

EXPRESSIONS



IMAGINING, CREATING, AND EXPLORING

Vijeta

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From the Editor's Desk

A Warm welcome to all our readers,

It is said that, 'an Umbrella and a Human mind are similar in one respect, they both work only when it is open!' Perhaps this is the right analogy as Muscat saw some rains in the recent days. It is also the time when our students open up their minds to show their talents in all their non-academic endeavours.

One of the greatest gifts possessed by humans is the ability to express our thoughts and feelings through words, and is also considered to be one of the most powerful means of expression. The initiative undertaken by the Board of Directors - Indian Schools in the Sultanate of Oman for launching the E-Magazine is to provide students with a platform to express their creativity, and develop their skills.

We consider this E- Magazine to be 'the manifestation of the spirit' of the student community of ISWK which has strengthened our thoughts, ideas and aspirations. All the interesting write-ups, essays, poems, paintings and puzzles that are lined up in this issue, would reflect this. We are happy

to note that we had a tough time selecting the entries for publishing in our magazine. Though, that was a welcome challenge.

On behalf of the entire student community of Indian School Al Wadi Al Kabir, The School Editorial Team wishes to thank the Principal and the School Management for giving us an opportunity to express our thoughts. We sincerely hope that everyone will enjoy this edition of the E-magazine and inspire others to take up writing. We wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all!

Happy reading!

-On behalf of the Editorial Team,

Shasank Rajaram and Owais Ahmed

India of my dreams

By Sayanti Maiti

I once saw a beautiful dream
Not of chocolates or ice-cream;
But of a magnificent place
Lots of merry and cheerful faces;

Of a country
endowed with
nature

And a blend of
marvelous
culture.

A country free as
a bird,

Flying in the deep
blue sky,



In its bright saffron orange,

Somewhere deep in the dark;
Will you help me to light up the lamp?
And retrieve it back.

Goodbye

By Justina Mary Biju



I come from the countryside,
from a very small family.
We worked hard for a living
but we did it happily.

Father, kind and strong,
works on his field all day.
No matter how tired he was,
he always found time to joke
and play.

Mother is such a dear;
so gentle and sweet.
Her melody in the kitchen
is such a special treat.

My sister Jenny is
lazy and loves to
sleep.
She helps Father and
tends to the sheep.
Then came the day I
had to go to fight the
war.
Leaving my family was
the most difficult
thing I'd done so far.



Mother wept; Father said,
"You don't have to do this."
Jenny patted my shoulder
and gave on my cheek a kiss.

With this encouragement
I went out to a vengeance flood;
from a poor Polish farm,

into a world thirsty for
blood.

I picked up guns and bombs
and for years we fought.
But we had to surrender.
In the end, we're nicely caught.

Now we are waiting, waiting
for the hours to pass.
Tomorrow we're to be guillotined
or, if most unfortunate, gassed.

My last wish was to get pen and paper.
To write this was my heart's desire.
How I wish I could once again taste
Mother's pot pie cooked on the kitchen fire.

Manhattan Rush

By Ansh Dave

It was another boring Tuesday at the station and almost everybody was half asleep. I hadn't even bothered to look at the boring case files piled on my desk. The police



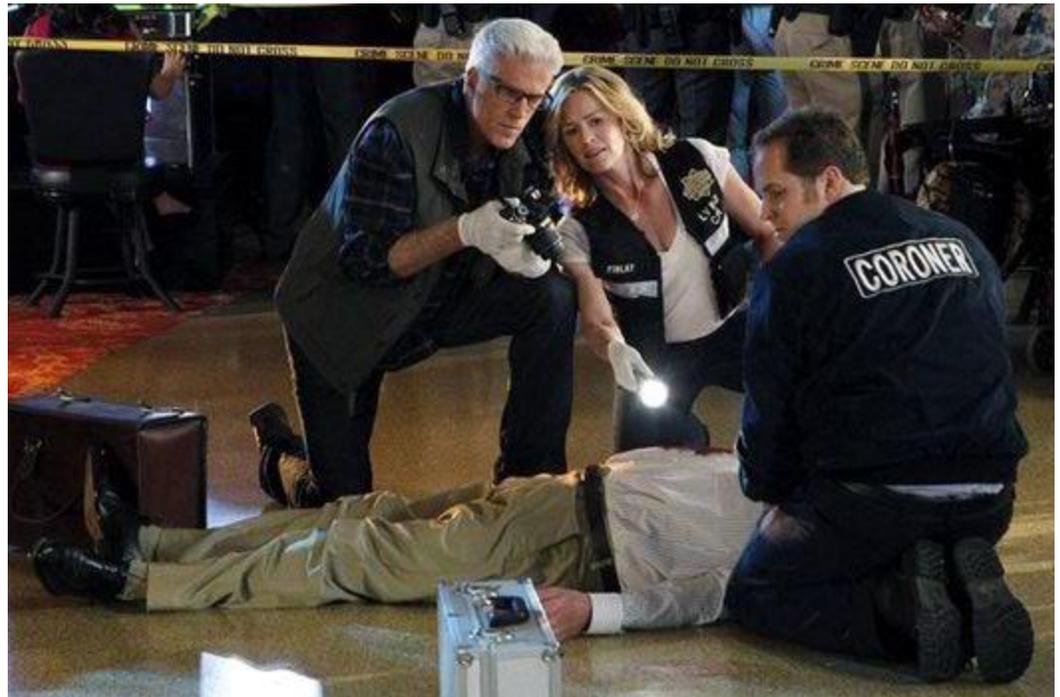
inspector came over to my desk and asked why there were so many cases pending. I said that all of these cases were too easy and not at the level of a senior detective, but at the level of a

junior level cop. "That is not your choice to make Detective Brooks," he said. I sighed and leaned forward to pull the files towards me. I started flipping through the files and found nothing. Suddenly, a file that read 'Classified' in the case archives caught my eye. "Well... what do we have here?" I murmured to myself. When I opened the file and I

saw the case of a serial killer, my face lit with joy and everyone thought I had lost my mind.

I went to the inspector's office to find out more about the case. "How do I not know about this case?" I enquired. He said it was a cold case and I should leave it alone. I disagreed with Inspector Jones and after a heated

argument, he reluctantly agreed with me. He suggested that I should take a



partner with me since the case was related to the infamous Zodiac Killer case of 1968.

The killer left clues and riddles at the crime scene and he wrote it in zodiac letters, but the clues were smarter than those of the killer from 1968. I decided to take my best

friend and trusted partner Ace Ryder. The inspector was really excited as the best detectives me, Zack Brooks and Ace Ryder were working on this case together. Ace and I called ourselves 'The Wolfpack' as we stuck together and were always loyal to each other. We investigated old crime scenes and questioned old suspects and witnesses. It had been 5 years since the new Zodiac killer had first struck. We had no luck with our investigation.

A few days later, news came that the Zodiac killer had struck again with a series of murders all across the state of New York. I went to the captain and demanded a task force and said that I needed every detective to work on this case.

The inspector agreed and gave us the permission to examine every single place in New York.

We were given access to military grade weapons and



permission to initiate a statewide lockdown so that no one could move in or out of the city. A few days after investigation, we found a lot of clues and riddles that he had left. After a day of continuous work, we managed to decode all the clues from the letter he had written which we had found. The letter stated that the police only had 32 hours to arrest him, and if we didn't, he would do something



that we couldn't even imagine in our worst nightmares.

The letter also stated that he will

be in Manhattan the whole time and the only information we had were the clue he left behind. Ace and I rushed to my car and started our hunt for the zodiac killer. As we followed the clues and investigated all the places, our last location was an old building in the Business District. There we found that he had killed one more person. We went

around the building questioning people and finally found an old woman who had seen him. She described him as a bulky, 6 foot tall figure with a deep voice and was wearing a jacket that had a design of a sinister smiling clown embroidered on its back. Suddenly, I knew where to go. We got in the car and rushed like a bullet through the city. I realized that I only had half an hour left. The investigation took us a lot of time. The killer was hiding in an abandoned house of mirrors in a circus that had the same logo as on the killer's jacket. When we entered the house of mirrors, we heard a sinister laugh. I shot towards the direction of the voice, but I had shot only at the mirror.



Then, I told Ace to go to the station and get some backup. Now, it was only me and the killer. The killer appeared in front of me and I pulled my trigger. I realized he was using the mirrors to confuse me. I realized I can trap him by using his own tactics on him. Soon, I had him trapped and finally arrested him. The killer was given a life sentence and I was promoted to the position of a Sergeant.

The City of Lights

By Daniya Sejin

Many of us like to travel. Some people like to travel for fun. While some others to overcome their sorrows and others for solitude. I didn't



think much about travelling and fun till I visited the city of lights- Paris.

The airport in Paris was very cosy. The weather outside was very cold even though it was summer. Summer and spring are the peak times to visit Paris. The sky was clear blue, with no sign of pollution. We hailed a taxi and went to our hotel. The roadsides were covered with trees and bushes, all green like in some parts of India. After an hour we reached Joinville-Le-Pont and checked in to our hotel. The place was clean and beautiful. The receptionist seemed to be very friendly, though he spoke French and very little English.

Communication was quite tough in the beginning as most of them only knew French. After keeping our luggage, we went out



for a nice long walk. It was quite bright outside even though it was seven in the evening.

We were able to see the places for a longer time because of this reason. Most of the shops closed at 7pm. I really liked the place and the people. They all treated us like natives. No discrimination at all. We went to Disneyland in Marne La Valley. I had to change my opinion that it was a place for only children to enjoy when I saw people and tourists in their fifties and sixties laughing and talking and waiting in long queues to go for the rides. I was wonderstruck by the way everything was a made. It was only a similar one to the original but still looked like a replica. There were Disney characters and Marvel characters entertaining and taking photographs with people. There were dozens of restaurants and souvenir shops. The air was filled with laughter and joy. The next was a visit to the Notre Dame Cathedral. Though



it was bombed recently, it still stood high and erect showing all glory. There were many tourists taking pictures of the Basilica from all angles while their guides explained the loss to them. The area was fully guarded by the police. There were lines of shops mainly for souvenirs. I went inside most



of the shops and admired the things they contained. The shopkeepers spoke French and therefore I greeted them with a warm smile and a

quick 'bonjour'. Because of this reason they all thought I spoke French. Sometimes I was compelled to tell them that I only spoke English.

Most of the people in Paris use electric scooters or bicycles and that's the reason why there is no pollution. The last visit was to Champ De Mars where one of the Seven Wonders of the World was situated- The Eiffel Tower. On the way to

Champ De Mars I even saw the Versailles palace which reminded me of my history lessons. The tower was even bigger than I had thought. I stood in front of it with admiration and awe. There were painters and artists selling their drawings, guards checking on tourists and people selling different things at a lower cost. We took a few photographs and moved on. After a while we saw the 'Arc-de-



Triomphe' which is situated at a roundabout. It resembled the India gate. We had to climb 284 steps to reach the top. It was worth climbing as we could see a panoramic view of Paris. It was the most beautiful sight I've ever seen. The roads to different places in Paris diverged from this point. I really enjoyed my trip to Paris.



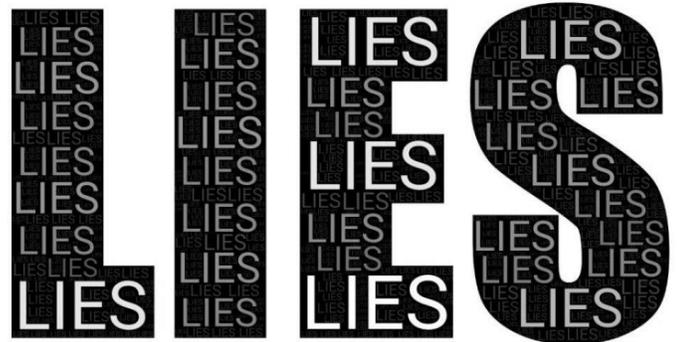
People all over the world crave to visit Paris at least once in their lifetime. Over 40 million people visit Paris every year and I promise you that is a place worth going.

IMAGINING, CREATING, AND EXPLORING

It's hard not to lie

By Aleena Sabu Koshy

That moment when you try to lie,
Hiding the truth deep inside you,
That moment when you feel it's over,
But has just started the
trouble,
Because lies tend to be easier
But actually don't prevail long.
When your heart cries to
shout out
the truth, but your lips have no control,
Because truth is hard to express,
but once you have the courage to say,
then you don't need to fear none.



Don't Give Up

By Iffra Fathima

Don't give up don't give in there's always an answer to everything.

This my friend is for you the trails that you face,

And the dreams that you chased,

You're behind in your race,

Then you're straying from your pace,

Your mind is
scatter all over
the place,

Then you're
desperate for
space,

Little did he
know this is your
time to
embrace?



Don't give up don't give in there's always an answer to everything. You know we tend to hide,

What's inside?

And waste time and what could have been it isn't the key to believe in your identity,



Your passports you here this is where it all begins.

Don't give up don't give in there's always an answer to everything.

So don't sit hour after hour, While the tribulations tower.

Don't forget the countless blessings which you have been showered,

Find your shrimps then your powers,

To rise above the cowards.

Be like the flowers that give off its sense when it's crushed and devoured.

The Locket

By Sriram Vaidyanathan

On a bright summer day John and Harry were searching for the table fan in John's house. "I remember it being here..." said John "That's what you said an hour ago!" complained



Harry "maybe it's in the attic" John replied to his annoyed friend.

"Fine!" Harry responded "but if it isn't there I'm going home". They went up to the attic and started searching. "You are probably the only

one in this world to be able to lose something as big as a table fan" teased Harry, "Just try to find it before we melt in here" John replied. After searching for a while, they found an old locket. "What's this?" asked John "how am I

supposed to know? This is supposed to be your house!" replied Harry "yeah... I'll ask mom!" shouted John excitedly. "We are supposed to be searching for a fan!" shouted Harry angrily. "Forget about that for a while it looks really old and interesting."

"FINE!"
accepted Harry.
They went
downstairs but
John's mother
wasn't there.
"Oh yeah, she
told me she's
gone shopping."
John told
Harry. "THEN
WHY DID YOU
COME DOWN
HERE ANYWAY? Throw that old piece of garbage and help me search!" replied Harry furiously. "Let's ask about this outside!" suggested John. "WHY DO YOU CARE ABOUT



THAT OLD TRASH ANYWAY? It's none of our business!" shouted Harry. "Calm down, besides its cooler outside anyway." Replied John. "Fine!" agreed Harry finally. They both went towards the door, but the moment they opened the door

they were greeted by an old woman.

"Does that locket belong to you?" she asked in an eerie

voice. "I-I

don't think so" replied John. "Did you open it?" she asked. It sounded even creepier. "n-n-n-no" replied John. "Good."



She replied "follow me" she said in a creepily kind voice after snatching the locket. They followed her quietly.

"W-w-who is she?" asked Harry. "My name.....s Marie" she replied. They could not understand her eerie voice clearly but they followed her to a house that was five houses away from John's house. "Please come inside" she said again in a creepily kind voice. Not



having the courage to disobey her they entered it. Inside was an old but clean house. The walls were painted blue and there were some old-fashioned toys lying around. "Where are we?" asked Harry "In my house" replied the old lady.

"You can play here. As long as you want." she continued in a disturbing voice. "N-no thanks I think our parents will be worried" replied John politely. "Fine the exit is that way" she replied creepily. Harry and John walked towards it slowly and when they reached outside they turned back.



They were shocked. The house was empty! It was really dusty and it didn't look like anything lived in there except a few spiders, with the wall's paint worn out.

"Let's just go H-h-home" said John "sure" replied Harry

horrified. When they opened the door they were greeted by John's mother "Surprise!" she said as she showed them a new table fan "I bought this in exchange of the old one!" she told them excitedly. "Huh, you don't look happy are you okay?" she asked worried. "Yeah we're fine" Replied Harry "do you know who lives five houses away from us?" asked John "I don't think anyone's been staying there for years. Not since its owner passed away twenty years ago. I still

remember that kind old lady who let us play in her house all day long. I can still remember that bright blue wall and her kind voice. What was her name again? Oh yeah... it was Marie."

The Brave Laxmi Agarwal

By: Nivedya

***"He changed my face,
not my heart.***

***He threw acid on my
face, not on my
dreams."***

-Laxmi Agarwal

Laxmi Agarwal is an acid attack survivor who was born and brought up in

Delhi, India. She is also the director of the Chhanv Foundation and runs the 'STOP ACID ATTACK', Campaign.



Laxmi's dream was to become a singer, but her dream was ignored by her family as she was a girl child.

At the tender age of 15, she was attacked by a 32 year old man, whose proposal to marry her was rejected. This enraged the man and he attacked her. After the acid attack, she lost her consciousness. While unconscious she was hit by three cars passing that way and yet, was miraculously saved by a taxi driver. She had to undergo multiple major surgeries after it. She wanted to see her disfigured face but she couldn't, as all the mirrors in her house had been removed to keep her from seeing the horrific sight.

Still, she managed to see herself.

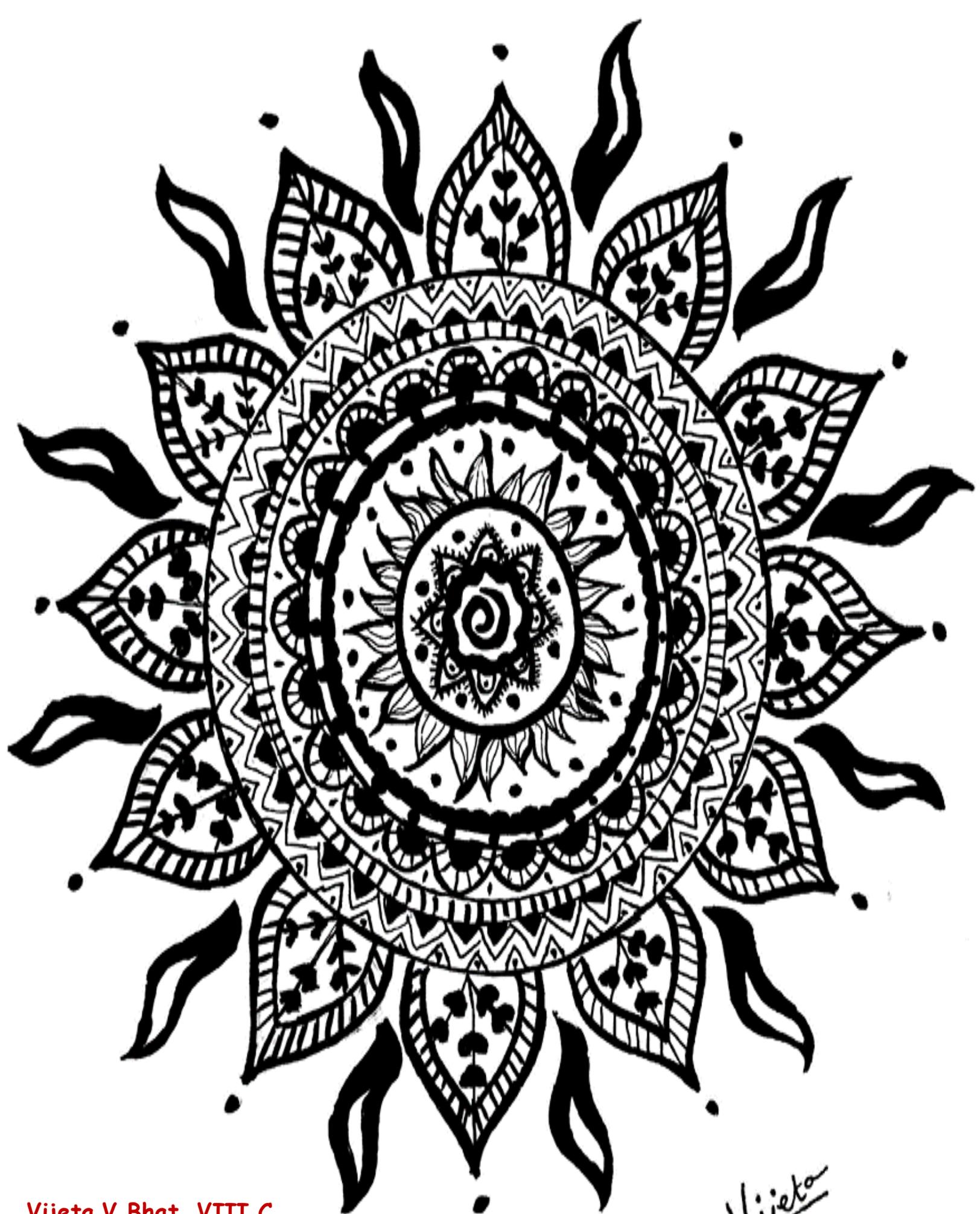
After seeing her face, all her friends left her and her neighbours even asked her

parents to kill her but they refused. Laxmi's father assured her, " One day, you will love this face of yours."



A few years later, her brother was diagnosed with tuberculosis and it was certain that he wouldn't live. After hearing the news, her father had a heart attack and passed away. She had to start working as there was no one to support the family. Unfortunately, despite her qualifications, no one gave her a job because of her disfigured face.

Eventually, after all these challenges, she initiated the idea of banning the sale of acids which was fully supported and implemented by the government of India. She is a true inspiration for all the girls around the world.



Vijeta V Bhat, VIII C

Vijeta

To My Mom

By Fathima Noushad

When I opened my eyes,

I felt like my life
was thrown like a
dice

Just to a world,

Which is new and
blurred

Your lovely face like
heaven,

That no one can
create it even!

You, my mom!

Like a burning sun,

You always gave me fun

Hiding your secrets which,



I could know like leaflets
You always struggle for my nature,
And I find a future...
This world is you...
I've just seen through my eyes like,
A scenery view
You are mine like a newborn flower
In my heart, new...!

Why War?

By Anusha

Why was war invented?
When both the sides repented
When both the sides repented

Can anyone give me an explanation?

Why to fight for nation?

To understand this is our
motherland

But...

Why not every land

Stay within their plans

Why was war invented?

When both the sides repented

When both the sides repented

Couldn't we just live in peace

All this hatred should come to a cease

All our hopes and dreams

Come crashing down

When one little war

Broke out



Why was war invented?

When both the sides repented

When both the sides repented

Both the sides fight



About a million
die

Both the mother
s cry

How much they
try

She just
couldn't t stop

Why to expand

When our

motherland

Do not agree

To sacrifice million for free

Why was war invented?

When both the sides repented
When both the sides repented



But no luck
Everybody just duck
With pride and hope
Along with sadness of
rope
Then everything is quite
As the nation's pride

As everyone rose
From their chore
And bow
To the Braveheart of the war
Who died for nothing?
Which is considered something
Why was war invented?
When both the sides repented

When both the sides repented

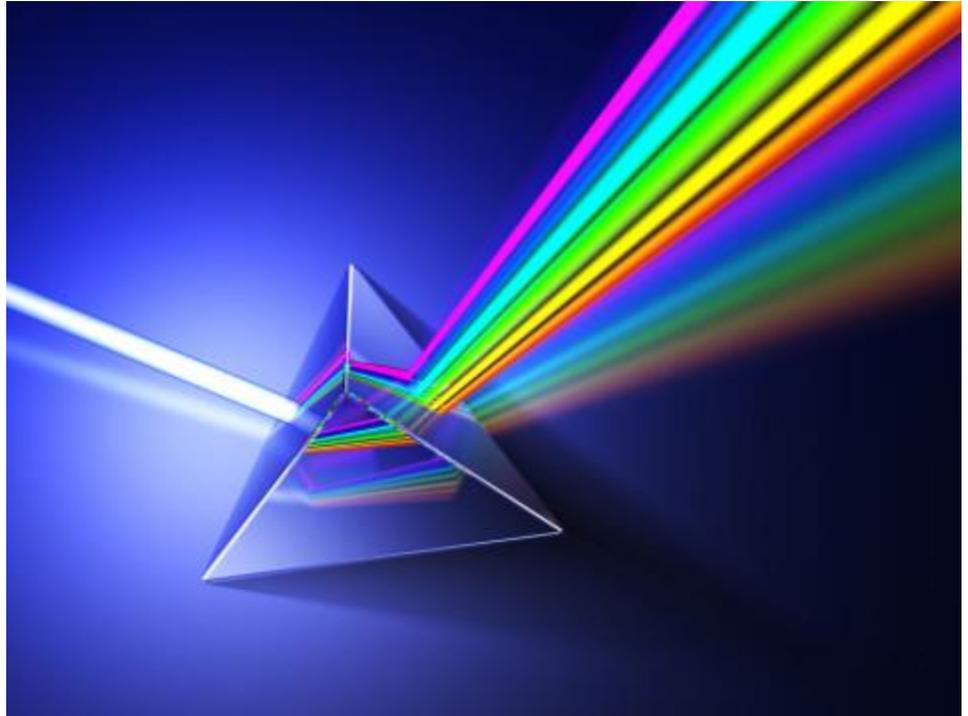
Luminescence

By Irene Susan Josey

Light; it's an amazing phenomenon, it cannot bend, be stopped and is the fastest travelling object in the layout that science has planned for the world. Everything we do is based off of it. There is no plant or animal that can live without it; it is the necessity of all, the inevitable route we all seek.

I was five when I first broke a light bulb. A crack erupted from the bulb's glass meeting the marbled floor. I watched the light go out, and then a hum, a buzz and a spark of electricity and then it was gone. My mother's annoyed shouts prevailed in the background but I stood still; for the first time in my life, I had seen how light could be stopped; how light gets dimmer and dimmer until it was just a shell of what it used to be and finally extinguishes.

We are filled with this light, whether we know it or not. We are filled with light. Literally. The Greek philosopher was not completely wrong. Like all living things, humans are bio-luminescent: We glow. We are brightest during the afternoon, around our lips and cheeks. The cause may be chemical reactions involving molecular fragments known as free radicals.



But there is a different light we rarely ever talk about- the light that governs our existence as a whole.

There is a light that switches on whenever we are doing something we love- be it painting, dancing, cooking, calligraphy or seemingly random trivial activities. This is more than just mere phosphenes of feeling, they are the



radical love we feel when completely emerged in catharsis.

There is a light bulb that connects all your dots, seems to fill all your holes. It buzzes in a trepid, coy volume and yet, it is the loudest thing in your life. Your light is your life. You are the hum that runs your life.

But sometimes, just like the light bulb I broke when I was five, your light is susceptible to diminishing and extinguishing. When you feel like nothing is worth doing anymore, even your light, your hum reduces its intensity. Its then that most people feel lost in the torpid, never ending loop of static time.

When the world weighs you down with expectations, your light bulb hums and buzzes and finally, stops altogether; a halt to your creative experience. And as the filament breaks, so do you. Light moves along at full “light speed” —186,282.4 miles per second—only in a vacuum. In the dense matrix of a diamond, it slows to just 77,500 miles per second. But in that moment, it feels so painfully slow.

The only way, then to bring your light back is to wait, love yourself and give yourself time. Indulge in self-growth strategies as a catalyst to your character; because when your light dims, you have to be your own light. You have to



restart the hum of your own engine, start singing your own song.



I was five when I broke my first light bulb, and even though I broke it, I found my light that day. A story, a song, a poem, a puzzle—anything could be a muse.

This will shine through your eyes, and you will just know you have found it.

And that day, I came to believe that we can all be more than the sum of our parts. There is an ineffable energy inside all of us that is a force to be reckoned with. And the world might be a collection of black holes stitched together, each waiting to swallow you up whole. It might be the

darkest pit ever, but on that day, I just seemed to glow brighter.

A Sound Mind in Sound Body

By Jeevan Devasia

Once upon a time there lived a smart young man in a village



of Palakkad in Kerala. His name was Prabhu. He was very energetic and vibrant in all his work and walk of life. All his friends and relatives loved him very much. He was a gentle and

generous man, who was willing to help his fellow beings.

Unfortunately, he was struck by a dreadful disease - **CANCER!** It was like bolt from the blue. Due to cancer, he lost one of his legs, which carried him for 27 years. He lost the income of his family, he lost his favorite sports like Kabaddi and Football, he lost all his savings and he lost his

beloved lover whom he loved more than his heart. Among them the most heartbreaking incident was the departure of his beloved, whom he saw as the future wife and life



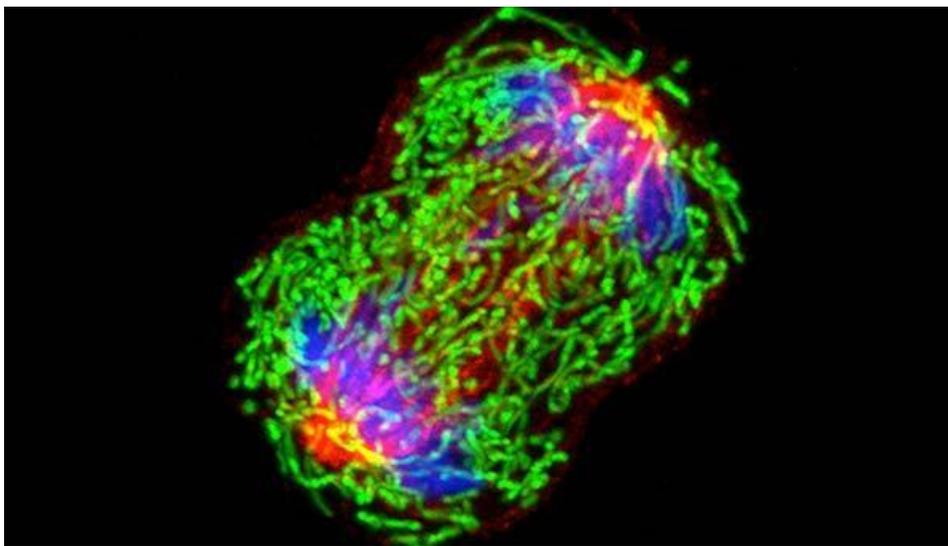
partner. He thought when he lost everything in his life; she would stand with him and help him to bring back all that was lost. Many nights his pillows were wet with his tears and sobbing.

Which she took with excitement and happiness. He used to spend his hard earned money for her as if he was her husband and she was

his wife. It made him proud and gave him satisfaction. He did his best to make her happy. He never let her down. As a strong male he thought that it was his duty to make his partner happy.

However, she left him when he was attacked by cancer and lost one of his legs. She said, "How can you look after me with your cancer and just a leg. I am a practical girl. I don't want to waste my life with you. So please don't wait for me.

I am leaving. GOOD-BYE." Those words shattered his heart. He never anticipated such a negative reaction from her part. Later on she went into the life of another person with all the ornaments and dresses she received from her former lover, Prabhu. When Prabhu saw her moving with her new lover he prayed in his mind for the poor guy to have a better life. She had left Prabhu who loved her more than an angel. Her negative words about him changed his attitude



and temperament towards his life.

After that, he became very strong and bold; became very powerful in his

mind and body better than before the attack of cancer. Prabhu had attacked the cancer that came to take away his precious life. He had a mind which could defeat the death. He had such a powerful and indestructible mind. So he said,

" If I have such a bold mind and heart, no one like you can beat my life, 'SILLY GIRL' and poor 'CANCER'. GOOD-BYE. "

After a short gap Prabhu defeated the dreadful disease cancer with his willpower and married a very beautiful girl far better than his previous lover. Now he is one of the leading businessman in Kerala. He now leads a very happy and comfortable life although he had lost a leg



The creation of
Falak Shaikh
VIII D

Journey of Life

By Sarah Quadri

Our parents will be the first one to warn us from doing wrong,

Later a storm will come which will be very strong.

There is nothing wrong in listening to their advice,

As they are more than us wise.

They can understand us more than we do,

We can't fool them how much ever we try to do.

They are our guardians, who will guide us towards the light,

When we don't understand whether we are doing is right.

Something's of our parents still we lack,
But don't worry they are right behind our back.
Because of you it's not what you are today,
But because of your parent's hard work done yesterday.



They are the one, who
we saw first,
But not the one who we
will see last.
Along the age gap
between your parents
and you,
Take care of them

otherwise god will take them away from you.

Night Voices

By Isra Indikar

It was a scary night,
With no bright light.
I sat very quiet,
Thinking everything was alright.

By the time something appeared,
That looked very weird.
I closed my eyes thinking of fairy land,
Or on beach making castle of sand.

Then I heard something behind me,
But I stayed free.
I ignored the voice,
But I heard it twice
I got up from the chair,

To look what's there.
But noticed it was just a
bat,
With no tension I sat.

I was thinking about the
voice,
Which I heard twice.
When I opened the door,
It was nothing but a beggar's snore.





Shanabaz

VII C

Football Forever

By Alok Gopinath

In India, hundreds of thousands of kids love one sport. Football. In the humble state of Kerala, a kid was watching the Champions League final. Real Madrid vs Juventus. Mesmerized by the live action football taking place, he made a vow to live and breathe the sport. Vivek was a young kid of 15, with a talent that made everyone go crazy. He was a goalkeeper for the school team. Everybody saw him as the new Indian team goalkeeper.

One day, he was playing a school team game. Turns out, by complete luck, a scout was present at the game. The game was tight with opposition's striker



being the top scorer of the season. The game was stuck at 2-2 with Vivek saving a penalty. In the 89th minute, Vivek's defender tackled the opposition striker

badly and gave away a penalty. Vivek was angry but was determined to save it. The striker stepped up and shot to the top corner, Vivek saved it! Basically pulled off the best save of the season.

The scout couldn't believe his eyes. He had seen La Liga or Serie A goalkeeper's goal keeper but not that well. He picked up his phone and called his team manager and said "I think we found the one... bit rusty... but he looks like the real deal".

Vivek went home a champion. He had saved one of the best shots of the season! His parents weren't happy though. His parents never really understood his talent and didn't want him to pursue football. They were happy but wanted this to end quickly and wanted him to study more. He wasn't the greatest at education. It was never really his strong sport. No footballer is good at studies, if they were then I'm pretty sure Ronaldo would know the meaning of the word 'confidence'.

The next day, Vivek was in physics class, sleeping when the peon came in and called him. He was nervous because he was going to the Principal's office. He had been there before, for winning school tournaments. He entered the very cold room, he now understood where the school budget went. The principal started clapping.

Vivek had a bad feeling in your stomach. Usually, school teachers and principals try to spice it up by clapping and continuing with, "You are expelled". The principal opened his mouth and said "You have had some good times in this

school. But, there comes a time when everybody needs to leave. I just received a call from

Wolverhamptom Wanderers. They want you to join their youth squad. They want you to

be the first Indian Premier League player." Vivek dropped to the floor. The nurse was called he woke up after 2



minutes, trying to digest what he just heard. His parents were called. They looked happy but Vivek knew they were pretending. He was sad because his parents didn't trust his talent.

Vivek got a call from a man with an English accent. "We have booked your tickets. Welcome to the team. We are excited to unveil you to our fans in the Molineux stadium." Vivek knew this stadium. He was happy that he got picked for this. He was going to play for their under 18 side. Vivek went to Cochin International Airport to go to the UK. His parents accompanied him because they came to know his salary.

They were dumbfounded. He sat in the leather seat and realized the dream he was living. He started to tear up because no goalkeeper has done this. He was getting an unveiling. He was getting exposure! He loved business class. Better than that, his new team had paid for everything. He slept like a bay on the flight. He reached Dubai on transit and boarded another flight to the UK.

He reached the UK and found a man outside with a sign with his name on it. He was mesmerized by the sights he saw on

the way to the hotel from Heathrow Airport. He saw other stadiums on the way. He went past the 'Theatre of Dreams', Old Trafford. He wanted to play against Manchester United one day or the other. Then, he reached the stadium of his new team. The Molinuex Stadium was beautiful. He entered to find a woman who showed him the sights and history of the team. The team had a historic rise to the top a few years back. He was only 16 but they treated him like a player of quality. He met the physios and everyone else who were related to the club. They made him follow the club on all social media.

They made him sign a contract that kept him at the club for 5 years. They took a photograph and posted it on Instagram. When that post went up, his phone exploded. Everyone sent him messages congratulating him. He was really happy.

Vivek spent the next few months knowing the team and understanding the tactics. He was amazed by the manager's involvement in the under 18 squad. He played his first game with his new mates. He enjoyed their company. Every now and then, he spoke with Patrick Cutrone who he became good friends with, about everything. It didn't faze him that

he was from India or that his country wasn't great at football. The season went great for Vivek as he won the Youth FA Cup with Wolves by saving a penalty to win the game. He bought a flat in London and lived there for some time. He frequently called his parents every week about problems or daily chores. He was the first choice keeper for the under 18 side at the age of 16. Vivek slowly started getting noticed by other clubs but they were doubtful of the effect he would have on the club. Vivek was then given the coveted number 1 jersey. The dream of every goalkeeper.

Wolves won the youth Premier League and qualified for the youth Champions league. Vivek was pivotal in every game because of his acrobatic saves and genius positioning. Reporters asked him questions constantly but one time he was asked by a reporter "How does it feel to be a future star of one of the worst International lineups ever?" Vivek was furious. He immediately replied by saying "I don't think England are doing too great either" He left the room after answering. People called him arrogant but accepted that he was proud of his nation no matter what. During the

international break, Vivek got a call. The voice was familiar but he couldn't place it. It was Sunil Chettri! Vivek was once again dumbfounded. He asked "Why are you calling me right now? Don't you have a world cup qualifier this week?" Chettri replied by saying "Yes, but I need you in goal against Oman".

Vivek had gotten his first International cap for India! He was ecstatic. He ran around his room and called everybody he knew. Next thing he knew; he was on his way back to his homeland. Everything felt nice and familiar. He was playing in Kerala too!

Everyone he knew came to watch him play against Oman. He saved shots and won the game 2-0. He was named man of the match! Everything was going really well. It was the beginning of the career of the soon to be hottest prospects in World football proving to the rest of the world that talent could be found anywhere.

Two years later, Vivek was a well-established player in the Wolves squad. He was slowly making appearances for the first team and his transfer value was now 10 million pounds!

He was a fan favourite and some considered him better than Rui Patricio, the current first team goalkeeper. He had gotten 15 caps for India but unfortunately couldn't lead them to the World Cup. He won the youth Champions league by saving a penalty in the final against Barcelona. He also won the Youth Premier League. The headlines couldn't stop talking about him. He became the most sought after player in the world. He had crushed mighty opponents and came to be known as the 'Indian Warrior' by the fans. The chants, the slogans, the signs, he took it all in slowly. One day, Nuri Dos Santos gives him a call. Dos Santos was the manager or coach of Wolves.

He said "You are doing well, V Rui is getting older and wants to leave. Our second choice and third choice keepers aren't fun to use. They don't have an impact on the squad. I think you what I'm talking about..." Vivek swallowed and couldn't speak for 2 minutes. "Welcome to the Premier League, son" The manager said.

Vivek trained hard for his first game in the Premier League. Unfortunately, he was going up against Man City in their first game of the season. Vivek was very nervous but tried

hard to stop the ridiculous shots at goal by Aguero and Sterling. Sadly, they lost 2-0. Vivek couldn't stop a 20 m strike from Rodri and a magnificent free kick by De Bruyne. Vivek was not sad as he knew this was the case in the Premier League. The manager and the rest of the team applauded him and the fans did too. At 19, he was playing against such a big team and put up an okay performance. It wasn't great for a debut though. The season was dull. Wolves came 6th which meant they qualified for Europa league football. Finally, Vivek would play in Europe.

He was ready for the Europa League. He was going to be the first Indian to play in the UEFA competitions. The league was going well for Vivek, putting up consistent performances day in day out. He was enjoying his football and was loving life. He turned 20 and felt mature. His training became more intense and he was getting muscular. Wolves placed fourth in the Premier League and qualified for Champions league. Vivek cried on the day of the final game when he realized that he was going to play in the competition he only dreamt of. The Europa League wasn't easy. Vivek tried his best to reach the Final and they did. Wolves were on the

brink of European glory. In the final, they went against Manchester United. This was a very strong opponent. The game was very tight and after 90 minutes it was 1-1. After extra time, it went to penalties. Wolves scored their first two. Manchester United scored their first two as well. Vivek stepped up to take the penalty as he was good at shooting. He scored! He then tried to save a penalty and did that too! Wolves had won the Europa League!

Prideful Experience of being a NCC Cadet

By S J Sureka

National cadet corps (NCC) is a voluntary organization engaged in grooming the youth of the country into disciplined and patriotic citizens.

They recruit members from schools and colleges across the country and are given basic military training in small arms and parade.



I would like to share my prideful patriotic experience in NCC. My personal motivation to join NCC was the awesome sight which I witnessed, of the Republic and Independence Day parades and the many inspiring uniformed people around me including my father. I decided to join NCC to dedicate at least a little for my country as a young citizen. It changed me from a common person to a special person. 'Special person' does not mean how others look at me but it is how I felt within.

There were more than fifty participants in the selection round of the NCC. I thought it would be very tough to join and I was really scared. But I gathered a lot of courage to compete. We were divided into five teams. They made us run 200 meters and duck walk around the ground. I was the fourth candidate to complete all the rounds in my team. But then I realized nobody is going to be rejected, but it was conducted to check our physical fitness and stamina only. Also the cadets who



attend early morning parade punctually from 6:00 to 7:30 AM become permanent cadet.

During the training process I learnt drill (parade), co-ordination, team work, leadership, unity, physical fitness and also gained stamina. My first camp (combined annual training camp) was in 2017 December at Sachidananda Jothi Niketan located in the foot hills of Nilgiris, Tamil Nadu. This camp was held for ten days. I was nervous about how I was going

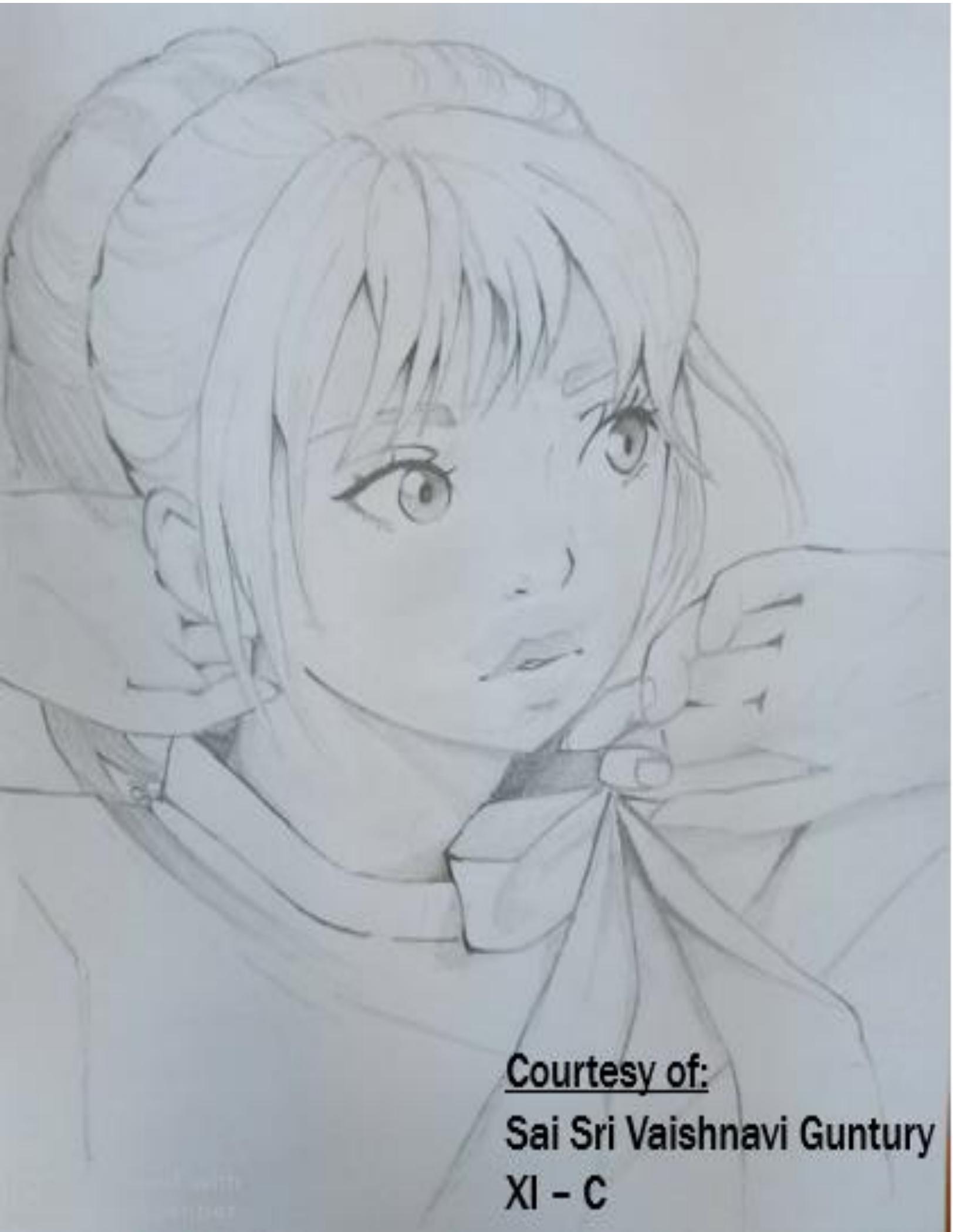


to manage and excel there. Those ten days also built up my mental stamina as we had competitions like drill, tent fixing, cultural programs, and rifle shooting, Aero modeling and also choosing the best cadet. We got trained for parade and small arms firing early

morning and late nights. As a result of our effort, our team got the runner up position among 15 schools and I was awarded the best cadet award in the camp. Now it made me feel I was also a major part of Air Wing of the NCC.

This part of my life is so precious and unforgettable in my life. I learnt values of a good citizen. I also learnt how one can take our nation forward to a better future by contributing ourselves to this mother land.

I would like to convey my heartfelt thanks to my NCC mates and instructors, who encouraged and believed in me. This experience also further motivates me to join the defence forces. I would like to conclude by saying, all the citizen of our nation must feel proud to an Indian and walk with their head held high.



Courtesy of:
Sai Sri Vaishnavi Guntury
XI - C

The Beautiful World

By Samith Seejo

The world suffused with life,

As beautiful as life.

Creatures here

Animals there....

Plants missing

Humans everywhere

Plants adorn it

Humans destroy it

Plants expand the,

Beauty of the world

Humans destroy and

Build the world...

Nature creates

Humans make
changes

Nature re-creates...

Humans change it
again!!



Waiting to see...

When will it be?

When plants and

Humans together be....

I wish to see....

The change in us

That will result in

Changes in the world.

The Painters' Canvas

By Vidushi Jagnani

The silent waves of the ocean,
Dancing about in their own rhythm,
Kiss the shore and tickle my feet,
As my hair sway in the ocean breeze;
I watch the sun disappearing in the
great depths of the ocean,
The waters glistening in aureate light
of the sun,
And beautiful hues spread across its
surface,
Crimson red, tangerine orange and a
tinge of yellow!
As the shades spread across the sky,
It appears to me like a huge canvas,
And the painter playing with colors,
Painting a portrait so ethereal,
It just takes my breath away!
Time seems to freeze as I stand,



watching the shades blend into one another,
until the sun is no longer visible,
and the mild lights of the dusk take over.

The Killer on the Prowl

By Aditya Mukundan

It was a cold, dark rainy night. The moon was struggling to escape from the grip of the dark clouds. While all were dozing off after a tiring day at work, Sophie switched between the news and the daily soaps channels. Suddenly her eyes caught something interesting. A news broadcast that brought in chills.

BREAKING NEWS: A psychotic killer from Greystone Park Psychiatric Hospital has escaped and on a rampage. The killer has killed two women who were alone in a house in De Gaulle Street. The killer was last spotted near the Château de Violette according to reports. All residents are told to bolt their doors and call the local police in case of any danger.

Sophie was terrified on hearing this. Château de Violette was where she was staying. All the butlers, servants were sent home for Christmas. Owls were hooting from nearby trees. A light bulb was flickering on and off in the nearby room. In short, the night grew scarier minute by minute. As Sophie went for a thorough check on the doors, she heard a knock.

She deliberated whether to open the door or not, but the knock grew persistent. She slowly walked towards the door.



Her legs were trembling. She opened the door and noticed a man in his late forties. His eyes were blood red. Sophie's heart skipped a beat when she noticed those eyes.

"Isn't this Elina's house? I'm Webster, Elina's cousin. Who are you?" asked Webster in a confused voice.

"Uh, my name is Sophie and I'm here to stay with Elina for Christmas. I just arrived from Paris yesterday, and she's sick," said Sophie timidly.

"That's odd. Elina didn't mention anything about you when I spoke to her yesterday. Anyways, could you call her down? I was on my way home and my car broke down. I've called up the mechanic and he'll be here anytime. I'd like to wait here until he arrives."

Sophie was already terrified on seeing those eyes and objected politely. But Webster was nothing if not persistent. And he managed to convince her to let him in.



"Elina is very ill. She is sleeping. I can't wake her up. Please leave". But the man still didn't leave.

Sophie ran upstairs. She took a deep breath, then she adjusted her voice and mimicked like she was very ill.

"Webster. I am not feeling well. I need to rest. We will meet tomorrow."

She comes down and found those cold red shot eyes staring at her. "Webster I am sorry, you have to leave," said Sophie avoiding those eerie eyes and saw him to the door.

Sophie tried to calm herself. She tried to watch something interesting on TV. She was startled when she heard the knock again. Thinking it was Webster she didn't respond. She kept quiet but the knock at the door was becoming louder and persistent. Finally, Sophie gathered some courage to find who was at the door.

It was an old man with a crooked smile on his face and a tattered bag over his shoulder. Webster was still standing impatiently with him.

"Sophie, the mechanic has arrived. Could you please fetch him Elina's toolkit? You would find it in the storeroom."

"My child, bring it fast" whispered the old man. Sophie hesitated. The mechanic again murmured "Come on now, I haven't got all day."

Sophie told them to wait at the door and walked away. She wasn't ready to take any chances with them inside the

house. She walked towards various rooms searching for a storeroom among the many rooms.

The news was still flashing on the television. They could hear the news broadcast of the killer on the prowl. So Webster understood why Sophie was reluctant on letting him in.

Suddenly the power went off and they could hear a scream. So they rushed inside.

"Sophie, are you okay? Is there someone else here?" shouted Webster but there was no response. He went to the storeroom but didn't find Sophie.

Thinking the scream was from Elina's room, they rushed upstairs. The staircase creaked under their feet. There was no light upstairs. Somehow, they found Elina's bedroom. Webster knocked on the door. No response.



"Elina are you there? It's Webster. I'm letting myself in." and they slowly opened the door.

The room was dimly lit by the faint moonlight. "Elina, Sophie" called Webster hoping that they would answer. Suddenly he stumbled over something. The mechanic shone the torch down. Webster received the shock of his life. It was Elina who was lying down.

"Call 911. NOW."

But when he turned to the mechanic he found the mechanic on the floor. He had been hit too. But who could it be? Webster turns back to check if someone was there to notice a figure right behind him with a club hammer raised. Had he turned back a second later, he would have been hit too.

"Sophie, stay downstairs. Don't come up here. Call 911."

Webster wrenched the club hammer off the killer's hands. The killer ran towards the stairs and Webster chased the figure. The killer in fear lost balance and fell down the stairs.

The same time, the power returned and the light shone on the face of the killer. It was none other than Sophie. She was the one who escaped from Greystone Park Psychiatric Hospital. She didn't come to visit Elina for Christmas. She didn't know Elina at all. She was just a cold-blooded, ruthless serial killer. Webster walked downstairs and called the police.

Suffering Triggers, the Artist in Us.

By Aarti Darji

"It is only suffering that makes us person", quoted Miguel de Unamuno, in his book 'The tragic sense of life'. He claims that the struggles we face in our life shape and mould us to achieve a life of depth and significance. The obstacles that we come through in our life make us more emotionally

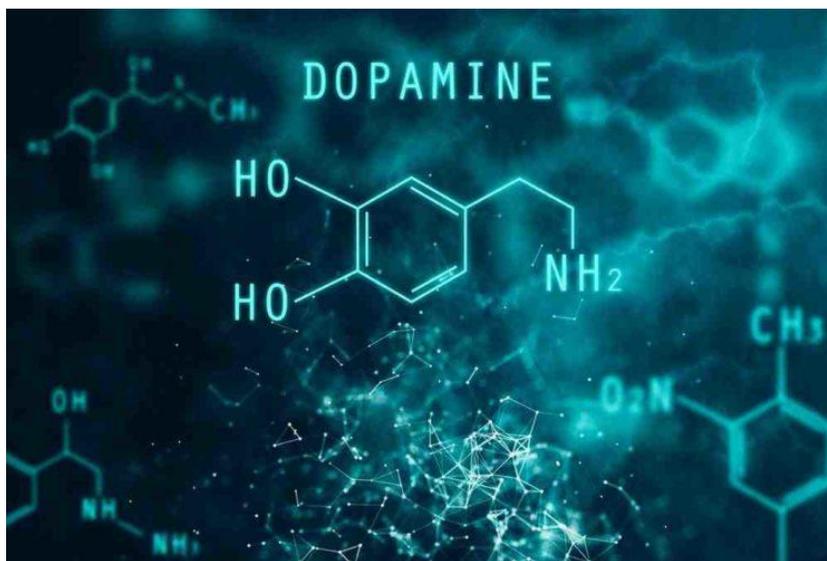
attuned to the world around us. 'Post-traumatic growth', coined by the psychologists Richard Tedeschi and Lawrence Calhoun, means the positive life changes and development one experiences post-trauma. It brings about results such as greater appreciation of life, development of personality, and discovery of abilities- many of them in the creative field-in our life.

How does this relate to art? Sometimes we ourselves don't realise the emotions that we confine in the vault of our heart and continue to bury the pain and the suffering but they



only rise back. It isn't easy to open up to people about what you are dealing with, the fear of judgement and criticism may hold you back up. It is at that time that art becomes a calling for us and becomes an outlet which brings about relief to many. Some examples are; Ludwig Van Beethoven who suffered from depression and it is speculated that even

bipolar disorder, is considered as one of the greatest composers. Vincent Van Gogh, suffered from depression and hallucinations, but is well known for his painting 'The starry night' and many other of his works. Edward Munch, painter of 'The scream', who had agoraphobia, depression and hallucinations said, " Without anxiety and illness, I am a ship without a rudder ... my sufferings are part of myself and my art. They are indistinguishable from me, and their



destruction would destroy my art."

This introduces Art therapy, which is a form of psychotherapy involving the encouragement of

free self-expression through painting, drawing, or modelling, used as a remedial or diagnostic activity. We may not know but when faced with a stressing situation, art becomes a key to the cage of our emotions. Art as a form of therapy, gives you the benefit of connecting with your emotions and

understanding your feelings. Rather than succumbing to the dark pit called depression take your pain and transform it into a work of beauty.

Moreover, research by Professor Semir Zeki shows that looking at art stimulates our brain and releases a neurotransmitter

'dopamine' which creates the same chemical response as when we are in love. However, this does not mean you should embrace suffering or seek it out. It gives you awareness that despite all the bad things, there is a scope of growth and betterment.



For those who are going through rough time realise it's not the end. After all, the tears you shed today, water the seed of your soul every day.



ASLAHA
YIII A

Of the Refugees

By Reya Raffi

On earth

My fingers have carved

My identity - an entity

I have caressed more
nations

Than carry a nationality

Draped in grief,

My body is an
abandoned home

Spat out of a war
embraced country

I am who they call a refugee

I am who they consider homeless



Money can't buy you everything

By Aryan Jangir

"Teacher please give me marks," I said
"I will give you hundred dollars instead"
The teacher said, "That's so bad of you,
You bought this to pay your due,
I will complain against you

What a cheat are
you."

"Sorry teacher
sorry." I apologized
As the anger of her
had raised

I said, "I will never
repeat this again."

I understood doing
this nothing I'll gain.



Chintu the Mechanic

By Arjun Bhargava

(One day Chintu got a job of a mechanic)

Chintu: Oh no!! I am late on my first day of job & haven't even finished my breakfast

(Chintu wraps his samosa in the instruction paper as the employer arrives)

Employer: Hello Chintu. I am here to train you.

Chintu: But I am here to learn about cars not trains

Employer: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Now, jokes apart. This car has come here for repairing. The viper is broken. Can you get me a viper from the cupboard?

(Chintu thinks of a snake)

Chintu: Oh no! A viper!!! Run for your lives.

Employer: Chintu, no more jokes, I'll now teach you how to change the tyre of a car. This tyre is punctured. First, get me a screwdriver.



Devatheertha
Shahjahan, VIII C

Devatheertha
16/2/18
10/8/18

Sum of All Natural Numbers

By Ayaan Hyder Khan

This is also known as Ramanujan Summation, named after the mathematician Srinivasan Ramanujan; which claims that the sum of all numbers is $-1/2$

PROOF

WE ARE GOING TO TAKE 3 SUMS

$$a = 1 - 1 + 1 - 1 + 1 - 1 + 1 - 1 + 1 - 1 \dots$$

$$b = 1 - 2 + 3 - 4 + 5 - 6 + 7 - 8 + 9 - 10 \dots$$

$$c = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 + 10 \dots$$

LET'S BEGIN WITH a

$$a = (1-1) + (1-1) + (1-1) + (1-1) \dots = 0$$

$$a = 1 + (-1+1) + (-1+1) + (-1+1) \dots = 1$$

$$a = \frac{0+1}{2} = \frac{1}{2} \text{ (since we have two answers, we just take the average)}$$

Now b

$$2b = 1 - 2 + 3 - 4 + 5 - 6 + 7 - 8 + 9 - 10 \dots$$

$$\quad \quad \quad \underline{+ 1 - 2 + 3 - 4 + 5 - 6 + 7 - 8 + 9 \dots}$$

$$2b = (1-1) + (1-1) + (1-1) + (1-1) \dots = a$$

$$2b = \frac{1}{2} \quad (\text{since, } a = \frac{1}{2})$$

$$b = \frac{1}{4}$$

Let's SOLVE FOR c

$$C - b = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 \dots$$

$$\quad \quad \quad \underline{- (1 - 2 + 3 - 4 + 5 - 6 + 7 - 8 + 9 \dots)}$$

$$C - b = 4 + 8 + 12 + 16 + 20 + 24 + 28 + 32 \dots$$

$$c - b = 4(1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 \dots)$$

$$c - 14 = 4c$$

$$-14 = 3c$$

$$C = -112$$

$$1 + 2 + 3 + 4 + 5 + 6 + 7 + 8 + 9 \dots = -112$$

This is contradictory because some people say that the sum of all natural numbers is -18

PROOF

$$1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9+10\dots = C$$

$$1+9+18+27+32\dots = C$$

$$1+9C=C$$

$$1=-8C$$

$$C=-18$$

$$1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9+10=-18$$

THIS CONTRADICTION CAN BE REMOVED BY TAKING THE AVERAGE OF BOTH THE SUMS WHICH IS

$$1+2+3+4+5+6+7+8+9\dots = \frac{\frac{-1}{12} + \frac{-1}{8}}{2} = -\frac{5}{48}$$

The Talent Of
Sai Sri Vaishnavi
Guntury
XI C



Value your time

By Huzefa Laxmidhar

Time goes by and
slips away
just as the sky
turns from blue to
grey.

We are here but
only for a short
stay.

Don't let life pass
with words you
never say.

Don't live in anger,
with fear and regrets.

Seek forgiveness and lay your pain to rest.

Don't judge too quickly, as you may be wrong.

Instead, choose to live life as an uplifting song.



When tears fall, wipe them away
as they will only last but for a day.
Sometimes we hurt because we care.
Sometimes life seems unfair

What is Life?

By: Natasha Noronha

What is Life?

A little hope, a little dream?

And then goodnight?

Life is about the small things
that matter

Petty fights and gossip girls is
not the end of it

Life is much more beautiful

Than what our small minds can hold

It's about the number of faces brightened



And the number of souls lightened
Life is not about the cross ends after the loss
It's about the pain behind the gain
Life isn't about trophies
It's about the toss we decide to flip
The fear in our head to
fall
But what's Life after
the fall?
It's about the victorious
stand you take
Life is a deadline to
none
Life is a wish come true
Where as
Life is a university
Where no one graduates
And no one passes a test without failing once



Life has its way
It's way through the woods
It will make us stronger
Stronger than we were

Lost in the Rain

By Malavika Rajesh

Is rain so nostalgic,
That all the pain within us comes before our
eyes?
Is rain so ecstatic,
That all our happiness shines bright in front
of our eyes?

The rain cannot be blamed,
Although it plays with us a game.



What is happening, is within us.

Be it happiness or pain,

These experiences only have a gain.

Rain not only makes the pitter-patter,

But teaches us an important matter;

That life is not only about pain or gain,

It's about how we face them.

Rain is the only part of nature,

That helps us to pour out our feelings.

Rain helps us to mature,

Without any reeling.

Created By

Neha Santosh

VII D



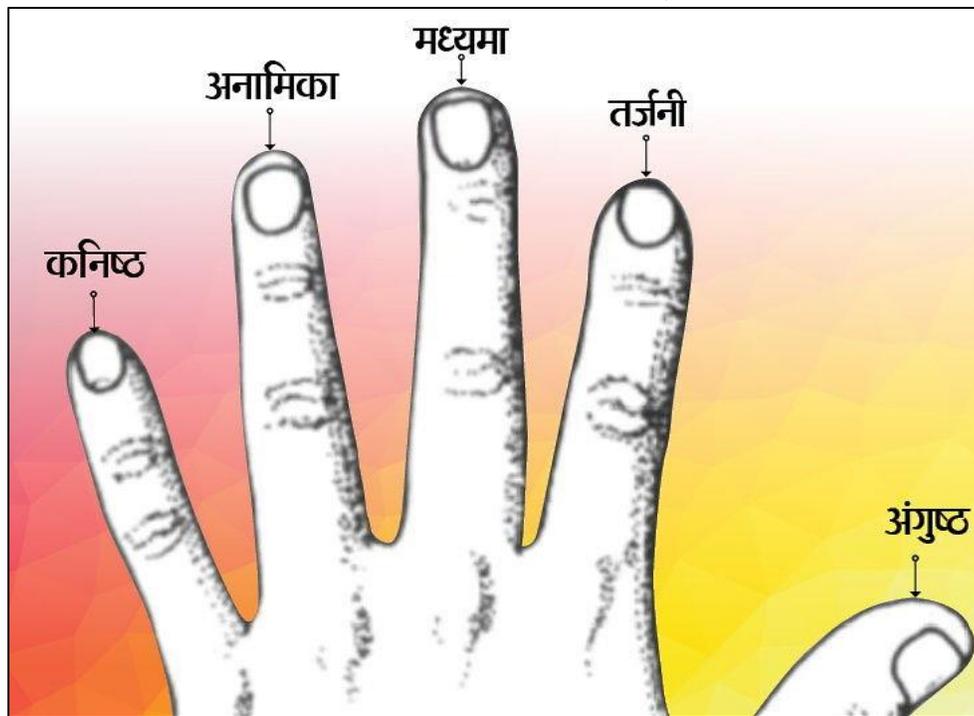
उँगली की युक्तियाँ

दुनिया झगड़े से भरी है, कौन बड़ा है और कौन छोटा है। कई झगड़े हैं। ऐसा ही कुछ तय करने के लिए हमारे हाथ की पाँचों उँगलियों के बीच यह बहस हुई कि कौन सबसे महान है।

"मैं सबसे बड़ी हूँ", मध्य उँगली ने कहा।

"मैं सबसे सुंदर और सबसे श्रेष्ठ हूँ" तर्जनी ने कहा।

यह सुनकर अनामिका हँसने लगी। "अरे ! इससे दूर रहो!"



कनिष्ठिका (सबसे छोटी उँगली) ने कहा। "मैं छोटी कैसे हो सकती हूँ, वास्तव में मैं बहुत बड़ी हूँ।" मुझे बताओ कि सबसे पहले किस का अभिवादन कौन करता है। आप सब अपने बारे में क्या बात कर रहे हैं? हाँ! लंबू जी! मुझसे चिढ़ते हो और मेरा मजाक बनाते हो। लेकिन याद रखो कि मैं केवल सर्वश्रेष्ठ हूँ।"

यह सुनकर बाकी उँगलियाँ

हँसने लगीं। फिर अनामिका ने कहा "अरे ! मजाक करना बंद करो और मुझे देखो, लोग मुझे अँगूठी पहनाते हैं और इस तरह से मेरा आदर करते हैं। मैं ही सबसे सुंदर और सबसे श्रेष्ठ हूँ।"

लेकिन मैं आप सबसे बड़ी और आप सभी के बीच हूँ। आप चारों पहरेदार मेरे रक्षक हैं, इसीलिए मैं सर्वश्रेष्ठ हूँ", मध्यमा ने फिर कहा।

यह सुनकर तर्जनी हंसने लगी और बोली, "मेरे प्यारे साथी उंगलियों, तुम सब मुझे क्यों नहीं देखते? तुम मेरे जैसे अच्छी नहीं हो। मैं दिखाती हूँ, मैं सिखाती हूँ, मैं इसे प्रदर्शित करती हूँ, मैं इसे पढ़ती हूँ। मुझे माफ़ कर दो, प्रिय अंगुलियों! अपने दिल पर मत लेना। लेकिन तुम मेरी तरह चतुर और बुद्धिमान नहीं हो।"

अनामिका ने कहा। "बेशक हम चतुर और बुद्धिमान हैं!"

मध्यमा ने कहा। "हाँ, हाँ, हमारे पास सब गुण हैं।"

"कृपया मुझे माफ़ करें, क्या मैं कुछ कह सकता हूँ?" अंगूठे ने कहा।

क्या? मध्य उंगली ने पूछा।

"मैं समझता हूँ कि मैं शायद आप के बाकी हिस्सों की तुलना में थोड़ा अधिक समझदार हूँ", अंगूठे ने कहा।

"अंगूठा जी! आप क्या कहना चाह रहे हैं?" तर्जनी ने पूछा।

छोटी उंगली! मुझे बताओ कि अगर मैं आप के साथ नहीं हूँ तो आप क्या कर पाओगी? क्या आप लिख पाओगी? पतंग उड़ा पाओगी? भारी बोझ उठा पाओगी?

"तो आपका यह कहना है कि आप पहले हैं?" छोटी उंगली ने कहा।

"कभी नहीं। क्योंकि बाकी के बिना मैं बेकार हूँ" अंगूठे ने कहा।

"आप क्या कह रहे हैं?" छोटी उंगली ने कहा।

कोई भी पहले नहीं है, न तो मैं और न ही आप। अकेला व्यक्ति कभी भी सबसे श्रेष्ठ नहीं होता है। हम सब श्रेष्ठ हैं। इस दुनिया में अकेला कोई कुछ नहीं कर सकता है, लेकिन अगर हम एक साथ हैं तो सब कुछ संभव है", अंगूठे ने कहा। "वह सही है। हम सभी एकजुट हैं और हमें एक दूसरे की मदद करनी चाहिए",

अनामिका ने समर्थन किया। "अगर हम ऐसा करते हैं, तो हम अपने जीवन को खुशी के साथ बिता पाएँगे।", छोटी उंगली ने कहा। "हम एक साथ काम करते हैं, एक साथ रहते हैं तभी हमारा मूल्य है। सभी उँगलियों को सच्चाई का बोध हो गया।

-सुहा रियास

एकता का दीप जलाएँगे

हम एकता की गंगा बहाएँगे !

नारियों को उनका सम्मान दिलाएँगे !



हम अपने परिवार के साथ रोज़ मिलकर खाना खाएँगे !

दो पैसों के लालच में भ्रष्टाचार नहीं फैलाएँगे !

सबके दिलों में एकता का दीप जलाएँगे!

छूआछूत को मारकर हम आपस में मिल जाएँगे !

चाहे हम दूर हो फिर भी हम एकता का दीप जलाएँगे !

हम कभी भी किसी के ऊपर गलत इल्जाम नहीं लगाएँगे !

चाहें कुछ भी हो हम हमेशा एकता का दीप जलाएँगे !!

-कृश भास्कर

गरमी के दिन



गरमी के दिन आते हैं,
हमको बहुत सताते हैं |
कहाँ खेलने जाएँ हम ?
तेज धूप में निकले हम |
खेल के मैदान गरम हैं |
गरमी – ही -गरमी, कहाँ चले हम ?

कहीं चैन न पाते हैं

मन – ही – मन झुँझलाते हैं |

पसीना छूटेगा अब , दिन और रात

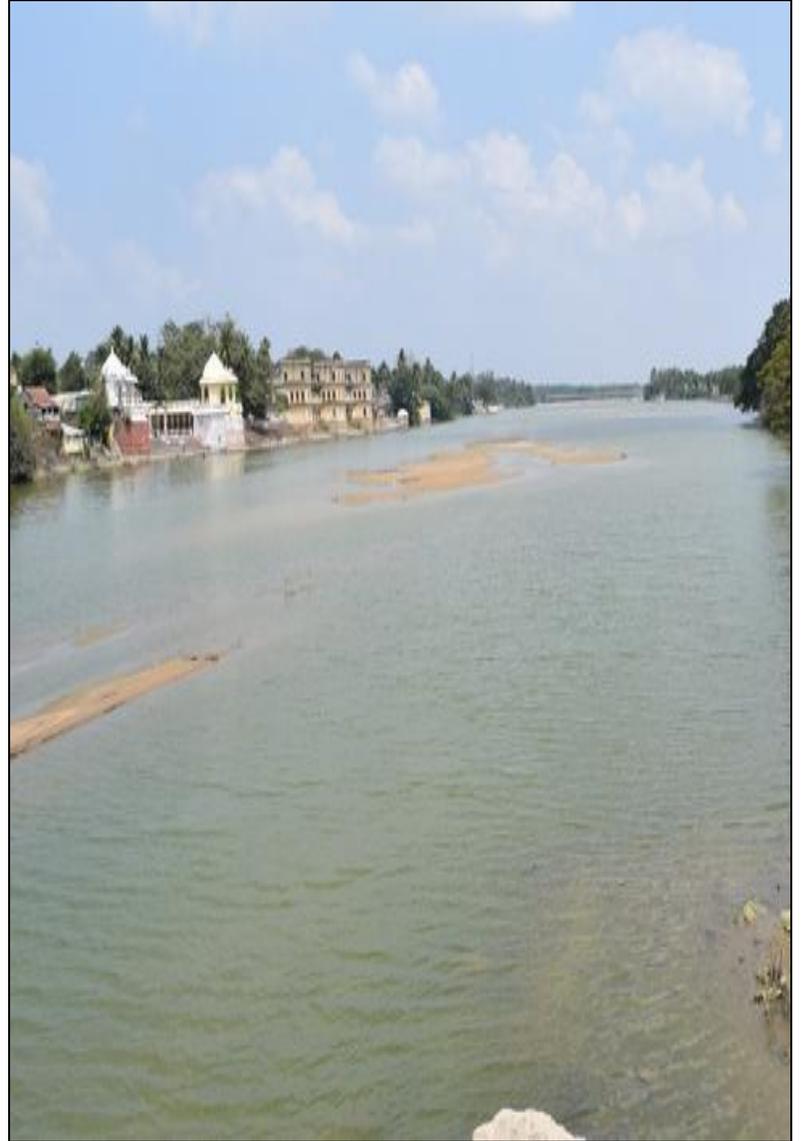
दोनों दफ़ा नहाने से ही अब बनेगी बात |

-मस्तिन

नदी

अविरल प्रवाह तटिनी तेरा,

कितना निर्मल है जल तेरा।
जन-जन की प्यास बुझाए,
धरती को स्वर्ग बनाए ।
पहाड़ों से पिघल-पिघल कर
पथरीले रास्तों से चलकर,
मैदानों में कलकल बहती,
सबके मन को है तू हरती।
अम्बुद , बिजली और घटाएँ
संगी साथी हैं सब तेरे।
बारिश से है पक्की यारी,
कभी ना छूटे ये दिलदारी ।
जन्म से लेकर मृत्यु तक,
तूने साथ निभाया हरदम,
पूजापाठ, तीज और मेले,
बिन तेरे हैं सभी अधूरे ।
चलते रहो, आगे बढ़ते रहो
जनहित में सदा लगे रहो,



कठिनाइयों से मत मानो हार,
पाठ सिखाए यह बारम्बार ।

-प्रतीक भट

पर्यावरण

पेड़ों की छाया में ही तो, पक्षियों का रैन बसेरा है।

इनके होने से हम हैं, और कहते है
जीवन मेरा है।।

गौर से देखो जरा इन्हें, ये भी
तो कुछ कहते हैं,

फूल, फल, हवा, सुगंध ये सब
देते रहते हैं ॥

मीठे-मीठे फल इनके बच्चों को
कितना भाते हैं,

इनका ही तो रस लेकर भँवरे मस्त
मगन हो जाते हैं ॥

पत्तियाँ कभी ताजी, हरी, तो कभी सूखकर सुनहरी हो जाती हैं,



इन्हें देखकर, कोयल भी तो देखो नगमें कैसे गाती है ॥

देख इन्हें हर दिल ऐसे खुश हो जाता है,

जैसे शीत लहर का झोंका खुशियों के रंग लाता है ॥

इनको अगर काट गिराया, कैसे मिलेगी तुमको छाया,

दर्द इन्हें भी होता होगा, चोट इन्हें भी लगती होगी॥

इनको जो काट गिराओगे तुम भी तो न बच पाओगे,

इनसे हम हैं, हमसे ये है, इनसे ही साँसें है अपनी ॥

इनके बिना न जीवन अपना, इनकी रक्षा काम है अपना,-

हर एक जो पेड़ लगाएगा, वह नेकी कर जाएगा ,

जो समझेगा इनका दर्द, इंसान वही कहलाएगा ॥

- आईशा कुहूस

पैसे

मैं कागज का एक छोटा-सा टुकड़ा हूँ|

मैं दुनिया पर राज करता हूँ|

पागल कर दे वह जो इन्सान को,
लोहे का बना एक सिक्का हूँ |

पैसा है तो सब कुछ है, यह बात सिखाई जाती है |

मनुष्य जब पाँच साल का बच्चा हो,
उसे पैसों की लालच दी जाती है |

क्या है जरूरत,

दुनिया में हर चीज पर कीमत लगाने की?

क्या है जरूरत इस दुनिया में

कागज के टुकड़ों के पीछे भागने की |

कभी डॉलर, कभी रूपया,

कभी यूरो, कभी टका,

लंबे-लंबे नोट,

क्यों देख हम ललचाते हैं |



- आर्यन पारेख

प्रकृति से करो प्यार

सूरज हमें रोशनी देता,
चाँद से मिलती शीतल छाया |
टिम – टिम करते तारों की
हम कभी न समझे माया |
सागर ने सिखलाई हमें,
गहरी सोच की धारा |
पर्वत से सीखा हमने ,
सदा ही ऊँचा लक्ष्य हमारा |
प्रकृति के हर कण – कण में ,
सुंदरता का संदेश |
पर हमें न यह सब दिखाई दे रहा है ,
हम सब कर रहे हैं प्रकृति का विनाश |
जब हम प्रकृति की सुंदरता को बर्बाद करेंगे ,
तब खुद ही अपने भविष्य से खिलवाड़ करेंगे |
बहुत ही सुंदर यह जीवन,
मेरा सबसे यह है निवेदन |



न करो प्रकृति का शोषण ।

अमूल्य है

यह प्रकृति का भंडार ।

आओ सब करें इससे प्यार ।

-सम्यक समीर मोरे

बड़े मियाँ डर गए

जबलपुर राज्य में कंकाली एक छोटा सा गाँव था। उस गाँव में मालिनी नाम की स्त्री रहती थी। आकाश और राकेश उनके दो जुड़वा बच्चे थे। उनके पति दस साल पहले गुजर गए थे। उनके पड़ोस में रामनाथ नाम का व्यक्ति रहता था। पर गाँव के लोग उसे बड़े मियाँ कहकर पुकारते थे क्योंकि वह उस गाँव का सबसे बूढ़ा आदमी था। उन्हें शोर बिलकुल पसंद नहीं था। एक बार राकेश और आकाश



ने खेलने के वक्त इतना शोर मचाया कि बड़े मियाँ ने उनको दो-चार थप्पड़ मार दिए। उन्हें बहुत दर्द महसूस हुआ

। "भाई" राकेश बोला "उसे हम कल देखेंगे।" अगले दिन मालिनी के घर में बहुत शोर और चिल्लाने की आवाजें आ रही थी। "ओह, ये बच्चे भी" बड़े मियाँ बोले। वे उनके घर गए। दरवाजा खुला था। वे अंदर गए। पर वे अंदर जाते ही डरकर चिल्लाने लगे। सामने एक शेर खड़ा था। बड़े मियाँ डरकर बाहर भागे। शेर भी उनका पीछा कर रहा था। दूसरे लोग भी डरकर भाग गए। तब एक झाड़ी से आकाश बाहर आया और तूफान की तरह जाल उस शेर के ऊपर फेंका। इस वीरता को देखकर लोगों ने तालियाँ बजाईं। तब कंकाली के ग्राम प्रधान आए और उसके साहसिक कार्य के लिए उसे दो सौ सोने के सिक्के दिए। तब राकेश आकाश के पास भागा आया। आकाश उससे बोला "तुमने अच्छी तरह से शेर की नकल की।" तब राकेश बोला "दरसल जब मैं शेर बनने जा रहा था तो एक असली शेर आया। जब उसने मुझे देखा तो मैं चिल्ला उठा। मेरे चिल्लाने से बड़े मियाँ आए और वह शेर उनके पीछे दौड़ा।" यह सुनते ही आकाश के घुटने हिलने लगे। उसने राकेश को सब बता दिया। राकेश बोला "तुम सचमुच बहादुर हो, आकाश।" आकाश को बहुत खुशी हुई। उनकी माँ दूसरे गाँव गई थी। जब वह वापस आई तो उन्होंने उन्हें सब बता दिया और आकाश को मिले दो सौ सोने के सिक्के भी दिखाए। उनकी माँ उन्हें गले लगाकर खुशी से रोने लगी। उस रात जब वे सोने वाले थे तो आकाश ने पूछा "क्या हम कुछ भूल रहे हैं?" राकेश ने जवाब दिया "नहीं, हम कुछ नहीं भूल रहे।" आकाश को राहत मिली और दोनों सो गए। पर सचमुच वे कुछ भूल रहे थे। शेर को देखकर भागते-भागते बड़े मियाँ जंगल पहुँच गए थे। वे रास्ता भटक गए थे। एक-दो दिन के बाद वे वापस घर पहुँचे। वे घर पहुँचते ही सब सामान लेकर एक सुनसान जगह पर अपना नया घर बनाकर रहने लगे, जहाँ अचानक से शेर या बाघ दिखाई नहीं देते थे।

-नवीन नेबु

बापू को सलाम

हमारे राष्ट्रपिता मोहनदास करमचंद गांधी, का मानना था कि जब तक हम अपने विचारों को नहीं बदलते, हम देश को नहीं बदल सकते | गांधीजी 1.339 बिलियन हिंदुस्तानियों और पूरे विश्व की प्रेरणा है | उनके

विचार अब भी हमारे दिल में बसे हैं | खासकर उनका बच्चों से बहुत लगाव था | आजादी के जंग में इनका बहुत बड़ा योगदान था | वे अहिंसा के पुजारी थे |

उनका सपना था कि भारत एक आजाद, स्वच्छ, और एक समृद्ध देश बने | वे स्वच्छता में विश्वास रखते थे |



उनके सपनों को साकार करने के लिए हमारे प्रधानमंत्री श्री नरेंद्र मोदी, ने बापू के जन्मदिन पर 'स्वच्छ भारत अभियान' शुरू किया | यह स्वच्छता की ओर एक बहुत बड़ा कदम है | स्वच्छता का पालन करने के लिए हमें अपने मन और शारीरिक रूप से स्वच्छ रहना पड़ेगा, तभी देश स्वच्छ बन पाएगा | हमारा विद्यालय भी स्वच्छता अभियान से जुड़ा हुआ है | हम भी अपने गाँव, मोहल्ले

को स्वच्छ रखने की कोशिश कर सकते हैं |

गांधीजी ने हमें सच्चाई के रास्ते पर चलना सिखाया है | अगर हम बापू के विचारों को हमारी जिंदगी में लागू करें तो, हम अपने देश के विकास में अपना महत्वपूर्ण योगदान दे पाएँगे | आओ हम सब एक प्रण लेते हैं कि हम गांधीजी के **150** जयंती पर स्वच्छ और सुरक्षित भारत का निर्माण करेंगे और सिर्फ उनके जन्मदिन पर ही नहीं बल्कि सभी दिन उनके विचारों को याद करेंगे | गांधी जी हमेशा हमारे मन में अमर रहेंगे |

जय भारत !

- प्रणव जोड़स



Devatheertha
5/7/19

Devatheertha
Shahjahan, VIII C

माँ की प्यारी

मेरी माँ कहा करती थी,
"तू है मेरी गुड़िया-रानी",
माँ की गोद थी मेरा महल,
और माँ थी उसकी रानी,
फिर भी ताज उतारकर,
उन्होंने बना दिया मुझे राजकुमारी।



माँ ने आँसू पोछे,
जब भी मैं रोई,
माँ ने हँसा साथ मेरे,
जब भी मैं हँसी।
मेरी आँखों में बसती सिर्फ माँ थी,
और उनकी आँखों में, मैं, बस उनकी प्यारी राज दुलारी।

- अलिशा रियाज़

माँ का आशीर्वाद

कागज़ पर पेंसिल से कुछ लिखते हुए माँ के पास जाकर जब बेटे ने पैर छुए तो माँ ने कहा, "तुम पेंसिल जैसे बनना |" बेटे ने पूछा, "क्यों माँ?" माँ ने कहा, "तुम में महान उपलब्धियाँ हासिल करने की योग्यता है किंतु यह न



भूलो कि तुम्हें एक ऐसे हाथ की भी ज़रूरत होती है जो तुम्हारा मार्गदर्शन करे | छीलते समय पेंसिल को कष्ट सहना पड़ता है परन्तु उसके बाद वह तेज और सुंदर लिखती है इसी तरह तुम भी दुःख, अपमान और संघर्ष के समय धैर्य रखना और उन्हें सहन करना | पेंसिल की कार्यप्रणाली में भीतर स्थित

ग्रेफाइट की गुणवत्ता लेख को सुंदर बनाती है | इसी प्रकार तुम भी बाहर की तुलना में आंतरिक सुंदरता पर ध्यान देना | पेंसिल की गलतियों को रबर द्वारा सुधारा जा सकता है इसी प्रकार हमें भी अपनी गलतियों को सुधारने के लिए तैयार रहना चाहिए जिससे न्यायपूर्वक लक्ष्यों तक बढ़ने में मदद मिलती है |

- अर्थ माथुर

मेरा बचपन

जब कठिन जो रास्ता ना था , इस संसार से वास्ता ना था,
तनाव रहित जब यह मन था, कितना अनमोल बचपन था |

बाल कवि श्री अंशुमन दुबे की यह पंक्तियाँ हमारे बचपन का अद्भुत तरीके से वर्णन करती हैं | हम अपने आस-पास जब भी नन्हे-मुन्ने बच्चों को देखते हैं ,तो हमारे चेहरे पर एक मुस्कान की लहर सी दौड़ जाती है और कुछ पल के लिए हम अपना बचपन याद करने लगते हैं |

मेरा बचपन एक छोटे से शहर में बीता है | मुझे धूल में खेलना, घास पर लेटना, तितली के पीछे दौड़ना, पानी से खेलना और मिट्टी के खिलौने बनाना बहुत पसंद था | जब से मैंने चलना सीखा मेरी माँ मुझे ढूँढने के लिए पूरी बिल्डिंग का चक्कर लगा डालती थी, पर हम मैं तो घर की अलमारी के अंदर चोरी -चोरी छिपकर लड्डू खाया करती थी |

शाम को जब पापा ऑफिस से लौटते तो, मैं दौड़ कर उनके स्कूटर का चक्कर लगाने की जिद्द करती और खड़े-खड़े स्कूटर पर खूब हॉर्न बजाती ,तो पूरे मोहल्ले को पता लग जाता कि हम स्कूटर पर निकले हैं |



तितलियाँ पकड़ने का तो इतना शौक था कि कितनी बार दौड़ते- दौड़ते छोट -छोटे पौधों को रौंद देती और माली की डांट पड़ती | जब मेरा मन होता था तो भाई की कॉपी में उल्टे- सीधे तरीके से पेन चला देती और किसी के मना करने पर रोने चीखने लगती थी | भाई को होमवर्क मेरे सो जाने के बाद करना पड़ता था |

एक बार होली के त्यौहार पर मैं इतना रंग से खेली कि मुझे डॉक्टर के पास ले जाना पड़ा वहाँ जब मुझे सुई लगाने की बात हुई तो मैं तेजी से भागी और एक खाली कमरे में अपने आप को बंद कर लिया | बड़ी मुश्किल से मैं बाहर निकली पर मैंने इंजेक्शन ना लगवाया |

मुझे मिट्टी से बहुत लगाव था | मैं अपने दोस्तों के साथ पार्क में मिट्टी और पानी मिलाकर छोटे-छोटे बर्तन और खिलौने बनाने में घंटों बिता देती थी | जब तक पूरा मुहँ और कपड़े मिट्टी से न सन जाते तब तक खेलना न छोड़ती थी | बरसात में कागज की नाव को पानी की छोटी-छोटी नालियों में बहाने में भी बहुत मजा आता था |

समय के साथ कब बचपन की प्यारी हरकतों को किताबों के बोझ ने दबा दिया पता ही ना चला | हम चाहे कितने बड़े हो जाएँ ,हमारा बचपन हमको हमेशा याद रहेगा और बचपन की शैतानियाँ मुख पर हँसी लाती रहेंगी और तनाव मुक्त रखेंगी |

- आन्या मिश्रा

मेरा वतन

तुझ पे बलिदान करता हूँ, मैं जान वतन,
जिंदाबाद ए वतन, जिंदाबाद ए वतन |

तू नज़र आता है, एकता का चमन |
खुशियों की सरज़मीन है, चाहत का है चमन ||

ये तेरी फसलें, लहलहाती हुई |
ये तेरी ज़मीन, सोना लुटाती हुई ||

तुझ पे बलिदान करता हूँ, मैं जान वतन |
जिंदाबाद ए वतन, जिंदाबाद ए वतन ||



रसमें अलग हैं , लेकिन लहू एक हमारा |
झीले दिखा रहीं हैं, रिश्के-जिना नजारा ||
बर्फीली चोटियों पर, किरणें बिछाएँ सोना |
झर- झर गिरे झरना, प्रकृति का है खिलौना ||

तुझ पे बलिदान करता हूँ, मैं जान वतन |
जिंदाबाद ए वतन, जिंदाबाद ए वतन ||

उजाला करे वजूद को, सूरज की हर किरण |
ए वतन तुझ पे पड़ती है, सूरज की पहली किरण ||
Vहर तरफ गीत खुशियों के, बिखरे हुए |
रास्ते सब फूलों से, महकें हुए ||

तुझ पे बलिदान करता हूँ, मैं जान वतन |
जिंदाबाद ए वतन, जिंदाबाद ए वतन

-ज़हबिया एजास

मैं मनचला

मैं 'मनचला' जीवन के पथ पर चला सँवरकर ।
सृष्टि को दृष्टि में समा-समा कर ॥

पास में थी झोली, जिसमें था ।
अपने ही सपनों का जहाँ ॥



पत्तों की सरसराहट में खोजता रहा ।
मेरी अपनी बस्ती का रास्ता है कहाँ ॥
यह क्या! हर पत्ता पवन को बिलखता ।
अपने दोस्त होने का परिचय देता ॥
मस्ती में कभी उत्तर-दक्षिण ।
तो कभी पूरब-पश्चिम ॥
मैं भी उनमें झूमता रहा ।
उन्हीं की दिशा अपनाता रहा ॥
दिन भी आते, रात में जाते-जाते ।

शाम को सुनाता अपनी बातें ॥
रास्ता ही अपना भूल गया ।
खुशियों की बस्ती जा पहुँचा ॥
रंगों की थी न कमी यहाँ ।
सूरज की किरणों की होली वहाँ ॥
तितलियों ने भी ओढ़ ली चादर रंग-बिरंगी ।
उसमें शामिल थी कोयल की सारंगी ॥
तालों पर नाचते बादल बेढंगी ।

देखते ही देखते गगन हो गया नारंगी ॥

मैं मनचला जीवन के पथ पर चला सँवरकर ।

सृष्टि को दृष्टि में समा-समा कर ॥

- अथर्वा

विद्यार्थी जीवन

विद्यार्थी जीवन किसी भी व्यक्ति के जीवन का महत्वपूर्ण काल होता है । इसी काल पर व्यक्ति का संपूर्ण भविष्य निर्भर करता है । इस काल का सदुपयोग करनेवाले विद्यार्थी अपने शेष जीवन को आरामदायक और सुखमय बना



सकते हैं । इस काल को व्यर्थ के कामों में नष्ट करनेवाले विद्यार्थी अपने भविष्य को अंधकारमय बना देते हैं । विद्यार्थी जीवन में ही व्यक्ति के चरित्र की नींव पड़ जाती है । अतः इस जीवन में बहुत सोच-समझकर कदम उठाने की ज़रूरत होती है । विद्यार्थियों को इस अवधि में अपनी शिक्षा, स्वास्थ्य, खेल – कूद और व्यायाम का

समुचित ध्यान रखना चाहिए । उन्हें परिश्रमी और लगनशील बनना चाहिए । इस काल में स्वाध्याय को सफलता का मूल मंत्र मानना चाहिए । उन्हें नम्र बनकर विद्या ग्रहण करने का प्रयास करना चाहिए । उपर्युक्त बातों को ध्यान में रखकर विद्यार्थी जीवन को सफल बनाया जा सकता है ।

- नंदना एस. नायर

समय का सदुपयोग

समय अमूल्य धन है | समय को खोना जीवन को खोना है | बीता हुआ समय वापस नहीं आता | जीवन के बीते हुए दिन हम वापस नहीं पा सकते | इसलिए यह ज़रूरी है कि समय के प्रत्येक क्षण का सदुपयोग किया जाए | इस प्रकार जीवन के हर पल का हम लाभ और आनंद ले सकेंगे | समय का दुरुपयोग मनुष्य के लिए घातक , उन्नति



में बाधक तथा पश्चाताप का कारण बनता है | समय का दुरुपयोग करनेवाला व्यक्ति कभी सफल नहीं हो सकता | इसलिए समय के महत्त्व को समझना और इसका सदुपयोग करना अत्यंत आवश्यक है | जीवन में सफलता प्राप्त करने के लिए समय का सदुपयोग करना बहुत ज़रूरी है | महान व्यक्तियों की सफलता का रहस्य समय का सदुपयोग ही है | विद्यार्थी के लिए समय का सदुपयोग तो और भी आवश्यक है | समय को नष्ट करनेवाला अपना पूरा भविष्य ही

बिगाड़ लेता है | जो व्यक्ति अपने जीवन के प्रत्येक क्षण का सदुपयोग करता है , वही भाग्यवान है | ऐसा व्यक्ति ही जीवन में सदा प्रसन्न , संतुष्ट और संपन्न रहता है | व्यैक्तिक जीवन हो या सामाजिक , समय का सदुपयोग ही सफलता का एक मात्र रास्ता है | एक मिनट की मुस्तैदी से विजय का सेहरा सिर बँधता है और एक मिनट की चूक से पराजय की कालिख लगती है | गया धन , गया जन , गया स्वास्थ्य फिर लौट सकता है लेकिन गया हुआ

समय किसी भी प्रकार वापस नहीं लौट सकता | इसलिए समय का यह महत्त्व समझकर जो मनुष्य जीवन में आचरण करते हैं , वही समाज के अगुआ , पूज्य और पथ प्रदर्शक बनते हैं |

- इवेलिन ट्रेवस

सैनिकों को सलाम

करें उन वीर सैनिकों को सलाम
जिन्होंने अपने परिवार को दिया त्याग,
सीमाओं पर जाने को है तैयार |
उन भारत के नागरिकों ने
देश के लिए देने को अपने प्राण ,
सर पर बाँध लिया कफन आज
अपने भारत के लिए आगे बढ़ कर दे देंगे अपनी
जान |
लो कर दिया जिन्होंने देश के लिए स्वयं को कुर्बान
करें उन वीर सैनिकों को सलाम |
आओ सरहद पर चलें करने उन सैनिकों की शहादत को प्रणाम,
घर पर प्रतीक्षा करते उनके परिवारों को भी, करें नमन बारम्बार |



भारतीय सेना के वीर सैनिक , वे बहन के भाई और पति पत्नी के

माँ - बाप के बेटे महान ,

करें उन वीर सैनिकों को सलाम |

वही सच्ची श्रद्धांजलि के महानायक हैं ,

उनकी कुर्बानी गायन के लायक है

उन महान नायकों की गौरवगाथा को मेरा कोटि-कोटि प्रणाम

करें उन वीर सैनिकों को सलाम |

- अरुण कक्षा

हिंदी प्रश्नोत्तरी

1. 'पृथ्वीराज रासो' हिंदी भाषा में लिखा गया एक महाकाव्य है | इसके कवि कौन हैं?
2. हिंदी भाषा में कुल कितने रस हैं?
3. विश्व हिंदी सम्मलेन सर्वप्रथम कहाँ मनाया गया था?
4. 'ज्ञानपीठ पुरस्कार' प्राप्त करनेवाले प्रथम कवि कौन हैं?
5. रामधारी सिंह की किस कृति के लिए 1959 में साहित्य अकादमी पुरस्कार प्राप्त हुआ?

उत्तर

1. चंदबरदाई
2. ग्यारह
3. नागपुर
4. सुमित्रानंदन पंत
5. संस्कृति के चार अध्याय

- अभयराज मिश्रा

संता – बंता के चुटकुले

संता समोसे को खोलकर अंदर का मसाला ही खा रहा था ।

बंता – अरे ! तू पूरा समोसा क्यों नहीं खा रहा है ?

संता – अरे ! मैं बीमार हूँ । इसलिए डॉक्टर ने बाहर की चीज़ खाने से मना किया है ।

संता – चल बता , जेल को हिंदी में हवालात क्यों कहते हैं ?

बंता – सिंपल है क्योंकि वहाँ सिर्फ 'हवा' और 'लात' खाने को मिलती है ।

-दिति केंकरे



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Mahek IX H

La Construction de Souvenirs Saignants

Par Dishira AHUJA



C'est un petit appartement. Minuscule pour même une personne. Les murs sont trop fins et les bruits du couple qui se bat à côté emplissent la chambre de Simon tous les soirs. Il sait aussi que quelqu'un vit au-dessus de lui, mais il ne fait jamais de bruit. Certains soirs, lorsque le haut de Paris tombe un peu, la solitude et la peur profonde qu'il essaie d'éviter s'installent, Simon se demande quelle est l'histoire de la personne. Parce que tout le monde dans ce bâtiment en a un. Il peut le sentir, presque le goûter à travers les sons et le sentiment de fatigue que ce bâtiment semble avoir adopté.

"Ai-je une histoire?" Se demande-t-il parfois. Dans la quiétude, quand il ne s'inquiète pas des clients difficiles ni de tout engloutir avec le groupe d'amis qu'il a fait ici, des inquiétudes comme celle-ci saignent dans son esprit, tout comme le son des pleurs flotte à travers les murs. Il note distraitement que les sanglots ne proviennent pas de la

même personne, certains semblant plus féminins, d'autres plus masculins.

"Pas encore", se dit-il. "Et même si je ne reçois jamais d'histoire, c'est bien. Mieux vaut rien qu'une histoire de péché à raconter.

La première fois qu'il voit la personne qui vit au-dessus de lui, il est un peu frappé. La personne se sent étrangement familière, ce qui est stupide, car sa façon de crier le français au téléphone est bien meilleure que celle de Simon, ce qui signifie une vie passée ici, plutôt que quelques études et quelques mois en France.

Simon aurait aimé comprendre de quoi l'homme parlait, mais c'était trop rapide pour ses oreilles inexpérimentées. Il parlait à peine français ici, de manière surprenante, voyant que la plupart de ses amis connaissaient l'anglais et que le café dans lequel il travaillait voyait beaucoup de touristes, tous connaissant l'anglais.

Simon veut voir un peu plus de cette personne, aussi longtemps qu'il le peut. Ainsi, lorsque l'ascenseur arrive enfin au rez-de-chaussée et que la femme à l'air harcelé

quitte l'ascenseur, il demande à l'homme quel étage il veut, même s'il sait où il habite.

«Quatrième», répond-il sèchement et Simon appuie sur les boutons du quatrième et cinquième étage.

Simon monte les escaliers à partir du cinquième étage, le français rapide de son voisin mystérieux résonne dans sa tête.

La prochaine fois qu'il le verra, c'est au café.

Simon se demande comment il n'a pas vu cette personne depuis si longtemps alors qu'il vit dans le même immeuble, mais ne lui prête pas plus d'attention quand il lui donne sa commande.

«Un café au lait, dit-il en anglais, apparemment conscient du genre de café qu'il était.

«Petit, moyen ou grand?» Demande Simon.

«Moyen». Et c'est ça.

il s'assoit à une petite table près de la fenêtre et Simon essaie de l'observer autant que possible tout en prenant son café. Sa mâchoire a l'air plus nette qu'avant et il

semble un peu plus maigre. Ses cheveux sont plus courts, comme s'il venait de se faire couper les cheveux. Il est trop occupé à regarder dans son téléphone pour regarder quand Simon lui apporte son café. Simon n'est pas offensé, car il a l'air si fatigué et le travail usé qu'il se demande s'il devrait leur glisser du café à la maison. Ce n'est pas le cas, car ce voisin semble être le genre de personne qui n'accepterait pas les actes de bonté, pensant qu'il s'agissait de charité. La dernière fois qu'il le revoit, l'homme déménage. Simon ne voulait pas le voir, il venait de monter les escaliers vers la terrasse. Il se sentait un peu en congé toute la journée et voulait se vider la tête en faisant de l'exercice et en prenant l'air. Mais la porte mystérieuse de son voisin était ouverte et, sur le présentoir à chaussures, la plupart du temps caché de sa vision mais suffisamment visible pour qu'il sache ce que c'était, il voit de petites bouteilles un peu trop familières, lui rappelant des nuits remplies de désespoir. et sans âme et si incroyablement brisé.

Cette nuit-là, Simon ouvre son propre tiroir de chevet et regarde les bouteilles qu'il contient, vide et déprimant. Quelle ironie. Les antidépresseurs semblent déprimants.

Le concierge était un homme agréable et un compagnon charmant pour regarder le football. Ils discutent sans rien dire quand il dit: «Vous connaissez ce couple puissant qui continue de se battre? Ils déménagent.

"Vraiment?" Dit Simon. Il avait trouvé des sons de sanglots et de cris désagréables et torturants, mais il n'aimait pas l'idée qu'ils partent.

'Uh hein. Mais juste dans ce bâtiment. Ils emménagent à la place de M. Matthews. "

«Monsieur Matthews?

"La personne qui vient de sortir."

Le sang de Simon est un peu plus solide qu'il ne l'aimerait, et il demande doucement: 'Puis-je voir l'appartement aussi? Juste pour voir.

Le concierge fronce les sourcils: «L'endroit est déjà parti, gamin.»

«Non, je veux juste le voir. C'est l'un de ces appartements classiques. N'est-ce pas? Je l'utiliserai peut-être comme modèle pour la recherche d'une maison. »

"Oh bien, pourrait aussi bien."

Ce n'est rien de spécial. C'est mieux que chez lui, c'est sûr, mais le monde semble encore plus fatigué, et Simon se demande à quel point cela vient de lui.

La moquette est douce et silencieuse sous ses pieds, étouffant ses pas. Cela répond à ses nombreuses questions sur le silence de cet homme.

Mais encore une fois, il ne semblait pas être du genre à ressentir beaucoup.

Simon s'assit sur le rebord de la fenêtre et se demanda pourquoi il était si attiré par cette personne.

Son cerveau ne pourrait rien. Au lieu de cela, il ressentit le même sentiment qu'il avait ressenti depuis si longtemps maintenant, plus longtemps qu'il ne voulait se souvenir. Le sentiment qui l'a amené ici, des nuits de noyade dans l'atmosphère de cet endroit, le beau sentiment d'ivresse qu'il a ressenti en courant avec ses amis, les lumières de

Paris pas aussi brillantes qu'elles le seraient le matin, mais elles ne appelez pas cet endroit "La Ville Lumière" pour rien. Mais changer là où il était ne l'a pas fait se sentir mieux. Il s'était menti pour se soigner en France, retrouver espoir et joie et revenir préparé pour l'université.

Mais il courait toujours, n'est-ce pas? Cette fois, c'était un peu plus bruyant, un peu plus attrayant, mais c'était toujours pareil.

Il peut maintenant le goûter sur sa langue, les souvenirs rongés par cette pièce et la réponse lui clignotant dans la tête comme un feu arrière cassé.

Cette personne fuyait aussi quelque chose. trouvé un endroit où aller maintenant, ou du moins, ils ont une idée. Cette nuit. Il commence à regarder les collègues et ses économies et combien il a gagné ici. Il a une liste de collègues dans une semaine, puis il écrit des essais universitaires et cherche des billets pour l'Angleterre.

Il commence à chercher des thérapeutes qu'il peut se permettre, car il ne peut plus le faire tout seul.

Paris est charmant Il est amoureux de cet endroit. Mais il court depuis si longtemps. Dès son adolescence difficile, les attentes de ses parents et Dieu, il veut une issue. Il pensait pouvoir le faire tout seul. Il pensait qu'un nouveau paysage était la solution. Mais si vous peignez un rouge pomme pourri, est-ce que cela le rend moins pourri? Il a passé assez de temps ici. Paris est magnifique, mais j'espère qu'il ne reviendra jamais ici. Il est temps de rentrer à la maison. Simon le voit à Manchester. Ironiquement, il crie dans un téléphone. Cela rappelle à Simon la première fois qu'il le voyait et il éprouve un sentiment de fierté quand il réalise à quel point il est loin du garçon brisé qui ne savait pas quoi faire dans la vie et s'enfuit en espérant que tout cela disparaîtrait. Son ancien voisin a toujours ce courant de familiarité, et Simon sait enfin pourquoi. Il est pareil que Simon. Mais Simon n'en sait pas assez. Il connaît juste le goût des souvenirs saignants. C'est amer et piquant, mais rempli de promesses, ce qu'il était sûr que le couple qui continuait de se battre ait au

fond de leur cœur. C'est le genre qu'il a également adopté, sauf qu'il est plus doux, plus beau et très fragile. Mais la thérapie aidait et devenait plus forte.

Simon sourit et s'approche de lui.

Il est enfin temps d'apprendre le nom de son sauveur.

Technologie : Un Bon Mal

Par Brijesh SHINÇADIA

Comment une pièce de monnaie à deux faces, la technologie présente également un avantage et un désavantage des deux côtés. Personne ne peut nier le rôle des technologies modernes dans nos vies, mais son utilisation appropriée est essentielle. Dans le monde, presque tout le monde a accès à une technologie allant des mendiants aux riches.

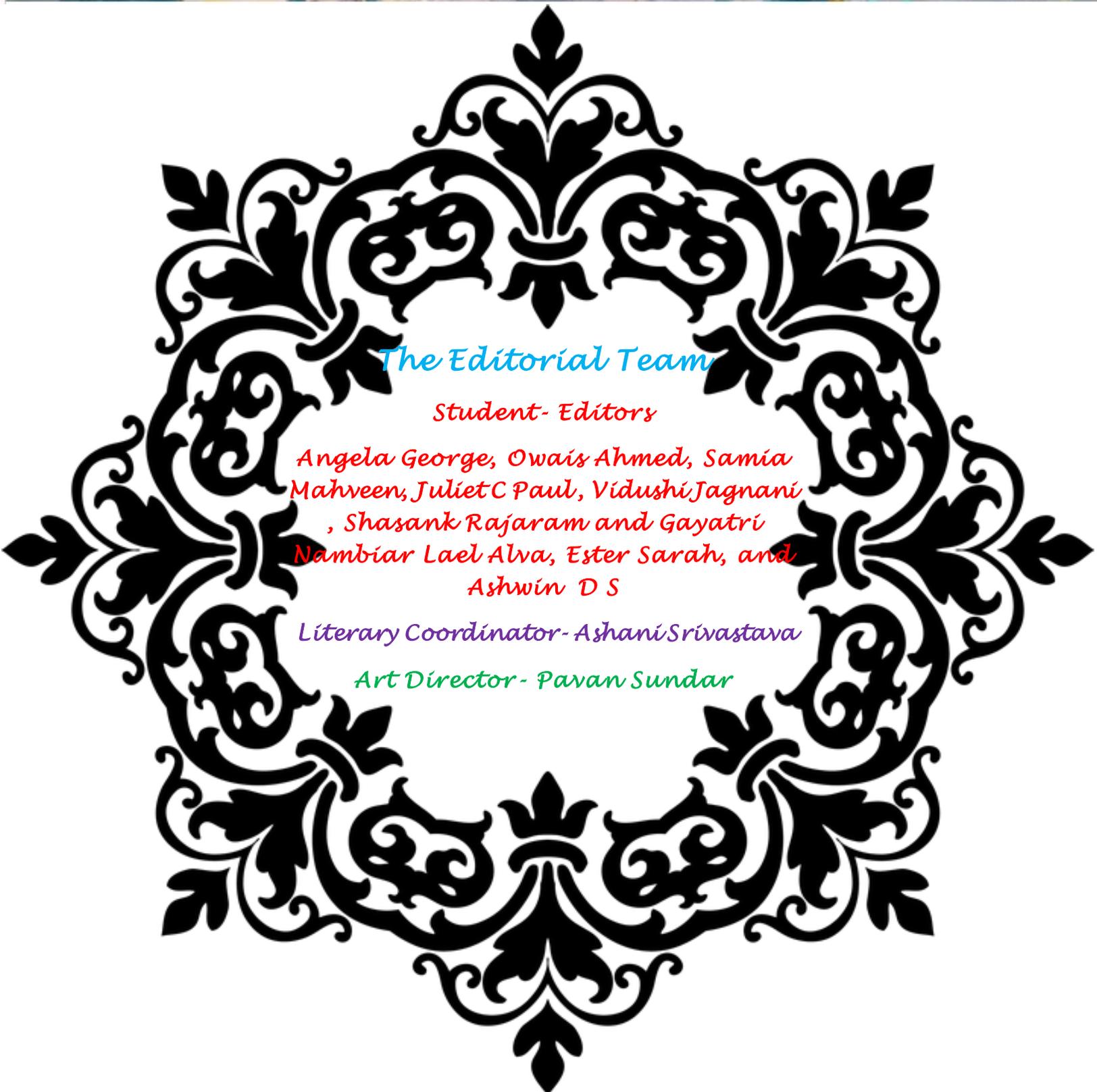
Il est probable que la technologie nous facilite la vie et nous tient au courant de l'évolution du monde en développement. Mais en même temps, notre apparence physique est gâchée.

Nous restons longtemps collés aux dispositifs qui endommagent non seulement notre colonne vertébrale, mais également notre précieux temps, qui est plus important encore que tout. De nos jours, il est traumatisant de voir les pauvres avoir un téléphone plus cher que le nôtre. La technologie pose également de nombreux problèmes sociaux. Le meilleur exemple est le cyber-harcèlement qui perturbe la société et cause des problèmes inutiles dans la vie de ceux qui le pratiquent. La technologie est également une cause majeure de fuite de données à caractère personnel. Ainsi, on peut dire que la technologie échoue au test de la sécurité dans la vie privée. Elle est avant tout une cause majeure de tous nos problèmes.

Celles-ci peuvent être résolues en sensibilisant les gens aux avantages et aux inconvénients de la technologie.

L'incorporation de livres et de valeurs humaines chez les enfants peut leur apprendre facilement les problèmes rencontrés par les utilisateurs de la technologie. La technologie peut donc être utilisée pour améliorer la vie des personnes, mais c'est l'utilisation précise est le plus important. En partant d'une déclaration, j'aimerais dire que

tout comme nous jetons une pièce de monnaie, nous obtenons un visage particulier de la même façon. Si nous jetons la pièce de la technologie avec ses avantages et ses inconvénients, il est probable que nous aurons le deuxième choix si nous n'utilisons pas la pièce à bon escient.



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