



[VOLUME - II MARCH 1991]



THE EDITORIAL BOARD

FROM LEFT TOP ROW - JAYA AWASTI,
SARIKA JAIN,

MRS. A. KAKKAR, SHEPRA MATHUR, MALIKA VERMA,
RUCHI SRIVASTAVA.

BOTTOM ROW - PRAGATI SRIVASTAVA,
LIPIKA GANGULI,

RUCHITA MATHUR, RAULEKHA ROY

THE EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

With great pride and pleasure I present the Second Issue of our School Magazine.

This is a year of double celebration for our institution which is also celebrating its 125th anniversary in 1991. On this occasion I would like to offer a sincere thanks to all those teachers and students, whose contribution over the age has left an imprint on the working of this institution, leading to its betterment. S.M.C. is not just an inanimate structure, but it is throbbing and pulsating with life and energy, shaping the destinies of students who receive their basic education here.

The academic year 1990-91 proved to be a tumultuous one. Thus due to the paucity of time, the Annual Concert, Sports Day and several other activities could not be organized. But as compensation, several competitions were organized intermittently, which not only proved to be delightful diversions from studies, but also provided adequate scope for the students to prove their mettle in various fields. It was an enthusiastic, exuberant lot that vied with each other to prove their physical and intellectual Acalibre, all in the true spirit of competition.

The School Magazine also proved to be an outlet for the literary talents, lying dormant in our students as could be adjudged by the overwhelming response we received from them throughout the year. The magazine is not just a compilation of articles, but also a medium of communication amongst the students themselves. It would also provide the elders with a rare insight into the modern young minds, leading to better understanding. I hope that this school Magazine will provide a much needed impact to students henceforth. This is just the beginning there is always room for improvement and we will be the happiest to see the Magazine prosper and grow in the years to come. This will bind students to a common identity that is of being a part of S.M.C.- our Alma Mater and I bid a final good-bye on behalf of class 12 with the hope that the students will uphold the name of the School, like it is today, held in great esteem.

CHIEF EDITOR

SHIPRA MATHUR

XII-A



initial difficulties and we had to restrict our endeavours due to financial constraints also. Despite the cover, I can safely say that the Magazine was worthy of its name. However, you can see we have installed a hard cover this time to make the Magazine more attractive. Do write to us and let us know as to how you feel about this issue.

Ans.II

Well, are'nt you from Class XI now? But yes I do agree that you are not wholly wrong to conclude that Class 12 had been given preference in selecting the articles. But this attitude can be attributed to lack of qualitative substance from others. We cannot sacrifice quality for equality. We understand that due to the unforeseen holidays many talented writers had not been able to contribute their efforts and the then Editors had to make do with the best available material to the best of their efforts which proved quite proficient. I can assure you now, that no distinction is made class-wise and there is enough scope for deserving writers. Moreover a certain amount of preference is inevitable as it is the last involvement of Class XII with the Magazine. But I wish you luck and many happy writings!

Ans.III

The lack of photographs was due to the fact that there was no time to organise for them. This was as stated, due to the disrupted academic session, but I am sure that you will not be disappointed this time.

Thanks for your suggestion about the advertisements, but we do not find it necessary to encourage them. Let me make this very clear at the outset that the purpose of our magazine is to encourage the literary talents lying latent in the students. This is the ground for them to express their opinions and creative ability. And if they find the Magazine columns, to which they can rightly state a claim, being encroached upon by sundry advertisements, we would be the sufferers of their grievous wrath! Seeking donors was no problem, but the work on a different ideology.

CHIEF EDITOR
MISS SHIPRA MATHUR
XII-A

SMILE AWAY YOUR BLUES

MANJARI SINGH X B

It costs nothing but creates much,
It enriches those who receive without impoverishing
Those who give as such,
A real smile, a captivating smile, a heart warming smile,
A smile that comes from deep within.
A smile that has an authentic beauty.
A smile that puts soul to every handclasp.
It makes one gay the livelong day.
It happens in a flash and vanishes away.
It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged,
sunshine to the sad and nature's best
antidote for trouble,
yet it cannot be bought, begged,
borrowed or stolen.
It radiates happiness.
It fills you with raptures,
and is a countersign of friends.
A smile is always welcome so wear it,
share it and bear it.
It makes you find exuberance in the smallest things:
a baby's first step
a blooming rose,
a crisp autumn day and
an unexpected compliment.
So if you want people to love you
Banish your blues away and
bedeck your face,
with a bright wide, bewitching
smile throughout the day

BLAZE FOR GLORY-THAT'S XIA AND B.

RUCHU GAUTAM XIB

"The spirit of youth is untamed and ungovernable. Raging seas and terrific winds instad of daunting this spirit, goad it all the more to action"

Truly so, sitting idle is not the word for us. We set the design for a number of activites organized in the school. Needless to say here, that they were well appreciated and our morales boosted.

It was the day for the junior quiz- we got an overwhelming response from the little gems of our school. Absolutely disciplined-and for a moment it did make me think "yes! we do have lots to learn from our younger ones too". The display of wit and intelligence was far above their age. This together with their presence of mind showed such a wonderful alchemy.

As I entered the lower concert hall, I was enraptured by the remarkable piece of painting that caught my eye. Hey! who says we can't produce Picassos and Da Vincis again? The aim for the hobby contest was to get to the surface the hidden talent which so many of us have and is mostly concealed. We have so many dress designers, philatelists, artists, coin collectors, all budding to bloom into bright flowers. This contest was also an inspiration for others to put their talent to the right use. It always feels good to think that all of us with diverse channels of thinking and having such a variety of hobbies are studying under the same roof.Unity in diversity does apply to us.



QUIZE CONTEST-'90 CLASS VI-VIII

All eyes glued to that girl on stage; with that thinking hard expression and then a twinkle in the eye, she got the answer! It was the "dumb charades" contest. We got a message through every proverb asked. It opened the windows of our brain wider and taught us that thinking and reasoning is a vital factor before we put our foot forward on any platform.

'Brain Rackers '90.' The day arrived. After all the admonishing scenes the rise and fall of spirits and toiling together matter and make it a success. The ball was set rolling. The audience gave us their full cooperation. It seemed nothing but the much acclaimed 'Quiz Time' was bought live in SMC.

Everyone should have or rather did improve their IQ and became better enlightened about their surrounding.

Behind this grand success lies the sweat, the tense minutes and the moment when students of XIA and B were on pins and needles. Yes, we did make mistakes but the mistakes were those of inexperience and we will improve in times to come; as it is said 'man learns from his mistakes'.

A special thanks to the teaching staff without whose backing we couldn't have achieved much. Nothing remains to say except, Youth is a bee,

It has a song,

It has a sting,

Ah! it has a wing.

We will go on humming and do the best for our fellow students keeping the SMC banner flying high



BRAIN RACKERS '90 WINNERS CLASS IX - XII

KNOW YOUR SCHOOL – THE FAMOUS 13 ROOMS OF SMC

NITIKA PANT

Captain

TAGORE HOUSE

- (i) THE ROOM WHERE NO ONE MAINTAINS SILENCE [SILENCE ROOM]
- (ii) THE ROOM WHERE APPARATUS ARE A SCARCE [PHYSICS PRACTICAL ROOM]
- (iii) THE ROOM WHERE YOU WISH TO WIN A GRAMMY AWARD. [MUSIC HALL]
- (iv) THE ROOM WHERE YOUR ANCESTOR GREETES YOU. [BIOLOGY PRACTICAL ROOM]
- (v) THE ROOM WHICH REMINDS YOU OF I.C.U. (INTENSIVE CARE UNIT) [CLASS 12B]
- (vi) THE ROOM WHERE GIRLS ARE EXPLOSIVE [CHEMISTRY PRACTICAL ROOM]

- (vii) THE ROOM WHERE YOU WISH YOU'D BEEN THE PRINCIPAL. [THE OFFICE]
- (viii) THE ROOM WHERE YOU THINK YOU SHOULD BE SERIOUS ABOUT MAKING A NOISE. [CLASS 12 A]
- (ix) THE ROOM WHERE YOU WISH, NOVELISTS HADN'T BEEN BORN. [LIBRARY ROOM]
- (x) THE ROOM WHICH REMINDS YOU OF YOUR FARE WELL [LOWER CONCERT HALL]
- (xi) THE ROOM WHERE YOU WISH SUCCESS SHOULD BE ACHIEVED BY YOU [CLASS 11B]
- (xii) THE ROOM WHERE WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT IS PROVIDED [UPPER CONCERT HALL]
- (xiii) THE ROOM WHOSE OCCUPANTS ARE THE MOST INTERESTING LOT [THE STAFF ROOM]



ON THE SPOT PAINTING COMPETITION – PRIMARY SECTION

SHRADHANJALI-'90

SHIPRA MATHUR XII-A

'Shradhanjali '90' was a confluence of talented young artistes from the various educational mediums of the city. The programme was inspiring as well as entertaining- whether it was the aggressiveness of the debates, the exuberance of the elocutions the enthralling performances of the 'jam' or the brainracking quiz, the students put up commendable performances in true competitive spirit. The creative and artistic instincts of the budding artistes found an outlet in the collage and creative writing contests. It is a matter of great pride and joy for us that S.M.C. won the school shield for over-all best performances. It was a cause for jubilation for all of us the victors! Here's hoping that S.M.C. maintains its tradition of victory and success in the oncoming generation!



ACTIVITIES 1990

JAYA SINGH VIII A

The year 1990 had been a very eventful one for the students of S.M.C., especially for the students of class VIII. The numerous extra curricular activities kept us on our toes all the time.

There was the Hindi Elocution competition between the different sections of class VIII. Manjari Saran and Vishalini Paliwal not only represented our section (8A) but also did us proud by winning the second and third prizes respectively.

We also had a number of other competitions organised in the school.

For the first time Dumb charades was introduced to us. This contest was both exciting and entertaining. Schachi Singh and Vishalini Paliwal of our section (8A) won the second prizes. Then we had the hobby and collage competitions. We were not fortunate enough to win a prize in the hobby contest. But this disappointment was erased by my talented friends in the collage contest. Shweta Srivastava won the first prize and Prachi Bhalla won the second prize.

We also had the fresh flower arrangement in which we did not bag any prize, unluckily. Then we had the G.K. competition in which Shweta Srivastava and Shruti Sharma won the first and second prize with 64% and 61% respectively. This contest had been an inter-section one.

In social activity outside school four girls from our section, Ritu Rai, Shweta Srivastava, Asmi Riaz and Varsha Singh, went to Rajapur to teach knitting to the young girls. Several ounces of wool were collected by our section and this was distributed to the girls of Rajapur.

The extra curricular activities are a must for the proper development of the students. They not only lessen the drudgery of routine life but also highlight the talents of our fellow students. Now we are eagerly looking forward to the painting competition which is to be held in our school. This contest has been organised by the Blood Donors fund of Allahabad. For this competitions five girls have been chosen as participants from each section. Asmi Riaz, Meeta Saxena, Ranjita Gupta and Vishalini Paliwal are taking part from our section. So here is wishing good luck to my dear friends.

"LAWS OF SUCCESS".

MANISHA MAHASHWARI XIB

- The great sin - Gossip.
- The great crippler - Fear.
- The greatest mistake - Giving up.
- The most satisfying experience - Doing your duty first.
- The best action - Keep the mind clear and the judgement good.
- The greatest blessing - Good health.
- The biggest fool - The man who lies to himself.
- The most certain thing in life - Change.
- The greatest joy - Being needed.
- The cleverest man - The one who does what he thinks is right.
- The most potent force - Positive thinking.
- The greatest opportunity - The next one.
- The greatest thought - God.
- The greatest victory - Victory over self.
- The best play - successful work.
- The greatest handicap - Egoism.
- The most expensive indulgence - Hate.
- The most dangerous man - The liar.
- The most ridiculous trait - False pride.
- The greatest loss - Loss of self confidence.
- The greatest need - common sense

A REPORT ON THE L.T.S. OATH - TAKING CEREMONY

ANAMIKA AGARWAL (L.T.C.er)

The most solemn occasion of an L.T.S.er's life- the moment of taking the oath arrived on the 20th day of November 1990 which instilled in our L.T.S.ers the feeling to work sincerely and diligently for 'God and country'. The L.T.S.ers were honoured by the gracious presence of our principal, a few teachers and of course our Guide. This ceremony took place in the lower concert hall which included a short prayer service too.

The L.T.S.ers took their oath in the presence of the sacred lamp, the sacred flame which burnt and invited the L.T.S.ers to commit themselves and their service to God and country: Mother India invited the L.T.S.ers to take the initiative, to break all chains and let her free and we the L.T.S.ers proudly accepted the challenge and promised to work for our country and to serve God.



FROM THE L.T.S. UNIT

GUNJAN NANGIA Gen. Sec. XIB.

As already stressed in the article 'Leadership Training Service', in the last issue, by Anamika Agarwal - Gen sec (1990-91) L.T.S.ers believe in service to God and Country. In the L.T.S. strict emphasis is laid on total dedication and actual service and not, on flaunting words.



Abiding by this, the L.T.S. unit of our school organised an entertainment programme in the form of games as a Christmas treat to the children of the Mary Ward school in Rajapur on 15th December 90.

Almost 60 in number, the age of the children varied from 4 to 16 yrs. The L.T.S.ers were not the only ones who had worked hard for this day. Our guests, that is, the children of the Rajapur School, surprised all of us, by putting up a lovely Christmas programme, which gave us the message of peace, harmony and truth. This was followed by our schedule for games. The objectives of organising these games was not only entertainment but also exposing their hidden talents and athletic skills.

These children to the extreme happiness of us L.T.S.ers, extended their full cooperation and thoroughly enjoyed the Programme. The winners were, of course, awarded Prizes but later on sweets, tiffins, clothes, cakes etc. were distributed among all children present.

Our Principal Sr Evelyn, Sr Superior Sr Mary and of course our guide Sr Christina were present on the occasion. An example worth mentioning here is that of Aruna Bagga of Class VIII D, who inspite of her fractured leg was not only present on the occasion but could also be seen actively participating in the programmes.

15th Dec. was no doubt a great day for the L.T.S.ers for it was on this day that we could see the joy and happiness on the faces of these children, for something which we had done for them and we could also feel the satisfaction, which we had gained by helping our unprivileged brothers and sisters

LIFE: A KALICDOSCOPE.

MANJARI SINGH XB

Life is love that shows no end,

Life is a colour that beautifully blends,

Life is a stream that flows through our hearts, life is Felicity, Life is an exclusive art.

Life is a mystery which cannot be solved

Life is a letter in a slow moving mail

Life is an adventure that has to be dared,

Life is a feeling meant to be shared

Life is exuberance, Life is companion

Life is a melody that fills the heart

Life is a sonnet that pacifies the soul

Life is a wonderful new country waiting to be explored,

A sensual land of hidden Valleys and exciting dales and glens and rivers of honey,

Life is a step heading towards the ultimate goal.

Life is a Precious "Gift of God"

This is why it is dear to all.

METAMORPHOSING IN SMC: ALD.

NITIKA PANT Captain, Tagore House

Life at St. Mary's can be divided into 4 stages, the pre middle stage or larval stage, the middle stage on the pupal stage, Board stage and the college stage on the IMAGO STAGE, thus the whole process of metamorphosis leads eventually to the complete and integrated development of an individual.

Larval stage is the most active one. Joining the institution as a naughty, illiterate, stubborn girl, the first day at school is marked by petty fights over pencils, designer rubbers (or ERASERS) as they are called; followed by mugging of the rules of the school, like wishing the time maintaining silence whenever necessary and falling into line for the morning assembly.

The entire day is interspersed with frequent walks to the water tank - the edifice which has been the source of abundant supply of life wine and which is associated with the primary school, and of course making lines to go to the toilet and then to top it all, the "I will tell to Miss" syndrome you get so obsessed with this statement that it comes out as frequently as "I'm feeling hungry mummy". The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th classes are the most interesting with needle work sessions, which give time for slipping a few needles into pockets for pricking the fattest girl in class; music lessons which train you to make flexible your otherwise sensitive local cords for further practical usage, and the student teacher sessions which are highly informative.

The urge to answer before any body else could do so, the constant pain experienced at the shoulder joints due to lifting up of hands, the scycophany practised to impress the teachers- picking books, bringing flowers wishing the time and pretending to be the most obedient girl in class are the highlights of the larval stage.

The lunchbreak was the time for snatching food from other girls to satisfy your taste buds, and allow it to be snatched by the huge eagles hovering in the sky.

The dusting and cleaning of cupboards, the monitoring of class, the painting of pictures were the duties performed with enthusiasm.

There was a frantic effort made to outdo the others, to be the best- was the motive behind all these actions.

Then came to the middle school stage where the thought of just reading Physics, Chemistry, Biology, World & Indian History gave immense satisfaction, this was the stage when numerous metaphysical changes occurred- when you were caught between the desire to act like a kid and at the same time behave like a grown up. This was also the preparatory stage for the Boards; the appropriate time to take part in the competition, hoard as many certificates as possible, and at this particular stage the urge to be known, have an independent standing was predominant and you had the desire to be accepted as a developed and matured personality.

The sports and concerts were the areas where you got ample chances to display your fighting skills. Choose any topic- the House marks, favourite Captain, favourite teacher, best House; bet on who'll come first and just try your level best to prove that your house, your likes, your dislikes are the best.

At March Past, pinching the sluggish girl marching in front and hitting the smart girl behind with your clenched fist were the main attraction.

This was the stage where you looked upto the seniors, where having two or three favourite senior girls was a necessity.

Then came the classes 9 & 10; the Board stage where a sudden seriousness creeps into you; where again success is predominant in your head where a sense of responsibility, being on your own, fulfilling the teachers, parents and friends aspirations are things to be given extra attention.

Once the boards are over- you suddenly come to the realisation that you've become a lady. The tomboyish temperament becomes a thing of the past, where you begin to understand the big bad world outside- the dangers associated with being a woman.

The opportunities given by the school to improve your personality are numerous. The only problem is that you should be alert enough to realize it for yourself and utilize them for your own good.

As you sit on your study table reminiscing the fond memories, the truly enlightened life spent at school, its been a very enriching experience. You would like to depart with a heavy heart singing the famous school song with rejuvenated spirit-

"O Bells of St.Mary's,
we hear you repeating,
The dear song of gladness,
of sweet memories.
You tell us of striving
of frank and fair dealing,
you sing to us of truth
and love and VICTORY".

LET US BE INSPIRED

ANAMIKA AGARWAL. XIIB

How much we can do depends on how much we think we can do.
When you really believe you can do more, your mind thinks creatively and shows you the way.

D.J.S chwartz.

No escalator can whisk you upto success;
each step has to be climbed

B.C. Forbes.

Tears and smiles make the music of life.

Dr. S.Radhakrishnan.

To insure good health: eat lightly, breathe deeply, live moderately, cultivate cheerfulness and maintain an interest in life.

Welliam Leuden.

It is not the victory that makes the joy of noble hearts, but the combat.

7 DEADLY SINS OF MODERN SOCIETY

NEELAM MISHRA XII-B

Worship without sacrifice,
Politics without principles,
Wealth without work,
Pleasure without conscience,
Knowledge without character,
Business without morality,
Science without humanity.

PARABLE OF THE LOTUS

SHAKTI JHA X-B

To grow where one is planted. To make our surrounding beautiful. These have been the teachings of every one to us. The lotus is an example which gives us the idea that surroundings never maketh a man. The man maketh the surroundings.

The lotus says:- when I grew big and saw my environment I thought that in this dirt there will be no one to look at me and appreciate my beauty. But then when I saw the people admiring me I felt that inspite of my surrounding every one loves me and feels my worth. So I acknowledged the fact that environment never effects the worth of the people.

So is the case with man. Our society should never affect our behaviour. Instead our behaviour should affect our society. We can make a good environment bad by our work and in the same way we can make our bad surrounding good by our presence. So make sure that you do not make good the bad but the bad the good.



HEAD GIRL - NIDHARIKA DHAWAN
 FLORENCINGHTINGDALE HOUSE - MALIKA
 VERMA
 TAGORE H - NITHEA PANT
 MARY WARD HOUSE - KICHA SRIVASTAVA
 GANDHI HOUSE - PRAGATI SRIVASTAVA

AND THE VICE CAPTAIN:
 MANISHA MAHESHWARI
 LAKSHMI NAGESHWARI
 RUCHIRA RAJ NAMITA NARANG



THE OUTGOING CLASS-XII-B

'MY SCHOOL'

SAKSHI BAJAJ III -A

A School is a place of learning for every child. Here we get education, learn discipline and build moral character. Here we form new ideas and habits. Here we also prepare ourselves for the struggle of life.

I go to St. Mary's Convent Inter College. It is situated on 32, Thornhill Road. It is the best school in Allahabad. This school was founded in 1866 and its foundress was Mary Ward. It completes one hundred and twenty five years this year. May God bless and protect this school, its teachers and all the students.

There are two basket ball fields. There is a library in which there are many books. In our school we also have computer course. There is also an Upper Concert hall and a Lower Concert hall. There are over 1700 children and 50 teachers in our school.

There is a big playground in which we play games. There is a garden in front of the principal's office. Our Principal is a nice sister named Sr. Evelyn. Our school uniform is a white blouse with a navy blue skirt, white socks and black shoes.

Our school has impressive buildings. There is a science laboratory for science students. I like my school very much and I am proud of it.



'COMPUTERS'

MANISHA SAXENA VIIB.

A Computer is an electronic device for entering data, getting it processed and then getting meaningful information. This whole process is termed as garbage in and garbage out process. The processing of the data is done as per the instruction of the programmes because a computer cannot think for itself as its I.Q. is 0. A very important characteristic of the computer is its capability to follow a set of instruction called Programme, which guides the calculation at a very high speed.


The world of today is moving ahead towards the end of the 20th century only on the shoulders of the computers which have been the survey of humanity for the last four decades. They are opening up for consideration a tremendous range of new problems in almost every subject. They are helping in the solution of problems which only a short time ago were unexplorable by any one. In the solution of familiar problems, computers are saving considerable time and money. They are also being extensively used for real time process control.

The general purpose digital computer is basically a calculating machine. Its chief advantages lie in its enormously high speed, precision, reliability and virtually infinite memory. A modern computer can perform millions of arithmetic operations in a second, with cent percent accuracy.

The world of computer overwhelms many people.

KAPPA ALPHA KAPPA - SPOON
 ALPHA KAPPA - SPOON
HOW NOT TO HAVE
 ALPHA KAPPA
 THE
TO DRY THE DISHES
 ALPHA KAPPA - SPOON

MEENAKSHI SEN XI-A



If you have to dry the dishes
(Such an awful, boring chore).
If you have to dry the dishes
(*Stead of going to the store)
If you have to dry the dishes
And you drop one on the floor-
May be they won't let you
Dry the dishes anymore.

If you have to dry the dishes
(Instead of going to the store)

If you have to dry the dishes
And you drop one on the floor-

May be they won't let you

Dry the dishes anymore.

I quite enjoyed the conversation between a damsel and some person, who was always trying to woo her on the phone and even the cacophony of sounds as two school boys discussed politics relentlessly

The list of the multi-faced personality of my dear telephone is quite long but what I'm going to miss most is my relishing games which I played on unsuspecting strangers giving them the jitters by issuing threats and menacing sounds. Here is wishing that phoney finds a healthy and busy life in his new home and gets all the love and affection it deserves!

SWEET DREAMS

RASHI KHURANA I.C.S.E.(XB)

Dreams are to dream about the people you care,
About the world and its wonders
and the life you share.

Dreams are to take you in Alice in wonderland,
To the Shimmering sky and the shining golden
sand.

Dreams make you sing tranquil serenades,

Dreams colour your life with fancy rainbow shades,

Dreams can Provide you with heavenly felicity,
they can make you feel nutty and witty.

Dreams can handle you with affection so pure,

They can caress you with their love so sure

Dreams can make your life so melodious

They can make your thoughts so luscious

Dreams can embrace you in their radiant splendour

They can prove to pleasingly soft and tender so try
filling your nights with beautiful dreams,

And fill your dreams with melodious themes.

THE MYSTERY OF THE STOLEN ANTIQUES

SONAL AGARWAL VID

I was woken up in the night by some peculiar noise coming from the back of the house. I was very frightened and did not dare to get up from my bed. After sometime I mustered courage and got up. It was pitch dark outside so I did not have enough courage to open the door. Instead I opened one of the windows with just enough space to peep outside. I was very shocked to see some footprints and a very valuable watch lying in the sand. I thought that I would investigate about this affair. I went and picked up the watch and kept it safely in my pocket. Then I followed the footprints. They led to the outhouse of my house where my servant lived. suddenly I heard some voice talking in a whisper. I did myself nearby and listened to what they were talking. It was a pity I could not understand anything. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of a familiar figure which was of my servant. I did not take time to understand that he was also involved in these affairs and he had brought the other men there. Although he looked very innocent he was very cunning. As I was listening, I immediately heard the word "antiques" On listening for some more time I came to the conclusion that they were planning to export some priceless antiques. My doubt was no longer a doubt when I was reminded of the watch which I had found. It was probably dropped there by mistake. Then at once I was reminded of some stealing of valuable antiques recently by a gang who was always in disguise and generally stole at parties. The gang doing this dirty work must be the one which was in my house at that time, I thought They probably would export the antiques to America and other countries in order to get money at once. I remembered that peculiar noise which was now very loud. I could not find out from where it came. Then I saw a lorry standing there and some boxes were being loaded in it. This was the reason for the noise. The boxes contained the priceless antiques. I guessed. I was amazed to see that they had collected a number of antiques. as I was watching this, I thought they were going to leave now as it was going to be dawn. Quickly I ran to the tele phone and informed the police about this gang. In a couple of minutes the police came and the gang was caught red-handed. By then my family members had also awakened. They were very happy that I had helped the police by my intelligence in catching the gang which had avoided the police for a long time.

MY PUSSY CAT

LAREEN SIDDIGUI

I have a pussy cat
Who is a bit mad
About catching big rats
When she is unable to catch
She sits frowning on the mat
Then greedfully puts on a cap
And starts playing with my bat
So naughty is my pussy cat

NATURE

SHRUTI SRIVASTAVA V-C

Nature is God's creation
And is his celebration
I wonder why he made
Such beautiful fishes and waves
He made the mountains all along
He made the rivers stretching long
He made the flowers and grass and trees
He made the humbling honey-bees
He made the birds and made them fly
Roaming and chirping in the sky
He made the valleys down the hills

He made them beautiful as He is.
He made the human beings to work
He made the babes and boys and girls
I love the things he made on Earth
And pray Him to give peace a birth.

TEENAGE TURMOIL

LIPIKA GANGULI XII Arts. GAMES CAPTAIN

They say you are a sweet sixteen
But, do they know of our problems umpteen
when mummy argues or daddy scolds
and constantly says "you've turned too bold".
when parties begin at eight
and grandpa says 10^o clock is too late
Old grandma says the skirt's too high
And you've got to hear all this with only a sigh
But----- all this has got a brighter side too
After all, this is when you find a boy-friend
Who's cute, smart and tall, and
the envy of your friends from one to all
And this is when your history teacher
tears her hair in utter despair
Coz Saturday night's date and you'll
even in your dreams remember
But asked an important date in the month of October
And you're sure to mix it up for November.

YEARS OF TEARS- THE GULF WAR.

SHALINI BHARADWAJ XI A

"Iraq today blew up oil fields in occupied Kuwait and fired air missiles in three attacks on Saudi Arabia. Allied forces retaliated by heavy bombing on the Iraqi port of Basra. Thus stated today's newspaper jolting the mind to the current world situation. Till some time back what seemed to be a distant threat today has become a burning reality. The war in the gulf is finally on, maybe sooner than what people anticipated but it is sure to leave

an indelible impression in more than one sphere. The wars sociological, political and economic implications will be inevitable. The thick ominous cloud of war hangs over the hearts and minds of all those who fear the loss of a father, son, brother, husband or a dear one. Is the loss of thousands of lives really worth fighting over a piece of land or an additional oil field?

The 2nd of August 1990 Iraq occupied Kuwait, accusing it of stealing oil from Iraqi oil wells along the boarder and declaring Kuwait a part of Iraq. This led to the intervention of the United Nations Organisation to try and find a peaceful solution. They asked, coaxed, pleaded and at last threatened Iraq to leave Kuwait unconditionally nearly for a period of five months but to no avail. Finally the allied nations of America, Britain, France and a few other countries deployed troops along the Iraqi boarders. The United Nations set a dead line for the withdrawal of the Iraqi troops from Kuwait as the 15th of January. But this too brought no fear to the hearts of the battle hardened Iraqi people and finally the allied forces led by America waged war against Iraq. The region which was once considered a heaven of peace and tranquility has now turned into the worst area of hostility since World War II. The gulf today has become a major testing ground of high tech weapons being launched for the first time in war. Scud missiles dropped over the much populated areas of Israel and heavy bombing over Bagdad have destroyed life and property to an extent which is heart wrecking. As the war gains momentum the loss of lives and casualties is becoming more prominent. The question is what will be the outcome of the war? Will Iraq be able to stand up to the sophisticated weaponry of the allied nations? This is yet to be seen. But it is most likely that the Iraqis would not be able to last for long. However for some the gulf war may seem at present, history is bound to treat it with far lesser respect. The gulf war may not be regarded as more than a punctuation mark in the long and bitter civilization struggle between Christianity and Islam.

The Iraqi people following blindly the leadership of their fanatic leader Saddam Husain will have to confront mighty consequences. Until and unless he finds a face saving device to disengage the war he could be heading towards defeat the consequences of which will be faced by the world and may surely lead to years of tears.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

JULIE AGARWAL

Not all of us realize that tomorrow never comes. Most of us have a penchant for tomorrow and we keep waiting for a tomorrow that never comes. Tomorrow is very vulpine and deceives us all.

Those who believe in tomorrow are debased by it and lack hard work, right thinking and determination. At the same time they are also very lazy. For them today has no value and they leave all their work for tomorrow such people never achieve success in life and either keep slumbering or day-dreaming.

When they are young they are spoonfed and never brother for today but when its time for them to be the bread winner of the family they realize the importance of today but by then it is too late and they become absolutely helpless. Life becomes a yoke for them and they face stupendous problems. They are dejected and their lives are abject. It is a thousand pities that such people are continuously on the increase without realizing the after effects.

Sagacious people who do not believe in tomorrow are the ones to achieve success in all they want to. They are well-polished people and they know the significance of today. Every second of today is important for them. They do their work regularly without depending on tomorrow. They face no hardships of life. They have confidence in themselves and achieve complacency. Every step taken by them in life opens new horizons for them. They shine differently amongst others and are the builders of the modern society. They are solely responsible for themselves. They win their respective rat-races. So don't believe in tomorrow for "TOMORROW NEVER COMES".

RELATIONS

Ravi returned from his office and flopped down in his chair. He closed his eyes, reminiscing the past three months.

After years of separation his father's best friend Mr. Sharma had come with his family to visit them. How

happy he had been !! He had seen photographs of his parents with his uncle and aunt and had loved to meet them. Uncle Sharma had a daughter, Reema, who was just two years younger to him. Both of them were the only child of their parents.

Finally, when they had come, Reema and he had not spoken to each other for a whole day because both of them were very shy and reserved.

One day, on an outing together, they had lots of fun sharing jokes and gossip and became friendlier: for a week they were that way, and then Reema returned with her parents to Kanpur.

Ravi's exams were fast approaching. He was appearing for Msc. final examination with physics. He studied hard and got through with a very good percentage.

It was on the day of his first interview for a job that Reema had telephoned him, to wish him all the best and congratulate him. He had a sudden feeling that he would do well in the interview, after talking to her. He had appeared confidently and was selected in his first attempt. "Oh mummy! Imagine! My first very first attempt! I have been selected! can you believe it! It has really happened! Oh dad!" He was completely off his mind. As soon as he recovered from his shouting he remembered to phone to Reema. She was equally pleased and congratulated him heartily. Her parents were also very happy and urged them to come and visit Kanpur as there was still a week and half before he had to join his office.

They had agreed and hastily gone for a week or so to their house. Ravi and Reema grew fonder and fonder of each other as the days flew by.

One day alone on the terrace with her, Ravi said, "I wanted to say something Reema."

"What?" she enquired casually.

"Er-----I-----"

"Ravi! Reema! come down for dinner," her mother voice intervened.

"Coming mother," she shouted and turned to him, "you were saying something."

"Oh yes!-----well-----er-----"

"Hurry up! The food is turning cold;" urgent summon came.

"Nothing" he said letting out an exasperated sigh, as he pushed back his hair from his forehead, and followed Reema downstairs as she ran down, smiling.

"Just a minut mummy. I want to say something important," he said later, when alone with his mother. He was more frank with his mother than anyone else in the world.

She remained silent as she went on packing their suitcase for returning.

"Well----I want to ----" he hesitated, suddenly realizing he was short of words to express his thoughts.

"I want to-----oh mummy!"

His mother now turned a quizzical eye towards him.

"What's it now?"

He blurted, "I want to marry Reema"

He had expected his mother to be pleased and smiling, but was surprised to see her petrified at his words. Astunned silence followed and then a puzzled Ravi enquired, "Did I say anything wrong?"

"No! But you cannot marry Reema," she replied slowly.

"Mummy!! she's engaged elsewhere?"

"No, no, that's not the case. I---I can't explain it.

Ravi was very upset at this response. For days together he would not think of a proper reason for his parent's refusal.

Meanwhile, something very similar had happened at Reema's place. They were against Ravi for Reema's marriage, when she put forth her thoughts before them.

Weeks passed by like that, and one day when he returned from his office, he found a note on the door stating that his parents had gone to visit his ill grand father and would be returning late, by night. He went in and found a letter addressed to his mother from Mrs. Sharma. His curiosity overcame him and he opened the letter. It was a detailed description of what was happening at Reema's place. Then he was stunned to read a line which went, ".... how can I tell her that they

are real brother and sister. I don't know what to do. Was it a mistake on my part to adopt your girl when mine died? Oh! I am so distressed."

Ravi read and re-read it till he could not focus properly. Tears blinded his eyes and he cried and cried until the eyes couldn't cry anymore.

Next day, he returned from his office much earlier, drank a cup of coffee, went to his mother and said "Mummy! why didn't you tell me about my sister earlier?"

His mother was shocked as she saw him smiling and smiled without knowing the pain that was gnawing away at Ravi's heart.

ADIEU ST.MARY'S

RUCHITA MATHUR XII-A

My last year in school Oh! what a painful thing to think,

My last year in school,

It makes my heart sink.

What a wonderful time I had studying, performing, playing.

It makes my heart sad

To think that I'll be going, going to a world totally new without those precious teachers and friends

God alone knows what'll be the view

In that world of ever changing trends.

But thanks to St. Mary's

And thanks to my teachers,

Inspite of their worries,

They've prepared me for the future.

I'm indebted to this school forever and forever

What it has given me,

No one could give me ever

Adieu St. Mary's

I'll remember you forever



OUR DIAMOND JUBILARIAN:
SR. M. BERNARD, I.B.M.V.
60 YEARS OF LOVING SERVICE IN THE
VINEYARD OF THE LORD

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD STUDENT

MRS. S. BANERJI

Asking me to write about St. Mary's would be something like writing a composition on "The family".

As a shy, little five-year old, Entered the impressive gates of St. Mary's Convent. Mother Angela was the Principal at that time. As our syllabus in the smaller classes was not very vast, we had plenty of time to sing and play, infact it was more a play-way curriculum in which simple rules of etiquette, health and hygienic were thoroughly ingrained in us. In the first period after the break all of us in class one got a small pillow each to put our heads down on.

Each year we had an annual Fe'te in April and a school concert (staged in the lower hall) and a grand P.T. display. The item we looked forward to was the race in which all the teachers had to participate.

In class twelve, I was elected captain of the Blue House and I vividly recall how overjoyed I was when my House won the sports shield.

After doing my teacher's training and graduation I joined the staff in July '71.

My first two years of teaching were really quite different from what they are now. Imagine sitting at the teacher's table or sharing snacks with my very own teachers, most of whom had taught me !!

Our timings in school were from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. we came for Basket ball from 7.30 A.M. to 8.30 A.M. (Ask Mr. Bhandari what fun we had especially when playing matches against our only rivals - Girls' High School.)



THE OUTGOING CLASS-XII-A

What we enjoyed most was the one hour lunch break from 11.30 A.M. - 12.30 P.M. These sixty minutes afforded a much needed respite for both the teachers and the students.

Another lively period was the singing Period with our Dear Sr. Elizabeth which our girls enjoy even today.

After finishing my training I went to meet Mother Seraphica who lovingly said, "We have nothing more to offer you. The only thing left for you is to become Sr. Sanju!!"

I myself find it difficult to believe that this is my twentieth year in teaching. Once a child asked me - "Miss, don't you get bored teaching the same thing over and over again?" My answer was, "No, not at all, In fact, every time I teach the same topic, I feel I can explain it better, knowing what children find difficult."

I've always enjoyed teaching class eight as they are so full of life. They are neither too young to be always corrected nor too old to take corrections.

I cannot imagine a life away from my home and school.

It is extremely satisfying and gives me untold joy to see the innocent, shy school girls grow up and then come back to meet us years later as career women and proud mothers.

No other life or career can be as enriching as that of a teacher. This contact of minds, this deep satisfaction of touching another life from every angle, is an experience which I would not forgo for all the gold in the world.

In closing, I profess my deep gratitude to this institution which has brought me such a wealth of joy and happiness over the years.

I love you, dear St. Mary's,

not only for what you are.

But of what I am

When I am with you

I shall think of you as a friend of mine

In such a kindly way you share my dreams

and bring a smile

To light the darkest day -

A part of yesterday that's gone

To day with joys to send

And each tomorrow yet to be

I know I shall always find in you, a friend.

‘मैं महाप्राण

‘दिव्या गंगवार’ 12 A

सम्पूर्ण सृष्टि मेरा विधान, मैं ही अदृश्य, मैं दृश्यमान,
मैं उदगम मैं ही विलय स्वयं, फिर क्या मेरा उदभव-प्रयाण ?
तन की सीमा के आर-पार, बिल्कुल अछोर मेरा प्रसार ।
मैं अखिल विश्व का स्वयं मूल, मैं ही कारण, मैं ही निदान ।
मैं स्वयं धैर्य, मैं ही अधीर, मैं स्थूल-सूक्ष्म-कारण शरीर,
मैं सुगम-अगम हूँ एक साथ, मैं हूँ लघुतम, मैं हूँ महान ।
मैं आदि मध्य हूँ, और अन्त मैं हूँ अनादि, मैं हूँ अनन्त,
मैं सुबह और दुपहर मैं ही, मैं ही संध्या दिवसावसान ।
मैं चाहूँ तो बड़ चले सूर्य, मेरी इच्छा से ढले सूर्य,
पाकर मेरा संकत मात्र, रुक जाता नभ में अंशुमान ।
मैं सविता का दिव्य प्रकाश, प्राणों में बहता हुआ स्वास,
जन-जन अणु-अणु में विद्यमान, चेतनता ही मेरा प्रमाण ।
मेरी इच्छा से बनी सृष्टि, मेरी समष्टि, प्यारी समष्टि,
मैं अंधकार मैं दिज्ञाज्ञान, हर संशय का मैं समाधान ।
मैं स्वयं बना नश्वर शरीर, हरने को जग की गहन पीर,
संधर्ष असुरता से करके, करने घरती का परित्राण ।
मैं वंशज सपूत ! बड़ चलो, क्रान्ति के अग्रदूत !
पुरुषार्थ तुम्हारा सावधान, लाएगा कल नूतन विहान ।

"पहेलियां"

१. छोटी सी डिविया डिब डिब करे चलता मुसाफिर
गिर गिर पड़े
२. एक कबर में हजारो मुरदे सबके सिर काले
३. जंगल ऐली, जंगली ऐली जंगल में दरवाज़ा,
आयगी वो छैल-छबीली काम करेगी ताज़ा

उत्तर १. औसू २. माचिस ३. झाड़ू

प्रभावी निर्णय—क्या, क्यों, कैसे ?

Mona Gulati XI B

जीवन में प्रत्येक व्यक्ति को प्रत्येक स्तर पर निर्णय लेने की आवश्यकता होती है। जब हम निर्णय की बात कर रहे हैं तब यह आवश्यक नहीं कि हम किसी अत्यन्त गम्भीर समस्या या अत्यन्त महत्वपूर्ण विषय पर निर्णय लेने की चर्चा कर रहे हैं। विभिन्न दैनिक कार्यों के निष्पादन में हम सदैव निर्णय लेते रहते हैं और जाने अनजाने निर्णय की विभिन्न प्रक्रियाओं का पालन करते हैं। महत्वपूर्ण यह है कि निर्णय इस ढंग से लिया जाये कि वह एक प्रभावी निर्णय सिद्ध हो सके क्योंकि निर्णय रचना व्यक्तित्व का एक आवश्यक अंग है। कार्यों की सफलता सही व प्रभावी निर्णय के कारण होती है। सही निर्णय रचना कोई पैत्रिक गुण नहीं वरन् एक ऐसी कला है जिसे हम अनुभव एवं ज्ञान से अर्जित कर सकते हैं।

इच्छित परिणाम प्राप्त करने के लिए काम में लाए जाने योग्य विकल्पों में से जानकारी सहित चुनी गई क्रिया-विधि को निर्णय कहा जाता है। निर्णय में चुनाव शामिल रहता है। इसमें मस्तिष्क की चेतनापूर्ण प्रक्रिया सम्मिलित है, जो वांछित उद्देश्य की प्राप्ति के लिए होती है।

किसी निर्णय तक पहुँचने के लिए निर्णय की क्रिया को यदि विभिन्न प्रक्रियाओं में विभाजित कर लें तब हम निश्चय ही निर्णय रचना को प्रभावी बनाने में सफल हो सकते हैं। निर्णय रचना की विभिन्न प्रक्रियाएँ इस प्रकार हैं:—

समस्या की परिभाषा करना—

समस्या की परिभाषा करना निर्णय रचना की सबसे महत्वपूर्ण प्रक्रिया है। जब तक हम सही समस्या का पता नहीं लगाएँगे उसका सही समाधान हमको नहीं मिलेगा। गलत प्रश्न के सही उत्तर से किसी को सहायता नहीं मिलेगी। इसलिए समस्या की परिभाषा करने पर समय लगाना बर्बादी नहीं है। अक्सर सही समस्या का पता लगाने में इसलिए देरी हो जाती है, क्योंकि व्यक्ति समस्या के अन्तर उतरने में कतराते हैं।

समस्या का विश्लेषण करना—

यह जरूरी नहीं कि पहली निगाह में समस्या के तत्व

जैसी दिखाई देने वाली बातें ही सही समस्या हों। कभी-कभी हम लक्षणों को देखते हैं और उन्हें ही समस्या समझ बैठते हैं। समस्या को पहचान बिना उसका समाधान ढूँढ़ना उसी प्रकार है जैसे अन्धकार में गोता लगाना और खो जाना।

वैकल्पिक समाधानों का पता लगाना—

जब हमने समस्या की पहचान कर ली तब हमें वैकल्पिक समाधानों का पता लगाना चाहिए कि किन-किन मार्गों से होकर हम अपने लक्ष्य तक पहुँच सकते हैं। एक विकल्प तो हर समय सुलभ रहता है, वह है—किसी प्रकार की कोई कार्यवाही न करना। यदि विकल्पों में से कोई निर्णय चुनना आवश्यक हो तो जो आप सोचेंगे वह सर्वोत्तम होगा

सर्वोत्तम समाधान ढूँढ़ने की पद्धति—

सर्वोत्तम समाधान ढूँढ़ने के लिए यदि हम एक निश्चित पद्धति अपनाये तो उचित होगा। सर्वप्रथम तो हमें अपने ज्ञान, अनुभव व अध्ययन से विभिन्न समाधानों की एक सूची तैयार करनी होगी और तब विभिन्न समाधानों का अध्ययन करना होगा। **जोखिम**—अपेक्षित लाभों के मुकाबले प्रत्येक क्रियाविधि में निहित जोखिम का पता लगा लिया जाता है। **प्रभाव का अर्थशास्त्र**—कम से कम प्रयास द्वारा ज्यादा से ज्यादा परिणाम प्राप्त करने की हम इच्छा करते हैं। समय-परिस्थिति की आवश्यकता पर आधारित शीघ्रता के अनुसार विकल्प चुना जाता है। समय के विषयों में निर्णयों को कमबद्ध करना कठिन है। स्त्रोत एवं सीमाएँ—सबसे महत्वपूर्ण स्त्रोत है—निर्णयों को क्रियान्वित करने वाले व्यक्ति, उनकी दृष्टि, क्षमता, चतुराई और समझदारी कि वे क्या कर सकते हैं और क्या नहीं कर सकते। इन स्त्रोतों की सीमाओं को ध्यान में रखना जरूरी है।

जिस प्रकार कोई व्यक्ति पूर्ण नहीं होता उसी प्रकार कोई निर्णय पूर्ण नहीं होता। कुछ समस्याएँ ऐसी होती हैं जिनका कोई सर्वोचित समाधान नहीं होता। ऐसी हालत में जो समाधान तुलनात्मक अच्छा दिखाई देता है, स्पष्टतः उसी को चुन लेना चाहिए। प्रभावी निर्णय तक पहुँचना कोई ऐसी कला नहीं जिन्हें इतने सीमित रूप में समझा जा सके। परन्तु यदि इन निर्णय रचना की उपरोक्त वर्णित विधि से परिचित हों और उसे यथा सम्भव कार्यरूप में परिणित कर सकें तो निश्चय ही हम एक प्रभावी निर्णय तक पहुँचकर इच्छित परिणाम प्राप्त कर सकते हैं।

I. Q. Test

Mona Gulati XI B

Provide the correct Hindi movie names--

1. Two eyes twelve hands
2. Sister in law's bangles
3. Traveller
4. Immortal love
5. Weather
6. Procession of thoughts
7. Give your heart and see
8. Flower of dust
9. Mist
10. Boundary
11. Blank Paper
12. Blemish
13. Thirsty
14. Husband wife and her
15. Alexander of Gate

Answers

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| १. दो आँखें बारह हाथ | ८. धूल का फूल |
| २. भाभी की चूड़ियाँ | ९. धुंध |
| ३. मुसाफिर | १०. सीमा |
| ४. अमर प्रेम | ११. कोरा कागज |
| ५. मौसम | १२. दाग |
| ६. यादों की बारात | १३. प्यासा |
| ७. दिल देके देखो | १४. पति, पत्नी और वो |
| १५. मुकद्दर का सिकन्दर | |

Swati Nigam VI B

लंदन से आये हैं मेरे मामी-मामा

कहें कृष्ण को कि शना
और राम को रामा,
लंदन से आये हैं,
मेरी मामी मामा।
उनके हैं दो बच्चे,
झरनों जैसे चंचल,
चाचा, फूफू, मामा,
कहें सभी को अंकल।

अंग्रेजी में जगते,
अंग्रेजी में सोते,
अंग्रेजी में हँसते,
अंग्रेजी में रोते।

अपने ही लोगों में,
बेगानों से रहते,
अपने घर आकर भी,
मेहमानों से रहते।
छोड़ें अपनी घरती,
भूलें अपनी भाषा,
बनते हैं दुनिया में,
ऐसे लोग तमाशा।
पेड़ जड़ों से अपनी,
हैं जो कट जाते !
इस दुनिया में एक दिन
फर्निचर बन जाते !

मेरा बगीचा

कैसा सुन्दर सजा बगीचा,
अपने हाथों मैंने सीचा।
मैंने ही सब गड्ढे खोदे,
तरह-तरह के रोपे पौधे।
कितना सुन्दर खिला अनार,
सेम, तुरई, मूल, कचनार।
मेथी, पालक, घनिया, जौ,
गेहूँ, चना, लाई, सरसों।
यह आलू हैं, उधर मटर,
गेदां गुलमोहदी, गुड़हल।
गाजर, गोभी और करेला,
फल-फूलों का लगा है मेला।

अयोध्या

Anshu-Misra X-B

घरती लहू से लाल है
लाशों से है भरा,
मन्दिर कहूँ, मस्जिद कहूँ या बोलूँ मकबरा।
होता 'बजू' लहू से है
मुर्दों से भोग है,
मजहब से नया कौन है मालूम हो जरा।
क्यों दूढ़ने चले हो
नये धाव दोस्तों,
दो सौ बरस की दासता का धाव है हरा।
कुछ सोचने के पेश्वर
इतना तो सोचना,
जिंदा रहेंगे धर्म, होगा देश अधमरा।

दीदी की विदाई

Shivangi Gupta V B

दीदी की विदाई हो रही थी।
मम्मी खड़ी रो रही थी।
दीदी ने कहा मम्मी क्यों शगुन
बिगाड़ रही हो। हमारी खुशी के
मौके पर क्यों तुम खड़ी दहाड़
रही हो। बेटी तुम चली जाओ
गी तो मेरा काम कौन करेगा।

मिठाई का पत्र

Rashmi Tripathi VI-A

आदरणीय रमगुल्ला चाचा और जलेबी चाची,

मेरा रस भरा प्रणाम,

मैं यहाँ सकुशल हूँ और आशा है कि आपके ऊपर भी मक्खियाँ भिनभिनाया करती होंगी। आप को यह जानकर प्रसन्नता होगी कि मेरी बड़ी बहन बर्फी की शादी लड्डू नगर के प्रसिद्ध मक्खनबाज़ पेड़ा प्रसाद के सुपुत्र खीरमोहन के भांजे गुलाबजामुन के साथ होनी निश्चित हुई है। दही बड़े मामा और कचौड़ी मामी जी को भी निमंत्रण कह दीजिएगा। समोसे भैया डोसे वाली भाभी को लाना बिल्कुल न भूलियेगा क्योंकि उनके बिना शादी की पार्टी सूनी-सूनी सी लगेगी। आशा ही नहीं पूरा विश्वास है कि आप लोग उपस्थित होकर वातावरण को चिपचिपा बनाने में सहयोग देंगे।

आपकी भतीजी,

पेस्ट्री

चाँदनी

स्मारिका अवस्थी VII C

फूलों में भी बिखरी-बिखरी।

काँटों में भी निखरी-निखरी ॥

पूछो वो है कौन भला।

पुकारूँ मैं उसका नाम ज़रा ॥

गा रही ये सुनसान रात उसी की रागिनी।

आती है वो चाँद के साथ प्यारी प्यारी चाँदनी ॥

धूप छाँव

सुमिता कुमार VIII C

जीवन की धूप छाँव में

मुझे यूँ ही तरसने दो।

कुछ क्षण दुख

और कुछ क्षण सुख

मुझे यूँ ही चलने दो।

चलते-चलते थक जाऊँ जब

पथ के कंकड़ चुभने लगे तब

दो-आसूँ मेरे गिरने दो

और जीवन यूँ ही चलने दो।

सरल राह ही जब

और फूलों के हो संग

मेरी एक मुस्कान उभरने दो।

जीवन की इस धूप-छाँव में

मुझे यूँ ही तरसने दो।

कुछ क्षण धूप और

कुछ क्षण छाँव

मुझे यूँ ही चलने दो।

देव सरिता

स्मारिका अवस्थी VIIC

ये मेरे गीत हैं या कहो कविता ।
अर्पण मैं करती हूँ, हे देव सविता ॥
पृथ्वी पर किरणें तेरी जब-जब आती हैं ।
कोने-कोने, कण-कण को सोने सा चमकाती हैं ॥
नया उत्साह जाग उठता है ।
काल थोड़ी देर को तब रुकता है ॥
अंधकार डर के तब भागता है ।
पृथ्वी का वो समां स्वर्ग जैसा लगता है ॥

सपने

नीना अग्रवाल XB

सोते हुए सपने देखें,
जागते हुए सोच सोंचें,
क्या सपने रहेंगे सपने ही,
या होंगे सपने सच्चे ?

पहचान

(Miss Richa Agrawal)

लिखना चाहता हूँ,
कि लिख पाता नहीं ।
पन्ने भर जाते हैं,
कि सोच पाता नहीं ।

बचपन बीत जाता है,
मौत आ जाती है ।
समय की गाड़ी की,
धूल बन जाता हूँ ।

न दिन बन पाता हूँ,
न रात ही बनता हूँ ।
अन्दर की प्रतिमा को,
बाहर न लाता हूँ ।

कीमती लम्हों को,
यूँ ही गँवाया है ।
खुज कितने पीछे हूँ,
आज देख पाया हूँ ।

यही वो सुबह है,
कल को उजाता है ।
खुद कौं पहचान जिसने,
जम ने सराहा है ।


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