



1997-98

ST. MARY'S CONVENT INTER COLLEGE



Mary, Mother of Jesus.
Pray for us.

The I.B.M.V. Vision of Education



The Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary founded By **MARY WARD** in 1609 consider schools a powerful agent in forming fully alive human beings to bring about a just society.

Our Schools aim at creating individuals who are intellectually competent, morally sound, psychologically whole, imbued with the sense of the divine, committed to the cause of justice, love and peace, and ever open to further growth.

These schools aspire towards creating a humane society, free from prejudices, superstitions and discrimination based on sex, religion, caste and economic status, and characterised by respect for the dignity of the human person, leading to concern for each other especially the under privileged.

For the attainment of this goal the congregation expects parents and teachers to share this vision and to cooperate in making it a reality.

*'It is one thing
to possess goods;
quite another to be
possessed by them'*

Mary Ward



Editorial Board

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Under the able guidance of Sr. M. CHRISTINA I.B.M.V. (Principal)
and all the teachers.

EDITORIAL

The Golden Jubilee of our country's Independence has been the inspiring theme of all school activities this academic year. This school magazine is a tribute to our nation by its future citizens. The little hands being held and led, the older minds awakened, moulded and inspired to become morally responsible people within the portals of this time-tested institution of more than 130 years standing.

The beginning of the academic year saw us bidding farewell to our Principal Sr. M. Carola I.B.M.V. Her soft, quiet ways taught us much and we always found her ready to help us in whatever way possible. We thank her and hope to grow the way she wished us to.

The year also saw us welcoming our new Principal Sr. M. Christina I.B.M.V. who at once endeared herself to us with her dynamic personality and organisational capabilities. Within the short span of one year the college is bustling with activities leading to mental, emotional and physical growth.

"Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in the hidden impulse to do our best"—writes Robert Collyer. Our best efforts are in your hands in the form of this school magazine you are holding. Hope you enjoy perusing it as much as we enjoyed making it.



Dear Students, Teacher Friends, and Parents,

Let me thank you for the warm welcome accorded to me as I took over as the Head of this Institution. I am happy to be in your midst and proud to be working together with you all for the betterment of each one of us. May God Almighty guard and guide our steps always.

One of the most important elements of working together is WILL POWER. "Don't aim for success if you want it; just do what you love and believe in and it will come naturally," says David Frost.

What is this will power? It is Peace of mind and Harmony in your thoughts, words and deeds. Peace is not merely the absence of war, it is the presence of justice. It is not a running away into the desert to avoid the humdrum of daily life. It is coping with the eventualities of life with joy and equanimity.

"She had everything one could dream of, material possessions, beauty, recognition, fame and superior social status—but no peace." This was spoken of Lady Diana who met her tragic end some time ago. In fact this is the plight of every modern man—a **never ending longing for inner peace**. In today's

rat race almost all of us are in pursuit of plenty with unbridled self interest and competition. It is pretty obvious that the world is heading towards anything but Peace.

Here is where **EDUCATION** comes to play its role. We must be very clear about what education means—It is not mere book knowledge or a number of degrees. Education is the training by which the will is brought under control and becomes fruitful.

Real education is that which enables one to stand on one's own legs. Try to get that education by which character is formed, will power is increased and the intellect is expanded. All knowledge that the world has ever received comes from the mind of man. If we pursue education with purity of thought and sincerity of heart, everything will fall in line. Cultivate in you positive thinking, for it increases your confidence, while negative thinking weakens your mind and soul. Follow the path of truth, however hard it may be. This will create a healthy mind in you.

A Chinese proverb goes like this :

*If there is light in the soul, There will be beauty in the person
If there is beauty in the person, There will be harmony in the house.
If there is harmony in the house, There will be order in the nation.
If there is order in the nation, There will be peace in the world.*

Let us strive to be a beacon for others to move in a spirit of harmony and peace. May our Heavenly Father empower each S.M.C. girl to uphold love, peace and justice.

Your kindness may be treated as your weakness, Still be kind.

Your help to others may go unheeded or unnoticed, Still be helpful.

If you are successful, you win false friends and true enemies, Still succeed.

Honesty and frankness make you vulnerable, Still be frank and honest.

**Then, only then can we make the vision of IBMV Education a reality.
I wish God's blessings on all of you and on your undertakings.**

Your's sincerely,
M. CHRISTINA I.B.M.V.
(Principal)

CHRONICLES—1997-98

April

- 15th : New Academic Session Commences. BACK TO SCHOOL AGAIN
- : Departure of our dear Principal, Sr: M. Carola. WE WILL MISS YOU VERY MUCH.
- : Sr. M. CHRISTINA is the new Principal. We are anxious to bloom under your guidance. 'A HEARTY WELCOME, DEAR SISTER'.
- 28 th : Annual Fete. FUN TIME AGAIN!
- 30th : Elections of school office-bearers.
- | | | |
|-------------------------|---|-------------------|
| College Captain | : | Vartika Bhandari |
| L. T. S. Gen. Secretary | : | Anupriya Dwivedi |
| Green House Captain | : | Paridhi Tandon |
| Vice Captain | : | Shikha Sachan |
| Blue House Captain | : | Eram Khan |
| Vice Captain | : | Amna Usman |
| Red House Captain | : | Shweta Maheshwari |
| Vice Captain | : | Sumiti Jain |
| Yellow House Captain | : | Vijayshree Tewari |
| Vice Captain | : | Ansha Parmar |
| Games Captain | : | Dabie Wu |

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALL OF YOU. ALL THE BEST !

May

- 7th : Investiture ceremony. New office-bearers take the solemn promise.
- Ex-College captain, Suparna Pandey bids adieu.
- 8th : Class Time Table contest.
- Over all results— 1st -5B
- 2nd-2C
- 3rd-4A

Group A, 1st-2C
Group B, 1st-5B
Group C, 1st-7C
Group D, 1st-12A

10th : School closes for summer vacations. HAPPY HOLIDAYS ! COME BACK REJUVENATED.

July

7th : School reopens. WELCOME BACK.

August

2nd : **BASKET BALL MATCH.**

Winners—Red House

Runners-up—Yellow House

: **BANNER CONTEST.**

Winners —Green House

Runners-up—Blue House

WELL DONE !

Winning House—Red House.

11th-15th : Celebrating Fifty Years Of Independence

11th : Primary School show.

13th : Senior School show for classes VI—VIII

14th : L.T.S. orientation by Sr. M. Christina.

: Distribution of Sweets.

15th : Independence Day !

: Flag hoisting. The School wished Sr. Tarsicia on her Feast Day.

: Oath taken by NCC cadets.

: Promise taken by L.T. Sers

: Senior School Programme. The Chief Guest was Dr. B. Paul Thaliyath. Blue House emerged as WINNERS with Yellow House as the RUNNERS UP.

WELL DONE ! CONGRATULATIONS.

September

6th : Mother Teresa's death condoled. In the words of French President

Jacques Chirac "This evening there is less love, less compassion, less light in the world".

- : Prayer assembly conducted by Class XI on TEACHER'S DAY. 'HAPPY TEACHERS' DAY, DEAR TEACHERS!'
- 17th : Students go to Sadhna Sadan to pack items for flood victims.
- 18th : Student representative of various classes go to distribute the items to the flood victims.

October

- 1st : Inter-school March past Competition organised by S.M.C. on St. Joseph's College grounds. Participants were SMC, SJC, St. Anthony, D.P. College and Maharshi Patanjali.
Winners : SMC—Girls' Schools.
SJC—Boys' Schools.

WELL DONE! CONGRATULATIONS.

- 18th Mini Basket Ball Match between SMC and SJC at SMC.

November

- 3rd : Creative Writing Competition.
- 8th : VII-C and VIID had an orientation programme.
- 9-16th : Picnics to celebrate children's Day.
THANK YOU, SISTER. WE ENJOYED OURSELVES.
- 17th : CHILDREN'S DAY CELEBRATED IN SCHOOL.
- 22nd : FEAST DAY OF our Principal, Sr. M. Christina.
'A VERY HAPPY FEAST DAY TO YOU, SISTER.'

December

- 5th : AMITY' 97 organised by St. Joseph's College.
SMC lifts the TROPHY.
THREE CHEERS FOR SMC!
- 17th : SUPW EXHIBITION of Class X & XII.
BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY!
- 20th : School Closes for Winter Vacations.

January

- 15th : School reopens.
20th : Bible exhibition at Sadhna Sadañ. The School participated.

A VERY INSPIRING AND SOCIALLY RELEVANT DISPLAY!

- 27th : HOLY MASS for our beloved Mrs. I. PETERS, retired teacher of our institute.
SMC FAMILY FEELS THE LOSS.

February

- 14th : P.T. DISPLAY OF THE PRIMARY SCHOOL.
THEME : 50th Year of INDEPENDENCE.
FIRST ITEM to greet and wish the Chief Guest Rt. Rev. Bishop Isidore Fernandes on his Sacerdotal Silver Jubilee.
A VERY COLOURFUL AND AN ENCHANTING PERFORMANCE BY OUR LITTLE SCHOLARS.
- 19th : FAREWELL to Miss K. CHHATWAL by the School. YOU WILL ALWAYS BE CHERISHED BY US.
- 23rd : FAREWELL to XII by XI.
MAY YOU REACH THE PINNACLE OF SUCCESS!
- 30th : PRAYER SERVICE
: PRIZE DISTRIBUTION.
: REPORTS DISTRIBUTED
- 31st : PRAYER SERVICE
: PRIZE DISTRIBUTION
: REPORTS DISTRIBUTED
WELL DONE : ALL THE BEST.

Compiled by :
Shubhra Hajela
Anubha Darbari
Class XII-C

JEWELS OF S.M.C.

Class VI

Pragati Tewari—1st prize for sketching in the competition organised by "All India Centre for Urban and Rural Development."

Class VII

1. Sana Usman
Eng. Elocution—1st Prize Inter Class
2. Urvashi Mishra
Yoga— 2nd Prize in Chandigarh
3rd Prize in Allahabad
3. Richa Tripathi
Sanskrit Elocution—1st Prize
4. Kritika Bhargava
Dance Competition organised by Rotary Club—2nd Prize.
5. Asifa Ansari
IInd Prize in, on the spot competition organised by Rotary Club
6. Arnima Sen
IInd Prize in, on the spot competition organised by Rotary Club
7. Gauri Joshi
1st Prize in Inter School Debate.
8. Divya
2nd Prize in Inter Class Debate.
9. Nishika
1st Prize in Inter class Debate.

Class VIII

1. Anveeksha Tripathi.
Hindi Elocution—2nd Prize
2. Khushboo Srivastava
2nd Prize in Inter School speech competition organised by Ramkrishna Mission.

3. Gauri Shukla

2nd Prize at Inter School Competition organised by the Ramkrishna Mission. Both Gauri Shukla and Khushboo Srivastava as a team from S.M.C. Won the 1st Prize.

4. Rupali Bandhopadhyaya

1st Prize in a debate competition organised by Rotary Club

5. Shuchita Khare

1st Prize in a debate competition organised by Rotary Club

Class IX

1. Garima Shukla

1st Prize in Debate Inter Class

2. Pranjali Srivastava

1st Prize in Inter house Hindi Elocution

3. Aparajita Agarwal

Hindi Elocution—IInd Prize

4. Grace Phillip

IInd Prize in Singing Competition

5. Mizpah Waters

1st Prize in singing (Eng.)

1st Prize in singing (Hindi Solo)

2nd Prize in singing (Hindi Duet)

Bagged the Best Performance Shield

In Bible Week Celebrations held at Sadhna Sadan.

6. Sonali Srivastava

1st Prize in Kathak dance at Dist Level organised by Rotary Club

Class X

1. Garima Dwivedi

1st Prize in Hindi Elocution

2. Shilpi Singh

IIIrd Prize in speech competition organised by Vivekanand Mission

3. Divya Srivastava
1st Prize in on the spot competition at Bishop Johnson School
organised by Rotary Club
4. Shubhra Chaturvedi
1st Prize in debate competition
1st Prize in Eng. Elocution
5. Nehanjali Bajaj
Illrd Prize in English Inter class speech competition

Class XI

1. Runjhun Saxena
Vth in National Children's Science Congress. SMC team included :—
(i) Runjhun Saxena—Group leader
(ii) Nikita Bhargava
(iii) Yukti Bhargava
SMC team cleared at district level held in Allahabad
SMC team cleared at state level held in Jhansi
SMC team cleared at National level held in Bhopal
Runjhun Saxena won Silver Medal for story writing.
2. Amna Usman
IInd Prize in speech contest
Best Interjector in debate held at S.J.C.
3. Nikita Bhargava
Cleared the various levels in National Children's Science Congress.
Vth Position at National Level.
4. Shagufta Zafar
IInd Prize in Inter house Hindi Debate Competition
5. Shelly Srivastava
1st Prize in Inter house Hindi Debate Competition
6. Shikha Agarwal
1st Prize in Painting Competition organised by Rotary Club.

7. Shubhra Chaturvedi

Best speaker in Debate held in S.J.C.

1st Prize in Eng. Elocution in S.M.C.

8. Udisha Kumar

1st Prize in Inter house Eng. Elocution Competition

9. Binni Mathews

1st Prize in Badminton Championship held in IFFCO INTER UNIT SPORTS

10. Sophia Alam

1st Prize in debate

3rd Prize in English speech

Best speaker in speech contest at Ram Krishna Mission

Class XII

1. Anubha Darbari

Best Speaker Inter Class Debate Competition

2. Shubhra Hajela

2nd Prize-Inter Class Debate

3. Mariya Khan

2nd Prize Inter Class Debate

4. Richa Tiwari

3rd Prize Inter Class Debate

5. Akansha Verma

2nd Prize-On the spot Young Artist Art competition

6. Kena Shree

4th Prize in Choreography

Best stage Performance award in a programme organised by IIT Kanpur.

**Compiled by : Anubha Darbari
& Shubhra Hajela
XII-C**

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

Today, as I stand on the threshold of leaving the school, I am compelled to look back at the years gone by. Transition demands retrospection and retrospect I must, at a time when the Past and the Future both beckon me—the former invoking nostalgia, the latter a blend of hope and apprehension.

Twelve years is a long time by any standards and when it encompasses the crucial stage of one's life—from childhood, through adolescence, to the threshold of adulthood—it assumes a special significance. The past twelve years of my life have been just so and my school has been inseparably linked with them.

When I recall the day, I first entered the portals of this school, it still brings a smile to my lips. The excitement, the childish gusto and the naivete are enshrined in my memory, and along with them, thousands of images of school—days past, that flit across my mind in a matter of seconds.

School had a major role to play in the process of my evolution as an individual. It is so, perhaps, with everyone. At school one creates an identity for oneself beyond the protective care of home, while still having a sense of security. School was the place of interest with friends, to strive to excel—be it academics, sports or cultural activities—and to throw all tensions in the air whilst enjoying some moments of unadulterated joy. Moments of tenderness highlighting mutual concern, moments of discord arising out of 'House chauvinism..... yes, I find in those memories all the shades of black and white and grey!

In these twelve years, our teachers have been a major influence and a thread of subtle sentiment binds us to them. Their encouragement and support was always a crucial factor. In times of crisis, the knowledge that they 'understood' and stood by us, was sufficient to boost our sagging morale.

Truly, school life was an enriching experience. It was a part of growing up and maturing as a person. But now the tale has reached its denouement and the old characters must give way to the new. Change and not stagnation is the order of Nature. It demands acceptance, not regret. And so we leave, piling

out from the pages of St. Mary's to seek new horizons, yet carrying a host of memories and perhaps, leaving an imprint somewhere!

Life moves on
The tides rise and ebb
Leaving behind a trace
In the sand
..... of Memories!

By :

Vartika Bhandari XII-A

College Captain

NCC CAMP-97

"NCC Camp, Oh God! What a sheerwaste of time, 10 days of hard physical training, eating food fit for prisoners in a jail and spending sleepless nights on the floor away from our cosy homes". With dampened spirits and carrying all these fears in our hearts, we 5 cadets from S.M.C. started out for the 10 days CATC Camp on 27th June.

On reaching the campgrounds we were welcomed warmly by the instructors and camp organisers and rooms were allotted to us. After a refreshing cup of tea we started settling our luggage in the room. By now our spirits had soared a little, but the unabated fear of what was to follow was still bugging us. The first day was spent in settling down and knowing each other. There were 87 other girls from different colleges of Allahabad and Faizabad. By evening we were quite comfortable and feeling a little less homesick.

The actual schedule started from the next day. Getting up at 4 o'clock seemed very difficult because all of us were accustomed to sleeping till late. But to our surprise, the next day all 5 of us were up with the first ray of sunshine. The normal sight was long lines in front of the toilet, girls with tooth brushes in the mouth trying to pull on the uniform as fast as possible. Taking

a bath was out of question! After breakfast we marched off to the boys' campground for the parade practise. Marching continuously for 4 hours really fatigued us. When we came back every part of our body was aching. It was now that we realised what hard work and fatigue was like.

The most cherished moment came when lunch was served. We had heard tales from our seniors about the 'dunlop chapatis', 'daal' in which water is the main component, vegetables which can be anything but edible and about the teeth that you break on rice. We had been mentally prepared to be on a diet for 10 days but the contents of our plate surprised us. The food was very good and delicious. We had never imagined that we would get pastries, 'laddus' and 'phirni' as dessert. Standing in a line and waiting patiently for your turn was also an experience.

The afternoon was spent in resting, chatting or finishing the necessary activities that had been left out in the morning. After the evening tea at 3 p.m. we again rushed off to the parade ground for the evening drill. At 6 when we returned back tired and fatigued, we were welcomed by the crowd of parents awaiting us. We convinced our anxious parents about our welfare and told them that we were enjoying ourselves.

After the roll call parade, we changed into our casuals and the evening was spent in playing games, making friends, and storing water in our buckets for the next day. Getting heavy buckets from the hand pump on the road was also fun.

After dinner all of us assembled in the ground for the practise of the cultural programme to be presented on the cultural eve to be held on the last day of the camp. Time flew by singing and dancing and soon the clock struck 10, "Bed time"!

Our bedsheets spread on the bare ground welcomed us and we did not miss our cosy beds even for a minute. We chatted for a long time and it was then that I realized that all our fears had been false. Here, we all were just like one family, safe and secure, as we had been in our homes. We had made a lot of new friends and had come to know each other a little more. At last

was lulled to sleep by the crickets singing in the distance and got up again next day with refreshed energy and enthusiasm.

The 10 days flew by without us even realizing it. The parades, praises, night duties and the pranks that we played were all a delight. Four of us S.M.C. cadets got through the selections for the next Republic Day camp and were jubilant about it.

At last the parting cue came. A cultural programme was organized at the boys' camp in the evening. The boys had challenged us that their programme would be better than ours. Both the sides performed very well, but we girls outshone the boys. The show was a great success.

Now as the 10 days drew to an end, we realized what we had gained in these 10 days. Our camp had changed us our attitude matured and the understanding widened. Working in a group, cooperating with each other was real fun. We had become more responsible and hardened to live in any circumstances. This was a camp with a difference where we enjoyed also and learned so much.

Next day, bidding adieu to our friends and carrying fond memories in our hearts, we returned home transformed into more responsible and mature individuals.

By : **Astha Shively**
Sucharita Srivastava XII-A

INTER SCHOOL MARCH PAST : A NOVELTY

The March Past shield is always the most coveted Prize for all the four houses on sports day but when it was announced that Classes Xth, XIth and XIIth were to participate in an Interschool March Past competition hosted by our school, our excitement levels instantly shot up sky high. Girls flooded the field where Mrs. Bajpai, our NCC guide was to select sixty best, who could march smartly and win the shield for St. Mary's. I was one of the lucky ones to be selected and practices proceeded enthusiastically. Though we only

practised for one period every day for the first five days and felt that we needed more rigorous practise to polish our marching. Mrs. Bajpai throughout seemed quite relaxed and sure that we were doing well enough and inspired us with an infinite amount of confidence. On the eve of the final day we were briefed on various details by Mrs. Bajpai and also an NCC instructor who also accompanied us to S.J.C. to have a practise (for the programme was to be held on the S.J.C. grounds).

That morning, 1st October, I can still relive the excitement, fear, anticipation and anxiety that was bubbling within us as we walked down to S.J.C. We were the first school to arrive as the event was being hosted by St. Mary's Convent Inter College. Four other schools including St. Joseph's, Maharshi Patanjali Vidya Mandir, D.P. Girls and St. Anthony's were participating.

Maharshi Patanjali had separate squads of girls and boys and there were two shields, one for the winner among the boys and the other for the girls. Soon all the teams or rather squads assembled. Finally the drum began its 'Left Right left.....' rhythm and the music began to play. As we lifted our feet in unison, stamped it together with a massive thud and at the back the shrill whistle jerked us into motion, my heart skipped a beat. A loud cheer greeted each squad as it appeared from behind the screen and slowly marched ahead.

When our squad came near the audience a joyous cry ran among the many S.M.C. girls seated as hosts. At the 'Eyes Right' command heads jerked to the right, straight erect shoulders, high held chins and confidence in the eyes, each squad saluted the Chief guest, SSP Mr. M.A. Ganpati. Behind the Chief guest the large portrait of Mahatma Gandhi, the father of our nation instilled in us renewed respect for our country and pride were in our eyes as our heads jerked back into 'eyes front' position. The March Past ended and all the six squads lined up before the audience to hear the Chief guest's address. The gathering comprised of many distinguished and special guests—Principals and staff of the various participating institutions, priests, nuns and other secular guests apart from the squads themselves.

Mr. Ganpati addressing us spoke in praise of this event, which was indeed the first of its kind ever held in Allahabad and that too was pulled off as a great success. He said that he was glad such an event was organised, so efficiently by St. Mary's Convent and which so appropriately paid homage to our great leader Mahatma Gandhi on the eve of Gandhi Jayanti. Even though our hearts were somersaulting as we waited for the results of the contest, we attended to this speech and were proud to have put up such a show.

The results were announced and to our immense delight S.M.C. bagged the shield as the winner among the girls and so did S.J.C. among the boys. St. Mary's was followed by St. Anthony's and MPVM and MPVM were the runnersup among the boys. Among loud cheering and overwhelming applause Mrs. A. Kakkar mounted the podium to express on behalf of St. Mary's her gratitude for the chief guest Mr. Ganpati for stealing time out of his busy schedule to preside at the meet, for the distinguished judges—Ms. Ganguly, director of sports, Mayohall, Mr. Vijay Singh and Mr. A. K. Seth, the staff of S.J.C., particularly, Mr. Rai and Mr. Jaswant for the exceptional help and assistance they provided in organising the contest, the Principal of St. Joseph's College, Father K. K. Anthony for allowing us to host this programme on the S.J.C. grounds and for his constant and enthusiastic support, and in her own words "Last but not the least, Tanmay Agrawal," a young student of S.J.C. who accompanied the drum on casio and provided great music.

Before she could even return to her seat, the squads and audience alike, came alive with cheery shouts of "Three cheers hip hip hurray" Finally with the beating of the retreat the event ended. It was time to go back to school and jump at the gifts which each school had received as a special prize for all participating teams. We proudly set off for our school, next door, the shield high on our shoulders, one foot off the ground and congratulations, right and left

By : **Divya Dwivedi**
Class XII-A

THE ANNUAL L.T.S. REPORT

The theme for the year being 'let my country awake', we the L.T. Sers of St. Mary's Convent, Allahabad decided to look at it in a different light, with a different perspective, after all a nation is not just mere states put together. It is we, the people who make a Nation, therefore it implied that without the awakening of our own souls the Nation's soul could not be revived. This was exactly what the L.T. Sers aimed for.

I took over the L.T.S. unit as the Asst. General Secretary in December '90 under the guidance of our most helpful and experienced guide Mrs. A. Chatterji. In one of the meetings the members put forward their suggestion as to how they could be of service to the Nation, as students and a responsible L.T. Sers. It was decided that we could start at the school level and look after the cleanliness of the school as well as the discipline among students. In the school fete, also, the L.T.S. unit had a stall. The profit from the sales went to the L.T.S. fund, to be utilized later on for charitable causes.

Our principal Sr. M. Christina conducted an orientation session on the 14th of August. The purpose was to prepare the members for the oath taking ceremony on the 15th of August. Members were told about the different types of leadership. The daylong orientation was highly useful in fostering group spirit and a feeling of togetherness amongst the students.

Members took their oath for a year in a solemn ceremony on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of our Country's Independence. The hall was decorated specially for the purpose, with diyas and a large map of India drawn with petals, colours and leaves in tricolour.

The meetings were aimed at developing the personality of the L.T. Sers. Sincere devotion and active participation of every member were the highlights of the group. Our guide, Mrs. A. Chatterji, throughout the year kept on giving us practical suggestions for the improvement of the group. The group members have truly moulded themselves into a pattern which would help serve 'GOD and country'. The members have acquired the habit of praying daily which will definitely help them in the long run.

The L.T.S. unit also played a vital role in the flood relief programme of the school. The members not only collected the various articles for the people in the flood affected areas but also helped in packing and distributing the things.

Members have launched a massive cleanliness drive in school, everyday after break they clean the campus. We also collected old clothes, sugar, tea and cash to give as a gift of love to the poor on the occasion of Christmas to the sisters of 'Missionaries of charity.'

Our recent endeavours include, providing help to the home of mentally retarded in Allahabad. One of our members paid a surprise visit and was a witness to the highly disorganised state of the place. The place is in dire need of financial assistance and the L.T. Sers are planning to provide the children with some books, gardening equipments and seeds.

In the end, I would say that a 365 days span appears long yet short since the motivation to serve is still there and alive, and has grown stronger over the years. I can proudly say that the members of the unit have at last found a "way of life for life."

Truly, we L.T. Sers are on way to make our beloved India synonymous with Sri Rabindra Nath Tagore's envisaged utopia.

"Where the mind is without fear,
and the head in held high,

.... Where knowledge comes from the depths of truth,
where the world has not been broken up into fragments by
narrow domestic walls,
.... where tireless striving stretches its
arms towards perfection."

By : **Anupriya Dwivedi**
General Secretary
L.T.S. Unit, S.M.C.
Class XII-A

ANNUAL SPORTS AND P.T. DISPLAY OF THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

The annual sports and P.T. display of the Primary School was held on 14th of February 1998. It was a big day for the sisters, teachers, children and parents as well. As soon as the chief guest—His Excellency Rt. Rev. Isidore Fernandes—Bishop of Allahabad arrived, he was greeted by the school and then the show began.

The first to come onto the ground were the students of Classes 3, 4 and 5. They came marching smartly to the tune of सारे जहाँ से अच्छा led by the Primary school head girl—Nalini Singh, who marched ahead proudly, holding high the S.M.C. Flag. After the March Past came the most exciting event for the tiny tots—The Races.

The various races were full of fun, enjoyment and colour. There was laughter all around as the audience cheered the little ones, struggling to reach the finish line. It was worth watching the eagerness, excitement and joy on the faces of the winners and O! how proud they felt as they stepped onto the Victory stand.

The races were followed by the P.T. items. The item presented by Class I was "Pristine Glory". The innocence of the children gave us immense joy as all the little fairies looked beautiful and glorious in their white and silver dresses. It seemed as if stars were twinkling in the bright sunlight.

Class II presented the item "Buoyant Spirits. The bubbling energy of the children was obvious in the non-stop rhythmic movement of hands and feet on a fast number. This was highly appreciated and applauded by the spectators. It was a real feast to the eyes when, at the end, the children released the balloons in the air.

Bidding, adieu to winter season with 'Sayonara' was the item presented by Class III. The girls in their skirts of different colours and fans of different hues presented a panoramic view. The exercises presented with fans heralded the coming of spring.

The item presented by Class IV 'Light and shadow of the Jubilee Year' was inspired by the achievements made by our gem women personalities of the

post independent era to those of the recent past. The performance was idealised to pay a tribute and to celebrate the 50 years of Indian Independence highlighting a parade of women of substance saluting the tricolour.

Last but not the least, Class V presented the tricolour ribbon drill which was an attempt to pay homage to the nation on the 50th year of Independence. The mountains, the national bird—peacock—dancing to the music, the national flower—lotus—opening and closing, the Ashoka Chakra all depicted the tireless effort of the freedom fighters to achieve this independence. The blue and golden placards enhanced the beauty of the item, proclaiming clearly "I Love My India".

Our sincere thanks and gratitude to all those who helped in making this programme a grand success specially Sr. Christina who helped and guided us all the way. We also thank Sr. Christa who extended her help and guidance whenever and wherever required.

We thank Mrs. S. Banerji—our starter for the races, our announcers Mrs. A. Kakkar and Mrs. A. Chatterji, our judges Sr. Sabina, Sr. Alice and Mrs. S. Sajan, our musicians Mrs. R. Pareira and Mrs. S. Sarkar and last but not the least our dear Sr. Regis without whose help this show would not have been possible.

By
Mrs. M. Samuel
Mrs. C. Webb
Mrs. R. Chatter



“हिन्दी से है हमको प्यार”

हिन्दी अपनी मातृभाषा है
जो देती है हमको वरदान
बातचीत का साधन है ये
जिससे होते सब काम आसान
हिन्दी से है हमको प्यार

द्वारा : हेना खोवाल
कक्षा ४-ब

मेरी तकिया

मेरी तकिया है बातूनी,
सबसे करती बात
चादर ओढ़े सो जाती है,
जब होती है रात

द्वारा : कनिका रंजन
कक्षा ४-अ

मेरा स्कूल

सेन्ट मैरीज है मेरा स्कूल,
जीवन भर न सकती भूल ॥
अध्यापिकाएँ हैं ज्ञान की सागर,
जीवन मेरा होगा उजागर ॥
सेन्ट मैरीज है मेरा स्कूल,
जीवन भर न सकती भूल
इसके उपवन और मैदान,
देते हमें स्वस्थ वरदान ॥

सेन्ट मैरीज है मेरा स्कूल,
जीवन भर न सकती भूल ॥
प्रिंसिपल हमारी एकदम न्यायी
हम सबको लगती हैं प्यारी ॥
सेन्ट मैरीज है मेरा स्कूल,
जीवन भर न सकती भूल ॥
आगे हम करेंगे ऐसे काम
जिससे ऊँचा हो स्कूल का नाम ॥

द्वारा : पवनीत कौर
कक्षा ४-अ

लालच बुरी बला

बहुत वर्ष पहले की बात है। मगध देश में भीम प्रताप नामक राजा राज्य करता था जो की भगवान विष्णु का परम भक्त था। एक बार कठिन तप करके उसने एक वरदान हासिल किया जिसमें कि उसको भगवान ने एक सोने का चादर दी और यह कहा कि राजा इस चादर से मन चाही वस्तु प्राप्त कर सकता है लेकिन साथ ही साथ यह भी कहा कि यदि यह चादर किसी और व्यक्ति ने छू ली राजा के अलावा वह व्यक्ति मर जाएगा और उस पर राजा का कोप होक नहीं रहेगा। राजा ने कहा ठीक है। मगर वह राजा उस चादर को संभाल नहीं पाया और उस चादर को किसी दूसरे राजा ने चोरी से प्राप्त कर लिया और उस चादर को छूते ही वह राजा मर गया। अब राजा भीम प्रताप बहुत पछताप क्योंकि वह जानता था कि अब वह चादर उसके किसी काम की नहीं इसलिए उसने उस चादर का विचार अपने मन से त्याग दिया परन्तु राजा का पुत्र जो बहुत लालची था उस चादर को वह दुबारा वापस ले आया और उस चादर को छूते ही मर गया। जब राजा को यह बात पता चली तो उसने उस चादर को अपने पुत्र के दाह संस्कार के संग ही जला दिया। और राजा दुबारा से भगवान की भक्ति बिना किसी वरदान की इच्छा से करने लगा।

द्वारा : बिन्दु
कक्षा ५-३



**If you begin to live life
looking for 'GOD' who is
all around you,
Every moment becomes a
PRAYER**

*The CHALLENGE is high
The DREAMS bright 'n' new
The world's out there, waiting for U
Dare to dream, dare to try
For U no goal is too distant
No star is too high*



(L to R) 1st Row- Sanchita Ghosh, Dabie Wu
Vartika Bhandari, Anupriya
Dwivedi Kamayani Pant
(L to R) 2nd Row- Kriti Dutta, Amna Usman
Shikha Sachan, Sumiti Jain
Ansha Parmar, Ria Banerjee
3rd Row- Nandita Ghoshal, Eram Khan
Paridhi Tandon, Shweta
Maheshwari, Vijayshree Tiwari
Suparna Pandey



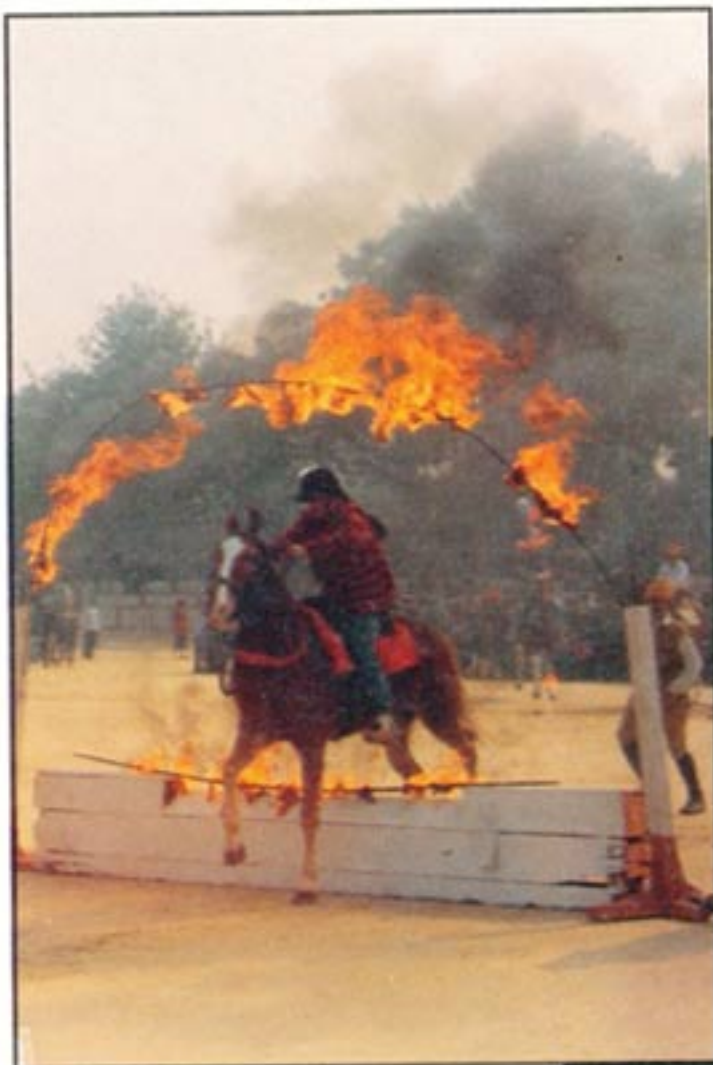
*Investiture
ceremony
defining...*



*...! The
immortal*

SPIRIT OF S.M.C

The budding talents of S.M.C



Shivanjali Kumar
Gallop
ing
to Glory

Rishna Singh

*Keeping the
glorious tradition
alive*





MARCHING TO GLORY

VARTIKA BHANDARI LEADING THE SMC SQUAD

IN THE INTER SCHOOL MARCH PAST COMPETITION ON 1ST OCT. '97



**'Service Before Self'
in keeping with this motto
the L.T.S unit at work.**





LOVE
BINDS...



...OUR
LIFE





**First Communicants
1997
with Sr. Monica I.B.M.V**

*Standing L to R - Aveline French, Glenda
Pereira, Teresa Nitu Joseph, Angel Paul,
Swapna Abraham, Serina Francis
Ankita Sabu, Salan Mable Saju
Shruti Pandey, Seema Toppo and
Desiree Wu.*

*"Tiny drops of water
little grains of sand
Make the vast ocean
And the mighty land."*

PRIMARY SECTION

कविता मेरा मन

कभी-कभी मेरा मन करता
मैं बन जाऊँ भालू।
कचर-कचर करता खा जाऊँ
सारे घर के आलू।

कभी-कभी मेरा मन करता
मैं चिड़िया बन जाऊँ।
पंख फैलाए आसमान में
ऊँची उड़ती जाऊँ।

कभी-कभी मेरा मन करता
मैं बन जाऊँ ददू।
छड़ी दिखाकर सबको डाँटू
पापा हों या गब्बू।

कभी-कभी मेरा मन करता
मैं बन जाऊँ गाड़ी।
तेजी से मैं सर-सर भागूँ
सबसे रहूँ अगाड़ी।

मन करता है तितली बनकर
बगिया-बगिया घूमूँ।
फूल-फूल को, कली-कली को
धीरे से मैं चूमूँ।

मन की कभी नहीं कह सकती
कहाँ-कहाँ यह जाता।
कुछ पल में ही सारी दुनिया
घूम यहीं आ जाता।

द्वारा : नेहा त्रिपाठी
कक्षा ४-ब

‘दिमागी हलचल’

1. एक रूमाल के चार कोनों में से एक काट दिया तो कितने कोने बचे?
2. एक धोती 10 मिनट में सूखती है तो उसी समय 5 धोती कितनी देर में सूखेगी?
3. एक पेड़ की डाल पर 20 चिड़िया बैठी हैं। शिकारी की गोली से 5 चिड़िया मर गई तो डाल पर कितनी बचीं?
4. ऐसा कौन सा वृक्ष है जिसकी लकड़ी काम नहीं आती?
5. एक इलेक्ट्रिक ट्रेन उत्तर से दक्षिण दिशा की ओर जा रही है ट्रेन का धुआ किस दिशा में जायेगा?

उत्तर : 1. पांच कोने 2. 10 मिनट में ही सूखेंगी, 3. एक भी नहीं बचीं क्योंकि बाकी गोली की आवाज सुन उड़ गई 4. केला 5. विद्युत रेलगाड़ी धुआं नहीं छोड़ती है।

द्वारा : सरिचा सचान

कक्षा ५-ब

रोचक तथ्य

1. अगर मानवीय शरीर की सभी रक्त-वाहिनियों को सीधा करके उनके सिरों को जोड़ दिया जाए तो वे 1,00,000 मील लम्बी हो जाएंगी, अर्थात् उनकी लम्बाई विषुवत रेखाके चार चक्करों के बराबर हो जाएगी।
2. जापानी लोग घरेलू मछलीघरों में ऐसी मछलियां पालते हैं, जो भूकम्प आने के कुछ घंटों पूर्व ही उछल-कूद मचाना शुरू कर देती हैं।
3. ब्राजील में एक ऐसी तितली पायी जाती है, जिसका रंग तथा खुशबू चाकलेट जैसी होती है।
4. उड़ते समय सामान्य मक्खी एक सेकेंड में अपने पंख 330 बार हिलाती है।
5. रिक्षा का आविष्कार एक अमेरिकी बैप्टिस्ट मिनिस्टर द्वारा सन् 1888 में जापान में किया गया था।

द्वारा : नेहा त्रिपाठी

कक्षा ४आ

THE STORY OF A JEALOUS PEN

This is the story of my first pen. When I wrote with it for the first time, I fell in love with it. It had a brown and a golden cap. It wrote very smoothly and it was my favourite pen.

After sometime I went to Pune to visit my grandparents and bought a similar pen. When I came back to Allahabad, I took my new pen and kept it in my box, along with the old one. In school, I tried to write with the old one, but it refused to work. Then I realised that my old pen had become jealous of the new pen. So, I hugged my old pen and said to it, "Do not feel bad about the new one, because,

"New is silver but Old is Gold".

By : Natasha Chandha
Class V-C

MY VISIT TO AN EXHIBITION

It was the pleasant month of December. The day was Sunday. My four friends Ragini, Namita, Ruchi, Sujata and I decided to pay a visit to an exhibition. It was decided that we'll meet in a nearby garden at 7.30 p.m.

We five friends reached there on time. We all dressed in our best clothes and had sufficient money. We entered the wonderland of the Exhibition. From the beginning to the end it was thrill and enjoyment. There was not a single dull moment.

The area of the Exhibition was vast. There were a number of sections. We decided to have a quick round of the Exhibition at first. Then we would pay greater attention to the stalls and places of our special interest. There were many stalls selling jewellery and decoration pieces and other things for ladies. Then there were stalls of ready-made garments, sarees etc. from different states of India. After this came the stalls of different types of

eatables. The smell around these stalls was mouth-watering. We moved to the section of games, circus, magic-shows etc. Then there were a number of shops and we reached the entrance once again. After having a quick round of the Exhibition we concentrated on the games section. We had much fun and won some prizes too. Then we moved on towards the stalls selling eatables. A large part of our money was spent in tasting the eatables of different states.

We were lucky as there was to be a fireworks display at 9.30 p.m. It was a dazzling display of a variety of fireworks. We came back from the Exhibition so happy and excited that we continued to talk about it for weeks.

By : Pratistha Chandra
Class V-A

Review on "The naughtiest girl is a monitor" by Enid Blyton.

This is a story written by Enid Blyton about a girl named Elizabeth.

She studies in a boarding school and at the moment she is enjoying her vacations but she is lonely. So her mother springs a surprise for her. Her mother says that she is going to have a friend to give her company but she dislikes her friend bitterly because of her high-and-mighty ways and grace. The friend's name was Arabella and she and Elizabeth have arguments every moment and they become worst enemies. Arabella's mother had to go to America suddenly so she had to accompany Elizabeth to her boarding school.

On their return to the boarding school together Elizabeth is glad to see her close friends after the proud and pompous Arabella. Elizabeth is made monitor and feels great about it. There are four new children in Elizabeth's form- Arabella, Rosemary, who is a shy-kind of girl, Martin Follet a straight-looking boy and Julian, a careless-looking fellow.

They have a school meeting which consists of the whole school except the teachers. There is a head-boy and a head-girl named William and Rita. On a high platform sit the twelve monitors with the head-boy and girl and one of them is Elizabeth in the monitors. They function like a school parliament.

Arabella's un-cooperative attitude leads her into trouble with all the

students in the first form even with the head-boy and girl who explain to her that the rules in the school were made by the children for the children.

One day Rosemary as well as Arabella told Elizabeth that their money was being stolen. Then they thought of laying a trap. She thought of a unique way of catching the culprit. Her suspicion went towards Julian which made them worst enemies from best friend to the extent that Julian played terrible tricks on Elizabeth by which she was sent out of the class a couple of times. Even the post of monitor was taken off from her in the next school meeting. They eventually became good friends.

A time comes when Julian's mother is almost dying. His father who is a very good doctor prepares a drug on which he had been working since a couple of years, saves her life. Elizabeth explains to Julian that because of his father's hardwork and intelligence he saved a dying wife and she tells him that even he could be top of the class in just one week if only he used his brilliant brains a little bit. Then Julian realises and goes to a nearby church makes a solemn promise.

Meanwhile Martin Follet owns up in the school meeting for all the stealing and he says that he did not keep the things he stole for himself, but he offered the things to the ones who had lost them just to get attention and appreciation.

Though Elizabeth is the naughtiest girl in the school in the book before this one but in this book she sobers down so much that she even saves a small boy from drowning . Because of this brave act done by Elizabeth all the children of the first form want Elizabeth to be monitor again. So she is as proud as ever becoming monitor for the second time.

Amidst all the pranks, naughty tricks and adventures that the children play, this school teaches them to be thoughtful, caring, sharing and improving through realisation to become responsible citizens.

By : Manasvini Raj.
Class V-A

MY DREAM

I wish I could fly
Like the birds in the sky
I would fly high and high
and see the world from the sky.
I would sail like clouds

and fly over oceans
and go to places far and,
fly fly fly and never get tired
I wish could fly like the
birds in the sky.

By : Batool Naq
Class II

SUNSHINE OR SHOWERS

Come sunshine
Or showers,
Come good times
Or Bad
A close friend
Will be always there

To comfort
And cheer us
Or simply to say
I know how you feel
And I care

By : Paridhi Mandhy
Class III

MY PARENTS

You are
so loving
so giving
so caring
so special

I thank God
that I was born
to
you

By : Paridhi Mandhy
Class III

THANK YOU GOD

Thank you God for the gifts you gave me, the beautiful world around me and the wonderful air which I breathe Thank you for my parents who care for me, and the friends who love and share with me, and all the things that are so precious and rare.

By : Juhi Guj
Class II

EXAM FEAR

As my Exam days come near
I am full of fear
My tension grows bigger
My face grows smaller
I play the whole year long
Or just keep singing a song
But when the exams come
My nerves become numb
so if you study throughout the year
You won't have exam fear

By : Heena Khowal
Class IV-B

WITHOUT A TEACHER

The class would be a funny place
Everything would be out of place.
If a teacher is not there.

Books are simply pages of words,
Neither they come to us
Nor we go to them
If a teacher is not there

One cannot pass,
one cannot even fail :
If a teacher is not there

We are the little ones
who can become teachers
But how ?
If... Teacher is not there...

By : Kriti Mehrotra
Class IV-B

ST. MARYS' CONVENT SCHOOL

S—Special

T—Truth

M—Magnificent

A—Active

R—Remarkable

Y—Youth

S—Success

C—Command

O—Obedient

N—Noble

V—Virtuous

E—Efficient

N—Nice

T—Talent

S—Sacrifice

C—Careful

H—Honest

O—Onward

O—Organized

L—Loving

By : Upasana Kapoor

Class IV

BHAWAI AND CHERI

I was thrilled when I was selected to represent St. Mary's Convent in a solo dance of "Bhawai and Cheri" on 28th Feb. 98 in the cultural evening of 1st SAARC International Gymnastics Championship held at Allahabad, with the mixed feeling of happiness and excitement I had put in all my efforts to give my best performance on the stage with confidence which I received from my teachers and my Principal.

By : Miss Aishana Singh

Class III-C

नन्हें पैरों से फूटी नृत्य की नयी झंकार

इलाहाबाद में आयोजित सार्क जिम्नास्टिक खेलों में शहर से कई उपलब्धियाँ जुड़ी। इन्हीं उपलब्धियों से जुड़ा एक नाम ऐशना सिंह का भी है। सार्क जिम्नास्टिक खेलों में समापन समारोह में आयोजित सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम में कांच के टुकड़ों पर सिर पर तीन मटका लिये हुए राजस्थानी भंवाई नृत्य प्रस्तुत कर सात वर्षीय ऐशना सिंह ने दर्शकों को चकित कर दिया है।

स्थानीय संत मेरीज स्कूल में पढ़ने वाली ऐशना सिंह कक्षा तीन की छात्रा हैं और कथक नृत्य का तीसरा साल पूर्ति कर चुकी हैं। फिर कथक में आयु सीमाओं के बन्धन के कारण भंवाई नृत्य सीखना शुरू किया उनकी शिक्षिका ह्रीं श्रीमती सीता गौड़। उसने पहला प्रदर्शन स्कूल के ही सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम में किया उस समय सिर पर केवल एक मटका रखकर नृत्य करती थी और आज महात्वाकांक्षा है सिर पर 13 मटके रखकर नृत्य करने की।

माँ डा. मोना सिंह व पिता अशोक कुमार दोनों ही चिकित्सीय पेशे में जुड़े हुए हैं। माँ बताती हैं कि अपने व्यवसाय से आने से पहले वो भी कथक नृत्य किया करती थीं। इस कारण घर में संगीत और नृत्य का कुछ माहौल तो पहले से था। बेटी ने तीन वर्ष की उम्र में जो कथक सीखना शुरू किया तो फिर वही उसका शौक और साधना बन गयी।

पहले स्कूल के कार्यक्रमों में नृत्य प्रस्तुत किया, फिर उत्तर मध्य क्षेत्र सांस्कृतिक केन्द्र में आयोजित लोकगीत-लोकनृत्य कार्यशाला में भी भाग लिया। अभी हाल ही में स्थानीय 'मैत्रेयी' संस्था द्वारा आयोजित सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम में भंवाई नृत्य प्रस्तुत कर पुरस्कार प्राप्त किया। उसी समय सार्क खेलों के समापन समारोह में होने वाले सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रमों का पता चला। 12 फरवरी को ऐशना जब चयन समिति के सामने गयी। उस समय जिम्नास्टिक एसोसिएशन का डा. यू. के. मिश्रा व अपर नगर मजिस्ट्रेट (आपूर्ति) बादल चटर्जी भी मौजूद थे। ऐशना सिंह का नृत्य देखकर स्वीकृति दी गयी। उसने रिहर्सल शुरू कर दिया। फिर समापन समारोह में उसका नृत्य देखकर दर्शक चकित रह गये। विदेशों से आए अनेक दर्शकों ने उसको बधाई व आशीर्वाद दिया।

छोटी सी बच्ची के जब नन्हें पाँव कांच पर थिरकते तब आपको डर नहीं लगता...? के जवाब में माँ डा. मोना सिंह बताती हैं कि पहले जब उसने भंवाई नृत्य करना शुरू किया तब बहुत डर लगता था और वो हमेशा कार्यक्रमों में प्राथमिक चिकित्सा के उपकरण लेकर जाती थी लेकिन अब डर कम हो गया है। हालांकि अभी भी बेटी जब तक कांच पर रहती है दिल की धड़कने बढ़ी ही रहती है।

कांच पर नृत्य करने वाली ऐशना अब तलवार और कोल पर भंवाई नृत्य करना चाहती हैं। बहुमुखी प्रतिभा की धनी ऐशना ताइक्वाण्डो में भी ब्लू बेल्ट प्राप्त हैं। 22-24 दिसम्बर तक चले ताइक्वाण्डो के जिलास्तरीय प्रतियोगिता में उसने स्वर्ण पदक प्राप्त किया। इसके अलावा भी ऐशना ने रुचि इंस्टीट्यूट से ड्राइंग एण्ड क्राफ्ट में डिप्लोमा किया है। ऐशना बताती हैं कि वो भविष्य में वायु सेना में भर्ती होने की चाहत रखती हैं। नृत्य और वायुसेना में तालमेल कैसे बैठेगा। पूछने पर वो कहती हैं कि मानसिक और शारीरिक संतुलन की दोनों में जरूरत पड़ती है और फिर भंवाई नृत्य तो वैसे भी साहसिक नृत्य कला के रूप में जाना जाता है। ऐशना ने कम उम्र में ही अपनी प्रतिभा के दर्शन कराये हैं और उनके अभिभावक हर तरह से उनके साथ होने की बात भी कहते हैं, संभव है ऐशना से नृत्य को एक मुकाम मिले।

MOTHER

For my mother I would sacrifice all the joys of my life
Just to see that reassuring smile.
Which draws me running from a mile
And when I sit crying in the dark
I always long for that comforting lap.
She's the first one to scold me.
But also to love and teach me;
I know she will never misunderstand
But try her best and understand;
Me and my problems
Ranging from one to thousand;
And as I grow older and older
I hope we get closer
She's the one who gave me self-confidence and freedom
And because of her only I am what
I am.

By : Richa Sachar
Class V-B

PLAY TIME POEM

Time for pranks
Time for fun
Home's where I have
The best of fun!

By : Shivangi Jain
Class V-B

BED TIME POEM

Time to rest
Time to pray
Thank- you God
For a wonderful day

By : Shivangi Jain
Class V-B

FAIRY LAND

Oh! listen well, and I will tell,
Of the land where the fairies dwell,
The lily bells ring clear and sweet.
And grass green beneath your feet.
In the land where the fairies dwell,
In the land where the fairies dwell.

By : Kriti Srivastava
Class V-C

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

When you feel depressed and sad,
Life seems dull, and things look bad,
Just try and wear a little smile.
And life will seem much more worthwhile.
Don't worry about yesterday, its over and done,
Enjoy each day, laugh and have fun,
Don't be filled with sadness and sorrow,
Worrying about the trials of tomorrow.
Try and face each day with cheer,
You'll find you have a brighter year,
At evening when the day is done,
Count you blessings one by one
Just look around and you will see,
Many worse than you and me.

By : Adele Frangis
Class V-B

SUMMER HOLIDAYS

Hurray! Hurray!
For the summer holidays,
When school will close and we'll all go away
No more work but lots of fun and play,
And we'll all be looking forward to a long holiday.
We'll have bubble gum and lollipops, we'll have ice-cream
Cones and chocolate drops.
And when the month is over
And we have had our fun we'll be glad to be back
When school has begun.

By : Adele Francis
Class V-B

GOD IS OUR FATHER

God is our father,
Because he has made us.
In this world of pleasures,
He has given us many treasures.
He has made hills and mountains,
And rivers and fountains.
He has given us brains,
To eat, we've got grains.
To thank Him, we must
Lay at his feet, our trust.
And ask his pardon to get rid
Of all the bad we did.
Therefore we should always pray,
Without missing a day.

By : Anshu Chhabra
Class V-B

MY CAT KITTY

I have a cat named Kitty
In short I call her Kit.
Under the tree she always likes to sit.

She is black in colour
Her eyes are grey
She likes to play only in the day

There's a tree behind my house
Kit climbs the tree
I am worried where to see

She is very naughty
She runs from house to house
In search of a mouse.

Once I caught her
And shouted at her badly
That night she ran sadly

The next morning my Kitty was missing
I felt very sad
Because of my behaviour towards a cat

But suddenly
I saw my Kit coming back again
She was full of sorrow and pain.

I ran to meet her
I was so happy to find my Kit
I was very happy to be with it.

Now I realise what animals are
We should understand them
Because they don't have minds like us.

By : Rishar Jasmine Nathan
Class V-A

SWING 'O' SWING MY FRIEND

I have a friend who cannot talk
It cannot smile, it cannot walk
Yet it takes me into the skies
Then brings me back to my earthly lies
I show it to my friends with pride
It takes us all on a joyful ride
O what joy, O what thrill
When my loneliness it does kill
Its my brother's precious gift to me
This friend is my swing on the mango tree.

By : Mallika Anand
Class V-C

TEACHERS

Some are strict and a little rude,
But I think they are very good.
For they are teachers and they teach us.
They are nice and very kind.
Even if they are not, I don't mind
For they are teachers and they teach us.

Some are beautiful and very cute
Even if they are ugly they will suit
For they are teachers and they teach us.

Some are fat and big in size
But I think they are very wise.
For they are teachers, they teach us.

Teachers are great, teachers are nice.
My love towards them has no price.

By : Neha Ghosh
Class III-D

JOKE

During Indo-Pak War

Army jawan to his officer :

"Sir, I want to go on leave

Officer : "Get an enemies tank if you want leave"

Jawan : "Yes Sir."

After 15 minutes

Jawan : "Here is the tank, sir"

Officer : How did you get it?

Jawan : "Well Sir, it's very easy when they go on leave we supply them our tanks.

Contributed by : Sharmila
Class 1-B

MAGIC SQUARE

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

The four middle cells add diagonally upto 17 ($10 + 7$) & ($11 + 6$)

Add up the first cell of the third row and last cell of the second row ($9 + 8$).

Add up the first cell of the first row and the last cell of the last row ($16 + 1$)

Add up the first cell of the last row and the last letter of the first row ($4 + 13$)

Add up the first cell of the 2nd row and the last cell of the 3rd row. ($5 + 12$)

Add up the second cell of the last row and the third cell of the first row to get 17. ($15 + 2$).

Add up the second cell of the first row and the third cell of the last row to get 17. ($14 + 3$).

Compiled by : Nipur Gurbicani
Class V-C

FUN WITH FIGURES

$$12345678 + 87654321 = 99999999$$

$$1234567 + 7654321 = 88888888$$

$$123456 + 654321 = 777777$$

$$12345 + 54321 = 666666$$

$$1234 + 4321 = 5555$$

$$123 + 321 = 444$$

$$12 + 21 = 33$$

$$1 + 1 = 2$$

$$6 \times 6 + 4 = 40$$

$$66 \times 6 + 44 + 440$$

$$666 \times 6 + 444 = 4440$$

$$6666 \times 6 + 4444 = 44440$$

$$66666 \times 6 + 44444 = 444440$$

$$666666 \times 6 + 444444 = 4444440$$

$$6666666 \times 6 + 4444444 = 44444440$$

$$66666666 \times 6 + 44444444 = 444444440$$

$$666666666 \times 6 + 444444444 = 4444444440$$

Compiled by : Trisha Bisen

Class IV-A

SOME AMAZING FACTS

1. Did you know that to make just one pound of honey bees must collect nectar from almost 2 million flowers?
2. There was once an Italian nobleman called Count Meral, whose scalp muscles were so well developed that he could part his own hair without using a comb or his fingers. He could do it just by flexing his muscles.
3. Would you have liked to be married as soon as were born? Baby girls in the Tini Islands in the Pacific are married at birth.
4. Most of us use a sponge when we have a bath, but did you know that your sponge is the skeleton of a living marine animal?
5. Do you know why churches have tall spires? One reason was that they served as landmarks for travellers.
6. Did you know that you share your birthday with about 9 million other people around the world?
7. Did you know that smiling uses only 17 muscles while it takes 43 muscles to frown? So be happy-why waste energy?
8. Our alphabet, as you know, has 26 letters. The longest, Sinhalese, has 54 letters and the shortest Hawaian, only 12.

Compiled by : Manasi Khare
Class IV-A

DO YOU KNOW ?

1. Why were the biscuits jumping around in the tin?
2. Why did the soldiers refuse to do their duty during fair weather?
3. What do you call it when 2 fatmen are having a chat?
4. What is the difference between an angler and a truant?

Answers :

(1) Because they were crackers. (2) Because they were storm troopers. (3) Heavy discussion. (4) One baits the hooks and the other hates his books.

Compiled by : Shautta Vasmeen
Class V-C

आज का विद्यार्थी

कई बच्चों को हमने देखा क्यों लादे फिर रहे हो
बोरी लादे पीठ पर। पीठ पर यह बोझा?
उनके पास चले गये फिर मजदूरी क्यों करते हो?
हम कुछ सोच कर॥ हमने उनसे पूँछा

प्रश्न के उत्तर में वो
हमें ले गये अपने संग
वह एक स्कूल था जहाँ
पहुँच हम रहे गये दंग

उन बोरों में से किताबें ही इस जमीन में यह बस्ते
किताबें निकल रही थी, बोरों में बदल गये हैं
कुछ घर पर रह गयी थी डाक्टर, इन्जीनियर बनने वाले
इसलिए डांट पड़ रही थी मजदूर बन गये हैं॥

द्वारा : असरा अहम
कक्षा ६-

हमारा स्कूल

शिक्षा जगत का वरदान, बीता इसमें मेरा बचपन,
सन्त मेरीज स्कूल महान। सीखा इसमें मैंने अनुशासन।
हमें इस पर है अभिमान, अपने स्कूल पर है मान,
बढ़ानी है इसकी शान। पाया इसमें भाषा का ज्ञान।
दिया इसने हमें ज्ञान, जाना साहित्य और विज्ञान,
सदा करना इसका सम्मान। शिक्षा जगत का वरदान
सन्त मेरीज स्कूल महान।

द्वारा : सुचिता क
कक्षा ६-

*"Creative art demands the
service of a mind"*

MIDDLE SECTION

HAPPINESS AND PEACE

Something you cannot tell,
But, something you feel,
In the air is something, you cannot see.
But, in your heart you seem to have a little,
Bit of happiness, a little bit of peace,
A happy person is a person,
In whose heart dwells happiness and peace.
Happiness in your heart, is something you cannot adopt.
Peace : a person who has peace,
Can ever calm wars and tempests,
And, a person who has both,
Happiness and Peace is the Happiest of All!!

By : Tanusha Ruth Das
Class VI-A

POEM ON INDIA

Delhi for Majesty	Kerala for education
Bangalore for beauty	U.P. for population
Chennai for cooks	Bengal for writing
Kashmir for looks	Punjab for fighting
Gujarat for wealth	Maharashtra for earning
M.P. for health	Andhra for hardworking
Nagaland for hills	Bihar for mines, and
Ahmedabad for mills	Himachal for wines

By : Anushree Arora
Class VI-C

ADVERTISEMENTS IN OUR DAILY LIFE

Wake up in the morning with a cup of RED LABEL TEA Read the newspaper THE INDIAN EXPRESS. Brush your teeth with CLOSE-UP tooth-paste. Use an AJANTA tooth brush. Take a hot water (BAJAJ GEYZERS) bath with best soap PEARLS and wash your hair with PANTENE shampoo to make it soft, smooth and shining. Wear the best dress made of RAYMOND FABRICS. It is too hot today, so better wear OSWAL pullovers knitted by VARDHMAN wool. Put some KEON-KARPIN hair oil and comb your hair with LILY COMB. Dust on some POND'S talcum powder and do not forget to apply some CHARMIS skin cream. Have your breakfast of milk with COMPLAN and BRITANNIA bread. Spread AMUL butter on it. Have another slice with SIL fruit JAM.

Now drive your MARUTI which has MRF tyres, off to the office. Hope you have not forgotten to put on your LIBERTY shoes and carry the ARISTOCRAFT brief case before driving off. Well we have reached the building of the office made of J. K. Cement. Now approach your office room and sit in a MODEL chair and start writing some important details with CHELPARK ink and CAPSULE pen. you seem tired; Don't worry:

Refresh yourself with a cup of TAJ tea along with BRITANNIA biscuits. Perhaps its time to go home, Isn't it? WHAT? No : Well I do not believe because my TITAN WATCH is telling me that its 5.30 p.m. So off to sleep at home. Park the car and enter your house which is beautifully painted with ASIAN paints. Chat for a while and watch some programmes on the VIDEO COLOUR T.V. Eat your supper in the CELLO kitchenware.

The food has to be delicious because it is cooked in DHARA refined oil. Now drink some NESCAFE coffee and off to bed. Not feeling sleepy, ok read some books in the light of BAJAJ bulbs fitted into the PHILLIPS LAMP. Want to hear some music, switch on the AKAI music system.

Well, now want to sleep on the DUNLOP mattresses on which fine BOMBAY DYEING bedsheet is spread. Before you sleep, just plug up the GOOD NIGHT mosquito repeller to chase them away. Now pull on the LaL IMLI DHARMI BLANKET and go off to sleep.

GOOD NIGHT !!

By : Sonal K
Class

MY MOTHERLAND INDIA

A place where there is rest,
A place where there is nest,
A place where there is love,
A place where there is dove,
That's my motherland India.

A place with dew,
A place that is not new,
A place full of flowers,
A place with huge towers,
That's my motherland India.

A place that has freedom,
A place that had kingdom,
A place where there is beauty,
A place where people know their duty,
That's my motherland India.

A place where there is talent,
A place where there are loving parents,
A place where there are high mountains,
A place where there are several fountains,
That's my motherland India.

A place where there are warriors,
A place where there are carriers,
A place where there is kindness,
A place where there is no end of cheerfulness,
That's my motherland India.

By : Tanya Anurag, Pragati Tiwari,
Neha Menon, Namrata Chabaria,
Aiman Ahmed
Class VI-D

A STUDIOUS STUDENT

What do studious students look like,
going energetically to school on their bike.
With spectacles on their nose.
And with a heavy ruck sack on their back.
Sense of humour is what they lack.
In the classroom sitting on the first seat.
Concentrating on their studies inspite of the heat.
Generally, found doing Maths.
They are found sitting everywhere,
But when it comes to co-activities,
They are found nowhere.
Sitting in a silent corner of the library.
Reading a thick novel with great interest.
Not even giving themselves some rest.
And when the games period begins
they go for it with great DISTRESS!

By : Krishna Tiwari
Class V

अनोखा जगत

1. अफ्रीका में पाया जाने वाला रेड बैंडेड मेढ़क चूहों की तरह दौड़ता है।
2. घोंघा एक ऐसा जीव है जो बिना घायल हुए ब्लेड की धार पर चल सकता है।
3. दक्षिण अफ्रीका में पायी जाने वाली चिड़िया शुगर बर्ड की पूँछ उसके शरीर से चार गुना लम्बी होती है।
4. भालू एक ऐसा जानवर है जो घायल होकर आदमी की तरह ही रोता है।
5. इन्डोमलेशियन प्रदेश के नम जंगलों में उड़ने वाली छिपकली पायी जाती है। ये एक पेड़ से दूसरे पेड़ उड़ती है।
6. धरती पर खटमल एक अकेला ऐसा जानवर है जो एक वर्ष तक बिना कुछ खाये पिये जीवित रह सकता है।
7. विश्व में सबसे लम्बा आदमी जार्ज जेनिविट है। इसकी लम्बाई 16 फिट है और जब ये पैदा हुआ था तो 6 फिट का था।
8. द्यूना मछली जिन्दगी भर तैरती रहती है, वह एक क्षण भी नहीं थमती, सोने के लिए भी नहीं।
9. ब्राजील में एक ऐसी तितली पायी जाती है जिसका रंग चॉकलेट जैसा होता है साथ ही उसकी खुशबू भी चॉकलेट जैसी होती है।

By : Parimita Srivastava
Class V

IF A CHILD....

- If a child lives with criticism,
he learns to condemn.
- If a child lives with hostility,
he learns to fight.
- If a child lives with fears,
he learns to be apprehensive.
- If a child lives with pity,
he learns to feel sorry for himself.
- If a child lives with encouragement,
he learns to be confident.
- If a child lives with praise,
he learns to be appreciative.
- If a child lives with acceptance,
he learns to love.
- If a child lives with recognition,
he learns to have a goal.
- If a child lives with fairness,
he learns what justice is.
- If a child lives with honesty,
he learns what truth is.
- If a child lives with security,
he learns to have faith in himself
and in those around him.
- If a child lives with friendliness,
he learns that the world is a
good place in which we live.

By : Aneesha Saxena
Class VI-C

MY SOURCE OF INSPIRATION

The people whom we adore are the people who inspire us to do something good in our life. They give us hope and they even set before us beautiful examples and experiences for us to reflect on and follow. If I was given a chance to award three people I would have at the top of my list my mother, Dr. Sharda Chandra, secondly Ms. Kalpana Chawla whom entire India as well as other countries adore because of the recent courageous feat she performed for our country and last but not the least I would like to award Mrs. Menaka Gandhi because she apart from mankind, works for the wild life which is not because of us becoming extinct. These people mean a lot to me. They have inspired me to love our fellow beings as well as animals.

I like and adore my mother because even after being a busy doctor and in spite of having a lot of work apart from patients, she does not let me know about her abundant work and she is always ready to help me. She has inspired me to work hard and always be ready to help others. Ms. Kalpana Chawla has inspired me to be courageous and never lose an opportunity which can brighten my country's as well as my future. She has inspired me by making me believe that a country can make all round progress only if its citizens are hardworking and patriotic. She has set up an example and showed everybody that we should walk on the path of success so that we may be able to shape up a good future for our country and bring prestige and glory to its name. Mrs. Menaka Gandhi has inspired me because from her I have learnt a lesson that we should not only help the poor and disabled but also worry for the wildlife. I adore her because she has served God by serving animal life because they are also God's creation and we can serve God by serving and helping them also.

My ambition in life is that if I become a person with all the good qualities of all these people I will be, I think so the most luckiest person.

By : Shruti Chandra
Class VI

NOSTALGIC THOUGHTS THAT CAME TO MIND WHILE GOING THROUGH AN OLD ALBUM

I was cleaning my old trunk—a task which I had been postponing for a long time. The trunk was full of old clothes, broken toys, scrap books, children's magazines and what not. Wrapped into an old scrap was something hard and rectangular. "Now what could that be?" I said to myself. I unwrapped it and found that it was an old album of photographs, its cover moth-eaten and its pages faded. Luckily, the photographs were not damaged and I began to turn the leaves and was soon immersed in nostalgic thoughts.

While going through the photographs, I was reminded of some beautiful moments which I had completely forgotten. I remembered having read somewhere that, "Today's beautiful moments will be tomorrow's memories to be cherished." How true, I said to myself. As I went from one photograph to another, I was engulfed in the past.

Here was a pretty woman holding a small child in her lap. I recognised my mother but it took me sometime to convince myself that I was the child in her lap. I was overwhelmed with amusement to see myself as an innocent and helpless 12 months old child with large inquisitive eyes. My mother was holding me as if I were something very precious. I must have been the centre of attraction of my family in those days. I must be getting immense love not only from the members of my own family but also from outsiders. I am not at all reluctant in calling Wordsworth, a talented author who had rightly said, "Heaven lies about in infancy."

Another photograph showed me playing hide and seek with my mother. I suddenly realized what a blessing it was to be a tiny tot oblivious of the hardships of life. Ignorance must be a bliss. Now as a student of class 7, I am a worried girl. I am ambitious. I want to live my life my own way, will I succeed—such feelings give me tension even though I am not burdened with responsibilities.

A couple of pages later, I came across a beautiful photograph showing cutting a birthday cake. I was seven and surrounded by boys and girls of my age. A couple of more pictures of the birthday party followed. In one of the photographs, I had been caught eating a big piece of cake, a part of which I had smeared my new frock. I was smiling when I remembered how it happened. I thought of looking for the frock in my trunk but then remembered that it was given to the maid servant's daughter when the dry cleaner failed to remove the big patch on the front.

The next page contained a special photograph which touched my heart. It showed my grandmother feeding me with her own hands and I was sitting on her lap. I cannot remember much but I can easily recollect the love and warmth and affection with which my grandmother used to feed me with her delicacies. But today, she is no more. I was looking wistfully at the photograph. Today I go once in a while to good restaurants of the city, but I don't find the taste of my grandma's cooking and above all that love which she bore for me cannot be provided by anyone.

I went through many more photographs with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow. There was one of my grandfather's who alas is no more. I can never forget the love he had for my sister and me.

In one of his stories, the famous story teller H.G. Wells tells of a scientist who had invented a time machine to travel into the past or future. How nice it would have been to have such a machine. It is truly said, "Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away."

By : Soumya Srivastava
Class V

SCIENCE

Science is the light,
The rays of which reach far and wide.
It cares for mankind.
And makes one's thoughts wide.

Science is a treasure.
Which manifests our lives in very measure.
It gives us pleasure.
And makes us fresher.

Science is the college.
That has every kind of knowledge.
And no one can refuse to acknowledge.
That it gives our lives a mileage.
But Science is a fuel.
If it is allowed to rule.
It can burn the world.
Even the men and mule.

So dear friends.
What do you think?
Science is a blessing or a curse.
Think of the answer.
And tell me.
For I want to know the reputation.
of this favourite subject of mine.

By : Soumya Srivastava
Class VII-D

IN MY DAYS

(Conversation between a mother and a son)

You ask me son,
What we did when we were young.
There was no TV no video games.
What did you do Mom ?

We lived in dreams son.
In quiet corners of libraries.
On rooftops haunted by pigeons.
In the branches of tall peepal trees.

We sneaked out on summer afternoons.
To share salted green imli.
To tell stories to best friends.
To chase rabbits on grassy green slopes.

You have shut out the world, child.
In boxes and glossy pictures.
In dark rooms where no air comes.
Open the windows, son, and let in the world.

By : Soumya Srivastav
Class VII



INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION IN OUR SCHOOL

"The road of freedom is not strewn with roses. It is a path covered with thorns but at the end of it, there is the full blown rose of liberty, awaiting all the tired pilgrims." This quotation of the great Indian freedom fighter Subhash Chandra Bose filled our freedom fighters with new spirit, energy, determination and courage to fight for the freedom of our Motherland. Our people were ever ready to sacrifice their life, honour and property to free India from the British rule. They faced all the thick and thin courageously and continued their struggle. But every cloud has a silver lining, their struggle did not go in vain. After two hundred years of slavery and shame their struggle bore the sweet fruits of freedom. After two centuries of slavery India celebrated its first Independence Day on 15th August 1947 and became a Sovereign Democratic Republic. Today we feel proud in celebrating the Golden Jubilee of our Independence but when we look we realise that we have gained freedom when we have paid the full price for our right to live.

This special occasion of the 50th birthday of our independence was also very well celebrated in our school. All the students and teachers took part in this celebration very enthusiastically. The four houses of our school tried their level best to present the programme in a very special way.

Finally, after a lot of rehearsals and hard work the final day arrived when the programmes had to be displayed. We started our programme with the flag hoisting which was followed by the singing of the National Anthem. After this we had our march past which was headed by the N.C.C. squad. Our Chief Guest for the programme was Dr. B. Paul, who is a cancer specialist in the Kamla Nehru Hospital. Our celebration had been divided into two categories of tableau and dance drama.

It was the Blue House which started the programme. Their tableau depicted the progress made by women in different spheres of life. Years back, the position of women was miserable but now they have proved themselves in the field of literature, art, education and beauty. They now walk shoulder to shoulder with men. Their tableau was followed by the Red House which depicted the progress made by us in science and technology. They very well

showed that now Indians are heading towards advancement in science which is the backbone of the progress of any country.

The Yellow House presented the progress made by us in space technology. They reminded us that India had produced astronauts like Rakesh Sharma in the last 50 years. They depicted our progress made in the production of space rocket, satellites etc. The Green House laid emphasis on the advancement in media communication which has served as a bridge in making people aware of their surroundings. They showed how steadily India has progressed in the technological sphere and how we could telecast in colour the Asian Games which now rules over the hearts of millions of people.

The next category was of dance drama. The Blue House again showed how we have progressed in the field of music, dance and drama and are still continuing to hold our heads high in these spheres. The Red House through its dance drama presented the advancement made by the rural and urban areas of India and how we have progressed in the medical, educational and agricultural spheres. The Yellow House through its beautiful dances depicted the joy of the people on the occasion of 50 years of Indian Independence. Green House not neglecting the contributions of the armed forces, paid tribute to them.

After these colourful items, the main attraction of our programme was reached. Finally it was the time to announce the results. The Blue house bagged the first dance drama prize while Green House was awarded with the best tableau prize. For the overall performance, Blue House stood first, Yellow House second, Green House third and Red House fourth. The hard work and dedication of our students and teachers resulted in an excellent programme.

This celebration made all of us realise the importance of Independence, team-spirit and co-operation. We should try our best to continue to be progressive in all spheres without overlooking the significance of moral values. I hope such celebrations continue lighting our hearts and minds and always make us feel proud as 'East or West India is the Best.'

By : Divya Mishra
Class VII

आम के पेड़ की आत्मकथा

मैं एक आम का पेड़ हूँ। मैं 60 वर्ष का हो गया हूँ। वैसे तो आम का पेड़ होना कुछ विशेष बात नहीं है, परन्तु मुझे अपने आप पर गर्व है। मेरा रोपण स्वयं राष्ट्रपिता महात्मा गाँधी ने आनन्द भवन, इलाहाबाद में किया था। इसलिए मेरी जन्मकथा अति महत्वपूर्ण है। जिस वृक्ष को स्वयं बापू ने लगाया हो और वह भी आनन्द भवन के प्रांगण में उसकी देख-रेख का अनुमान तो आप लगा ही सकते हैं।

माली ने भी मुझमें अत्यधिक रुचि ली। वह दोनों समय मुझे सौँचता, खाद डालता और पशुपक्षियों से मेरी रक्षा करता। स्वयं पंडित जवाहर लाल नेहरू मेरे उत्थान की खबर रखते।

धीरे-धीरे मैं बड़ा होने लगा। मुझ पर हरी-भरी पत्तियाँ निकलने लगीं और कोंपल फूटने लगीं। वैसे तो मैं पूजा के समय काम आता हूँ और द्वार-सज्जा में शुभ माना जाता हूँ, परन्तु माली कभी मेरी पत्तियाँ नहीं तोड़ने देता था। मैंने भारतवर्ष के स्वतंत्रता संग्राम के पूरे दर्शन किये। यह मेरा सौभाग्य है कि जब बापू, जवाहर लाल नेहरू, मोती लाल नेहरू, सरदार पटेल, मुहम्मद अली जिन्हा इत्यादि बड़े-बड़े नेता यहाँ आते और मैं उनकी गति-विधियाँ सुनता व देखता।

संध्या में वह सभी महान क्रान्तिकारी मेरी छाया में बैठते और चाय पीते। नन्हीं इन्दिरा तो फ्राक पहनकर बगिया में ही खेलती कूदती रहती। वह शाम को अपनी माता कमला नेहरू के साथ मेरे नीचे बैठकर कहानियाँ सुना करती। वह अपनी सखियों के साथ कभी-कभी मुझ पर चढ़ कर खेला करती।

वर्षा ऋतु में मेरा रंग और भी निखर जाता, पतझड़ में सब पत्तियाँ झड़ जाती और बसन्त ऋतु में चारों ओर बहार आ जाती। कोयल मेरी डालियों पर बैठकर कू-कू करती। भँवरे गीत गुनगुनाते रहते। शरद ऋतु में पाला पड़ने से मेरी पत्तियाँ मुरझा जातीं।

एक बार जब मैं आमों से लदा हुआ था, तब माली ने मेरे आम तोड़कर टोकरी में रखकर वाईसराय लार्ड माउन्ट बेटन के लिए भेजे। उन्होंने भी मेरे रस भरे आमों को सराहा। यह मुझे माली की बातचीत के द्वारा पता चला। इन्दिरा प्रियदर्शिनी ने अपनी वानर सेना मेरी छत्रछाया में बनायी।

अब मैं बहुत बूढ़ा हो चला। मैंने बहुत सी दर्दनाक घटनायें भी देखीं। नेहरू जी, इन्दिरा गाँधी, राजीव गाँधी, संजय गाँधी सभी के अस्थि कलश मेरे नीचे रखे गये। मेरी आत्मा फूट-फूट कर रोयी। मैं सदमों से झुक गया हूँ। अब और नहीं सह सकता। किसी भी दिन माली कुल्हाड़ी लेकर आयेगा और मुझे काट डालेगा। मेरी हार्दिक इच्छा है कि कटने के बाद भी मेरी लकड़ी आनन्द भवन के उपयोग में आये। जय हिन्द!

सहयोग से :
अनुजा भूषण
७-डी

WHAT ATTRACTS ME TO A MILITARY CAREER

The other day, I came across a wall-poster in which fifty soldiers were shown enumerating to a prospective recruit the advantages of a military career. Good emoluments besides free rations and medical aid, travel and education facilities, provisions for the family etc. The wall-poster set me thinking whether that is all the attraction of the military career. My reaction was that, that was not the end of my story.

In the first place, I have never looked upon this as a career but a mission. Like the medical profession it is there to serve the nation, all other considerations are subordinate. The soldier is the guardian, the defender. He takes the nation under his protective wings and when there is danger ahead he gets ready to lay down his life without a thought for the morrow. When fighting is on, there is one idea that is uppermost in his mind—to smash the enemy, the aggressor.

Another thing that attracts me to this career is the fine sense of discipline that it imbues. Orders are given and they are to be carried out come what may.

"Their's not to reason why

Their's but to do or die."

This discipline is daily fostered and cultivated by the morning constitutional routine, by repeated exercises, mock and serious morning rounds when other people are snoring in their beds, the soldier is on his morning rounds. He has risen with the lark. The call of duty is very imperative. Lethargy and inertia are strangers to him. Not for him the long stretches of leisure and listlessness.

This disciplined life keeps the soldier trim and in fighting form. His body is a streamlined mechanism. Everything is in its place. No bulging tummies, no protuberances of flesh, no accumulations of jelly and abdominal fat. Health radiating in all directions.

The first sentiment is that you live not for yourself but for others. This is the highest of philosophies. The noblest of ethics and loftiest of religions. The soldier's mother says in Shakespeare's play Coriolanus "Had I a dozen sons—each in my love alike—I had rather have eleven die nobly for the country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action."

By : Anuja Bhus
Class :

क्या आप जानते हैं?

1. हाथी के पेट में भी ऊंट की भाँति पानी जमा करने की थैली होती है।
2. कंगारू का बच्चा जन्म के समय दो इंच लम्बा होता है।
3. वन मानुष ऐसा जानवर है जो बुद्धि में आदमी के बाद गिना जाता है।
4. पुरुष के दिमाग का वजन औसतन तीन पाउण्ड से ज्यादा होता है। स्त्री के दिमाग का वजन पुरुष से कुछ औंस कम होता है।
5. मक्खी की उड़ने की गति 818 मील प्रति घंटा होती है।
6. सबसे अधिक अंडे देने वाला प्राणी सीपी होता है।
7. अब तक सत्रह हजार किस्म की खुशबुएँ पहचानी जा चुकी हैं।
8. भारत में 108 रेडियों स्टेशन हैं।
9. कनाडा के एक मछली बाजार में काला और लाल रंग का एक विभक्त केकड़ा पाया गया है।
10. फॉसिस्कों में एक अद्भुत कद्दू पाया गया है जिसका वजन 282 किलोग्राम है।
11. "पिस्टल स्टार" अब तक का सबसे पहला सितारा है जो सूर्य से कहीं अधिक विशाल और गर्म है। वैज्ञानिकों के मुताबिक इसमें खर्च से एक करोड़ गुना अधिक ऊर्जा छिपी हुई है।

सहयोग से :

मीरा मिश्रा

७-डी

व्यंग्य काव्य

(ट्रेलर दिखाया जा रहा है)

वर्षा के काल में, शहर के एक सिनेमा हाल में,
छत से टपक रहा था पानी, खतरे में बुढ़ापा और जवानी,
आधे घण्टे के पश्चात, जब हो न सका बरदाश्त,
सभी दर्शकों ने हाल में हल्ला मचाया,
मैनेजर शीघ्र ही दौड़ा आया,
क्या पैसा लेकर हम सबको बेवकूफ बनाया जा रहा है,
मैनेजर फौरन बोला-नहीं साहब,
आने वाली फिल्म बरसात का,
सिर्फ ट्रेलर दिखाया जा रहा है।

सहयोग से :

पल्लवी भारद्वाज

७-अ

एक मिनट की कीमत

1. औसत वयस्क मनुष्य का हृदय एक मिनट में 72 बार धड़कता है।
2. थोड़ा एक मिनट में औसतन 12 बार साँस लेता है जबकि गाय, मुर्गी, कबूतर और चूहा क्रमशः 20, 50 व 130 बार साँस लेते हैं।
3. दुनिया की सबसे तेज चलने वाली रेलगाड़ी एक मिनट में 3 किमी. दूरी तय करती है। यह टोकियो में न्यूटो लाइन पर चलती है।
4. स्पिरिट आफ अमेरिका नामक एक जेट शक्ति युक्त कार सन् 1973 में एक मिनट में 16 किमी. की तेज़ी से चलती है।
5. एक अमेरिकी जेट ने एक मिनट में 60 किमी. उड़ने वाला रिकार्ड स्थापित किया।
6. पृथ्वी अपनी धुरी पर एक मिनट में 271 किमी. की दूरी तय करती है।
7. एक मिनट में विश्व के तेल कुँआँ से 3700 टन तेल और खानों से 4000 टन कोयला निकाला जाता

सहयोग से :

पत्तनवी भारद्वाज

७-अ

भान (चिन्ता) रहता है।

वीर को	—	आन का।
कायर को	—	जान का।
नाविक को	—	तूफान का।
गायक को	—	तान का।
मुसाफिर को	—	सामान का।
कंजूस को	—	मेहमान का।
विद्यार्थी को	—	इन्तिहान का।
गरीब को	—	पकवान का।
भिखारी को	—	दान का।
व्यापारी को	—	नुकसान का।
भक्त को	—	भगवान का।
किसान को	—	लगान का।
पक्षी को	—	उड़ान का।
प्रोफेसर को	—	बरवान का।
मनुष्य को	—	स्वाभिमान का।

सहयोग से : उपासना

कला

क्यों सो गयी है चेतना

क्यों सो गयी है चेतना
कहाँ खो गया है स्वाभिमान
गरीब की आँहें
ममता की चाहें
क्यों नहीं झकझोर पाती हैं
स्वार्थ में डूबे नेताओं को
कोरे नारों से
समानता की बात करते हैं
अन्याय की बेदी पर बैठकर
सामाजिक न्याय की बात करते हैं
चारों तरफ धुन्ध है
निराशा है
आदमी—आदमी के खून का
प्यासा है

कराहती मानवता
दम तोड़ती आस्था
ताकती है राह
फिर से आने की
किसी बुद्ध, किसी कृष्ण
किसी ईशु की
किसी गाँधी, किसी नेहरू
किसी इन्दिरा की
एक आशा की किरण दिखती है
मेरे दिल के कोने से एक बात सो उठती है
ये अन्धकार ज्यादा दिन नहीं रहेगा
जल्द ही सूरज फिर से चमकेगा

सहयोग में :
शोभिता उपाध्याय
७-म

क्या आप जानते हैं?

1. सबसे पुरानी वस्तु क्या है?
ईश्वर, अल्लाह, रब—क्योंकि वह सदा से है।
2. सबसे सुन्दर वस्तु क्या है?
आकाश—क्योंकि वह ईश्वर कृत है।
3. सबसे अधिक स्थाई क्या है?
आशा—क्योंकि वह मनुष्य के साथ उस समय भी रहती है जबकि उसका सब कुछ खो जाता है।
4. सबसे सरल वस्तु क्या है?
सलाह देना—क्योंकि लोग बिना सोचे समझे भी दे डालते हैं।
5. सबसे कठिन वस्तु क्या है?
अपने आप को जानना—क्योंकि लोग अपने आपको जानने की कोशिश नहीं करते।

सहयोग में :
बुधरा अनीस
७-म

THE IMPORTANCE OF VALUE EDUCATION

In this world, many a time, people want peace. Some try meditation, some Yoga, but I think, for a school going boy or girl, the best thing is to attend value education class in his or her school. This is the best way to start a change.

I have really benefited by attending the value education classes. For me, I have faith in God and I have started to pray. I have begun to believe in unity. As unity is strength, I have started to believe in myself. In whatever I say or do I have begun to think positively, because of my teacher, I am able to solve my problems. Now, I can speak without fear and with full confidence. We have various prayer services in class from which I learnt many values of friendship, good and bad habits etc. My teacher has taught us many useful songs. She has also told us about the great people of this world, as such, my general knowledge has also increased. Her way of talking is really impressive. She has also acted as my mother, guiding me, telling me the good and bad qualities, to tell the truth, telling me to improve where I was not aware of many of the facts so that I would inculcate good things.

Value education class is like a vaudeville for minds. I really call it education which is of great value to me. It has given me the best education of moral values. I think that I am really lucky to have a teacher like this who has guided me on every path and made me feel at home. Unlike other schools, St. Mary's Convent is the only school which has value education class five days a week.

By : Namrata Khatri

Class V

क्या आप जानते हैं?

1. संसार की सबसे छोटी "हमिंग बर्ड" है।
2. सबसे बड़ी तितली "क्वीन अलेक्सेंड्रा बर्डविंग" है जो न्यूगिनी में पाई जाती है।
3. उल्लू अपना शिकार नोचकर नहीं खाता बल्कि पूरा खा जाता है।
4. एकमात्र तोता ही ऐसा पक्षी है जो जम्हाई लेता है।
5. फुदकी नामक चिड़िया का हृदय सबसे बड़ा होता है।

सहयोग
आकांक्षा

देखो हँस न देना

1. एक दुबले पतले आदमी की पत्नी बड़ी मोटी और लम्बी थी। लिहाजा वह कुछ उदास सा रहा करता था। एक दिन उसके दोस्त ने उसे समझाते हुए कहा—“देखो भाई, पति और पत्नी गृहस्थी रूपी गाड़ी के दो पहियों के समान हैं।”

इस पर अपने दोस्त की बात बीच में काट कर कहा—“जानता हूँ, तुम्हारी बात सही है, लेकिन जब एक पहिया ट्रैक्टर का हो और दूसरा साईकिल का, तो बताओ गाड़ी कैसे चलेगी?”

2. अचानक बिजली फेल हो गई तो मोमबत्तियाँ जला दी गई। गरमी तेज थी। इस बीच एक मेहमान ने कहा—“भाई साहब, पंखा तो चला दीजिए।” घर वाले ने मुड़कर बड़ी गम्भीरता से कहा—“पंखे चलाने से मोमबत्तियाँ बुझ जायेंगी।

सहयोग से :
संयुक्ता कशालकर
७-अ

HAPPINESS

When I do some thing,
Which gives me pleasure,
I feel happy.

So happiness is a feeling,
That cannot be seen,
It cannot be heard,
But can only be felt,

When I am happy
I smile and I feel
My surrounding reflect my smile,
So I spread happiness
To the world around me.

By : Richa Chauhan
Class VII-C

OH! MATHS

Oh! Maths, Oh! Maths

How to cope with you, Oh! Maths

Divide, Multiply, Add and Subtract

With this and much more it is packed

I scratch my head from morning till night?

My dear parents grieve at my plight

O, God! grant me strength of mind

To solve all sums of different kind.

By : Richa Chauhan
Class VII-C

DO YOU KNOW

- Q. 1 What metal was used for making the statue of liberty ?
- Q. 2. On which Japanese island is Mount Fuji situated ?
- Q. 3 What does 'Taj Mahal' mean' ?
- Q. 4. Where is Sahara Desert located ?
- Q. 5. On which river are the Victoria Falls?
- Q. 6. What is the length of River Nile?
- Q. 7. After whom was Mount Everest named?

Ans. : 1. Majestic copper, 2. Island of Honshu, 3. Crown of the queen,
4. Almost North Africa, 5. Zamfesi river, 6. 4,145 miles, 7. Sir
George Everest.

Compiled by : Apoorva Malviya
Class VII-C

CRICKET IN THE EXAMINATION HALL

Hall	—	field
desk	—	pitch
pen	—	bat
examiner	—	referee
student giving		
examination	—	batsman
test paper	—	ball
black board	—	score board.
correct	—	Sachin Tendulkar.

By : Richa Chauhan
Class VII-C

FAITH IN GOD

My faith in God is very much true,
As the colour of the sky is very light blue,
Do you have faith in God?
If yes then pray to God
Not in the temple but in your heart.
To give you power to overcome the difficulties of life.
To clear the wars prevailing in the World,
In which the people fight with sword and knife.
Tell God not to give sorrow to the poor,
If give, then only give the power to bear,
When will that day come,
When we'll all live together,
And there'll be love and unity for ever.

By : Bhavna Kundra
Class VII-B

आइये पूछे कुछ आँखों से

जो हमारी खुशी में चमकने लगती, हमारे गम में अश्रुपूरित हो उठती, हमारा प्रथम परिचय इस से कराती, हमारे साथ जागती, सोती कभी पढ़ते पढ़ते बोझिल हो उठती ये हैं हमारी आँखें। कहना ना होगा कि आँखें हमें ईश्वर की तरफ से अमूल्य देन हैं।

जहाँ ईश्वर ने इस सुन्दर सृष्टि की रचना की इत्मीनान से, वहीं उसने मनुष्य को दो आँखें दी। अलौकिक छटाओं के देखने के लिये बचपन से प्रौढ़ावस्था तक साथ देती खुलती झपकती ये आँखें। के इस दौर में जबकि 40 वर्षों का समय निकल गया कुछ शिकायत करने लगी कि उन्हें भी कोई चाहिए काम में। और कहीं ये थक ना जायें हमने इन्हें चश्मों के रूप में इनका साथी दे दिया और जुट गई अपने काम में। कुछ समय बीता कुछ उम्र बीती। वृद्धावस्था द्वार पर दस्तक देने लगी। अब के इस साथी ने भी साथ छोड़ना शुरू कर दिया। आँखें भी कहीं साथ ना छोड़ दें ये सोच आदमी ने भीतर झाँका तो पाया कि यहाँ तो लेन्स पर "मोतियाबिन्द" हो गया है। आँखों को तो आराम फिर मिलता था। मनुष्य के चमत्कारीय मस्तिष्क ने नकली लेन्स का निर्माण कर लिया। जो कि पुराने लेंस अप्रेशन द्वारा निकाल उसकी जगह डाल दिया गया।

बेचारी आँखें फिर जुट गई अपने काम में। किन्तु ईश्वर ने कहीं कहीं पक्षपात भी किया। हमारे साथी ऐसे हैं जिन्हें उसने अपनी इस अमूल्य धरोहर से वंचित कर दिया। जिन्हें सूर्य को तपन का तो है पर प्रकाश का नहीं। फूलों की खुशबू तो ले सकते हैं पर उनकी सुन्दरता से अनभिज्ञ हैं। उनके में अंधकार ही सर्वव्याप्त हैं।

आज मानव इस बन्धुओं के लिये भी सजग है। हमारे चिकित्साविदों ने ऐसी योजना बनाई है कि जो व्यक्ति सरकार को ये लिखित अधिकार दे दे कि मरणोपरांत उसके स्वस्थ नेत्र उसके ही किसी बन्धु को लगा दें। ऐसे कई प्रयोग सफल हुये हैं और आज हमारे बहुत से नेत्रहीन साथी अपने अपने साथियों जो इस संसार में नहीं है की नजरों से इस संसार को देख रहे हैं।

इस लेख को लिखने के पीछे मेरा यह उद्देश्य है कि मैं जन जन तक नेत्रदान करने का संदेश पं कि वे नेत्रदान का संकल्प लें और अपने बाद दूसरों को इस प्रकाश पुंज का आनन्द उठाने दें।

अनुजा
कश्यप



दीवाली

जगमग करती आई दिवाली,
खुशियाँ भर-भर लाई दिवाली।
बच्चे बूढ़े सभी झूमते,
नाच रहे हैं दे-दे ताली ॥

सबसे पहले पापा ने की,
साफ-सफाई रंग पुताई,
इसके बाद बनाने बैठी,
मम्मी गुझिया और मिठाई ॥

शाम ढले जब हुआ अंधेरा,
दादी माँ ने थाल सजाए।
रानी रूपा, दीपा, तारा,
सबने सौ-सौ दीप जलाए ॥

दिवाली के दिन बच्चों ने,
मिलकर ऐसी धूम मचाई।
रॉकेट, बम, फुलझड़ी, पटाखे।
सारे देने लगे दुहाई।

वर्तिका सचान

कक्षा ८-ब

मेरी केदारनाथ यात्रा

मेरी गर्मियों की छुट्टियाँ शुरू हो गई थीं। हर बार की तरह हम सबने अपनी नानी के यहाँ श्रीनगर जाने की सोची। मुझे वहाँ जाना बहुत अच्छा लगता है। वहाँ के बड़े-बड़े ऊँचे पहाड़ और हरियाली बहुत ही अच्छी लगती है। हम सबने वहाँ से केदारनाथ जाने का भी प्रोग्राम बनाया। पहली बार केदारनाथ जाने के लिए मैं बहुत उत्सुक थी।

इलाहाबाद से हम लोग हरिद्वार गए। वहाँ एक दिन रुककर सुबह दूसरे दिन श्रीनगर गढ़वाल जाने के लिए तैयार हुए। बस पकड़कर छः घण्टे में हम लोग श्रीनगर पहुँच गए। रास्ते में, मुझे पहाड़ देखने में बहुत अच्छा लग रहा था। सड़क के किनारे हज़ारों फीट नीचे बहती नदी को देखने में डर लग रहा था। घर पहुँचकर, खाना-पीना किया और थकान दूर करने के लिए आराम करने चले गए। फिर शाम को बाजार घूमने निकल पड़े। कुछ दिन तो ऐसे ही निकल गए।

अब हम लोग केदारनाथ जाने के लिए घर के लोगों से पूछने लगे कि साथ में कौन चलेगा क्योंकि हम को तो रास्ता पता नहीं था। मेरे मामाजी जो अकसर केदारनाथ जाते रहते हैं, वहां हमारे साथ जाने को तैयार थे। केदारनाथ तक बस नहीं जाती। सिर्फ गौरीकुण्ड तक बस जाती हैं जो श्री से 5-6 घण्टे का रास्ता है। 14 कि० मी० की पैदल यात्रा करनी पड़ती है, केदारनाथ पहुंचने के लिए।

बस से हम लोग 5-6 घण्टे में गौरीकुण्ड पहुँच गए। वहाँ काफी ठण्डा था। वहाँ लाँज में एक कमरा बुका। गौरीकुण्ड में एक कुण्ड है, जहाँ से गर्म पानी निकलता है। कहते हैं, वहाँ स्नान करने से सारे शारीरिक रोग दूर जाते हैं। शाम को हम लोग गौरीकुण्ड घूमने निकल पड़े। छोटा सा बाजार है।

फिर सुबह 7 बजे केदारनाथ की 14 किमी० की पैदल यात्रा करने के लिए चल पड़े। लोगों को जाने के भीड़ लगी थी। कई वृद्ध आदमी-औरतें घोड़ों और टण्डियों में बैठकर जा रहे थे मगर कुछ ऐसे भी थे जो पैदल यात्रा का आनन्द उठा रहे थे। ज्यादा चौड़ी सड़क नहीं थी। एक तरफ पहाड़ की चट्टानें और दूसरी तरफ हजारों नोचे गहरी खाई। कहीं-कहीं इतनी चढ़ाई कि चलते-चलते थक गए। रास्ते में जंगल भी था। सिर्फ पाँच कि० चलने में हालत खराब हो गई और अभी तो 9 कि० मी० और चलना था। रास्ते में सारी सुविधाएँ थी। हर थोड़ी पर छोटी-छोटी दुकानें थीं। कुछ देर चलने के बाद आराम किया और फिर चलने लगी। धीरे-धीरे दिन निकल रहा था। फिर एक छोटी-सी गाँव जैसी जगह पर पहुँचे जहाँ ढेर सारी दुकानें थीं। वहाँ खाना खाया, थोड़ी देर आराम और फिर चल पड़े। अभी तक मुझे बर्फ से ढके पहाड़ नजर नहीं आए। 11 कि० मी० की यात्रा कर चुके थे। 3 कि० और चलना था। धीरे-धीरे शाम होने लगी और खाई की तरफ कोहरा छा गया। थोड़ी देर में मुझे बर्फ से ढके की चोटियाँ दिखने लगी और मैं समझ गई कि केदारनाथ आ गया है। आधे घण्टे में केदारनाथ पहुँच गए। हमारे पहचान के केदारनाथ में कोई थे। हम उनके यहाँ ठहर गए। थके हुए हम सब आराम करने लगे। जब उठे तो रात हो गई थी। वहाँ बारिश होने लगी इसलिए कहीं घूमने न जा सके।

सुबह जल्दी उठकर, नहा-धोकर मन्दिर जाने की तैयारी करने लगे। मन्दिर के बाहर पूजा का सामान खरीदकर अन्दर गए। वहाँ काफी भीड़ थी। बाहर भी काफी पर्यटक आए हुए थे। पूजा करने के बाद हमलोग भैरवनाथ गए जो काफी ऊपर पहाड़ों के बीच था, वहाँ जाने लगे। वहाँ पहुँचने के लिए तो एक और पतली सड़क थी। सब संभल कर चल रहे थे। किसी तरह हम वहाँ पहुँचे। पास में ही झरना था। मन्दिर में पूजा करने के बाद वापस की तरफ चल पड़े। बाजार के बीच से होते हुए घर पड़ता है, अतः बाजार में खरीदारी करते हुए घर लौट आए। दिन सुबह वापस श्रीनगर जाने की तैयारी करने लगे। फिर 14 कि० मी० की यात्रा करके गौरी कुण्ड पहुँचे। वहाँ रुके और दूसरे दिन श्रीनगर वापस आ गए।

मैं बहुत खुश थी। इतनी रोमांचक यात्रा मैं कभी नहीं भूल सकती मैंने सबको वहाँ के बारे में बताया। अगर दुबारा मौका मिलेगा, तो मैं केदारनाथ जरूर जाऊँगी।

गरिमा

एक आदर्श विद्यार्थी

आज के कलयुग में सभी राष्ट्र जन अपनी उन्नति देखना चाहते हैं। उन्नति में सबसे बड़ा हाथ एक आदर्श विद्यार्थी का होता है। विद्यार्थी जीवन में ही चरित्र की रचना होती है, अतः यह जरूरी है कि एक विद्यार्थी के चरित्र की नींव आदर्श पर आधारित हो।

एक आदर्श विद्यार्थी की झलक इस श्लोक में साफ दिखाई पड़ती है—

“काग चेष्टा वको ध्यानं स्वान निद्रा तथैव च।

अल्पाहारी ब्रह्मचारी विद्याथिनः पञ्च लक्षणम् ॥”

अर्थात् कौवे जैसी कोशिश, बगुले जैसी ध्यान, कुत्ते जैसी नींद कम भोजन करने वाला ईश्वर को त्याग और संयम के साथ जानने वाला ये पाँच लक्षण विद्यार्थियों में होने चाहिए। आदर्श विद्यार्थी ही राष्ट्र की उन्नति कर सकता है। उसका चरित्र दृढ़ रहता है और वह किसी भी कठिनाई का सामना कर सकता है।

अगर हमें अपने आपको एक आदर्श विद्यार्थी के रूप में स्थापित करना हो तो हमें कुछ चीजों को त्यागना पड़ेगा। कामना, क्रोध, लोभ, स्वादिष्ट-भोजन, श्रृंगार, कौतुक, अधिक नींद और अधिक सेवा करवाना इनमें से प्रमुख है जैसे कि यह श्लोक कहता है—

“काम, क्रोध तथा लोभं, स्वादु श्रृंगार कौतुके।

अतिनिद्राऽतिसेवा च विद्यार्थी हयष्ट वर्जयेत् ॥”

प्राचीन काल में हमें आदर्श विद्यार्थियों के बहुत उदाहरण मिलते हैं, जिनमें सर्वश्रेष्ठ है—एकलव्य, जिसने हमें यह आदर्श दिया कि विद्यार्थियों को अपने गुरुजनों का आदर करना चाहिए। गुरु भगवान से भी श्रेष्ठ है और उनका अनादर भगवान का भी अनादर होता है। आदर्श विद्यार्थियों को अपने बड़ों का भी सम्मान करना चाहिए।

आज के युग में विद्यार्थी व्यर्थ की चीजों पर समय नष्ट करता है। उसे चाहिए कि वह समय का सदुपयोग करे और अपना समय उन चीजों में खर्च करे जो उसके व्यक्तित्व और उसके देश को मजबूत करने में सहायक हो। बड़े-बड़े महापुरुषों और विद्वानों का उनके विद्यार्थी जीवन से ही विकसित हुआ। आदर्श ही उनकी सफलता का राज है।

एक आदर्श विद्यार्थी में अनुशासन का रहना भी बहुत आवश्यक है। अनुशासन हीन विद्यार्थी कभी आदर्श नहीं बन सकता। अनुशासन प्रिय विद्यार्थी जो अपने अनुशासन का निष्ठापूर्वक पालन करते हैं, संसार में सफल होते हैं। पुस्तकें हमारी जीवन साथी होती हैं। विद्यार्थी जो अच्छी किताबें पढ़ते हैं, अपने जीवन में आदर्श की छाप छोड़ जाते हैं।

किसी ने ठीक कहा है—“आज के विद्यार्थी कल के भविष्य है।” विद्यार्थियों को अपने वतन के भविष्य को ध्यान में रखना चाहिए और उत्थान के लिए काम करना चाहिए।

एक विद्यार्थी में अच्छे गुण, अनुशासन, गुरु और विद्या के प्रति आदर आदि का समन्वय होना चाहिए। तभी यह देश आगे बढ़ेगा और विद्यार्थी अपनी भूमिका को भली-भाँति निभा पाएंगे।

श्वेता रोवर्ट

८-अ

माँ और ममता

एक बार की बात है। किसी शहर में एक परिवार रहता था। उस परिवार में थे एक माता-पिता और उनकी बेटो जिसका नाम रेखा था। माँ और पिता उसको जानसे भी ज्यादा चाहते थे। रेखा जब बड़ी हुई तो वह बहुत ही सुन्दर हुई, जबकि उसकी माँ उतनी ही कुरूप। उसकी माँ के मुँह पर काले-काले दाग थे और अजीब सी शक्ति थी।

स्कूल में रेखा जब अपनी सहेलियों के साथ रहती थी और उसकी माँ वहाँ आ जाती तो वह हमेशा उसे बुरा नौकरानी ही बताती थी। यह बात जब रेखा के पिता को मालूम हुई, तो उन्हें बड़ा दुख हुआ। उन्होंने रेखा को बताया कि जब वह बहुत छोटी थी, तब उसके पिताजी बाहर गये हुये थे। वह और माँ घर पर अकेली थीं। अचानक आग में आग लग गई और पूरा घर धूँ-धूँ करके जलने लगा। उस समय जिस कमरे में नन्हीं रेखा सो रही थी, वह तरह से आग की चपेट में आ गया था। आग देखकर मुहल्ले के लोग जमा हो गये, और आग बुझाने का प्रयत्न करने लगे। कुछ लोग रेखा की माँ को बाहर ले आये। रेखा उसी कमरे में पड़ी जोर-जोर से रो रही थी।

अपनी बच्ची की रोने की आवाज को माँ सहन न कर सकी और लोगों से अपने आप को छुड़ाकर उस कमरे में घिरे कमरे में घुस गयीं। माँ ने अपनी बच्ची को गले से लगा लिया और आग की लपटों से होती हुई बच्ची को बचाकर बाहर आ गई। तभी आग की लपटों ने उसे झुलसा दिया था।

यह कहानी सुनकर रेखा रो पड़ी। उसने माँ की ममता को पहचाना और माँ से माफ़ी मांगी। अब वह उन कहानियों में जरा भी नहीं झिझकती थी।

सहयोग से : मधुमिता मिश्रा
कला

बढ़ती सभ्यता, सिकुड़ते वन

आज हमारी सभ्यता दिन दूनों रात चौगुनी गति से बढ़ रही है। सभ्यता का प्रसार आज इतना हो रहा है कि आज प्रकृति देवी का अनादर करने में तनिक भी संकोच नहीं कर रहे हैं। यही कारण है कि आज हमारी सभ्यता सामने प्रकृति देवी उपेक्षित हो रही है। वनों का धड़ाधड़ कटतेजाना और धरती का नंगापन दिखाई देना इस तथ्य को प्रमाणित करते हैं कि हमने सभ्यता के नाम पर सबकी बलि देना या तिलांजलि देनी स्वीकार कर ली है।

बढ़ी हुई सभ्यता के और विस्तार के लिये वनों का सिकुड़ते जाना अथवा उन्हें साफ करके उनके स्थान पर आधुनिक सभ्यता इसी अर्थ में है कि सभ्यताएं तो बढ़ती जा रही हैं और वन विनष्ट होते जा रहे हैं। हमारी प्रकृति के मुँह पर हरीतिमा का हट जाना हमारी उदण्डता का परिचायक है। जिस देवी के द्वारा हमारा लालन पालन हुआ उसी को हम उदास या दुःखी करने पर तुले हुये हैं। क्या यह हमारे लिए कोई शोभा या सम्मान का विषय हो सकता है?

अब हम यह विचार कर रहे हैं कि सभ्यता की धमा चौकड़ी के कारण किस तरह हम दुःखी हैं? घास

होने के कारण हम कागज निर्माण के क्षेत्र में पिछड़ते जा रहे हैं और विवश हो करके हमें कागज का आयात विदेशों से करना पड़ता है। लाख-चीड़े आदि उपयोगी पदार्थ भी वनों की कमी और अभाव के कारण हमें अब मुश्किल से प्राप्त हो रहे हैं। जिससे हमारे खिलौने के उद्योगों पर इसका बहुत बुरा प्रभाव पड़ रहा है।

सिकुड़ते वनों के कारण हमें विभिन्न प्रकार की इमारती लकड़ियां प्राप्त नहीं हो पा रही है जिसके परिणाम स्वरूप हम इमारती उद्योगों से दूर होते जा रहे हैं। वनों से मिलने वाली विभिन्न प्रकार की जड़ी-बूटियाँ भी अब हमें प्राप्त नहीं हो पा रही है। जिससे दवाईयों की अधिक से अधिक तैयारी हम नहीं कर पा रहे हैं। वनों के अभाव में वर्षा का औसत हमारे यहां प्रतिवर्ष कम होता जा रहा है या कभी कम या कभी अधिक करके होता है जिससे कृषि, स्वास्थ्य आदि की गड़बड़ी के फलस्वरूप हमारा जीवन कष्टकर होता जा रहा है वनों की कमी के कारण भूमि का कटाव रुक नहीं पाता है जिससे अधिक से अधिक भूमि कट-कटकर नदी और नालों से बहती हुई जमा होती रहती है। इसलिये नदियों की पेंदी भरती जा रही है जिससे थोड़ी सी वर्षा होने पर अचानक बाढ़ का भयानक रूप उमड़ता हुआ हमारे जीवन को अस्त-व्यस्त और त्रस्त कर देता है।

सिकुड़ते वनों के कारण हमें शुद्ध वायु, जल और धरातल अब मुश्किल से प्राप्त हो रहे हैं जो हमारे स्वास्थ्य और जीवन के लिये कष्टदायक और अवरोध मात्र बनकर सिद्ध हो रहे हैं। वनों के अभाव के कारण विभिन्न प्रकार के जंगली जीव-जन्तुओं की भारी कमी हो रही है जिससे प्रकृति का सहज संतुलन बिगड़ चुका है, सिकुड़ते वनों के कारण ही हम प्रकृति देवी के स्वच्छन्द और उन्मुक्त स्वरूप को देख पाने के कारण कृत्रिमता के आंचल से ढकते जा रहे हैं।

आज हम देख रहे हैं कि हमारे अन्दर, हमारे समाज और हमारे राष्ट्र में आधुनिक सभ्यता की पताका तो फहर रही है लेकिन एक ओर अशिष्टता, निरकुंशता और परम्पराओं तथा मान्यताओं का विद्रुप और विकर्षण स्वरूप सिर उठा रहा है जो हमारे जीवन के परम आधार और हमारी जननी प्रकृति माँ के लहराते बाग-बगीचे वन रूपी आंचल को बार-बार खींचता हुआ हमारी जीवन रेखा को मिटा देना चाहता है। अतएव इसके लिये सावधान होकर हमें वनों की रक्षा करके ही अपनी इस आधुनिक सभ्यता को आगे बढ़ाना चाहिये।

आंचल कत्याल

८-अ



AMAZING FACTS

1. The human neck has the same number of vertebrae as the neck of a giraffe.
2. Birds are sometimes able to set their own broken wings.
3. The sea horse is able to grasp objects with its tail.
4. There is no such thing as one dice, strictly speaking the singular form of dice is 'DIE'.
5. Rats can survive without water longer than camels.
6. There are more lakes in Canada than in the rest of the world put together.
7. The Dead Sea is so salty that it is impossible to drown in it unless one is held under water.
8. A French actor called Pierre Messie could make his hair stand on end at will.
9. To anyone who had the misfortune to be standing on the surface of Pluto, the sun would appear no brighter than Venus appears in the evening sky over the earth.
10. President John F. Kennedy used to read four newspapers in 15 minutes.
11. The water pressure inside every onion cell would be sufficient to explode a steam engine.
12. A sharp cough may well move air inside the body faster than the speed of sound.

Compiled by : Meenakshi Banerjee

Class VII



THOUGHTS

Thoughts are like birds
that fly up high.
Over mountains and valleys
in this endless sky.

Like little sea birds,
they sit on the shore.
Digging sand with their claws
hearing the waves roar.

They swim in pools of happiness,
and dive in seas of sorrow.
They think about the present
No worry about tomorrow.

With little wet wings
they flutter and flee.
Splashing life around
with happiness and glee.

In moments of happiness
or sadness or joy.
When I sit alone
no friends to enjoy.

These little thoughts enwrap me,
like birds pretty and coy.

By : Anubhuti Darbari

Class VIII-A

'HASTE MAKES WASTE'

We all are quite familiar with this proverb. Seconds, minutes and ultimately hours pass, when we actually come to realise that a disaster has taken place due to haste, but nothing more can be done to avoid the mishap. It may not necessarily be a road accident or a bomb explosion, it may be a tearful departure of a dear one. A departure that could have been avoided but for a few minutes or seconds.

I recall one such incident. I had a friend, Menu. It so happened that she was travelling by bus to attend her Uncle's marriage along with all her relatives. The journey started with great zeal among the travellers.

Everything was going well till this disaster overtook them. There was a railway crossing ahead and the driver knew that the train was going to pass that way. He knew all about precautions, all about disasters, yet he did not have the patience to wait. He proceeded and then there was this crash. No one was saved in this accident except for Menu who is the sole witness of all this happening. With tears in her eyes, she related this incident to me and a shiver ran through me. Even now when I think of all that, I am forced to ponder on the fact, why people do not have the patience to do the right thing at the right time. Thus we see, it has rightly been said that 'Prevention taken in time prevents a major disaster'.

By : Rupali Banerjee

Class VIII

NATURAL WONDER OF THE WORLD—NIAGARA FALLS

Taj Mahal is a monumental wonder of India. The moonlight vision regarded as awe-striking and fabulous. But one look at the gorgeous Niagara falls, at night would blow anybody's mind. The water when it comes tumbling down on the rocks, below, splashing hither and thither is a thrilling sight. Various lights are focussed from the Canadian side. The mist which rises is bathed in the various hues of blues, greens, yellows, purples in different combinations with white flood lights. This carnival of colours look absolutely marvellous.

These summer vacations, I got the chance of a lifetime to visit U.S.A. The breath taking view of the Niagara is still fresh in my memory. These falls separate United States and Canada. We went to see it via Buffalo (New York) and enjoyed its glory from the American side. The Niagara falls has two parts. The American falls—a small part of these falls is known as the Bridal Veil falls and the larger Canadian falls—the Horseshoe falls. There were many viewpoints like the Hurricane deck, the Goat island, but the best view of the falls and the rainbow was from the Prospect Point.

Many ways have been developed to get the feel of the gushing falls. First is the PANORAM theatre where the DRAKE-1000, a computerised motion picture stimulator stimulates our senses and we are propelled through the Scenic tunnels and we emerge above the falls—an incredible experience. Next view is seeing the falls through Niagara helicopters. Though, the best is the IMAX adventure. From the comfort of our seats we thrill to the larger than life view of raging waters as we take a heart pounding ride over the falls and experience other death defying stunts. But above all there is the direct feel of the falls which is most exciting—the cave of the Winds and the Maid of the Mist. During the rides, we were all provided with raincoats. In the cave of the Winds, we were taken through a tunnel just behind the falls. The Maid of the Mist was a double decker boat. We were on the upper deck to enjoy the full view of the Niagara falls. Oh! How can I forget the sheer majestic beauty and thrill of water sprinkling on our faces and body as the boat approached the falls. How could God have made such a marvellous wonder? I was enraptured by the sheer magic of the Niagará falls.

By : Rupali Banerjee



Hope Lightens Work

Junior Sports



The proud prize winners

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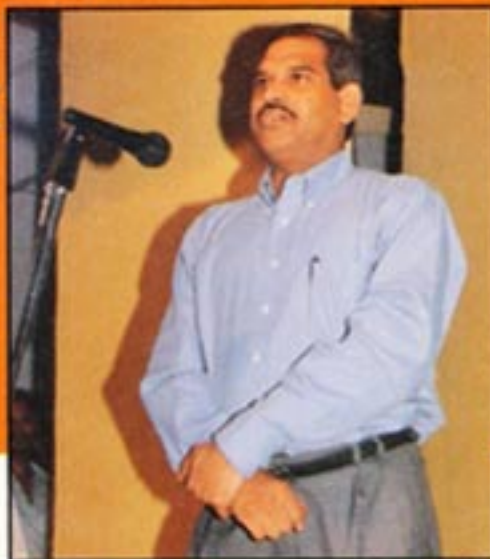
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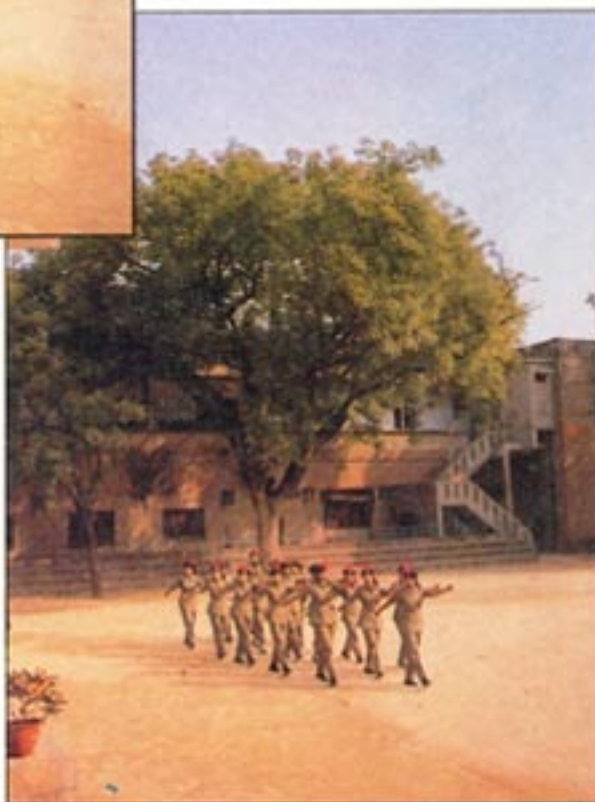
*Eminent
Oncologist,
Chairman -
Cancer Care
Foundation
addressing
the School
after the
celebrations*





N.C.C.
wing of
S.M.C

ready to
serve our
country





N.C.C. cadets saluting the flag



*Sr. M. Tarricia
addressing the school*



*L.T.S.ers taking the oath
for God and Country*

Inter-School mini Basketball match



*Sr. M. Christina, Principal S.M.C., greeting the teams before
S.M.C vs S.J.C inter-school match*

National Children Science Congress



*S.M.C., participants (L to R) Nikita Bhargava
Runjhu Saxena & Yukti Bhargava*

FARE THEE WELL



*Dear Miss Chhatwal,
May you spread your light and
knowledge far and wide, enlightening
the future of every child*



OUR TRIP TO MEJA

As the morning dawned on the 12th of November 1997 it promised to be a beautiful, sunny and special day and indeed it was a special day for classes 8A and 8D because they were going on a trip to Meja.

Everyone arrived at school by 7.30 a.m. Around 8.15 a.m. all of us packed into the school bus with Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Joshi and Mrs Sajan set off. Our spirits soared with every mile. On the way we sang songs and shared our toffees and chips around. At first everyone was a little hesitant but in the midst of singing and sharing everyone forgot their hesitation and became one single group.

We reached Meja by 10.30 a.m. There is a convent and a school at Meja run by the sisters of our institution. The children come from nearby villages. As we entered the school we were greatly surprised at the sight of the beautiful school building. There is a small garden in the school and a small stage is set in the open. All around the place is surrounded by lush green fields.

After the introduction we were shown into rooms where we could keep our things. Few minutes after our arrival we hurried to dress up for our programme. We were putting up some dances, jokes and skits for the children at Meja. The programme was a success. A number of photographs were taken on the occasion. A great deal of tolerance was shown by our audience. They sat under the sun perspiring but never complained. They bore it all bravely. To them we were like someone divine dropped from Heaven. In the end as a token of thanks the children presented a group song before us. A little girl danced with such a great deal of confidence which amazed us tremendously. It was nice to see developing talents in the school. We were greatly influenced by the discipline at the school. We felt very indisciplined in front of them. Afterwards we distributed sweets and balloons among the children.

We went to the convent to have our lunch. Delicious aroma filled the air as tiffins, casseroles etc. were opened. All the food was kept together on a bench and everyone helped themselves. Very quickly the dishes were empty for everybody was terribly hungry.

After a heavy lunch we set off towards a playground a few yards away from the convent. It was more like a field with piles of hay. We played in the hay

tossed it down each others neck and took various photographs including teachers as well.

It is said "All good things must come to an end" so around 3 p.m. we packed up and set off towards home. Fields, trees and rivers seem to pass us such was the speed of our bus. On the way back too we sang songs. Nearly all of us were feeling terribly exhausted as the bus entered the school campus but no one wanted to return home. We caught sight of our parents' faces who were frantic just because we were a few minutes late. As we alighted from the bus our Principal Sister Christina came forward to greet us, thanked her and the teachers who had gone with us and for the good time we had.

This trip taught us many things like to be cooperative, sharing, the art of mingling with others and many more things. It proved beneficial to all of us and we shall always look forward to such trips in future.

By : Shubhi Joshi
Class V

JOKES

1. Teacher : Tell the formula of water?
Student : H; I; J; K; L; M; N; O.
Teacher : OK; it is correct as you said from H to O.
2. Son : Dad; I studied till 12 O' clock last night
Dad : When did you start your studies?
Son : At 11:55 p.m.....
3. Doctor : Give expired medicines to the patients
Chemist : Why?
Doctor : To reduce the population of India
4. Son : Father; there are only two eggs in this plate but I can prove that there are three eggs
Father : How?
Son : Look; this is one; this is two and one and two make three.
Father : Alright son; I will eat one egg; your mother will eat the second egg; you eat the third one.

By : Tanvi Mohan
Class VII

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH ALPHABETS

There are twenty six letters in the English alphabet. Did you know that it has a long history.

Over 3,500 years ago, people in the middle east were using symbols that became the letters of the English alphabet.

The ancient Greeks borrowed their alphabets from the people in the middle east.

The ancient Romans borrowed their letters from the people who had taken their own letter symbols from the Greeks. These alphabets were used to carve letters on stones. These letters became the model for our printed capital letters.

As people wrote quickly, especially with pens, the capital letters, began to take the shape of small letters. They were developed about 1,200 years ago.

This is the history of the English alphabet.

By : Vertika Sachan

Class VIII-B

FALL FACTS

- ✓ American Falls
Height : 56 metres
Crest : 323 metres
- ✓ Canadian Horseshoe falls
Height : 54 metres
Crest : 670 metres
- ✓ Total flow : 1 million tons/5 minutes or enough water to fill an Olympic size swimming pool every second.
- ✓ Hydro Potential : 5 million horsepower or enough power to turn on 37 million 100 watt light bulbs at once.
- ✓ The falls erode 3 cm (1 Inch)/ 1 year a total of 267 metres (875 feet) since 1764.
- ✓ The Honeymoon capital of the world also sells more Kodak films than anywhere on earth.
- ✓ Blondin was the only tightrope walker who was brave enough to cross over the Niagara Falls, many a time doing daredevil tricks on it.
- ✓ A. Taylor was the first and the only survivor, who tried to fall from the Horseshoe fall in a barrel.

By : Kriti Khanna

Class VIII-C

WHO IS A FRIEND

A six letter word
Oh, what does it mean.
Let's find the answer,
to this question unseen.

A friend is someone,
who is always near.
No matter what it is,
Your joy or tear.

A friend is he,
who is very frank.
and is with you,
in your every prank.

A childhood friend,
will never depart.
if ever you love,
him with your heart.

By : Anshita Srivastava
Class V

WHAT IS A MOTHER ?

Mother is someone
who is as true as can be
she guides you on the right path
Whenever you need help
she'll extend a loving hand
With a broad smile on her face
Will tell you that she understands...!

By : Rachita Sharma
Class V

DOCTORS

White coats,
With gloves on their hands,
The operation theatre,
And near the patients, they stand.
With tools in their hands
To operate and protect,
Entrusted with the task,
To look after and protect
The life of their patients.
They choose this profession
Not just to be ranked next to God,
But to spread the message of love and care,
To each and every patient,
Whom they serve as if they are serving God.
Ready at any moment to sacrifice.
Their food, their sleep.
At their patients call, they leave it all
And move forward to solve their problems.
The messengers of love and dedication.
Their life is in their patients,
To relieve them of their pain,
And make them cheerful and happy again.

By : Khushboo Srivastava
Class VIII-C

LIFE AFTER DEATH

Where...Where...Where are we?
Living in darkness...
With no one else, but this world
Without even knowing
What life is actually.

Physically and mentally present,
Spiritually some where else,

Rejoicing at our success,
Mourning at our grief.

Thinking about our future
Our success and our failure
Enjoying our life...bit by bit,
But...
Forgetting that immortal truth,
That's coming closer bit by bit
That will lift us to the heavenly abode
What will LIFE be after DEATH?

Then...
Where will we be...?
If done good deeds then
In the hearts of people, forever.
If not, then...
Nowhere...nowhere
So...
Let's start afresh,
Let's leave behind deeds of honour,
Let us make life immortal
Even after death.

By : Shivangi 1
Class



YOU ARE A REAL ANGEL !

Some people are angels
 Without any wings
Who spread joy around
 and do wonderful things!
If an angel is someone
 Who's so filled with love,
It's a gift that they
 constantly share,
If an angel is someone
 who looks out for others
And give them a nudge
 here or there.
If an angel is someone
 who touches your life
With a heart
 that's both joyful and wise,
Then even though you do not have
 a halo or wings,
You are an angel
 in human disguise!

By : Ankita Yadav

Class VIII-C



ODE TO A FRIEND

You changed my life with your first "hello"
The magic in your voice deeply mellow,
You whispered in my ear
The words I longed to hear.
You made me see
The goodness in me,
You helped me cope
You gave me hope,
You told me things I wished to know,
You guided me, you helped me grow.
You never saw the wrongs I did
Your pain from me you always hid.
You never tried making a princess of me
As 'Beauty' didn't try making a prince of the Beast.
You never scolded, you let me be
Every time we agreed to disagree.
You believed in me
When I did not believe in myself!
Such is the stuff true friends are made of!
So dear friend,
I do not ever try thanking you,
For this is something language never could impart
But if you are what I think you are,
You'll know what's in my heart.

By : Ankita Y
Class

UNSUNG BEAUTY

As I sat on the train to travel.
A girl as beautiful as a statue of gravel
came next to me to stand
And then slowly raising her hand
then smiled at me and pushed her purse

Making place for herself
She then slowly talked to me
Her voice was as sweet as honey
Then I seemed to notice
That her eyes were like the deep, blue, beautiful pools.

Her hair falling down to her knee
This made the people envy her, including me
Talking and laughing as the way passed by.
Then her destination came nearby.
She and her brother went down
I felt a little surprised and frowned
Then my friend slowly smiled
And told me that the girl was blind.

By : Mariyam Hasan
VIII-C

NOTE FOR A MOTHER

Keep smiling,
When I was a child,
You would smile when I
was happy,
you would be sad when I
got hurt,
You taught me to walk,
I received my very first lesson

in your arms,
You helped me in every
difficulty,
so its disgrace to me,
If I am not able to keep
you smiling
Always.

By : Khushboo Dang
Class VIII-C

S. M. C. THE SCHOOL OF MY DREAMS

A School is a temple of learning.
It is like a breeze awakening the dormant embryos.
(the tiny tots);
It is like a fine Shakespearian play having a certain plot,
The aim is to help stand children on their feet,
And make them nation's pride indeed.

S.M.C. the school of my dreams,
Is the most prestigious institution for girls.
I had little dreamt of admission to this institution,
The object of which is to spread allround education.
It was the outcome of the divine blessings from God above,
It is a school I dearly love.

Teachers are like bosom friends,
Never allowing us to take wrong trends;
Teachers are like lights lighting up our paths,
So that in darkness we may not fall into a ditch and get a good l
Teachers are very caring and sympathetic,
Always ready to help us out in conditions apathetic.
Here, teaching is never confined to books alone, this making us
worms.
Efforts are made to bring up a child in her very best form.

Sisters don't lag behind,
They are above all, very loving and kind,
The staff is very efficient,
And each deserves a certificate for being proficient.
Great care is taken to keep our school clean,
This is only but one big factor which makes our school suprem
Sisters have the responsibility of running the administration.
Oh dear ! they have lots of tensions.
The girls here are forthcoming stars,

Who have their ambitions as high as the Eiffel Tower,
They have bright, cheerful faces,
As no one likes ugly countenances!!

So you see, though I am an Indian,
I'm doubly proud in being an SM Cian.
I cannot thank enough Heavenly Father,
And so all His blessings, I must gather;
Before anyone encroaches upon my rights,
And then starts with me a good fight.

Last, but not the least, are the initials of S.M.C.
What do they stand for, let's see;
They stand for Mother Mary Ward's institution
Spreading, Sincerity.
Morality and Character.

By : Sumona Banerjee
Class VIII-D

GOD SAVED US

"This day I shall never forget". This thought came to me as my car was speeding towards the house of my aunt in the B.H.E.L. campus. It was 2nd July, 1997. I, along with my family members had gone to Haridwar. There we were joined by the family of another relative.

During this trip, we had visited many places including Rishikesh, Dehradun and Mussoorie. As the last day of our trip was approaching we decided to go for dinner to the SWAD restaurant. It was about 9 P.M. when we reached there. By the time we had finished our dinner it was almost midnight.

After that, we started on our journey back to my aunt's home in the B.H.E.L. campus, situated just near the foot of the mountains and forests. We were enjoying the drive with cool breeze which was blowing. We were hardly halfway in the campus when we saw huge, dark bodies moving in front of us. There they were! Two giant, grey elephants staring at us with their crimson

eyes! At their sight, all of us developed cold feet and our hands joined to to almighty GOD. We implored the ALMIGHTY to save and protect us in the elephants charged at us.

Suddenly the two giants started moving towards us. We accelerated cars and we sped away from them. The two began following us. The sound made by their feet, thump! thump! seemed to go with the fast throbbing my heart. But GOD heard our prayer. The elephants followed us only a short distance and then they retreated to the forest. To avoid another encounter with them we took another route and on reaching home all of us breathed a sigh of relief.

It was an unexpected event. Even when I remember it today a chill runs through my spine. This incident shows, show our ALMIGHTY protects us when we pray to Him in moments of desperation, danger and even nervousness.

By : Roli Srivastava
Class V

A MIX UP

Here are some queer proverbs. As you will see, each one is really a mix up of two. Can you sort them out and find what they really ought to be?

- (1) Two birds in a bush are better than no bread.
- (2) Great minds let sleeping dogs lie.
- (3) Too many cooks cast their shadows before.
- (4) Pride goes before a bird in the hand.
- (5) Look before you take a horse to water.
- (6) Birds of a feather make hay.
- (7) Half a loaf has a silver lining.
- (8) It's no good locking the stable door when the sun shines.

Answers :

- (1) A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
Half a loaf is better than no bread.
- (2) Great minds think alike
Let sleeping dogs lie.

- (3) Too many cooks spoil the broth.
Coming events cast their shadows before.
- (4) Pride goes before a fall.
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
- (5) Look before you leap.
You can take a horse to water but cannot make him drink.
- (6) Birds of a feather flock together.
Make hay while the sun shines.
- (7) Half a loaf is better than no bread.
Every cloud has a silver lining.
- (8) It's no good locking the stable door when the horse has gone.
Make hay while the sun shines.

Compiled by : Awantika Manohar
Class VIII-D

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 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 lass

By : Bhawini Roy
Class VIII-D

ANIMAL WORLD

Q.1. Which creature has the shortest life span?

A.1. Mayfly, an insect does not live more than 24 hours. Its sole function in life seems to be to perpetuate its species. For many mayflies, death occurs immediately after performing this function.

Q.2. Which bird can fly backward?

A.2. The humming bird can fly backward, primary and sideways. It can also remain on a spot even upto an hour.

Q.3. Which bird lays only one egg in two years?

A.3. The albatross, one of the largest petrels.

Q.4. Does any animal have three hearts?

A.4. There is a peculiar animal called cuttlefish which has three separate hearts.

Q.5. Which animal never drinks water in its entire life?

A.5. There is a kind of rat called Kangaroo rat which never drinks water in its entire life. It is found in south western deserts of the U.S.A.

Q.6. Which animal has the largest life span?

A.6. A tortoise may live as long as 500 years.

Compiled by : Shivani S
Class 1

A PARROT PAR EXCELLENCE

It was evening time. The triangular park in our colony was alive with a cacophony of children of all ages playing, shouting, arguing. I was too contributing my share of war cries. Suddenly I noticed a green ball of life drifting down from the huge neem tree.

We peered closely. It was a parrot hardly a week old. I took the tiny one home as the rest of the gang were dumbstruck. Fortunately all my family members are animal lovers and are used to taking care of stray animals, u

our house for rejuvenation, for a day or two and then pushing off for an unknown destination.

The parrot, fortunately had a strong will power and took every possible advantage of the care showered on him. While people advised us to feed him a diet suitable for parrots, 'Hari Mirchi, bird seed, Chane ki Daal' He seemed to thrive on all possible junk food consisting of 'chocolates, Aloo ka Paratha, and toffees like Mango Mood and Chulbuli Imli'. Our parrot, Popat is a tea addict. He eats 'Roshogollas' with the same relish as we do. He once even explored my collection of Archie Comics, pecking at every word and becoming book smart, day by day. All of us were not in favour of caging him and he has remained with us since April 96.

We have christened him Popat, but he likes to add Puchoo to it, making him sound more loveable. He assists us in the absorbing game of scrabble even when his presence is least required. If we provoke him, he flies off with the letters thereby upsetting the game. When we come back from school, he hunts for his favourite sweets in our school bag. If he does not find them, he manages to open our pencil box and snatches anything that catches his fancy.

When it is twilight, he sits on my shoulder after a tiring day, having talked to every member of the household endlessly, not even sparing our dog. Sometimes my heart goes out for him when he peers out from the window, cackling at the parrots flying high, may be he is yearning for freedom. May be he wants to join his flock, but if we release him now, will he survive in the big bad world out there? Moreover, I would not be able to imagine life without Popat, so I try to brush away my thoughts. We will try to make his stay comfortable and will enjoy his company as long as we are together.

By : Gauri Joshi
Class VIII-D



MOTHER NATURE

At dawn, the rosy cheeked sky, formed her's
The vastness of the ocean, her hidden love,
Air her flowing robes.
The serenity at dusk,
shone on her face,
The sky and the land her-lap,
Sun, stars and the little moon,
her naughty children
beaming and shining.
giving light to all.
The shade of the trees,
the shadow of her love.
The trees themselves, her gentle arms,
in which securely she gathers us all
The whispering breeze and chirping birds,
sing her sweet lullaby.
And the swaying crops the baby she rocks,
The flowing streams, her streams of generosity.
Thus of the rainbow, her different moods.
'But' the storms are her tremors,
Rain her tears.
Yes, for mankind, who—
Poisoned her
Burnt her robes
bruised her arms,
and changed her face.
Yes Mother Nature, we poisoned you—
cut down your trees,
and polluted your air

poisoned your water,
and killed our friends—
the harmless fauna.
But still life continues.
You bear our mischief,
Mischief of your children,
Even if—
you lose your beauty,
your peace and yourself
O Mother forgiving mother, your kindness, love
and generosity knows no bounds.

By : **Chulbul Tiwari**
Class IX-A

LIFE COMES JUST ONCE

Life comes just once,
So, enjoy it, with a cheerful heart.
Do whatever you want,
It has to be now.
Otherwise just memories will haunt.
Do not waste even a moment
Cause moments make up eternity.
Life was not given to be wasted
For it comes just once.

Do something so that,
You leave a mark.
Say something, which,
Compells everyone to hark.
For you are someone unique.

In this world, so wide
You have talents many
You do not have to conceal
So, break all barriers
And let the world see,
That yes, you can become
Whatever you want to be.

In this world of today
At times one feels alone
And then it becomes difficult
To claim even what one owns
It is then one needs support
But there is none to be found
That's the time to be yourself.
Seek not help from those,
Who are right loathe to give
Be independent from help which
You don't always receive.
Live your life : Live it lively :
And with friends one and all
For you have just one chance.
With a time so small,
'Cause it comes just once.
Yes : Life comes just once.

By : Garima Sh

*"Coming together is a beginning
Keeping together is progress
Working together is success.."*

SENIOR SECTION

QUOTABLE QUOTES

1. To talk without thinking is to shoot without aiming. —Fuller
2. Thought is the soul of act. —R. Browning
3. Superstition is the religion of feeble minds. —Edmund Bruke
4. They think too little who talk too much. —John Dryden
5. Never answer a letter when you are angry. —Chinese Proverb
6. A blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow of the sword. —Robert Burton

Compiled by : **Pranjali Srivastava**
Class IX-A

WHEN YOU ARE SAD

When you are sad,
Don't let others know
that you are sad
Make them feel as
if you are glad.
When you are sad
Don't make others sad
make them glad
For the best way to be glad
When you are sad
It to make others glad.

By : **Pranjali Srivastava**
Class IX-A

AMAZING FACTS

1. If all the blood vessels in your body were straightened out, they would be long enough to go round the equator 4 times (100,000 miles long).
2. Smallest fish known is Pandaka Pygmea (transparent and about size of an ant)
3. No two human ears are exactly the same, even of a single individual. This science is called earology.
4. Human jaws can bear more than 279 Kg. of weight.
5. The English word "set" has 51 meanings as noun, 126 as verb and 10 as participle and adjective.
6. There is a waterfall near Honolulu which "falls" upwards.
7. Tallest people in the world are men from Watutsi tribe of Central America (2.5. mts.)
8. If a drop of whisky is squirted onto its back, the scorpion will sting itself to death.
9. Jeep got its name from its original initials G.P. (General purpose vehicle).
10. The great dwarf Lemur Madagascar always gave birth to triplets.

Compiled by : Pranjali Srivastava
Class

JOKES

1. First woman : My husband has got a job in an airline office.
Second woman : In which airline?
First woman : Actually it is a garage, he is blowing up tyres there.
2. Police Inspector to the culprit : I hope from now on, you will give up all your bad habits and become a good man.
Culprit : Yes sir, I will try my best not to meet you in future.
3. Father to his son : What are you doing in the sun dear?
Son : I am drying my sweat father.
4. Girl to a boy : From where did you get this cup?
Boy : I got it in a running race.
Girl : Who all ran with you?
Boy : The cup owner ran after me.

By : Pranjali Srivastava
Class

LIFE IS ACTION : NOT CONTEMPLATION

Life is action, "not contemplation" is a famous quotation by German Philosopher, 'Goethe', meaning life is not a reverie or a dream but it is action, endeavour and work. Without work our life is static and meaningless. The miniature work lives forever, while the hour in which we do not work is wasted. A thought is futile and meaningless if it's not applied in practical life by men, then they are lost.

Example :—If Pandavas had not applied the teachings of Lord Krishna in their lives, they would not have won the famous battle of Mahabharata. If Karl Marx's ideas were not used by men at the right time, they would have lost and Russia would not have achieved independence. Our life would be stagnant if we spent most of our time in contemplation and meditation. But that does not mean that contemplation has no place in our life. It is also one of the important parts of our life. We should not make it our only aim and object with contemplation we should do work as well. If great men like Mahatma Gandhi had spent their life in contemplation, India would not have achieved Independence.

As there is a famous saying "Work is worship", and as Carlye says, "Work while it is day, for night cometh when no man can work". Thus, we can say—**"LIFE IS ACTION"**.

By : Juhi Garg
Class IX-A

A FRIEND

If she can speak your feelings,
And know when to shut up,
If she can share your musings,
A good joke, a sunset,
If she acts neither big,
Nor small,

But just right
And lets you be you,
And she is the solution to your queries,
Then she is not just a friend
But a Friend.

By : Mridul Chatterjee
Class IX-A

FACTS ABOUT LANGUAGE

1. The oldest known written language is —Sumerian
2. The language spoken by the greatest number of people of the world
—Mandarin (Northern China).
3. The language with the least irregular verbs is —Turkish
4. The English language contains the most words —490000
5. The language with the most letters —Cambodian
6. The language with the least letters —Hawaiian
7. The most commonly used word in English —The
8. The most frequently used letter in English —'e'
9. The most accomplished linguist ever known
—Cardinal Guiseppe Casper Mezzofanti
(Could translate 114 languages and
72 dialects and
speak 39 languages fluently)
10. An artificial language based on the most common words in the
important European language for International use
—'ESPERANTO'
11. "PUNJABI" is written in the Gurmukhi script.
12. There are 44 letters in the Devnagiri script.

Compiled by : Priyanka Bose
Class IX-A

परीक्षा

परीक्षा के पहले के दिन भी होते हैं कितने विचित्र,
कभी हम खुद परेशान होते हैं और कभी हमारे मित्र।
विषयों को याद करते-करते हम हो जाते हैं परेशान,
और कक्षा में की शक्ति ऐसी लगती है जैसे हो कोई शमशान।
खाना-पीना भी भूल जाते हैं,
सारी रात न सो पाते हैं;
रोना और मचल जाना भी
अलग आनन्द दिखाते हैं।

परीक्षा वाले दिन तो हालत होती है और भी खराब,
कोई भी प्रश्न पूछे मित्र, हम न दे पाते हैं उसका जवाब,
प्रश्न पत्र देख आ जाती हमारी जान में जान,
प्रश्नों के उत्तर हम जल्दी से लिख देते हैं तमाम,
परीक्षा कक्ष से बाहर आने पर आती है हमारे चेहरे पर मुस्कान।

फिर अगले दिन की सोच कर हम हो जाते हैं हैरान;
इस तरह से खत्म हो जाते हैं हमारे इम्तहान
और सर से हट जाते हैं बोझ तमाम।

परीक्षा समाप्ति के बाद अपनी उत्तर-पुस्तिका देखने को होते हैं व्याकुल
और यह प्रार्थना करते हैं कि परिणाम हो हमारे अनुकूल;
फिर वह दिन भी आ जाता है जब होना होता है हमारे भाग्य का निर्णय
और हम सुबह ही विद्यालय पहुँच जाते हैं अपनी व्याकुलता समाप्त करने;
अपना परिणाम देखकर अपने ही अनुकूल
हमारा हृदय जाता है गर्व से फूल।

सहयोग : प्रांजलि श्रीवास्तव
कक्षा ९-अ

LADY IS FIRST

पहली बार : पिक्चर लगी जिसमें भरी ट्रेजेडी
टिकट लेने के लिए खड़े एक
Gentleman और lady
टिकट बची थी एक
लेडी बोली फॉर Your kind sake
मुझे दे दो टिकट
ओ मिस्टर you go and you must
As you know lady is first.

दूसरी बार : राशन के लिये लगी लाइन टेढ़ी-मेढ़ी
उसमें सब ये gents बस एक वो lady
धीरे-धीरे सब टूट पड़े दुकान पर

लेट हो रही थी ये जानकर
देख उन सब की डावाँडोली
मार के झटके लेडी बोली
पहले मुझे दो राशन अब
डियर men you go and you must.
As you know lady is first.

तीसरी बार :

बस में चढ़ने के लिये लाइन थी रेडी
सब थे gents बस एक वो lady
बस को आते देख जगह पर
सब उसमें चढ़ने लगे लपककर
लेडी बोली shaking her hand
'पहले हम जाएगा Do you under stand'.
डियर men you know lady is first.

चौथी बार :

Park में था पेड़ जो था shady
वहाँ बैठे थे कुछ gents और वो lady
तभी पहुँचे वहाँ यमदूत
करने किसी एक को shoot
सब लोग पीछे हट गये
ताकि वो lady रहे आगे
मुझे छोड़ कर पीछे गए, तुम सब हो कायर
जल्दी करो कुछ नहीं तो कर देगा वो fire
आदमी बोले Dear lady,
We must go back and we must
As we know lady is first.

द्वारा : जूही
कल १०

MY LIFE WITHOUT YOU

I remember the times
When we were together
When I lay in her tender lap,
Or sat beside her
But now that Bliss has gone
You've left and gone
I do not know where
But I know, I shall never see you again.
I remember our last meeting
I recall it was in April
In May, when the sun was bright, the sky clear
I had lost some one so dear.
Life would never be the same
But I suppose, It's all in the game,
But dear Mother, did you ever imagine;
My life without You?

By : Neha Kapoor
Class IX-A

MY REACH

Only As High as I Reach
Can I grow
Only As Far As I seek
Can I Go
Only As Deep As I look
Can I See
Only As Much as I Dream
Can I Be

Contributed by : Sneha Gupta
Class IX-B

“चिन्ता का कारण”

सुनकर के प्रश्न सखा का यह,
बोले सुमित्र मुसका करके,
जो थोड़ा कुछ मैं जान सका,
वह कहता हूँ समझा करके,

इस क्षण जो घटित हो रहा है
उसकी चिन्ता हम कम करते।
आगे क्या होने वाला है,
इस चिन्ता में घुलते रहते।

केवल संभावना होती है,
आगे ऐसा है हो सकता
कुछ भिन्न भी उसके हो सकता
बिल्कुल विपरीत भी हो सकता।

भय या अनिष्ट की आशंका,
चिन्ता के मूल में होते हैं।
कल क्या, क्योंकर, कैसे होगा,
चिन्ता के बीज ये बोते हैं।

आगे भविष्य में ऐसा ही,
इस तरह ही होने वाला हैं।
निश्चित न कभी कोई कह पाया,
न आगे कहने वाला है।

इस तरह अनिश्चित बातों को,
लेकर घुलने में लाभ है क्या?
चिन्ता से हतप्रभ हो निराश,
शक्ति खोने में धरा है क्या?

सहयोग : नेहा कृप
कक्षा ९-अ

सफलता

जीवन का निर्माण मखमली
गद्दों पर कब हुआ किसी का?
कठिनाई को जिसने हंस कर
वह ही जग में सफल हुआ है।

मुसीबतों को रो-रो कर तो,
सह लेते हैं सब इस जग में,
मुसीबतों से प्यार करें जो,
वह ही जग में सफल हुआ हैं।

विघ्न और बाधाओं से प्रेरित,
हो, मन में हो उत्साहित

आगे जिसने कदम बढ़ाया,
वह ही जग में सफल हुआ है।

नहीं निर्बल है लंगड़े - लूले
नहीं है दुर्बल कोई नारी
मन की दुर्बलता को जिसने जीता,
वह ही जग में सफल हुआ है।

जीवन की तीखी खटास को,
हम मिठास में बदल सकेंगे,
ऐसा निश्चय करके जो भी चला,
वह ही जग में सफल हुआ है ॥

सहयोग : नेहा कृप
कक्षा ९-अ

IS THIS HUMANITY?

When God created this world, he made human beings the most intelligent of all animals. He entrusted them with the responsibilities of this world and of other living beings. But are we fulfilling our duties? No. Rather, we are on our way to destroy the world. We have made life a living hell especially for the poor, innocent animals.

When a man commits some crime, he is sent to jail. But, what about the poor animals locked up in the cages of a zoo? What crime have they committed? What is their fault? Their fault is that they are animals. There is no need to cage tigers or leopards in a zoo to see them. We can see them as well at National parks where they are free and in their natural surroundings.

Man is very selfish. So many animals are killed every year for their fur or skin. Tigers, leopards and foxes are mercilessly killed for their hides. They are neither poisoned nor shot for fear of spoiling their skins rather they are closed in a small cage in which they cannot move about. The tail is lifted up and a burning hot rod is pierced in right up to the stomach. The animal dies screaming. However, the skin is obtained unmarked. Can anyone of us imagine such a painful and horrifying death?

Several experiments are conducted on animals in laboratories for testing cosmetics, including lip-sticks and eye-liners, shampoo or soap is instilled forcefully in the eye of a monkey or a rabbit which causes inflammation, irritation and even blindness. Mixture of a lip-stick is injected in the mouth of a monkey. Later on it is killed. The stomach is cut open to see what effect it had on the animal.

Not only this but animals are being ill-treated in our homes also. As an example, your pet dog. Is it beaten? Is it tied up the whole day? Do you once go near it, pat it and show it affection? If you can't spend some time with it everyday, then it is better that you don't keep a dog. Dogs need as much care as a new born baby. They need your love.

Do not keep birds caged. One of my friends has ten pigeons but they are free. They roam about the whole day come for food in the evening and sit in her courtyard at night. Birds should be left free. They should not be caged. If you like birds then leave a few crumbs of bread in your garden. Birds come and eat it. This is a very good practice.

In so many ways, we are illtreating animals. It is high time we realised that even animals feel pain. The only difference is that they cannot speak and express themselves. They can't tell us when they are feeling hungry, thirsty or lonely. Is it not time that we asked ourselves is this humanity?

By : Shivanjali Ka
Class

आजादी के पचास वर्ष

आजादी के अर्द्धशतक पर
हम ये विश्लेषण करते हैं
क्या खोया, क्या पाया?
उम्मीद तो बहुत बड़ी थी
आसमान को दूढ़ लेंगे
भारत को हम शीर्ष शिखर पर
पहुँचा कर ही दम लेंगे
गांधी, नेहरू और पटेल के
सपनों को पूरा कर लेंगे
मगर हकीकत आज अलग है
प्रश्न अब भी उठता है
क्या हम पूर्ण स्वतंत्र हैं?
सोच अलग है, ख्याल अलग है
स्वतंत्र का तंत्र अलग है

कहने को तो हम स्वतंत्र हैं
महंगाई, गरीबी, भ्रष्टाचार से जंग है
आतंक और दमन एक अंग है
शासन और अपराध का संग है
जी लेने का अलग ही ढंग है
पश्चिम की हवा से दूषित
आज के युवकों का रंग है।
सामियों कुड है जहाँ अपनी
उपलब्धियाँ भी है लाजवाब
कर्मठ लोग और भारत भूमि
भले ही भाषा अलग हो अपनी
फिर भी हमें है पूर्ण विश्वास
आखिर हम होंगे कामयाब।

संयोग : नाजीय

वो लम्हें

पहाड़ दूर से देखे थे, किन्तु
कभी ऊपर नहीं चढ़े
उन पर बिखरी बर्फ तो देखी थी, किन्तु
कभी छू न सके
आखिर, हमारे भी दिन आये
और हम उत्तर-काशी पहुँच पाये
जैसे-जैसे कार पहाड़ों में चढ़ रही थी
प्यार भरी यादें अपने अन्दर भर रही थी
खिड़की से मुँह बाहर निकाला
तो ठंडी, नर्म, हवा, जैसे हमारा स्वागत कर रही थी
और गहरी डरा देने वाली ख़ाइयां
खूबसूरत वादियां
मानो इन सब की झांकी निकल रही थी
फिर दूर से एक आश्चर्य चकित दृश्य देखा
वो बादल जो ऊपर आसमान से हम पर हंसते हैं
और जिन्हें पकड़ने को हम तरसते हैं
वही, जी हाँ वही बादल पहाड़ों में नीचे उतर आये
मैंने सोचा कि एक अकेली कार को पहाड़ों में
घूमती देख
उसे रास्ता बताने होंगे आये
धीरे-धीरे हमारी कार बादलों के कोहरे में समा गयी
बादलों की मोटी धुंध छा गयी
सफेद, दूध जैसे बादल हमारी कार के अन्दर
चोरों की भाँति घुसते चले आये
उनकी ठंडी छुवन से बचने पर भी हम बच न पाये
आये तो थे चोर की तरह
पर कुछ नहीं ले गये
बल्कि थमा गये हाथों में खूबसूरत यादों की गठरी
और जगा गये कुछ सपने नये-नये
हर कदम पर था एक करिश्मा

भई, दाद देनी पड़ेगी
 कितनी अविश्वसनीय है कुदरत की यह रचना
 पहाड़ों की ढलान परकई ऊँचे-ऊँचे पेड़ थे खड़े
 पता नहीं भारी हिमपात, बारिश की मार और ऊपर से सीधी
 ढलान पर कैसे थे सधे
 पहाड़ों के पेड़-जैसे ब्लू पाइन, देवदार आदि की खुशबू
 सूंघने जाओगे
 तो शायद इस चन्दन के पेड़ को भूल जाओगे
 पहाड़ों का पतझड़, वहाँ की बरसात
 चोटियों में खिली धूप और डरा देने वाली काली रात
 अरे हाँ, मोठे फलों से लदे सेब के पेड़, गुच्छे में लटकी
 लाल-लाल चेरी
 बुराश के फूलों से ढके जंगल और क्यारियों में लगी
 रसीली स्ट्राबेरी
 वो घास पर बिखरी सुबह की मोती के दानों सी ओस
 पकड़ने पर भी पकड़ न आती थी—ऐसे प्रकट करती
 थी अपना रोष
 याद आता है वो बर्फ गिरने का सीजन
 जब हम सेकेन्ड के कांटे की तरह ठंडी से कांपते थे
 तब भी नहीं मानते थे, बर्फ में खेलने भागते थे
 जब हाथ लाल हो जाते तो दौड़ के आकर अंगीठी
 में तापते थे
 वाह, हिमालय से बहती वो ठंडी हवा
 उस पर गरम-गरम चाय की चुस्कियाँ
 एक बार पापा ने पूछा था—
 “जब बर्फ गिरेगी तो कितनी खाओगे तुम लोग?”
 मैंने कहा, “पापा, यदि आप न रोके तो
 जितनी गिरेगी, उतनी खा जायेंगे निःसंकोच”
 अब, उन पहाड़ों से तो हम काफी दूर चले आये हैं
 किन्तु, हाँ, अपने कैमरे में वो लम्हें जरूर कैद कर लाये हैं।

सहयोग : सुम्बुल रहमानी खा

कक्षा ९-१

यदि नेता न होते

यदि नेता न होते तो इस देश का क्या होता
यदि नेता न होते तो मानव क्यों रोता,
यदि नेता न होते तो सी० बी० आई० होती बेरोजगार,
यदि नेता न होते तो तो कौन फैलाता भ्रष्टाचार,
यदि नेता न होते तो कोरा कागज होता अखबार,
यदि नेता न होते तो नाम कैसे कमाता बिहार,
यदि नेता न होते तो खाली होता तिहाड़ जेल,
यदि नेता न होते तो बार-बार कौन मांगता बेल
यदि नेता न होते तो रिश्त का होता किसको ज्ञान,
यदि नेता न होते तो जनता क्यों होती परेशान,
यदि नेता न होते तो घपला कौन करता पैसों का,
यदि नेता न होते तो भविष्य न होता धुँधला सा,
यदि नेता न होते तो काण्ड इतने होते कैसे,
यदि नेता न होते तो कहाँ जाते टैक्स के पैसे,
देश में नेताओं का होना आवश्यक है,
क्योंकि नेता ही बुराइयों का रक्षक है।

द्वारा : रंगोली अग्रवाल
कक्षा ९-स

THE VALUE OF HUMOUR IN LIFE

It is said, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone". One ought to be gifted with a sense of humour. Humour implies the ability to laugh and to make others laugh. Humour helps us to overcome depression and melancholy. Humour plays a vital role in one's day to day life. A hearty laughter greatly contributes to the health and the happiness of mankind.

A person with a jovial and humorous nature is always welcomed. A humorous man is capable of discerning sunshine, gleaming through the darkest of clouds. Usually, he is a man of wisdom. A humorous man maintains a cheerful atmosphere and the efficiency of his work is enhanced. He always

looks at the brighter side of life. People with a strong sense of humour, develop in themselves, the great virtue of patience and endurance. They cannot be easily provoked and can easily avoid indulging in undue resentment and self tormenting cares. Such people seldom fall sick. Solomn has rightly said "a merry heart doth good, like a medicine".

The quality of humour helps people to expose the vices of society. Authors like Shakesphere, Dickens etc. had been men of wit and humour.

Thus, humour is an essential aspect of one's personality for it adds colour and vitality to life.

By : Megha Khetrapal
Class III

EXAMINATION IS A CRICKET MATCH

Examination is a Cricket Match

The Candidate is a batsman.

The Paper-setter is a bowler.

The Examiner is an Umpire.

The Supervisor is a leg Umpire.

The Examination Hall is a stadium.

The Desk is a pitch.

The Mark-sheet is the score-board.

The pen is a bat.

The question paper is an over.

A difficult question is a gugli.

A confusing question is a spin.

A good answer is good batting.

Writing answer without stopping is sixer.

To think and then answer is a four.

To stop after solving half a question is a run-out.

To be caught while trying to cheat is a catch-out.

To be caught while taking out paper is L.B.W.

Solving no question is stumped out.

A blank answer sheet is clean bowled.

A good position in the class is "the man of the match".

A good position in school is "the man of the series".

A distinction is a century.

To fail is to lose.

To pass is victory.

Re-examination is follow-on.

To fail in re-examination is an innings defeat.

By : Sukanya Shukla

Class IX-C

THE FUMING FUROSE

"Ricki! Hurry up! It's already quarter past 8. "Quarter past 8 Quarter Past 8, we had to be there at 7.30. and we were already 45 minutes late. I quickened my pace and got into the car. Just as Dad started the car, I shouted, "Dad don't! Sheila isn't here. "Dad made a helpless gesture. "Really. I live in a MAD household. I swear if anyone else disappears, I shall scream."

Somehow or the other, we finally got started. We have an Ambassador (an ancient piece). Dad considered himself "The World's best driver" however, we did not share his enthusiasm for several reasons. He never could understand the mysteries of the clutch with the result that the car would come alive with a hiccuping start and then shoot off crazily. The steering wheel was the other issue. We all were of the view that it should be gripped firmly and then guided on its way. Dad however believed in the art of gentle persuasion. Added to this was the fact that he could never reverse and so we finally decided to keep a driver.

One of the drivers could not go without Sheru, his dog. Just as a compass is to a mariner, so was Sheru to him. One day we were forced to leave Sheru

behind and later repented it dearly, for the driver without Sheru was like a politician without a scam. When, perhaps, the third time we passed the same bridge, did we realise our grievous error. And so runs long the tale of what we did. We finally decided to be contended with Dad.

At last we reached our destination (which was a marriage party). I was enjoying myself thoroughly when I suddenly found that everyone was throwing peculiar glances at me. I returned their stares with full force. Someone nearby suddenly shouted, "Fire! Fire!" and within a few seconds the serene party had been transformed into a battlefield. There was utter bedlam. Some Mr. Smart got the idea that everyone should throw water. And so within a few moments everybody was completely drenched and it seemed as if it had been raining cats and dogs.

The weird thing was that nobody could see the fire and even more weird was that if anyone came within my vicinity they started their efforts to extinguish the (invisible) fire with even more vigour. I suddenly spotted my mother approaching me. Seeing me, she all of a sudden stopped in her tracks. Then she furiously steered me into a quiet corner. Utterly mystified, I looked at her questioningly. She snatched my purse from me. It was then that I saw smoke issuing from my purse. I was aghast.

I opened my purse and found the cause of all this commotion. Earlier in the evening I had kept some pills in my purse (which I occasionally took in case of an acute headache). Written on foil in bold letters was NOT TO BE KEPT IN A CLOSED AREA. However, in all the flurry, I had completely forgotten about it. I have never before been so embarrassed in my whole life as I was at that moment. Thoroughly ashamed of myself, I wanted to be gobbled up by the earth. Apologising in front of all those people was a nightmare, with the hooting and yelling. Thus ended the most miserable day of my life.

By : Juhi Singh
Class I



DREAMS

Dreaming is a part of our lives. We all have colourful dreams which we want should come true. I can recollect the many dreams I had and how intensely I felt about each one of them.

When I was in standard five I had read a chapter in history about the first expedition to the moon. At that time I had decided that I would become an astronaut. I had wanted to reach out to the stars, to glide in space, to be in that world of quiet darkness. I recall vividly how I used to take out a chair in the garden at night and sit on it, gazing at the stars and the moon, wishing that the distance between us was never there.

As time passed, the dream faded away. In standard seven, the craze for cricket was on. The Wills World Cup cast its spell on me. So many times I had imagined myself as a cricketer, wearing leg pads, helmet, gloves, swinging my bat. I had wished to play for India and win each and every match. I used to play cricket all day long at home. Once my mother told me, that even when I was sleeping, I was hitting a stroke.

In my fantasies I had seen myself at the striker's end, eyebrows wrinkled in concentration. The ball comes ripping the air and I swing my bat with all my might, and the ball rolls down the green expanse and bounces across the rope.

Gradually my mania for cricket abated. Now being in standard nine, I do not have any craze yet, but as soon as I do, I'll inform you.

By : Rangoli Agarwal
Class IX-C



मन करता है

मन करता है—

मेघों के पीछे नील गगन में मैं छिप जाऊँ।
फिर तुम भेद चाँद जब निकले,
मैं भी उसके संग मुसकाऊँ।

मन करता है—

मैं सूरज सा भास्कर तेजवान बन जाऊँ।
अपने कर्मों से अंधियारी,
दुनिया में प्रकाश फैलाऊँ।

मन करता है—

मस्त हवा के साथ-साथ मैं भी उड़ जाऊँ।
काले नीर भरे मेघों को,
अपने संग उड़ाती लाऊँ।

मन करता है—

तितली बनकर मैं भी फूलों पर इठलाऊँ।
उन्हें हिलाकर, उन्हें झुलाकर,
मकरन्द चुरा कर मैं उड़ जाऊँ।

मन करता है—

कि, प्रसून बन कांटों में भी मैं मुसकाऊँ,
किसी बाग की शोभा बनकर,
सारी धरती को महकाऊँ।

मन करता है—

निर्झर जैसी मैं भी कल-कल बहती जाऊँ,
अपने निर्मल शीतल जल से,
प्यासे जन की प्यास बुझाऊँ।

मन करता है—

तरुवर बनकर थके पथिक का ताप मिटाऊँ।
दूँ शाखों पर खगों को आश्रय,
फल से जग की भूख मिटाऊँ।

मन करता है—

पक्षी बन उन्मुक्त गगन में उड़ती जाऊँ,
अपने मधुमय कलरव स्वर से,
हर मन में मैं उमंग जगाऊँ।

सहयोग : अंजिता आलोक

कक्षा 103

प्रेरणा बिन्दु

कोई भी व्यक्ति पशु की कोटि से तभी ऊँचा उठ सकता है जब वह अपनी बुद्धि और ज्ञान का सही अर्थों में उपयोग कर सके। सत्य ही कहा गया है :—

“विद्या लभते ज्ञानम्।”

मैंने पुस्तकों द्वारा यह ज्ञात किया कि व्यक्ति को साहसी, दृढ़ संकल्पी, दृढ़ प्रतिज्ञावान, आत्मविश्वासी एवं स्वबली होना चाहिये।

मैं अन्दर हमेशा यह विचार आया कि मैं इन सभी गुणों को एक बार में कैसे अर्जित करूँगी। मैंने अपने चरित्र से जीवन के विषम मोड़ों पर परखा परन्तु अपने अन्दर के आत्म विश्वास की कमी का मुझे हमेशा दुख था। मेरे माता-पिता, भाई-बन्धु एवं मित्रों ने मुझे आत्म विश्वास का घोल पिलाने की सदैव कोशिश की परन्तु वह भी असफल रहे। इसी कारण से मेरी किसी भी प्रतियोगिता में भाग लेने की चाह मंद पड़ जाती थी।

तरुणावस्था की दहलीज तक पहुँचते हुये मेरे अन्दर का आत्म विश्वास जागृत हुआ। मैं औरों को किसी भी प्रतियोगिता में भाग लेते देखती, मेरे अन्दर भी कुछ ठोस कदम उठाने की चाह होती परन्तु भय दबोच लेता।

मेरे विद्यालय में अनेकों प्रतियोगिताएं होती। हर सोमवार को प्रार्थना सभा में कक्षा 6-12 तक की छात्राएं भाग लेतीं। एक प्रार्थना सभा में, जो कि कक्षा 10 डी की छात्राओं द्वारा आयोजित थी उसमें “दृढ़ संकल्प एवं आत्मविश्वास” के विषय को लेकर गीत, नाटक एवं प्रार्थना प्रस्तुत की गयी। मैं इस प्रार्थना सभा से बहुत प्रभावित हुयी जिसने मेरे अन्दर दृढ़ संकल्प का बीज बो दिया। उसी दिन कक्षा में आकर ज्ञात हुआ कि हिन्दी भाषण प्रतियोगिता होने वाली है। मेरी हिन्दी की अध्यापिका एवं मेरी मित्रों ने मुझे भाग लेने के लिए प्रोत्साहित किया, तत्पश्चात् मैं तैयार हो गयी। मुझे उस समय पहली बार अपनी कक्षा के प्रति उत्तरदायित्व का अनुभव हुआ। मुझे भाजपा की सुश्रीउमा कल्ले का भाषण बोलना था। मेरी हिन्दी की अध्यापिका एवं मेरी सखियों के निरन्तर प्रोत्साहन एवं सहयोग से मैं अपना भाषण अच्छी तरह से तैयार कर लिया।

मुझे पिताजी द्वारा सुनायी गयी वे पंक्तियां हमेशा याद रहेगीं जो मैथिलीशरण गुप्त द्वारा रचित हैं।

“हो समय कितना कठिन, दृढ़ चिन्त होकर तुम बड़ों

रहो न, भरोसे भाग्य के, कर्तव्य तुम अपना करो।

कहते न तुम घर-घर फिरो, बाधा हरो-बाधा हरो।

निज बाहुबल से नाव लेकर, दुख का सागर तरो ॥

अन्ततः वह दिन भी आ गया जब मुझे अपने अन्दर के आत्म विश्वास को परखने का शुभ अवसर प्राप्त हुआ। विद्यालय पहुँची। प्रार्थना सभा के बाद प्रतियोगिता आरम्भ हुयी। मेरे अन्दर आत्मविश्वास एवं भय का संग्राम

छिड़ा था। मेरी बारी आयी। मैंने बड़े जोर-शोर से भाषण बोलना आरम्भ किया। उस समय ऐसा अनुभव हो रहा था कि मैं हमेशा से भाषण बोलती आ रही हूँ। मैंने ओजपूर्ण वाक्यों में भाषण समाप्त किया। एक घंटे तक भाषण प्रतियोगिता चली। इसके पश्चात परिणाम घोषित किया गया। माता-पिता एवं मेरी अध्यापिकाओं के आशीर्वाद में मुझे प्रथम स्थान प्राप्त हुआ मेरी खुशी की सीमा न रही। मेरे माता-पिता गर्वान्वित महसूस कर रहे थे। मेरी सफलता का मुख्य श्रेय सर्वप्रथम उस प्रार्थना सभा को जाता है जिसने मेरे अन्दर भविष्य में विषय परिस्थितियों से लड़ने के लिये आत्म विश्वास का संचार किया। मैं अपनी हिन्दी की अध्यापिका एवं अपनी सहेलियों की भी सदा आभारी रहूंगी।

आत्म विश्वास एवं दृढ़ संकल्प ही व्यक्ति को सफलता की सीमा तक पहुंचा सकता है परन्तु इसके साथ-साथ माता-पिता, गुरुजनों एवं भाई-बन्धु के आशीर्वाद भी व्यक्ति को उसके लक्ष्य को अर्जित करवाने में समर्थ योगदान देते हैं।

गरिमा द्विवेदी
कक्षा 10-4

इतिहास

इतिहास हमारा इतिहास
बनकर रह गया बस हास।
नहीं मिलती हमें बातें नई,
पढ़ते हैं वह जो बीत गई।
इतिहास में है यह मजा,
कथाओं से यह है सजा।
राजाओं व राज्यों की कथा,
कह सुनाई इसने उनकी व्यथा।

भाव कहीं मैत्री का है, तो कहीं वार।
उपदेशों से भरपूर है इसका सार ॥
पूर्वजों की है इसमें कहानी,
जो बन गई बिल्कुल पुरानी।
इसमें हर कोई चमकता सितारा है।
वीरता के कारनामों जो दिखला जाता है।
हमें कभी यह नहीं भुलाना है।
कि स्थान अपना इतिहास में बनाना है ॥

शालिनी चौधरी
कक्षा 10-4

आकांक्षा

मेरी है ये आकांक्षा,
कि दुनिया हो मेरे हाथ में।
मुट्ठी में हो तारे,
और समुद्र एक ग्लास में,
फूलों पर मैं चलूँ,
और उड़ूँ आकाश में,
हमेशा अब्बल आऊँ,
और गिनती हो इतिहास में,
हिमालय पर बनाऊँ ताज,
और बहूँ पवन के साथ में,
जहाज चलाऊँ जमीन पर,
और गाड़ी आसमान में,
मेरी है ये आकांक्षा,
कि दुनिया हो मेरे हाथ में।

निधी चतुर्वेदी

कक्षा 10 ड

ON MAKING THE BEST OF TIME

"Don't thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin

Time is an endless continuity which flows like a river ceaselessly without any pause. Lost health may be regained by medicines and lost money by hard labour but **time once lost is LOST FOR EVER**. In this connection the Biblical saying : **'Catch time by the forelock, for when once past there is no recalling it'**, deserves to be remembered.

Time is always fleeting as the proverb bears the truth out **Time and tide wait for none**.

Human life is very short and the working period is still shorter, so the proverb goes : **'Life is short, art is long'** Tennyson's Ulysses has rightly

observed that **'Life piled upon life' will not be adequate to get all the things done, or to know the vast unknown.** As such, we should utilise our time in profitable ways and not fritter away our energies in needless affairs. **'Work is worship'**—and we need to work as a worshipper in full exercise of the capability that God has bestowed on us. Our life is nothing but a total summation of hours and if we do not now sow seeds in opportune moments we shall not be able to reap good crops during the harvesting period. A little work undone everyday turns a mighty task at the end of the year.

"Time is the reef upon which all our frail mystic ships are wrecked"—
Noel Coward

Procrastination is the thief of time. Things left undone today may remain for ever. So, we should not leave anything for tomorrow what we can do today. Improvident persons 'pine for what is not' when they peep into the past. Everything has its time to be done and if we fail to perform that work in that time we shall have no other alternative but to lament our idleness later on. **'Strike when the iron is hot'** is a trite saying but it is of great importance.

Legends describe that saints and hermits of the past used to sleep for a few hours only, they used to devote the rest of their time in penance, and religious and physical culture. The proverbial instance of abuse of time can be found in king Nero who was playing on a violin while Rome was burning.

Strong sense of time does not merely help smooth flow of events but is also conducive to health. A person who leaves his bed at a particular time and retires to bed at a definite hour everyday is generally healthier than one who does the same haphazardly. The vehement flow of time cannot be held back by any means but to protect it from destruction, proper utilisation of time is needed in order to develop a sense regarding value of time. Once disregard of time is firmly rooted in one's nature, it is very difficult to eradicate it in the older age as punctuality appears an obstacle rather than advantage in such a man's life.

We should remember

"NO RELIGION IS GREATER THAN TIME. TIME IS THE GREATEST DHARMA. BELIEVE IN TIME AND ADORE THE TIME, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE AND IF YOU WANT TO THRIVE."

By : Akanksha Srivastava
Glass XI

THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS OF LIFE IS TO ENJOY IT

"The age of great men is going,
the epoch of the ant-hill,
of life in multiplicity,
in beginning.—**Amiel**

Living is an art. It is the most complicated art as it is based upon the scientific application of the good principles of living which govern the behaviour and attitude of human beings. Life has various people; to some it is just an empty dream; to others it is zeal, pleasure and duty. Some live life for enjoyment. For them, life is not a serious journey through years it is a light comedy. In actual life, however, there are very few people who can enjoy so easily, for life is not just a bed of roses, it has many thorns around. It is a comedy as well as a tragedy, at the same time both these are facts of life to be faced as they come and go.

"Let us be happy while we are young, for after carefree youth and careworn age, the earth will hold us also."

Modern scientific and technological advancement has removed its natural colour and flavour and reduced it to an automation. Man moves about like a shuttle-cock in the busy atmosphere, his movements depending on the speed of the scientific implements which throw him hither and thither. Man is a slave to science and technology. He starts the morning cup of tea with an electric stove and after spending a hectic day of movement and work, throws himself in the bed like a worn-out machine.

Most of the people are dissatisfied with life. They are always grumbling for one thing or the other; some people suffer from ill-health while others complain of money or wealth. Even the wealthiest man may have something to feel unhappy about it. Life is so complicated that only very young children can enjoy pure laughter. All others always have some worry or the other. Every one is busy and over-busy all the time.

"Why not seize the pleasure at once?

How often is happiness destroyed by preparation,"—**Jane Austen.**

The art of living has become the science of living modern life. Whereas

modern amenities, the more important of these being electricity, the car, the cinema and T.V. have provided comfort and luxury, the competition among human beings to avail these amenities to the maximum has snatched all taste and pleasure from natural life.

Gone are the days when a person could gaze at the stars and the moon in a leisurely fashion and enjoy the beauty of the scene. He could also hum a few verses of poetry in appreciation of such beauty. The sweeter aspects of life are receding to the background as science and technology advance.

There is of course nothing wrong with new buildings and machines as they are the symbols of modern civilization. They are the symbols of man's growing power over nature and rising standard of living, but they do tell upon the nerves of a peace-loving human being and fill him with awe and fear. They distort his mind and make it adverse to humanity, love and pleasure.

The real art of living lies in looking at the brighter side of things. An optimist is definitely a much better fighter in the life than a pessimist. Lucky is he who takes comedies and tragedies boldly as they come and go. That is the attitude of life which can bring maximum success to a man. Let us always remember the basic principal of the Gita : "Do your duty and leave the rest to God." If one does duty without pinning the expectations too high even small success bring happiness, joy, and contentment. **The best wisdom lies in living thoroughly and intensely in the present, deriving lessons from the past and keeping high ideals for the future.** The art of living implies a healthy development of mind, body and intellect.

There is nothing wrong in the statement that the principal business of life is to enjoy it. How you enjoy it is a matter of individual taste. Some people enjoy life by practising lofty ideals of selfless service to others. Others are too selfish and they enjoy it only by seeking personal pleasures caring a hoot for society or its morals. There are few who enjoy to suffer with their fellow beings and companions if occasion demands and who share the pleasures as well as sorrows with others. Ultimately their enjoyment lies in narrowing to the minimum the gap between their ideals and achievements. **Happiest is the man whose ideals and achievements are the same.**

By : Akanksha Srivastava
Class X-B

WHAT IS LOVE ?

What is love

No word can define it.

Its something so great

Only God could design it.

It grows through the years

In sunshine and rain.

In gladness and sadness

In pleasure and pain.

Its ever enduring

And patient and kind.

It bridges everything

With heart not mind.

It can even change

The most common place.

Into beauty and splendour

And sweetness and grace.

It is beyond

What a man can define.

For love is immortal

And God's gift is divine.

By : **Gunjan Tewari**
Class X-C

SOME PRINCIPLES OF YOUR LIFE

Principles of your life should be—

1. Accept hatred from everyone, but never accept a single word of sympathy from anyone.
2. Do not depend too much on any one and thereby, loose your personal identity.
3. Take all the good qualities of your dear enemy, but, never take a single bad quality of your friend.
4. Never try to be a fan of someone, your personality should be so attractive and impressive that everyone wants to become a fan of yours.

By : **Gunjan Tewari**
Class X-C

rites of passage

They say that God lives very high;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?...
...But still I feel that his embrace
slides down by thrills, through all things mad,
Through sight and sound of every place
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut eyes her Kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night, and said,
"Who guessed you through the dark, dear guesser"

Above are a few lines of the beautiful poem—"A child's thought of God" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Children have a different world of their own. Their own apprehensions and fears and their own ways of looking up to the things in life. As we grow up our outlook changes but the memories are always there in the subconscious mind.

I clearly remember that cold winter night of January when Mummy and Daddy were going to the hospital. My brother was still too young to speak, but I had wanted to know why they were going out at that hour of night. They had just said, that Sonika's mother is not well and they are going to see her at the hospital. I protested that they had just visited the hospital in the day time and that I would not stay alone at home at that hour. I remember that scolding I received and I went to bed crying.

Sonika, a very good friend of mine, was a year older to me and lived in my neighbourhood. She had spoken to me that her Mummy was not well and that her grandmother had come to help with the household. I had also heard Mummy and Daddy discuss that Sonika was too young to lose her mother. I would wonder, why would Sonika lose her mother? After all she just had some high fever. This is what was told to me.

In the morning, Daddy did not wake me up and that meant, I was not to go to school that day. I got up on my own and found that in the drawing room

mummy was sitting with Sonika who was crying. Mummy was consoling her but she kept on crying. Sonika's mummy had died. Auntie had died of cancer.

Auntie had been suffering from cancer for over a year. The doctors had said she would live just two or three days more but the pain she was suffering was immense and they found it better and more humane to end her sufferings by bursting the tumour.

For the next two days Sonika stayed with us. She was told that mummy had gone to live near God and that now she was one of the stars in the sky. We knew that she had died. Never to return.

At that time I was too small to understand what death meant. As I am growing up my outlook towards everything is changing. People come and go.... but life goes on.

By : Shipra Sharma
Class X-D

BRAIN'S TRUST

Q. 1. Would a flame burn where there is no gravity?

Ans. The existence of flame is due to the pull of gravity. The burning flame sets up a convection current near it. The burnt out hot air, being lighter, rises up and is replaced by fresh air and fuel. In the absence of gravity, this convection current is not set up and the fuel vapours even if formed cannot stick to a place and so get scattered around. Therefore in the place where there is no gravity, match stick does not form a flame but a few sparks.

Q. 2. Why are insects attracted towards light?

Ans. Some insects especially moths are attracted to light because they misinterpret it as the light of the moon which they use as a means of navigation.

Q. 3. Why are blisters formed after a burn?

Ans. The inner layer of the skin has numerous blood capillary loops. Injuries damage the superficial layer of the skin leaving one inner layer of skin ending up in blisters. In case of a burn, the cells of the epidermal tissue die, forming a thin dead membrane. This membrane causes irritation. The fluid component of blood oozes out from the permeable walls of the vessels and collects underneath the dead epithelial membrane. The membrane is pushed up above the skin surface and a blister is formed.

Q. 4. Why are the doors and windows of airplanes flying at high altitudes airtight?

Ans. Air inside the aeroplane is adjusted to be equal to the atmospheric pressure. If the doors are not airtight, then air from inside will leak out and become very low as that outside. Passengers inside will have difficulty in breathing and blood will be forced out from the capillaries of their blood vessels.

Q. 5. Why, when the pressure is less does the water falling from a tap fall as a stream for a short distance and then break up into drops?

Ans. The water falling from a tap forms a tapering stream when the water pressure is low. In such a case, a fixed volume of water is released by the tap every second. However, as the water leaves the tap, the gravity pulls it down, and the speed of water increases as it approaches the ground. A larger volume of water, than the normal therefore, flows down at various points down the stream every second. The cross-section of the water at every point down the stream therefore decreases. The stream tapers off and breaks into drops because of cohesive forces between water molecules when it is not able to hold itself together.

Compiled by : Neha Krishna
Class X

FRIDAY MYTH

Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest heroes of the American people, by his commitment to the cause of human rights had gained the much desired freedom for the black slaves. One evening, Lincoln along with his wife went to a theatre to watch a play. The theatre was packed. Then some time after 10 'O' clock, a shot was heard. A wild looking man had entered the box and done his work. Lincoln was no more. It was Good Friday, 14 1865.

Leaning his arms on Abha and Manu, Gandhiji was moving hurriedly to the prayer ground. Some people helped to clear the way for him, just then a man elbowed his way out of the congregation into the lane, planting himself about two feet in front of Gandhiji. He fired three shots from a pistol. Gandhiji murmured "Hai Ram" as the third shot rang out. The Mahatma was gone. A fearless fighter for human rights and Indian Independence, with his world famous strategy of non-violence was assassinated on 30th Jan 1948 and it was a Friday.

On November 22nd, 1963, the President of America, John F. Kennedy was shot dead on the streets of Dallas. He had said, "Ask not what your country can do for you rather ask what you can do for your country" and how he had to pay for it with his life. Another noble soul was dead on another Friday.

2000 years ago, a man in streets of Galile had preached justice and peace. He had attacked the powerful and those who enjoyed monopoly over possessions, knowledge and power. His crime was that he sided with the poor who were unjustly treated by the rich and looked after the sick. This is the story of Jesus of Nazareth. He was pinned to a cross to die. Now again on Friday, Christ was dead.

Fridays, how many more Fridays mankind needs to see the face of light? Fridays, they have come and gone but when will peace and justice reign in our families and society? Fridays; Can their stench be quenched by the perfumes of Arabia? Will there be no end to this type of gory Fridays?

By Kanika Arora
Class X-D

FLATTERY IS AN ART

"Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That Flattery's the food of fools,
But now and then you men of wit,
Will condescend to take a bit".

Flattering is indeed an art. It is subtle and complex. It is never true and sincere. There is always an element of hypocrisy present in it. It is praising a person who is not worthy of it. It is a mere lip-sympathy and never emerges from the heart. It is an evil, but often a necessary evil in this modern, wicked world.

Flattering partially is just like honey, because, "One catches more flies with a spoonful of honey than with twenty casks of vinegar." "Flattery", according to Chesterfield, "though a lease coin, is necessary pocket money at court where, by custom and consent, it has obtained such a wide currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent but a legal payment."

Though flattery is the food of fools yet I am sure that there would be no one in this world who would have not tasted it and at the same time cherished it. One who has successfully escaped it, is indeed unearthly.

Finally I would like you to consider a quote from the tale of "Cunning Fox and Crow" which I believe is appropriate for the subject :

"The silly young crow, when he heard what he said", She drew herself up and she tossed back her head.

She had never been praised so before, very proud. Did she feel—and she cawed loud,

Down dropped the cheese at the fox's feet,
"I thank you", he said, "for something to eat,
A very sweet voice has my Queen, and her eyes,
Are most bright! what a pity it is, she's not wise",
And you who read this little tale,
to learn its lesson do not fail,
When any one flatters you, think if you please,
of the fox and the crow and the piece of cheese".

By : Aprajita Chaturvedi
Class X

THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE

'Everyday is a new and spectacular day for me. To build the castle of my dreams and kingdom of my thoughts and let my heart rule over it, but today my dreams are not with me.

'Sitting on my bed, I glanced at the calendar. The month of January, day—Tuesday and date—eight of the Year 1997. This day is the happiest day of the year for me, the day of my birth.'

'The door bell rang and the nurse came in with a tray in her hand. I knew it was the time for me to take my medicine. Two capsules and a tablet thrice a day accompanied by one glass of water each time. I took the medicines and she left me alone in the room.

A letter had arrived the previous day that Mom and Papa will not be able to be with me on my birthday. This news made me melancholy.

That time I was admitted in the Poona Cancer Institute, a patient of room no. eleven. I was in the second stage of cancer.

My parents had lost hope and had no courage to face me.

After sometime the nurse came back with a cup of tea and biscuits kept on a tray in one hand and a beautiful bouquet in one hand. I was delighted to see the bouquet and thought that it was sent for me.

She gave me the biscuits to eat and tea to drink and said, "Have it quickly, I am going to deliver this bouquet to room no. 14 and when I come back I will give you, your medicines." As she left the room, I was left disappointed.

While the day passed by taking medicines and caring for myself, no one came to wish me "A very Happy Birthday". I thought "Let me buy something for myself as a birthday gift.

At 5.30 p.m. when the nurse came to enquire whether I am in need of something I gave her a hundred rupee note and told her to bring a good story book and a red rose which I would like to enjoy at that time.

I was waiting for the book and the flower when the door of my room banged open and the wardboy came in. He was holding a big and beautiful bouquet in one hand, the bouquet was so beautiful that to receive it was beyond my imagination and in the other hand was a cardboard box. I turned my eyes away, I didn't want to get disappointed again. I was looking straight at the wall

infront of my bed. My eyes were motionless, my face expressionless, calm and still.

After sometime, the wardboy spoke, "It is sent for you." I did not pay attention.

I heard the match stick being lighted, then smelt something burning, but I was still in the same position.

Then I heard a soft voice say, "Happy Birthday." It was not the voice of the wardboy. I turned my face to see the Doctor sitting beside me and the nurse and the wardboy standing beside him. The doctor gave me the bouquet. The placard on the bouquet read, "You are out of danger."

I felt how precious the life is. Now I do not have to die.

I blew out the candle and cut the cake. All this happened silently, no one talked. The whole atmosphere had become different. There was an exchange of feelings and sentiments.

The cake was served. We enjoyed it. That evening of my Birthday was happier than the happiest one I used to enjoy.

After sometime, the wardboy, the nurse and the doctor left the room. Before leaving the room the doctor said, "My child, wish you a Happy Life."

This was my Birthday. The day when I got the most precious gift—"MY LIFE".

By : Suroshree Banerjee
Class X-0

MAKING THE RIGHT CHOICE FOR THE CAREER MINDED

Our work or our career is one of the most important ways in which we seek self satisfaction and fulfillment, as well as financial independence.

"What do I want to be?" If you are able to crack this question, then success in whatever you do is assured.

The Way out : Career planning is a road map to achieving what we really want out of life. It helps in giving a clear direction to what we want to achieve in life. The process is based on the following three steps.

Step-I : Get to know yourself

Career planning starts with knowing yourself. It is only when you are well

ware of your strengths, skills, personality etc. that you can locate the right career to fit your needs. Career planning is all about self assessment and self analysis.

Aptitude.—To check your aptitude you would ask yourself some questions as :

- What are my special talents and what are the kind of activities that I am good at?
- For example if you are very fond of speaking and debating, you have an aptitude for good communication. You can choose a career like law, sales, communication etc.

To identify your aptitudes you can consult your friends, teachers and parents. It refers to what we have a natural inclination for.

Personality.—The type of a person you are will influence the type of job that you will best fit into. Your personality traits will help to shortlist your options. For instance, if you are a person who likes to be well organised and disciplined do not go in for career such advertising and marketing.

Step-II : Getting to Know the Work Needs.

What are you really looking for in a job? What are the things that are important to you as far as your career is concerned. It would be :

- Financial Aspects.
- Does it provide me with opportunities to travel.
- What kind of an industry would I like to work in?

Values.—Whatever decisions you take are governed to a very large extent by your values. Values set the opportunities available which fit your personal profile. This is a very crucial step in career planning. Getting hard core data gives you a direct feel of the job and its demands. There are two things that will be helpful in the process.

- Being active, taking responsibility for your career.
- Being open minded and creative in your career search. Keep all options open and then decide.

Take notes from any magazine, journal.

- Area of specialisation
- Which institutes offer this career.
- Duration of the courses and scholarships.

Step-III : Action Planning

"The longest journey begins with a single step" You now need to plan how to select and succeed in the career you will choose.

Have a list of about five to six career options in order of priority.

Create a career goal for yourself. The more you visualise what you want the more you are likely to move towards it.

Sets objectives for achieving your goals.

- Make a time table for studying
- Collect information on admission to the course.

Career planning requires a lot of thought, introspection, data gathering and action.

You must remember

"There is no way to success, success is the way."

By : Riya Pandey
Class X-D

THE NATION'S DESTINY IS IT'S PEOPLE

People build up the Nation.

They are its creations and the Nation is their creation.

People are the precious jewels of the Nation and thus, they are the Nation's ornamentation.

Since they are the builder's, creators and ornaments of the Nation, so it's destiny is also their creation.

Whether the people are idle or they work hard, their land will be awarded for that they are the architects of their land's fortune, which would be advancing very soon.

They are the carvers who carve on the forehead of their motherland, the Destiny of their very land.

And so the fate of a country begins, along with its inhabitant's will.

Just like an year is incomplete without its four seasons,

The Nation is incomplete without it's people just like the Destiny of a river, being rowed across by a boat, is ripple,

The Nation's Destiny is it's people.

By : Arpita Shukla
Class XI-A

ADIEU, NOT GOODBYE

It was a biting frosty morning of December, 97 when Sister Sabina called us to discuss something important. We were understandably curious. Now what could be the matter? However, when we did meet her later in the class she informed us that in February we would be bidding farewell, to our seniors. So, preparations had to be made. Always understanding forever gentle, she discussed with us how the event had to be planned out and executed.

After the winter vacations there was a flurry of activity. Hectic rehearsals, constant practice sessions began to take its toll. There were bitter rows and low but distinct rumblings of complaints but we trudged along buoyed on the way by the encouraging smiles of our Principal Sister Christina and our teachers. The 'Big day' dawned on us bright and clear. It was the 24th of February. The lower concert hall had been cheerfully decorated in distinctive colours of White, Red and Blue in the form of the interior of an aeroplane. The theme of the whole programme was 'FLIGHTS OF FANTASY'. As the seniors began to file in, Oh! so beautifully attired in fragile chiffons and slippery silks, our hearts began to collectively thump in nervous, worried anticipation. We crossed our fingers and began the introductory speech. But just what was this? The seniors were in a playful mood. Little realising our plight (we had after all never faced the three sections together) they began to talk, and not to be left out, fate also decided to play truant. At this moment the mikes too began to fail. We, however, continued valiantly and took our seniors to rendezvous in exotic lands. It was indeed a magical afternoon where one moment we were in London and in the very next in Mexico, then again in Rome to zoom off in the next to Cairo.

Globetrotting though we were, we did not forget the most interesting part of this event. The Miss S.M.C. contest. While each of the seniors looked dazzling, almost as tempting as the cake, that had been carted in, it was the beautiful Priyanka Dwivedi who stole a march over all of them. Following this was more food and festivity even more of fun and frolic.

Today, as I sit back and write these lines, I feel not too far in the near future we would be where our seniors were. Passing out, leaving this beloved environment of 12 long years is not going to be easy. It's a sad thought which brings a lump in my throat. I do so hate saying Goodbye but in this instance I know its only adieu, don't you?

By : Udishha Kumar
Class XI-C

TOWARDS TRUTH

Mankind is passing through a period of growth and progress. This remarkable phenomenon of growth and progress gives rise to a number of human problems which although not new, have spread to the whole world. Solution to this has to be found and applied. Peace, union and harmony contribute the required conditions in which problems of the world can be proportionately met and solved. Today more than ever we feel the need of strengthening the ties that will unite mankind into one big family.

Mountains, rivers, oceans and cliffs were the barriers of yesterday. They have been responsible to some extent for the rising of various racial and national differences. Today we see barriers within the same race, caste, family and nation. Human kind is divided because their minds are divided. The cause of disunity is untruth. It brings about division among men. It can be conquered only by Truth. Truth can free men from unjust fetters and disunity.

"Satyameva Jayate" is the motto of our nation. In everyone's heart there is a hidden urge for Truth. We must first realize that we lack Truth. About this Gandhiji has written "If we had attained the full vision of Truth; we could no longer be mere seekers. But being only seekers we prosecute our quest, and are conscious of our imperfections. The man who wants to find Truth must himself be truthful. He must hunger after Truth. Once Guru Nanak said when there is truth in the heart then man becomes true and experiences the True One; while we are in search of Truth there arise many struggles. So we must have the courage to fight against untruth till we obtain truth for ourselves.

It is each one's responsibility to make Truth shine in our thoughts, words and actions in order to draw others towards Truth. Let us at any cost pursue truth and may it remain with us always. Let our eyes, ears and mind be attuned to the Eternal Truth because only Truth 'God' can free us and help us to cherish freedom. Let us make Truth our motto because it never fails. May we ever remain true and create a society where Truth will prevail.

By : **Sheela George**
Class XI-C

I REMEMBER...

Its time once again to bid adieu to our seniors with whom we've spent some truly memorable times. Yes! its time to recall that another page is added to the history of S.M.C. The farewell of class 12th (ISC batch 97-98).

The supposed to be tedious job of the discussions of class 11-A, B, and C went on very smoothly and the theme for the farewell was unanimously decided upon as "Flights of Fantasy".

The decoration was sticking to the colour code of Blue, White and Red. The lower concert hall was transformed into the interior of an aeroplane and once those velvet curtained windows, balloons and steamers were all in place the sight was a real feast to the eyes.

The guests started pouring in punctually and their presence made us doubly enthusiastic about the whole affair. The girls of class 12th were looking very pretty in their ethnic sarees.

Since the whole idea was to take the guests on a trip around the world and introduce them to some of those hidden treasures of the world which they had never heard of. We took them to different places right from Asia to South America and from Europe to Australia.

The trip began from Allahabad with the song "Pal do pal ka" and from there we flew off to different places across the globe.

The highlights of the function were the mummy dance in Cairo on the song "Back street's back" and the cowboy dance in Mexico on the song "Cotton eye joe". However other items like the Pakistani play with hilarious dialogues and superb performance inspired by the Pakistani play "Bakra Kishtoan Pe" did not miss the thunderous applause of the spectators. Each item was followed by the presentation of titles to the girls.

The eagerly awaited round of the Miss S.M.C. contest came. It was divided into three rounds. In each round the contestants were judged according to their elegance and wit. The three girls who finally made it were Annette Chacko, Anubha Darbari and Priyanka Dwivedi. On the basis of the final question, Annette Chacko was adjudged the 2nd runnerup, Anubha Darbari the first runner up and Priyanka Dwivedi was declared Miss SMC 1997-98.

The programme ended with a dance on the song "Le gayi Le gayi" and an emotional farewell speech. Lastly it was time for refreshments. Everyone enjoyed the feast and it was almost 7 p.m. when we left the hall.

Our efforts finally proved successful as the programme was appreciated by one and all. Here I pen off with the following lines dedicated to all my seniors on behalf of class 11

The call is too sudden, to say 'good bye',
Yet memories of you, will never die,
Softly as leaves, memories fall
Gently I'll gather and treasure them all...

By : Vidhi Vig
Class XI-B

A MODERN STUDENT

With bell bottoms and shaggy hair
He comes to school with no care.
His shoes with heels four inches high
He walks as if he will touch the sky.
He talks about movies all day long
And tries to sing, each film song.
He wants to be the king of beauty
But he has no sense of duty.
You'll never find him in the reading hall.
But always see him in the samosa stall.
'Notes' he never prepares from any book
But hopes to get the degree by hook or crook.

By : Shikha Agrawal
Class XI-B

Adieu Dear Seniors



*Ready to take off for the trip of their lives
The Flight of Fantasy*



S.M.C. Queens

*L to R - Annette Chacko (11th runner up) Priyanka Divedi
(Miss S.M.C.) Anshika Dabbari (1st runner up)*

CLASS X A



The teachers (sitting from L to R) Mrs. A.Kumar, Mrs. N.Salman
Ms. N.Gupta, Mrs. M.Bajpai, Sr. M.Christina (Principal), Mrs. M.Malviya
Mrs. C.Srivastava, Mrs. S.Khosla, Mrs. S.Walia

CLASS X B



The teachers (sitting from L to R) Mrs. B.Chatterji, Mrs. N.Salman,
Ms. N.Gupta, Mrs. M.Bajpai, Sr. M.Christina (Principal), Mrs. C.Srivastava,
Mrs. M.Malviya, Mrs. A.Kumar, Mrs. S.Khosla, Mrs. S.Walia

CLASS XC



The teachers (sitting from L to R) Mrs. A. Kumar
Mrs. D. Panda, Mrs. N. Salman, Miss. N. Gupta, Sr. M. Christina (Principal),
Mrs. S. Haroon, Mrs. S. Banerji, Mrs. S. Khosla, Mrs. S. Walia

CLASS XD



The teachers (sitting from L to R) Mrs. A. Kumar
Mrs. N. Salman, Ms. N. Gupta, Mrs. S. Banerji, Sr. M. Christina (Principal)
Mrs. C. Srivastava, Mrs. D. Panda, Mrs. M. Malviya, Mrs. S. Walia

CLASS XII A



The teachers (sitting from L to R) Mrs. A. Kakkar
Mrs. C. Srivastava, Mrs. S. Kumar, Sr. M. Christina (Principal), Ms. K. Chhatwal
Sr. M. Tarsia, Mrs. M. Malviya, Mrs. S. Walia

CLASS XII B



The teachers (sitting from L to R) Mrs. M. Mitra, Mrs. S. Kumar
Mrs. A. Kumar, Mrs. A. Kakkar, Sr. M. Christina (Principal), Sr. M. Tarsicia
Mr. M. Mitra, Ms. K. Chhatwal, Mrs. S. Walia

CLASS XII C



The teachers (sitting from L to R) Mrs. A. Kumar, Ms. M. Mitra,
Mrs. A. Chatterji, Sr. M. Christina (Principal), Ms. K. Chhatwal, Sr. M. Tarsicia,
Mr. M. Mitra, Mrs. S. Walia

BLANK CHECK

Give Synonyms for—

Clue—Each of them contain letter o-n-e

- | | |
|--------------|-------------------|
| 1. Finished | 11. Trustworthy |
| 2. Departed | 12. Pardon |
| 3. Area | 13. Oppressive |
| 4. Pitch | 14. Noble heiress |
| 5. Solitary | 15. Crown |
| 6. Sluggard | 16. Officer |
| 7. Hag | 17. Antagonist |
| 8. Expiate | 18. Singer |
| 9. Rock | 19. Crooked |
| 10. Currency | 20. Acquit |

Ans : 1. Done, 2. Gone, 3. Zone, 4. Tone, 5. Alone, 6. Drone, 7. Crone, 8. Atone, 9. Stone, 10. Money, 11. Honest, 12. Condone, 13. Onerous, 14. Baroness, 15. Coronet, 16. Colonel, 17. Opponent, 18. Baritone, 19. Dishonest, 20. Exonerate.

By : Shikha Agrawal
Class XI-B

A TEAM OF ELEVEN

Mathematics is a kind of a cricket team consisting of 11 players. All the players are active brave and wise.

- M : is the opening batsman who stands for **Memory** and is the most important for a mathematician.
- A : is the Captain of the team and stands for **Accuracy**. It is impossible to do without it.
- T : Denotes **Talent** which is often made use of improving propositions.
- H : An important player and stands for **Hard work**.
- E : For **Enthusiasm** which is essential for the study of the subject.
- M : Again stands for **Method**.
- A : Denotes **Attention** which is equally important for a player.

- T : Stands for **Tact** which often helps in doing sums.
I : For **Intelligence**
C : For **Cleverness** and **Clarity** which are essential for the players in the team.
S : It gives a **Smile** to the lips of a mathematicians.

If all these 11 players of a team are on the field the team is sure to win the **World Cup.**

By : **Shikha Agrawal**
Class XII

THE SORROW OF GOD

"I made hills, vales, trees and flowers
And mountain ranges above the showers
And animals, birds, forests, castle
And the bright blue sky above the stars.
And the lush and fertile land
And sacred and greatest sand.
And above all, the 'Man'
Who is the master of all these beautiful things
Who can destroy or build anything
And can cut the flying bird's wings.
But alas ! today, he is only fond of cutting wings,
And stabbing in the back
There's a lack of humanity, yes a lack.
He can borrow diamond and gold
But humanity ? he can't borrow,
And this is my only sorrow."

By : **Alpana Saxena**
Class XII

THE APOSTLE OF PEACE

Blessed are those who are immortal. Such noble and great persons do not come on earth to live but the Almighty and the provident sends such great souls on earth to give every thing to the poor, needy and downtrodden masses. Such a great soul was our Mother Teresa who came on earth under the ordains of Jesus Christ to protect the teeming millions and persons who were mentally and physically retarded.

Mother Teresa is immortal as she has shown the real and sacred path to humanity. She impressed upon the people that the real worship of God lies in real service to humanity. Actually, she is the Torch Bearer of the 20th century as she exhibited indefatigable energy in fighting the forces leading to misery and injustice to the poor.

She said, "The unwanted are hungry not for food but for love. They are thirsty not for water but for peace. They are naked not for clothes but for dignity. They are homeless not for shelter but for understanding."

She was the mother of the world's downtrodden and depressed. She was an angel, a replica of the goddess of mercy in human form. She personified humanity and was the epitome of virtue and grace. The symbol of compassion and kindness, the messenger of peace and non-violence, the apostle of love and dedication. She worked for the lowliest of the low. She wore neither a crown studded with a Kohinoor nor a cap decorated with plumes of honour. Spiritual strength was her armour and blessing her creed. Her name became a living legend in the far corners of the world.

Indeed, words fail to express our sorrow as we have lost our dearest mother. She inspired us to serve humanity, the poor and the disabled masses. Alas ! The world, especially India, has become poorer by the passing away of our mother. **"Still she lives on through our service to humanity."**

By : Alpana Saxena
Class XI-C

स्वामी विवेकानन्द के सपनों का भारत

“मानव सेवा ही ईश्वर की सेवा है क्योंकि मानव ईश्वर का मूर्तरूप है।” इस सिद्धान्त को मानने वाले रामकृष्ण परमहंस के शिष्य स्वामी विवेकानन्द ने हिन्दू धर्म को अपने तेजस्वी व्यक्तित्व तथा प्रभावशाली भाषा एवं तर्कों से समस्त विश्व में लोकप्रिय बनाया।

स्वामी विवेकानन्द एक महान देशभक्त समाजसुधारक तथा प्रकाण्ड विद्वान् थे। उन्होंने जाति प्रथा, कर्मकाण्ड, समारोहों की घोर निन्दा की। वे स्वतन्त्रता, समानता तथा मुक्त चिन्तन के प्रबल समर्थक थे।

उनके सपनों का भारत ऐसा भारत था जिसमें धार्मिक सहिष्णुता, धर्म-निरपेक्षता हो, जो जातिवाद विहीन हो, जिसमें गरीबी न हो जिसमें स्त्रियों को सम्मान दिया जाये और देश के सभी स्त्री-पुरुष शिक्षित हों।

जातिवाद का विरोध करते हुये उन्होंने कहा कि यदि भारत में जातिवाद जीवित रहा तो हम कभी भी उन्नति को ओर अग्रसर नहीं हो सकते। उन्होंने किसान मजदूर, मोची आदि को राष्ट्र की रीढ़ माना है। उनकी कर्मशीलता और आत्मनिष्ठा हममें से कइयों से अधिक है। वे कहते हैं—हे भारत के श्रमजीवियों! मैं तुम लोगों को प्रणाम करता हूँ। इस प्रकार स्वामी विवेकानन्द एक जातिविहीन तथा छुआछूत से रहित राष्ट्र के रूप में भारत की कल्पना करते थे।

स्वामी विवेकानन्द का कहना था कि भारत के सभी अनर्थों की जड़ है—जनसाधारण की गरीबी। यह गरीबी ही समस्त बुराइयों की जड़ है। इसी के कारण देश का समुचित विकास नहीं हो पा रहा है। क्योंकि “बुभुक्षितं किं न करोति पापम्।” परन्तु इस समस्या का समाधान आज तक नहीं हो पाया है। स्वयं स्वामी विवेकानन्द ने इस बुराई को दूर करने का अधिक प्रयास किया।

उन्होंने देश की एकता तथा उन्नति के लिये सर्वधर्म सम्भाव की घोषणा की तथा धार्मिक मामलों में किसी भी संकीर्णता की निन्दा की। उन्होंने कहा कि हमारी अपनी मातृभूमि के लिये दो महान् प्रणालियों हिन्दू धर्म तथा इस्लाम धर्म का संगम ही एकमात्र आशा है। साथ ही उन्होंने राजनीति में समाज में, आध्यात्मिकता के समन्वय पर जोर दिया। उनका यह सर्वधर्म सम्भाव का सपना आज सत्य हो गया है तथा उसी के कारण आज हमने स्वतन्त्रता प्राप्त कर आज़ाद हवा में साँस ली है।

स्वामी विवेकानन्द ने शेष संसार से सम्पर्क तोड़ लेने तथा गतिहीन तथा संवेदनहीन बन जाने के कारण भारतीयों की अलोचना की।

एक स्थान पर उन्होंने लिखा भी है कि संसार के अन्य समस्त राष्ट्रों से हमारा अलगाव हमारे अधःपतन का कारण है। इसका एक ही प्रतिकार है तथा वह है शेष संसार की धारा में पुनः प्रवाह।

वे भारतीयों को जागरूक बनाना चाहते थे क्योंकि उन्हें अनुमान था कि यदि भारतीयों का अपने धर्म, संस्कार, शक्ति, बुद्धि तथा सामर्थ्य का ज्ञान हो जाये तो वे दुनिया के किसी भी देश से ज्यादा शक्तिशाली हो सकते हैं। वे भारतीयों को हर क्षेत्र में आगे बढ़ते हुए देखना चाहते थे।

वे स्त्रियों को शिक्षा तथा सम्मान देने के प्रबल समर्थक थे। उन्होंने बालविवाह, सतीप्रथा तथा स्त्रियों की अशिक्षा का कड़ा विरोध किया। वे स्त्रियों को शक्ति का मूर्तरूप मानते थे। उनका कथन था कि स्त्रियों को पूजा करके सभी

गतियाँ बड़ी बनी हैं। उनका यह मानना सही भी है कि स्त्रियाँ जब शिक्षित होगी तभी तो उनकी संतानों द्वारा देश का भविष्य उज्ज्वल होगा तथा देश में विधा, ज्ञान, शक्ति, भक्ति जाग उठेगी। “आज यह सब कुछ सत्य हो गया है। स्त्रियाँ शिक्षित होकर पुरुष के साथ कंधे से कंधा मिलाकर चल रही हैं तथा देश के विकास में दुगुना योगदान दे रही हैं।

स्वामी विवेकानन्द ने जिस तरह के भारत का स्वप्न देखा था आज का भारत उसमें कई मामलों में खरा उतरा है परन्तु कई में नहीं भी। आज जहाँ भारत में छुआछूत की भावना नहीं है। स्त्रियाँ शिक्षित हो रही हैं। औद्योगिक तथा विज्ञान के क्षेत्र में भारत प्रगति कर रहा है वहीं दूसरी ओर भ्रष्ट नेताओं के चलते जातिवाद का जहर समाज में फैल रहा है तथा चारों तरफ भ्रष्टाचार तथा अनैतिकता का साम्राज्य फैल गया है। अन्त में मैं यह कहना चाहूँगी कि अपने तथा अपनी भावी पीढ़ी को सुखमय जीवन देने के लिए हमें स्वामी विवेकानन्द के बताये गये मार्गों पर चलकर उनके सपने के भारत का निर्माण करना पड़ेगा।

द्वारा : सुफिया आलम
कक्षा ११-स

चुनाव चिन्ह

घर की चौखट को पार करते ही जब अलसाई हुई आंखों को फुर्ती मिली तो देखा कि एक रात में सारी दुनिया ही बदल गई। कल रात ही तो मियाँ हशमत और मैं अपने छोटे से कस्बे की दुर्व्यवस्था को कोसते हुए अपने-अपने घर की ओर विदा हुए थे। लेकिन आज का नजारा देखकर तो ऐसे लगता था जैसे मेरे ठोंक पीटकर चलने वाले श्वेत श्याम टी० वी० को किसी ने रंगीन टी० वी० से बदल दिया हो। लाल, पीले, नीले रंगों की छटा के आगे तो इन्द्रधनुष का रंग भी फीका पड़ जाये। हर जगह पोस्टर्स, झण्डियाँ पर्चे और मेरे घर की बाहरी दीवार (जिसे अभी-अभी पुतवाया गया था) पर इस प्रकार साज-सज्जा की थी चुनाव प्रचार वालों ने....कि वह सोलह सिंगार से सजी एक नव विवाहिता से भी ज्यादा लजीली और सुन्दर लग रही थी। सामने मियाँ हशमत आ रहे थे आज उनकी चाल में अजीब रौब का मुझे पता था कि नये चुनावों की घोषणा ने उनके रक्त में जोश भर दिया है। फिलहाल तो वह मेरी सफेद दीवार पर अपने पान के पीक की बीछार कर अपनी चित्रकला का एक और नमूना अंकित करने की फिराक में थे। लेकिन अफसोस....कोई ऐसा कोना न मिला जहाँ पोस्टर्स न चिपके हों उन्हें असमंजस में देख मेरा दिल बाग-बाग हो गया लेकिन मैंने अपनी हंसी को पीकर कहा—“आज आप दफ्तर नहीं जायेंगे? छुट्टी का इरादा है क्या?”

“दफ्तर! अरे मियाँ हमारी बेगम ने हमसे वादा करा रखा है कि आज हम उनको और बच्चों को सारा शहर घुमाएंगे। तरह-तरह के झण्डे, पोस्टर्स, बैनर्स....वे बड़े बेताब हैं। कहते हैं कभी चुनाव प्रचार नहीं देखा सुना है कल पीछे वाली गली में छिटपुट दंगा हुआ। हमारी बेगम तो सारी रात दुआएं करती रहीं कि दंगे और भड़कें ताकि सेना को आना पड़े। वो दरअसल उन्हें रैड एलर्ट और फ्लैग मार्च देखने की बड़ी तमन्ना है।”

“अरे आप तो ऐसी बातें करते हैं मानों फ्लैग मार्च न हो दशहरे का रामदल हो....खैर!” उन्हें हम क्या बताएं कि मन में लड्डू तो हमारे भी फूट रहे थे। आखिर यह रैड एलर्ट है क्या चीज! अब की दफा हमारे शहर भी आये

तो हम भी....। घर पहुँचे तो देखा कि हमारे दोनों राजकुमार चुनावी प्रैम्पलेट्स को बड़े प्यार से निहार रहे हैं। मैं अभी कुर्सी पर बैठा ही था कि चुनू ने सवाल दागा। पिताजी ये चुनाव चिन्ह क्या होते हैं?

मैंने उसकी शंका का समाधान किया ही था कि चुनू बोला "क्या जरूरी है कि बिना चुनाव चिन्ह के चुनाव....।" मैंने उसे बीच में ही काटा—"अरे कभी तो अकल की बात किया कर। चिन्ह बिना पार्टी किस काम की? पार्टी रहे न रहे, चिन्ह न छूटना चाहिए चिन्ह ही सर्वोपरि है सर्वश्रेष्ठ है चिन्ह न होगा तो वोटर मोहर कहाँ लगायेगा?"

"चुनू....यह कमल का फूल बड़ा सुन्दर है कमल हमारा राष्ट्रीय फूल है शायद इसीलिए पार्टी वालों ने....।

नहीं बेटा! दरअसल हर बात को गहराई में जाना चाहिए। कमल कहाँ खिलता है कीचड़ में बस हम यानी जनता यह कीचड़ ही हैं। इसी कीचड़ की जमीन पर हमारे राजनेता फूलों (अपनी समृद्धि) की फसल उगाएंगे। क्यों? भारत कृषि प्रधान देश जो है। तुमने फूल तो देखा, लेकिन कीचड़ को नहीं। देखोगे भी कैसे? चिन्ह में कीचड़ का न होना इस बात को दर्शाता है कि कमल का राज आने दीजिए, कीचड़ (जनता) अपने आप मिट जायेगा।"

मुनू...."और यह पंजा?"

"इसकी भी एक कहानी है। यह पंजा नहीं एक फैली हुई हथेली है। हमारे देश के लोग बड़े ही धार्मिक होते हैं। उन्हीं के कारण हमारे देश में भिक्षा का व्यवसाय फल फूल रहा है। अब होता है कि हमारी गाँव की भोली भाली औरतें अब फैले हुए हाथ को देखती हैं, तो उन्हें लगता है कि वह भीख मांग रहा है। बस, धर्म से लाचार ये महिलाएँ उस पर मोहर लगा देती हैं। लेकिन उन्हें अपनी भूल का पता तब चलता है, यही हथेली उनके गाल पर तमाचा मार, उनकी गरीबी पर हँसती हैं।"

"और एक चिन्ह है हाथी। इससे श्रेष्ठ निशान तो कोई हो ही नहीं सकता है। यह चिन्ह तो अपनी पार्टी में इतना रच बस गया है कि उसके कुछ नेता व नेत्रियों हाथी जैसी भारी भरकम काया रख, साल भर अपनी पार्टी का प्रचार करते हैं। हाथी की मस्त चाल के बारे में तो तुमने सुना ही होगा, बस वैसी ही प्रकृति की यह पार्टी भी है। वैसे यह दल रंग बदलने और धोखा देने में माहिर है, अगर इसका चिन्ह 'गिरगिट' और (आस्तीन का साँप) भी होता तो बेहतर होता।"

"और साइकिल वाला चुनाव चिन्ह? क्या वो पार्टी हमें जीतने पर साइकिल बाँटगी।" चुनू खुश होकर बोला।

"तेरी अकल में क्या पत्थर पड़े हैं? क्या हाथी वाली पार्टी हमें जीतने पर हाथी बाँटती है....!" मुनू ने उसे धमकाया।

"आजकल के तेज रफ्तार जेट विमान युग में 'साइकिल' चुनाव चिन्ह रखना अजीब लगता है। लेकिन साइकिल का पहिया देखा है तुमने? हाँ ठीक, बिल्कुल गोल! बस अब समझ लो कि इस पीढ़ी की बातें भी गोलमोल होती हैं। हर बात को उन्हें घुमाकर कहने की आदत है। और पहिया बनता किससे है? रबर से। जितना 'मुलायम' (नहीं-नहीं मेरा मतलब हमारे प्रदेश के भूतपूर्व मुख्यमंत्री से नहीं है।) यह रबर होता है उतने ही उस पार्टी के नेताओं के आश्वासन।"

मैं अभी उन्हें अगले चिन्ह के बारे में बताने जा ही रहा था कि उनके घबराए हुए चेहरों और उन पर झलक आई पसीने की बूंदों ने मुझे रोक दिया। मेरे बच्चे समझदार हैं, वे और ढेरों चिन्हों के अर्थ खुद लगा लेंगे।

द्वारा : शिखा सम्मेलन

कक्षा ११-अ

संध्या-चिन्तन

सन्ध्या-काल का आकाश जब अपने नीले तन पर कालिमा की चादर डालने लगता है; वह तेज बरसाने वाला दिवाकर नव लालिमा की किरणें बिखेरता हुआ या शायद समेटता हुआ, दूर क्षितिज पर अपना मुख छिपाने लगता है, नव पृथ्वी के कोलाहल के बीच, दिवस व रात्रि की मिलन-बेला पर एक विचित्र नीरवता छा जाती है—तब मेरे मन-मस्तिष्क में तरंगित होने लगता है—भावनाओं व विचारों का अथाह सागर!

चतुर्दिक फैला है अन्धकार वे वस्तुएँ जो कुछ क्षण पूर्व तक अपने विविध रंगों की छटा बिखेर रही थीं, वे अब मात्र आकृतियाँ बनकर रह गयी हैं। घरों में विद्युत्तिय प्रकाश का आलोक है, परन्तु क्या वह आलोकित कर सकता है सम्पूर्ण वातावरण को मेरे ऊपर फैले निस्सीम गगन के गहन शून्य को नहीं।

मैं उत्प्रेरित हो उठती हूँ, आकाश की ओर देखने को, मेरे नेत्र प्रयत्न करते हैं उस शून्य को बेधने का, उसकी गहराइयों की धाह पाने का परन्तु सफल नहीं होते। अन्धकार के उस पार देख पाने का सामर्थ्य नहीं है उनमें। न जाने क्यों निशाकाल का यह दृश्य मुझमें विचारों का उद्वेलन उत्पन्न कर देता है। अन्धकार बहुधा लोगों को अप्रिय लगता है, शायद मैं भी निर्जन स्थान पर अन्धकार में असुरक्षा महसूस करूँ, परन्तु सामान्य तौर पर यह मुझे अप्रिय नहीं लगता। जब यह श्याम वसन की तरह इस संसार को ढक देता है तब मेरी दृष्टि उन्मुक्त होकर प्रकृति की रहस्यमयता वह ब्रह्माण्ड के विराट स्वरूप को निर्निमेष निहार पाती है, क्योंकि ध्यान बैठाने के लिए दिखता नहीं है मानव-निर्मित भौतिक जगत् का कोई चिह्न। सब छिप गया है।

थोड़ी देर में चन्द्रोदय होता है। निशापति का स्वागत करने के लिए पहले से उपस्थित है तारक-गण। धवल ज्योत्स्ना का श्वेताम्बर ओढ़े चन्द्रमा बढ़ता है आकाश-पथ पर रौप्य-धारा बहाते हुए एक विचित्र शोभा-यात्रा है यह—एक बार-बार दोहराई जाने वाली प्रक्रिया जिसे नित्य देखते हैं हम, आखिर नया क्या है? पर कुछ तो है नवीन! अभिनव! हर बार! बाँध लेता जो मेरी कल्पना के अनियन्त्रित अश्व को पाश में, किसी अदृश्य बल्गा के सहारे।

पवन का एक झोंका वृक्षों के झुरमुटों को आन्दोलित कर जाता है, मैं चौंक उठती हूँ। इस अद्भुत शान्ति का सोपान करने का एहसास प्रबल हो उठता है। पर साथ ही उद्विग्न भी हूँ मैं—सहस्रों प्रश्न मेरे मन में उठ रहे हैं—ऐसे प्रश्न जिनका उत्तर शायद न मिले मुझे! अखिल ब्रह्माण्ड में अपने अस्तित्व सम्बन्धी प्रश्न! इस विराटता के समक्ष सम्पूर्ण मानवता गौण लगती है। साथ ही समझना चाहती हूँ ब्रह्माण्ड की उत्पत्ति का रहस्य। विज्ञान के अध्ययन ने जो ज्ञान दिया उसने पिपासा को और अधिक बढ़ा दिया है।

इन्हीं विचारों से जूझते हुए मैं महादेवी वर्मा की इन पंक्तियों का स्मरण कर उठती हूँ।

“शून्य नभ पर उमड़ जब दुख-भार सी
नैश तम में सघन छा जाती घटा
बिखर जाती जुगनुओं का पाँत भी
जब रूपहले आँसुओं के हार सी
तब चमक जो लोचनों की मुँदता
तड़ित की मुस्कान में, वह कौन है!”

द्वारा : वर्तिका भंडारी

कथा १२-अ

‘बड़े होने का मजा’

‘कहाँ हो तुम? मेरी आँखों के सम्मुख होते हुए भी मेरे प्रश्नों को अनुत्तरित क्यों छोड़ दे रहे हो? ये मात्र मेरे कल्पना तो नहीं? नहीं यह संभव नहीं—ये तुम ही हो तो—तुम्हारी वही बोलती आँखें, तुम्हारे मुस्कराते होठ और दोनों जहान में सबसे खूबसूरत तुम्हारा चेहरा। पर तुम कुछ बोलते क्यों नहीं? बोलो, कुछ तो बोलो, वर्ना मैं इन दीवारों पर सिर पटक-पटक कर अपनी जान दे दूँगी। ये क्या, इन दीवारों में भी तुम्हीं मुस्कुरा रहे हो। हे भगवान, क्या मर जाने का भी अधिकार नहीं है मुझे। ये सब क्या हो गया?’

जानते हो ऐसा मेरे साथ कई बार हो चुका है। मेरे एकांकी क्षणों में तुम अक्सर मेरे पास आकर खड़े हो जाते हो और मैं विचलित हो जाती हूँ। खिड़की से देख रही हूँ। सागर में फिर ज्वार आया है। इसकी लहरें जैसे इसे छोड़कर कहीं दूर चली जाना चाहती हैं। पर सभी जानते हैं कि कुछ देर बाद इन्हें फिर उस असीम जलराशि में मिल जाना पड़ेगा। फिर भी ये लहरें प्रयास करती हैं, न जाने क्या छू लेना चाहती हैं? मेरे मन के सागर में भी आज ज्वार आया है और इसकी लहरें तुम तक पहुँचना चाह रही हैं।

तुम्हें तो शायद याद भी न हो पर मैं कैसे भूल सकती हूँ वो बचपन के दिन जब मैं तुम्हारी गोद में खेलती थी। तुम ही तो मुझे प्यार करते थे, पुचकारते थे और मुझे गोद में लिये-लिये घूमते थे। नहाते समय मैं तुम्हें कितना तंग करती थी, तुम्हें ही भिगो दिया करती थी, पर तुमने कभी नहीं डाँटा मुझे। जब पापा ऑफिस और मम्मी स्कूल चली जाती, तो तुम ही तो मुझे खिलते थे, मुझसे बातें करते थे, मुझे घुमाने ले जाते थे। जब कभी पापा ने मुझे डाँटा या मम्मी ने मुझे मारा, तो मेरे साथ-साथ तुम भी तो रोते थे। मेरी हर मुस्कान पर तुम्हारा चेहरा कमल सा खिल उठता था।

याद है पहली बार जब तुमने मुझे सैर कराने के लिये सबेरे उठाना चाहा था, तो मैंने कितना शोर किया था। मम्मी ने तुम्हें उनकी नींद ‘डिस्टर्ब’ करने के लिये बहुत डाँटा था।...और उसके बाद से मैं तुम्हारी एक आवाज पर उठ जाती थी।

हर सबेरे उठकर अपनी हथेलियों को जोड़कर चूमना तुम्हीं ने सिखाया था मुझे। और सूरज के लाल गोले को पहली बार तुमने ही मेरे नन्हें हाथों को जोड़कर प्रणाम, करवाया था। भोर के समय, जब सूर्य और चन्द्र दोनों हमारे साथ होते थे, उस जंगल के छोर पर कितनी ही अनमोल घड़ियाँ बिताई थीं हमने। पत्थरों के बीच से उठ कल-कल बहती नदी, वो आसमान से बातें करते ऊँचे-ऊँचे पेड़, रंग-बिरंगी तितलियाँ, हवा को सुरभित करते फल, चहचहाती चिड़ियाँ सभी तो हमारे दोस्त थे। हरी-हरी घास पर लेटकर कितनी बातें की थीं हमने। उस वातावरण की खुशबू आज भी मेरे मन में बसी है।

मैंने तुमसे कभी कहा नहीं, पर मुझे तुम्हारी परीक्षाओं से घृणा थी। मेरी पढ़ाई तो दो घण्टों में खत्म हो जाती थी और तुम रात-दिन अपनी मोटी-मोटी किताबों में सिर गड़ाए बैठे रहते थे। तब हमारी सुबह की सैर भी बन्द हो जाती थी। हाँ, पर तुम हमेशा की तरह उन दिनों भी मेरा माथा चूम कर मुझे जगाया करते थे; कितना ख्याल रखते थे तुम मेरा।

दूध जैसा 'जहर' भी तुम्हीं ने मेरे हलक के नीचे उतरवाया था। बर्ना मम्मी के वश में नहीं था मुझे मनाना। दूध पीने के कितने फायदे गिनवाए थे तुमने मुझे और मैंने जैसे सब कुछ समझते हुए तुम्हारी बात मान ली थी। आज कहती हूँ; मैं कुछ नहीं समझी थी उस वक्त; मुझे तो बस इतना पता था कि मेरे मान जाने से तुम्हें खुशी होगी और तुम मुस्कुरा दोगे....।

तुम्हारे लिये अगर मैं अपनी जान भी दे दूँ, तो भी तुम्हारा कर्ज कभी नहीं चुका पाऊँगी। इतना कुछ किया है तुमने मेरे लिये। बचपन में मुझे हर डाँट से बचाया, मेरी गलतियों को अपने सिर पर ले लिया, मुझे सही-गलत को पहचान कराई पर कभी अपनी इच्छा से चलने के लिये बाध्य नहीं किया। कदम-कदम पर तुम्हारी जरूरत होती थी मुझे और आज इस अनदेखे, अनजाने और कंटकित पथ पर तुमने मुझे अकेला छोड़ दिया है।

वो पाँच वर्ष जब तुम मुझे छोड़कर उच्च शिक्षा के लिये बाहर चले गये थे, मैंने घुट-घुटकर बिताए थे। तुम्हारे चयन के लिये मन्नत माँगी थी मैंने। जब मेरी गोद में सिर रखकर तुमने पूछा था, कि 'मेरा चयन हो जाएगा न', तो बड़े विश्वास के साथ सिर हिलाया था मैंने। भगवान ने कभी मेरी प्रार्थना अनसुनी नहीं की थी। उस बार भी नहीं की। मैंने ही तो तुम्हें खुशखबरी दी थी। और उस क्षण को तुम्हारी आँखाँदित छवि को अपने मानस पर उतार लिया था मैंने। मैं भी बहुत खुश थी। पर जब सफर के लिये सामान रखते हुए तुमने पूछा था, 'मुझे पत्र लिखोगी न निहारिका'; तब मुझे यह एहसास हुआ कि तुम चले जाओगे। पापा की शर्ट में बटन लगाने के बहाने से मैं वहाँ से चली गई थी—और अपने कमरे में जाकर खूब रोई थी। तुम्हें अपने आँसू दिखाकर कष्ट कैसे देती?

तुम्हारे चले जाने से सब कुछ वीरान हो गया। हर कोई तो था पर एक तुम्हारे न होने से लगता था मानो किसी टापू पर आ गई हूँ। कहते हैं समय हर घाव को भर देता है, पर मेरा घाव भरा नहीं वरन् उन पाँच सालों में दिनोंदिन गहरा होता चला गया। हर सुबह जंगल की खुशबू मुझे वहाँ खींच ले जाती। पर तुम्हारे बिना नदी, पेड़, तितलियाँ, फूल, चिड़ियाँ, सभी उदास लगते। मैंने अपनी सारी चिट्ठियाँ तुम्हें वहाँ से लिखी थीं। तुम्हारे जन्मदिन पर वहाँ जाकर मैं खूब रोई थी। तुमने तो शायद दोस्तों की भीड़ में खोकर मुझे याद न किया हो, पर उस दिन मैं हर पल तुम्हारी तस्वीर सीने से लगाकर तुम्हें याद करती रही। जिस तकिये को उठाकर कितनी बार मैंने तुम्हें मारा था। उसी तकिये को आँसुओं से भिगो डाला था मैंने।

जब तुम छुट्टियों में घर आते तो मेरे चेहरे का रंग निखर जाता था और तुम्हारे जाने के बाद फिर सारे अपनों के गींच में अजनबी बनकर रह जाती थी। न जाने क्यों मैंने हमेशा खुद को तुममें तलाश किया है। तुम्हारे बिना अस्तित्वहीन हो जाती हूँ मैं।

तुम्हारी पढ़ाई खत्म होने के बाद जो तीन वर्ष मैंने तुम्हारे साथ गुजारे वह मेरी स्मृतियों की अमूल्य निधि है। तुमसे पढ़ना, तुम्हारे साथ बातें करना, घूमना फिरना, तुम्हारे लिये नई-नई चीजें बनाना, कितना अच्छा लगता था मुझे। अगर मेरी किसी बात से तुम कभी खिन्न हुए तो वो बात महोनों मुझे सालती रहती थी। मैं तुम्हें सिर्फ खुश देखना चाहती थी। बहुत, बहुत खुश। और इसीलिये, तुम्हारी खुशी की खातिर मैंने मम्मी-पापा की बात मानकर

विक्रान्त से शादी करना मंजूर कर लिया था।

शादी की तैयारियों में उलझ कर तुम्हें मेरे लिये समय कहाँ मिलता था। शायद तुम मुझसे नजरें चुराने लगे थे। मेरे हृदय की टीस से तुम अनजान रहो, ये भी भला हो सकता है? तुम्हें, तो साहस नहीं होता था, मेरे अश्रुपूरित नेत्रों में झाँकने का।

विदाई के समय तुम्हारे गले लगकर खूब रोई थी मैं। वही दिन था जब पहली बार मैंने तुम्हारी आँखों में आँसू देखे थे। उस दिन भी तुमने मुझे ढाढ़स बँधाया था, बड़े होने का कर्तव्य जो निभाना था तुम्हें। लेकिन मुझे पता है कि मेरे जाने के बाद तुम फूट-फूटकर रोए होगे। अपनी मनोदशा मुझसे कभी नहीं छिपा सकते तुम।

आज पूरे दो साल बीत गये हैं। इन दो सालों में एक बार भी तुम मुझसे मिलने नहीं आए। अगर मैं वही बचपन वाली निहारिका होती तो कान पकड़कर खींच लाती तुम्हें या फिर खुद जाती और दौड़कर तुमसे लिपट जाती। लेकिन मैं ऐसा नहीं कर सकती। बड़े होने की सजा भुगत रही हूँ। जानती हूँ तुम क्यों नहीं आए और न आओगे। विक्रान्त ने तुम्हें तुम्हारे घर जाकर जितना अपमानित किया था उसके बाद तुम्हारा स्वाभिमान तुम्हें यहाँ कभी आने की इजाजत नहीं देगा और विक्रान्त मुझे तुम्हारे पास जाने नहीं देंगे। मैं चाहूँ तो आज हर बंधन तोड़कर तुम्हारे पास आ सकती हूँ, मगर ये समाज तुम पर उंगली उठाए, यह मैं सहन नहीं कर सकूँगी।

ज्वार धम गया। लहरें फिर सागर की ओर लौट रही हैं। यही इनकी नियति है। शायद मेरी भी। लहरों का चढ़ना-उतरना तो सब देखते हैं, पर इस शान्त और स्थिर समुद्र के अन्दर की हलचल कौन देख पाता है? कोई नहीं।

यह सच है कि हम दोनों के बीच आज 2000 मील का फासला है मगर मेरा मन हमेशा तुम्हारे आसपास भटकता रहता है। यहाँ लोग तीन बजे सुबह सोकर बारह बजे दिन में उठते हैं, पर मैं आज भी लाल रथ पर सवार सूर्य को हाथ जोड़कर तुम्हारे साथ उस जंगल के छोर पर घूम आती हूँ। हर सुबह सूरज की किरणें मेरा मस्तक चूमकर जब मुझे उठाती हैं तो मैं कानों में तुम्हारी आवाज सुन लेती हूँ—‘निहारिका उठो, सवेरा हो गया।’....और रात को हवा थपकियाँ देकर मुझे सुला देती है....बिल्कुल तुम्हारी तरह।

इन हाड़ मौस के ढाँचों की यन्त्रवत् जिन्दगी की निर्जीवता में मेरा वरन हमारा सपनों का सुन्दर संसार आज भी साँस लेता है। मेरे आसपास न सही पर मेरे अन्दर आज भी उस जंगल की नदी कल-कल बहती है, पेड़ झूमते हैं, तितलियाँ उड़ती हैं, फूल सुगन्ध बिखेरते हैं, चिड़ियाँ चहचहाती हैं....और इन सबके बीच तुम मुस्कुराते हो भइया।

द्वारा : पल्लवी दुबे
कथा १२-अ

पल्लवी है पल्लव समान
शोख चंचल मतवाली।
तीक्ष्ण पज्ञा वाली प्रज्ञा की
आँखें हैं भोली-भाली।

शुचि है हंसती-खिलखिलाती
हर चिन्ता हंसी में उड़ाती
वहीं विदुषी चिन्तनशील भाव्या
ज्ञानवर्धक बातें बताती।

बुद्धिमती, सुयोग्य इरम
है नेतृत्व हेतु सर्वोपयुक्त।
निश्छल मुस्कान देती गीतान्जली
सांसारिक चिन्ताओं से मुक्त।

नूपुर की खिलखिलाहट
मृदु नूपुर की खनक लगे।
बिंदास अनुप्रिया के व्यंग
सुनने की सभी को ललक लगे।

गुंजन कक्षा में सबको
है बात-बात पर हंसाती।
वही अवन्तिका स्वआदर्शों से
सबका दिल है जीत जाती।

शर्मिली सौम्य हुमा है
गौरी, शान्त सुलझी हुई
मृदुल विनम्र नम्रता है
सांसारिकता से अनछुई।

संवेदनशील महत्वाकांक्षी
उर की निर्मला पूजा है।
निधी राय सा रसायन का ज्ञाता
हुआ न कोई दूजा है।

अरुणिमा है धीर-गम्भीर
किन्तु सबसे व्यवहारी।
तीव्र बुद्धि सजग वर्तिका
करे बातें बहुत प्यारी-प्यारी।

मौलिक संगीत से परिपूर्ण
है भोली संगीता का स्वर।
सांसारिकता का प्रभाव नहीं
है अबोध सरल माधवी पर।

शान्त व सरल आस्था है
जो सहज घुल-मिल जाती है।
दक्ष तोशीबा की मृदु मुस्कान
सबके मन को भाती है।

सुगठित, चंचल, शोख दिव्या
स्वतंत्र विचारों का स्रोत है।
वही गुंजन मित्रता के प्रति
निष्ठा से ओत-प्रोत है।

बिंदास निश्चित व नटखट
उर की धवल हमारी शुचि है।
स्नेहिल सरल ज्योति को
मौलिक गायन में रुचि है।

सीमा तो चरम सीमा है
प्रेम निष्ठा व बलिदान की।
मृदुभाषी नेहा पर नहीं
किंचित छाया अभिमान की।

बातूनी केनाश्री है
बहुमुखी प्रतिभा की स्वामिनी।
सीधी सादी सुचारिता है
सबके मंगल की कामिनी।

ऊषा सी धवल प्रतिउषा है
आमोद प्रकाश बिखेर देती है।
सबिका अपनी मीठी बातों से
सबका दिल जीत लेती है।

मुस्काती है इठलाती है
ऐसी सलोनी सलोनी है।
डेवि का उपस्थित रहना है
कि कोई रोचक बात होनी है।

नदिया का है स्वछंद
चंचल और निश्छल स्वभाव।
मासूम पल्लवी के पास नहीं
हिन्दी शब्द कोष का अभाव।

प्रियंका धीर गम्भीर है
बहुत शान्त और चुपचाप।
निधी अपनी प्यारी बातों से
समाप्त करे उर का संताप।

वास्तव में प्रियंका प्रियंका है
सबकी प्यारी सबकी चहेती
प्रियंका रैना स्पष्ट-वक्ता है
मुँह पर सीधे कह देती है।

इप्सिता का शान्त स्वभाव,
अभिलाषा की चुहलबाजी
रचना की अबोधता
कर दे हर दिल को राजी।

भोली ऋचा को देख मुझे
हो गया ऋचा नाम से लगाव।
अंततः अपने उपलक्ष्य में क्या कहूँ
आप जानते हैं मेरा स्वभाव।

जो इन पुष्पों को एक लड़ी में
पिरो कर बनाएँ एक अद्भुत हार।
वह है भोली-भाली मासूम
सम्माननीय हमारी मिसेज कुमार।

मिस छटवाल भोली हैं
करें हम पर अटूट विश्वास
इतना कि इन निकम्मियों से
लगाए उज्ज्वल भविष्य की आस।

अपने विषय में दक्ष हैं
अनुशासन प्रिय हैं मिसेज कक्कड़।
किन्तु है हमारी समस्याओं का
समाधान करने को तत्पर।

अबोध, शान्त, सहिष्णु
ममतामयी तथा मृदुभाषी
मिसेज मालवीय सदा रही है
हमारे सुख की अभिलाषी।

सिस्टर क्रिस्टीना के बारे में क्या कहूँ
वो हैं हमारी प्रधानाध्यपिका
किन्तु अपने प्रथम वर्ष में ही
उन्होंने हमें अभूतपूर्व प्रेम दिया।

द्वारा : प्रज्ञा दुबे
कक्षा १२-अ

जग की जननी नारी

जब मन को मैंने शान्त पाया,
तब बैठी बूझने एक सवाल।
गर मैं नारी ना होती
तो क्या होता मेरे मन का हाल?

जहाँ तो अमर ज्योति है,
वहीं है प्रेम की धारा।
मैं तो उसपे बलिहारी जाऊँ,
वारा उसपे जग सारा।

बहुत सोचा पर समझ न सकी,
क्यों नारी है सृष्टि की माता।
फिर पाया नारी से ही तो है संसार,
यही है सत्यम गाथा।

मुझे नारी बना,
ईश्वर ने किया बड़ा उपकार।
कोमलता, नम्रता और दृढ़ता,
ऐसे दिये मुझे उपहार।

नारी तो वो हीरा है,
जगमगाता इससे जग सारा।
पुरुष हिंसा कर-कर के,
अन्त में नारी से हारा।

किंचित भी अब मन में नहीं,
है पहले जैसा वो सवाल।
गर मैं नारी ना होती,
तो क्या होता मेरे मन का हाल?

द्वारा : रीतिविका कोहली
कक्षा १२-स

नारी की महिमा

नारी श्रद्धा है, सेवा है,
नारी अमृत की प्याली।
नारी लेकिन ज्वाला भी है,
वह परम कराली काली ॥

नारी जग की जननी है,
माता है वो कहलाती।
नारी लेकिन चंडिका भी है,
असुरों का खून पी जाती।

माता, बहन, अर्द्धांगिनी बन,
वो है जानी जाती।
सास बनकर लेकिन बहु को,
वहीं है सताती ॥

कभी तो जोगन बन,
पति को है पूजती।
तो कभी जिन्दगी की कुटिलता को,
कठोरता से है जूझती ॥

नारी में वो संयम है,
वो है सत्य सिद्धा।
कर तू अर्चना उसकी,
लेके मन में श्रद्धा ॥

नारी तो वो शस्त्र है,
जिसे अपनाओ तो समलता।
आज की नारी कहलाती है,
स्वयं में अपराजिता।

द्वारा : रीतिका कोहली
कक्षा १२-स

महत्व

पलकों को समेटे एक दिन,
बैठी थी यूँ ही ख्वाबों में।
टपक पड़ा एक पुष्प यूँ ही,
आकर मेरी बाहों में॥

मन ने पाया, एक वृक्ष को,
होना था वन-संसार में।
कहाँ से ये पौधा आ बना,
इस भयावह से संसार में॥

सोचा कई बार दिल ने,
किसने यह पुष्प बरसाया।
कोयल बोली, वह देख,
वहीं जिसकी है सुन्दर काया॥

झरने, पर्वत, हरियाली को,
होना था इसके संग।
इस निर्जनता को अपना कर,
हो गयी इसकी सुन्दरता भंग॥

नैन पलट कर देखा जो मैंने,
था खड़ा एक मनभावन बरू।
जन्मस्थल पर देखा जो उसका,
था वो निर्जन, नीरस मरु॥

पर यह तो सोचा ही नहीं,
है ईश्वर की हर देन में सुन्दरता।
तो क्यों मैं देने चली थी उसे,
औरों का साथ और उनकी महता॥

याद रखना हर वस्तु का
अपना ही एक मूल्य है।
जो ना समझ सका इसे,
उसका जीवन तो तुल्य है॥

द्वारा : रीतिका कोहली
कक्षा १२-स



मनुष्य का भाग्य निर्माता पुरुषार्थ है, भाग्य नहीं

मनुष्य का भाग्य निःसन्देह पुरुषार्थ बनाता है। मनुष्य असौम्य शक्ति और बुद्धि-बल का स्वामी है। वह अपनी बुद्धि के प्रयोग से महान सफलताओं को प्राप्त करता है। किन्तु भाग्य पर विश्वास रखने वाला व्यक्ति अपने उस सामर्थ्य को भूल जाता है कि उसमें भी शक्ति, क्षमता और साहस है जो कहीं छिपी हुई है। वह अपने आप को भाग्य की जंजीरों में जकड़कर निष्क्रिय बैठ जाता है। अतः यह एक सोचनीय विषय है कि क्या वह मनुष्य जिसका जन्म ही महान कार्यों के लिये हुआ है भाग्य के हाथों अपना सर्वस्व सौंप नतमस्तक हो जाये। मनुष्य क्यों यह भूल जाता है कि—सकल पदार्थ है जग माहीं, कर्महोन नर पावत नाहीं॥

कुछ भाग्यवादी लोगों का यह मानना है कि 'अजगर करे न चाकरी, पंछी करे न काम' किन्तु इस उक्ति को उद्धृत करते समय हमें यह नहीं भूलना चाहिये कि जीवन जागरण है सुषुप्ति नहीं, उत्थान है पतन नहीं। इतिहास साक्षी है कि भाग्य को निर्माता समझने वाले लोग समय के क्रूर भँवर में परिस्थितियों के द्वारा कुचल दिये गये हैं। हर क्षेत्र में चाहे वह शिक्षा हो या क्रीड़ा, संस्कृति हो या राजनीति, सफलता सदा पुरुषार्थ को ही मिली है।

भगवान राम ने पुरुषार्थ के बल पर समुद्र पर सेतु बना दिया। द्वितीय विश्व युद्ध में बुरी तरह क्षतिग्रस्त हुआ जापान कुछ ही वर्षों में एक महान शक्तिशाली राष्ट्र बन गया। आखिर कैसे?

उत्तर सिर्फ एक है—पुरुषार्थ।

द्वारा : श्वेता वर्मा

कक्षा १२-स

क्या हिन्दी राष्ट्रभाषा के रूप में देश को एकीकृत करने में सक्षम है?

क्या हिन्दी राष्ट्रभाषा के रूप में देश को एकीकृत करने में सक्षम है? हाँ, निश्चित रूप से, शत्रु प्रतिशत्रु, हिन्दी और मात्र हिन्दी ही हमारे सम्पूर्ण भारतवर्ष को एकीकृत करने में सक्षम है। यूँ तो मुझे विश्वास है कि मेरे सभी मित्रों को राष्ट्रभाषा की परिभाषा विदित होगी ही, परन्तु फिर भी हिन्दी के विस्तीर्ण व विस्तृत रूप के तथ्य को सत्य प्रमाणित करने हेतु राष्ट्रभाषा की परिभाषा का स्मरण कराना उचित होगा। हाँ, जब कोई प्रादेशिक भाषा किन्हीं राजनैतिक, सांस्कृतिक, ऐतिहासिक या साहित्यिक कारणों से समग्र देश में फैलकर विभिन्न प्रदेशवासियों के पारस्परिक व्यवहार का माध्यम बन जाती है तब वह राष्ट्रभाषा कहलाती है। अब आप स्वयं ही यह निश्चित कर सकते हैं कि क्या हिन्दी ही हमारे देश की ऐसी भाषा नहीं है? निस्सन्देह, हिन्दी ही वह भाषा है।

जिस प्रकार से वट वृक्ष की शाखाओं से जड़ों का प्रादुर्भाव धरती का सानिध्य पाकर ही होता है और वह स्वयं एक नवीन वट वृक्ष का आकार प्राप्त कर लेता है, ठीक उसी प्रकार हमारा देश हिन्दी का सानिध्य पाकर पूर्ण रूपेण एक हो सकता है। हिन्दी मात्र एक भाषा ही नहीं बल्कि हमारी भारतीय संस्कृति की द्योतक है, भारतीय सभ्यता की परिचायक है। भाषा, संस्कृति का अटूट अंग है। हिन्दी के शब्दों में जितनी शिष्टवादिता और मिठास है शायद किसी

अन्य भाषा में नहीं है इसी कारण यह भाषा भारत को चारित्रिक व सांस्कृतिक बल भी प्रदान करती है। वह हिन्दी सभ्यता व पद्धति ही थी जिसने स्वामी विवेकानन्द द्वारा "अमेरिका निवासी भगिनी तथा भातृगण" जैसे शिष्ट सम्बोधन से उनकी धाती विजय उसी समय इन्हीं शब्दों में निश्चित कर दी थी।

भाषा ही देश का साहित्य है और साहित्य ही समाज का दर्पण। हिन्दी भाषा आम लोगों के मध्य सर्वाधिक लोकप्रिय है और यही कारण देश के मनुष्यों को एकीकृत कर सकता है। यह स्पष्ट करना आवश्यक नहीं कि देश तभी एकीकृत होगा जब देशवासी एकीकृत होंगे। हमारे भारत में बोली जाने वाली सभी बोलियों व उपभाषाओं का उत्कर्ष भी हिन्दी ही है। जितनी संख्या हिन्दी भाषा-भाषी जनता की देश में है उतनी अन्य किसी प्रान्तीय भाषा की नहीं। मुख्य बात यह भी है कि हिन्दी बोलने वालों की संख्या चाहे मात्र बीस करोड़ ही क्यों न हो परन्तु समझने वालों की सर्वाधिक है। आप भारत के दक्षिणी भाग में ही चले जाएँ, वहाँ हिन्दी का प्रयोग करने वाले अर्थात् लिखने या बोलने वाले विरले ही मिलेंगे परन्तु ऐसा कोई नहीं मिलेगा जो हिन्दी को समझता न हो। यहाँ तक कि दक्षिण में हिन्दी का समर्थन करने वालों का एक कट्टर समुदाय भी है, जो हिन्दी के लिए सब कुछ त्याग करता है। यह भाषा सरल व सुबोध है। इसकी लिपि वैज्ञानिक है, जैसी बोलो जाती है वैसी ही लिखी भी जाती है।

हिन्दी भाषा अखण्ड भारत की एकता के आदर्श का मुख्य प्रतीक है। जब भिन्न-भिन्न प्रान्तों के भारतीय आ मिलते हैं तब वे परस्पर वार्तालाप के दौरान हिन्दी में ही बोलने की चेष्टा करते हैं। सम्भव है कि वह हिन्दी अत्यन्त अशुद्ध या टूटी-फूटी हो, परन्तु होती वह हिन्दी ही है। समस्त भारत के साधु-सन्यासी जो एक प्रान्त से दूसरे प्रान्त में अथवा एक तीर्थ से दूसरे तीर्थ में भ्रमण करते हैं, हिन्दी ही सीखते हैं और हिन्दी ही बोलते हैं। भारतीय सेना एवं केन्द्रीय विभागों में भी हिन्दी का ही बोलबाला है। क्या आपने कभी इस बात पर ध्यान दिया है कि यदि हिन्दी भाषा के बिना हम भारत जैसे हिन्दी भाषी देश में निर्वाह कर सकते तो हमारे स्वयं के अंग्रेजी माध्यम के विद्यालय में भी हिन्दी दसवीं कक्षा तक अनिवार्य क्यों होती? और फिर आज हिन्दी फिल्मों के गाने तो भारत के कोने-कोने में नौजवान, बच्चे यहाँ तक कि बूढ़े भी गाते हैं। क्या मेरी बातों के पक्ष में यह सारे स्पष्ट प्रमाण सत्य नहीं?

हिन्दी यूँ भी भारत की देववाणी संस्कृत का ही उद्भव है। अतः भारत में जन्मा प्रत्येक व्यक्ति अपने भावों की अभिव्यक्ति भी अपनी मातृभाषा में ही सरलता से कर पाता है। यदि राष्ट्र के सभी लोगों की भावाभिव्यक्ति का माध्यम एक भाषा न हो तो राष्ट्रीय एकता की कल्पना तो निरर्थक हुयी। जबकि हिन्दी भाषा-भाषी एकसूत्र में आवद्ध होकर हिन्दी भाषा के प्रमुख स्तम्भ के रूप में समर्पित हैं, और इसलिए हिन्दी राष्ट्रभाषा के रूप में सर्वथा मान्य है व होनी चाहिए भी।

मैंने अपने सम्पूर्ण लेख (वक्तव्य) में आद्यंत किसी भी महान् कवि या महान् लेखक के शब्दों का प्रयोग मात्र इसलिए नहीं किया है क्योंकि मुझे आशा ही नहीं वरन् पूर्ण विश्वास है और मैं दावे के साथ यह कह सकती हूँ कि मेरी उपरोक्त बातों से कोई भी असहमत नहीं होगा। इतने स्पष्ट प्रमाणों व तथ्यों के पश्चात् मैं किसी भी महान् लेखक

य कवि की पंक्तियों का अवलम्बन लेना आवश्यक नहीं समझती हूँ। परन्तु फिर भी अंततः अपने शब्दों में इतना अवश्य कहना चाहूँगी कि—

देश का भाषा से वैसा ही नाता है
जैसे भारतवासी पुत्र और भारत उसकी माता है
हिन्दुस्तानी कहलाता वही जो हिन्दी भाषा का ज्ञाता है।
और हिन्दी ही वह भाषा है।
जो भारतीय संस्कृति की दाता है
अतः देश को एकीकृत करना
हिन्दी को ही आता है।

तो आइए देश के एकीकरण के आह्वान हेतु हम सब एक होकर कहें—हिन्दी हैं हम,
हिन्दी हैं हम
हिन्दी हैं हम
वतन है हिन्दोस्ताँ हमारा।

द्वारा : रश्मि त्रिपाठी
कक्षा १२-स

कुछ भी नहीं...

बादलों की गड़गड़ाहट से मेरी तन्द्रा टूटी। देखा, तेज वर्षा हो रही है और खिड़की के पास बैठी मैं पानी से भोगती हुई अपनी ही सोच में डूबी हुई हूँ। जब मन में भयंकर तूफान उठ रहा हो तो बाहर के इस मामूली तूफान को ओर ध्यान कहाँ जाता है?

भारी मन से मैं खिड़की बन्द करने उठी। तभी थोड़ी दूर रोशनी देख मेरा ध्यान वहाँ गया। हाँ, वही तो है। रात के ग्यारह बज रहे हैं, पर इस भयंकर मौसम में भी जब तक वह होटल के सारे छोटे-मोटे काम पूरे नहीं कर लेता, उसे छुट्टी नहीं दी जायेगी।

न जाने कैसी वितृष्णा से भर उठा मेरा मन। खिड़की बन्द करके उसे अपनी आँखों से दूर करने का प्रयत्न किया परन्तु बहुत रोकने पर भी उसकी छवि को अपने सामने आने से नहीं रोक पायी। नींदस वर्ष इससे ज्यादा उसकी क्या आयु होगी? पर इस नन्हें से पुष्प के प्रारब्ध में पूर्णतः खिलने से पहले ही मुरझा जाना लिखा था। सामने वाले छोटे-मोटे होटल में नीकर था वह। नीकर क्या, मानो पूरे होटल का जिम्मा उसके कन्धों पर था। किसी ग्राहक को कुछ चाहिये तो किशन की पुकार होती, बाजार से छोटा-मोटा सौदा आना है तो किशन को दीड़ाया जायेगा, होटल को साफ-सफाई होनी है तो लीजिये किशन जो हाजिर हैं, पर कप-प्लेट टूटने पर या ग्राहक के नाराज होने पर मार भी किशन ही खायेगा।

मेरे स्कूल का रास्ता उस होटल के सामने से होकर जाता था। तभी तो इतना कुछ जान पाई थी मैं उसके बारे

में। वैसे मेरी उससे कभी कोई खास बात नहीं हुई। बस जब मैं वहाँ से गुजरती तो मुझे देखकर वह धीरे से मुस्करा देता और उसकी भोली मुस्कराहट देखकर मेरे होठों पर स्वतः मुस्कान आ जाती।

अगर मैं कहूँ कि किशन अपने जीवन से बहुत सन्तुष्ट था तो यह सरासर झूठ होगा। कठोर मेहनत करने के बाद भी उसे न तो भरपेट भोजन मिलता था और न ही पूरा आराम। पर उसके माथे पर शायद ही किसी ने शिकन देखी होगी। एक बार पूछने पर उसने कहा था, "अनाथ हूँ न दीदी जी। सिर पर छत है, यही बहुत है, वरना....।" शायद आगे की बात उसकी छलछलाती आँखों ने ही कह दी थी।

जीवन इसी प्रकार चल रहा था और शायद इसी प्रकार चलता रहता, अगर उस दिन मुझे यँ ही होटल में जाकर शीतल पेय पीने की इच्छा न हुई होती। मैंने ध्यान दिया, उस दिन किशन कुछ सुस्त सा लग रहा था। उसने मेरे सामने ही मालिक से छुट्टी माँगी क्योंकि उसकी तबीयत खराब थी परन्तु जवाब में एक जोरदार फटकार पाकर उसने वहाँ से खिसकना ही उचित समझा।

इधर मैंने पैसे देने के लिए पर्स खोला ही था कि अचानक कुछ गिरकर टूटने की आवाज हुई। मैंने देखा, किशन के हाथ से चाय का कप एक ग्राहक पर गिर गया था। ग्राहक के कपड़ों का तो सत्यानाश हुआ ही, कप-प्लेट भी टूट गये। किशन का चेहरा भय से सफेद पड़ गया। उधर वह ग्राहक था कि बेवजह राई का पहाड़ बना, होहल्ला मचा रहा था। खैर उसे तो किसी प्रकार समझा-बुझाकर रफादफा कर दिया गया। पर उसके बाद मालिक का प्रकोप बेचारे किशन पर उतरा। वह बार-बार सफाई देता कि कमजोरी के कारण उसके हाथ से कप फिसल गया था पर उसके मालिक ने उसे मारते-मारते बेदम कर दिया। उस दिन किशन को दशा देखकर तो पत्थर भी पिघल जाता, परन्तु वह निर्दयी नहीं पिघला। साथ ही उसने कप-प्लेट टूटने से हुए नुकसान की भरपाई के लिये किशन को रात का भोजन नहीं दिया।

और मैं बहुत चाहकर भी कुछ नहीं कर पाई। बहुत चाहा कि अपने माता-पिता को किशन को अपने घर में रखने के लिये मना लूँ, पर उन्हें एक गरीब अनाथ बालक का घर में रहना कदापि गँवारा न था। अफसोस प्रकट करते कुछ वाक्य कहने के अलावा कुछ नहीं किया था उन्होंने। बहुत चाहा कि किशन को किसी और जगह कोई बेहतर काम दिलवा पाऊँ, पर अपने सीमित साधनों में क्या कर पायी मैं? ऐसी कोई जगह नहीं मिली जहाँ स्वार्थपरता के वृक्ष ने अपनी जड़ें न फैलायी हों, जहाँ कोई किसी की मजबूरी का फायदा न उठाता हो, जहाँ अन्याय न हो, अत्याचार न हो। नहीं मिली ऐसी कोई जगह....

बादलों की गड़गड़ाहट ने एक बार फिर मेरा ध्यान भंग किया। देखा, रात के बारह बजे हैं। याद आया, कल सुभद्राकुमारी चौहान की कविता 'मेरा नया बचपन' का भावार्थ लिखकर ले जाना है। मैंने पुस्तक खोलकर पढ़ना शुरू किया—

“बार-बार आती है मुझको
गया ले गया तू जीवन को
सबसे मस्त खुशी मेरी”

मैंने लिखने के लिये कलम उठायी पर कुछ नहीं लिख सकी। कुछ भी नहीं....।

द्वारा : सौम्या खो
कक्षा १२-अ

स्वर-लहरी

मेरे एकान्त की सखी !
बनकर संगिनी तुम
बाँटती वे पल
चिन्तन-रस में डूबी हुई
जब होती है मैं विकल
तब समीर-धारा में बहती
अद्भुत भाषा में कुछ कहती
चली आती हो तुम
करने मनोद्वेग को शीतल ।

तुम अनुपम आकर्षक आली ।
मन्त्रमुग्ध कर देती मन को
तुम्हारी यह छटा निराली
छटा? न देखा तुम्हें कहीं
न रंग तुम्हारा, रूप नहीं
स्पर्श किया जिस हृदय को तुमने,
पाया जीवन का रस उसने ।

भाव-सिन्धु को लिए अंक में
मधु-रस बरसाती आती
हृदय-वीणा के किसी तार को
तुम ही झंकृत कर जाती,
राग-रागिनी अंग तुम्हारे
मन अबोध, खोकर सुध-बुध को
तुममें लीन संसार बिसारे
इस तन्द्रा से जागे कौन?
सुरमय हो सुरम्य बन जाता
सखि! तुमसे ही यह मौन
यूँ ही तुम बरसाना सदा
स्वर लहरी! संगीत सुधा ।

द्वारा : वर्तिका भंडारी
कक्षा १२-अ

मानवता का अन्त

दिल के झरोखे से जो झंका दिल में,
देखा कितनी बुराईयाँ हैं एकत्रित।
देख हैरान हुआ मेरा मन,
हो उदास गया मेरा चित्त॥

सोचा यही है इंसान की हकीकत,
यही है इंसान की सच्चाई।
उसके भीतर भरी हुयी है
कितनी तादाद में बुराई॥

देख दौलत और शान,
मानुष की नजर ललचाती।
और दूजी चीज कोई
उसके नैनों की नहीं भाती॥

मनुष्यता का खून पी,
जीवन की खेती सोंचता।
भाई-बन्धु को लड़ाकर,
हक सबका छीनता॥

आज के युग में उसका ध्येय है,
उसकी अपनी अभिलाषा।
बदल गये दूजों के लिए
मन वचन और उसकी भाषा॥

रे मानुषा कब जागेगा
तेरे अन्दर का व्यक्ति?
क्या कहेगा? क्या सहेगा?
पाने को अपनी मुक्ति?

अब तो मानवता पुकार रही है,
देने को अपना बलिदान।
सोच मत आगे बढ़,
तभी बढ़ेगी तेरी शान॥

द्वारा : रीतिरत्ना कोहली

कक्षा १२-स

AN ODYSSEY

Let's take you to a new world—the world of SMC. Snug and cosy, warm and beautiful, so very confined for an outsider, yet so very expansive and vast for a St. Marian. What's life in SMC? It's like singing in the rain, dancing in the sunlight, with moon-beams in your hands and stars in your eyes.

The other day, as I was wheeling my cycle out of the portals of St. Mary's, I saw a tiny-tot busy licking an ice-cream, completely oblivious of the many joys that were in store for her. I smiled at the thought that she had peels of laughter to enjoy in the years to come.

My experiences at St. Mary's were quite varied—comprising of both joys and sorrows. The common thing about all my experiences, was that I got lots of love, to support me when I was down and, to share with me when I was on the top of the world. Defeats and failures taught me a great deal. The sadness, I fell into, no longer depresses me. St. Mary's has taught me to face defeat and to have a strong conviction. I in the words of Thomas Edison—Every failure is indeed, another step forward! I experienced both, the thrills of success and the pangs of woe, but SMC taught me to take things as they were.

For me, every sister, every teacher, every counterpart and every junior holds importance. The white Mary Ward building, the brick red corridors, the muddy field, the huge Upper and lower concert Halls, the rhythmic Music Hall and the cycle stand, under whose caresses I have completed this odyssey of twelve years, were like a second home to me.

Yes, now being an ex-student, I can truly say what life in St. Mary's is all about. It is a potpourri of love, laughter, scoldings, tears, smiles, successes and failures. In fact, you come to see the myriad aspects of life in a miniature form. Being young in age and the maze of life being constricted, one can learn well life's little lessons. These rainbow hues of life, make you strong enough to face the world. At this point of life, when I look back I can see that St. Mary's has given me so much and I have given so little to my Alma Mater. To say it in a few words, St. Mary's is a part of me. Its memories are my prized possession which nobody can take from me. You can take me out of SMC but you can never take SMC out of me.

I would like to bid adieu to my second home in the following words—

In beautiful moments, in wonderful ways, you've given me innumerable pleasures, which will give me joy all my days.

By : Shuchita Shekhar
Class XII-C

THE BYGONE DAYS

Days have come and days have gone
and with them has come the thought
of all the happy Memories,
that the passing years have brought
And looking back across the years it's a joy to reminiscence
For Memory Opens wide The Door
on a day like this.
And with a sweet nostalgia we longingly recall.
The Happy Days of Long Age
that seen the Best of All—
But Time cannot be halted in its swift and endless flight
As age is sure to follow Youth
And as day comes after Night—
Everytime its proven
that the restless brain of man
Is powerless to alter God's Great Unchanging Plan.

By : Shuchita Shekhar

Class XII-C

THE REALISATION OF OUR DREAM

15 August 1997, the day St. Mary's was waiting for. On this day we would be celebrating one of the most important events in the history of India. Our Independence Day. This year being the Golden Jubilee apart from the usual competitive spirit, there was an added enthusiasm which neared fanatic patriotism.

As has been our tradition, the celebrations for this year included the much popular inter-house competition. Each of the four houses had to present a dance drama and a tableaux. The Green House secured the first position in the tableau while the Blue House bagged the first prize in the dance drama category.

This item was particularly appreciated for its unique presentation of the supreme splendour and majestic magnificence, that Indian culture is. The depiction of the increasing influence of India over the western art form particularly dance and music mesmerized the audience.

The drama was a laconic description of the life of Rukmani Arundale, an adept Bharat Natyam dancer who played the most vital role in the shaping of its present form. No one even dreamt that a pair of Indian legs would stun the world with their elegant movements. Being admonished by the organizer of the worldwide dance festival she did not lose hope. The injury inflicted by the insult further strengthened her confidence and struggle to achieve excellence. She became the skilled mentor of her grand daughter who won the trophy under the tutelage of Rukmani. It was an event that mollified the Indian's wounded pride.

Inspired by the life of Rukmani Arundale Blue House portrayed this very theme in the play and won kudos from one and all. The tribute paid to 50 years of independence as the grand finale in the end generated an instant wave of belonging and national feelings in the hearts of the audience. The grand finale aroused them to an emotional high and the auditorium raged with maddening applause. It was a beautiful display of the merging of talents and the participants got ample opportunity to display their skills. They tried their level best and in the end emerged as numero uno.

It would have been impossible for us to put such a show without the whole hearted co-operation and support of our moderators—Mrs. A. Kakkar, Mrs. S. Khosla and Mrs. A. Kumar. The constant encouragement offered by our principal Sr. Christina was also an important ingredient of our success.

At this milestone, all our triumphs, our fears and anxieties have passed from headlines into history. The here and now have stepped back to state their claim to remembrance as we try to catch a glimpse of these images from the past.

By : Eram Khan
Class XII-A

HOW AND WHY WAS THE TRICOLOUR ADOPTED AS INDIA'S NATIONAL FLAG?

The year was 1921. The place, Bezawada (now Vijayawada). The occasion, the All India Congress Committee (AICC) Session. It was here that an Andhra youth presented a flag to Gandhiji. The flag had red and green bands, representing the two major communities, with a large charkha covering the two bands to symbolise progress. Gandhiji suggested the addition of a white stripe to represent the remaining communities in India. The first Indian tricolour was born. Although it had not been officially accepted by the AICC, Gandhiji's approval made it sufficiently popular to be hoisted on Congress occasions.

In 1931, when the AICC met in Karachi, there was considerable controversy over the significance of the colours in the flag. Communal troubles had set in and the two major communities were at the parting of ways and the stress was on communal interpretation.

After much deliberation, a resolution was passed adopting the tricolour as our National Flag. This flag was saffron, white and green. But it was clearly stated that the colours bore no communal significance. Instead, they were to be interpreted as.

Saffron for courage and sacrifice.

White for truth and peace.

Green for faith and chivalry.

On 22 July, 1947, the Constituent Assembly adopted this tricolour as Free India's National Flag. After independence, the colours and their significance remained the same, but Emperor Asoka's Dharma Chakra was adopted in place of the Charkha as the emblem on the flag.

By : Ruchi Bhatia
Class XII-C

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A ST. MARY'S STUDENT

Trrring, G GGG....." Time to wake up child". The 17 years old child reluctantly gets up and takes about an hour in front of the mirror to dress up. Hastily devours her breakfast and off to school. With God's grace if the child is not late then A NORMAL day begins with the usual dialogues between pals. Everyone seems restless before the assembly, after all 24 hrs. is a long span of time and everyone has to narrate the previous night's incidents and experiences. The most probable conversation pieces are "1st girl" : know what? KAL KOI PADHAI NAHIN HUI YAAR."

2nd girl—"Do we look like fools? Only a fool will believe that you were not studying even in the wee hours of the morning"

1st girl—"Don't say that, I really did not study!"

2nd girl—"You did" 1st girl—"I didn't and thus a debate takes off as if it was an insult for someone to be called studious.

In another corner,

A Girl : "My God, did you see that No. 24 Revlon?"

Girl : "My! My! I'll check it out today, too"

Many people have told me already what a 'killer' that shade is!

At yet another place.

"Girls you are not supposed to be in class, fall into your lines right now! See all the teachers already have their eyes fixed on all of you! "Stop Talking! Pull up your socks bla, bla, bla."

Now this amazing creature belongs to a different species, called captains. This species includes all kinds of office bearers, incharges, monitors etc. List is long, there are blackboard incharges, light and fan incharges, door and window incharges, assembly incharges and a whole lot of other people 'in charge'. Most of the time even poor teachers don't know themselves what a particular office bearer is and what is she supposed to do. I'll give you my own example. My beloved Hindi teacher one day in a burst of passion (while scolding me) asked the class—"PATA NAHIN KIS CHEEZ KE KYA HAI" N.B.—I am the L.T.S. Gen. Sec.

Finally, the much disliked bell rings. We say our prayers even now some people have their apparatus open and ready for use. Our Head girl (poor creature) intermittently comes and announces which pair of houses have to

take care of discipline and which of cleanliness. I'll bet my life on the fact that 85% don't know what their house is supposed to do. Result —All 4 R, B, G, Y are picking up toffees wrappers (with an occasional toffee trapped in between). While the students in class are having a gala time. There is no one to take care of discipline.

Now, the 1st period begins. The values and moral principles are imparted to people who sit in front since the back benchers are busy completing their Hindi homework or writing (precisely—copying) English synopsis. There are occasional debates over trivial issues of which there are no conclusions. Reason? period is very short! and the bell rings in the middle.

By the 2nd period we all are dying of starvation. The hunger has to be satisfied now. Therefore under our desks our tiffins are deprived of their covers and their contents are shamelessly exposed before the hungry eyes of all other class mates. As soon as the teacher turns to the blackboard (to draw a diagram, mind you! not to write) we do our jobs. Mission Accomplished!

By the 3rd and the 4th period our watches become our most prized possessions. The minutes appear an hour long and the Interval (our Fav. period) seems to hang in eternity. Visits to the tank are more frequent now. If any of the previously described creatures (i.e. captains tries to interrupt they are either bribed or are given a reproachful look that seems to say "Don't forget we've made you the Captain!"

Then comes the most melodious sound on earth—"The Interval bell" People who still have their tiffin contents intact, are V.I.Ps. and people gladly follow them anticipating and expecting an aachaar, a puri or a mittai.

Some, who happen to be great actors like me often assume a sad expression and a pitiable countenance that suggests, that "Hey I've not brought my Tiffin today. Have mercy!, lo and behold edible substances are thrust into my mouth. Such is the power of acting and such is the feeling of sisterhood in our school.

The post interval era is not very pleasant. An infinite wait for the last period is on. Teachers are bombarded with appeals like, "Miss we are very tired let us study on our own" "Miss, please take us out", Miss, please give us a break". These appeals are 9 out of 10 rejected and not entertained. When the students fail in their legal attempts then they are forced to resort to illegal means. Thus come those bunking sessions—under the cover of some official

business, like giving a book to the girls in the other section, asking the teacher to excuse on account of a fake headache, (I wonder when we'll change our ailment and adopt a new one!) and last but not the least, going to the much visited haunt of S.M.C., which is surrounded by an aroma that will make NH_3 , Cl & H_2S blush.

It is now an officially accepted and well established fact that last periods are not meant for studies. Tan, Tan, Tan, School is over for the day done our work (oh really?) and done our play (no doubt about that) Attention please, the stock is still not exhausted. Therefore girls are seen jabbering away at the car stand, cycle stand, rickshaw stand where often there is no place to stand.

Thus, ends an exciting day at school. People try their level best to improve us and make us study sincerely but our motto is 'HUM NAHIN SUDHARENGE' Students are students after all and school life is not for studies, or is it?

By : Anupriya Dwivedi
Class XII-A

FETE

On the 22nd of April we attended our last fete before leaving school. As it was the last fete we were very excited about it and we wanted to put in our best. It was a hot summer day. There was a lot of excitement all around.

Everybody was in school very early, busy decorating their stalls. My class had kept a stall of cold drinks and a game stall of chocolate wheel. There were many other stalls of other classes. Some of them were of Burgers, chowmein, Kabab and Puri etc. and games stalls like cassette wheel, hit the bulls eye etc. At eight 'o' clock the bell rang and the fete started. There was confusion every where. In every stall some girls were in charge.

The hustle bustle continued till eleven 'o'clock. After eleven o'clock we had to clean the school campus. After that we returned to our classroom & started counting the profit which we had made. Ours was the third largest profit in the whole school. We collected the whole money for the poor. Thus, a memorable and enjoyable day came to an end collecting some fond memories of the school days.

By : Maneet Kaur
Class XII-C

OUR LAST PICNIC AS A CLASS

After a lot of discussions and heated debates the entire class twelfth decided to go to Sirsi for a picnic on the 13rd of November to celebrate children's day. The entire class twelfth was an excited lot. The hottest topic for discussion was 'the picnic' We could think of nothing else. A lot of planning was done, for example the food to be taken cameras etc. some of the girls even decided what clothes they would wear. Our teachers Mrs. Kakkar, Mrs. Kumar, Mrs. Chatterjee and Ms. Chhatwal were to accompany us.

Finally the 13th arrived and all the girls assembled in school at about 6.30 a.m. Most of the girls were going, this can be judged from the fact that a girl in one class, Vidushi, who had a boil on her foot insisted on coming along even though her foot had become septic, she could hardly walk and her doctor had refused to give her permission.

Till 7.00 a.m. the second bus did not come. This caused a lot of tension. A number of girls remembered their last night's feelings about the second bus not turning up at all and all of us trying to stuff ourselves into one bus something in which we definitely would not have succeeded and the picnic being cancelled. Thankfully none of these fears become a reality. The second bus did come and we started on our journey.

After sitting quietly in the bus for a few minutes we started singing and talking. We ate some of our food during the drive itself. During the four and a half hour journey we sang for more than three and a half hours continuously. After numerous jerks, jolts and bumps we finally reached Sirsi at around noon.

As soon as we reached Sirsi we were told to bring our food so that we may eat first and then enjoy. Our teachers had brought a cake for us as a treat. The cake was very tasty and all of us had it. Then we got down to the real business of eating. All of us shared our food and quickly finished our meal.

After eating we went down to the waterfall. There was a long flight of stairs, some of them acute and dangerous. Once we reached down near the water we saw small pools of water surrounded by rocks where we could sit comfortably. Many of us choose rocks which were comfortable and safe.

After the girls had sat down comfortably they started throwing water on each other which resulted in a number of them getting wet. Where as number of us who did not wish to get wet, sat with our feet in the water, enjoying the scenery. A number of exclamations such as ooh, ooh and ouch and O my God could be heard combined with a lot of laughter. All of us posed for endless photographs. After a number of "Miss please five minutes more" we finally left Sirsi at 3.00 p.m.

On our way back we continued with our singing which I am sure must have sounded quite jarring to the others who wanted to rest because it definitely sounded as though we were reciting poems rather than singing.

We returned to Allahabad quite late at about 8.15. p.m. Everybody was waiting anxiously for us and we went back to our homes after saying good-bye. Most of us, I am sure, returned with a heavy heart. One thought uppermost in our minds that our last picnic as a class had just ended, I know I did.

By : Paridhi Tandon
Class XII-B

NATURE

O bountiful Nature!
Who doth play the music of diversity
How unfoldth thee the passion of adversity
Both teaching and preaching in the modes of folly,
and synchronising life at notes melancholy
Thou fillest the air where one smells
with fragrance so sweet, where chastity dwells.

Thy icy hands are but true friends,
Cold wavy winds though it sends,
chilling the body but caressing the soul
hitting the bones but embracing the whole
you let know your love in adverse ways
To your affection none can repay.

Thy summers heat enhances spirits so dim,
for flowers and fruits are ruptured to brim,
Thy sunny glaze overwhelms again
Bountlessly showering a musical strain,
seat on the body unhides the inner care
while thy heat intensens ever more

Thy amateur love washes thy own heat,
Thyself purg'd the very dir of pestilence beat,
Pure water endowe as a gift from Heaven
Reformed is the earth to the garden of Eden,
Purifying the land, the dwellers and the heart
doth rejoice, remake a start.

Thou venture out to give and forgive
simultaneously teaching the ways to live.
Advicing all by thy petty means—
unraveling mysteries in the pace of streams.

By : Kena Shree
Class XII-A

TRAFFIC MINDING

Traffic minding is a responsibility
which requires the ability,
To fulfil the task with sensibility.
And, one who does not possess the capability,
Cannot perform this duty.

By : Antara Ganguly
Class XII-C

हाय ये ENGLISH

Heathcliff से मुझको लगता है डर
Ms. Havisham ने मेरा खा रखा है सर।
Pip और Magwitch पे आता है तरस
जब कभी Wuthering Heights में show जाता है बरस।
Sir Toby और Maria ने किया क्या कमाल
Malvolio के लिये बिछा दिया है जाल।
इस English के जाल ने दिया हम students को फँसा,
क्या जाने कब ये हमारे syllabus में आ बसा।
पास होना है जरूरी इस subject में
वरना रह जायेंगे बैठे हम class 12th में।
हे भगवान नइया तू हमारी कर देना पार,
हम तुम्हें कहेंगे thank you बार-बार।

By : Antara Ganguly
Class XII-C

GREAT EXPECTATION

Great expectation is the novel written,
by a famous classic writer called Dickens.
The hero of the story is Pip,
Whose life is in high hopes grip
Pip met a convict among the graves,
He is the person who gives Pips life a new shape.
Joe and Herbert are his friends,
Who continue to help him till the end.
Compeyson is the villain.

Who brings Miss Haisham's life to ruin.
So Miss Havisham is vexed,
With the whole male sex.
Miss Havisham ने Estella को पाला
But inside her not even a drop of love है डाला।
When Estella termed PiP as 'coarse and common.'
Pips mind was occupied with a demon.
Orlick and Mrs. Joe had a fight,
After that he hit her with all his might.
Mrs. Joe is caught in her bed.
Until the time she meets her death.
Mr. Jaggers is the lawyer.
Who always helps whenever required
Miss Havisham का खेल हो जाता है खत्म,
जब Estella दिखाती है अपना असली रंग।
Drumme is the person whom, Pip hates,
But he becomes his beloved's mate.
Pip became a दिलजला
Because of Estella.
Wemmick है बहुत महान।
उस पर हुई है Miss Skiffins मेहरबान
Molly is Estella's mother
But she never cares about her daughter.
Orlick called Pip on the marshes to kill.
But Herbert, Startop and Trabbs wanted him to live.
Now Pip and Herbert are in debt.
And they do not understand how it should be met.

जब Pip को होता है इस बात का ज्ञान
कि Provis is the person जिसने बनाया उसे एक सज्जन इन्सान
वो पहले नहीं होता इस बात से सहमत
After that उसको हो जाती है खुद से भी नफरत।
धीरे-धीरे उसे हो जाता है Provis से लगाव।
और वो Herbert से कहता है कुछ भी हो यार।
“Magwitch को बचाओ”।
Magwitch की life को है खतरा।
When Provis dies
Pip heartily cries.
खत्म हो जाता है Pip का डर,
जब Provis Magwitch जाता है मर।
Pip जो है अब बीमार,
Joe करता है फिर से उपकार।
Pip is now guilty about his behaviour,
But Joe forgives him as he does ever
In the end Biddy is happy with Joe.
Because he does not have a foe.
Wemmick marries Miss Skiffins.
Herbert happily marries Clara
अब रह गया केवल Pip बेचारा।
Why should we further bother?
When the future of the story was unknown to the author.
What happened next is not our concern
But the story by heart, we will have to learn.
Though Pip's expectations are not fit for retention.
Yet they prove indispensable for our I.S.C. examination.

By : Pratiksha Dixit
Class XII-C

POT POURRI

1. Experience is our teacher,
Experience is our friend,
As it teaches us,
Life's new trends.
2. Examination is a tension,
The greatest problem is retention,
It tests our potential,
As it involves interrogation.
3. Life is a recipe,
Which no chef can cool,
The ingredients are joy, sorrow and laughter
Which will not change even in a hundred years.
4. Love is a rainbow,
which has many colours,
And true love does not change,
Even over the years.
5. Children nowadays are mature
And I'm sure, that their hearts are pure,
For, they have a capacity,
To heal and cure.
6. T.V. diverts my mind,
As, it is very unkind
It does not let me study
As, it is an obnoxious buddy.
7. Accounts is interesting
But, it is very demanding
It involves thinking,
As a result, I'm always sinking.

8. Hindi is tough,
But, it's made easy.
By Ms. Chatwal's love.
She has the capacity to handle students.
And to make them wise and prudent.
She is an angel for all of us,
And for this, I thank her very much.
9. You are an angel for Daddy and me,
As you're the household's key.
Without you, we would stand nowhere,
Except of course, in middle air,
So, I thank you from the core of my heart.
For, you play a very important part.
May you smile all through your life.
And be a good mother and good wife.

By : Antara Ganguly
Class XII-C

THE NATION'S DESTINY IS ITS PEOPLE

The Nation is, what you are,
aiming for the sun or reaching out to the stars,
the destiny is indeed in your hands,
your's will be the footprint on the sands.
The Utopia is not too far,
The Nation is, what you are.
No matter how big or how small,
in every ascent, in every fall,
the Nation's spirit is in you,
in every body that's old, every soul that's new.
Be an actor, be a star,
but believe in yourself, in what you are, attain the soaring heights, no one
dreamt of before,

be a different person altogether from the core.
The narcissism in you is quite fine,
but try to eliminate the "I", "Me", "Mine",
I'm not telling you to be a trendsetter my friend,
It's your own ways you'll have to mend,
I'm repeating the age old cliché, 'that drops make an ocean;
a single drop initiates, the overall motion,
a 'Nation' is not what the maps proclaim it to be,
a 'Nation' is there for all to see,
Not a group of states put together,
Not a barrier of mountains combating the weather,
Neither a religion, nor a tribe,
It's just not anything I can describe,
Perhaps the Nation is you and you, the Nation,
essence of God's ultimate creation,
You are the Nation's destiny, is what I say,
You are the ray of light that always finds a way
You have to build the 'Nation', open the Heaven's gate,
for Man is Man and Man is the master of his fate.

By : Anupriya Dwivedi
Class XII-A

THIS IS IT !

Kids nowadays are nahin asaan
With their parents they do yudh ghamasan
Neither they do any parhai likhai
Nor do they do any karya with bhalai
They sometimes go on a partying freak
and there they eat chicken & steak,
to their gharas they come back after midnight
aur unke papa cannot make them tight.

They say Ma admonishes due to a generation gap
and spend their time doing pop and rap
chokris go on dates with chokras smart
aur uspar phone ka bill, ooh; up it darts.

Wo badalte hai wardrobe every next day
and with the phaisans new they go astray
they phoonko cigarettes pack par pack
and for roka they get on their parents back

To yeh hai hamara generation new,
Time hai naya and waqt is new,
Here girls wear pants & boys learn to sew;
Kya yehi hai fast? baithi soochun mai..

By : Rajshri Banerjee
Class XII-C

THE CHARMS OF POETRY

Poetry, like life, defies a definition, like the wind it is elusive, We can feel the wind all the time, but cannot see it. So is poetry, we can enjoy it, but not define it. The word poetry springs from the Greek word 'poiesis' which means creating. In the words of Coleridge. "A poem is a species of composition which is opposed to works of science by proposing for its immediate object pleasure not truth". The immediate questions that arise are : What is a poet? To whom does he address himself? What language is expected from him? The answers are simple. A poet is a man speaking to men; a man, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul than are supposed to be common among mankind. There is something ethereal about poetry and a halo about its maker. Words and phrases emerge, take their pre-ordained positions and vibrate with metre and music. Whoever it is Dante, Homer or Milton, the burden is same-soul communicating with soul.

Food is to taste, beauty to sight, music to the ear and fragrance to sniff and breeze to feel, but poetry is to all these, not only to feast the five senses but to sober them. The greatest poets wrote almost unconscious of art, their

exalted thoughts taking on an inevitable rhythm in perfect harmony with the canons of art, because, above all, art speaks with the elemental voice of nature.

Poetry is as old as humanity itself. The ancient works of religion and philosophy are poetical in essence, if not couched in poetry. The Vedas, the Bible, the Kuran are poetical in letter and spirit. Even the great epics of the world, the Ramayana, the Mahabharat, Illiad, Aeneid are invariably the greatest poetical works that stand the test of time to thrill us even now.

The appeal of poetry is universal, like music, poetry too knows no barriers, no limitations of language, race or religion or nationality which is hardly surprising considering the fact that "poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, taking its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity". Thus, restrictions cannot be imposed on the language of the soul.

Unfortunately, poetry and poets are often scorned. The poets are accused of being dreamers, languishing in a world of fantasy and away from reality. Little do the critics realise that poetry puts on the best apparel the poet can conceive of for the thoughts he wants to communicate and, as Nietzsche puts it, "The sphere of poetry does not lie outside the world as a fantastic impossibility spawned by a poet's brain; it is the unvarnished expression of the truth", Poetry is indeed the pride of literature and its love the symbol of a wellread man.

By : Smita Rai
Class XII-A

THE WORLD IS IN NEED OF YOU

One of the most terrible aspects of today's world is that nobody listens to anyone. If you are bewildered or frightened or lost or scared or alone nobody really listens. Nobody has time to listen to anyone. Even those who love you and would die for you, your parents, your friends all of them have no time and how terrible it is when you have nobody to listen to you. All like to be loved and cared for caring makes a human truly alive. When you care for a person you listen to all the problems that a person may be facing.

Listening demands an abundance of patience and especially to listen like a human being with all your heart and soul. There are some, people who hear

'I love you' and wonder what it really means. It is because of their feelings of unworthiness when they realise their goodness within them they become free. People need people by nature. No one is the sole master of his ship of life. Whoever thinks he can go through life alone courts shipwreck. At any moment in our lives we are helped or hindered by those who care for us or refuse to care for us. Sometimes all we can give to others is ourselves. Yet, it is most valuable of all. Except having understanding heart and an attentive ear we do not need solutions to be of help. No one can go through life without friends and still lead a normal and reasonably happy life.

In this world filled with despair there are so many lonely souls in need of an attentive listener. No one seems to have the time to spend or listen or save and help them and see the beautiful persons they can be. The world is in need of you. You can make this world a beautiful one if you have love in your heart. Let the world be a better place by your presence by just listening.

By : Anu George
Class XII-C

I AM LUCKY YOU ARE MY TEACHER

Sometimes I worry that
I am not as good a student
as I could be.

have I been there
when you needed me, the way
you have always been for me?

Have listened?

Have I understood your
unspoken concerns?

Have I cared, enough,
or told you how much our
relationship means to me?

Sometimes I expect people
I care about, to know
just how I feel,
even though I never
usually tell them.

And though my words seem inadequate.,
I want you to know
I care about you
And that I feel lucky
to have you as my teacher.

By : Divya Tewari
XII-C

MY SCHOOL

St. Mary's Convent, there it stands!
Must have been started by clever hands
Grand and great
It looks so beautiful and up to date
All the people in the city know
It is a wonderful school to go
Every teacher knows her duty
We see here the shining beauty
The principal is very kind
Full of sympathy in her mind
Hundreds of children study here
Always working in discipline everywhere
Like a home my school appears
I wish never to go from here
To me it is close and near
And is really very dear.

By : Rashi Malhotra
Class XII-C

★★★



श्रद्धा सुमन

स्वर्गीय श्रीमती राजकुमारी आज हमारे बीच नहीं रहीं।
हंसमुख, मिलनसार तथा सेवा को समर्पित श्रीमती राजकुमारी
का निधन दिनांक 2 जनवरी, 1998 को हुआ। आपकी
निस्वार्थ सेवा तथा समर्पण हमें हमेशा आपकी याद दिलाता
रहेगा। हमारा विद्यालय आपको हार्दिक श्रद्धांजली अर्पित
करता है।



