

ST. MARY'S CONVENT



College Magazine

2000-2001



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 school's 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, superstitious 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 co-operate in making it a reality.

MARY WARD

1585-1645





*Mary, Queen of Earth,
Sky and Sea,
Pray for us.*



*The Management, Principal,
Staff and Students of SMC
wish their readers
a very happy and
enjoyable reading.*



From the Principal's Desk



My dear Students,

In this land of cultural complexity and religious plurality we are all set to celebrate the Mega Event of this Millennium- the Maha Kumbh Mela. I would like to quote here Rabindra Nath Tagore. "Have you not heard His silent steps? He comes, comes, ever comes."

He comes when we celebrate Christmas, He comes when Id Milan takes place, He comes when we take a holy dip in the Ganges.

There is a time, there is a time,
Both for sowing and for reaping there is a time,
Time for losing, time for gain,
Time for joy and time for pain,
Every purpose under heaven has a time.

This indeed is a time for rejoicing, because all of us are, in one way or the other, preparing ourselves spiritually to welcome God into our hearts and homes, be it Christmas, Id or Kumbh Mela. God makes Himself known to us through every event of our daily lives. Let us recognize Him in the misery of our poor brethren, in the pain and agony of our suffering companions, in the sighs and tears of our bereaved ones - and reach out to them in sympathy and compassion. That is our mission in this Millennium.

What is education if the educated beings do not strive to keep all people for ever one in love and grace, to wipe away all war and strife, to give freedom to each race?

Yes, dear students, we, on a small scale, were trying to do it. We were trying to make our school a happy place of happy relationships. The Parents' Days by

various classes, the other forms of co-curricular activities, The Dharma Bharati Projects, The LTS Movement, The Inter Religious Millennium Meet with our dear Grandparents and the opening of Ashadeep, school for the non-school goers of the locality, a new venture and a historic event in the annals of SMC Allahabad are clear examples of it.

My heartfelt gratitude to the Management, Sr. Mariella, all the sisters who prayerfully support us, to the teachers for their dedication and commitment, to the parents and grandparents for their whole hearted co-operation, to the student council for their untiring service and to all the students for their love and concern for the mission.

We are the lucky ones to lead the way into the new millennium. Be prepared to meet the challenges and changes this millennium will be offering to us. These changes will have direct impact on education. If we plan our lives accordingly and if

we remain creative and proactive as in the past, then we can achieve the highest degree of success and can maintain the quality education the school is striving to impart.

I conclude with quoting William Barclay the great theologian—"There was an ordinary school teacher who bowed to the students daily in the class before he started the lesson. Intrigued by this gesture, one day one of the boys stood up and asked, 'Sir, you bow to us everyday before you begin teaching. It would have been more appropriate if we did that towards you. May I know why you do it?'"

The teacher replied, "Child, I do not know who you would become in future. I see great potentials in you. Hence I bow."

Dear girls, this story tells us that we must see God and His sacred plans unfolding in each human being and give due respect to all regardless of caste, colour or creed. Let us lay emphasis on ethics, morality and values thus upholding the worth and value of one and all. Thus let us become partners in the school transforming and renewal of the millennium.

Wish you all a happy and prosperous academic year full of surprises, success and sincere service.

God Bless You!

Sr. CHRISTINA IBMV

Principal



"Effort spells success"



Chief Editors - Mrs. A. Kakkar, Mrs. U.Sharma
Editors - Abhilasha S.Singh, Sumona Banerjee, Shuchita Khare (IX-A),
Anshula Srivastava (IX-B), Medhavi Sahai, Khushboo Srivastava (IX-C)

Each morning sees some task begun
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose

- H. W. Longfellow

From the Pen of the Chief Editor



We are delighted to present before you the Annual school magazine for the years 2000-2001. We have endeavoured to highlight the important events, issues and achievement of the year both inside and outside academia.

As we look back on the past events, some of which were novel and innovative, exciting, rigorous and deeply satisfying we find that it was a cumulative and painstaking effort of the management, faculty and talented students, who have worked together in close co-operation.

We take the opportunity to congratulate our class 12 students of last year for their exceedingly good ISC results and for doing us proud as we were the only school in Allahabad who had the distinction of having cent percent pass results.

St. Mary's Convent is an institution which has long prided itself in its capacity to give to all its students, a sound intellectual development and to awake in them a strength of character and integrity and a consciousness of the changes in the social environment. With this view in mind our extra curricular activities were organized. The thumping success of the Junior school sports, the Parents' Day Programme, organised by each class of the senior School, proved to be a grand success. The Grand Parents' Day, the Science Exhibition etc. are a few on which we look back with pride.

A very special day was 30th of January 2001, as it marked the inauguration of 'Asha Deep' a special school for the less privileged

within our own school, which coincided with the death anniversary of our Foundress, Mother Mary Ward, and the Father of our Nation Mahatma Gandhi.

A special word of thanks to the teachers and students for their overwhelming response in contributing articles and photographs for this magazine which created a problem of a different kind i.e. selecting the best articles from so many excellent ones. Here I would like to make a special mention of a totally new idea, of the class manuscript which originated from our Principal and was carried out very successfully by each class teacher. It is these manuscripts which have enhanced the quality of the articles in this issue. This has proved that our effort in cultivating in students an independence of intellect and enabling them to develop as critical and creative thinkers has been achieved.

All this would not have been possible without the guiding hand of the Almighty and also the firm determination, gentle persuasion and ceaseless encouragement of our dear Principal, Sr. M. Christina, who enabled us to turn out weaknesses into a strength and accomplish all this in record time inspite of the session being cut short due to the Kumbh holidays in January.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) A. Kakkar,

Chief Editor.



SMC laments the loss of

1. Brother of Sr. M. Christina, Principal
2. Father of Sr. M. Alice, Class Teacher, X -A
3. Father of Ankita Kumar, Class XI - C
4. Father of Prachi Verma, Class XI - B
5. Father of Shilpi Roy, Class XI - A

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity".

—Shakespeare

(1) School reopens	4th April
(2) Elections	3rd May
(3) School closes	6th May
(4) School reopens	5th July
(5) Investiture Ceremony	15th July
(6) Final Basketball Match	28th July
Juniors (Red Vs. Blue Winners-blue)	
(7) Parent's Day (Class XII)	31st July
(8) Final Basketball Match	5th May
Seniors (Red Vs. Green Winners - Red)	Red
(9) Ist Term, Examination	19th Aug.
(10) Teachers' Day	6th Sept.
(11) L.T.S. Oath taking ceremony	25th Sept.
Science Exhibition	9th Oct.
(12) Parent's Day (Class XI)	14th Oct.
(13) Other international Conference	23rd Oct.

RESULTS

English Elocution	Sonali Srivastava (IIInd)
Hindi Elocution	Aparajita Agarwal (IIIrd)



Debate—For the motion

Against the motion

Group song

Overall

(14) Jubilee Athletic Meet

(15) Sports Day (Junior)

(16) Parents' Day (Class 9th)

(17) Sister's Feast Day

(18) 2nd Term Examination

(19) Grand Parents' Day

(20) School Closes for Winter Vacations

(21) School reopens

(22) 'Ashadeep' a project for the enlightenment of the

underprivileged starts within the school campus

(23) S.M.C. takes part in the 'Human Chain formed as a protest

against multinational companies

(24) Class XI bids farewell to its seniors 'Adieu, Dear Seniors' 10th Feb.

(25) Silver Jubilee of our dear teachers

Mrs. C. Srivastava & Mrs. R Shukla

Sneha Sharma(Ist)

Neha Kapoor (Ist)

IInd

Runners up

4th Nov.

7th Nov.

8th Nov.

25th Nov.

6th Dec.

21st Dec.

22nd Dec.

30th Jan

30th Jan

1st Feb.

17th Feb.

—Sumona Banerjee (XI-A)

Medhavi Sahai (XI-C)

The Pillars of S.M.C.



Sitting (From left to right) - Sr. Damascena, Sr. Rosalind, Sr. Felicitas, Sr. Mariella (Manager), Sr. Clare, Sr. Monica, Sr. Elizabeth
Standing (First row) - Sr. Theophane, Sr. Pushpita, Sr. Assunta, Sr. Sagaya, Sr. Aquilina, Sr. Reshma, Sr. Christina
Standing (2nd row) - Sr. Marion, Sr. Alice, Sr. Anjali, Sr. Regina, Sr. Lawrentia



From the desk of the Head Girl



"Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds"

—George Eliot

As the year comes to an end, I realize with a heavy heart, that with it my tenure as Head Girl as well as my years in this wonderful school are coming to an end. It seems unbelievable that 12 long years have passed by so soon. It was only so recently that a shy, timid girl, with her eyes full of tears, had joined the junior section of this wonderful school. I still remember very vividly how my class teacher Mrs. L. Joseph had so lovingly taken charge of me and tried her best to make me feel at home.

So many memories, so many images and so many thoughts are coming into my mind. I remember the happiness and pride I felt on receiving the honour of being nominated the 'Head Girl' by Sr. Christina. It was the culmination of my dreams but more so, it was the result of the love, affection, teaching and training imparted to me by my teachers over the years. A great responsibility was thrust on my shoulders and I had to live upto the expectations of my Principal, my teachers and also my fellow students. I remember the 'Investiture Ceremony'—our coming to the stage carrying flags, Sr. Christina handing me a candle with the words 'Shivanjali, let the flame burn' and our handing down the candle among the captains and vice-captains, the prayer service, Sr. Christina tying the sashes, our taking of the oaths, Sr. Christina addressing us as the first office bearers of this millennium and my maiden speech to the school as Head girl. I can vividly see the pride written on the faces of our parents who had come to witness this event.

The year passed with a succession of events. We had the 'Parents' day for Class 12 in July, the 'Interhouse Basketball tournament', Independence day, Teachers' day, Inter-institutional Cultural Fest, Jubilee, Athletics meet and finally the Grandparents' day. Memorable is the Class 12 picnic to Renukoot.

The examinations are fast approaching as I sit down to study I am feeling sad that very soon I shall have to leave the portals of my beloved school and step out into the world outside. I shall miss the Sisters, my teachers, my friends, my classes, needle-work room, Concert hall, open stage, library, computer lab, science labs, morning assembly, lunch-breaks and moral science lectures.

I will never be able to thank and repay my school and my teachers for moulding and making me what I am today—a more mature, confident but above all a decent, humane and religious person. I am sure that wherever I go and whatever I do I shall carry a part of my very dear 'alma-mater' with me.

Finally, in the words of Jerome K. Jerome:

"A new life begins for us with every second.

Let us go forward joyously to meet it.

We must press on, whether we will or no, and we shall walk better with our eyes before us than with them ever cast behind."

Shivanjali Kumar

Head-Girl 2000-2001

Florence Nightingale House

"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."

Nothing great was ever achieved with out enthusiasm. The enthusiasm of our house sky rocketed with the appointment of Shivanjali Kumar of Red House as the College Captain. I, from the very beginning, was aware of the responsibility and demand on my time and energy as the House Captain and that too at the dawn of the new millennium.

Our Mini Team kept our hopes kindled by securing runners up position in the Basket Ball tournament. However it was the senior Basket Ball team which brought great laurels by not only emerging as the champion but also appropriating all individual awards in Basket Ball.

Heavy rains on the 15th of August washed off the March-Past competition and hence deprived us of another opportunity to exhibit our excellence but it could not dampen our spirits.

The Science Exhibition held on the 9th of October, once again established the superiority of our house as we got the first prize by scoring maximum points and 'special appreciation' for one of our models.

All our achievements were the result of the constant blessing of our energetic Principal, Sr. Christina who has been the moving spirit behind many novelties in the school. I'd like to specially mention her idea of celebrating Grand Parent's Day which has added a new horizon to our vision.

Mrs. N. Salman, our house moderator was always available to

guide, help, enthuse and praise us to ensure we did better, we are really indebted to her. Few words of appreciation for my Vice Captain and all the house girls is a genuine feeling which I must express.

I started at the top and worked my way down. There is no such thing as a great talent without great will power and so I wish great will power to my younger sisters.

"To give and not to count the costs;
To fight and not to heed the wounds;

To toil and not to seek for rest;
To labour and not ask for any reward

Save that of knowing that we do thy will."

Pranjali Srivastava

Red House Captain

Garima Gulati

(Vice Captain)

House Report



Gandhi House



'Veni Vedi Vici!' These words of Caesar summarised what Gandhi House did in 2000-2001 because we came, we saw and yes, we conquered.

'Truth alone Triumphs' and we did keep close to our motto with the true spirit to participate and win. The year 2000-2001, beginning of a new millennium was filled with mixed feelings of success and failure. All in all, it has been a good year for the Green House. Everyone was determined to do well and score the best for their house.

The beginning of the year found us on the basket ball court as the various home teams battled each other to 'notch-up' points for their respective houses. Our 'notching up' of points was not good enough as we fell down

to the fourth position from the 1st, in the Junior section. But the senior team fared well and rose to the 2nd position from the 4th position.

However, undeterred by these initial set backs, Green House went ahead to claim the 2nd position in the 'Inter House Science Competition'. One of our models 'Sunset Point' prepared by Class X-C was highly praised and appreciated which did our house proud.

Then arrived the most awaited event of any Academic year-Athletics meet.

Although, it was for classes VI, VII and VIII only; yet the participants put in their heart and soul preparing for their respective events. We were close to the heels of Yellow House. Neither did we jump higher nor did we slide back; we remained at the 3rd position.

Well, whatsoever the results may be, we did our best. Lady luck did favour us at times but it won't be right to say that at any time, she showed her back to us, for no doubt, we did achieve and I am sure that Green House will continue to put in their very best in future to reach for greater heights, always in keeping with the motto-Excelsior i.e. soaring higher.

I would like to thank all the members of the Gandhi House for resting on my shoulders the honour and responsibility to lead the house. A heartfelt thanks to them for their hard work and cooperation.

The Green House acknowledges the patience cooperation and guidance of the House Coordinator Mrs. D. Panda and helper Mrs. Chopra. We also extend our sincere thanks to our dear Principal, Sr. Christina and all the other staff members for encouraging us.

Finally, I would like all Gandhi House members to remember that 'The greater the difficulty; the more glory in surmounting it'.

Thank you Green House, We did it together!

Neha Kapoor (Captain)

Sana Siddiqui (vice-Captain)



The Rig Veda says "O Learned Lady! all life is dependent upon you, because you impart education to us". Tagore house played the role of the learned lady for its inmates. Being the captain of the House meant I had to shoulder a tremendous responsibility which I took up as a challenge.

The year began with the Inter House Basketball Tournament of the juniors followed by the seniors. The teams were trained and guided by our coach Mr. Bhandari. Our house lost on both the occasions but that does not undermine our effort "you win some, you lose some" that's the way of life. I must commend my house girls as they participated in the various Inter House activities spiritedly.

The Science Exhibition was another important event. The models displayed by our house were praised by everyone.

Truly speaking sports are essential for the all round development of an individual. The junior sports was indeed a marvellous and enjoyable experience for the Tagorians. All the athletes demonstrated their interest and dedication and came out with flying colour. My report would be incomplete if I did not mention the names of Mrs. Philips and Mrs. A. Kaushik who were the pillars of our house. Without their guidance and support we would not have accomplished anything.

The untiring efforts of my vice-captain Avantika Manohar served as inspiration for me at times. Her sense of responsibility and sincerity is applaudable.

I express my deepest gratitude towards our Principal Sr. Christina, teachers and also my house girls who were always there whenever I needed them.

As C.H. Spurgeon Puts it:
Lamps do not talk, but they shine.
A light house sounds no drums and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariners. So, let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by your conduct.

—Suati Agrawal.

(Captain)

Avantika Manohar

(Vice Captain)

Tagore House





Mary Ward House Report



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

I can hardly hold the tears back at the thought of leaving my teachers, friends and juniors. Being the House captain was also enjoyable, though quite hectic at times. The juniors I became friends with have always loved and respected me and without their support it would have been impossible to handle the responsibility of being the captain; I value the support extended to me by my very helpful moderators, Mrs. P. Agarwal and Mrs. S. Tressler, all the office bearers and my-Vice captain, Tulika Bannerjee.

This last year in school was both enjoyable and depressing at times. Enjoyable when my house came first in the junior Basketball tournament and in sports and depressing when it came fourth in the senior Basket ball tournament and in the science-exhibition.

S.M.C. has taught me a lot, I have learnt to cope with both success as well as failure. I have learnt to handle responsibility, to work together with different people for a common goal, to respect my elders, to accept defeat with dignity and grace; to honour my word, and so many other things. I am also aware of the fact that these virtues and these principles will eventually decide the quality of my life.

If only I could write on and on but like every chapter comes to an end this one will, too. My memorable days in S.M.C. have become a part of history but they leave behind a treasure trove of cherished memories.

—Tuhin Malviya, XII-B

(Captain)

Tulika Banerjee

(Vice Captain)



English Section

"Of all those thoughts in which the wise excel.
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

2ND NATIONAL KNIT INDIA-2000

A report.



Second National KNIT INDIA 2000

The Dharma Bharathi National Institute for Value Education for Peace, is dedicated to prepare the youth to take up the leadership of the nation, to enlighten their conscience, to make them responsible citizens who will work for inter-religious harmony, global solidarity and nation building.

A group of 12 students, under the able guidance of our beloved principal, Sr. Christina, Sr. Alice and Miss Kaushik participated in the 2nd National Knit India, 2000, held at Bangalore, organised by the Dharma Bharathi Institute. (The objective of Knit India, 2000, was to give students a chance to live and interact with students, teachers and principals from all over India).

We were scheduled to reach Bangalore via Chennai. We left Allahabad on 25th December, 2000, the auspicious day of Christmas. After a long but enjoyable journey we reached Chennai on 27th December. In Chennai, we stayed at the World University Service Centre. During our two days stay there, we visited a number of historical places and tourist spots. We visited the St. Thomas Church on Mount St. Thomas. St. Thomas was one of the fourteen disciples of Jesus. The Christmas atmosphere of the church had an overwhelming calm and serenity. We got a splendid view of the city of Chennai from the hill-top.

We also visited the famous Marina Beach. We saw the imposing monuments erected in the memory of the famous political leaders Anna Durai and M.G. Ramchandran. We also saw a beautiful church known as the St. Peter's Church. Our trip to Golden Beach, a modern, amusement park was particularly exciting. We took different

rides and had great fun. In Chennai, we loved the real flavour of South Indian cuisine.

On the evening of 28th, we left for Bangalore by train. We reached Bangalore on 29th morning. In Bangalore, we stayed at the RTC school. Over 1000 students from different parts of the country participated in this seminar.

The seminar started on 29th December, in the evening, with a cultural programme. The speeches made by the chief guest, Mr. K. Siddappa, Vice Chancellor of the Bangalore University, and Sister Dr. Loretta Pinto, President of the Dharma Bharathi Institute were inspiring.

On 30th December, the activities of the camp started in full swing. All the students, teachers and principals were divided into 33 groups. Each group consisted of 25 to 30 members. This was done to bring people from different regions together to promote co-operation, understanding and brotherhood. A panel session was conducted in which children as well as adults talked about the transformation they found in themselves as a result of the practice of the Five Paths, prescribed



Second National KNIT INDIA 2000

by Dharma Bharathi. We also had an inter-religious prayer service for the nation.

The most awaited item of the evening was the talk by Ms. Kiran Bedi, the first woman I.P.S. Officer. She explained to us, the far reaching significance and desirability of the Five Paths for self improvement as well as for national integrity and progress. We enjoyed listening to her.

In the evening, along with the other schools, we presented reports on the activities we had undertaken to spread the message of Dharma Bharathi. At night, after dinner, groups 1 to 11 presented cultural programmes. Before we retired for the night, there was an evaluation of the whole day's activities followed by a short prayer.

So ended a day full of multifarious activities. On the 31st the session began with the speech of Mr. K.J. Alphonse, IAS. He spoke on Enlightened Leadership and Development of the Nation. He told us that a true leader is one who has certain dreams and aspirations, who can share his dreams with others and who has the capacity and the tenacity to convert his dreams into reality.

Another panel session was held in the afternoon in which eminent speakers narrated personal experiences that changed the course of their life. In the evening, groups 12 to 22 performed the cultural items.

At 11:30 in the night, the MILLENNIUM PRAYER FOR PEACE, started. This was held to welcome the dawn of the new millennium with prayer and inter-religious fellowship. Dharma Bharathi songs were sung with fervour and enthusiasm. After the prayer, sweets and cakes were distributed among the participants and millennium greetings were exchanged.

On 1st January 2001, the Chairman of the MUMBAI MUNICIPAL CORPORATION Mr. G.G. Khairnar, gave a speech in which he emphasized that success only comes from sustained

hard labour in the right direction. A question-answer session was held in which the participants were given a chance to clarify their doubts about the vision and spiritual aspects of Dharma Bharathi. We had a cultural programme presented by groups 23 to 33.

The major events of the last day, 2nd January 2001, were Shramdan or cleaning of the venue by the participants and the concluding function in which all the participants were thanked for their co-operation and enthusiastic participation.

After lunch, we left for the station as we had our train in the evening. We boarded the train at about 6:00 p.m. and thus started our return journey. Although we were excited about returning, we were sad that a wonderful trip was going to end soon.

On 3rd January, we reached Itarsi in Madhya Pradesh, at 10:30 p.m. We then boarded the Kamayani Express for the last leg of our journey. We reached Allahabad on 4th January in the evening.

It had been an extremely enjoyable trip. Apart from having a lot of fun we learnt a lot from this experience. The KNIT INDIA programme gave us a chance to interact with new people and make new friends. We feel proud in saying that our school team played an active role in all the activities of the camp. We got a chance to develop the quality of leadership as most of us were either group leaders or secretaries in our respective groups. The camp-life was a memorable experience for us and it has made us better equipped for adjusting ourselves in different environments and situations.

We are extremely thankful and grateful to Sr. Christina, Sr. Alice and Miss. M. Kaushik for taking us on this educational and enriching trip.

— Nandini Jayakrishna, Parul Shukla,
Aditi Hajela, Isha Dubey,
Sneha Thakur, Jyoti Gandhi,
Sakshi Mishra, Aditi Mishra,
Daminee Sawhney, Ritika Jaiswal,
Akansha Malik, Veronica Prakash.

DHARMA BHARATHI

We the students of Class VIII were very fortunate to be enlightened by Fr. Cyril and Fr. Sily on value orientation and awareness programme. They came to share with us 'A Dream, A Vision of a Peaceful, Integrated and Progressive society.'

They shared with us the purpose of the 'Dharma Bharathi'.—An interreligious group formed in order to formulate value, truths and the elements of the best of every religion. Their vision is Dharma Rajya and to achieve it we accept :—

1. Islamic—Body of discipline and fellowship.
2. Hindu Bahai Mind—of unity in diversity.
3. Sikh—Buddhist—Jain Heart of courage, compassion and non-violence.
4. Parsi Intellect—of creativity and Jewish will of indomitability.
5. Tribal conscience—of cosmic solidarity.
6. Christian Spirit—of forgiveness and self sacrifice.

As students, Fathers wanted us to become aware of values that are getting lost in this fast moving life. Each one of us can also be animators towards a peaceful, secure and progressive society in our student life. We the students of Class VIII have formed 4 groups for the purpose of a better India. Our class has taken the topic "Caring And Sharing India" and we have named our group 'Stepping Stones'. We the students are working hard on this topic. Many girls of our class have even started helping the illiterate.

For this we must follow the FIVE PATHS which will make our society and country a better place to live in. Each of us can do this and we must begin NOW!

Men take only their needs into consideration - never their abilities.

Napoleon Bonaparte



Reading Maketh A Full Person

"Reading Maketh a full MAN" is a universal truth and has been appreciated by all the renowned literary figures. Those literary persons who have reached the pinnacle of the highest reputation and achieved a rare distinction by distinguished people had achieved the same by acquiring deep knowledge by reading books. No distinguished literary figure has ever flourished without reading books. Reading makes a person perfect. It removes the bad qualities of a man and enables the man to develop his mental faculty and his thinking to achieve the best quality of human beings.

Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru used to find some time out of his busy schedule of his life to read the latest and important books. His outlook was highly affected by reading books of eminent writers. It will be a blessing to the younger generation if they follow the above universal truth sincerely they will show their companions and elder the result of reading good books.

Neha Menon

IX-D

Poem, Stories & Prayer

Pussy and I



I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

The Mystery of SPHINX



The great SPHINX sits in the desert of Egypt, about 12 km. from Cairo, guarding the 3 large pyramids of Giza. It was once just a left over hill rock. Later it was carved into a huge lion with the head of a man. It has mysterious eyes and an enigmatic expression.

The great SPHINX is about 20 M in height and 70 M in length. It was built some 5000 years ago. It probably resembles the face of Chepren, a king of 4th Egyptian Dynasty.

SPHINX was a monster, common in the myths of ancient people. The Egyptians thought of it as a winged lion with the head and breast of a man. It was used to ward off all evils from the cemetery around the pyramids.

Apart from the great SPHINX of Giza, there are many other SPHINX in Egypt. Their heads represent different kings. Kings were believed to have the strength of various beasts. So, the Egyptians sculptured their Gods and Kings in the shape of half human and half beast.

They gaze over the desert with a kind of mystical superiority.

Krishna Tiwari

The Soldier's Wife

The moonlight carressed
the silent summer night,
Restlessly she thought of him
Struggling at some scary height
Looking up sadly,
Her eyes filled up to brim



O, my gallant soldier.
She prayed for him.

Fierce fighting continues,
Screamed the headlines,
A sordid tale of torture
Of gunshots, sharpnels and landmines
A sharp known.

The dreaded telegram,
A life shattered
A childhood scarred.

Rich tributes
Some compensation
"Our brave hero!"
gasped the nation.

Her dreams had wilted,
Her prayers a-bleeding.
Her hopes orphaned,
Her eyes were pleading.
Wrapped in tri colour
His coffin arrived
Her world collapsed
The country survived.

—Richa Chauhan

The Dangerous Mission

There are numerous experiences which a man faces in his life. Some may be sad, some terrifying and dangerous and yet some humorous. Robert, is working as a photographer in the "Times of India" for the last ten years. He has come across many experiences in this profession. The officials being satisfied with his service had engaged him with a dangerous task recently. This was his most terrifying experience till now. He was to take photographs secretly of the military base of our enemy, Pakistan. The officials gave a map of the military base and its surroundings. They furnished him with each and every information. They made him aware of every enemy hide out. They briefed him that he was to be dropped from a helicopter and from there he should proceed. He was given a copy of the map and a microphone in case of any emergency.

Robert was very thrilled to undertake this dangerous task. He took with him some dried food, a revolver, bullets, a knife, a rope, a pair of binoculars and of course, his camera. At last, the most awaited day arrived. He was a bit nervous, but was determined to be successful in his mission. Robert, waved goodbye to his friends who had come to see him off, as the helicopter rose up from the ground with its headlight gleaming in the darkness. Robert tied himself to a parachute and loaded his back with all the necessary things and his precious camera. He stood in front of the door and waited for the orders of the pilot. 'No jump'. Soon, the pilot gave orders and he jumped off the helicopter in the midst of the forest in the gloom of the night. For sometime he let himself fall freely, then he opened his parachute and glided through the sky. Slowly and gradually, he landed in the forest. He looked up and saw the helicopter going back. Robert, was all alone in the dark forest amidst all the dangers of the wild beasts. He took out his torch and the revolver and proceeded. Suddenly, he



heard a growl, and soon realized that a tiger only ten metres away from him, was staring at him with hunger in its eyes. A shiver ran up his spines. He quickly climbed up the nearest tree and seated himself on the top most branch and waited for the tiger to go away. The tiger came towards the tree and tried hard to climb it. Robert took out his revolver, fixed the silencer to two bullets on the tiger. He came down only after the tiger was completely dead. After few minutes, he heard some men coming in his direction. He quickly managed to slip under some bushes. But, in a hurry, his knife fell off from his pocket and the men became aware at once. They were none other than our enemies. Robert waited in the bushes without taking a single breath lest the men searching frantically would discover him. When the men found no one they gave up and went away. He rose up and heaving a sigh of relief, cautiously made his way through the woods. Suddenly, he spotted a building with two guards standing at the door. Without being noticed by anybody, he took some photographs of the enemy hide out. Then he came to a lake which he had to swim across. With great difficulty, he reached the shore. He then took out his map and found that he had reached his destination. At that moment he had to be extra careful for there was strict security everywhere. Robert looked through his binocular and spotted the military base and advanced towards it. Stealthily and cautiously reaching to the side of the building under the cover of

darkness, he set up the rope of the top of the building and climbed up the rope. When he reached the roof of the building, he got a clear view of the angles but all of a sudden Robert heard a siren buzzing throughout the basement. He was frightened by a message from the headquarters that he had been successful in taking photographs but was in great danger. The officials informed him through the microphone to go to a place where a helicopter would be waiting for him. He quickly climbed down the rope and made his way through the directed routes. Suddenly, it started raining. Robert walked as fast as he could with the torch in his hand. Robert was totally drenched. At last he reached the place where the helicopter was waiting for him. Robert hurriedly climbed the helicopter. He was extremely exhausted but at the same time very happy that he was successful in his mission. Everybody was waiting eagerly for him.

The officials greeted him warmly. The photographs were published in the newspaper and were of great help to the Indian army.

Manini Lahiri

The Inca Empire

When the Spanish adventurers landed in Peru, in 1527, they found a vast Inca Empire with an efficient government, an effective agricultural system, paved roads and even irrigational canals, in fact, quite a sophisticated culture. But, the extraordinary fact was that the Incas could neither read nor write! How were they then able to keep track of every facet of their vast kingdom?

They used a system of knotted strings called 'quipu' to keep records of everything from food supplies to taxes. Each area or topic used a different colour or a different length of string, which were added to reflect inventory changes and the like.

Ishani Behari



Rabbit's Bride



There was once a woman who lived with her daughter in a beautiful cabbage-garden; and there came a rabbit and ate up all the cabbages. At last said the woman to her daughter, "Go into the garden, and drive out the rabbit."

"Shoo ! Shoo" said the maiden, "Don't eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!" "Come, maiden", said the rabbit, "sit on my tail and come with me to my rabbit hutch." But the maiden would not. Another day, back came the rabbit, and ate away at the cabbages, until the woman said to her daughter.

"Go into the garden, and drive away the rabbit."

"Shoo ! Shoo !" said the maiden. "Don't eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!"

"Come, maiden", said the rabbit, "sit on my tail and come with me to my rabbit hutch." But the maiden would not. Again, a third time back came the rabbit, and ate away all the cabbages, until the woman said to her daughter.

"Go into the garden, drive away the rabbit". "Shoo ! Shoo!" said the maiden. "Don't eat up all our cabbages, little rabbit!"

"Come maiden, with me to my rabbit hutch."

And then the girl seated herself on the rabbits tail, and the rabbit took her to his hutch.

"Now", said he, "set to work and cook some bran and cabbages; I am going to bid the wedding guests". And soon they were all collected. But the maiden was sad, because she was so lonely.

"Get up ! Get up !" said he. "The wedding folks are waiting". But the bride said nothing, and the rabbit went away. Then she made a figure of straw, and dressed it in her own clothes, and gave it a red mouth, and set it to watch the kettle of bran, and then she went home to her mother. Back again came the rabbit, saying, "Get up! Get up!" and he went up and hit the straw figure on the head, so that it tumbled down.

And the rabbit thought that he had killed his bride, and he went away and was very sad.

Urvashi Deva

Love

Love

It is the beginning and the end.

It is the essence of life. It comes from birth, and goes with death.

And it is everywhere, in everyone, always.

To say that the world is full of hatred, means that it is also full of love.

To say that this world is full of hatred, does not mean that it is empty of love.

Love does not exist in blocks, or in certain parts of the world. It is all over the world.

Love is in a farmer, he feeds a nation.

Love is in a mother, she understands pain.

Love is in a child's eyes, beginning to live.

Love is in the eyes of the dying, they will find peace and wisdom.

And love will never end; never.

It will be forever.

It will flow through a river of tears, boundless amounts of pain, it will sink and float, it will fade, but never die.

To die, you have to live. To live, you can only love.

Shattered dreams will be mended by love.

Broken hearts will be joined by strength.

The strength of love.

It is in churches, temples, mosques, Gurudwaras, everywhere. It is in the shape of two hands joined together.

In ice-creams and buttered popcorns.

It is in cleaning up the mess after a party.

Viewing destruction—and tackling it.

It is in muddy paws and fingers in running noses,

In frozen toes and not chocolate. In homeless orphans on the street.

Love is faith.

In the human race. In a child. It is in a question.

It is the answer.

It is shouted about on stage through a mike, to the rhythm of live, across a mass of listening hearts. It is in old age and youth, and middle age and teenage.

It isn't dying.

—Ajiti Khurana, IX

Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard are sweeter.

—Keats

EXAMINO-PHOBIA **Miracle in my life**

Symptoms :

1. The suffering person looks sick, has a pale face, red eyes, burning ears, and excessive sweating.
2. They keep fidgeting, continue chewing finger nails and keep rubbing hands.
3. Uncombed hair, nervous talk, totally confused answers and failure to understand minor points, are common features.



Occurrences :

1. It can occur to any student who is about to take his exam.
2. Its occurrence is common among back benchers.
3. Students who believe in testing their teachers.

Prevention and Treatment

1. No precise medicine is there. But you can avoid the infection by regular studies, hard work and by paying more attention to the lectures of professors.
2. The infected students should gather their 'WILL POWER' and try to overcome this so called 'EXAMINO-PHOBIA'. They will surely succeed.

—Sucharita Chatterjee, IX

Strange Facts

1. To collect one pound of Honey, bees have to visit 20 lakh flowers.
2. An ant is capable of carrying 50 times its body's weight. It is said to be the wisest creature next to human beings.
3. The blood of Cockroaches and Grasshoppers is white.
4. 1.2 Kg of firewood is required to cook 1 kg. of food.
5. The female Rhinoceros carries the baby Rhinoceros for 560 days before giving birth to it.
6. The life span of Sea Turtles is 250 years.

—Pallavi Mohla, IX

Miracles are something happening unexpectedly. Man believes in a supreme power which is always guiding him and protecting him. Many people have faced the presence of this power in times of need and call this a MIRACLE and as for me I had a premonition that perhaps a Saturday was booked for me to have a miracle and something like that did happen.

On Saturday I came back from my school and found that no one was at home because my parents, with my younger brother had gone to attend his 'Parents Teachers meeting'. We have a dog and two cows as pets in our home. I was playing with my dog who was chained outside. In a couple of minutes my family came back. Everyone was in a good mood. As soon as I changed my uniform, my father asked me to go outside and throw some useless papers of his. I threw the papers and walked towards the cow shed aimlessly without any purpose or intention. I really do not know what led me to the cow shed at that point of time but I can surely tell that something was ensured for me there, bad or good ! I reached there and felt that I was stepping on some loose and soft mud. I pressed it a little and felt that this could have been 'the end of my life'. I heard an angry hissing sound. My reflex was fast and I moved quite a good distance from the place in one leap.

I found a dark brown five feet long king cobra staring at me with his hood wide open. It kept on staring at me. I could feel the blood rushing in my body. A shiver ran down my spine. I could hear a sound in my mind 'Nidhi ! this is your End' but I don't know what happened, may be the serpent changed its intention of biting me looking at my horrified face. It went away in a haste.

At first I couldn't believe this had happened to me but as I believe in God, I came to understand that it was just an indication by Him that He always has kept an eye on me and is always there to help me. So, after this incident I am trying my best to utilize my life and take its advantage to its fullest. I really thank God for showering his blessings on me.

—Nidhi Shree, IX

PRAYER

Father we thank you for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light,
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the world so fair.
Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good,
In all we do at work or play,
To grow more loving every day.

—Ankita Singh, IV-C





Should Teenagers be Given Freedom ?

A perpetual problem faced by parents is whether teenagers should be given more freedom or not? The older generation is averse to this idea as they feel that adolescents are a very tender and immature age to be able to understand and appreciate the meaning of freedom.

Well, according to me we should not be given more freedom than we have, because our mind is ready to imitate almost anything which is prevalent in the society. We are still immature in our thinking and do not know how to face the real world. We need more of love and affection, not more freedom.

Some teenagers do not understand the value of money. They grossly misuse the large sums of hard earned money given to them by their parents. Eventually, they fall into bad company, start taking alcoholic drink and drugs. This results in their dark future.

When it comes to choosing a career, several considerations must be taken into account. Suppose a teenager is interested in science and wants to become a doctor while his business minded parents prefer to make him an industrialist, thus, crushing his ambition as he is dominated by his parents. In such cases he should be given more freedom to talk over the matter calmly with his parents and try to convince them. Parents should also keep an eye on what kind of choice he is making.

Teenagers have been given too much freedom already which they are misusing. If they are granted any more freedom it might prove detrimental to our society. Thanks to our parents who pay attention to the emotional needs of their children and guide them along the right path. The thinking of teenagers should be deeper and their knowledge enhanced, in understanding the world. Then only should they be given more freedom.

—Ritu Singh, IX



Riddles

1. What pets make sweet music ?
2. Which ring is best for telephone?
3. Which is the laziest mountain in the world ?
4. Which birds lifts heaviest weights ?
5. Seven is an odd number. How can it be made even ?
6. How can you add ten to ten and still have ten ?
7. From which five letters word can you take away two letters and leave one.
8. Name a bird whose name means "to sell in the street".
9. Which bird's name means "to sing with closed lips ?"
10. A bird whose name means "to gulp ?"
11. A bird's name which is also the name of a "country ?"
12. The bird's name which is used in "eating and games ?"
13. Comes after sleep runs away before I get up. What is it ?

Answers

Humming bird 10. Swallow 11. Turkey 12. Cock 13. Dream
5. Take away the 'S' 6. Put on gloves. 7. Alone 8. Hawk 9.
Tum-pets 2. Answering 3. The Mount Everest 4. The Crane

—Srishti Kulshrestha, IV-B

Mathemagic

How many times in a week
would you like to work?

Multiply the above number by 2.
Add 5, Multiply by 50.

If today your birthday has passed
then add 1750 otherwise add 1749.

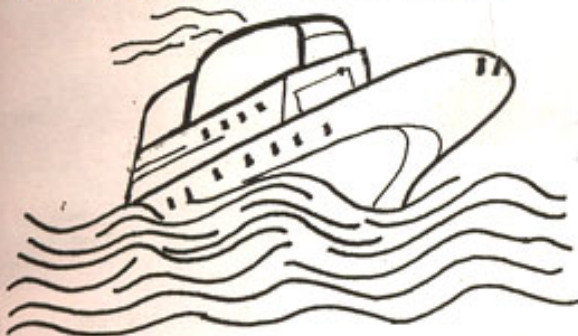
Now subtract the year of your birth.

You will get a 3 digit number.
The first digit will be the
number chosen by you and
the last two digits will
be your age.

—Anupama Agarwal, IX

TITANIC:

THE ANATOMY OF A DISASTER



"There was a dreadful scream, followed by dreadful silence," yet another memory still lives with the survivors of the ill fated abode of dreams.—The Titanic

Titanic, as it was named, meant 'gigantic'. Ripening under the care of the White Star Line company the dream of Titanic witnessed mortality.

It was the twelfth of April, nineteen hundred and twelve, when Titanic proudly stood in the harbour of Southampton, eagerly waiting to sail across the mighty Atlantic ocean, to reach its destination, America.

Majestically, it began its journey, carrying with it the hopes and expectations of many.

Gliding gracefully over the ocean blue, it jubilated for its long life and eternal prosperity. Every detail of the Titanic reflected upon the effort and heart put in it to make it what it was, the matchless the unsinkable.

Sailing with it were the blessings and desires of the twenty two hundred present aboard the ship. These blessings soon, however, took the form of a curse.

The doomed night of the fourteenth of April, nineteen hundred and twelve, brought unbounded disaster, shattering all desires, destroying all happiness and terminating the very presence of Titanic. The ship had merely touched the tip of an iceberg.

Clouds of misery came drifting along, making Titanic sink further and further into the seemingly bottomless stretch of devouring waters.

Titanic stood a chance if Alexandria, a ship anchored quite close, would have received its distress signals but unfortunately it had its radio receivers switched off.

Titanic went down and took along with it, the less fortunate fifteen hundred. Seven hundred and twenty nine people in nineteen life boats survived this disaster. Carpathia, an American ship came to their rescue. In spite of all this only a few reached New York.

Today, the gigantic ship lies deep in the freezing waters of the Atlantic, its corridors still waiting to be walked upon a second time, its beds still waiting to be slept in once again, its music still waiting to be heard and danced to.

New discoveries and expeditions, deep inside, a hundred and forty one kilometers off the coast of New Foundland, reveal what Titanic looks like now, and what it has lost in these eighty-six years of its never ending exile.

Numerous theories and hypotheses have made attempts to throw some light on the reasons as to how the ship sank. They have discovered the most intricate details which failed to make Titanic what it was meant to be.

However, harm has been done and Titanic, lost. Once designed with great hopes and zeal, it has drifted away to an unknown world and will never set sail a second time. No one can be blamed for the damage, it was misfortune alone that made an unsinkable ship, sink deep down, and thus be spoken of in history as of what became, not what was meant to be. The ship of dreams-The unsinkable- The Titanic.

—Anubhuti Darbari, XI-A

FRENCH PROVERBS

Follow the river and you will find the sea.

Peace makes money and money makes war.

A bad cat deserves a bad rat.

Everything is a temptation to the man who fears temptation.

He who has money in his purse, should have honey on his tongue.

We come and we cry, and that is life; we yawn and we depart, and that is death.

There is no pillow so soft as a clear conscience.

He who fears to suffer, suffers from fear.

—Swati Srivastava(II), IX



Advantage of Shortage of Water and Electric Power

With the onset of the summer season, the shortage of water and electric power becomes more conspicuous than ever. People start 'cursing' the electricity or the water department, as the case may be. They are justified in doing so. But let us, for a moment, contemplate over the positive aspect of it.

Suppose, on a peaceful Sunday afternoon, you are taking a nap, and suddenly the shrill sound of the doorbell makes you sit up. Moreover, if the culprit is a salesman, selling useless things, you obviously turn red with anger. At these times, the absence of electricity, proves to be a boon.

It has been known that perspiration helps in the burning of calories. With no electricity we maintain our figure too, without spending any money on those useless health clubs and gyms.

As for the shortage of water, does it not furnish us with a wonderful excuse to miss out on our bath. With hardly any water for washing the clothes, imagine how much washing powder is saved. What's more, if we are fortunate our parents may even take us out for dinner. What with so many dirty dishes to be washed.

So the next time we think of cursing these so very considerate departments, we must consider the benefits they provide to us. We must acknowledge their concern for us and thank them for the shortage of water and electricity.

—Shivani Singhal, IX

Library



A Library is full of books ; a treasure to be proud of. Books are the best of friends one can possess. One who is in the company of books is always benefitted. Books should be made friends for life; but today children hardly give due attention to the library, the library is used to sit and learn, just have a book issued in your name and spend the rest of the time in having fun, making noise and disturbing others. The silence of the library is not maintained, and in such circumstances even the best of the librarians feel helpless.

The quietness of the library enables children to know the power of silence, good etiquettes and politeness. Also children should know how to handle books (which they generally don't know).

The librarians and teachers should advise the pupils, what sort of books to read. Children must inculcate the ability to decide what to read and retain and what to avoid. The obstacle that the libraries are facing today are, their small size. For proper functioning of a library, the room should be three times the size of a classroom so as to have enough space to accommodate book-shelves, almirahs, magazine and newspaper stands and long tables with accommodation of sixty to seventy students at a time.

To have a fully equipped library is a fundamental right of every student ; not forgetting to mention that this right should not be taken advantage of.

—Indrani Datt

A COLLECTION OF 'INGS'

In the village of 'Ting-Ting'
Lived cute little Ping,
Who loved dancing.
And would always sing
Wearing his favourite ring.
One day while walking
Through the village of Ting-Ting,
Came Ping's friend, Ding.
He went into the house of Ping.
And saw him dancing.
Wearing his wonderful ring.
And the thought of stealing the ring.
Came into the mind of Ding.
Ping saw Ding.
And they had a good hug-hug-hugging.
And a talk about the latest happenings
in Ting-Ting.
Later that afternoon, when Ding
Went to steal Ping's ring,
He was seen by Ping,
Who asked him what he was doing.
"I've come to take something."
Feeling nervous, said Ding.
"O, you may take anything",
said good-hearted little Ping.
And he went away hum-hum-humming.
So, Ding stole the ring,
But was unluckily seen by Ping.
"O, you horrid little Ding!
You tried to steal my precious ring!"
Shouted angry little Ping.
So, a good beating was given to Ding
And he was driven out of Ting-Ting!

—Arpita Ghatak

Work banishes those three
great evils, Boredom, Vice and
Poverty.

—Voltaire

Class - I



I-A with Class Teacher
Mrs. U. Chatterjee



I-B with Class Teacher
Mrs. A. Mathews



I-C with Class Teacher
Mrs. M. Kumar



I-D with Class Teacher
Mrs. R. Gupta



Class - II



II-A with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Aggarwal



II-B with Class Teacher
Mrs. L. Joseph



II-C with Class Teacher
Mrs. P. De



II-D with Class Teacher
Mrs. I. Naidu

Class - III



III-A with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Dutta



III-B with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Moitra



III-C with Class Teacher
Mrs. R. Ghosh



III-D with Class Teacher
Mrs. G. Ahmad

Class - IV



IV-A with Class Teacher
Mrs. N. Tripathi



IV-B with Class Teacher
Miss. D. Kesarwani



IV-C with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Nasar



IV-D with Class Teacher
Mrs. M. Mehrotra

Class - V



V-A with Class Teacher Mrs.
M. Samuel



V-B with Class Teacher Mrs.
S. Singh



V-C with Class Teacher Mrs.
R. Chatterjee



V-D with Class Teacher Mrs.
C. Webb

Junior Staff



Sitting (From left to right)—Mrs. S.Sarkar, Mrs. M.Samuvel, Principal Sr. M.Christina, IBMV, Manager Sr. M. Mariella IBMV, Mrs. A.Matthews, Mrs. U. Chatterjee, Mrs. L. Joseph.
Standing (L & R) 1st row—Miss. S.Dutta, Mrs. M. Chaturvedi, Miss R. Ghosh, Mrs. S. Agrawal, Mrs. S. Moitra, Mrs. C. Webb, Mrs. R. Chatterjee, Mrs. I. Naidu
Standing (L & R)—2nd row—Mrs.S.Singh, Mrs.N. Agrawal, Mrs. M. Kumar, Mrs. I.Ali, Mrs. K. Bhandari, Mrs. P. Dey.
Standing (3rd row)—Mrs. D.Lawrence, Mrs. G.Ahmad, Mrs. R.Gupta, Mrs.M.Mehrotra, Mrs. S.Nasar.

Office Staff



From Left to Right : Mr. N.W. Joseph, Sr. Assunta, Mrs. P. Srivastava, Sr. M. Christina, Mr. A. Siddiqui

Salute to the Jawans of Kargil



A Tribute to Kargil Soldiers

Our country India is really a beautiful country. It is a secular country and is a home of all religions. But some emperors and kings invaded India. The people of India always tried to resist it. They fought for their motherland and laid down their lives. Today again India is a free country. We have good food and good things. Each one of us has a place to live in. But still we remember the great heroes who laid down their lives for us. Something like this happened in Kargil last year. The brave jawans of our country fought with the Pakistani troops and at last they won. They showed a very courageous act there. I will always remember the jawans who laid down their lives for us, Salute to the Jawans of Kargil !

—Sushmita Sur, III-C



My Kathak Performance in the Shilp Mela - 2000

Kathak is a lovely classical dance form of Uttar Pradesh. As a child also I was very fascinated by the Kathak performance of the Icon of Kathak. — Pt. Birju Maharaj.

I started learning Kathak at the tender age of eight. After performing on many stages in Allahabad, Varanasi and Kanpur, in 1997, I gave a sterling Kathak performance on Washington T.V., U.S.A. in the 'Namaste Asia' Programme.



Kirti Khanna, XI-A

My parents encouraged me and I appeared for an audition and I became an approved Kathak Artiste of N.C.Z.C.C. Immediately following my I.C.S.E. Examinations, I appeared for my Prabhakar in Kathak from Prayag Sangeet Samiti in which I got a distinction (An unbelievable 192/200).

It was a memorable day when I received a letter from the N.C.Z.C.C. requesting me to perform in the 'Shilp Mela'—2000. They were going to pay me Rs. 3000/- also for my performance. Since it is a Govt. recognized institution, my happiness knew no bounds. I only had one week to prepare. My parents called over my dance teachers and other accompaniments and we got down to rigorous rehearsals.

The Day arrived. We reached the venue. I was feeling very apprehensive. I began my programme with 'Ganesh Vandana'. Once I started the programme I felt very composed and then there was no looking back. With the Music I danced, I felt as if another World had opened up. I had full control over the stage. The clapping of the audience boosted my morale further. I was no longer a shy school girl but a completely transformed Kathak exponent who took the stage by storm.

Like all classical dance forms of India, Kathak too is linked with Hindu mythology—the Ramayan from which I presented the 'Sita Haran' (Sita's Abduction). This dance drama was like a pantomime show—Sita, Ram, Ravana all being portrayed

by me. In 'Makhan Chori' I enacted the naughtiness of child Lord Krishna. My Kathak performance won me a lot of accolades.

Next day, the Press carried reviews and lots of photographs of the programme were published. It was certainly a proud moment for me when our school Principal Sr. Christina called me in the assembly to tell the whole school of my achievements.

—Kriti Khanna, XI-A

MOTHER



For as long as I can remember,
You have been by my side
To give me support,
To give me confidence,
To give me help.

For as long as I can remember
You have always been the person
I looked upto, so strong,
So sensitive, so pretty.

For as long as I can remember
You have always provided stability within
our family
Full of laughter, full of tears, full of love
So much of what I have become
Is because of you
And I want you to know,
That I appreciate you,
Thank you,
And love you
More than words can express.

—Tamanna Rahman, X

Ode to the Soldiers of Kargil

"Beyond the clouds high,
sat men on a peak,
challenging me,
'Die, if you try,
I chose not to speak,
Only to show that I can.
A lesson I did teach."



The entire nation celebrated the Kargil Victory Day on the 26th of July, an anniversary of hard won triumph replete with tales of sacrifice, courage and success. Kargil emerged as an occasion for Indians to relive patriotism cutting across all faiths, regions, religions and classes. The brave, undeterred soul of our warriors at the front, the unity of purpose, of resolve, the back up artillery and the willingness to accept any sacrifice to overcome the cruel enemy, proved to be the most deadly weapons in the Indian arsenal.

I, along with my school mates at St. Mary's Convent joined in the Commemoration of the Kargil Victory day to honour the sacrifices of more than 500 soldiers. The number of causality drives home the magnitude of the victory, the immense bravery and the sacrifices involved to achieve victory.

The tricolour atop Tiger Hill glorifies the efforts, the many magnificent battles, the roaring victories and the sacrifices made to attain the triumph in operation Vijay. We salute our brave soldiers who gave their today to give India its victorious tomorrow.

—Ankita Sabu, VII-B

Beauty

BEAUTY is a word which is a source of inspiration for the poets from the very beginning of this world. It is a source of abiding joy. The pretty face of a woman, the smile of a child, the glory of sunrise and sunset, the varied hues, and shapes of spring flowers, have an undying charm.

BEAUTY imparts a grace to one's personality and makes it more impressive, but beauty alone is not enough. A well developed PERSONALITY is also a must. Personality may be defined as the most characteristic integration of an individual's structure, modes of behaviour, interest, attitudes, capacities, abilities and aptitudes.

Without a well developed personality, beauty is worth nothing. A flower is valued for its fragrance and a man is valued for his personality.

PERSONALITY consists of a lot of things as, how you talk to others, your self-confidence, your appearance in public, your adjustment with others, your behaviour, your knowledge and the mode in which you express yourself to others. Personality is the individual's characteristic reactions to these social stimuli and the quality of his adaptation to the social changes of the environment.

Beauty is dependent on personality. Beauty alone cannot promote social values and influence. Your dreams may come true and you may become more beautiful than you are, by improving your PERSONALITY.

—Dibya Mishra

Laughing Prohibited

A man saw an epitaph in a cemetery that read—"Here lies a politician and an honest man."

"Shame", he said "two people in the same grave."

—Gauri Joshi, XI-B



Is Punishment Necessary for Discipline ?

Discipline is a moral value which can never be taught. We have to inculcate it within us. To be successful in life we need a disciplined mind, body and soul. Discipline, determination and hard work are the keys to success; they are keys to a lock on a door, beyond which lies the world filled with golden opportunities. Unfortunately the youth of today does not realise the value of discipline and hence is not successful in life.

Our parents and teachers realise this mistake of ours and are concerned about our future. We should be punished if we are indisciplined. But this punishment should not go to the extent that it becomes an atrocity committed on us. Usually, children are of an inquisitive nature. Due to their curiosity they sometimes do things, they are forbidden to. At this point they should be talked to, and their mistake should be pointed out. However, if a child repeatedly does the same wrong he should be punished.

This punishment serves as a deterrent guideline for that incorrigible child. It is rightly said, not only for the mischievous child but also for the others:

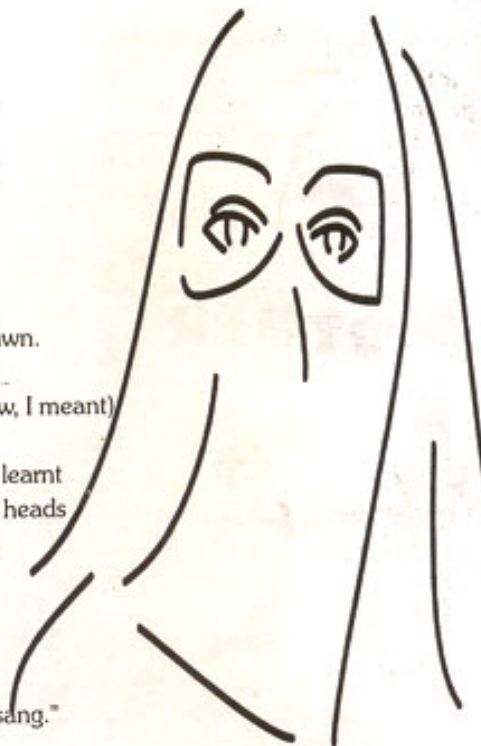
'How many things
by season,
seasoned are,
To their true perfection.'

A disciplined life will enable a child to grow into a fine citizen whose life shall be solely devoted to the service of mankind.

—Purnima Kapoor

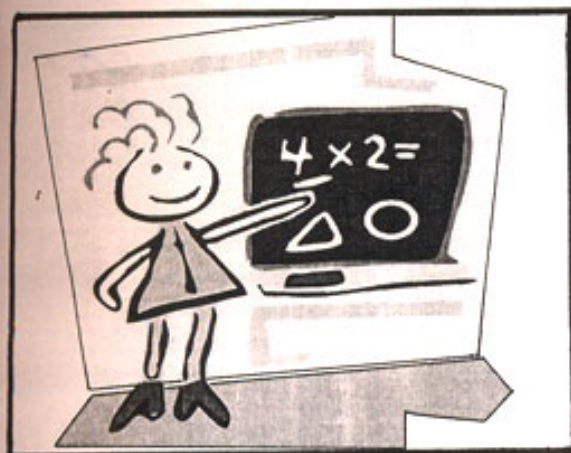
The Fairies

In the moon-light, when
We sang two verses
Two fairies appeared
In their white and blue dresses
The wind was gushing
Roaming everywhere whistling
The lonely night
We lose fairies' sight
Then another verse started
"Oh ! where had they gone..
Without watching the sweet dawn.
I think the fairies were figment
(It were the trees which, we saw, I meant)
But another passing moment
With excitement, we gradually learnt
When two hands came on our heads
The fairies were just beside us.
"From where have you come
Oh pretty fairies ?" I asked
"Oh ! We were attracted by,
The Church's bell which rang,
And by the way in which you sang."
Our songs and verses,
Were devoted to lord,
The chorus we read, was quoted for God.
So soon, now sun,
came in the sky
Now fairies had, to
Go, there, high.
We saw the faces,
Of the fairies clearly
They touched our temples
And heads dearly
Oh ! surely, Oh ! surely
Their hair was polished,
With golden paints darkly.
Now, they touched our hands
And promised, that
They will come again
Whether it would be windy,
Or would it rain.
They flew up very high,
As, swimming in the sky,
And waving us bye-bye.



—Arnimia Srivastava, VII-D

Maths Puzzles



Fifteen knights were invited to a meal at the castle in Belmar. Before sitting down, each of the fifteen knights shook hands with all the other knights. How many handshakes occurred?

At the same banquet, after shaking hands, each of the fifteen knights sat at the round table and clinked mugs with the knight to his immediate left and then to the immediate right.

How many times mugs clinked?

King Fimal had a box containing three gold rings and he wanted to divide the rings among his three daughters so that each received a ring but one ring remained in the box. How could he do this?

Rabbits in Pymn can jump only two distances 5 feet and 7 feet either forward or backward. To reach an object of 12 feet a rabbit would jump one 5 - foot jump and one 7 foot jump. How would he reach a distance 13 feet ahead?

Abaranthus, a dragon, weighed 1000 pounds plus two-thirds of his own weight how much did it weigh?

A group of boys came upon an apple tree whose fruits were ripe. One of the boys climbed the tree and picked enough apples for each boy to have three with none left over. Then along came three more boys making it impossible to divide the picked apples evenly. However, after picking one more apple and adding it to the total every boy had two with none left over. How many apples were divided among how many boys?

ANSWERS

105

The First knight shakes the hand of the other fourteen knights. The second had already shaken hands with the first and shakes the hand of thirteen others. The third having shaken

hands with the first and second knight shakes hands with the twelve others and so forth.

$$14 + 13 + 12 + 11 + 10 + 9 + 8 + 7 + 6 + 5 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 1 = 105.$$

15

Each of fifteen knights clinked mugs with other two knights = $15 \times 12 = 30$. But 30 must be divided by 2 because if A clinked mugs with B then B also had clinked with A.

$$= \frac{30}{2} = 15$$

King Fimal can bestow two princes with rings and then give the box with the remaining ring to the third prince.

5 jumps

The rabbit will take four five foot jumps forward and then one seven foot jump backward.

3000 pounds

$$n = \frac{2}{3}n + 1000$$

$$n = 3000$$

16 apples and 8 boys.

If x is the no. of boys then 3x is the no. of apples. After the arrival of three boys. No. of boys x + 3, no. of apples = 3x + 1.

$$\frac{3x+1}{x+3} = 2.$$

On simplifying x = 5.

—Lovely K.

A NIGHTMARE

The sun set deep down, the sky was red all over.
The birds flew to their nests, the cattle ran with their drover.
The evening became dark and drizzly, the people became ecstatic.
The breeze became swifter and the children of the terrain rejoiced.

They exclaimed in elation their love for the rain,
They made many paper boats which went all in vain.
The rain became heavier, the people felt the danger,
The wind became stronger and grievous.

The gruesome weather shook the hearts of the people,
The roads and streets were flooded and jammed.
Dead bodies of animals could be seen floating on the roads,
The houses were swept away with the women and children.

The cry of the infants was making my heart pound,
Just then mummy woke me up and told me that I was already late for school and then I realized that it was just a nightmare.

—Bhavana Kapoor, X

Success

Every human being strives to achieve the best in life—be it name, fame, wealth or property. Some believe that following certain zodiac signs or numbers in numerology will help them to achieve whatever they have desired for. Men also believe that getting a good life partner may also help them to fulfil their desires - because, 'Behind every successful man there is a woman'. This woman need not essentially be a single role

model as a wife, mother, sister etc.



The name given to all these fulfillment of desires is 'success'. How can we define success? Is it sacrificing others in the marathon of money, name and fame? When man desires to be successful he tries to achieve it either by hook or by crook. He keeps thinking of himself alone,

thereby tending to be selfish. He even tends to stoop very low at times to achieve his 'height of success'. Success got through such means does not give the solace, the comfort, the celestial bliss which one may have achieved through honest means, though one might have been termed 'unsuccessful'.

Jesus Christ, Mother Teresa, Mother Mary Ward, Gandhiji - all did not strive for material goods. They sacrificed what they had for others. They may not have been appreciated in the beginning, may have got names which would have tied a tag of 'unsuccessful' by the worshippers of wealth and fame, but were they not successful?

As I ponder on the fact as to what success is, I am reminded of a few lines of a poem:

It's going onward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet
It's being clean and it's playing fair
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair.
It's looking at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin.
It's sharing sorrow, and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth,
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
It's doing your noblest - that's SUCCESS!

—Alankrita Chattree, IX-D

Amidst my Fright.....

There she was
standing at the door,
I could see her crying silently,
wetting that torn dress she wore.
Her hair was tangled
dusty, gray and white,
She tied them in an untidy knot
Trying her best to make her pain subside.
She didn't say a word, just looked at me,
Yes, the woman, simply stared at me;
She was pale, powerless, poor and dull,
But there was something which made me null
I wanted to approach her,
To hold and press her wrinkled hands;
I wanted to bring her in,
To love, caress and
protect her.
It seemed as if she was reading me through,
And her eyes penetrating through mine;
And as she went down the windows of soul.
I felt it had a touch divine.
I did my best to take a step,
But her presence had glued me to the ground;
The woman, yes, a beauty, a symbol of pain,
Had over powered me with no word, no sound.
Suddenly I felt a pain so severe,
That made me tremble and hold my breath;
But Oh! how strange, she just vanished.
Nothing was there, just an open door;
And dust and reproaching wind blowing in
Did she disappear amidst my fright.
Oh! was it an illusion, even though so bright;
I stood there, waiting and longing for her;
To have her motherly hand in mine;
But no, she had disappeared,
Leaving me in a state of mind,
Which still haunts me when I am alone
The door open and the cold wind blowing.
But who was she? Please tell me!
Was she freedom, suffering, or lost hope and love.
Or was she one symbolizing us all, suffering
Aching deep inside, silently
And hesitating to say
"Yes! This is what we really are". ?.....

—Fatima Abbas, XI-C

Basket-Ball Tournament



*"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy"*



For those S.M.C. students who love sports, the months of July and August are very interesting. By the end of July we begin our Inter-House Basketball Tournament.

The summer camp organised under the guidance of our coach, Mr. D.S. Bhandari, brought out the real talents in the students.

The teams of four houses, being ready for the tournament, began the matches on 29th July. After four challenging matches the two teams, which reached the finals, were the Gandhi House and the Florence Nightingale House.

The exciting match between the two houses of the senior team was on 5th August. Sr. Christina and Mr. Alok Sharma, S.S.P. of Kumbh Mela were introduced to the players.

On one hand was the Red House whose players were under the guidance of Garima Gulati. Whereas the Green House players were confident under the leadership of Neha Kapoor. They started their fight against the Red House. Jump balls and fowls, free throws and side throws added to the excitement of the match. Both the teams started their fight scoring one after the other. The Florence Nightingale House was in full form. Rachita Misra top scored with 8 points followed by Pallavi Singh 6, Bhavna 6 and Garima Gulati and Akansha Singh made 2 points each. The Final bell rang when the Red House was leading by 24-16 points.

This tournament brought out two jewels of basket ball. Bhavna Srivastava, was awarded as the 'best player' among the juniors and Rachita Misra was declared the 'best player' among the seniors.

Thus, under the guidance of our Principal, Sr. Christina, our games incharge Sr. Alice, our coach Mr. D.S. Bhandari and others, this event was successful.

Another chapter in the history of Basket-Ball was thus written to be remembered forever.

—Pallavi Singh, IXD

An Unforgettable Experience

Since the time we started playing basketball we always had a dream to play the state level championship. We never ever thought that our dream would be fulfilled so soon until we were selected to play in the 7th U.P. State Mini basketball championship representing ALLAHABAD.

The tournament was supposed to start from the 14th of June. Everyone expected us to win. Fortunately the tournament was going to be held in our hometown ALLAHABAD at Bishop Johnson College. We had hectic practices for two months and we were made fit to face our opponents.

The tournament started with a spirit to win the championship.

Our first match was against Noida, we were able to defeat them easily with a one-sided score. With this victory we entered the quarter finals. In the quarter finals we again won against the strong team of Gorakhpur.

As we played the semi-finals against Ballia the expectations among our supporters grew to the highest. With all this encouragement and cheering we once again emerged victorious against Ballia. At last we reached the finals, but this time we being over-confident, lost the match against Varanasi. But then too we were the runners up and stood 2nd in whole of U.P.

Through this experience we gained many new friends. Really, this tournament will always be memorable for us.

—Nandita Bhandari and Nupur Gurbuxani

Sydney 2000 Olympic games



The Olympic Flag has a plain white background and in the centre are 5 Rings. The rings symbolize the five continents—Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and America.

The Olympic flame is a symbol carried over from the ancient Olympics and was reintroduced at the 1924 Amsterdam Games and again burned in 1932. The flame is lit at the ancient site of Olympia by the natural rays of sun reflected off a curved mirror. The Olympic motto 'citius, altus, fortius' is a Latin phrase meaning 'swifter, higher, stronger'.

—Mekhala Pande, IV-A



School Manners

Come to school well in time,
Stand for prayer always in line.
Don't throw papers on the ground,
Give to the teacher whatever is found.
You must come clean and neat,
Wish all the teachers whom you meet.
Do your home-work everyday,
In your class you must not play.
Follow carefully every rule,
If you wish to be liked in your school.

—Chanchal Agrawal, III-B

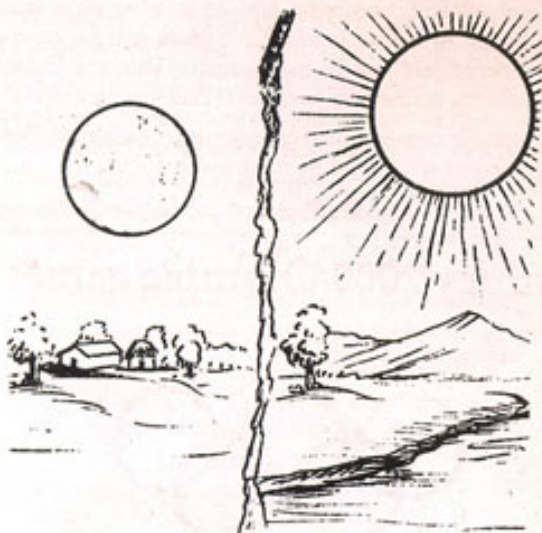
Did You Know ?

1. India is the world's largest consumer of gold.
2. The largest dictionary in the world is the Oxford English Dictionary. It consists of 75487 pages in 12 volumes.
3. About 3000 different languages are spoken in the world.
4. On the average a person speaks 4000 words a day.
5. The names of the week days were given by the Anglo Saxons (the ancient English-men). They called most of the days after their own Gods.

Sunday was named after Sunnandoeg, the day of the Sun. Monday was the day of the moon or Monandoeg. The day of Mars became Tuesday after Tiw, the God of War. God of Woder formed Wednesday. The Roman day of Jupiter, the Thundere became Thursday. Frigg, the wife of God O'din, gave way to Friday. And finally, the day of Saturn was named Saturday.

—Shivangi Singh, III-C

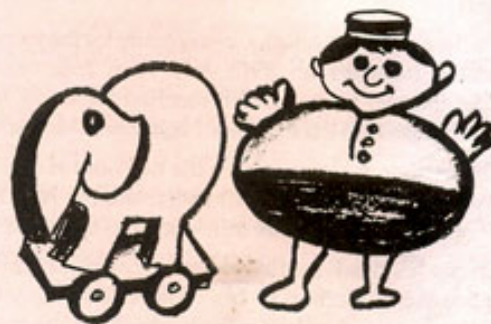
Sun & Moon



The Moon shines clear as silver,
The sun shines bright like gold.
And both are lovely,
And very very old.
God hung them up as lanterns,
For all beneath the sky.
And nobody can blow them out,
For they are up so high.

—Ayushee Pandey, III-C

The Living Toys



Once there lived a boy named Sunil. He always liked to play with toys. One day he left the toys all around in the play room and went to sleep. The moon came out and with its rays the toys became real. They all started playing. The dancers started dancing, the fishermen started fishing, the washer men started washing clothes. The shopkeepers started selling things, the people started buying things from the shop and all of them were enjoying themselves.

The toys played the whole night. Now it was going to be morning and Sunil was coming to the room. The toys quickly went to their places where they were kept. Sunil cleaned the room. He kept all the things in the correct places. The next night the toys again played. Now they were really enjoying themselves. The toys played every night. Sunil could never know what the toys were doing.

—Shivani Saran, III-D

HALLUCINATIONS

This is a story of a five year old boy who was addicted to T.V. He saw all sorts of horror serials and after a few months he was afraid of even a cockroach. His parents tried to tell him that too much television was harmful for his eyes and mind but Rahul ignored the things his parents said and continued to watch T.V. One fine day his father took him and his brother for swimming. As Rahul changed into his swimming suit and looked at the water he thought that there was a monster in the pool. He refused to enter the water. His father tried to persuade him but he didn't listen. Some children even laughed at him as if he was a fool.



After some time he agreed and got into the pool. He had a lot of fun with his father and his brother. When he got tired, he rested for a while and then he suddenly shouted as if someone was there. When his father asked him what was wrong, he said that there was a monster. His father looked around and found a swimming tube.

Time



Time is the most precious gift given to us by God. We should understand the value of time. We should not waste time but use it in a constructive way because once time is wasted it never comes back. It is rightly said — "A stitch in time saves nine." It means, if you are careful at the proper time then a lot of trouble later on can be saved. Thus, to be successful in life we should make proper use of time.

—Mudita Singhal, IV-B

REALLY

He who is really kind—
can never be unhappy

He who is really wise—
Can never be confused.

He who is really brave—
Is never afraid.

He who is really happy—
Is never sad.

He who is really smart.
Is liked by everyone.

—Ankita Chandra, VI-B

JOKE

TIME PASS

Once upon a time, two men were travelling. The 1st man asked the 2nd man : "Brother, where do you live?"

The 2nd man replied. "Jalandhar, & You?"

The 1st man said : I too live in Jalandhar. "Which area in Jalandhar do you live?" he further asked.

The 2nd man said : "I live at 3/21 GT Road & You?"

The 1st man replied : "I too live at 3/21 G.T. Road"

A co-passenger who was sincerely listening to their chat could not resist himself and asked "you two live at the same place, how come that you don't know each other?"



The 1st man said, "You fool we are son and father and are just passing the time."

—Ishita Goel, II-C



MY TRIP TO CALCUTTA AND PORTBLAIR

Last summer I had a unique and enjoyable experience when I visited the Andamans. I started my journey from Allahabad by the Rajdhani Express. We reached Howrah and I was amazed to see the taxis coming to the platform. Just across is the mighty Hooghli river over which is built the Howrah station. We stayed in Calcutta for four days and saw the Victoria Memorial, Botanical garden, Aquarium, Zoological gardens, Science city, Nico Park and many more places. After spending four days in Calcutta we took a flight to Andaman. It was a very cool and pleasant place to be visited at that time. We stayed there for ten days. We saw the various tourist attraction places like mini Zoo, Cellular jail, Samudrika, Carboyn's cave, Chidiya Tapu, Boat club. We also went to various neighbouring islands such as Roso island, Viper island, Havelock island and Red Skin island. The trip to these islands will be remembered for ever.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK

Just as

One dark cloud can hide the
Sunlight
One loose string can scatter
the pearls all around
And one wrong thought can
Cause a soul to perish
In the same way dear friends
One word said may cause
A heart break
For the words once spoken
Can never be taken back

—Sneha Gupta, XII-B

THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN KEY

"Let's go for a holiday to the Rocken island", said Roseen to her friends on a sunny day. "Yes ! what a wonderful idea", said her excited friends.

Roseen Marshall and her friends Maria, Josephine, Twinkle, Susan and Cinderella were studying in a hostel named St. Lacias. It was time for the summer vacations and the girls were trying to decide where to go. Roseen had come up with a plan and they were looking forward to the wonderful days they would spend in the picturesque island of Rocken.

The next day dawned bright and sunny. The girls did all the necessary packing and in the afternoon they set sail in Roseen's little boat.

At about 11 p.m. they reached their destination. Too tired to do any unpacking, they went to sleep.

The next morning, they woke up and swam in a little rock pool. After that they unpacked and had a nice breakfast and then went to explore the island.

The girls had lots of fun all day and in the night when they went to sleep they heard something. They sat up, scared. Then they heard two men talking. "We have to find out where the golden key is", said a man. "Circle 1 or Circle 2", asked the other man, Circle 2 was the answer.

What was this talk about ? This thought was in all the girls' minds. They decided to hunt for clues.

The next morning, when they were looking for clues, Josephine suddenly slipped. On observing it closely, they discovered a trap-door hidden under the sand. They opened it and went inside. There was a passage underneath ! They then found a small box and there they found a golden key. Further they found a great heap of earth. On it was engraved 'Circle 2'. They parted the mud and found a huge box beneath it. On opening it with the key they found a large amount of riches in it.

Susan, Cinderella and Twinkle quickly got out of the passage, took the boat and went to inform the police, while Roseen, Maria and Josephine stayed behind. The police arrived and arrested the men who were also found hidden in the cave. Roseen and her friends helped the police to dig out the treasure. Then they all went back.

The girls were given big rewards. It had, indeed been a memorable holiday for them.

—Arpita, Sakshi and Neha Agarwal,
VI-B

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF

If one believes in one's self,
He can make the mountains move,
If a pretty girl believes in herself,
She can win Miss Universe,
If a man believes he can reach the top,
He'll climb the stairs and reach the top,
But if I believe in myself,
I'll be myself but not someone else.

If an actor believes in himself,
He can win the Oscar's award.
If a cartoonist believes in himself,
He can make the cartoons jump off the paper.
If a student believes in himself,
He can be the most intelligent of all,
And if I believe in myself,
I'll be myself but not someone else.
Only if there was belief,
The crippled will walk,
The blind will see,
The dead will come back to life,
The sick will go as nothing happened,
all of you like to grow big with me?

—Meghna De

Class - VII



VII-A with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Haroon

VII-B with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Tressler



VII-C with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Singh

VII-D with Class Teacher
Mrs. A. Kaushik



Class - VIII



VIII-A with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Shankar



VIII-B with Class Teacher
Mrs. P. Roy



VIII-C with Class Teacher
Mrs. C. Bonifacious

VIII-D with Class Teacher
Mrs. D. Chopra





Class - IX



IX-A with Class Teacher
Mrs. U. Ahmad

IX-B with Class Teacher
Mrs. S. Sajan



IX-C with Class Teacher
Mrs. M. Malviya

IX-D with Class Teacher
Mrs. R. Malhotra



Class X-A (2000-2001)



X-A with Class Teacher Sr. M. Alice and Sr. M. Christina

Class X-B (2000-2001)



X-B with Class Teacher Mrs. S. Banerjee and Sr. M. Christina

Class X-C (2000-2001)



X-C with Class Teacher Mrs. M. Joshi and Sr. M. Christina



Class XI-A (2000-2001)



XI-A with Class Teacher
Mrs. D. Panda

XI-B with Class Teacher
Mrs. M. Bajpai



XI-C with Class Teacher
Mrs. M. Mohan

Class XII-A (2000-2001)



Sitting (From L to R)—Mrs. S. Khosla, Mrs. D. Panda, Sr. Mariella, Sr. M. Christina,
Mrs. S. Kumar (Class Teacher) , Mrs. M. Bajpai and Mrs. R. Shukla

Class XII-B (2000-2001)



Sitting (From L to R)—Mrs. S. Khosla, Ms. M. Mitra, Mrs. S. Kumar, Sr. Mariella, Sr. M. Christina, Mrs. A. Kakkar (Class Teacher), Mrs. P. Aggarwal, Mrs. R. Shukla and Mrs. C. Srivastava

Class XII-C (2000-2001)



Sitting (From L to R)—Mrs. S. Khosla, Sr. Mariella, Sr. M. Christina,
Ms. M. Mitra (Class Teacher) and Mrs. M. Mohan



Senior Staff



Sitting (L to R)— Mrs.R.Shukla, Mrs.C.Srivastava, Mrs.S.Banerjee, Sr. M. Christina IBMV, Principal, Sr. M.Mariella IBMV, Manager, Mrs. P. Agarwal, Miss.N.Gupta, Mrs. A. Kakkar, Mrs. A. Kumar.

Standing 1st row (L to R)— Mrs.P.Bothaju, Miss.M.Mitra, Mrs.S.Khosla, Mrs.D. Panda, Mrs.S.Singh, Mrs.P.Roy, Mrs.M.Joshi, Mrs.R.Malhotra, Mrs.S.Singh, Sr.M.Monica IBMV.

Standing 2nd row (L to R)—Mrs.A.Kaushik, Mrs.S.Haroon, Mrs.U.Sharma, Mrs.M. Malviya, Mrs. S.Sajan, Mrs. C.Bonifacious, Mrs. S. Agarwal, Mrs. S. Wallia, Mrs. U.Ahmed, Mrs. S. Dawson, Mrs. M. Mohan

Standing 3rd row (L to R)—Mrs. S.Tripathi, Miss. M.Kaushik, Miss. U.Massey, Mrs. D.Chopra, Mrs. S.Shankar, Mrs. R.Phillips, Mrs. S.Tressler, Mrs. R.Sharma, Sr. M.Alice IBMV, Mrs. M.Bajpai

Plastic Menace

Do you refuse to accept polythene bags from shopkeepers and fruit sellers? You will, when you realise how much damage polythene bags do.

You may imagine that your one little plastic bag will not be able to cause much harm! But consider the fact that there are millions of people throwing just one bag out every four minutes.

Plastic materials have become very common on account of their durability, low cost and universal application. Packaging being the main application of plastics, the real problem begins when we throw them away after use. This is mainly because plastics are non-biodegradable.

This means that unlike paper and cloth (used earlier for packaging purposes) which so easily decompose into the soil, the polythene bags remain there for a very long time. The disposed polybags pose a menace for the environment in several ways. For e.g.,—

Cheap polybags used by the friendly neighbourhood grocers and vendors use cheap dyes, such as pink, green, blue and nowadays black, these contaminate your food with harmful chemicals.

Carried by wind and water, these polybags are proving to be the biggest culprits in terms of clogging drains, sewer etc., thus endangering public health.

Stray cattle and other animals that forage in the garbage for food, swallow these bags unwittingly and die a slow and painful death.

Millions of fish, turtle, whale and other marine animals die from intestinal blockage as they consume plastic polybags that are dumped into the sea, mistaking it for food.

Going by the rampant use of polybags these days, every big city will soon have mountains of plastics which will be difficult to get rid of.

Burning them would appear to be the obvious solution. But that cannot

merit consideration since incinerating these bags only help to release toxic fumes into the atmosphere. Besides the carbon particles released in this process contribute to air pollution. Dumping them at land fill sites is not the solution either. For these bags, non-biodegradable as, they are, end up choking the soil by not allowing either air or water to pass through which in turn checks the growth of roots and the rainwater cannot percolate through the earth, the result is a fall in the water table. If you are thinking of recycling these polybags then it has its own problems.

Scientists have, however come out with an ideal solution by inventing degradable plastics which are yet not popular. They have made a plastic out of sugar which is digested by bacteria in the soil. Another kind of degradable plastic breaks down when exposed to sunlight.

Still a lot of work has to be done on this subject and scientists all over the world are trying to find better, safer and economical plastics which can be made popular and lead to more acceptability by the masses.

—Prerna Tiwari, IX-D

If you want to.....

If you want to fight,
Fight for your motherland.
If you want to laugh,
Laugh at your foolishness.
If you want to make,
Make your character.
If you want to kill,
kill your selfishness.
If you want to take,
Take the blessing of elders.
If you want to win,
Win the hearts of others.
If you want to die,
Die for truth.
If you want to live,
Live with friendship.

Nikita Srivastava, VI-B

Socially Aware

SUCO, a youthful Organisation of Allahabad which was established on 30th October, 1998. SUCO stands for Social Upliftment & Cultural Organisation.

Starting from modest beginnings, SUCO has been able to find its own place under the sun with its efforts. Started with only 6 people it reached a strength of 15 members in a short span of just 1 month.

Ila Tripathi, a girl from our school and from our class (XII-C) was initially appointed as Additional General Secretary & PRD of SUCO. While holding these offices, she worked with utmost sincerity and rose to the post of General Secretary within only 1-1/2 months.

She continued her good work for social causes thereafter, resulting in her receiving many awards including the coveted annual SUCO best member award. This was just a beginning. Due to her hard work and enthusiasm, she was re-nominated to the post of General Secretary of the organisation the following year.

At the end of this year, she was once again awarded the SUCO Best Member award for her sincerity, enthusiasm and diligence with which she pursued her objectives of social service as a loyal member of SUCO.

This year she has once again moved upwards to adorn the post of the President of SUCO with its inherent responsibilities and duties.

We hope and pray that she continues the good work.

May her zeal and enthusiasm remain unflagged.

—Deepika Narang, XII

THINK IT OVER

The roots of education are bitter,
but the fruit is sweet.

—Aristotle



E-Commerce the new way of doing business

The internet has hogged the limelight in the last decade of the past millennium. However as the initial euphoria about its entertainment and information potential dies out people are waking up to e-commerce, the tremendous business potential of the net.

Everybody around us, ranging from the so called expert to the self proclaimed dilettante is today saying that there is no business like e-business. From prices of tech stock on the business it seems so.

E-commerce or more precisely electronic commerce is that form of commercial activity in which transactions between buyer and seller are conducted electronically. This is a business activity with a tremendous growth population because the 21st century is seeing the concept of an increasingly globalised world, the populace of which is increasingly wired giving it access to information from any corner of the world. There are essentially two models for e-commerce. In net jargon they are called B2B & B2C models. The B2B model or the business to business model is about linking businesses together e.g., a firm buying relevant material from its suppliers on the net, or linking up with its dealers and also effecting payment electronically. The B2C model on the other hand refers to the business to consumer model, a model which entails commercial activity between a firm, having services or goods to sell and its consumers.

E-commerce is still maturing throughout the world but a certain set of characteristics has been found common to it throughout the world. They are as follows :

(1) The business is on 24 hours a day 365 days a year. there are no holidays.

(2) The products are to be displayed on the net, which in turn is itself, a virtual market place so that implies a complete

transparency between the consumer & the seller.

(3) Orders may pour from any corner of the globe, though to accept them is the organisations sole prerogative.

(4) Customer's expectations are exceedingly high with regards to the time of delivery of the product.

(5) Another commonly accepted fact about e-commerce is that it is honing to perfection the concept of zero inventory. This in turn leads to huge cost discounts for the consumer as inventory-carrying cost is drastically reduced.

(6) Technology improvement is leading to e-commerce solutions to various glitches present in the earlier design.

—Deepika Narang, XII-C

I love my Computer

The Computer became my friend when I was 4 years old. The first drawing I did was with Paint Brush using the mouse.



Drawing different shapes like circle, rectangle, square and lines in colour become easy with the Paint Brush.

Now I have become a big girl, my father has taught me Microsoft Word for drawings using Auto Shapes which is then coloured with Rainbow.

With the key board I can write names, use Word Art and change the style.

My favorite is Sound Recorder. I enjoy recording songs and hearing them.

One day when I am very big, I will love to be a Computer Programmer like my father.

Praggya Rawat, IIA

A Writer's Craze of living Life

A story-book is the fruit of an author's loving labour, his imagination urging him to create characters, nudging him to involve them in situations, through which they emerge in whatever way they choose. Fuelled by a need to spill out his learning into lives of those to whom it matters; gripped by an idea that will let go till he puts it down on paper, he writes to strengthen his own beliefs, the joy of writing down what is magical for him.

The author's imagination is his canvas which he paints with his creativity. Isn't this an amazing part of life. We choose circumstances, we choose people to learn to love, to grow. We draw those from whom we need to learn the most and they too are propelled forward by the same yearning for knowledge, that desire for learning.

Like a book where the author spins up his story with his imagination, we can flavour our lives with a dash of happiness, adventure or whatever we may want and need to learn the most. Just like the author, we too can be the plot, reach predictable or unpredictable conclusions, choose from the infinite possibilities—we just need to exercise our imagination. One of the vital ingredients which we must add, is a large dose of belief in that happiness we have envisioned for ourselves. Seal your life with absolutely anything you want. Yes, life is like a book—the result of your own imagination, your own work.

Shape your life—in whichever way you choose—because that's what it is—MATTER OF CHOICE—any of the infinite alternatives is yours for the taking. Pushed forward by our passions, by things that enchant us, that fascinate us, we can traverse the skies and so on with a free spirit. Isn't it awesome and lovely and magical—the power of our own inner selves—The Infinite Potential that lies within us all.

—Juhi Singhal, XII

When I Experimented With Truth.

It was a fine morning, and as I remember that day, only the morning was fine. The previous night, I had read Mahatma Gandhi's "My Experiments With Truth" and the soul of that tall, gaunt and bold saint haunted my dreams until I promised him that next morning onwards I will be a veracious girl.

My experiment started with a "Oohh. . . ." followed by a shout from the bathroom. Within seconds my whole family stood in attention near the bathroom. It was Dad's shout, in fact an angry Dad's shout. He had cut his cheek, "Who used my razor blade?" The question was repeated, this time anger replacing the pain. I knew the answer, "This is going to be your first encounter with truth" my inner voice prompted me. I declared resolutely, "Dad! Yesterday, I saw Bhaiya sharpening his drawing pencil." And that was it.

After five minutes of my brave act, I was in a room with a red-eyed, tight-fisted and furious clone of my brother. I was released after a warning and good deal of kicks and bumps. "It wasn't that bad". I was happy as for the first time, my soul was talking to me.

The next encounter was at break fast and this too came with a shout, "Where are my class notes? I placed them on the shelf but someone disturbed them. Did you remove it? My sister was standing on my head with a loaf of bread half in and half out of my mouth, I felt like a truthful freedom fighter facing the ruthless British-Gulping the bread, I decided to stick to my resolution. "I'm sorry Didi! I didn't know that they were of any use, so I sold them all to the Kabariwallah, two days ago." She frowned in anger and ran towards the kitchen yelling, "Maa this girl." and then she stopped. I knew why, and she threw her hair brush at me, I bent down and the missile missed me by a few centimeters. A few minutes later I was seized by the two Didi, Mummy and Bhaiya. The big

brother, unsatisfied with his previous retaliation, threw his weapon, "Leave everything. That huge pile of notes and newspapers would have given at least Rs.80—90." I was surrounded and caught by them.

"Where's that money?" This answer, I knew, was going to put me in a jeopardy. Still, I, the stern, though new follower of Gandhi, replied, "It fetched Rs. 125 and yesterday I spent it on movies, cold drinks and burger." This wasn't the end of it as it was Mummy's turn now. "Yesterday was Tuesday and tell me did you eat a non-veg burger?" This was nerve racking, but I was all set to face the consequences. "Yea! Chicken Burger."

After this the world around me turned into a surround sound theater, playing *Jai Santoshi Maa* (by Mummy), (Shdey) *Sholey* (by Didi) and dialogues of *Krantiveer* (by Bhaiya) all at one time.

I felt that the atmosphere was getting obnoxious for a veracious person so I went out for a walk. In the park I met Miss Z [anonymity is necessary. Why? Soon you would know]. She habitually asked her usual question, "Hello! How am I looking today?" I tried to avoid. I said, "As you always do."

But she wasn't satisfied "Yes! But how am I looking? I gathered all my strength and spoke the truth." Shabby! Actually. you know, you would have had looked better in case your eyes weren't squint, your teeth in place and. "and before I could complete my sentence, was recorded by a manly slap by her I was flabbergasted and I decided to retreat, my prudence suppressed the truth.

Thus my voyage towards truth ended within a few hours. But I hope one day I would be able to overcome these ephemeral hardships and restart my journey.

—Poorva Ranjan, XII-C

THE LITTLE TABLE



The pretty little princess Mabel
Had a dear little table.
It was white in colour
And everyone liked its colour.

It soon became very proud of itself
And spoke to its friend the elf:
"O, Elf, don't I look grand." it asked
The elf agreed and so the days passed.

The table grew very old and staid,
so the princess gave it away to the maid.
There it was treated very badly
And one day it thought to itself very
sadly

"I wish I hadn't been so proud!
Then I would have been praised by every
crowd.
I wish I had been everyone's friend,
Then I wouldn't have come to this sad
end!"

—Arpita Ghatak, VI-B

PLANTS—MY LIFE

POLLUTION—MY DEATH

The Vedas pay homage to vegetation, Vedic hymns sing praises of plants, herbs, shrubs and trees and ask them for food, medicine and things we need to live. The Upanishads which came after the Vedas, declare that the food giving plants are the sustainers.

Plants and vegetation in general deserve our respect. The importance of plants had dawned upon man from the earliest times—even at the time when he was a savage, gathering food from the forests. Plants were his food, his clothing and his shelter. The preservation of plants was a matter of self-preservation for him. Many tribes in our land still do so. The Peepal tree is called the sacred tree of India. In the days of the Indus Valley-Civilisation some three or four thousand years ago, the Peepal certainly had a place of reverence. We find it engraved on most of the seals of those days. Hindu women all over India still pay respect to the tree as the giver of long and happy life and prosperity. The roots of the Peepal go deep and raise the water table. Its leaves are for ever shedding water in very small drops making the hot air of the summer months cool and refreshing.

Greater than the above things is the importance of plants in giving us oxygen. Can we animals survive without it? And you know that plants save soil from being eroded. Plants also save land from the force of floods and the fury of storms.

Plants are worth all our respect and care. It will not be incorrect to say that burning plants and destroying them is as immoral as polluting our environment. Making the air and water unfit for use is like poisoning a person; a sin God never forgives.

Let us not be those who are cutting out their roots from our dear earth. Let us be those who make the world a happy and peaceful place where all may live in prosperity.

—Jyotsna Srivastava, VII-B

MY HOBBY

A hobby is a pleasant pastime which keeps us busy. Every one has to have a hobby to bring some variety in life. Hobbies differ from person to person as tastes differ.



My hobby is reading books. It started when I was a baby and my mother used to read out stories to me. Books have also fascinated me a lot. Initially, they were glossy with a lot of colourful pictures. There were colouring books, counting books, nursery rhymes and fairy tales.

I have read many books, but my actual interest in books began when I started getting books from the school library. My current favourites are: Enid Blyton's mystery series and Harry Potter's books.

Books should always be shared; so I try and borrow books from my friends and lend them mine.

I never get bored anywhere because books are my real friends. At places where there is no company, I take my books and keep myself busy.

Books have taught me a lot of new things. I have been around the world thanks to these books. I have visited fairy lands, discovered hostel life, solved a lot of mysteries and experienced lots of adventure through these books.

As someone put it, "A person is known by the company his mind keeps." When I read books, I always remember what a great writer had said, "A room without books is like a body without a soul."

—Suhasini Varma, VI-D

LIFE BEYOND DEATH

The day will come when I will lie upon the white sheet tucked under four corners of the mattress, in a hospital occupied by the living and the dying. After a certain time a doctor will determine that I have ceased to function and that my intents and purposes, my life, has stopped.

When that happens do not try to instill artificial life into my body by the use of a machine. And do not make this my death bed. Let it be called a bed of life and let my body be taken away from it to help others to lead lives.

Give my sight to the man who has never seen the sun rise, a baby who has the love in the eyes of a woman, my heart to a person whose own heart has caused nothing, but endless pain. Give my blood to a teenager who has been pulled out from the way of a disaster, so that he might live and his grandchildren play. Give my life to one who depends on a machine to exist from week to week. Take my every muscle, every nerve in my body and find a way to make a crippled person walk. Burn what is left of me and scatter the ashes to the wind to help the world grow.

If you must burn something, burn my faults and weaknesses. If, by any chance, you wish to remember me, do a good deed or word for someone who needs you. If you do all I have said, I will live forever.

—Sarah Farid

Think it over

Life's most persistent and urgent question is,

What are you doing for others?

—Martin Luther

FUN IN GEOGRAPHY



A for Australia where kangaroos roam.
B for Bangladesh that's next to our sweet home.
C for China with its famous Great Wall.
D for Denmark for the best cheese of all.
E for Egypt for its Pyramids and their attraction.
F for France the land of high fashion.
G for Germany and its famous sports Champions.
H for Hungary surrounded by mountains.
I for India our own country.
J for Japan an example of industry.
K for Kenya where they speak Swahili.
L for Libya whose capital is Tripoli.
M for Mexico where sun hats are the best
N for Nepal that boasts of Mt. Everest.
O for Oman and its famous Sultan.
P for our neighbor, yes Pakistan.
Q for Qatar, no other country starts with 'Q'.
R for Romania where the currency is 'Lee'
S for Sri Lanka that looks like a tear drop.
T for Thailand the great tourist stop.
U for USSR that no longer exists.
V for Venezuela or little Venice.
W for West Indies where islands get-together,
X for nothing, there's no country with that letter.
Y for Yugoslavia made up of 6 territories.
Z for Zimbabwe, with its wild life sanctuaries.
All about the world from A to Z make Geography fun to learn.

—Apoorva Singh, VI-A

STRAIGHT FROM THE INTERNET...

Subject : English is a stupid language :

Let's face it; English is a stupid language
There is no egg in the eggplant,
No ham in the hamburger, and neither pine nor apple in the pineapple.
English muffins were not invented in England
French fries were not invented in France. .
We sometimes take English for granted
But if we examine its paradoxes we find that
Quicksand takes you down slowly.
Boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.
If writers write, how come fingers don't fing.
If the plural of tooth is teeth shouldn't the plural of phone booth be phone beeth. If the teacher taught,
Why didn't the preacher praught ?
If a vegetarian eats vegetables,
What the heck does a humanitarian eat?
Why do people recite at a play
Yet play at a recital ?
Park on driveways and
Drive on parkways.
How can the weather be as hot as hell on one day
And as cold as hell on another. If the past tense of eat is ate, shouldn't the past tense of heat be hate and if the past tense of run is ran, then the past tense of Bun should be ban;
You have to marvel at the unique lunacy
Of a language where a house can burn up as
It burns down
And in which you fill in a form
By filling it out
And a bell is only heard once it goes!
English was invented by people, not computers.
And it reflects the creativity of the human race (which of course isn't a race at all)
That is why
When the stars are out they are visible
But when the lights are out they are invisible
And why is it that when I wind up my watch
It starts
But when I wind up this poem
It ends
so don't you think that English is a funny and a stupid language?

—Auneet Kaur, XII B

SISTER CHRISTINA: THE SHAHJAHAN OF S.M.C.

Ask any historian and he would tell you that Shah Jahan's time was known as the 'Golden Age of the Moghuls'. The reason was, of course, the magnificent buildings that were constructed during his regime and of which, he was profoundly fond!

Not unlike the Moghul monarch, Shah Jahan, our dear sister Christina has apparently inherited the same affinity for magnificent buildings, constructions and decorations which has simply transformed the shape of St. Mary's Convent.

Let's begin with the computer science room (both senior and junior). I need not describe it, as we all know that it is a fantastic place to work in and once you enter the spic and span tidy room, you don't feel like coming out of it. The pavement where our daily assembly takes place - those who have seen it before cannot deny how undulating and rough it was earlier but it now bears a new and a smoother look. Not to leave behind the much needed stairs attached to the upper concert Hall. It used to be so embarrassing when participants (dressed up in costumes) had to climb up the same stairs as the guests.

The staff room—the teachers know better—how comfortable and luxurious it has become!

The students' toilets have undergone a remarkable change, with sparkling tiles and wash basins at either end.

The latest piece of construction is the wonderful library. I can hardly wait to visit it. I sure hope I can spend some time inside it before I pass out of this institution.

Who else, but Sister Christina, could have thought of bringing uniformity in the colour scheme of the school building. What about the extension of the cycle stand to accommodate the staff vehicles. Then, the steps built on either side of the field. Oh! the list goes on and on....

Just as people can never forget Shah Jahan because of the wonderful Taj Mahal, Pearl mosque and many other masterpieces of architecture, the students of SMC will never be able to forget Sister Christina. Every time we step into these comfortable rooms, even as ex-students we will never forget the Shah Jahan of S.M.C.

—Abhilasha Sara Singh, XI-A

GRANDMOTHER



I, too, have a grandmother
like you all.

She is fat and plump,
almost like a ball.

But gentle and kind,
to one and all.

She tells me stories
whenever I am sad,
And seldom scolds me,
even when I am bad.

She cooks delicious food,
Which brings water to my mouth.

She is my friend,
She is my buddy,
She is everything for me,
Even though I am fussy.

I always think how,
lucky I am,
to get a grandma
who can love me
as much as she can.

—Arushi Tripathi, VII-D

PHANTOM BUS

The bus edged an inch forward towards the steep cliff. The eyes of the passengers ever wide open, expecting to fall at any moment now. As the bus moved, there were shrieks and screams. Quite literally, it was a cliff hanger.

The bus contained passengers from all over the world; some were Americans, some English, some Australian tourists; and there was this couple from Ireland. Had they come for this terrifying predicament? Was death staring at them wide in the face, awaiting their fall, so that it could claim a few victims? Would they die? Or would somebody by some miracle come to rescue them? The idea seemed absurd.

Children, ladies and old people who had come on a vacation were experiencing the most frightening journey of their lives. "It can't be happening," yelled an American woman.

Then they heard the Police siren. They desperately wanted to turn their heads and look back, but they dared not, for who knew whether or not this would cause the bus to fall. The police-cars parked at a distance announced, "Please, do not panic. Help will be here soon."

The passengers did not have time. The bus edged forward. The Police watched helplessly. "Oh, my God!" gasped the driver. The bus moved again and this time it was down the cliff. They were falling.

The shrieks and screams of the passengers echoed through the air.

Did they touch the ground and die? Were they smashed to pieces?

No, they were emerging through the exit gate. The most thrilling, chilling and frightening roller coaster ride of their lives was over. For a hair raising adventure that you can bet your money on, "THE PHANTOM BUS", the latest roller coaster ride in Disneyland. Well folks, good bye for now, it's my turn next.

—Neha Singh, XI-A

Our Experience At The Blind School

We the students of class VIII-B had a really great experience at the Blind school by caring about their feelings and sharing our feelings with the inmates of the Blind school, and for this we are thankful to our reverend Principal, Sister Christina for allowing us to proceed with our undertaken project—Caring And Sharing.

We ten girls, Dakshina, Geetika, Nalini, Shivangi, Neha, Adele, Prachi, Saumya, Anushree, Mitali and I, accompanied by our respected class teacher, Mrs. Roy, went to the Blind school on the 6th of November to celebrate the auspicious occasion of Children's Day with the students of the Blind school by giving them gift-packs, piggybanks, cassettes, etc. There we were guided by Mrs. Beena Singh as to how we could help those children. There were 25 students, some were day-blind while the others were totally blind.

We arrived there at 9:35 a.m. and were welcomed by the inmates of the Blind school by a very beautiful song 'मन की दीप' then a speech was delivered by Mitali Jha on behalf of all of us. After the speech, two short prayers were recited by Saumya and Anushree. After this, to express our feelings, towards them we sang a song accompanied by the students of the Blind school with Nalini playing the casio. For the memory of these precious moments some photographs were taken by Shivangi.

While distributing the gift-packs we all came to know more about the inmates of the Blind school. All the students there knew how to count from 1 to 100. Suresh Kumar Lehri, a student of standard 3 by feeling the words on the Braille book told us about India. We were given a poem by Mrs. Beena Singh so that we could record that poem and give that cassette to the Blind school and we have willingly done it. Kamlesh Kumar Sahu, Suresh Kumar Lehri, Raju Kumar Prajapati, Ashish Kumar Singh, the students of the Blind school thanked us when we were leaving the Blind School.

Vision is the Ability
To See
Beyond the obvious
Even with eyes closed.

—Manasi Khare, VIII-B

THE FIVE PATHS

1. Pray for peace-be a messenger of peace.
2. Skip a meal every week to show solidarity with the hungry.
3. Do a good selfless deed to foster concern for the nation.
4. Honour parents, teachers and all human beings.
5. Respect the Earth and save its resources.

—Adele Francis, VIII-B

DEAREST MOTHER

Dearest mother,
you are a friend like no other. Your smile
Is like sunshine. Your hand reaches out
beyond oceans and time, and touches my heart to an extent
which words cannot express
In the confines of my heart love and you are
not apart, all my virtues
are all your giving and to some extent
my failures too. But, if you hadn't been there
there wouldn't be any me, and none could have
scolded me, as well as well as you do.
Your every work is a jewel every lesson you preach,
every prayer you teach something to treasure,
through all the year of my life.
Whether come sorrow or pleasure Oh mother /
God couldn't have been better
Our views may clash,
and my eyes may flash;
But I know you will be with me always.
And I realise that along with your affection earn
my share of condemnation
But, oh! dearest mother
I want you to know
how much I do love you!

—Asha Verma, V-A

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

In Class XII, SMC. Real Life-Real Fun. Aha
There is no need to take out time for having fun because
FUN ALWAYS COMES ITS OWN WAY !

Last year for our whole batch. not only last year in
SMC, but last year for wearing school uniform, last year for
sharing tiffins in the break, last year for shouting "PRESENT
MAM" for attendance and last year for singing—"GOOD
MORNING SISTERS & TEACHERS".

Besides the tension of Boards, we had fun, in fact, enough
fun to cherish our entire life. I'm going to share some of the
funny moments we had this year. But remember, there's
something you can learn from it. now. now,
I'm not talking about tricks, but the lessons we took.



GEOGRAPHY IS FUN



A for Antarctica, the land of ice.
 B for Bangkok, a place so nice.
 C for Cuba, where the language spoken is Spanish.
 D for Denmark, where the people are called Danish.
 E for England, where the people are fair.
 F for France, where mosquitoes are rare.
 G for Germany, where we find Black Forest.
 H for Hungary, whose capital is Budapest.
 I for India, the land of rich culture & religion.
 J for Japan, the land of the rising sun.
 K for Kenya, land of Black Beauty.
 L for London, the world's largest city.
 M for Mexico, whose dishes are the best.
 N for Nepal, whose pride is Mount Everest.
 O for Oman, a country with very little money.
 P for Pakistan, our age old enemy.
 Q for Qatar, whose capital is Doha.
 R for Russia, where flows the River Volga.
 S for Saudi Arabia, known for quarrelling birds.
 T for Tibet, the roof of the world.
 U for UAE, where people speak Arabic.
 V for Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic.
 W for West Indies whose condition today is better.
 X for nothing, there is no such place with that letter.
 So you see, my dear friends, Geography is such fun.

—Preena Bajaj

An Experience of "FLASH FLOODS"

"Floods, floods, floods", I often heard of people struggling hard against this natural calamity. But it is said that the real proof of the pudding is in the eating. I only realized the troubles a flood victim has to face when this year I myself experienced flash floods.

It was the night of 31st August in the year 2000 when it started raining very heavily. All my family members including me were fast asleep. Our dreams and the continuous pattering of rain were interrupted by a voice at around 5 O'Clock. The voice belonged to my brother who was screaming from his bed trying to tell us that the house was flooded with water. By the time we came to our senses we realized that the water had already reached the level of our beds. We immediately jumped out of our beds and managed to reach the front door. My mother somehow found her purse and we rushed out of the house. And lo and behold, the water had already reached the level of our waists. It was raining cats and dogs and the standing water also being cold, we all started shivering. With trembling fingers I opened the lock of the gate and we just managed to make an escape to our neighbours' on the first floor. Phew! what a narrow escape it was.

It is incredible to hear someone say that floods came and went by in just a couple of hours but this was what happened in the floods I had experienced. The flood waters were pumped out with a gushing speed. But the effect of these floods seemed to be everlasting.

I had often heard people say that "coming events cast their shadows before". After going through this horrible experience this proverb did not seem true to me. But this cannot be proved false also, since on further investigation we were told that the floods did come the night before but retreated by morning, casting a warning for us.

—Nupur Gurbuxani

SORROWS SEASON LIFE

Sorrows season life, make happiness felt.
 Tears reflect sunshine and cause genuine smiles.
 Raindrops lend hues for rainbows to form.
 Misfortunes pose challenges and impregnate happy moments
 Parting imbues hope to broken hearts forlorn of meeting again.
 Distress conceals ecstasy and pain sweet repose.
 Risks enhance thrill, thus motivate and instil.
 Failures allay conceit and proclaim that success lies close.
 Hardships develop steadfastness to tread hard ground.
 Adversity is nothing but a mere spark
 Which generates patience and resistance against blows.
 Despair gives birth afresh to hopes dying down.
 Tribulations reinforce wavering faith
 Suffering draws closer mortals and God.

—Mrs. Ulfat Ahmad

IF I WERE A BUTTERFLY



I wish I were a butterfly,
Who would have wings, to fly.
To fly distances far and close
And be always active and never doze.
I would always adore them
As if they were a precious gem.
They would have gay spots on them
And would shine when the sun shone on it
I would fly from flower to flower
And try to fly to the highest tower
But oh, what a pity I'm not a butterfly,
Who would have wings to fly !

—Arpita Ghatak, VI-B

MY ST. MARY'S

O, St. Mary's I like you
I will never forget you
Fragrance of knowledge, love and purity
Spread on the earth forever through you.
O, St. Mary's, I like you
I will never forget you
I learnt the virtue of goodness
in the sweet lap of yours
O St. Mary's! Congratulations to you
On this Millennium Jubilee day of yours.

—Nikita Angelika Bothaju, I-A

From the teacher's pen

There isn't much that I can do.
But I can share my joy with you
And I can share my sorrow with you.
As long as on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do
But I can share my books with you
And I can share my bread with you
As long as on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do
But I can share my friends with you
And I can share my dreams with you
As long as on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do
But I can share my love with you
And often share prayers with you
As long as on our way we go.

—Mrs. R. Phillips

Smile



Haven't you heard the saying,
smile a while, and when you smile another
smiles and soon there are miles and miles of smiles
and life is worthwhile because you smile.
There are five good reasons why you should do so :

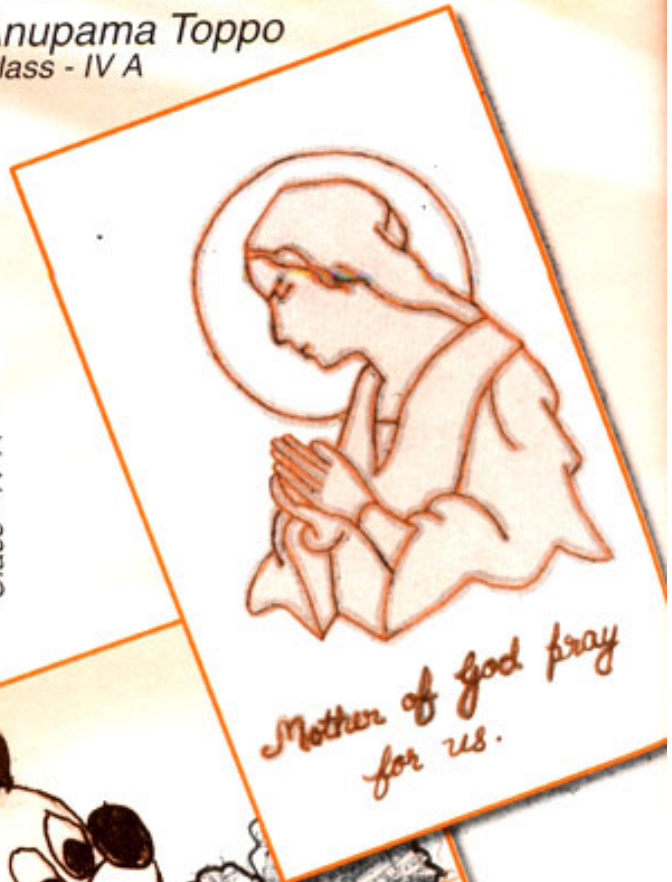
1. Smile, because it feels so good.
2. Smile, it increases your 'face value'.
3. Smiling uses only 14 muscles, while it takes 43 muscles to frown.
4. Smiling won't cost you anything.
5. So be happy. why waste energy.

—Samiksha Srivastava, V-C

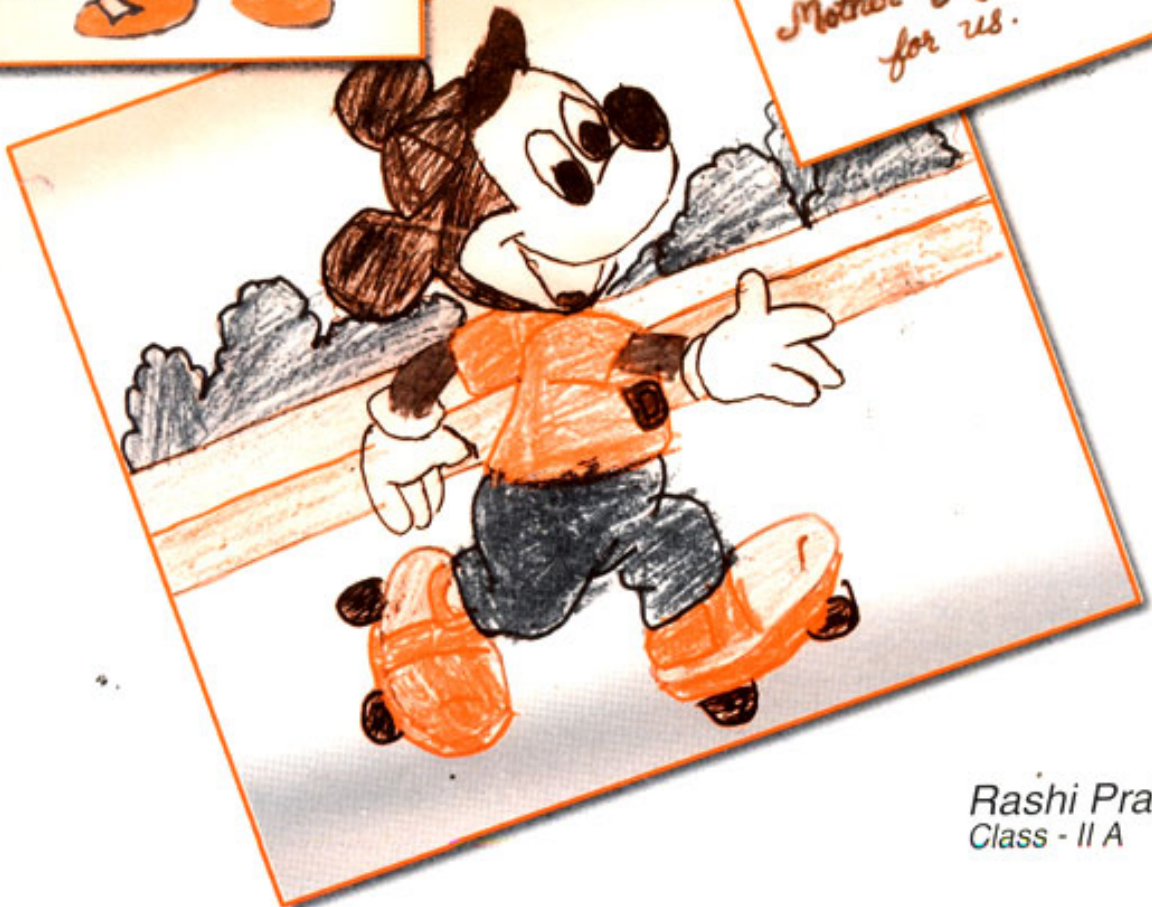


Anupama Toppo
Class - IV A

Harshvardhani Jaiswal
Class - IV A



Mother of god pray
for us.

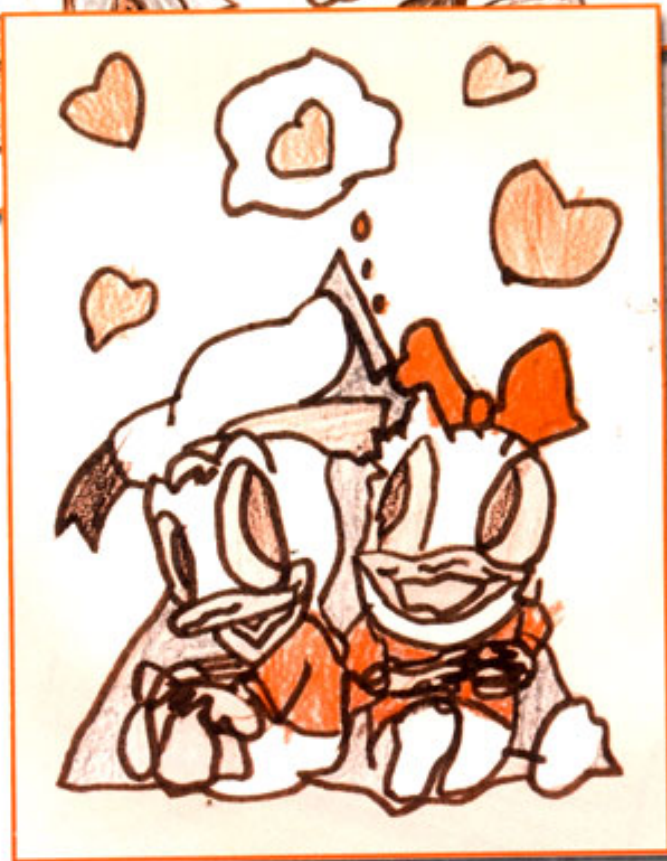


Rashi Praka
Class - II A

Shagun Chavhan
Class - II A



Sakshi Ankita Ransom
Class - I A





Which Is BETTER ?



EARTH

BEFORE DEVELOPMENT OR AFTER

Ahlam Isl
Class -IX A

Compiled by
Class - XI A



Prachi Varma
Class - XI B





Vaidehi Singh
Class - I A



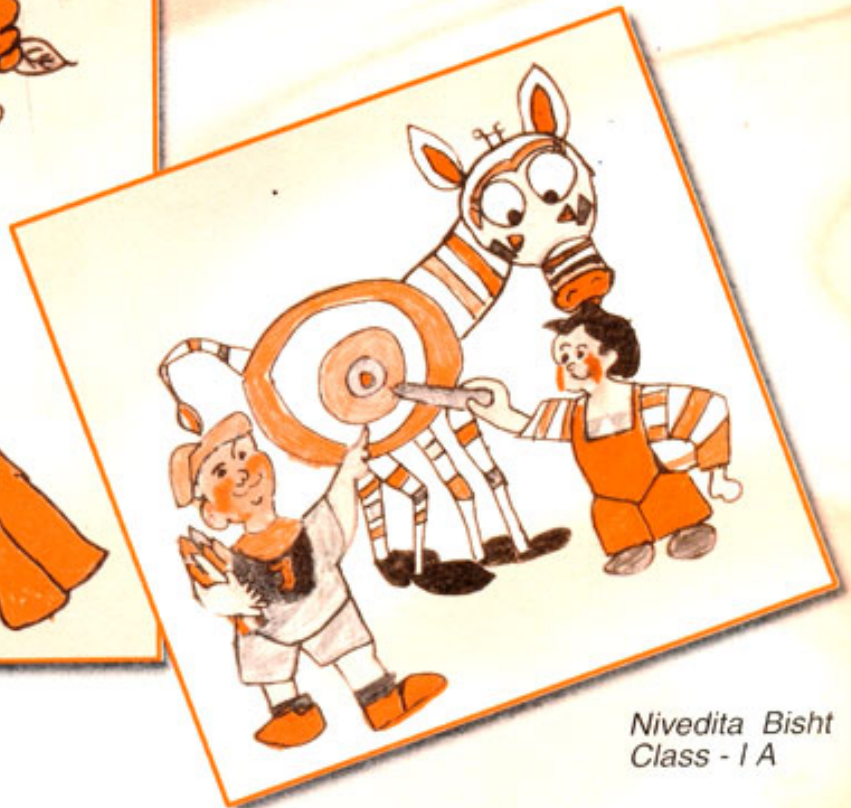
Niyati Mishra
Class - IV A



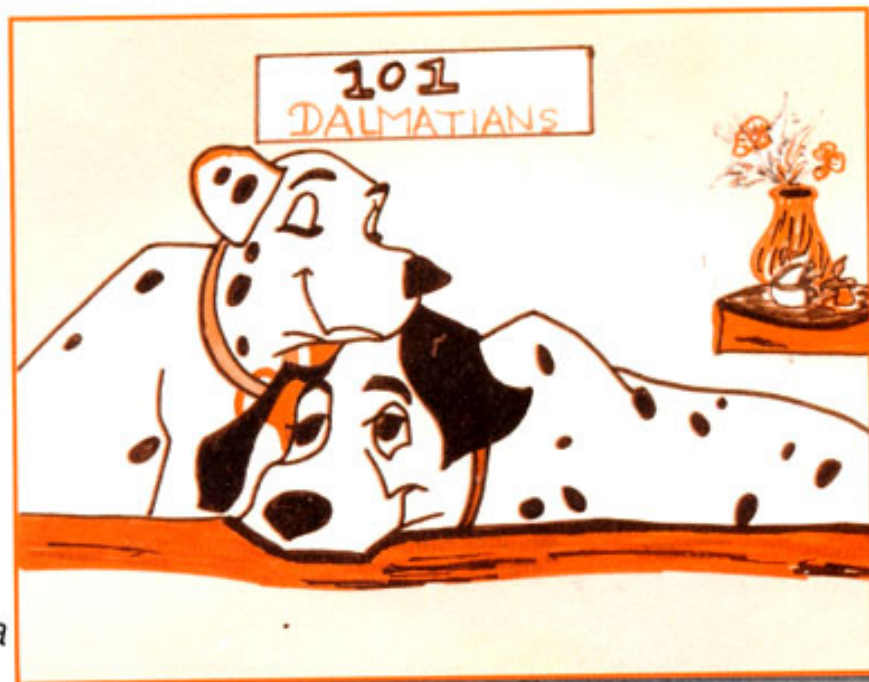
Arushi Mishra
Class - I A



Heba Fatima
Class - I C



Nivedita Bisht
Class - I A

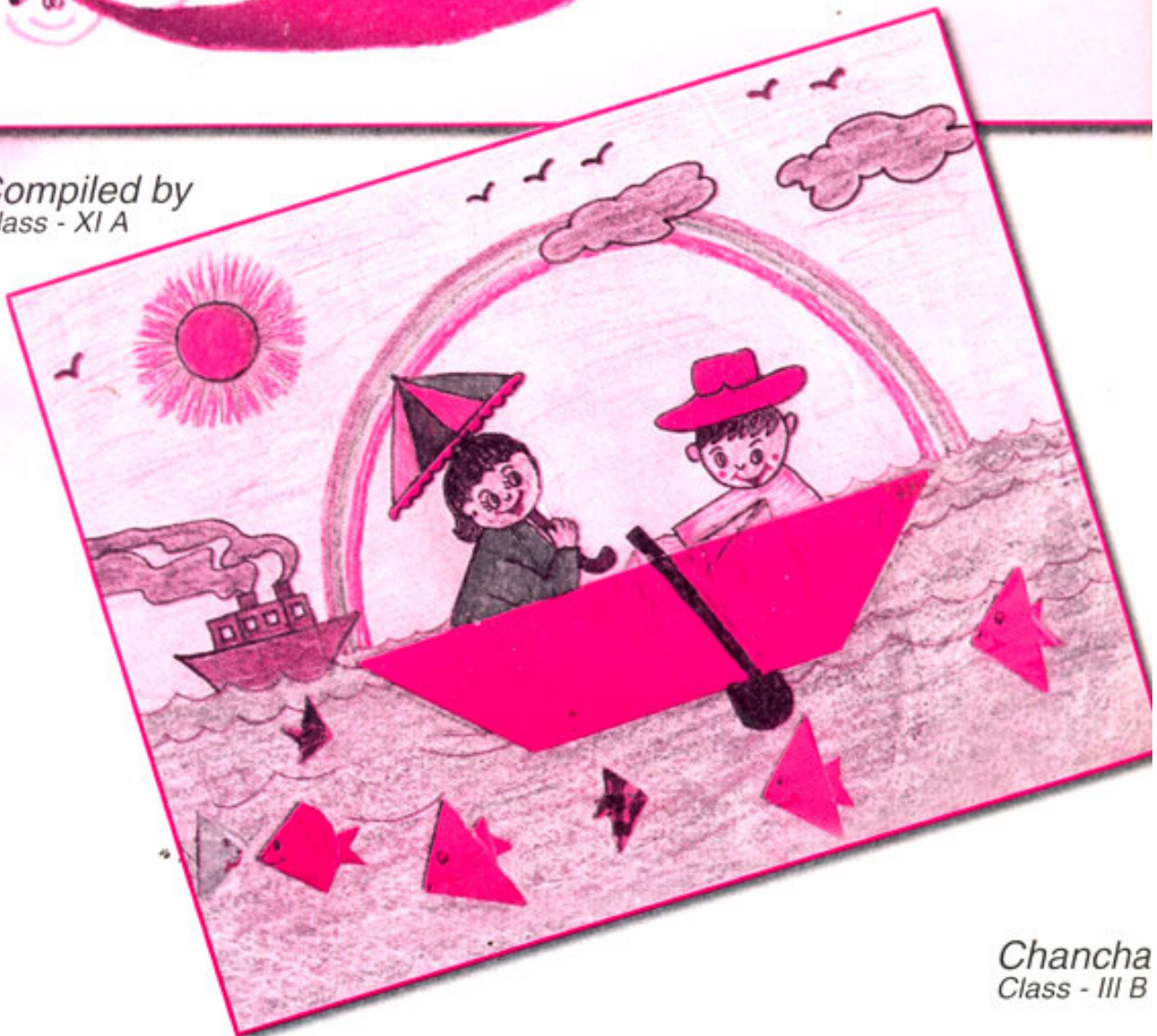


Kalpana Sinha
Class - II B



"We cannot direct
the wind...
But adjust
our sails."

Compiled by
Class - XI A



Chancha
Class - III B

"RAIN - DANCE"

Monsoon had arrived, not only in U.P. but in SMC too. Those days, we were practising hard for Parent's Day Programme. Whole days were spent in practice. One day, we were returning from the Upper Concert Hall when dark black clouds covered the sky & rain showers came down to kiss us. And then, fifty, if not more, girls were seen dancing on the cemented portion between classes XII B & XII A. They were no one else. the fun lovers-class XII. We sang nursery rhymes, "Ring-a-Ring of Roses" and what not and after 20 minutes play we returned to class with dripping uniforms and wet hair. Trying to guess what would be the reaction of teachers, we were sitting in absolute silence. Just then our class teacher—Mrs. Kakkar entered saying, "What's the matter, so much silence. Got a scolding or what?" With a smile of pride we replied "No Ma'm" in Chorus but were shocked to hear her saying, "But I've come to scold you." Then, we were all made to stand and we got a nice, warm scolding which we needed after such a cold 'rain-dance'. But the summary of it all which made us realize, the foolishness of our act come to us in the following words of our loving Kakkar Ma'm—"I KNOW YOU WERE HAVING HARMLESS FUN OUT THERE, BUT BEING SENIOR MOST, YOU HAVE GOT SOME RESPONSIBILITIES. JUNIORS ARE GOING TO FOLLOW YOU AND FOR THEIR SAKE, YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO CONTROL YOURSELVES." It was in this way that we learnt that sometimes one has to sacrifice present happiness, that is momentary, for the sake of ever-lasting future results.

"HEART—THROB.... HR....."

Three continuous periods of Chemistry Practical would have been boring if our sweet teacher Mrs. Shukla would not have been there to sprinkle love and laughter at a frequency of 1000 drops of love per second. One day not

being in a mood of looking at the reagents being warmed in a test-tube. We—the biology girls of XII-B went to Shukla Ma'm in the lab. and asked her to tell us "IMPORTANT" (expression girls of SMC are very familiar with) for exams. Within a few minutes she found something between the pages which made her say—"What is this? Heart-throb Hritik Roshan, lying in middle of the pages." Then we saw, it was a post-card of Hritik with HEART-THROB written on top. The whole lab. echoed with the laughter of girls except for the one who owned the book because she was busy—giving excuses to Shukla Ma'm.

Just now, you've read about incidents where we had Kakkar Ma'm and Shukla Ma'm in picture, what about having both of them together. Shukla Ma'm is known for her sweet, cool temperament and Kakkar Ma'm for fantastic expressions of her face—here I have a mixture of both.

It was our Chemistry period, two weeks before the exam. We were studying on our own and Shukla Ma'm was standing at the back explaining something to a group. Just then Mrs. Kakkar walked in to take something from the cupboard kept at the other end of the class. She did her work comfortably and stopped at the door to say—"Sitting so quietly and studying without a teacher, whose period is this? "because XII-B sitting silently without a teacher is something our class teacher could never imagine. We said nothing, only pointed to Mrs. Shukla standing at the back. So, in one corner of the class was Shukla Ma'm looking at Kakkar Ma'm with a broad smile on her face and on the other corner was Kakkar Ma'm with eyes wide open as if surprised that she could not see Mrs. Shukla and was wearing perfect expressions as if she had been given a shock. She apologized, "Sorry Ma'm, I didn't know you were standing there" and in between the two teachers was my XII-B having the fun of their lives, laughing

all the time.

These are just the few I could mention, but there are many more little events like the one when my friend Sneha Sharma had to comper a show on Parent's Day. She went on the stage in full make-up but there was something different—she was wearing two rubber-bands—one red, the other blue. Similarly, I was the group-leader of answering groups of Eng. Literature. One day our teacher was asking the groups to take one character each from "Loyalties" for writing a character-sketch. Our group came in the end and I could remember no other character to name other than "ROSEMARY FILLY" and then realized that she was a mare, the whole row was laughing but thank God, Ma'm didn't hear it.

I would just like to thank all my teachers for caring for us, for giving warmth, for giving us time and occasions to enjoy ourselves and to give us something to provide strength, because after passing out we'll just have the loving memories of our teachers, our classrooms, our friends and of course, our Alma Mater!

—Amrita Srivastava, XII-B



My Yester Years

Slowly the leaves of my memory fall.

Slowly I pick up and gather them all,

Today and tomorrow and all my life through,

I will treasure the times spent with you.

Twelve years, twelve long long years have passed away in the blink of an eye. I still remember my first day in school. I still remember myself as a tiny little girl excited about all her new possessions—her uniform, books, bag, bottle, Tiffin-box and of course the school which was to become her most prized possession in the days to come. Yes! my own, my very own school—ST. MARY'S CONVENT.

It gave me everything that one needs to be a human being. From the very beginning I had always loved school and imagined it with a child's fertile imagination. But when I really came face to face with the reality, it was much more than I had imagined it to be. The sisters, the teachers and the 'ayas' were a store house of love, care and patience. Slowly or quickly I don't know how but yes, the fact remains that I grew in the protected walls of S.M.C. with utmost care and love I would like to say to the personified S.M.C.

*तुमको देखा तो ये ख्याल आया,
जिन्दगी धूप तुम घना साया।*

My hats off to you, S.M.C. I don't say that we never fought but you know—कभी-कभी गुस्सा, कभी-कभी प्यार अच्छा लगता है।

From the primary section to my election as the Red House captain has been a long journey full of excitement, enthusiasm, successes and no doubt a few failures. With time my love and attachment with S.M.C. grew stronger and stronger. All these days I have been visiting this place six days a week but this continuity will soon be broken, the school mates, the teachers, the field, the concert hall, the chapel, the flora and fauna which had all been mine will soon be lost. Now the condition is, that my eyes become wet at the mere thought of leaving my S.M.C. family, I would not like to leave it but I will be pushed out. I too realise that when I came to be a member of this huge family, somebody had to go to make place for a new member. A child will come and S.M.C. will nurture it for years to make her ready to face her future however it may spring upon her.

I need a word to express my feeling, a word which I've not yet got, a word to express gratitude and say thanks a lot. I thank my principals and teachers for whatever they have made me. I would also like to thank the girls of my house—The Florence Nightingale House for electing me as their captain.

Finally I come to the most beautiful part of school life—FRIENDS. Friends have played a major role in my life. I would

not thank them as thanks is not warranted among friends. It is hard to believe that these friends whom I meet everyday will soon part with me, but the thought that

• "To meet and part, is the way of life;

To part and meet, is the hope of life." consoles me.

After all change is necessary with time. I expect to pass through this world but once, Any good therefore that I can do as any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again.

—Pranjali Srivastava, XII—

RAINY SEASON



After the hot-and dusty summer,
Comes a nice and cool season.
It is none other than the rainy season.

There are cloudy dark days with many a thunderstorm
And every where little puddles form.
The lightning scares little boys and girls,
And they cling hard to their mothers.

The croaking of frogs make rather a loud sound.
And peacocks dance all around,
Earthworms wriggle all about
And everywhere little mushrooms are found.

Little children like to play,
And wish that the rain would never go away
The vegetation is lush and green
And dry ground is hardly ever seen.

As the clouds move away, the rainbow appears
It looks so pretty with all its gay colours.
O I Love the rainy season!

Friendship

That hypocrites plague the earth,
Is indeed a sad trend.
It's a pity there's a dearth,
Of true and worthy friends.

They hurt, insult and malign,
You for no good reason.
They execute their evil design,
In every month and season.

They rejoice over your failure,
They ridicule your weakness.
Their thoughts are impure,
They can't stand your happiness.



Backbiting is their favourite trick,
They are a unique breed.
Even their conscience doesn't prick,
When they do a wicked deed.

Should our friends really belong,
In this undesirable class?
No, then come along,
To find what a friend should encompass.

A true friend is above,
All barriers of race and creed.
He is a symbol of love,
Devoid of malice and greed.

He remains by your side,
Through thick and thin,
In him you confide,
Its his heart you win.

He lifts your spirits, when low,
And drives away all depression.
To your face, returns a glow,
And lessens every tension.

Industrious and pragmatic,
He is no less than a treasure.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE OLD

In the Dharmashastra, a person was considered old when wrinkles and grey hair appeared. With the popularity of cosmetics, luring the old and young alike, one cannot be sure of this definition anymore.

There is a difference between "aging" and "getting old". Aging refers to biological changes occurring over a lifetime whereas getting old is just a state of mind. The subject of aging interests me as in modern times, with improvement in health care and rapid progress in the field of medicine life expectancy has increased.

Old age is linked with lowered status, diminishing authority and considered a liability. By the year 2001, there will be approximately 76 million men and women over 60 years of age.

It's time we opened our eyes and started addressing this issue. I strongly feel that the presence of elders should be acknowledged as I have been 'doubly blessed', having both parents and grandparents—the best of both the worlds. I grew up in the loving lap of my grandmother. I managed to get A's in my S.U.P.W. and needlework with her help. It was she who made mouth-watering 'achaars' for my lunch box. At 70+ she fusses over my friends in the same way as she had taken care of my father's friends, when he was my age. Her host of home remedies made the doctor's visit redundant. I never needed the alarm clock to wake me up during exams as my grandfather would be there without fail. Without him, the word 'garden' would never have found a place in my vocabulary.

Preoccupation with studies, career option and a hectic stressful life may have taken the youth away from the elderly people, making them feel neglected, but we should really make up for the lost time by giving them all our love and affection, which will reverse their ageing process and they will become young at heart. If we recognise and tap the vast reservoir of knowledge and wisdom, our lives would have the healing touch which we desperately need in these stressful times.

—Gauri Joshi, XI-B

Enthusiastic and charismatic,
One beholds him with pleasure.

Rectification, appreciation and motivation,
Are all a part of him.
Benevolence, sincerity and affection,
Are inseparable from him.

Life would be incomplete
Without this fragrant relation.
He makes life replete
With love, laughter and elation.

—Sumona Banerjee, XI-A



The Enchanting World of Harry Potter

Tr....rr...ring....., went the alarm. I woke up with a start and rubbed my eyes sleepily. It was only six in the morning. I was just preparing to steal a few more minutes of sleep, when suddenly, I remembered, it was my Birthday! How silly of me to forget. I immediately turned towards my bed-side table and saw a huge packet kept on it. I hurriedly opened it and guess what was in it? THE WHOLE SET OF HARRY POTTER BOOKS! I was thrilled. After hearing so much about the books from my friends and relatives and reading over a dozen articles about them in newspapers and magazines, I was anxiously waiting to read them myself.



The writer who has created the wonderful world of Harry Potter is Joanna Kathleen Rowling. The first four books in this series have been published and more than 66 million copies have been sold in 200 languages.

The bespectacled Harry is no ordinary boy, but a wizard. He has inherited magical powers from his parents who have been killed by the evil wizard Lord Voldemort. He studies at the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry where the students learn about magical creatures, charms, spells and magical potions. The books are filled with the hair-raising adventures of Harry and his best friends, Hermione Granger and Ronald Weasley. The horror and mystery that the writer has poured into the books have captured the attention of millions of readers around the globe. We find many similarities between the magical world, created by the author and the 'muggle world'. (In the magical world of Harry Potter, the non-wizarding folks are called muggles). Not only do we find happiness, love, friendship, kindness, sympathy and generosity in the world of magic but also pain, suffering, misery, death, hatred, jealousy and enmity. This is what makes the magical world that the writer has conjured from her dazzling imagination

BEAUTY— A concept of mind

Beauty, is such a simple word but so hard to define for the word 'beauty' is used in our day-to-day language due to the increasing variety in our world today.

To me, beauty is a manifestation of God's perfection in all spheres of the universe. This is why one man finds beauty in a comet and another in his car.

For my first example, I'll take people. Beauty is not only outer but of the inner self also. That's why I say Mother Teresa is beautiful, Aishwarya Rai is beautiful and Nelson Mandela is beautiful.

Mother Teresa was beautiful of her heart, Aishwariya Rai because of looks and Mr. Mandela of his great deeds.

Beauty cannot be measured in real terms and is always comparative. People judge beauty through Beauty Contests, man hunts, and so on.

So next time you hear someone saying 'beauty is skin deep' Please point out saying beauty is soul deep.

At last I would like to take the example of God whom we can't see but feel around us. God is beautiful because of his power and, the gifts he has given us though at times we don't deserve them.

As the saying goes 'Beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder but if the beholder ever truly opens his eyes, then he will see that beauty lies in everything and everyone in the entire universe.

—Shivani Kapoor, IX-B

seem so realistic. We can identify with the characters and be a part of their joys and sorrows.

The names, places and situations do not at any time seem unreal. For example, the author has brilliantly described the popular wizarding game, 'Quidditch', which is played on broomsticks. She has also written about magical creatures like the 'Hippogriff' which is half horse and half eagle. The magic of Harry Potter has spread so much that Harry Potter toys, T-shirts, games, puzzles, sheets, towels, sun-glasses, leg blocks, toothpaste, pens, watches, raincoats and even socks are available in the market.

I'm eagerly waiting for the next book in the series to be published and I'm sure most of you are doing the same.

Nandini Jayakrishna, VIII-D

Do it Now !

Do you have hard work to do ? Do it now !

Do you have a kind word to say ? Say it now !

If you have missed an opportunity in the past, it is not worth regretting. And it is unwise waiting for a future moment to do anything, for future cannot be trusted. Now is the time to act. Only now is yours. Seize it and make full use of it.

If you have hard work to do,

Do it now,

Today the skies are clear and blue,

Tomorrow clouds may come in view.

Yesterday is not for you !

Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,

Sing it now,

Let the tones of gladness ring

Clear as song of bird in spring,

Let each day some music bring;

Sing it now.

If you have some kind words to say,

Say them now.

Tomorrow may not come your way;

Do a kindness while you may,

Loved ones will not always stay;

Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,

Show it now,

Make hearts happy, roses grow,

Let the friends around you know

The love you have before they go;

Show it now.

—Anshi Goel, XII—A

The silence of pure innocence
persuades when speaking fails

—William Shakespeare

LET YOUR DREAMS SHOW U THE WAY

Dreams. What are they ? They may be called flights of fantasy that venture where the heart leads them. They are thoughts that haunt us. Thoughts that help us become the kind of people we want to be if only we work towards realizing them. I prefer to think of them as my favourite dish—delicious, enticing, with a dash of mystery and a tinge of imagination to serve as toppings. Some people are afraid to dream for the fear that the obscure foundries of their dreams might not be defined into reality. Then the dreams become elusive, forced to lurk in some corner of their heart, still unexplored.

But, it is said, we have not been given the power to dream a dream without being given the power to make it come true.

Often, on seeing something beautiful, people say, "It's just like a dream." Dreams are beautiful.

So, dream on people !

—Neha Agarwal

SPRING TIME



Bright flowers, dainty flowers

Altogether ring;

Wake up to our fragrance

It's time for the spring

Butterflies' big and small

Altogether sing, when flowers

bloom to call of spring

We all take to wings.

—Ankita Singh, IV-C

A SMALL SKIT ON N.D.



Manager : What is your name ?

Candidate : Sir, N.D.

Manager : (Puzzled) What?

Candidate : Sir, Narayan Das.

Manager : What's your father's name?

Candidate : Sir, N.D.

Manager : What is N.D.?

Candidate : Sir, Nirgan Das

Manager : What is your father?

Candidate : Sir, N.D.

Manager : What is N.D.

Candidate : Sir, He is a News Director.

Manager : Where do you live ?

Candidate : Sir, N.D.

Manager : What N.D.—N.D., Are you not in your senses?

Candidate : Sir, I live in New Delhi.

Manager : Do you work in any department, if so in which?

Candidate : Sir, N.D.

Manager : Oh! God, do you know anything other than N.D.?

Candidate : Sir, Sir—I work in Naval department.

(The manager finishes the interview and thanks the candidate)

Candidate : Sir, what do you think about me?

Manager : N.D.

Candidate : What N.D.

Manager : Nil, Duffer, get out!

—Neha Makhija, X-B



A LITTLE NUT-TREE



I had a little nut-tree,
And nothing would it bear,
But a silver apple,
And a golden pear.
The king of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
All for the sake of my little
nut-tree.

PEOPLE

Tall people, short people,
Thin people, fat people,
Lady so dainty wearing a hat,
Straight people, crooked people,
Man dressed in brown;
Baby in a buggy—
These make a town.

Battle of wits

The scene is an examination hall. The time is 11 a.m.; the Mathematics paper for class X is in progress. Fifteen minutes remain for the paper to end. All is quiet, the only audible signs of human presence being the reshuffling of papers, the occasional pencil falling, the click-clack of rulers and geometrical instruments, and the gentle thud of desk tops being lowered.

The invigilator, having been on her toes for over two hours, delivering writing paper, graph paper, log books and what have you with an efficiency that the Indian postal department would do well to emulate, is taking a momentary breather, before the ultimatum is given to stop writing and hand in the papers.

The class presents an interesting scene. While the majority are busy putting Shakuntala Devi to shame with their knowledge of Mathematical calculations, a few, not so fortunate, are also perforce caught in the 2 1/2 hour time frame. The invigilator, having nothing more challenging to do than keeping an eye on the students, makes some interesting observations on human behaviour, drawing her own conclusions, however inaccurate.

- (1) Having exhausted her grey cells, one student yawns widely, stretching her arms above her head, cracking tired fingers to relieve stress. Her neighbour reaches for her water bottle in desperation, convinced that the value of aqua fortis will keep the brain cells activated for a further quarter of an hour.
- (2) One young scholar holds her head in her hands, perhaps entreating the powers above to come to her aid. A fervent prayer goes up, asking for divine assistance. Alternatively, the battle with figures may have left her drained, and she holds her head in sheer exhaustion.
- (3) Three girls near the window are looking out at the blue sky and green

branches waving tantalizingly in the gentle breeze. The far away look on their faces seems to indicate that they would rather be on the other side of the fence, where the grass is green.

- (4) Some have retired early, having given up the unequal struggle, and are now only physically there, but mentally in the land of dreams, where all wishes come true.
- (5) A smile a day keeps depression away. One girl flashes a cheery smile at her friend several rows away, catches the invigilator's eye and looks down, as if to say, "why should you object to a smile?"
- (6) Some artists take time off to catch up with their drawing practice. The blank borders of the question paper serve the purpose. A true artist is rarely deterred by a lack of medium. If Zakir Hussain can play the tabla on a silver bowl, why can't she draw on a maths question paper?
- (7) Two enthusiasts play indoor games, rolling pencils downhill on sloping desk tops, the trick being to catch them before they fall. Some others play carrom with a coin that has materialised from nowhere.

At 11.15 a.m., there is a sudden flurry of motion, with papers flying as though caught in a cyclone. The papers are surrendered to the invigilator, some with relief, others with resignation, while some are reluctantly given up with regret, or even resentment, that they were not allowed to complete the final sum.

Who says Mathematics is a waste of time?

Mrs. M. Bajpai

Thought

Love one another as I have loved you

—Holy Bible

Life in Class X

The sun shone brightly across the vast expanse of the blue sky, the flowers were in full bloom and the birds were chirping madly from every branch. It was, in fact, a typical march day which set your heart aflutter with delight. But, for the many fifteen year olds, the heart fluttered, not with delight or joy, but with fear and nervousness. It was the day when the much dreaded and the least awaited ICSE examinations commenced. The atmosphere was charged with the emotions of tension, anticipation and fear.

It was with countless resolutions of hardwork and 'not to waste time' thoughts that I entered my class ten. The month of April passed away too rapidly without one realising and I found myself staring wide in the face of my summer vacations. With a firm resolve to utilise my vacations I set forth. But alas! due to unforeseen circumstances my firm resolve was never completely fulfilled. Sometimes it was an outing, sometimes guests, sometimes relatives and the list is endless. It really amazed me that during that year unusual number of relatives seemed to keep arriving on and off. It seemed that the people had an irritating knack of turning up when least wanted.

All my thoughts of reaping the rewards of a fruitful vacation were shattered with the arrival of my relatives as I was supposed to be 'good mannered' and 'polite' before them. It was with great effort and tact (to get away from them) that I endeavoured to finish my holiday homework and project work assigned to me.

Come July and I realised with a start that schools were about to re-open. It was with a heavy heart that I arrived at school realising that I was way behind my companions. They seemed to have made miraculous strides and had completed substantial portions of their vast course.

Later, as the session gained momentum and time tables were being followed strictly came all sorts of extra curricular activities. The school became the centre of activity as each one of us became deeply engrossed in every one of the activities. As a child, I had imagined class ten students to be people burrowed in their books, spectacles balanced precariously on their noses, examining and memorising away. But my present situation completely defied my imagination. Whenever I surveyed my surroundings I found my comrades, happy and carefree, unaware of their precarious predicament. Their attitude seemed to indicate as if life was one big bed of roses.

Gradually, with the passage of time the examination date came closer and closer. Some conscientious people did turn serious and started studying. Inspired by such people their comrades also realised the grave situation. The month of December found most (not all, exceptions are always there) of us poring over our books. We parted from each other before winter vacations wishing not 'merry-x-mas' or 'Happy New Year' but 'Happy study Time' and 'Merry Preparations'.

The first month of January found all of us back tired and weary, not as much by the amount of millennium celebrations as by the stress and burden of all the preparations that had been done. As the preliminary examinations came closer and closer it was very common to spot two or one figure in the field basking in the winter sun and at the same time cramming away feverishly. The preliminary examinations went off quite smoothly, with the usual last minute revisions the usual characteristics of all examination. With the beginning of the preparation leave, the countdown began. As each day passed it filled me with a feeling of despair and of 'not having done it all'.

Even in the midst of such tension I noticed a very amusing feature. The level of expectations suddenly seemed to reach an alarming high. Each and every phone call or visit left me soaking with the showers of good wishes. Relatives who held no importance, or rather existence, seemed to spring up from the blue to wish me luck. It was then that I understood and sympathised with the great batsman Sachin Tendulkar. I praised and understood his frame of mind as he goes out to bat with the hopes of the entire Nation pinned on him.

Finally, the big day dawned and with it all the debate and conflict in my mind came to an end. Now it was just 'do or die'. After a nerve-racking and torturous period the great ICSE examinations finally came to an end. As the last answer sheet was collected a noise combining a whoop of joy and a sign of relief went through the hall. At last the time of enjoyment had arrived!

P.S.—The above account has been purely based on personal experiences. Any alterations in the above are fully acceptable and justified.

Shubhi Joshi, XI-A

BABY RABBIT

Two long ears
One pink nose
Two pink eyes
Ahopping he goes.
Long sniffy whiskers.
Four white paws,
One bobbing tail,
Ahopping he goes.
Hop, little rabbit
Hop, hop, hop
Hop to the garden.
Hop, hop, hop

—Saumya Bisht, V-B



The Welded Pigeon Pair !



Sarah was 28, she lived in a small village away from the city. She had a variety of pigeons who, one day quietly alighted on the huge tree in front of her house, and were happily chatting among themselves. This sight always gave her great joy.

Higher up in the sky, eagles were flying in circles. Though the eagles are the enemies of pigeons, the tiny birds were not at all frightened and were peacefully perched on the branches of the trees.

Sarah's thoughts were always about the pigeons. If any pigeon ignorantly flew towards the ground, the other pigeons would give a warning and call it back. There were many pigeon holes. Sarah fed the birds with great care and so they lacked nothing.

Sarah had a strange pigeon. Two white pigeons were united. They had only one body below their chest, and had only two wings and two legs. The bird on the right was slightly bigger and stronger and the bird on the left was smaller and weaker. Sarah had named the big bird 'Senior' and the other 'Junior'. Both the birds were united in love, words and deeds.

When 'Senior' made noise, 'Junior' also made noise. They were always copying each other. Sarah had one or two visitors each day, and she showed them this pair. Many, even from abroad, came to see this strange pair.

Sarah knew the nature of all her birds. One foolish pigeon used to fly towards the ground often. Both Senior and Junior used to warn the bird

simultaneously. Hearing their warning Sarah used to come out hurriedly, drive away the eagle and save the bird.

One day Sarah was at the doorstep, the foolish pigeon that was often saved by her was again venturing towards the ground. Senior and Junior warned it as usual.

Sarah dejectedly said, "Let it die!" The pigeon came into the house followed by the eagle. As Sarah didn't drive it away, the eagle boldly entered the house. When the pigeon flew out, the eagle followed her again. Again the pigeon flew in, with the eagle at a distance. The pigeon cried out for help but Sarah said to the pigeon, "Can the eagle kill you?" and continued her work.

In a short while, the pigeon's anguished cry could be heard. Sarah was upset. She was overwhelmed by the sorrow. Though it had been warned repeatedly by Senior as well as Junior, the pigeon became prey to the eagle because of its own fault.

Often we do the same thing in our lives. We are repeatedly warned by our elders as well as our younger ones. Every time we are saved by God because He has created us and He loves us, but we are ignorant and become prey to the Evil one because of our own faults.

—Risha Jasmine Nathan, VIII-A

GOLDEN RULES

Breathe fresh air,
Play in an open air,
Drink pure water,
Eat good food,
Wear clean clothes,
Take exercise daily,
Take rest and sleep well.

Take Time

Take time to think—

Thoughts are the source of power.

Take time to play—

Play is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read—

Reading is the fountain of wisdom.

Take time to love—

Loving is what makes living worthwhile.

Take time, to laugh—

Laughter is the music of the soul.

Take time to give—

Life is too short for selfishness.

Take time to be friendly—

Friendship gives life a delicious flavor.

Take time to do your work well—

Take pride in your work, no matter how small it is.

It nourishes the spirit.

Take time to pray—

Prayer is the rock of strength in times of trouble.

—Upasna Giri,

TIT BITS

- (1) Both optimists and pessimists contribute to the society. Optimist invents the aeroplane. Pessimist the parachute.
- (2) I am not lazy, I just rest before I am tired.
- (3) A smile is a curve, which can make a lot of things straight.
- (4) You can easily judge the character of a man by how he treats the little people who can do nothing for him.
- (5) Sins are like snow—as soon as they smile they melt away.

—Priya John, Farhat Quadri,

DETERMINATION

Life is a journey which must end,
with every man struggling which is a
trend. Accepting the day to day
challenges, along with its constant flow
like the holy Ganga going through its ups
and downs but not allowing oneself to
drown;

in the shallow river of sorrow
which must definitely dry up
tomorrow

of course, there are moments when
you feel

You can bear no more.

And that all your problems have no
cure.

But the real art of life lies.

In handling them till they leave you
and fly.

And then merely bid them good-bye.

To welcome one another with a hye!

An interesting life is full of
complications,

Which should be tackled with
determination.

—Rachita Shukla

A TO Z OF AN INDIAN WOMAN

A Admissible	N Neat
B Benevolent	O Obedient
C Charitable	P Pleasant
D Domestic	Q Quiet
E Economical	R Reflective
F Forgiving	S Sober
G Generous	T Tender
H Honest	U Utility
I Industrious	V Virtuous
J Judicious	W Wise
K Kind	X Exemplary
L Loving	Y Yeaming
M Modest	Z Zealous

—Shefali Mishra, VII-D

Life



"Life is just like a flower
Which comes like a bud.
And goes like a shower.
Petals are scattered, leaves are shed
All that is left are, stems
that are dead.
So is man's life ; with a very
short span.
So use it to help others, as
much as you can."

—Anonymous

A GOOD FRIEND

A good friend is nature's gift.
A good friend is exceptional.
A good friend is a friend indeed.
A good friend is simply sensational.

A good friend rarely comes in our life.
To make our future happy and bright.
A good friend is a ray of light.
To give us advice in our plight.

A good friend stays in our heart's core.
A good friend is one whom we all adore.
A good friend gives us something more.
Which none other can afford.

A good friend is whom we trust.
A good friend in our life is a must:
One should love their friends always.
and do not deceive them in any way.

—Astha Verma, V-A.

A Tribute to a Friend



Your thought is like a flower,
that gives off spray,
that each petal celebrates,
with happiness and gay.
Every morning when I wake up,
my mind is filled with your thought
and it remains with me
till its time to dream again
You are like a morning dew,
sparkling in the garden of my life
You are like a gem that I would
treasure throughout my life

—Manjari Gupta

CAN EDUCATION REALLY GIVE US A SECURE FUTURE ?

“खड़ा हूँ आज भी
रोटी के चार हर्फ लिए
सवाल ये है कि
किताबों ने क्या दिया मुझको”

“Educated people are the future and prosperity of the nation.” Each one of us has heard this statement from someone or the other, be it from a political leader trying to gather votes for himself or from a school teacher trying to create an Einstein out of a child who dreams to become Zakir Hussain or perhaps M.F. Hussain. Yes, what I am unable to comprehend is whether in present times education really holds so much power as it is propagated.

After devoting the best years of life to ardent studying when one finds himself unsuitable for every reputed job he had once aspired for, what else can we expect than a fresh stream of unsocial elements infiltrating our society. A well-known proverb by Victor Hugo goes—“He who opens a school door, closes a prison.” But today, merely by opening a school door, closing of a prison can surely not be ascertained. At the same time those comprising these prisons can definitely not be held responsible; they too have hunger to satisfy, people at home to feed and above all a life to live. For not very many possess the courage to jump from a skyscraper or plunge into running water. A well-educated person shall certainly not attribute the cause of all this to the growing population, for all of us are quite aware that India owns sufficient resources but resources which are unutilised, thanks to the handiwork of some great personalities who I do not think, require any introduction.

Now let's move on to the class encompassing those who, though utterly laborious are not as bright as to set an ambition in life. These are the ones who have to take things as they come, to make compromises at almost each step. What does education have for them—fruitless quests for jobs, which can endow them with the so-called ‘status’

in society, jobs which can give them the right to move around with the high class for one of the greatest gifts of the ever increasing nepotism these days is that fools ascend ladders of success much faster than the truly deserving ones.

Discussed above are the two general categories. Next let us bifurcate these and try to see from the point of view of each of the two sexes. People talk a lot about woman's liberation these days. Yet majority of these talk just for the sake of talking for when it comes to their own self, they want wives who are educated but homely, they want daughters-in-law who are aware of every nuance of the modern high-tech world but are well-versed in household jobs. Can education unbind the shackles of these young women who although well-equipped and aspiring to do something in life are compelled to shed their desires and to obey the norms of the society.

The situation for their male counterparts is not much different. Once a boy completes his education all eyes are set on him expecting him to qualify the toughest possible examinations and thus to prove that his education has not been a wastage of time and money. Those who are unable to do this are looked upon in a condescending manner and are branded as failures, as those who could not fulfil the long-cherished dreams of their parents and as those who could not compete with their intellectual co-students. Here it would be grossly incorrect to say that these people are unable to earn a living, they are very much able to do so but in a way they had not thought they would have to. What does education give to them—a life though moderately comfortable with a certain sense of guilt and inferiority complex always lingering somewhere. And of course not to forget those who are unable to bear the undue pressures succumb to ending their lives.

Finally I would like to state that the purpose of my article is in no way to

undermine the importance of education it is rather to make an endeavour highlight the way education is being exploited and its repercussions on today's youth and also to put forward my view of lifting a flower blossom in a way which comes naturally to it instead of thrusting upon it artificial, unrealistic garbs which might ultimately cause it to wither away. As for myself, I have not yet been able to find an appropriate answer to the question which the top of the article puts forward but have surely been able to carve out a way of console myself, which is through these following lines :

“If times are hard and you are blue
Think of others worrying too
Just because your trials are many
Don't think others haven't any.

—Niharika Sinha, XII

"RIDDLES"

1. What becomes bigger and bigger as it moves around?
2. How do you start a bear race?
3. I can't walk but I can run. What am I?
4. Which is the noisiest part of a tree?
5. Which part of the body needs cow milk?

Answers :

1. A rumour
2. Ready, teddy, go!
3. Water.
4. The bark.
5. The Calf (fleshy part of human below knee)

—Vasudha Singh, I

"Nature"



The renowned English poet John Keats, begins his famous poem : Endymion with the line—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." A thing of beauty touches the human heart as nothing else does. It elevates the human soul. Man feels some inexpressible human joy. The experience is unforgettable. That is why on seeing a host of daffodils on the bank of a lake, Wordsworth says :

"For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude."

God made plans for each one of us. All the living objects should have a healthy relationship around them. They should live in harmony but today there is happiness only in the animal world and nature. Man has become selfish and has gone astray. He has started destroying the wonderful gift of God. Nature was to be a life giving source not only giving enjoyment but also sustenance. Yet man has only bothered about receiving and not returning or caring about nature.

Man has started cutting down trees for certain business purposes. He is the main cause of pollutions. Air pollution is caused by smoke and harmful gases given out by the factories, vehicles etc. This is not only destroying nature but

also harming man. At the same time trees are decreasing in number. Consequently man gets no fresh air. He breathes in the polluted air of the atmosphere. We and the animals drink dirty water of the rivers which cause many diseases in us. We are the creator and suffer of sound and soil pollution also. The greatest impact of destruction of nature is deforestation. It leads to soil erosion. If this continues then one day we will all be living on deserts without any rain as trees are also responsible for rain.

If this ignorance regarding nature continues then one day, this selfishness of man is going to cause him harm. He is self-centered so he stands alone losing faith in his own friends. Man has betrayed nature but nature has always sacrificed for man. According to William Wordsworth who is a great lover of nature—"Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Wordsworth believes that nature is the greatest storehouse of wisdom, apart from being a source of internal happiness.

"One impulse from the vernal wood,
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can."

—Supriya Pandey, IX-C

CHOCOLATES

- 100 gms butter - unsalted
- 100 gms finely powdered sugar
- 4 tbl. spoons cocoa
- 2 tbl. spoons milk
- 100 gms crushed roasted peanuts
- 1/2 tbl. spoons vanilla essence
- 4 pieces mint sweets or Nestle Polo



Cut the butter into pieces, and put it with some milk in a Karahi. Add 4 teaspoons cocoa and 100 gms sugar. Keep the Karahi on a tawa on slow fire. Do not cook on direct heat. Now remove from the fire. Pulverise 4 pieces of mint and add to the hot chocolate mixture. Mix the mixture well, cool the mixture, add Vanilla essence and 100 gms nuts.

Keep the mixture in the refrigerator till it is thick and can be shaped into balls. Make balls. Wrap them in aluminium foil. Put them in the refrigerator. Now your chocolates are ready to be served whenever you want.

—Shubhanjali



MOTHER



God couldn't be there, with every child,
So he made a mom.
She brings a 'bundle of joy', into the world
and loves it like no other one.
She wipes your nose, she cleans your bums.
she sings for you lullabies,
she does not sleep in the night,
just to soothe your wails and cries.
Those arguments between you and her,
may upset her a bit,
but the moment you say, 'mom I'm hungry',
she dashes off to make your favourite dish
what you are today,
is all because of your mom,
she is an adorable woman,
who makes a house, a home.
Mother's love has no equal.

—Kali Azad, VIII-D

I HAVE LEARNT...

At the age of 6

I have learnt that God has given
food to live ; we must not waste it.

At the age of 8

I have learnt that the character of
a girl is clearly visible by the way she sits
at home and how she keeps her room.

At the age of 9

I have learnt that the nicest and most
lovable person in the world is my mother.

At the age of 10

I have learnt that a gentle answer
turns away wrath.

At the age of 12

I have learnt that, I like it when my
teacher scolds me.

At the age of 14

I have learnt that a sweet smile from
others cheers me and a smile from me
cheers others.

At the age of 15

I have learnt that it is very important
to be loved and accepted.

—Nimisha Arora, XI
Khushboo Arora, XII

INVENTIONS

Electronic AC	Genobe Gram	Belgium	1873
Electronic DC	Nikola Tesla	America	1888
Magnet	William Stergjan	England	1824
Talking films	J. Ingle, J. Musala, H. Voght	Germany	1922
Barometer	Evangelista Yariseli	Italy	1644
Telephone	Alexander Graham Bell	America	1876
Television (Electronic)	P.T. Francwarth	America	1927
Thermometer	Galilio Galilee	Italy	1593
Washing Machine	Marill, Machine Company, H.M.A.	America	1907
Watch	Barthalomaeo Manfredy Macfareddy	Italy	1462

—Aanchal Tripathi, V-D

My Little Pony

I had a little pony
His name was Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away
She whipped him, she raised him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.

WORKSHOP AT NCZCC

Keeping all these things in mind our Rev. Sister Christina does not miss the chance of providing us such opportunities. Recently she gave us the chance to acquaint ourselves with the traditional arts of our country like cane-weaving, kite making, tie and dye, clay modelling, pot making with the help of wheels, puppet making, origami etc. at North Central Zone Cultural Centre. It was a unique experience for all of us, who participated in this camp. It was a four day camp and you will be surprised to know that with the co-operation of our teachers and NCZCC staff we learnt those arts so quickly that we even organised a little exhibition of those things which fortunately got all praises from Mrs Tarla Joshi, the Chief Guest at the occasion.

Mr. Hari Singh a gentleman from Delhi taught us cane weaving. To be very frank, in the beginning we were very apprehensive, whether we'll be able to weave or not, as it appeared an uphill task, but to our surprise we made it on the first day within a couple of hours. It was a great achievement for us. His (Mr. Hari Singh's) way of explaining the steps was so simple that any lay man could follow it. His modus operandi was excellent and we grasped it easily and thoroughly.

Another gentleman, Mr. V.K. Sharma taught us the fascinating art of paper toy making. We made very interesting and funny toys like Jadui Chavri, Jadui Batua, Phool Khile Gulshan-Gulshan etc.

Similarly Mr. Naushad Singh Patangwala taught us how to make different kinds of stylish and fancy kites with tissue and crepe papers. It was fun to learn it.

The hands behind the pots were that of Mr. Shiv Lal Ji. We made different types of potteries under his able guidance and enjoyed the experience very much.

Besides, in our clay modelling course we were taught how to make clay dolls, birds, statues of Shri Ganesha, elephants, goats etc. Making puppets and face-masks was also very interesting and enjoyable.

Tie and Dye is a wonderful Rajasthani art. This art can make your surroundings colourful even if you are living in a desert. This bright art can be used on hankies, Dupattas, Cushion covers, Bedsheets and Bedcovers. Here Mrs. Bajaj was our source of inspiration.

The NCZCC camp has awakened the desire in us to come close to the traditional arts and culture of our country India. We are very proud of our rich and varied heritage.

Music can break the chains of regions, caste, creed and languages. We learnt to sing in Hindi, Punjabi, Marathi, Kashmiri, Gujarati and Rajasthani. Unity in diversity was the noble theme "Hind Desh Ke Nivasi Sabhi Jan Ek Hain Rang Roop Vesh Bhasha Chahen Anek Hon." It was a pleasant experience to sing with tabla and harmonium. In the evening we presented a cultural programme which was applauded by one and all. When we were singing that patriotic song wearing different Indian costumes, everyone felt that the whole of India was on the stage.

We are truly grateful to Sister Christina for giving us an opportunity to learn the diverse arts. Last but not the least our special thanks to Mrs. S. Agarwal who accompanied us and spent her valuable time with us.



MY DADDY

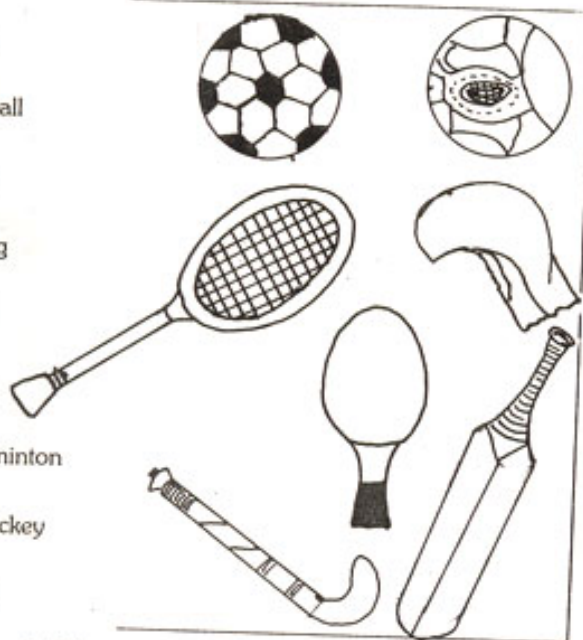


Whose hand is it that guides me
Along the pathway of my life
Whose hand is it that helps me
In my work and in my strife.
Whose voice is it that tells me
What should or should not be done
Whose voice is it that urges me
To keep on fighting till the battle is won
Whose love is it that binds me.
With bonds so true and warm
Whose love is it that nurtures me
And shields me from any harm.
He is the one who is always by my side
Whenever my world falls apart
He is the one who always resides
In my soul, my mind and my heart.
Whoever this person is he cannot
Bear to see me sad
For though we quarrel and fight a lot
I'll always love my Dad!

—Sakshi Mishra

NAME THE GAME WITH WHICH THESE TERMS ARE USED

- Throw in—Football
- Fast break—Basketball
- Spiking—Volley ball
- Knocked out—Boxing
- Double fault—Tennis
- Crawl—Swimming
- A deadly drop—Badminton
- A penalty corner—Hockey
- A home run—Cricket.



—Juhi Nigam

Fascinating Facts

Boxwood is one of the few woods that actually sinks in water.

Crickets hear through their knees. Cicadas hear through their stomachs.

Experiments with ants have shown that they are capable of lifting stones fifty times their own weight and pulling loads three hundred times their own weight.



WHAT MAKES SMC GREAT ?

Our school is great. It will always be great. Because we follow the maxims that state :

Prize your honour higher than your life.

You'll always be successful in your life.

Do good and do it well

And see the satisfaction you get

Learn to obey before you command

As commitment comes before a demand.

Use the talents that you possess.

To make your life a big success.

Let us sue these golden rules

To make S.M.C. the best among schools.

—Lori Rai, IX-D

Value of Goodness

Goodness is a great virtue. It is the point of human character. A person is known by goodness throughout and depicts the victory of good over evil. Man is a complex creature, a mixture of good and evil. The evil tendencies in him are of an evil nature which ultimately lead to destruction. On the other hand, goodness is manifested in unity and co-operation. These are positive tendencies and lead to love and popularity. And also the battles of conscience are won throughout by goodness.

Shreya Mukherjee, IX-B

On an average about 70,000 people die in road accidents every year in India.

During your lifetime you might expect to breathe about two and a half times the amount of air that would fill a large airship.

One ton of uranium produces the same amount of energy as 30,000 tonnes of coal.

Sound travels so well in the Arctic that on a still day it is possible to hear an ordinary conversation from a distance of three kilometers.

—Khushboo Akhter, VII-B

DO YOU KNOW ?

1. A country where there are no mosquitoes—France.
2. A river that changes its water from sweet to sour and vice-versa after every 12-years—Urutsro River in Tibet.
3. A woman who had 13 inches waist—Catherine the queen of France.



4. A bird which can carry an elephant—Ukkals in Soviet Russia.
5. River having water of blood red colour—Tiotinta River in Spain.
6. A hill which changes its colour every day—Ires rock in South Australia.
7. George Washington is the U.S. President not to have shaken hands during his tenure.
8. Longest named musical instrument is Hydrodaktapulsi Charmonca.
9. Longest regularly formed English word is Praeter Transsubstantiationally.
10. A country where there are only mares—Vatican city in Europe.
11. A country which does not have any cinema halls—Bhutan.
12. A judge who used to give his judgment by standing upside down for 16 years continuously—Gressler from Imphal.

—Naila Afrin, XI—C

FUNNY DEFINITIONS



School—A place where papa pays and son plays.

Hostel—A modern hospital, visited by people suffering from a special disease called "STUDY".

Doctor—One who charges before discharging his duties.

Pocket—Which is mostly empty except for the first few days of a month.

Family—A group of people who own different keys to the same house.

Temple—A cage where God is imprisoned and his relatives come to meet him.

Death—A ticket for the journey to the other world.

Station—A home for homeless persons.

—Priyanka Phillips., XI-A

Thoughts

Let the joy of living fill your heart
to every glory —Holy Quran.

BARBIE



My Barbie has such a pretty face,
Such big and laughing eyes
I cry when mummy scolds me
But Barbie never cries
Her dress is always pretty
At home and on street,
My dress gets crumpled
When I play.
But Barbie is always neat
She never fights and quarrels
When strangers come to stay
I get angry when others
break my toys,
But Barbie smiles all Day
"Barbie you are the best
Be it the East or west
With your beautiful eyes
And your, enchanting
smile"

—Aanchal Arora, V-D



Appreciation from Parents

20-11-2000

Dear Teacher,

It was a pleasure and a privilege to watch the primary students' annual sport function : The function was superbly organized and was befitting and a true reflection of the high standards your school is setting.

"Masons on the Run" was particularly very innovative.

My heartiest congratulation to the Principal, all the teachers, and all the students:

Best wishes and regards,

B.B. Agrawal D & S)

*Joint Commissioner Customs & Central Excise,
Allahabad*

C.M.P. Degree College, Allahabad

Chemistry Department

Dr. Ashok Ranjan Saksena, D.Sc.

Sr. Reader

Ph. : 560109

'Chhaya-Smriti'

148-B, Baghambari Housing
Scheme, Allahabad-211006

To,

The Principal
St. Mary's Convent
Allahabad

Respected Madam,

We were invited for the first time on 31st July to the concert hall of S.M.C as parents to see the cultural show arranged by the students of XII class, on the occasion of parents day. We are proud of our daughter and the college and the fact is that she proves herself a worthy student of this great institution known throughout the world for its merits, excellence and commitment. We appreciate the sincere efforts of all her fellow friends in making the show a grand success and realised that parents are only guardians who provide security to their wards and assist them in building their career but teachers are greater than parents in reading the real values of a finer life with a devotion for society and nation. Behind the scene remains a person who works as a first brick in developing the school, that you are Sister and we congratulate you for encouragement given to the students specially in allowing them to wear saris and presenting a model of our ancient Hindu Culture.

We have seen the hand written magazine of XII C prepared on the paper petals of PEEPAL TREE. The ancient manuscripts are found written on 'BHOJ PATRAS' and preserved in libraries and Museums. Students have tried to conceive this concept and tried to probate the same through this magazine. We appreciate the effort made by all the students of Class XIIth in bringing all these three editions and we do hope that the college will preserve these hand written manuscripts for the future generations to see and look into the past, the glorious past and a novel history of this great institution founded by Mary Ward.

We once again thank you for invitation.

Yours truly

Dr. A.R. Saxena & Dr (Mrs.) Ranjana Saxena

Parents of Poorva Ranjan, Student of Class XII C. (P.C.B.M. group)

C. K. Tewary

I.A.S.

Vice Chairman

Allahabad Development Authority
Indira Bhawan, Civil Lines, Allahabad

O : 600289

R : 623908

Fax : 600289

Dear Sister Christina,

I was highly delighted to witness the annual sports function of your school on 17th November, 2000. I congratulate you for organizing a wonderful and successful event and wish your school all the best for future.

With regards,

Your sincerely

(C.K. Tewary)

Rajeshwar Singh

(P.P.S.)

Dy. Supdt. of Police

Address :

17, Dayanand Marg,
Civil lines, Alld-1

Ph. : 622789, C-866

Mahanagar Extn.

Lko-6, Ph. 376129

Principal SMC Alld.

Rev. Sister,

I must congratulate you for the brilliant performance by your children on 17th.

I can very well understand the hard-work & time devoted for such a flawless and outstanding show. Kindly congratulate your staff also.

Rest is fine, let me know if I can do anything for you or your school.

Yours sincerely,

Rajeshwar Singh

HERE WE GO UP MANALI HILLS !!



Among the Snow-Capped Peaks of Rohtang (Manali)

The hustle and bustle on platform no. 1 of the Allahabad junction on the 24th of October, 2000, trumpeted the commencement of the educational tour of class XI S.M.C. Girls to Manali Hills. The entire platform came alive with the chirping of the excited girls.

Sr. Christina, hardly visible amidst a crowd of girls, ticked off our names as we kept pouring in. With her, stood four teachers of our school, Mrs. Haroon, Mrs. Ali, Sister Alice and Miss Ghosh, along with Mr. Wilson. We started feeling the thrill and pleasure that the trip held in store for us.

Within no time we got settled down. There was a mad rush of eager waving and last minute instructions from our parents. The enthusiasm of the excursion was so intense that it overpowered the feeling of remorse that 'good byes' usually give.

The night slipped away, joking, laughing and singing with none of us sleeping a wink. As the train ate up the miles, we could see the dark night give way to early morning within seconds. Soon we reached the outskirts of Delhi.

With the same hustle bustle we alighted the platform and boarded the waiting buses. Our bus picked up speed and joined the general stream of traffic, on its way to K.C. Plaza. We saw the broad clean street with a vast number of sleek, elegant, imported cars and got the feel of the country's capital.

Soon we reached and checked in at the K.C. Plaza. After a wash, we devoured a meal of Aloo Parathas, and pickle and washed it down with cokes. A few hours and a short nap later, we were on the road again and speeding towards Chand-

igarh. On the way, we stopped and had our fill of a typical Punjabi Meal. (Parathas, Paneer Rasa, rice and slices of onions) packed in neat aluminium foil wrappers.

We hit the road again and continued with our journey till around six o'clock, when we got down at Pinjore gardens for sight seeing. The monument was lit up with hundreds of bulbs and glowed against the dark evening sky. Dinner was served, in cute plastic trays, and we had a picnic under the trees there.

That night passed in chatting and occasional naps, as we curled up in the

comfortable seats of our buses. The bus sped along the dark night through the hair-pin bends of the hill roads. The early dawn found us wrapped in blankets and shawls and still shivering. But not for long as we approached our destination, 'The new Shivalik Hotel.'

We made our way to our rooms and bathrooms, and soon went down for breakfast which was served out in the open. Shortly after we boarded our buses and were on our way to 'Rohtang'. The buses climbed the narrow roads with sharper bends. Rohtang turned out to be colder than the witch's nose. Our hands thrust into warm gloves were numb. We hired fur coats and gum boots, and wore them over our jackets and shoes making us look like 'Eskimos', specially Sister Christina, whom we had never seen in any other outfit before.

That night was supposed to be a bonfire night complete with fire crackers to celebrate Diwali. It was a wonderful experience for all of us although we were spending it away from our homes, we had all our friends around us, singing and dancing around the glowing logs of woods.

The next day was spent in shopping till the time came for us to start on our return journey. We reached K.C. Plaza and were reminded of the time spent earlier. After lunch we set off again to shop to our heart's content. Later on we collected at 'Mac Donalds'. The time for our departure drew closer and closer. We collected our bags from the hotel, checked out and reached the Delhi Station. We were on the last leg of the journey. The tired and gloomy atmosphere of our compartment was thick enough to lean on.

As our train touched the Allahbad junction, Sister Christina must have heaved a sigh of relief to have brought us back safe and sound. 'Hats off to you, Sister Christina and many thanks.'

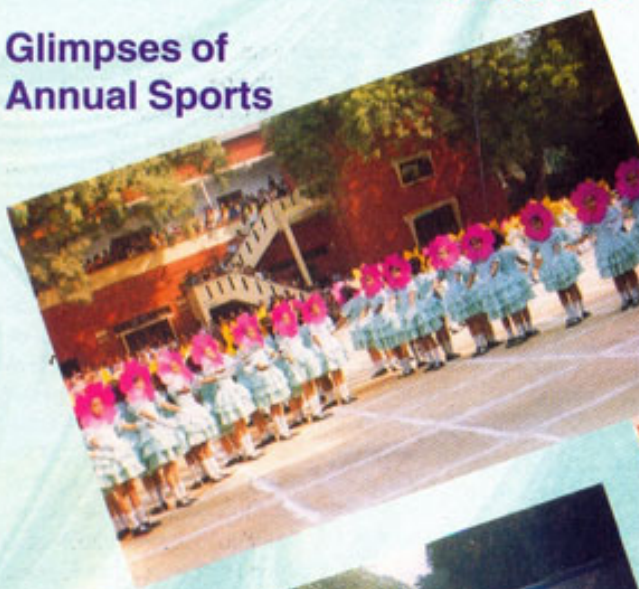
Abhilasha Singh, XI-A.



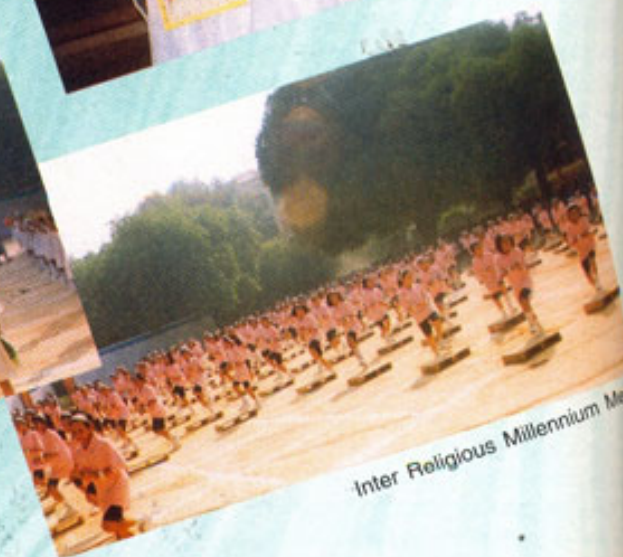
Shopping in the Bazaars of Kulu

PHOTO FEATURE

Glimpses of Annual Sports



Little Angels of SM



Inter Religious Millennium Me

PHOTO FEATURE

Christmas Celebrations



Christmas Celebrations



Jingle Bells! — Christmas is in the Air



Shivanjali Kumar, Miss SMC alongwith Neha Kapoor, 1st runner-up & Iram Ibrahim, 2nd runner-up



Merry Christmas

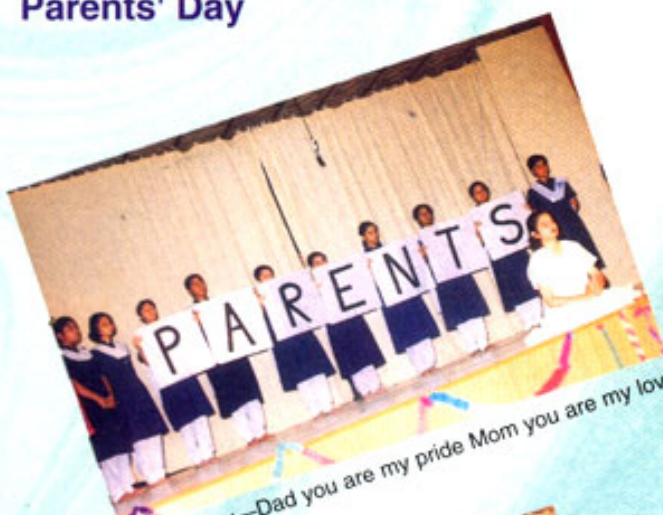


Little Angels of SMC



PHOTO FEATURE

Parents' Day



Parents Day—Dad you are my pride Mom you are my love



PHOTO FEATURE

Diwali



With Diwali Celebrations in SMC let us resolve to spread the Light of goodness. "This little guiding light of mine, I'm going to let it shine".



Diwali Celebrations



Nupur Mishra
L.T.S. General Secretary



Oath taking by the Head Girl,
Shivanjali Kumar

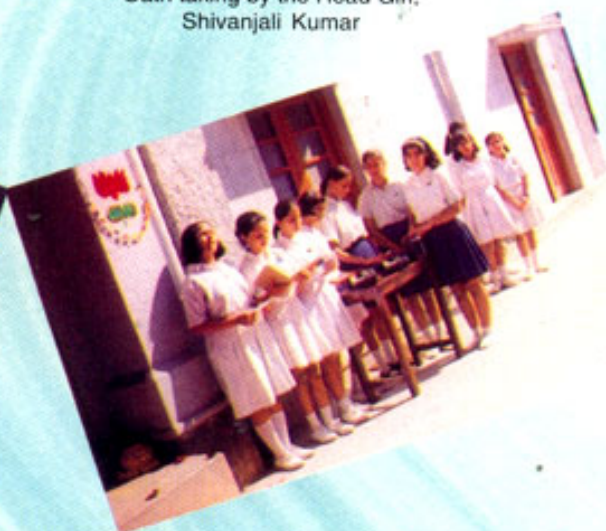
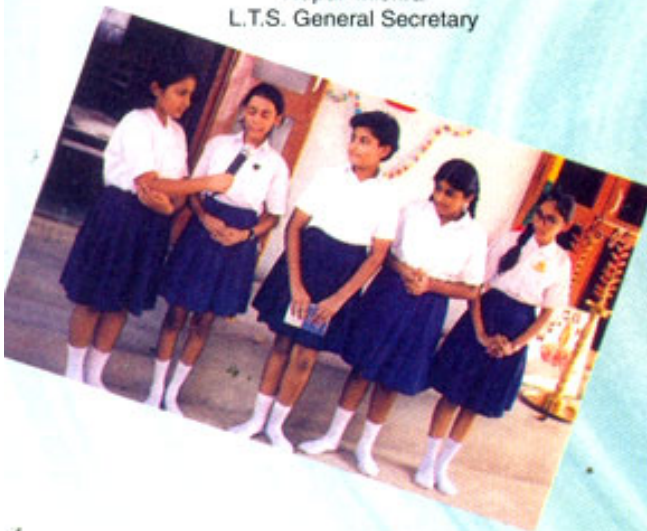
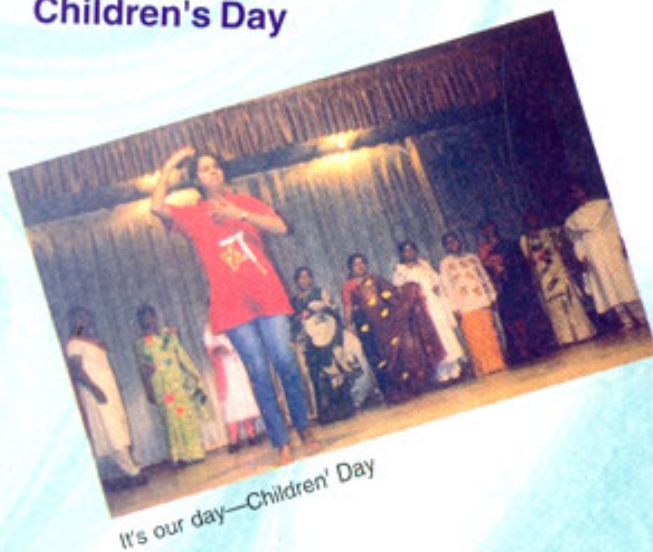


PHOTO FEATURE

Children's Day



It's our day—Children' Day



Children's Day



Children's Day



Inter Religious Millennium Meet



Workshop at NCZEE—A learning experience



Farewell to Class XII ISC 2000-2001

PHOTO FEATURE



Inter School March-past winner SMC with Bishop
Rt. Rev. Isidore Fernandez



Inauguration of Science Exhibition by,
Fr. K. K. Antony, Principal, St. Joseph's College



Manuscript Magazines of Classes (Section wise)
A unique venture of year 2000-2001



Office bearers of Students' body



Torch Ceremony - July 2000



Oath taking by the Vice Captains
Yellow house - Avantika Manohar
Green house - Sana Siddiqui
Red house - Garima Gulati
Blue house - Tulika Banerjee



हिन्दी विभाग

"भाषा भावों की अभिव्यक्ति है और भाव भाषा की जननी इसलिए इनके माध्यम से ही एक सन्तुलित व्यक्तित्व आकार लेता है।"

“जो पढ़ें उसे जीवन में उतारे भी”



स्वाध्याय एवं चिन्तन मनन की महत्ता का प्रतिपादन शास्त्रों में विस्तारपूर्वक किया गया है। “स्वाध्याये नित्ययुक्तः स्यात्”। अर्थात् स्वाध्याय का विकास तत्पर रहने पर होता है क्योंकि इससे सद्बुद्धि बढ़ती है और उससे समस्त समस्याओं का समाधान मिलता है। स्वाध्याय करते समय समस्त दुःखों से मुक्ति मिलती है। स्वाध्याय की महत्ता जानते हुए प्रायः लोग अच्छी पुस्तकें पढ़ते हैं, परन्तु जो पढ़ा गया है उस पर चिन्तन, मनन और वार्तालाप नहीं करते। यही कारण है कि उस अध्ययन का प्रभाव जीवन में स्थायी नहीं हो पाता। यदि पुस्तकों, शास्त्रों के सार जीवन में उतारने की प्रक्रिया लोग सीख जाएं तो सामान्य सी परिस्थितियों में ही हर व्यक्ति उत्कृष्टता के चरम बिन्दु तक पहुँच सकता है। अच्छी पुस्तकें, महापुरुषों की जीवन गाथाएं पौष्टिक आहार हैं, जो मन-बुद्धि, आचार-विचार, तर्क व विवेक को परिपुष्ट करके आत्मोत्थान का पथ प्रशस्त करती हैं।

जब गाँधी जी ने महान मनीषी रस्किन की लिखी पुस्तक — ‘अन टू दिस लास्ट’ का अध्ययन किया तो इस पुस्तक ने उनका सारा जीवन बदल दिया। यह पुस्तक जीवन भर उनकी मार्गदर्शिका रही। स्वाध्यायशीलता और पढ़े हुए को जीवन में रचाने-पचाने के अभ्यास ने गाँधी जी को महान बना दिया। बर्मा की घाटी पर आजाद हिन्द फौज का मुकाबला अंग्रेजी सेना की एक टुकड़ी से हो गया। आजाद हिन्द सेना के कुल तीन जवान थे और अंग्रेजों की भारी भरकम टुकड़ी। इस भीषण परिस्थिति में सुभाषचन्द्र बोस बैठे, स्वामी विवेकानन्द की पुस्तक पढ़ रहे थे। पुस्तक के इस अंश में “जब संकटों के बादल सिर पर मंडरा रहे हों, तब भी मनुष्य को धैर्य नहीं छोड़ना चाहिए। धैर्यवान व्यक्ति भीषण परिस्थितियों में भी विजयी होते हैं,” नेताजी को प्रेरणा से आलोकित कर दिया। घाटी से खबर आयी की क्या-तीनों सैनिक पीछे हटा लिए जाएं? नेताजी बोले, “जब तक एक भी सैनिक जीवित रहता है, चौकी खाली न की जाए और रात भर गोली चलाते रहे।” प्रातः काल उन्होंने देखा कि अंग्रेजी सेना के कुछ सैनिक तो मरे पड़े हैं, शेष अपना सामान छोड़कर भाग गए हैं।

सात वर्ष के एक बालक में पढ़ने की अभिरुचि जागी। जब उसके दोस्त मटरगश्ती कर होते तब वह कोई कहानी, धार्मिक, पुस्तक आदि पढ़ रहा होता। फिर उसने बेकार पुस्तकें पढ़ना छोड़ दिया और रचनात्मक, निर्माणत्मक साहित्य पढ़ने लगा। इससे उसके में पाश्चात्य बुराइयों का समावेश न हो सका। यही लड़का एक दिन जार्ज बर्नार्डशा के नाम से प्रसिद्ध हुआ। वे सर्वश्रेष्ठ नाटककारों में से एक थे।

मैक्सिम गोर्की ने लिखा था, “मैंने बहुत सी पुस्तकें पढ़ी हैं। प्रत्येक पुस्तक का सारांश ही उतरकर मेरे जीवन में समा गया है और जो सफलता दिखाई दे रही है, वह उनका-आशीर्वाद है।”

हम भी यदि पढ़े हुए आदर्शों को अपने जीवन में उतार सके तो हमारी गणना भी गाँधी, गोर्की जैसे महान पुरुषों में होगी।

संकलन : राशि मालवीया, 11-ए

हा - हा ! ही ही ! हू हू !!!

छात्र—“सर ! सिट डाउन की हिन्दी क्या होती है।”

अध्यापक—बैठ जाओ।”

छात्र बैठ गया। थोड़ी देर बाद उसने फिर वही सवाल किया तो अध्यापक दहाड़ते हुए बोला

— “चुपचाप बैठ जाओ।”

छात्र अपनी कापी में ‘सिट डाऊन’ के आगे ‘चुपचाप’ लिखकर बैठ गया।

में ना पढ़ने जाऊं



इंग्लिश की टीचर कहती हैं
बस, अंग्रेजी बोलो,
कहो जबानी जो कहना हो
नहीं किताबें खोलो।
“छुट्टी दे दे” अंग्रेजी में
कैसे उन्हें बताऊं?
हिन्दी के टीचर डंडे से
हमको रोज डराते,
खड़ा बेंच पर कर, खर्वाटे
लेते खुद सो जाते।
खतम पीरिएड जब हो जाए
कैसे उन्हें जगाऊं?
पी0टी0 के टीचर तो हमको
रोज-रोज दौड़ाते
गुल्ली-डंडा, गोली, कंचे,
बिल्कुल नहीं खिलाते।
दो हैं पैर, भला फिर क्यों मैं
लंगड़ी दौड़ लगाऊं ?
बड़ी अटपटी बात पूछते
हिस्ट्री के टीचर जी,
किसने वो मीनार बनाई
किसने तोड़ी बुरजी ?
मैं क्या थी, मौजूद वहां पर
जो मैं उन्हें बताऊं ?
ज्यौग्रफी के टीचर उलटी
पुल्टी बात बताते
तारे बहुत बड़े हैं, चंदा
छोटे हैं, खिलाते।
उनके जैसा मोटा चश्मा
भला कहां से लाऊं ?

उर्वशी जैन, 5-ए

हाय रे परीक्षा



मनुष्य को जीवन भर अनेक परीक्षाओं से होकर गुजरना पड़ता है। उनमें से कई परीक्षाओं में वह सफल होता है और कई में वह असफल होता है। जो व्यक्ति निरन्तर परिश्रम से किसी कार्य को करता है वह अपनी परीक्षा में अवश्य ही सफल होता है। उसके लिए परीक्षा की घड़ी कोई कठिन घड़ी नहीं होती है।

छात्र जीवन में भी व्यक्ति को अनेक परीक्षाओं का सामना करना पड़ता है।

प्रस्तुत व्यंग में मैंने ये दिखाने का प्रयत्न किया है कि जो व्यक्ति शुरू से परिश्रम नहीं करता है, उसका अन्त में क्या हाल होता है। प्रस्तुत व्यंग की प्रेरणा मैंने अपनी परीक्षा से ली है।

परीक्षा किसे बुरी नहीं लगती। हर कोई किसी न किसी तरीके से बस उससे पीछा छुड़ाना चाहता है। परीक्षा के दिन आम दिनों से एकदम भिन्न होते हैं क्योंकि इस दिन सभी विद्यार्थी हाथों में पुस्तक थामे और कोई किसी से कुछ पूछता हुआ नजर आता है तो किसी को कुछ बताते हुए। यह होता है एक परीक्षा के दिन का दृश्य।

उस दिन मेरी इतिहास की परीक्षा थी। पूरे के पूरे नौ पाठ आ रहे थे। इतिहास मुझे कभी अच्छा नहीं लगता, वही गड़े मुर्दे उखाड़ना। पढ़ते-पढ़ते मुझे तो नींद ही आने लगती है। मैं सोचती हूँ कि हम लोगों के बारे में तो कोई पढ़ेगा नहीं लेकिन हम लोगों को सबके बारे में पढ़ना होता है फिर वह चाहे अकबर हो या लाल, बाल पाल।

पाठ तो सारे याद किए थे किन्तु परीक्षा में लिखते समय सब कुछ याद आ जाना बहुत बड़ी

बात है। इसलिए याद किए गए पाठों का पुनः निरीक्षण करती हुई मैं जैसे ही बस से उतरी तो मेरी एक मित्र ने एक बात का ध्यान दिलाते हुए मुझे बताया कि आज शनिवार होने के कारण सफेद स्कर्ट पहननी थी। इतिहास याद करते-करते मैं तो अपनी ड्रेस के बारे में भूल ही गयी थी। खैर अब पछताने से कोई फायदा तो था नहीं इसलिए थोड़ा सा डरती हुई और स्वयं अपना ही मनोबल बढ़ाते हुए मैं किसी तरह स्कूल गेट के अन्दर घुसी।

अंदर घुसते ही मुझे थोड़ा और डर लगने लगा क्योंकि मुझे ऐसा लग रहा था मानों मैं सब कुछ भूल गई हूँ।

पुनः निरीक्षण के लिए प्रायः मैं और मेरी सहेलियाँ 'बास्केट-बाल फील्ड' में इकट्ठा होते हैं। वहाँ पहुँची तो सुझाव देने वालों की कमी नहीं थी क्योंकि हमारे विद्यालय में इतिहास के साथ नागरिक-शास्त्र अर्थात् सिविल्स की भी परीक्षा होती है इसलिए कोई कह रहा था कि पब्लिक सेक्टर इन्डस्ट्रीज अच्छी तरह याद कर लेना तो कोई 'मॉडरेट्स और एक्सट्रीमिस्ट्स' में भेद याद करने का सुझाव दे रहा था। कोई कह रहा था 'ये' तो कोई रहा था 'वो'। किन्तु इस ये-वो में जो अपना याद करके आई थी, उसे भी भूलता हुआ सा पा रही थी।

कुछ लड़कियाँ ऐसी भी थीं जिन्हें कोई डर नहीं लग रहा था। अपितु, बात करते हुए हँसने में उनकी बार-बार दंतपंक्तियाँ दिखाई दे रही थीं। आखिरकार, घंटी बज ही गई। प्रार्थना के बाद हम लोग बैग रखने 'म्यूजिक हाल' जाते हैं। चलते-चलते मेरी एक मित्र ने मुस्लिम लीग की

स्थापना की तिथि बताकर मेरे ज्ञान कोष में की एक और बात बढ़ा दी और second world war कब शुरू हुआ था कि तिथि पूछकर ज्ञान की बात मैंने स्वयं अपने ज्ञानकोष में खोज ली। प्रश्न पत्र पढ़ने पर पहले तो मेरे चेहरे खुशी की लहर दौड़ गई फिर डर भी लगने लगा कि कहीं लिखते समय मैं कुछ भूल न जाऊँ। संयोग से मुस्लिम लीग की स्थापना की तिथि पूछ ही ली गयी किन्तु second world war शुरू होने को तो नहीं, 'हाँ' अंत होने की तिथि अवश्य पूछ ली गई थी। मैं अपने आप को कोसने लगी कि काश मैंने second world war शुरू होने की जगह अंत होने की तिथि पूछ ली होती।

परीक्षा में मेरा एक सिद्धान्त है कि भले कोई प्रश्न आए न आए किन्तु कभी भी कोई प्रश्न छोड़ना नहीं चाहिए या फिर अन्य शब्दों से तुक्का मार देना चाहिए। परीक्षा में एक दो प्रश्न में मैंने इस सिद्धान्त का उपयोग भी किया।

मेरे दिमाग में सब कुछ गडमड हो रहा था मैं याद करके गई थी राजा राम मोहन राय के बारे में और पूछ लिया गया स्वामी दयानन्द के बारे में। मैं बार-बार स्वामी के सुधारों के बारे में लिखने की कोशिश कर रही थी किन्तु राजा राम मोहन राय के सुधार ही मेरे दिमाग में घूम रहे थे। अंत में मैंने सबके सुधारों की खिचड़ी पकाकर उत्तर-पुस्तिका में परोस दिया। जैसे-तैसे मेरे इतिहास की परीक्षा खत्म हो गयी। किन्तु अन्त में मुझे एक शेर याद आ रहा था—

“History Geography बड़ी बेवफा,
रात भर याद की, दिन को सफा।”

मेरे प्यारे मित्रों, इन पाँच सौ शब्दों का अर्थ थोड़े से शब्दों में बस इतना ही है कि जो व्यक्ति शुरू से परिश्रम नहीं करता है वह हमेशा अंत में पछताता है। सतत परिश्रम ही प्रकृति का नियम है। अतः जो व्यक्ति शुरू से परिश्रम करता है वही सही मायने में सफलता का अधिकारी है। सहयोग से

आकांक्षा कुमरा

जीवन सम्बल-पुरुषार्थ

यह अक्षरशः सत्य है कि मनुष्य अपने भाग्य का विधाता स्वयं है।

“उद्योगिन् पुरुष सिंह मुपैति लक्ष्मी”

उद्योगशील सिंह पुरुष ही सुख, सम्पत्ति, वैभव प्राप्त करते हैं यह सर्वविदित है वास्तव में पुरुषार्थ ही मानव जीवन की आधार शिला है।

समस्त सृष्टि ईश्वरी देन है किन्तु सृष्टि का विकसित रूप पुरुषार्थ का ही परिणाम है। कवि दिनकर का कथन कितना सार्थक है—

“ब्रह्मा से कुछ लिखाकर भाग्य में मनुज नहीं लाया

अपना सुख अपने भुजबल से उसने पाया है”

पुरुषार्थ ऐसा चुम्बक है जो सभी उत्तम पदार्थों को पास खींच लाता है। यदि जीवन को स्वर्ण समान खरा बनाना है तो भाग्य नहीं पुरुषार्थ ही जीवन का सम्बल है—

“बिना कसौटी कब सोना खरा कंचन कहलाया।”

सच है, मनुष्य का सर्वोत्तम मित्र भाग्य नहीं ये दस उंगलियाँ हैं। इन उंगलियों की कर्मठता से हम भाग्य को अपनी मुट्ठी में बाँध सकते हैं। सिद्धियाँ कर्मठ पुरुष के चरण चूमती हैं—

“शिव वन भीषण मंथन कर अमृत रस सींचो।”

यदि मनुष्य यह सोच कर निष्क्रिय बैठ जाये कि “होइ है सोई जो राम रचि राखा।” तो जीवन में कुछ प्राप्त नहीं किया जा सकता। ईश्वर सहायता उसी की करता है जो अपनी सहायता स्वयं करते हैं। यह भाग्यवादी दृष्टिकोण घोर निराशा, सघन अवसाद, उत्पन्न करता है। सब कुछ भाग्य का खेल मान कर हाथ पर हाथ धरे बैठ जाना निष्क्रियता, कायरता है। भाग्य की उपेक्षा कर्म ही पुरुषार्थ है। तुलसीदास जी ने सुप्त जनता को जागृत कर प्रेरणा दी—

“कर्म प्रधान विश्व रचि राखा”

बहते दरिया का जल कभी सड़ता नहीं। कर्म की नींव पर ही विश्व की आध्यात्मिक, भौतिक आधारशिला का निर्माण हुआ। इसलिये कर्म करो, निरन्तर कर्म करो।

गीता में कृष्ण ने कहा — ‘नियतं कुरु कर्म’ कर्म तो मैं भी करता हूँ यदि मेरे कर्म में शिथिलता आ जाये तो सूर्य, चन्द्रमा, तारे, पृथ्वी अपना कर्तव्य छोड़ दें, सृष्टि का विधान उलट जायेगा। कर्मवादी पुरुषार्थवादी विचार धारा से धैर्य, संयम, त्याग, दृढ़ता, एकाग्रता, आत्मविश्वास सद्गुणों का विकास होता है। ऐसे कर्मवीरों द्वारा ही समाज राष्ट्र का निर्माण होता है।

अनेक महापुरुषों के जीवन इस तथ्य की पुष्टि करते हैं। अपने देश की आजादी अपने देश के नेताओं के पुरुषार्थ का ही परिणाम है। पूज्य गांधी जी का तो नाम ही ‘कर्मचन्द’ था तथा उनका जीवन कर्म का सजीव रूप। संसार के उन्नतिशील देश ने अपने पुरुषार्थ के बल पर ही उन्नति की। एक विद्वान का कथन है—

“यदि तुम संसार भर के पापों से बचना चाहते हो तो कर्म करो, चाहे तुम्हारा काम अस्तबल साफ करना क्यों न हो।”

उन्नति, उत्कर्ष का मूल मंत्र एक मात्र पुरुषार्थ में ही निहित है पुरुषार्थ भीषणतम कठिनाइयों को रौंदता हुआ सफलता प्राप्त करता है। हमारी संस्कृति का पूर्ण आधार फल कामना रहित कर्म ही है। श्री कृष्ण ने अर्जुन से कहा—

“कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन।”

यह तो मानना पड़ेगा कि भाग्य और पुरुषार्थ जीवन के दो प्रमुख पहलू हैं। कभी भाग्य कभी पुरुषार्थ, किन्तु पुरुषार्थ सदा भाग्य से प्रबल होता है क्योंकि

‘कर्म हीन नर पावत नहीं।’

कर्म ही हमारा भाग्य निर्माता है—

‘पुरुषार्थी स्वयं नया इतिहास बनाता,

सृष्टि को नव जीवन दे, युग पुरुष कहलाता’

अन्त में, भाग्य द्वारा मिलता है—ऐसा आलसी एवं कायर पुरुष कहते हैं सर्वविदित है—‘वीर भोग्या वसुन्धरा।’

“कर्ताधर्ता तो ईश्वर है कर्म रती इन्सान”

तुहिन मालवीया, द्वादश कक्षा

प्यार मुझे सब करते हैं

प्यार मुझे सब करते हैं
क्योंकि मैं एक छोटी बच्ची हूँ।।
सबका कहना मानती हूँ मैं,
समय से पढ़ती लिखती हूँ।
पर, बहुत शरारत करती हूँ,
क्योंकि मैं एक छोटी बच्ची हूँ।।
रोज़ खेलना जाती हूँ मैं,
बड़ों का आदर करती हूँ।
पर, बात-बात पर रूठती हूँ।
क्योंकि मैं एक छोटी बच्ची हूँ।।
खुब लड़ती और झगड़ती हूँ मैं,
मम्मी मुझे मनाती है,
एक दो चपत लगाती है।
पर प्यार मुझे सब करते हैं,
क्योंकि मैं एक छोटी बच्ची हूँ।।

मोनीशा आइज़क, 3-ए

चिड़िया



एक चिड़िया के बच्चे चार,
घर से निकले पंख पसार।
पूरब से पश्चिम को जाते,
उत्तर से फिर दक्षिण जाते,
धूम-धाम कर घर को आते,
मम्मी को एक बात बताते,
“देख लिया हमने जग सारा
अपना जग है सबसे प्यारा।”

अंकिता बनर्जी, II-A



मेरी दादी



मेरी दादी प्यारी-प्यारी,
देती चॉकलेट डेर सारी।
रोज सुनाती मुझे कहानी,
जिसमें होते राजा-रानी।
माँ की डाँट से मुझे बचाती,
सुना के चुटकुले खूब हँसाती।
ऐसी ही है मेरी दादी,
अच्छी-अच्छी, प्यारी-प्यारी।

नेहा पाठक, 2-ए

चंदा मामा

चंदा मामा आओ ना,
लोरी एक सुनाओ ना।
गुड़िया तुम्हें बुलाती है,
तुम्हें देख मुस्काती है।
चुपके से आ जाओ ना,
कुछ तारे दे जाओ ना।
निंदिया में आ जाओ ना,
सपने खूब दिखाओ ना।
चंदा मामा आओ ना
लोरी एक सुनाओ ना।

अपूर्वा श्रीवास्तव, 2-बी

मेरी माँ

हिमालय से भी ऊँची है माँ,
किन्तु पत्थर सी कठोर नहीं।
सागर से भी गहरी है माँ,
किन्तु सागर सी खारी नहीं।
हवा सी गतिशील है माँ,

किन्तु हवा सी बिना रूप नहीं।
ईश्वर की भी जननी है माँ,
किन्तु ईश्वर सी दुर्लभ नहीं।
माँ के बराबर जग में कोई नहीं,
क्योंकि माँ के समान कोई नहीं।

आस्था श्रीवास्तव, 2-स

खोले पुस्तक भालू



गप्पे मार रहा था बैठा,
देख लिया जब टीचर जी ने
कान पकड़ कर ऐंठा।
नटखट बंदर घुसा क्लास में
पहने एक मुखाँटा,
देख लिया जब टीचर ने
धप्पड़ खाकर लौटा।
चुपके से खरगोश फुलाकर
चला लिए गुब्बारा
देख लिया जब टीचर जी ने
खूब छड़ी से मारा।”

सौम्या प्रधान, 2-सी

उलझ गये.....?

1. एक पेड़ पर 24 डाली
आधी गोरी आधी काली।
2. हरे रंग का कुरता
होट हमारे लाल

नाम बताने वाले,
प्यारे जियो हजारों साल।
3. ना मैं अंधों के काम आता,
ना कानों के काम में आता।
जिनको कम दिखता,
उनको मैं भाता।

1. रात और दिन, तोता, नाखून, चश्मा।

चुटकुले

टिकट चेंकर—“सिर्फ बारह वर्ष से कम
बच्चे ही आधे टिकट पर यात्रा कर सकते हैं,
तुम्हारी उम्र क्या है?”
लड़का—“ग्यारह वर्ष, ग्यारह महीने, उन्नीस
दिन और तेईस घंटे।”

टिकट चेंकर—बारहवा वर्ष तुम्हारा कब पूरा
होगा?

लड़का—“जब मैं बस के दरवाजे से बाहर
निकल जाऊँगा।”

“अनमोल वचन”

मेहनत मशक्कत से कमाया हुआ एक डालर
मुफ्त में मिले पाँच डालरों से अधिक कीमती
होता है।

हार जाने पर एक खिलाड़ी की तरह अपनी
हार को स्वीकारना और जीत जाने पर जीत का
आनन्द लेना सीखें।

ईर्ष्या द्वेष से दूर एक भुवन मोहिनी मुस्कुराहट
चेहरे पर सदैव विद्यमान रहें।

नकल करके परीक्षा में पास होने की अपेक्षा
फेल हो जाना कहीं अधिक सम्मान की बात है।

सज्जनों के साथ सौजन्यपूर्ण व्यवहार करना
और दुर्जनों के साथ कठोरता का बर्ताव
करना।

सबकी बातें शांतिपूर्वक सुनना और सुनी हुई
बातों को सत्य की छलनी से छानकर ग्रहण
करना चाहिए।

दुःख में प्रसन्न रहना चाहिए।

निन्दकों की उपेक्षा और चापलूसों से सावधान
रहना चाहिए।

“अब्राहम लिंकन”

आयुशी अरोरा, 3-ए

घड़ी हमारी



टिक-टिक-टिक-टिक,
घड़ी हमारी।
कितनी प्यारी घड़ी हमारी,
सबको पग-पग राह दिखाती,
बातें करती बड़े काम की,
एक चाल से टिक-टिक करती।
चलती फिरती बिना लगाम की।
घड़ी देख मेरे पापा जी,
ठीक समय पर ऑफिस जाते।
घड़ी देख मेरे टीचर जी,
आकर पाठ पढ़ाते।
खेल कूद जब मैं घर आता,
कहती, अब पढ़ने की बारी,
टिक-टिक-टिक-टिक,
घड़ी हमारी।

कुर्सी

घर-दफ्तर में भाती कुर्सी,
सबका मान बढ़ाती कुर्सी।
हो लकड़ी की या लोहे की
अन्तर नहीं दिखाती कुर्सी।
दे बाँहों का सहज सहारा
तन में सुख पहुंचाती कुर्सी।
लंबी टांगों के होते भी
दौड़ न कभी लगाती कुर्सी।
छोटे बड़े सभी के मन में
है लालच पनपाती कुर्सी।
कभी दिला ऊंचा पद, जग भर
सुयश खूब दिलवाती कुर्सी।

उर्वशी जैन, 5-ए

मेरा भाई

मेरा भाई है, सबसे न्यारा,
तभी मुझको लगता है, प्यारा।
दिनभर उधम बाजी करता,
कभी नहीं है वह सुस्ताता।
हर काम में होती देर,
कहता है अपने को शेर।
कभी नहीं वह रहता खाली,
उसकी लीला अजब निराली।
पढ़ने में है, वह बुद्धिमान,
नहीं करता है, वह अभिमान।
टी वी का रहता उसे ध्यान,
उसका प्यारा है शक्तिमान।

सहयोग में—

समीक्षा सक्सेना, 7-डी

बादल

आसमान में काला बादल,
कितना घनघोर घटा का आंचल।
जब बरसाता झम-झम पानी,
दिल में उमंग उठाता पल-पल।।
गरमी से सूखी धरती यह,
अपनी प्यास बुझाती हरपल।
वृक्षों के हरियाले पत्ते,
पंख बन जब पवन बन जाते।।
पक्षियां भी चहक-चहक कर,
अपना सुर संगीत सुनाते।
नदियों का बहता पानी यह,
कलख करता हरदम हरपल।।

प्रियांशा रस्तोगी

पुराने सवालों के नये जवाब

सवाल—चांद के चमकने का कारण?

जवाब—उसका गंजापन।

सवाल—अक्लमंद का मतलब?

जवाब—जिसकी अक्ल मंद हो।

सवाल—दौड़ धूप का मतलब?

जवाब—धूप में दौड़ना।

सवाल—दर्दनाक किसे कहते हैं?

जवाब—जिसके नाक में दर्द हो।

सवाल—एड़ी चोटी का जोर लगाना?

जवाब—चोटी को खींचकर एड़ी तक लाना।

सवाल—गुड़ गोबर करना?

जवाब—गुड़ को खूब पकाकर गोबर बनाना।

सवाल—चुल्लू भर पानी में डूब मरना?

जवाब—जितना हो उतने में ही काम चलाना।

सवाल—नमक मिर्च लगाना?

जवाब—खाने को और अधिक टेस्टी बनाना

अनुश्री त्रिपाठी, 6-बी

घोंसला



तिनका-तिनका चुन-चुन कर
चिड़िया डाल पे लाई।
बना घोंसला जब, तब चिड़िया
फूल न समाई।
बच्चे उसके जब छोटे थे, तो
चिड़िया थी घबराई।
घटा एक दिन काली आसमान में घिर आई।
मस्त चंचल हवा जब तूफान मचाने आई,
उड़ गया घोंसला, उड़ गये तिनके
चिड़ियां जी भर रोई।
खोई नहीं थी, आस थी उसने आस संजोई।
बिन-बिन तिनका फिर से एक घोंसला बनाया,
मेहनत का फल घोंसले के रूप में
फिर से उसने पाया।

फातिमा अफरीन



कोयल



कोयल काली है, पर कितनी मीठी है, इसकी बोली।
 इसने ही तो कूक-कूक कर आमों में मिसरी घोली।।
 यही आम जो अभी लगे थे, खट्टे-खट्टे, हरे-हरे।
 कोयल कूकेगी तब होंगे पीले और रस भरे-भरे।।
 हमें देखकर टपक पड़ेंगे, हम खुश होकर खायेंगे।
 कोयल ऊपर गाएगी, हम नीचे उसे बुलायेंगे।।
 कोयल-कोयल सच बतला दो क्या संदेश लायी हो।
 आज बहुत दिनों के बाद इस डाली पर आयी हो।।
 क्या गाती हो किसे बुलाती हो कह दो कोयल रानी।
 प्यासी धरती देख मांगती हो मेघों से पानी।।
 या इस कड़ी धूप में हमको देख-देख दुख पाती हो।
 इसलिए छाया करवाने के लिए बादल बुलवाती हो।।
 जो कुछ हो, तुम्हें देख कर हम खुश हो जाते हैं।।
 तुम आती हो हम न जाने क्या-क्या पा जाते हैं।।
 नाच-नाच उठते हैं नीचे तुम ऊपर गाया करती।
 मीठे-मीठे रस भरे आम नीचे टपकाया करती।।
 उन्हें उठाकर बड़े मजे से खाते हैं, हम मनमाना।
 आमों से भी मीठा है, यह कोयल रानी का गाना।।
 कोयल यह मिठास, तुमने अपनी मां से पाई।
 मां ने ही तो तुमके मीठी बोली है सिखाई।।
 हम मां के बच्चे हैं, अम्मा हमें बहुत प्यारी है।
 उसी तरह क्या कोई भी अम्मा कोयल तुम्हारी है?
 डाल-डाल पर उड़ना गाना जिसने तुम्हें सिखाया है।
 सबसे मीठा बोलो यह भी तुम्हें बताया है।।
 बहुत भली हो तुमने अपनी मां की बात सदा ही मानी।
 इसलिए तुम कहती हो, चिड़ियायों की रानी।।
 शाम हुई, घर जाओ कोयल, अम्मा घबराती होगी।
 बार-बार वे तुम्हें देखने द्वारों पर आती होगी।।
 हम आते हैं, तुम भी जाओ, बड़े सबेरे आ जाना।
 हम तरु के नीचे नाचेंगे, तुम ऊपर गाना गाना।।

द्वारा—तनीमा

समाचार पत्र



दिन बढ़ता जा रहा, पल-पल, घड़ी-घड़ी
 दृष्टि समाचार पत्र लाने वाले पर पड़ी।
 खोल दरवाजा, लिया हाथ में अखबार,
 पहले पृष्ठ पर छपा था, ऐसा कुछ समाचार—
 चार डिब्बे रेल की पटरी से उतर गये,
 घायल छिहत्तर हुए बीस वहीं मर गए।
 शेरघोटे, फंसे नेता, अफसर-आला,
 अभी चल रहा है मामला, नहीं बन्द हुआ ताला।
 बम्बई पुलिस ने फिर विस्फोटक सामग्री पकड़ी,
 तस्करी का बन्दा भागा, तोड़ कर हथकड़ी।
 खोलती हूँ, पृष्ठ दो, उठती यवनिका,
 प्रेमी के साथ भागी, बच्चा छोड़ प्रेमिका।
 एक ही परिवार के पांच की हत्या गला घोट,
 गोली मार लूट लिए व्यापारी के हजार नोट।
 खोलती हूँ, आगे पृष्ठ तीन-चार फटाफट,
 दृष्टि दौड़ाती हुई हर लाइन पर सरपट।
 बत्तीस छात्र पकड़े परीक्षकों ने नकलची,
 माता अभी पूजा करने गयी लेकर डोलची।
 कल विश्वविद्यालय प्रांगण में गोली चली,
 तीन घायल, शेष भागे गली-गली।
 पाक देता परमाणु बम की धमकी तो कल भी छपा था,
 ऐसा ही समाचार अभी परसों ही पढ़ा था।
 दाम बढ़ेंगे अनाज के, गेहूं से सरसों तक,
 ऐसा ही छपता रहेगा, अभी कई बरसों तक।

सान्तवना शुक्ला, 12-अ

सलीका

सलीका हो अगर, भीगी आँखों को पढ़ने का,
तो बहते आँसू, भी बात करते हैं।
तमन्ना हो अगर किसी के दर्द को समझने की,
तो आहें भी फरियाद करती हैं।
चाहत हो अगर किसी के सपनों को निखारने
की,
तो मुस्कुराहटें भी आदाब करती हैं।
हिम्मत हों अगर कुछ कर गुजरने की,
तो पर्वत भी झुककर सलाम करते हैं।

श्वेता रावर्ट्स, 11-ए

चले चलो, चले चलो

(एक कविता हमारे देश
के वीर जवानों के नाम)

प्रश्न राष्ट्र-धर्म का,

उठो, जागो ! उठो, जागो !
उठो, बढ़ो, संघर्ष करो,
हृदय, हृदय में हर्ष भरो।
दुश्मनों के बढ़ते पावों को,
तोड़ दो, मरोड़ दो।।
काल राष्ट्र-कर्म का,
उठो, करो, उठो, करो।
प्रश्न राष्ट्र धर्म का,
उठो, जगो, उठो, जगो।
करगिल नहीं, पीठ में छुरा,
भोंका आज विधर्मी ने।
उसको ऐसा पाठ पढ़ाओ,
सात पुस्त तक भूले ना।।
प्रश्न देश-शान का,
बढ़े चलो, बढ़े चलो।
प्रश्न राष्ट्र धर्म का,
उठो, जगो, उठो, जगो।।
सज्जन को दुर्बल जो समझे,
नेक हृदय को कायर।
उस पर तुम बन्दूक तान डो,
कर दो सीधा घायल।।
प्रश्न राष्ट्र आन का,
उठो, लड़ो, उठो, लड़ो।
प्रश्न राष्ट्र धर्म का,

उठो, जगो, उठो, जगो।।
सिद्ध आप को कुछ करना है
सिद्ध करो, सम्मान बढ़ा दो।
अपना निश्चय उन्हें बता कर,
रण-कौशल की चमक दिखा दो।।
प्रश्न देश-प्रेम का,
बढ़े चलो, बढ़े चलो।
प्रशस्त पुण्य-पन्थ है,
चले चलो, चले चलो।
प्रश्न राष्ट्र धर्म का,
उठो, जगो, उठो जगो।।

इला त्रिपाठी, 12-सी

जीवन

यह जीवन है, उलझा रहस्य,
सुलझा न सका कोई अब तक।
सुख-दुःख का सुन्दर संगम यह,
दुर्बोध पहली है, अब तक।
मान- अपमान है, कभी यहां, तो कभी यहां
पतनोत्थान,
कटुमधुर कभी इसका अनुभव, इति इसका है,
बस श्मशान।
संघर्षों से जूझना इसे, तूफानों से टकराना है,
भवसागर में जीवन नैया, यह फिर-फिर आना-
जाना है।
कर्तव्यों को करते रहना पथ अपना नित प्रशस्त
करना,
कितना भी घना अंधेरा हो, अविराम सदा चलते
जाना।
दुःख में रोना, सुख में हंसना,
सोना-जगना, खोना-पाना,
यह माया झूठी जीवन की,
अंतिम सच है, बस मर जाना।

नूपुर मिश्रा, 12-सी

मां की ममता

मां की ममता, मां का प्यार
सच्चा है, झूठा संसार,
गोद उठाती, लोरी गाती
करती पल पल नया दुलार—
मां की ममता, मां का प्यार।।



घर के राज दुलार हैं, हम,
उसकी आंख के तारे हैं हम,
मीठे सुर में रही पुकार—
मां की ममता, मां का प्यार।।
दूर नहीं, रहने देती है,
छाया सी संग-संग रहती है,
करे खिलौनों की भरमार—
मां की ममता, मां का प्यार।।
कौन है, जग में मां के जैसा,
सोना, चांदी, रुपया, पैसा,
उसके आगे सब बेकार—
मां की ममता, मां का प्यार।।

मयूरी गुप्ता, 9-डी

भारत की नारियाँ

जयहिन्द बोल-बोल भारत की नारियाँ
निकली मैदान में भारत की नारियाँ।।
सिंह-सुता शेरनी दहाड़ती चली।
सीमा पर शत्रु को संहारती चली।।
जय अजेय भारती पुकारती चली।
विजय प्रदीप की शिखा संवारी पली।।
घर भर में धूम धूम भारत की नारियाँ।
जयहिन्द बोल रही भारत की नारियाँ।।
"विक्रान्त साथ-साथ महाक्रान्ति प्राण में।
पीछे न पुरुषों से युद्ध अभियान में।।
हथगोला तौल-तौल भारत की नारियाँ।
निकली मैदान में भारत की नारियाँ।।
चल पड़ी समर की ओर आज,
श्रृंगार न भाता मन को।
मां की सुनी पुकार,
प्रणय का प्यार न भाता मन को।।
जयहिन्द बोल-बोल भारत की नारियाँ।
निकली मैदान में भारत की नारियाँ।।

साक्षी खन्ना



आइये मिलिए...12 बी से

तूलिका है धीर-गम्भीर,
किन्तु है सबसे व्यवहारी।
शान्त व सरल नाजिश है,
जो अपनी मधु मुस्कान से सबका मन है भाती।
बिंदास, निश्चित व नटखट,
अनिन्दिता बातें करे सरपट।
निकिता को पसंद है, रोज स्कूल आना,
अरे क्या मिलता नहीं छुट्टी मारने का कोई भी
बहाना,

मुस्काती है, इठलाती है,
इसी तरह नेहा सबका दिल ले जाती है।
सुनकर अलवीना के व्यंग्य,
दूर हो जाते हैं, सबके गम।
नृत्य में प्रखर है तूलिका,
पर पढ़ाई में है ध्यान कम उसका।
शरमाना है अदा मंजरी की,
बाल झटकना है आदत जिसकी।
खुश मिजाज स्नेहा के पास है एक भण्डार
जिसमें भरे हैं मौलिक विचार।
है, जिसका रूप सलोना हर बात पर मुस्काती है
संचारिता ऐसे ही अपने दिन बिताती है।
संगीता हमेशा रहे गम्भीर,
बहुत शान्त और चुपचाप।
चंचल, बातूनी, नटखट है प्यारी ईशा,
Maggi खिला कर जिसने सबका मन है जीता।
अर्पिता है, मस्त हर बात पर खिलखिलाती है,
अप्पू के नाम से हमारी कक्षा में जानी जाती है।
मधुर मुस्कान देती दीपा,
जिसने केवल हंसना ही सीखा।
कक्षा में अलग बैठे, लम्बे हैं उसके बाल,
चश्मा लगाके सुम्बुल पूछे हजारों सवाल।
प्रखर बुद्धि, तेज आवाज,
ये ही है हमारी कप्तान शिवांजलि कुमार।
शान्त है, सरल है, किन्तु है शैतान,
यही है शालवी की पहचान,
है सुन्दर, है खिलखिलाती-तुहिन,
अपनी बातों से सबको लुभाती।
निवेदिता अपनी हंसी से कयामत है ढाती,
प्रिंसिपल भी आफिस से दौड़ी चली आती।

स्कूल के नाम से जिसको बुखार आता है,
उसी को गुंजन कहा जाता है।
तीव्र बुद्धि, सजग नेहा,
रहती है परेशान हमेशा।
साक्षी न करे बातें ज्यादा, लगाये पढ़ाई में ध्यान
ज्यादा।
सुकन्या का है एक ही गुण,
स्कूल से छुट्टी मारने में निपुण।



सीधी-सादी गरिमा है,
रहती है कक्षा में गुमसुम सी।
जहां नेहा सिंह उपस्थित रहती है,
वहां कोई हास्यपूर्ण बात होती है।
लम्बे हैं बाल, पतली है कमरिया,
शिप्रा के Figure को लगे न हमारी नजरिया।
कोयल जैसी भोली है,
सूर्या बहुत भोली है।
वसुधा है शर्मीली सी,
बाते न ज्यादा करती है।
जो कक्षा में बहुत है, बोलती,
वही लड़की है मिनाती।
शायराना अंदाज है जिसका,
अमृता है नाम उसका।
क्या करें क्या न करें सोचे भीताश्री,
इसके चेहरे पर हमेशा घबराहट छाई रहती।

स्वास्थ्य में रितु है कमजोर
पर पढ़ाई में लगाये पूरा जोर।
सदा सपनों में खोई-खोई,
दिव्या रहे कक्षा में सोई-सोई।
शिखा शांत व सरल स्वभावी है,
जो सहज ही घुल-मिल जाती है।
बसंती के नाम से जानी जाती है,
गरिमा सदा मुस्कराती है।
पसंद है नेहा को चुपचाप ही रहना,
हलकी सी मुस्कान हमेशा ही देना।
काले घने लम्बे बालों की सरताज,
ऐ निधि हमें बता जरा इनका राज।
मौलिक संगीत से परिपूर्ण,
है भोली तनुश्री के स्वर।
छोटी-मोटी नटखट आंचल,
रहे मस्त हर पल।
दिव्या का है स्वभाव चंचल और निरछल,
Jolly बुलाने से उसको गुस्सा आता है, हा
पल।
अवनीत रहती है, हमेशा ही मस्त,
कक्षा में टिफिन खाना है उसकी बुरी आदत।
सारा का है चंचल मन,
उसे पसंद केवल Hrithik Roshan।
सुगठित चंचल सरल मेधा,
रहे अपने में हमेशा।
रचना धीर-गम्भीर है,
बहुत शान्त और चुपचाप।
स्निग्धा है हंसती-खिलखिलाती,
हर चिंता को हंसी में उड़ाती।
वसुंधरा की आवाज में है मधुरता,
जब वह हंसे तो गूँजे कक्षा।
स्नेहा शर्मा की है एक अलग ही हस्ती,
वह कक्षा में करती भरपूर मस्ती।
छोटी अपराजिता को गुस्सा बहुत जल्दी आता
है,
उसे मिनाती के सिवा और कोई नहीं भाता है।
चुलबुली ममता है बड़ी शैतान,
अपनी बातों से करे सबको परेशान।
बनाती है खाना जायकेदार,

पारिशा तो है बड़ी मजेदार।
ऐसे तो दीपा गांधी क्लास में आंचल से बतियाती
है,
पूरी कक्षा में वो छमिया के नाम से जानी जाती
है।

श्रुति के गाने की सब तारीफ करते हैं,
बोलती है, तो मुंह से फूल झड़ते हैं।
नाम उसी का स्मृति है,
जिसके गले में सरस्वती निवास करती हैं।
नेहा सदा कक्षा में रहती है चुपचाप,
लगता है सिर्फ पढ़ाई से ही उसे लगाव।
गुस्सा जिसे बहुत जल्दी आता है,
नूपुर को हरे दिमाग वाली कहा जाता है।
अमरीशा के शरीर पर दुर्बलता है छाई,
अरे यार, कभी तो खाया करो मिठाई।
विजया की नींद सुबह नहीं खुल पाती है,
इसलिए वह रोज स्कूल लेट आती है।
प्यारी दीपिका तो है बड़ी ही चंचल,
चेहरे से है झलके भोलापन।
पूजा को तो नहीं छू गया है, कोई भी गम,
उसका मन लगता खाने में हरदम।
चंचल स्वभाव वाली नाजिया की,
मुस्कान है अत्यंत ही भोली।
बुलंद आवाज वाली सोनाली,
रखे नृत्य में रुचि निराली।
इन फूलों को जिसने एक डोर में पिरोया है,
वह है हमारी अनुशासन प्रिय मिसेज कक्कड़।
अनिन्दिता विस्वास

स्नेहा गुप्ता एवं शिप्रा सिंह, कक्षा 12-बी

बूझो तो जानें



हरा चोर लाल मकान, उसमें बैठा काला
शैतान,
गर्मी में वह दिखता, सर्दी में गायब हो
जाता।

—तरबूज

एक कामना है



मैं सूरज बनने की कामना नहीं करती,
एक दीपक तो बन सकती हूँ।
मैं दुनियां को अपनी रोशनी से जगा तो नहीं
सकती,
पर मैं खुद के आस-पास के अंधेरे को
तो मिटा सकती हूँ।
मैं खुद को जला के वो अनन्त आलोक तो पैदा
नहीं कर सकती,
पर खुद को जला, मैं दूसरों को जलने से तो बचा
सकती हूँ।
एक कामना है, उसे हकीकत का
रूप तो दे सकती हूँ।
मैं एक सदी बनाने की कामना नहीं करती,
मगर मैं एक दिन तो बना सकती हूँ।
मैं जिन्दगी कभी न खत्म होने की कामना नहीं
करती,
पर मैं मौत से तो लड़ सकती हूँ।
मैं भगवान बनने की कामना नहीं करती,
पर मैं इन्सान तो बन सकती हूँ।
एक कामना है, उसे हकीकत का रूप तो
दे सकती हूँ।
मैं समन्दर बनने की कामना नहीं करती
एक लहर तो बन सकती हूँ।
मैं दुनिया को जत्रत बनाने की कामना नहीं करती
एक छोटा सा आशियां तो बना सकती हूँ।
अपनी पहचान बनाने की कामना है,
उसे हकीकत का रूप तो दे सकती हूँ।
मैं इतिहास बनाने की कामना नहीं करती,
इतिहास का एक पन्ना तो बन सकती हूँ।
मैं सूरज बनने की कामना नहीं करती,
पर मैं दीपक तो बन सकती हूँ।
एक कामना है, उसे हकीकत का रूप
तो दे सकती हूँ।

श्वेता सिंह. 10-बी

कविता (कौन)

अगर न होता चाँद रात में
हमको दिशा दिखाता कौन?
अगर न होता सूरज दिन को
सोने सा चमकता कौन?
अगर न होती निर्मल नदियाँ
जग की प्यास बुझाता कौन?
अगर न होते पर्वत मीठे
झरने भला बहाता कौन?
अगर न होते बादल नभ में
इंद्रधनुष रच पाता कौन?
अगर न होते हम तो बोलो
ये सब प्रश्न उठाता कौन?

नाम—शिवानी राजपूत, 2-ए

बूझो तो जानें

सब कोई भाग गई, बुढ़वा लटक गई।

—ताला

बीमार नहीं रहती, फिर भी खाती है गोली।
बच्चे, बूढ़े डर जाते, सुन कर इसकी बोली।

—बन्दूक

मैं मरूँ मैं कुटूँ
तुम्हें क्यों आंसू आए।

—प्याज

मैं हरी, मेरे बच्चे काले,
मुझको छोड़, मेरे बच्चे खाले।

—इलायची





प्रयाग में महाकुम्भ



तीर्थराज प्रयाग

सृष्टिकर्ता द्वारा किये हुये एक सहस्र यज्ञों का साक्षी-प्रयाग
पुण्यसलिला गंगा तथा श्यामकुन्तला यमुना का संगम-प्रयाग
संगम पर झिलमिलाते अमृत-कलश-विन्दुओं के ज्योति-कण
एक-सौ-चौवालिस वर्ष बाद पड़ने वाला तिथि वार-नक्षत्रों का अप्रतिम संयोग
प्रत्येक व्यक्ति के जीवन में एक बार आने वाला एक शुभक्षण-
प्रयाग में महाकुम्भ का पावन-पर्व।

"आस्था", "संस्कार" चैनल एवं राष्ट्रीय प्रसारण
द्वारा निरन्तर प्रदर्शित, महाकुम्भ की झलकियाँ
प्रशासन के लिये एक चुनौती
प्रशासकों की अभूतपूर्व तत्परता
मार्ग-व्यवस्था, यातायात नियंत्रण
विद्युत, सुरक्षा व्यवस्था
सेतुओं का कुशल-प्रबन्धन
रंग-विरंगे तीरों से सजे दिशा-निर्देश
अहर्निश दाताओं द्वारा भण्डारे, लंगर, जलपान व्यवस्था
अधिकांश घर-एक आतिथ्य-शाला
पूरा नगर-एक महोत्सव स्थल
प्रयाग में महाकुम्भ।

यज्ञ-वेदिका की आहुतियों के
यज्ञ-धूम में लहराती शुभ-वसना गंगा
शत-चण्डी-यज्ञ के मंत्रों से अभिषिक्त वायुमण्डल
रक्तशोषक शीतलहरी में निस्संकोच घूमते वस्त्रहीन, भस्मधारी नागा साधू
"इस्कॉन" की परिधि में घूमते विदेशी पर्यटक
कृष्ण-राधा के रास-नृत्यों की धिरकन व भजन-संगीत-लहरी
कोटि-कोटि आगत अभ्यागत
प्रयाग के महाकुम्भ में।

गंगा के किनारे
खोये हुये बच्चे को पुकारती
एक ग्रामीण महिला
"भूले-विसरे-खेमे" में, नाम प्रसारित करती उद्घोषिका
विविध सामानों से भरे बाजार
बाजारों में घूमते ग्रामीण, नागरिक, विदेशी पर्यटक
महाकुम्भ में प्रयाग।

माघ-पूर्णिमा,
महापर्व का अन्तिम दिन
माँ गंगा को समर्पित असंख्य सान्ध्य-दीप
मन-तंत्री पर लहराती एक कामना
पृथ्वी शान्त हो, जल शान्त हो
चतुर्दिक शान्ति हो
औ सबके मन में वह शान्ति विराजित हो
पावन प्रयाग के महाकुम्भ में
सहस्राब्दि के प्रथम महाकुम्भ में।

उमा शर्मा

A Tribute to our Teachers

"How far that little candle throws
its beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty
world".

How apt these lines by the Bard of
Anon are in the context of the Nation
builders, our teachers, who can never
tell where their influence ends. Their
dedication to the work at hand and the
enlightenment given by them has
produced innumerable great and
worthy men who have led their Nations
as well as their community on the path
to progress and prosperity.

This year, two of our Teachers, Mrs.
C.Srivastava and Mrs. R.Shukla along
with Sr. Marion IBMV celebrated their
Silver Jubilee in Teaching and Religious
service respectively. On the 17th of
February 2001, we the Students of
SMC expressed our love and gratitude
to them in the form of Bouquets,
presents and a small variety
programme.

The knowledge imparted coupled
with the guidance given, by these loved
and respected teachers of St. Mary's
Convent, Allahabad, have produced
many worthy Citizens. May God bless
them and also Sister Marion, who are
still working for our common benefit.
We thank God for having blessed us
with the influence of these wonderful
people and also pray to God to help
them surmount whatever obstacles
might come on their way.

May they live a long happy life.

Sumona Banerjee, XI-A



Sr. Marion IBMV, Mrs.C.Srivastava and Mrs.R. Shukla





MARY WARD
1585-1645