



# ATHENA

2024-25

TENTH EDITION



Creative Skills Journal of  
Yadavindra Public School, Patiala

# WHAT'S IN A COVER ?

It is baffling how easily people discredit a book cover. “Don’t judge a book by its cover” said George Elliot, in a book with an exquisitely designed cover. A cover is more than just a leaf of a book carrying vital details of its publication; it is a statement of the vision and purpose of the book. The importance of a cover gets further multiplied when the book in question is your School’s Creative Journal. Understanding this responsibility, we have always come up with striking original covers for this annual publication, embodying the essence of its title and the spirit of creativity.

At the end of the day, the cover of a book is your chance to best understand the motive of a book in a single glance. After a decade of annual publications, we give you a chance - to judge our book by its covers over the years.



# ATHENA

## ANNUAL MAGAZINE

Dear Reader,

Back in 2015, 'Athena' was conceived as a space for Yadavindrians to express themselves freely, a platform where imagination and originality could find their truest voice. Ten editions later, we take pride in the fact that it has not only endured but flourished, evolving into a tradition that reflects the creative spirit of our school.

As we present the 10th edition, we look back with pride at the journey so far and look ahead with a renewed enthusiasm. In keeping with the essence of creativity, we continue to expand the horizons of this publication. This year's edition seeks to break boundaries of convention by embracing fresh ideas, experimenting with new styles of expression, and giving space to voices that are bold, diverse, and original.

This edition is, therefore, not just a continuation but a reinvention. It is an effort to celebrate voices both old and new, conventional and experimental, polished and raw. Each contribution in these pages reaffirms our belief that creativity is limitless when nurtured with encouragement and opportunity.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to our Headmaster, Mr. Navin Kumar Dixit, for his unwavering support of this creative venture, and to all faculty members and fellow editors who played a crucial role in bringing this book to life. Most of all, we thank the contributors whose works make 'Athena' a true reflection of YPS' creative spirit.

With this 10th edition, we proudly open another chapter in the journey of Athena, confident that it will continue to inspire, challenge, and delight its readers.

Anubhav Verma  
XII-Science

# THE EDITORIAL BOARD



**Row I -** Mrs. Avneet Brar, Mr. Sukhpal Singh, Mrs. Arshdeep Mangat, Mr. Navin Kumar Dixit (Headmaster), Mr. Navin Verma, Mr. Sanjay Taneja, Mrs. Sunita Kumari

**Row II -** Shreevardhan Dev Thapliyal, Aanya Jawanda, Yashica Jindal, Tejas Kaur, Renee Dhadli, Anubhav Verma

# THIS HOME, THAT HOME !

## DAY-BOARDING AT YPS

Every student spends their day differently, but for us day-boarders, school becomes almost like a second home. From morning till evening, we learn, play, and grow together. The day-boarding system at our school provides a special and meaningful experience for students, blending academics, sports, and personal growth in a safe environment. One of the biggest benefits is the easy access to the school's top-notch facilities, such as the Olympic-sized swimming pool for fitness and the well-stocked library, which offers a quiet space for focused study.

Another important advantage is the homework completion sessions held at school. These sessions help us students stay on track with our assignments under our teachers' guidance. Additionally, special sessions are available to provide extra knowledge to students who need it.

We day-boarders also enjoy the convenience of playing games and participating in physical activities on campus until 5:30 PM. This way, we don't have to go home, change uniforms, and return for evening activities, saving time and effort.

A key part of the day-boarding system is the provision of healthy school lunches and snacks. Designed by a nutritionist, these meals help maintain students' energy levels throughout the day, keeping them healthy and focused.

As a day-boarder myself, I think the system strikes a great balance between academics and leisure. I can focus on my homework and test preparation without worrying about the stress of rushing home. The structured environment helps me manage my time and keeps my day productive while still allowing time to relax and play. Overall, day-boarding at YPS has made my school life much more enjoyable.



Aryanmeet  
VI-O



# A SECRET, MYSTICAL PLACE

Amidst our world, hidden deeply within the shadows, lies a secret, mythical, and extraordinary place. Nobody knows how you enter that place, but its residents are slowly giving us clues. I have never been there, but here's how I imagine it: the name of the city is "The Kingdom of Fantasy," where dreams turn into reality.

While the place is beautiful and charming, it is also dark and mysterious, where foes lurk in every alley. But the magical people who live there are strong, courageous, and fast. There are elves, pixies, fairies, and dwarfs. They have magical powers that have made their city so futuristic that mankind cannot even dream of its world becoming like that! They can teleport, time travel, become invisible, and do many more things.

Their schools are so advanced that they have flying, comfortable armchairs and very contemporary desks. Every house has magical assistants that are robots. Their houses are very advanced and mythical, with modern technology including home theaters, popcorn machines, and cool rooms with water slides from

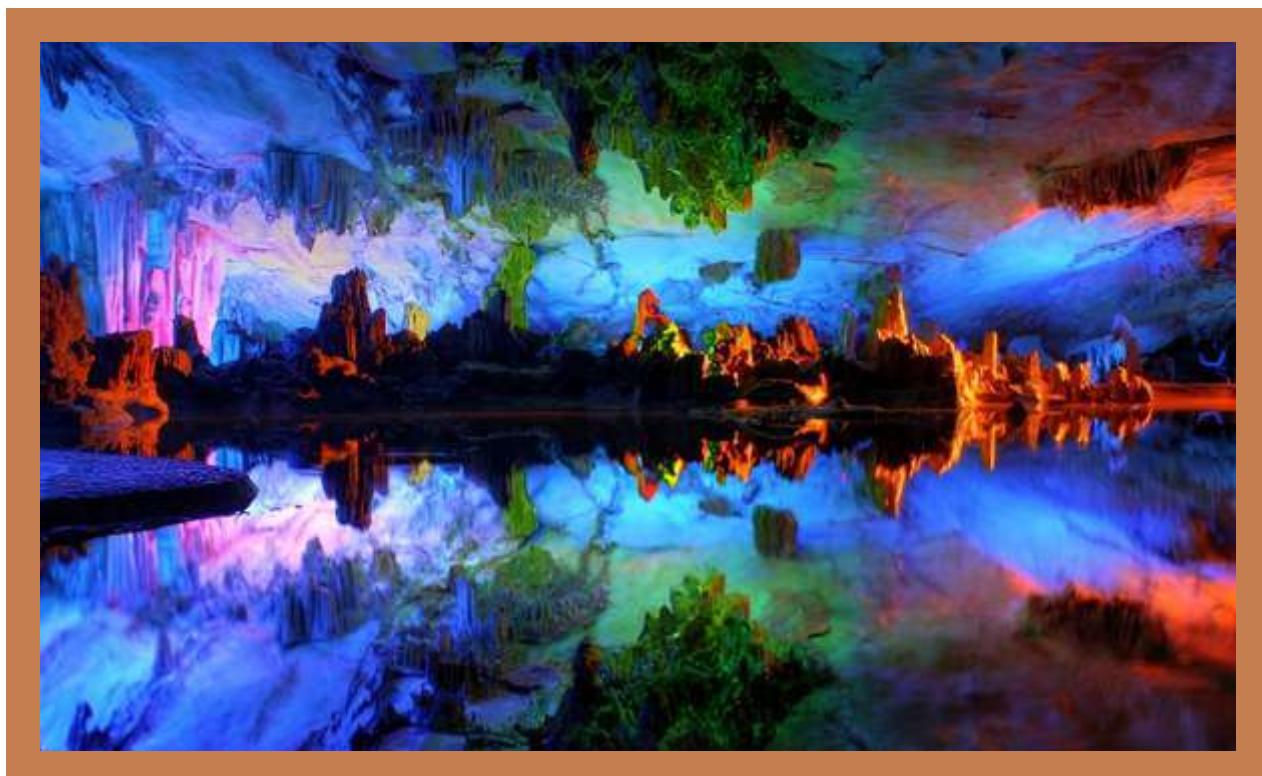
comfortable beds made to look like their favorite characters. These slides lead to Olympic-sized indoor pools. Outside each house, there are many pools and gardens, plus a super cool gaming room. All the houses there are luxurious beyond imagination.

This place is a blend of futuristic technology with magic, which makes the whole place extraordinary. The children living there must be so happy! It is astonishing to know that a secret, mythical, technologically advanced place exists right among us, hidden from view.

Who knows? Maybe there was a time in the past when this place was accessible to mankind. But now, because of pollution, it has been forgotten, disappearing into a thick cloud of shadows—a mystery that will always intrigue us.

**Reyansh Garg**

**VI-N**



## TRUNK FULL OF TALES:

# MY SCHOOL STORY IN A MOVING BOX

Hello everyone,

This is Aaruhi Acharya from class VI E and this is my story, 'My School Story in a Moving Box'.

My Father is in the Army, so we move every year to different places. This way, I have studied in seven schools till now. My schooling journey started at Ferozepur, however, not counting it, as it was only for a month. I started my schooling in Pune at a school named 'Tiny Tots', where I completed my nursery.

My next school was Edify World School at Dehradun, where I completed my LKG and UKG classes. In Dehradun, I learned Taekwondo, and I have the green belt. My next destination was Bathinda, from where I completed my 1st class at the Army Public School. I completed my 2<sup>nd</sup> class partially from the Army Public School and Loreto Convent, Delhi. During that time, COVID-19 was ongoing, so we had online classes. It was a fun and different experience for me. The next place was Tagore International School, New Delhi, from where I completed my 3rd and 4th classes. I started learning tennis in Delhi and was part of the school tennis team. I have learnt dance as well and even performed a folk mashup along with my father on International Dance Day.

My current destination is Patiala. I joined Yadavindra Public School. I had the opportunity to continue Tennis, Dance, Taekwondo and even music. I participated in many dance and music events and, competitions. I also participated in football, squash, badminton and long jump and won many prizes. I am in the school tennis team and even participated in the All India IPSC tennis championship at Noida. Currently, my School has started a new curriculum called day-boarding. I'm very excited about this new program. In this curriculum, we stay at school till 6 pm. We finish our homework, play sports, and have lunch there itself.

In this journey, I have visited 6 different cities where I have studied in multiple schools. This journey has taught me a lot. I have made many friends from different cultures. Now I have so many friends that I can't even count. But I cannot take my old friends wherever I go, so I miss my old friends, which sometimes makes me feel sad. I have gained many skills like Tennis, folk dance, classical dance, music, taekwondo, badminton, swimming, and long jump which also helped me gain my confidence. I excel in my academics, too, which makes me very happy and cheerful.

Whenever we moved to different places, I always felt very excited and a bit nervous sometimes, because at every place I had to adapt to the new environment, make new friends and start everything from scratch, though I have enjoyed this journey thoroughly. All these years of schooling have taught me a lot. I made new friends, and this journey has increased my confidence and skills. Even though change is not an easy thing but it helped me grow stronger. But the best thing is that in every place I always make a lot of sweet memories.

At every school, I have been adding something special to my story, and Yadavindra Public School is now the place where I am building even more amazing memories. This is not just a school for me, it's the newest chapter in my "TRUNK FULL OF TALES" a quest of wonder, hope and a world of possibilities.

**D. Aaruhi Acharya**  
**VI-E**



# Behind My Words:

## How I Prepared For The Reverend Biggs Spelling Bee



On 8<sup>th</sup> April, I got some unexpected but exciting news when I was added to a group chat called “*Wynberg Allen 2025*.” Curious about what it meant, I went to meet my teacher the next day in the staffroom. She told me that I had been selected to represent my school, YPS, in the 2025 Reverend Biggs Spelling Bee at Wynberg Allen school in Mussoorie. I felt really proud because I was the youngest member of our team-a 6<sup>th</sup> grader- while most of the others were from higher grades. But deep inside I also felt really nervous because many of the other students had been there before and this was my first time. I didn't even think that I could qualify, so I knew I had to prepare really well if I wanted to stand a chance.

To get ready, I tried different ways to make my spelling stronger. I watched YouTube videos to quiz myself, especially a channel called “*Easy quiz*” which tested me on tough and unusual words. I also learnt useful spelling rules like “*I before E, except after C*” and “*One collar and sleeves*” which made tricky words easy to remember. Every time I found a new word, I wrote it down in my diary, and by the time we were ready to leave, I had noted over 500 words! Since there was no fixed syllabus, I knew words could come from anywhere so I wanted to be ready for anything. Even on the way to Wynberg Allen, I read the dictionary and studied every hard word I could. The night before the competition, I

stayed up late in the study hall, going over all my notes and lists again while everyone was resting.

When I finally reached the classroom, I felt that the atmosphere was serious and full of tension. Many students spoke with different accents, and to add salt to the wound many big schools like Bishop cotton from Shimla were there, which made me even more nervous. The first written test was so quiet that I could hear my own heartbeat, what made it even scarier was that there were 22 schools and only 8 would be selected. However after the written tests were graded I got a 30/30, meaning I qualified. I went flawless with no mistakes until the second last round in which I had to rhyme 3 words with Orange, I managed to rhyme porridge and door hinge but I couldn't figure out the 3<sup>rd</sup> one, and after the round was done rhyming words kept flooding to my mind like college and sausage. When all the rounds were over and the time came for the prize distribution ceremony, I felt really worried because no one from my school had won yet- I thought maybe I wouldn't win either. But when they called my name for second place, all my fear turned into happiness. I felt so proud to win that day- It was the best reward for all my hard work.

Aryanmeet Singh  
VI-O

# Memoir: Ditching the Cafés

We all celebrate our birthdays, probably by eating at some café, cutting cake, and taking pictures. That's how I celebrated mine too, at least before I joined boarding school.

But birthdays in boarding school hit different. They're not materialistic, but memorable. It's not about expensive gifts or fancy venues; it's about simplicity, warmth, and memories that last.

It starts with setting up a birthday table, which is actually just our study desk. The celebration isn't something bought; it's handcrafted by all of us. We come up with different decoration ideas, but one has always been my personal favorite: filling the wall with sticky notes. Each one isn't just decoration; it's a memory, a message, a moment, something to remember for a lifetime.

The preparation is heartfelt. Everyone puts in effort. The birthday song is sung not out of habit, but from the heart. And yes, we never forget to smear cake on the birthday girl's face. Some traditions never die.

Of course, we also clean the floor and wall afterward, so we don't get scolded by Warden Ma'am.

From this, I've learned something that'll stay with me: it's not about being materialistic in life. The things done from the heart, with love and effort, matter most.

**Palakdeep Kaur Brar**

**XII-Arts**



# BETWEEN NUMBERS AND STROKES

IN CONVERSATION WITH

## MRS. RAMINDER KAUR

MATHEMATICS TEACHER AND ARTIST



- Q. At what age did you discover your talent of painting and take it up as a hobby?
- A. It feels like painting has been a part of me since I was very young, so young that I don't even remember when I first got into it. I never took it seriously or formally learned art, but it's always been a cherished hobby and close to my heart !
- Q. You are a teacher of Mathematics, Mathematics and painting are considered poles apart. In your opinion, is there anything mathematical about the process of being creative?
- A. Who says Mathematics and painting can't hang out? I think hobbies are the real game-changers, and everyone should have a few! Mathematics is like Art's secret helper! It gives a solid understanding of structure, proportion, and symmetry. But guess what? Art helps me with Mathematics too! When I draw and paint, I can show you cool Mathematics stuff in a fun way, so that the subject becomes more engaging and easier to grasp!
- Q. Which medium of painting do you like the most?
- A. Oil painting is my favourite medium of painting, but I'm also into acrylic pouring art! Both are super fun !
- Q. Which painting have you made that means a lot to you?
- A. The painting I made of our esteemed Headmaster, Mr Navin Kumar Dixit, has given me a whole new level of recognition. So obviously, it's one of my favourites and special to me. Apart from that, my recent 'Mediterranean Landscape' is a creation that fills me with joy !
- Q. Well, taking the idea further, what inspired you to draw a portrait of our esteemed Headmaster?
- A. Well, it all started when the Headmaster found out I enjoyed painting. In a light-hearted moment, he challenged me, saying, 'I won't believe it until I see it!' I remember asking him if I should paint, and he laughed, clarifying he was just joking. But the idea sparked something in me. I offered to paint his portrait, and to my surprise, he agreed. It was a wonderful opportunity to capture his character, and I'm so glad I did.
- Q. What was the most challenging part of making this painting?
- A. For any artist creating a portrait, the greatest challenge is to capture a person's true expression and personality. My greatest challenge while creating this painting was to first capture Sir's benevolent nature, and then convey it through the expressions in his eyes.
- Q. On a lighter note, are you dreaming of becoming a potential threat to all the accomplished Fine Arts teachers we have in the school (laugh)?
- A. Ha, ha, not a threat! More like a friendly competitor! I'm here to learn from our amazing art teachers and maybe, just maybe, one day I'll be able to create a masterpiece that rivals theirs. But seriously, I'm happy to be inspired by their incredible work!

**Anya Jawanda**  
**IX-E**

# ASSORTED ART NATURE



Avni Mishra, XI-Science



Sabrina, VIII-O



Jasmehar Kaur Brar, X-E



Sanaya Jain, X-E



Sabrina, VIII-O



Sabrina, VIII-O



Niharika Wahee, XII-Commerce

# A lesson I learned the HARD WAY

Life has peculiar ways, especially when it comes to imparting some very important life lessons. Often, when life teaches you, it's the hard way, making sure that these lessons are well understood and help us improve for the better. I've had my share too and learnt some very important lessons last year.

The session had started well, and all was going good with studies, hobbies & sports when something unexpected struck me down, literally. I had a nasty fall in school, during the second term exams, and broke my left elbow. It was a complex fracture, which needed an immediate surgery. The procedure kept me out of action for almost two months. Apart from the pain and the plaster that hung around my neck, it was the disappointment of not being able to participate in athletics and missing out on being part of the equestrian team on the Annual Sports Day, that was heartbreakingly. I also missed the treks that I was so excited about. I learned how a brief, careless moment, can turn out to be such a

humongous problem. I worked hard and finished the academic year with flying colors, but not without the support of my friends, teachers and family. With perseverance & hard work, I managed to overcome what looked like a hopeless situation.

This whole episode taught me many lessons. One, the importance of being careful in all our actions. Two, being impulsive and rash in our actions can put us a long way back. Three, giving up is never an option, with patience, perseverance & hard work, we can always bounce back, no matter how hopeless the situation. I thank the Almighty for being kind to me and guiding me through the tough times. From the lessons learned, I am hoping to fare better in the journey ahead, and that life continues to teach me, but not always the hard way.

**Fatehsher Singh Virk**

**VII-O**



# I Had Hardly WALKED FOR A MILE.....

I had hardly walked for a mile, when I realized something was terribly wrong. The streets were unfamiliar. I had no memory of arriving there, all I knew was that I was alone in a town that felt silent and oddly unwelcoming.

As I looked around, I noticed people staring at me, some were whispering to each other, some pointed out and laughed, and others simply turned away. It didn't take long for me to realize that this place isn't safe. Fear started building up, but I kept on going, hoping, I'd find a way out.

After a while the streets changed, the pavement turned rough, the buildings looked old and broken down, and the sky grew darker. There was hardly any noise or traffic; there were just empty streets filled with an unfamiliar silence. It was just me, walking deeper into these unknown streets.

Then I spotted a narrow dirty path leading into the woods beside the endless streets. With no other option to find a way out, I decided to go in the woods. The trees stood tall, their bare branches stretching like long arms across the path. Every step I took, on the dry leaves,

echoed in the silence. I kept looking back, thinking that there was someone behind me, following, but there was no one.

The further I went, the more lost I felt. There were no signs, no lights, nothing. My imagination ran wild, deliberating various scenarios. Would I ever get out of this place? What if I disappeared here forever, like in those movies?

I started to panic and ran wildly, crashing through the woods. I was hysterical, blindly stumbling through, desperate to find a way out. Just when the fear became too much to handle, everything started to fade, and then I suddenly woke up.

I was on a train, my head resting on the window sill, the sound of the wheels filled my ears. People around me were sitting quietly, busy in their own work.

Well, it had to have been a weird and terrifying dream after all, I tried to convince myself. At that moment, I noticed that something was stuck to my sleeve.

It was a dry leaf.

**Gurjas Kaur**

**VIII-E**

# A LOVE LETTER TO THE BEST PART OF SCHOOL THE LIBRARY

Dear Library,

While others raced to the canteen, armed for battle over the last patty, I slipped quietly into you—my peaceful kingdom of wooden chairs, humming fans, and the ever-watchful eyes of Lord Jesus and His Highness Maharaja Adhiraj Yadavindra Singh on the walls.

You've been more than just a room. You've been a movie theatre for my imagination. Every book I touched, turned into a blockbuster in my mind, with dramatic music, slow-motion scenes, and the kind of plot twists that made me gasp so loudly, I got hushed by the librarian. Twice.

My reading journey began at three, thanks to my dad and 'The Gingerbread Man'. What started as a "read this now" moment, turned into a lifelong obsession. And you, dear Library, became the quiet stage

where that obsession thrived.

You introduced me to thrillers like 'The Silent Patient,' fairy tales-turned-royalty in 'The Selection,' "Chaos in AGGTM, and the Fierce Soul of Draupadi." But perhaps most dangerously, you handed me 'Tom Gates.' I laughed like it was a full-blown comedy movie, drawing stares from confused classmates. I honestly think I owe my entire sense of humour to that series—it taught me that being weird is wonderful.

Thank you—for never judging my re-reads, my late returns, or my dramatic gasps mid-sentence.

You are the only part of school that felt like mine. My story. My escape. My beginning.

Forever yours,

The Little Girl Who Stayed for One Chapter... and Never Left

**Aradhita Baadhwar**

**XI-Arts**



# TEN DAYS. TWO COUNTRIES. ONE UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE.

Our school's educational trip to the United Kingdom wasn't just a break from textbooks for me, it felt like stepping into a giant, open classroom where every moment had something to learn.

We started from London, and honestly, it felt like walking through a movie. I got to click selfies with wax legends at Madame Tussauds, and then at the Sea Life Aquarium watching the glowing jellyfish float around felt straight out of a dream. Besides those breathtaking sights and our shopping spree in Oxford at Bicester Village had me in a tizzy. Then came Oxford University-walking through the university's cobbled streets and grand old buildings gave me goosebumps. Our guide kept us on our toes with quizzes and I somehow managed to win a T-shirt and, believe me, it made my day. That day I realised that learning is joyful and different when you're standing right where history was made. Manchester was next and it was a pure adrenaline booster ! I'm not even a football fan, but standing inside the Manchester United Stadium was surreal. The Legoland Discovery Centre brought out the child in all of us. Glasgow had us deep- diving into science at the Science Centre. I tried my hand at a car-racing activity still convinced the track was rigged,

walked through illusion rooms that threw me off my balance completely and sat in the planetarium which was absolutely mesmerising.

In Edinburgh, I climbed to the top of the Stirling Castle, wandered through the magic of Camera Obscura, and got completely spun around in the mirror maze. The whole city felt magical !And finally, Loch Ness. No, I didn't spot Nessie sadly but the peace and silence there were the perfect ending to all the laughter, and learning we'd gathered in ten days. It was serene, beautiful, and exactly what we had needed to wind things down . But, , somewhere in the midst of all this , we heard of the tragic Ahmedabad plane crash, which shook us. Being far away and still hearing such sad tidings reminded me how lucky we were to be safe, supported and surrounded by the people who guided every step of our way.

'A Big Thank You' to our worthy Headmaster for giving us this chance to learn, explore, and come back richer with experiences and stories that will stay with us written in indelible ink to last a lifetime !

**Sohila Shavinder Singh**  
**XI-Arts**



# ASSORTED ART

## LANDSCAPE AND SEASCAPE



Myraa Kansal, VI-O



Harlin Kaur, VI-N



Jasmehar Kaur Brar, X-E



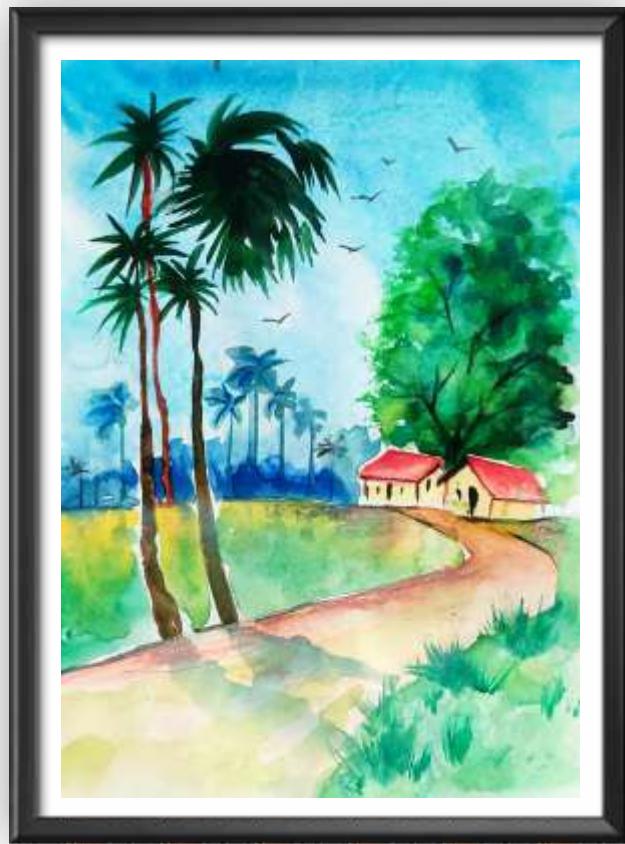
Avni Mishra, XI-Science

# ASSORTED ART

## LANDSCAPE AND SEASCAPE



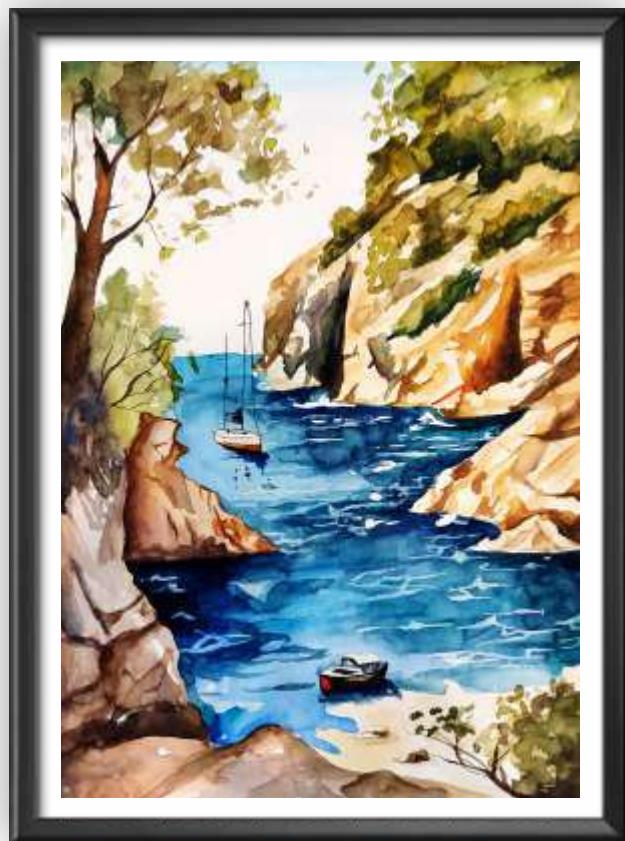
Aahana Jain, VI-N



Fareen Kang, VIII-O



Sanaya Jain, X-E



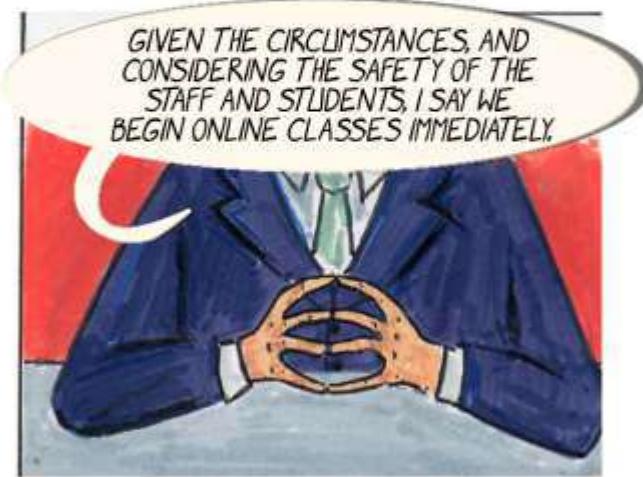
Avni Mishra, XI-Science

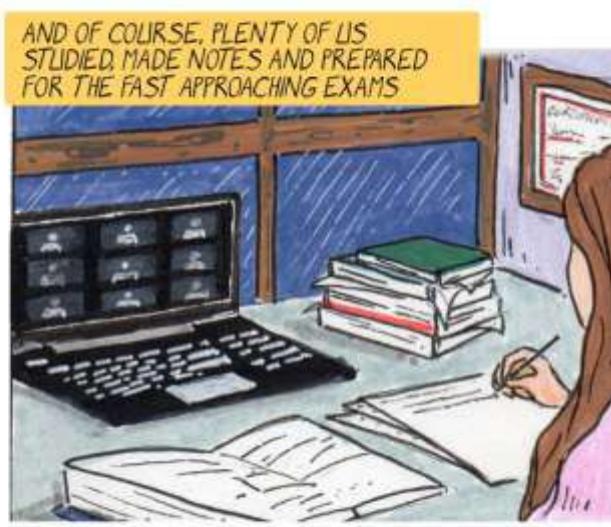
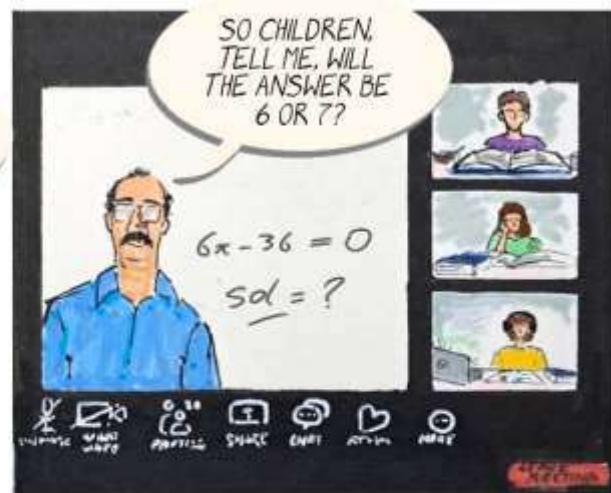


Parinaina Bandohal, XI-Commerce

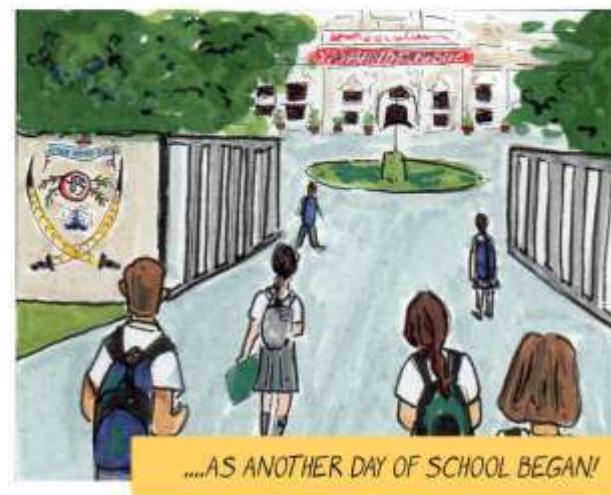
# ONLINE CLASSES 2.0

A Comic Strip by Tejas Kaur, XI Arts





AND UNLIKE LAST TIME, THE BREAK, WAS ONLY A WEEK LONG THIS TIME, THE ONLINE ENJOYMENT SOON CAME TO BREAK.....



# SHADOW OF LIGHT

I don't say much. I don't need to.

I just follow her, always have. Through quiet streets, classrooms, and chaos. Most days, I go unnoticed, just a blur behind her steps. But that day? I noticed everything.

It wasn't a big day. Nothing loud, nothing shiny. But she was light, you know that kind of light that comes from the inside, as if she'd finally realized what happiness meant to her. That was the day.

I stayed close, like I always do. I watched her spin under the sun, not caring who saw. I heard her laugh with her whole chest...not that polite, fake laugh, but the real one. And when the breeze passed, I saw her close her eyes and smile, as if she could feel something more than just wind.

I don't think she knew that memory would stay. But I did. I remember the shape of her joy that day, the ease in her step, the way she forgot to worry.

If I could give her anything, I'd give her that feeling again.

I may be her shadow, but I only show up when there's light.

...Still walking behind her !

**Mehramat Kaur**

**VIII-E**



# WHY I WOULD RATHER RIDE HORSES THAN SCROLL ...!!!

Scrolling is easy. After what feels like two minutes, you realise it's already been an hour and it's dark outside. You just zone out , not realising how much time you've wasted. For me, if I were to ever choose between horse riding and scrolling, riding would win every single time.

Equestrian has never been just a sport I play for medals. It is the one thing that means more to me than anything else. I've learnt how to work with an animal who could easily throw me off mid-jump, but who I'd still feed carrots to ten minutes later. I've had tough rides, hard falls, messy braids, I've lost horses that meant greatly to me but after all that I've made the best memories of my life with this sport and I wouldn't ever trade all of this just to scroll on a screen.

Scrolling, on the other hand, feels easy but it just drains you. You just get stuck in a loop scrolling past random videos. It's not challenging, risky, productive and it certainly cannot give me the thrill that riding can !

I've had days where my boots were covered in mud, my horse was in a bad mood, everything felt so difficult ,but this sport isn't something you give up on a bad day, It's something you fall in love with and never look back ! I've learnt more from one horse than hours of videos could ever teach me.

Horse riding is not always perfect .But despite the grief of losing my favourite horse, and even with the fear, it has

given me joy that no amount of screen time could ever match up to.

It has formed a part of me that nothing else can replace, especially not a screen !

**Shamsheer Kaur Randhawa**  
**IX-P**



# BOARDING LIFE... IN YPS

## INTRODUCTION

Hello everyone, I am Yuvraj Singh Gill, a student of Class VIII-E. I am writing this article to share my experience of the boarding life, here at YPS, Patiala

## ABOUT

I joined this school in 2020 during the COVID-19 pandemic when I was in Class IV. Boarding life has allowed me to make many friends and instill discipline in my daily routine. In this school, we have a wide range of games, hobbies, and programmes to keep us engaged.

## LITERAL LIFE IN BOARDING

On my first day at boarding school, everything seemed normal and I didn't feel the absence of my mother. However, the second day was challenging, as I missed my parents and cried a lot. Despite the initial difficulties, I managed to get through the night. Now, as an NCC cadet, I have learned to be independent, prioritize my health, and engage in sports activities.

## OUR ROUTINE

Our day at boarding school starts early with a wake-up call at 4:45 AM. We then make our beds, get ready, have refreshments and participate in morning PT. During morning PT, we jog to the stadium, do exercises, jog two rounds around the stadium, and return.

After the morning routine, we take a bath, change into our uniforms, and have breakfast. It takes us 5-10 minutes to reach our classroom from the boarding house. We attend the assembly, have classes throughout the day, and return to the boarding house for lunch.

After lunch, we have a rest period of one to two



hours, followed by a tea break and then engage in sports activities. We then have self-study sessions or tuitions where teachers assist us in our studies.

## THE THING I LIKE THE MOST

Here, we have the most beautiful day, Sunday. On Sundays, we have our rouser at 7:00am and we have our phone calls on this day. The routine is same but different from the normal days. This day we have access to the multi - purpose hall, common room, billiards hall and the lawn tennis court.

We have a movie night this day in the Auditorium which is selected by the teachers and our Housemasters / Mistress. The list is given by the students and is shortlisted by the Housemaster / Mistress for an appropriate time.

## CONCLUSION

Each student in the boarding house is assigned a pastoral care teacher who helps us with all our problems and concerns. Our day concludes with dinner after prep time, where we pray for our well-being. We have access to common rooms where we can watch television and use computers before ending the day with a peaceful night's sleep.

## THANK YOU

**Yuvraj Singh Gill**

**VIII-E**

# WINGS OF WISDOM AND A HEART SET FREE

## Self-Motivation and Self-Realization

Once, my teacher said: "A man is a product of the five people around him." That thought struck me deeply. I began to reflect: "Who are the people I surround myself with? Am I really growing or gaining anything?"

I realized that I needed a change in my surroundings. I decided to step out of my comfort zone and start motivating myself. Each morning, I would remind myself: "Today is my day, and I must give my best." If I failed to manage it well, I knew I would only be wasting time.

As soon as I adopted this mind-set, my entire day transformed. Everything started falling into place. I realized that internal peace matters as much as external success, because a whole day can easily get consumed by endless tasks.

I began channelling my energy into positive activities—reading motivational books, writing my thoughts in a notebook, and observing the world around me. Slowly, I understood a valuable truth: "A man is judged by the company he keeps."

So, I made a conscious effort to surround myself with positive, progressive people. After doing so, I realized how influential good company can be—shaping not only our habits but also our confidence and vision. This inspired me to take part in assemblies, debates, and even auditions for plays and Model United Nations (MUNs).

With time, I gained immense confidence and began to dream big. I learned to listen carefully to my teachers, drawing life lessons from their wisdom. One of the most powerful lessons I embraced was the ability to say "NO"—to people, situations, or habits that did not serve me.

I learned to do what makes me feel positive, to find joy in the small blessings around me, and to stay away from people who spread insecurity or envy. I reminded myself constantly that there will always be good people in this world, and that every problem has a solution.

Above all, I discovered that there are people who truly love you, people whose day becomes brighter simply because you are a part of it.

This journey of self-motivation and realization continues to shape me, transforming my personality day by day until I become truly invincible.

I believe in this quote:

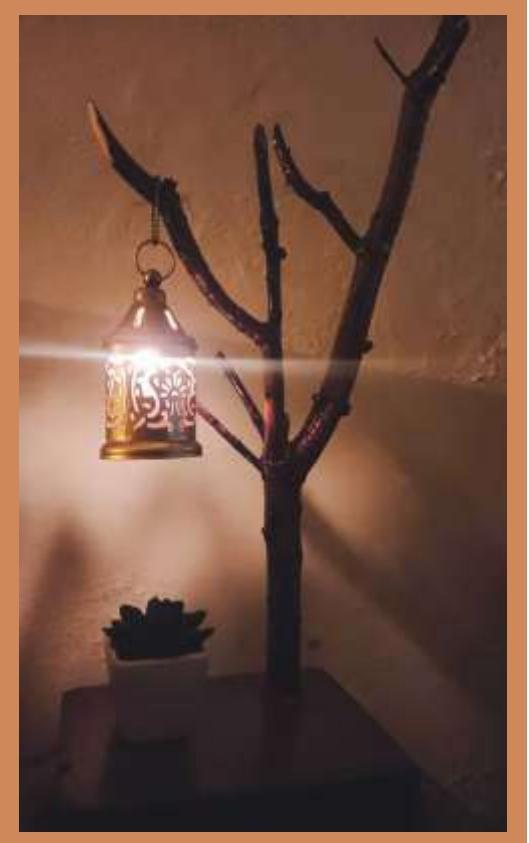
"Surround yourself with those who lift you higher" .... Oprah Winfrey

**Bhai Prithvi Singh, IX-P  
Proud Boarder of YPS, Patiala.**

# 'TOUCH **WOOD**, IT'S GOOD !'



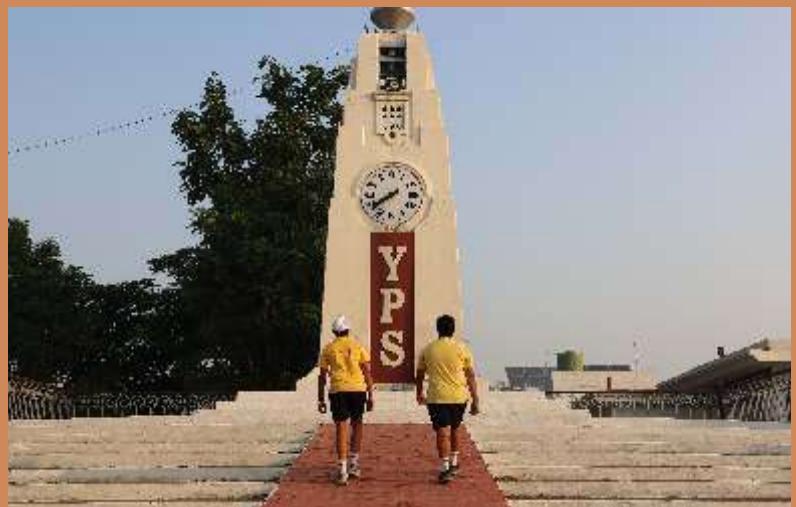
There is a form of creative expression for everybody. Walter Sir's collection of wood work stands a testament to our belief.





# CAMPUS CAPTURED

Some breathtaking shots taken by our staff and students within the school premises





# ONCE UPON A TIME....!

## AMUSING FACTS ABOUT YPS



1. YPS that today has a strength of over 100 staff members and 1500 students, began with 9 teachers and 21 students only
2. The first Headmaster of the school, Rai Bahadur Dhani Ram Kapila, was first brought to Patiala under heavy police and military surveillance. This became essential because the country was passing through turbulent times soon after its partition.
3. The first student on school rolls was Harinder Singh Attari. He rose to become a Colonel in the Indian Army and continued visiting the school till late
4. YPS remained an all boys' school for the first 6 years. It turned co-educational only in the year 1954. The first girl student on the rolls was Amarjeet Kaur.
5. For the first few years, apart from the main building, classes were also held in the Bhupinder Kothi, which is a part of the GCW Campus across the road now.
6. The School Stadium, one of the unique assets Yadavindrians are so proud of, was built as an Olympic ground in 1941 for the holding of the All India Games of 1944. The ground served as a training site for Olympic Athletes, with sports legend and former Olympian Padamshree Milkha Singh also practising here in the 1960s.
7. Prior to the school possessing its own swimming pool in 1987, the school staff and students used the Army swimming pool in the vicinity for practice.
8. Water polo was one of the games played in the school once.
9. The Yadavindra Gold Medal is one of the most prestigious awards given at the Academic Day every year. Amusing as it may sound, for the first few years, the Yadavindra Gold medal awarded to winners was made of real gold. Some proud recipients of the medal of the good old days still carry it whenever they visit their alma mater
10. The school's composition in its Silver Jubilee Year of 1973 was 546 boys and girls. Interestingly, 115 of them were overseas students, mainly from England, Thailand, Canada, Malaysia and a few African countries.

# SCHOOL BUILDING IN OLD TIMES



# PRACTICES OF THE PAST

**A look back at the different traditions, customs and practices of our school that defined previous eras**



## THE SERVING DAYS -

Students of senior classes were allotted serving days as they would serve diligently at the afternoon meals. This was done with the aid and assistance of the school mess staff.

To add, in those days each House had its own kitchen and dining hall and they used to have their meals separately, unlike the present times, when we all have the meals together in one Central Dining Hall.

## PRIDE, PERKS AND PRIVILEGES OF A HOUSE CAPTAIN -

House Captains used to have their own separate cabin with other necessary paraphernalia to facilitate them in their work in the boarding house building.

## 'ON DUTY'

Once, the students, in one way, played a more active role even in the administrative affairs of the school. One student, every day, would be nominated to sit outside the Headmaster's office at a desk termed, 'On Duty'. He / she would do all the work-big or small-for the Headmaster for that particular day (at times, was even summoned into the office to interact with the Headmaster). The idea was to inculcate the precious value of dignity of labour amongst the students and make them more self-reliant and confident.

## MUSICAL NIGHTS

The musical night, traditionally held in the month of November, was an evening marked by various dance and musical performances, capped off with a vibrant fashion show. Different from the competitive inter houses, this was a night meant solely to unite everyone and celebrate the artistic talent of YPS.

## FOOD FIESTA, FOOD CARNIVAL

Held in the front lawns, the food carnival was YPS' annual celebration of culinary arts. Students participated enthusiastically in various competitive events and set up exhibition stalls to display their own cooking prowess. Famous nutritionists were often invited as judges for what was one of the most anticipated days of the year.

## WHEN SATURDAY MEANT SHOWTIME -

The story goes before the advent of the multi-media and the AI technology, when watching a movie was no less than an event. To provide the students, especially the boarders, a much – needed break from the week long hectic schedule, a movie show was planned every Saturday evening. The movie was shown through the big old time projector. The venue of this weekly movie kept changing from the old Carpentry shed (the staff car parking now) to behind the old Phulkian House building (the new residential block now), the Central Dining Hall, the assembly area and finally, the Tennis practice wall which till date stands in the boarding house area. Though, we know that the practice has been revived now with the boarders watching a movie in the school auditorium every weekend.



# SCHOOL BUILDING IN TIMES OF YORE!



# A FUN TALK WITH THE YOUNGEST YADAVINDRIAN

In the candid charm of our youngest Yadavindrian's answers, we find innocence at its best-raw, funny, and straight from the heart !



Q. What is your name?

A. Amaira Jindal

Q. How old are you?

A. Five (She's actually three and a half, but who are we to argue with such confidence?)

Q. Which class do you study in?

A. YPS (We think she means 'Nursery', but 'YPS' works too...)

Q. What do you want to be when you grow up?

A. School (Clearly, she has already figured out her life goals)

Q. What is your favourite fruit?

A. Mangoes (Aha, that's right !)

Q. What is your favourite colour?

A. Green (Right again !)

Q. Actually, what's your favourite colour? (We asked again because three-year-old are allowed to change their minds)

A. Yellow (See, what we mean!)

Q. Who's your favourite teacher?

A. ....( deep contemplation )

Q. What is your favourite subject?

A. YPS ( Consistent with her earlier career aspirations)

Q. What's the best thing about YPS?

A. Mangoes

Q. Do you have any brothers or sisters?

A. Brother (We assume this means , 'yes')

Q. Do you have friends at school?

A. Yes....( Names withheld !)

Q. What is 1+1?

A. 2 (Great, Amaira!)

Q. What is  $\int_0^1 8x / (x^2 + 1)^2 dx$ ?

A. 2 (Why mess with a winning formula? If it worked once, it'll work again! )

Interviewers- Thank you, Amaira !

**Anubhav Verma, XII-Science**

**Renee Dhadli, XII-Science**

**Shreevardhan Dev Thapliyal, XI-Science**

# THE TRAMP

I saw him. He had no name. Skipping down the road with a contented smile and spark in his eyes, he pierced the heart of strangers rendering them. His very presence - a defiant proclamation - that love was not dead. Hunger was his eternal companion, yet his words, gentle and profound, unraveled the grief of those who had only ever known the cruelty of callous tongues. Touched by his kindness, they placed a ₹10 note in his palm. He laughed, atonic, amused by the plight of man. He pitied those who took money for love as if affection could ever be bartered. All he longed for were a few kind words, rarer than gold in a world numbered by indifference. Nightfall haunted him, with the world stripped of its light, the streets lay barren - no footsteps, no passers-by, only his own shadow to keep him company. Alone, disappointed in himself he

laughed. Memories clawed at him from behind his eyes and he bled from his never healing wounds. The same eyes that brightened the days of the scorned now wept in solitude, harboring secrets too heavy to share. Hours slipped away. The sun stretched its golden finger over the horizon, and once again he rose. Watching the world start to stir again, he resumed his quiet journey-skipping down the road, a gentle defiance against despair. Seated beside a street dog, he rubbed his ears and spoke. He spoke when there was no one there to hear, no one there to judge. Perhaps this dog was the only living being that could understand him, see him for what he really was.. For neither bore a name, both mere tramps in the world's eyes.

Yet, he never let the world strip him of his kindness.

Vineet Sharma

IX-E



# THE DAY THE ANIMALS TALK



If animals could speak, they would tell us about their problems. They would tell humans to stop trapping them in cages and behind fences in zoos. They would ask us to stop throwing garbage and plastic everywhere in our surroundings, which could harm them. They would ask fishermen to catch only the fish they are licensed for and stop killing other marine animals like turtles and small sharks. They would warn fishermen to take care of their equipment so that it couldn't harm other sea animals.

They would request that humans not set up traps that might break their legs and cause harm. They would tell us where they want to go and for how long. They want and expect us to be kinder and more generous toward them and to stop damaging their habitats and natural homes. They would teach human beings how to treat them with care and kindness.

Talking to animals would make our world much better. They would teach us how to live in harmony with nature without harming or disturbing it. If animals could speak, they would break down the wall between them and human beings. Animals' ability to speak might break the stereotypical belief of superiority among human beings.

A world where animals could speak would bring many challenges for human beings who think and consider themselves to be the only supreme power. The only thing human beings need to understand is that whether animals have the ability to speak or not, the whole planet belongs to every living being without discrimination or bias. Therefore, we should understand and respect animals by living together in harmony on this shared planet in a fairer way.

**Pranav Bhatia**

**VI-O**

# ASSORTED ART

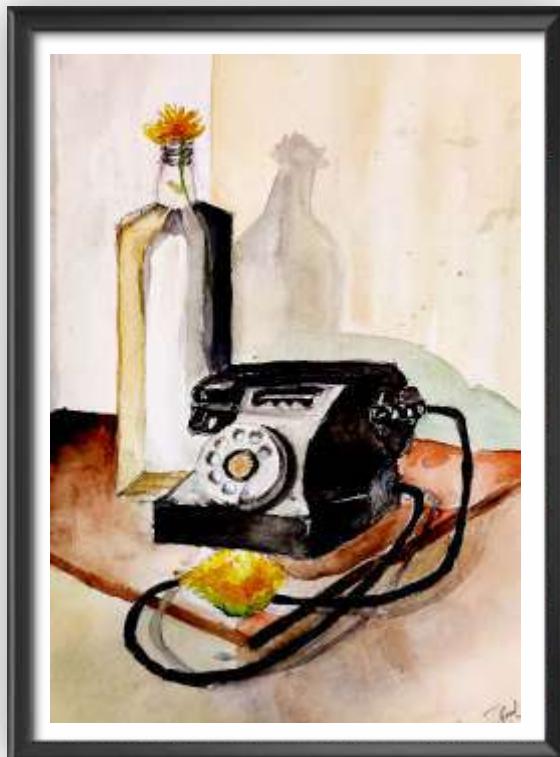
## STILL LIFE PAINTING



Avni Mishra, XI-Science



Jannat, IX-N



Japman Sarin, X-E



Jasmehar, X-E



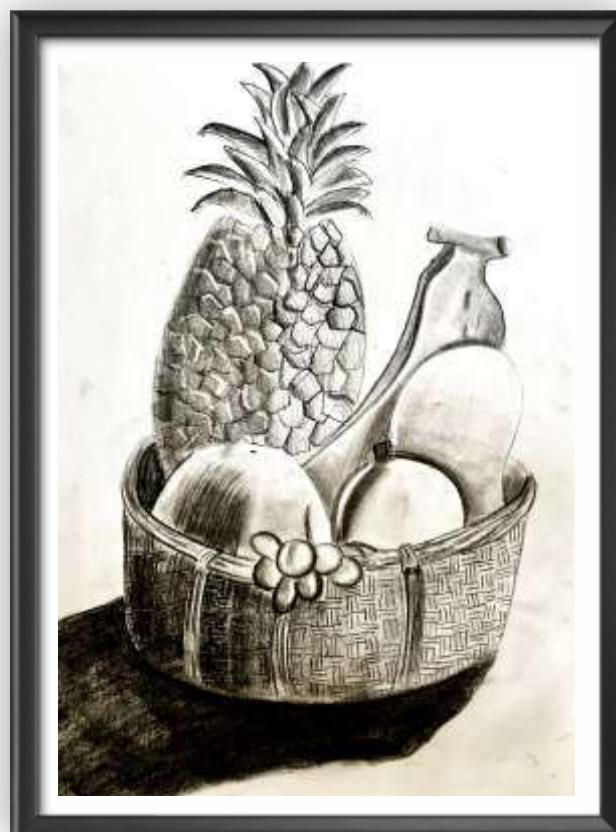
Jasmehar, X-E



Kashvi Sofat, X-P



Pragun Bansal, X-O



Saanvi Bansal, VI-P

# A LATE GREAT READ-

# "THE ABC

# MURDERS"

"Murder is a very simple crime. But, at the hands of a maniac, a serial killer, it becomes a very complicated business."

*The A.B.C. Murders*, by the renowned "Queen of Crime," Agatha Christie, is a gripping murder mystery that showcases her brilliance in crafting suspense, thrill, and an unpredictable plot. This novel keeps readers hooked until the very end, delivering unexpected twists at just the right moments.

The story begins with the daily life of a little Belgian detective whose intuition never fails him. Hercule Poirot receives a letter by mail, leading into a cat mouse chase. The letters signed A.B.C, challenge the clever foreigner into cracking the mystery he was laying out.

The serial killer has a childish love for leaving behind ABC Railway Guides next to the body of the dead. With the murders happening and no specific pattern visible, who to protect? It is the law of the Universe, that once you start getting away with things, you become confident. You let your guard down and unconsciously make mistakes.

The murderer is travelling from Andover to Bexhill and down to Cranchester in alphabetical order but the fourth murder in Doncaster somewhat raises suspicions as the killed man's initials are not 'D' but 'E'. Here the suspected

murderer is arrested and the bloodied weapon is found in his blazer pocket. Everyone is ready to believe this is the end.

The psychological dance was exhausting, but was this the end? Hercule Poirot's 'little grey cells' said otherwise. His theory, deduction and meticulous methods lead to discoveries, which were unexpected. Captain Hastings, Poirot's best friend, narrates the story in his narrative, making it all the more interesting. Hastings, also mentions his own opinions leading to more important discoveries in the mania of the killer.

The story altogether has a ready adrenaline rush in every turn. *The A.B.C. Murders* is filled with red herrings that keep the reader guessing until the shocking revelation. *The A.B.C. Murders* is a must-read for fans of classic detective fiction. It's a thrilling blend of logic, misdirection, and psychological intrigue, proving once again why Agatha Christie remains the Queen of Mystery. Debating a single murder throughout the book sure gets a little boring, thus, Christie's serial killer keeps making the book interesting with every flip of the page.

Naysa Gupta

X-N

## A LATE GREAT READ

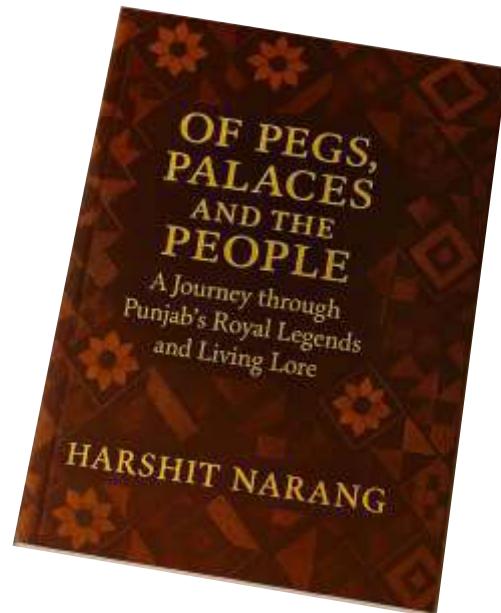
# “ OF PEGS , PALACES AND PEOPLE” -HARSHIT NARANG (OY )

“Of Pegs, Palaces and the People” is a new book written by Harshit Narang, who happens to be my maternal uncle. He is an alumnus (Head Boy for the session 2006-2007) of Yadavindra Public School, the same school where I study, which made me feel even more proud and excited to read his work. He is . presently, a civil servant working in Delhi, and his deep love for history and storytelling clearly reflects in his writing.

The book is a collection of short stories that beautifully explore the heritage, culture, and historical richness of our very own state Punjab. Each story takes the reader into the world of old forts, palaces, and villages, introducing us to the the people who once lived there — from brave kings and warriors to simple villagers who did extraordinary things and achieved extraordinary feats .

But, perhaps, what I loved the most is how the author has managed to blend real history with imagination, making the stories deeply engaging and full of emotion.

My favourite story , anyway, is about the legendary Sheesh Mahal which has been described so vividly



that I could almost see its shining mirrors and royal charm before me as I read.

In short, I feel this book has brought me closer to my roots and reminded me that history, actually, lives through the people and the stories we remember.

**Hridyaansh Kapil**

**X-N**

### FROM THE AUTHOR

*“ The book was compiled with the sole intention of preserving the stories from Punjab for the next generation. I have taken liberties in introducing certain characters to make the storytelling interesting. However, the basic theme and plot of the stories have been kept unchanged. I hope whoever reads this book, enjoys it”*



# WHAT I WANT TO BE WHEN I GROW UP.....

When I grow up I want to be a famous Tennis player. I enjoy the sport because it challenges both the body and the mind all together. Every match is like a puzzle that needs quick thinking, smart moves and strong focus. I feel excited when I hold a racquet and start hitting the ball because it makes me feel strong, fast and free. My dream is to play in international tournaments and face the best players in the world. I want to compete at places like the Wimbledon and the U.S Open, where legends are made. Winning trophies and representing my country would be an honor, but what matters most is playing with heart and giving my best every time. I know the journey will not be easy. It will take long hours of practice, physical fitness and mental toughness. But I am ready to work hard and stay focused in my dream because I believe that I can do it. I also want to inspire young athletes to follow their passion just

like I will. I want to train with the best coaches and travel to different countries to play matches. I will make new friends, learn about new cultures and represent India with pride. I also would like to be kind and respectful to my coaches and teammates. Being a famous Tennis player is not only about being a good human being, but to learn from my mistakes and never give up, even if I lose a match. When I become a champion, I will also help children who want to play tennis but do not have money or equipment. I will also start a Tennis academy where young athletes can learn Tennis for free. Being a Tennis player is, above all, about the love for the game. That is why, when I grow up, I want to be known not only for my wins and my game but also for my spirit.

**Jiya Dhody**

**VI-N**

# EDUCATION

## ROLE AND RELEVANCE

To say education is important is an understatement. Education is a weapon to improve one's life. It is probably the most important tool to change one's life. Education of a child begins at home. It is a lifelong process that ends with death. Education certainly determines the quality of an individual's life. Education improves one's knowledge, skills and develops the personality and attitude. Most noteworthy, it affects the chances of employment for people. A highly educated individual is probably very likely to get a good job.

Education helps in spreading knowledge in society. This is probably the most noteworthy aspect of propagation.

There is quick propagation of knowledge in an educated society. It helps in the development and innovation of technology. Important developments in computers, medicine and other fields take place due to education. It is like a ray of light in darkness. It is the basic right of every human on this planet. To deny this right is evil. Uneducated youth is the worst thing for humanity.

"The most beautiful thing about learning is that no one can take it away from you"

It empowers individuals by equipping them with knowledge, critical thinking skills and confidence. It enables people to understand the world around them. Thus, education not only serves to maintain social norms but also acts as a catalyst for social development





# THE MAN WITH THE MIDAS TOUCH

Every school has its painters who conceive their coloured memories — the ones whose names may not be on the honour boards, but whose presence is woven into the very walls of the place. At our school, that name is Babloo Bhaiya.

His hands have shaped more than just murals and statues—they've shaped the spirit of our corridors, the warmth of our classrooms, and the memories that linger long after the paint has dried.

“I’ve been working in YPS for 27 years,” says Babloo Bhaiya, his voice steady but filled with quiet pride. “I joined in 1998. Back then, I was just a watchman.”

His journey since then is nothing short of inspiring; from guarding the school gates to helping at the swimming pool, tending the grounds, and later ensuring the school’s cleanliness. But fate, it seems, had colour waiting for him.



"In 2002, when Mr. R.P. Devgan joined the school, I had painted a few murals near the pool," he recalls with a modest smile. "He saw them, liked them, and told me to assist the Senior School Art Department."

Since then, Babloo Bhaiya's hands have become part of YPS history itself. His creativity breathes through the very walls and corners of the school. The iconic Dolphin Fountain by the swimming pool where laughter, splashes, and sunlight meet stands as one of his proudest creations. "That fountain is very close to my heart," he says softly. "It carries not just water, but years of patience, fine art, and mural work, a bit of every art form I love."

The vibrant glass-painted windows of the Foundation Wing shimmer with his touch too-their colours changing with every passing hour of sunlight, much like the generations of students who've walked by them.

His art isn't just decoration; it's a story of belonging. The statues of cricket, squash, and tennis players, sculpted as a collaborative effort between him and the students, stand as symbols of teamwork, pride, and passion. Each curve, each colour, each brushstroke carries a piece of his devotion-a devotion that never asked for recognition, only purpose.

"When I work with the children," he says with a quiet smile, "I feel I'm passing something on. Maybe they'll remember that art isn't only in galleries -it's right here, where we live and learn."

When asked what keeps him going after all these years, Babloo Bhaiya's answer is simple yet profound.

"The school is my livelihood," he says. "It has done a lot for me and has always supported me and my ideas. I always have a sense of working for the school in me and that's what motivates me every day."

There's no trace of pride in his tone, only gratitude. His words carry the warmth of someone who has found not just a workplace, but a home a place that recognized his talent, believed in his vision, and gave him the space to grow.

As I look around the campus today, I realise that Babloo Bhaiya's work is not just part of the school, it is the school. His colours breathe life into our mornings, his sculptures greet us between classes, and his quiet dedication lingers in every corner. He has built more than murals and fountains; he has built memories, pride, and belonging.

Years from now, new students will walk through these gates, unaware of the man behind the art that surrounds them. Yet, in every brushstroke and every ripple of the dolphin fountain, his legacy will live on, silent, steadfast, and shining. Because some people don't just work for a place; they become its spirit. And for YPS, that spirit will always be Babloo Bhaiya.

**Shreevardhan Dev Thapliyal**

**XI-Science**



# FROM THE WORD GO(D)!



A Translation Of The Punjabi Prayers Recited At YPS

## ‘DEH SHIVA BAR MOHE...’

O, Great Lord ! I pray to thee. Grant me the boon that I will never deviate from the path of righteousness ; that I will fight the battle of life dauntlessly and claim victory with conviction, O Lord, I cherish Your presence in my mind and nurse the highest ambition to sing Your praises.

I aspire to leave this mortal world, fighting with exemplary courage.

## ‘SANT JANA MIL....’

One ought to sing the praises of the Almighty in the gracious company of holy saints, In doing so, the pain and suffering of millions of our births will be eradicated and all our heart’s desired will be fulfilled.

Lord is kind and benevolent. He has very kindly blessed us with His Holy Name. Those who remember Him, stay in bliss and the grace of the Holy Lord always shines upon them. It is a known fact and an established truth that true understanding cannot be obtained without the Grace of God.

## ‘MAN TAN TERA...’

The whole Universe is the creation of the all- pervasive and omnipresent God.

Whatever a man possesses- his mind, his body, his wealth – are bestowed by Him.

O Lord, You are all powerful and all power comes from you. I bow down and fall at your feet. I surrender and resign myself to Your will. I act as it pleases You, or rather as You cause me to act. I have form faith that You are kind and compassionate. Only those who remember You in all their thoughts and actions, can reach You.

## ‘JO MAANGE THAKUR...’

God always gives us what we seek. Guru Nanak is the voice of God. Whatever he says, whatever he speaks, turns out to be true in this life and beyond. God has spread his power in all four directions and kept His Healing Hand on the heads of his people. Looking at us with His gracious eyes, He saves us from all pain and suffering and protects us from all evils.

Mr. Sukhpal Singh  
(HOD, Indian Languages Department)

# IS AI OVER-SHADOWING THE HUMAN MIND?

We all know AI. Yes, the super smart AI we use in our daily lives. What's so wrong with it? That's what we rarely think about while using it. Sometimes we forget it can be harmful, too. That's the problem.

In today's world, everyone turns to AI too quickly. Whether it's for a project or some tips for writing essays, poems, etc. The problem is that the human mind is creative unlike AI's, but we always forget that. We have fallen into the habit of relying on AI for everything, which is making our minds lazy.

This reminds me of a theory that my mom once told me about—the Theory of Extinction. She told me how our tailbone went extinct over time because we stopped using it. I fear the same may happen with our minds too

if we stop processing and stop using it.

We, sometimes, feel that AI is smarter than us, but aren't we, the humans, are the ones who created it? So what's the point of feeling weak in comparison to it? AI can write poems, but it cannot add the emotions like a human can. AI can write stories but cannot add feelings into it like a human can. AI can write an essay but, perhaps, cannot make it as creative as a human being can.

To sum up, AI is definitely a great thing to use, but we should draw a line and keep a limit when using it. We should not let AI replace or take over the unique capabilities of our mind

**Gurnaaz  
VI- P**



# DON'T CRY OVER SPILLED MILK !

## (BUT WHAT IF I WANT TO ? )

It was 7:30 in the morning. Aneesa had missed her alarm and was running late for school and had no time for breakfast, so she decided just to have a glass of milk and call it "breakfast". But as she was pouring the milk, it spilled, creating a puddle everywhere, which made it look like a milk- crime scene, waiting to be solved by detectives. Aneesa sighed in frustration! She was already late, grumpy, and even her hair was in a mess. And this spillage was probably the last straw !

Suddenly, her mom came from behind and seeing the milk spilled, jokingly repeated the famous phrase, "No, my child, don't cry over spilled milk!" Hearing this, Aneesa murmured, " But what if I want to?" " Then cry !", her mom said. Aneesa was startled. She didn't think that her mom had heard, but she had (You may call it a mother's super hearing powers).

Aneesa stood frozen for a second, just staring at the milk that had spilled. Then, suddenly, tears welled up in her eyes.

"I don't know why I am even crying !" she said. Her mother said nothing but knelt beside, pulled her in a soft hug and wiping her face with the end of her sleeves.

"Maybe ,it's all isn't about the milk." said



her mother. Aneesa gave a nod of agreement.

"I am just so tired. Everything feels like it's too much", said Aneesa .

They both sat in silence, knowing today was just one of those days. Then, Aneesa got up to clean the spillage and a clear thought passed her mind-It was not about the milk: it never was !

**Srija Jain**  
**XI-Commerce**

# ACRES OF DIAMONDS!

"The grass is always greener on the other side." We all must have heard this remark at least once. While looking for opportunities next door, we must realize that opportunity is always under our feet. We don't have to go anywhere. All we need to do is recognize it. When our attitude is right, we realize that we are walking on acres and acres of diamonds.

Hassan Ali the protagonist of the story, was a famous farmer who was satisfied and grateful. He was barely able to make ends meet with his crops, but whatever the cultivation, he was always pleased and grateful. He never complained about living below the poverty line.

One day, a wise man came to him and told him about the glory, honour, and power that diamonds bring. The wise man said, "If you had a diamond the size of your thumb, you could probably buy your own city. If you had a diamond the size of your fist, you could probably own your own country." Then the wise man left. Hassan became unhappy and discontented, feeling dejected and melancholic.

The next day, Hassan made arrangements to sell his farm to a known trader, Omar Faiscal. He took his family and went off in search of diamonds. He tried to find them but couldn't. He looked all over Africa but found nothing. He tried Europe but wasn't successful. By the time he reached Spain, he was emotionally, physically, and financially depleted. He was so disheartened that he committed suicide by throwing himself into the Barcelona River.

Back home, Omar, who had bought the farm, was watering plants at the stream that ran through the property. The rays of the morning sun hit a stone across the stream and made it sparkle like a rainbow. He thought the stone would look good in his living



room, so he picked it up and put it on his mantle.

That afternoon, the wise man returned and asked, "Is Hassan back?" Omar replied, "No, why do you ask?" The wise man said, "Because that is a diamond. I recognize one when I see one. Come, I will show you. There are many more." They went and picked samples to send for analysis. Sure enough, the stones were diamonds. In fact, they found that the farm was covered with acres of diamonds!

The grass is always greener on the other side. While we are eyeing the grass on the other side, others are eyeing the grass on our side. They would be happy to trade places with us!

**Prabhsimran Kaur**  
**XII-Arts**

# LINE OF THOUGHT

## Our Very Own Quotes

1. “Our real strength lies not just in fulfilling our dreams, but in our ability to turn barriers into bridges” - **Parinaina Bhandhal, XI-Commerce**
2. Mistakes are the battles which everybody has to fight - **Enaayat Bhutani, IX-P**
3. History becomes disappointing when you know that you cannot change it - **Hemayat Cheema, XI-Arts**
4. Making one more mistake won’t make you late, it will give you an opportunity to learn one more new thing - **Rasha Dhaliwal, XII Science**
5. A lie can destroy your life, but a white lie can make it flowers and rainbow - **Sanaya Jain, X-E**
6. The happy days will one day find their way home , and the dark days will then roam lonely - **Inaara Jagirdar, VI-P**
7. A wound to us may just be a scratch to the society - **Sohila Shavinder Singh, XI-Arts**
8. Loneliness is the blade that makes us bleed silently - **Sohila Shavinder Singh, XI-Arts**
9. Every new day brings new adventures for us. There are times when I look up at the night sky and smile, and then there are times when the crescent moon hangs low by my bedroom window, and looks at me sympathetically - **Anhad Kaur, IX-N**
10. Love is rising above our disabilities and unconditionally caring for others - **Naysa Gupta, X-N**
11. Forgiveness is not about losing your respect, it's always about securing the relationship - **Krishna Mittal, XI-Commerce**
12. Dreams have the power to create as well as to destroy – **Karanveer Singh, XI-Arts**
13. Success is far greater than making money. It is about making an impact, being grateful and not losing hope easily! - **Srija Jain, XI-Commerce**
14. Dreams don't see logic, and that's the joy of it ! – **Priyainder Kaur, XI - Commerce**
15. Travel is celebration of life in the company of nature - **Anubhav Verma , XII- Science**

# THE DANCE OF NATURE

It's monsoon in its full glory  
 Brings forth many a story  
 In some corners, love stories silently bloom  
 Floods elsewhere bring destruction and gloom

The nature soon changes colour, its message is clear!  
 It's Autumn now, it's that time of the year  
 For many it's time for festivals, laughter and balls  
 But hear a tree's tale of heartbreak as the last leaf falls

Soon the winter comes knocking  
 It witnesses new tales unlocking  
 Warm and cozy new year beginnings for some  
 But many- a- life fade into the invisible sun

It's spring...as the wheel of time goes round  
 Life and colour and newness abound  
 Spring is about the death of death, many say  
 But what's born in spring, dies in fall nature's way

Come Summer , and days are bright full of light,  
 But scorching Sun shows no mercy at height

Seasons come, and seasons go.  
 Each with its high and low.  
 Just like birth, death is a fact  
 It's nature's style, its balancing act!

**Parnika Makan**  
**VIII-N**



# LIFE IS ABOUT MOVING ON

Beneath the wounds , the burns and tears,  
Lies one's unique self.  
Life is unfair when nobody cares,  
Is it an obstacle I asked myself?

For there is no true friend,  
Only God and yourself you may trust,  
Well, the world is cruel when you are scared and frightened,  
Gratitude is recommended to mend the broken hearted

Never question or doubt your ability,  
There will tough and stormy days,  
But, you should walk tall through the journey,  
And, do remember to help others for it pays

When you are all alone,  
Feeling lost in this world of wonder,  
Remember God and all will be fine,  
He is always with you, to stitch a life asunder

He will help you if cornered,  
Be active, work hard and not be lost,  
Live in the present and learn from the past,  
For living depends upon moving on,  
And not living in the past.

**Mannat Jayakanth Kaur**  
**VI-P**

# THE SUNSET

As I packed my mat from the beach,  
The orange sun going down,  
It looked a little peach,  
As the evening passed by.  
When the tides rose,  
It splashed on the shore,  
It touched my nose,  
The sparkling ocean water.  
The sky turned purple,  
As the birds flew away,  
All nestled up together,  
As the bay turned red.  
Little shells were glistening,  
On the rough brown sand,  
I took a deep sigh,  
As the water filled the land.  
When the sky darkened,  
I left for home,  
The beach became smaller,  
As I walked away.

**Saanvi Bansal**  
**VI-P**



# MORNING MADNESS

A Monday morning , an early day  
 Not every person's favourite way  
 A little sleep more that's all I need  
 But I know I have a big day to lead

Dressing so slow, with eyes half closed  
 Drowsiness on me this morning had imposed  
 A sudden wake, a banging shout  
 And my whole schedule, flipped inside out

In my lost world, I skipped the time  
 But when I realized, it jumped to nine  
 That moment I knew, that I was done  
 To save my life, I had to run!

Things of the dresser, flown everywhere  
 The state pf my clothes, in utter despair  
 My bag and shoes, lying in the hall  
 All my hair fluffing up in a ball

Eggs in the cereal and juice in the pan  
 Messing my life in every way I can  
 Spilt on my shirt, while I ate  
 Today I knew, how my life I hate

My bag on the table, my files on the chair  
 The rest of my stuff, I had no clue where  
 A second in the mirror, a little quick  
 glance  
 At least I knew that my look had a chance

I locked the door, to my car I ran  
 An excuse to use, I had to plan  
 With a mind so tense, I turned my key  
 To my horror on the road, there is traffic I  
 see  
 Missed the lift, up the stairs I went  
 My feet all sore, my back all bent  
 To my great surprise, what do I see?  
 No life in the building, but only me!

I looked around frantic, not one in sight  
 That's when my mind had shed some light  
 It was a Sunday, as I did realize  
 My morning had gone mad, because  
 I wasn't too wise!

**Yashica Jindal**  
**X-E**



# A QUIET Question



I once asked myself,  
Do I believe in me?  
Do I hold self-confidence,  
Or just breathe uncertainty?  
With a heavy sigh,  
I opened my eyes -  
There I stood in reflection,  
Where the river whispers and flies.  
It flowed around the rocks,  
Each splash a quiet voice,  
Echoing my effort,  
My labor, not my choice.  
I had worked through days,  
Endless, without rest,  
No time to pause or breathe,  
Just hoping for my best.  
And yet, I kept speaking -  
To the self I used to doubt.  
Softly, surely,  
I began to figure it out.  
Now the air feels clearer,  
My steps, light and free.  
With belief beside me,  
I walk where I need to be.  
A new path opens gently,  
Its edges lined with grace.  
Not an end, but a beginning -  
And I meet it, face to face.

## Missing School in SUMMER BREAK!

When summer comes, I miss my school.  
All the friends and teachers so cool,  
No morning bells, no classroom rules,  
I miss my friends and swimming pools.

I miss the jokes that my friends once made,  
And how they helped when I needed aid.  
The lunchbox swaps, the laugh each day,  
And the funny games we'd play.

I miss the books of every kind,  
Maths, English, History and Science.  
Subjects that sparked questions so bright,  
And tales we'd read with great delight !!

I miss the gatekeeper's kindly smile,  
Who'd greet us all and talk for a while.  
He would open gates so wide and clear,  
Welcoming us with warmth and cheer.

I miss the teachers, wise and kind,  
Who shaped our heart and cleared our mind.  
They stopped the cheaters in gentle ways,  
And filled our days with hope and praise.

Though summer days are bright and free,  
My heart still longs for school, I feel.  
For all those moments, big and small,  
I miss my school - I miss them all..

# MY SCHOOL MY PRIDE

In the Royal City, great and wide,  
Stands my school with so much pride.  
Yadavindra Public School, so strong and bright,  
Fills our hearts with joy and light.

Our flags fly high, our hearts are true,  
In green fields kissed by morning dew.  
From books to sports, from dance to song,  
To YPS, we all belong.

Our teachers smile and help us grow,  
With gentle care and all they know.  
The classrooms shine, the gardens bloom,  
A place where joy and happiness loom.

We learn to lead, to dream, to share,  
With every step, we learn to care.  
YPS — my joy, my guide,  
In Royal Patiala, my heart's pride.

**Apram Ahaar Singh Dhillon**  
**VIII-O**

# Idle Dreams

When I sit on the grass,  
Beneath a shady glen of trees,  
I feel the silent seconds pass,  
But it's lost in the breeze.

When I see the crimson roses,  
Under the low hung weeping lily,  
Blooming buds in the light,  
I feel peace and tranquility.

When I lie down on the cool grass,  
And look up at the blue behemoth,  
I see nightingales and phoenixes,  
Dancing along the edge of thought.

Everywhere I look I behold beauty,  
In doe, wolf or quill,  
Overflowing with beating joy,  
It's got me enchanted in its thrill.

Each leaf whispers forgotten tales,  
Of far off rivers and moors,  
Each unique and like none other,  
Above the forest floor.

**Aanya Jawanda**  
**IX-E**

# Dancing

Little Tea-Cups



I poured myself some tea,  
And gasped at the sight I could see.  
It got me oh so afraid,  
I shall narrate this story to thee.  
A cup in hand jumped away it did!  
And it said these words to me:  
"As you fill me up, don't leave yourself empty,  
Fill yourself up with glee,  
For if you do, it will be of great help  
In times you need positivity.  
Pour sins out as you pour out tea,  
These ways will make you a better human,  
Away from the figure of a beast.  
Now drink me up before I get cold,  
As everything has a limit.  
Stay happy and remember my folklore  
From the start to finish."  
It danced away into my hands,  
Passed my tongue and salivary glands.  
It danced its good habits into me.  
It was a joyous tea indeed.

Inaara Kaur Jagirdar

VI-P



# The Enigma of LIFE'S QUEST.

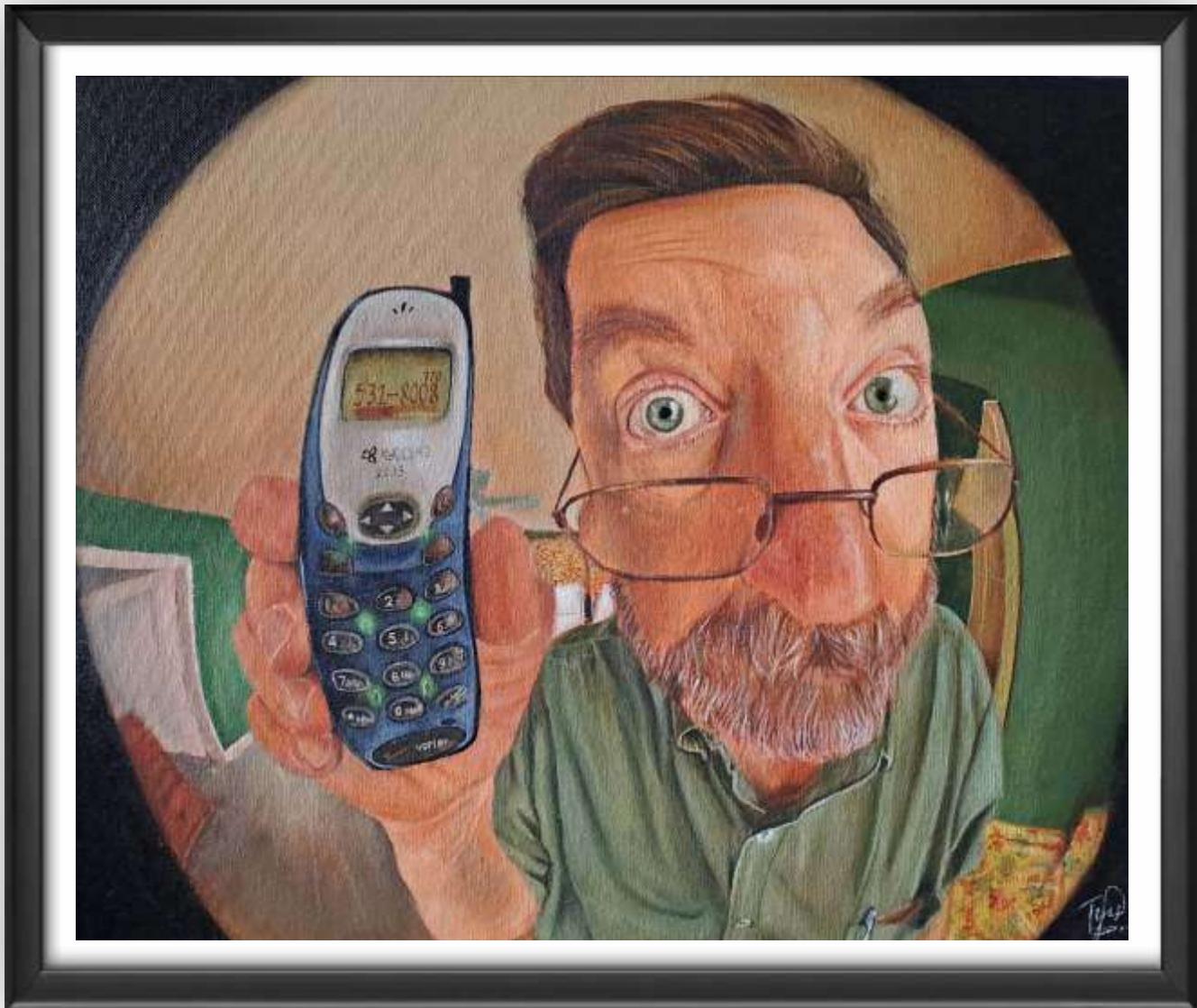
The Enigma of Life's Quest:  
 "Life"—a word known to all,  
 For it is a word that clings to you, even if one may fall—  
 into the mouth of death, unbeknownst of its depth.  
 When you are within your mother's womb,  
 Or even when death beckons with its tomb.  
 Does the paradox ever truly cease?  
 It ends when nature grants release.  
 A quest that no one can quite decipher—  
 Man marathons to find his meaning,  
 All he figures are his tangled feelings.  
 Life is no less than a knife—  
 Piercing through one's soul,  
 Swallowing it whole,  
 with its gnawing teeth.  
 It might as well be like a combine threshing through golden fields,  
 Carving through tangled thoughts,  
 tied tightly in the form of knots,  
 Leaving only raw truth behind.  
 Can it ever be truly defined?  
 Yet, life can bloom like sunflowers in a field—  
 Bright and reaching, yet fragile to the blade—  
 Waiting for the energy that wields the sword—  
 The entity that cleaves the soul and leaves it frayed.  
 For life is a quest that grants no rest,  
 A trial that puts each heart to test,  
 Urging one to seek, to strive, to find—  
 The hidden truth within the maze of mind.

**Dayanat Kaur**

**XI-Arts**

# ASSORTED ART

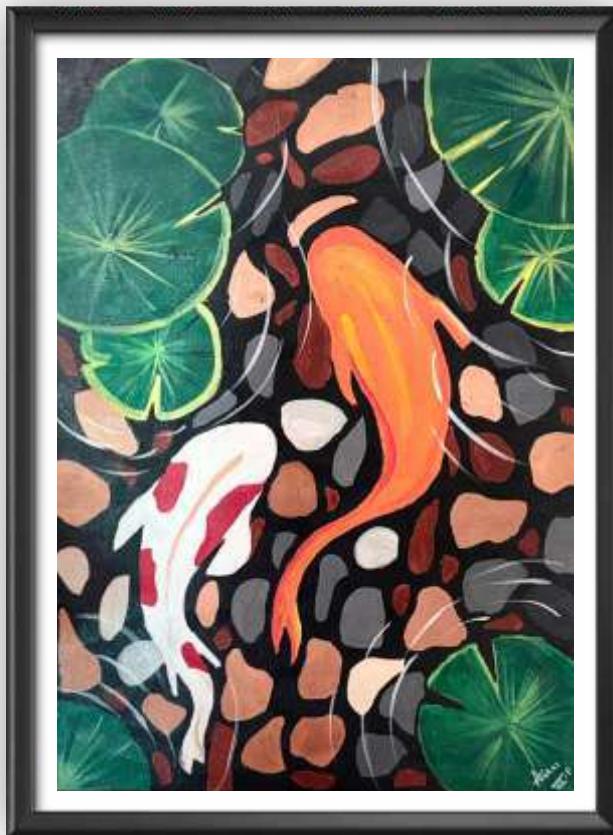
## PORTRAIT AND ANIMAL PAINTING



Tejas Shergill XI-Arts



Aradhita Bhadwar, XI-Arts



Anraj, VII-P



Parinaina Bhandhal, XI-Commerce



Jaspratap Singh, VIII-E



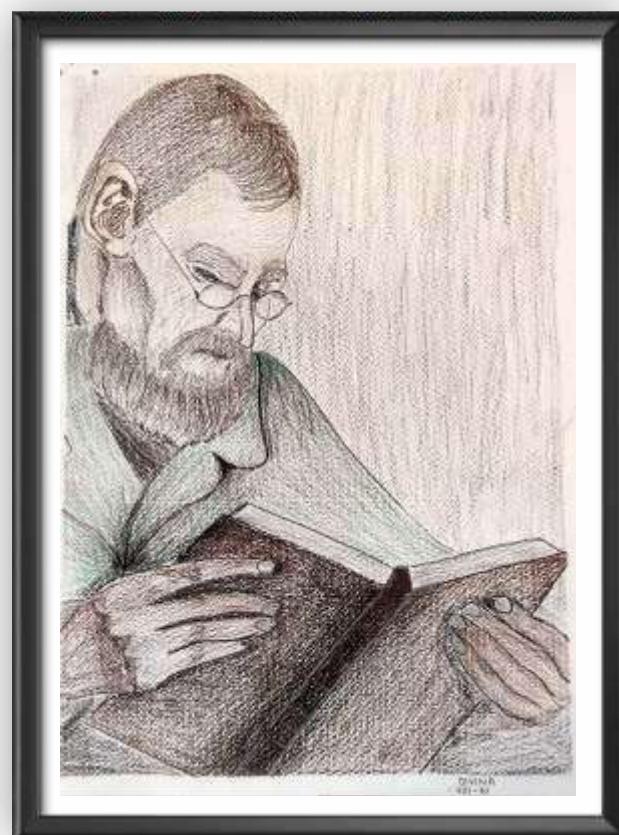
Tejas Shergill, XI-Arts



Parinaina Bhandohal, XI-Commerce



Tejas Shergill, XI-Arts



Divina, VIII-N



Prabhsimran Kaur, XII-Arts



Prabhsimran Kaur, XII-Arts

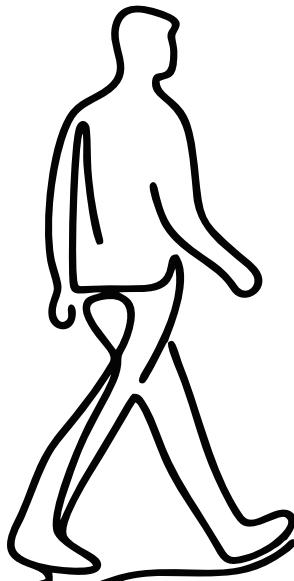


Prabhsimran Kaur, XII-Arts



Prabhsimran Kaur, XII-Arts

# WALKING THROUGH LIFE



Life is like a mystery;  
With patient steps, we unlock the clues.  
As we grow, we keep on solving,  
Then the sky begins to bloom.  
But the adventure isn't over yet!  
There's still much to explore,  
With moments that lift and weigh me down,  
Some bring joy, some bring gloom,  
But there's always something more.  
Sometimes life feels tricky,  
Like a maze with endless levels.  
I may not have all the answers yet,  
But I keep moving, step by step,  
Trying to find the path I seek.  
But it's alright, I guess.  
Every path has a lesson to teach.  
Life isn't about solving it all,  
But learning as we move through each.

Pragun Bansal  
X-O



## WINGS OF WONDER AN ODE TO BIRDS

One thing I love about birds,  
Is that they move together,  
Always by each other's side,  
Each of them is a source of might.

High above they fly,  
With wind crossing by,  
Pity that humans lie,  
For it makes me cry.

Birds are a glimpse of life,  
They keep moving, high above the sky,  
Even if the weather is dry  
They soar across the hectic nights.

How hard they work,  
Just to build their home,  
Just mighty creatures,  
Never alone.

Inayat Bansal  
VI-P

# THE LOOSE THREAD

I remember pulling a loose thread from my sweater,  
the one my mom sewed for me.  
The sweater was always like that —  
stubborn and soft —  
and I loved pulling each thread.

I would spend time finding that single thread,  
digging through sleeves and cuffs,  
pretending it was hidden deep,  
though it always waited in some easy place,  
like it wanted to be found.

A quiet bond  
it became between my mother and me, like a ritual.  
And there were times I left it untouched,  
letting the thread poke into the still world.

The sun was so bright then.  
Even the clouds whispered.  
It was cold.  
The birds sang and the leaves danced  
in the wind's hush.  
The sun slipped behind the clouds  
and the world seemed vivid.

I would tug at that thread,  
slow, calm,  
watching it drift off like a promise  
into the ether.

Mother would always make one  
when my lips turned blue  
from those market-bought clothes.  
She would pour all her love and warmth  
into that tiny sweater  
that gave me warmth through winters.  
The single loose thread became  
the crest of her quiet care —  
maybe it was always intentional,  
for she knew when she wasn't there  
that thread would always stay.

For she knew when my hands were empty,  
a thread would become my companion.  
I would let it go too,  
watching it drift off like a promise  
into the ether,  
a small smile shining on my face.  
I liked to think the thread became  
someone else's friend too —  
part of something more beautiful.  
Maybe a bird would find it  
and weave it into its nest,  
and perhaps one day I'd find that nest  
and smile from far.

Vineet Sharma  
IX E



# THE SPIRIT OF YPS

## A Tribute to Yadavindra Public School

In Patiala's heart, where the legends arise,  
Stands a school of strength, a prize.  
Born from royal, noble grace,  
YPS our sacred place.

With banyan trees and bricks of pride,  
Where generations did reside.  
We wear the badge, the tie, the crest,  
With fire to strive, to learn, be best.

We walk the halls with steady feet,  
Where history and honour meet.  
Not just in books, but bold endeavour,  
The YPS bond lives on forever.

Vidya shines to light our way,  
Vinay keeps our ego at bay.  
Veerta roars in every test,  
We rise with courage, give our best.

On Founder's Day, we march in line,  
With discipline that feels divine.  
The bugle calls, the flags they wave,  
Reminding us to think and be brave.

From hockey fields to debate fights,  
We chase the truth, defend what's right.  
Through stage and song, we find our voice,  
In every trial, we make our choice.

Our teachers guide with wisdom rare,  
With patient hands and hearts that care.  
They teach us more than books can hold,  
To stand up tall, be kind and bold.

So here's to memories pure and deep,  
To friendships made and goals we keep.  
No matter where our journeys end,  
YPS lives in every friend.

We carry forth with heads held high,  
Beneath the watchful Yadavindrian sky.  
For once a lion, always true,  
The red, yellow and blue will run through and through.

**Harshaan Gill**  
**IX-O**

# AUTUMN'S PATH

A winding trail through forest deep,  
Where autumn's leaves their vigil keep.  
In hues of gold, and red, and flame,  
Each step retells a season's name.

The air is crisp, the wind is kind,  
A hush of peace, a clearing mind.  
Leaves crunch beneath our steady tread,  
As thoughts grow calm and fears are shed.

Within this quiet, sacred glade,  
We lose the noise the world has made.  
A time to breathe, to simply be,  
Enfolded in the earth's decree.

So walk with me, where colors blend,  
Where silence is the truest friend.  
And in the heart of autumn's glow,  
We'll find the peace the soul can know.

**Jasmehar Kaur Brar**  
**X-E**

# A BATTLE FOR MANKIND

Bullets spray,  
Priests pray.  
The soldiers advance,  
The airplanes, they dance.



Nobody knows the cause,  
But they don't seem to pause.  
Blood gets splattered,  
But it doesn't seem to matter.

Who cares in war??  
Except for the medical soldiers or??  
Everyone comes to win,  
But they only lose their kin.

Rasha Dhaliwal  
XII-Science

## ON PATIALA FIELDS

On Patiala fields, where dreams take flight,  
YPS stands tall in knowledge's light.  
Through classrooms bright and labs of wonder,  
Minds grow strong, with no fear to hinder.  
From ICSE triumphs to ISC's grades,  
Each student finds where their talent's made.  
With teachers' care and wisdom's embrace,  
We carve our paths, we claim our space.  
The playground hums, the library calls,  
In every corner, learning entralls.  
YPS, our home, where hearts unite,  
Together we soar, we chase our flight.

Jainish Bansal  
VIII-P



## “THEY FLEW HOME”

**A poem dedicated to the victims of the air crash in Ahmdabad –in grief for the losses !**

The sky wept soft, but not for long,  
It hummed a quiet, healing song.  
Though wings were torn and moments lost,  
Their souls took flight, beyond the frost.  
No more pain, no final call—  
They rose above it, past it all.  
The stars made room, the moon stood near,  
And welcomed them with love, not fear.  
Now when I look up high and true,  
I smile through tears, and so would you.  
For every heart that broke that day—  
Still shines in skies that guide our way.

## “THE SKY WRITES BACK...”

I once wrote a letter to the Sky,  
Folded it with dreams and let it fly.  
I asked, “Do you see us down below?  
With all our chaos, hope, and woe?”  
The wind replied with gentle grace,  
A rainbow smile on the Sky's blue face.  
“Even on days your heart feels small,  
You're part of something big, after all!”  
The clouds drew shapes just for me,  
A bird, a kite, a laughing tree.  
And in that moment, I just knew—  
The sky had always listened too!

Samreet Kaur  
IX-O

# ASSORTED ART

## CULTURE AND FESTIVALS



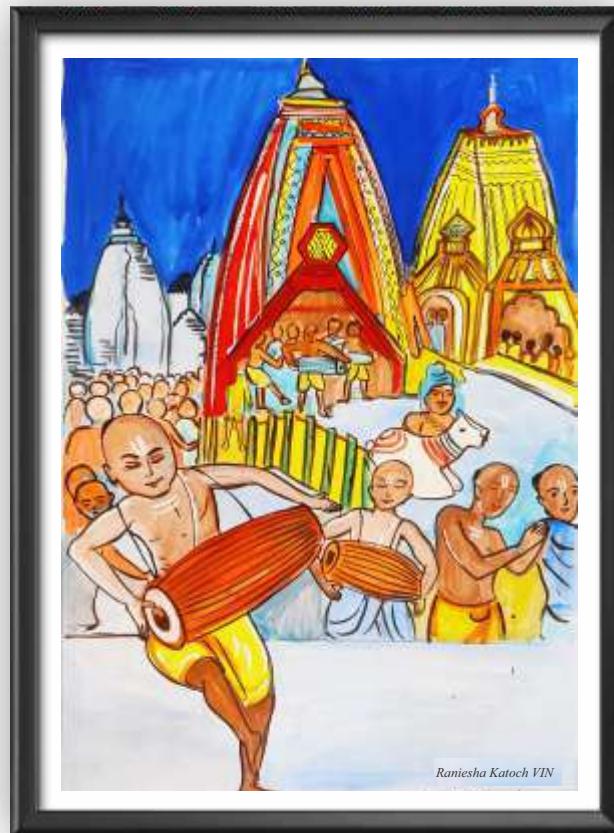
Vivek Pratap Singh, IX O



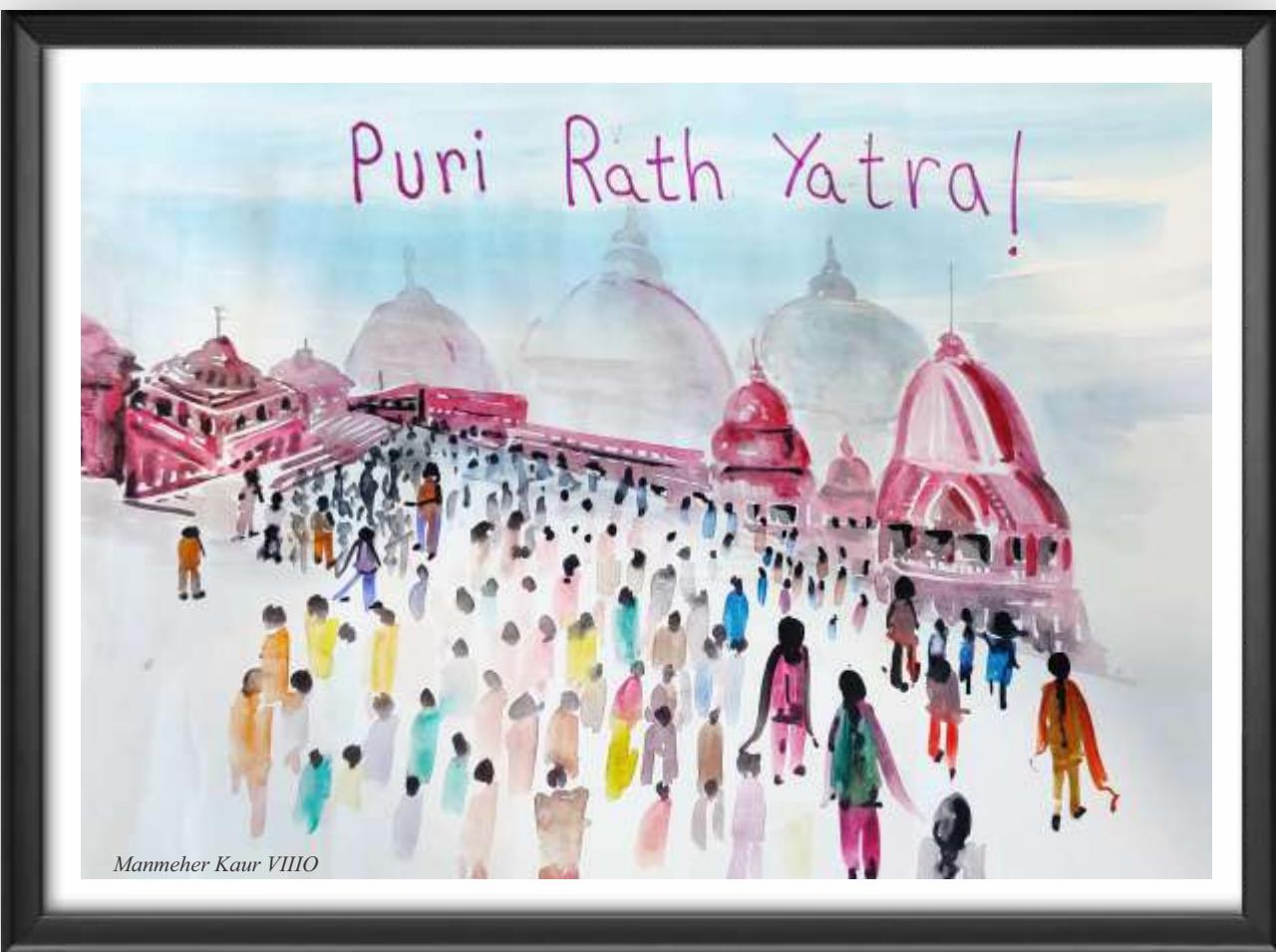
Mr. Sanjay Taneja, Fine Arts Teacher



Akshara Mittal, VIII-E



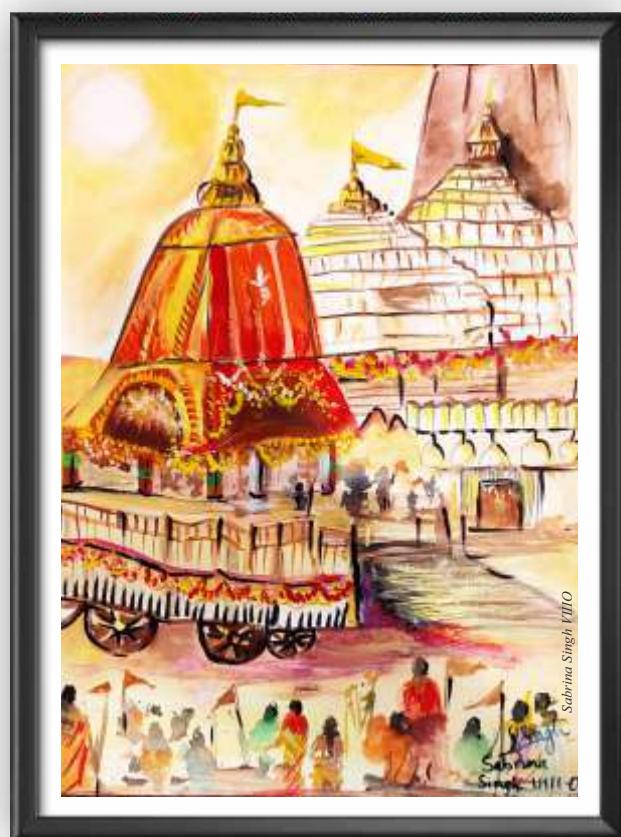
Reniesha Katoch, VI-N



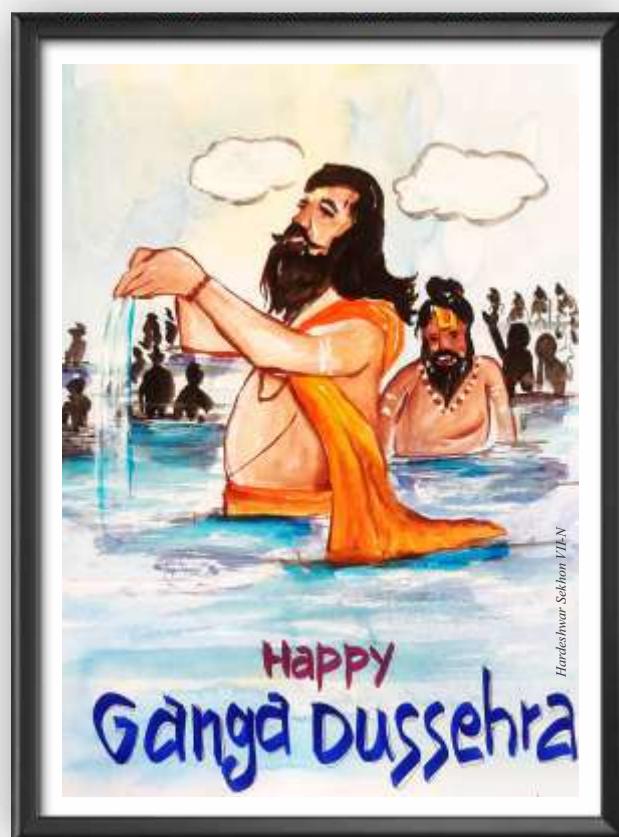
Manmehar Kaur, VIII-O



Manmeher Kaur, VIII-O



Sabrina Singh, VIII-O



Hardeshwar Sekhon, VII-N

# सफर

निकल पड़ा सफर पर,  
राही अकेला ही,  
मन में डर भी, आशा भी,  
उम्मीद भी, सपने भी ।

जानता है कि राह आसान नहीं,  
मिलेंगे काँटे, कंकड़ भी ।  
पर जानता है कि मंज़िल वहीं है,  
और डर के आगे जीत है ।

एक बोझ सा उठाए हुए,  
धीरे—धीरे पाँव बढ़ाते हुए ।  
मन में विश्वास बाँधे हुए,  
राही निकल पड़ा सफर पर ।

राह में मुलाकातें हुईं,  
कुछ अनजान दोस्त बने,  
तो कुछ दोस्त अनजान भी बने,  
परंतु हौसले बुलंद किए,  
राही निकल पड़ा सफर पर ।

वक्त के साथ, शरीर ढलता गया,  
पर हौसला और तुजुर्बा बढ़ता गया,  
ज़िंदगी के सफर ने बहुत कुछ सिखा दिया,  
राही ने जीवन का शुक्रिया अदा किया ।

आखिरकार मंज़िल आ ही गई,  
अरे यह क्या, वह तो फिर से ओझल हो गई ।  
तब समझा अभी तो मंज़िल दूर है,  
सो राही फिर से निकल गया सफर पर ।

यूँ ही मंज़िल आती गई,  
सफर यूँ ही चलता गया,  
अंत में सबकी मंज़िल एक ही थी,  
राही ने ईश्वर की दी ज़िंदगी,  
ईश्वर को ही सौंप दी!

अमायरा सूद  
सातवीं—पी

# खुद से मुलाकात



छोटे—से दिल में लाखों सवाल,  
मैं कौन हूँ — क्यों हूँ बेहाल?  
हर चेहरा मुझसे कुछ कहता था,  
पर खुद मेरा चुप ही रहता था।

दर्पण में देखूँ — तो क्या पाऊँ?  
दुनिया का डर या खुद को समझाऊँ?  
एक दिन चुपचाप बैठी रही,  
और खुद की धड़कनों की सुनी।  
तब जाना, मैं कोई परछाई नहीं,  
मैं भी एक रौशनी की कड़ी हूँ कहीं।  
नहीं ज़रूरत किसी पहचान की,  
मैं ही खुद की पहचान बनी।

भाविशा भल्ला  
सातवीं—एन

## माँ का अनदेखा प्यार

जो साथ देती हर दुःख में,  
खुश होती तुम्हारे सुख में,  
वो और कोई नहीं,  
सिर्फ माँ ही कर पाती है।

जो नफरत में भी प्यार करे,  
गुस्से से भी इज़हार करे,  
वो कोई और नहीं,  
सिर्फ माँ ही कर पाती है।

जो शिक्षिका बनकर तुम्हें,  
जिन्दगी का पाठ पढ़ाती है,  
वो कोई और नहीं,  
सिर्फ माँ ही कर पाती है।

ज़रूरी नहीं जो जन्म देती,  
माँ वही कहलाती है,  
जो माँ की ममता सा प्यार करे,  
वो भी माँ कहलाती है।

सुर्हिद सिंह  
सातवीं—पी





# स्वयं

## छोटे दीये की रौशनी

मैंने एक छोटा सा दीया जलाया,  
अंधेरे में वह खूब जगमगाया ।  
अंधेरे में जब सब खो गया,  
तो छोटा—सा दीया रौशनी बन गया ।  
हवा से लड़ता, फिर भी जलता,  
चुपचाप हर रात उजाला करता ।  
दिखता है छोटा, कमज़ोर नहीं,  
उसने अंधेरे की चुनौती सही ।  
छोटा हूँ पर काम बड़ा,  
अंधेरे में बना मैं तारा ।  
माँ बोली, “बहादुर है तू”  
मैंने बोला, “दीया हूँ मैं, रुकूँ क्यों?

मैं हूँ नन्हा पौधा,  
धूप में खिलता, पानी में पलता ।  
सीख रहा हूँ जीवन जीना,  
हर चुनौती से लड़ना ।

कभी गिरता, कभी उठता  
पर हौसला कभी ना खोता ।  
सीख रहा हूँ आगे बढ़ना,  
सपनों को सच करना ।  
मैं आगे बढ़ता जाऊँगा,  
हर दिन कुछ नया सिखाऊँगा ।  
न हार मानूँगा ना रुकूँगा,  
बस आगे ही बढ़ता जाऊँगा ।  
अपना जहाँ खुद बनाऊँगा,  
और जग में नाम कमाऊँगा ।  
हर मुश्किल को पार करूँगा,  
अपने सपनों को पूरा करूँगा ।

दिमायरा मंगला  
सातवीं—पी

एनाया शर्मा  
छठी—एन

## दोस्ती के सुनहरे धागे

दोस्ती है प्यारा सा रिश्ता, दिल से दिल का छोटा सा किरस्सा ।  
हँसी के साथ, गम में सहारा, हर पल दोस्त है बस हमारा ।

जब मन उदास, जब राहें खाली, दोस्ती की बातें, दिल की गली ।  
चाय की चुस्की, मर्स्ती की बात, दोस्ती में बस जिंदगी की सैर ।

न नियम, ना कोई बंधन, बस दोस्ती का प्यारा पनघट ।  
हर लम्हा रंगीन, हर पल सुहाना, दोस्ती के साथ, जीवन का संगीत है गाना ।

अराध्या  
सातवीं—पी

# पर्यावरण बचाना है

सूख रही है धरती माता,  
अब फर्ज हमें निभाना है।  
पेड़ लगाकर धरती पर,  
इसको स्वर्ग बनाना है,  
पर्यावरण बचाना है, पर्यावरण बचाना है।



मिट्टी धुएँ से काली होकर,  
छाई आकाश की आँख में भी लाली है  
धरती को भी साँस न आए,  
यह कैसा कर्म कमाना है।  
पर्यावरण बचाना है, पर्यावरण बचाना है।

दीवाली मनाते, होली मनाते हैं,  
अब वृक्षमहोत्सव भी मनाना है।  
पेड़—पौधों से भर दो धरती को,  
अंबर को भी महकाना है,  
पर्यावरण बचाना है, पर्यावरण बचाना है।

स्वच्छ होगा पर्यावरण तो स्वच्छ होगा परिवेश  
यह हितकारी सन्देश जनजन तक पहुँचाना है,  
पर्यावरण बचाना है, पर्यावरण बचाना है।

प्रणव भाटिया  
छठी—ओ

# हमारा पर्यावरण

पेड़—पौधे हैं जीवन की शान,  
इनसे मिलता है सबको आराम।  
पक्षी गाते, फूल खिलते,  
सारी धरती के जीव हँसी में मिलते।

नदी, तालाब और साफ़ हवा,  
जीवन का सबसे बड़ा सहारा।  
अगर इन्हें हम बचाएँगे,  
तो ही सुखी जीवन पाएँगे।

कचरा सड़कों पर मत फैलाओ,  
जल को व्यर्थ कभी न बहाओ।  
धरती माँ का करो सम्मान,  
यही है हम सबका काम।

आओ मिलकर वादा करें,  
हरियाली की ओर एक कदम बड़ा करें।  
प्रकृति की रक्षा सब मिल करें,  
सुंदर संसार बनाने का सब मिलकर प्रयत्न करें।

दिविशा गुप्ता  
छठी—एन

# मेरा विद्यालय

सुबह—सुबह जब सूरज निकले,  
बैग उठाकर चल पड़े हम।  
नव ज्ञान की जो दुनिया है,  
उस प्यारे विद्यालय को कर याद हम।

घंटी बजे तो दौड़ लगाएँ,  
कक्षा में सब ध्यान लगाएँ।  
शिक्षक जब समझाएँ पाठ,  
ज्ञान से भर जाए दिन—रात।

खेल का समय हो सबसे न्यारा,  
मिल—जुलकर हँसना है काम हमारा।  
कभी पढ़ाई, कभी कहानी,  
विद्यालय बन गया जीवन की रवानी।

समर्थ सिंह संधू  
सातवीं—ओ

## कक्षा का जादू

चहकते हैं सपने, किताबों के संग  
हर कोना बोलता है मीठी उमंग।  
कक्षा है जैसे एक रंगों की थाली,  
जहाँ हर बच्चा है कहानी निराली।  
कभी सवालों की गहराई में खोते,  
कभी चित्रों में कल्पनाएँ संजोते।  
कक्षा है वो जगह जहाँ उड़ान मिलती,  
हर सोच को नई पहचान मिलती।  
चलो फिर से उस जादू को जी लें,  
कक्षा की दुनिया में फिर से खो लें।  
जहाँ हर दिन है एक नई कहानी,  
और हम सब हैं अध्यापकों के दीवाने।

आरुही  
छठी—ई



# भारतीय सैनिक

किसी भी मज़बूत देश की नींव उसकी सेना से ही मज़बूत होती है। सेना का निर्माण सैनिकों से होता है।

भारत एक महान देश है। अपने पड़ोसी देशों का सामना करने के लिए एक विशाल सेना है। भारतीय सैनिक एक दृढ़ निश्चय वाला व्यक्ति है। वह अपने देश के लिए शहीद होने को त्यार है। उसकी बन्दूक उसका गहना है और उसका खिलौना। युद्ध में वह हारता नहीं विजय पाता है। वह शहीद हो जाता है, पर कभी भी अपनी मातृभूमि पर आंच नहीं आने देता। वह इसे अपना धर्म मानता है। संघर्ष के समय वह मन में मातृभूमि की रक्षा का प्रश्न रखता है।

सैनिक की माँ उस पर गर्व करती है। युद्ध के बाद राष्ट्रपति उन्हें पुरस्कृत करता है। इस समय उनकी माँ का हृदय गद-गद हो उठता है।

हम भारत वासी सैनिकों पर गर्व करते हैं। वह देश के लिए शहीद हो जाते हैं और वे देश की सुख समृद्धि के लिए प्रार्थना करते हैं। वह राष्ट्र के प्यारे और देश के पालनहारे हैं।

जय हिंद

राघव मंगला  
आठवीं—ओ

# माता-पिता का महत्व

माता पिता वो होते हैं जो हमको पैदा करके अपने प्यार में पालते हैं। पिता ही है जो हमारा हाथ पकड़कर चलना सिखाता है। माँ जो अपने बच्चों को पाल पोसकर बड़ा करती है। फिर हम कैसे अपने माता-पिता को तो भूल ही जाते हैं। माता-पिता दुनिया मैं फिरसे नहीं मिलते, तो हम उनकी जितनी भी सेवा कर सकते हैं, उतनी ही कम है। माता की ममता हमें बचपन में आनंद देती है और समय के साथ, जब हम बड़े होते हैं तो हमें अच्छा मनुष्य बनाती है। पिता जी का आर्शीवाद प्रभु के समान होता है। वे हमें सही राह पर चलाते हैं एवं हमारा पथ रौशन कर देते हैं। जब माता-पिता हमारे संग हो तो बड़ी-से-बड़ी मुश्किलें हमारा कुछ नहीं बिगाड़ सकती। हमारे लिए अपने माता-पिता का महत्व समझना अधिक महत्वपूर्ण है। इससे पहले कि, हमें देर हो जाए, हमें अपने जन्म देने वाले माता-पिता को प्यार देना चाहिए। उनके साथ आदर-सम्मान के साथ पेश आना चाहिए।

अराध्या गगनेजा  
आठवीं—एन

# पटियाला की शान

पटियाला शहर नहीं, एक कहानी है,  
हर दिल में इसकी निशानी है।  
पटियाला शहर है बहुत प्यारा,  
इतिहास इसका है सब से न्यारा।  
राजाओं का था यह घर,  
जैसे कोई चमकता सितारों का शहर।



पटियाला पगड़ी सबसे खास,  
सजे सिर पे जैसे हो ताज।  
भांगड़ा—गिद्धा जब होते शुरु,  
हर दिल झूमे, हर मन खुशियों से रुबरू।

यहाँ की बोली मीठी बहुत,  
हर बात में ही जैसे सुधा की रजत।  
खेलों में भी आगे रहें,  
बहादुरी की कहानियाँ कहें।

फुलकारी की कढ़ाई रंगों से भरी,  
हर चीज़ में है यहाँ खुशी की झड़ी।  
संस्कृति, कला, गीतों की मिठास,  
पटियाला की यही है खास बात।

सरबएकम कौर  
सातवीं—ई

## दोस्ती

मुझ पर दोस्ती का प्यार, यूँ ही उधार रहने दो।  
बड़ा हसीन है, ये कर्ज़, मुझे कर्जदार रहने दो॥

वो आँखें जो छलकती हैं, गम में, खुशी में, मेरे लिए।  
उन सभी आँखों में सदा, प्यार बेशुमार रहने दो॥

महज दोस्ती नहीं ये। बगिया है विश्वास की।  
प्यार, स्नेह के फूलों से, इसे गुलजार रहने दो॥

वो मस्ती, वो शरारतें। न तुम भूलो, न हम भूले।  
उम्र बढ़ती है ..... खूब बढ़े।  
जवाँ ये किरदार रहने दो॥

भाई पृथ्वी  
नवमीं—पी

# नई सीख से जिंदगी में बदलाव

यह कहानी एक दिव्या नाम के बच्चे की है जो शाराती, होनहार और कक्षा में अब्बल आने वाला बच्चा है। दिव्या कक्षा में आए दिन शारात करता है लेकिन उसकी अच्छी पढ़ाई के कारण सारी अध्यापिकाएँ उसकी इन छोटी-छोटी शारातों को नज़र-अंदाज करती रहती हैं। पर एक दिन दिव्या ने कुछ ऐसा किया जो नज़र अंदाज न करने वाला था और मुख्य-अध्यापक ने उसकी इस शारात पर उसे दो दिन तक स्कूल न आने का आदेश सुनाया। वैसे तो दिव्या पढ़ाई में होशियार और सब के साथ मिल-जुल कर रहने वाला बच्चा था, न जाने एक दिन उसको ऐसी क्या शारात सूझी कि उसने अपने ही दोस्त वीरु की पीठ पर पैन चुभा दिया और उसे थोड़ी चोट लगी और वीरु फिर रोने लगा। दिव्या की इस गन्दी हरकत के लिये उसे और वीरु को मुख्य-अध्यापक के पास ले जाया गया। मुख्य-अध्यापक ने दिव्या को चिट्ठी द्वारा माफीनामा मांगने को कहा और दिव्या ने वो चिट्ठी लिख कर मुख्य-अध्यापक को दी। दिव्या मुख्य-अध्यापक और वीरु से माफी माँगता है।

दिव्या को दो दिन स्कूल से निकालने के आदेश पर फूट-फूट कर रोने लगा और उसने इस से यह सीख ली कि अगर वर शारात करना नहीं छोड़ेगा तो भविष्य में आगे नहीं बढ़ पाएगा। इस घटना ने दिव्या को पूरे तरीके से सुधार दिया और उसने एक नई सीख ली जिस से उसकी जिंदगी बदल गई।

देवम पुनीत गुप्ता  
सातवीं-पी

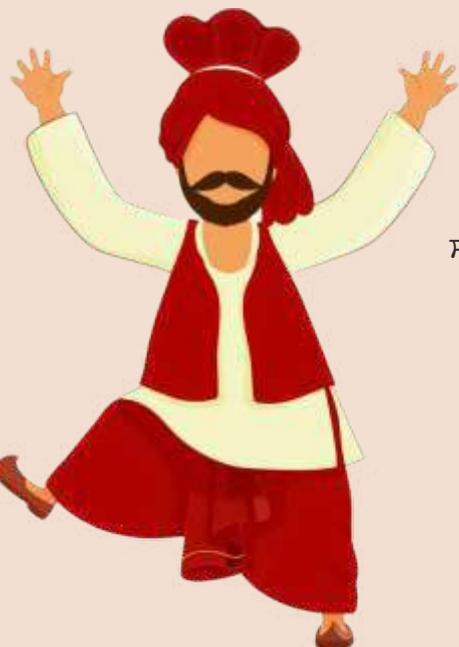
## अगर सोचें

कभी ध्यान से देखा है, तितलियों को पंख हिलाते हुए?  
एक खुशी से गुदगुदी का एहसास मुझे हुए।  
क्योंकि वह हैं इतनी सुंदर, प्यारी, और न्यारी,  
मैं भी बनना चाहती हूँ सबकी राज दुलारी।

कभी देखा है एक चिड़िया को आजादी से पंख फैलाते?  
झधर-उधर वे मंडराते।  
देखते वे सब कुछ बड़ी उत्सुकता से,  
काश मेरे ख्वाबों को भी पंख मिल जाते।  
ख्यालों में बसते हैं कुछ मीठे सवाल,  
ख्यालों में मिलते हैं उनके ही जवाब।  
हर मोड़ पर मिलता है कोई कमाल,  
जो भर दे दिल में एक नई मिसाल।  
सपनों को उड़ाओ, अपनी रौशनी फैलाओ।

अनायरा कौर जगीरदार  
छठी-पी





## ਮਾਂ ਬੋਲੀ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ

ਮਾਂ ਬੋਲੀ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਲੱਗਦੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਪਿਆਰੀ ।  
ਇਹਦੇ ਵਰਗੀ ਹੋਰ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਵੇਖੀ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਸਾਰੀ ।

ਸਾਡੇ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਦਰ ਹੈ ਇਹਦੀ, ਸਾਡੇ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਾਸ ਹੈ ਇਹਦਾ।  
ਜਿਹੜਾ ਸਾਡਾ ਰਾਹ ਰੁਸ਼ਨਾਵੇ ਐਸਾ ਇੱਕ ਇਤਿਹਾਸ ਹੈ ਇਹਦਾ।

ਮਾਣ ਨਾਲ ਬੋਲੋ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ,  
ਬੋਲਣ ਵੇਲੇ ਨਾ ਸਰਮਾਓ।

ਇਹ ਬੋਲੀ ਹੈ ਬਹੁਤ ਪਿਆਰੀ,  
ਮੈਨੂੰ ਲੱਗਦੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਨਿਆਰੀ।

ਹੇਤਾਂਸ਼੍ਲੀ ਸਿੰਗਲਾ  
ਸੱਤਵੀਂ-੬

## ਰੱਖੜੀ

ਰੱਖੜੀ ਆਈ ਰੱਖੜੀ ਆਈ ਭੈਣ ਵੀਰ ਲਈ ਰੱਖੜੀ ਲਿਆਈ  
ਰਸਗੁੱਲੇ ਦਾ ਡੱਬਾ ਲਿਆਈ, ਆਖੇ ਵੀਰੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਵਧਾਈ।

ਗੁੱਟ ਦੇ ਉਹ ਬੰਨੇ ਵੀਰ ਦੇ ਰੱਖੜੀ  
ਪਿਆਰ ਸਤਿਕਾਰ ਤੇ ਕਰੇ ਦੁਲਾਰ  
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਹੁਣ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮੋਟੀ ਆਖੇ  
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਉਹ ਖਿੱਚੇ ਮੇਰੀਆਂ ਗੁੱਤਾਂ  
ਫੇਰ ਵੀ ਮੈਂ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ ਕੁਝ ਨਾ  
ਉਹ ਹੋਵੇ ਜੇ ਵੱਡਾ ਲਾਟ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਸਰਦਾਰ।  
ਜਦ ਵੀ ਉਹ ਮੇਲੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਾਵੇ  
ਪਰਾਂਦੀਆਂ ਤੇ ਚੂੜੀਆਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਲਿਆਵੇ  
ਪਰ ਦੇਣ ਲੱਗਿਆਂ ਉਹ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਸਤਾਵੇ  
ਉਹ ਅੱਗੇ ਤੇ ਮੈਂ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਦੌੜਾਂ  
ਉਹ ਦਾਦੀ ਦੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਲੁੱਕ ਲੁੱਕ ਜਾਵੇ  
ਦਾਦੀ ਮਸਾਂ ਹੀ ਉਸ ਤੋਂ ਖੋ ਕੇ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਫੜਾਵੇ  
ਇਹੋ ਜਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਸਾਡਾ ਪਿਆਰ  
ਆਇਆ ਆਇਆ ਇਹ ਰੱਖੜੀ ਦਾ ਤਿਉਹਾਰ।

ਦਾਦੀ ਕਹਿੰਦੀ ਜੁਗ ਜੁਗ ਜੀਵੇ  
ਇਹ ਭੈਣ ਭਰਾ ਦੀ ਸੋਹਣੀ ਜੋੜੀ  
ਕਿਸੇ ਤੋਂ ਨਾ ਜਾਵੇ ਇਹ ਤੋੜੀ  
ਇਹੀ ਹੈ ਜੱਗ ਦਾ ਤਿਉਹਾਰ  
ਆਇਆ ਆਇਆ ਇਹ ਰੱਖੜੀ ਦਾ ਤਿਉਹਾਰ

ਪਰੀਨ ਚਹਿਲ  
ਸੱਤਵੀਂ - ਈ



# ਪੱਛਮੀ ਸਭਿਆਚਾਰ ਦਾ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਹੈਜਵਾਨਾਂ ਉੱਤੇ ਅਸਕ



ਪੱਛਮੀ ਸਭਿਆਚਾਰ ਦਾ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਵ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਨੌਜਵਾਨਾਂ ਤੇ ਵੱਡੇ ਪੱਧਰ ਤੇ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ।

ਅੱਜ ਦਾ ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਪੱਛਮੀ ਪਹਿਰਾਵਾ, ਖਾਣ ਪੀਣ, ਬੋਲਚਾਲ ਅਤੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਸ਼ੈਲੀ ਵੱਲ ਤੇਜ਼ੀ ਨਾਲ ਵੱਧ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਸੋਸ਼ਲ ਮੀਡੀਆ, ਫਿਲਮਾਂ ਅਤੇ ਇੰਟਰਨੈੱਟ ਰਾਹੀਂ ਉਹ ਪੱਛਮੀ ਸੰਸਕ੍ਰਿਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਦਿਲ ਦਿਮਾਗ 'ਚ ਵਸਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ।

ਇਸ ਪਰਿਵਰਤਨ ਨਾਲ ਜਿਥੇ ਕੁਝ ਚੰਗੀਆਂ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਆਈਆਂ ਹਨ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਿ ਖੁੱਲ੍ਹੀ ਸੋਚ, ਲਿੰਗ-ਬਰਾਬਰੀ ਅਤੇ ਟੈਕਨੋਲੋਜੀ ਨਾਲ ਰੁਝਾਨ ਆਦਿ। ਉੱਥੇ ਹੀ ਕਈ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਵੀ ਹੋਏ ਹਨ। ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਆਪਣੀ ਮੂਲ ਪਛਾਣ, ਭਾਸ਼ਾ, ਰੀਤੀ-ਰਿਵਾਜ ਅਤੇ ਪਰੰਪਰਾਵਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਹੋ ਰਿਹਾ ਹਨ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਆਪਣੇ ਤਿਉਹਾਰ, ਲੋਕ ਨਾਚ ਅਤੇ ਸਭਿਆਚਾਰਿਕ ਕਦਰਾਂ-ਕਿਮਤਾਂ ਲਈ ਰੁਝਾਨ ਘੱਟ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ।

ਪੱਛਮੀ ਸਭਿਆਚਾਰ ਨੂੰ ਪੂਰੀ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਅਪਣਾਉਣ ਦੀ ਥਾਂ ਇਹ ਸਿੱਖਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਅਸੀਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਵਿਰਾਸਤ ਨੂੰ ਕਾਇਮ ਰੱਖਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਆਪੁਨਿਕਤਾ ਨਾਲ ਤਾਲਮੇਲ ਬਣਾ ਕੇ ਅੱਗੇ ਵਧ ਸਕੀਏ। ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਨੌਜਵਾਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀਆਂ ਜੜ੍ਹਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਜੁੜੇ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੀ ਲੋੜ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਜੋ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੀ ਮੂਲ ਪਛਾਣ ਨੂੰ ਨਾ ਗੁਆਉਣ।

ਸੁਹਾਵੀ ਵਾਲੀਆ  
ਅੱਠਵੀਂ - ੬

## ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਘਟਾਇਆ ਜਾਵੇ



ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਯੁੱਗ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਇੱਕ ਵੱਡੀ ਸਮੱਸਿਆ ਬਣ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਪ੍ਰਕਿਰਤੀ ਅਤੇ ਜੀਵ-ਜੰਤੂਆਂ ਲਈ ਹਾਨੀਕਾਰਕ ਸਾਬਤ ਹੋ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਲਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਧਰਤੀ ਤੇ ਪਿਆ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸ ਕਰਕੇ ਮਿੱਟੀ, ਪਾਣੀ ਅਤੇ ਹਵਾ ਨੂੰ ਖਤਰਨਾਕ ਤਰੀਕੇ ਨਾਲ ਪ੍ਰਦੁਸ਼ਿਤ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਨੂੰ ਘਟਾਉਣ ਲਈ ਹਰੇਕ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੀ ਜਿੰਮੇਵਾਰੀ ਨਿਭਾਉਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਹਰੇਕ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਦੀ ਥੈਲੀ ਦੀ ਥਾਂ ਦੁਬਾਰਾ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਵਾਲੀਆਂ ਥੈਲੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਕਰਨੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਪਾਣੀ ਦੀ ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਬੋਤਲ ਦੀ ਥਾਂ ਸਟੀਲ ਜਾਂ ਤਾਂਬੇ ਦੀ ਬੋਤਲ ਵਰਤਣੀ ਚਾਹੀਦੀ ਹੈ। ਇੱਕ ਵਾਰੀ ਵਰਤੀ ਜਾ ਚੁੱਕੀ ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਦੁਬਾਰਾ ਵਰਤਣ ਤੋਂ ਪਰਹੇਜ਼ ਕਰੋ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਕਿ ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਕਟੋਰੀ, ਚਮਚ ਆਦਿ। ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਦੀਆਂ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਰੀਸਾਈਕਲ ਕਰਕੇ ਰੀਯੂਜ਼ ਕਰਨੀਆਂ ਚਾਹੀਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ।

ਜੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਅੱਜ ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਘੱਟ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਰਾਂਗੇ ਤਾਂ ਭਵਿੱਖ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਹ ਸਮੱਸਿਆ ਹੋਰ ਵੱਡਾ ਰੂਪ ਧਾਰਨ ਕਰ ਸਕਦੀ ਹੈ। ਆਉ ਮਿਲ ਕੇ ਇਹ ਸੰਕਲਪ ਕਰੀਏ ਕਿ ਪਲਾਸਟਿਕਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਘਟਾ ਕੇ ਧਰਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਸੁਰੱਖਿਅਤ ਬਣਾਈ ਜਾਵੇ।

ਹਰਧੁਨੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ  
ਸੱਤਵੀਂ - ੬



# ਵਿੱਦਿਅਕ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ

ਵਿੱਦਿਅਕ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਵ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਨਸਾਨੀਅਤ ਦੇ ਪ੍ਰਤੀ ਸੰਵੇਦਨਸ਼ੀਲਤਾ ਅਤੇ ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰ ਪ੍ਰਤੀ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਛੂੰਘੀ ਭਾਵਨਾ ਨੂੰ ਉਜਾਗਰ ਕਰਨਾ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਤਦ ਹੀ ਸੰਭਵ ਹੋ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ ਜਦੋਂ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਭਾਵਨਾਵਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੇ ਵਿਕਾਸ ਲਈ ਜਾਗਰੂਕ ਕਰਕੇ ਵਚਨਬੱਧ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾਵੇ। ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਜੀਵਨ ਦੇ ਸਿਧਾਂਤ ਹਨ ਜੋ ਬੱਚੇ ਦੇ ਬਹੁਪੱਖੀ ਵਿਕਾਸ ਨੂੰ ਸੇਧ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਹਨ। ਇਹ ਸਿਧਾਂਤ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ, ਸੰਤੁਸ਼ਟੀ ਅਤੇ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਲਈ ਸਥਿਰਤਾ ਲਿਆਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਉਸ ਰੇਲ ਗੱਡੀ ਦੇ ਸਮਾਨ ਹਨ ਜੋ ਨਿਸ਼ਚਿਤ ਰਸਤੇ ਤੇ ਚੱਲ ਕੇ ਸਹੀ ਦਿਸ਼ਾ ਨਿਰਦੇਸ਼ ਅਤੇ ਸਹੀ ਸਮੇਂ ਨੂੰ ਪ੍ਰਾਪਤ ਕਰ ਲੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਕਿਸੇ ਵੀ ਮਾਨਵੀ ਕਾਰਜਸ਼ੀਲਤਾ, ਵਿਚਾਰ, ਵਿਸ਼ਵਾਸ ਅਤੇ ਭਾਵਨਾਵਾਂ ਦੀ ਇਸ ਤੋਂ ਬਗੈਰ ਸਿਰਜਣਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੀਤੀ ਜਾ ਸਕਦੀ। ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਵੱਡੇ ਪੱਧਰ ਤੇ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਭਲਾਈ, ਪਰਿਵਾਰਿਕ ਸਦਭਾਵਨਾ, ਰਾਸ਼ਟਰੀ ਸੰਵੇਦਨਸ਼ੀਲਤਾ, ਵਿਅਕਤੀਗਤ ਨੈਤਿਕਤਾ ਨੂੰ ਸੇਧ ਪ੍ਰਦਾਨ ਕਰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਇਹ ਕਿਹਾ ਜਾ ਸਕਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਨੈਤਿਕ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਬੁਰਾਈ ਤੋਂ ਭਲਾਈ ਵੱਲ ਦਿਸ਼ਾ ਪ੍ਰਦਾਨ ਕਰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਨੈਤਿਕ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਹੀ ਅਨੈਤਿਕਤਾ ਤੋਂ ਨੈਤਿਕਤਾ ਵੱਲ ਖਿਚ ਕੇ ਲੈ ਜਾਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਬੱਚੇ ਤੇ ਨੌਜਵਾਨ ਮੌਲਿਕ ਰੂਪ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਰਿਵਾਰ ਤੋਂ ਹੀ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਦੀ ਸਿੱਖਿਆ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਇਸ ਨੂੰ ਅੱਗੇ ਸਮਾਜ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਫੈਲਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਾਚਣ ਦੀ ਗਹਿਰੀ ਸ਼ਕਤੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ। ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਸਮਾਜ ਅਤੇ ਵਿਅਕਤੀ ਦੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਦਾ ਅਹਿਮ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਹਨ ਜੋ ਸਮਾਜ ਦੀ ਰਚਨਾ ਕਰਨ ਵਿੱਚ ਮਦਦਗਾਰ ਸਾਬਿਤ ਹੁੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਸਾਡਾ ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਢਾਂਚਾ ਦਿਨ ਪ੍ਰਤੀ ਦਿਨ ਗੁੰਝਲਦਾਰ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਿਦਿਅਕ ਨੈਤਿਕ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਘੱਟਦੀਆਂ ਜਾ ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹਨ, ਸਮਾਜਿਕ ਬੁਰਾਈਆਂ ਜਨਮ ਲੈ ਰਹੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਕੁਦਰਤ ਦਾ ਸੰਤੁਲਨ ਤੇਜ਼ੀ ਨਾਲ ਵਿਗੜ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ। ਆਓ! ਕਿਤਾਬੀ ਗਿਆਨ ਦੇ ਨਾਲ-ਨਾਲ ਵਿਦਿਆਰਥੀਆਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਕੀਮਤਾਂ ਤੇ ਮਨੁੱਖੀ ਗੁਣ ਪੈਦਾ ਕਰੀਏ ਤਾਂ ਕਿ ਸਮਾਜ ਵਿੱਚ ਅਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ, ਹਿੰਸਾ ਤੇ ਨਫਰਤ ਵਰਗੀਆਂ ਭਿਆਨਕ ਸਮੱਸਿਆਵਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਖਤਮ ਕੀਤਾ ਜਾ ਸਕੇ।

ਮਹੀਅਲ ਕੌਰ  
ਅੱਠਵੀਂ - ੮

## ਮਾਂ ਬੋਲੀ ਨਾਲ ਧਿਆਰ

ਪਿਆਰੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮਾਂ ਬੋਲੀ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ,  
ਮਿੱਠੀ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਰੱਬ ਦੀ ਬਾਣੀ।  
ਇਸ 'ਚ ਵੱਸਦੀ ਸਾਡੀ ਸ਼ਾਨ,  
ਸਭਿਆਚਾਰ ਤੋਂ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਪਹਿਚਾਣ।

ਬੋਲਾਂ ਇਸ ਨੂੰ ਸਿਰ ਉੱਚਾ ਰੱਖ ਕੇ,  
ਨਾ ਹੋਣ ਦਈਏ ਇਸ ਨੂੰ ਭੁਲਾ।  
ਮਾਂ ਬੋਲੀ ਦੀ ਰਾਖੀ ਕਰੀਏ,  
ਹਰ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਸ ਦੀ ਜੋਤ ਜਗਾ।

ਇਹ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਸਾਡੀ ਜਿੰਦ ਹੈ, ਇਹ ਸਾਡੀ ਜਾਨ ਹੈ,  
ਇਹ ਸਾਡੀ ਆਨ, ਮਾਨ, ਸ਼ਾਨ ਹੈ।  
ਸਿੱਖ ਗੁਰੂਆਂ ਨੇ ਵੀ ਇਸ ਭਾਸ਼ਾ ਨੂੰ ਪਿਆਰ ਕੀਤਾ,  
ਗੁਰਬਾਣੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਇਸ ਮਿੱਠੀ ਗੁੰਜ ਨੂੰ ਸਵਿਕਾਰ ਕੀਤਾ।

ਮਿਹਰ ਕੰਬੋਜ  
ਸੱਤਵੀਂ - ਐਨ



# ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ



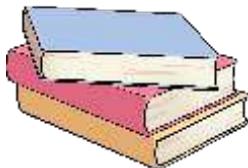
ਮੇਰੀ ਮਾਂ-ਇੱਕ ਰੱਬ ਦੀ ਦਾਤ,  
ਉਹਦੇ ਬਿਨਾ ਸੁਨਸਾਨ ਲਗੇ ਹਰ ਰਾਤ।  
ਉਹਦੀ ਗੋਦ-ਅਸਮਾਨ ਹੇਠਾਂ ਸੁਰਗ,  
ਜਿੱਥੇ ਮਿਲ ਜਾਵੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਦਾ ਹਰ ਰੰਗ।

ਉਹਦੇ ਹੱਥ-ਪਵਿੱਤਰ ਵਰਣ  
ਜੋ ਛੂਹਣ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਸਾਰੇ ਦਰਦ ਭਰਨ।  
ਉਹਦੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼-ਇੱਕ ਮਿੱਠਾ ਰਾਗ,  
ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਭੁੱਲ ਜਾਵਾਂ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਫਸਾਦ।

ਉਹਦੀ ਮੁਸਕਾਨ-ਜਿਵੇਂ ਫੁਲ ਖਿੜੇ ਬਗੀਚੇ ਵਿੱਚ,  
ਉਹਦੀ ਮਮਤਾ-ਵੱਜਦੀ ਰਹੇ ਹਿਰਦੇ ਦੇ ਤਬਲੇ ਵਿੱਚ।  
ਉਹਦੀ ਝਿੜਕ ਵੀ ਲਗੇ ਪਿਆਰ ਦੀ ਝਲਕ,  
ਜੋ ਸਿਖਾਵੇ ਸਹੀ ਰਾਹ ਦਾ ਸਬਕ।

ਜਦੋਂ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਹੋ ਜਾਵੇ ਬੇਗਾਨੀ,  
ਮਾਂ ਹੀ ਬਣੇ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਸੰਦਰ ਕਹਾਣੀ।  
ਉਹ ਮੇਰੀ ਰੋਸ਼ਨੀ, ਉਹ ਮੇਰਾ ਸਵੇਰਾ,  
ਜੋ ਸਿਖਾਏ ਹੌਸਲੇ ਨਾਲ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਲੰਘਣਾ ਅੰਧੇਰਾ।

ਸਮਰਥ ਸਿੰਘ ਸੰਘ  
ਸੱਤਵੀਂ - ਛੁ



## ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਪਿਆਰ

ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਦੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਦਾ ਇਹੋ ਜਿਹਾ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਹਨ, ਜੋ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਗਿਆਨ, ਰੋਸ਼ਨੀ ਤੇ ਰਸਤੇ ਦੱਸਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਸਾਡੀਆਂ ਅਜਿਹੀਆਂ ਦੋਸਤ ਹਨ ਜੋ ਨਾ ਤਾਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਤੇ ਤਹਿਮਤ ਲਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਅਤੇ ਨਾ ਹੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਦੀ ਉਮੀਦ ਰੱਖਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇੰਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਪਿਆਰ ਕਰਨਾ ਸਾਡੀ ਸੋਚ ਵਿਅਕਤਿਤਵ ਅਤੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਦੇ ਢੰਗ ਨੂੰ ਬਿਹਤਰ ਬਣਾਉਂਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਜਿਵੇਂ-ਜਿਵੇਂ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਦੇ ਨਜ਼ਦੀਕ ਹੁੰਦਾ ਹੈ, ਉਸ ਦੀ ਸੋਚ ਵਿੱਚ ਗਹਿਰਾਈ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ। ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਨੂੰ ਨਵੇਂ ਵਿਚਾਰ ਦਿੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ, ਭਾਵਨਾਵਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਜਗਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਦੇ ਸੱਚ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਤਿਹਾਸ, ਵਿਗਿਆਨ, ਸਾਹਿਤ, ਜੀਵਨੀਆਂ, ਨਾਵਲ ਆਦਿ ਹਰ ਕਿਸਮ ਦੀਆਂ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਇੱਕ ਵਿਲੱਖਣ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਲੈ ਕੇ ਆਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ।

ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਨਾ ਸਿਰਫ ਸਾਡੀ ਬੁੱਧੀ ਨੂੰ ਤੇਜ਼ ਕਰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ ਸਗੋਂ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਚੰਗਾ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਵੀ ਬਣਾਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਇਹ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸਬਰ, ਕਰੁਣਾ, ਸਹਿਣਸ਼ੀਲਤਾ ਅਤੇ ਮਿਹਨਤ ਦੀ ਸਿਖ ਦਿੰਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਕਈ ਵਾਰ ਇਕ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਪੂਰੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਦੀ ਦਿਸ਼ਾ ਤੈਅ ਕਰ ਸਕਦੀ ਹੈ। ਅੱਜ ਦੇ ਡਿਜਿਟਲ ਯੁੱਗ ਵਿੱਚ ਜਿਥੇ ਲੋਕ ਮੋਬਾਇਲ ਤੇ ਲੈਪਟਾਪ ਨਾਲ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਜੁੜੇ ਹੋਏ ਹਨ ਉਥੇ ਵੀ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ਅਹਿਮੀਅਤ ਘੱਟ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਕਦੀ। ਇੱਕ ਚੰਗੀ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਪੜ੍ਹਨ ਤੋਂ ਮਿਲਣ ਵਾਲੀ ਤਸੱਲੀ, ਅਨੰਦ ਅਤੇ ਗਿਆਨ ਦੀ ਤੁਲਨਾ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋਰ ਮਾਧਿਅਮ ਨਾਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੋ ਸਕਦੀ।

ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਪਿਆਰ ਕਰਨਾ ਐਸਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਸਦਾ ਲਈ ਨਿਭਦਾ ਹੈ। ਇਹ ਪਿਆਰ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਸੱਚਾ, ਚੌਖਾ ਅਤੇ ਸਮਝਦਾਰ ਬਣਾ ਕੇ ਜੀਵਨ ਦੇ ਹਰ ਪੜ੍ਹਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਾਡੀ ਮਦਦ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ। ਆਓ, ਅਸੀਂ ਵੀ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਦੋਸਤੀ ਕਰੀਏ ਅਤੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਮਿਲਣ ਵਾਲੀ ਰੋਸ਼ਨੀ ਨਾਲ ਆਪਣਾ ਜੀਵਨ ਰੋਸ਼ਨ ਕਰੀਏ।

ਗੁਰਜਸ ਕੌਰ  
ਅੱਠਵੀਂ-ਈ



# ਇੱਕ ਚੁੱਪ ਸੌ ਸੁੱਖ

ਇੱਕ ਚੁੱਪ ਸੌ ਸੁੱਖ ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਦਾ ਇੱਕ ਅਖਾਣ ਹੈ। ਇਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੇ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਲਾਭ ਹਨ, ਵਰਗਾ ਭੇਦ ਛੁਪਿਆ ਹੋਇਆ ਹੈ। ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਦਾ ਅਖਾਣ ਹੋਣ ਕਰਕੇ ਇਹ ਵਿਚਾਰ ਸਿਰਫ ਪੰਜਾਬੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਸਗੋਂ ਹੋਰ ਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿਦੇਸ਼ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹਿਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੀ ਮਹੱਤਤਾ ਦੱਸਦਾ ਹੈ। ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣ ਤੋਂ ਇਹ ਭਾਵ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮਨੁੱਖ ਕੁਝ ਬੋਲੇ ਹੀ ਨਾ ਬਲਕਿ ਇਸ ਦਾ ਭਾਵ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਬੜ-ਬੜ ਨਾ ਕਰੋ, ਫਜ਼ੂਲ ਦੇ ਬੋਲ ਨਾ ਬੋਲੋ। ਕਈ ਵਾਰ ਤਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਬੋਲਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਨੂੰ ਲੋਕ ਮੂਰਖ ਕਹਿ ਕੇ ਪਿੜ੍ਹਾ ਛੁਡਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ।

ਜਿਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਕਬੀਰ ਜੀ ਦਾ ਕਥਨ ਹੈ :

ਬੋਲਤ ਬੋਲਤ ਬਡੈ ਬਿਕਾਰਾ

ਇਹ ਇੱਕ ਕੌੜਾ ਸੱਚ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਤਾੜੀਂ ਦੋਵੇਂ ਹੱਥੀਂ ਵੱਜਦੀ ਹੈ। ਮੰਨ ਲਓ ਇੱਕ ਆਦਮੀ ਉੱਲ-ਜਲੂਲ ਬੋਲੀ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਜਾਂ ਕੋਈ ਤੁਹਾਨੂੰ ਗਾਲ੍ਹਾਂ ਕੱਢੀ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਤਾਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹੋ। ਬੁਰਾ ਭਲਾ ਬੋਲਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਨੂੰ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਨਜ਼ਰ-ਅੰਦਾਜ਼ ਕਰ ਦਿਓ ਅਤੇ ਬੋਲਣ ਵਾਲਾ ਹਾਰ ਮੰਨ ਲਵੇ ਅਤੇ ਚੁੱਪ ਕਰ ਜਾਵੋ। ਦੇਖਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਲੋਕ ਵੀ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਮੂਰਖ ਸਮਝਣ ਲੱਗ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਹਨ। ਇਸ ਤਰ੍ਹਾਂ ਉਹ ਆਪਣੀ ਹੇਠੀ ਸਮਝਦਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਚੁੱਪ ਕਰ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇ ਲੜਾਈ ਟਲ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਵਿਦਵਾਨਾਂ ਨੇ ਬੋਲਣ ਤੇ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣ ਬਾਰੇ ਜੋ ਗੁਣ ਦੱਸੇ ਹਨ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਮੁੱਖ ਗੁਣ ਇਹ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮੂਰਖ

## ਰੁੱਖ

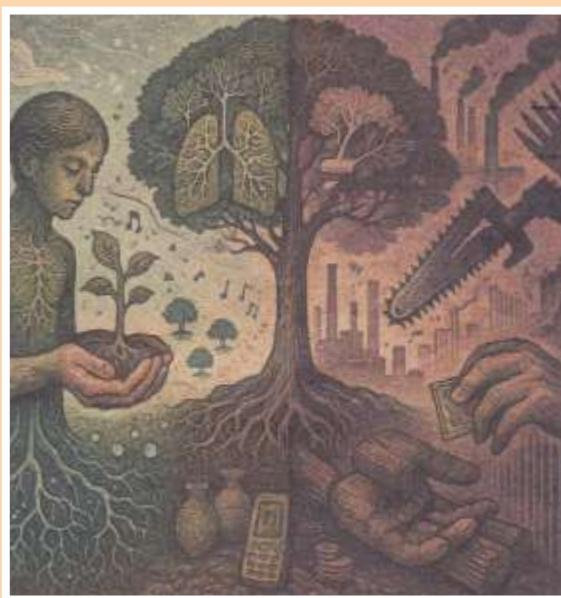
ਸਾਰੇ ਮਿਲਕੇ ਰੁੱਖ ਲਗਾਓ, ਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਤਾਕਤ ਜਾਣ ਜਾਓ।

ਉਹ ਦਿੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਮਿੱਠੇ ਫੁੱਲ, ਖਾਓ ਤੇ ਕਰੋ ਕੋਈ ਹੋਰ ਨਾ ਗੁੱਲ।

ਜਿਹੜੇ ਮਿਲਕੇ ਰੁੱਖ ਨੇ ਕੱਟਦੇ, ਉਹ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਭਟਕੇ।

ਸਾਰੇ ਮਿਲਕੇ ਰੁੱਖ ਲਗਾਓ, ਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਤਾਕਤ ਜਾਣ ਜਾਓ।

ਅਯਾਂਸ਼ ਗੋਇਲ  
ਸੱਤਵੀਂ - ਈ



ਬੰਦੇ ਨਾਲ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਬਹਿਸ ਨਾ ਕਰੋ।

ਗੁਰੂ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਵੀ ਫਰਮਾਉਂਦੇ ਹਨ :

ਮੁਰਖੇ ਨਾਲ ਨਾ ਉਲੜੀਏ। ।

ਸਾਨੂੰ ਆਪਣੇ ਵੱਡਿਆਂ ਅਤੇ ਭਲੇ ਪੁਰਸ਼ਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਚੰਗੀਆਂ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਸਿੱਖਣੀਆਂ ਚਾਹੀਦੀਆਂ ਹਨ। ਉਹ ਦੱਸਦੇ ਹਨ ਕਿ ਜੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਬੁਰੇ ਨਾਲ ਵਾਹ ਪੈ ਜਾਵੇ ਤਾਂ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਹੀ ਚੰਗਾ ਹੈ।

ਗੁਰੂ ਸਾਹਿਬ ਦੱਸਦੇ ਹਨ :

ਸੰਤ ਮਿਲੈ ਕੁਝ ਸ਼ਹੀਦੇ ਕਹੀਏ, ਮਿਲੇ ਅਸੰਤ  
ਮਸਤ ਹੋਇ ਰਹੀਐ।

ਜਿਥੇ ਬੋਲਣ ਨਾਲ ਕੋਈ ਨਤੀਜਾ ਨਾ ਨਿਕਲੇ ਉਥੇ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਹੀ ਚੰਗਾ ਹੈ। ਨਹੀਂ ਤਾਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਮਨ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਭੰਗ ਕਰਨ ਦਾ ਕੋਈ ਲਾਭ ਨਹੀਂ। ਸਾਨੂੰ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਬਿਨਾਂ ਸੋਚੇ ਸਮਝੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਬੋਲਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ। ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਬੋਲਣ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਇੱਕ ਵਾਰ ਸੋਚ ਲੈਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਜੋ ਮੈਂ ਗੱਲ ਕਰਨ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹਾਂ ਉਹ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਜਾਂ ਬੁਰੀ ਨਾ ਲੱਗ ਜਾਵੇ। ਆਪਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਤਾ ਹੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਜੋ ਗੱਲ ਆਪਾਂ ਵਾਪਸ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੈ ਸਕਦੇ। ਇਸ ਲਈ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾਂ ਬੋਲਣ ਤੋਂ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਸੋਚ ਲੈਣਾ ਚਾਹੀਦਾ ਹੈ। ਦੂਸਰੀ ਗੱਲ ਇਹ ਵੀ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਜੋ ਲੋਕ ਘੱਟ ਬੋਲਦੇ ਹਨ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਸਮਾਜ ਵਿੱਚ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਕਦਰ ਅਤੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਇੱਕ ਇੱਜਤ ਵਾਲੀ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਨਾਲ ਵੇਖਿਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ। ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਬਹੁਤ ਧਿਆਨ ਨਾਲ ਸੁਣਿਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ।

ਮੁੱਕਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਆਸੀਂ ਕਹਿ ਸਕਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਕਿ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਰੇ ਲਾਭ ਹਨ ਜਦ ਕਿ ਜ਼ਿਆਦਾ ਬੋਲਣ ਦੇ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਹੀ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ। ਪਰੰਤੂ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣ ਦਾ ਭਾਵ ਇਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਿ ਕਦੇ ਬੋਲੋ ਹੀ ਨਾ। ਅਸਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਇੱਕ ਚੁੱਪ ਸੌ ਸੁੱਖ ਵਿਚ ਅਸੀਮ ਭਾਵਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਬੰਦ ਕਰ ਲੈਣਾ ਹੀ ਸਿਆਣਪ ਦੀ ਨਿਸ਼ਾਨੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ।

ਇਸ਼ਰਤ ਬੈਂਸ  
ਨੌਵੀਂ - ਐਨ

# BEYOND THE YEARS

WHERE STORIES THEY WEAVE AND  
FABLES THEY MAKE  
THERE ARE WE GOING NOW

AND MEET YOU  
AFTER THE BREAK...





**Yadavindra Public School, Patiala**  
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