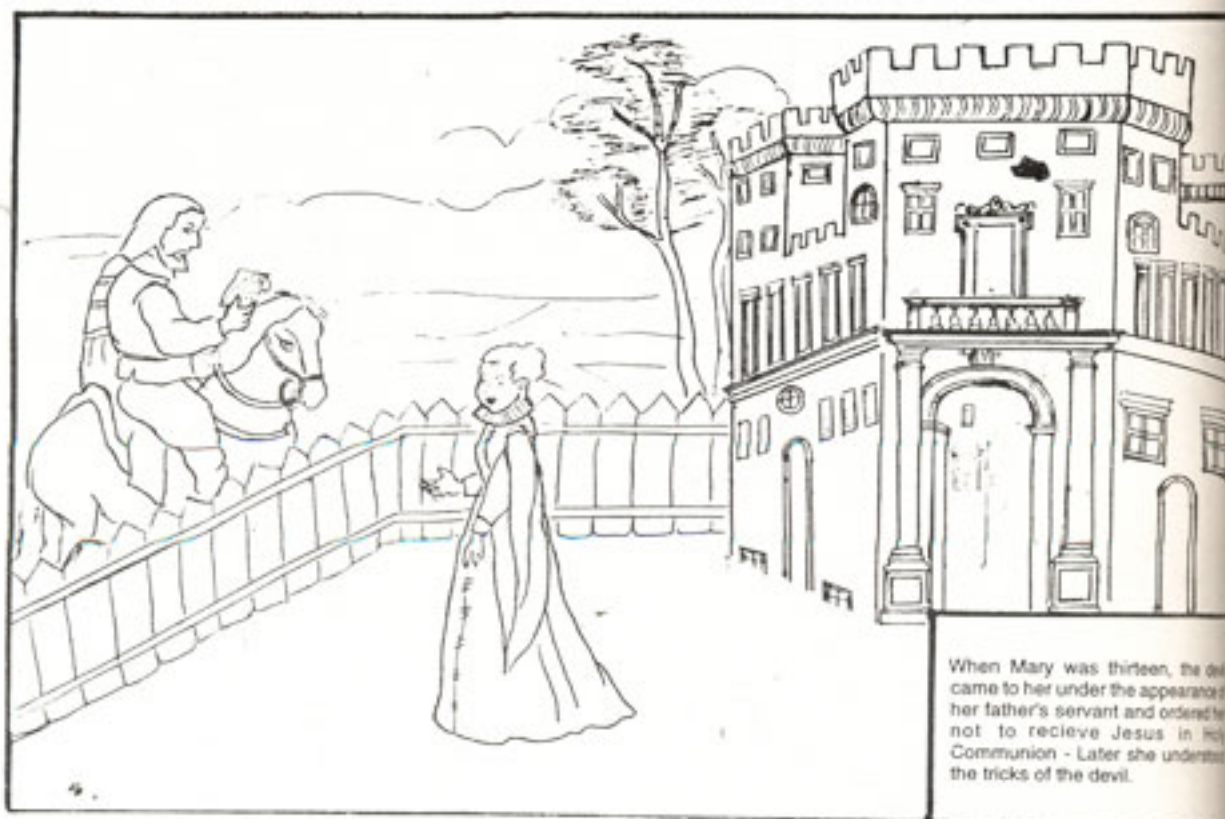
- ☐ Affiliated to DGET, NCVT, Ministry of Labour Govt. Of India for Data Preparation & Computer Software
- ☐ Accredited to Deptt. of Electronics, Govt. Of India for 'O' Level Computer Course
- ☐ Approved Computer Training Centre by DGR., Ministry of Defence

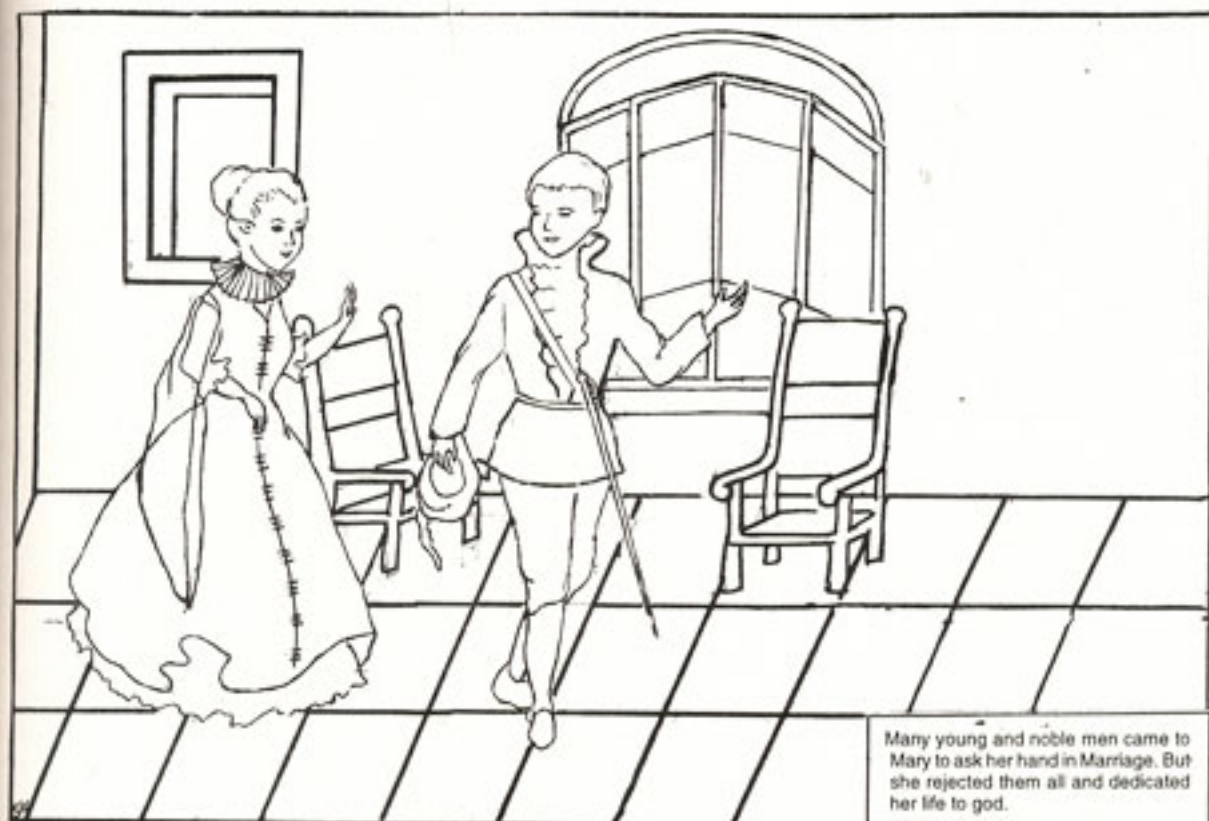


The first word that Mary uttered was Jesus. After which, she did not speak again for several months. Mary was about to fall from the stairs, when her mother cried out "Jesus save my child." Hearing this, Mary repeated the word 'Jesus'.



When Mary was 11 years old, a great fire broke out at her father's house. Mary was not alarmed, but remained in room praying the rosary with her sisters, until their father came to save them.

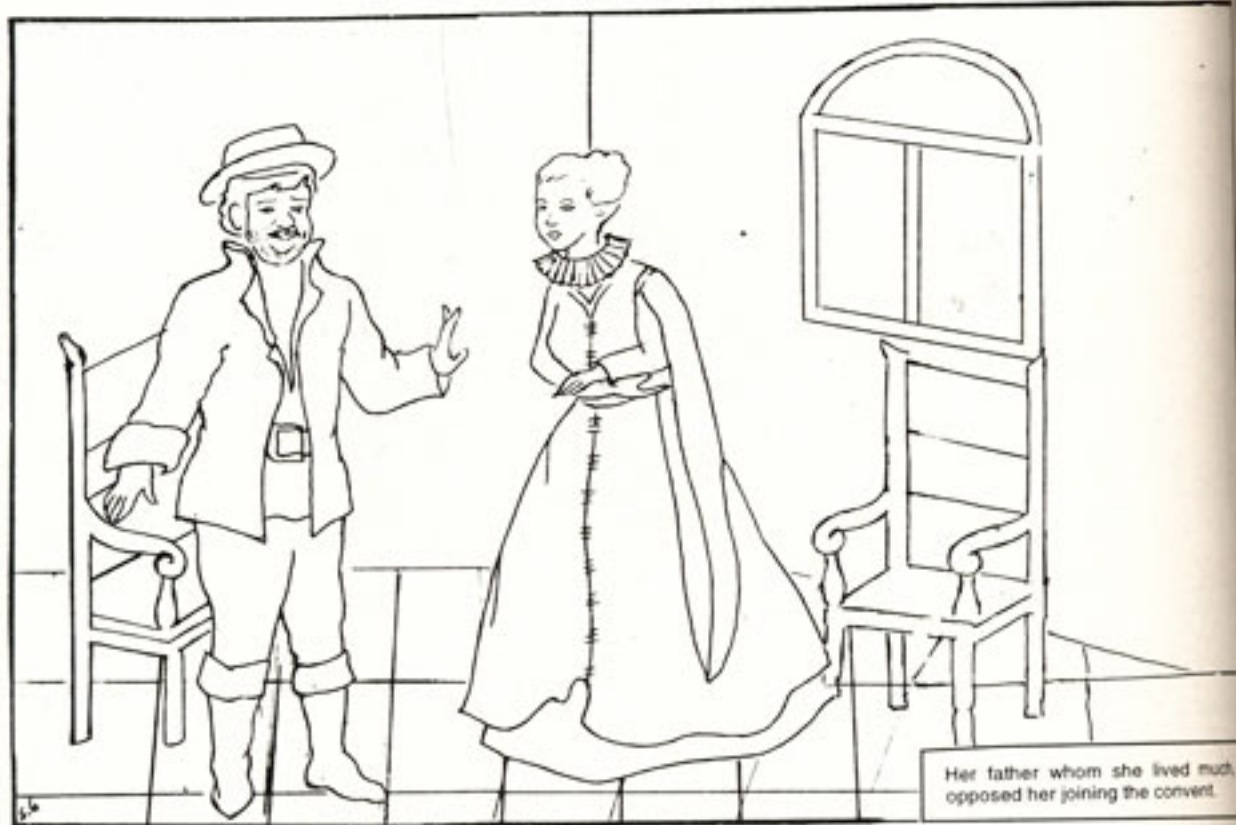


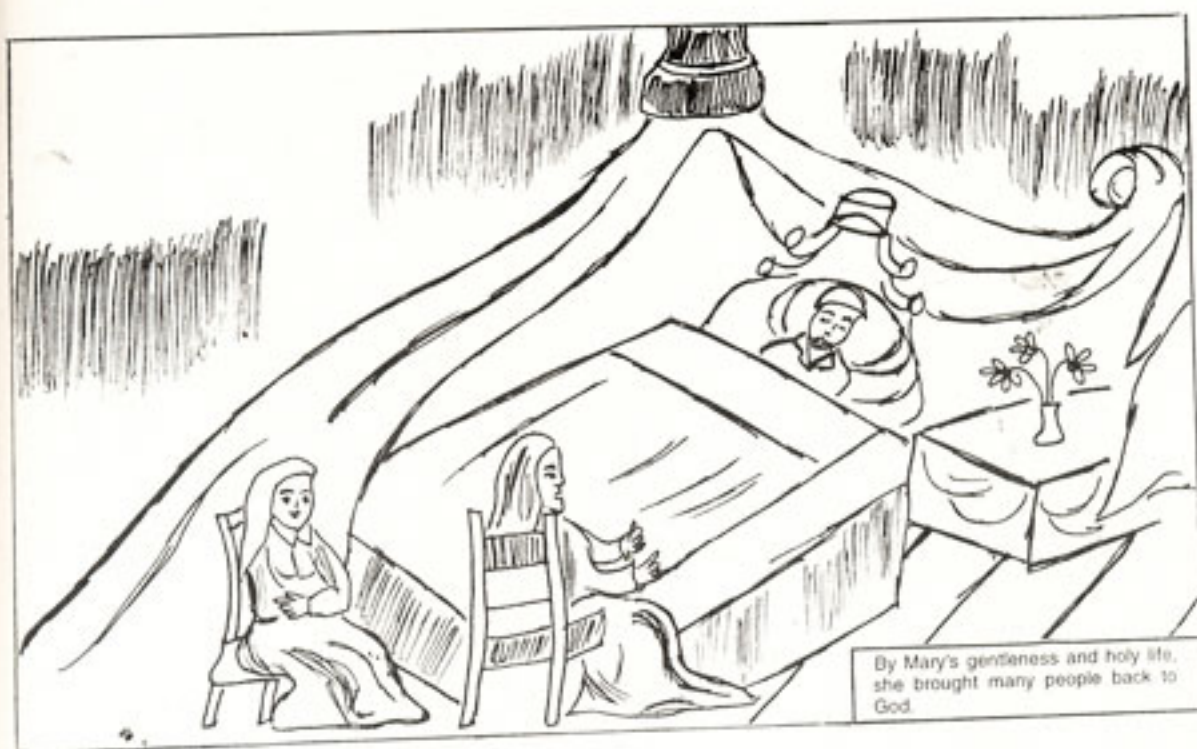
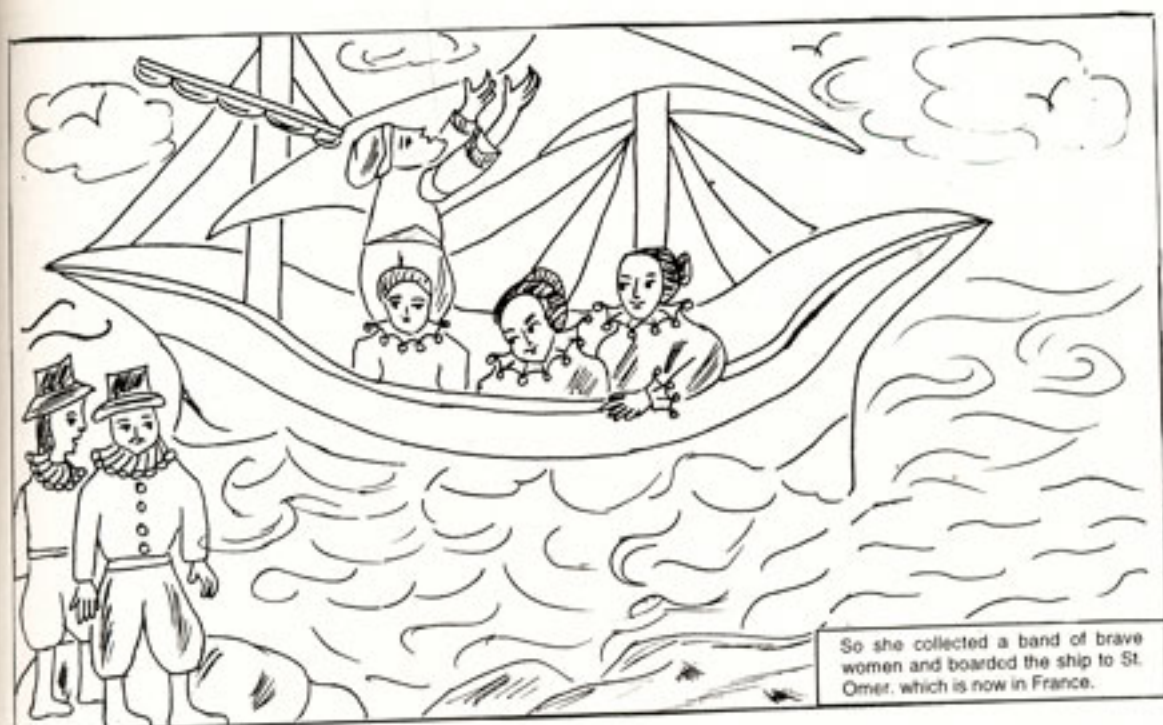


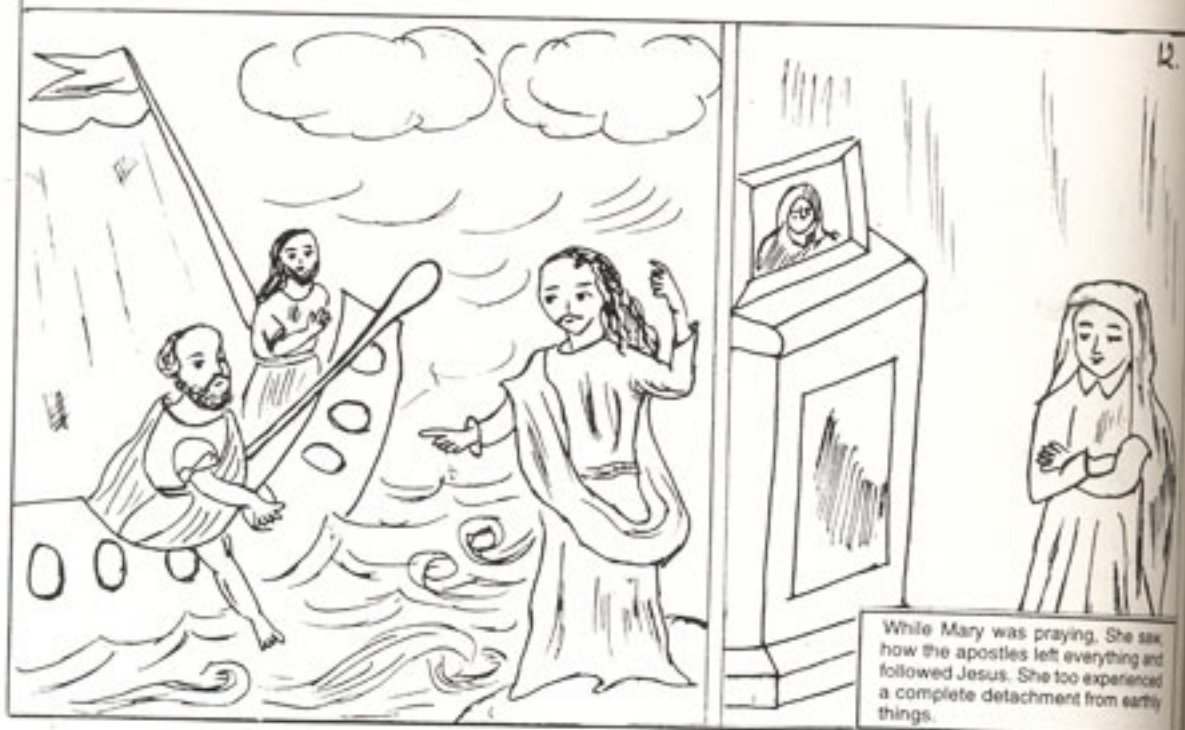
Many young and noble men came to Mary to ask her hand in Marriage. But she rejected them all and dedicated her life to god.

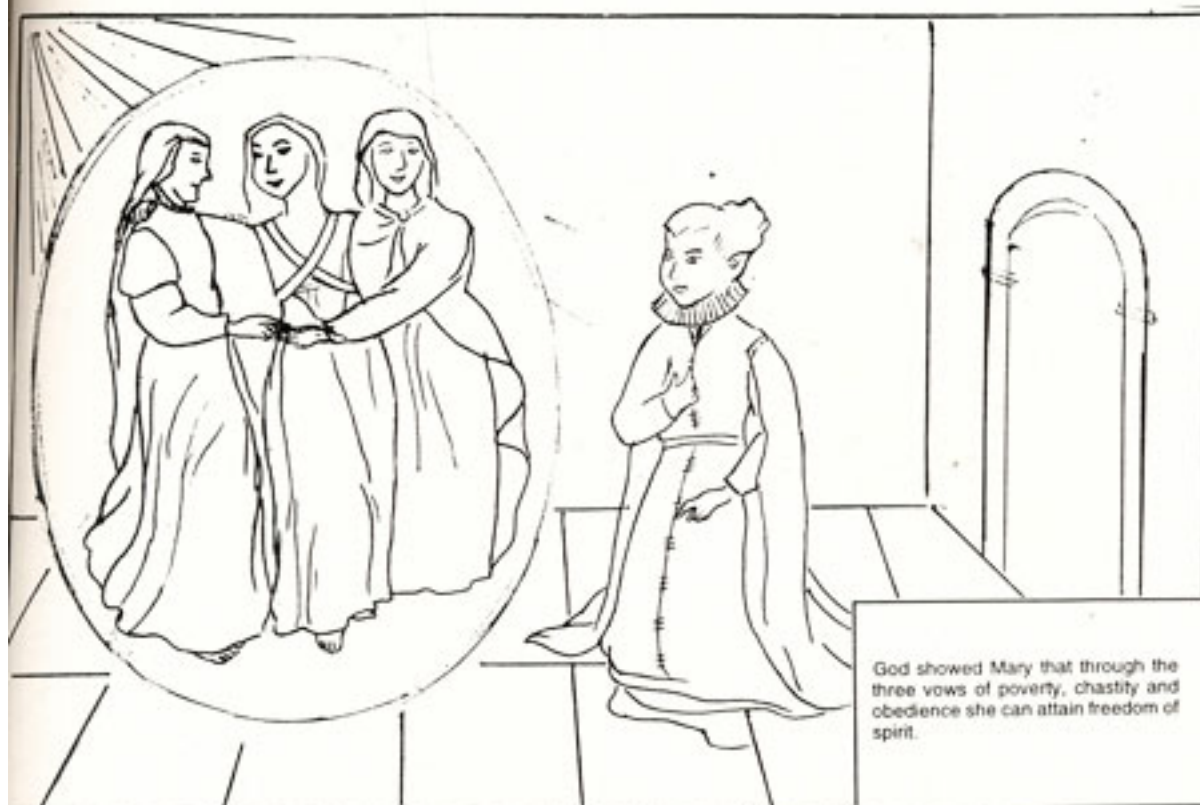


In prayer Mary received light to join some convent.



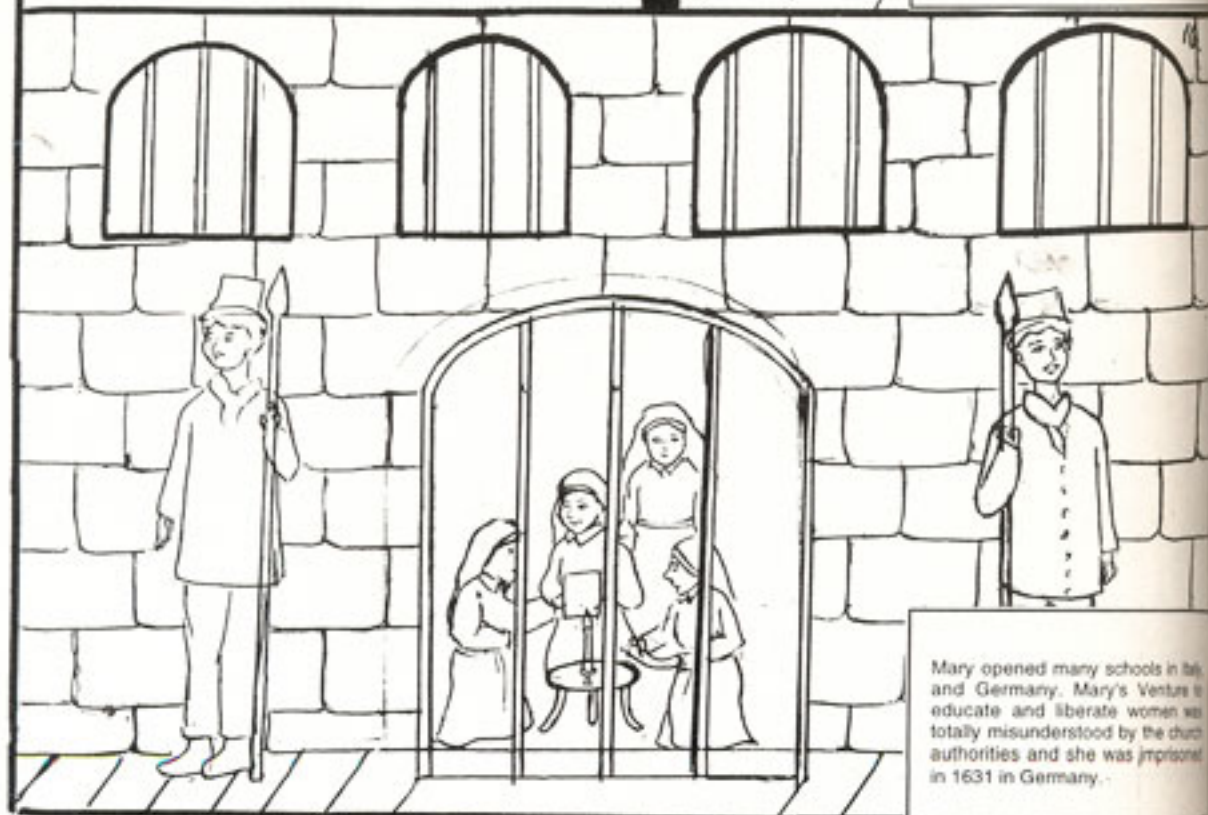




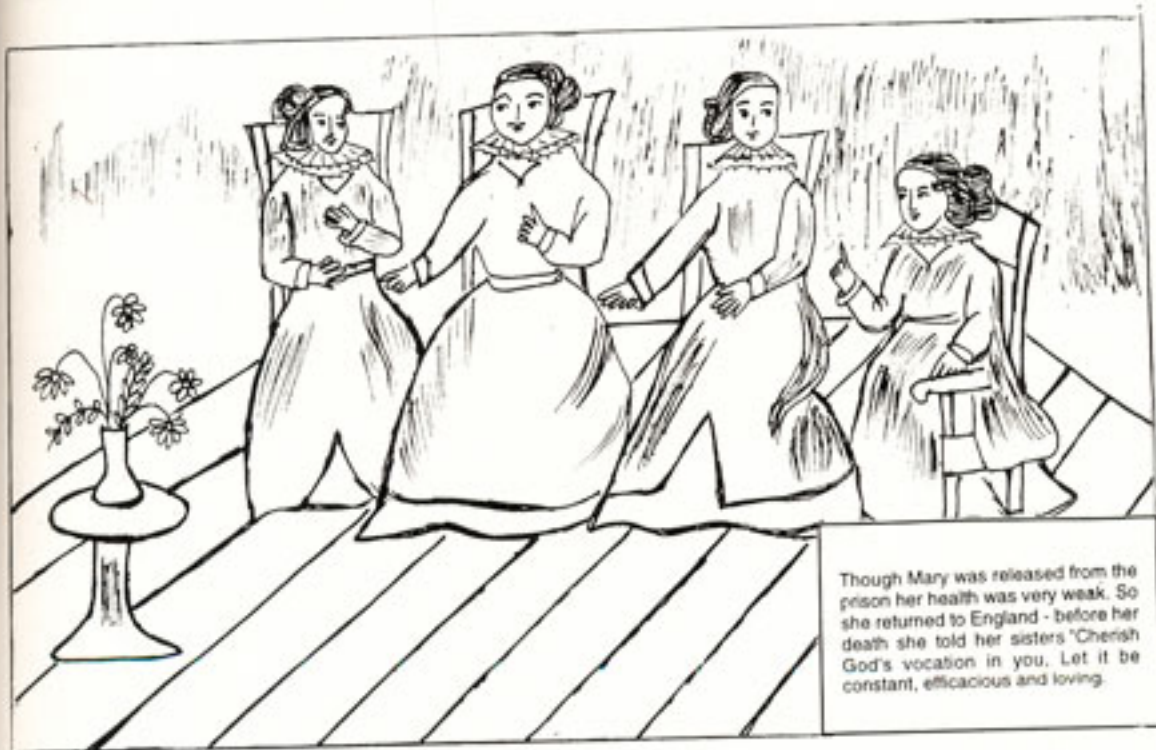




God Showed Mary ward that the prosperity progress and security of her Institute did not depend upon wealth and the favour of princes, but that all its members had free and open access to God from whom proceed all strength, light and protection.



Mary opened many schools in Italy and Germany. Mary's Venture to educate and liberate women was totally misunderstood by the church authorities and she was imprisoned in 1631 in Germany.



Though Mary was released from the prison her health was very weak. So she returned to England - before her death she told her sisters 'Cherish God's vocation in you. Let it be constant, efficacious and loving.



Towards the end of her life, God showed Mary a sight of great glory, saying to her "Be not weary, you shall die soon, and your reward shall be great."

“ऊँचाई की ओर”

झिलमिलाते हुए तारों की भाँति,
महकते हुए पुष्पों की भाँति,
जन्म ले रही हैं नयी कल्पनाये मुझमें,
फूट रहा है प्रकाश का अंकुर मुझमें;
पुलकित हो रहा है मेरा मन,
छूट रहा है मेरे अहंकार की कड़ियाँ,
मिट चुकीं हैं मेरे भीतर की दूरियाँ
मिट चुका है वह सधन दृष्टि वाला अन्धकार,
और बढ़ रहा है मेरे विचारों का आकार;
दब चुकी है मेरी वह जीवेषणा
और, कुछ श्रेष्ठ कर दिखाने की है अभिलाषा।
विस्तृत हो चुकीं हैं नवीन आशायेँ
ओझल हो रही हैं असल की धारणायें,
जागृत हो रहा है ज्ञान का वह सुप्त बीज,
हो चुकी है सत्य की मेरे मन पर जीत,
मिल रहा है मुझे वह आलौकिक आनन्द—
जिसके पथ पर बढ़ रहे हैं मेरे कदम

अब.....

इन्हीं कल्पनाओं के,
इन्हीं आज्ञाओं के लगाकर पंख
उड़ चलें उस ऊँचाई की ओर,
इस धरातल से उस अम्बर की ओर,
इस निद्रा से उस जागृति की ओर,
इस रात्री से उस भोर की ओर,
इस आकार से उस निराकार की ओर,
ताकि अपने जीवन के अर्थ की कर सकूँ पहचान
जो है मेरे लिए अनमोल मोती के समान।,
ताकि बढ़ते हुए इस ऊँचाई की ओर
कर सकूँ मैं उस स्व बोध।

प्रियांका चन्द्रा

९ (ब)

“फरार सूरज”

दो-तीन दिन से
सूरज को किसी ने नहीं देखा
अफवाह है कि
वह हो गया है फरार ।
दरोगा हवासिंह
सर्दी की संगीन लिए
धुंध, ओला, पाला, बादल
आदि सिपाहियों के साथ
पड़ा है उस के दरवाजे
चाहता है करना उसे गिरफ्तार ।

बीच में कभी कभी
झाँक लेती हैं
दरवाजे की दरार से
शंकित, भयकंपित-सी
किरन और धूप
सूरज की छोटी लड़कियाँ ।
कहते हैं
सूरज ने हीरों की चोरी की
सवेरे रातरानी की
तोड़ कर कई मजबूत पेटियाँ ।

अर्जुन सिंह

9 (अ)

आशा

हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
उस गौरवशाली माँ की जिसकी
गोद में खेले हरियाली
सुरभित हो हर डाली डाली
हवा भी झूमती मतवाली
हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
उस गौरवशाली माँ की जिसकी
हिमाच्छादित पर्वतों को
ढकती घटाएँ काली काली

हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
उस गौरवशाली माँ की जिसमें
समाई है सुन्दरता सारी
सरिताएं करती किलकारी
सम्मानित होती हर नारी
हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
उस गौरवशाली माँ की जिसके
अपूर्व सौन्दर्य को देख
सृष्टि भी होती बलिहारी

हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
उस गौरवशाली माँ की जिसकी
प्राणों से प्रिय स्वाधीनता
जहाँ राज करती है समता
कण-कण में बसी है ममता
हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो

उस गौरवशाली माँ की जिसकी
वात्सल्यपूर्ण छाँव के तले
अधर्मी भी धर्मी बनता

हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
उस गौरवशाली माँ की जिससे
जन्में है देशभक्त महान
देकर प्राणों का बलिदान
बचाया माता की सम्मान
हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
क्रान्तकारियों के बहते रक्त ने
दिया क्रान्ति का आह्वान।
उस गौरवशाली माँ की जहाँ

हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
उस माता की जिसके वीर
दृगों में आत्म-विश्वास भर
रणक्षेत्र में जाते हो निडर
स्वाभिमान के लिए कटवाने सर
हे वीरों तुम ही आशा हो
उस माँ की इसलिए
कर दो उसकी गरिमा के लिए
अपने प्राणों को न्यौछावर।

ऋचा दुबे
10-C

अन्ध विश्वास

मेरे बाबाजी बड़े अनोखे
सर्व रूढ़िवादी की मिसाल,
इसीलिए सब देते धोखे
कुछ ऐसा ही था उनका हाल।

कुछ ज्यादा ही पुराने जमाने के
अन्धविश्वास उनके मन को भाए,
बस एक बार कोई छींक दे
दिन भर घर से बाहर न जाएं।

हर कोई रूढ़ियों की आड़ लेकर
उनके अधीर मन को बहकाए,
और लूट लिए जाने के बाद
उनके मुँह से निकले, हाए।

अन्धविश्वास में उनकी आस्था
ऐसी जैसे बरफ की सिल्ली,
बड़े से बड़ा काम छोड़ दें
जो उनका रास्ता काटे बिल्ली।

एक बार जो ऐसा हो जाए
फिर बिल्ली अपनी खैर मनाए,
क्योंकि एक बात के हैं आसार
बेचारी, का दिन हुआ बेकार।

अपने दुर्भाग्य पर रो रही होंगी
अपने इस कृत्य पर ऐंठी
ईश्वर को क्या बदला लेना था
जो उनका रास्ता काट बैठी।

एक दिन की बात थी
अभी होने वाली रात थी
तभी एक कुत्ता रोने लगा

उनके मतानुसार कुत्ता रोया
अर्थात् कोई मरने वाला है
यहाँ मैं ही सबसे बूढ़ा हूँ
आज मेरा अन्तिम निवाला है।

मैं मरने वाला हूँ इसलिए
सबके मुण्डन के लिए बुलाओ नाई
बेचारे इतना ही बस कह पाये थे
कि उन्हें जोर से छींक आई।

हमने उनसे विनय से कहा
प्रिय बाबाजी एक काम करियेगा
अभी आपको छींक आई है
इसलिए दो चार दिन बाद मरियेगा।

श्रुचा दुबे
10-C

आँचल

बचपन खेला उस आँचल में
जीवन बीता उस आँचल में
उस आँचल ने हँसना सिखाया
दुख क्या है यह मुझे भुलाया
रोने पर अपनी गोद में खिलाया
सुख का अनुभव मुझे कराया
मुझे प्रेम मिला उस आँचल में
जीवन बीता उस आँचल में।

विपत्तियों से मुझे छुपाया
खुशियों का मतलब मुझे समझाया
कठिनाइयों से मुझे बचाया
थक जाने पर मुझे गोद में सुलाया
सद्गुण सीखा उस आँचल में
जीवन बीता उस आँचल में।

ममता का संसार मुझे दिखाया
रूठ जाने पर मुझे मनाया

सन्मार्ग पर सदैव मुझे चलाया
गिरने पर फिर से उठना बताया
दुख को जीता उस आँचल में
जीवन बीता उस आँचल में

मेरे मार्ग के हर कंटक को हटाया
मेरा भविष्य उज्जल बनाया
मेरे जीवन के हर दुख को मिटाया
सदैव अपना वात्सल्य बरसाया
छल भूल गई उस निश्छल में
जीवन बीता उस आँचल में।

दुख भरी धूप से बचाए रखा
ममता मयी छाव बनाए रखा
बचपन का हिंडोला झूला मैंने
उस अपूर्व वात्सल्यपूर्ण अनिल में
शीतल हुई उस निर्मल जल में
जीवन बीता उस आँचल में।

ऋचा दुबे
10-C

मेरा क्लास

मेरा क्लास है सबसे न्यारा
लगत मुझको प्यारा-प्यारा
क्लास के बच्चे हैं शैतान
शोर मचाते बन नादान
जब टीचर आती है शांत
बच्चे भी हो जाते शांत
शुरू होता जब गणित पीरियड
होने लगती तभी बोरिंग
शुरू होता जब रचना क्लास
हम सब में बढ़ता विश्वास

हिन्दी का पीरियड जब आता
हमें फ्यूरियस करके जाता
गेम्स पीरियड करता खुश
बंद होती अपनी फुस-फुस
जब बजती छुट्टी की घंटी
भागते मुन्ना चुन्ना बंटी
दौड़ते-भागते उठते गिर
हो जाते हैं हम सब फुर्र।

निधि अग्रवाल
VII-C

जिन्दगी क्या है

जिन्दगी एक सफर है जिन्दगी एक लड़ाई है।
इसमें हमें चलना है, इससे लड़ना है।
जिन्दगी एक रास्ता है जिन्दगी एक परीक्षा है।
हमें सम्भल कर चलना है, इसमें पास होना है।
जिन्दगी एक रहस्य है।
इसे सुलझाना है।

सीखो
पुस्तक से सीखो पढ़ना है।
पढ़कर आगे बढ़ना सीखो।
नदी कहती बढ़ना सीखो।
पर्वत कहता चढ़ना सीखो।
आगे बढ़कर कुछ करना सीखो।

Isha P. Kachhap

7-A

पापा जी की मार

खेलते-खेलते देर हो गई
बज गये पूरे चार
तभी मुझको याद आ गई
पापा जी की मार
कल ही की तो बात है
जब मुझसे टूटा जार
मुझको ऐसी मार पड़ी
जो याद आए बार-बार
एक दिन मैंने सोचा
चलो खाया जाए अचार
मुझको था टान्सिल

और मैं पड़ गयी बीमार
इसी कारण मेरा अच्छा
नहीं हुआ इम्तिहान
फिर से मुझको मार पड़ी
कि क्यों खाया अचार
ऐसी ही होती है
मेरे पापा जी की मार
मुझको इतनी मार पड़े
लेकिन फिर भी
मैं करती हूँ अपने पापा जी को प्यार।

Anshita Srivastava

VI-C

प्यारी मम्मी

कदम कदम पर मम्मी तेरी
मुझे जरूरत रहती है।
जब तू करती काम किचिन में
बड़ी मुसीबत लगती है।
सुबह सुबह तू मुझे जगाती
डॉट डॉट कर नहलाती है।
करवाती तैयार मुझे फिर
दूध चाय पिलवाती है।
रखकर लंच बाक्स बस्ते में

झट स्कूल भिजावाती है।
पढ़कर मैं जब घर आती हूँ
प्यार बहुत दिखलाती है।
होमवर्क करवाने में भी
मुझे हेल्प तू करती है।
सोच रही हूँ मम्मी हर पल
तेरी जरूरत रहती है।

रुपाली भाग्य

6-A

हम बच्चे

हम बच्चे हैं आज के। आजादी के रखवाले।
आजादी के राज के। लगते हम भोले-भाले।
आजादी में बड़े हुए। अपनी जान लड़ायेंगे।
आजादी में खड़े हुए। माँ की लाज बचायेंगे।
जय हिन्द!

शेर और चूहा

सोया शेर थी बन्द दहाड़।
चूहा चढ़ गया समझ पहाड़॥
सिर पर उसके उधम मचाया।
बहुत शेर को गुस्सा आया॥
पंजे में चूहे को दबाया।
छोड़ दिया जब दया दिखाया॥
फँस गया शेर जाल में जिस दिन।
चूहे ने देखा वह दुर्दिन॥
जाल कुतरकर शेर छुड़ाया।
दया करो का पाठ पढ़ाया॥

घड़ी

टिक-टिक करती घड़ी रात दिन, हमको यही बताती है।
जल्दी करो काम मत चूको, समय बीतती जाती है।
समय ठहरता कभी नहीं वह, प्रतिक्षण भागा जाता है।
सावधान फिर गया हुआ वह कभी न वापस आता है।

बिल्ली का जुकाम

बिल्ली बोली म्याऊँ-म्याऊँ, मुझको हुआ जुकाम
चूहे चाचा चूरन दे दो जिससे जल्दी हो आराम।
चूहा बोला बतलाता हूँ, एक दवा बेजोड़।
अब आगे से चूहा खाना, बिल्कुल ही दो छोड़।

नेहा जायसवाल

7-A

बुझो और बताओ

1. तीन अक्षर का मेरा नाम,
प्रथम कटे भगवान कहाँ।
मध्य कटे तो फल कहलाउँ,
अन्त कटे तो मशीन कहाँ ॥

उत्तर—आराम

2. एक महल में चोर बसे,
सबका मुँह है काला।
पूँछ पकड़ कर रगड़ लगाओ,
करते तुरन्त उजाला ॥

उत्तर—माचिस

3. अंत कटे अंधा हो जाये,
फिर भी करे प्रकाश।

आदि कटे तो रज बने,
गंगा नहीं निवास ॥

उत्तर—सुर

4. अगर नाक पर मैं चढ़ जाऊँ।
कान पकड़ कर तुझे पढ़ाऊँ ॥

उत्तर—चम

5. एक अनोखी रानी। नीचे से पीती पानी।

उत्तर—लालटेन

6. हरी-हरी जमीन, जिसमें खुरदरे काँटे।
बताओ तो बताओ नहीं तो पढ़ेंगे चाँटे ॥

उत्तर कटहल

नेहा जायसवाल

7-A

तितली

तितली आई तितली आई
फूल फूल पर वह मंडराई
रस चूसा, रौनक बिखराई
अपनी सुन्दरता पर इतराई।
बच्चे दौड़े उसे पकड़ने

धागे में चले पैर जकड़ने
समझ आई संकट की बेला
दौड़ भागकर जान बचाई।
तितली आई तितली आई
फूल फूल पर वह मंडराई।

गीतिका सिंह

3-B

तितली

मेरे बाग में तितली आई।
फूल-फूल पर तितली नाची।
रंग बिरंगी प्यारी तितली।
हरी सफेद, रंग बिरंगी।
सुन्दर-सुन्दर रंगो वाली।
फूलों का रस पीने वाली।

नाच-नाच कर गाती गाना,
गुप चुप - गुप चुप।
मेरा मन ललचाने वाली।
मेरे सपनों की रानी।
मेरी एक सहेली अनोखी।

ऐशनामि

18-C

जगमग-जगमग

राकेट उड़े हजारों में, आज लड़ाई छिड़ी हुई,
पहुंचे दूर सितारों में। अधियारे-उजियारों में।
कौन चलेगा देर तलक, जगमग-जगमग टिम-टिम-टिम,
है अब होड़ अनारों में। दीपक सजे कतारों में।
है मिठाईयों की ढेरी, दिवाली अब्बल नम्बर,
चहल-पहल बाजारों में। है सारे त्योहारों में।

By : ITISHA ALOK
5-C

सूरज

धीरे धीरे आता सूरज, आगे बढ़ता जाता वह,
किसी को नहीं बताता सूरज, रात को दिन बनाता सूरज
उस के आने पर ही जागे, प्रतिदिन यह करता काम
चुन्नु, मुन्नु नीरज, धीरज जाड़े में लगता सुहाना सूरज

चुटकुले

अध्यापक : (छात्र से) तुम बार बार पीछे मुड़ कर नकल करने का प्रयास कर रहे हो।
छात्र : मैं नकल नहीं कर रहा मास्टर जी परचे में लिखा है कि पीछे देखो।

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साहब : (होटल के बैरे से) बैरा, तुम सुबह पांच बजे मुझे जगा देना मुझे छः बजे की गाड़ी से बम्बई जाना है।

बैरा : अच्छा साहब बस आप पांच बजे मेरे कमरे की घंटी बजा देना मैं आपको जगाने आ जाऊंगा।

• • •

भिखारी : माताजी इस गरीब को थोड़ी मिठाई दे दो।

माताजी : क्यों रोटी से काम नहीं चलेगा।

भिखारी : नहीं, आज मेरा जन्म दिन है।

By : SHRUTI CHANDRA
5-A

“फर्स्ट डिवीजन”

इम्तहान में फेल हो गए अम्मा बोली प्यारे बेटे
मिस्टर मंकी रोते। मत रोओ पछताओ।
सिफर मिला है सभी विषय में उछल कूद अब अपनी छोड़ो
आँसू से मुँह धोते ॥ फर्स्ट डिवीजन लाओ।

By : ZEENAT SHAMIM

6-D

अच्छी आदत

अपना काम स्वयं कर डालो। बिना बात के मुँह न खोलो ॥
किसी और पर बोझ न डाल ॥ रोज शाम को खेलो खेल ॥
अपनी चीजें स्वयं संभालो। मित्रों से तुम रखो मेल ॥
करो आज कल पर न टालो ॥ जल्दी सोकर जल्दी जागो ॥
कपड़े पहनो धुले व साफ। आलस को तुम बच्चों त्यागो ॥
सोच समझ कर कर बोलो बात ॥ स्वस्थ, धनी, उत्तम, गुणवान ॥
गाली मत दो झूठ न बोलो। अच्छे बच्चों बनो महान ॥

प्रदूषण

कारखाने, मिल, उद्योग। वायु प्रदूषण रोग मिटाओ ॥
फैला रहे हैं प्रदूषण रोग ॥ इनसे धरा प्रदूषित होती ॥
इनका धुआं व शोर। वह अपनी ताकत है खोती ॥
दूषित करे वायु हर ओर ॥ सोचो-समझो करो विचार ॥
दूषित हवा पेड़ ले लेते। कैसे बने स्वस्थ संसार ॥
प्राण वायु बदले में देते ॥ रोग प्रदूषण यदि मिल जाये ॥
पेड़ की रक्षा करो व लगाओ। यह संसार स्वर्ग बन जाये ॥

विज्ञान

देखो जाँचो परखो जानो। वह कहलाता है विज्ञान ॥
तब तुम किसी बात को मानो ॥ कारण क्या है पता लगाये ॥
नित नित नूतन करो प्रयोग। भेद खोलकर हमें दिखाये ॥
परिणामों का कर लो योग ॥ वह विज्ञान सत्य का रूप ॥
इनसे जो मिलता है ज्ञान। दूर भगाये भय का भूत ॥

By : ZEBA NASEER

नारी! तुम श्रृंगार हो

नारी! तुम श्रृंगार हो नारी! तुम श्रृंगार हो
मालाओं का हार हो कपड़ों का बाजार हो
पायल की झनकार हो झुमकों की चमकार हो
काजल की धार हो नारी! तुम श्रृंगार हो।

वर्षा रानी

टप-टप-टप जब बरसा पानी। घन घोर घटा छा जाती है।
दौड़ पड़ी रामू की नानी॥ मन को सुख पहुंचा जाती है॥
हो मस्त नाची गुड़िया रानी। वर्षा रानी बड़ी सयानी।
बोली आई वर्षा रानी॥ दौड़ पड़ी रामू की नानी॥

नूपुर मिश्रा
7 'अ'

दीपावली

आओ मिलकर नाचें गायें।

दीपावली की खुशियां मनाएं॥

दीप जला कर अँधेरा मिटाएं।

पटाके जलाकर हंसे और हंसायें॥

दीपावली की खुशियां मनाएं।

बैर को भुलाकर दोस्ती का हाथ बढ़ाए॥

दीपावली की खुशियां मनाएं।

दोस्तों को आज गले लगाएं॥

दीपाली की खुशियां मनाएं॥

आँचल सचदेवा
8 'अ'

काल्पनिक कविता

‘पर्यावरण’

इन नदियों से बहता हुआ नीर,
इन फलों पर चहकती हुई लाली,
इन पेड़ों पे यह हरियाली,
इन चेहरों पर हंसों की एक छोटी सी झलक।
और दूसरी ओर,
यह आबादी,
यह कारखानों से निकलता हुआ धुआँ
हर जगह गंदगी।
मैं हमेशा सोचती कि एक ओर
यह सुन्दर दृश्य और दूसरी ओर
यह पर्यावरण से छेड़-छाव ॥ 1 ॥

मैं भी सोचती कि अगर ऐसा
ही होना है तो हमारे पुस्तक
में ‘पर्यावरण प्रदूषण’ नामक पाठ
का क्या मूल्य है ॥ 2 ॥
दुखी हूँ मैं,
और सोचती हूँ कि क्या होगा इस
दुनिया का।
मिल जायगा यह संसार मिट्टी में।
क्या आप इसे बचा सकेंगे?

सुरोश्री बनर्जी
8 ‘डी’

राजा बन बैठा भालू

राजा बन बैठा भालू
जंगल में यह शोर मचाया
हम राजा हैं हम को देखो
हम जैसा नहीं कोई दयालू
राजा बन बैठा भालू ॥

शेर राजा ने यह सब देखा
महारानी को तुरंत बताया
भालू जब इतना इठलाया

शेर राज ने हुक्म सुनाया
यहां बुलाओ भालू को सब
किसने उसे राजा बनाया ॥

भालू राजा जब वहाँ आये
शेर राज को कथन सुनाये
हम राजा हैं अपने घर में
आप है राजा महा कृपालू
ऐसे राजा बने थे भालू ॥

हम बच्चे इस देश के

पापा के हैं राजदुलारे	हम बच्चे देश के।
मम्मी की आँखों के तारे	
हम बच्चे इस देश के।	पढ़ने लिखने जो जी ऊबे
लंबी चौड़ी अपनी टोली,	पार न उतरे तह पर डूबे
जिसमें अकसर पीटर, रोली	मंत्र दिया है बड़े बड़ों ने
नहीं झगड़ते हैं आपस में।	कर्म साथ ऊँचे मनसूबे।
सब की मीठी मीठी बोली।	प्यार लुटाते जग में सारे,
फूलों जैसे प्यारे प्यारे	समय पड़े तो हैं अंगारे
रंग बिरंगे न्यारे न्यारे	हम बच्चे इस देश के।

तितली रानी बड़ी सयानी

तितली रानी बहुत भली
 उड़ी, इंडिया गेट चली
 देख वहाँ नटखट बंदर
 बोली जय बजरंग बली।
 तितली बोली 'बंदर भैया।
 बड़ी दूर सलाम से-
 तुम आये राजधानी में क्या
 किसी जरूरी काम से?
 राज भवन में जना हो, तो
 ले लो एक गुलाब-कली।
 तितली रानी बहुत भली ॥

चांदनी गुप्ता
7 'अ'

मॉडर्न यूथ

जो मर कर भी न मरे उसे भूत कहते हैं ।
जो तोड़ने पर भी न टूटे उसे मजबूत कहते हैं ।
जो ले जाता है जिन्दगी उठाकर उसे यमदूत कहते हैं ।
जी महीने में छः बार करे विश्व दौर उसे राजदूत कहते हैं ।
मुफ्त में न हो फोन जहाँ से उसे लोकल बूथ कहते हैं ।
जो दंगा करे, लगाए आग, पुलिस के आने पर जो जाए भाग ।
उसे 'मॉडर्न यूथ' कहते हैं ।

कलिका अरोरा

4 'ग'

कविताएँ

न चाहूँ मान दुनिया में न चाहूँ स्वर्ग को जाना ।
मुझे वर दे यही माता, रहूँ भारत पे दीवाना ॥
करूँ मैं कौम की सेवा, पड़ें चाहे करोड़ों दुःख,
अगर फिर जन्म लूँ आकर, तो भारत में ही हो आना ।
भवन में रोशनी मेरे, रहे हिन्दी चिरागों की,
स्वदेशी हो रहे बाजा, बजाना राग का गाना ।
लगे इस देश ही के अर्थ मेरे धर्म, विद्या, धन,
करूँ मैं प्राण तक अर्पण, यही प्रण सत्य है ठाना ।

अंशिका चौपड़ा

4 'ब'

आज दीवाली रे

जगमग	जगमग	सजा	आंगना	पप्पू	के	संग	धूम - धड़ाका
दीप	जलाओ,	द्वार	सजाओ,	गप्पू	आओ,	फूटे	हैं बम,
मन भर	खुशियां	आशाओं	के	खील -	बताशे	देख	उजाला
खूब	मनाओ ।	फूल	खिलाओ ।	ढप्पू	लाओ ।	भागा	है तम ।
आज	दीवाली रे ।	आज	दीवाली रे ।	आज	दीवाली रे ।	आज	दीवाली रे ।

इतिशा आलोक

5-ग

माँ-बाप को भूलना नहीं

भले ही हर बात भूल जाइये, माँ-बाप को भूलना नहीं,
अनगिनत हैं उपकार इनके, यह कभी भूलना नहीं।
धरती के सभी देवताओं को पूजा, तभी आपकी सूरत देखी,
इन पवित्र व्यक्तियों के दिल, कठोर बनकर तोड़ना नहीं।
अपने मुंह का कौर निकाल, तुम्हें खिलाकर बड़ा किया,
इन अमृत देने वालों के सामने, जहर कभी उगलना नहीं।
खूब लाड़-प्यार किया तुमसे, तुम्हारी हर जिद पूरी की,
ऐसे प्यार करने वालों से, प्यार करना कभी भूलना नहीं।
चाहे लाखों कमाते हो, लेकिन माँ-बाप खुश न रहें तो,
लाख नहीं पर खाक हैं, यह मानना भूलना नहीं।
भीगी जहर में खुद सोकर, सुख में सुलाया तुम्हें,
ऐसी अनमोल आँखों की भूल से कभी भीगोना नहीं।
फूल बिछाये प्यार से, जिन्होंने तुम्हारी राहों पर,
ऐसी चाहना करने वालों की राहों के, काँटे कभी बनना नहीं।
दौलत से हर चीज मिलेगी, लेकिन माँ-बाप मिलते नहीं,
इनके पवित्र चरणों के प्रति, सम्मान कभी भूलना नहीं।
संतान से सेवा चाहें तो संतान बनकर सेवा करना,
जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी, यह न्याय कभी भूलना नहीं।

रितु टंडन

11 ए

चुनू का बर्थ डे

चुनू बोला मुनू भैया,
आज बर्थ डे है मेरा।
अंकल और आण्टी जी के,
साथ निमन्त्रण है तेरा ॥
भूल न जाना चार बजे तक।
आ-जाना घर पर मेरे।
धूम मचेगी मेहमानों की,
आज शाम को घर मेरे ॥

खूब सजा घर गुब्बारों से,
केक बड़ा सा सजवाया।
हलवा, पूड़ी, साग, कचौड़ी,
दावत में है बनवाया ॥
मम्मी, मौसी, चाची, ताई,
ने मिलकर गमकाई ढोल।
केक कटा फिर गूँजा घर में,
'हैप्पी बर्थ-डे टू यू' बोल ॥

तोता

तोता कितना सुन्दर पक्षी,
सबका हृदय लुभाता।
राम राम रटता रहता है,
सबको बहुत सुहाता ॥
हरा रंग हरियल तोते का,
सबका मन हर लेता।

लोग प्यार से उसे पालते,
खुशियां है भर देता ॥
तोते की अच्छी बातें,
सीखो, अच्छे कहलावो।
खेलो, कूदो रहो प्यार से,
गीत खुशी के गाओ ॥

सो जा मेरी गुड़िया रानी

सो जा मेरी गुड़िया रानी। तू भी सो, मत कर शैतानी। पढ़ने कैसे जा पाएगी।
बाहर बरस रहा है पानी ॥ सो जा मेरी गुड़िया रानी ॥ गैर हाजिरी लग जाएगी ॥
रात हुई अब सोये सारे। जल्दी अगर नहीं सोएगी। फिर तुझको होगी हैरानी।
सोये चन्दा सोये तारे ॥ उठने में देरी होएगी ॥ सो जा मेरी गुड़िया रानी ॥

रानी बेटी बन जायें हम

दूध पियें फल खायें हम, याद करें अच्छी कविताएं, अगर कोई गलती हो जाये,
फूलों से खिल जायें हम। सबके मन को भायें हम। उसको नहीं छिपायें हम।
सुन्दर-सुन्दर चित्र बनायें, इतनी मेहनत करे कि पूरे, काम करें प्यारे-प्यारे,
घर को खूब सजायें हम ॥ जग को स्वर्ग बनायें हम ॥ रानी बेटा बन बन जायें हम ॥

वर्तिका चतुर्वेदी

5 B

“माँ”

ममता की मूरत माँ
जीवन ज्योति माँ
हमको पालती पोसती
हमको प्यारी हमारी माँ
घर का चिराग माँ
संसार की देवी माँ
हमारे लिए जीती और मरती
हमारी प्यारी दुलारी माँ
चलो सब मिल कर इसका जीवन सँवारे
और अपने पापों को धो डाले।

औबल सचदेवा
९-अ

नहीं नादान

हम करते सबका सम्मान,
हम में ही बसते भगवान।
हम बच्चे हैं कितने सच्चे,
हम बच्चे हैं कितने अच्छे।
भले उमर में हों हम कच्चे,
नहीं बघारें शूठी शान।
ऊँच-नीच को हम क्या जाने,
रंग-भेद हम क्या पहचाने।
छुआछूत हम कभी न मानें,
भेद भाव का हमें न ज्ञान।
हम बच्चे भविष्य की आशा,
प्रेम-प्रीति की अपनी भाषा।
उसे मिलेगी सदा निराशा,
जो समझे हमको नादान।
पंडित हों, मुल्ला या फादर,
हम करते सब ही का आदर।
'सभी मनुज हैं एक बराबर',
हैं सबका संदेश महान।

By : Itisha Alok
5-C

कविता

सपने

हमको अच्छे लगते सपने
कभी मीठे कभी खट्टे लगते,
चुपके से नींद में घुस जाते
निदिया प्यारी बनाते सपने।

कभी राकेट से झुला झूलते।
कभी डैडी से डांट पिटाते,
जादू से कभी चूहा बनाकर
बिल्ली से डरवाते सपने।

कभी हम राजा बन जाते
इच्छाएं पूरी करते मन की,
पांच मिनट के समय में
पचास दिन बितवाते सपने।

गर्मी की अमसीली रातों में
ठंडक का बोध कराते सपने,
घोर अंधियारी रातों को
जुगनू सा चमकाते सपने।

लेखिका—सोफिया फ्रान्सिस
7-अ

कविता-कलम

नन्ही सी है जान कलम
सारे जग की शान कलम
कर ना पाते बड़े-बड़े जो
करती है वो काम कलम।
तीरों और तलवारों को
तोपों और कटारों को
अपने केवल एक बार से
करती है बेकाम कलम।

लेखिका—सोफिया फ्रान्सिस
7-अ

धर्म

धर्म जगत का एक है, जाति-पांति का भेद अलग,
बेली चाहे भिन्न है। माँ का आँचल एक है।
पहनावा भी अलग-अलग, फिर क्यों आपस में लड़ते,
किन्तु मनुजता एक है। विश्व-बन्धु जब एक है।
दया, स्नेह, ममता, संसार,
पर-सेवा पर एक है।

Shilpi Mishra
9-B

मेहनत के गीत

मेहनत से घबराकर जिसने छोड़ो व्यर्थ के सारे झगड़े,
अपनी जान बचायी है। इससे चरित्र बिगड़ता है।
सच मानों तुम प्यारे बच्चों, प्रेम, एकता और परिश्रम के,
उसने मुँह की खायी है। डगर पर चलना है।
मेहनत करना ही जीवन है, अपने जीवन के भविष्य को
जीवन इसी को कहते हैं। हाथों नहीं भूलाना है।

Shilpi Mishra
9-B

एक मॉडर्न माँ की नसीहत बेटी के नाम

बेटी की शादी पर उसे समझाते हुए माँ नसीहत देती है।
तू खुश रहे बेटी, तेरा घर आबाद रहे।
तेरा घर तो आबाद रहे।
लेकिन तेरे पढ़ोसियों का घर बरबाद रहे।
मैं शर्मिंदा हूँ कि मैं 'टर' से जुड़ी चीजें, जैसे
स्कूटर, कम्प्यूटर, रेफ्रिजरेटर व मोटर तो न दे सकी तुझको
इसके लिए मुझको माफ कर दे बेटी
और/ मम्मी डोन्ट वरी, कह दे मुझसे।
मेरी अब ऐज हो चली है, ये सारे बाल सफेद हो गये
पर बेटी मैंने इनको प्यारे धूप में सफेद नहीं किया है
एक-एक पके बाल से मैंने बहुत बहुत एक्सपीरियन्स लिए।
तू आज से, अब से और अभी से मेरी नसीहत मान ले
और इसको एक 'मदर-मंत्र' मानकर अपने पति की टाई धाम ले।

बेटी, दामाद जी के भविष्य की तो मुझे चिन्ता नहीं
क्योंकि वो तो तेरे हाथ में है
और जो कुछ बाकी होगा उसे तू सँवार ही देगी
पर इससे भी जरूरी बात है कि
तू उसके 'पास्ट' को जान ले।
अब और क्या समझाऊँ आगे, तू खुद समझदार है
एक लायक माँ की लायक सन्तान है
इन बातों का असर तेरे पापा पर विद्यमान है।
मुझे तो बस यही कहना है कि तू खुश रहे,
तेरा घर आबाद रहे।
तेरा घर आबाद रहे, लेकिन तेरे पढ़ोसियों का घर बरबाद रहे।

Ankita Chopra
8-D

हिन्दी

आधुनिकता
और
आधुनिक विचारों की
सरताज है—हिन्दी
हिन्दी ही
ज्ञान
और
विज्ञान है—हिन्दी
खिलखिलाते चेहरों की
मुस्कान है—हिन्दी

पृथ्वी से
चाँद और सितारों तक
चमत्कार है—हिन्दी
भारतवर्ष का भाग्य
सौभाग्य है—हिन्दी
अपने आप में
एक अनोखी
शान है—हिन्दी
महान है—हिन्दी

Ankita Chopra
8-D

काम करो!

जो काम से जी चुराता है
वो काम चोर कहलाता है
जो काम से जी चुराता है,
वो आजीवन पछताता है।
इसी लिये ये कहते हैं,
सोकर ना समय बरबाद करो,
क्या रखा है सोने में
उठो जगत में नाम करो।

काम करो! काम करो!
भावना ऊर्ची
मकसद हो प्यारा
जीवन में कुछ नाम करो
लक्ष्य बनाओ सेवा की
दूरती तुम्हारी हो दूरदर्शी
कर दिखलाओ ऐसे काम
हो तुम्हारा जगत में नाम।

नूपुर मिश्रा
७-अ

सीख लिया है मैंने....

दुख: से धबरा अब रोती नहीं मैं,
क्योंकी हंसना अब सीख लिया है मैंने।
आँसू अब पोछती नहीं मैं,
क्योंकी उन्हें पीना सीख लिया है मैंने।
दर्द किसी से कहती नहीं मैं,
क्योंकी उसे सहना सीख लिया है मैंने।
धूप न मिली तो क्या,
छाये में रहना सीख लिया है मैंने।

उजाले की नहीं अब ख्वाहिश मुझे,
अंधेरे को अपना सीख लिया है मैंने।
जग को बहुत करीब से देखा मैंने,
देखकर बहुत कुछ सीख लिया मैंने।
अब आगे और क्या कहूँ,
चुप रहना सीख लिया है मैंने।

Mahima Bhatnagar
11-B

बढ़ते जाओ

चलते चलते कई बटोही*,
रुक जाते हैं राहों में।
मंजिल दूर, राह शेष है,
बोझ बहुत है बाहों में॥

घोर निराशा, दुर्गम पथ है,
फंस जाते विपदाओं में।
गिरते-उठते, उठते-गिरते,
कभी बैठते छाहों में॥

अरे बटोही! रुक मत पल भर,
उत्साह का दीपक जलने दे।

वह देखों मंजिल आगे है,
इस आशा को पलने दे॥

लाख विपत्ति आने पर
भटको मत, बढ़ते ही जाओ।
आने वाली पीढ़ी खातिर,
नया मार्ग गढ़ते ही जाओ॥

जो भटके हैं राह से अपनी,
इतिहास में उनका नाम नहीं।
चलने वाले मंजिल पाते,
रुकना उनका काम नहीं॥

* यात्री

By : Kamayani-Pant
XI-B

दीवाली मेला

चुहा-चुहिया चले बाजार।
लिये साथ में बच्चे चार॥
देखा वहां दीवाली मेला।
दाढ़ी वाला साधु, चेला॥
भीड़-भड़कम, ठेलम-ठेला।
खड़ा हो गया मगर झमेला॥

चारों बच्चे लगे झगड़ने।
बीच सड़क में लगे मचलने॥
हम खाएंगे चाट-पकौड़ी।
दही, जलेबी और कचौड़ी॥
सारा रास्ता जाम हो गया।
धमकाना नाकाम हो गया॥

By : Itisha Alok
5-C

हमारा देश—भारत

नेहरु, गाँधी, चन्द्रशेखर आजाद
ने किया हमारा जीवन आबाद
लाला लाजपत राय और अब्दुल हमीद
जिस देश के लिए हो गये शहीद,
उस देश की हम देंगे सम्मान,
न जाने देंगे हम उसकी शान,

उस देश की ऊँचा उठाएंगे,
भारत का झंडा फहराएंगे,
बचाने के लिए भारत की आन,
हम कर देंगे अपना जीवन दान,
होगा अमर उसका स्वाभिमान,
ये प्यारा हमारा हिन्दुस्तान।

रंगोली अग्रवाल
कक्षा ७-स

अनोखा आदर्श

क्षमा की देवी, कर्म-निष्ठा की मूर्ति
संमार्ग का सदैव स्मरण कराने वाली चंचल समीर की स्फूर्ति
सब तुम्हीं में आ समा कर प्रसन्न हो गये
तुमको पा कर हम, हे देवी, हम धन्य हो गये ॥ 1 ॥

करुणा का सागर, तुमने बोया स्नेह का बीज
दिया अपनी ममता, रक्त-पसीने को सींच
एक दिन वह अमृत अंकुर फूटे जो बढ़कर इतने
मनमोहक हो गये
व्यक्ति उनकी छाँव-प्राप्ति पर धन्य हो गये ॥ 2 ॥

करके हमारा चरित्र शृंगार, हमको संजीवन-आकांक्षी बनाया
मान माँ सरस्वती को साक्षी, हमको अपनाया
तुम एक हो किन्तु इतने प्रतिभा सम्पन्न हो गये
अर्पित करके अपना जीवन तुमको, हम धन्य हो गये ॥ 3 ॥

तुम जानते नहीं कि कितना बड़ा आकर्षण हो
आशा की किरण, सुख का दर्पण हो
प्रत्येक आत्मा की अतुल अभिलाषा हो
तुम एक लौकिक स्वाशा हो ॥ 4 ॥

फरीजा नकवी
VIII-C

ध्येय

कहां जा रही हूँ कुछ पता नहीं,
कदम ले जा रहे हैं जहाँ शायद वहीं।
बिना उद्देश्य के कब तक यहीं भटकना है,
क्यों मान लिया है मैंने की जीवन एक घना है।
जीवन को क्यों नीरस बनाया है,
क्यों माना है की जीवन में केवल छाया है।
शायद दूँ तो मिले रोशनी की किरण,
सोई थी मैं, अब हुआ है आत्मा का जागरण।
जीवन का सही तात्पर्य जाना है,
अपना एक उद्देश्य, एक मार्ग पहचाना है।

कितना अनमोल है ये जीवन,
धन्य! है वह जिसने दिया मुझे यह धन।
मिल गया है मुझे मेरा उद्देश्य,
आत्मा जागृत हुयी मेरी पाकर एक ध्येय?
जीवन का यह सत्य तथ्य है
कि आवश्यक जीवन में एक सार्थक पथ है।
जिस पर निरन्तर चल ध्येय पाना है
जीवन की अर्थपूर्ण व सफल बनाना है।

By : Mahima Bhatnagar
XI-B

विद्यार्थी बेचारा—विद्या का मारा।

अगर मैं प्रधानमंत्री होती
तो इस तरह भाग्य पर न रोती।
हमारे देश के बच्चे ही हैं
सबसे अधिक तनावग्रस्त।
पढ़ाई का इतना बोझ लाद दिया
कि बुद्धि हो गई अस्त-व्यस्त॥
हम अपनी दुनिया में खोए हैं
और सब करते हम पर परिहास।
ज्ञात हुआ खाना खाते हुए भी
हम याद कर रहे थे इतिहास॥
कक्षा में घुसने से पहले
स्थिति को भांपते रहते हैं।
जब से भूगोल पढ़ा है
नभ को ही ताकते रहते हैं॥

पिछले जन्म के दुष्कर्मों का,
अब तक कर रहे हैं भुगतान।
जो किसी तरह मन मारकर
पढ़ना पड़ता है विज्ञान॥
इन बातों के आधार पर
यह बनता है मेरा विचार।
किसी भी सम्भव प्रयास से
घटाया जाए बस्ते का भार॥
किन्तु मैं तो एक विद्यार्थी हूँ
यह मात्र है मेरा आह्वान।
यदि मैं प्रधानमंत्री बन जाती
करती विद्यार्थियों का उत्थान॥

By : Richa Dubey
X-C

दो और दो पाँच

इन्स्पैक्टर स्कूल में करने आए जाँच,
दो धन दो कितने हुए, लड़का बोला पाँच।
लड़का बोला पाँच, मास्टर आगे आया,
पीठ थपथपाकर विद्यार्थी को बैठाया।
इन्स्पैक्टर ने कहा—अरे ओ सत्यानासी,
गलत गणित पर बच्चे को देता शाबासी।

मास्टर मिमियाने लगा, क्यों होते नाराज
बतलाता हूँ आपको, इस लड़के का राज।
इस लड़के का राज, आप कल नहीं आये थे,
इसी छात्र ने दो धन दो, छह बतलाए थे।
आज बताए पाँच, प्रगति करता जाएगा,
कल हुजूर यह स्वतः चार पर आ जाएगा।

By : Ruchi Anand
XI-B

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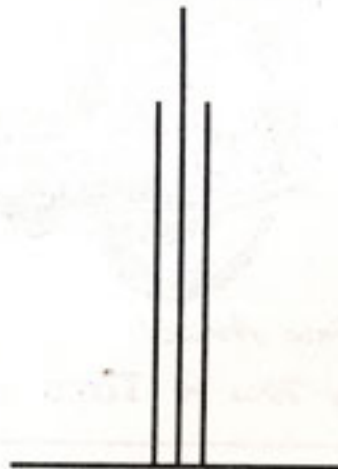
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