

ATHENA



CREATIVE JOURNAL, 2015-16

'ATHENA' RETURNS

After the title 'Athena' fetched appreciation from all corners last year, we believe it is pertinent to once again emphasise on the significance of having this particular name.

Athena is the Greek goddess of wisdom, courage, inspiration, strength, arts, crafts and skill, and is also known for her deep wisdom and intelligence. As the story goes, she is believed it to have been born directly out of Zeus's (the Greek God of the Sky) head, and thus, is a literal brainchild of the Great God.

It was after a considerable deal of deliberation that the name was considered apt for this book since it showcases the creative side of the school students in all shades and hues.

We hope that propelled by the divine blessings of the Goddess, the book will reach new highs in the coming years and shall be a source of pleasure and delight for the readers.





FOREWORD

Dear Reader,

If there is one thing that motivates people to give their best more than anything else, it is the weight of expectations. And as we present to you the second edition of our Creative Journal – ‘Athena’, we must concede that expectations have had a major role to play as we have gone about our business of compiling the best of YPS’ creativity.

With the inaugural edition of the Journal fetching rave reviews and appreciation from all corners, the pressure was squarely on the shoulders of the Editors’ Team to once again deliver the goods. And it goes without saying that every member of the Team left no stone unturned to substantiate Athena’s image as a grand success.

With a wonderful blend of English, Punjabi as well as Hindi literary pieces, along with a careful mix of short stories, prose and poems, every effort has been made to ensure that your journey (as we would like to call it) through the course of this book is as wholesome and enriching as is possible. And with wonderful paintings and interesting pictures sprinkled amidst the sea of words, this journal will in no way turn out to be drab or dreary, as we admit some journals can prove to be. So buckle up, because this is going to be a fun ride, with sheer literary prowess and creative genius!!

In the end, we realize that one-year successes are quickly dismissed as a mere flash in the pan, unless they are followed up with something just as good, if not better. And as we sign off, we are confident that the second edition of Athena will scale even greater heights and will prove to be a fitting follow-up to last year’s initiative. We hope you have as much fun reading it as we had putting it together for you!!

- Naman Singla



Naman Kumar Singla

Started off young and rose to become the senior most member of the Editorial Board. Writes well, speaks well, performs well, he is a deep asset to the Editorial Board with all his magic, meticulousness and maturity.



Meher Mangat

Bubbly, boisterous and dexterous -three words describe this girl best, who abides by all work instructions with wonderful speed of thought and the quickness of lightening. We have seen her do good work for three years now.



Harshita Nayyar

A boarder and somewhere lacking the free access to resources which her day scholar friends have, she completed her work commendably, earnestly and diligently.



Raushni Kaura

Just like her poetry -animated, fragile and eloquent, she displayed perseverance, passion and an amazing ability to meet deadlines with an uncanny precision and punctuality.



Pulak Goyal

An avid painter herself, she oversaw the timely completion of all painting assignments needed for this book. We are grateful to her for doing her work well and swell.



Sehajnoor Singh

Small and subtle. This young boy performs well, contributes well and yes, reasons well, when you tell him to miss a class for an urgent meeting!!

The Creative team is grateful to our Fine Arts teacher, Mr. Sanjay Taneja, for his unstinting guidance and support.

THE ENGLISH EVOLUTION

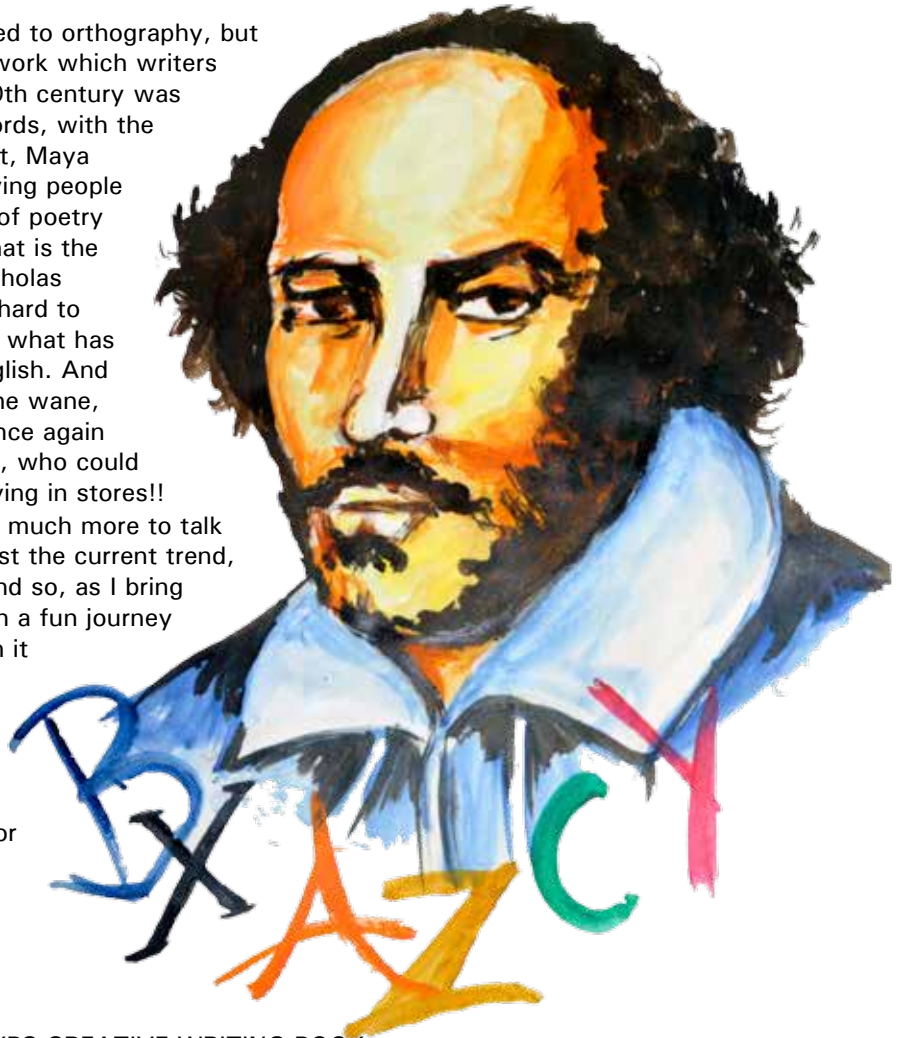
The rise and rise of English has been remarkable. From an insignificant phenomenon in the streets of England to an indispensable global lingua franca, eclipsing traditional titans like Latin and Spanish, it has undoubtedly been a great underdog story. And yet, this inflated position of the English Language in the present society didn't come to pass in a matter of a few years. It has been a long and eventful journey; a journey where it was repeatedly chiseled and carved and reshaped with one sole motive in mind – to evolve.

Although the journey started more than a millennium ago, let us not go too far back. Let us cut forward to about five centuries ago, where we meet a man famous in English folklore; a man who, besides leaving an indelible mark on English Literature, has become synonymous with controversies; a man, who has had everything – from his masculinity to the authenticity of his works-questioned. Yes, you guessed it right – it is William Shakespeare. Shakespeare has affected English readers like no other man probably ever has. Arguably the biggest proponent of Elizabethan English, his “thee” and “thou” and “doth” have mesmerized generation after generation of book-lovers. And yet, his disdainful disregard for grammatical efficiency is in striking contrast to the rigidity in structure that the Modern English reeks of. In fact, it is probably safe to say that had Shakespeare been tasked with sitting in one of the modern-day English exams, even the ‘Bard of Avon’ would have found it as much of a struggle as we do!!

And so, as is evident from Shakespearean works, Elizabethan English had its own structure for facilitating self-expression. But with the turn in century came the turn in English language. The “thee” and “thou” were suddenly replaced by “you” and “your”, and a wave of Modern English works took the world by storm. The Jonathan Swifts, William Wordsworths and the Charles Dickens of the new age brought a tectonic shift in how English was written and read. But, although their thoughts are as difficult to comprehend as those of Shakespeare, their verbatim is something we can relate to, with their pattern of writing still holding strong in the 21st century. Yet, when we talk of changes in the English language, it becomes imperative for us to talk of a new sort of Revolution that has taken hold of the language all across the face of the Earth at present. Much to the chagrin of English Nazis like me, the whole world, led by its eternal obsession with shortcuts, seems to have embarked upon a ‘Shorten-The-Words’ campaign, giving way to a brand new way of writing English. And so, the “you” and “your” have once again been replaced, as hard as it is to believe, by “u” and “ur”. Though we have been saved the horror of reading literature in this semi-literate, early-cavemen form of English, it has gradually carved a niche for itself in the everyday-terminology of the common English-speaking man. And as much as we love welcoming change, I hope people will be adept enough to discern the difference between evolution and retro-gradation.

The change in English hasn't been restricted to orthography, but has also manifested itself in the forms of work which writers call upon. While the late 19th and early 20th century was dominated by poets sprinkling magic in words, with the works of men and women like Robert Frost, Maya Angelou, T.S. Eliot and so many more leaving people holding their heads in amazement, the art of poetry seems to have been lost in the labyrinth that is the 21st century. With Chetan Bhagat and Nicholas Sparks ruling the minds of the youth, it is hard to recall someone who has made his name in what has come to be ‘that other way’ of writing English. And with the cult of Short Stories already on the wane, it is, quite surprisingly, novels that have once again emerged as the multitude's favourite. Well, who could argue when you see a Harry Potter book lying in stores!! Of course, this hasn't been all. There is so much more to talk of. And yet, although I realize this is against the current trend, this isn't one of the much loved novels! And so, as I bring this article to a close, all I'll say it has been a fun journey from “thou” to “you” to “u”. And although it seems like the language has come a full circle - from words to alphabet - this is hardly the end of the road; because, just like English Literature, the English language too has a knack for springing a few surprises! Wonder what lies in store for us in the future!!

Naman Kumar Singla, XII Arts





"DAD,
PLEASE
DO NOT SELL
MY DOG...!"

This small boy makes a fervent appeal to his father not to sell his dog . And this is not a piece of imagination , but a true story, please remember ...!

My pet dog's name is Chandu. He is a Labrador and is ten months old. He has always been my best buddy and a true confidante. I remember, the day I brought him home I was so overjoyed that I kept patting him for an hour almost. He was only twenty seven days old then.

I take him for walks, for jogs and to the park to play football with him. I think he is quite good at playing football.

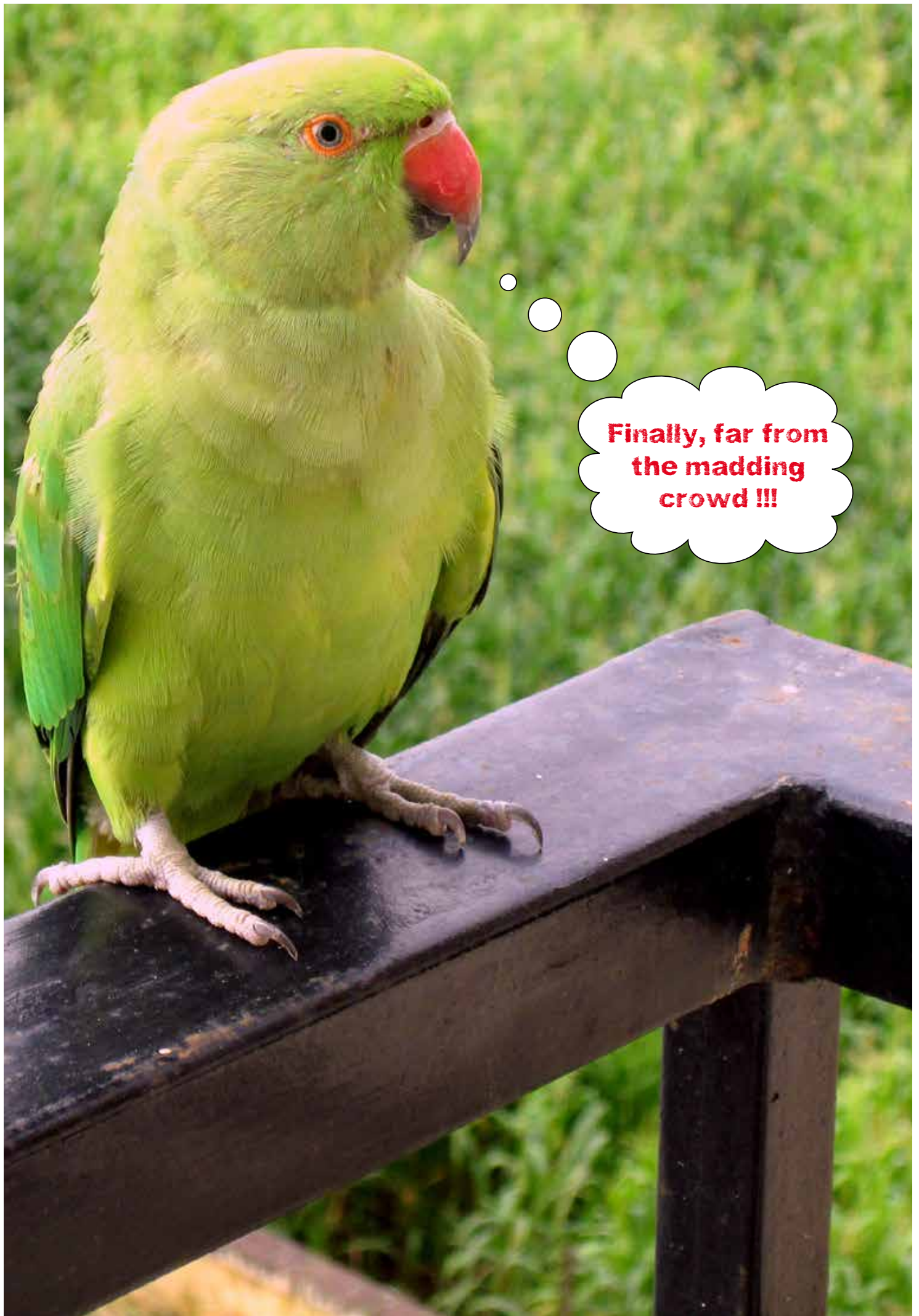
I remember , when I was small, I and Chandu used to have races and he would always beat me .

Ah....when Chandu fell sick ! Manwe had gone to my grandparents' house for vacation . When I heard this, I almost fell unconscious , cried and prayed hard for his speedy recovery . When we came back, I found that Chandu had become thin as paper. My heart had sunk !

What days ...what days But now the things have changed. Time has come for me and Chandu to be separated . MY FATHER HAS DECIDED TO SELL HIM OFF, MAN!!! And I cannot bear the fact that I and he are going to be separated . Is this my last day with Chandu ??? Let me play with him , sleep with him , take him out for a walk . There is going to be so much sorrow, so much grief in my life without him .

Dad, is it possible that you do not sell him? Is it possible that we live together just the way we always did? Is it possible , dad...Is it possible ...?

- Daniel, VIE



**Finally, far from
the madding
crowd !!!**

Has anybody ever wondered what a student wants? Often teachers and parents force students to read coursebooks, attain knowledge and get good marks. But I, personally, feel that gaining knowledge doesn't depend on how many marks one scores. It depends on how much enthusiasm and inquisitiveness a student shows towards a particular topic. I think that reading only the course books becomes boring and doesn't make sense. There's no point of revision if we have listened well and learnt in our class. Don't you think that playing games on the computer enhances our hand-eye coordination and focus? Don't you think that playing 'Clash of Clans' on a simple android phone can increase our skills in strategy making? Don't you ever realize that TV shows like 'Science of Stupid', 'Brain Games' and 'Do or Die' tell us more about Physics and other subjects than reading a Science textbook does?

I strongly recommend reading books of authors like Liz Pichon, Enid Blyton and Roald Dahl which have increased my vocabulary and comprehension skills. Learning about Australia through videos on Tata Class Edge is much more fun than 'cramming' about Australian monuments from our Geography book. We can learn about the life of 'Ashoka the Great' from a television serial and can better retain it compared to a history textbook.

Above all, have you all ever tried to learn Mathematics by playing number games with your dad rather than learning divisibility test from the Mathematics course books?

Don't you all agree with me? I wish life could be as simple and interesting as that! Let's change history and start afresh!

Sehajnoor Singh, IXN

A STUDENT'S PERSPECTIVE ...



A photograph of two herons perched on the branches of a tree. The herons are silhouetted against a bright, hazy sky. A thought bubble originates from the heron on the left, containing the text 'You know, we are TWO good!'. The tree's branches are dense with leaves, creating a dark, intricate pattern on the right side of the image.

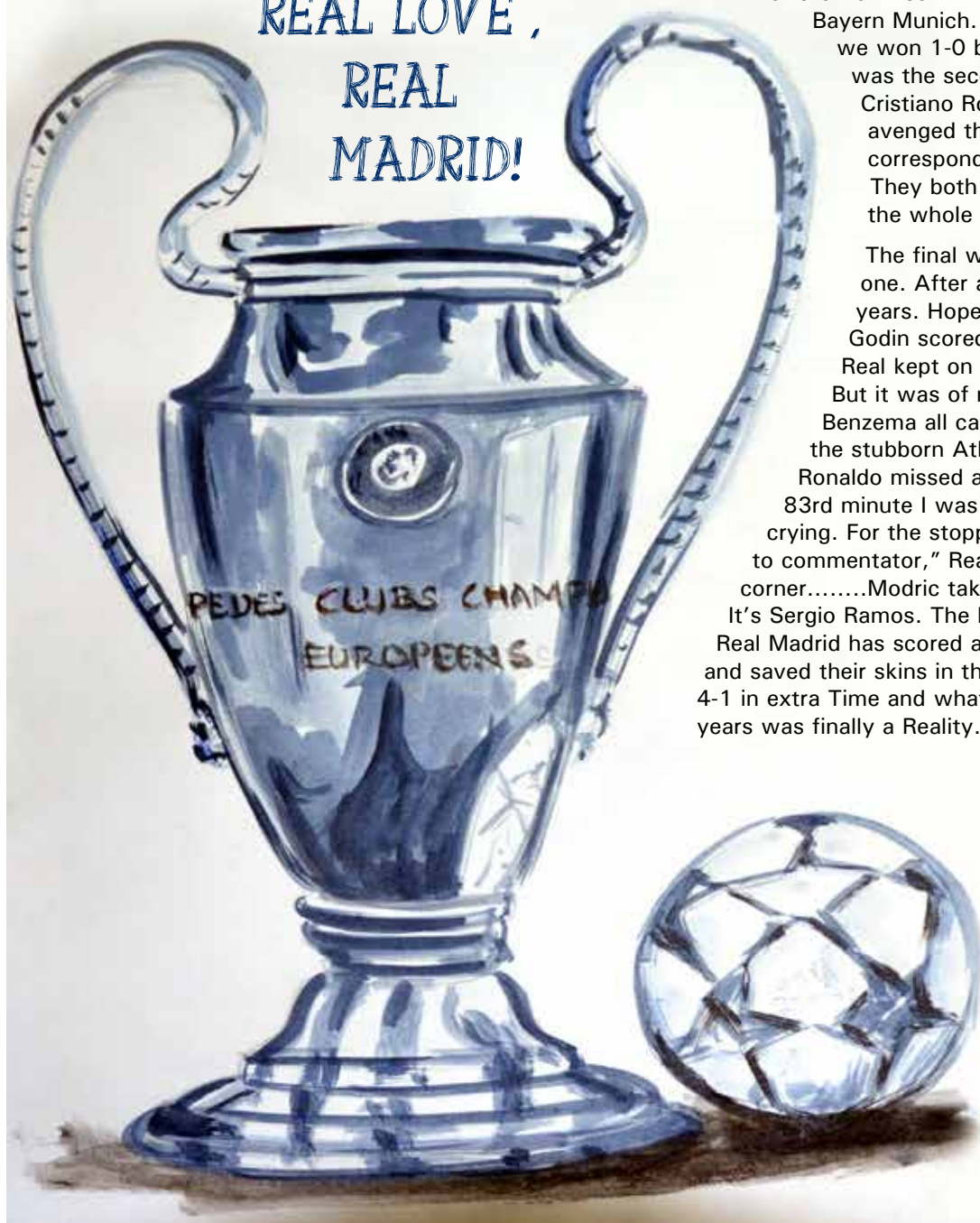
**You know,
we are
TWO good!**

Fear could definitely turn your love into doubts. But when it comes to Real Madrid, love is emotionally connected to it.

The love of Real Madrid and the UEFA Champions' League is one better than twilight. The history of Real Madrid is without doubt the richest of any other club in the world. And in the history books of football, the story of 'La Decima' is surely to be written in golden letters. This story is full of thrill, suspense, drama and passion. I am grateful to have witnessed it with both my eyes and heart.

The story began in 2002 when Zinedine Zidane scored arguably the greatest goal in the history of the UEFA Champions' League and clinched for Real Madrid a record ninth title. Now, all my eyes were on the Galacticos to deliver the magical number, the tenth, or what they call in Spanish, La Decima. But who have thought that it would take us twelve painful years to achieve the dream.

REAL LOVE, REAL MADRID!



As a fan every year, the ultimate goal used to be winning the UEFA Champions' League, but every year be yielded nothing but disappointment. In 2011, I saw Lionel Messi rip us apart in the semi-finals. Next season we were stronger and determined to win the title. Yet again, we fell apart, inches away from the title. After going 2-1 down to Bayern Munich in the first leg of the semi-finals, we were back to take the tie to penalties but we choked, Sergio Ramos and Cristiano Ronaldo missed crucial penalties and again the dream shattered. The next season brought new hopes and Real Madrid stormed into the semi-finals and was drawn to the Borussia Dortmund. But the dream of 'La Decima' was shattered yet again. It was a nightmare for every Madridista. Lewandowski smashed 4 goals and we lost 4-1. This night in Dortmund was the worst of my life.

Next season was the season for redemption, it was a season of hope and of course it was the year of LaDecima. After winning 10-2 against Schalke in the Round of 16 we were drawn to Borussia Dortmund. We ran out 3-2 winners. The semi-final was a rematch of the 2012 semi-finals. We were drawn to Bayern Munich. The first leg in Madrid we won 1-0 but the highlight of the tie was the second leg in Munich. Both Cristiano Ronaldo and Sergio Ramos avenged their penalty misses in the corresponding tie two years back. They both scored twice and ransacked the whole Allianz Arena.

The final was destined to be a great one. After all we were here after 12 years. Hopes fell into the dark when Godin scored in the 32nd minute.

Real kept on pressing for the equaliser. But it was of no avail. Ronaldo, Bale, Benzema all came close to scoring against the stubborn Athletic defence. When Ronaldo missed a header by inches in the 83rd minute I was literally on my knees crying. For the stoppage time I'd like to quote to commentator, "Real Madrid has another corner.....Modric takes.....Oh! Unbelievable.

It's Sergio Ramos. The hero from the semi-final for Real Madrid has scored a goal in the 93rd minute and saved their skins in the final." We went on to win 4-1 in extra Time and what I had been dreaming for 7 years was finally a Reality.

-Dhruv Kaushik, XII

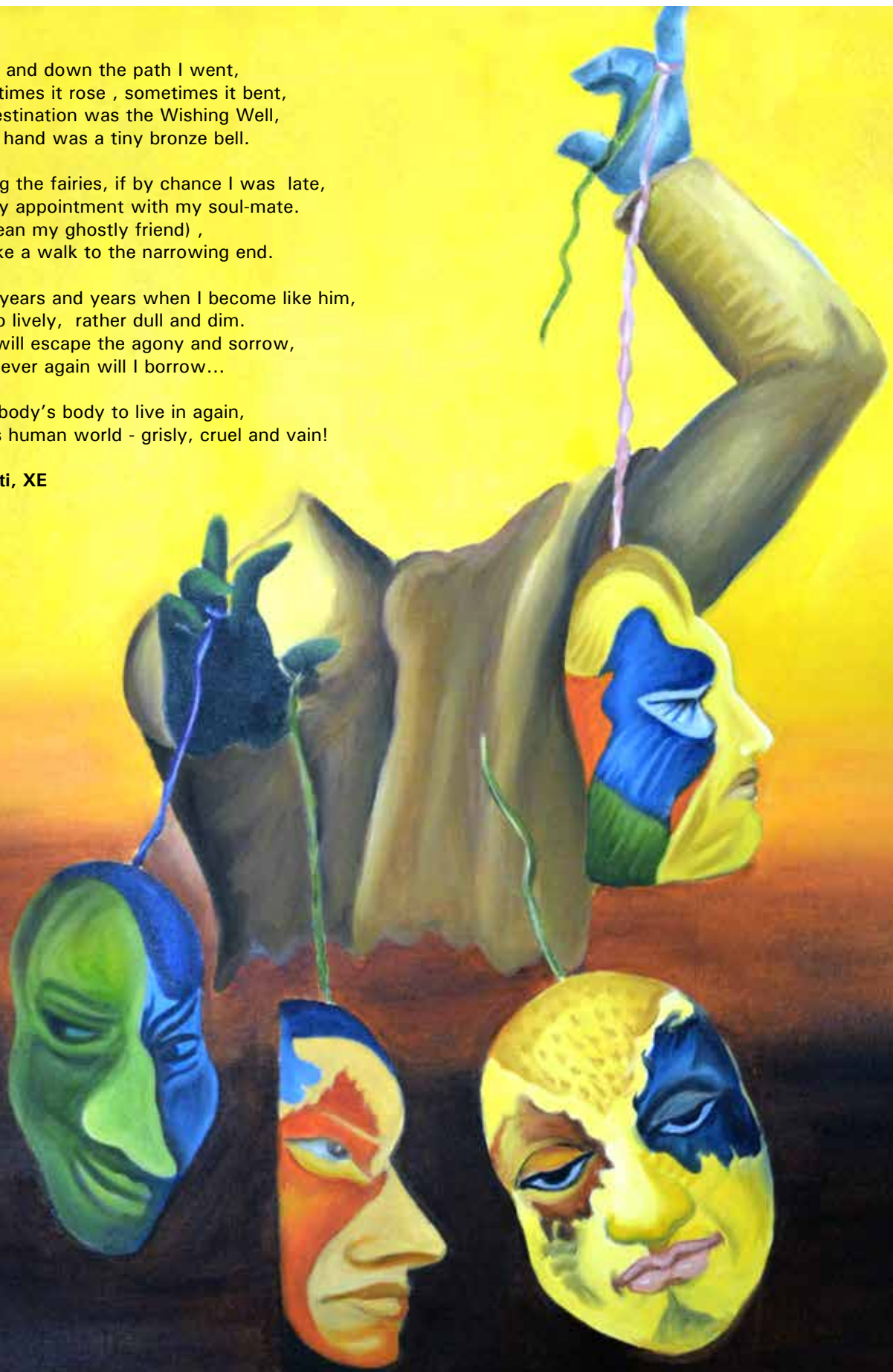
Down and down the path I went,
Sometimes it rose , sometimes it bent,
My destination was the Wishing Well,
In my hand was a tiny bronze bell.

To ring the fairies, if by chance I was late,
For my appointment with my soul-mate.
(I mean my ghostly friend) ,
To take a walk to the narrowing end.

After years and years when I become like him,
Not so lively, rather dull and dim.
I too will escape the agony and sorrow,
And never again will I borrow...

Somebody's body to live in again,
In this human world - grisly and vain!

-Sukriti, XE



DEATH
THE SWEET FRIEND !!!

DREAMLAND WITH TINKER



One day, I saw a big pumpkin in my garden. It had a little door . I opened the door and went outside. Therein, I saw a chest. On opening it, I saw two fairies with sparkling wings . They told me that the chest was the way to the fairy land . I, being very excited, jumped into the chest and ended up going down a long slide. It was quite a scary experience gliding down .

After strolling for a while, I came across Tinker Bell ! She was wearing her standard green dress. She had vibrant wings and carried her magic wand . Being her biggest fan, I was quite excited. I requested her to pinch me ...which she did while she giggled along with me !

We became friends and she took me to a garden with the most exotic flowers and swings. After that Tinker took me to a secret place where she had kept her treasure and gave me a part of it too ! She also took me to meet Queen Clarion. The beautiful queen offered us some food and also gave me a big bag of the yummiest chocolates. I got the opportunity to witness the pixie dance. Tinker taught me some magic tricks. She sprinkled some pixie dust on me and I fulfilled my greatest wish to fly like a bird. I began tweeting a beautiful melody.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, I heard my mother's voice resounding in my 'bird ears'. "Get up ,get up you are late for school ! " I woke up with a start and realized that now the little birdie would have to walk to school !!

Divroop Kaur Sandhu, III-O



We care two
HOOTS for those
who say, 'Three's
a Crowd'!!!

INDIA OF MY DREAMS

Dreams are a part of our life. God has blessed us all with some dreams. Dreams are but an incarnation of our thoughts onto a virtual live screen of our mind. Dreams can be both pleasant and unpleasant. Pleasant dreams give us a sense of satisfaction and joy, but unpleasant dreams pour in our minds fear, horror, a sense of negativity and morbid thinking.

Dreams can be closed eye as well as open eye dreams. The dreams we see with open eyes fill us with enthusiasm and the determination to achieve our goals. One such open eye dream I have is about my Mother Nation, India.

I dream about India as a nation in which all our countrymen are bound together by brotherhood, where everyone strives and works hard to make country free from all evils and to put her onto the path of progress.

I dream of my India where if I question "Who are you?", then everybody proudly answers, 'I am an Indian!' When I ask them, "What is your religion?", they would say, 'Humanity'. I dream of an India where everyone helps one another, where there is no poverty and suffering, where all social evils like caste discrimination, dowry and killing of girl child have been uprooted and where everyone strives to achieve perfection and brings about economic, political and cultural development, everyone tries to preserve their natural heritage and wildlife.

I dream of an India where everyone strives to go past the speed of light with their energy and enthusiasm. When the sun sets, the flames in our eyes should make the night glow.

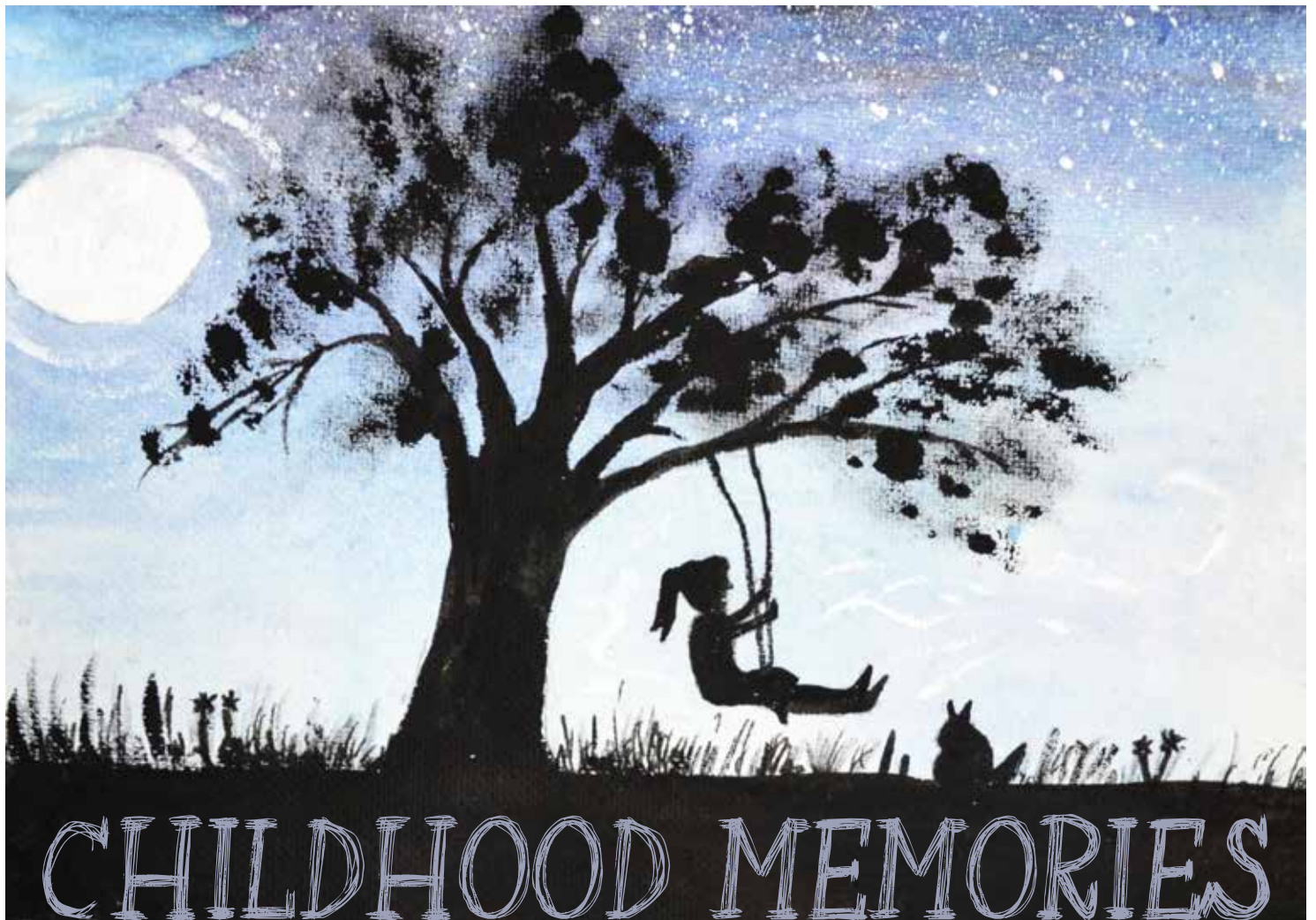
In short, I want my India to reclaim its lost title of the "Golden bird", but not with its richness of wealth, but that of morals and values.

This is my dream for my country and I would strive to fulfill it through all the high and lows.

Dreams are thus our emotions which are priceless and cannot be bought-only be realized

Kshitij Singla, XO





CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

My childhood memories began with
The first day of school.
All the children I talked to ,
Thought I was pretty cool!
Then came the time ,
When I was tricked by my best friend .
I lost my cool and did not comprehend
That I was just being made an 'April Fool'!
Soon came the day of my first picnic.
I snacked on chips, coke ,a gooey stick .
I made haters turn into friends ,
It was so wonderful to make amends .
My childhood has been fun ,
I refer to days of toy cars and guns .
May this journey never end ,
Oh! Father bless me and my friends.

Udayveer , VE

FRIENDSHIP



"I may not be in your thoughts
But I miss you,
I am not your family
But I care for you,
I am not your blood

But I'm ready to bear your pain"

While I sit down to write this,
infinite instances of happiness,
fights and betrayals strike my
mind. I still remember my first
day at YPS. I was nervous. A lot
of questions haunted my mind
and the more important ones
were "Will the children here
accept me?". "What kind of
friends will I make?"

But eventually in the past six years ,
they all turned out to be the best. My
friends were there to understand me
when life seemed hollow, aimless and
meaningless. I believe friendship is a
special gift - generously given, happily
accepted and deeply appreciated.
Friendship is that flower whose
essence can be felt in the garden of
life.

Family and relatives are given by God
,but friends are those beautiful beings
whom we choose . It is quite true
that during adolescence, friends hold
a special place in our life. We depend
on them, we trust them, we spend
most of our time with them

I have realized friendship is
not about whom you know the
longest, it is about; who came in
your life and never left your side.
I also want to dedicate this article
to my wonderful, amazing and
supportive friends who made me
feel comfortable in every part of my
life, despite me being different from
them.

"You all made me a part of your
group

In spite of my flaws and faults
Thanks for being there
When nobody was !"

– SakshiJohn, XII Arts

IN ONE YEAR, OUT THE OTHER

This year, try giving resolutions a rest and just do your best.

'New Year, New Me', these are the words that are on thousands lips the day new year strikes. These over-enthusiastic claims are followed by a string of never ending resolutions in an effort to improve oneself. But studies show that only a meager 8% of people are able to stand true to their resolutions. Be it laziness, lack of will power or just plain infeasible goals, most people quit after the first month of their resolutions. But by setting more realistic goals for yourself and not limiting yourself to a once-a-year, do-or-die, all-out assault on something that has been your habit for a long time, you may find that the finish line isn't so far away after all.

The first step towards accomplishing a resolution is to make sure the resolution is attainable. Start off by brainstorming about transformations and improvements you'd like to witness in yourself. Plan on the most important thing that you think you would want to change about yourself and break it down into smaller actions. Create a systemized plan of action which increases productivity while also consuming lesser time and start off gradually. If you want to change an old habit or accomplish a new goal find a clear and concrete reason to succeed, find someone who will join you in the effort, do it for yourself and don't become a slave to other people's approval. The most important aspect of attaining one's resolution is locked in one's attitude and mental ability. The ability to try and fail but still not give up is what determines the will power and stability of your mind. So, get out there and kill those resolutions because you can't always get what you want, but if you try sometime, you just might find you get what you need."

-Yuvraj Sekhon, XII
Accounts



Dearest Stereotypes,

I have absolutely no intentions in hurting your ever-so-precious sentiments, but sometimes change is for the good, and that is exactly why the term 'feminism' has come into being. Some of you misinterpret the term 'feminism' as 'the female asserting supremacy over the opposite sex'. Contrary to this, the word as defined by Google (which, in all probability, knows more than you) is 'a range of ideologies that share a common goal: to define, establish, and achieve equal political, economic, cultural, personal, and social rights for women.' Here, the word 'equal' is of supreme significance.

Now, the people who think that women should not be subjected to the same treatment as men, are only afraid, that once women rise, their prestige will automatically fall. This is because women have proved themselves equal, if not better, than men in every walk of life. That is precisely why feminism is today no longer confined to any particular town or a city, it is something which impacts everyone on a global scale. And that is the essence and beauty of this word; parting equal rights to the so called 'weaker sex'. There are fundamental differences between men and women which I totally respect.

We cannot just change the colour of the sky because we think that blue dominates red. But then again, it cannot and should not be confused with gender inequality.

F E M I N I S M

We are proud to proclaim ourselves as a nation granting equal rights and providing equal status to both men and women. That is actually the idea of a 'utopian' society which we are yet to achieve. Women have always been objectified; be it the 15th century or the 21st. A girl is always told to be beautiful regardless of all the other talents she might possess. Their constant comparison with things of beauty have merely made them a showpiece kept in houses whereas all strength is synonymous to men. Condition of women in the lower strata of the society is indeed pitiable. There have been countless instances where women have been subjected to harsh atrocities, unequal treatment, honour killings, and so on for doing nothing, but being a 'woman'.

The funniest and the most bizarre part is that you blame religion for your rotten thoughts. No religion gives you the permission to hurt or harm or underestimate a woman in any way. Women are undoubtedly the epitome of sacrificing, calm, peaceful and docile behavior. What is generally underestimated is their strength.

Feminism isn't about men-hating. And it, certainly, isn't about women dominance. It is about equating the two genders so that harmony and peace may prevail. Why then, do you hesitate in balancing men with women?

If these thoughts of mine fail to convince you, then nothing else can.

Heartiest regards,
Sukriti Bansal



MAGGI MANIA

Over the years, Maggi has gone from being a snack for children to having a place in the street food pantheon of India. It is now everyone's favorite solution to ill-timed pangs of hunger. Kids love it, college students swear by it and even the old slurp it from time to time.

Though Maggi was banned and even PATANJALI noodles was launched but Maggi still remained the favorite of all and when it was launched again kids were as happy as if they had scored 100% in their examination.

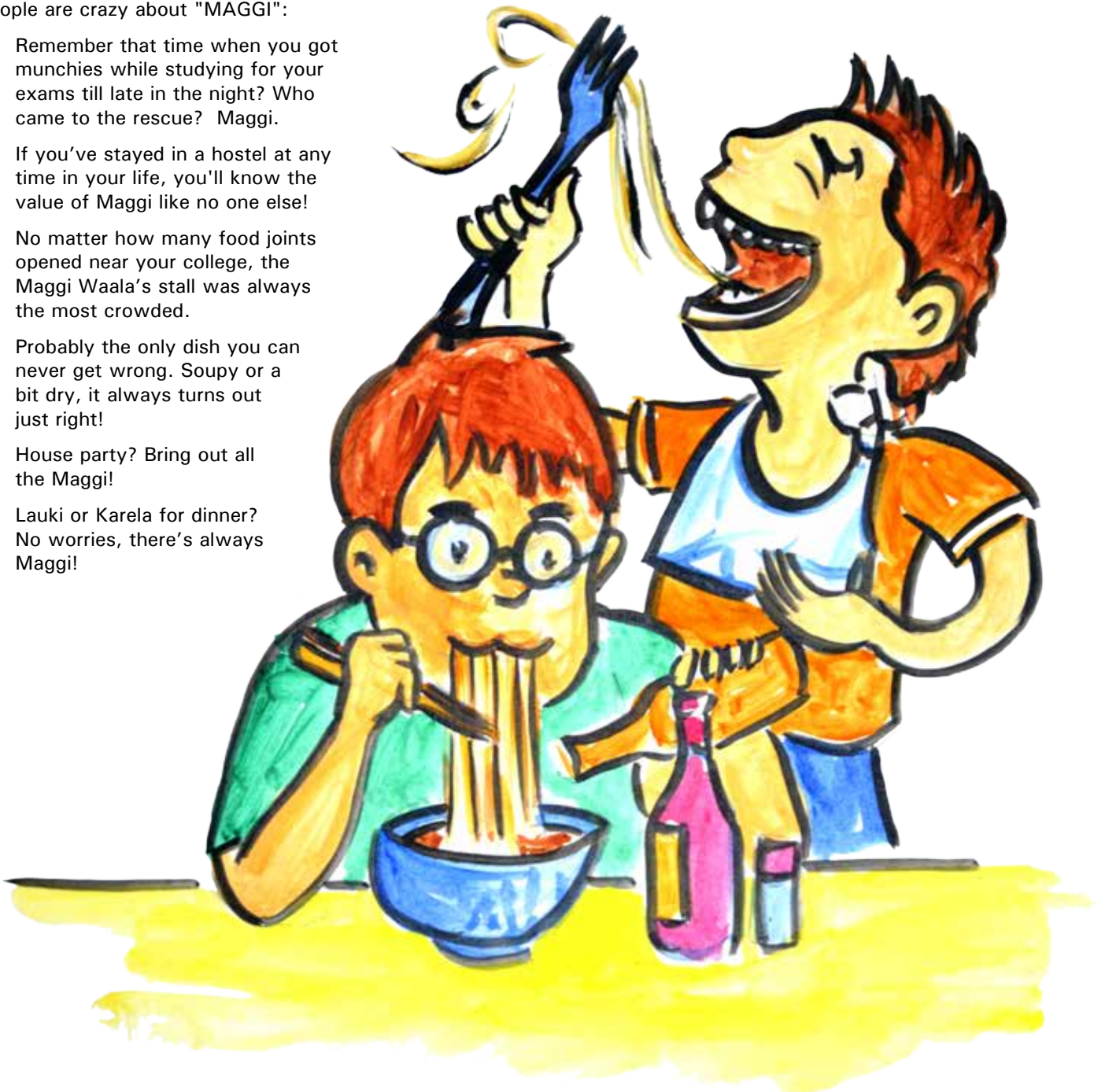
Here are some reasons why all the people are crazy about "MAGGI":

1. Remember that time when you got munchies while studying for your exams till late in the night? Who came to the rescue? Maggi.
2. If you've stayed in a hostel at any time in your life, you'll know the value of Maggi like no one else!
3. No matter how many food joints opened near your college, the Maggi Waala's stall was always the most crowded.
4. Probably the only dish you can never get wrong. Soupy or a bit dry, it always turns out just right!
5. House party? Bring out all the Maggi!
6. Lauki or Karela for dinner? No worries, there's always Maggi!

7. It's a treat that you love to share and eat with your friends.
8. There's something so satisfying about putting a fork full of Maggi in your mouth and then slurping up the noodles.
9. And let's not even start about the epic Magic Masala!
10. Maggi is one dish you're bound to find across the length and breadth of the country.

11. Maggi is as versatile as Paranthas. You can add your twist to the dish and create your own Maggi recipe.
12. Out of money & due for a treat? No one will ever say "NO" to Maggi.

Dhananjay Kaushal, XO



SPACE ODYSSEY



Science is no less than a religion. You observe something, design a theory accordingly, fill in the loop holes of the theory, and there you are 'termed' as a scientist, and we, the common people, are forced or, as most of us would say, are convinced to accept this. The theories given by some men serve as pedestals for development in this field. Now, if we juxtapose science & religion, both have overlapping characteristics. It is just that the vocabulary used in both cases is different.

We believe that SUN is the centre of one solar system with the planets, revolving around it, as if, are placed on a merry-go-round. Now, even this is a theory, which has developed through ages. And you have never bothered to give a deep thought to this assertion. Even I had never thought about this, until one day, actually one night, when I had a dream about it.

So it commenced in a very usual manner. NASA was about to send me to space expedition to the SUN.

The day came when I was in the space- shuttle; en route the SUN. I had to equip myself with all the weapons required for the expedition. Wearing a space suit gave similar feeling as a warrior experiences when heavily armed. After a travel time of about 5 months, the space shuttle approached the SUN, and it was time for me to part away from my mate, my home, my everything from the past 5 months. The space shuttle. Series of events followed and suddenly I found myself going into the colossal ball, full of gases.

After few minutes, I found something which was beyond my imagination .A gigantically huge T.V. projector was placed with SUN serving as that part of the projector which emits light. The size of the projector was so large that no vocabulary was sufficient enough to define its dimensions.

As all the ordinary projectors display a movie on a big screen, this one too displayed a movie, but that of life, with each one of us as an actor in it. I could see what all was happening on earth, each and every event ranging from micro to macro level. A script lay besides the projector, which contained well defined role of everyone who existed on earth. Even the plot and the theme of the movie were scripted.

The duration of the film was about 2 hours. For every 10 minutes of the movie, one billion years passed on Earth. This meant that still about an hour and a half was left for the movie to terminate i.e. About 10 billion years still left for the life on earth. On searching around the projector I found a DVD inserted into it. The DVD had

"Life OnEARTH" mentioned on it.

A DVD bag containing 9 DVDs namely Life on Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune and Pluto was placed near the projector. This meant that there was someone, an operator of the projector, a director, who has directed all the movies with the characters of each movie defined and assigned a role.

It seemed as if the DVD named Life OnVenus has been used recently, as it seemed worn out and not in perfect state as the other were. Although, we know least about Venus as compared to other planets, yet the scientists have chosen 'Earth's twin' as its nomenclature. This can be termed as irony at its best. Now, in the midst of all these uncertainties, a theory approached my minds' threshold.

Scientists have argued that due to a queer, dense covering of different gasses, it's difficult to study the planet's surface. The worn out state of the DVD Life on Venus, can be an answer to Venus' unidentified air. There is a possibility that Venus had just gone through the phase, in which the earth presently is.

Maybe, Venus had supported life, even before Earth had.

So, if this film of 'LIFE' is really following an order, then it can be deduced that the next in line is Mars. Now, to support my point, I will put forth a recent analysis. Researchers have founded traces of water on the planet!! Also, a majority of missions, sent into space, have Mars as their destination. Don't you think that if such developments continue, survival of life on Mars wouldn't be a Herculean Task.

Thus, to put it simple, Earth isn't the only planet capable of sustaining life. All the planets in the Solar System can contain life. Its just that now, or for a span of some billion years Earth is the one supporting life. I disagree with the scientists that its only Earth that is capable of human survival. Every planets, one day or the other will be capable of this, but , no two planets can have humans surviving simultaneously.

-Parth Vats,
XII Science

It was a cold winter night in a very very remote town, out in the middle of nowhere. A debate team from a large city had driven out that morning and had done very well, not finishing until around midnight. When the bus finally set off, it was around 12:45. As students filed onto the bus to go home, the driver turned on the strobe on top of the bus, so if they got in a wreck or anything they could easily be seen.

One boy in particular decided he wasn't tired, and just stared out the window as they began their drive home. The sounds of his teammates drifting into sleep surrounded him as he stared out the window, forehead against the icy pane of glass. Flurries of snow drifted in and out of his vision, joining the white mass on the ground. They passed small patches of forest followed by endless fields and even more forest. He noticed that every time the lights flashed, he would see images. Creations of his imagination, like when someone dims the lights, seeing faces in the shadows. These images became increasingly frightening, especially as they entered wooded areas.

After a while, he decided he should probably sleep, and lay his head back against the seat. He fell into the lull of the driving bus, only half conscious when he looked back out his window...

And saw a herd of deer, almost galloping towards the bus. They ran right in front of the bus. He could see that their eyes were wide and terrified. They were being hunted, quite obviously, and as the vehicle hit them, it began to pinwheel. Spinning end over end in the fresh snow.

As we know, buses do not have seat-belts. Backpacks, bodies, and glass were being tumbled around. Everywhere. The bus finally settled on it's back in the snow. The boy was unconscious, his teammates had stopped breathing. Glass had shattered, fallen everywhere, covered everything in a shimmery layer of surreality.

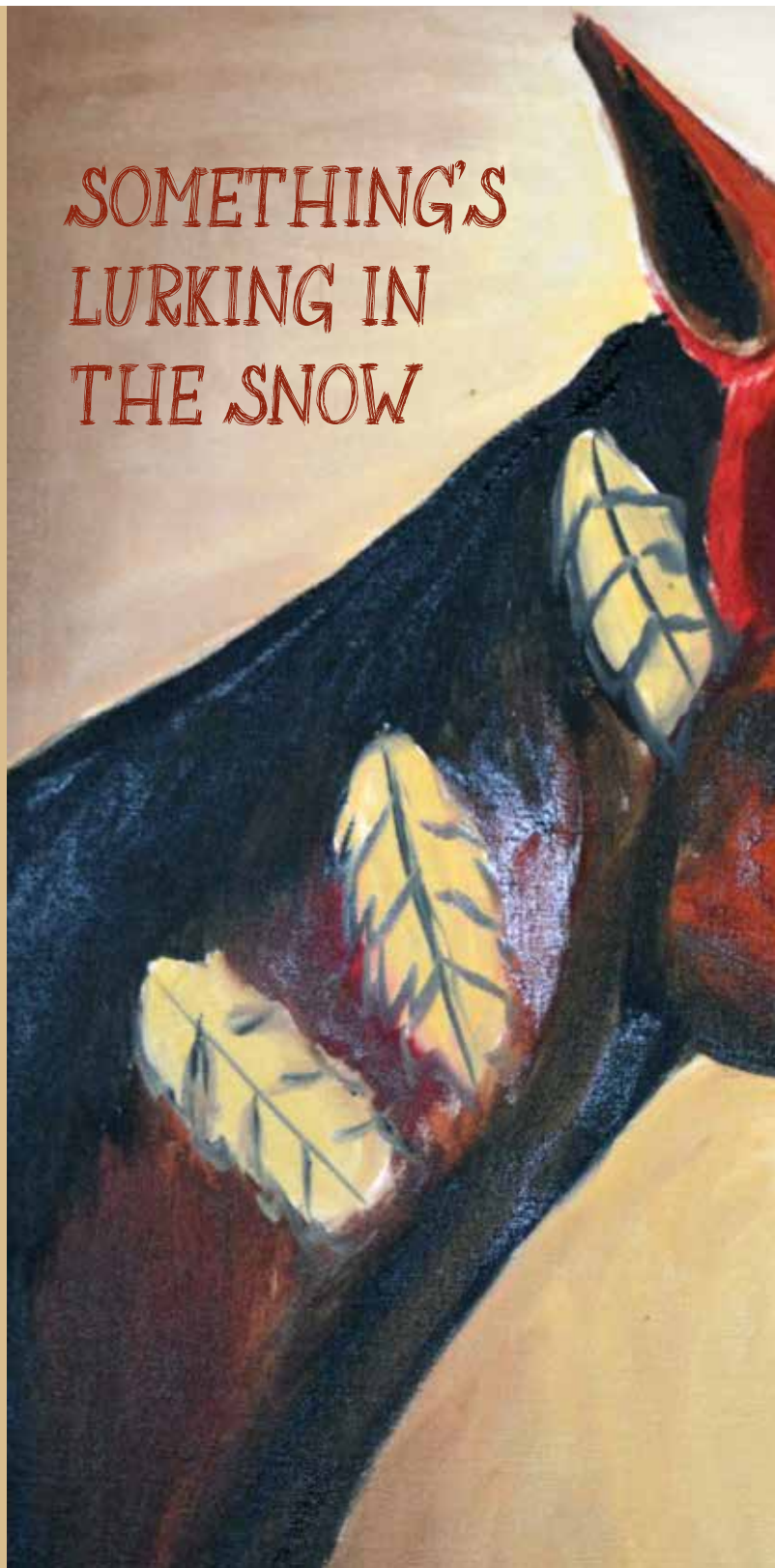
The boy was one of the only survivors. One of two.

As he woke up, several minutes after the bus had come to a stop, he noticed that he was on what once had been the ceiling. Warm fluid slid down his face, across his cheek and onto the ground beside him. A piece of glass was imbedded near his temple, small enough not to harm him too badly, but enough to make his forehead bleed. He reached up, pulled it out as his eyes adjusted to the blackness of this winter night. He lay down, unable to stand up without falling at this point and hoping for some rescue. Some person to find their wrecked bus.

And he began to hear a soft shuffling outside of the bus. Light feet in the snow, circling. It began at the front of the bus and circled until they came to stop right about where he was. He thought maybe it was a rescue crew.

He heard claws on metal, climbing up the side of the bus, finally reaching the top. It wasn't human, he realized, the scraping and scratching. He heard a fist punch the roof above him and let out a small gasp, quickly covering his mouth as he heard

SOMETHING'S LURKING IN THE SNOW



whatever it was jump off the bus, onto the ground again.

He knew by now how wrong he was. This wasn't a rescue team. He also knew it was unlikely anyone else had survived, and he needed to get out as fast as he could.

He began crawling over the backpacks, the bodies, the wreckage, debris, and glass. He crawled to the front, where the driver was slammed against the windshield, ignoring the pain in his hands. The door had been bent beyond repair. He would have to go out the windshield.

He slowly moved the corpse, surprised to find that the bus was still running, the headlights on. He hadn't



noticed before, but he now felt the bus vibrating, humming with life. He crawled out, still in a crouch when he heard the shuffling noise again right at the edge of his little dome of light. He looked up.

Just inside the circle of light he could see gnarled, white, inhuman, clawed feet. And his eyes traveled up, seeking eyes exactly level to his. He straightened. So did the creature... Up... And up. He was

no longer looking eye to eye. It was towering over him, staring down with dead lifeless eyes. Black pits in it's ghostly skull. Behind him he heard the motor begin to die, his circle of light receding, the creature moving towards him, staying just beyond the reach of light. He couldn't quite see it yet.

He backed up against the bus, gripping the twisted metal as the creature grew nearer. He felt warm blood pooling in his hands as his grip tightened, the creature edging ever closer. He stared up at it, its black eyes and twisted

mouth, teeth protruding over its lip.

He opened his own mouth, no sound coming out for a few seconds before he asked, his voice rising pitch with fear, "Who are you?" And the creature bent down. Down and down until he was eye to eye with the boy, his hot breath on his face. He opened his twisted mouth ever so slowly, lips upturned in a ghastly grin, a grimace, and answered in a deep, bone-rattling voice... "The Rake."

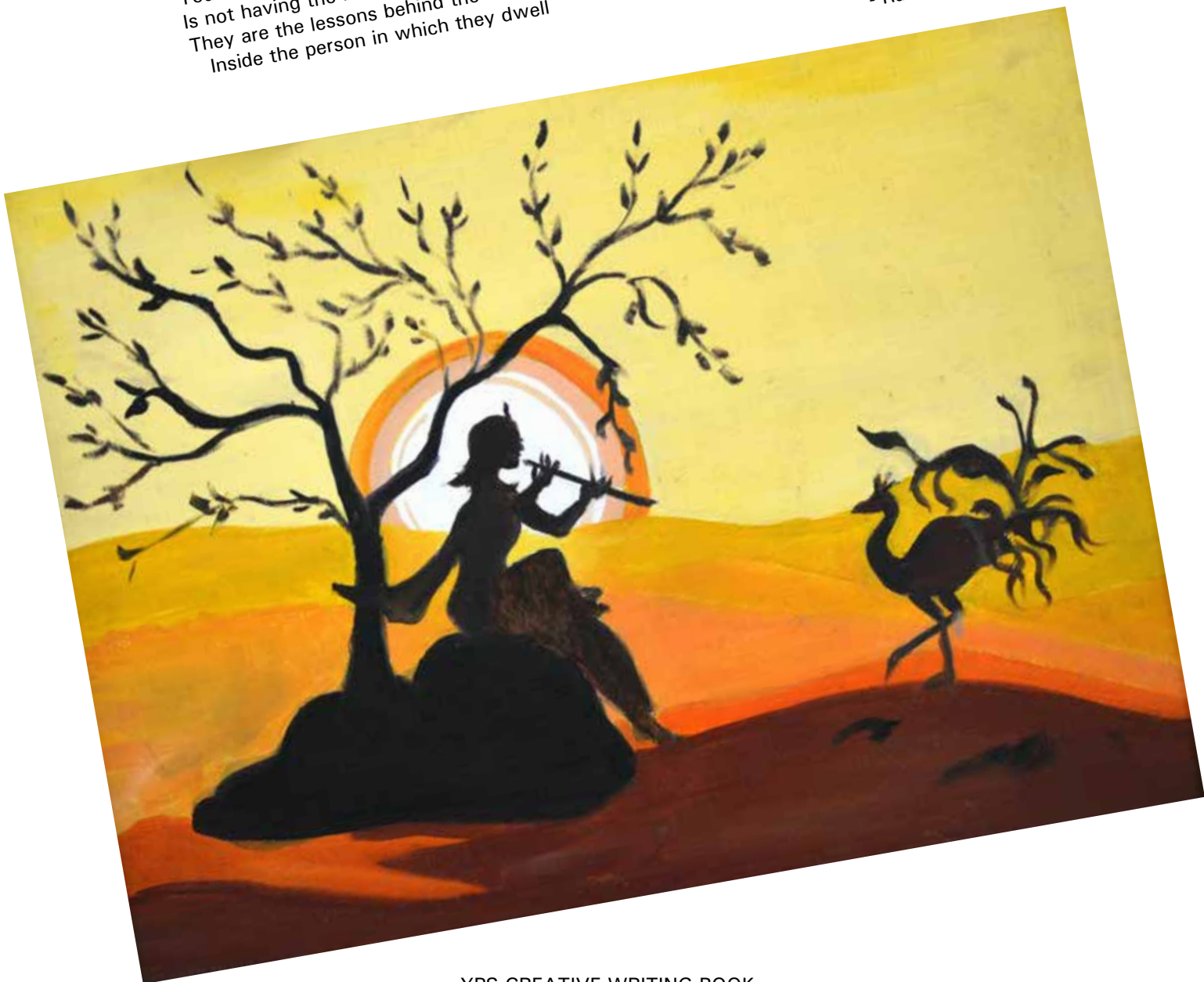
Ekam Partap, XO

YOUR SOUL GLOWS IN THE SUNLIGHT ...!

Your soul glows golden in the sunlight
Your heart shines silver in the moon
And as you chase fireflies in the twilight
You realize that it's over too soon
So with your irises burning like embers
On this journey of sorts you embark
Fearing if no one remembers
Your life will be lost in the dark
But you don't live your life for the strangers
You don't live it for those across the street
You don't realize that the gravest of dangers
Is wake up, work, sleep and repeat
You don't know that greatest of glories
Is not having the bravest of tales to tell
They are the lessons behind the stories
Inside the person in which they dwell

So as you journey through all of the stations
As you make your way through your trip
You'll experience all sorts of sensations
But make sure you don't lose your grip
For, in the end when you're dying
Down to the very last hour
You won't remember the time you spent crying
(You won't be able to remember that far)
Instead, you'll remember all the smiles
And the twinkling of a thousand eyes
With all the years stretched over the miles
You'll be awed by just how time flies
So you better keep that time from flying
And make the most of the seconds that you get
So that in the end when you're dying
You know you made a life YOU didn't forget.

- Raushni Kaura, XO



LOVE LIFE OR HATE IT ?

People say 'Love is Life' .But irony is that they don't love their own life ! All they have for life is 'complaints'. Well, what if all that a person wants from life is spilled at his feet ? No money issues , no love issues , popularity gained and so on . Will people be happy then ? Satisfied ? Or will they find new issues to hate life ? I wonder!

Though , the latter seems more probable to me , because I believe that people can never be satisfied with life . They always want to live somebody else's life , not knowing the sorrows of that person. Not to forget , we have not seen our lives from others' point of view. Maybe someone out there wants to live our life , maybe! Then again people are ending their own lives even as some others are fighting to save theirs. . I wish lifespans could be exchanged at mutual will, I wish!

And then people often fear to live their life their way just because , 'What will people say ?' What if I want to fly or try or just cry in that case ? Why do others have to care ? And to be precise , no one cares at all- what they really do is envy . So , what I really want to say is that life should be loved , lived and enjoyed and should not be complained about . After all , that's all we have - ' Life ' , isn't it ?

- Arshia Garg ,XN

WHEN THEY SHUT DOWN FACEBOOK

The impossible became possible
The unimaginable really happened
That day what the news displayed
Left the youth frightened.

When I switched on the TV
I saw to my horror
The famous Mark Zuckerberg
Orating a worldwide terror.

"Folks, I got to say something
And I request you not to frown
Facebook's gone bankrupt
And it's high time we shut down.

My employees need not worry
They can save their sobs
With Cook, Nadella and Pichai
I've found them all their jobs."

What would consume my hours of daylight
Now those exams are over
With Facebook being history
My precious time shall suffer.

Down the wall of Facebook
I used to stroll miles and miles
Engaged in posts of celebrity gossip
And a plethora of trending styles.

Then what felt like first time in forever
I went to the local park
And marvelled that on us
Facebook had left such great a mark.

And then I had this epiphany
That we have a replacement to FB's charm
How could we possibly forget that
We have still got Instagram!

Jessica Juneja, XO



HOW MUCH DOES A SHADOW WEIGH?

I'm pretty sure that we all love playing with shadows, but have we ever wondered "HOW MUCH DOES A SHADOW WEIGH ???"

I'm sure it sounds a silly question as you cannot take a shadow and put it on a scale to measure its weight. But, let me tell you, the material it falls on can be weighed.

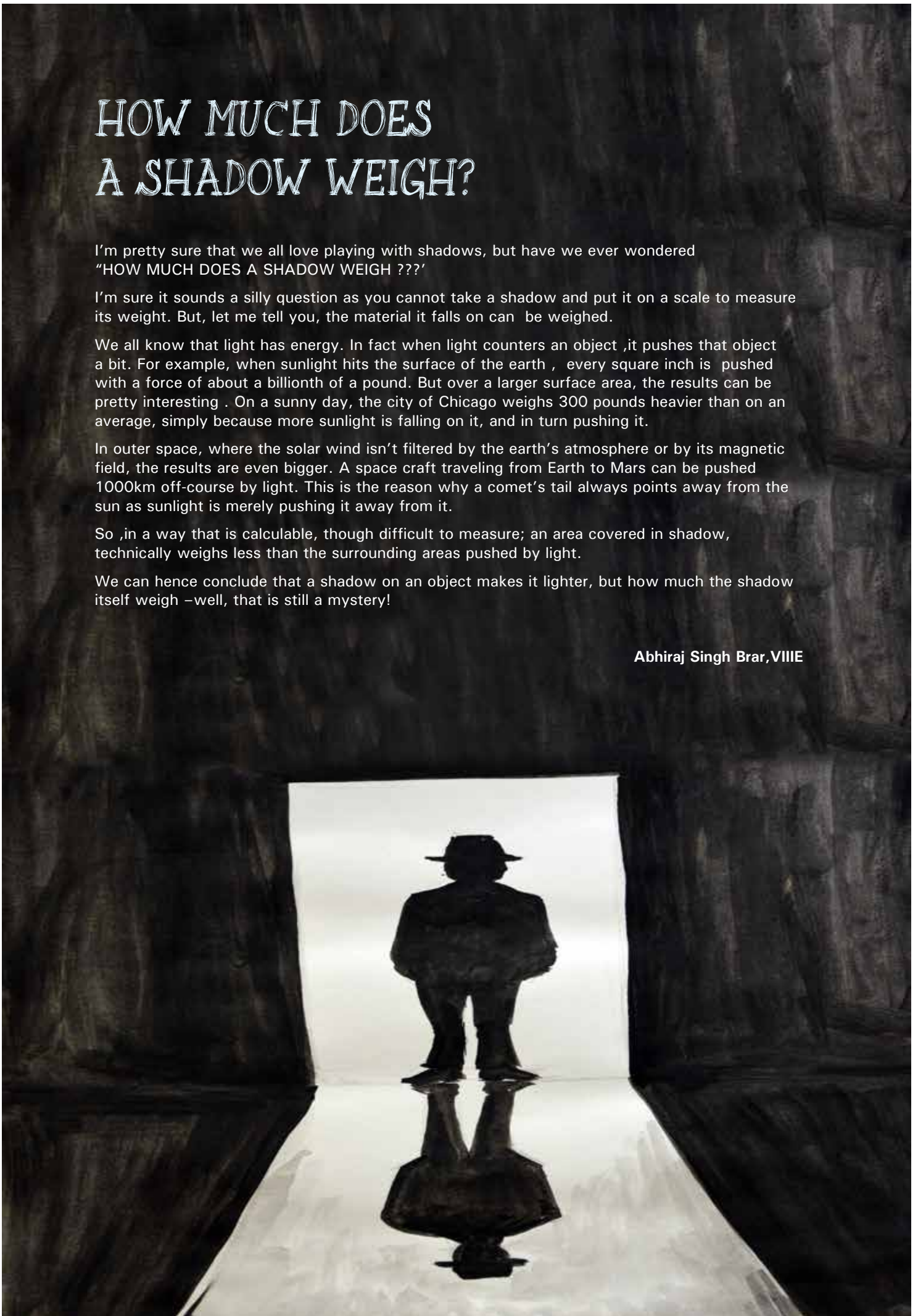
We all know that light has energy. In fact when light counters an object ,it pushes that object a bit. For example, when sunlight hits the surface of the earth , every square inch is pushed with a force of about a billionth of a pound. But over a larger surface area, the results can be pretty interesting . On a sunny day, the city of Chicago weighs 300 pounds heavier than on an average, simply because more sunlight is falling on it, and in turn pushing it.

In outer space, where the solar wind isn't filtered by the earth's atmosphere or by its magnetic field, the results are even bigger. A space craft traveling from Earth to Mars can be pushed 1000km off-course by light. This is the reason why a comet's tail always points away from the sun as sunlight is merely pushing it away from it.

So ,in a way that is calculable, though difficult to measure; an area covered in shadow, technically weighs less than the surrounding areas pushed by light.

We can hence conclude that a shadow on an object makes it lighter, but how much the shadow itself weigh –well, that is still a mystery!

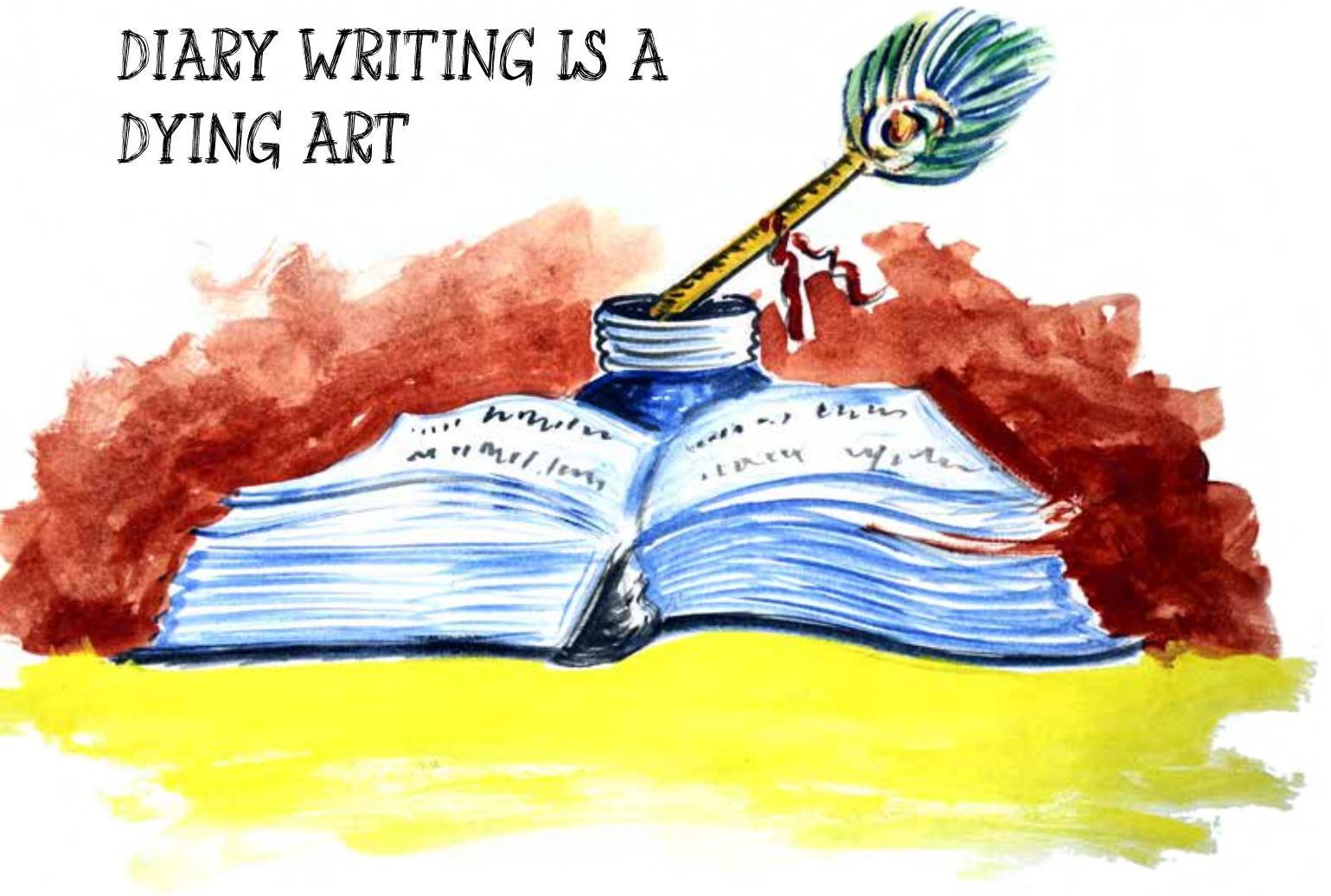
Abhiraj Singh Brar,VIII E





**You bet, this
is our window
to the world!**

DIARY WRITING IS A DYING ART



When was the last time you completely opened up, let out your thoughts, feelings, worries, everything? Can't remember? Me neither.

We humans have become so used to keeping our feelings pent up inside us, in fear of being judged, and then those feelings piling up and creating pressure and bursting out of us like a volcano. What we need is an outlet. And that outlet was discovered ,or rather invented, by our ancestors, a long time ago. That was the art of writing down our feelings in a neat, tidy, manner, in the form of a diary.

But these days, one hardly finds anyone writing down his feelings like that. People hardly ever talk their hearts out with their friends and keep their thoughts completely to themselves. And perhaps the only people they open up to is their therapists (but that doesn't count).

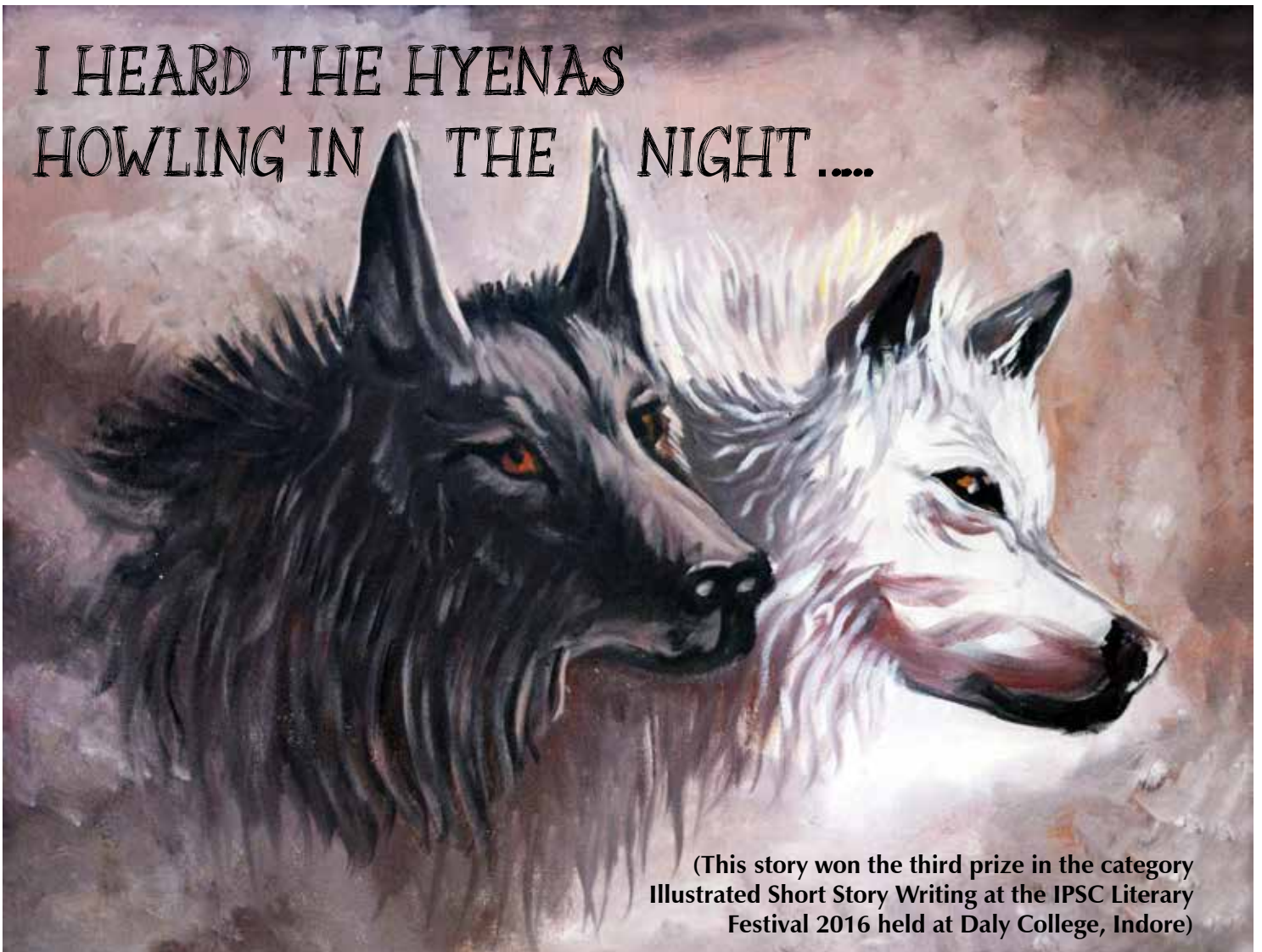
About half a century ago, when the world was in the middle of a terrible war, a young girl in hiding wrote down her experiences in her diary. That diary is today known as the Diary of Anne Frank, one of the most beloved books in the world. Anne wrote her feelings about the world, the Second World War, and the Nazis. The book is the most beautiful account of a young girl who saw the world with only light in her eyes.

However, it seems that not many people have attempted to write in a diary since Anne. One rarely find people in parks, sitting under trees or on benches, writing blissfully away in a leather bound notebook. People may argue that they don't have time, but if you have the time to surf the Internet for hours and hours, you can certainly make an effort to take out some time to devote to yourself.

Although diary writing is a dying art, it's never too late to revive it. It is the most beautiful hobby, for in doing so, you end up discovering bits of yourself ,you never knew existed!

- Raushni Kaura, XO

I HEARD THE HYENAS HOWLING IN THE NIGHT.....



(This story won the third prize in the category
Illustrated Short Story Writing at the IPSC Literary
Festival 2016 held at Daly College, Indore)

Appearances are supposed to be deceptive. Well, I couldn't agree more, for nothing was closer to the truth when it came to our family. On the face of it, ours looked like a perfect family- an elderly, yet surprisingly young set of grandparents, with two lovely daughters-in-laws waiting and doting upon them and two handsome sons happily filling the family's coffers. Now add my presence to all of it, and one wonders- what could be better than this?

But then, the charade ended each night, as soon as it struck nine on the clock. The superficial masks were lifted and the superfluous pretence wore off as midnight inched closer. Nine o' clock marked the advent of hell, and the rise of five vicious, blood thirsty hyenas. It was the time when the little, timid rabbit would be encircled by a group of merciless monsters vying for the poor little being. Nine o' clock meant the time of the game, the time to kill.

My poor mother, the little rabbit, could hardly be expected to face the might of the five demons lurking around her. Each night, she tried to stand up. Each night, she was pushed further back. Each morning, she swore to fight the oppression meted out to her by my family. Each night, her resolve was broken. Worryingly enough, this cycle of events had a sense of eventuality about it now, because, as heart-rending as it was, it certainly wasn't 'surprising' any more.

But what frustrated me was the fact that as my poor mother was being beaten and abused by the very people whose blood ran in my veins, her seed chose to stay quiet. I chose to stay quiet. It tore my heart to see my mother on her knees, her visage smeared with tear-drops. And yet, I could never get myself to rush forward and help her onto her feet. I could never muster the courage to fight the suppression that I saw each night, the demonic tyranny that was on show nine o' clock sharp. Why? Because the hyenas terrified me. The hyenas, with all their fangs and claws, were a sight I wish I could forget. Yes, I was terrified, I sure was.

But today's night seemed a bit different. There was a weight on my shoulder. A weight as if someone had reached out and placed a hand on my shoulder, as if to lend me support, to egg me on. Today, 'I heard the hyenas howling in the night'. Again. But this time, I chose to speak up. One could feel the walls reverberating from the deafening roar of two words my vocal chords formed - "Stop It".

The hyenas were suddenly very quiet.

-Naman Kumar Singla, XI Arts

It was a dark and scary night , I was travelling by road to Raccoon City, a valley in the Rockies, when suddenly my car broke down . I came out and opened the bonnet, only to receive a cloud of thick dark smoke .

I began to check the engine , but was filled with hopelessness when I found out I couldn't fix it. Luckily there was a train station nearby .I scampered my way to the station and I asked the creepy , old conductor present there about any train leaving Raccoon City . His reply was just what I had hoped for .

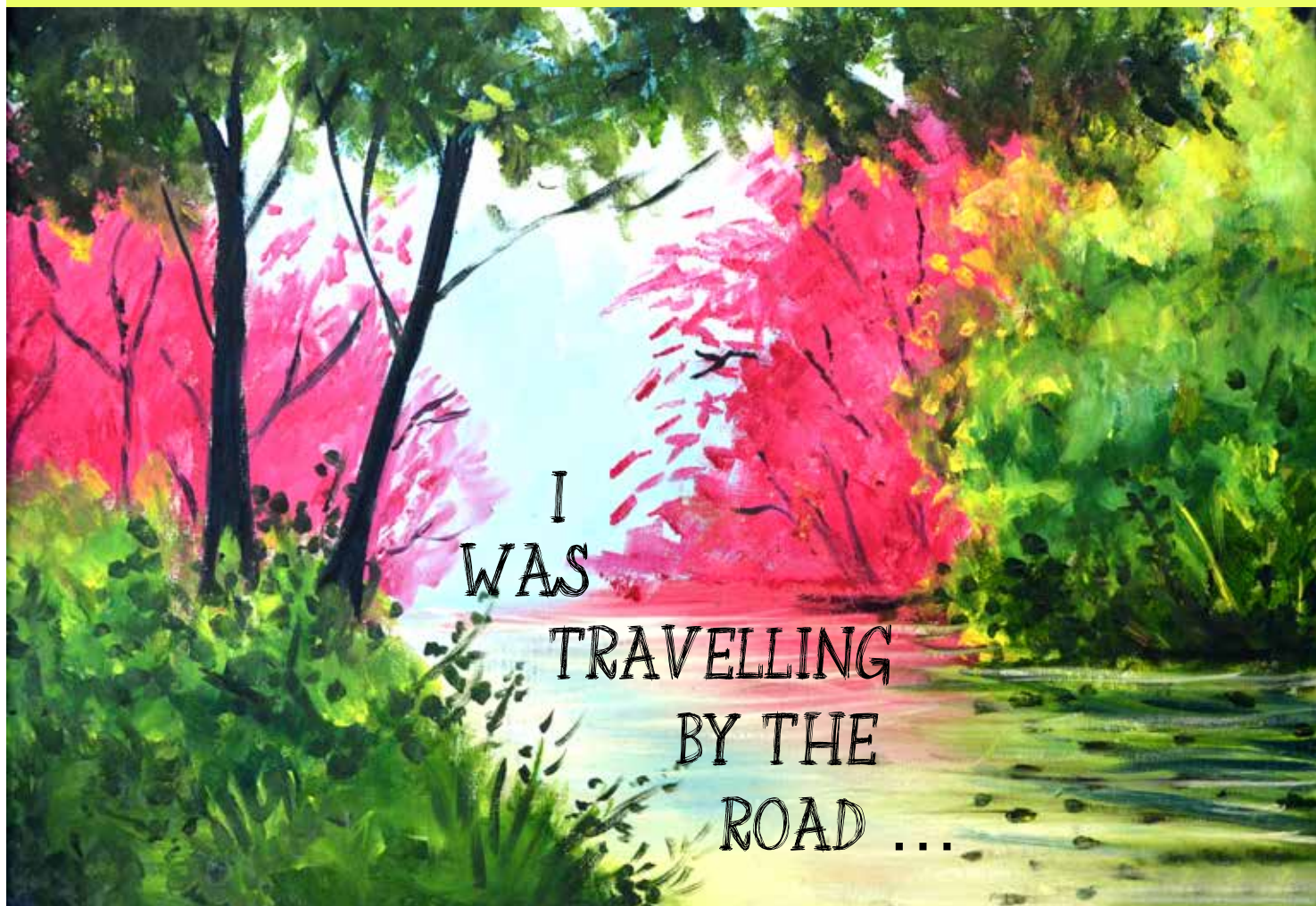
He said that a train was arriving in five minutes to leave for Raccoon City. So, I booked my ticket and climbed aboard. The train was deserted. I looked and checked the news stand and found out that the newspapers were from 2003! "Now who would keep old newspapers" I thought to myself . I went back to my seat and took a peek outside and was shocked to find out that the tracks ahead were broken. I pulled the emergency chain but it broke and came in my hands. I then did not think anymore and just made a jump for it!!

The train didn't stop and fell off breaking all the way down. I walked around aimlessly thinking about what I would do next in order to get out of this mess when I saw a figure near a tree. I could instantly not tell as to who or how it was ,but it was a sign of relief to know that I was not the only one in this creepy place. I rushed to this person when ,suddenly, something jumped at me from the back , grabbed me from my shirt and bit my shoulder. It took me a minute to come to my senses. I managed to get up and stab the figure. It sprawled on the ground with a bleeding chest. To my horror,I found that it was zombie!!

The worst part was that it had bit me and that meant that I would also turn into a zombie sooner or later. To my utmost horror , I felt something growing on me. I was sweating and could no longer stand on my feet. I staggered to a tree , fell and fainted.

When I got up I could hear growls and moans. I was petrified and exhausted .I had a feeling I could die or get killed in such a dangerous place like this. When I took a look at my body ,to my horror, I realized I had turned into a zombie. My body was twitching and now I knew that I had turned into a ferocious creature of the deadI belonged to the dead...

– Raahat Gill , VO





EMOTICONS 🍕 ARE WE GOING THE CAVEMAN WAY ?

I am a die hard emoji supporting logophile. I love the way they are sweeping the world by a storm. Who does not recognize the silly little faces on the phones that look more like cartoons?

Emojis are now available as an optional written language just like other global languages. You will find an emoji key board on your iphone, nestled comfortably between Estonian and Dutch. 'USA Today' has gone as far as firmly ingraining an emoji in its headlines. Facebook is on the brink of releasing its new 'Reactions Update'. Their growing popularity serves as a reminder that there is a lot more to our communication than words alone.

Dominos is using the pizza emoji to facilitate ordering. All you do is tweet or text and without using words, the pizza gets delivered to your door step.

Some even argue that despite the emojis current simplicity, they would soon be developing into a language over time. After all,

decoding of pictures has always been at the root of written language. Didn't they start with pictures of actual things like the drawings of the Sun and the Moon during the first written communication in Egypt and China. There is no instructional grammar primer on how to use the tiny graphic symbols. Don't even try framing one. The work would be deemed obsolete even before it leaves the printing unit. We people experiment so much that most of us end up having a distinct style of using the emoticons which no one else on this Blue Planet could imitate.

This modern day lingua franca is being put under the scanner. A majority recognize them as a great medium to spruce up a conversation. Yet there is a noticeable number which also feels that though they might be ubiquitous but still cannot be deemed right for every situation. The usage in serious news such as, Crisis in Crimea would be nothing short of being much too flippant. This has resulted in the growing importance of having an etiquette of where and when not to

use these silly little faces.

Personally, I would refrain from touching them with even a barge pole in response to bad news like the death of a loved one. I shall much rather write comforting words or even better go give a big hug.

Emoji experts brag that they can converse so effectively with the emojis that it transcends language barriers.

Some, like me, worry as to what the popularity of communicating with pictographs is doing to our language and literary pieces. What if more classics like Moby Dick get translated into pictographs. Would it be possible to replace the skills, subtleties and eloquence of the poets and writers?

Are the emojis going to bring down the millennium long reign of words with their linguistic annihilation ?

Meher Mangat , XI Arts



SHARPEN YOUR PENCIL

Sharpen your pencil, check your box .
Revise everything done in the class,
Exam time tension is very much there ,
A long exam has always been my fear !
When the bell is about to ring ,
My hands shake like a vibrating string ,
Mom makes revision lessons at home ,
The chapters cover Paris,Italy and Rome
When the exam is long and tough ,
The situation gets to be quite rough.
I have a fair share of exam fever ,
Peppered with pain and a shiver.
I revise chapters even while brushing,
This extra toil my head is crushing.
But thank God when it comes to scoring,
Blessings of the Lord come in pouring .

Nimar, VN

MY MOTHER'S KITCHEN GARDEN



My mother is very fond of gardening. She has great knowledge about all varieties of plants. She makes sure she plants the new kind of plants for every season. Many a time, her friends come home and take tips from her.

My mother also has a kitchen garden and she takes care of it very nicely. She makes sure that she waters all the plants personally. Not only that, my mother has also planted some wonderful trees. My brother and I have a lot of fun playing in their cool shade. The garden includes tasty fruits like mangoes, papaya, grapes, apples, blackberries, raspberries, and the list is never-ending. On family picnics we don't need to go out. Rather, we go and have a wonderful time in our kitchen garden.

My mom has also grown healthy plants like neem, kadhi pata and black pepper, and she makes sure we consume these on a daily basis. Last Sunday, my brother and I were playing in our kitchen garden when my brother made me a beautiful tiara out of some wild flowers.

When it rains, the kitchen garden looks even prettier. Butterflies, earthworms, caterpillars and sparrows come and act like temporary guests. The sight is indeed a thrilling one to watch. My childhood days spent in our garden can never be forgotten. I will make sure that I learn all the tricks of good gardening from my mother so that I too one day can decorate my house and make it a very warm and beautiful place to live in.

- Trishleen Kaur, VP



CAR FREE DAYS FOR BETTER ENVIRONMENT

As the name suggests , a car free day is one in which people keep aside their cars and take up walking and bicycling . This , actually, is a boon for the mother Earth because studies reveal that the pollution levels on such days fall by about 99 percent as has been the case in Israel.

Not only Israel , but many other countries , including ours , have taken up the initiative as a result of which September 22 is now celebrated as the 'World Car Free Day '.

We all know that cars release a lot of harmful gases. These include carbon monoxide, sulphur di oxide , other greenhouse gases and a lot of particulate matter. This particulate matter gives smog its faded colour. The skies remain grey due to these pollutants.

When China celebrated the Car Free Day , people claimed that they had seen blue sky after a long period of time . Even our national capital which experienced its fourth Car Free Day in January this year., had a good result to show. It is important to note that people understand the depth of these issues and large contribute to such exercises . This has been proved by the fact that the Delhi citizens have wholeheartedly supported the Odd-Even scheme .

Listing the huge advantages of this initiative , the first one is , naturally, a cut in the atmospheric pollution .It also serves as a method to save petroleum. The atmosphere opens up , thus, creating , a pleasant weather and relieving people of their worked up lives. It actually feels nice to be a part of something constructive. With no cars people have to take up walking and cycling which further helps them stay fit.

In my opinion, Car Free Days should be held at least once a month in every town and city. The youth can help inspire people reduce the usage of cars. Because, finally, it is the collective responsibility of all of us to take care of our Mother Nature, and it is high time we start so by taking up practices such as these.

Nitish, XE



Time is an entity,
Which cannot be touched or seen.
But none have been able to answer,
"What does time mean?"

TIME

Time is similar to money,
Too precious to waste.
That's the reason why,
The world's always in a haste.

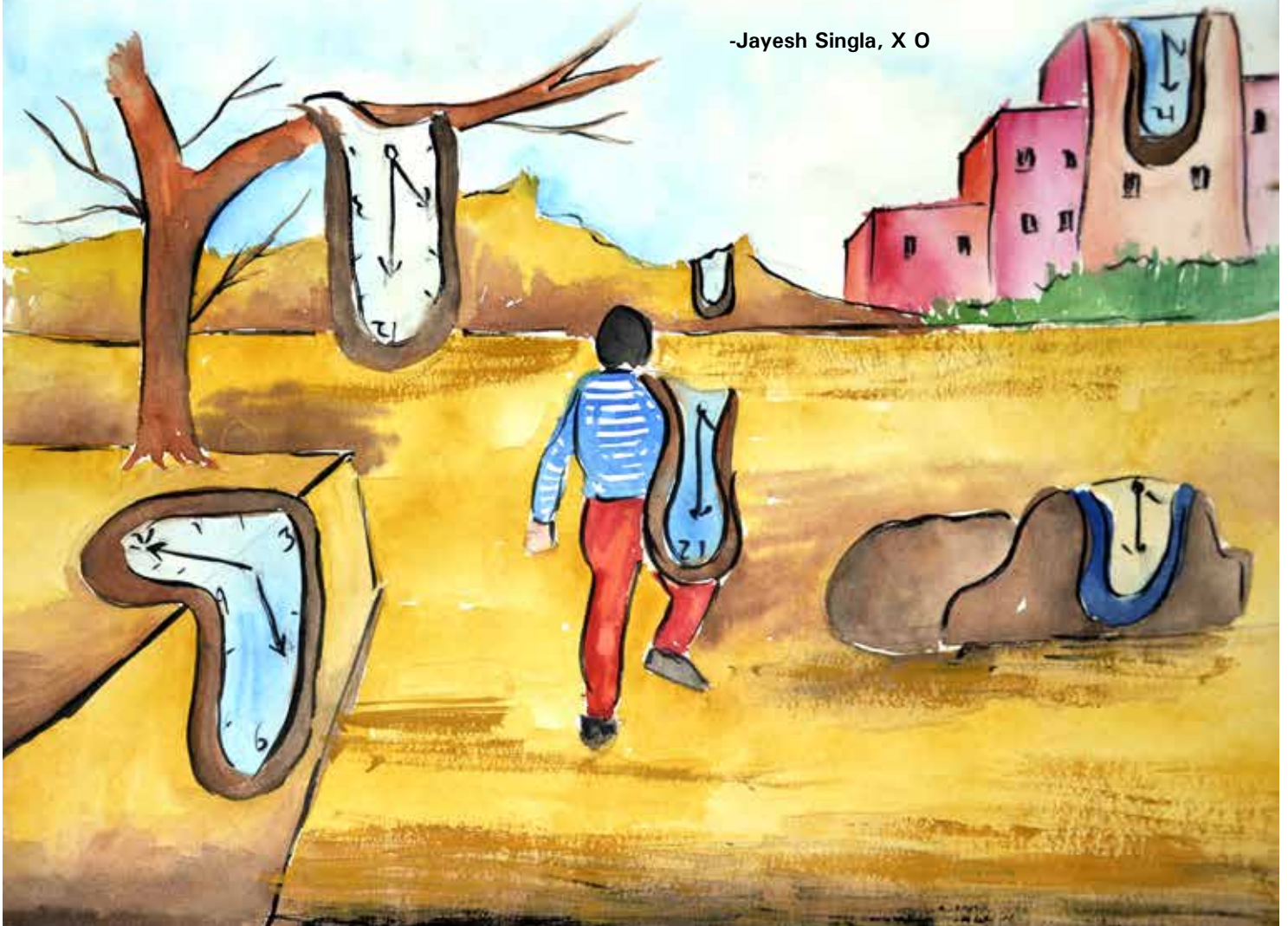
Time is like a train,
Moving ahead on a track.
Once gone,
No chance of gaining it back.

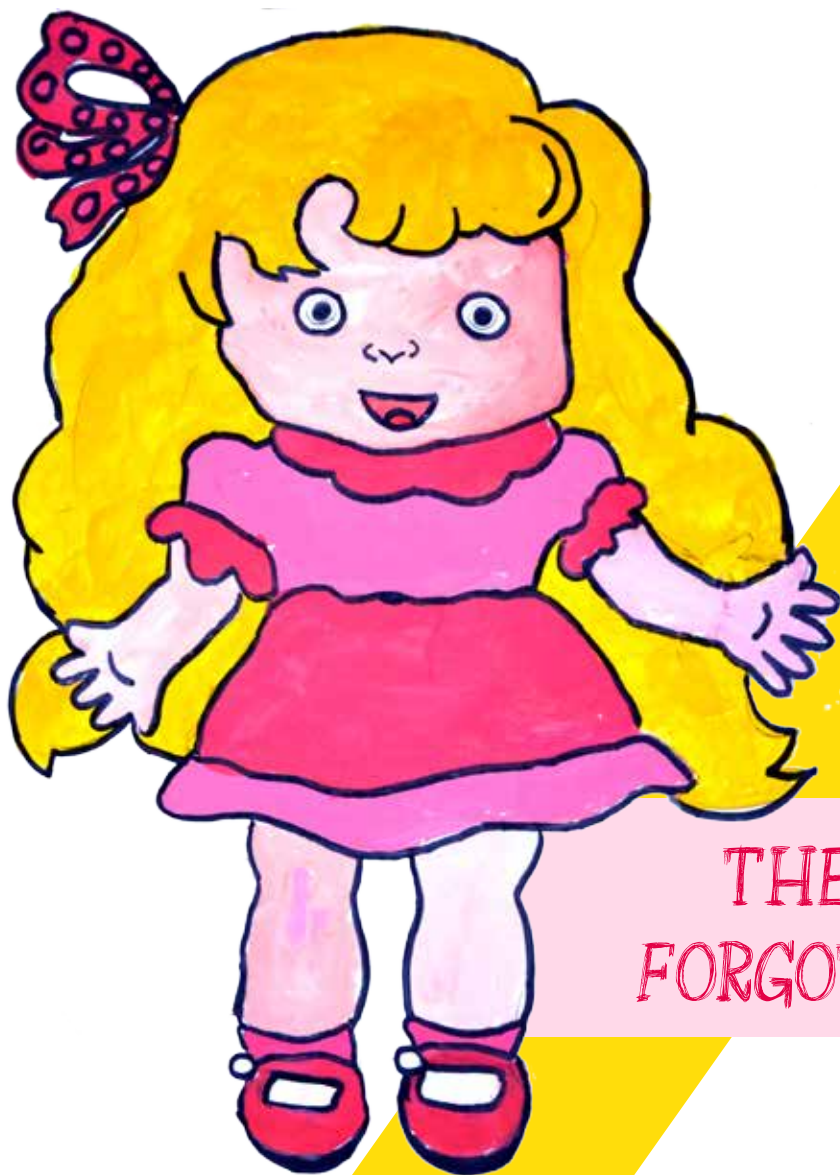
If you march with time,
It'll assist you like a friend.
Waste and ignore it and,
It'll 'escort' you to your end.

Time is too short,
It flies by as I write
Use it to the fullest,
And you'll scale the greatest height.

Time cannot be defined,
It's the future, the present, the history.
Will it ever cease to be?
Well...that remains a mystery !

-Jayesh Singla, X O





THE DAY MY FATHER FORGOT TO PICK ME UP...

The
day my father
forgot to pick me up
was a Monday . It was a half-
day. When the bell rang, I was very
excited and rushed to the gate No. 4
.To my surprise, my father wasn't there !
I looked around, but there was no trace of
him .Finally, I was left all alone . There was
no other child except me .

This was very unlike my father .He had always
sent someone in his place whenever he got busy .
What could have gone wrong ? I was scared and ran
to the school office. I had never thought I could have
a terrible experience like this one ! I called up my father
from the office telephone.But he did not answer in the
first attempt . I started weeping. Finally I reached him
on another number. I told him to come quickly. My father
rushed and came to pick me up . I hugged and clung to
him . He embraced me and then revealed that it
was something amazing which had kept him
away. He packed me into
the car and we sped to
the hospital to see my
'new born' sibling who
would now be sharing
my parents love !!!

- Samaria Thind, IV P





#YOLO is neither a hashtag trend started on Instagram nor is it a peppy new sign, boys and girls use to enhance their status. In fact, it is an art of living ; a lifestyle that teaches us that tomorrow WILL come but TODAY is HERE.

a saying that is followed by all who decide not to take the day for granted. It means that all should not waste time with uppity turbo skanks and people full of attitude, but instead sit with those who make you laugh, smile, feel loved and cherished. Be a part of a community

So, if you are still reading this and have MANAGED to make it to the end, promise yourself not to spend your days sitting idle but be the person who ONLY LIVES ONCE and yet manages to have fun and make a mark in the world.

Arshbir Kaur, XII Science

WISE LITTLE MAN ON CHANGE



Change is a part of life – in fact the only permanent part of it. And yet every time a tiny alteration in our lives is made, we make such a fuss that one would think it was the end of the world. This just won't do. I know life isn't fair, but you have got to learn to live with it. You should be mature enough to take it all in your stride – you're a Senior School student now. Or maybe you're not. I really don't care. My point is that life has its disappointments, but you don't need to whine and gripe about them all day long.

Actually, I take that back. Each and every word of it. I should have thought before expressing such inane views. I mean, some of the changes here are rather unreasonable – No 'samosas'? Studies during the athletic meet? And inter-house matches during the weekends, so that no-one can bunk their practical lessons? It's preposterous.

But no, this attitude is not the answer. Some changes might even be good, however appalling they may seem to be. If you see people playing in your tennis court with a sponge ball, it might not be a bad idea to join them instead of shooing them off. All right, some changes do need to be protested against. But most of the time, we're not satisfied with anything, not even the good changes.

You might be confused with all this contradictory blathering, but I assure you that I have a clear idea of what I'm writing about. To prove it to you, I have summarised the last three paragraphs in the form of some advice to you:

- Don't knock it before you've tried it.
- Protest against any change which interferes with your personal life, or otherwise seems bad to you.
- Don't waste your time listening to INDECISIVE FOOLS .

Yours sincerely,
Sehajnoor Singh, IXN



A FAIRYTALE TO TELL YOUR GRANDCHILDREN-LEICESTER CITY CROWNED BPL CHAMPIONS

5000/1. Those were the odds at which Leicester City was placed to win the Barclays Premier League (BPL) title this season, after seeing relegation closely the last season.

Who would have a thought that a club who wasn't even playing in this league two seasons ago and was at the last spot for a few weeks last season, could actually even be in the top 10, forget clinching the title.

Leicester City, causing this enormous upset in sporting history, has often been termed as fantasy football, but not many know that diligent owners, resourceful scouting and an effervescent manager have played a telling part. An innovative sports science and a medical team, carefully integrated into the decision making process, has created a perfect model for success.

The difference between Leicester City last year and this year is their new manager, Claudio Ranieri, who was the master mind behind Leicester City's astounding road to the title. He understood each of his player's ability and used them to their best to build a squad which was able to beat almost all the top notch English clubs.

It was an entire team effort and intense passion shown by both the players and the staff, and a constant belief of winning every game they played, that completed the recipe of Leicester's unimaginable success.

Jamie Vardy, Riyad Mahrez and N'Golo Kante are three of the numerous players whose names were unknown to the football world until last year, when the club started racking goals and conceded only a few to march towards the trophy.

To avoid all of this being called a one season fluke and ensuring a good performance next season too, the club needs to try and hold on to its star players and prevent them from joining huge clubs who are ready to splash millions in order to acquire them, and constantly provide fuel to the fire burning inside the team to make sure that the club's impeccable success story isn't drowned next season.

- Kanav Malhotra, XI



LIFE

What is Life?
Something we live....
But just to live
Is not life
Life has emotions
Both happy and sad
But just emotions
Is not Life....
Success and Failures
Is the way of Life....
It makes life complete
But it's just a way
Not life....

Love and Respect
The main element of life
Makes us to lead life
But just this
Is not Life....
Then,
What is Life
We don't know
But we still live it
This question
Remains a question
That's why Life is?

- Yuvraj Sekhon, XII Accounts



LIVE IT RIGHT !

You can't prepare for everything in advance! Life takes its own course, unfolding its secrets in moments of suspense laced with anticipation.

So was the amazing life, Tia led for seventeen years. Mother Nature leaves a trail behind every major incident, yet it is only when the showdown is over that we recognize the small hints we were getting all along. Then the jigsaw puzzle pieces begin to fit.

It began with the easily ignorable mood swings. Tia had always been cheerful yet she was soon to have a different fate.

Tia had her usual sad days, so common to teenagers. It was alarming only when these sad days became months and eventually a year. Tia lay down in her bed, detesting the idea of even having to answer a friend's call.

It was ugly for the mother to face the volley of questions. The concerned Indian Relatives left no stone unturned. They blamed it all on Tia's karma and even her parents' bad deeds (maybe they were paying for misdeeds of their previous birth) There were remedies suggested. A certain 'tantrik' could be called as he tamed evil spirits.!!

Tia's father shattered. His only child was wasting away in front of his eyes. She had suicidal intentions. Alarmed at the speedy deterioration of his child's health, he thought of doing something about it. He took leave from his office and took charge of his Tia.

It was as if Tia was waiting only for this .

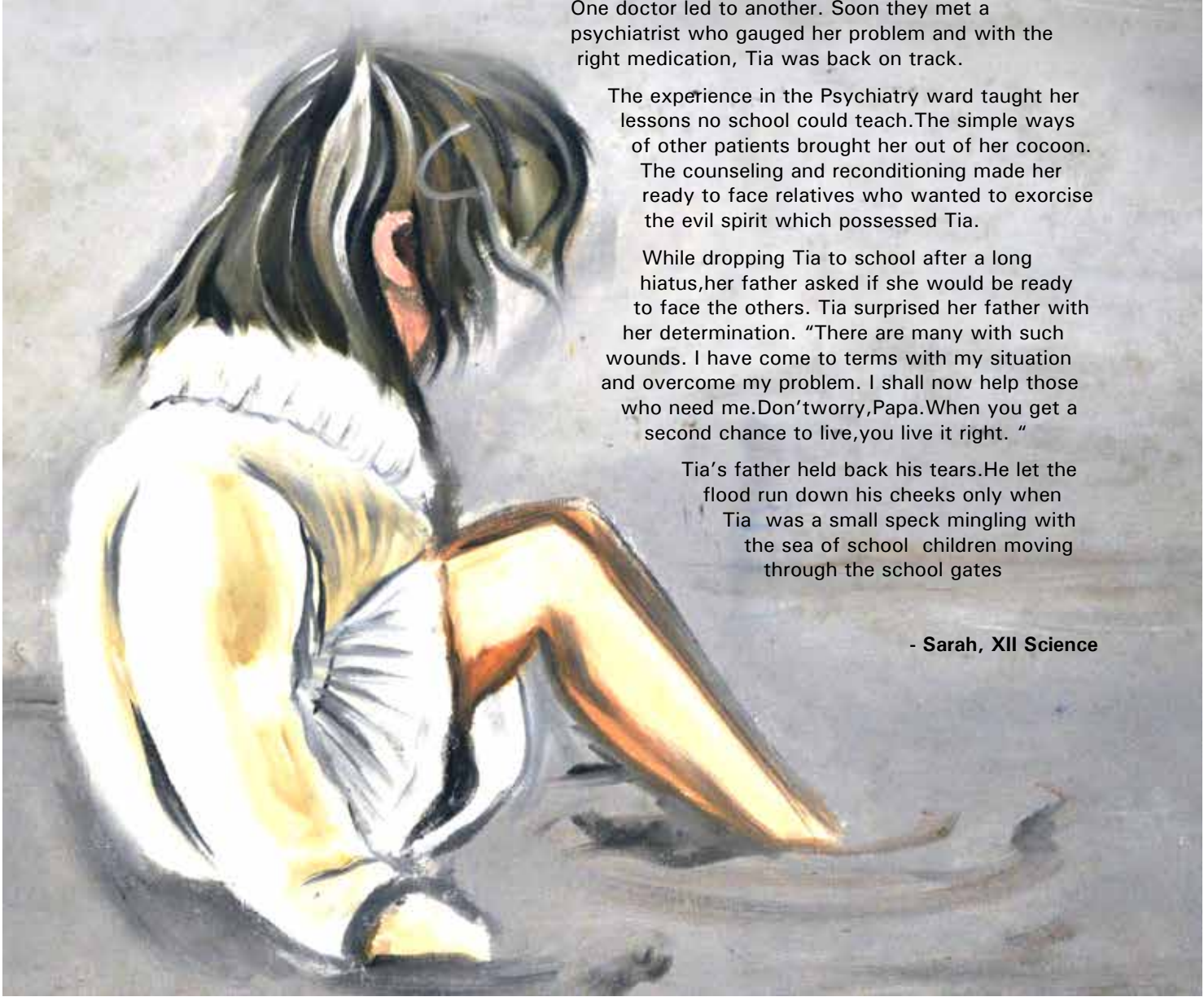
One doctor led to another. Soon they met a psychiatrist who gauged her problem and with the right medication, Tia was back on track.

The experience in the Psychiatry ward taught her lessons no school could teach. The simple ways of other patients brought her out of her cocoon. The counseling and reconditioning made her ready to face relatives who wanted to exorcise the evil spirit which possessed Tia.

While dropping Tia to school after a long hiatus, her father asked if she would be ready to face the others. Tia surprised her father with her determination. "There are many with such wounds. I have come to terms with my situation and overcome my problem. I shall now help those who need me. Don't worry, Papa. When you get a second chance to live, you live it right. "

Tia's father held back his tears. He let the flood run down his cheeks only when Tia was a small speck mingling with the sea of school children moving through the school gates

- Sarah, XII Science





OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ...ONCE AND FOR ALL !

There is a massive difference between successful people and others. Successful people make most of every opportunity that comes their way and create opportunities where there are none. The others, meanwhile, keep waiting for the next opportunity to come and thus make a mess of it when it comes, thereby losing it.

Opportunities are not magic wands, one wave of which will leapfrog us to the pinnacle of success. They are, in essence, chances that we create for ourselves after years of hard work and perseverance.

Opportunities are a culmination of the sacrifices that we make to achieve our goals, the possibilities that we create for ourselves which gives us the best chance to succeed.

This also implies that once the opportunity does knock on our doors, we need to be ready to grab it with both hands and make the full use of it.

A lot of people yearn for that one big chance all through their lives, and if we get it, we need to make sure that we don't let go of it.

Opportunities may strike you as massive occurrences, too visible and too evident to ignore, or as small windows, seemingly invisible to you but true, nevertheless, for you to exploit. As the saying goes, "Life is not served on a silver platter." It is these small windows of opportunities we need to keep an eye on and exploit as soon as we see an opening. Successful people such as Steve Jobs, Mark Zuckerberg, Warren Buffett and others have an uncanny knack of smelling a window of opportunity even when there is none apparently.

It is futile to keep waiting for the opportunity to knock on your door. Instead, we should create opportunities, work hard and ensure that we multiply our opportunities. The real opportunity resides within each of us. The will to succeed, hard work, aptitude, self-belief etc. are values that will keep putting us in positions from which we can succeed.

Therefore, whether opportunities knock once or multiple times, it doesn't matter. One should always be ready for all opportunities in life, as the real opportunity is 'YOU'!

- Jasmeet Deol, XII Commerce

TO READ 'TO KILL A MOCKING BIRD'...

I recently began devouring 'To Kill a Mocking Bird', a beautiful novel by Harper Lee. As I held the book in hand for the first time and stared with intent at the title, I mused over the words. I felt the book would be a thrilling revenge tale; revenge intent upon those who mock you.

Being the mild, forgiving creature I am known to be, I thought of shelving it again. I detest revenge! On having second thoughts and egged by the fact that it is a world famous novel, I thought of giving it a try.

As I progressed through the pages of this 'unputdownable' (taking the liberty to coin a word), book, I realised my folly. How easily I had made an opinion without even venturing to read the novel.

This got me thinking. How conveniently, we draw conclusions about ones we don't even know well. With that comes, mental blocks barring friendships which could have materialized.

Atticus, the protagonist in the story says, "You never really understand a person until you

consider things from his point of view....you climb into his skin and walk around in it."

If someone is straight jacketed and firm in his ideas, maybe circumstances made the person so. A young divorcee distances herself and puts everyone at an arm's length, maybe because she wants a time allowance to come to terms with herself. Maybe she has undergone abuse and mental torture. Maybe she is not even at fault. But we rate her to be snobbish and gossip about her life.

The puny child with unkempt hair and dirty fingernails may be hiding

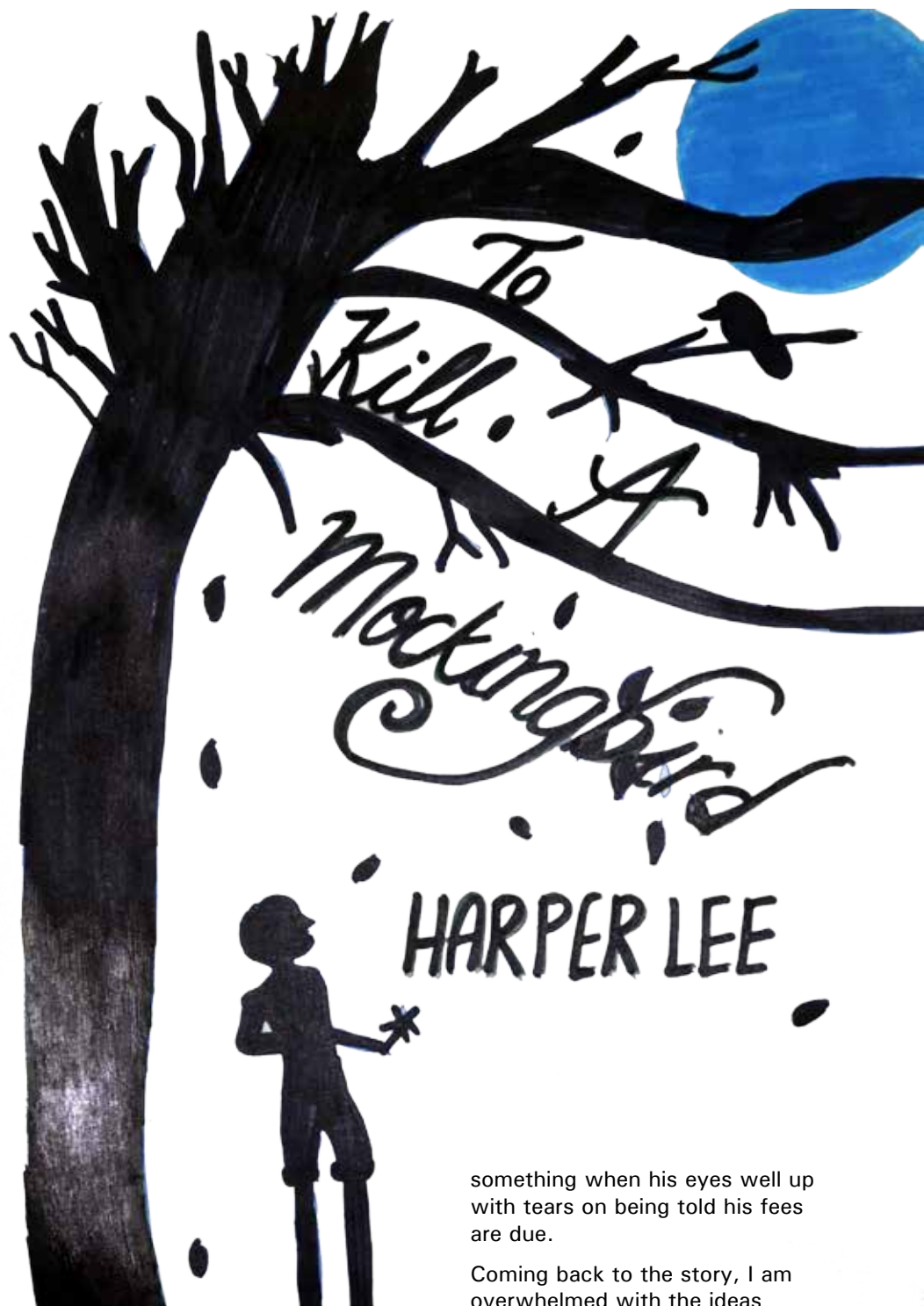
something when his eyes well up with tears on being told his fees are due.

Coming back to the story, I am overwhelmed with the ideas floated by Harper Lee.

"Mocking birds don't do one thing but make music for us to enjoy. They don't eat up people's gardens, don't nest in cost ribs... but sing their hearts out for us. That's why it's a sin to kill a mocking bird."

Let's be humble and empathise with those who are small and weak.

It is easy to aim at a Mocking bird. Let's try giving it wings with a wider span!!!!



Meher Mangat, XI Arts

**'Trot, canter,
gallop' ...yes, these
were the words I
learnt in class!**



THE SCIENCE OF NUMEROLOGY

Numbers underlie forms; they lie at the very roots of this manifest universe. Numerology is an ancient science according to which everything in this world is dependent on the mystical properties of numbers. Many consider Pythagoras to be the father of numerology. The ancient wisdom was considered so sacrosanct that it was never written down in the books fearing that it would fall in wrong hands. It was however, handed down through generations by word of mouth. Only the true and honest seekers of wisdom could access this knowledge.

This science associates vibration to be associated with numbers which determine the destiny of a being. Be it the numbers in the name of a person or his date of birth, they all influence his destiny. This science is in the realm of physics, transcendental physics and entwined with geometry and deep symbolism.

Symbols are the universal language of soul. Pythagoras taught that number

is a living qualitative reality. It is not just a representative of amount, but a rate of vibration.

The Latin adage, "omnia in numerissitasunt" means: "Everything lies veiled in numbers." According to the Kabbalah, the name of God is found in the vowel sounds, because they are the vibrations that form life. So the words of wise men are powerful and gracious and bring forth good vibes as they are associated with positive vibrations. On the other hand, the lips of a fool often ruin him. The spoken word is powerful

because it brings forth a thought, and a thought is the start of every manifestation. Thoughts are a form of energy which can be picked up by psychics very clearly. Once this process is understood there remains nothing supernatural about it. We can modulate our thoughts by meditation and use it to eradicate

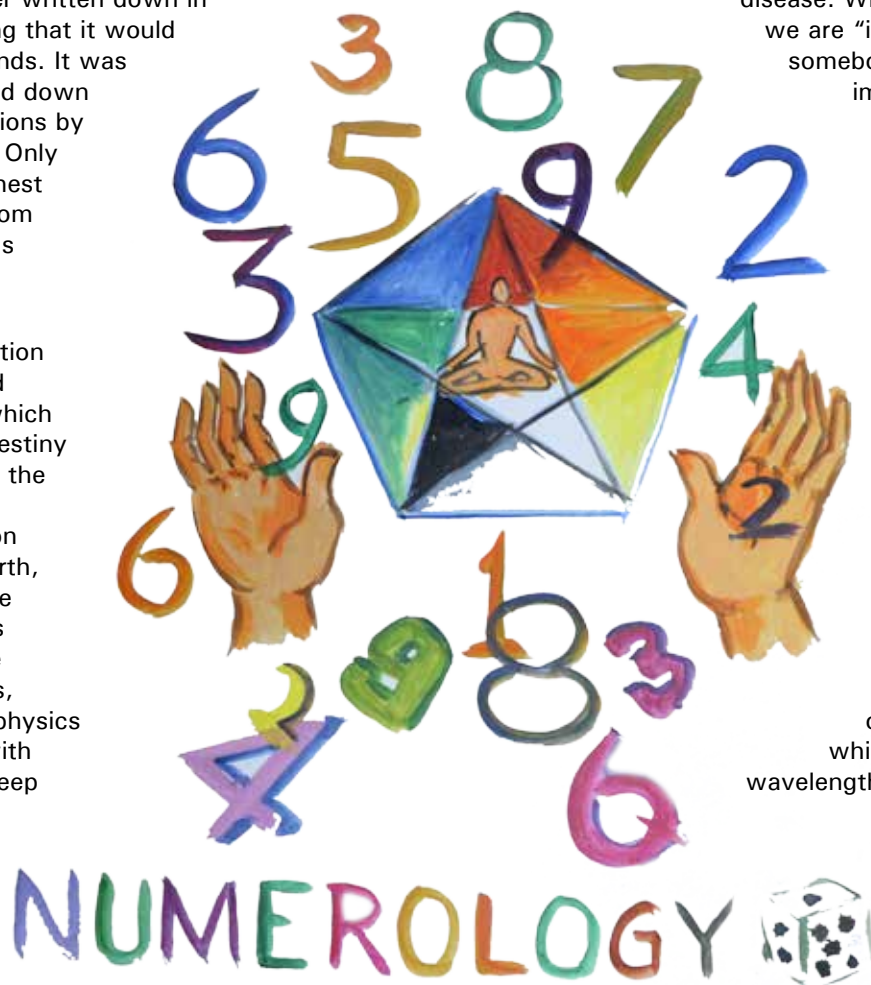
disease. When we say that we are "in tune" with somebody it simply implies that the frequency of vibration of our thoughts is in resonance with each other.

The science behind numerology has given modern science great insight into the working of nature. An example of this fact is a spectroscope which is an optical instrument which analyses the wavelength to identify elements. The true nature of all elements is composed of vibrating energy and this energy is made of God

Himself: being the Creator of all things. After the big bang He had to create from the energy of his own ideas and the material of His Own Being. So the laws of reality cannot deviate from the ideal laws of mathematics.

Be it music, words or numbers; they are all inextricably interlinked with the Divine Creator. Little wonder then, that Numerology holds the key to all the mysteries of this world ranging from the microcosm to the macrocosm.

- Kanav Mathur, XO





THE SAPPY
(SAD+HAPPY)
POEM

When everything starts to fall apart...
When you are left with a broken heart...
Remember... you are the miracle made of eternity...
And the end is not your destiny...

When the dark overshadows your gleam...
When you are left alone to shout and scream...
Remember... the days that made you glad...
And try to forget those that made you sad...

When the haughty hell feels better than healing heaven...
When the alluring angel does not overpower the raven ...
Remember... the angel is the one in which goodwill resides...
And the demon is where hostility and misdeed hides...

There will be high and low in life ...
But you have to emerge victorious in every strife...
If you don't lose hope and faith- whatever may come...
Half of the journey of life ...you have already won!

- Aashna Duggal, XII Science

A WALK BY THE SEA IS FINE WITH ME ...

The Sun shining high!
In the bright blue sky
The cold little breeze
Blowing with calm and ease
The birds' subtle voice
Calming the surrounding noise
The waves touching my feet
Makes my heart beat!
The tide of the sea
Truly replenishing me !
And last but not the least,
I see a reflection of me
Making me think what I could be
Could I be the Sun and the world a bright sky ?
Could I get wings with which I could fly?
So, as I walk by the sea barefoot in the sand ,
I realize that my destiny is in my hand
My life is like this vast open sea
A walk by which is fine with me ...!

- Vanshika Tandon, IXO



THE WAR CRY !- A SHORT STORY

In the background I could hear an awful commotion, men's voices raised and women screaming, I had been sent into our bedroom, mine and Sophie's, my little sister. They were all there- the men and women of the neighbourhood arguing, shouting.

They had all gathered in our house to discuss the plans going forward. I told Sophie I was going to the bathroom and sneaked out of our room, careful that none of the adults saw or heard me. I sat down against the wall between the dining room and living room listening closely. "But, Jaan, what about our children?", whined Mr Mueller as I recognised from the voice.

"What about our children, Mr Muellerthat's what you ask? What about our honour I ask! What...what about our homes our jobs?" said my father. He was a respected banker and the most senior in the neighbourhood

"The Nazis, Jaan... they won't spare our lives. The death camps is where they'll take us. Is that where you want to be??

"But if we leave ,we give up!!!" boomed my father "..... What is the point, if...if we give up ,they win...Do you want that ,Mueller??"

"Oh, for Moses sake, Jaan!" said Mr Hofstadter. He was papa's colleague. "This isn't a bank deal..."

I didn't understand my father's thinking, I couldn't understand how he put his pride before our safety. They continued, "Hofstadter ,this is exactly what they want.... We mustn't succumb to this rubbish" Papa continued.

"Jaan, it's best for all of us. Lucas and his friends will take us some place safe."

I had had enough! I got up ,walked towards the door and stormed into the room.

," What is it with you, Papa?" My mother gasped, as did all the ladies. My father was alarmed. I continued, "How can you put your pride before us, before mama ,before Sophie? It's an obvious choice ,Papa, the Nazis.... they'll kill us Papa! "

My father had started to cry. Mr Hofstadter and Mr Mueller got up

to walk towards him but he put his hand up...He had something to say. " What is it with me, Miroslav?.....that's what you want to know, right ... it's my years of hardwork for this house, for...for this couch.. for the clothes on your body, for the respect, my bank... that's it Miroslav. It's not just me too ,son, Hofstadter here just got promoted after five years of sweat and blood, Klinsman here, he just had a baby.... Everyone here" he boomed "everyone has worked too hard to just give it all up." The room was quiet. My mom was now telling Sophie ,who had come out ,not to cry.'

Mr Klinsman broke the silence, "Jaan," he said " We know what you mean," he was now next to my father, arm around his shoulders," but we have to leave it for our families ,for us Jews."

Papa was now sobbing " but ... but it's not fair" he managed to blurt out.

Mr Klinsman hugged him, " It isn't," he said " but this is war! "

- Abhay Tipnis, XI Science







THE MAGIC MAN

A magician came into my dream ,
 Oh! It was a beautiful scene.
 The magic tricks were shocking,
 But all the people were talking.
 I was very happy,
 But everyone else was snappy .
 Then there came a man ,who was very fat ,
 Snap went the chair on which he sat .
 When he fell down ,
 The magician called a clown .
 He was making a funny sound,
 Still the audience looked around.
 At last the magician showed his best trick ,
 It worked : laughing too much made all the
 people sick !
 It is good the audience paid attention,
 Or the magician would have them stay for
 detention!

- Kiratnoor, IV N



THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UNEXPECTED CONSEQUENCES OF THE SELFIE OBSESSION

It's easy: Flip the view on your phone and hold it at a high angle, making your eyes look bigger and your cheekbones more defined. Then position your thumb over the click button, turn to your best side, and press. Lo and behold, there surfaces the most angelic face in front of you!!!

The art of the selfie is one that a lot of people have practised and perfected in the recent years. At present, more than 31 million Instagram photos have been hashtagged #selfie, and according to a recent study from the Pew Research Center, a monstrous 91 percent of teens have posted a photo of themselves online. Celebrities like Miley Cyrus, Rihanna and Justin Bieber

are perpetual selfie posters.

When even the Mars rover is programmed to be able to take photographs of itself, you know selfies are more than just a trend. They're here to stay. "There are more photographs available now of real people than of models."

Posting selfies is an empowering act for another reason: It allows you to control your image online. My opinion is that, "A person nowadays likes having the power to choose how he/she looks, even if he/she is making a funny face."

But let's be real: The most common reason behind selfie posting is the same as that for posting any other picture. We all have a streak of Narcissism and cannot resist using selfies as 'bait' while fishing for compliments.

My thumb is itching for a click again. Don't forget to like my 'pic'!!

Sehajnoor Singh, VIIN



BEAUTY

Don't look for it everywhere,
my dear,
It lies around you everywhere!

It isn't in smiles
But in happiness
It isn't in eyes,
But in tears

It isn't in faces,
But in souls
It is in hearts
Yet you
have to explore

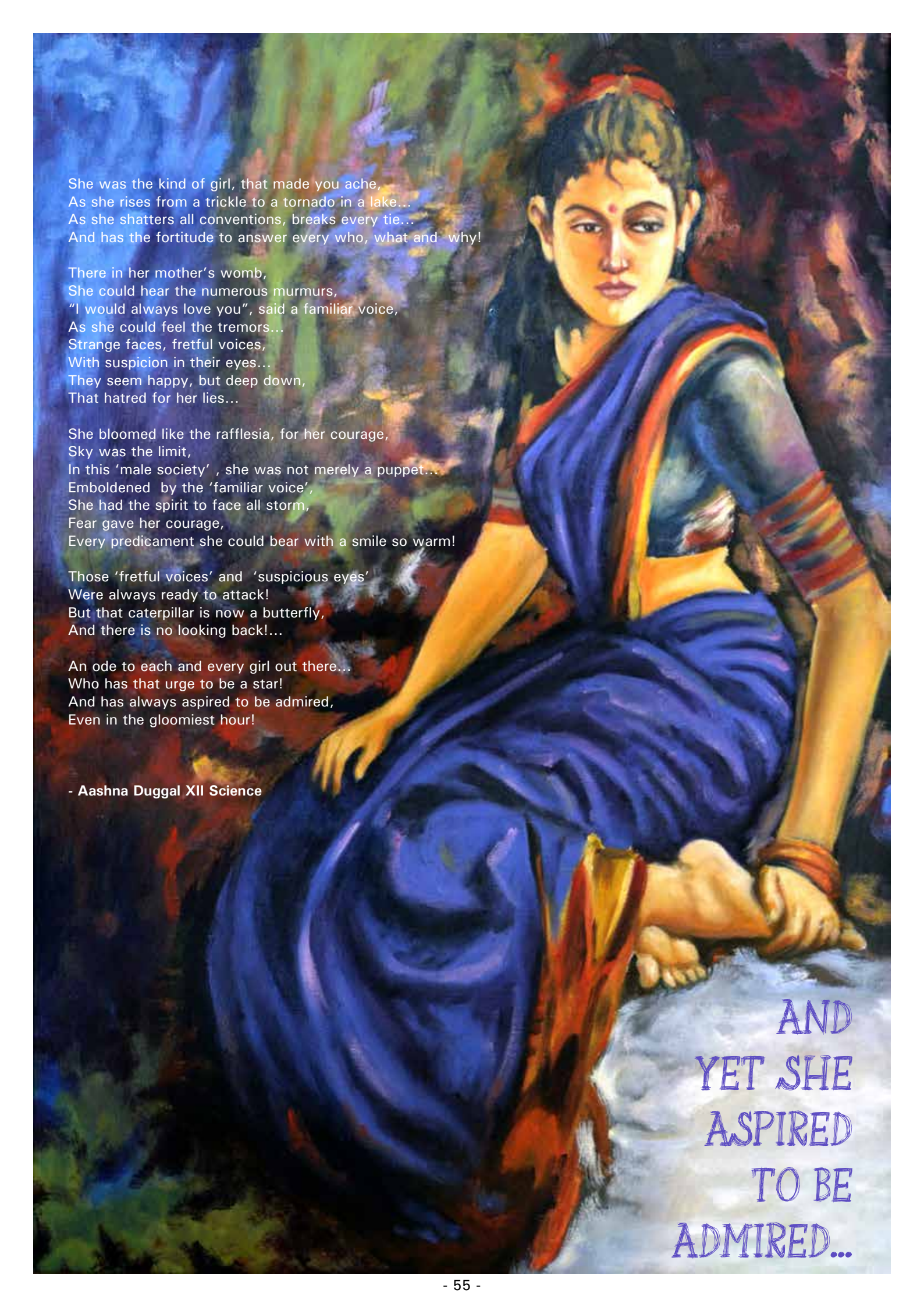
It isn't in light
But in shadows
Not in perfection
But in hollows

Where are you searching?
Where are you finding ?
It lies within you
In your thoughts gliding !

What if I can ,but you cannot see
What if we can, but the world cannot see
Do we accept what the world wants us to be ?
And running in search of beauty...?

- Arshia Garg, XN





She was the kind of girl, that made you ache,
As she rises from a trickle to a tornado in a lake...
As she shatters all conventions, breaks every tie...
And has the fortitude to answer every who, what and why!

There in her mother's womb,
She could hear the numerous murmurs,
"I would always love you", said a familiar voice,
As she could feel the tremors...
Strange faces, fretful voices,
With suspicion in their eyes...
They seem happy, but deep down,
That hatred for her lies...

She bloomed like the rafflesia, for her courage,
Sky was the limit,
In this 'male society', she was not merely a puppet...
Emboldened by the 'familiar voice',
She had the spirit to face all storm,
Fear gave her courage,
Every predicament she could bear with a smile so warm!

Those 'fretful voices' and 'suspicious eyes'
Were always ready to attack!
But that caterpillar is now a butterfly,
And there is no looking back!...

An ode to each and every girl out there...
Who has that urge to be a star!
And has always aspired to be admired,
Even in the gloomiest hour!

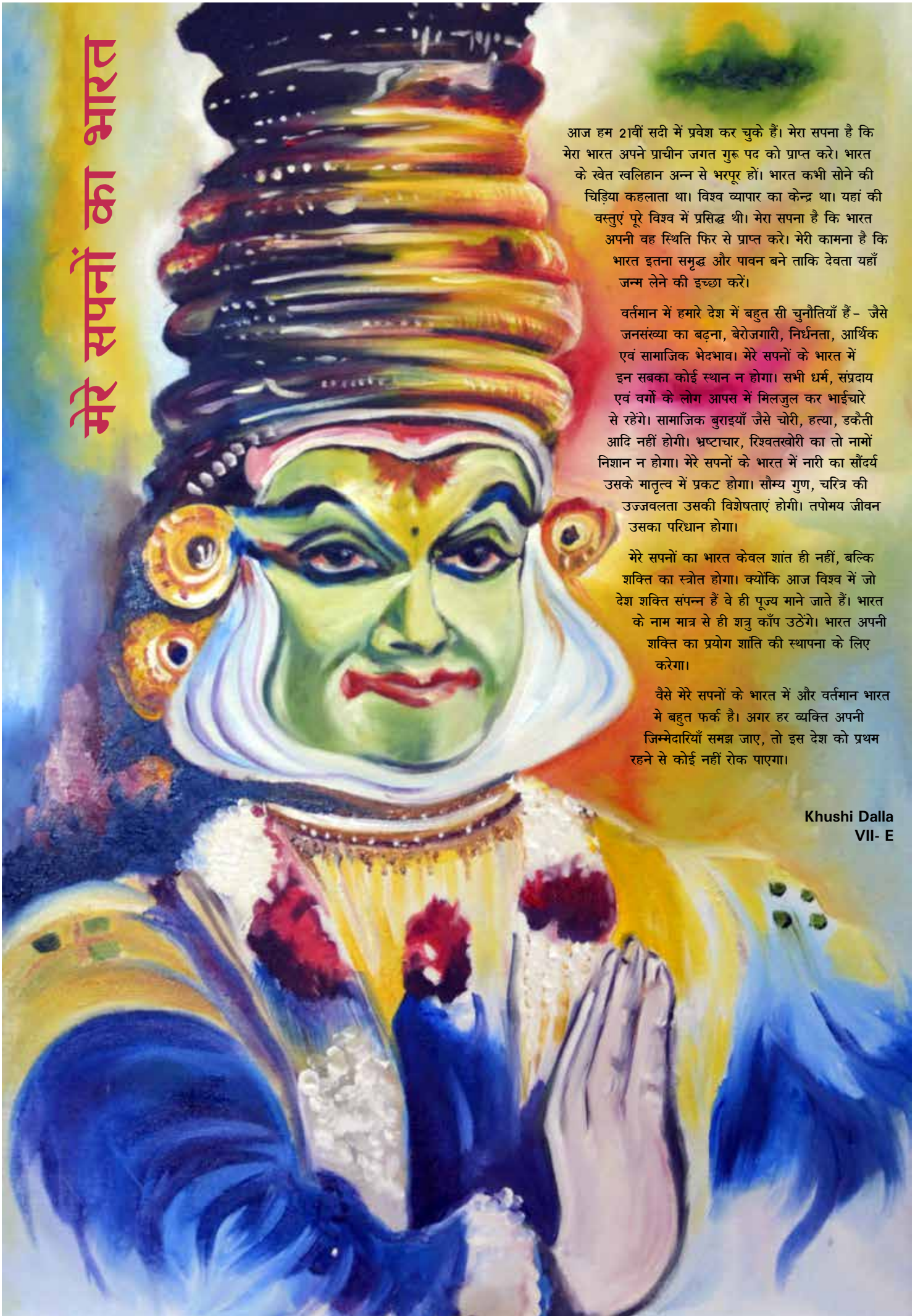
- Aashna Duggal XII Science

AND
YET SHE
ASPIRED
TO BE
ADMIRER...

**A panoramic view
of the School
Nalagarh Park**



मेरे सपनों का भारत



आज हम 21वीं सदी में प्रवेश कर चुके हैं। मेरा सपना है कि मेरा भारत अपने प्राचीन जगत गुरु पद को प्राप्त करे। भारत के खेत खलिहान अन्न से भरपूर हों। भारत कभी सोने की चिड़िया कहलाता था। विश्व व्यापार का केन्द्र था। यहां की वस्तुएं पूरे विश्व में प्रसिद्ध थी। मेरा सपना है कि भारत अपनी वह स्थिति फिर से प्राप्त करे। मेरी कामना है कि भारत इतना समृद्ध और पावन बने ताकि देवता यहाँ जन्म लेने की इच्छा करें।

वर्तमान में हमारे देश में बहुत सी चुनौतियाँ हैं - जैसे जनसंख्या का बढ़ना, बेरोजगारी, निर्धनता, आर्थिक एवं सामाजिक भेदभाव। मेरे सपनों के भारत में इन सबका कोई स्थान न होगा। सभी धर्म, संप्रदाय एवं वर्गों के लोग आपस में मिलजुल कर भाईचारे से रहेंगे। सामाजिक बुराइयाँ जैसे चोरी, हत्या, डकैती आदि नहीं होगी। भ्रष्टाचार, रिश्वतखोरी का तो नामों निशान न होगा। मेरे सपनों के भारत में नारी का सौंदर्य उसके मातृत्व में प्रकट होगा। सौम्य गुण, चरित्र की उज्ज्वलता उसकी विशेषताएं होगी। तपोमय जीवन उसका परिधान होगा।

मेरे सपनों का भारत केवल शांत ही नहीं, बल्कि शक्ति का स्रोत होगा। क्योंकि आज विश्व में जो देश शक्ति संपन्न हैं वे ही पूज्य माने जाते हैं। भारत के नाम मात्र से ही शत्रु काँप उठेंगे। भारत अपनी शक्ति का प्रयोग शांति की स्थापना के लिए करेगा।

वैसे मेरे सपनों के भारत में और वर्तमान भारत में बहुत फर्क है। अगर हर व्यक्ति अपनी जिम्मेदारियाँ समझ जाए, तो इस देश को प्रथम रहने से कोई नहीं रोक पाएगा।

Khushi Dalla
VII- E



स्वस्थ शरीर है सबसे बड़ा खजाना

आधुनिक जीवन शैली की तेज रफ्तार एवं भागदौड़ भरी जिंदगी में सेहत का विषय बहुत पीछे रह गया है और नतीजा यह निकला कि आज हम युवावस्था में ही ब्लड प्रेशर, हृदय रोग, मोटापा, गठिया आदि रोगों से पीड़ित होने लगे हैं जो कि पहले वृद्धावस्था में होते थे। इसकी सबसे बड़ी वजह है खान-पान और रहन सहन की गलत आदतें। हम सेहत के कुछ नियमों का पालन करके खुद भी स्वस्थ रहें तथा परिवार को भी स्वस्थ रखते हुए अन्य लोगों को भी अच्छे स्वास्थ्य के लिए जागरूक करें ताकि एक स्वस्थ एवं मजबूत समाज और देश का निर्माण हो क्योंकि कहा भी गया है पहला सुख निरोगी काया।

भोजन हो संतुलित-घी तेल से बनी चीजें जैसे समोसे, कचौड़ी आदि का ज्यादा सेवन सेहत के लिए घातक है। इनका अधिक मात्रा में नियमित सेवन मधुमेह, मोटापा तथा और भी कई रोगों का कारण हो सकता है। खाने में हरी सब्जियाँ, मौसमी फल, दूध, दही, छाछ और सलाद को शामिल करना चाहिए जो शरीर के लिए बहुत फायदेमंद होते हैं।

व्यायाम का करें नियमित अभ्यास-सूर्योदय से पहले उठकर पार्क जाएँ, उधर दौड़ लगाएँ, सैर करें। इन उपायों से शरीर से पसीना निकलता है। माँस पेशियों को ताकत मिलती है। शरीर में रक्त का संचार बढ़ता है।

गहरी नींद भी है जरूरी-शरीर एवं मन को स्वस्थ रखने के लिए प्रतिदिन लगभग 7 घंटे की गहरी नींद एक व्यस्क के लिए जरूरी है।

नशे से रहे बचके-युवा पीढ़ी के लिए सबसे खतरनाक बीमारी कोई है तो वो है नशे के जाल में फँसना। शराब, धूम्रपान ये सब सेहत के दुश्मन हैं। नशे से बचना ही बेहतर उपाय है।

स्वास्थ्य के ऊपर बताए हुए नियमों का पालन अवश्य करें क्योंकि कहा भी गया है-हैल्थ इज वैल्यू।

Bhaavya Gupta
VIII- O

कुछ करना है कुछ करना है।
कुछ करके ही अब मरना है॥

जीवन है बहता पानी।
करना वही जो मन ने ठानी॥

जल में जैसे है तरंगे।
मन में जगाओ वैसे उमंगे॥

ठान लो मन में लक्ष्य है पाना।
तुमको कुछ है करके दिखाना॥

आलस्य, भ्रष्टाचार को दूर भगाओ।
सत्य प्रेम की राह अपनाओ।

सब को समझो हमेशा अपना।
हर एक का भला हो, देखो यह सपना॥

मैं चाहती हूँ कुछ करूं।
अपने से पहले औरों का पेट भरूं॥

Sakshi John
XII- Arts

कुछ करना है



फूल

फूलों की खुशबू से महक जाए जग सारा,
इनकी सुंदरता से लगता पूरा संसार ही प्यारा।

धागे में पिरोने से बन जाए फूलों की माला,
एक-दूजे को पहनाने से जुड़ जाए जीवन भर का बंधन प्यारा।

पत्ती-पत्ती, डाली-डाली फूलों की पंक्ति,
इनकी खुशहाली से मिलती हमको जीवन की सूक्ति।

मन्दिर जाकर हम प्रभु के चरणों में फूल चढ़ाते हैं,
प्रभु की कृपा पाकर हम सब धन्य हो जाते हैं।

हर घर की बगिया में हो एक सुंदर फुलवारी,
जिसकी सेवा में बीते माली की जिंदगी सारी।

Gul Bansal
VII- O



मेरा बगीचा

मेरे घर की शान
मेरा घर है आलीशान,
बगीचा है उसकी शान।
हरी भरी है उसमें घास,
टहल कर इसमें मन न होता उदास।

रंग बिरंगे इसमें खिलते फूल,
तोड़ कर इनको न करना भूल।
काँटों में भी उग ये जाते,
फिर भी सबके मन को भाते।

माली करता इसकी देखभाल,
खाद, पानी देकर रखता इसे सँभाल।
शुद्ध हवा मिलती है इससे हर बार,
मेरा बगीचा है मेरे घर की शान।

Dewank Bhalla
III- E

अगर कहीं मैं

अगर कहीं मैं खुदा होती
तो आसमान झुका देती
एक ऐसा इंसान बना देती
जो गैरों के लिए भी रोता।

अगर कहीं मैं महजब होती,
तो कहीं गजब होता।
सबका महजब प्यार होता,
न कोई दुश्मन, हर कोई यार होता।

अगर कहीं मैं प्यार होती,
तो सबको प्यार करना सिखा देती।
जिसे - जिससे प्यार होता,
उसे उससे मिला देती
नफरत की दीवार है जो दिल में,
उसे मैं मिटा देती।

अगर कहीं मैं देश होती,
तो दुनिया के नक्शे में बस एक होता।
न फिर कोई कश्मीर के लिए लड़ता,
न कोई किसी का कुछ बिगाड़ता।
अगर कहीं मैं कुछ होती।

Manisha
XII- Arts



आम तौर पर सर्दियों की छुट्टियाँ अधिक सर्दी होने के कारण घर पर ही व्यतीत होती हैं और गर्मियों की छुट्टियाँ जितना आनंद नहीं आता। लेकिन इस बार का अनुभव कुछ अलग था।

इन छुट्टियों में हम सर्दी से बचने के लिए तमिलनाडू के कोअंबटूर शहर में गए। वहाँ न ज्यादा गर्मी थी और न ही बहुत सर्दी। मौसम बहुत सुहावना था। हम वहाँ एक होटल में ठहरे। अगले दिन वहाँ हमने कुछ प्राचीन मंदिर देखे। वे मंदिर बहुत भव्य थे और लगभग 1500 से 2000 वर्ष पुराने थे। कोअंबटूर से 20 कि. मी. की दूरी पर हमने बहुत विशाल झरना देखा जिसे मंकी फाल्स कहते हैं।

अगले दिन हम निकट के पहाड़ी शहर ऊटी के लिये निकल पड़े। वहाँ रास्ते में कुनूर शहर में हमने सिम्स पार्क देखा। वह बड़ा विशाल और सुंदर था। उसमें कई अनोखे पेड़ थे। जैसे रूद्राक्ष का पेड़, हाथी के पैर जैसा पेड़ और एक अनोखी टहनियों वाला पेड़ जिस पर बंदर नहीं चढ़ सकते।

उसके बाद हम ऊटी पहुँचे। ऊटी की वादियाँ बहुत खूबसूरत थी और मौसम बहुत सुहावना था। वहाँ हमने राज गार्डन देखा जो बहुत खूबसूरत था। इसके बाद हमने बौटनीकल गार्डन देखा जो बहुत सुंदर और विशाल था।

उसके अगले दिन हम वापिस पटियाला आ गए। यहाँ बहुत सर्दी थी। कुछ कोअंबटूर और ऊटी की बहुत याद आ रही थी।

कुछ दिन बाद मेरे चचेरे भाई-बहन हमारे घर रहने आ गए और मैंने उनके साथ खूब मस्ती की।

इस तरह गर्मियों की छुट्टियों की तरह मैंने सर्दियों की छुट्टियों का भी भरपूर आनंद लिया।

Daksh
V- N

सर्दियों की छुट्टियों का आनंद



मेरे जीवन का उद्देश्य

प्रत्येक व्यक्ति के जीवन का एक उद्देश्य होता है। कोई डॉक्टर बनना चाहता है, कोई इंजीनियर, कोई पाइलेट, कोई अध्यापक, कोई फौजी, कोई नेता इत्यादि। हमारे पूर्वराष्ट्रपति डॉ. ए. पी. जे. अब्दुल कलाम बहुत ही मध्यमवर्गीय परिवार से थे। उनका भी एक उद्देश्य था और उन्होंने उस उद्देश्य को पाने के लिए कठिन परिश्रम किया। उनकी पढ़ने में रुचि और सोच ने उन्हें एक महान व्यक्ति बना दिया और वह देश के लिए ऐसा काम कर गए कि सब उनके धन्य हैं। मैं भी ऐसा ही एक डॉक्टर बनना चाहता हूँ जो अपने उद्देश्य को पाने के लिए कड़ी मेहनत करे। मैं डॉक्टर इसलिए बनना चाहता हूँ क्योंकि दुनिया में डॉक्टर को भगवान के समान माना जाता है और भारत में अच्छे डॉक्टरों की बहुत जरूरत है। लोग जब बीमार पीड़ित होते हैं वे डॉक्टर के पास जाते हैं पर कुछ लोग ऐसे हैं जो इतने धनवान नहीं होते और अपना इलाज नहीं करवा पाते पर मैं उनका मुफ्त में इलाज करने की कोशिश करूँगा। मैं ईमानदारी से काम करूँगा और सच्चाई के रास्ते पर चलूँगा। इसके इलावा मैं देश को प्रदूषण से भी मुक्त करना चाहता हूँ। मैं भारत को स्वच्छ रखना चाहता हूँ। मैं एक ईमानदार और महान व्यक्ति बनना चाहता हूँ। मैं चाहता हूँ कि मेरे अध्यापक और माता-पिता को गर्व हो।

Savragya Dev Thapliyal
V- P





ग्लोबल वार्मिंग का बढ़ता खतरा

जो पानी की बरबादी करते हैं, उनसे मैं यही पूछना चाहता हूँ कि क्या उन्होंने बिना पानी के जीने की कोई कला सीख ली है

क्या है ग्लोबल वार्मिंग :-

ग्लोबल वार्मिंग का अर्थ धरती के वातावरण के तापमान में लगातार हो रही बढ़ोतरी है। हमारी धरती के वायुमंडल के ऊपर एक परत (OZONE LAYER) बनी हुई है जो हमें सूर्य की तेज किरणों से बचाती है। वैज्ञानिकों का मानना है कि इस ओजोन परत में एक बड़ा छेद हो चुका है जिससे धरती के तापमान में लगातार बढ़ोतरी हो रही है

ग्लोबल वार्मिंग के प्रभाव :-

और बढ़ेगा वातावरण का तापमान

मानव स्वास्थ्य पर होगा गहरा असर

पशु-पक्षियों व वनस्पतियों पर असर

ग्लोबल वार्मिंग से कैसे बचे :-

हम सभी पेट्रोल, डीजल और बिजली का उपयोग कम करके हानिकारक गैसों को कम कर सकते हैं।

जंगलों की कटाई को रोकना होगा। हम सभी को अधिक से अधिक पेड़ लगाने चाहिए। इससे ग्लोबल वार्मिंग को कम किया जा सकता है।

Hunarmeet Singh
V



ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਚੰਗਾ ਬਣਾਈਏ

ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਨੂੰ ਸਾਫ਼ ਰੱਖਣਾ ਸਾਰੇ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਵਾਸੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਫਰਜ਼ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਨੂੰ ਸਾਫ਼ ਰੱਖਣ ਲਈ ਥਾਂ-ਥਾਂ ਰੁੱਖ ਲਗਾਉਣੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ ਹਨ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਰੁੱਖ ਵਾਤਾਵਰਨ ਨੂੰ ਸੁੱਧ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਘਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਕੂੜਾ ਸੜਕਾਂ ਜਾਂ ਗਲੀਆਂ ਆਦਿ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੁੱਟਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਸਗੋਂ ਕੂੜੇ ਦਾਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੀ ਸੁੱਟਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਪੋਲੀਥੀਨ ਦੇ ਲਿਫਾਫਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਥਾਂ ਕੱਪੜੇ ਜਾਂ ਜੂਟ ਦੇ ਬੈਗਾਂ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਕਰਨੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸੜਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਕਿਨਾਰੇ ਖਾਲੀ ਪਈ ਥਾਂ ਤੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਬੂਟੇ ਆਦਿ ਵੀ ਲਗਾਉਣੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ ਹਨ। ਜੇਕਰ ਕਿਸੇ ਥਾਂ ਤੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਬੂਟੇ ਆਦਿ ਵੀ ਲਗਾਉਣੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ ਹਨ। ਜੇ ਕਰ ਕਿਸੇ ਥਾਂ ਤੇ ਵਾਟਰ ਸਪਲਾਈ ਦੀ ਪਾਈਪ ਆਦਿ ਟੁੱਟੀ ਹੋਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਤਤਕਾਲ ਹੀ ਇਸ ਦੀ ਸੂਚਨਾ ਮਿਊਨਿਸਪਲ ਕਮੇਟੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੇਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਵਗਦੇ ਪਾਣੀ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਇਆ ਹੋਣ ਤੋਂ ਰੋਕਿਆ ਜਾਂ ਸਕੇ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸੜਕਾਂ, ਗਲੀਆਂ ਆਦਿ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਸ਼ੂ ਨਹੀਂ ਬੰਨ੍ਹਣੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ। ਕੂੜਾ ਕਰਕਟ ਵੀ ਸਹੀ ਜਗ੍ਹਾ ਤੇ ਹੀ ਸੁੱਟਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸੋ ਸਾਰੇ ਸ਼ਹਿਰਵਾਸੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਦੀ ਸਫਾਈ ਵੱਲ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਸਾਡਾ ਸ਼ਹਿਰ ਸਵਰਗ ਵਰਗਾ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆਵੇ।

Antra Sharma
V-E



ਦਹੇਜ਼ ਦੀ ਸੱਮਸਿਆ

ਦਹੇਜ਼ ਪ੍ਰਥਾ ਅਜ ਦੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀਆਂ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਬੁਰਾਈਆਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਇੱਕ। ਇਸ ਪ੍ਰਥਾ ਨੇ ਵਿਆਹ ਵਰਗੇ ਇੱਕ ਪਵਿੱਤਰ ਬੰਧਨ ਨੂੰ ਲੈਣ-ਦੇਣ ਦਾ ਜ਼ਰਿਆ ਬਣਾ ਦਿਤਾ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਪ੍ਰਥਾ ਦਿਨੋ-ਦਿਨ ਭਾਰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੱਧਦੀ ਜਾ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ। ਭਾਵੇਂ ਭਾਰਤੀ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਨੇ ਪਛਮੀ ਤਰਜ਼ ਵਾਲੀ ਜੀਵਨ-ਸ਼ੈਲੀ ਆਪਣਾ ਲਈ ਹੈ ਪਰ ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਉਸਦੀ ਸੋਚਣੀ ਉਹੀ ਸੰਨ-ਸੰਤਾਲੀ ਵਾਲੇ ਜ਼ਮਾਨੇ ਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਬਾਬਲ ਆਪਣੀ ਧੀ ਨੂੰ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਚਾਵਾਂ-ਲਾਡਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਪਾਲਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਰਾਜਕੁਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਵਾਂਗ ਰੱਖਦਾ ਹੈ। ਉਹ ਚਾਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੀ ਲਾਡਲੀ ਧੀ ਨੂੰ ਧੂਮਧਾਮ ਨਾਲ ਵਿਆਹ ਕਰਕੇ ਤੋਰੇ। ਪਰ ਇਸ ਗੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਉਹ ਮੁੰਡੇ ਵਾਲੇ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਸਮਝ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਨ, ਜਿਹੜੇ ਦਹੇਜ਼ ਦੇ ਭੁਖੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਇੱਕ ਪਿਤਾ ਇਹ ਸੋਚ ਮੁੰਡੇ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਮੰਗਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸਿਰ-ਮੱਥੇ ਮੰਨ ਲੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ “ਘਰ ਚੰਗਾ ਹੈ, ਕੁੜੀ ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੇਗੀ” ਇਹ ਸੋਚ ਕੇ ਉਹ ਸਬਰ ਦਾ ਘੁੱਟ ਭਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਪਰ ਇਹ ਮੰਗਾਂ ਵਿਆਹ ਤਕ ਹੀ ਸਿਮਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਰਹਿੰਦੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਜੇ ਕਦੇ ਕੁੜੀ ਦੀ ਪੇਕੇ ਇਸ ਮੰਗ ਲਈ ਇਨਕਾਰ ਕਰ ਦੇਣ ਤਾਂ ਫੇਰ ਕਲੇਸ਼, ਕੁਟ-ਕੁਟਾਪਾ, ਗਾਲੀ-ਗਲੋਚ ਵਰਗੇ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਹੀ ਅਤਿਆਚਾਰਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਫੱਸੀ ਉਹ ਬਿਚਾਰੀ ਔਰਤ ਨਿਸ਼ਾਨਾ ਬਣ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸ ਲਈ ਇੱਕ ਪਾਸੇ ਪੇਕੇ ਅਤੇ ਦੂਜੇ ਪਾਸੇ ਸਹੁਰੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਹਰ ਦੂਜੇ-ਤਿਜੇ ਦਿਨ ਅਸੀਂ ਅਖਬਾਰਾਂ ਜਾਂ ਖਬਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੇਖਦੇ ਤੇ ਸੁਣਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ “ਔਰਤ ਨੇ ਘਰੇਲੂ ਕਲੇਸ਼ ਤੋਂ ਤੰਗ ਆ ਕੇ ਮੌਤ ਨੂੰ ਗਲੇ ਲਗਾ ਲਿਆ ਯਾਂ ਫਿਰ ਦਹੇਜ਼ ਦੇਣ ਦਾ ਵਿਰੋਧ ਕਰਨ ਲਈ ਪਤੀ ਤੇ ਸੱਸ ਨੂੰ ਨੂੰਹ ਜਲਾ ਦਿਤਾ” ਅਤੇ ਅਜਿਹੀਆਂ ਹੋਰ ਦਿਲ-ਦਹਿਲਾਉਣ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਖਬਰਾਂ ਰੋਜ਼ਾਨਾ ਹੀ ਅਖਬਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੁਰਖੀਆਂ ਬਣਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। “ਇਹਨਾਂ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਘਟਨਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ ਪਿਛੇ ਕੀ ਵਜ੍ਹਾ ਹੈ? ਦਾਜ!” ਅਖਿਰ ਕਦ ਤਕ ਔਰਤ ਇਸ ਦੁਸ਼ਿਤ ਦਾਜ ਪ੍ਰਥਾ ਦੀ ਬਲੀ ਚੜ੍ਹੀ ਜਾਓ? ਕਦ ਤਕ ਉਸਦੇ ਮਾਸੂਮ ਅਤੇ ਗਰੀਬ ਮਾਪੇ ਇਹ ਮੰਗਾਂ ਦਾ ਬੋਝ ਚੁਕਣਗੇ। ਕਦ ਤਕ ਅਸੀਂ ਅਜਿਹੀਆਂ ਮਾਸੂਮ ਜਾਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਖੋਹਵਾਂ ਗੇ? ਇੱਕ ਕੁੜੀ ਵਿਆਹ ਮਗਰੋਂ ਆਪਣਾ ਘਰ-ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਛੱਡ ਦਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ, ਆਪਣਾ ਨਾਮ ਤਕ ਬਦਲ ਲੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਕਿ ਇਹ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਲਾਡੇ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਲਈ ਬਹੁਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਕੀ ਉਹ ਉਪਰੋਂ ਦੀ ਦਾਜ ਲੈਣ ਵਰਗੀ ਮੰਗ ਰੱਖ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਨੇ। ਸਮੇਂ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਸਭ ਕਹਾਵਤਾਂ ਵੀ ਬਦਲ ਗਈਆਂ ਹਨ। ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਬਜ਼ੁਰਗਾਂ ਦਾ ਇਹ ਕਹਿਣਾ ਸੀ ‘ਕੁੜੀ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਮੁੰਡਾ ਲੈਣਾ’ ਪਰ ਹੁਣ ਇਹ ਕਹਿਣ ‘ਮੁੰਡਾ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਪੈਸਾ ਲੈਣਾ’ ਬਣ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ। ਇਕ ਕੁੜੀ ਦੇ ਵਿਆਹ ਕਰਨ ਦੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਚਾਅ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਪਰ ਉਹ ਇਹ ਚਾਅ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਪੂਰਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੇਗੀ ਜੇ ਇਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਉਸਦੇ ਪੇਕੇ ਘਰ ਤੰਗੀ ਆਵੇ। ਕੋਈ ਕੁੜੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਚਾਹੇਗੀ ਕਿ ਉਸਦੇ ਵਿਆਹ ਮਗਰੋਂ ਉਸਦੇ ਪੇਕੇ ਘਰ ਪੈਸੇ ਦੀ ਤੰਗੀ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇ। ਪਰ ਦਾਜ ਦੀ ਇਹ ਲੈਣ-ਦੇਣ ਦੀ ਰਸਮ ਵਾਅਕਈ ਉਸਦੇ ਪੇਕਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਨੰਗੀ-ਛੇਕੀ ਕਰ ਦਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਹੁਣ ਸਮਾਂ ਸਿਖਰ ਉੱਤੇ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਗਿਆ ਹੈ, ਸਾਨੂੰ ਇਸ ਪ੍ਰਥਾ ਤੇ ਕਾਨੂੰਨੀ ਰੋਕ ਹੋਣ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ-ਨਾਲ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਰੋਕ ਵੀ ਸਖ਼ਤ ਕਰ ਦੇਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਭਾਰਤ ਦੇਸ਼ ਇੱਕ ਪੁੰਘਰਦੇ ਹਰੇ-ਭਰੇ ਦਰਖਤ ਵਰਗਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਦਾਜ ਵਰਗੀ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਬੁਰਾਈ ਇਕ ਦੀਮਕ ਦੇ ਕੀੜੇ ਵਰਗੀ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਦਿਨੋ-ਦਿਨ ਇਸ ਦਰਖਤ ਦੀਆਂ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਤ ਜੜ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੇ ਹਮਲਾ ਕਰ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ। ਅੰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਮੈਂ ਕਹਿਣਾ ਚਾਹਾਂਗੀ ਕਿ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਦਾਜ ਮੰਗਣ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਵਿਰੁੱਧ ਵਿਰੋਧ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਰੇ ਰਿਸ਼ਤੇ-ਨਾਤੇ ਤੋੜ ਦੇਣੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ ਹਨ।

Jasmeet Deol,
XII- Commerce

ਕਿਸੇ ਸ਼ਾਇਰ ਨੇ ਸਹੀ ਹੀ ਆਖਿਆ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮਾਵਾਂ ਠੰਢੀਆਂ ਛਾਵਾਂ ਨੇ। ਮਾਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੀ ਹਰ ਜ਼ਰੂਰਤ ਪੂਰੀ ਕਰਦੀ ਹੈ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਇਛਾਵਾਂ ਮਾਰਨੀਆਂ ਪੈਣ। ਮਾਂ ਰੱਬ ਦਾ ਰੂਪ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਆਪਣੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਦੁੱਖ ਸਹਿ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਹਰ ਦੁੱਖ ਤੋਂ ਬਚਾਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਮਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਬੱਚੇ ਦਾ ਜਹਾਨ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮਾਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੇ ਜਨਮ ਤੋਂ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਅੰਤ ਤੱਕ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਦਾ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਸਾਥ ਦਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਸੰਸਾਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੱਭ ਤੋਂ ਪਵਿੱਤਰ ਰਿਸ਼ਤਾ ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮਾਂ ਕਦੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਤੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਰੁੱਸਦੀ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਸਾਰੀ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਰੁੱਸ ਜਾਵੇ। ਮਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਮਹੀਨੇ ਦੁਖ ਸਹਿ ਕੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਪੇਟ ਵਿੱਚ ਰੱਖਦੀ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਜਨਮ ਦਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਰੁੜਨਾ ਸਿਖਾਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ, ਤੁਰਨਾ ਸਿਖਾਉਣਾ, ਖਾਣਾ-ਪੀਣਾ ਹਰ ਚੀਜ਼ ਸਿਖਾਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਉਹ ਕਦੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੇ ਖਿਲਾਫ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ, ਉਸਦਾ ਦਿਲ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਉਸਦੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਲਈ ਧੜਕਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਇੱਕ ਮਾਂ ਸਾਰੀ ਉਮਰ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਉਸਦਾ ਬੱਚਾ ਉਸਦੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੇ ਲਾਇਕ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ। ਮਾਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੀ ਤਕਲੀ, ਉਸਦਾ ਦਰਦ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਮਹਿਸੂਸ ਕਰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਕੋਈ ਰਿਸ਼ਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੋ ਪੈਸੇ ਤੋਂ ਬਗੈਰ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਨਾਲ ਵਰਤੇ ਗਾ। ਪਰ ਮਾਂ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਅਨਮੋਲ, ਖਾਸ ਰਿਸ਼ਤਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਸਭ ਕੁਝ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਵੇਗਾ ਪਰ ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਕਿਸਮਤ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਹੈ। ਯਤੀਮ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਹਾਲਤ ਬਹੁਤ ਖਰਾਬ, ਨਰਕ ਵਾਂਗੂੰ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਅੱਜ ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਕਿਉਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਬੱਚੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਮਝਦੇ? ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਿ ਇਸ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਕ ਕਵੀ ਨੇ ਬੜੇ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਢੰਗ ਨਾਲ ਦੱਸਿਆ ਹੈ।

ਇੱਕ ਵਾਰ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਿਨਤਾਂ, ਅਰਦਾਸਾਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਇੱਕ ਮਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਕ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਹੋਇਆ। ਜਿਸਨੂੰ ਉਹ ਜਾਨ ਤੋਂ ਵੀ ਵੱਧ ਪਿਆਰ ਕਰਦੀ ਸੀ। ਜਦੋਂ ਉਸ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਨੂੰ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਚੜ੍ਹ ਗਈ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਇੱਕ ਇਸਤਰੀ ਦੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੈ ਗਿਆ। ਉਸ ਇਸਤਰੀ ਨੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਹਾ ਕਿ ਜੇ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਦਿਲ ਕੱਢ ਕੇ ਲਿਆਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਉਸ ਨਾਲ ਵਿਆਹ ਕਰ ਲਵੇਗੀ। ਉਹ ਮੁੰਡਾ ਭੱਜਦਾ-ਭੱਜਦਾ ਆਪਣੇ ਘਰ ਗਿਆ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਸੁੱਤੀ ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲ 'ਚ ਛੁਰਾ ਮਾਰਿਆ ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਦਾ ਦਿਲ ਕੱਢ ਲਿਆ। ਉਹ ਜਦੋਂ ਉਸ ਇਸਤਰੀ ਕੋਲ ਜਾਣ ਲੱਗਾ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਇੱਕ ਪੱਥਰ ਨਾਲ ਟੱਕਰਾ ਕੇ ਡਿੱਗ ਪਿਆ ਅਤੇ ਉਸਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਦਿਲ ਉਸਦੇ ਹੱਥ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਡਿੱਗ ਗਿਆ। ਉਸ ਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਆਈ ਕਿ ਹੇ! ਮੇਰੇ ਬੱਚਿਆ ਪਿਆਰਿਆ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਸੱਟ ਤਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੱਗੀ। ਇਸ ਕਹਾਣੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਫੀਰੋਜ਼ਦੀਨ ਸ਼ਰਫ ਨੇ ਦੱਸਿਆ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੰਨੀ ਤਾਕਤ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਪੁੱਤਰ ਹੱਥੋਂ ਮਰ ਕੇ ਵੀ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਮੋਹ, ਪਿਆਰ ਕਰਨਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਛੱਡਦੀ।

ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਇਹੀ ਹਾਲ ਹੈ, ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੁੱਢੇ ਮਾਂ-ਬਾਪ ਦੀ ਕਦਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ, ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕੁੜਾ ਸਮਝ ਕੇ ਘਰ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਹਰ ਸੁੱਟ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਜਾਂ ਫੇਰ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਸੇ ਆਸ਼ਰਮ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹਿਣ ਲਈ ਭੇਜ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਅੰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਮੈਂ ਇਹੀ ਕਹਿਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਜੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਮਾਂ-ਬਾਪ ਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ ਉਹ ਕਿਸੇ ਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ। ਜੇ ਪੁੰਨ ਮਾਂ-ਬਾਪ ਦੀ ਸੇਵਾ, ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਆਸ਼ਿਰਵਾਦ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਕਿਸੇ ਪ੍ਰਮਾਤਮਾ ਦੀ ਸੇਵਾ ਕਰਕੇ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਦਾ।

ਲੋਕ ਆਖਦੇ ਨੇ 'ਮਾਵਾਂ ਠੰਢੀਆਂ ਛਾਵਾਂ'

ਪਰ ਧੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰਕੇ
ਕਿਉਂ ਰੋਲੀਆਂ ਇਛਾਵਾਂ,

ਧੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਜੰਨਨੀ ਧੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਮਾਵਾਂ,

ਅੱਜ ਦੀ ਧੀ, ਕੱਲ ਦੀ ਮਾਂ

ਮਾਂ ਹੀ ਠੰਡੀ ਛਾਂ-ਹਾਂ ਮਾਂ ਹੀ ਠੰਡੀ ਛਾਂ

Manvinder Kaur
XII- ACC

ਮਾਵਾਂ ਠੰਢੀਆਂ ਛਾਵਾਂ



ਸਫ਼ਾਈ

ਸਾਫ਼- ਸਫ਼ਾਈ ਕਰਨ ਨਾਲ
ਨਾ ਘੱਟ ਕੁਝ ਆਪਣਾ ਜਾਵੇਗਾ
ਲਾਭ ਹੀ ਹੋਊ ਕੋਈ ਹਾਨੀ ਨਾ
ਦੇਸ਼ ਆਪਣਾ ਸੋਹਣਾ ਦਿਖੇਗਾ

ਸਫ਼ਾਈ ਕਰੋ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਆਪਣੇ ਸਕੂਲ ਤੋਂ
ਕਲਾਸਾਂ ਤੇ ਮੈਦਾਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਰੱਖੋ ਸਾਫ਼
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਸਫ਼ਾਈ ਕਰ ਸ਼ੁਰੂ ਹੁਣੀ ਤੋਂ
ਰੱਬ ਆਖਦਾ, ਸਫ਼ਾਈ ਨਾ
ਰੱਖਣ ਦਾ ਪਾਪ, ਮੈਂ ਆਪੇ ਕਰਦੂ ਮਾਫ਼

ਸਫ਼ਾਈ ਨਾ ਰੱਖਣ ਨਾਲ
ਬਿਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਫੈਲ ਦੀਆਂ ਲੱਖਾਂ
ਅੱਗੇ ਤੋਂ ਘੱਟਾ, ਕੂੜੇਦਾਨ ਚ ਪਾਉਣ
ਦੀ ਕਸਮ ਮੈਂ ਇਹੋ ਰੱਖਾਂ

ਸਫ਼ਾਈ ਨੂੰ ਕਾਇਮ ਰੱਖਣ ਲਈ
ਹਰ ਮਹੀਨੇ ਦੋ ਰੁੱਖ ਲਾਉ
ਦੇਸ਼ ਅਤੇ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਨੂੰ
ਗੰਦਗੀ ਤੋਂ ਬਚਾਉ
ਦੇਸਤੋ !!!!!!!
ਜੇ ਕਰੇ ਚੰਗਾ, ਉਹ ਚੰਗਾ ਪਾਊਗਾ
ਸਾਫ਼-ਸਫ਼ਾਈ ਕਰਨ ਨਾਲ
ਨਾ ਘੱਟ ਕੁਝ ਆਪਣਾ ਜਾਊਗਾ

Raman

ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਕਲੰਕ : ਭਰੂਣ ਹੱਤਿਆ

ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਸਮਾਜ ਦੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਸਮੱਸਿਆ ਹੈ ਭਰੂਣ ਹੱਤਿਆ। ਇਹ ਭਰੂਣ ਹੱਤਿਆ ਕੀ ਹੈ? ਇਹ ਇਕ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡਾ ਪਾਪ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਲੋਕ ਆਪਣੇ ਫਾਇਦੇ, ਮਜ਼ਬੂਤੀ, ਜਾਂ ਆਦਤ ਕਾਰਨ ਜਦੋਂ ਇਕ ਮਾਸੂਮ ਨੱਨੀ ਜੀ ਜਾਨ ਨੂੰ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਲਿਉਣ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਹੀ ਮਾਰ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਉਸ ਦਾ ਕਤਲ ਕਰ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਉਸ ਮਾਸੂਮ ਜਾਨ ਦਾ ਕਸੂਰ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਇਸ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕ ਬੇਟੀ ਬਣ ਕੇ ਆਈ ਹੈ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਘਰਵਾਲੇ ਬੋਝ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਜਿਸ ਲਈ ਉਹ ਮਾਰ ਦਿੱਤੀ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਜਿਸ ਘਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਉਹ ਜਨਮ ਲੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਇਹ ਕਹਿ ਕੇ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋਰ ਦੀ ਅਮਾਨਤ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਜੋ ਕਿਸੇ ਚੀਜ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਪਣੀ ਰਾਏ ਦੇਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਧੰਨ ਕਹਿ ਕੇ ਚੁੱਪ ਕਰਾ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਜਦੋਂ ਵਿਆਹ ਕਰਾ ਕੇ ਇਹ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਧੰਨ ਆਪਣੇ ਘਰ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਸੁਹਰੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਪਰਾਈ ਧੀ ਕਹਿ ਕੇ ਹਰ ਗੱਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਉਹ ਵਿਚਾਰੀ ਤਾਂ ਸਭ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣਾ ਸਮਝਦੀ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਉਸ ਦਾ ਆਪਣਾ ਕੋਈ ਨਹੀਂ।

ਜਿਹੜੇ ਮਾਂ ਬਾਪ ਆਪਣੀ ਖੁੱਦ ਦੀ ਔਲਾਦ ਨੂੰ ਮਾਰ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਦਿਲ ਪੱਥਰ ਤੋਂ ਵੀ ਸਖਤ ਹੈ। ਉਸ ਮਾਸੂਮ ਨੂੰ ਇਸ ਲਈ ਮਾਰ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬੇਟੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਬੇਟਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਵੱਡਾ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੇ ਬੁਢਾਪੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਸਾਥ ਦੇਵੇਗਾ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਜ਼ਮੀਨ ਸਾਂਭ ਕੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਵਾਰਿਸ/ਵਸ ਅੱਗੇ ਵਧਾਵੇਗਾ। ਅੱਜ ਜਦੋਂ ਬੇਟਾ ਪੈਦਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਲੱਭੂਪੇੜੇ ਵੰਡ ਕੇ ਉਸਦਾ ਸਵਾਗਤ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਚਾਰੇ ਪਾਸੇ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਮਨਾਈ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਘਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸਜਾਇਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਬੇਟੇ ਦੀ ਮਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਸਮਤ ਵਾਲਾ ਸਮਝਿਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਜਦੋਂ ਬੇਟੀ ਪੈਦਾ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਲੋਕ ਅਫਸੋਸ ਮਨਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਕਿ ਘਰੇ ਬੋਝ ਪੈਦਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੈ। ਬੇਟਾ ਚਾਹੇ ਕਿੰਨਾ ਹੀ ਗਲਤ ਕੰਮ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਾ ਕਰੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਮਾਂ-ਬਾਪ ਨੂੰ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤੰਗ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਰੁਆਵੇ ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਦੋਵੇਂ ਮਾਂ-ਬਾਪ ਉਸ ਦੀ ਇਜ਼ਤ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਨ ਉਹਦੇ ਦੁੱਖ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੁੱਖੀ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਬੇਟੀ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਲਿਖ ਕੇ ਨਾਮ ਰੋਸ਼ਨ ਕਰ ਦੇਵੇ ਪਰ ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬੇਟੇ ਦੀ ਜਿੰਨੀ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਇਹ ਤੂੰ ਕਿਹੋ ਜਿਹਾ ਇਨਸਾਫ਼ ਕੀਤਾ ਹੈ ਮੇਰੇ ਸਮਾਜ।

ਗੁਰੂ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਜੀ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਬਾਣੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਹ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕੁੜੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਮੁੰਡਿਆਂ ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਹੁੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਦੋਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਮੰਨਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਵੀ ਲੋਕ ਇਹ ਸਭ ਭੁੱਲ ਕੇ ਪਾਪ ਸਿਰ ਤੇ ਕਮਾਉਣ ਨੂੰ ਫਿਰਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਹਰ ਸਾਲ ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਿੰਨੀ ਗਿਣਤੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਭਰੂਣ ਹੱਤਿਆ ਕੀਤੀ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਦਾ ਆਂਕੜਾ ਕਦੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਇਆ। ਔਰਤ ਨੇ ਜੰਗ ਨੂੰ ਜਨਮ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਜੋ ਲੋਕ ਇਸ ਦਾ ਸਤਿਕਾਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦੇ ਤਾਂ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਜਿਉਣ ਦਾ ਕੋਈ ਹੱਕ ਨਹੀਂ। ਭਰੂਣ ਹੱਤਿਆ ਦਾ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਦਹੇਜ਼, ਪੁਰਾਣੀ ਸੋਚ ਹੈ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਗਰੀਬ ਮਾਂ ਬਾਪ ਵਿਆਹ ਤੇ ਦਹੇਜ਼ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੱਠਾ ਕਰ ਸਕਦੇ। ਉਹ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਹੀ ਖਤਮ ਕਰਾ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਦਹੇਜ਼ ਵੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਸਮਾਜ ਦਾ ਇਕ ਕਾਲਾ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਹੈ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਹਲੇ ਤੱਕ ਚਾਲੂ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਜਿਸ ਨੂੰ ਮਿਟਾਉਣਾ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਹੈ। ਸਮਾਜ ਦੀ ਬੁਰਾਈ ਖਤਮ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋ ਸਕਦੀ ਜਦੋਂ ਤੱਕ ਆਪਾਂ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦੇ। ਜੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਔਰਤ ਦੇ ਦੋ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਧ ਕੁੜੀਆਂ ਹੋ ਜਾਣ ਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਬਦਕਿਸਮਤ ਅਤੇ ਬੋਝ ਸਮਝਣ ਲੱਗ ਪੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਇਹ ਦੋ-ਚਾਰ ਕੁੜੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਬਾਪ ਇਸ ਉਮਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੂਜਾ ਵਿਆਹ ਕਰਾ ਕੇ ਪਹਿਲੀ ਪਤਨੀ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਬੇਟੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਖਰਾਬ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਨਵਾਂ ਸੰਸਾਰ ਪਾ ਲੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਜੇ ਨਵੇਂ ਵਿਆਹੀ ਦੇ ਬੇਟੀ ਹੋਣ ਵਾਲੀ ਹੋਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਖਤਮ ਕਰ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਜਦੋਂ ਤੱਕ ਬੇਟਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਸਿਲਸਿਲਾ ਚਲਦਾ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਇਕ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੀ ਕੌੜਾ ਸੱਚ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਉਸ ਮਾਂ ਲਈ ਬਹੁਤ ਦਰਦਨਾਦ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਉਹ ਤਾਂ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਤਾਨਿਆਂ ਤੇ ਹੀ ਮਰ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਜਿਸ ਵਿਚ ਉਸ ਦੀ ਕੋਈ ਗਲਤੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ। ਅੱਜ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੀ ਧੀ ਪੁਕਾਰ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ, ਹਾੜੇ ਕੱਢ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਲਗਦਾ ਹੈ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਸਾਰੇ ਸਮਾਜ ਨੇ ਕੰਨ ਬੰਦ ਕਰ ਲਏ ਹੋਣ।

ਕਾਸ਼! ਅਮ੍ਰਿਤਾ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਮ ਫਿਰ ਬੋਲਦੀ:-

“ਅੱਜ ਆਪਾਂ ਵਾਰਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਤੇ ਕਬਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਬੋਲ।
ਤੇ ਅੱਜ ਕਿਤਾਬੇ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦਾ ਕੋਈ ਅਗਲਾਂ ਵਰਕਾ ਫੋਲ
ਇਕ ਰੋਈ ਸੀ ਧੀ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੀ ਤੂੰ ਲਿਖ-ਲਿਖ ਪਾਏ ਵੈਣ
ਅੱਜ ਲੱਖਾਂ ਧੀਆਂ ਰੋਦੀਆਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਵਾਰਿਸ ਸ਼ਾਹ ਨੂੰ ਕਹਿਣ”



ਖਿਮਾ ਹੈ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡਾ ਦਾਨ

ਦਾਨਸ਼ੀਲਤਾ ਸਾਡੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਦਾ ਆਧਾਰ ਹੈ। ਦਰਖਤਾਂ-ਪੌਦਿਆਂ ਦੁਆਰਾ ਦਿੱਤੀ ਗਈ ਆਕਸੀਜਨ ਹੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਹੋਂਦ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਬਣਤੀ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਸ਼ੁੱਧ ਹਵਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਹ ਲੈ ਪਾਂਦੇ ਹਾਂ। ਮਿੱਟੀ, ਅੱਗ, ਹਵਾ, ਪਾਣੀ ਤੇ ਆਕਾਸ਼ ਸਾਡੇ ਸਰੀਰ ਦੇ ਨਿਰਮਾਨ ਤੱਤ ਹਨ। ਇਹ ਤੱਤ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਧਰਤੀ ਤੇ ਨੌੜੇ-ਤੇੜੇ ਦੇ ਸਾਧਨਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ। ਜੇਕਰ ਧਰਤੀ ਤੇ ਉਹ ਤੱਤਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਹ ਦਾਨ ਦੀ ਸੋਚ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਦਾ ਜੀਵਨ ਖਤਰੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੈ ਜਾਵੇਗਾ। ਇਹ ਸਾਧਨ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਰੂਪ ਵਿੱਚ ਦਾਨ ਦੀ ਪ੍ਰੇਰਨਾ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਦਾਨ ਕਈ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਵਿੱਦਿਆ ਦਾ ਦਾਨ, ਖੂਨਦਾਨ, ਗਿਆਨਦਾਨ, ਧਨ ਦਾਨ, ਖਿਮਾਂਦਾਨ ਆਦਿ। ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਰ ਇੱਕ ਦੀ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਹੱਤਤਾ ਹੈ ਪਰ ਵਰਤਮਾਨ ਯੁੱਗ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਧਿਆਨ ਜਿਸ ਵੱਲ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਦਾਨ ਹੈ-ਮਾਫੀ ਜਾਂ ਸਮਾਦਾਨ। ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਜੇਕਰ ਮਾਫੀ ਦੇ ਧਨ ਨਾਲ ਭਰਪੂਰ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਕਦੇ ਅਸ਼ਾਂਤ ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ। ਹਾਲਾਤ ਚਾਹੇ ਕਿਹੋ ਜਿਹੇ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਜਾਣ, ਧੀਰਜ ਹੀ ਉਸਦਾ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਨਜ਼ਦੀਕੀ ਸਾਥੀ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਇੱਥੇ ਇਸ ਗੱਲ ਵੱਲ ਵੀ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇਣਾ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮੁਆਫੀ ਹੀ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੂਰਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ। ਮਾਫ ਕਰਨ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਮਾਫੀ ਮੰਗਣ ਦਾ ਗੁਣ ਵੀ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜਨਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮਾਫੀ ਮੰਗਣ ਨਾਲ ਆਪਣੇ ਮਨ ਤੇ ਜੋ ਬੋਝ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਵੀ ਉਤਰ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਸਹਿਜ, ਸਰਲ ਤੇ ਸੁੰਦਰ ਰੂਪ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੀਤਣ ਲੱਗਦਾ ਹੈ।

Trishleen Kaur
V-E





ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ ਹਨ ਸਿਰਦਰਦੀ

ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ ਹਨ ਸਿਰਦਰਦੀ
ਆਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਹਰ ਵੇਲੇ ਚਾਹੇ ਹੋਵੇ, ਗਰਮੀ ਜਾਂ ਸਰਦੀ
ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਖਾਣ ਪੀਣ ਜਾਂ ਘਰ ਦੇ
ਜੀਹਦੇ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਲੈਕੇ ਸਮਾਨ, ਦੁੱਖ ਸਦਾ ਭਰ ਦੇ।

ਸੋਹਣੇ ਲੋਕੀਂ ਆਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਟੀਵੀ ਤੇ ਨੱਚਦੇ ਗਾਉਂਦੇ
ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਹਨ ਛਾਂ ਜਾਂਦੇ
ਟੀਵੀ ਤੇ ਸ਼ੋਅ ਇੰਨੇ ਵੱਡੇ ਨਹੀਂ
ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ ਦਿਮਾਗ ਹਨ ਖਾਂਦੇ
ਖਰੀਦ ਕੇ ਉਹ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਾਰੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਪਛਤਾਉਂਦੇ

ਝੂਠ ਬੋਲ ਕੇ ਕੀ ਖੱਟ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਬੇਇਮਾਨ
ਸੱਚ ਬੋਲ ਕੇ ਪੈਸੇ ਕਮਾਉਣੇ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਅਸਲੀ ਸ਼ਾਨ
ਰਾਮ ਦੇਵ ਦਾ ਸਮਾਨ ਬਿਕਦਾ ਅੱਗ ਦੇ ਭਾਅ
ਖਰਚਾ ਸੰਭਾਲਣ ਦੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹਰ, ਘਰ ਹਰ ਥਾਂ।

ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ ਹਨ ਸਿਰਦਰਦੀ
ਆਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਹਰ ਵੇਲੇ ਚਾਹੇ ਹੋਵੇ ਗਰਮੀ ਜਾਂ ਸਰਦੀ
ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਖਾਣ ਪੀਣ ਜਾਂ ਘਰ ਦੇ
ਜੀਹਦੇ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਲੈਕੇ ਸਮਾਨ ਦੁੱਖ ਸਦਾ ਭਰ ਦੇ।

ਕਦੇ ਤੇਜ਼ ਇੰਟਰਨੈਟ ਕਦੇ ਪੇਟ ਦਰਦ ਦੀ ਦਵਾਈ,
ਕਦੇ ਕੰਪਨੀ ਦੇ ਹੈਲਦੀ ਦੁੱਧ ਤੇ ਦਹੀਂ
ਕਦੇ ਚਸ਼ਮੇ ਦੇ ਤੇ ਕਦੇ ਕੱਪੜੇ ਤੇ ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ,
ਇਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਨਾ ਲੈਣਾ ਚਾਹੇ ਸਿਆਣਪ

ਕਦੇ ਮਰਦਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਦੇ ਔਰਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਖੁਸ਼ ਕਰ ਦੇਣਾ
ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਨੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਲੁੱਟ ਹੈ ਖਾਣਾ
ਅਖਬਾਰ ਇਹ ਵੱਡੇ ਵੱਡੇ ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ
ਲੋਕੀ-ਸੇਲਾਂ ਚਾਹੇ ਪਾਸੇ ਭਾਲਣ।

ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ ਹਨ ਸਰਦਰਦੀ
ਆਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਹਰ ਵੇਲੇ ਚਾਹੇ ਹੋਵੇ ਗਰਮੀ ਜਾਂ ਸਰਦੀ
ਵਿਗਿਆਪਨ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਖਾਣ ਪੀਣ ਜਾਂ ਘਰ ਦੇ,
ਜੀਹਦੇ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਲੈਕੇ ਸਮਾਨ ਦੁੱਖ ਸਦਾ ਭਰਦੇ।

Nimar Sidhu
V-N

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਦੁੱਖ ਹੋਇਆ ਜਦ ਮੈਂ ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਤੋੜਿਆ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੀ ਜਾਨ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਆਪਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਫੁੱਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਤੋੜਨੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ। ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਦੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਮੰਤਰੀ ਦਾ ਆਉਣ ਜਾਣਾ ਆਪਾ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਉਪਰ ਫੁੱਲ ਬਰਸਾਂਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਆਪਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਇਹ ਕੁੱਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਇਹ ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਬਰਬਾਦੀ ਹੈ। ਸਰੋਂ ਦੇ ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪੀਸ ਪੀਸ ਕੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਤੇਲ ਕੱਢਿਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਮਲ ਆਪਣਾ ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰੀ ਫੁੱਲ ਹੈ ਇਹ ਬਹੁਤ ਵੱਡਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਫੁੱਲ ਬਹੁਤ ਕਿਸਮਾਂ ਦੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕੀ ਕਮਲ, ਗੁਲਾਬ, ਪੌਪੀ ਤੇ ਹੋਰ ਬਹੁਤ ਕਿਸਮਾਂ ਹੁੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਪੰਜਾਬ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਰੇ ਬਾਗ ਬਣਾਏ ਹੋਏ ਹਨ। ਉਤੇ ਹਰ ਕਿਸਮ ਦਾ ਫੁੱਲ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਫੁੱਲ ਹਰ ਰੰਗ ਦੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਬਹੁਤ ਹਰਿਆਲੀ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਹਰ ਘਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਰੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਲਾਏ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਆਪਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਫੁੱਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਤੋੜਨੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ। ਇਹ ਸੰਸਾਰ ਦੀ ਸੁੰਦਰਤਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਾਧਾ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਇਕ ਕਵੀ ਨੇ ਕਿਹਾ ਹੈ:

ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਨਾਲੋਂ ਤੋੜ ਨਾ ਸਾਨੂੰ
ਅਸਾਂ ਹੱਟ ਮਹਿਕ ਦੀ ਲਾਈ,
ਜੇ ਤੂੰ ਤੋੜੇ ਸਜਣਾਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ,
ਇਕ ਜੋਗਾ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਸਾਂ
ਮਹਿਕ ਸਾਰੀ ਨੱਸ ਜਾਈ।

Gurman
IV-E

ਕਦੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਨਾ ਤੋੜੋ

ਜੀ.ਬੀ.ਐੱਚ ਦਾ ਸਫਰ

ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ਸਫ਼ਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਕੁਝ ਚੰਗੇ ਪੱਲ ਸਨ
ਇਹ ਸਫ਼ਰ ਮੁੱਕ ਜਾਂਦੇ, ਹਾਂ ਯਾਦਾਂ ਹਿੱਸੇ ਪਾ ਜਾਂਦੇ॥
ਹੋ ਗਏ ਨੇ ਛੇ ਸਾਲ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਇੱਥੇ ਆਇਆ
ਚੰਨੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਲਾਲ ਮੇਰੇ ਸਿਰਫ ਯਾਦਾਂ,
ਕੁਝ ਚੰਗੀਆ ਕੁਝ ਮਾੜੀਆਂ,
ਜੋ ਵੀ ਸਨ ਪਰ ਬਹੁਤ ਨਿਆਰੀਆਂ॥
ਹਜ਼ਾਰਾਂ ਵਾਰ ਰੋਏ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੇ
ਲੱਖਾਂ ਵਾਰ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੇ ਹੱਸੇ,
ਸੰਗ ਸੱਖੀਆਂ ਆਈਆਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਬਹਾਰਾਂ॥
ਚੇਤੇ ਅੱਜ ਵੀ ਉਹ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਦਿਨ ਮੈਨੂੰ,
ਜਦ ਇਸ ਮਾਰਗ ਮੈਂ ਕਦਮ ਟਿਕਾਇਆ।
ਬੋੜਾ ਬੋੜਾ ਦਿਲ ਘਬਰਾਇਆ
ਛੱਡ ਪਾਪਾ ਉਂਗਲ ਗੈਰਾਂ ਦੇ ਲੜ ਲਾਇਆ,
ਉਹ ਗੈਰਾਂ ਨੇ ਫਿਰ ਆਪਣਾ ਬਣਾਇਆ॥
ਜਦ ਨਵੀਂ ਥਾਂ, ਨਵੇਂ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਰਨਾ ਪਿਆ ਬਸੇਰਾ,
ਆਣ ਪਾਇਆ ਚਾਰੇ ਪਾਸੇ ਔਕੜਾ ਨੇ ਘੇਰਾ॥
ਵਾਰਡਨ ਸਾਡੀ ਨਿਹਾਇਤ ਚੰਗੀ, ਨੇ ਚੰਗਾ ਸਾਥ ਨਿਭਾਇਆ,
ਦੋਂਦੀ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸਦਾ ਮਾਂ ਵਾਲਾ ਪਰਛਾਵਾਂ॥
ਫਿਰ ਸਹੇਲੀਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਬੜਾ ਨਜ਼ਾਰਾ ਆਇਆ,
ਇਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਦੇ ਡੋਮਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਾ ਜਾ ਰੌਲਾ ਪਾਉਣਾ॥
ਨਾ ਭੁਲਨਾ ਪੇਪਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਟਾਇਮ ਮੈਨੂੰ,
ਪੂਰਾ ਸਾਲ ਤਾਂ ਪੜਨਾ ਨਾ
ਪੇਪਰਾਂ ਵੇਲੇ ਹੱਥ ਗੁਟਕਾ ਫੜਨਾ॥
ਫਿਰ ਹੁੰਦੀਆਂ ਨਿਤ ਅਰਦਾਸਾਂ ਸੀ,
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਪਾਸ ਹੋਣ ਦੀਆਂ ਘੱਟ ਹੀ ਆਸਾਂ ਸੀ॥

ਕਈ ਵਾਰ ਜੁਨੀਅਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਲੈ ਬਹਿਣਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਕਿਨਾਰੇ,
ਫਿਰ ਗਾਨੇ ਉੱਚੀ ਉੱਚੀ ਗਾਣੇ॥
ਆਉਣਾ ਫਿਰ ਵਾਰਡਨ ਸਾਡੀ ਨੇ,
ਕਾਮਨ ਰੂਮ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੀ ਫਿਰ ਸੌਣਾਂ ਪੈਂਦਾ॥
ਅੱਧੀ ਰਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਕੱਚੀ ਮੈਰੀ ਬਨਾ ਬਨਾ ਖਾਣਾ॥
ਗਰਮ ਪਾਣੀ ਲਈ ਲਾਇਨਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਖੜਨਾ,
ਕਰ ਡਿਨਰ, ਆ ਰਿਮੋਟ ਲਈ ਲੜਨਾ॥
ਸਭ ਦੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਚਾਅ
ਇਕ ਰਿਮੋਟ ਵਿਚਾਰਾ ਕਿਧਰ ਕਿਧਰ ਜਾ
ਚਸਕੇ ਲਾ-ਲਾ ਭੂਤਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਸੁਣਾਉਣੀਆਂ,
ਫਿਰ ਇਕੱਲੇ ਬਾਥਰੂਮ ਜਾਣੇ ਕਤਰਾਉਣਾ॥
ਅੱਧੀ ਅੱਧੀ ਰਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਜਨਮਦਿਨ ਮਨਾਉਣਾ,
ਹੱਥੀ ਬਣਿਆ ਕੇਕ ਮੂੰਹਾਂ ਤੇ ਲਾਉਣਾ॥
ਛੁੱਟੀ ਵਾਲੇ ਦਿਨ ਨਹਾਉਣੇ ਕਤਰਾਣਾ,
ਨਹੀਂ ਭੁਲਣੀਆਂ ਅਗਰੀਕਾ, ਅਸ਼ਮੀਤ ਮੈਨੂੰ,
ਤਿਆਰ ਕਰ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸਕੂਲੇ ਭਿਜਵਾਉਣਾ
ਇਸ ਮੁਕਾਮ ਤੇ ਆ ਕੇ ਅੱਜ ਸੋਚਦੀ ਹਾਂ-
ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਹੀ ਗੁਜ਼ਰ ਗਏ ਛੇ ਸਾਲ ਮੇਰੇ,
ਕਦੇ ਰੁਸਣਾ, ਕਦੇ ਮਨਾਉਣਾ॥
ਬੱਸ ਇਕ ਗੱਲ ਦਾ ਹੈ ਪਛਤਾਵਾ,
ਇਹ ਵਕਤ ਨਾ ਕਦੇ ਮੁੜ ਕੇ ਆਉਣਾ॥

ਚੜ੍ਹ ਚੱਲੇ G.B.H. ਦਾ ਉਹ ਚੁਬਾਰਾ,
ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੱਦ ਮੁੜਕੇ ਆਉਣਾ॥
ਆਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਵੀ ਅਥਰੂਸੀ,
ਜਾਦਿਆਂ ਵੀ ਅੱਖੀਆਂ ਚ ਪਾਣੀ,
ਬੱਸ ਇਹ ਹੀ ਹੈ ਸਾਡੇ ਸਫਰ ਦੀ ਕਹਾਣੀ,
ਸਾਡੇ ਸਫਰ ਦੀ ਕਹਾਣੀ॥

Anahat Manshania
XII-Arts-ISC



ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਾਨ



ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਾਨ,
ਰੱਖਦੀ ਮੇਰਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਧਿਆਨ।

ਸੱਭ ਤੋਂ ਚੰਗੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ,
ਸੱਭ ਤੋਂ ਨਿਆਰੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ।

ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਾਨ,
ਕਰਦੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਧਿਆਨ।

ਸੱਭ ਤੋਂ ਸੋਹਣੀ ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ,
ਮਮਤਾ ਦਾ ਸਾਗਰ ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ।

ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਾਨ,
ਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਸ਼ੁਰਤ, ਰੱਬ ਦੀ ਮੂਰਤ ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ।

ਜਨਮ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ,
ਮਾਂ ਬਚਪਨ ਦੀ ਪਰਛਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਾਨ,
ਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਮਮਤਾ ਠੰਢੀ ਛਾਂ।

Divroop Kaur Sandhu
III-O





**Finally...
time to go
home ! Bye!**



Cover painting-Mr. Sanjay Taneja	
Page 1	- Harshita Nayyar ,XI
Page 3	- Divya Gupta, X
Page 4	- Ramanpreet Kaur ,XI
Page 5	- Ansh Taneja, V
Page 7	- Pulak Goyal, XI
Page 9	- Mehak Kaur, IX
Page 10	- Vibhuti Sayal, XII
Page 11	- Pulak Goyal, XI
Page 13	- Rehaan Gupta, IE
Page 14	- Chitra Goyal, VI
Page 15	- Sukhreet Kaur, III
Page 16	- AnshTaneja, V
Page 17	- Vibhuti Sayal ,XII
Page 18	- Khushi Dalla
Page 19	- Daksh Taneja, III
Page 20	- Gurjot Singh , XII
Page 22	- Jasmine Kaur, XII
Page 23	- Yuvraj Singh, XII
Page 24	- Prabhnoor Singh, VI
Page 25	- Avneet Kaur Tiwana, IX
Page 27	- Navreet Brar, X
Page 28	- Arshdeep Singh, XII
Page 29	- Puneet Brar, XII
Page 30	- Chitra Goyal, VI
Page 31	- Bhavini Verma , X
Page 32	- Jasnoor Kaur, XI
Page 33	- Amanat Arora, XI
Page 35	- Pulak Goyal, XI
Page 36	- Kiratnoor, IV
Page 38	- Simran Kaur, XI
Page 39	- Nayamat Sandhu, X
Page 40	- Pulak Goyal , XI
Page 41	- Ajaypratap Singh, XII
Page 43	- Anahat Mansahia, XII
Page 44	- Meher Mangat , X
Page 45	- Maninder Kaur, X
Page 47	- Manya Kharbanda, XII
Page 48	- Mannat Sidhu, X
Page 49	- Jasmeen Grover, XII
Page 50	- Simran Kaur, XI
Page 52	- Shaurya Dhablania,VII
Page 53	- Khushbeen Waraich, X
Page 54	- Savneet Dhaliwal, XII, and Chhavi Kohli, IX
Page 55	- Vibhuti Sayal ,XII
Page 58	- Akanksha, Bajaj, XII
Page 59	- Kunwar Aftab, XII
Page 60	- Akanksha, Bajaj, XII
Page 61	- Vibhuti Sayal ,XII
Page 62	- Mavita Sayal, IX
Page 63	- Ajaydeep Sodhi, XII
Page 64	- Vibhuti Sayal ,XII
Page 65	- Lovepreet Singh, XII
Page 67	- Savneet Dhaliwal, XII
Page 68	- Karamveer Singh, XII
Page 69	- Puneet Brar, XII
Page 70	- Mr. Sanjay Taneja
Page 71	- Daksh Taneja, III
Page 72	- Sukhman Kaur, XI
Page 73	- Manya Kharbanda, XII, and Husnvir Singh, XII
Page 74	- Vibhuti Sayal ,XII
Page 75	- Akanksha, Bajaj, XII
Page 76	- Lovepreet Kaur, IX
Page 77	- Ibadat, II



ATHENA

CREATIVE JOURNAL, 2015-16

Yadavindra Public School, Patiala

www.ypspatiala.in