



ATHENA

CREATIVE JOURNAL, 2016-17,
OF YADAVINDRA PUBLIC SCHOOL, PATIALA





How Well Do You Know 'Athena' ... and Athena?

1. IN WHICH
YEAR WAS
THE JOURNAL
'ATHENA'
INTRODUCED



6. WHICH ANIMAL OR
BIRD IS CLOSELY
ASSOCIATED WITH
THE GODDESS
ATHENA



2. WHO HEADED
THE STUDENTS'
EDITORIAL
PANEL THAT
YEAR



7. WHICH GOD'S
HEAD DID
ATHENA EMERGE
FROM



3. WHO PAINTED
THE COVER
PICTURE FOR
ITS INAUGURAL
ISSUE



8. IS ATHENA A
CHRONICLE
OF FACTS OR
A CREATIVE
JOURNAL



4. WHICH
MYTHOLOGY DOES
THE GODDESS
ATHENA BELONG
TO



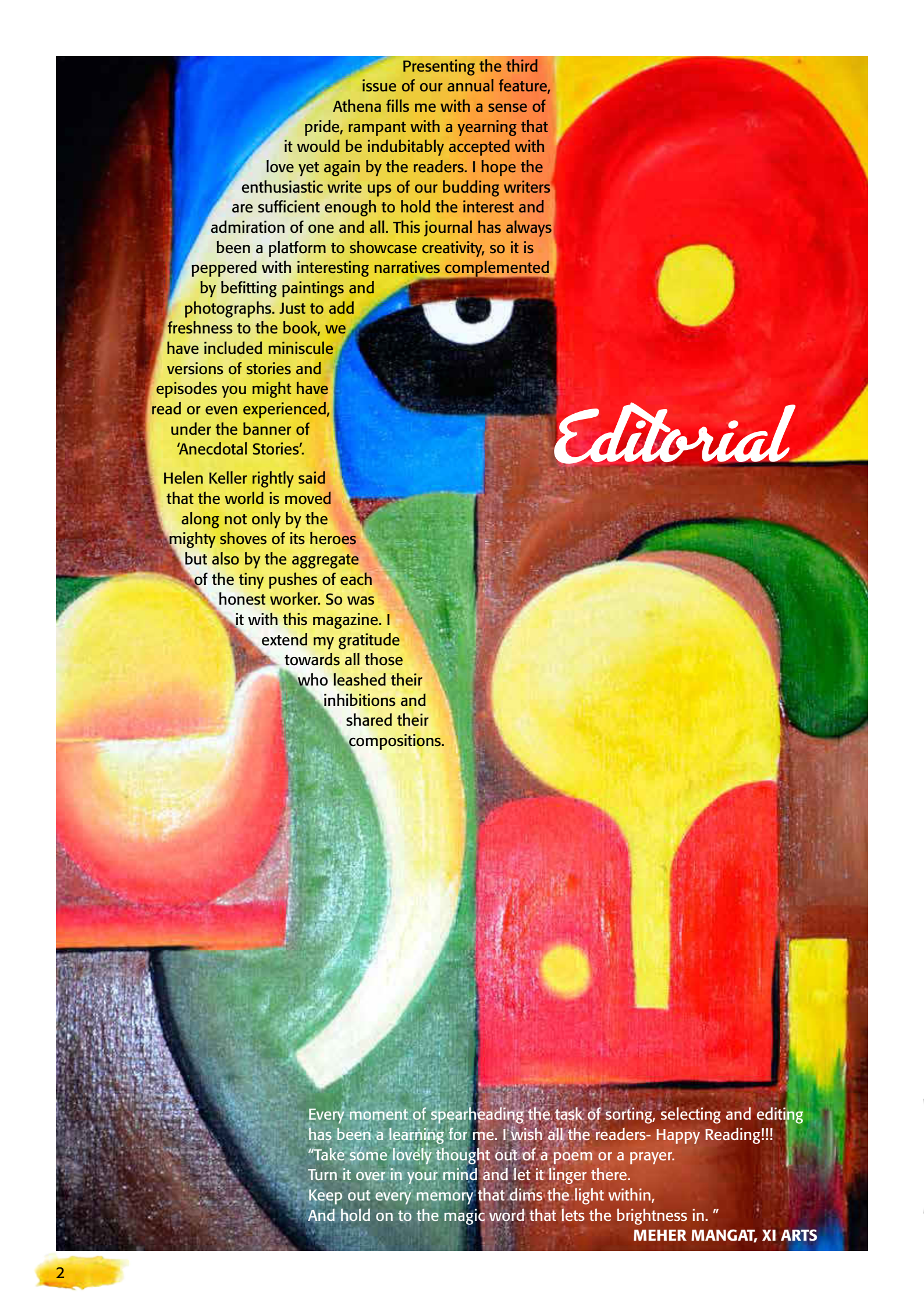
9. WHICH MEMBER
OF THE EDITORIAL
TEAM HAS BEEN IN
THE TEAM SINCE
THE JOURNAL'S
INCEPTION



5. WHICH VIRTUES
DOES THE
GODDESS
ATHENA
EMBODY



(KEEP GUESSING,
AND IF YOU CAN'T CONTAIN YOUR
CURIOSITY, FIND THE ANSWERS ON
THE LAST PAGE.)

An abstract painting featuring bold, vibrant colors like red, yellow, blue, green, and brown. The composition includes large, rounded shapes, some with smaller circles inside, and a prominent black eye-like shape with a white pupil. The background is a mix of these colors, creating a dynamic and expressive visual field.

Presenting the third issue of our annual feature, Athena fills me with a sense of pride, rampant with a yearning that it would be indubitably accepted with love yet again by the readers. I hope the enthusiastic write ups of our budding writers are sufficient enough to hold the interest and admiration of one and all. This journal has always been a platform to showcase creativity, so it is peppered with interesting narratives complemented by befitting paintings and photographs. Just to add freshness to the book, we have included miniscule versions of stories and episodes you might have read or even experienced, under the banner of 'Anecdotal Stories'.

Helen Keller rightly said that the world is moved along not only by the mighty shoves of its heroes but also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker. So was it with this magazine. I extend my gratitude towards all those who leashed their inhibitions and shared their compositions.

Editorial

Every moment of spearheading the task of sorting, selecting and editing has been a learning for me. I wish all the readers- Happy Reading!!!
"Take some lovely thought out of a poem or a prayer.
Turn it over in your mind and let it linger there.
Keep out every memory that dims the light within,
And hold on to the magic word that lets the brightness in. "

MEHER MANGAT, XI ARTS

The Editorial Team

Meher Mangat – Deft, diligent and dedicated, this little girl has now grown to assume the mantle of the School Head Girl. But her priority remains her love and loyalty for the school publications. One dare say !

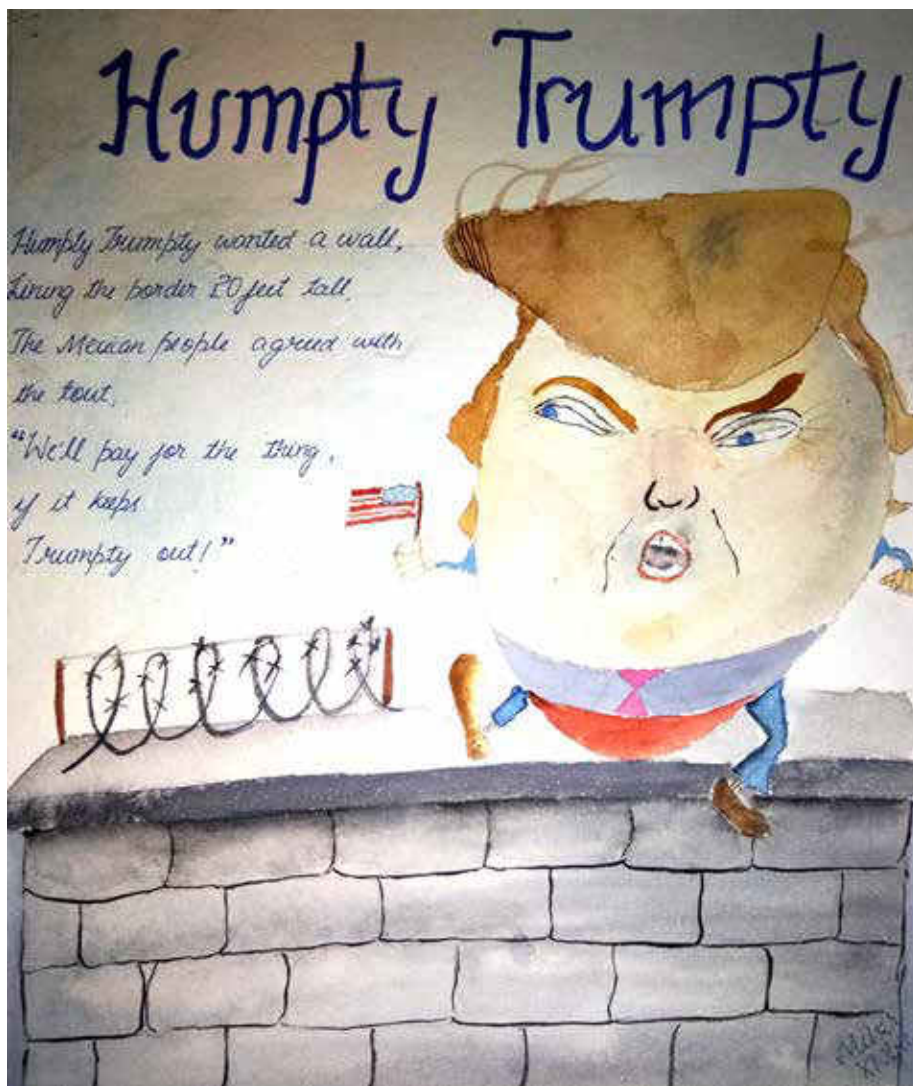
Mannat Sidhu- New face on the Editorial Board. An avid painter herself, she along with her friend, Meher, ably monitored a timely completion of all the illustrations needed for this journal. Kudos to her for the good work done !

Sehajnoor Singh - The boy has been keeping a low profile, of late. But with his writing skills and his eagerness to work for the school publications, he never fails to leave a mark. He didn't make an exception this time round too !

Tanisha Garg and Mannat Mittal - These young girls exhorted their friends and peers of the Middle School to contribute handsomely to this journal. And they did. Their words worked ! And their work too !



ANECDOTAL STORIES... to follow



Diary Entry – Awaiting The Election Results

Donald Trump's victory in the US Presidential election could easily be the biggest news of the decade. The Republican, a frivolous billionaire, had always been in the limelight as a victim of major criticism for his controversial speeches. The Democratic candidate, Hillary Clinton looked to be the more promising candidate and with Donald Trump's conservative approach on social media and religious matters, it appeared America would finally get its first woman President. But she shocked the world when she continued with her 'patriarchal tradition'. And now it's being asked – "Has she committed a huge mistake?"

Trump's heated conservative campaign has fuelled a rise in the hate crimes in the US. In the five days, following the Tuesday polling date, The Southern Poverty Law Centre received reports of 477 hate crimes across the country, which is much more than the centre sees normally in a six-month span and much of the inspiration for these hate crimes came from Donald Trump. During his campaign, he denigrated and threatened minorities like Muslims and Hispanics. Straight after the election, the minorities found themselves threatened by Trump supporters. His supporters went to the extent of insulting other religions. Muslim women were insulted and not allowed to

wear their hijab. Swastika signs were spray painted over synagogues and mosques. and when he is blamed, Trump just says the words, "Stop it" as if it was that easy.

Trump's victory also means a lot in the international perspective. Trump considers stopping the USA involvement in Afghanistan and could order the troops to pull out, leaving Afghanistan again in the hands of the Taliban and Al Qaeda. He has already shocked the NATO allies in Europe saying that he won't "necessarily" aid them in case of a threat by Russia. In extending a hand towards Russia, Trump might even accept Russia's preposterous illegal annexation of Crimea. With Trump showing signs of leaving the Asia region, China could accelerate its expansionism in the South China Sea thus putting pressure on Taiwan. Trump's victory also means bad news for the European Union. All in all it could throw the whole world off balance.

Trump's win would also go hard on the undocumented immigrants from Mexico and other Latin America countries. He says that there will be no amnesty. Instead of granting them legal immigration status Trump plans on deporting all the eleven million illegal immigrants out of America. He also plans to (although no one knows if he's as serious for it as he seems) build a US - Mexico border wall to control illegal crossing of the border. This measure would bring loads of difficulty to those who had escaped from war like situations in their country to America.

Donald Trump is truly a one of his kind President and only time will tell how he handles the world's biggest superpower.

But I, while waiting for the election results, do write in my diary that I strongly believe - America shall pay a heavy price if it leaves its controls in Trump's hands.

**Kanav Malhotra,
XI Accounts**



The Angel

A dark evening, I walked through snowy lanes,
Hearing the cry of a baby,
I proceeded to the left lane,
that sound was my imagination maybe.

But my instinct told me to keep moving,
Following the sound I reached a scruffy hut,
here, for sure, was a baby crying,
Alone in that lonely shabby hut.

I steeled myself to go in,
And saw a baby roaring with all her might,
I identified she was a girl left within,
It irked me to think of her plight

I saw the pain in her eyes,
She was abandoned as she was a girl.
Who would answer my dozen cries
I couldn't resist thinking of the tiny pearl

I curled the baby in my arms,
She stopped crying and looked at me,
She seemed to spell a charm,
She surely had attracted me.

I knew she would become a shining star,
I walked with her through the snowy lanes,
Carrying her was like strolling with an avatar,
I took her, leaving behind the unfriendly lanes.

Hinam Walia
VI N

MY FIRST COMPOSITION
A ROTTEN ONE
YET THE TEACHER APPLAUDED
HERE I BLOOM!



**GOODBYE GANG-
THE THREE SENIOR SCHOOL TEACHERS OF ENGLISH WHO BID
GOODBYE TO THE SCHOOL THIS YEAR. A RANDOM, IMPROMPTU SHOT**

The world as I see it stands on a precipice. On either side of it lurks some horror, some danger that puts its existence into peril. The status quo, the tip of the precipice is probably the safest place to be. And yet sometimes, bravery is about taking that plunge; sometimes it is about throwing off the cloak of safety that the cliff offers and testing the perilous waters around you. And it seems, our little world has taken the plunge.

The first woman President; a candidate minus the divisive rhetoric of her adversary; a candidate backed by the country's first Black President.

Everything around Hillary Clinton had a whiff of eventuality. In her lay the safest, albeit the most obvious, option. As the American media projected her as the Champion of Love and the Epitome of Positivity, one wondered if the 2016 Presidential Elections were a contest any longer. But then, the American citizens decided to take the plunge. Tired of the status quo, frustrated by having had to stay on top of the precipice for too long, they decided to embrace the darkness that Donald Trump represented. This could easily be their biggest mistake and yet for now, it represents the dawn of a new world, a Brave New World that does not fear the thought of self-destruction.

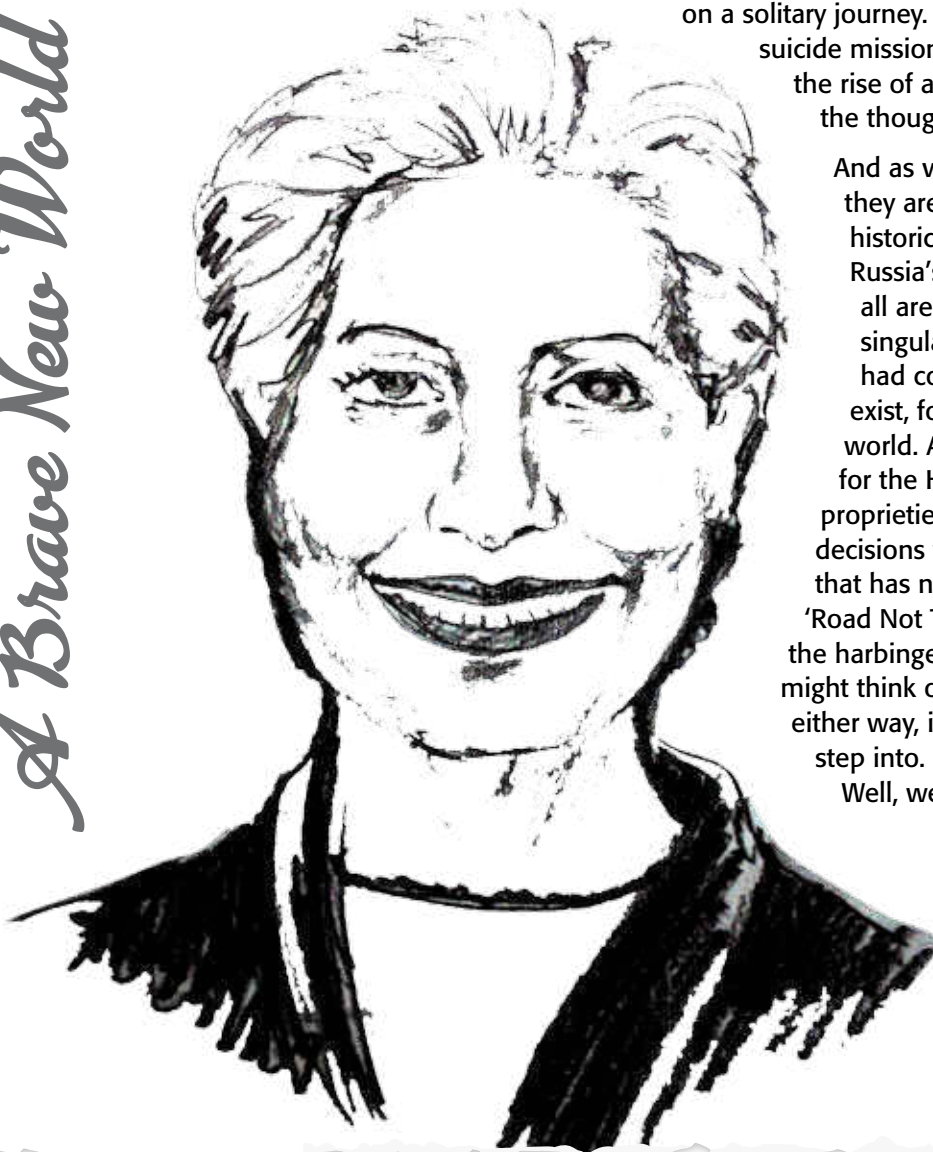
But it shouldn't really come as a surprise. If the events of London were any indication, the unprecedented 2016 US elections were merely a foregone conclusion. As Britain voted on the crucial question of whether to extend its relationship with the European Union or not, each and every mind across the world said just one word-Stay. Each and every that is except the British. Refusing to be cowed down by the popular perception, vehemently opposing

the ideal of a 'Global Family', the British decided to sail on a solitary journey. The journey might seem like a suicide mission but just like in America, it augurs the rise of a Brave New World, unfettered by the thought of taking tough decisions.

And as vivid as these two instances are, they aren't the end of the story. India's historic mandate in the 2014 elections, Russia's exploits in the Middle East, all are instances which drive the one singular point home-the world as we had come to know it, has seized to exist, for we now breathe in a new world. A world that has a marked disdain for the Holy Commandments of societal proprieties, a world that faces tough decisions with unwavering resolve, a world that has no qualms about choosing the 'Road Not Taken'. Some may like to see it as the harbinger of the Dark age, while others might think of it as the Dawn of Hope. But either way, it is a bold new age that we now step into. For the better or for the worse? Well, we must live to see it.

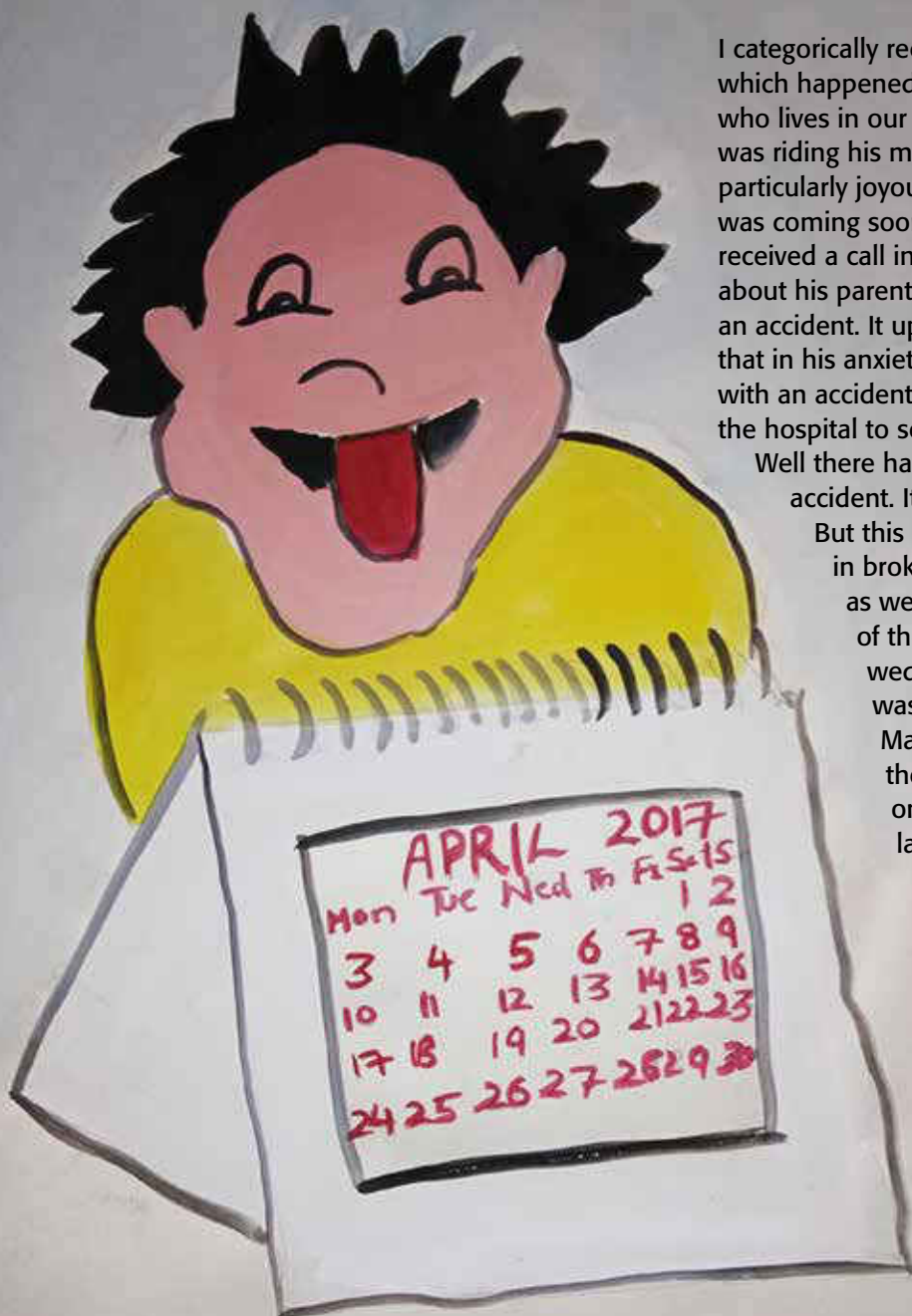
Naman Kumar Singla
XII Arts

A Brave New World



HE ASKED THE LITTLE GIRL TO TELL HIM THE TIME.
UNABLE TO DO THAT SHE SAID " TIME IS GOOD "

April Fools' Day



I categorically recall something which happened last year. A man who lives in our neighbourhood was riding his motorcycle. He was particularly joyous as his wedding was coming soon. Suddenly he received a call informing him about his parents meeting with an accident. It upset him so much that in his anxiety, he himself met with an accident on the way to the hospital to see his parents.

Well there had been no such accident. It was just a hoax.

But this cruel prank resulted in broken arms and legs as well as postponement of the poor guy's wedding. Now this was a really cruel joke. Many people play these kind of pranks on each other and land into hot waters.

Should we pull people's legs on first of April? This is the only day when we are licensed to pull other people's legs without causing offence, or at least the prankster believes it so. Well if I were to question whether this day should be celebrated or not then my fellow students would say, "What a foolish question!" Of course we should celebrate this day as this is the only day when we can play pranks not only on our teachers but also take a chance with our strict but friendly headmaster too. But I think that there are both negative and positive points on this topic.

This year on first of April I really got tricked. I had been on a rather long leave after a bout of fever. I was pretty shaken and as I stepped into my class room, my friends standing at the door said, "Anahat !You have now been shifted to 'P' section. " Now this news really upset me. My eyes welled with tears but to my utmost relief, they said, "Happy April Fools Day!" Oh my God! I was so relieved. After this my friends laughed at me a lot. This joke was a harmless one and didn't cause any real harm.

It is up to us to ensure that we do not act in a brash manner. A joke which results in harming others physically or emotionally leaves an indelible scar on a person's psyche. If taken in the right spirit, this day can add happiness and joy to our stressful lives and help bridge many sour relationships.

Anahat Kaur VI-O

The Braveheart

I was seven days away from turning nine. I recall my aunt screaming at the top of her voice, "Run son run. run for your life ". My aunt had always shared a special bond with me. She had brought me along with her on this trip to the Middle East. We had been lazing around in the hotel room when I accidentally flipped the TV channel and we logged on to the local news. To our utter shock, we found that there had been a terrorist attack in the city by the ISIS and this group was killing people ruthlessly.

My aunt told me to get ready for the airport at once. I didn't know how scared I was supposed to feel. But I was obedient enough to obey in one go. We checked out and got into a taxi. My aunt offered the taxi driver a bunch of notes and told him to rush to the airport as fast as he could. I could sense that my aunt was very tense. I had never seen her so dishevelled. The taxi driver seemed unaware of what had happened. He reluctantly asked if he could know why she was so tense. My aunt snapped at him, "Haven't you heard the news?" He cursed under his breath and said, "Our Prime Minister is an absolute". BOOM. A bullet had pierced his head.

The taxi bumped into a checkpoint on the side of the road. My aunt shrieked in fear and took me out of the taxi and started running. We hadn't made very far when I complained that I could not run anymore. My aunt picked me up. Just when she was about to run, a bullet struck her and she succumbed right in front of my eyes. I screamed at the top of my lungs "Aunty, Aunty" and tears rolled down my cheeks. Everything started happening in slow motion. Her beautiful blonde hair were covered with blood and her left eye was open as if still in a shock. My tears were dropping on her face. Her words, "Run son run for your life" resounded in my ears.

I don't know what power guided me after this. I bent down and picked up my aunt's wallet. She never carried feminine purses. I clutched the manly portmanteau and God carried me that day to the airport. They took me on the flight and sent me back home in a plane full of other terrified passengers.

A week later as I turned nine, I remembered my aunt, the Braveheart who had dared to travel wherever she wanted!!!!

The ISIS could not dampen her love for travel!!!!!!!

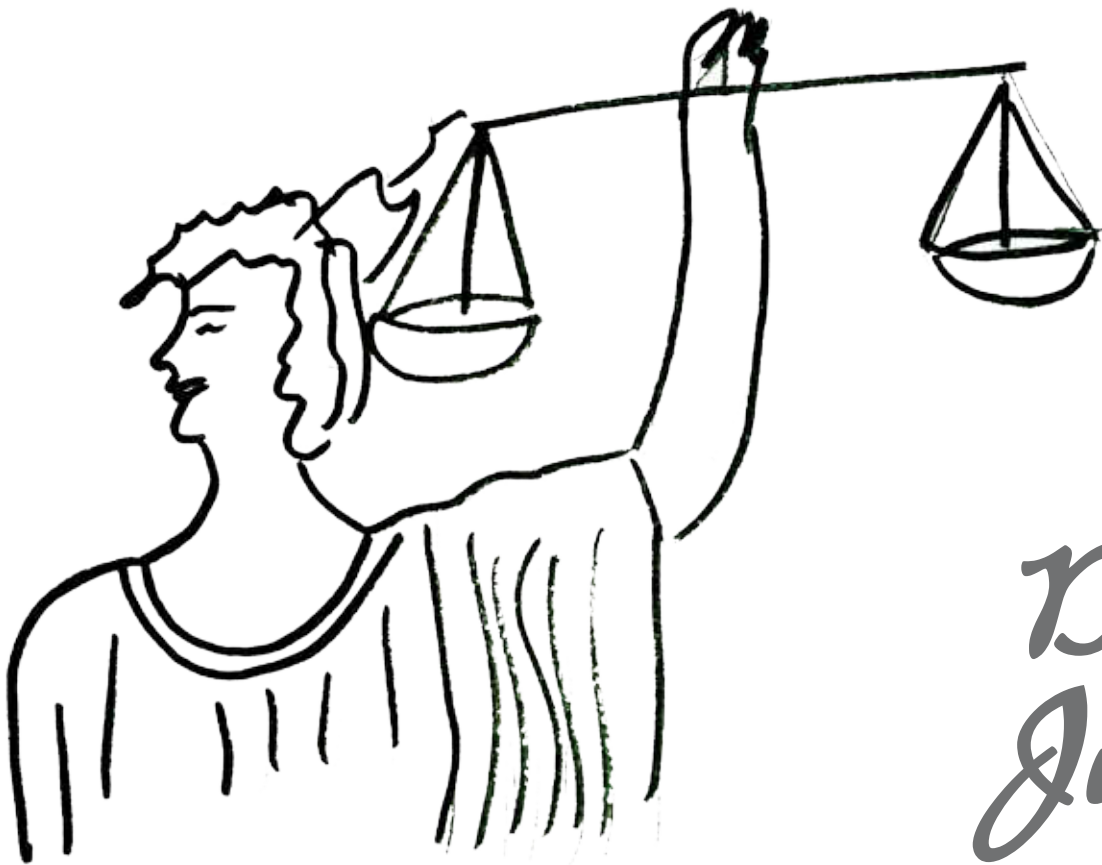


Dilawar Singh Sidhu XII-Science

TO DO OR NOT TO DO
AND THEN SHE FAKED IT
HER THUMB TOUCHED THE 'LIKE' BUTTON ON FB.

**OUR MAN
FRIDAY-
MUNNA
LAL JI,
HEAD
PEON**





Divine Justice

There was an eerie sense of familiarity to it- to the characteristic indifference of the nurses, to the high- pitched wailing of the family members, to the sadistic aura of Death hanging around the walls of the room. As Ishaan's dead body wheeled out of the room, nothing seemed out of place. Nothing, except one- the doctor, Mr Seth's eyes seemed to suggest something sinister had been witnessed by the walls of the room.

By next morning, newspapers were rife with conspiracy speculation. Afterall, a doctor of Mr. Seth's acumen could hardly be expected to mess up a case which looked as simple as Ishaan's did. And with further revelations bringing Ishaan and Seth's long and strained family relations to the fore, the plot only grew thicker.

The Seths and the Kapoors were two of the best known families of the city. And so, it was but natural that a public falling-out of the latest generation of the two families made headlines and set the gossip mill into overdrive. Rumours had it that it was something about money, as is the case with most conflicts these days. Nevertheless, everything seemed back to normal when Rahul Seth and Ishaan Kapoor put

aside their differences recently and chose to shake hands. And yet, the death of Ishaan Kapoor supposedly in spite of Seth's best efforts had people intrigued. Everyone was convinced that Dr Seth hadn't quite forgotten their recent history when he made his way to the operation theatre that day.

Fifteen months later, Ishaan's death was forgotten in the labyrinth of societal gossips. And yet, a new development seemed to have taken place. Dr Seth, as it turned out, wasn't quite well; and if people were to be believed, his ailment wasn't too different from his erstwhile friend's. God has his own ways of playing games, doesn't He?

As hard as it is to accept, our society is established on the ideals of stereotypes. And one of them is about how no wrong can go with a person in his own profession. A teacher's child, a failure? You're joking, right? A doctor suffering from a disease? Impossible! And so, when Mr Seth paid a visit to the hospital that fateful day, people believed he would be up and running in a few hours. But as news filtered out that day, the people were in for a few shocks. News of Dr Seth's 'sad demise' took the

townsfolk by utter shock.

I, a hand to mouth local newspaper journalist somehow made my way inside the hospital, and glanced at the ill- fated room. Everything seemed just as I had expected it to be- the characteristic indifference of the nurses, the high pitched wailing of the family members, the sadistic aura of Death lingering around the corners of the room !

As I made my way back across the hall towards the waiting room, I saw the doctor coming out of the operation theatre, Dr Seth's dead body being wheeled in front of him. I happened to read his name off the top of his file. Tarun Kapoor. . . . oh wait. . . . that name seemed familiar. Yeah right, he is the only son of Ishaan Kapoor, heard to be a great doctor, who had made his name overseas.

Suddenly, I stopped in my tracks. Slowly but surely, realisation donned on me. And as I stood there, joining the dots, I couldn't help but admire God. He has his own way of dishing out justice. It might not come when we expect it to; but come it will for sure.

Naman Kumar Singla
XII Arts

Delhi

The capital of India, originally known as Indraprastha, does have a lot to offer. A mainstay on the 'Places To See' list of all travel buffs, Delhi unsurprisingly takes the second rank in "most popular" urban cities after Bombay.

From swanky cars to 'laughing clubs' to expansive upstate gardens, there isn't a lot that you won't find in this multi-cultured city. And the intricate mix of its history coupled with its new-found modernity only adds to the charm around Delhi. But inspite of the plethora of religions, customs and lifestyles that exist here, it continues to be called "Dilwaalon ki Dilli" for the simple reason that all the people living in Delhi are often remembered for their humble nature and big hearts.

On the historical front, Delhi has countless interesting stories and places to offer. The Qutab Minar, Humayun's tomb, the Purana Quila, with their beautiful carvings and authentic Mughal touch, are a mere tip of the iceberg.

The city has many more attractions and some of these are quite famous among the college hub in Delhi. The Connaught

Place, or C. P. as it is popularly called, is known for its vibrant

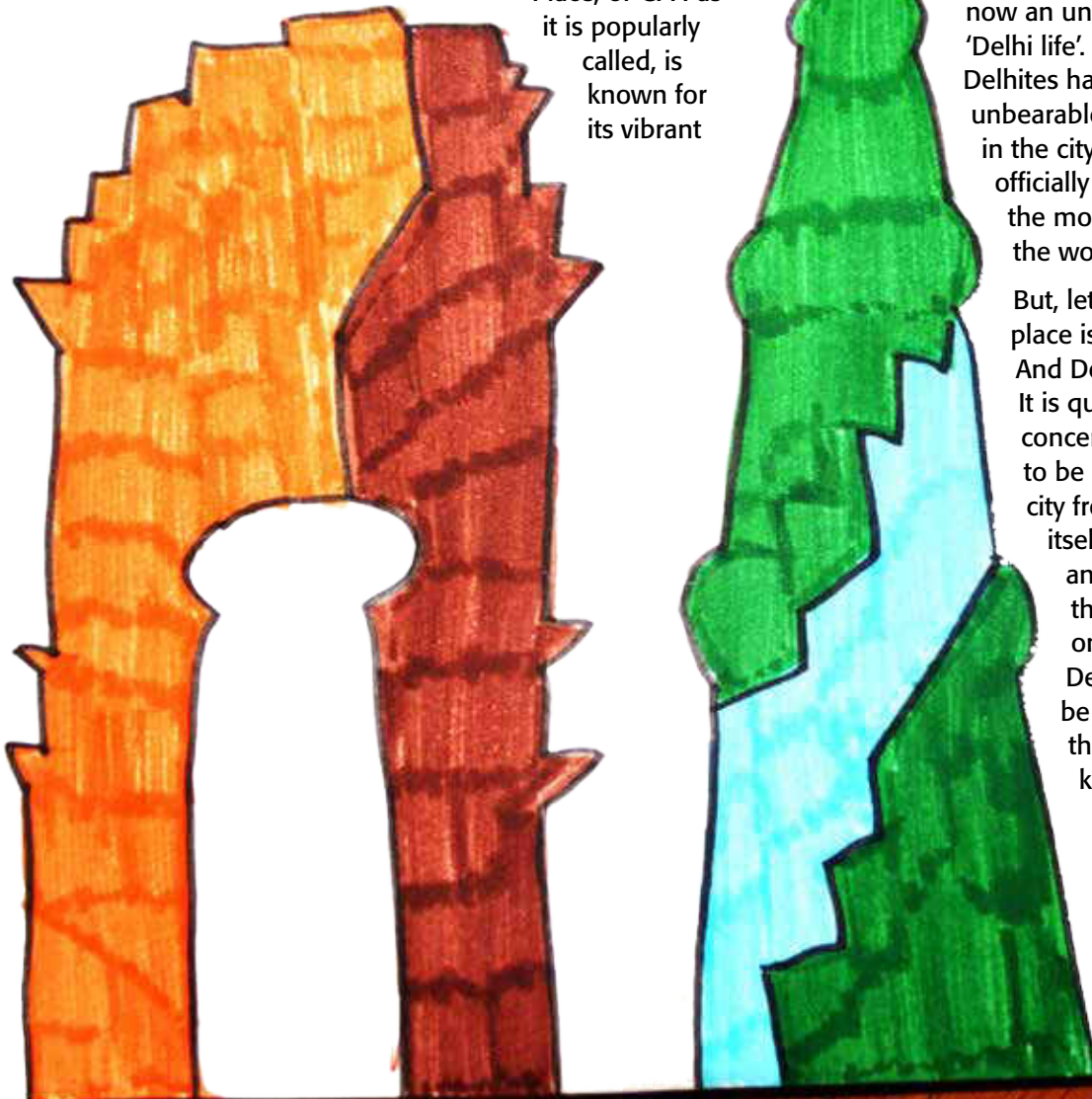
atmosphere and structure. The Connaught place is considered to be a popular hangout amongst the urban crowd of Delhi and it also caters to several five star hotels like The Hans Hotel, Radisson Blue Marine and the Laois.

The Hauz Khas village situated in Green park, south Delhi is considered to be a soft spot for all the college goers in Delhi. It is a posh locality situated along a beautiful river and, with its English breakfast cafes and pubs, it comes as no surprise that youngster throng to the place from all corners of the city...

And yet, inspite of everything that is going right for Delhi, the city has its set of problems to contend with. The advancement it has witnessed in recent years has turned into a double-edged sword, luring people from all over the country and adding to an ever-increasing congestion problem. The traffic trouble too has reached maddening proportions, with frequent jams now an unfortunate part of the 'Delhi life'. Another problem Delhites have been facing is the unbearable levels of pollution in the city, with Delhi being officially declared as one of the most polluted cities of the world.

But, let us be honest, no place is perfect to live in. And Delhi is no different. It is quite apparent that a concerted effort will have to be made to save the city from the perils it finds itself in. And if we need any incentive to pursue this objective, here is one- Delhi is supposed to be India's 'Dil'.... Well the heart needs to keep beating, right!!

**Shreya Sood,
XI Arts**





The Relevance of the Women's Day

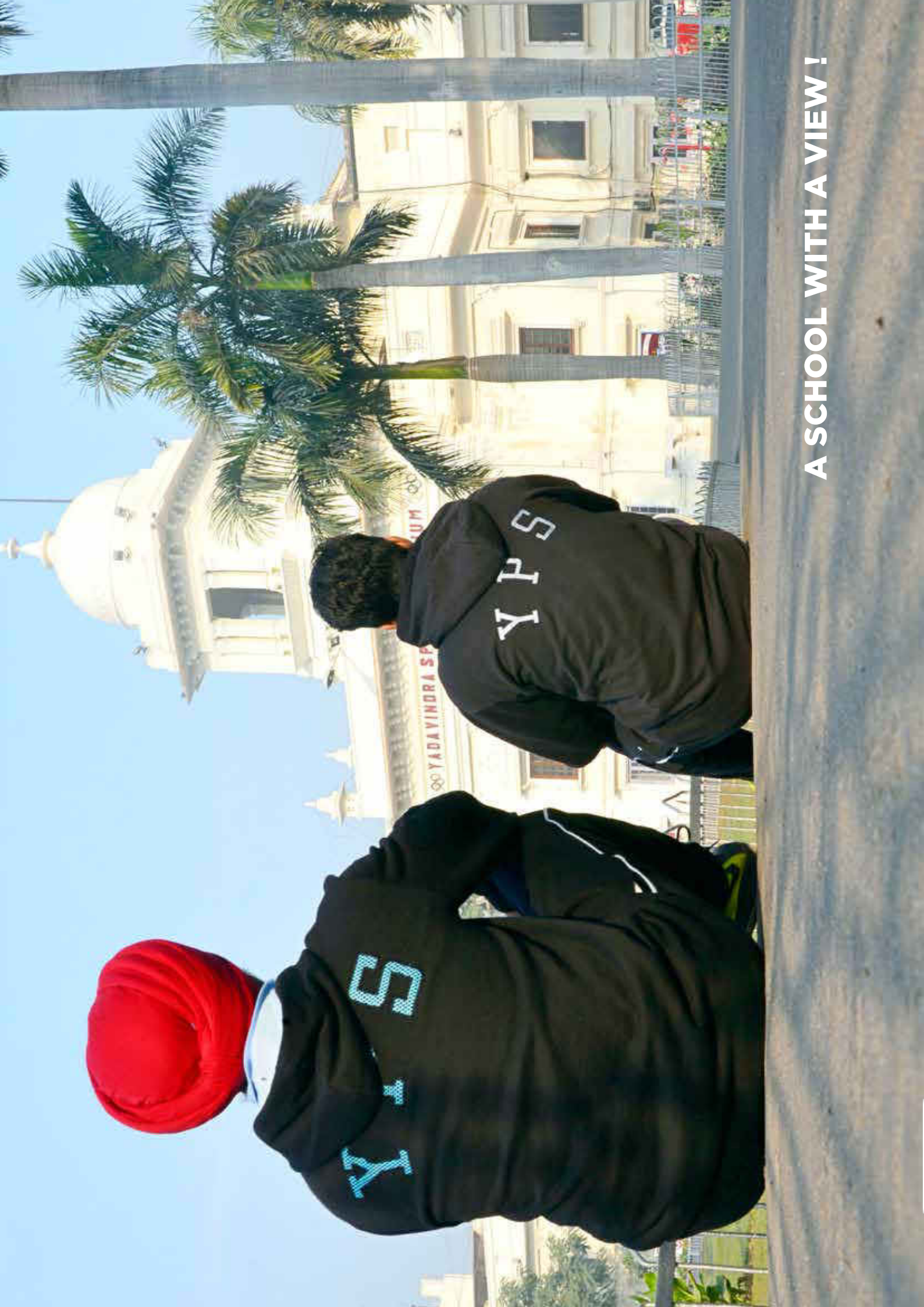
I live in a country where even in this day and age, the shade of my lipstick and the colour of my clothes depends on my marital status. If I am married I should be wearing bright colours, otherwise subdued. My freedom depends upon the society I live in. If it is not a liberal one, I should shut myself indoors.

This is the reason we feel the need to celebrate the Women's Day, to remind ourselves and the society that we are no different than the other gender. Otherwise, do we really need one particular day to celebrate being women, the most amazing creation of nature? Shouldn't each day be cherished and utilized in becoming the woman of substance, in teaching our daughters the strength of character, conditioning our sons to respect women and making them acknowledge the fact that women are their equal counterparts?

And who can give this freedom to women? As long as she herself does not start believing in her capacities, stops reacting and starts reforming herself, no one can uplift her status. Fortunate are the ones who get the opportunity to educate themselves, enlighten themselves and the ones who come in contact with them. What women need to do is to start valuing themselves rather than thinking that they are a suppressed lot, work on their strengths and talents and achieve what their being has been desiring since ages.

The gifts of creativity, multitasking, patience and perseverance that the nature has given to women, need to be acknowledged so as not to feel inferior and downtrodden in any way, nor get wasted in self-pity. Let each day make her shine like the goddess that she is and let each day be celebrated as the Women's Day by the woman herself.

Ms. Avneet Sidhu



A SCHOOL WITH A VIEW!

Demonetization

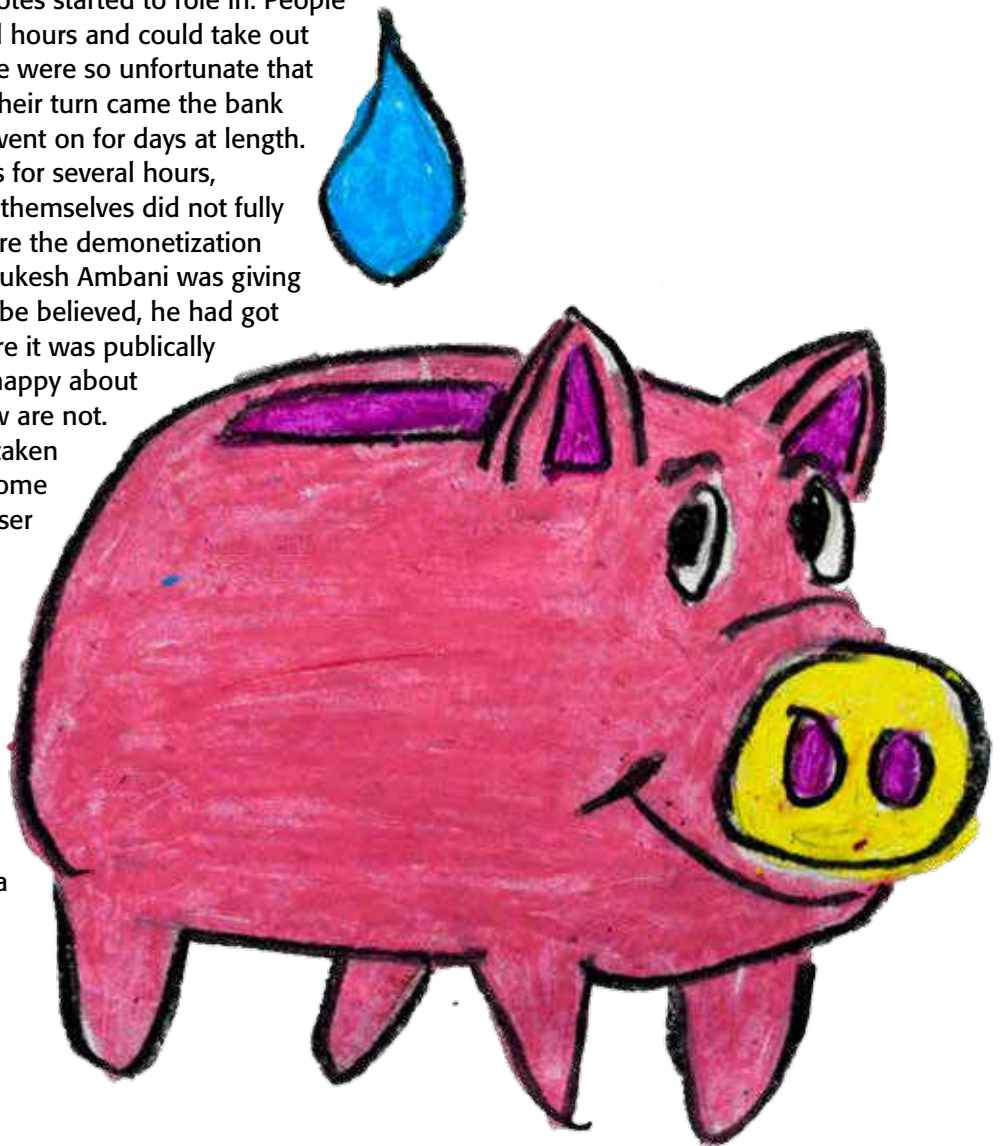
Over the years, black money has been a huge problem in India. Every politician promises to do something about black money but never gets down to doing it.

Most people in India have lost hope of black money being flushed out. But on 8th of November last year, Prime Minister, Narendra Modi rocked the whole country into disbelief when he announced that the 500 & 1000 rupee notes would no longer be legal tender. Those who had hoarded countless amounts jumped out of their skin on hearing this. Defaulters attempted outrageous means of escape. Some burnt their money. A few tried to get rid of the notes by throwing them away. There were a few who chickened out and revealed the truth. Or should we say they were brave enough to own up.

The only allowance was ten days to put the money in the banks and after that the new notes started to role in. People stood in the lines for hours and hours and could take out only 4000 rupees. Some people were so unfortunate that after standing for hours when their turn came the bank coffers would run empty. This went on for days at length. People stood outside the banks for several hours, blocking the streets. Politicians themselves did not fully side with the PM's orders. Before the demonetization drive, people wondered why Mukesh Ambani was giving free 4G Internet. If Gossip is to be believed, he had got wind of this project much before it was publically announced. Some people are happy about demonetization and quite a few are not. But still the fact that a PM has taken cognizance of the situation is some relief. India has gone a step closer to cleansing the system.

In the passing, I must remark that witty WhatsApp messages were the order of the day when the news was telecast. Both Trump and Demonetization dropped as bombs. I can't get over this one in particular, 'Modi played the Trump Card and Sari Duniya Hillary'.

**Mannat Mittal,
VIIIE**

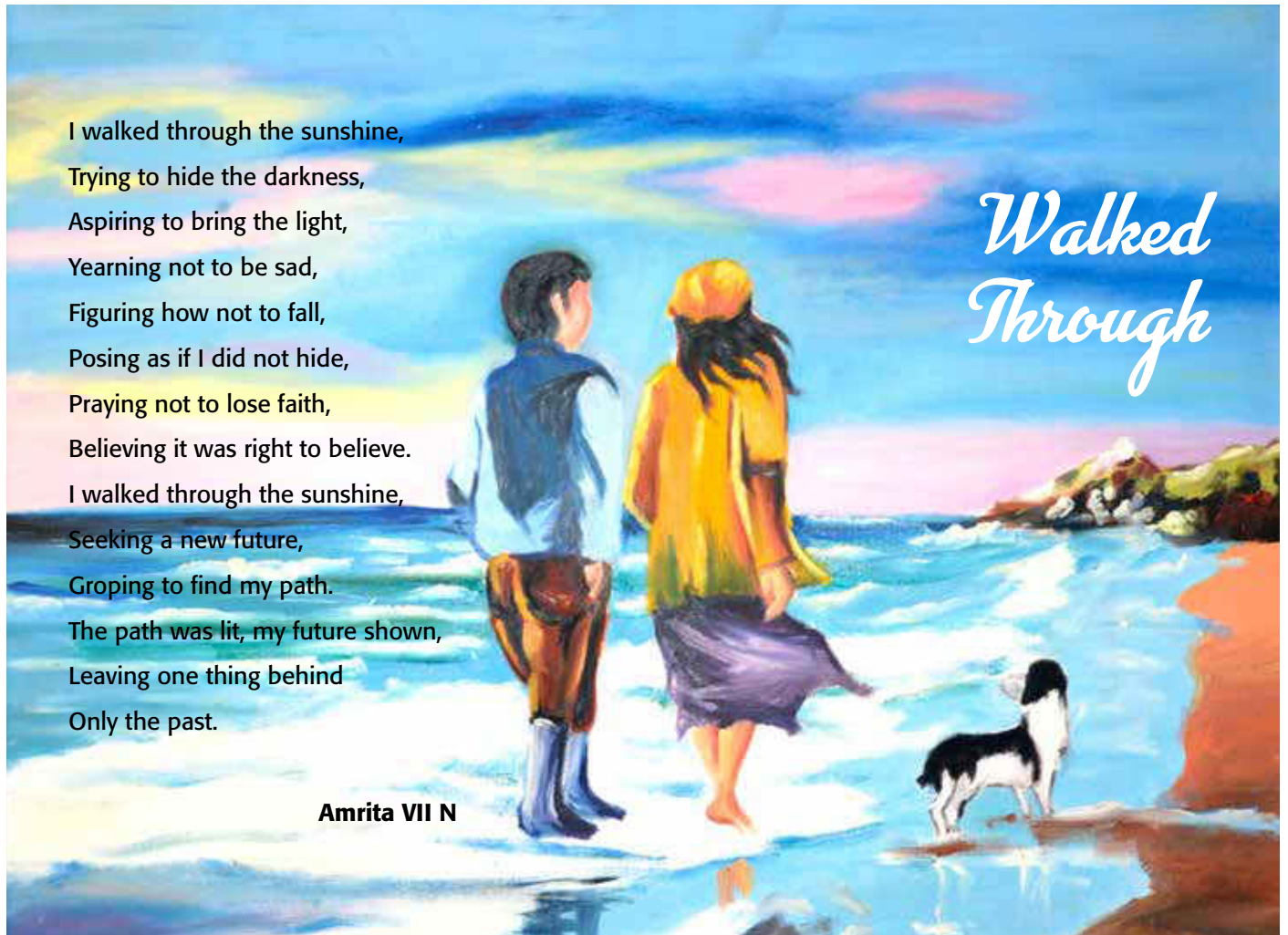


THE COCHLEAR IMPLANT
A MEDICAL ENDEAVOUR
THE WORLD CHARMED HER WITH ITS MUSIC.

I walked through the sunshine,
 Trying to hide the darkness,
 Aspiring to bring the light,
 Yearning not to be sad,
 Figuring how not to fall,
 Posing as if I did not hide,
 Praying not to lose faith,
 Believing it was right to believe.
 I walked through the sunshine,
 Seeking a new future,
 Groping to find my path.
 The path was lit, my future shown,
 Leaving one thing behind
 Only the past.

Amrita VII N

Walked Through



Sometimes, it feels really bad
 To lose the friends you've had

Friends

There are some shadows left behind
 Sharing a corner in your heart and mind

Climbing the ladder to success
 Some dear relations are suppressed

Mine was a case of a similar stage
 The world appeared as a cage

I wished for friends I could cherish
 Such who would be by me till I perish

When in my life I was shattered
 My self-esteem would be scattered

You were sent to me as a friend
 And the time my troubles did end

And then by you I got inspired
 I had got someone I desired

By my side I had one I admired
 It rose me to what I aspired

I thank God for the angels he sends
 For ones like you to be my friends



- Shaurya VII-N



Destroyed

She was sitting in a dark place,
With grief on her face,
Her sadness hitting her like a mace,
Due to the things she had to face.
No one could have courage like her,
Her memories were not a blur,
We have to go down her memory lane,
To feel her pain.
She had the right,
To be learned but she had to fight,
No one in the community would accept then,
That she would be equal to men.
She was so young, still she had to marry,
She had her duties to carry,
Everyday she used to get beaten,
To the core she had to weaken.
Soon she had a girl child,
But the people there were so wild,
The child's brain didn't even have time to build,
The next day she was killed.
She always used to weep,
While waiting for her final sleep,
She was already killed from inside,
This nobody could hide.
She could not make her life better,
By breaking her marriage's fetter,
Her life was destroyed,
Her life was destroyed.

- Poorva Puri
6-N

THE FALL OF AN APPLE
AN OBSERVANT EYE.
'GRAVITY' OF THOUGHT.



**GRABBING
EYE-BALLS**

Value of Determination in Life

Determination is a quality which makes someone continue trying to do or achieve something that is difficult. It is a combination of skill, knowledge and beliefs that enable a person to engage in goal-directed self-regulated, autonomous behavior. When one works on the basis of such tools, nobody can stop him/her from achieving success in life.

Determination deals with the virtues of self sacrifice, honesty and self assessment, which help us overcome every obstacle in life; and all these require investment of time wisely by focusing on what is to achieve. Determination is important to make a firm decision to proceed on a task or goal, even when one runs into roadblocks and obstacles.

The way to be determined is to focus single-mindedly on achieving your goal. Here, it is appropriate to throw some light on the biographical notes of some figures to clear the relationship between determination and success. In the ancient times of Indian history, Chanakya determined to lay the foundation of a strong empire in India. Taking Chandragupta Maurya into his fold, he assisted him in his rise to power. It was due to Chanakya's determination to avenge his humiliation that he succeeded in establishing the first organized empire of India.

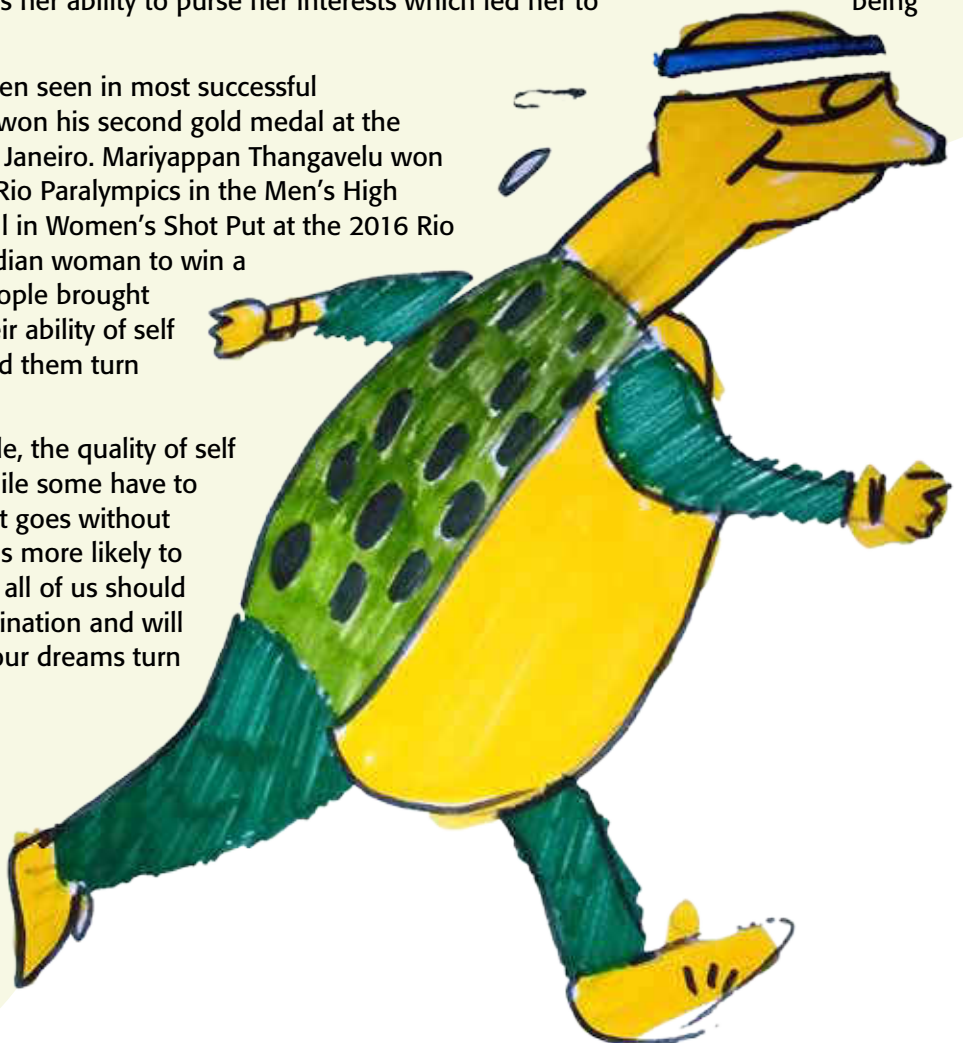
Sunita Lyn 'Sunī' Williams holds the recovery for highest total spacewalks by a woman and most spacewalk time for a woman (50 hours, 40 minutes). She was assigned to the International Space Station as a member of expedition 14 and expedition 15. In 2012, she served as a flight engineer on expedition 32 and then as Commander for expedition 33. It was her ability to pursue her interests which led her to being the phenomenon that she is now.

The spirit of self-determination is often seen in most successful sportspersons. Devenendra Jhajharia won his second gold medal at the 2016 summer Paralympics in Rio de Janeiro. Mariyappan Thangavelu won India's first Gold medal at the 2016 Rio Paralympics in the Men's High Jump. Deepa Malik won Silver medal in Women's Shot Put at the 2016 Rio Paralympics and became the first Indian woman to win a medal at the Paralympics. These people brought their skills, positive attitudes and their ability of self assessment to the fore, which helped them turn into successful people.

There's no doubt that in some people, the quality of self determination is infused by God, while some have to develop it by constant practice. But it goes without saying that a determined individual is more likely to lead a happy and successful life. So all of us should live our lives with unyielding determination and will power, and it won't be long before our dreams turn into reality.

Karandeep Singh

VIII- P



"MY MARRIAGE HAPPENED ON. " SHE SAID
I CORRECTED, "ONLY CALAMITIES HAPPEN"
SHE REPEATED, "MY MARRIAGE HAPPENED".



Dreams Unlimited !

“A dream you dream alone is only a dream. A dream you dream together is reality,”

- Yoko Ono

It was one of those hot sweltering afternoons of Patiala. The long corridors and the big stadium of YPS was silent as usual. Ben and I were looking forward to a quick power nap after a sumptuous lunch consisting of dal, subzi, roti and rice (as the royal Patialvis call it).

As I latched my bedroom door, I heard the sound of a jeep slowing down outside our quarter. Contrary to my hope that the visitors are not looking for us, the door bell rang and I groaned. After a grueling session of teaching, all that I wanted was to sleep.

“Hey Alex! Open the door” Ben called out.

I pulled myself out from my cozy bed and walked into the sitting room.

“Ah! Mary! What happened?” I asked

“Hi Alex, suddenly an assignment has come up, you know, from the school”, Mary said with a smile

Mary was a colleague of ours. She is the wife of an army officer and is very proud about it. Sometimes during break hours we - Ben, Mary and I -we talk and discuss a lot about India, Britain and the cultural differences. In fact she is quite talkative.

“Assignment ?”, Ben was surprised.

“Yes, we have to travel to the mountains

with ten selected children. It’s a part of an initiative by the school to help children appreciate the environment and Nature”, Mary explained with that smile of hers.

“Oh! But we were not told about this by the Director”, I wondered.

“No, it’s a surprise task. Part of your grooming”, Mary gave that smile again.

There was something about Mary’s smile that gave me an uneasy feeling. But I couldn’t quite put a finger on that something.

“C’mmon, Ben, Alex.... let’s get going. We need to leave in 15 minutes. The kids are waiting in the Jeep”, Mary got up to leave.

Ben immediately got up and I had no choice but to follow Ben.

“Oh My God Mary! You brought along such a big rucksack?”, Ben exclaimed.

“Ummm, yeah, it’s a big bag Alex...You know, I had to pack matching shoes, bags, jewellery, matching caps.... . well! What do you guys know about the pains of being a woman”, Mary smiled again and winked at me.

There you go man.... her smile... something is there ! My stomach churned a bit.

Soon our jeep left behind green paddy fields, orange groves and started ascending the hills. And Mary went on talking of Kerala, the place she belongs to. I actually wanted to sleep but since Mary was talking I couldn’t. So with a lot of effort, I kept my eyes open and wore a half smile and pretended to listen to her. Ben was however listening to her or so I thought.

“ and that’s the reason I got you two along ”, Mary looked at us both with a serious expression. She did not smile this time but my stomach churned a bit more.

“What ? No it’s not possible”, Ben said rather loudly

My sleep just vanished into thin air when I looked at Ben. He was in a state of shock. “Well! It is possible Ben”, Mary said quietly. We are right now in the midst of a commando operation. A few terrorists are hiding here in a village a little ahead. We have to neutralize them. I cannot of course do it overtly. So I had to take both of you along ...so now, you are tourists from the UK and I am your guide. You guys are my cover and that way we can operate in a covert way. Nobody will doubt us. ”

"But wait, this operation was never mentioned in our contract with the British Council", I said

"Are you kidding me, Alex? How can the British Council mention a guerilla operation in a contract?"

"No, but you said this was an assignment given by the School.", Ben said

"Yes, Don't forget, we have a Major General as the Director of our school. He conducts covert operations in the school and sometimes for the Indian Army."

"But how can you head a commando operation?. You are only the wife of an Army officer", I asked again

"I had volunteered. We Indian army officers' wives conduct a lot of operations and surgical strikes", Mary said.

Then Mary opened her big ruck sack and took out three machine guns.

"Wow man!" Ben exclaimed, "Machine guns!, Are they for us", Ben was grinning now.

"Oh ! Shut up Ben. We can't do this", I was horrified to see the gun in Mary's hands

"Yes, you will Alex", Mary said quietly and this time she was not smiling

"Hey Alex! We got machine guns man..." Ben was still grinning idiotically

"C'mmon Alex and Ben, take these gun and we have got to move quick", Mary alighted from the jeep

"Do I look cool with this gun Alex? Wait a minute let me just hold it this way. Now how do I look?" Ben asked excitedly

"Seriously Ben ? Look we are teacher assistants who joined YPS through the British Council. Commando operations were never mentioned in the contract. Its dangerous Ben. Let's not do this." I pleaded with Ben.

"Alex", Ben spoke, "This is adventure man; something we sure will never experience ever in our life. Let's just do it and enjoy. I am sure Mary will never put us in danger."

"Hey Mary? Can we get a mosquito spray. Too many mosquitoes here." Ben asked. "You are worried about mosquito bites?" I couldn't hide my surprise.

But Ben was not in a mood to listen. He was quite fascinated by the big machine gun Mary had given him. And he started to follow Mary. I had no choice but to follow suit.

"Listen guys, Tomorrow is the big day. There is this lake nearby from where water is supplied to all the houses in the village. We need to poison it." Mary said.

"What ! Poison the lake ! But many people will die." I was going to faint.

"So, when do we get a chance to use the machine gun? And what about the mosquito spray?", Ben asked.

"All in good time. For the mosquitoes, you just need to clap using both the hands ...see like this. Its more effective than the spray. It's the Indian way and spray is toxic you see." Mary replied

I couldn't help laughing. Here we were planning to poison a lake and then worrying about toxicity in a mosquito spray.

"So guys see you tomorrow. I will get you your camouflage dress. You will have to wear it tomorrow. Good night", Mary walked away.

"C'mmon", Ben started to walk towards the hut, the machine gun still in his hands.

My stomach churned a little more and I realized its because of all the Indian Fried chicken and Tandoori chicken that I had hogged while in Patiala. The next morning all of us assembled in front of Mary's hut. The school students were sent back to Patiala. Lucky them, I thought ruefully.

"Now listen, many old houses in this area draw their water supply from this lake. We need to dive down to where the pipe is, poison the water supply and then come back up. When the sun sets, we'll head down a small path which leads to the headquarters and then we'll take out the leader. There's a wetsuit in the boot of the jeep. Put that on and meet me by the edge of the lake in 10 minutes." Mary ordered. We put our wetsuits on and then we were ready to go.

"We're going to swim to the middle of the lake. If a car comes up the road, we need to dive underwater or they'll see us and they will kill us immediately." We jumped in. The water was freezing and I could feel my ribcage compress as the cold engulfed me. After a few minutes I got used to the water and we were nearly in the middle.

At that moment, I saw a pair of headlights from around the bend in the road and took a deep breath in. I tried to dive under but I couldn't! For some reason I was just floating. I tried again and managed to get under the water. I

wasn't sure if the people in the car had seen me. Once the car had passed we continued. We got to the middle of the lake and dived down. Mary found the water pipe, poured a chemical into it and we came back to the surface.

"Step one accomplished. Now, let's swim back to the shore, get some bigger guns and then head down the path."

We made it to the shore. I was glad to get out and even gladder that the people in the car hadn't seen us. We made our way back to the jeep, the stars bright in the sky above us. From behind me I heard engines rumbling. I spun around, and just saw the first headlights crest over the hill on the opposite side of the lake. They had spotted me. At least 10 armoured trucks were coming for us. We had no chance. I shot Mary a panicked look.

"RUN!" She shouted.

"Boom, Boom Boom...." I heard the loud deafening sounds of their guns... and I ran as fast as I could.... but then the voices were coming towards us, nearer and nearer.... I saw the silhouette of Mary and Ben far far away...A hand from behind tugged at my collar and I fell down. .

I woke up, heart beating fast. As I looked around I realised I was safe and asleep in my room in Patiala. Ben was next to me, sleeping calmly and snoring. Wait a minute ! Was he grinning too?

As the fear subsided, I started laughing, realising how ridiculous the dream had been and made a note of it on my phone...

The next morning in school, as Mary walked in to the staff room with that usual smile of hers, I decided to give her a jolt...

"Mary, Yesterday I had a terrible nightmare ...and ...you were in it"

"What?" Mary was flabbergasted.

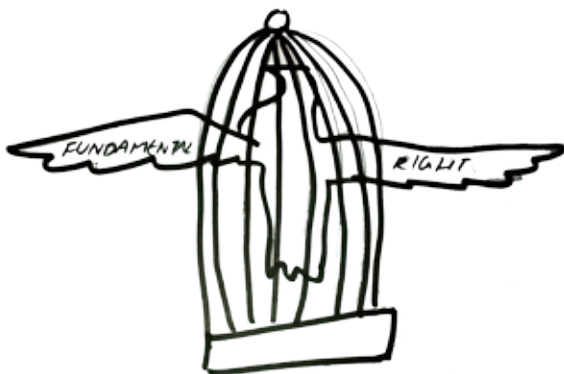
Foot note: A day after the nightmare, Indian soldiers crossed over to the Pakistan area and conducted the biggest surgical strikes ever So then what about my dream?

Actual dream dreamt by
Alex Catling,
Teacher Assistant from UK
Narrated by Mary Samuel,
Ex teacher, YPS.



CARELESS WHISPER!

Fundamental Rights



67 years ago, on 25th of November, 1949 to be precise, Dr Bhimrao Ambedkar stood up one last time, before dedicating the Constitution to the newly independent nation. In a solemn address, amidst all round bonhomie, the learned lawyer warned the nation that the promises of political freedom, liberty and equality could prove to be a chimera if majority of people in the land remained poor, unequal and divided. His words have proved to be remarkably prescient.

Today life for the majority of the poor and downtrodden--Dalits, Women, Adivasis, Minorities continues to be "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and hellish".

Every day we see, hear and read about the poor begging on streets, Dalits beaten up by upper castes, women stripped in public, Muslims killed for their eating habits, Adivasis losing land to influential corporates, farmers committing suicides for debts.

However these gruesome incidents rarely manage to hit the newspaper headlines, stir a rant from Arnab Goswami or rouse a politician to make a speech.

Right to Equality is a mere farce. Women face inequality even at conception. The gruesome tools of female foeticide and infanticide rule out their existence. Many of those who do make it into the world face atrocities at the hands of biased parents, intolerant husbands and

money minded in-laws. Where is the Right to Equality when all careers are not open to women and to top it all is the disparity in the wages. Let me introduce you to the new shudras. I am talking of the largest, most important workforce in India. Yes, the maidservants, the domestic help. Indispensable they are for most middle and rich class homes. Yet they enjoy no rights. They are subjected to maltreatment, poor salaries, late working hours. Even molestation at the hands of their masters.

You heard me right! I did say Masters.

Well aren't we living in the era where all citizens have fundamental rights. You can't have masters. Do not forget, this is also the age of camouflage. The masters have mastered their art of subjugating their helpless slaves and still go scot free.

Dr Ambedkar's carefully drafted Constitution which took him 2 years, 11 months and 17 days tried to ensure Cultural and Educational Rights. Wasn't it last week that a video clip went viral on Facebook. It explicitly showed a group of school kids bashing one child just because he happened to be a Dalit.

Another video showed a weeping father, mind you, a constable unable to procure a place for his academically deserving child in a reputed school of Delhi.

Does that make you bloat with pride that Indians have suddenly found a new voice on the social media??

Let me warn you before you snugly start to believe that 'All is Well'. These video clips have a short shelf life and shorter still is the embarrassment of the culprits. That too is not guaranteed unless the timing be categorically correct.

You guessed it right!!

Election time makes a difference.

And why not,

We are a democracy where Citizens have a Right to Vote!!!

Money makes the mare go! Is a dictum which never went out of fashion. Some people may say that money can't buy happiness. I partially agree. Money can fetch a poor patient a seat in a multi specialty hospital. Money can help buy life saving drugs. More so, money can buy a roof over my head and clothes to cover the body

No wonder we worship Goddess Lakshmi with such reverence.

Poverty is a curse especially when you stay in a place like India where the fundamental rights are listed in a written constitution only to be tested by Civics Teachers.

Let me for a minute side with the indigenous tribes of Chattisgarh. The Government has chosen to forcibly 'settle them down' in urban areas while shamelessly denying them any rights over the forest produce. What happened to their Fundamental Right?

Don't they have freedom to choose where they wish to live, in fact, 'continue to live.'

Reiterating the issue of exploitation, we must mourn the plight of the Indian Farmer, bent double with burdens. The climate change, erratic rainfall & the so called Acts of God drive him to suicide. Exploitation at the hand of moneylenders is rampant even today.

In the times of surgical strikes and chest thumping, let us pause and reflect. Does the mere listing of Fundamental rights serve any purpose ?

India's tryst with destiny shall remain. well. a distant pipe dream!!!

Meher Mangat
XI Arts

The G.O.A.T.

19th November 2013. Portugal, once a force to reckon with in the world of football, are tonight on the verge of falling short on the Road to Brazil for the FIFA World Cup 2014. Two goals from the talismanic Sweden, Zlatan Ibrahimovic, have given his country the upper hand in the second leg of this playoff round. Portuguese hearts seem destined to be broken as Sweden lead Portugal by two goals in a 'make or break' fixture. On any other day, against any other team, Sweden would have coasted to the finish line. But

this time, things were different. For this time, they were up against this one man. One man, who is perhaps the greatest footballer Portugal ever saw. One man, who is arguably the greatest to have ever graced 'The Beautiful Game' itself. Cristiano Ronaldo. Once again, the genius came to the fore, scoring a hat-trick to complete a remarkable turnaround and single-handedly dragging his team to the World Cup Finals in Brazil.

There used to be a time when Portugal would be considered frontrunners at all major tournaments. But legends like Figo, Deco, Postiga all failed to deliver at the big stage, and Portugal remained what they always had been – contenders, never champions. And things hardly changed with the emergence of Ronaldo. He would drag his team to finals, but just when all that was needed was a final push, his teammates would desert him. It was almost ironical that arguably the Greatest of All Time had never laid his hands on an International trophy. World Cups in 2010, 2014, European Championships in 2008, 2012, all ended in despair for Portugal and its captain.

Ronaldo, now 31, once again lead his troops at the Euros 2016, but this time minus any hopes or expectations. Time seemed up for the aged Ronaldo, and he seemed resigned to finish an illustrious career without a trophy for his country.

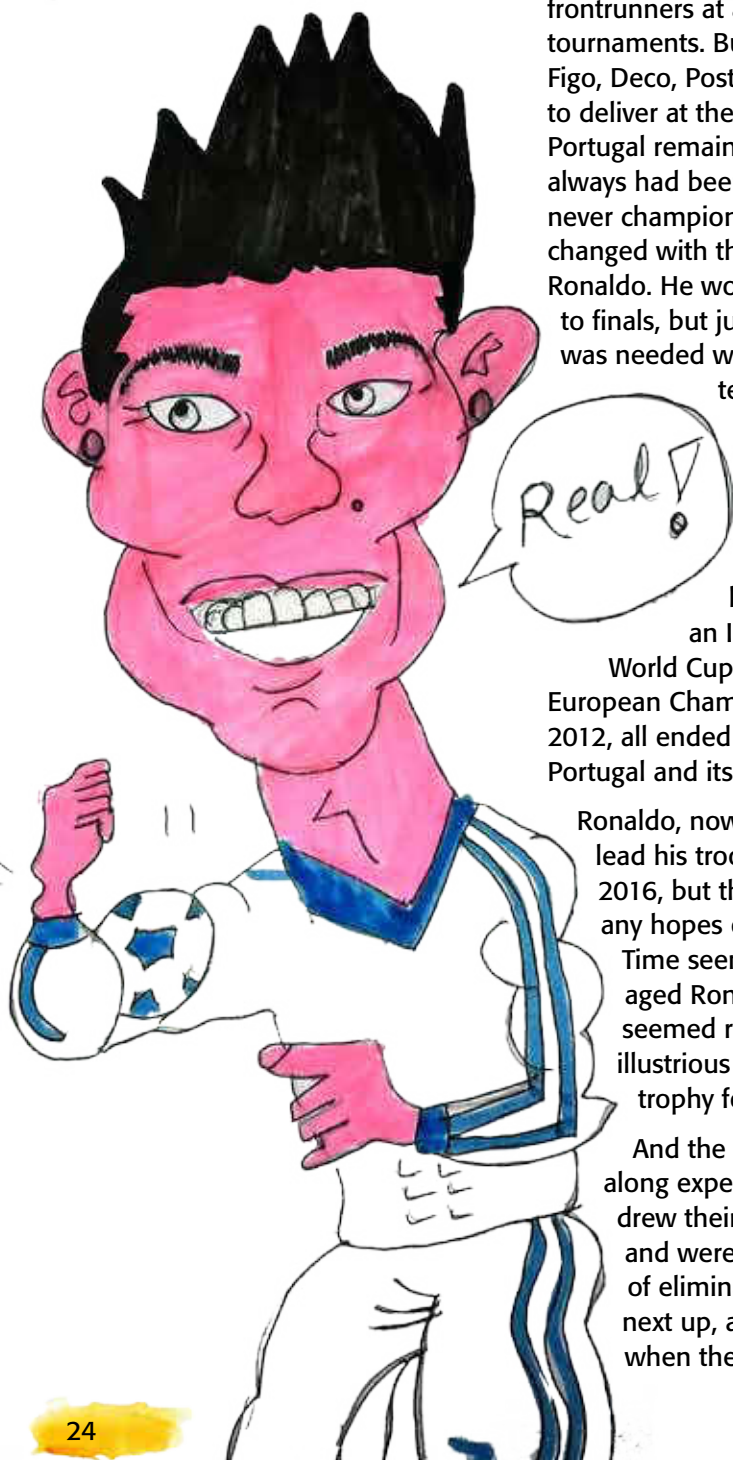
And the campaign began along expected lines. Portugal drew their first two games and were staring in the face of elimination. Hungary were next up, and all seemed lost when the opposition opened

the scoring; but a sensational ball from Ronaldo got Portugal on level terms. But luck seemed to be firmly with the Hungarians, as they scored once again. Defeat seemed inevitable. And yet, Ronaldo had other plans. He scored a belter, sending Portugal through to the last 16. What followed was a dream campaign marshalled by the captain himself, as Portugal made it all the way to the Final.

A perfect setup awaited the unlikely of finalist. They were up against a packed crowd of 50,000 egging its team on. They faced an opponent they had not beaten once in the last 40 years. They faced the hosts France, who had never lost at the Stade de France in 24 years. And with all the odds stacked firmly against them, Portugal looked up to one man – Cristiano Ronaldo. But hold on, a twist was still in the offing, as Ronaldo soon got injured after a hefty tackle. Despite repeated attempts, he was unable to continue playing, leaving the field clutching his knee, and probably his heart too. With their talisman gone, no one was backing the underdogs Portugal. And yet, the players chose not to give in and held on, standing their ground not just for country, but for the man who had borne the load of a nation's expectations for years. It was time they did it for the man who made countless sacrifices for his country. And their hardwork ultimately paid off, as super-sub Eder smashed home the winner for Portugal, sending a whole nation into a state of disbelief!!

What followed was ecstatic celebrations, the likes of which one hardly sees. And there are no prizes for guessing whose smile was the widest – the captain, Cristiano Ronaldo. At last, the curse was lifted! And as he kissed his and his nation's first ever international trophy, one couldn't help but cry out – he is truly the Greatest of All Time.

Dhruv Kaushik
XII Arts



it's about me, me and me

'Individuality is a straight path to one's happiness and self esteem
Today's world gives you umpteen options to fulfil your dream
This world isn't ruled by engineers and doctors anymore,
Artists, crooners, cartoonists and theatre folks make a score
What more you want in life when your passion transforms into career
Way beyond forcing yourself your interest will provide you with bliss surreal.

Nowadays, you won't see a cartoonist (at heart) sitting in a hospital, stitching someone's atrium and bicuspid valve. You won't see a poet controlling the rush of poetry in the joint engineering examination. An artist would no longer paint the structure of carboxylic acids and an actor won't be seen sitting in a bank, secretly yearning to run away.

Welcome to the 21st century, Ladies and Gentleman ! Here your dreams and desires hold significance, your interests will earn you a living with hefty amounts to your credit and passion can turn you into a sensation and you can die at peace with yourself for having lived your life.

We have become open to change; adaptability and acceptance being the driving force. From young chefs being the delight of the crowd to fashion designers earning respect, from singing superstars occupying a soulful as well as an upbeat section of our hearts and we dancing to the steps of the choreographers, the list will take a long time to end. And if at all, medicine or mathematics give you satisfaction, you are to become Darwin or Newton in the near future.

Success stories begin at home, I must say! When you, yourself hate being a part of the mainstream lot and choose the road not taken, what more of an inspiration could it be! A die hard foodie, a bathroom singer and a 2 am poetess, who is after Einstein to build up a career! But no, if Einstein and Newton would not help me out, Shakespeare will. There are so many fields popping up, that don't require a super computer brain.

Talking of aptitude, every individual is different and so is the functioning of the cerebellum. The ability to think and put things into action, how you handle different situations and your emotional quotient is just like your DNA fingerprint. In the past, you had limited number of options and it was difficult for you to manage your hobby turn into your learning. We are happier than our forefathers. We really are. When you finish your high school studies and step into the real world, it is your playground, with so many options to play with.

With parents supporting you and encouraging you to do your will, you need not forget that you need to work hard and strive. Career basically means a secured future where you are satisfied and at bliss and where you always wanted to be.

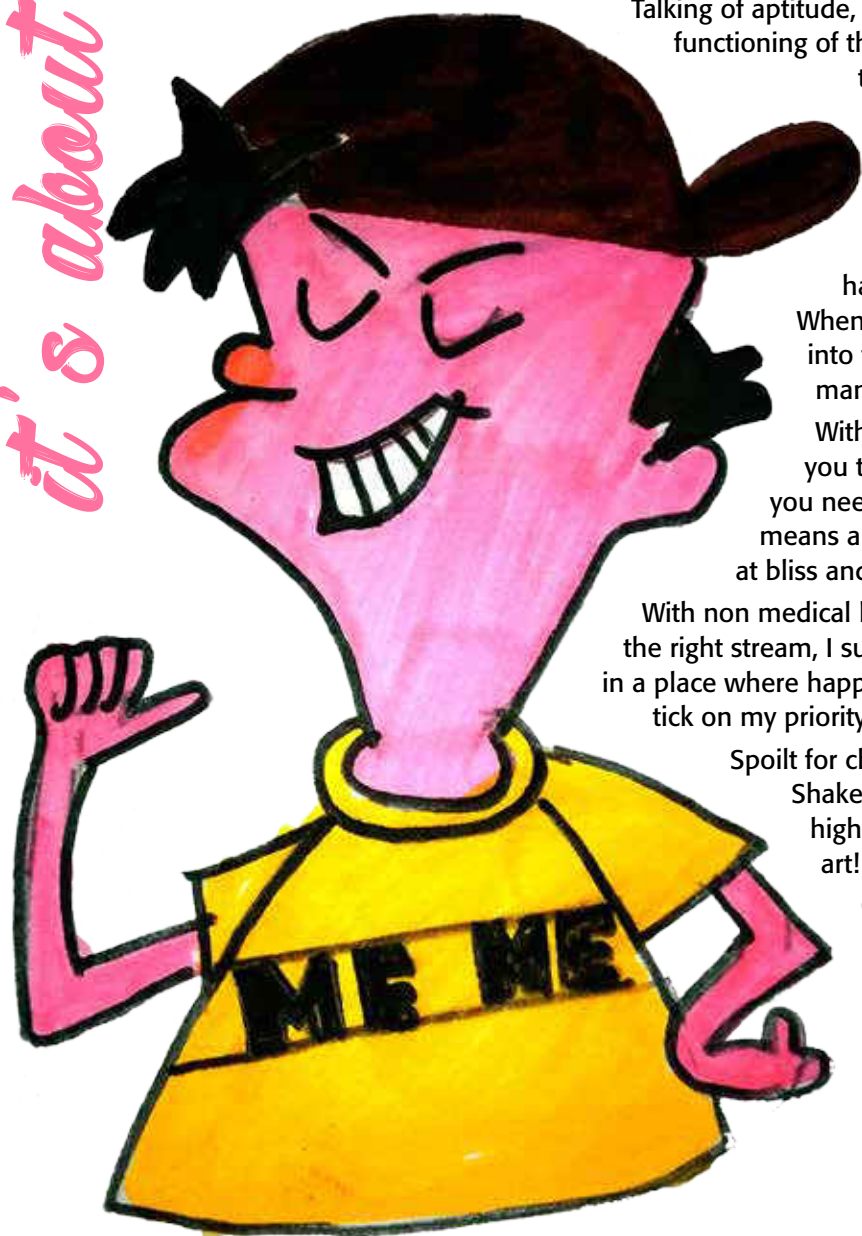
With non medical being the stream for me (a fish flowing in the right stream, I suppose. I have immense faith that I'll end up in a place where happiness and satisfaction will always be the first tick on my priority list).

Spoilt for choice, I'll pursue Newton by profession, Shakespeare by heart. You don't need to have a high intelligent quotient to be a masterpiece of art!

Close your eyes, follow your heart, chase your dreams and they will fulfil.

Your interest and aptitude will earn you a career and that too at your own will.

Aashna Duggal
XII Sc



It has been almost a year now. I was on a business trip. The drive from Denver to LA was a long one. I was growing weary of the road, So I halted at the gates of Holiday Inn which prominently showed itself in a series of billboards a mile before it showed up. I walked up to the unoccupied desk. Just seconds later, a man came out from the back room. "Hello sir, my name is John Shelby," the man said, "How can I assist you?"

"I'm looking for a room," I replied, "Are there any available?"

He searched in his computer to see if a room was available. To my luck, there was a vacant one. Taking the key from him, I asked him for a bag of chips. He pointed towards a vending machine at the far end of the hall. As I removed the bag from where it was spat out by the machine, I noticed a pool at the end of the hall. A lot of hotels have pools, there is nothing strange about that. What got me confused was the fact that the water was red, blood red. I purchased my bag of chips and went back to the front desk where the man was still present. "What's up with that pool back there?" I asked him.

"What do you mean, sir?" He asked, with a know it all already look upon his face.

"The water is red," I said, "Why is it red?"

He took off his glasses and took a deep breath. "Well it's kind of a freaky story," he said, "Years ago, a woman was found brutally murdered in that pool and the water was contaminated with her blood."

"Are you telling me that her blood is still in there?"

"No, no, of course not," he said, "The water was removed and the pool was closed down. But many people say they see the pool filled with red water." He put his glasses back on. "Personally, I have never seen it, but I think this hotel likes to play tricks with your mind."

"So this place is haunted then?" He

shook his head yes. I was shocked, not really scared, but just surprised because I had never had an experience like that before.

I went up to my room, took a well needed hot shower and I lay in bed. I couldn't sleep for some reason, my mind was so curious and it had so many questions that needed answers. I got out of bed, put on a shirt and I walked out into the hallway. I walked down the hall and headed toward the pool. It was quiet out in the halls, I guess nobody else had trouble sleeping.

I was laughing at myself when I realized I was in my underwear, so it was a good thing that nobody was out in the halls at that time. I did believe that I saw a woman cross from one room to the other. I didn't think anything of it at the time, I just figured it was another guest.

When I reached the floor of the pool, I was able to see the blood red water even from way down the hall. I passed the front desk, nobody was there. I then passed the vending machine and I stopped directly in front of the door that would lead to the pool. I tried the door, but it was locked. I don't think I would've gone in even if it wasn't. I looked through the large window that showed the blood contaminated pool. It looked as if the pool had been closed for a long time. I looked behind me, down the hall to the elevator. I was imagining a scene from "The Shining" when the stream of blood came shooting out of the elevator. I had a feeling that I would see something similar to that, but I didn't. Instead, I saw a woman, standing at the edge of the pool and looking as if she was about ready to jump in. She was completely nude, not a single piece of clothing on her body. When she snapped her head my way, I jumped back in fear and I walked



Red Water

back to my room as fast as I could, taking the stairs next to the vending machine instead of the elevator.

Hours later, I woke up to my alarm going off. I took a shower, threw on some clothes and I walked down to the first floor for breakfast. After breakfast, I was ready to check out and get back on the road. I decided to take one last look at the pool before I leave. I walked slowly pass the front desk, pass the vending machine and to the pool. I was still freaked out by what happened the night before as I looked through the window. I was surprised to see that the pool was empty. There was no red water and there was no woman.

I walked back to the front desk where a woman was working. "Is John Shelby available?" I asked.

She gave me a confused look. "Excuse me?" She said.

"John Shelby," I repeated. "He was working here last night."

"John Shelby died back in 1982," she said. "He killed himself after murdering a woman, right there in that pool." She laughed. "Is this a joke, sir?"

"Yeah," I said, forcing out a laugh. "It was just a joke." I returned my key and I left the building. I got back on the road, never forgetting about what had happened that night in that hotel.

-Ekam, XO



Out There

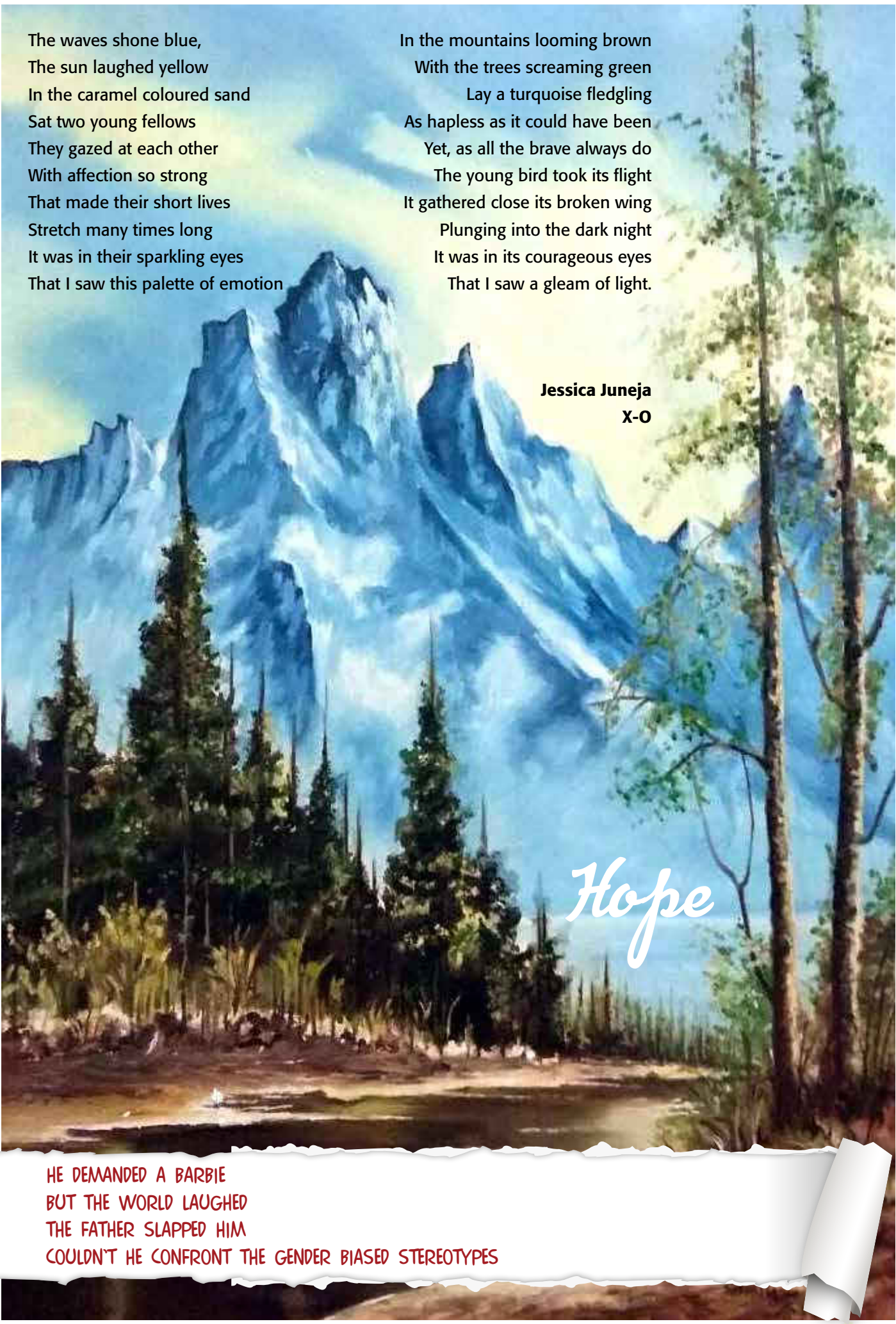
Everything is deceptive and so is this
But look out once, because after all
The world is full of lovely sights. . . . !
These beautiful sights can calm your mind,
Can move your soul, let life unwind.
There may be a hustle and bustle of the day, but
The world is full of tranquil nights. . . !
These nights can make you sail away,
Can make you forget all those who betray.
But beware, because out there,
The world is full of magical lights. . . !
Beauties so ethereal and pizzaze,
But if you look closely, it's all hideousness
These magical lights can make you drift away, as
The world is full of glorious heights. . . . !
These glorious heights make you run for fame,
And make you end up playing a filthy game.
But don't let these thoughts haunt you much;
The world is full of wrongs and rights. . . . !
When life puts you down during the nasty hours,
Just roll over and look at the stars.
Every cloud has a silver lining and after all
The world is full of positive vibes. . . . !

Mehak Sandhu
X P

AN UNDERDOG
ROTTING IN THE STREETS
ONE MOVIE
NOW SLUMDOG MILLIONAIRE



CANDI(E)D MOMENTS!

A painting of a mountain landscape. In the background, a range of jagged, snow-capped mountains rises against a blue sky with soft, white clouds. In the foreground, a calm lake reflects the surrounding scenery. The shoreline is lined with tall, dark evergreen trees and some smaller shrubs. The overall color palette is dominated by blues, greens, and earthy browns, with a touch of yellow from the sky and snow.

The waves shone blue,
The sun laughed yellow
In the caramel coloured sand
Sat two young fellows
They gazed at each other
With affection so strong
That made their short lives
Stretch many times long
It was in their sparkling eyes
That I saw this palette of emotion

In the mountains looming brown
With the trees screaming green
Lay a turquoise fledgling
As hapless as it could have been
Yet, as all the brave always do
The young bird took its flight
It gathered close its broken wing
Plunging into the dark night
It was in its courageous eyes
That I saw a gleam of light.

Jessica Juneja
X-O

Hope

HE DEMANDED A BARBIE
BUT THE WORLD LAUGHED
THE FATHER SLAPPED HIM
COULDN'T HE CONFRONT THE GENDER BIASED STEREOTYPES

Primary Colours

Prep School
Children Paint!



"Dress shabbily and they remember the dress, dress impeccably and they remember the person" says the famous fashion brand, Coco Chanel.

What is fashion? Fashion is a trend one follows by which one presents oneself to others. Fashion is that one thing that defines you. Your first impression on a person depends on the way you speak and the way you dress up. It is not important to spend thousands on your dresses and shoes. Neither is it important to wear the elite brands because a little awareness of what suits your body type and your personality is enough for looking appealing 'a la' fashionable.

But these days, I see something very strange happening ! I spot boys making ponytails and combing their hair into buns, pretty much like women. Some girls wear boyish clothes and thereafter act like tomboys. The beauty parlours of our town which were once full of female clients are now flooded with males. They go for facials and hair colours. Girls feel sporting short hair or going bald is fashionable.

I feel that youngsters are attaching a new meaning altogether to 'fashion'. They are associating fashion with oddity. They feel anything unusual is fashion. So if majority are following a norm, the ones who want to be termed 'modern' shall go for an outrageous appearance. What is required is a change in mindset. I wish working hard and being honest was termed fashionable instead of inked, pierced bodies with hair painted in all possible colours on an artist's palette.

Amy
XI Com



Oddity In Fashion

HE MARVELLED AT HIS PERFECTIONIST MOTHER
PSYCHIATRIST CALLED IT MOTHER FIXATION.



**BONDS OF BONHOMIE -
STUDENTS SHARE A DELIGHTFUL MOMENT
WITH MAJOR GENERAL SANJIV VARMA**

I Am The Only Me ...!

I am proud to be who I am,
What you think of me,
I don't give a damn.

I live, I love, I cry,
I come with many a fault,
But I am unique,
Because I'm only me.

Sometimes I am funny, at times I'm not.
I can be furious, yet choose to be happy.
I have many mood swings,
But then I'm only me.

I don't have many friends,
But with those I'm friends,
I am loyal and honest.
Because I'm only me.

I don't pretend, I 'm the real me.
I have a family which cares,
So that is enough for me.
Because I'm only me.

I'm comfortable with me,
Call me fat or thin,
Dark or fair,
Because I'm only me.

I love being me,
Because I'm the only me.

Arshjot Kaur Nagpal
7N



SNAKES AND LADDERS
THE GAMBLER'S LIFE
AND, FINALLY, HE WAS BITTEN.

Soundless

Ever since I can remember, I have been able to perceive things that others cannot. I still recall the days of my infancy when I would, for the first time, sleep in my own bed, in my own room, and how the shadows of unknown beings would haunt my room or perhaps my head. All I know is that I saw things, and that, at least to me, these things were as real as the things that were tangible to others.

I can still play in my memory the ominous events. How I pointlessly attempted to sleep as the door of my wardrobe opened slowly, and always stopped just before I could see what pushed it open, although it was already hard enough to see with one eye barely open to be war-ready just in case whatever hid behind the door decided to come out.

As I grew older, I came in contact with these things and I started to be able to sense them, feel them, and even smell them. The odour was not pleasant - it was a rotten smell, and maybe even came close to the smell of Death itself. As time passed and I got more used to these beings, my senses were more effective, I could see everything, sense everything, smell everything, and be able to differentiate what was one of these beings, and what was something else shared with the rest of the people around me. However, as close as I came to these beings, I never could hear them. This made me feel so desperate. I knew they were there, I could sense them, and I was able to tell they were there, but the missing noise provoked an immense fear. How was it possible that with everything these beings were able to do they did not emit any sound? Seeing them, knowing they were there, but still, unable to hear them. Soon enough people noticed my constant state of, as they called it, paranoia, and I was sent to a

psychologist. I was not paranoid, I was simply cautious, I had to keep my senses always in full attention of what was around me, since I could not hear them, they could get closer to me at any time when my guard was down and do God-knows-what to me. Maybe convert me into one of them? Maybe they were demons trying to drag my soul into the depths of Hell? Maybe they were angels of death trying to steal my life away?

I had refused to consult the famous ghost buster of my town but I was dragged to his so called office, which looked more like an unkempt apartment.

The visit was quick. He asked me all kinds of annoying and probing questions about my life and got me to talk at some length about my personal life. I told him everything about my past experiences with the strange beings that haunted me. Being 25 years old and having a long history of experiences like these, most accurately ever since I can remember, did not sound too well to the doctor and I was sent to a psychiatrist, who after the very first visit prescribed pills for me. He explained to me that the pills would help me get rid of the beings and would help me feel less stressed and I would be able to maintain a more normal lifestyle. He did, however, warn me that those pills were not easily found, but that whenever I needed more he could provide me with them, and he also mentioned that the effects would kick in slowly, and that the more I took the faster they'd fade away.

After a month of taking the much hyped pills I could feel the difference. I felt more free, less scared, and the beings would stay away as long as I took those pills. The pills made my life much better. People around me no longer called

me insane or mentioned that I seemed paranoid. All in all, whatever these pills did to me, I knew that the things I had seen were not a product of my imagination. I knew they were real, and wherever they were when I took the pills, they were just waiting. Waiting in the darkness of my ignorance, waiting in the silence they've always been in. But of course, everything has an ending, no matter what it is. Everything ends eventually.

One day, approximately three years after my treatment began, I ran out of pills. As usual, this wasn't a problem: All I had to do was go back to the doctor and ask for more. To my surprise, the doctor wasn't there anymore. He had disappeared. An immense fear invaded me and I felt more worried than I had ever felt in my whole life, even when those things were around. Then it hit me - those things. Those devilish things took him. They knew he provided me with the pills that kept them away from me. I knew the pills were not easy to find, as the doctor had already said, and those things knew it as well. I had to find more pills, wherever and at any cost, I had to find more. Those things would be back again otherwise, and it might be sooner than later.

Days passed, and I started to see them again but luckily for me they started coming back slowly. I could see them again in the corners of my house, still hiding in the shadows, making themselves more evident as time passed. I could see them when I tried to sleep, creeping through the gap between the wall and the door of my room. I could see them again, and



it did not take long for me to start feeling their presence again. Their odour came back, and in less than two months, in which I desperately looked for more pills and the doctor, they were back. Before this torture came back into my life I had noticed that the doctor's disappearance was not just a figment of my imagination, the doctor had indeed disappeared. Police officers, along with his family, looked for the doctor or any clue that could drive them to him, but never found anything. In the meantime I slowly descended back into my long forgotten hell. This time though, something horrible happened.

Knowing that these things were always there was a torture like no other. After the two months I could start hearing them. They became louder and louder every night, they were screaming. When they did not scream, they whispered, when they didn't do one or the other they simply talked to me. Requesting me, demanding me, to do horrible things. Out of all the things I could hear from them the whispers were the worst, because when they whispered, ironically, they were louder and clearer than when they

spoke or screamed. They did not demand anything from me when they whispered; they simply whispered four words that caused a frightening chill that travelled from the core of my heart, throughout my chest, to the very tip of my fingers, and to my head. "You cannot escape us", they whispered, over and over again. At night these whispers rang in my head, freezing my blood and causing tears to come out of my eyes as if they were waterfalls.

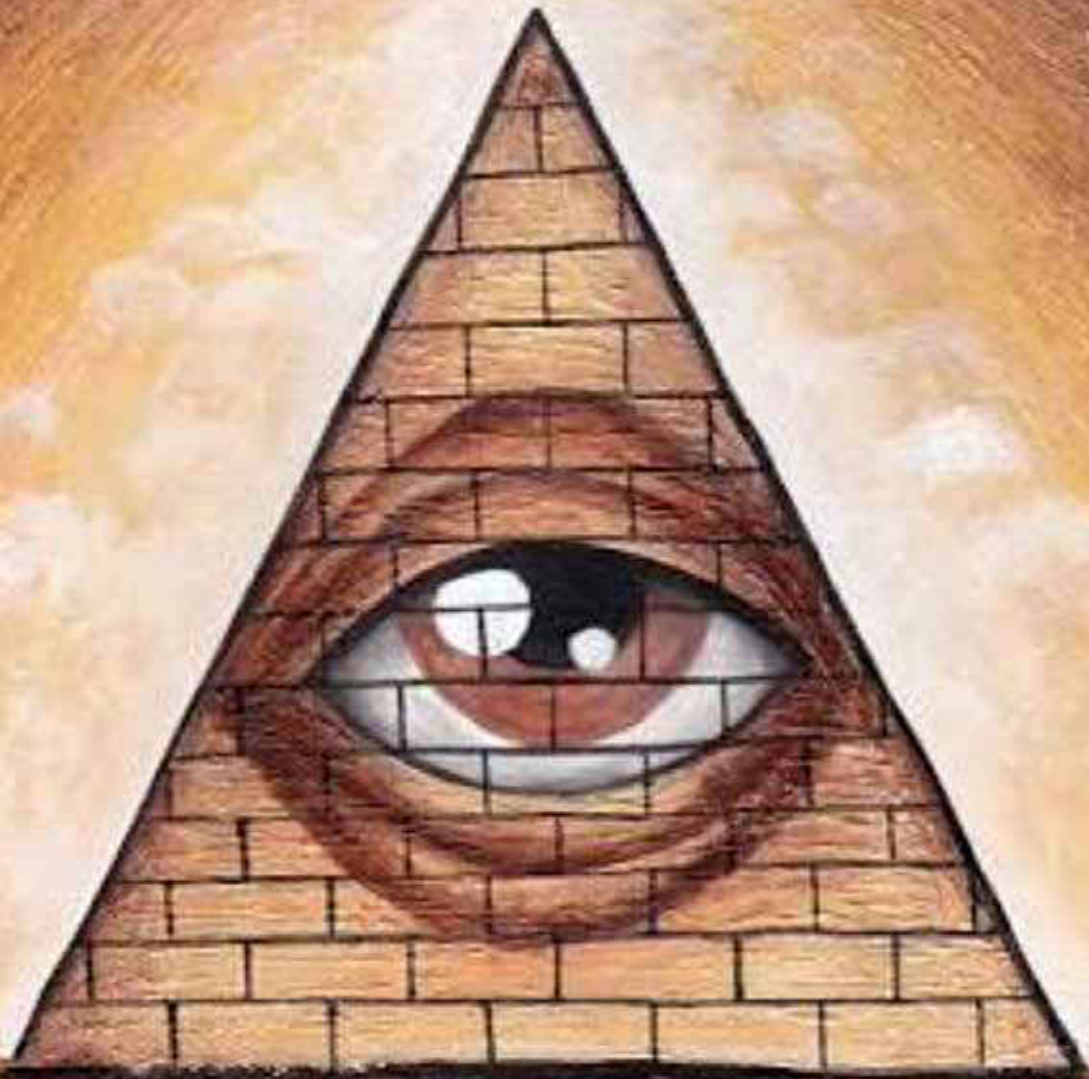
After a few weeks of living like this, the screaming, demands, and whispers became more constant. Every day and every night, haunting me, and making those around me fear for my well-being. Everything became so constant, all the demands of blood, the whispers that kept reminding me I could not escape them, the screaming and more recently the maniacal laughter, as if they enjoyed my suffering and fed from my desperation. I looked back to the time when those around me used to say I was just insane and that it was all in my head, and I realized that if it were to be true, that all this was all just in my head, then it would be worth taking the risk. I ran to my

kitchen and the screaming and everything else became louder with every step. They all started to shout, speak, laugh, and whisper at the same time as I rapidly grabbed a knife I had left on the sink. All the noise at once became quiet. Silence. The screaming and all that torture rapidly faded away as I could feel a warmth and a stinging yet relieving pain in my throat. The red spilled out of my throat, soaking my shirt in blood. I fell to the ground barely feeling the impact of the fall. I felt numb, and suddenly I felt a freezing cold.

As I lie on the floor, feeling my life slowly fade away, I can see and tell my life to you. You who have tortured me for so long, and who now at the edge of my life finally leave me in peace, you who I have been trying to get away from for so long and even succeeded for a while. To you I tell this. I did escape you, and although it cost me my life I can say it is worth it. Why even bother to live if my mere existence had become a torture?

**Ekam
X O**

THE SCORPION STUNG
MOTHER WRITHED IN PAIN
YET SAID, " THANK GOD IT'S NOT MY SON "



illuminati

It is unlike me to coax others to explore online videos to prove my point, but for this one, I choose to differ. Do go through pop videos and thereby you shall end up with a revelation. No doubt, you shall get to read of fans' undying love for their stars. Yet you shall also gauge an undercurrent of strange brewing, mentioning a new world order and pyramids. Before you begin to wonder what a mere song has to do with a new world order, let me tell you of the Illuminati. A shadowy, yet powerful, influence of world leaders, businessmen and celebrities is visible in the world. This cabal is supposedly the one which masterminds everything in this world. Surely, everything seems to grow on us organically, whether it is people winning the

elections, natural disasters, stock market crashes, material success stories. Historical precedents, reliable witnesses and even the belief in extra-terrestrial life help us have faith in the presence of this anti semantic group.

Information on existence of Illuminati first came in 1776. It was modelled on secret societies like the Freemason. The idea was to remove the Roman Catholic Church's power and influence over government, philosophy and science, to crack down on state abuses of power and to get the same educational opportunities as men. People have been talking of this for centuries. Reference of Illuminati is made in books, films, TV shows and games over the years; from the plot of Dan Brown's, 'Angels and Demons'.

The floating eye in the triangle above

a pyramid has appeared in many Disney films and popular comics. Beyonce, Kane West and Rihanna have been linked with the old triangle eye. The all-seeing eye also appears in sculptures, frescos and furnishings across the globe.

Well to top it all, it is there on the standard US dollar bill, the world's most widely circulated banknote. If chat room gossip is to be believed, the US twenty dollar bill when folded a certain way, gives the impression of Twin Towers. It is believed to be a sign foreshadowing these horrific events. Believe it or not. Marvel you shall.

Dilawar Sidhu
XII Science

Importance of Time in Life

Time is extremely important in our life. It helps us to organize and structure our daily activities. No one can escape the passing of time. We all are subjected to ages and mortality. One can gain experience and develop skills over time. Time also helps to heal things whether external wounds or feelings. It is the ultimate measure.

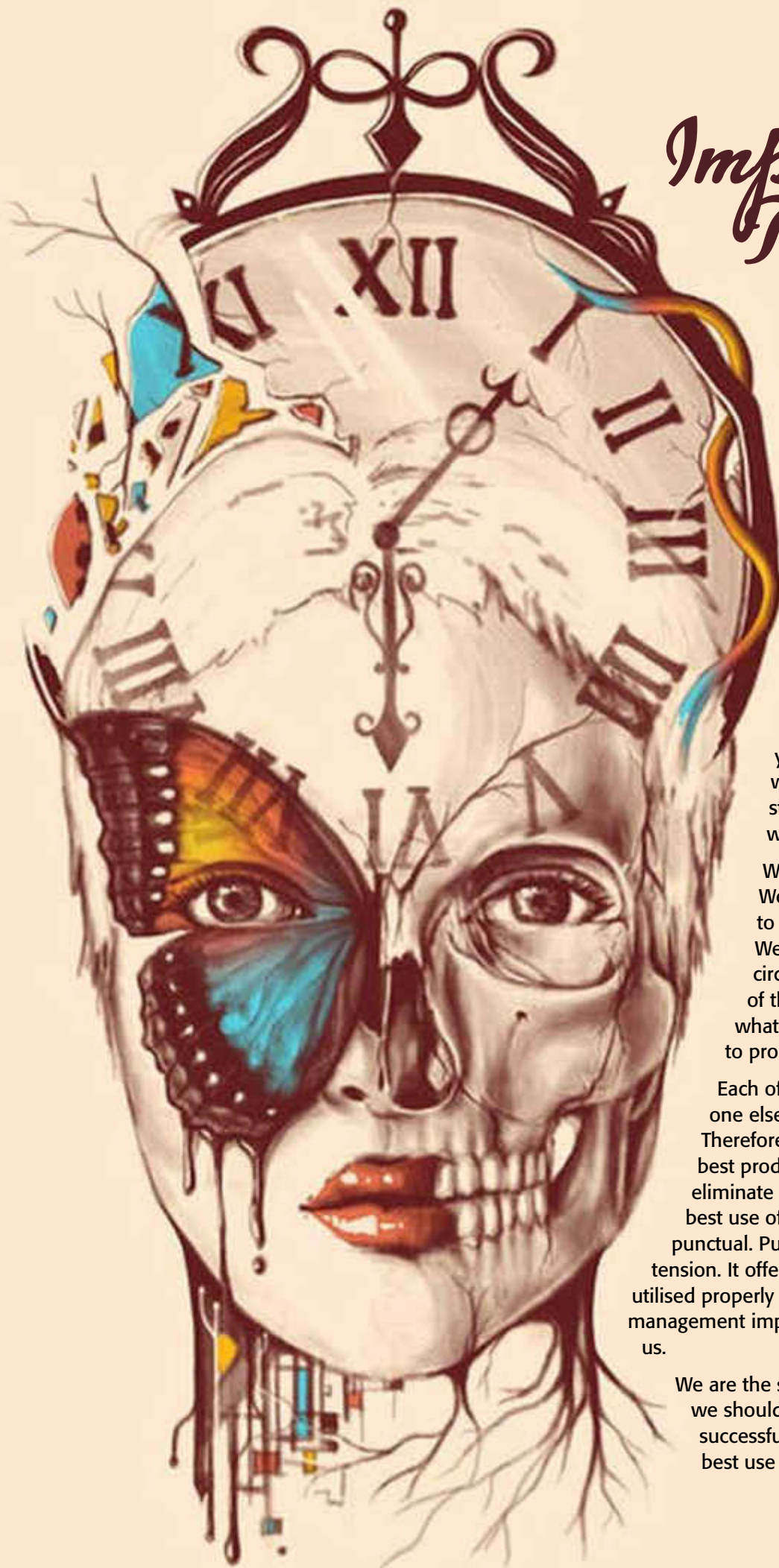
Time has no beginning and no end. We are able to measure it in years, months, days, hours, minutes and seconds. Time flows, it keeps on moving. What was yesterday, is not today. What is today, will not be tomorrow. One has to strike the iron when it is hot. If you waste time, it wastes you.

We need time in every part of life. We need time to work, to rest and to accomplish all the chores of living. We need time to understand the circumstances and even people. Most of the relations require more time than what we actually have. Also we need time to produce, maintain and consume things.

Each of us has 24 hours a day and no one else can live this time in our place. Therefore it becomes important to make the best productive use of these hours. This will eliminate the piling up of work load. To ensure best use of time in life, one needs to be very punctual. Punctuality avoids inconvenience and tension. It offers great opportunities, which when utilised properly will bring magnificent results. Time management improves the decision making ability in us.

We are the supreme creation of God. So we should not waste our time. The most successful people are those who make the best use of time.

Khushi Dalla VIII-E



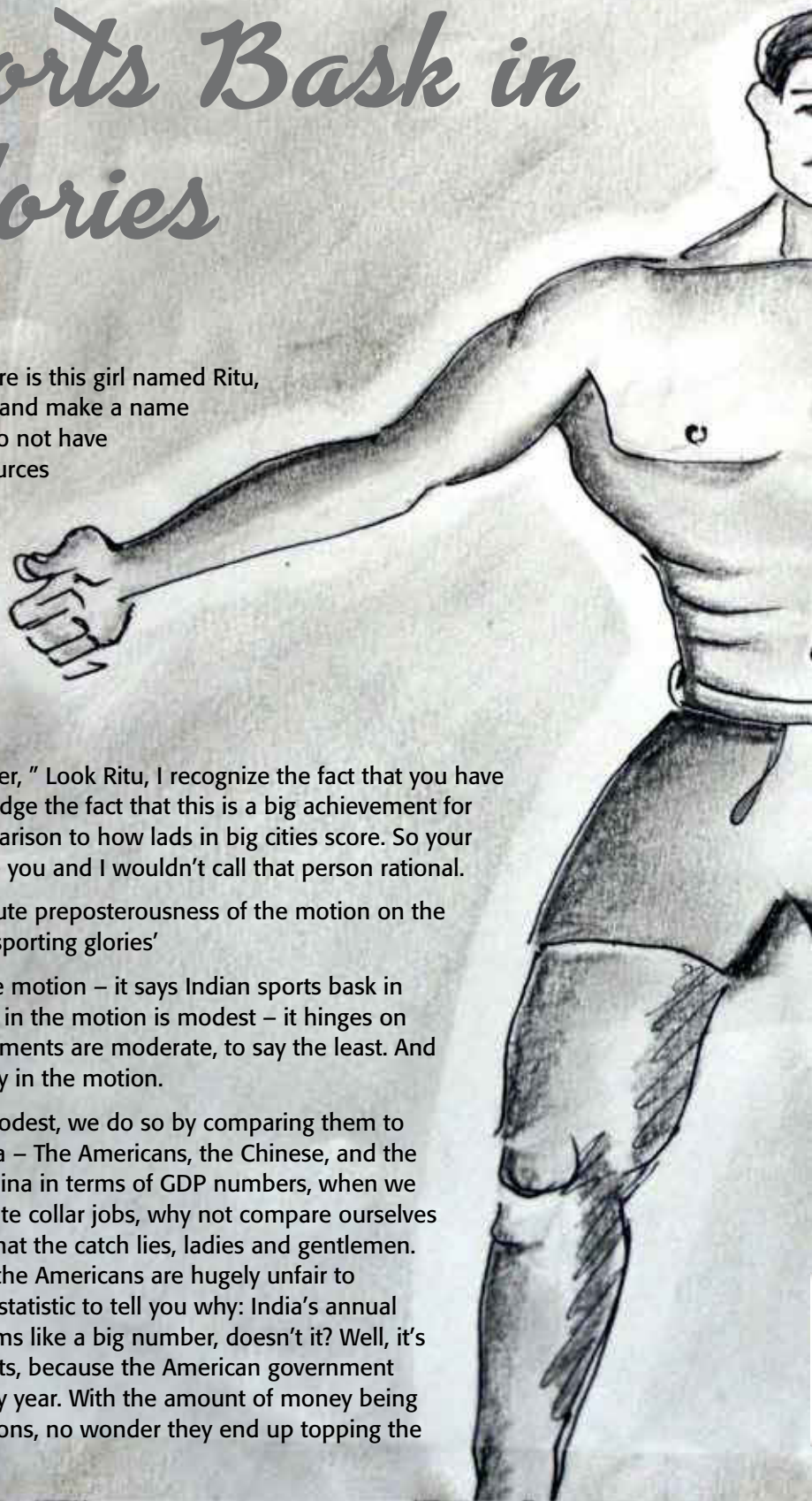
Indian Sports Bask in Modest Glories

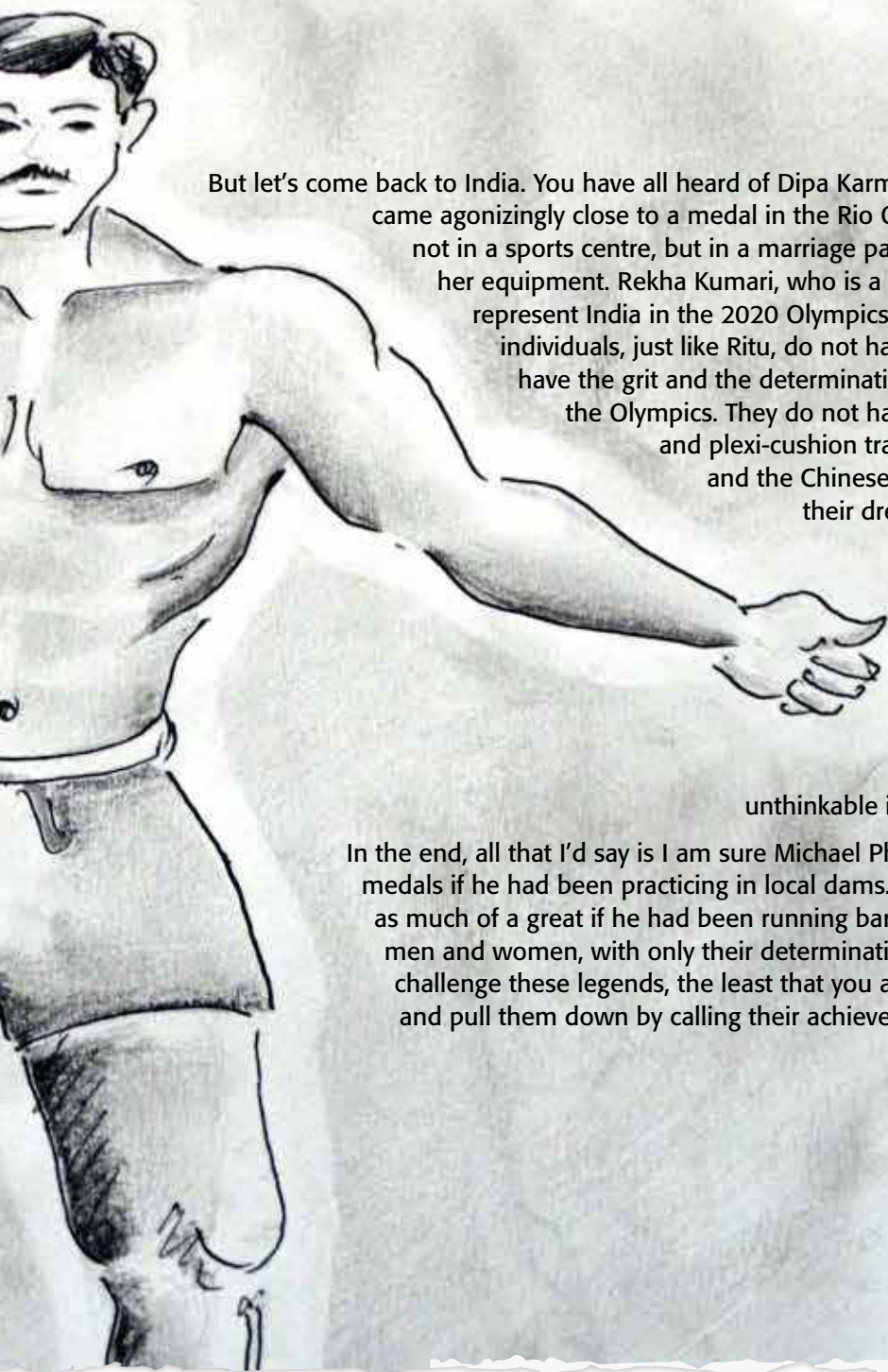
In a remote corner of a rundown village, there is this girl named Ritu, who really, really, really wants to study hard and make a name for herself. But the sad part is, her parents do not have enough money to provide her with the resources – she has limited books to refer to, barely any pens to write with. All the odds are stacked against her, as is the case with most poor households. But then something amazing happens – somehow, with her sheer grit and determination and perseverance, she manages to get a 90% in her Boards exam, something you just wouldn't expect of her. Now if someone was to go and tell her, "Look Ritu, I recognize the fact that you have made your mom and dad proud, I acknowledge the fact that this is a big achievement for you, but your percentage is modest in comparison to how lads in big cities score. So your celebrations seem a bit excessive", I am sure you and I wouldn't call that person rational.

This analogy puts into perspective the absolute preposterousness of the motion on the floor today – 'Indian sports bask in modest sporting glories'

To begin with, let us take a closer look at the motion – it says Indian sports bask in modest sporting glories. The operative word in the motion is modest – it hinges on the assumption that India's sporting achievements are moderate, to say the least. And therein, ladies and gentlemen, lies the fallacy in the motion.

When we categorize our achievements as modest, we do so by comparing them to established powerhouses in the sports arena – The Americans, the Chinese, and the British. Naturally, when we can challenge China in terms of GDP numbers, when we can challenge the Americans in terms of white collar jobs, why not compare ourselves with them in terms of sports. But it is here that the catch lies, ladies and gentlemen. Comparisons with global powerhouses like the Americans are hugely unfair to our Indian athletes, and I'll give you a small statistic to tell you why: India's annual budget for sports is 500 million dollars. Seems like a big number, doesn't it? Well, it's a mere 2% of what America spends on sports, because the American government spends 25000 million dollars on sports every year. With the amount of money being pumped into sports in these developed nations, no wonder they end up topping the Olympics charts.





But let's come back to India. You have all heard of Dipa Karmakar, the young gymnast who came agonizingly close to a medal in the Rio Olympics. Well, she used to train, not in a sports centre, but in a marriage palace using old scooter parts as her equipment. Rekha Kumari, who is a national level swimmer and will represent India in the 2020 Olympics, practices in a local dam. These individuals, just like Ritu, do not have the necessary resources, but have the grit and the determination to represent India on a stage like the Olympics. They do not have state-of-the-art swimming pools and plexi-cushion training centres like the Americans and the Chinese, but they have the zeal to pursue their dreams. And when these individuals get medals in the Olympics, be it a bronze, when they finish fourth and give the world champion a scare, their achievements are not modest. Their achievements defy the odds, trump the misconceptions and preach to the world that the unthinkable is not impossible.

In the end, all that I'd say is I am sure Michael Phelps wouldn't have as many gold medals if he had been practicing in local dams. I am sure Usain Bolt wouldn't be as much of a great if he had been running barefoot on tracks. And when our men and women, with only their determination to keep them company, go and challenge these legends, the least that you and I can do is not be Ms. Shobha and pull them down by calling their achievements modest.

Naman Kumar Singla
XII Arts

"TALAQ, TALAQ, TALAQ"
THE THREE WORDS FLOATED IN THE AIR,
DID THEY TAKE A BREATH BEFORE THEY TOUCHED HER EARS?
THREE WORDS SHATTERED HER WORLD.

RIP, LEGENDS!



This legendary actor visited our school once. Now, sadly he is no more. Mr. Om Puri passed away a few months ago.

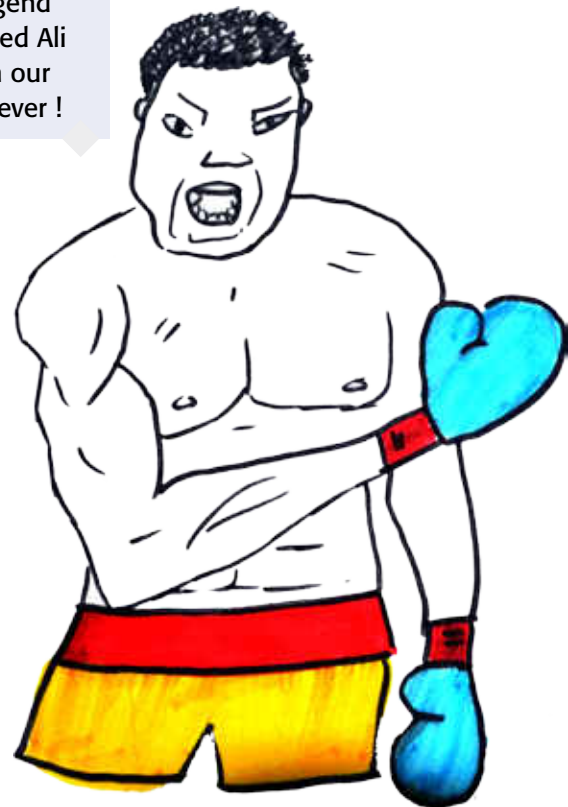


This handsome actor was the cynosure of many young hearts in the 1970s and 1980s. Vinod Khanna passed away after a serious illness recently



This veteran vocalist made her way into many hearts with her soulful classical singing. Kishori Amonkar will be remembered by music connoisseurs for long

Fury of the fist or power of the punch ! Whatever you call it but the boxing legend Muhammed Ali will live in our hearts forever !

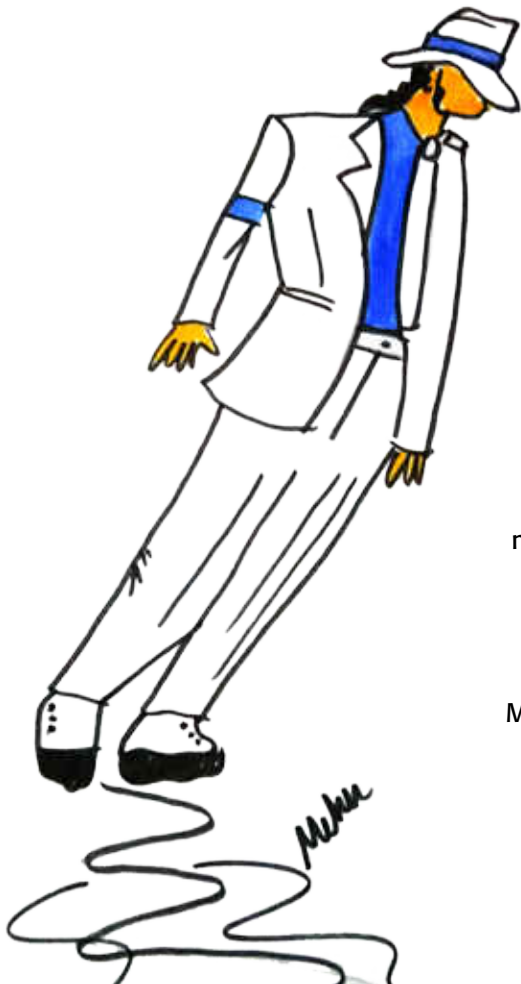




Fidel Castro, the ex- Cuban President, somewhat held sway over the world a few decades ago. But then he fell ill and was replaced by his brother. He passed away recently after protracted illness.



Whitney Houston was known for her soprano act also, besides other vocal accomplishments. The beautiful lady passed away some time back leaving us with a repertoire of soulful songs to savour.



Now, this man is a legend in every sense of the word. He made us move, he made us sway to his music and dance. Break dance and Moonwalk were his hallmarks. No prizes for guessing, the gyration king, Michael Jackson, of course !

George Michael made a generation swoon with his immortal classics, 'Careless Whisper' and 'Last Christmas' And, by a cruel twist of destiny, he breathed his last on the Christmas Day last year.





**- THE 'WAR' IS WON !-
STAFF EXULTS AFTER WINNING
THE TUG-OF-WAR AGAINST
THE STUDENTS' TEAM**

Killing The Killer

That dark night, I worked on a project till midnight. I was about to doze off on the wooden desk on which I was sitting when I heard a distinct sound of glass breaking. I hurried towards the other room which was adjacent to mine. It had a big window. The door which usually was locked from inside today was left open and a voice full of pain stroked my ears. This sound was much familiar. It was a young police officer of thirty two with adorable moustaches and a good physique whom I adorably called, 'dad'.

To my utmost disgust and amazement, I found him in the tight and threatening grip of a dark tanned fat guy in his early fifties. The man was not alone. He had an ugly accomplice. I knew I couldn't fight them alone. I retreated stealthily to my room and locked myself up. Then I mustered some courage and called up the police. Within minutes, the police vans surrounded our house. I opened the door when I heard someone calling out my name loudly and ran into the arms of Mr. Khaman, a colleague cum old pal of my father. As I searched in his eyes for a clue, his eyes welled with tears but he held them back. I knew there was something seriously wrong. My straight jacketed father had become a target just like my police officer, mother.

Mr Khaman, never having been blessed with a child of his own, took me under his aegis. Soon, I came to know that father had been killed by hardcore criminals, Nawab and Tirana. Mr. Khaman dissuaded me from joining the police force. I knew it was out love. But as my heart was set on the uniform, he finally encouraged me. I trained at the local Police Academy and after three years of hard work, I finally donned the uniform I loved.

I was on top of the world when I got to know that my first posting would be in Kara Bamba where my father's killers had made a safe haven for themselves. While patrolling, I saw the same eyes on a slightly different face. I couldn't mistake my father's killer even if he hid behind a beard.

Then I noticed something different. There was no terror amidst those who thronged the streets. Further investigation revealed that the man was a messiah of sorts for the public.

Yet my revenge could not resist a chance of meeting my enemy. I planned a false encounter, held him at gun point and yet. didn't pull the trigger.

I could have. But the man had changed so much. He looked at me with frightened eyes. I saw the guilt. He had lost all his family members in a road accident. He now lived to wash off his sins by helping others. I didn't pull the trigger. . . . My father would have pardoned him too.

Shivkaran
XII Acc

ONE EARTHQUAKE
MAGNITUDE 9
ENOUGH TO DEFLATE HUMAN EGO.

Mother, the light of my life
With me through struggle and strife
She is just like a queen
Through all the times she's been with me.
The touch of her hand
Just like a magic wand
Her sweet humming on a sleepless night
Made me happier and bright
My tutor, guide and friend
I wish to be with her till the end. . .

Khushi Dalla VIII-E

Mother, the Light of My Life



Maggi

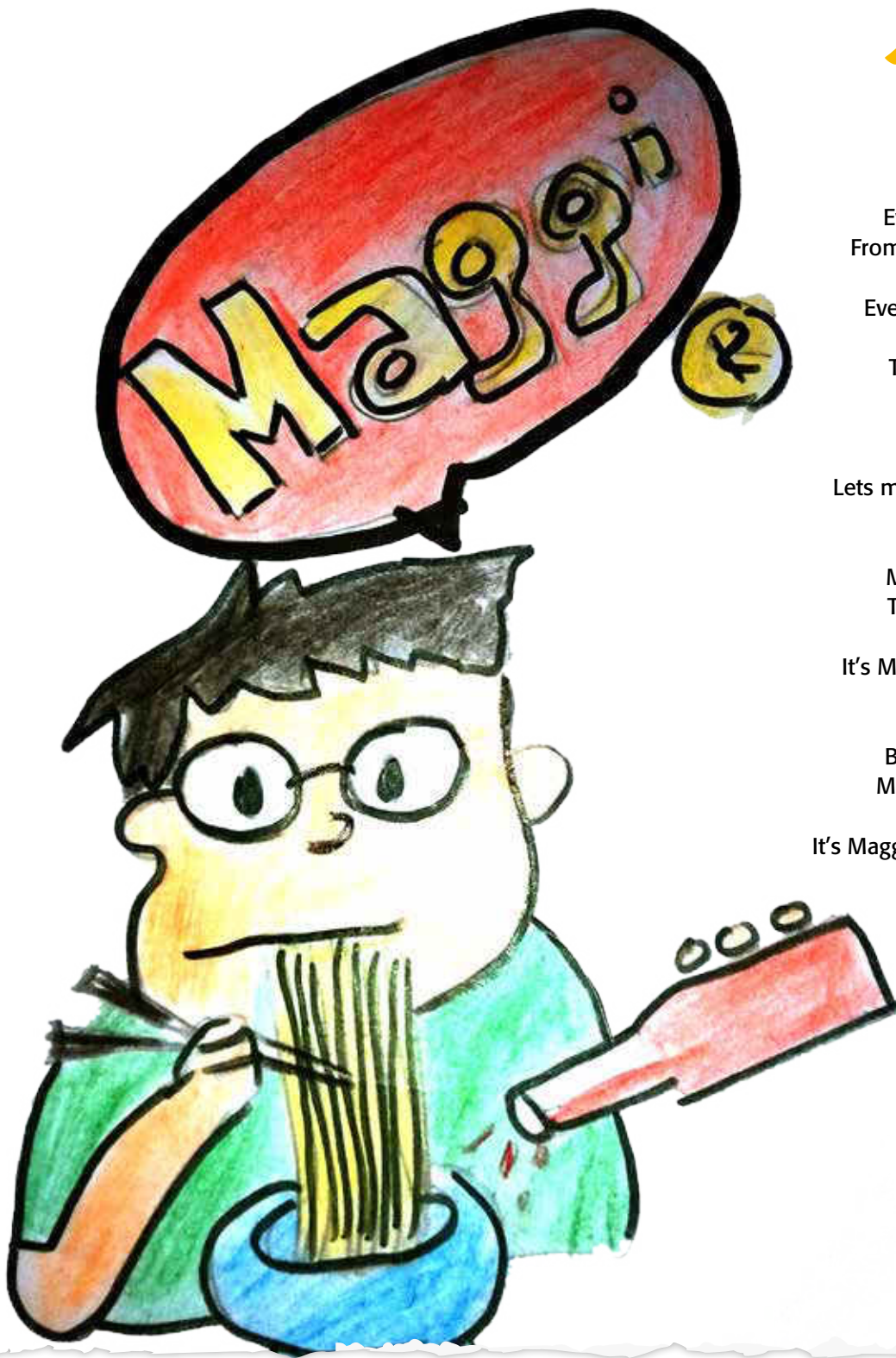
Maggi, Hot Spicy Maggi!
Everyone's favourite is Maggi,
From a toddler to an adolescent,
From an adult to a geriatric,
Everyone adores. Maggi.

Tasty, creamy, yummy Maggi,
You ponder, What to eat?
The answer is Maggi.
I'm tired, don't wanna cook,
Lets make. Maggi.

Talk of generation gap,
Maggi bridges young and old
The epic Maggi masala holds
The key to freshen bonds
It's Magic, it's. Maggi

It has faced ups and downs,
But has a place in our hearts.
Maggi is my all-time favourite,
Let's hum the jingle and say
It's Maggi Maggi. Maggi

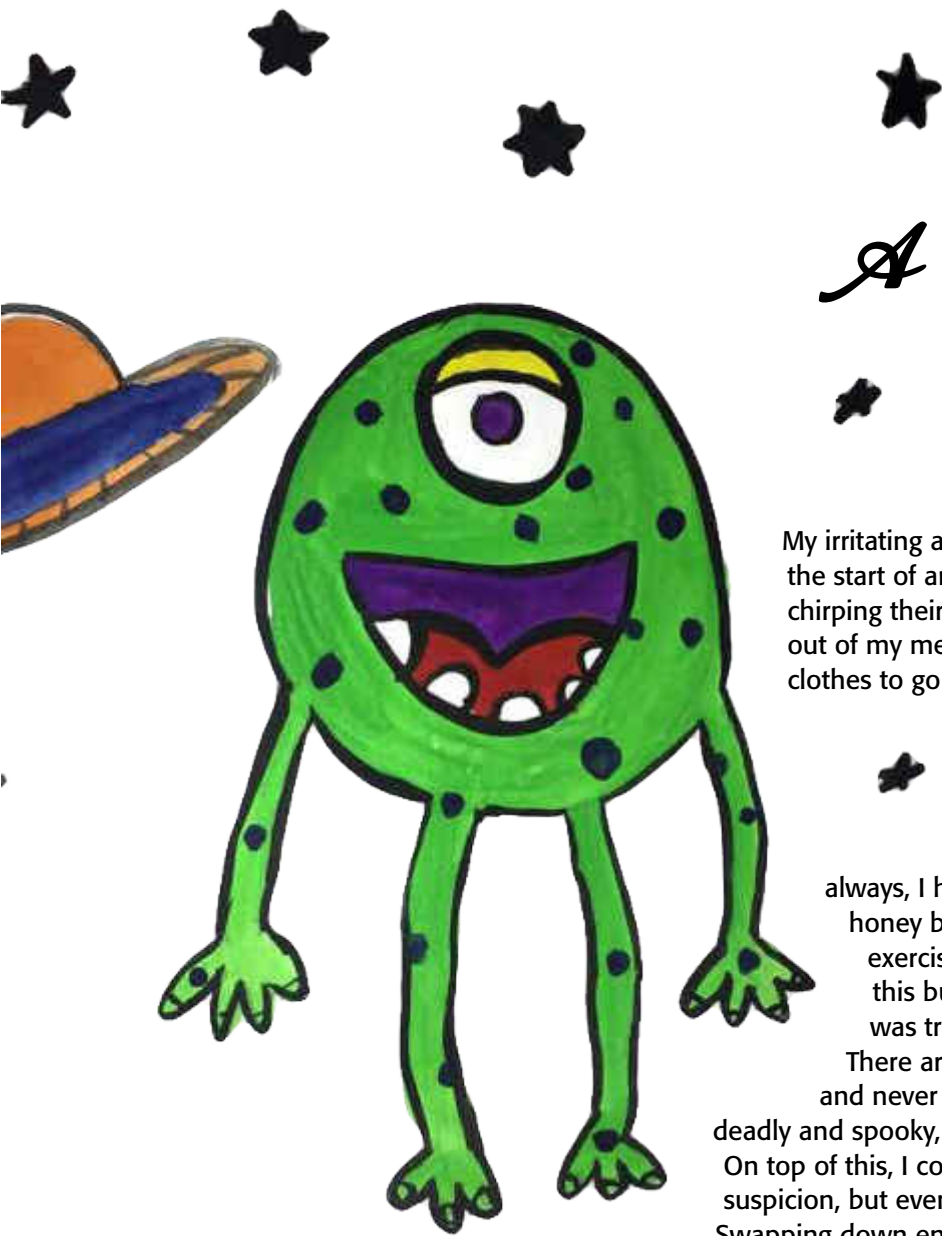
Arshjot Nagpal
VII N



DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?
I ANSWERED, "NO"
AND SHE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR.



**'GOING'
BY THE BOOK**



A Day Spent with An Alien

My irritating alarm clock woke me up with a bang. It was the start of another beautiful day with the melodious birds chirping their elegant lullaby in the mid-day sun. Jumping out of my messy, scrambled bed, I hurriedly put on my clothes to go for an adventurous hike. I probably burned

down my digestive system gulping down the hot, steaming breakfast. 'Aaaaaaaa'

I roared at the top of my voice. Just as I escaped the trouble of stepping down the crooked stairs of my house, jumping one like always, I heard a sound. A buzzing sound like which a honey bee makes when challenged to a duel. After exercising my ears to the fullest to figure out where this buzz was coming from, it freaked me that it was travelling from the haunted forest of my colony.

There are stories about people who go into the forest and never ever return. I can just tell you that they are deadly and spooky, especially being told at night under low light. On top of this, I couldn't help but to enter. I think it was my suspicion, but even my suspicion would tell me not to enter.

Swapping down enormous spider webs, finding my way through

the bushes, walking deeper and deeper into the forsaken land, with my heart thumping louder than ever, it almost gave me a heart attack, when suddenly, I was fallen aback with a very strange bright light coming into my view 'Am I in heaven', I asked myself. It was an indescribable light. One that never shone on earth- neither made by any being, nor blessed by the sun god. It was a magnificent view. A gazillion dollar view. Following my instincts to go in further, not able to see anything, I was petrified when I fell from what I think was a cliff. After some time of falling and falling and falling, I landed on a rough and distorted ground - feet first to my amazement. In the blink of an eye, the bright light switched off. I must have jumped about double my height (and I am a tall person) when I saw a massive, tremendous, huge, gigantic suspicious thing standing in front of me. Did I just break the international jumping record, I wondered. It sparked and shone it's, pearl like colour. An Unidentified Flying Object was standing in front of me. Or was it an Unidentified Crashed Object. Its brilliant light and hefty stands peculiarly made me holy. A chill ran down my spine when a suspicious thing appeared. Man, it was a suspicious things day. After my eyes adjusted to the light, the things characteristics were visible. It's whole body had a gillyweed-like green colour. Long dagger-like nails extended from it's fingers. But that wasn't what scared me. What scared me was its uncountable number of fingers dancing like worms.

**ARYAMAN GHURA
VIII-O**

THE DOCTOR TOLD THE ATHEIST,
"ONLY PRAYERS CAN HELP"
FOR HIS SON'S SAKE, HE SURRENDERED.



Rainbow

My eyes rested on her the first day of the Summer Camp. I was spellbound. Her green hued eyes reflected the brightness of the Sun or they had a luminosity of their own. I couldn't decide.

Her pale cheeks were lined with freckles. The red tinge in her hair gave her a halo, a halo I associated only with holy men. We were together for two months, the best two months of my life.

Rainbow was what I named her. What else could she be. Her spirit was vibrant and her appearance was a riot of colours. My heart broke when it was time to part from her.

But we did meet again. I initiated it. She was very hesitant. She lived hundreds of miles away yet she lived beside me in my thoughts. Very strangely this beautiful angel had been untouched by fashion, totally disinterested in social media and lived in world of books. Adamant about my desire to see her, I went to the extent of pestering her. She gave in. I planned to see my angel again. This time it was not a coincidence.

I rang the doorbell of her 'heaven'. That's what I thought of her house to be. I expected her to be there standing, smiling and eagerly waiting for me.

Well, she was smiling and eagerly waiting indeed. But she wasn't standing at all. Her mother took me right into her bedroom. My Rainbow did lie there with her green eyes squinting to see me. The red halo was missing. Blood Cancer had had a tough opponent but then the Disease had defeated her.

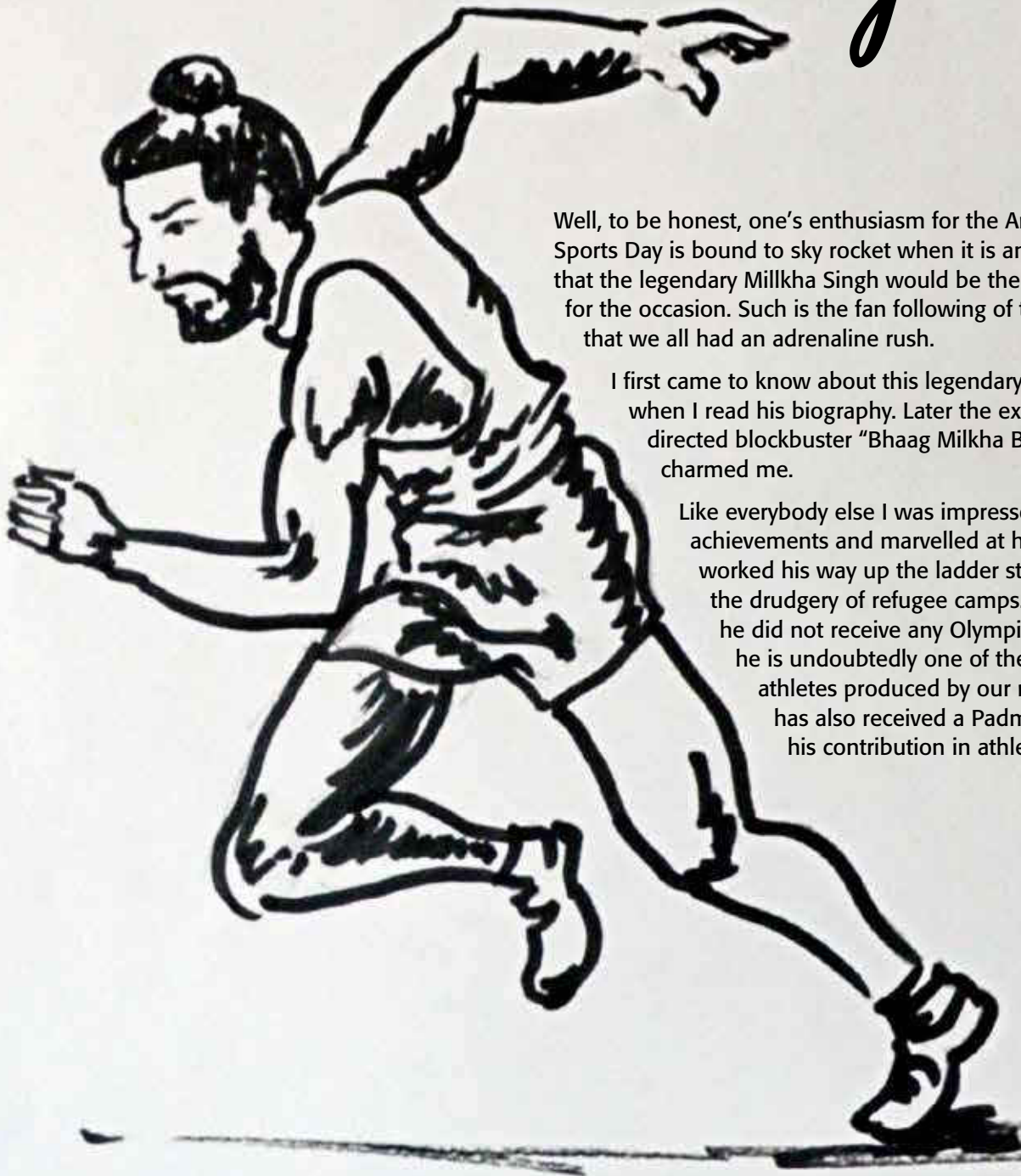
"Don't cry" she said. But I could not control the cascade of tears which fell down my cheeks.

"You are making me weak," she added again. I went out of the room and returned minutes later to put on a strange act of everything being normal.

My Rainbow was no longer a pretty sight to look at. But she was beautiful. Her vibrant spirit emerged out of her bluish, wrinkled skin.

A week later, I got the news that my Rainbow had finally escaped her misery. She would now illuminate another world.

My Hero



Well, to be honest, one's enthusiasm for the Annual Sports Day is bound to sky rocket when it is announced that the legendary Milkha Singh would be the Chief Guest for the occasion. Such is the fan following of the icon that we all had an adrenaline rush.

I first came to know about this legendary athlete when I read his biography. Later the excellently directed blockbuster "Bhaag Milkha Bhaag." charmed me.

Like everybody else I was impressed by his achievements and marvelled at how he worked his way up the ladder starting from the drudgery of refugee camps. Although he did not receive any Olympic medal, he is undoubtedly one of the greatest athletes produced by our nation. He has also received a Padma Shree for his contribution in athletics.

On the Sports Day, I, like all others, looked for a chance to talk to him but alas could not. Just when I thought that everything was over, and my dream of meeting him would not be fulfilled, I spotted him going back and I had the best experience of my life. The sea of paparazzi, parents, teachers and students following him just chanced to carry me as if on a wave towards my hero. A moment later I was standing next to him and quickly showed the autograph book.

I stammered and told him how big an inspiration he was for me. He smiled and extended his hand towards me. Not believing my good luck, I took his hand.

I thought that I was not shaking hands with an athlete. . . . I was shaking hands with a winner, somebody who had achieved something in life.

I was very happy because I had met a legend. As I take up the challenging task of improving my athletic acumen in our school stadium, I remember my hero and that motivates me.

Subhav Garg, VIII

The rising designs an enlightened way
And the darkness dispels away
White light disperses in the sky
Scattering the seven colours of joy

Nature, O Nature you are divine
You are eternal, you the apple of my eye
God, your incarnation is great
Which grants us virtue even in the haze

The snowy mountains and the glaciers
Touch my heart through a snowflake
You give me the courage and the valour
To complete my voyage without failure

Nature, O Nature purify my heart
And make it a crystal studded path
Grant me the morals and the strength
To split the light into colours of happiness

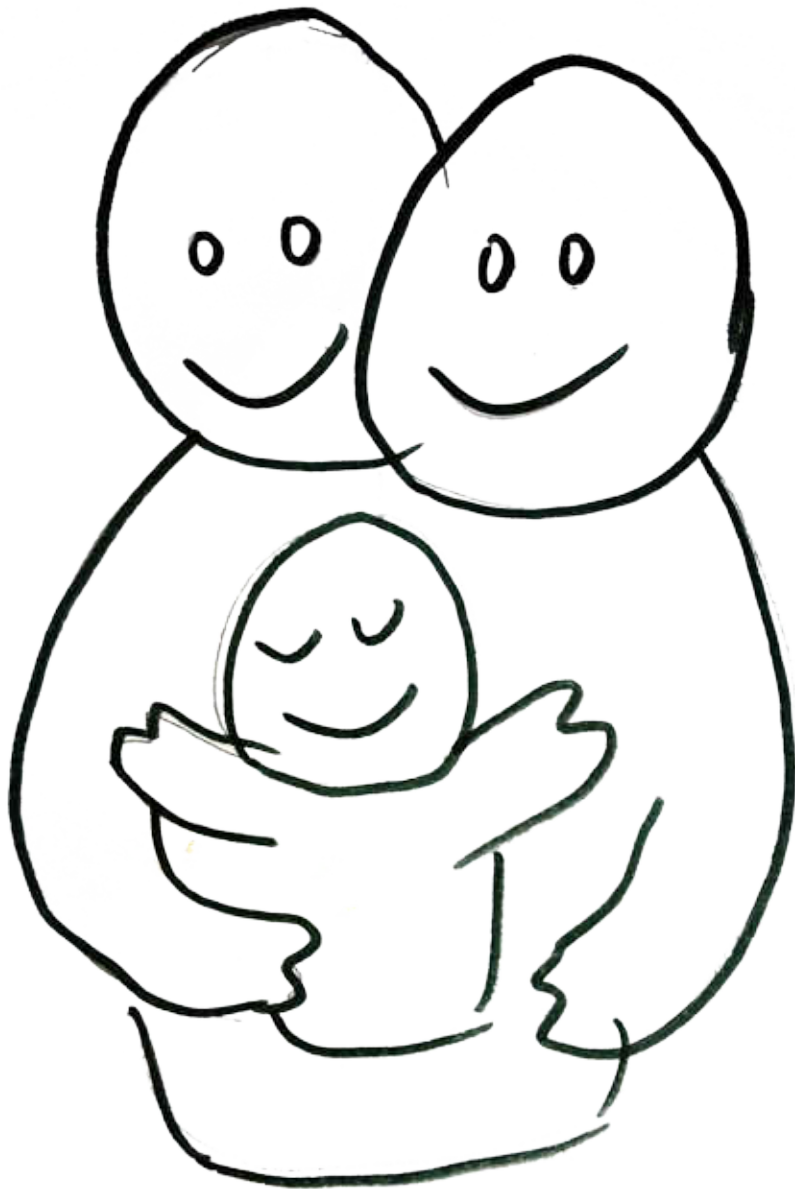
The tiger, the lotus, and the luminous Sun
Are the 'Tiranga' which the Nature's spun
Awake! Awake! Enlighten your way
Rise from ashes before passing away.

Kshiti Singla,
XO

A Prayer for My Nation

Shirish

Never Forget to Respect



Nowadays the world is progressing but it is just as important to carry the moral values of the older days with us. . . . Especially as teenagers we feel that things are right only in our way. We take our parents for granted and tend to forget that what parents have give us none of our friends can -Birth. Teenage is a stage of phychological and physical

development and it is the time we really learn to lie, disrespect and humiliate. This way we try to create bridges between the very special bond of a child with his parents. Parents have a sacrificing nature and they give up the world to give their children the best life they deserve. Here is an example

There was a boy with a blind mother in a small village. The boy always complained to his mother that people made fun of him and often said he was ashamed of her. He left his mother and got married. Despite all this this the poor mother would desperately pray that her child gets the best. Then after some years when he came to visit her. . . he found her dead and in her hand was a note telling the truth of her life. She had given her own eyes to her son so that he lived a ' perfect life'. To respect your parent is your duty and God commands us to respect our parents in all religions. The first commandment says 'honour your mother and father for they gave birth to you and raised you'. And it's rightly said "there's nothing like your mother's sympathetic voice to want you to burst into tears ". Lucky indeed are those who receive the love and care of parents so respect them !!!

Rehmat Walia
VII-E

ON MY WAY TO WORK, I SAW A MONKEY IN A CAGE AND I LAUGHED AT IT
IT LOOKED AT MY FILES AND LAUGHED BACK.

INNOCENCE INFLATED !





The Thrill of Travel !

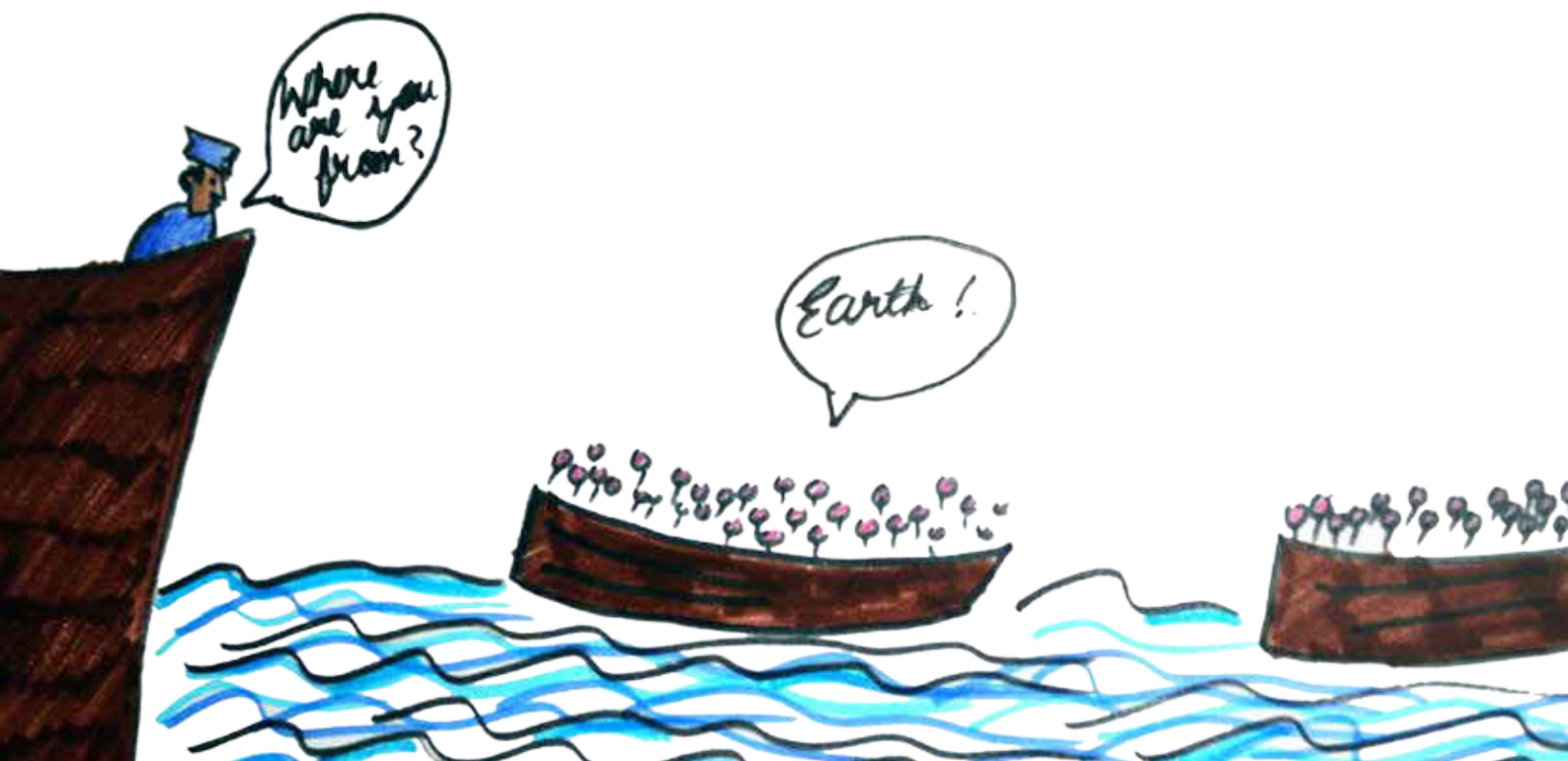
As you travel alone, being totally responsible for yourself, it is inevitable that you will discover just how capable you are.

We all are surrounded by people. We study with them, we socialise with them but at the same time, we also need to take a break, so as to reconnect with our inner selves, and travelling alone seems to be the perfect way.

Leaving the comfort zone and getting into the wild is not everyone's cup of tea. We get to know other people, we hike, dance, learn to cook, smile, talk to strangers, eat new foods and experience the various aspects of life. Being alone while travelling gives you an opportunity to gain valuable experience on the world, people, customs and traditions. We stop feeling ignorant and learn to appreciate things that we had never noticed. We open our hearts! We become more of listeners than speakers. Once we set off on a journey to an unknown destination, we start getting to know ourselves better, start listening to our heart and are finally able to achieve some level of internal equilibrium and focus of mind. We start to discover our capabilities once again. We face our fears and, subsequently, defeat them. There is no stress around and we feel alive. So folks, pack your bags because the world is a book and those who do not travel read only the first page.

Sakshi John, XII Arts

THE FORGETFUL PROFESSOR DIDN'T MAKE IT TO HIS ENGAGEMENT
THE BELOVED WAITED
WHAT KEPT HIM AWAY
HE WAS BALANCING THE BENZENE RING.



Refugees are our

People have always sought 'refuge' in distant lands in order to escape the vagaries of life ! From the Jewish exodus under Moses to the Syrians making a beeline to European shores, human history is testament to the travails, tears, trauma and tragedy of migration.

Persecution, War, Oppression, Slavery, Poverty, Famine, Drought & Hurricanes have forced humans to abandon their unsafe homes and chase Security, Peace, Prosperity and Dignity in far off places. For those hulled by the migratory wave, barbed wire borders, perilous seas and dangerous mountain passes are not a deterrent.

Presently the biggest driver of migration is the violence in Syria. The ongoing conflict in Afghanistan and Iraq, the atrocities meted out in Eritrea and poverty in Zambia are also forcing multitudes to seek new life elsewhere.

The world sports a rather short memory. In the aftermath of the Second World War, many countries

began rummaging for peace and vowed to protect refugees thereafter through Refugee Conventions and agencies like the UNHRC. However, border clampdowns, refusals to allow refugee entry and chronic underfunding tell a different tale.

Despite a large scale increase in the number of refugees, there is an opposition to taking them on, ironically, by rich countries. They cite reasons like rising unemployment, domestic opposition, fear of terrorism, cultural backlash etc for their resistance to help refugees.

Tension in the European Union has been rising due to the disproportionate burden sharing faced by some countries, especially, Greece, Italy and Hungary. Such is the scenario that EU warned Greece of facing suspension from the Schengen passport free travel zone if it didn't stop welcoming refugees. Australia's tough stand against "boat people" is another instance of the hardline policy towards refugees.

UN Secretary General Ban-Ki-

Moon once said, "Refugees have been deprived of their homes but they must not be deprived of their future". The genuine victims ought to be helped without any condition by all --Individuals, Charities, Civil society, Nation states, Global Organisations etc. The governments must open safe routes, providing refugees with temporary humanitarian visas in order to reduce and then curb the exploitation of the smuggling rackets. The photograph of the lifeless body of three year old Syrian boy, Alan Kurdi, washed up on the Turkish shores still haunts our 'collective' conscience.

To beat the worst humanitarian crisis of our time, Refugee Camps have mushroomed faster than ever. But for those displaced inside such camps, life is nothing short of a daily torment. Being a young girl or a woman only compounds the problems. Sexual assault has become a disturbing consequence of these highly concentrated refugee shelters. Fathers unable to cope



collective concern

with poverty even resort to marrying off daughters to much older men. The hellish fire of domestic violence singes these innocent souls and pushes them into a labyrinth of psychological trauma. Another female specific concern is the forced prostitution to beat hunger and poverty. The asylum countries should work in tandem along with NGOs to provide medical aid, protection and other humanitarian aids to the refugees staying in the camp. Interactions with refugees through discourses and dialogues should be organized at school and college levels so that the younger generation learns to empathise and sympathise with these homeless and stateless people who have as much a right as we have to a better future.

Proper relocation schemes must be there in place. Resettlement programmes help the refugees to avail legal and physical protection including access to civil, political, economic, social and cultural rights just like any other citizen of the host

country. The Tibetan SOS villages in India are a unique example of how our country facilitated the Tibetan refugees to resettle and integrate themselves into the Indian society. Today countless health and beauty care centres and restaurants are run by these Tibetans

Helping refugees is 'our collective concern'. Supporting, caring and empathising with fellow humans are not only a natural human response but also an international obligation. The celebrated Oskar Schindler saving thousands of Jews from the gas chambers of Auschwitz to the Indian government giving refuge to more than 1.5 Crore Bangladeshi refugees fleeing a murderous regime in 1971 are outstanding examples of such magnanimity. However, until the basic reasons that people are forced to flee their homelands are resolved, the migratory storms will continue to blow.

These are trying times, no doubt. But they also present the world

order with an opportunity; an opportunity to right the wrongs of the past, and to evade a situation which will be remembered as the failure of the international community in the future. Let us join hands and stand up for what is right. Let us look at people, not as citizens of other nations, but as members of one huge Global Family. Let us for once be humane and understand that no one runs away from home carrying bare minimal, with one's child on his back unless there is no other option left. We all have a collective responsibility to protect other humans, respect human rights and uphold humanity; it is time we live up to that responsibility.

The situation is grave; the problems we are faced with are big. But our hearts must be bigger, our will must be stronger. All it takes is for us to lend our hand.

Meher Mangat
XI-Arts



YADAVINDRA PUBLIC SCHOOL PATIALA

READY FOR THE RIDE,
WATCHING THE WORLD WIDE,
THESE GOGGLE-EYED

Echo

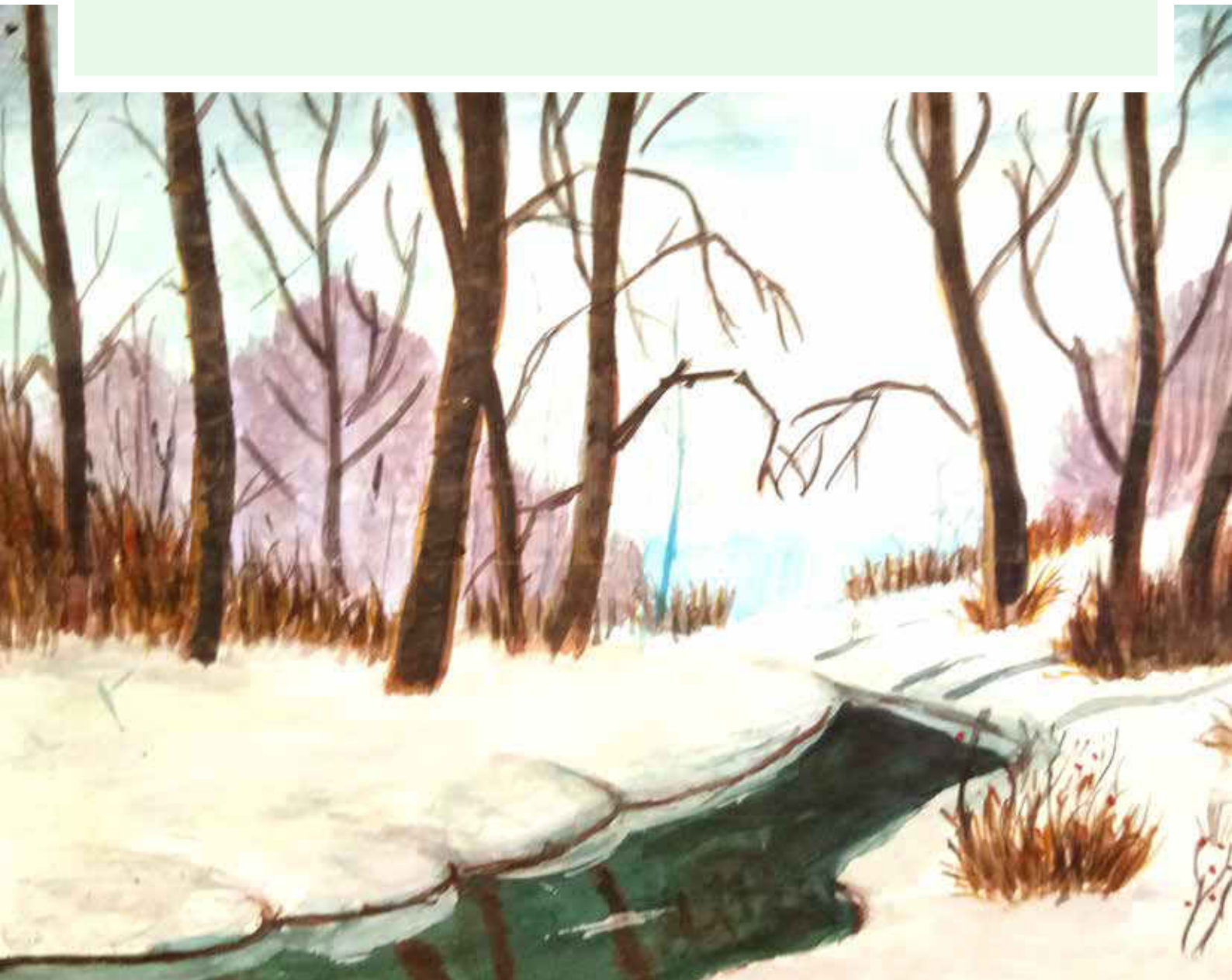
If you ever feel all lost
And you don't know where to go
Remember even if no one replies
There will always be your echo.

There are times when all that's left of you
Is nothing but broken pieces
And a wilted heart and a shattered will
And hope that's marred with creases.
There will be times when you'll want to shut out
All light that tries to enter through your cracks
For you are afraid it'll illuminate
Your damaged spine hidden by your back.

With all those imperfections in you
You'd rather wish you'd drown
But bravery is in emerging
Wearing your flaws as your crown.
When there's no place left to go
Remember you're the one still there
Your soul will never leave you
Not matter how much you're in despair.

So if you ever again feel lonely
Just go to an empty place
And shout with all the air in your lungs
You'll see your echo is still there.

Jessica Juneja X-O



The Gutsy Me!



It was raining heavily. There were flashes of lightning and loud claps of thunder. Nobody was at home and suddenly the door bell rang.

I got scared, thinking who it could be at that unearthly hour of the night. Nevertheless, I was curious to know. So I bravely walked up to the door and opened it. The door squeaked at its hinges and when it gaped open to my astonishment, I saw that no one was there. I was puzzled. The door bell had rung yet no one was there! Was it a prank or was the door bell spoilt. It could be so. Hadn't the tinkle been more of a croak ? Or was it a ghostly intervention.

The thought of ghosts haunted my mind, maybe because I had recently watched a horror movie. I pictured zombies, ghouls, beasts and vampires all standing at my

door; zombies waiting to eat my brains, ghouls aiming to possess my body, beasts yearning to powder my bones and vampires ready to suck my blood. Just as I sat in bed, the door bell was heard yet again.

I was now more terrified than ever and developed cold feet. I could not bring myself to reach the door and open it up to see nothing but an eerie presence.

When would 'Home Alone' series I doted on come handy. I said this to myself. I ran to my cupboard and dug out the Halloween toys. I had a perfect set of the creepiest reptiles, so real that my mom won't touch with a barge pole.

I took out the healthiest python and took it to the window. Knowing pretty well that this window stood right on top of the main door where

the mysterious presence was. I opened the latch and down flew my generously big python on to the shoulders of my two class pals who did scream and shriek endlessly.

I shot down the stairs, opened the door and witnessed an amazing dance.

Did I forget to mention that the python was made of the gooey green slime of 'Flubber' fame which lengthened at every pull and tug.

I laughed my heart out. Finally, I had trapped two of the naughtiest boys of our neighborhood. The next morning I could not resist telling the story to one and all.

I love being a little hero!!!!

Raahat Gill
VI -O



A Riot of Colours

There he stands with a brush in hand
To paint the Universe, give colour to the land.
A move and Ho! There you see a constellation.
He held everyone spellbound with his fascination.

That rosy glow on the cheek with thy blush
When your taste buds jingle with strawberry crush
With pink being a symbol of womanhood
Is this colour the best, better or only good?

With another marvel, there the blue hue in the sky
The serene ocean, gushing water, Oh my! my!
Blue is masculine, he speeds up to say.
A blueberry bushel also makes its way!

A stroke! And the bald man gets a tuft of white hair
A carcass in white; hold back your despair
White symbolises the peace we so much want
The witch chooses white when she decides to haunt

That brown set of eyes do have speechless words to say
Mending broken hearts, creamy chocolate eases the way
The soothing aroma of the Indian morning tea
An ebony brown belongs to the woody glamour, you see!

A chubby lass hides her curves with a black dress
The dark clad rich black never fails to impress
Though it shares the burden of horrifying darkness
It is every wardrobe's must have, nevertheless.

Those rays of hope with Phoebe's rays bright
The black shatters with yellow emitting light
Spongebob Squarepants a favourite of all!
Gilded yellow on wrists is any woman's call

In the thunderous rain, wait and see
The Almighty stands smiling at thee!
Before you know, the world is polychromatic
The Rainbow gleams, dynamic yet static

HE TRIPPED AND BROKE HER MOST FAVOURITE VASE
"SORRY" GUTTERED IN HIS DEFIANT THROAT BUT DID NOT COME OUT
THE WAR STARTED.



Ronaldo vs Messi



Rivalries are an indelible part of football. They may be rivalries between two clubs, two nations or even two players. But there are some rivalries in the history of football which have transcended all others. And one of them is the rivalry between two players who have made a colossal impact on modern day football - Cristiano Ronaldo and Lionel Messi.

It all started in the season of 2001-02, when Lionel joined the Barcelona Youth Academy and Cristiano made his debut for Sporting Lisbon. Two players who no one had heard of before, took their first steps in what would prove to be exceptional careers. Cristiano joined the English Champions Manchester United for a record fee for a nineteen year old. On the other hand, Messi had begun to make an impact in Spain. Time passed and both of them won trophies with their respective clubs, but it was the 2008-09 season which truly brought his rivalry to the fore. In 2009, a young Messi won his first Ballon D'or (Best Player of the Year) after having a glorious run with the Spanish giants. Then came the day which changed the course of history. Cristiano Ronaldo joined Real Madrid for a record 95 million dollars, which wasn't to be broken until Gareth Bale signed for Real in 2014 for a whopping 100 million dollars.

Real Madrid being Barcelona's arch rivals, termed it as the rivalry between the 'grinding' Cristiano and the 'gifted' Lionel. In 2010, none of the two could help lead their countries to a successful World Cup campaign. But it didn't really matter, for Messi soon hogged the attention by claiming his 2nd Ballon D'or soon after, followed by his 3rd and his 4th in 2011 and 2012 respectively. In 2012, he also broke the record for most goals in a calendar year, previously held by Gerd Muller for Bayern Munich. He netted 91 goals as against Ronaldo's 63.

Most of the football pundits soon declared Messi as the greatest of all time since he now had the most number of Ballon D'ors, beating Johan Cryuff who had 3. But Cristiano was not the one to give up. In 2013, he was declared the Best Player of the year. In 2014, Cristiano won the Champions League for Real Madrid, which had eluded the club for 12 long years. The year also had the greatest national tournament, the FIFA World Cup. Ronaldo's Portugal was cruelly eliminated in the Group Stage, but Lionel guided his team to the final. Eventually though, he was left in tears after Germany lifted the World Cup ahead of Argentina. Ronaldo again went on to win the Ballon D'or. In 2015, Messi increased his tally of Ballon D'ors, making it 5 to 3 against a Ronaldo. In 2016, Ronaldo finally managed to achieve what neither of the two greatest footballers of all time had been able to do for the entirety of their careers. The captain from Madeira led Portugal to an International trophy, something Messi had dismally failed at. This subsequently led to Cristiano winning the Ballon D'or once again in 2016.

We don't know how long we will get to savour this rivalry. Numerous football legends have described it as the best thing that probably ever happened to the game of football. German legend Michael Ballack once hilariously, albeit pertinently, said that all awards should be divided into two categories - one for Messi or Ronaldo, and the other for the rest. This debate on who is the Greatest of All Time, or GOAT as it is popularly called, will not cease anytime soon. But we can be rest assured that when the two decide to hang their boots, the entire football world is sure to give them a teary-eyed farewell, irrespective of their personal preferences.

Siddharth Kaushik, XO



The Precious Night!

What a peaceful night it was,
Moon was putting its shine on the buildings high and tall,
Stars looked as silver sauce,
That is in my memories above all. .

Every touch of wind on my skin,
Made me smile and grin,
Every smell of clean air,
Made my troubles disappear

That night I was walking alone on the road,
Beside the gurgling river that was shining under the moon,
Every movement around me slowed,
It was a lovely night of monsoon.

I can't explain it in words,
It was a night so precious,
The memories of the night have yet not blurred,
After the night now I fell so special. . .

Nimar Sidhu, VIN



Vulnerable

It was a cold, winter evening and the moon was barely visible through the thick clouds. My feet were skin deep in fresh snow as I walked about looking at the showrooms preparing to turn on the Christmas lights. Christmas was a week away and young carol singers were crooning for charity. London is funny this way; it is cold as hell yet everyone is out on the streets doing something or the other.

Marilyn, my elderly friend who owned a bridal boutique called me over. Her dresses were breathtakingly beautiful. Sabyasachi and Vera Wang had a 'special order' section that I loved. She always let me try those on when I stopped over at her place after school. But that night something was different. Her face was milky white, her eyes bloodshot and puffy as if she had been crying a while ago and might start again.

I asked her what was wrong and she replied, "I met him. . . gun. . . dead man. . . blood everywhere!" Confused and a bit scared, I led her into the shop and brought her a cup of coffee from Starbucks across the street. When she started to tell me her story, I listened with interest which soon turned to horror.

"I was returning to my house late last night after dinner with some friends and I ran into this man. He seemed friendly and asked for directions to Picadilly Circus. I told him and then the gentleman even called for a cab for me. He opened the cab door saying, "It is late *sniff* and a lot of bad elements are out on the street."

Today in the morning I got the newspaper but didn't pay much attention. I sat to read it only an hour ago and. . . I learnt that the man was suspected for a gruesome murder !!!At Picadilly Circus!! The police was asking the public to help.

I did all I could to console the poor woman but to no avail. Three cups of coffee and a cookie jar later, I was out again but this time Marilyn was with me. There was no way I could leave the only woman in the area and possibly the entire city who had met the murderer, alone. She showed me on our way to her house the spot where she had met him. I noticed there was no security camera inclined towards this spot. "Clever bloke," I thought and then for some reason, Marilyn shrieked and pointed to a corner. The man seemed to be following her. We hurried forward trudging through the snow as fast as we could.

Once I had dropped her at her place; actually a mansion, I made sure that she secure all locks. I hurried back to my school boarding. It was eight at night and the moon was disappearing behind a massive cloud making it as dark as a new moon night.

Having walked a block away from her mansion, I heard footsteps behind me. As I turned frantically, I noticed it was Mr Johnson Marilyn's neighbour, a wealthy real estate developer. His words pierced into me, "Hurry, you need to come back! I heard screams coming from the Marilyn house!"

I sped with all my might. We broke the door open and searched the house. She was found on the kitchen floor. I don't know how long I sat on the floor crying, wishing I had taken her to the police instead of making up my mind to take her in the morning. The police arrived and soon the detectives were all over the house. Over the next few days, I told her story over and over again, attended her funeral which a lot of people attended as she was a highly respected lady in society with a lot of high profile customers, including Paloma Faith and Ellie Goulding who spent their free time chatting with Marilyn.

Its been three years since that night and I quit looking over my shoulder to see if the man would come after me next. When her will was read out, I listened with surprise as she had left me her boutique and Ellie Goulding her mansion. Did this make me vulnerable? I don't know. The mansion wears a different look as today it is an orphanage. I go there sometimes wishing Marilyn had been around to see this.

UNDER MY UMBRELLA!





Waking Up

A world of void
Adorned with delusion
Which dreamers call real
And, realists illusion
Surrounds me like a blanket
Between waking and sleep
Composed of moments which are stolen
And moments to keep

A universe of fleeting moments
Passes by as I blink
And the seconds come together
Fall apart as they sync
And the minutes disintegrate
As they turn into hours
And my thoughts are like hurricanes,
Then drizzles, then showers

But a tremor to this world
A shudder to the heart
As my eyes meet the sun
And my lids break apart
And I am thrust into reality
Into clarity's embrace
Feeling heavy with the shift
In the seconds and the space

Harshita Nayyar, XII Arts

THE TEACHER SMILED...
...TODAY, THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL
THE TRUST LIVES



Redemption

The doors to the Heritage theatre opened at 6:00 on a cold Saturday night in Nottingham. It wasn't even a couple of minutes before the street outside was left empty, all its occupants

moving inside the theatre

leaving only the vendors out in the cold. The vendors weren't noticing the cold though, they'd had a good last hour or so benefitting from the night out these many folks were having. They had after all positioned themselves outside the theatre well aware that this show was going to be nothing short of a full house.

Backstage, the actors were ready. This play had sent ripples throughout the country and their over satisfied producer sat in the corner with a dreamy look in his eyes. "Mr. Morgan!"

"Oh!", Mr. Morgan snapped out of his daze "Uhhh. . . uhhh, Yes Alastair?"

"I'd love a glass of wine for meself. "

"Say no more, lad. . . say no more."

Mr. Morgan snapped his fingers. David knew this was his cue. He was already ready with a bottle of cheap wine in an expensive bottle in one hand and an equally inexpensive glass in the other. Things weren't always this rosy in here. David remembered when the show started in Exeter and how the now relaxed Mr Morgan was like a 'cat on a hot tin roof' according to Alastair McCormick, the lead actor. Mr. Morgan had obviously got slightly more generous with wine and pastries ready for the overly demanding actors but the fact that even now he tried to save every penny like he was with the wine truly amused David.

"5 minutes Mr. McCormick!" exclaimed the nervous looking Stage Manager. David didn't find this 20 something girl pretty but Alastair McCormick hadn't stopped his flirting even with her.

"Thanks love," he said in his ever charming manner. This actor had already enthralled thousands on his journey from Exeter to Nottingham.

David could feel his arms shaking as he approached the star. "Relax!" he told himself "you've done this a million times, he won't even notice you," David had been with the crew ever since the beginning. Today was the day he had been planning for.

"Aah thanks lad." said McCormick as David handed him the glass. He began to pour the wine willing himself to stop trembling. These great stars always made him nervous.

"You all right, lad? You'll spill it all over me costume if you don't calm yerself down. "

"Yes. . . uhhh yes sir. "

"What's the matter, eh?"

"Nothing Sir, just nervous. "

"Aah, nothing in it we've been on fire. Besides, I'm the one on stage ain't I. So the only one who should be nervous is me. "

Alastair McCormick had always been this arrogant.

"Yes Of course, Sir." David said as he finished pouring out the wine and left.

"Mr McCormick we're starting!" it was the nervous stage manager again.

McCormick took a sip of his wine before putting it down beside him.

"All right then love-we're starting!"

"Ladies and Gentlemen!" Mr. Morgan's voice emanated from the stage "It's finally the night you've been waiting for. Starring the handsome, the charming Alastair McCormick I present to you - Redemption!"

There was an almighty roar from the audience that David had gotten used to. A few minutes into the play the excited stage manager came backstage with a spring in her step. Her job was pretty much done now, Mr. Morgan liked too control the stage once the play began - something a few stage managers had a problem with across the country but evidently not this one. She began to pick up McCormick's glass. David started towards her. "Hey! That's Mr McCormick's wine!" he cringed inside calling McCormick with such respect. "Okay okay." the girl kept the glass back down, visibly shocked at David's rudeness. David felt bad speaking to

her like that but being McCormick's sidey he didn't want any mess ups - McCormick didn't like them, especially with his liquor- besides today wasn't a day he wanted going badly. He'd been waiting for this day for a long time and he wasn't going to let anything come in his way, let alone a starry eyed stage manager.

The first act finished accompanied by great applause. McCormick came backstage while speaking to the beautiful dancers who were visibly enchanted by him. They were all about the age David's sister would be and were all as much in awe of him as she was. David refilled the star's glass, served him a pastry and went back to his corner.

David sat in the stands watching the final act of the play - the only one he could and had watched performed live. His work was done and now he sat amongst the crowd. He looked around himself to see the entire crowd enthralled in the finale and in McCormick's performance. David looked at the man who enchanted these thousands but saw someone entirely different, he saw a murderer, he saw the man who wooed his sister only to abuse and kill her, he saw a criminal who was free only because of his fame, he felt disgusted. The fight sequence ended. Alastair McCormick was now breaking into his speech. "Oh yes! I have done it. I have finally got my." Alastair's dialogue drowned into a hysterical cough, a cough that slowly brought this demi-god to his knees- coughing, begging, motioning for water. David's plan had worked. Gasps were heard in the audience, applause broke out - the crowd appreciating what they thought to be a piece of theatrical ingenuity.

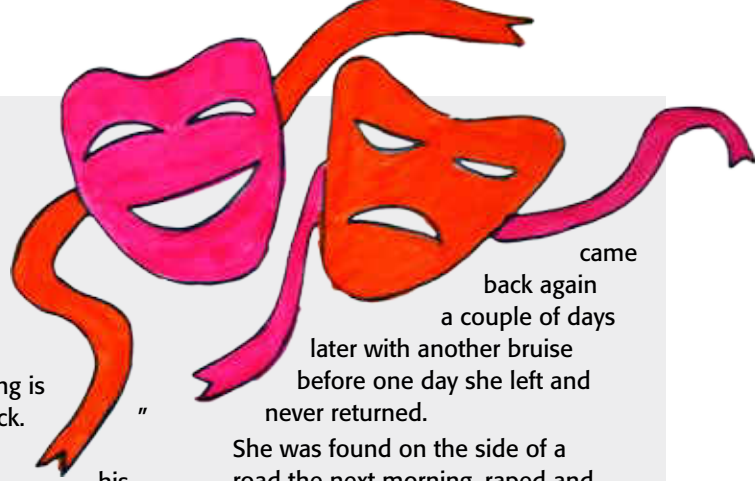
"Oh no!", gasped one woman

"Bravo!" screamed another man

"He's not acting." gasped another woman

"Bravo!", screamed David

"Bravo!", went the entire audience "Bravo!" David began to move out before anyone realized what was really happening.



The curtains were drawn. There was a standing ovation. David reached the exit, turned back to see the closed curtains and left. As he crossed the street David heard screams from the theatre. He broke into a run, running through these familiar streets not stopping until he reached 2709 Hassett Street. He rung the bell. After what seemed like ages a middle aged woman opened the door.

"Who is. . . .", the woman stopped "Oh! . . . Oh James!. . . James! He's back! David's back!"

David's mother began crying as she embraced her son. David said nothing, his parents would understand everything come tomorrow morning.

David sat at the table in the dining room with his parents. His mother had made the lamb stew she used to every Saturday night. David's father a hard working accountant loved it and Saturday was the only day he would be back in time to have dinner. No one but David's mother spoke for a majority of the meal.

"I thought I'd lost you too," she said with a look of relief on her face, "we tried all we could, the police looked for you everywhere but even they stopped after a month or so. We had a picture of you put up in the papers too but no one got back with a reply."

David looked at his father who was finishing the last bits of his meal. His father rarely spoke at the table while eating but he was expecting the tough questions to be coming from him any time now.

"Would you like some more, son?"

David's mother inquired

"No mum, I'm fine, thank you"

David's father cleared his throat. "David my boy, I can't explain to you how happy I am to see you. . ."

David prepared himself. He had prepared his answer a long while back. He knew he couldn't tell his parents what he had done. ". . . . but what I'm really wondering is where were you?"

"Dad. . . Uhh. . . Uhh I'm terribly sorry. Once Liz. . . after Liz. . . Well, I. . . I wanted to get away for a bit. I went down to London for a bit and got meself a job at a café. I worked there for a while before I started back."

"Did you not think of us. . . your mum? We were worried sick! To run away is no way of dealing with something!"

"Oh John!" David's mother put a hand on her husband's shoulder.

"You could have at least contacted us?"

David's said.

"I knew you'd send someone to get me."

David felt relieved his father seemed to be believing his story. "I just needed some time Dad. I just"

"Well the important thing is that you're safe and back."

David's father declared.

He got up and left for his bedroom. David knew there'll be more questions tomorrow.

"Would you like some coffee, son?" asked his mother.

"I'd love some."

David sat there at the table looking at the wall in front of him. There were pictures of his family, including a couple of Liz, his sister. Liz, was only a year older than him and an enormous fan of theatre. A few months back McCormick had come into town with a crew for one of his plays. Liz was mystified by the man and he too seemed to be quite fond of her. The play finished it's journey here in Nottingham and McCormick stayed back to spend time with Liz.

"Here you go." said David's mother as she put his coffee on the table. David looked down at the cup. It had been so long since someone had made him coffee, or anything for that matter. Life had been hard with the crew but it had all been worth it.

"How've you been doing, mum?" David asked

"Well son we'd got back to our routines and life was seeming about normal. This last week though has been tough, what with that murderer coming back with that play of his. Yer Dad's been awfully quiet these last few days. He's seething inside with anger, he blames himself for not being able to do anything."

"He'll pay for what he's done, mum. Everyone does."

"Well, I hope so." sighed David's mum.

"What really pains me," she continued "is that she seemed happy with him. He seemed a good man, not capable of anything of that sort."

David agreed with his mum. Lizz really did seem happy in the couple of weeks she spent with McCormick. He also remembered the day she came home late, crying, with a bruise above her eyebrow. His mother had sent him into his room but he had pretty much understood what was going on. Liz

came back again a couple of days later with another bruise before one day she left and never returned.

She was found on the side of a road the next morning, raped and murdered. McCormick was never seen again in Nottingham and the police refused to listen to David's mother's testimony. The papers refused to print anything against this man with great political connections and even Liz's diary entries were not believed.

David's still remembered reading them. "Alastair never looked like someone capable of violence, the charmer that he is. Maybe it's my fault I annoyed him."

"Alaistair hit me again. I spoke to mum and she told me that I should be stronger and understand he's a man under a lot of stress. I told her I don't want to meet him again but she's asked me to give him another chance. I will try, I hope I don't regret this."

The last entry was - "I have a date with Alastair today, we'll be catching a movie before dinner. He's been good to me the last few days. Mum was right."

"Well, mum I'm sure she's still happy wherever she is.", said David.

David's mother didn't say anything. She blamed herself for the death of her daughter. David didn't blame her and neither did his father, at least he thought so.

"Mum, I'm awfully tired, I think I'll turn in."

David's mother nodded as she got up with him. She kissed him on the head before saying Goodnight. David went to bed feeling a mixture of emotions, guilt at having left his family alone at a time like that, pity towards his mother and a feeling of pride that tomorrow his father might feel less frustrated on hearing of the death of his daughter's killer.

Sleep came as easily to him as it ever had. Tomorrow, everything would start afresh. He couldn't get his sister back but at least he brought her to justice in whatever way he could.

- Abhay Tipnis, XII Arts

He Inspires Me



Coming from a family with Italian roots, the star actor, Leonardo DiCaprio is the very epitome of sophistication and finesse. From very early in his age, Leonardo knew what he wanted to become; a very successful actor. His hard work, dedication and incredible acting skills polished to perfection gave him some unforgettable roles like Jack from Titanic and gave the world some classics like Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, Man in the Mask and many more.

From movies such as The Departed and Blood Diamond to psychological thrillers like Shutter Island to notable works like Wolf of Wall Street. Leonardo's work with the famous Martin Scorsese gained him a lot of fame. After being nominated for Oscars for various roles, he finally managed to bag an Oscar for his incredible performance portraying 'Hugh Glass' in the 2015 epic drama, The Revenant.

Two causes very close to Leonardo's heart, environmentalism and climatic change were the centre stage of the movie The Revenant as well as Leo's Oscar speech. Apart from thanking everyone for his achievements he also drew everyone's attention to the problem of climatic change. He addressed that the movie The Revenant was about a man's relation with the natural world and this world today is facing an urgent problem of climatic change that needs to be tackled as it is posing a threat to the environment.

Bringing the people's attention to this matter and asking them to do their bit in his Oscar speech is what makes Leonardo DiCaprio a true idealist. The Great Gatsby and Inception star is a true idol for the people of the world, contributing to save the environment and to prevent climatic change and also spreading awareness constantly through platforms like Oscars and documentaries like Before the Flood.

Amodini, XI Arts

सेलफोन का उपयोग

सेलफोन आज के युग की एक प्रमुख आवश्यकता बन गए हैं। लोगों को सेलफोन की ऐसी लत लग गई है कि उन्हें इसके बिना ऐसा लगता है जैसे कि उनके शरीर का अंग खो गया है।

दूरसंचार का प्रमुख साधन होने के कारण यह इतना लोकप्रिय हो गया है कि विद्यार्थी वर्ग भी इसके आकर्षण से दूर नहीं रह पाया है। इसका इतना प्रभाव है कि लगभग हर एक विद्यार्थी के पास फोन है। विद्यार्थी कॉलेज में, हाई स्कूल में, माध्यमिक पाठशाला में और यहां तक कि प्राथमिक स्कूल में भी फोन इस्तेमाल करते हैं। मां-बाप अपने बच्चों को रोजाना के ज़ोरखिम से बचाने के लिए फोन देते हैं।

आज सेलफोन दूरसंचार का साधन कम और मनोरंजन का साधन अधिक हो गया है। इसका प्रयोग विद्यार्थी द्वारा सदेश देने या सुनने के लिए नहीं बल्कि संगीत सुनने, वीडियो देखने और गेम खेलने के लिए अधिक किया जा रहा है। फोन कान में लगाकर गाने सुनते हुए पढ़ना और वाहन चलाना आज के विद्यार्थी का शौक है।

सेलफोन के कारण विद्यार्थी वर्ग में फिजूलखर्च करने की आदत भी बढ़ गई है। इससे खर्च का बोझ माता-पिता के ऊपर पड़ता है या विद्यार्थी अपने खर्च पूरे करने के लिए गलत तरीके अपनाने लगता है।

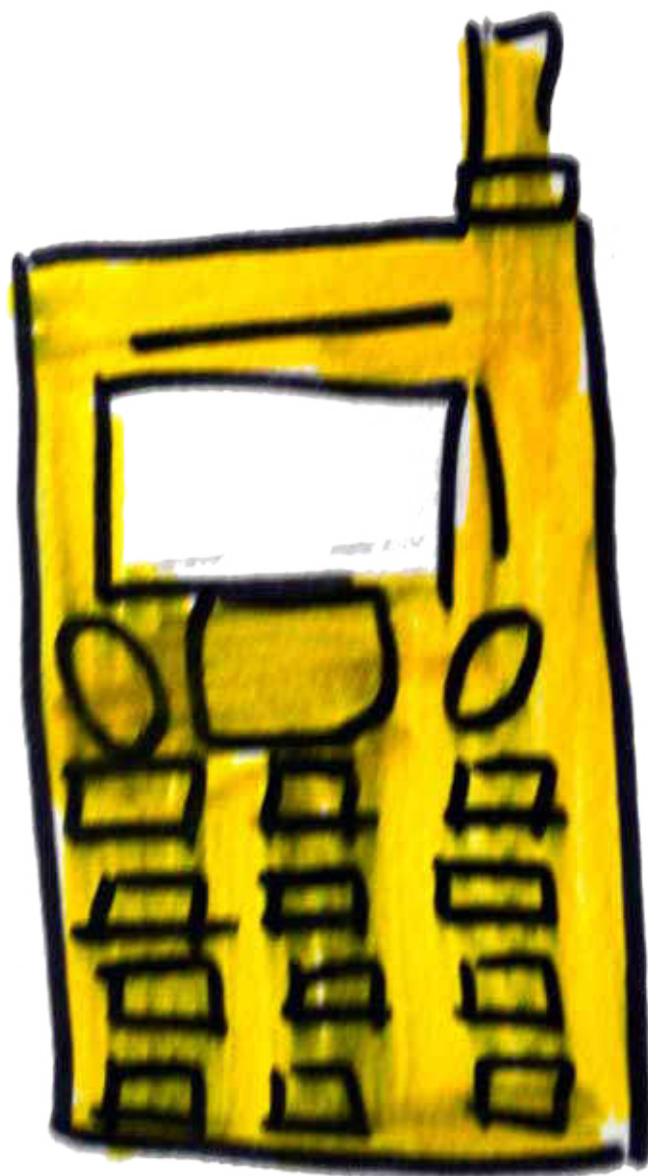
सेलफोन के दुरुपयोग के कारण विद्यार्थी अपने उज्ज्वल भविष्य से भटक कर पतन की ओर जाने लगा है। उसमें असभ्यता, अशिष्टताएं व असामाजिकता आने लगी है।

सोशल नेटवर्किंग साइटों की वजह से हम अपने साथ बैठे व्यक्ति की जगह दूसरे देश में बैठे लोगों से बात करना ज्यादा पसंद करते हैं। बचपन ही फोन पर गुजरने लगा है। कोई भी घर से बाहर निकलकर प्रकृति की सुंदरता देखना ही नहीं चाहता। हर कोई फोन की स्क्रीन को घूरता रहता है।

सोशल नेटवर्किंग साइटों की वजह से वह अश्लील सभ्यता की ओर आकर्षित होते हैं।

लोगों की सेहत पर भी फोन का बहुत बुरा असर पड़ता है। लोग सारा दिन फोन से चिपके बैठे रहते हैं। आंखों की रौशनी भी कमजोर हो जाती है। स्वभाव में चिड़चिड़ापन आने लगता है।

विद्यार्थियों का यह कर्त्तव्य है कि सेलफोन के आकर्षण से अपने को दूर रखकर विद्या प्राप्त करके कार्य को पूरा करने के लिए फोन उपयोग कम से कम करना होगा तथा सिर्फ सदुपयोग करना चाहिए।



नकल के विरोधी थे गाँधी जी

स्कूल की एक कक्षा में बच्चों की परीक्षा थी। निरीक्षक ने विद्यार्थियों को अंग्रेजी के पांच शब्द लिखने को कहे, जिनमें से एक शब्द 'कैटिल' था। सभी ने इस शब्द को ठीक लिखा, लेकिन एक बालक उसे सही न लिख सका। निगरानी करने वाले लड़के (अध्यापक) ने उसे इशारा किया कि वह आगे वाले लड़के का लिखा देखकर ठीक कर ले, परंतु उस बालक ने कोई ध्यान नहीं दिया। निरीक्षक ने देखा कि केवल एक ही विद्यार्थी का केवल एक शब्द गलत है। उनके जाने के बाद अध्यापक ने उस बालक को डाँटकर कहा- 'तुम मेरा इशारा भी नहीं समझे? इस पर बालक ने उत्तर दिया- 'अगर सच्चाई के लिए मुझे पीड़ित भी होना पड़े तो कोई बात नहीं, परंतु मैं स्वप्न में भी नहीं सोच सकता कि अध्यापक भी नकल करने के लिए कह सकते हैं। आज तक मैंने नकल नहीं की और भविष्य में भी नहीं करूँगा।' बालक के विचार सुनकर, अध्यापक शर्म से पानी-पानी हो गए। आगे चलकर यही बालक महात्मा गांधी के नाम से प्रसिद्ध हुआ तथा सत्य और अहिंसा का महान साधक बना।



Shorya
VIII-N

स्वच्छ भारत अभियान

साफ-सफाई एक अच्छी आदत है जो स्वच्छ पर्यावरण और आदर्श जीवन शैली के लिए हर एक व्यक्ति के पास होनी चाहिए।

स्वच्छ भारत अभियान हमारे माननीय प्रधानमंत्री नरेंद्र मोदी द्वारा चलाया गया। भारत सरकार का एक सफाई अभियान है। इस मिशन का आरंभ 2 अक्टूबर, 2014 को हुआ। यह प्रत्येक व्यक्ति की जिम्मेदारी है और देश को स्वच्छ बनाने के लिए हर व्यक्ति को हिस्सा लेना चाहिए। प्रधानमंत्री जी ने नौ नामों की घोषणा की और उनसे अपने क्षेत्रों में सफाई अभियान को बढ़ाने के लिए कहा और आम जनता को उसमें जुड़ने को कहा। ये नौ व्यक्ति आगे नौ व्यक्तियों को जुड़ने के लिए कहें।

राष्ट्रपिता महात्मा गांधी ने भारत को एक स्वच्छ भारत बनाने का सपना देखा था जिसे पूरा करने के लिए भारत सरकार ने यह मिशन शुरू किया है। यह अभियान 2017 तक एक स्वच्छ भारत का लक्ष्य रखता है।

इस मिशन का उद्देश्य सभी गांवों और शहरों को स्वच्छ बनाना है ताकि भारत एक अच्छे देश का उदाहरण बन सके।

हमारे विद्यालयों ने भी इस अभियान में बढ़-चढ़कर भाग लिया है और प्रत्येक विद्यार्थी ने कसम ली है कि वह देश और शहर को साफ रखेंगे ताकि भारत एक हरा-भरा देश बन जाए।

'स्वच्छता भगवान की ओर अगला कदम है।'



Naaz Puri

IX-O



क्लास मॉनीटर

जो क्लास में बने मॉनीटर,
कोरी शान दिखाते हैं।

आता जाता कुछ भी नहीं,
पर हम सब रोब जमाते हैं।

जब क्लास में टीचर नहीं
तो खुद टीचर बन जाते हैं।

कॉपी पेसिल लेकर

बस नाम लिखने लग जाते हैं।

खुद तो हमेशा बातें करें,
हमें चुप करवाते हैं।

अपनी तो बस गलती माफ
हमें बली चढ़ाते हैं।

क्लास तो संभाल पाते नहीं,
बस चीखते और चिल्लाते हैं।

भगवान बचाए इन मॉनीटरों से,
इन्हें हम नहीं चाहते हैं।

Ishita

VII-E



अगर चाहते हो पानी बचाना,
तो कुछ कदम है उठाना।
जान न बचेगी अगर पानी हो कम,
इसलिए लगाना पड़ेगा दम।

पानी बचाओ! और जीवन भी,
शुरू करो अभी-अभी।
पानी से है पेड़-पौधे,
पानी से हम,
पानी अगर बचाओगे तो फिर न होगा गम।

सदा टूटी बंद रखना है हमारा कर्म,
पानी का ना तो कोई नाम है और ना ही धर्म।
हर किसी को मिलके है पानी बचाना,
इसके लिए नहीं चलेगा कोई बहाना।

आखिर में कहना चाहूँगी कि पानी को है रखना साफ,
जिसने पानी नहीं बचाना उसे करना मत माफ।
अगर चाहते हो पानी को बचाना
तो कुछ कदम है उठाना।

Geetanjali

VII-P



हमारे देश के प्रमुख हाज़िर जवाब विद्वान



तेनालीराम : तेनालीराम, जिन्हें विकट कवि भी कहा जाता है, एक तेलगु कवि थे जो अपनी बुद्धिमानी और हाज़िर जवाबी के लिए प्रसिद्ध थे। वह विजयनगर के राजा कृष्ण I देवराय के दरबार में उनके अष्टदिग्गजों में से एक थे।

तेनालीराम आंध्र-प्रदेश में थुमुलुरु नाम के गांव में सोहलवीं सदी में पैदा हुए। उनके पिता जी का नाम गरलपति रामया था जो एक मंदिर के पुजारी थे। जब तेनाली बहुत छोटे थे तो उनके पिताजी का देहांत हो गया और उनकी माता अपने भाई के साथ तेनाली में रहने

लगीं। इसलिए उन्हें तेनालीराम कहा जाता था।

तेनालीराम अपनी बुद्धिमानी और हाज़िर जवाबी के लिए जाने जाते थे। उन्होंने पांडुरंग महात्म्य नाम के काव्य की रचना की। तेनालीराम की बुद्धिमानी और हाज़िर जवाबी की कई कहानियां प्रसिद्ध हैं।

बीरबल : बीरबल का जन्म महेश दास के नाम से 1528 में, कल्पी के नज़दीक किसी गांव में हुआ था। आज उनका जन्म स्थान उत्तर प्रदेश राज्य में आता है। इतिहासकारों के अनुसार उनका जन्म स्थल यमुना नदी के तट पर बसा टिकवनपुर गांव था। उनके पिता का नाम गंगा दास और माता का नाम अनभा दवितो था।

बीरबल ने हिंदी, संस्कृत और पश्चिम भाषा में शिक्षा प्राप्त की। बीरबल कविताएं भी लिखते थे। ज्यादातर कविताएं ब्रज भाषा में होती थीं, इसी वजह से उन्हें काफी प्रसिद्धि मिली थी।

बीरबल मुगल शासक अकबर के दरबार के सबसे प्रसिद्ध सलाहकार थे। बीरबल भारतीय इतिहास में चतुराई के लिए जाने जाते थे और उन पर लिखित काफी कहानियां भी हमें देखने और सुनने को मिली जिसमें बताया कि कैसे बीरबल अपनी चतुराई से अकबर की मुश्किलों को हल करते थे। 1556-1562 में अकबर ने बीरबल को अपने दरबार में कवि के रूप में नियुक्त किया था। उन्हें मुगल शासक अकबर के नवरत्नों में से एक कहा जाता है।

बीरबल दान देने में अपने समय अद्वितीय थे और पुरस्कार देने में प्रसिद्ध थे। गान विद्या भी अच्छी जानते थे। उनके दोहे प्रसिद्ध हैं। उनकी कहावतें और लतीफे भी प्रचलित हैं।



गर्व

छुट्टियां सबको मनानी अच्छी लगती हैं। वैसे ही मेरे परिवार को भी घूमना अच्छा लगता है। मैं अपनी कक्षा में प्रथम आया था और मेरा परिवार मुझसे बहुत प्रसन्न हुआ और हमने शिमला जाने की सोची, मैं बहुत खुश हुआ। सफर बहुत लंबा था इसलिए हम सुबह छः बजे निकले। हम रास्ते भर गाना गाते हुए जा रहे थे, गाड़ी तकरीबन सौ की रफ्तार से जा रही थी, आगे चौक में लाल बत्ती हो गई, मेरे पिता जी ने तो गाड़ी रोक ली पर जो हमारे आगे वाली गाड़ी थी, उसके ब्रेक फेल हो गए और वो गाड़ी आगे मोटर साइकिल में जा टकराई और मोटर साइकिल में बैठा व्यक्ति घायल हो गया। हमें तो लगा था कि लोग उस व्यक्ति की मदद करने के लिए रुकेगा पर कोई नहीं रुका। मेरे पिता जी को लगा कि एक सच्चे नागरिक को दूसरे की मदद करनी चाहिए इसलिए वे रुक गए।

उस व्यक्ति को शरीर से बहुत खून बह रहा था और उसकी एक टांग टूट गई थी। उस व्यक्ति की सांसें हर पल कम हो रही थी, मेरे पिता ने सोचा कि 'बुलैस' को बहुत देर लग जाएगी, तो उन्होंने उस व्यक्ति को सी. पी. आर. देने की सोची, अगर आपको सी. पी. आर. के बारे में नहीं पता तो मैं बताता हूं। अगर किसी व्यक्ति की सांसें बंद हो जाती हैं तो हम उसके मुंह में हवा देते हैं, उसकी छाती को तेज-तेज दबाते हैं, इतनी भी जोर से नहीं दबाते कि उसकी हड्डियां टूट जाएं। मेरे पिता जी ने उस व्यक्ति को सी. पी. आर. दिया। हम सबको लगा कि वो व्यक्ति मर गया है पर मेरे पिता जी ने हार नहीं मानी और उनकी छोटी सी उम्मीद ने उस व्यक्ति को बचा लिया। वो फिर से सांसें लेने लग गया था, तब तक किसी ने 'बुलैस' बुला ली थी और वो उस व्यक्ति को अस्पताल ले गए। सारे लोगों ने तालियां बजाईं पर मेरे पिता जी सबसे नाराज थे और उन्होंने सबसे पूछा कि वे उस व्यक्ति की जान बचाने के लिए क्यों नहीं रुके? मेरे पिता जी ने सबको उनकी गलती का एहसास करवाया और फिर सबको धन्यवाद करके चले गए।

तकरीबन एक हफ्ते के बाद मेरे पिता जी को एक फोन आया, जब उन्होंने फोन उठाया तो उनको पता लगा कि वो फोन मुख्यमंत्री के दफ्तर से आया था। वे मेरे पिता को सम्मानित करना चाहते थे, मेरे पिता जी दफ्तर गए तो मुख्यमंत्री ने उनको एक लाख रुपए के साथ सम्मानित किया। मेरे पिता जी ने वो पैसे मुख्यमंत्री को वापिस कर दिए और कहा कि वो पैसे गरीबों में बांट दें। मुख्यमंत्री ने उनको शाबाशी दी और कहा कि हमारे देश को मेरे पिता जी जैसे नागरिकों की जरूरत है। अगले दिन उनकी फोटो अखबार में भी आई थी। उस दिन के बाद मैं अपने पिता जी को एक अलग नज़रिए से देखने लगा हूं और मुझे सदैव अपने पिता जी पर गर्व रहेगा। उम्मीद करता हूँ कि मैं भी उन्हीं के नक्शे-ऐ-कदम पर चलूँ।

ਬਚਪਨ ਮਿੱਠੀਆਂ ਯਾਦਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਭਰਪੂਰ



ਬਚਪਨ ਸੱਚਮੁਚ ਖੂਬਸੂਰਤ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ

ਹਰ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਆਪਣਾ ਜੀਵਨ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੀ ਖੂਬਸੂਰਤ ਤਰੀਕੇ ਨਾਲ ਬਿਤਾਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਅਸੀਂ ਸਾਰੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ਇਸ ਪਹਿਲੂ ਨੂੰ ਬਿਤਾਕੇ ਆਏ ਜੋ ਕਿ ਮੇਰੇ ਹਿਸਾਬ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਡੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦਾ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਚੰਗਾ ਸਮਾਂ ਸੀ ਤੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਾਰੇ ਇਸ ਗੱਲ ਨਾਲ ਸਹਿਮਤ ਹਾਂ।

ਬਚਪਨ ਉਹ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਜਦ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਫਿਕਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ, ਸਾਡਾ ਧਿਆਨ ਹਰ ਵਕਤ ਖੇਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਬਾਹਰਲੀ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਬਾਰੇ ਕੁੱਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਤਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਤੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਜੋ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਦਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਤੇ ਖੇਡਣ ਲਈ ਖਿਡਾਉਣੇ। ਸਾਡੇ ਮਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਿਸੇ ਚੀਜ਼ ਲਈ ਲਾਲਚ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਨਾ ਹੀ ਕਦੇ ਇੰਜ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਪਸੰਦ ਨਹੀਂ। ਆਪ ਦਾ ਮਨ ਬਸ ਸਭ ਲਈ ਪਿਆਰ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਭਰਿਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਬਚਪਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੇ ਮਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਿਸੇ ਲਈ ਦਵੇਸ਼ ਮਈ ਭਾਵਨਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ।

ਬਚਪਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਚੀਜ਼ ਦਾ ਡਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਤਾਉਂਦਾ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਉਹ ਹਰ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਭਾਵ ਬਚਪਨ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸਿਰਫ ਆਪਣੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਦੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਫਰਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਚਾਹੇ ਕੋਈ ਖੁਸ਼ ਰਹੇ ਜਾਂ ਨਿਰਾਸ਼ ਇਸ ਲਈ ਮੈਂ ਕਹਾਂਗੀ ਕਿ ਬਚਪਨ ਸੱਚਮੁਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਪ੍ਰਬਸੂਰਤ ਹੈ।

ਬਚਪਨ ਦੀ ਇੱਕ ਹੋਰ ਖੂਬਸੂਰਤ ਚੀਜ਼ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਕਦੇ ਗ਼ਰੀਬ ਤੇ ਅਮੀਰ, ਸੋਹਣਾ ਤੇ ਬਦਸੂਰਤ, ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਤੇ ਸਾਫ਼ ਆਦਿ ਚੀਜ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਅੰਤਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦੇ। ਹਰ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ

ਦਾ ਜੀਅ ਇੱਕ ਬੱਚੇ ਦਾ ਦੋਸਤ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਕੁੱਝ ਫਰਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਕਿਹੋ ਜਾ ਦਿਸਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਵੱਡੇ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਡੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਇਹਨੀ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਫਿਕਰਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਭਰ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਰਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਨੀਂਦ ਸਤਾਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਈ ਲੋਕ ਤਾਂ ਦਵਾਈਆਂ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਸੌਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਤਾਂ ਕਿ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਨੀਂਦ ਆ ਜਾਵੇ। ਪਰ ਬਚਪਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਫਿਕਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਤੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਲੋਰੀਆਂ ਸੁਣਦੇ-ਸੁਣਦੇ ਹੀ ਨੀਂਦ ਆ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਬਚਪਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਜੇਕਰ ਸਾਡੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾਲ ਲੜਾਈ-ਝਗੜਾ ਵੀ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕੁੱਝ ਸਮੇਂ ਲਈ ਹੀ ਯਾਦ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਕੁੱਝ ਸਮੇਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੀ ਉਹ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਸਾਡੇ ਲਈ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਜਿੰਨਾਂ ਪਿਆਰਾ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਜਿਉਂ ਹੀ ਆਪਾ ਵੱਡੇ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਜੇਕਰ ਅਸੀਂ ਕਦੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨਾਲ ਲੜ ਪਈਏ ਤਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਮੇਂ ਲਈ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਲਾਉਂਦਾ ਤੇ ਕਈ ਵਾਰ ਤਾਂ ਗੁੱਸਾ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਪੂਰੀ ਉਮਰ ਹੀ ਉਸ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਨੂੰ ਬਲਾਉਂਦੇ ਨਹੀਂ।

ਬਚਪਨ ਦੀ ਇੱਕ ਹੋਰ ਚੰਗੀ ਗੱਲ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਫਿਕਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਪੂਰੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਤੇ ਨਿਰਭਰ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਪਰ ਜਿਉਂ ਹੀ ਅਸੀਂ ਵੱਡੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਪੈਰਾਂ ਤੇ ਖੁੱਦ ਖੜ੍ਹੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ ਸਭ ਕੁੱਝ ਸੰਭਾਲਣਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਜਿਸ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਡੇ ਤੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਅਸਰ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸਿਰਫ ਆਪਣਾ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਲਕਿ ਆਪਣੇ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਦਾ ਖਿਆਲ ਵੀ ਰੱਖਣਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਜਿਸ ਨਾਲ ਸਾਡੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਬਹੁਤ ਵੱਧ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਮੇਰੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਘਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਾਲੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕ ਨਵੇਂ ਬੱਚੇ ਦਾ ਜਨਮ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੈ। ਉਸਨੂੰ ਦੇਖਦੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਇਹ ਬੱਚਾ ਆਪਣੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਖੂਬਸੂਰਤ ਸਮੇਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੈ ਜਦ ਇਸ ਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਫਿਕਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਮੇਰਾ ਆਪਣਾ ਮਨ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਖੁੱਦ ਵਾਪਿਸ ਆਪਣੇ ਬਚਪਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਚੱਲ ਜਾਵਾਂ ਜਿੱਥੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸਿਰਫ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਹੋਵੇ ਤੇ ਕੋਈ ਗੱਮ ਨਹੀਂ।

ਇਹ ਸਾਰੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਇਸ ਗੱਲ ਦਾ ਹੀ ਸੰਕੇਤ ਹਨ ਕਿ ਬਚਪਨ ਸੱਚਮੁਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਖੂਬਸੂਰਤ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਸਾਡੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦਾ ਸੱਭ ਤੋਂ ਚੰਗਾ ਸਮਾਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਾਡਾ ਬਚਪਨ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੀ ਚੰਗੀਆ ਯਾਦਾਂ ਦਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਅਸੀਂ ਕਦੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਭੁੱਲਦੇ ਤੇ ਵੱਡੇ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਵੀ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਕਰਦੇ ਖੁਸ਼ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਤੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਹਸਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਤੇ ਤਮੰਨਾ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਕਾਸ਼ ਉਹ ਸਮਾਂ ਵਾਪਿਸ ਆ ਜਾਵੇ ਜਦ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕੋਈ ਫਿਕਰ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ।

Hargunpreet Kaur
XI-Arts



ਘਰੇਲੂ ਵਾਤਾਵਰਣ ਤੇ ਔਰਤ

‘ਧੁੱਪ ਵਿੱਚ ਛਾਂ ਹੈ ਔਰਤ, ਹਰ ਉਲਝਣ ਵਿੱਚ ਹਾਣ ਹੈ ਔਰਤ, ਮਮਤਾ ਦੇ ਲਈ ਇਕ ਮਾਂ, ਰੱਬ ਵਰਗਾ ਰੂਪ ਹੈ ਔਰਤ, ਸਵਰਗਾਂ ਵਰਗੀ ਇੱਕ ਥਾਂ ਹੈ ਔਰਤ!

ਔਰਤ ਇੱਕ ਦੁਰਗਾਂ, ਔਰਤ ਇੱਕ ਪ੍ਰੇਰਣਾ, ਔਰਤ ਇੱਕ ਜੱਗਤਜੰਨੀ, ਔਰਤ ਇੱਕ ਰਕਸ਼ਕ। ਅੱਜ ਦੀ ਔਰਤ ਤੋਹਾਡੇ ਸਾਹਮਣੇ ਖੜ੍ਹੀ ਹੈ, ਅੱਜ ਦੀ ਔਰਤ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਨਾ ਵੀ ਜਾਣ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਉਣਾ ਵੀ ਜਾਣ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਹੈ ਅੱਜ ਦੀ ਔਰਤ ਮਰਦਾ ਦੇ ਰਾਜ ਤੋ ਤੰਗ ਹੋ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਹੈ ਇਸ ਨੇ ਦਿਨ ਰਾਤ ਇਕ ਕਰ ਆਪਣੀ ਅੱਲਗ ਪਹਿਚਾਣ ਬਣਾਈ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਸਮਾਜ ਦੀਆਂ ਜੰਜੀਰਾਂ ਤੋੜ ਕੇ ਉਹ ਅੱਜ ਰੋਜ਼ ਸਵੇਰੇ ਦਫਤਰ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਘਰ ਆ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੁੱਢੇ ਮਾਂ-ਬਾਪ ਦਾ ਸਹਾਰਾ ਬਣਦੀ ਹੈ। ਆਪਾ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਭੂਲ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਔਰਤ ਦੁਰਗਾ ਦਾ ਰੂਪ ਹੈ ਇਸ ਦੇ ਕਈ ਅਵਤਾਰ ਹਨ। ਦੁਰਗਾ ਦੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਇਹ ਹਰ ਮੁਸੀਬਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਡੱਟ ਕੇ ਖੜ੍ਹੀ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਖੜ੍ਹੀ ਰਹੇਗੀ।

ਇਹ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਸੱਚ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਔਰਤ ਬਾਹਰ ਕੰਮ-ਕਾਰ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਘਰੇਲੂ ਜ਼ਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀਆਂ ਨਿਭਾਉਣ ਦੇ ਸਮਰਥ ਹੈ। ਉਸ ਰੱਬ ਨੇ ਔਰਤ ਨੂੰ ਇਨੀ ਸਹਿਣ ਸ਼ਕਤੀ ਦਿੱਤੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਉਹ ਸਾਰਾ ਦਿਨ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਕੇ ਆਈ ਹੋਵੇ ਪਰ ਜਦੋਂ ਹੀ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਭੁੱਖੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਅਵਾਜ਼ ਸੁਣਦੀ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਫਿਰ ਖੜ੍ਹੀ ਹੋ ਕੇ ਮਮਤਾ ਦੇ ਹੋਲਾਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਜੁੱਟ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਉਹ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਵੀ ਥੱਕੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋਈ ਅਤੇ ਜੇ ਕਦੀ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਬੱਚੇ ਬਿਮਾਰ ਹੋ ਜਾਣ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਸਾਰੀ-ਸਾਰੀ ਰਾਤ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਬੈਠੀ ਰਹਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਮਾਂ ਵੀ ਤਾਂ ਇੱਕ ਔਰਤ ਜੋ ਆਪਣੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਘਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਲਈ ਹਰ ਛੋਟਾ-ਛੋਟਾ ਕੰਮ ਵੀ ਖੁਦ ਕਰਦੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕਿੱਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਔਖਾ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ।

ਇੱਕ ਵਿਧਵਾ ਜਾਂ ਤਲਾਕਸ਼ੁਦਾ ਜਿਹੜੀਆਂ ਔਰਤਾਂ ਇੱਕਲੀਆਂ ਰਹਿੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਉਹ ਔਰਤਾਂ ਜਿਹੜੀਆਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਕਮਾਈ ਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ, ਖਵਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਮੈਂ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਕਰਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਆਪਣੇ ਵਾਂਗੂ ਪੈਸੇ ਦੀਆਂ ਗੱਠੀਆਂ ਤਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀਆਂ ਪਰ ਸਾਰੇ ਘਰ ਨੂੰ ਚਲਾਉਣ ਦਾ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਬੋਝ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਘਰ ਵੀ ਸਾਂਭਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਹ ਵੀ ਤਾਂ ਔਰਤਾਂ ਹੀ ਹਨ।

ਜਦੋਂ ਇੱਕ ਔਰਤ ਘਰ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਹਰ ਕਦਮ ਰੱਖਦੀ ਹੈ ਸਾਰਾ ਸਮਾਜ ਉਸ ਦੀ ਨਿੰਦਾ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ ਸਮਾਜ ਆਖਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਜਦੋਂ ਇੱਕ ਔਰਤ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਦੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਦੇ ਮਗਰੋਂ ਉਸ ਦਾ ਘਰ ਬਿਖਰ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਇੱਕ ਸਵਾਲ ਪੁੱਛਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਅੱਜ ਦੌਰੇ ਪਤੀ ਅਤੇ ਪਤਨੀ ਬਾਹਰ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਦੇ ਹਨ ਪਰ ਜਦੋਂ ਦੋਵੇਂ ਸ਼ਾਮ ਨੂੰ ਘਰ ਆਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਤਾਂ ਪਤਨੀ ਹੀ ਸਾਰੇ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਦੀ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਹੀ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਸਾਂਭਦੀ ਹੈ, ਉਹ ਹੀ ਘਰ ਦੇ ਕੰਮਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੈ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਪਤੀ ਅੰਦਰ ਜਾਂ ਕੇ ਚਾਅ ਦਾ ਹੁਲਾਰਾ ਮਾਰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮੇਰੇ ਸਵਾਲ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਜੇ ਦੋਵੇਂ ਜੀਅ ਹੀ ਕਮਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਤਾਂ ਫਿਰ ਘਰ ਦੇ ਕੰਮ ਵੀ ਦੋਵੇਂ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦੇ।

ਮੈਂ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਇਸ ਦੀ ਉਦਾਹਰਣ ਦੇਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਦੂਰ ਨਾ ਜਾਓ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਸੇ-ਪਾਸੇ ਹੀ ਝਾਤ ਮਾਰੋ ਜਾਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਆਪ ਹੀ ਦੇਖ ਲਵੋ। ਅਸੀਂ ਸਭ ਬੋਡਿੰਗ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹਿ ਕੇ ਖੁੱਦ ਦੇਖਦੇ ਤੇ ਸੁਣਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਕਿਵੇਂ

ਸਾਡੀਆਂ ਅਧਿਆਪਕਾਵਾਂ ਅੱਠ-ਅੱਠ ਘੰਟੇ ਸਕੂਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਕਈ ਵਾਰ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਸ਼ਾਮ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਆਪਣੇ ਛੋਟੇ-ਛੋਟੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਆਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਫਿਰ ਘਰ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਖਾਣਾ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਦੀ ਵੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਹੀ ਸਕੂਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਈ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਅਧਿਆਪਕਾ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਜਾਣਦੀ ਹਾਂ। ਤੇ ਮੈਂ ਸੋਚ ਸਕਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਇਹ ਕਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਿਲ ਹੈ ਪਰ ਮੈਂ ਕਦੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਜ਼ਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਭੱਜਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਨਹੀਂ ਵੇਖਿਆ।

ਘਰ ਦੇ ਕੰਮ ਕਰ-ਕਰ ਕੇ ਅੱਜ ਦੀ ਔਰਤ ਇੰਨੀ ਮਾਹਿਰ ਹੋ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੰਨਾ ਟੈਲੰਟ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਘਰ ਦੇ ਕੰਮ ਕਰ-ਕਰ ਕੇ ਉਸ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਪਹਿਚਾਣ ਬਣਾ ਲਈ ਹੈ।

ਆਖਿਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੱਸ ਮੈਂ ਇਹ ਕਹਿਣਾ ਚਾਹੁੰਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਇੱਕ ਔਰਤ ਨੂੰ ਮਹੀਨੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਪੇਟ ਵਿੱਚ ਔਲਾਦ ਪਾਲਦੀ ਹੈ ਇੰਨਾ ਦਰਦ ਸਹਿੰਦੀ ਹੈ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੀ ਜਾਨ ਜ਼ੋਖਿਮ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਾ ਕੇ ਮਰਨ ਵਰਗੀ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਪਰ ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਇੱਕ ਬੱਚੇ ਨੂੰ ਇਸ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਲਿਆਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਇਸ ਔਰਤ ਲਈ ਘਰ ਦੇ ਕੰਮ ਕਿਹੜੀ ਵੱਡੀ ਗੱਲ ਹੈ।

ਨੋਟਬੰਦੀ

ਅੱਠ ਨਵੰਬਰ ਦੇ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਸੋਲਾਂ ਤਰੀਕ ਜਿਸ ਰਾਤ ਨੋਟ ਬੰਦ ਹੋਏ ਸੀ। ਇਹ ਤਰੀਕ ਕੁਝ ਏਸੀ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਕੀ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਨਹੀਂ ਭੁਲੇਗੀ। ਉਸ ਇੱਕ ਕਦਮ ਨੇ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਕੰਮਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਲਾਗਾਤਾ ਸੀ। ਵਿਹਲੇ ਵੀ ਉਸ ਦਿਨ ਬਹੁਤ ਵਿਅਸਤ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਸੀ। ਉਸ ਦਿਨ 500-1000 ਦੇ ਨੋਟ ਬੰਦ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਸੀ। ਇਸ ਖ਼ਬਰ ਨੇ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੈਰਾਨ ਕਰਤਾ ਸੀ। ਖਾਸ ਕਰ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਕਾਲਾ ਧਨ ਸੀ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਤਾਂ ਪਸੀਨੇ ਛੁੱਟ ਗਏ ਸੀ। ਅਗਲੇ ਦਿਨ ਬੈਂਕਾਂ ਅੱਗੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਲੰਬੀਆਂ ਲਾਈਨਾਂ ਲੱਗ ਗਈਆਂ ਸੀ।

ਇਹ ਕਦਮ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੱਦ ਤੱਕ ਇੱਕ ਸਹੀ ਕਦਮ ਸੀ ਪਰ ਕੁਝ ਹੱਦ ਤੱਕ ਗਲਤ ਵੀ ਸੀ। ਚੰਗਾ ਤਾਂ ਇਸ ਲਈ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਇਸ ਨਾਲ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਫ਼ੇਦ ਧੰਨ ਹੀ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਅਤੇ ਕਾਲਾ ਧਨ ਖ਼ਤਮ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇਗਾ। ਉਸ ਦਿਨ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਕਾਲਾ ਧਨ ਸੀ ਉਹ ਇੱਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਨੂੰ ਫੋਨ ਕਰ ਪੁੱਛ ਰਹੇ ਸਨ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਅੱਧਾ ਪੈਸਾ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਵੱਲੋਂ ਜਮ੍ਹਾਂ ਕਰਾ ਦੇਣ ਅਤੇ ਫੇਰ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਨਵੇਂ ਨੋਟ ਵਾਪਸ ਦੇ ਦੇਣ। ਪਰ ਇਮਾਂਦਾਰਾਂ ਨੇ ਇਹ ਮਨਜ਼ੂਰ ਨਾ ਕੀਤਾ। ਉਸ ਵਕਤ ਕਿਸੇ ਵੀ ਆਦਮੀ ਦੀ ਸਿਫਾਰਸ਼ ਕੰਮ ਨਾ ਆਈ ਅਗਰ ਕੋਈ ਆਦਮੀ ਗਲਤ ਸੀ ਤਾਂ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਸਹਿਣਾ ਹੀ ਪੈ ਰਿਹਾ ਸੀ। ਅਤੇ ਇਮਾਂਦਾਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਉਸ ਰਾਤ ਜਿੱਤ ਹੋ ਗਈ।

ਕਾਲੇ ਧਨ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਕੋਲ ਕੋਈ ਰਸਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਿਆ ਅਤੇ ਕਈ ਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਤੋਂ ਬਾਅਦ ਪੁਰਾਨੇ ਨੋਟਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਨਹਿਰ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੁੱਟ ਆਏ ਜਾਂ ਅੱਗ ਲਾਤੀ। ਜੋ ਕਿ ਗਲਤ ਗੱਲ ਸੀ। ਬਹੁਤ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦਾ ਧੰਦਾ ਠੱਪ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਸੀ ਅਤੇ ਉਸ ਰਾਤ ਅਮੀਰ ਟੈਨਸ਼ਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੀ ਅਤੇ ਗਰੀਬ ਚੈਨ ਦੀ ਰਾਤ ਸੁੱਤਾ।

ਪਰ ਇਹ ਜਿੰਨ੍ਹੀ ਚੰਗੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਕਿਤੇ-ਕਿਤੇ ਮਾੜੀ ਵੀ ਹੈ। ਜਿਵੇਂ ਔਰਤਾਂ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੀ ਸੋਵਿੰਗ ਕੀਤੀ ਹੋਈ ਸਬਾਲ ਕੇ ਰੱਖੀ ਸੀ ਜਾਂ ਹੋਰ ਕਈਆਂ ਨੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਕੋਲ ਰੱਖੀ ਸੀ ਤਾਂ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਿਲ ਨਾਲ ਅਤੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਵਾਲ ਜਵਾਬ ਮਿਲੇ ਸੀ। ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਕਦਮ ਵਿੱਚ ਗ਼ਰੀਬਾਂ ਨੇ ਵੀ ਆਪਣੇ ਕੋਲ ਪੈਸੇ ਬਚਾਅ ਕੇ ਰੱਖੇ ਹੋਣਗੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਆਹ ਲਈ ਪਰ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਤਾਂ ਬੈਂਕਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਖਾਤੇ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਗਰੀਬ ਵਿਚਾਰੇ ਵੀ ਇਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਘੜੀਸੇ ਗਏ। ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਪੈਸਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ। ਅਤੇ ਬੈਂਕਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਹਫ਼ਤੇ ਦਾ 4,000 ਹੀ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਸੀ ਜੋ ਕਿ ਰਾਸ਼ਨ-ਪਾਣੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੀ ਖਰਚ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਸੀ। ਤਾਂ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਕੋਈ ਕੱਪੜੇ ਜ਼ਮੀਨ ਜਾ ਮਹਿੰਗੀਆਂ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਲੈਣ ਦੇ ਲਈ ਪੈਸੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਨ। ਜਿਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਦੇ ਪਰੋਪਰਟੀ-ਡੀਲਰ ਬਰੇਨਡਿਡ ਕੱਪੜੇ ਵਾਲਿਆਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਦੁਕਾਨਾਂ ਆਦਿ ਵਿੱਚ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਹੋਣ ਲੱਗ ਗਿਆ। ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਕਸਟਮਰ ਘੱਟ ਗਏ ਸਨ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦਾ ਘਰ-ਖਰਚ ਵੀ ਮਸਾਂ ਹੀ ਚਲਦਾ ਸੀ। ਪਰ ਕਈ ਲੋਕ ਜਿਹਨਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਕਾਲਾ ਧਨ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ। ਉਹ ਇਸ ਦੀ ਨਿੰਦਾ ਕਰਦੇ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਕਿਉਂ ਲਾਈਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਖੜ ਰਹੇ ਜੋ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੇ ਕਾਲਾ ਧਨ ਰੱਖਿਆ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਤਾਂ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਲਈ ਇੱਕ ਜਵਾਬ ਹੈ। ਜੋ ਭਾਰਤ ਦੀ ਸਰਹੱਦ ਤੇ ਖੜੇ ਫੌਜੀ ਆਪਣੀ ਜਾਨ ਨੂੰ ਖਤਰੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਾ ਕੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੀ ਰੱਖਿਆ ਕਰ ਰਹੇ ਅਤੇ ਉਹ ਲੜ ਰਹੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕੀ ਪਇਆ ਆਪਣੀ ਰੱਖਿਆ ਕਰਨ ਦਾ ਜੋ ਆਪਾਂ ਲਾਈਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਹੀਂ ਖੜ੍ਹ ਸਕਦੇ।

ਇਹ ਕਦਮ ਇੱਕ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਹੀ ਕਦਮ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਇਸ ਦਾ ਸਤਿਕਾਰ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ।





Khushbeen Waraich, IX-Arts

ਖੇਡ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤੀਆਂ: ਨਿਘਾਰ ਤੇ ਵਿਕਾਸ

ਉਂਝ ਕਹਿਣ ਨੂੰ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਡਾ ਦੇਸ਼ ਤਰੱਕੀ ਕਰ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਪਰ ਤਰੱਕੀ ਕਿਹੜੇ ਪਾਸੇ ਹੋ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ? ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਹੋ ਰਹੀ ਹੈ ਪਰ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਪਾਸੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਹਲੇ ਤੱਕ ਕੋਈ ਤਰੱਕੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਿੱਤੀ ਰਹੀ। ਸਾਡਾ ਦੇਸ਼ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੀ ਤਰੱਕੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਹੈ। ਖੇਡਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਅੰਤਰ ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰੀ ਪੱਧਰ ਤੇ ਸਾਡੀਆਂ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤੀਆਂ ਨਾ-ਮਾਤਰ ਹਨ। ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਚੰਗੇ ਖਿਡਾਰੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਕੋਈ ਕਮੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ। ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਗੁਣਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ ਹਨ ਕਮੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੱਧ ਰਹੇ ਭ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਟਾਚਾਰ ਦੀ ਜਿਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਸਾਡੇ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਅੰਤਰ-ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰੀ ਪੱਧਰ ਤੇ ਵੱਧੀਆਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਖੇਡ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ। ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਮਿਆਰ ਨੂੰ ਉੱਚਾ ਚੱਕਣ ਲਈ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇਣ ਦੀ ਲੋੜ ਹੈ ਨਹੀਂ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਡਾ ਦੇਸ਼ ਬਹੁਤ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਵੇਗਾ। ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਦੇਖਦੇ ਹੀ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਇਸ ਬਾਰ ਓਲੰਪਿਕ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦਾ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਾੜਾ ਹਾਲ ਸੀ। 200 ਦੇ ਕਰੀਬ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਗਏ ਸਨ ਪਰ ਸਿਰਫ਼ 2-3 ਮੈਡਲ ਹੀ ਭਾਰਤ ਹਿੱਸੇ ਪਏ। ਇਸ ਸਭ ਦਾ ਕੀ ਕਾਰਨ ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ? ਬਾਕੀ ਦੇਸ਼ ਇੰਨੀਆਂ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤੀਆਂ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਕਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ? ਇਸ ਗੱਲ ਵੱਲ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਧਿਆਨ ਦੇਣ ਦੀ ਲੋੜ ਹੈ।

ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਰਹਿਣ ਦਾ ਕਾਰਨ ਹੈ ਮਾੜੇ ਮੈਦਾਨ, ਮਾੜੇ ਕੋਚ, ਗ਼ਰੀਬੀ, ਘੱਟ ਸਹੂਲਤਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਸੱਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਗੱਲ ਭ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਟਾਚਾਰ ਅਤੇ ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੱਧ ਰਹੀ ਨਸ਼ੇ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ। ਇਹ ਸਭ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਕਰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਚੰਗੇ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਨਹੀਂ ਹਨ। ਜੇਕਰ ਚੰਗੇ ਮੈਦਾਨ ਹੋਣ ਤਾਂ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਕਿੱਤੇ ਵੀ ਖੇਡ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਨ। ਜੇਕਰ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਚੰਗਾ ਵੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਸਿਖਾਉਣ ਵਾਲਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਜੇਕਰ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਵੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੇ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਅੱਗੇ ਭੇਜਣ ਲਈ ਚੰਗੇ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਨੂੰ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਿਖਾਉਂਦਾ। ਕੋਚ ਜੇਕਰ ਵੱਧੀਆਂ ਮਿਲਦੇ ਵੀ ਹਨ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਬਹੁਤ ਪੈਸੇ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਜੋ ਕਿ ਇੱਕ ਗ਼ਰੀਬ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਦੇ ਸਕਦਾ ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਕਈ

ਚੰਗੇ-ਚੰਗੇ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਉੱਚੇ ਪੱਧਰ ਤੇ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਾਉਂਦੇ ਅਤੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਹੀ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਫਿਰ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਵੱਡੀ ਗੱਲ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਦੂਜੇ ਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਨਾਲੋਂ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਘੱਟ ਸਹੂਲਤਾਂ ਮਿਲਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਉਹ ਚੰਗੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਖੇਡ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਾਉਂਦਾ। ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਾ ਤਾਂ ਕਿੱਤੇ ਚੰਗੀ ਡਾਈਟ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ ਜੇਕਰ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਵੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਹਿੰਗੀ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਇੱਕ ਗ਼ਰੀਬ ਬੰਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੈ ਸਕਦਾ। ਖੇਡਾਂ ਦਾ ਸਮਾਨ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਹਿੰਗਾ ਮਿਲਦਾ ਹੈ। ਕਈ ਖਿਡਾਰੀਆਂ ਕੋਲ ਤਾਂ ਖੇਡਣ ਲਈ ਚੰਗੇ ਬੂਟ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੇ। ਖੇਡਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਲੋਕ ਅਜਿਹੇ ਵੀ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਜੋ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਣ-ਬੁੱਝ ਕੇ ਫਸਾ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਉੱਚੇ ਪੱਧਰ ਤੇ ਜਾਣ ਨਹੀਂ ਦਿੰਦੇ। ਕਈ ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਪੀੜ੍ਹੀ ਤਾਂ ਨਸ਼ਿਆਂ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਲੱਗ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਖਿਡਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਦੀ ਹਰ ਸਹੂਲਤਾਂ ਦੇਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੀਆਂ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਦਾ ਮਿਆਰ ਉੱਚਾ ਉੱਠ ਸਕੇ। ਜਿਹੜੇ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਨੇਸ਼ਨਲ ਲੈਵਲ ਦੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਹਨ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਇਨਾਮ ਦੇਣੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ ਹਨ ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਤਾਂ ਹੀ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਉੱਚੀ ਪੱਧਰ ਦੀ ਖੇਡ ਉੱਤੇ ਜਾਣ ਲਈ ਪ੍ਰੇਰਿਤ ਹੋਣਗੇ। ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਕੋਚਾਂ ਵਾਸਤੇ ਡਿਪਲੋਮੇ ਰੱਖਣੇ ਚਾਹੀਦੇ ਹਨ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਨਵੀਂ ਟੈਕਨੀਕ ਤੋਂ ਜਾਣੂ ਹੋ ਸਕਣ। ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਦੀ ਕਮੀ ਕਰਕੇ ਕਈ ਖਿਡਾਰੀ ਬਾਹਰਲੇ ਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਚਲੇ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਜੇਕਰ ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੀ ਇਹ ਸਹੂਲਤਾਂ ਹੋਣ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਡੇ ਖਿਡਾਰੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਬਾਹਰ ਜਾਣ ਦੀ ਲੋੜ ਹੀ ਨਾਂ ਪਵੇ ਅਤੇ ਸਾਡਾ ਦੇਸ਼ ਫਿਰ ਅੰਤਰ-ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰੀ ਪੱਧਰ ਤੇ ਵੀ ਦੂਜੇ ਦੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਬਰਾਬਰ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤੀਆਂ ਜਿੱਤ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਨਸ਼ੇ ਉੱਤੇ ਵੀ ਰੋਕ ਲਾਉਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਨੌਜਵਾਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਵੱਲ ਪ੍ਰੇਰਿਤ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਾਡੇ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੀ ਕ੍ਰਿਕਟ ਵਾਂਗ ਹੋਰ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਉੱਤੇ ਚੱਕਣ ਲਈ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਕਰਨੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਤਾਂ ਕਿ ਸਾਡਾ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵੀ ਓਲੰਪਿਕ ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਰੇ ਮੈਡਲ ਜਿੱਤਕੇ ਲਿਆਏ।

“ਸਮਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਬਲਵਾਨ ਹੈ, ਇਹ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੇ ਰੋਕਣ ਤੇ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਰੁਕਦਾ। ”

ਇੱਕ ਬੰਦਾ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਮੇਂ ਨੂੰ ਰੋਕਣ ਦੀਆਂ ਲੱਖ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ਾਂ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਾ ਕਰੇ, ਪਰ ਸਮਾਂ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਰੁੱਕਦਾ। ਉਹ ਤਾਂ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਇੱਕ ਦਰਿਆ ਦੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਹੈ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਦੇ ਰੋਕਣ ਤੇ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਰੁੱਕਦਾ। ਜੇ ਇੱਕ ਬੰਦਾ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੇ ਮਹੱਤਵ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝ ਗਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਸੋਚ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਫਲ ਹੋਵੇਗਾ। ਪਰ ਜੇ ਇੱਕ ਬੰਦਾ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦਾ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਵੀ ਉਸ ਬੰਦੇ ਦੀ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦਾ।

ਇੱਕ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਲਈ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰੇ। ਅਸੀਂ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰਨਾ ਜਾਣਦੇ ਜ਼ਰੂਰ ਹਾਂ, ਪਰ ਉਸਦਾ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰਦਾ ਕੋਈ -ਕੋਈ ਹੀ ਹੈ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਰੱਬ ਦਾ ਨਾਂ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਚੰਗੇ ਅਤੇ ਨੇਕ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਕੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰਨਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਸਮਾਂ ਇੱਕ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਦੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੀ ਅਹਿਮ ਭੂਮਿਕਾ ਨਿਭਾਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਮੇਰਾ ਤਾਂ ਮੰਨਣਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਜੇ ਕੋਈ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਚੰਗੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਉਪਯੋਗ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦਾ ਅਤੇ ਜੇ ਕੋਈ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦਾ ਤਾਂ ਸਮਾਂ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਪੂਰੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਤਬਾਹ ਕਰ ਦਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ।



ਇੱਕ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਜਾਂਚ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਤਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਹੈ। ਜਿਵੇਂ ਹਰ ਇੱਕ ਕੰਮ ਦਾ ਇੱਕ ਸਮਾਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਜੇ ਉਹ ਕੰਮ ਉਸ ਸਮੇਂ ਉੱਤੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਫੇਰ ਲੋਕ ਪਛਤਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਜਿਵੇਂ ਇੱਕ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਨੂੰ ਲੋੜ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਹਰ ਦਿਨ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਪੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਕਰਕੇ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰਨ ਦੀ। ਜਿਹੜੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਤਾਂ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ, ਉਹ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਫਲ ਬਣ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਪਰ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਠੀਕ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਦੇ ਫੇਰ ਉਹ ਪਛਤਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਜੇ ਇੱਕ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਸਮੇਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਮਜ਼ੋਰ ਸਮਝਣ ਦੀ ਗਲਤੀ ਵੀ ਕਰੇਗਾ ਤਾਂ ਸਮਾਂ ਉਸਨੂੰ ਪੂਰੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਤਬਾਹ ਕਰ ਦੇਵੇਗਾ। ਪਰ ਜੇ ਇੱਕ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਚੰਗੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰੇਗਾ ਤਾਂ ਉਹ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੱਕਾ ਸਫਲ ਹੋਵੇਗਾ ਅਤੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਮਾਤਾ ਪਿਤਾ ਦਾ ਨਾਮ ਰੋਸ਼ਨ ਕਰੇਗਾ।

ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਹੁਤ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਇੱਕ ਬੰਦਾ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਪੂਰੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਕਰੇ ਅਤੇ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਹੀ ਕਰੇ। ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਮੈਂ ਸ਼ੁਰੂਆਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਸੀ ਕਿ ਸਮਾਂ ਬੜਾ ਬਲਵਾਨ ਹੈ। ਜੇ ਤਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਕਰੀਏ ਅਤੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਉਸਦੀ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰੀਏ ਤਾਂ ਸਮਾਂ ਹੀ ਖੁਦ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਤਰੱਕੀ ਦੇ ਰਾਸਤੇ ਉੱਤੇ ਅੱਗੇ ਭੇਜਦਾ ਹੈ। ਪਰ ਜੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਮੇਂ ਦਾ ਦੁਰਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰੀਏ ਤਾਂ ਸਮਾਂ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਬਲਵਾਨ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਉਹ ਇੱਕ ਰਾਜਾ ਨੂੰ ਭੀਖਾਰੀ ਬਣਾ ਸੱਕਦਾ ਹੈ ਅਤੇ ਇੱਕ ਭੀਖਾਰੀ ਨੂੰ ਰਾਜਾ। ਇਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਮੈਂ ਅੰਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਹ ਹੀ ਕਹਾਗਾਂ ਕਿ ਸਾਡੇ ਲਈ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਕਰੀਏ ਤੇ ਚੰਗੇ ਅਤੇ ਨੇਕ ਕੰਮ ਕਰਕੇ ਉਸਦਾ ਸਦਉਪਯੋਗ ਕਰੀਏ।

Sehaj Noor
XI-N



Painting Credits

COVER PAINTING – MR SANJAY TANEJA

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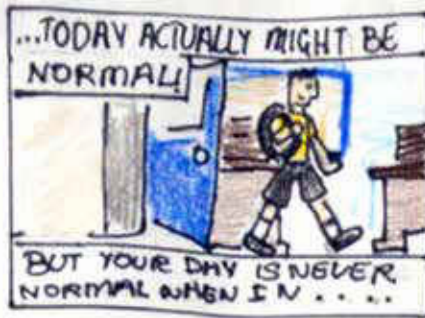
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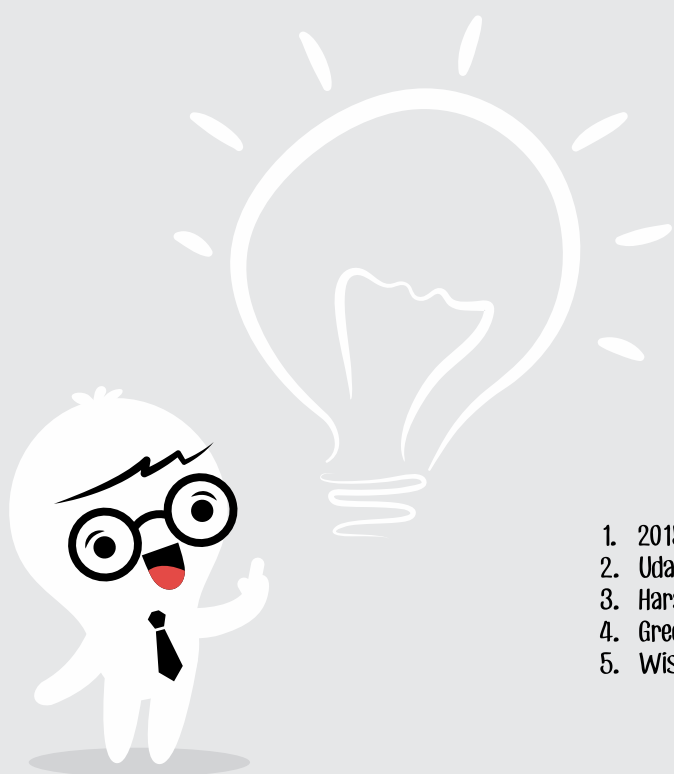
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COMIC CAPERS



Udaivir, VIE, tells an imaginary tale through pictures



Curiosity killed the cat...
So we have the answers
to the quiz on the
opening page -

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. 2015 | 6. Owl |
| 2. Uday Cheema | 7. Zeus, the Greek God of the Sky |
| 3. Harshita Nayyar | 8. A Creative Journal |
| 4. Greek | 9. Meher Mangat |
| 5. Wisdom, courage and skill | |

ATHENA



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