

TARTAN

2001-02



BOMBAY
SCOTTISH SCHOOL
Powai

BOMBAY SCOTTISH SCHOOL



POWAI



contents

School Song	3
Staff Photographs	4
BSS Glimpses	6
About Our School	7
BSS Glimpses	8
From The Principal's Desk	9
Learning Is Fun	10
Editorial	11
Teaming Up At BSS	12
BSS Fifth Annual Report	13
Student Achievements	21
Rolling Trophies	29
Competition Prize Winners	30
Farewell Message	36
Our 2002 ICSE Batch	37
A Day At The Water Kingdom <i>Shalaka Virkar & Saba Indrapal Singh</i>	41
My Best Birthday Party <i>Nayana Gaur</i>	42
Environmentally Speaking <i>Gautam Rayaprolu</i>	42
The Cartoon I Love The Most <i>Aashna A Gilder & Elgiva Kharsati</i>	43
Can Computers Replace Teachers? <i>Mehek Contractor & Ashlena Cardoza</i>	45
A Day With Dexter In The Lab <i>Ruchi Bagga</i>	46
A Day With My Grand-Parents <i>Shweta Agarwal</i>	47
My Mother <i>Megha Sharma</i>	48
Vladimir Kranstov <i>Ashish Patil</i>	49
She Showed Me The Right <i>Pallavi Jaishankar</i>	50
Memorable Moments	51
Annual Concert	52
Memorable Moments	54
The Candle In The Wind <i>Deepika Kamath</i>	55
My Principal <i>Aditi Mukundan</i>	56
Capital Punishment <i>Roywin D'Souza</i>	57
Icarus And Bob <i>Titas Das</i>	58
Liz And The Cat <i>Siddant Nath</i>	58
Mr John's Little Red Car <i>Saisha Orke</i>	59
The Creepy Hotel <i>Rishab Jyoti</i>	59
Fantastic Max <i>Tejas Potdar</i>	61
Mansion Ghost <i>Shivohne Saldanha</i>	62
The Case Of The Mysterious Killer <i>Shom Shivkumar</i>	63
All That Glitters Is Not Gold <i>Poorva Agarwal & Vanessa D'Souza</i>	64
The Case Of The Diamond Necklace <i>Mehek Contractor</i>	66
Warren And The Blind Beggar <i>Abiah Jacob</i>	68
Family Reunion <i>Shubha Prabhat</i>	69
A Fortunate Mistake <i>Rudrajit Nag & Snehanth Nath</i>	71

TARTAN

MAGAZINE OF THE BOMBAY SCOTTISH SCHOOL, Powai



contents

TARTAN

MAGAZINE OF THE BOMBAY SCOTTISH SCHOOL, Powai

Prize-Winning Poems by <i>Saisha Orke, Arnav Bhattarcharya, Sarakshi Rai, Sabah Inderpal, Pallavi Jaishankar, Vinayak Menon, Snigdha Manogyna Parimi, Sharanya Haridas, Juhi Mathur, Nibha Rastogi, Ritu Pathare, Pali Jaishankar Kanungo, Ravish Oommen George, Sanjeevani Rajat Thakur, Ramsha Syed, Mehek Contractor, Suchita Vaidya, Deepika Kamath, Sunayana Mohanty, Shubhra Dixit, Sohm Shiv Kumar, Archita Halady Rao & Rishab Rameshwar D Jyoti</i>	72
Class Magazine Poems by <i>Shreya Khatri, Rishit Shetty, Shruti Sharma, Srinidhi Iyengar, Mallika Vaznaik, Anushree Chokappa, Aditi Joshi, Rameet Aggarwal, Kaveri Iyer, Pratyusha Challa, Anvi Vadodaria, Arnav Gupta, Aditya Patel, Krista Clements, Daniel Chettiar, Kevin Abraham, Sandhya Rajendran, Mohit Rikhy, Jason Amanna, Ashna Gilder, Aarth C & Kavya S</i>	80
Budding Artists	85
BSS Art Gallery	89
Class Magazine Poems by <i>Ashna Gilder, Sagar Khandelwal, Sahil Jaiswal, Akul Joneja, Prithvi Shetty, Vinayak, Arpit, Pooja Mhambrey, Isha Srivastava, Nikita S, Ramsha Syed, Anusha Rajan, Karuna Nagpal, Pushpak Jain, Jibran Contractor, Sohini M, Devesh Shrivastava, Shreya Khatri, Ruchi Bagga, Sandhya Rajendran, Natasha Clements, Ashutosh Panda, Juhi Mathur, Poornima Unnikrishnan, Priyanjali Ghosh, Athithi Raman, Govind Ashwin, Nadia Chauhan, Divya Iyer, Jaya Daryani, Mishita Gupta, Rachita Pateria, Karl Braganza, Shivohne Saldanha, Ruhi, Sukanya Acharya, Shalini Iyer, Sanjeevani Thakur, Eden Shyodhi, Debjani Banerjee, S Gautam, Karishma I, Steffi Olickal, Suchita Vaidya, Dhiraj Aswani, Ashrith Shetty, Rayan Mathews, Poorva Agarwal, Aditi Rao, Raveena Deshpande, Ashlene Cardoza, Vanessa D'Souza, Gagan L, Aliasger L, Dhruv J, Suchana Ghosh, Vigneshwar Venkat, Nimish O, Neha Sabnis & Snehanth Nath</i>	93
Class Magazine Articles by <i>Nikhil Roy, Aditya Arora, Mehak Dhawan, Aniruddha Singh, Mitali Vaidya, Mihir Parab, Ananya Garg, Rishi Kumar, Ravij Bhatia, Prabhir Correa, Nakshita A, Neil Chettiar, Joanne D'Souza, Aditya Prasad, Rahul Krishnan, Gursehej Oberoi, Nikita Kohli, Sanjana Iyer, Yuvika Mehra, Tanmay S, Anshika, Lubna Khan, Anjaliq Pal, Surabhi Raj, Abhay Teotia, Nayana Gaur, Shilpa Sundar, Haren Rao, P S Manogyna, Abhinav Pandey, Siddharth, Gautam Rayaprolu, Nitya G, Sanjukta Chothani, Vanessa D'Souza, Sukanya Acharya, Hemaang Sharma, Poulomi Dasgupta, Vishakh Harikumar, Mohit Nautiyal, Sahil Bhatt, Arveen K Vig, Karthik Raman, Ishita Taneja, Debapratim Ghosh, Christine Samuel, Salim Pawane, Shishir Bankapur, Ruschil Aggarwal, Darshini Mehta, Dalia Kurian, Shubha Prabhat, Megha Sharma & Monalisa Ghosh</i>	115
Wheels of Time Don't Lie Still....	Cecil Frank 145
French Section	146
In Black & White	148
BSS News Flashes	151
On Education	Annie Jacob 159
Nature Club Poems by <i>Shruti Menon, Poorval Joshi, Sharanya Haridas, Karisma George, Nikhil Ranganathan, Shivohne Saldanha & Dalia Kurian</i>	160
Riddles & Jokes	164
Hindi Section	169
Marathi Section	181



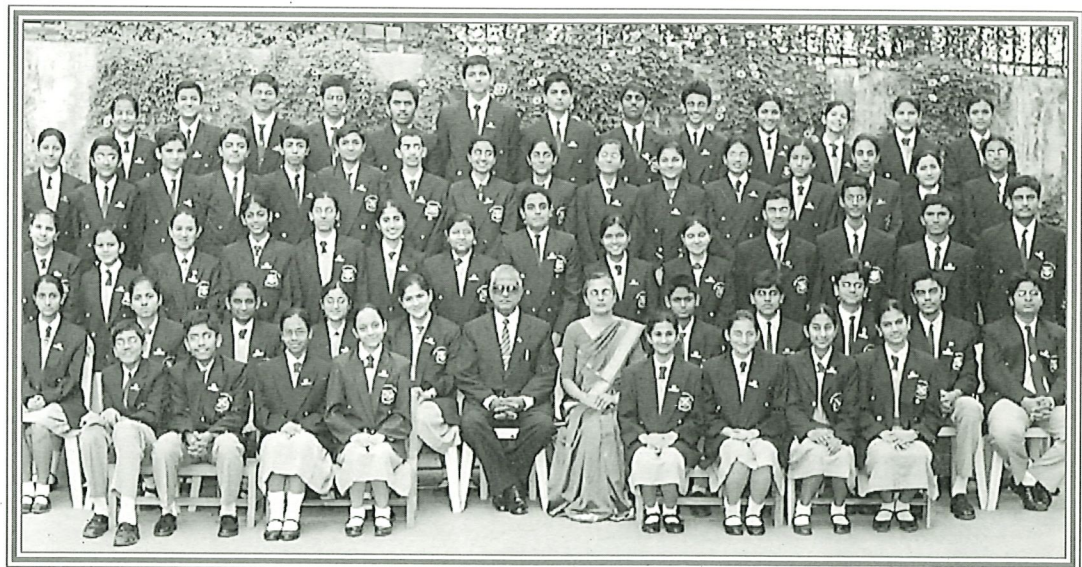
SCHOOL SONG

There stands our school near *Powai Lake*,
Built on a wondrous site
By successors to Scotsmen, oh! so true,
All honour is their right.
So proud are we of this great school,
We sing with right good will—
Its praise and follow every rule
To make it greater still.
Then we would up and cheer and laud
Our teachers ev'ry one:
They spare no pains —(nor yet the rod!)
To see our tasks well done.
Sing: Bombay Scottish School, my lad,
Our School we thus address.
Sing: Bombay Scottish School, my lass,
Sing: Bombay Scottish School.

(Note: *The school song was edited to suit
the new environment of the new School.
The adapted lines are in italics.*)



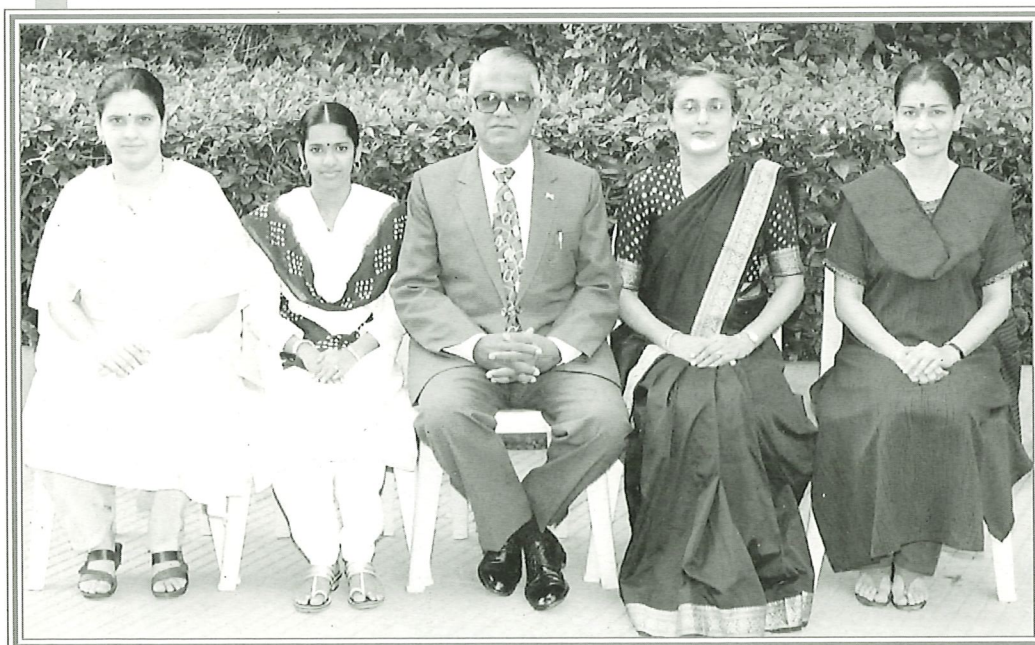
BSS Helpers with Principal M David and the Headmistress, Mrs M Chandrashekar
(Standing from left to right): M Tambe, S B Pawar, R A Singh, A D Malap, S Abraham, A Yadav,
I A Sonawane, D Gaikwad, & V G Korgaonkar



BSS Prefects



Teaching Staff (sitting from left to right): Ms S Trivady, Ms U Sood, Ms V Lakshmanan, Ms A Barretto, (Principal) Mr David, (Headmistress) Ms M Chandrashekar, Ms A Jacob, Ms B Mhatre, & Ms I Chandrasekar
Standing (first row from left to right): Ms A Srivatsan, Ms R D'Silva, Ms K Srivatsava, Ms N Chudasama, Ms S Khan, Ms Y Augustus, Ms R Mandrekar, Ms R Taneja, Ms L Clements, Ms P Anilkumar, Ms T Quadros & Ms B Desai
Standing (second row from left to right): Ms J Alva, Ms S Lobo, Ms N Khatri, Ms R D'Souza, Ms G Swaminathan, Ms J Raghu, Ms A Gusain, Ms A Roy, Ms H Dolasha, Ms N Sharma, Ms S Sharma, Ms S Varghese & Ms L Pereira
Standing (third row from left to right): Mr J Kharat, Mr J Almeida, Mr D Dighorkar, Ms V Ranganathan, Ms J Jacob, Ms B Raman, Ms C D'Souza, Ms R Raghavan, Ms M Verma, Ms N Sundaresan, Ms D Nair, Mr R Bhan & Mr R Chavan



Non-Teaching Staff (from left to right): Ms S Kulkarni, Ms S Bhuruk, Principal M David, Headmistress M Chandrashekar & Ms V Murthy



BSS GLIMPSES



BSS Guides



BSS Bulbuls



BSS Scouts



♦ ABOUT OUR SCHOOL ♦

THE SCHOOL SHIELD AND CREST

The school shield represents the 'Cross of St Andrew', the patron saint of Scotland. The white 'crux decussata' (cross) quarters the shield into four segments each representing a house colour denoted by the Fleur-de-lis, the Castle, the Lion and the Palm-tree.

OUR MOTTO

Perseverantia Et Fide In Deo. These are Latin words. They mean 'perseverance and faith in God'. They are two qualities which personify the Scottish character. Scottish expects that every Scottishite will do his duty and endeavour to achieve success in life by means of honest and strenuous effort, putting full faith in God.

THE SCHOOL FLAG





The school flag is sky-blue in colour. It bears the 'crux decussata' or the Cross of St Andrew. Although never officially adopted, the St Andrew Saltire (cross) became the emblem of Scotland and has

been flown for hundreds of years by the Scottish people. It was incorporated in the Union Jack that became the British National Flag after the union of England and Scotland in 1707. St Andrew was a fisherman and brother of Simon Peter. He was a disciple of John the Baptist. He brought to Jesus the boy from whose lunch he produced enough to feed a crowd of five thousand. Jesus made Andrew his first apostle and promised to make him a "fisher of men".

Andrew was crucified on an x-shaped cross called the 'crux decussata'. He became the patron saint of Scotland as early as the eighth century. St Andrew's Feast Day is celebrated on 30th November. Funds collected on St Andrew's Day were donated to the orphans of Bombay Scottish. These funds came from all over India and even from abroad. It is the sacred duty of every Scottishite to keep the flag flying.

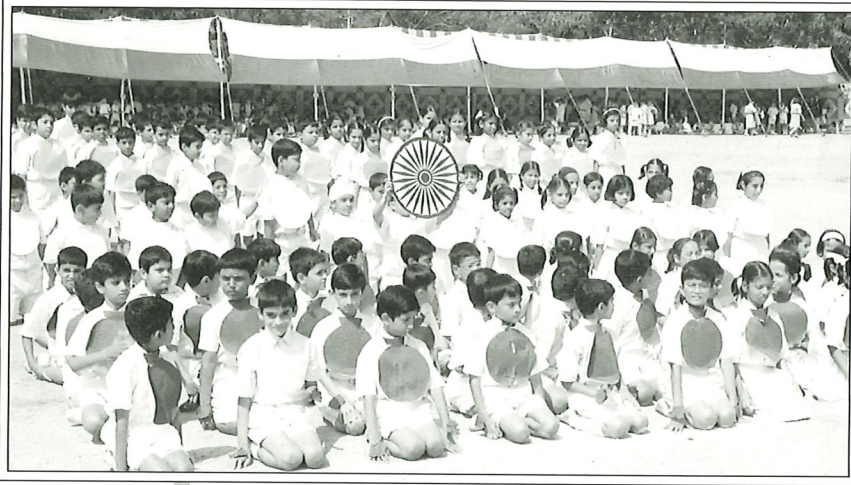
THE SCHOOL HOUSE SYSTEM

The house system was introduced in 1921. The boys' houses are named after Scottish missionaries who were closely associated with the Orphanage; they include: Haddow, Kennedy, MacPherson and MacGregor. The girls' house are named after the Scottish queens, Anne, Victoria, Catherine and Elizabeth.

COLOUR	HOUSE NAME	SYMBOL	SIGNIFICANCE
Yellow	Anne (Girls) Haddow (Boys)	Palm Tree of Mahim Bay 	Suggests the location of the school in the green palm woods of Mahim Bay where education would take firm roots and produce good fruit.
Green	Victoria (Girls) Kennedy (Boys)	Lion 	Insignia associated with the Scottish Coat of Arms; exemplifies courage and leadership and the desire to reach ever upwards to attain one's goals.
Red	Catherine (Girls) MacPherson (Boys)	Scottish Castle 	Evokes a home away from home, an impregnable castle, standing firm and strong in the face of all odds.
Blue	Elizabeth (Girls) MacGregor (Boys)	Fleur-De-Lis 	This symbol is associated with scouting and guiding; represents honour and duty, the qualities cherished by Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.



BSS GLIMPSES



Juniors' Sports Day



Juniors' Prize Day

Seniors' Prize Day





FROM THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK

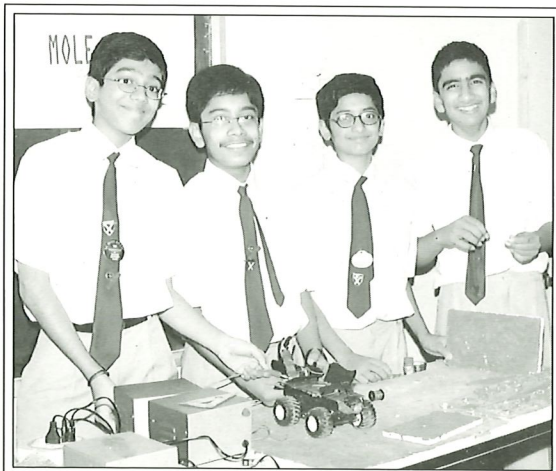
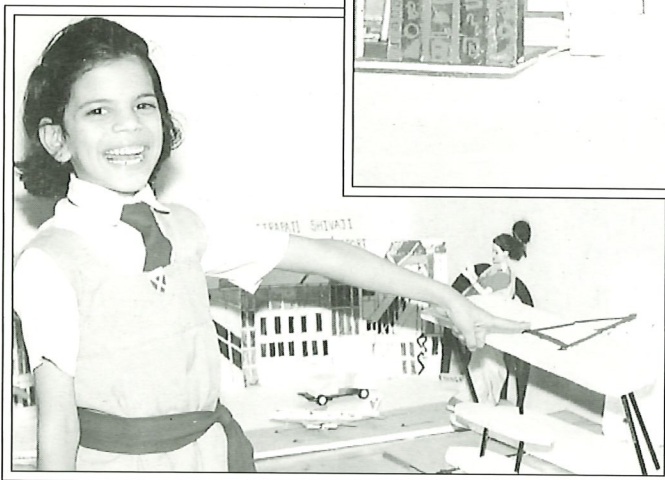
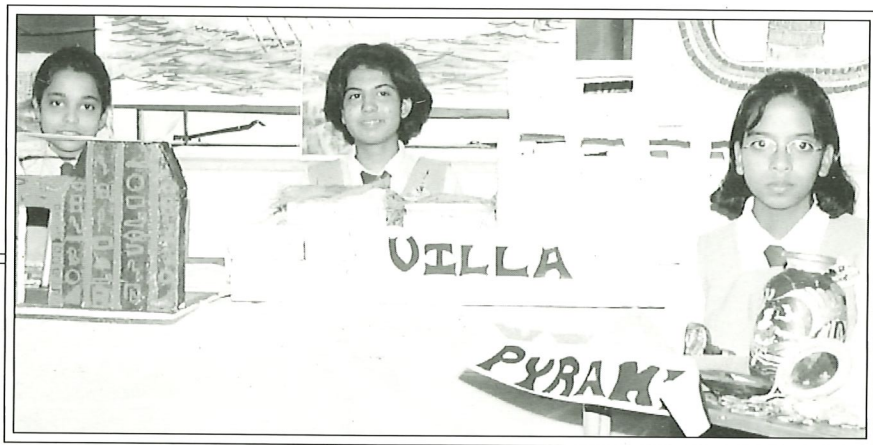
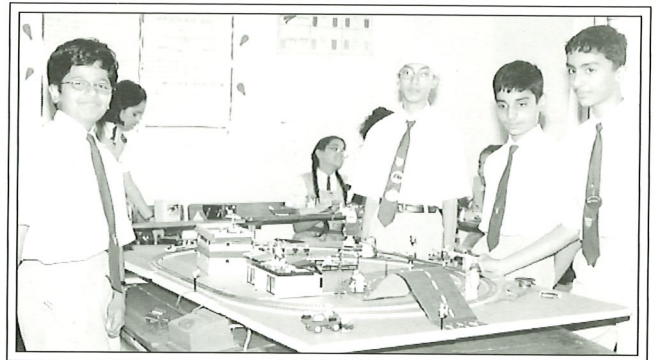
The persistent drive towards achieving excellence in several facets of one's personality needs to have certain foundations. Here I am reminded of Rollo C Hester's Firm Foundations to achieve excellence and success —which is a worthwhile guide to students and anyone wishing to achieve excellence in any chosen field. They are:

The wisdom of preparation
The value of confidence
The worth of honesty
The privilege of working
The discipline of struggle
The magnetism of character
The radiance of health
The forcefulness of simplicity
The winsomeness of courtesy
The attractiveness of modesty
The inspiration of cleanliness
The satisfaction of serving
The power of suggestion
The buoyancy of enthusiasm
The advantage of initiative
The virtue of patience
The rewards of cooperation
The fruitfulness of perseverance
The sportsmanship of losing
The joy of winning.

I trust and hope that the above will form the foundation stones for the building of an edifying character of every Scottishite.

M David
Principal

LEARNING IS FUN





EDITORIAL

*How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!*

*Who hath his life from rumours freed
Whose conscience is his strong retreat
Who state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great*

*This man is freed from servile bonds
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet has all.*

—Sir Henry Wotton

There is more to education than the three R's —Reading, Writing and Arithmetic. True education consists of the all-round development of a student's personality and character —in terms of body, mind and spirit. In addition to his ability to acquire information, knowledge and understand concepts, he ought to be able to develop a reasonably good level of tolerance that enables him to get along with other individuals irrespective of their religion, caste or creed.

We firmly believe that education does not only mean proficiency in languages, mathematics, sciences, social sciences, etc. We believe in instilling in our children those cherished values of life without which they will be lost in this big world. Tolerance, equality, non-violence and a mature catholicity of mind will constitute the forte of every Scottishite wherever he or she may be. Every student of this school is encouraged to be rational and cultivate a scientific temper of mind.

In decades to come, the senior students of this prestigious institution will play a decisive role and may rise to the position of being leaders of this great country. And then, sometime in the future, when we no more hear of riots and arson in cities like Bombay and Ahmedabad, deep down somewhere in our heart, we shall experience the satisfaction and happiness of having accomplished a truly challenging task.

We, the editorial team, are thankful to our Principal, Mr M David, our Headmistress, Ms M Chandrashekar, members of the staff and students for their help in bringing out the fifth issue of the *Tartan*. We conclude this editorial with the following words of wisdom:

*Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments
By narrow domestic walls
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way
Into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by Thee into ever-widening
Thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.*

—Rabindranath Tagore

*Editorial Team: Ms A Jacob, Ms I Chandrasekar, Ms R Visalakshi,
Ms R Mandrekar, & Ms H Dolasha*



TEAMING UP AT BSS

BSS Band with Bandmaster
H Thomas, Principal
M David and Headmistress
M Chandrashekar

BSS Cricket Team



BSS Girls' Football Team

BSS Boys' Football Team





BOMBAY SCOTTISH SCHOOL

POWAI

Fifth Annual Report

2001-2002

Honourable Chief Guests, Mr & Mrs Verma, Mr Thampi, Chairman, Members of the Management Committee, Ladies, Gentlemen and Pupils —it is indeed a great pleasure to welcome you one and all this morning to our Annual Prize Day. It is a great day in the annals of this nascent institution. This is the day when our high achievers are recognised for their endeavours —more especially those who appeared at the ICSE (March 2002) examinations. Their detailed report follows; but I must mention here they achieved a cent per cent pass. Now down to some interesting vital statistics!

THE SCHOOL

The school is in the fifth year of its existence, and doing well by the grace of God and the efforts of both its students and teachers. We are overwhelmed by the response of parents. We were able to add another floor this year facilitating the commencement of a third section in most classes.

THE STAFF

As is customary in educational institutions, we welcomed: 1. Ms Jane Alva, 2. Ms Lalita Pereira, 3. Mr Dan Dighorkar, 4. Ms Nirmala Sundaresan, 5. Ms Meenakshi Verma, 6. Ms Rekha Raghavan, 7. Ms Sandra Lobo, 8. Ms Nehal Chudasama, 9. Ms Bhuvaneshwari Raman, and 10. Ms Cynthia D'Souza. And we bade farewell to Ms Rohinika Kukreti.

ENROLMENT

Our student-strength increased from 1220 to 1327, with no seat vacant in any class. The demand for seats continues unabated, thus creating heartburns. This, inspite of the lack of a proper playground which is an essential part of any school worth its name. Efforts are still on to acquire one. Here, parents can help!



EXAMINATIONS

With continuous assessment for evaluating the progress of pupils, the result at the end of the year was quite heartening with no failures.

ICSE (MARCH 2002) RESULTS

<i>Percentage</i>	100-90	90-80	80-70	70-60	60-50	50-40	40-30	30-
<i>Grade</i>	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
<i>Subject</i>								
English	2	12	22	17	9	5
Hindi	...	19	20	18	7	2
French (L2)	1	...
HCG	10	15	22	10	7	3
Maths	7	7	10	14	18	2	1	6
Science	4	11	11	17	9	8	6	1
Computers	6	13	11	4	2
Economics	3	...	4	1
French	1	1	4	3	1	1
Art	...	1	1	5	4	1

ETC RESULTS (UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA)

Subject	No. appeared	HD	D	C	P	Out of a total of
English	136	5	31	40	60	25300*
Science	133	7	22	43	61	25700*
Maths	274	4	48	66	156	57100*
Computers	61	Nil	19	15	27	9000*

Note: *from India, Nepal and the Gulf region

Key: HD: High Distinction, D: Distinction, C: Credit, P: Participation

Akhil Srivatsan of Std VI won the Gold Medal and a cash award of Rs 1000 for securing the highest number of marks in Science.

NATIONAL FUNCTIONS

The Independence Day and Republic Day celebrations featured flag-hoisting and a prayer service. Nature club members participated in a GK Quiz, drawing and poetry-writing Competitions on 26th January.

TEACHERS' DAY

Teachers' Day was celebrated on 5th September by children entertaining the teachers with a variety programme followed by a contributory lunch by the staff.



ANNUAL CONCERT

The Annual Concert was held on 20th and 21st December 2001 on the ground opposite the school. Rev M Gaikwad, Mr S R Bhalekar, and Mr V Runganadhan graced the two-day concert with their august presence. Following the appeal for financial assistance made on this occasion, the response has been positive but not 'hot' enough! It was a grand colourful variety entertainment with all the pupils participating.

The entire concert was videographed, thanks to Capt Ajay Anand's enthusiasm. The event brought to the fore commitment and enthusiasm on the part of teachers, pupils and parents; it was a grand success.

A feature to be proudly mentioned is the discipline among the parents before and after the function. This sets a desirable precept for their children to follow.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC MEET

The fourth for this school on a larger scale with standard track and field events was a colourful, grand show. The 4th senior section sports meet was held in the afternoon on the Maritime Training Institute Grounds, and was a great success. I record here our indebtedness to the Principal of the Maritime Training Institute, Mr T Narayana, for making available to us the use of this facility. Mr V Runganadhan was the Chief Guest, and Mrs Runganadhan gave away the awards. The tug-of-war for girls was introduced this year. The girls displayed an extraordinary and remarkable keenness and enthusiasm. Std X pupils (ex-students) were invited to the Annual Athletic Meet. A relay race that pitted the present against the past pupils of BSS, Powai, was organised. The Junior School Sports Meet was presided over by Dr (Mrs) O Mathews. This event has always been an exciting day for the kids, parents and teachers. This programme too was a grand success.



FOUNDERS' DAY/PARENTS' DAY

The day started with the customary prayer by all in the school. The ex-students of Std 10 were invited. The school organised cricket and throwball matches in which past and present students competed.

THE PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

The Parent-Teacher Association organised a talk for parents by Dr Urvashi Shah on 'Wonder Years or Worrying Years'.

CO-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES & COMPETITIONS

These were conducted in martial arts and roller-skating. Most are inter-house competitions. The houses vie with one another for top honours in competitions in English, Hindi, elocution, music, story-writing, poetry-writing, debates, etc.

For the benefit of our students from Stds V to IX, the Directorate of Adventure Promotion, Students' Wing, Maharashtra State, organised a talk on Basic Outdoor Adventure Course/ Campus Course First-Aid and a Fire-Fighting Rescue Course. A one-week training programme for students was held in the school during the May vacation.

NATURE CLUB

Members of the Nature Club went on a trail to Ranthambore and on a nature trail that featured a lion and tiger safari. The BNHS organised a workshop during the Wildlife Week for members of the Nature Club. They also visited the Collection Centre at the BNHS.

IAYP CLUB

Under the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, the members of the IAYP went on a trip to Matheran and on a hike to Chinchoti Waterfalls.

THE HORNBILL CLUB

Workshops on 'Save Water', 'Wetlands' and 'Birds and Mammals' were organised by the BNHS for members of the Hornbill Club.



Three students from the Hornbill Club stood first in the quiz conducted by the BNHS on Asian Bears.

THE INTERACT CLUB

The members of the Interact Club went on a visit to the Home for the Aged at Goregaon to increase their awareness of the problems of those living away from their families. The inmates expressed their desire to have more visits by the children.

SCOUTS & GUIDES

Our Scouts and Guides went on an educational trip to Dahanu.

EXCURSIONS

As a part of non-formal education in social graces and social tolerance, various classes of our school go on excursions and field trips. Though it will be enriching the life of a pupil to go out often on such trips, it is not feasible to do so owing to the hazards involved in the mass movement of youngsters, the present-day conditions of travel in the city and the high costs that such programmes entail. Parent volunteers willing to assist us in these areas would be most welcome.

INTER-SCHOOLS FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT

This year our football team did not fare well enough in the Anglo-Indian Inter-Schools Football Tournament (Maharashtra Branch) for the year 2001. However, we will endeavour to do our best in the coming year.

MUMBAI INTER-ICSE SCHOOLS ATHLETIC MEET

BOYS (AGE GROUP 8-16 YEARS)

EVENT	RANK
50m Run	Second
50m Run	Third
4 x 50m Relay	Third
100m Run	Second & Third
4 x 100m Relay	Second
Discus Throw	First

GIRLS (AGE GROUP 10-16 YEARS)

100m Run	Third
4 x 50m Relay	Third
Shot Putt	Third



4 x 100m Relay	Second
Discus Throw	First
Long Jump	Second
High Jump	Second
Shot Putt	Second
800m Run	Third
4 x 100m Relay	Second

INTER-SCHOOL GAMES

THROWBALL (Girls Under 16 Years)

BSS (Powai) v/s Yashodham School

24 08

24 12

FOOTBALL MATCHES

The Inter-School Football Matches were organised by St Gregorios and Hiranandani Foundation School.

BSS (Powai) v/s Green Lawns

04 03

BSS (Powai) v/s Hiranandani Foundation School

05 00

BSS (Powai) v/s BSS, (Mahim)

05 01

INTER-SCHOOL MATCH (MSSA) U-14

BSS (Powai) v/s Holy Family

00 00

BSS (Powai) v/s St Francis

04 00

BSS (Powai) v/s Anjuman School

04 01

Our student, Aditya Jagtap, competed in the Asian Squash Open Championship Tournaments for Juniors at Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, in May 2002 and won the Championship; he also competed in, and won, the Boys' Penang Open Juniors' Squash Championship (Under-11 Category). He also won the 2001-02 Air-India Grand finals, the Under-11 Squash Tournament organised by the Squash Racquets Association of Maharashtra. He will be participating in the Singapore Open Juniors' Squash Tournament in June 2002.

INTELLECTUAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Our student, Karthik Raman, was awarded the Special Merit Certificate for passing the 44th Annual Test conducted by the All-India UN Information Council; he secured the sixth position in the pre-senior category. Kartik also participated in the Progressive Science



Workshop conducted by Khalsa College and secured the second prize in the essay-writing competition. He secured the first prize in the quiz organised by the Petroleum Conservation Research Association. He also secured the second prize in the Aptitude Test conducted by the Petroleum Conservation Research Association. Kartik participated in Heritage-India's Silver Jubilee All-India Inter-School Creative Writing Contest (2001-02) and secured the Special Appreciation Certificate in the Middle Scholastic level. Suneet Mohapatra was awarded the Special Merit Certificate for securing the fifth position in the pre-senior category in the 23rd Annual All-India UNESCO Information Test. Nitya Gnanaolivu stood first in the Fourth Talent Contest (Vocal Music) for those below 12 years; it was organised by the Bombay YMCA. Shreyas Sirigeri stood first in the Fourth Talent Contest (Vocal Music) for those above 12 years; it was organised by the Bombay YMCA. Three students stood third in the Cascade G K Quiz Competition organised by the Jamnabai Narsee Alumni Association. Our children participated in the Brainwaves (2001) Competition organised by the Bombay YMCA in short-story writing, story-telling, essay-writing, G K, poster-painting, elocution and workshop.

Competition	Rank
Short-Story Writing (Seniors):	Third
Short-Story Telling (Juniors):	Second
Short-Story Writing (English) (Juniors):	Second
Essay-Writing in English (Juniors):	Second
Essay-Writing in Hindi (Juniors):	Second
Elocution in Hindi (Juniors):	Second
G K (Junior):	First
G K (Senior):	First
<i>From among the 37 schools that participated, Bombay Scottish School, Powai, won the Overall Championship.</i>	



CONCLUSION

The achievements covered in this annual report are indeed quite impressive and make one feel that we have reached the moon! The truth is far from it. In a short span of five years, these are quite good. But we have miles and miles to go. The journey is arduous and challenging. Our mission: Character, Consistency and Commitment. My heart-felt thanks to all members of the Management Committee, parents, well-wishers, teachers, the support staff and, above all, God Almighty. I'd like to conclude with the poem, *The Builder* —author unknown—, that sums up our task.

THE BUILDER

*A builder built a temple
He wrought it with grace and skill
Pillars and walls and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said, as they saw its beauty,
"It shall never know decay;
Great is thy skill, O Builder!
Thy fame shall endure for aye."*

*A Teacher built a temple
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple that the Teacher built
Was unseen by the eyes of Man.*

*Gone is the Builder's Temple
Crumpled into dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the Teacher built
Will last while the Ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen Temple
Was a child's immortal soul.*

Thank you.

M David
Principal



STUDENT ACHIEVEMENTS

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IA

Abhilasha Rajan Atta Moin Sheikh
Anushree Chokappa Joel Sequeira
Anvita Ramakrishna Neil Ghosh
Eshita Wadhwa Sagar Bhatia
Ramya Srinivasan Samujjal Dutta
Soumya Kini Siddhesh Manjrekar
Srinidhi Iyengar

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IB

Fria L S Lobo Tanaya Jadhav
Kaveri Vaidya Vaibhav Dalvi
Kavya Iyer Saksham Malhotra
Shruti Deora

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IC

Akanksha Maurya Akshar Nair
Anvi Vadodaria Reuben Roy
Maitri Uppaluri Rohan Kopparapu
Pratyusha Challa Siddhant Gupta
Sukriti Tiwari

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IIA

Aashna Shah Tarana Rao
Aishwarya Pawar Akshay Srivastava
Anukriti Shah Kanak Pansari
Devyani Puri Kunal Pamnani
Maitri Modi Mihir Parab
Mehak Dhawan Nishant Sahni
Rhea Katyal Shashank Aggarwal
Rujuta Vaidya Shaurav Ghosh
Sephra Abraham Vinay Subramanian
Sonika Srivastav Vrushabh Dalmia

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IIB

Aprajita Srivastava Ashutosh Ajgaonkar
Joanna John Thomas Charanjit Nayyar
Manavi Ranghar Nikunj Agarwal
Mitali Vaidya Rahul Raj
Srirose Mevawala Rameet Aggarwal
Aditya Jha Ankit Shetty

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IIC

Sweta Ramdharné Sashreek Kotamarthi
Tiya Thomas Tanay Parekhji
Indranil Datta

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IIIA

First: Avaneesh Reddy First: Nikita Kohli Third: Nikhil Sebastian

SUBJECT PRIZES

Subject	First	Second	Third
English	Avaneesh Reddy	Kavya Subramanian	Nikita Kohli
Hindi	Nikita Kohli	Prantik Patnaik & Nakshita Arora	
Arithmetic	Avaneesh Reddy	Nikita Kohli	Kavya Subramanian
E.V.S.	Kavya Subramanian	Praveen Gupta	Prantik Patnaik



GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IIIB

First: Priyadarshini Majumdar **Second:** Aashna Gilder **Third:** Aman Tuljapurkar

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Priyadarshini Majumdar	Aashna Gilder	Gaurav Nikam
Hindi	Nitya Verma	Chaitanya Agrawal	Priyadarshini Majumdar
Arithmetic	Chaitanya Agrawal	Aman Tuljapurkar	Gerald Devotta
E.V.S.	Aashna Gilder	Priyadarshini Majumdar	Aman Tuljapurkar & Chaitanya Agrawal

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IIIC

First: Saisha Orke **Second:** Aditi Pandey **Third:** Gursehej Oberoi

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Saisha Orke	Aditi Pandey	Siddhanth Nath
Hindi	Aditi Pande	Saisha Orke	Gursehej Oberoi
Arithmetic	Saisha Orke	Aditi Pandey	Siddhanth Nath
E.V.S.	Saisha Orke	Shalaka Jayant & Gursehej Oberoi	

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IVA

First: Titas Tapas Das **Second:** Rahat Ashyaq Kazi **Third:** Arnav Bhattacharya

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Titas Tapas Das	Arnav Bhattacharya	Keya Madhukar
Hindi	Rahat Ashyaq Kazi	Titas Tapas Das	Keya Madhukar & Nidhi Chowdhary
Arithmetic	Saba Indrapal Singh	Arnav Bhattacharya	Rahat Ashyaq Kazi
Science	Titas Tapas Das	Keya Madhukar	Rahat Ashyaq Kazi
Social Studies	Titas Tapas Das	Keya Madhukar	Arnav Bhattacharya

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD IVB

First: Nayana Gaur **Second:** Vedant Agarwal **Third:** Debayan T Das

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Nayana Gaur	Isha Srivastava	Elgiva Kharsati
Hindi	Nayana Gaur	Debayan T Das	Vedant Agarwal
Arithmetic	Nayana Gaur	Vedant Agarwal	Debayan T Das
			Isha Srivastava & Kushan K Prasad
Science	Nayana Gaur	Vedant Agarwal	Debayan T Das
Social Studies	Nayana Gaur	Debayan T Das	Isha Srivastava



**GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD IVC**

First: Snigdha Parimi Second: Pali Kanungo Third: Tricia Gadagkar

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Snigdha Parimi	Pali Kanungo	Tricia Gadagkar
Hindi	Snigdha Parimi	Tricia Gadagkar	Saransh Garg
Arithmetic	Snigdha Parimi	Haren Paul Rao	Tricia Gadagkar
Science	Snigdha Parimi	Pali Kanungo	Saransh Garg
Social Studies	Snigdha Parimi	Nimesh Patil	Pali Kanungo

**GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD VA**

First: Maanit Mehra Second: Virat Singh Third: Vineeth Harikumar

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Maanit Mehra	Vineeth Harikumar	Virat Singh
Hindi	Virat Singh	Maanit Mehra	Ramsha Syed
Marathi	Anuja Deodhar	Gandhalee Kadam	Virat Singh
Arithmetic	Maanit Mehra	Vineeth Harikumar	Virat Singh
Science	Vineeth Harikumar	Maanit Mehra	Virat Singh
Social Studies	Maanit Mehra	Virat Singh	Vineeth Harikumar

**GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD VB**

First: Ishita Taneja Second: Saksham Pahwa Third: Tripti Singh

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Ishita Taneja	Aaina Menon	Saksham Pahwa
Hindi	Saksham Pahwa	Ishita Taneja	Tripti Singh
Marathi	Aniket Warang	Vikrant Mhatre	Ishita Taneja
Arithmetic	Ishita Taneja	Tripti Singh	Aditya Ghai
Science	Ishita Taneja	Saksham Pahwa	Tripti Singh
Social Studies	Ishita Taneja	Pratima Reddy	Saksham Pahwa
Special Prize for GK: Thomas Kattampalli			



**GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD VC**

First: Kumar Shankar De Second: Saarthak Puri Third: Yash Verma

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Kumar Shankar De	Saarthak Puri	Yash Verma
Hindi	Saarthak Puri	Kumar Shankar De	Yash Verma
Marathi	Akshay Ramdharn	Kumar Shankar De	Ravish George
Arithmetic	Gautam Rayaprolu	Saarthak Puri	Kumar Shankar De & Arjun Sapra
Science	Kumar Shankar De	Ravish George	Yash Verma
Social Studies	Kumar Shankar De	Saarthak Puri	Ravish George

**GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD VIA**

First: Akhil Srivatsan Second: Binoy Mohanty Third: Nishant Roy

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Akhil Srivatsan	Sharanya Haridas	Binoy Mohanty
Hindi	Purvi Gupta	Aditya More & Binoy Mohanty	
Marathi	Mangala Borkar	Aditya More	Nishant Roy
Maths	Akhil Srivatsan & Binoy Mohanty		Nishant Roy
Science	Akhil Srivatsan	Binoy Mohanty	Arvind V
Social Studies	Binoy Mohanty	Akhil Srivatsan	Nishant Roy & Govind Ashwin KVR

**GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD VIB**

First: Satchit Sawant Second: Shivohne Saldanha Third: Neehar Kundurti

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Shivohne Saldanha	Satchit Sawant	Neehar Kundurti
Hindi	Shivohne Saldanha	Sruti Dasgupta	Amitesh Tiwari
Marathi	Pratik Ramdharn	Satchit Sawant	Ruhi Thakur
Maths	Satchit Sawant	Pratik Ramdharn	Shantanu Shekhar
Science	Shivohne Saldanha & Neehar Kundurti		Satchit Sawant
Social Studies	Neehar Kundurti	Satchit Sawant	Pratik Ramdharn



GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD VIC

First: Prashanth Venkatesh ***Second:*** Tejas Potdar ***Third:*** Yuvraj Dhillon

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Prashanth Venkatesh	Tejas Potdar	Debjani Banerjee
Hindi	Prashanth Venkatesh	Pulkit Chawla	Tejas Potdar
Marathi	Sangram Rathi	Tejas Potdar	Yuvraj Dhillon
Maths	Tejas Potdar	Yuvraj Dhillon	Abhay Ranganathan
Science	Prashanth Venkatesh	Tejas Potdar	Debjani Banerjee
Social Studies	Prashanth Venkatesh	Yuvraj Dhillon & Vatsa Bhargava	

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD VIIA

First: Utkarsha Prakash ***Second:*** Kanwal Preet Singh ***Third:*** Abhay Nikam

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Utkarsha Prakash	Ritu Pathare	Bhavika Mam
Hindi	Utkarsha Prakash	Kanwal Preet Singh	Sanjeevani Thakur
Marathi	Utkarsha Prakash	Ritu Pathare	Bhavika Mam
Maths	Utkarsha Prakash	Kanwal Preet Singh	Natash Bangera
Science	Utkarsha Prakash	Kanwal Preet Singh	Abhay Nikam
Social Studies	Abhay Nikam	Utkarsha Prakash	Rohit Jacob

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD VIIB

First: Poorva Agarwal ***Second:*** R Raghuraman ***Third:*** Ishan Singh

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Poorva Agarwal	Suchita Vaidya	Perna Shetty
Hindi	Poorva Agarwal	Siddharth Chanpuriya	Perna Shetty
Marathi	Poorva Agarwal	Poonam Advani	Steffi Olickal
Maths	Poorva Agarwal	Vani Rikhy	Siddharth Chanpuriya
Science	Poorva Agarwal	Ishan Singh	R Raghuraman
Social Studies	Poorva Agarwal	R Raghuraman	Sumitra Potdar



GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD VIIC

First: Rahul Ravi Shankar *Second:* Nikhil Ranganathan *Third:* Suneet Mohapatra

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Rahul Ravi Shankar	Nikhil Ranganathan	Saumya Abraham
Hindi	Neha Rastogi	Suneet Mohapatra	Rahul Ravi Shankar
Marathi	Kartikeya Pophali	Hemangi Pawar	Parth Adhikari
Maths	Tapan Sabnis	Suneet Mohapatra	Nikhil Ranganathan
Science	Nikhil Ranganathan	Rahul Ravi Shankar	Tapan Sabnis
Social Studies	Suneet Mohapatra	Siddharta Tewari	Rahul Ravi Shankar

GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD VIIIA

First: Karthik Raman *Second:* Shreya Jha *Third:* Chandrima Biswas

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Shubhra Dixit	Shreya Jha	Chandrima Biswas
Hindi	Shubhra Dixit	Shreya Jha	Priya Bhattacharya
Marathi	Manasi Kashikar	Shreya Jha	Chandrima Biswas
Maths	Karthik Raman	Shreya Jha	Prasanth C
Science	Chandrima Biswas	Karthik Raman	Vishakh Harikumar
Social Studies	Karthik Raman & Chandrima Biswas		Priya Bhattacharya

GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD VIIIB

First: Vikram Bahl *Second:* Karishma George *Third:* Vanessa D'Souza

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Karishma George	Vanessa D'Souza	Vikram Bahl
Hindi	Vanessa D'Souza	Sanjna Shetty	Akanksha Trivedi
Marathi	Karishma George	Vanessa D'Souza	Tarun Jethwani
Maths	Deepak Kurian	Vikram Bahl & Karishma George	
Science	Vikram Bahl	Karishma George	Akash Gopisetty
Social Studies	Vikram Bahl	Karishma George	Vanessa D'Souza



**GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD IXA**

First: Divij Bhatia Second: Nikhil Roy Third: Neha Sabnis

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Tabitha Phililips	Sohini Mukherjee	Neha Sabnis
Hindi	Ayank Verma	Divij Bhatia	Sanjna Saxena
Maths	Divij Bhatia	Debapratim Ghosh	Nikhil Roy
Science	Nikhil Roy	Divij Bhatia	Debapratim Ghosh
Social Studies	Nikhil Roy	Neha Sabnis	Divij Bhatia
Computer Science	Nikhil Roy	Nimesh Oliapuram	Divij Bhatia
French	Neha Sabnis	Yesha Shah	Ayank Verma

**GENERAL PROFICIENCY
STD IXB**

First: Ruschil Aggarwal Second: Darshini Mehta Third: Prateek Kanodia

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Ruschil Aggarwal	Arun Mukundan	Dalia Kurien & Shishir Bankapur
Hindi	Ruschil Aggarwal	Poorval Joshi	Darshini Mehta
Maths	Prateek Kanodia	Ruschil Aggarwal	Snehanth Nath
Science	Ruschil Aggarwal	Prateek Kanodia	Darshini Mehta
Social Studies	Ruschil Aggarwal	Dalia Kurian	Poorval Joshi
Computer Science	Ruschil Aggarwal	Arun Mukundan	Shishir Bankapur
Economics	Krishna Kartik G	Ashutosh Panda	Arun Nair
Art	Karan Bansal	Nirali Bavaria	Rachel Varghese



GENERAL PROFICIENCY

STD X (ICSE MARCH 2002)

First: Tanushree Srivastava Second: Suraj Raj Dhillon Third: Archita Rao

SUBJECT PRIZES

<i>Subject</i>	<i>First</i>	<i>Second</i>	<i>Third</i>
English	Tanushree Srivastava Suraj Raj Dhillon		Shubha Prabhat Mohor Sengupta Pallavi Jaishankar Nivisha Arora
Hindi	Tanushree Srivastava Suraj Raj Dhillon Mohor Sengupta Megha Sharma Ayushi Verma		
Social Studies	Tanushree Srivastava	Shubha Prabhat Divya Iyer Pallavi Jaishankar Phillip Varghese	
Maths	Sreechand Nambiar	Tanushree Srivastava Suraj Raj Dhillon Archita Rao	
Science Computer Science	Tanushree Srivastava Bharat Ranghunandan	Suraj Raj Dhillon Phillip Varghese	Mohor Sengupta Gaurav Srivastava Aditi Rao Manan Sanghvi Sreechand Nambiar
Economics	Shubha Prabhat	Soumik Chatterjee Nadia Chauhan	
French Art	Tanushree Srivastava V Shilpa	Archita Rao Upendra Shrivastava	Priyanka Kandpal Tushar Singh Aditi Sinha

SPECIAL PRIZES & TROPHIES: 2001-02

- ◆ Cock House-Best All-Round Performance: Blue
- ◆ Trophy for the Best Performance in Academics: Blue
- ◆ Prize for the Best Nature Club Volunteer: Nirali Bavaria
- ◆ Prize for the Best Hornbill Club Volunteer: Sreenath N
- ◆ General Knowledge Trophy Presented by Mrs D George: Blue
- ◆ ETC (University of New South Wales, Australia): Gold Medal in Science: Akhil Srivatsan
- ◆ Mark David Gold Medal for the Top Scorer in ICSC March 2002: Tanushree Srivastava
 - ◆ Trophy for Excellence in Social Studies at the ICSE
(Presented by the ICSE March 2002 Batch): Tanushree Srivastava
 - ◆ Trophy for the Top Scorer at the Standard Seven-Level
(Presented by the Senior Citizens of Raheja Vihar): Poorva Agarwal



BOMBAY SCOTTISH SCHOOL —*Powai*

Annual Athletic Meet 2001-2002

LIST OF ROLLING TROPHIES

- The Inter-House Overall Championship Trophy for Boys presented by Narayan Chauhan:
MACGREGOR
- The Inter-House Overall Championship Trophy for Girls presented by Sanjay Jobalia:
ELIZABETH
- The Raimohan Das Memorial Trophy for Tug-Of-War for Boys presented by R E Das:
HADDOW
- The Trophy for the Tug-Of-War for Girls:
BLUE (ELIZABETH)
- The Trophy for the Inter-House Marching Contest for Boys:
MACPHERSON & KENNEDY
- The Swapna Das Trophy for the Inter-House Marching Contest for Girls
presented by R E Das:
ANNE & ELIZABETH
- The Mehli Pochee Memorial Individual Championship Trophy for Senior Boys
presented by Mrs Hoofrish Hirji:
ABHAY SINGH (BLUE)
- The Mehli Pochee Memorial Individual Championship Trophy for Senior Girls
presented by Mrs Hoofrish Hirji:
RACHEL VARGHESE (RED)
- The Individual Championship Trophy for Intermediate Boys:
DHIRAJ ASWANI (BLUE) & ABHAY NIKAM (YELLOW)
- The Individual Championship Trophy for Intermediate Girls:
DEVIKA MENON (BLUE)
- The Individual Championship Trophy for Junior Boys:
UMAIRE EFFENDI (GREEN)
- The Individual Championship Trophy for Junior Girls:
SWATHY SREEKUMAR (BLUE) & SARVAPRIYA PRASAD (BLUE)
- The Individual Championship Trophy for Sub-Junior Boys:
EDWIN JOSEPH (GREEN) & SHUBHAM SAXENA (BLUE)
- The Individual Championship Trophy for Sub-Junior Girls:
POORNIMA CHANDRAMOULI (GREEN)
- The IEP Stephens Memorial Trophy for the Fastest Girl
presented by Mrs Vimala David:
RACHEL VARGHESE (RED)
- The T B David Memorial Trophy for the Fastest Boy presented by Mr Mark David:
ABHAY SINGH (BLUE)
- The B R Hitkari Memorial Inter-House Championship Trophy for Girls in Swimming
presented by Dr (Mrs) Chandini Hitkari and Mr Anil Hitkari:
CATHERINE
- The B R Hitkari Memorial Inter-House Championship Trophy for Boys in Swimming
presented by Dr (Mrs) Chandini Hitkari and Mr. Anil Hitkari:
MACPHERSON
- The Inter-House Overall Championship Trophy in Swimming:
RED



COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS

ENGLISH ESSAY-WRITING

2001-2002

STD IX & X

First: *Megha Sharma*

Second:

Ashish Patil

Pallavi Jaishankar

Third:

Deepika Kamath

Roywin D'souza

Aditi Mukundan

STD VII & VIII

First: *Mehek Contractor*

Second: *Shweta Agarwal*

Third: *Ashlene Cardoza*

STD V & VI

First:

Prashanth Venkatesh

Govind Ashwin

Second: *Gautam Rayaprolu*

Third: *Ruchi Bagga*

STD III & IV

First:

Shalaka Virkar

Saba Indrapal Singh

Second: *Nayana Gaur*

Third:

Ashna Gilder

Elgiva Kharsati

ENGLISH STORY-WRITING

2001-2002

STD IX & X

First: *Shubha Prabhat*

Second: *Rudrajit Nag*

Third: *Snehanth Nath*

STD VII & VIII

First:

Sohm Shivkumar

Poorva Agarwal

Second:

Mehek Contractor

Abiah Jacob

Third: *Vanessa D'Souza*



STD V & VI

First: *Rishab Jyoti*
Second: *Tejas Potdar*
Third: *Shivohne Saldanha*

STD III & IV

First: *Titas Das*
Second: *Siddhant Nath*
Third: *Saisha Orke*

ENGLISH POETRY-WRITING
held on 17th September 2001

STD IX & X

First: *Pallavi Jaishankar*
Second: *Deepika Kamath*
Third: *Archita Halady Rao*

STD VII & VIII

First: *Sunayana Mohanty*
Second: *Ritu Pathare*
Third: *Sanjeevani Rajat Thakur*

Consolation:

Mehek Contractor
Sohm Shiv Kumar
Shubhra Dixit
Chandrima Biswas
Suchita Rajan Vaidya

STD V & VI

First:

Nibha Rastogi
Sharanya Haridas

Third:

Ramsha Syed
Ravish Oommen George

Consolation:

Rishab Rameshwar D Jyoti
Juhi Mathur

STD III & IV

First: *Saisha Orke*
Second: *Arnav Bhattacharya*
Third: *Vinayak Menon*

Consolation:

Saba Indrapal Singh
Pali Jaishankar Kanungo
Snigdha Parimi
Sarakshi Rai

ENGLISH ELOCUTION

STD IX & X

First: *Pallavi Jaishankar*
Second: *Arun Mukundan*
Third: *Suraj Dhillon*

STD VII & VIII

First: *Poorva Agarwal*
Second:

Sunayana Mohanty
Kanwal Preet Singh
Third: *Mehek Contractor*

STD V & VI

First: *Ruchi Bagga*
Second:

Prabhir Correa
Shantanu S

Third: *Aaina Menon*

ENGLISH DEBATE

(Inter-Class Juniors)

Winning Team: *Churchill*

Members of the Team:

Kanwal Preet Singh
Mehek Contractor
Prasant Venkatesh
Eden Shyoshi
Rahul Ravishankar

Best Speaker: *Kanwal Preet Singh*
(Inter-House Seniors)

Winning Team: *Yellow House*

Best Speaker: *Arun Mathew*

HINDI DEBATE

(Inter-House Juniors)

Winning House: *Red*

Best Speaker: *Shubhra Dixit*
(Inter-House Seniors)

Winning House: *Yellow*

Best Speaker: *Poorval Joshi*

COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS



COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS

HINDI ELOCUTION

STD IX & X

First: *Poorval Joshi*
Second: *Darshini Mehta*
Third: *Mohor Sen Gupta*

STD VII & VIII

First: *Shubhra Dixit*
Second: *Sunayana Mohanty*
Third: *Shivaang Sharma*

STD V & VI

First: *Ishita Taneja*
Second: *Nakul Natrajan*
Third:

Binoy Mohanty
Shantanu Shekhar

STD III & IV

First: *Kushan Kunal*
Second: *Aditi Pandey*
Third:

Pali Jaishankar
Nakshita Arora

STD I & II

First: *Kriti Dua*
Second: *Shruti Deore*
Third: *Eshita Wadhwa*

HINDI POETRY-WRITING

STD X

First: *Arnold Rebello*
Second:
Mohor Bipin Sengupta
Megha Sharma
Pallavi Jaishankar

STD IX

First:
Ruchita Jain
Shreya Khatri

Second:
Richa Patel
Snehanth Nath

STD VIII

First: *Shubhra Dixit*
Second: *Sunayana Mohanty*
Third: *Niharika Jhunjunwala*

STD VII

First: *Shubdha Goyal*
Second:

Kartikeya Pophali
Utkarsha Prakash

Third: *Poorva Agarwal*
STD VI

First: *Sumedha Sarkar*
Second: *Avantika Kumar*
Third:

Suraj Prakash
Diwakar Dabral

STD V

First: *Tripti Singh*
Second: *Saksham Pahwa*
Third: *Ishita Zem Taneja*

HINDI STORY-WRITING

STD IX & X

First: *Poorval Joshi*
Second:

Naval Rishi
Amrita Singh
Third: *Divya Iyer*

STD VII & VIII

First: *Shreya Jha*
Second:

Vikram Bahl
Akanksha Trivedi
Third:

Shweta Agarwal
Poorva Agarwal
Shweta Narwani

STD V & VI

First: *Prashant Venkatesh*
Second:

Ramsha Syed
Samvit Sinha
Samira Varanasi

Third: *Saquib Yaqoob Ali*
STD III & IV

First: *Pali Jaishankar Kanungo*
Second: *Titas Tapas Das*
Third: *Akul Jaideep Juneja*



HINDI ESSAY-WRITING

STD IX & X

First: *Divya Iyer*
Second: *Poorval Joshi*
Third:
Shubha Prabhat
Aditi Rao

STD VII & VIII

First: *Shubhra Dixit*
Second: *Poonam Advani*
Third: *Shilpa Kumar*

STD V & VI

First: *Saksham Pahwa*
Second: *Pratima Reddy*
Third: *Ishita Taneja*

STD III & IV

First: *Ketki Prabhat*
Second: *Rahat Kazi*
Third: *Aashna Gilder*

MARATHI DEBATE

Winning House: *Blue*
Best Speaker: *Poorval Joshi*

MARATHI STORY-WRITING

STD VIII

First: *Manasi Kashikar*
Second: *Jui Takle*
Third: *Shwetang Mahudkar*

STD VII

First: *Ritu Pathare*
Second: *Kartikeya Pophali*
Third: *Abhay Nikam*

STD VI

First: *Pratik Ramdharne*
Second: *Aditya More*
Third: *Mangala Borkar*

MARATHI ELOCUTION

STD VII & VIII

First: *Suchana Ghosh*
Second:
Manasi Kashikar
Madhuri Digmurti
Third: *Suchita Vaidya*

STD V & VI

First: *Aniket Warang*
Second: *Sangram Rath*
Third: *Srikant Ramanujam*
Consolation: *Anuja Deodhar*

MARATHI POETRY-WRITING

STD VIII

First: *Nikhil Sonalkar*
Second: *Jui Takle*
Third: *Vikram Bahl*

STD VII

First: *Ritu Pathare*
Second: *Kartikeya Pophali*
Third: *Hemangi Pawar*

STD VI

First: *Sangram Rath*
Second: *Pratik Ramdharne*
Third:

Divyashree Mohapatra
Satchit Sawant

MARATHI ESSAY-WRITING

STD VIII

First: *Manasi Kashikar*
Second: *Shwetang Mahudkar*
Third:

Jui Takle

Nikhil Sonalkar

STD VII

First:

Bhavika Mam
Suchita Vaidya

Kartikeya Pophali

Second: *Tapan Sabnis*
Third: *Abhay Nikam*

STD VI

First: *Sangram Rath*
Second: *Pratik Ramdharne*
Third:
Ishan Tuljapurkar
Mangala Borkar

COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS



COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS

ART COMPETITION (Pencil-Shading)

STD IX A & B

First: *Rajshekar Das*
Second: *Sanjna Saxena*
Third: *Dalia Kurian*

STD VII & VIII

First: *Sanjna Shetty*
Second: *Chandrima Biswas*
Third: *Kevin George Abraham*

STD V & VI

First: *Binoy Mohanty*
Second: *Ishita Zen Taneja*
Third: *Pratik Ramdhane*

STD III & IV

First: *Saba Singh*
Second: *Daryl George Philip*
Third: *Surabhi Raj*

STD I & II

First: *Tanay Parekhji*
Second: *Anvi Vadodaria*
Third: *Eshita Wadhawa*

ART COMPETITION (Scholastic Drawing Competition)

STD X

First: *Saishraddha Malage*
Second: *Mohor Sengupta*
Third: *Rudrajit Nag*

STD IX

First: *Tabitha Philips*
Second: *Sohini Mukherjee*
Third: *Harshal Dhaigude*

STD VIII

First: *Nikhil Sonalkar*
Second: *Poonam Dhanuka*
Third: *Manasi Kashikar*

STD VII

First: *Utkarsha Prakash*
Second: *Perna Shetty*
Third: *Rahul Shankar*

STD VI

First: *Suyash Shukla*
Second: *Binoy Mohanty*
Third: *Shagun Varshney*

STD V

First: *Ramsha Syed*
Second: *Srinath Shiv Kumar*
Third: *Anisha Sharma*

STD IV

First: *Rahat Kazi*
Second: *Titus Das*
Third: *Shavina Singh*

STD III

First: *Praveen Gupta*
Second: *Sharang Khandelwal*
Third: *Vignesh Kamat*

STD II

First: *Manavi Ranghar*
Second: *Nidhi Harihar*
Third: *Jemima Sarah Jacob*

STD I

First: *Anvi Vadodaria*
Second: *Freia Lobo*
Third: *Abhilasha Rajan*

ART COMPETITION (Cartoon Drawing Competition)

STD VIII

First:
Chandrima Biswas
Pratheek Sudhakaran

Third:

Amit Rastogi
Poonam Dhanuka

Consolation:

Kevin Abraham
Sunayana Mohanty

STD VII

First: *Rahul Ravi Shankar*
Third: *Sahil Vora*

Consolation:

Shalini Iyer
Parth Adhikari



STD VI

First: *Binoy Mohanty*
Second: *Mohit Nawani*
Third: *Athithi Raman*

STD V

First: *Ishita Zem Taneja*
Second: *Juhi Mathur*
Third: *Shubham Saxena*

STD IV

First: *Prerna Shetty*
Second: *Rahul Chavan*
Third: *Surabhi Raj*

STD III

First: *Harish Subharaman*
Second: *Aarthy Chandrashekar*
Third: *Gursehej S Oberoi*

STD II

First: *Tiya Thomas*
Second: *Aunshi Singh*
Third: *Paloma Mitra*

STD I

First: *Srinidhi Iyengar*
Second: *Samujjal Dutta*
Third: *Kaveri Vaidya*

DRAMATICS

(Inter-House Juniors)

Best Play: *I Never Saw You*
Best Actor: *Nakul Natrajan*
Best Actress: *Sharanya Haridas*
Best Supporting Actor: *Abhay Nikam*
Best Supporting Actress:
Mehek Contractor
Best Supporting Narrator:
Maanit Mehra

(Inter-House Seniors)

Best Play: *Wibble*
Best Actor: *Arun Mathew*
Best Actress: *Pallavi Jaishankar*
Best Supporting Actor: *Anirudh Iyengar*
Best Supporting Actress: *Yesha Shah*
Special Mention:
Kevin George
Vivek Datta

MUSIC COMPETITION (Seniors Stds VI to X)

First:

Green House
Yellow House
Third: *Blue House*
Green House Song:
'God Is Good'
'Five Hundred Miles'
Yellow House Song:
'Thank You, Lord'
'There's A New World'
Blue House Song:
'How I Love You, Lord'
'Those Were The Days'
(Juniors Stds III, IV, V)

First:

Green House
'All the Ends of the Earth'
'Where's My Mamma Gone?'
Second: *Yellow House*
'Great and Mighty'
'Dinah.....'
Third: *Blue House*
'You Shall Go Out With Joy'
'Mary Ann....'

MUSIC COMPETITION (Inter-Class STD I & II)

First: *Std I B*

'Come By Here'
'Once In China'

Second: *Std I A*

'With God In My Boat'
'Monkeyland'

Second: *Std II A*

'World You Have Made'
'Bachelor Boy'

Consolation: *Std II C*

'God Is So Big'
'Community Song'

COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS



FAREWELL MESSAGE

Dear Students:

On behalf of all your teachers, I would like to say a few words. For many students, education today is a process of filling the mind with the contents of books, emptying the contents of books in the examination hall, and returning empty-headed. True education consists in the cultivation of the heart. We are sure and hopeful that what you have learnt becomes a part of your whole being; because only then will you have a sense of fulfilment and will be able to establish complete harmony in thoughts, words and deeds. Today our country needs persons who lead such integral lives. Dear children, you need determination to face the challenges of life which is filled with many ups and downs, successes and failures and sorrows. These challenges have to be faced with faith in God. The mind should not be allowed to waver and hop from one thing to another. A steady mind is a mark of a truly educated person. Your life should be governed by definite regulations. Self-control is essential for leading a righteous life. You have an obligation towards your parents who are responsible for all that you are. Give joy and satisfaction to them by doing well in your forthcoming ICSE Examination.

We want each one of you to grow into a strong, steady and straightforward person. Help those who are in a bad position and serve those who need your help. Have a high aim in life. Wherever you go, whatever walk of life you choose, bear in mind the honour and glory of this institution and prove yourself in action to be a worthy *alumnus* or *alumna* of this school. Finally, for all who are familiar with those 'figments of imagination'—let not your behaviour be as 'The Man Who Knew Too Much' nor take a chance with 'The Bet'. You will find yourself in an 'Enchanted Pool'. Creating a 'Giraffe Problem' may turn you into a 'Sniper'. 'The Needle' that pricks will not make a 'Model Millionaire' out of you. Therefore, hope for 'The Gift of the Magi' as you know 'God Sees the Truth but Waits'.

—Ms A Barretto

I am happy to continue with the thoughts my colleague shared with you all. Even as you leave your *alma mater*, you will remain students all your life because the process of learning goes on and on. So while you are students outside this institution, do not feel that to study is your only duty. Be a witness to all that is happening outside the classroom. Become strong physically, mentally and spiritually. Imbibe as much as possible the wisdom that has been gathered in the past. Cultivate the skills by which you can serve the society. A heart soaked in compassion is verily the altar of God.. Study and work hard for your forthcoming ICSE Examination. Remember there is no substitute for hard work. Have faith and trust in God. Do your best. We are all sure He will do the rest. Your success in every sphere in this examination will bring joy and happiness to your parents and to all of us.

It was a pleasure to have this 2001-02 batch and we will definitely miss you when we begin the new academic year in which you will be nowhere to be seen within the premises of this institution. All the very best from all your teachers; and we pray and hope that God will grant you success as you deserve.

—Ms Indra Chandrasekar

*Reproduced on this page are the farewell messages
read out by Ms A Barretto and Ms Indra Chandrasekar
at the send-off function organised to felicitate
the students of Std X.*



OUR
2002
ICSE
BATCH



Aashni:
*Bashful as a
school girl*

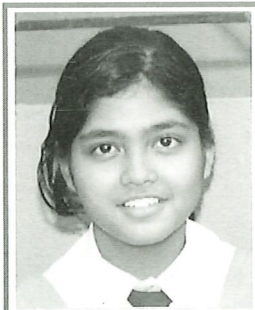


Aditi Rao:
Placid and ingenious

Harsha:
As credulous as a child



Megha:
Prudent



Mohor:
Exuberant



Nishi:
Docile as a lamb



Payal:
*Polite and
delicate as a stalk*



Jaya:
*Dutiful
and a tireless worker*



Laxmi:
Pretty as a picture



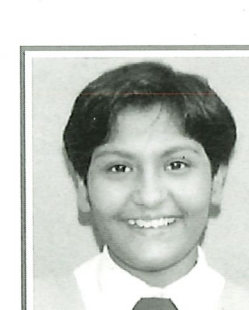
Monalisa:
Sensible and diligent



Nadia:
Graceful as a fawn



Pooja:
*Persevering
and meticulous*



Rasika:
*Industrious
and kind-hearted*



Aditi Sinha:
*Timid but
artistic*



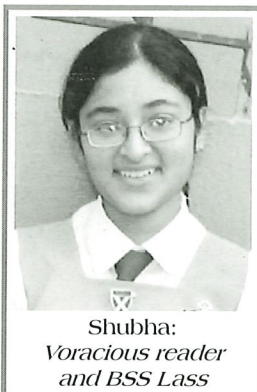
Divya:
*As blithe as May
and loquacious*



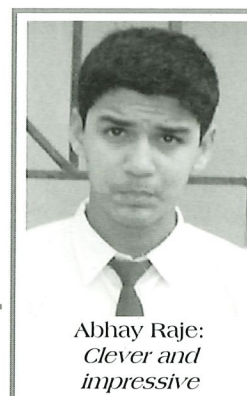
OUR 2002 ICSE BATCH



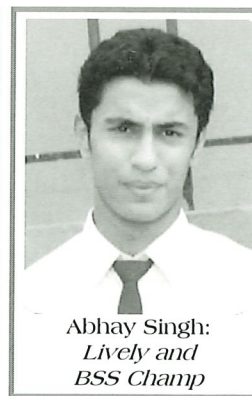
Saishradha:
Talented simpleton



Shubha:
*Voracious reader
and BSS Lass*



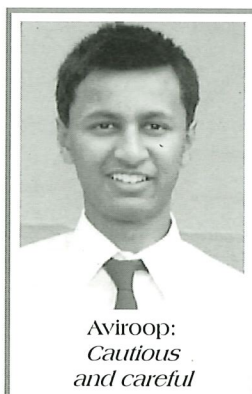
Abhay Raje:
*Clever and
impressive*



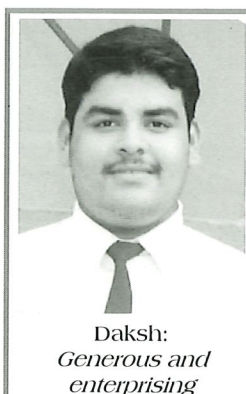
Abhay Singh:
*Lively and
BSS Champ*



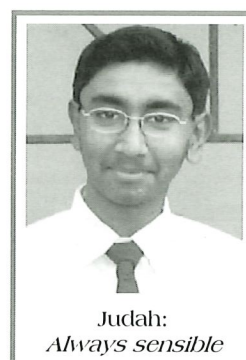
Shilpa:
Frisky and friendly



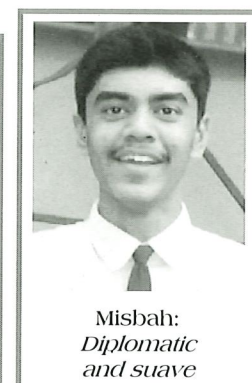
Aviroop:
*Cautious
and careful*



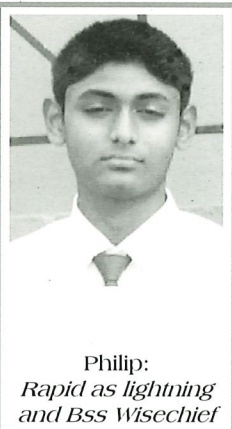
Daksh:
*Generous and
enterprising*



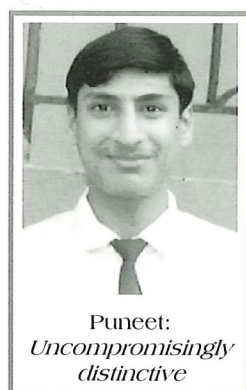
Judah:
Always sensible



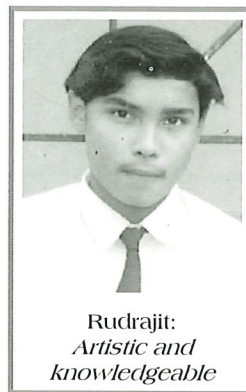
Misbah:
*Diplomatic
and suave*



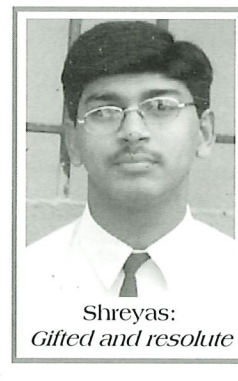
Philip:
*Rapid as lightning
and Bss Wisechief*



Puneet:
*Uncompromisingly
distinctive*



Rudrajit:
*Artistic and
knowledgeable*



Shreyas:
Gifted and resolute



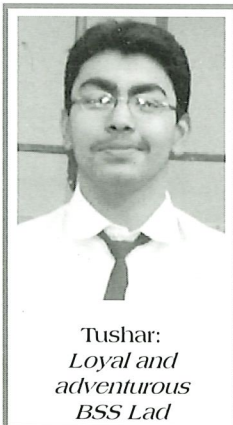
Siddharth:
Venturesome



Soumik:
Unmistakably bubbly



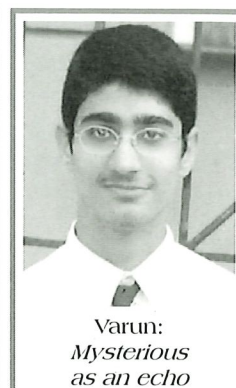
Suraj:
*Dexter's brain
and a wizard*



Tushar:
*Loyal and
adventurous
BSS Lad*



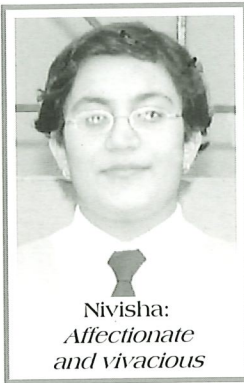
Upendra:
*Humble and
disciplined*



Varun:
*Mysterious
as an echo*



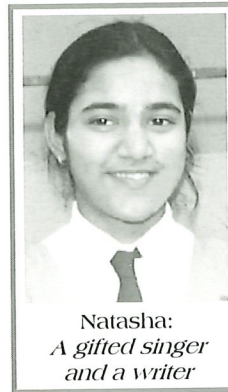
OUR 2002 ICSE BATCH



Nivisha:
*Affectionate
and vivacious*



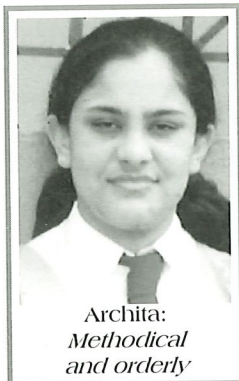
Sushma:
*Sincere
and hard-working*



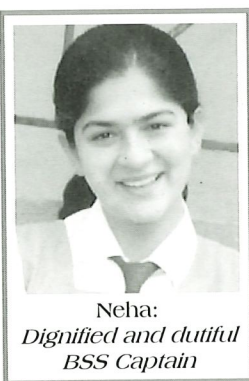
Natasha:
*A gifted singer
and a writer*



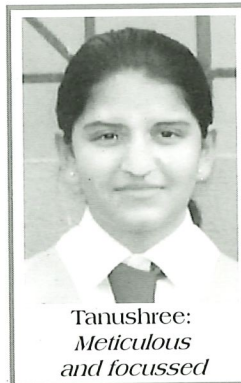
Vidya:
*Simple and
unassuming*



Archita:
*Methodical
and orderly*



Neha:
*Dignified and dutiful
BSS Captain*



Tanushree:
*Meticulous
and focussed*



Ekta:
Refined and elegant



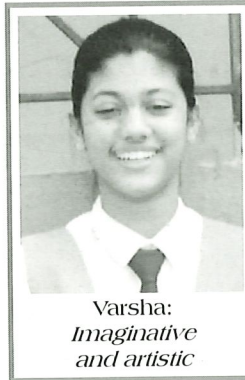
Deepika:
*Trust-worthy
and dependable*



Ayushi:
*Mature and
well-mannered*



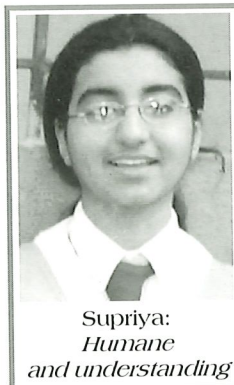
Priyanka:
*Demure
and soft-spoken*



Varsha:
*Imaginative
and artistic*



Pallavi:
*Fluent orator
and a poetess*



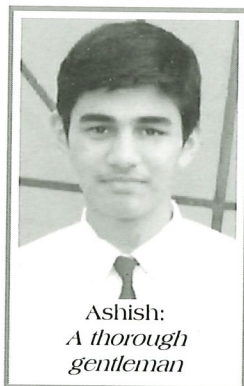
Supriya:
*Humane
and understanding*



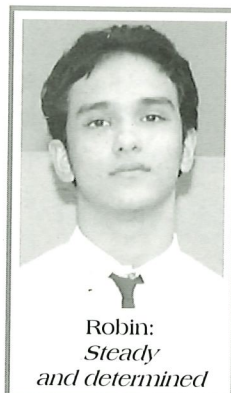
Namrata:
Humble and honest



Raghunandan:
*Cautious
and diplomatic*



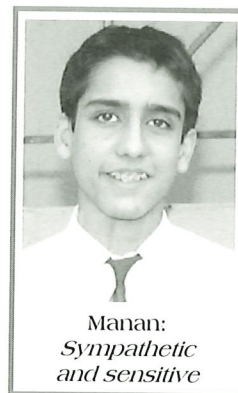
Ashish:
*A thorough
gentleman*



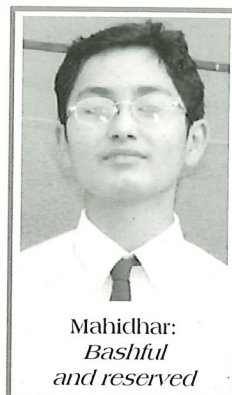
Robin:
*Steady
and determined*



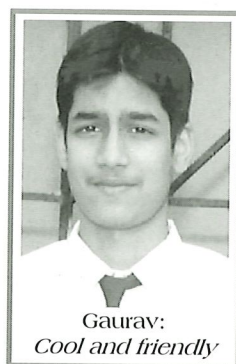
Arun:
*Histrionics
uninterrupted*



Manan:
*Sympathetic
and sensitive*



Mahidhar:
*Bashful
and reserved*



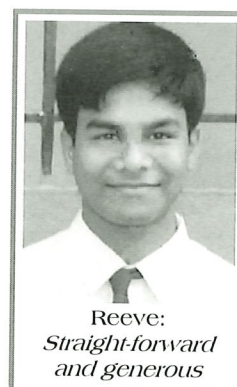
Gaurav:
Cool and friendly



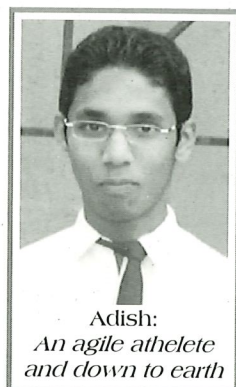
Aniket:
*A charismatic
dancer*



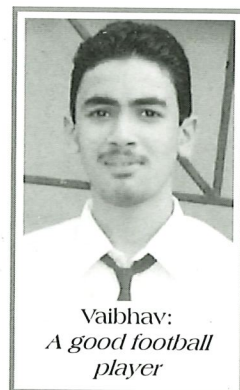
Sreechand:
*Bubbly and
buoyant*



Reeve:
*Straight-forward
and generous*



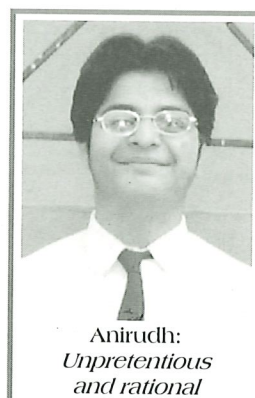
Adish:
*An agile athlete
and down to earth*



Vaibhav:
*A good football
player*



Arnold:
*Obedient and
respectful*

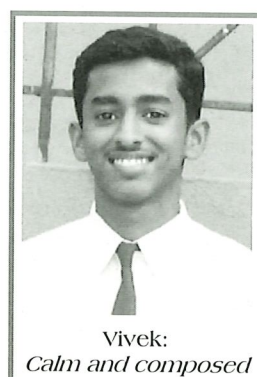


Anirudh:
*Unpretentious
and rational*

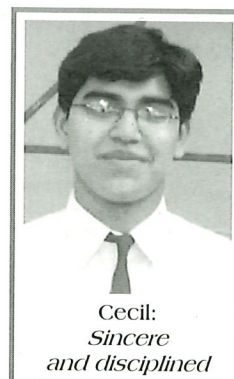
OUR 2002 ICSE BATCH



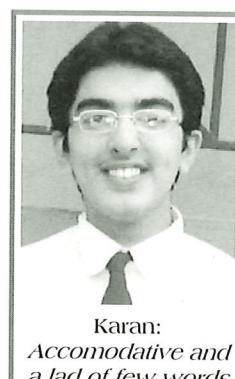
Gaurav:
Sociable and reliable



Vivek:
Calm and composed



Cecil:
*Sincere
and disciplined*

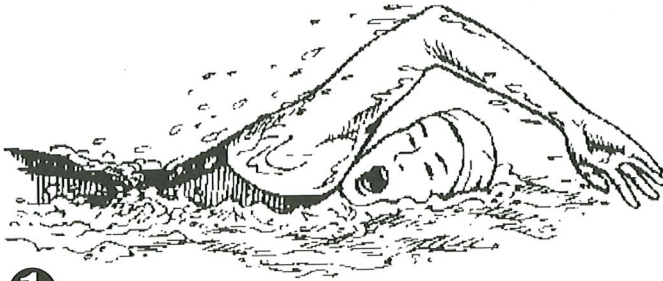


Karan:
*Accommodative
and a lad of few words*



Reproduced here are the prize-winning essays written at the on-the-spot essay competition organised for students.

A DAY AT THE WATER KINGDOM



1

It was a Saturday morning. My mother and I had to go to Malad to take a ferry. We were going to Malad by car. When we were going, I saw old Christian houses and we reached Gorai Creek. We had to wait in a queue at least for thirty minutes before we could take the ferry. Within fifteen minutes we reached Water Kingdom. I went to the ladies' room to change and went to Wetlantic, the world's biggest 'wave pool'. I was splashing about when a wave came, and splash! I went inside the wave and came up. Then I went to a swimming pool and thought if I lie on the water it would tickle me. Then I went across a bridge, to the drifting river and water slides. Then I went to McDonald's and had a meal. I bought a tyre and again I went to Wetlantic. While I was enjoying in the wave pool, my mother said, "Come, it's time to go home." But friends, I did not tell you about one thing. When I went across the bridge it was swaying. I was scared but it was real fun. Wow! What a wonderful day I had!

—Shalaka Virkar, IIIC

2

I was very excited because I was going to Water Kingdom. I first picked my friend, and then we went on our way. At last we reached the place where I had to board a ferry.

It was a huge one. It took us at least forty-five minutes to reach Water Kingdom. First, we went inside just to have a look around. Then we went to McDonald's to eat. After that we went into the water. There were wave pools, waterslides and a big lazy river. First, we went into the wavepools, where there were fountains; and when they stopped, waves started coming towards us. My friend brought a tube on which at least four of us could sit. We went to the water slides. I first went on the fastest one. By now we were very tired, so we went to the lazy river. There they gave us big tubes. We sat on them and went floating on the river.

After all the fun, we were tired and hungry; so, we went to eat. I drank some coke. I even ate samosas. Then, we returned by ferry back to our car and went home. I will never forget that day.

—Saba Indrapal Singh, IVA





MY BEST BIRTHDAY PARTY

My birthday is on the 24th of November. My mother was making arrangements for the party. I was going to wear a silver-coloured velvet dress with matching shoes. At six-thirty in the evening, my friends started piling in. There were twenty children and eighteen adults. There was a clown and a host. We started the party by playing games like opposites, dancing statues, etc. After playing games, we cut the cake. My birthday cake was a 'Winnie-the-Pooh' cake. For fun, I smothered some cake on my father's face. For snacks, there were hot samosas, idlis, noodles, wafers and the cake of course. After this, we had a dance called the birdy dance. My friends left at eight 'O' clock. Everybody said it was a great party. After this, I went to bed, tired and exhausted but satisfied with my birthday party.

—Nayana Gaur, IVB

No one cares about the environment. People pollute our water resources by dumping all the garbage into them. The pesticides which the farmers use are blown by the wind into the rivers and the flora and fauna in the river are destroyed. We cut down trees and the balance of the gases in the air constantly changes. Carbondioxide is let out into the air by factories, cars and burning of garbage, tyres, plastic, etc. We also destroy wildlife through unchecked hunting, destruction of natural habitats and pollution. There are so many people in the world to use the limited resources nature has given us. Greedy for money, people kill animals for their skin and make things like shoes, bags, etc. For in-

ENVIRONMENTALLY SPEAKING...

stance, crocodile skin is used to make leather shoes and bags. Sometimes people kill animals for fun. Many animals are extinct and it is certain that more are going to be. It is our duty to save the earth. Trees are another important resource. Nowadays people cut down too many trees to make money which they can make out of selling perfumes and furniture. People do not realise that what they do is very harmful. Scientists have discovered that the ozone hole has been caused by the use of refrigerators. The ozone layer has a hole which is over Antarctica and is bound to spread over the world. The ozone layer protects us from the harmful ultra violet radiation of the sun which causes diseases like cancer.

—Gautam Rayaprolu, IVC

THE CARTOON I LOVE THE MOST

1

The cartoon I love is Tintin. I like Tintin because he solves mysteries and because he is very clever and smart. I also like him because he is very funny and cheerful. I have seen many episodes of 'The Adventures of Tintin'. Tintin has a small white terrier called Snowy. Tintin named his dog Snowy because Snowy is as white as snow. Snowy is very cute and makes me laugh. In 'The Adventures of Tintin' there are two detectives called Thomson and Thompson. They always fall down. There is also a Captain called Captain Haddock who uses many funny words. There is a Professor Calculus. He cannot hear so well. And he also makes me laugh.

—Aashna A Gilder, IIIB



2

I love a cartoon character in the 'Pink Zone' on the Cartoon Network channel. The cartoon is a lady from 'Josie and the Pussy Cats'. Her name is Melody and she plays the drums. She is kind of funny and she always runs around with her group because in every episode, some one or the other chases her and her group. Sometimes, she is very smart. Sometimes, she is good-looking. Sometimes, she is very dumb. Melody mostly likes to run around and play. She is the only one in her group who laughs a lot and plays a lot. Melody's blond hair is very long. I laugh when I see her on TV because whenever she runs around, her hair goes from side to side. Melody loves dancing. She dances even when she plays the drums. I love to see her on TV. She is the best cartoon character and I love her the most.

—Elgiva Kharsati, IVB

CAN COMPUTERS REPLACE TEACHERS?

1 As I sit and think about the changing times I realise what a big leap mankind has taken. Now we live in this modern world of computers and all sorts of mechanical things. But still certain things are always better the way they are.

At this rate of rapid change the world will soon be ruled by computers and machines. Everything we want should be done by machines —like the ATM systems in banks. I agree that some are useful but what if teachers are replaced by talking machines??

This will be a very big loss. A computer may have a lot of knowledge but can it explain it the way a teacher does? No, it can't. It will only do whatever is programmed in it —nothing more! Can a computer give the warm smiles or the affectionate praises of a teacher?

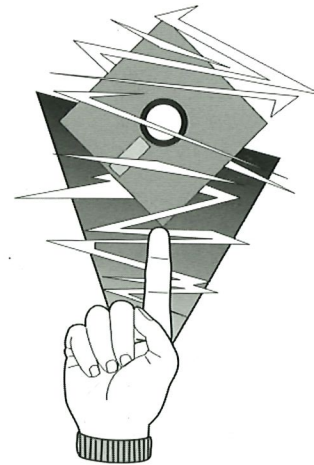
The computer does not think on its own. It does the things programmed in it. Does it have the patience of a teacher who can explain to a child who hasn't understood anything? It does not have any of these qualities. It can malfunction any time. It does not have any hands to catch hold of a child doing mischief.

The computer in no way can be like a teacher. A teacher has certain qualities which can't be possessed by any talking machine. A teacher puts in so much hard work to groom the children. Despite their own personal life teachers stay awake all night correcting exam papers.

Teachers cannot be replaced by computers even if times change. If it happens then there would be no fun in going to school. Children will just sit at home and fax or e-mail their assignments.

These talking machines can be useful for other things but let the schools have teachers and not any computerised machines which won't even work if there is power failure.

—*Mehek Contractor, VIIC*



2

This topic is debatable. We have advanced a lot. The computer is used in almost every place to do our work. In the near future we may start using computers even to teach. The computer can replace a teacher. It can do many things simultaneously. In real life the computer can replace a teacher. But the question remains: Can a computer replace a teacher in our hearts?

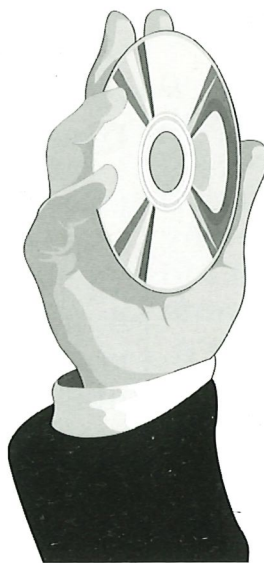
I feel it can never replace a teacher. Just think about it. You go to school in the morning refreshed and ready for a bright new day of education only to find a walking can just blabbering things that you don't even understand, and your bright day goes dull. But imagine it with a teacher. Even if you go dull and sleepy to school you will always find a teacher with a warm smile welcoming you. Looking at your teacher you forget your sleepiness, and are energised to face a new day with a smile. If there was a computer it would say the lesson so fast in such a boring fashion that no one would understand and half the class would fall asleep. A teacher explains the lesson, makes sure every student has understood it and tries to make it a little more interesting. She cracks jokes and also takes part in class discussions. A computer cannot do all that. But the most important thing is that



a computer is a machine, a teacher is a human being. A teacher has a heart and can understand students and their feelings. She knows what a student would have in his mind because she was also a student once. She had done the same mischief, studied the same things and had the same things cooking in her mind. She is kind and forgiving in nature. Though she may be strict, she loves us very much. In brief a teacher has a heart of gold and cannot be replaced by a computer filled with wires.

Many people have thought of replacing teachers with computers in future. I know they will do it. A student's classroom is in a teacher's heart. Though physically a teacher can be replaced, mentally no one can take her place.

—Ashlene Cardoza, VIII A



One day after watching the cartoon Dexter's Lab, I wondered if I got a chance to visit Dexter in his Lab, what would I do? Would I test his machines on myself? Yes, I would. So, I thought that I would do every thing to get to Dexter's Lab as I went to bed. Suddenly in the middle of the night, I saw a tornado come. Oh, it was cold! It lifted me up and carried me off. I was shocked and was scared. Then suddenly the sun came out —so quickly! And I landed on a window. It was Dexter's room, not in cartoon colours but in a real picture. Wow! I thought. Suddenly Dexter came and said, "Oh, so you are my guest today? Welcome, I'll take you to my Lab." I was amazed. My dream has come true! I told him my name and place and everything. Then he took out his secret book and opened the lab. I went down the tunnel to Dexter's Lab. Oh! It was filled with machines and robots. I saw everyone of them. There were the balloon maker, food order and many many more. My favourite was the food maker in which you write your name and give it to the machine or insert it. It gives you what you want. And I also liked the home worker in which you insert your diary in which your homework is written. It does all the homework for you. Then Dexter showed me robots. One was a flying

robot with a picture on top. He had many more robots with him. Then he showed me his latest invention that was a rock taker. It could take you anywhere you wanted in two minutes. Just click and say home: there you are at home in two minutes. I wanted to have a go at it after lunch. So after lunch from the food maker, we decided to go to Hawaii. We went but do you know what happened? We



A DAY WITH DEXTER IN THE LAB

were caught by the natives of the Island. Oh! They caught us and decided to torture us. We were really scared. Then I had a plan. I thought I would show them a colourful stone and tell them it was god. So I did that and would you believe it, it worked! They untied us and gave us fruits. We ate and decided to return home. Soon it was time to go. I felt really sad that I had to go. Dexter gave me his food maker. After that I asked him, "How would I go home?" He said I would have to close my eyes and

sleep and when I opened them I would be home with my food maker. I did that and after I opened my eyes I was at home! I was on my bed. Under my bed was the food maker, Yipiee! I wish I could have a day like that again. It was night so nobody knew anything about it. I hid the food maker and showed it only to my brother. It had been a happy day.

—Ruchi Bagga, VA



A DAY WITH MY GRANDPARENTS

All typical Indian families have a common cultural characteristic: they stay together as a joint family. But with time, they have started to forget this factor. Every son of the family wants to live alone, with his wife and children, in a big city, separate from the problems and responsibilities of their own parents. And in this case, we, innocent and helpless kids, lose the love and affection we could get from our grandparents. Now just imagine: if your parents come and tell you that we are going to our grandparents' house this vacation or weekend, wouldn't you jump for joy? Of course, you would. At least I will be really very happy.

In the same way, I once got a chance to spend a weekend with my grandparents. I was really very happy that day. We began to pack our bags and carry clothes suitable to the climate there. As it was summer and my native place is a very small village in Rajasthan, mom began packing the gifts for my grandparents. My brother carried his books that gave information about Rajasthan and my dad filled his pockets with cash as he had planned to do a lot of shopping on our return journey. But, what about me? I was so excited that I stuffed my bags with whatever came in my way. It took us two days to pack our bags. At last we left our house for Rajasthan. We travelled by air upto Jaipur, but after that we had to travel by road for eight long hours. But I didn't see the difference. I was thinking about my grandparents. How will they be? How will I play with grandpa and what all sweet dishes will my grandma make

for me. And soon came my village. The rituals there are really wonderful. Before we even entered the house, my grandma came out with a plate known as *pooja ki thali* in Rajasthan. She took *aarti* of us, then let us in. As I entered, I went and sat on my grandpa's lap. He spent the whole day telling me about the people staying there, about their local language, about their clothing style, etc. My grandma gave me many of the sweet dishes that she had made for me. She presented me a few of their local clothes and local jewellery to keep as souvenirs if I didn't use them. They both told me most of their local stories about animals, birds, etc which included the *kathas* about God. There, people have a very strong belief in God. I went out to meet my grandparents' friends and their children. They were very interesting people and they treated me like a princess. My grandma told me that guests are treated like gods in Rajasthan. It was a lovely day that I spent with them. Next morning, we woke up at 5 o'clock with my grandma and helped her to do her work. I even accompanied her to the Lakshmi Narayan Temple and repeated the golden words of a few, sacred and holy *shlokas* in Sanskrit. We had to leave at 7 o'clock in the morning. While leaving, my grandma again performed the *aarti* and gave me one thousand and one rupees a gift called *shagun*. I felt very sad to leave them, but I had no other option. Even till this date, that one has been my best, most beautiful and the greatest day that I have ever spent in thirteen years.

—Shweta Agarwal, VIII A



Reproduced here are the prize-winning essays written at the on-the-spot essay competition organised for students on the topic 'A person who has made a lasting impression on me'.

1

My Mother

My Mom—the one who brought me into this world—is my idol, my God, my object of affection. She's my everything. Though I have never told her my mom is my best friend. One day I'm going to be like her. She's the one who has made a lasting impression on me. My mother is a standing testimony of courage, truth, patience, selflessness and above all love. She has made permanent imprints on my heart. I have learnt a lot from her. Yet I still have a lot left. My mom has been through a lot of tumultuous times in life. Life, like a rollercoaster, had been very harsh to her. But that was long ago. I was very young then. I was oblivious about the events taking place; and the little knowledge that I had made me apprehensive. However, the fact remains that I was never insecure. I knew that my mom can handle the whole situation and take care of me. But whom could she depend on? My mom faced the whole situation all by herself. And it's not easy for a woman in this wide world. I am very proud of my mom; she has shown exemplary courage in bad times when a frail person would quit.

Sometimes, I am ashamed by the way I have treated her. I have always screamed and said, "Mom, I hate you" and never realised how much it would hurt her. Doesn't she still love me so much? She has only 'given', and I have

only 'received'. I never paid her for keeping me in her womb for nine long months, taking all the pain and suffering. Neither have I paid her when she stayed up for nights when I had a fever. I have never cooked delicious and mouth-watering sumptuous snacks for her birthday nor brought her any clothes. She's the one who has done all these things for me.

In every person's life, there needs to be a teacher, a guide, an angel. My mother is that angel. In a thousand years, rather a million years, I would never be able to repay her for everything she's done. Once a small seed, then a bud and now a bloomed flower, my mom's work has been like that of a gardener and we cannot overlook the fact that gardening requires a lot of hard work and perspiration. A teacher by profession, my mom has always been up-to-date and always on time to submit her work and has also been a loving teacher. There have been times when she has screamed and yelled at me; there have been times when she has even hit me. But I guess even she's human and if she doesn't correct me when I make mistakes then who will? She's been by my side all the time and will always be. Be it thick or thin, my mom will never let go. I know that very well. Nobody but 'Mom' always knows what's cooking up inside of me. I can always rely on her for advice. All this is truly the work of angels. My mom knows the 'best' of me. A lot of other people also know. But, it's my 'mom' who also knows the 'rest' of me and still loves me. She's my light when it's dark. No one has ever influenced me or even will be able to do so like my mom.

—Megha Sharma, XA



2

Vladimir Kranstov

“Kranstov.” “Vladimir Kranstov,” he replied eagerly when he met me in Naples. I was on my way to Milan when I met this young man on the train. He was tall but thin, broad-shouldered, long-armed, with brown eyes, fine teeth, and a well-formed head —altogether a fine Russian gentleman. Vladimir and I were sitting adjacent to each other on the train from Naples to Milan. He had first met me at my hotel in Naples where we became friends.

Vladimir was a young Russian journalist who was travelling in Italy for an exciting story. At the hotel in Naples, he had come to me seeking some change and later coincidentally on the train. On the train he was telling me about his country. He had lived in the orphanage when he was young and then he was adopted by a rich merchant in his teens. I too told him about a lot of things which I did in Italy and in America. “You Americans can only get paid for what you desire and not for hard work,” he said. These words which he spoke were terse and abrupt. I could never make out what he meant.....it's even so till today!

Suddenly, I felt as if in a sensation of being at the center of an explosion. There seemed to be a loud bang and a blinding flash of light all around me, and I felt a tremendous shock which I

think uplifted me six feet from my seat and straight onto the side table.

The train had collided with some thing. After a few moments there was a thick blanket of smoke all around us. I managed to hold my breath and shouted, “Kranstov, are you there?” Then Vladimir came out of nowhere, held my hand and asked, “Chuck, are you okay?” I replied saying that I was alright. I was bleeding. A sharp piece of metal or something else seemed to have pierced my thigh. I could not stand up. Vladimir said, “Chuck, the train is on fire. I will have to pick you up, my friend.” He lifted me up on his shoulder and started moving swiftly towards the exit door. I had started to feel an utter sense of weakness. After we came out of the train, he helped me to lie down beside the burning train.

I could hear people shouting and trying to come out of the train. Vladimir rushed inside with my overcoat and was helping children come out of the burning hell. Before I was overcome by drowsiness, I saw Vladimir bring out seven people. After that, I only remember finding Vladimir beside me in the hospital. He had burns on his legs and back. The nurse told me that he had rescued twenty people. Then Vladimir murmured, “Our legs can't stand any more, brother.”

He was a hero to me in the truest sense of the word. He was given the bravery award by the Italian government. He had made the most lasting impression on me. If he were not to have been there, I would have been a burnt toast!

—Ashish Patil, XB



3

It all started when I was thirteen. It was an unbelievably hot summer afternoon. In my aunt's relatively cooler apartment, my mother and my aunt were discussing a criminal case. Being my usual inquisitive self, I asked what they were talking about. Next thing I knew I was sitting in a court, witnessing a criminal case being debated over.

From that moment onward, I knew that this was what I wanted to do. I wanted to be a lot, if not exactly, like my aunt. Even though she lost the first case I ever witnessed, the vigour and spirit in her voice while defending her client bowled me over. I had seen a totally new side of my aunt that day. From

education does count. She made me prepare myself for my future.

I was always a rebel. But there were times when I didn't have the courage to say or do something because of the fear that society may not accept it. For instance, I never believed that my friends' teasing someone due to his appearance was right, but I never had the courage to tell them that. This day, I saw my aunt fighting till the end in what she believed. And she didn't care what the next morning's papers would say about her or what the judge would think about her belief. She taught me to believe in what I do and fight for the right.

At that particular moment, I also happened to wonder how she managed to be so jovial when such

SHE SHOWED ME THE RIGHT

being a humorous, lovable and kind aunt, she was a lawyer, fighting for the right of the person she believed in. The impression she made on me that day has made me understand a lot of things.

She always told me, "Education counts. Either have fun for twenty years and suffer the next fifty years of your life or work hard now and enjoy the rest of your life." Being a typical ignoramus, I didn't pay much heed to her valuable advice. But that day, as I sat in the courtroom, I was in complete awe of not only my aunt but also the opponent. The debate made me wonder that though all of us can talk, how many of us can control a conversation? To control a situation you need to know what you're talking about. And then it dawned on me that

serious things were happening around her. Later, when I asked her for a reason she said that she truly felt every moment she lived and thus knew how to react to different situations. She taught me to 'feel' my life.

Sure! She wasn't and isn't impeccable. She knows how to gracefully accept her faults and move on. And to this day, two years after the incident, my feelings and the scene at the time of the case are vivid in my mind. I try to be hard-working, jovial and truthful most of the times. The impression my aunt made on me that day has lasted till date. When I tell her that I want to be just like her, she tells me, "Remember, you are unique, just like every one else." She taught me to be my own person.

—*Pallavi Jaishankar, XB*

Memorable Moments



Clockwise from top right: Chief Guest Dr Mrs O Mathews with the Late Mr S R Bhalekar (second from right) at the Junior Sports Day; From right to left: Principal M David, Chief Guest Mr V Runganathan, Mrs M David, Mrs Runganathan and Mrs Hoofrishi Hirji at the Senior Sports Day; Grandmothers all set to run a race; VIPs at the concert; BSS, Powai, won the Brainwaves Trophy for the year 2001; Tanushree Srivastava, top scorer at the ICSE March 2002 Examination, won the Principal's Gold Medal and the Trophy for Excellence in Social Studies; Inauguration of the Interact Club; Blue House wins the Inter-House Trophy for the Best Performance.





ANNUAL CONCERT





ANNUAL CONCERT



MEMORABLE MOMENTS

Clockwise from top right: Our pretty little dancers; Our trainee pilots; Laurels at the end of the year; The Green House presented the song, 'God is good', which bagged the first prize; Consult our budding architects for their futuristic designs; The Maggi Intra-School Quiz; The play put up by the Yellow House won the first place in Inter-House Dramatics; Commencement of the tug-of-war; and the Yellow House presents the song, 'Thank you, Lord, for all you've done', which won the first prize.





The mighty winds blew over the candle, the flame quivered. Death seemed like the solution but she stood strong. She chose to live. She was Princess Diana (1961-97) —the woman on whose death the whole world mourned. In thirty six years of her life she had accomplished various things from being a supporting mother to her children to lending her shoulder to cry on to the sad and lonely. She was also extremely well-known for her charitable causes like the AIDS Campaign. Since all these were not the ideal characteristics of the wife of the future king of England, she lost her title of 'The Princess of Wales'. She however elevated herself to a higher title by becoming the Queen of Hearts.



She was an introvert as a child. Her parents had got divorced when she was at the budding age of eight. Her marriage to Prince Charles, which would have been a dream come true for any ordinary girl, became Diana's worst nightmare. She was extremely sociable and loved mixing with people. This was not cherished by the Royal family; but she stood firm on the ground she walked on. She faced trying times with dignity and grace.

She is the woman who made a lasting impression on me. Princess Diana's elegance, grace and dignity had touched the heart of every person who had ever come to know about her. If she has to be compared to anybody, I would compare her to a white dove —pure, simple and a messenger of peace. God doesn't make anybody perfect. Among all of us, the great ones are those who accept their mistakes with dignity and try to overcome them with grace. Princess Diana was one of them!!!

—Deepika Kamath, XB

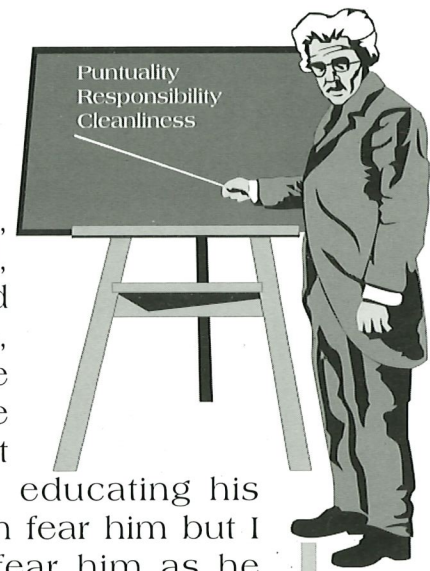
THE CANDLE IN THE WIND



MY PRINCIPAL

The renowned institution, Bombay Scottish School, has an equally renowned principal, Sir Mark David. Discipline, punctuality and humour are some of his well-known qualities. He teaches some of the most important lessons in addition to educating his students and pupils. Some of them fear him but I see no reason why one should fear him as he teaches us what is good. Instead of fearing him one must try to reach his level of discipline. He incessantly corrects the wrong instead of letting it go. I admire his sense of punctuality as it is one of the most important things a human being must have. Time and tide wait for no man. We must use time frugally. He takes care of everything to the fullest. When I am given a responsibility, I see to it that I make it perfect in every sense. I try to cultivate some of the things he teaches —tidiness. I keep my room clean. I check if anything is out of place. I make it a point to be at a given venue five minutes early. Reaching school on time for the zero period and keeping quiet in class are some of the things which are told to us repeatedly. My friends and I try to obey that. Though it is difficult, it is indeed very necessary. Before joining this school I was a very lazy and irresponsible person but after getting enrolled into this institution, I took control of my life. I put my full concentration into whatever I was doing. Though I was not the best I was satisfied that I had at least tried. I have understood the essence of life and that has happened as I was guided by my principal —the person who truly made an impression on me. I would continue to follow his ideals all my life, long after I've left this school.

—Aditi Mukundan, IXB





CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Capital punishment has been regarded for thousands of years as a horrible way to punish a criminal and has been considered to be the most effective way of reducing the crime rate. This has been practised from the time man had decided to maintain justice. In ancient days, dangerous men were kept in dark and pest-infested rooms to rot. This is where the idea of prisons arose. The Jews nailed traitors and criminals on crosses. The French killed Englishmen, priests, highwaymen and traitors with the scary guillotine. Now capital punishment is practised peacefully by means of electricity.

The most prejudiced thought about capital punishment is that it scares criminals into leaving the life of crime. But this is definitely not the case. Most criminals do not give in to crime because they are willing to do it. They are forced to obtain money by wrong means.

The only way of putting a stop to crime is by putting yourself in the criminal's shoes. Poverty is a major factor for crime. If a man is born in a slum, the least he can do for money is to take a job in a mine or factory where the wage is so amazingly meagre that he cannot support his family. The next alternative is begging which provides little because the often-thought options he'll do with the money is (a) rush to the liquor store (b) continue begging or (c) sleep on the sidewalk. The last alternative is crime which finally results in effective capital punishment which is what they accept gladly.

The punishment for crime I recommend is community service which helps criminals to lead a better life and help others. Literacy in underdeveloped and developing countries should also be extended.

—Roywin D'Souza, IXA



*Reproduced here are the prize-winning stories
written at the on-the-spot story-writing competition
organised for students.*

ICARUS, THE DINOSAUR, AND BOB, THE CAT

Once there lived a dinosaur called Icarus. He was very ugly and had spots all over his body. He was ugly looking but loved all the other creatures. One day, he went to a nearby river. There he saw a cat who was singing happily. Then the cat asked the dinosaur, "Will you come with me?" Icarus replied, "Yes." Then Icarus asked the cat, "What is your name?" The cat replied, "Bob." After sometime, the cat saw a tree. He told Icarus to climb the tree and he would climb after him. They almost reached the top of the tree and decided to climb a little more higher. When they reached the top of the tree, Icarus saw another world! He saw cats like Bob and dinosaurs like him! He went into this world and found some wool. Then, Icarus and Bob played with the wool. Then, after sometime they ate jelly beans which Bob brought from a nearby shop. They ate the jelly beans and slept a little. Bob told Icarus to climb down the tree. They soon reached down and went home. When Icarus went home, his stomach was full. What do



you think his stomach was full of? —Jelly beans!

—Titas Das,
IVA



LIZ AND THE CAT

One day Liz, the lizard, was playing in the garden. Then suddenly a cat came there. The cat was playing with a ball of string. Liz wanted to play with the ball of string too but one look at the cat scared him so much that he ran away. Some days later Liz was playing in the same garden and saw the same cat again, playing with the same ball of string. But this time Liz had made up his mind not to run away. This time he wanted the ball very badly so he started to fight. First Liz kicked mud on the cat's face. The cat ignored him, but Liz kept kicking. Finally the cat said, "You couldn't even ask me, could you? You should have asked me politely and I would have let you play with my ball." Liz felt ashamed at his behaviour and asked the cat politely if he could play. The cat said, "Yes." So both Liz and the cat were happy and became good friends, and Liz learnt a very good lesson.

—Siddant Nath, IIIC



MR JOHN'S LITTLE RED CAR

Once upon a time, there lived a man whose name was Mr John. He was willing to drive his own car. But the problem was he didn't have enough money to buy a car. When he was a young boy, he would play with his toy car. But now he said a toy car is no fun any more. He used to say that he only wanted a real red car. His father tried to tell him that they didn't have enough money to buy a car, but he would cry and when he started crying nobody would stop him and he would cry till he would get the thing that he was crying for. Anyway, after a few days it was his birthday. His father searched for that real red car but he couldn't. At last he found the car he was searching for. He asked the price for it. It was \$50! But he wanted to buy that car, even though it was too costly because it was his son's birthday. He thought for a while and paid the man \$50. Now, he wanted to give his son a surprise, so he hid it in the garage. On his birthday, he showed the car to his son. John was very happy. Now he needed a person who would teach him to drive it. His father found a teacher. He taught him how to drive a car. Soon John learned how to drive a car. Now he is 34. But he wants to keep his little red car very safely. Now he tells his children to look after his car as carefully as he did. Mr John can't drive his car any more but he wanted the car to be safe. He wishes to drive his car but he can't because now he is too old!

—Saisha Orke, IIC

THE CREEPY HOTEL



It was a bright and sunny day. My summer holidays were going on. We were planning to go to a hotel for the holiday. The name of the hotel was unknown. No one knew the actual name. Then there came a knock on my bedroom door. I went and opened it. My mother was standing there. "Come on, Rishab, get ready. We are going to the hotel in an hour," said my mother. She was very eager to go to the hotel. Her idea was that we would go to Kashmir, but my father did not agree. Anyway I quickly finished my bath and went down for breakfast. Downstairs my father was reading the newspaper. My mother was making toasts, and my small brother was whacking his video game for some reason. I went and sat next to my father and asked

him about the headlines. Then we had our breakfast, and mom checked everything. Then Dad said, "Ok! It's time to move." We then got into the car.

The ride was bumpy and long as well—at least two hours. When we started nearing the hotel the houses started to move out of sight. The grass became longer, and the place became scarier. As we were riding, I saw around seven scare crows and they all looked scary. Then the hotel came into sight. It was very old, I guessed. The colour was wearing off and it was located ahead of a swamp. "Seems exciting, doesn't it, Rishab?" asked my brother. He's always up to some kind of naughtiness. Anyway, when we parked the car and came out, I felt tingle of fear run down my spine. When we went inside we saw the manager standing with a strange grin on his face. He looked very scary. I

could see that the inside of the hotel was scarier than the outside. The walls were covered with paintings and statues of animals. Then the manager said, "Welcome." Said the spider to the flies, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" I felt a shiver. My brother Ritesh was shaking as if he was being given an electric shock. I was in fifth standard and he was in the third. I could see the sweat on my father's face. My mother was cool. "Thank you!" she said. "Here are the keys to your room,

sir and madam. Have a nice and scary time. Hee! Hee! Hee!" said the manager and went away. That night I could not sleep. There were howls and cries of despair. My parents woke up. They took the torch and went down to talk to the manager. After they went, the sounds started to come nearer and nearer. I could feel myself shivering. My brother was doing the same. Then the door burst open and a beast appeared! My brother shouted, "Ahhhh! Help! Mom, Dad! A monster!" The monster was advancing towards us.

Then I got an idea. I took the banana that mom had given me and took the peel off. Then I threw the banana on the monster's face and threw the peel in front of him. He moved ahead, slipped and fell. We both ran towards the door and then ran out of the hotel door. Mom and dad were standing there. I went to tell them what had happened but the



monster jumped down from the window and blocked our path. Ritesh threw the other banana peel near the swamp and ran there. The monster followed him. As Ritesh neared the swamp he took a sharp turn, but the monster slipped on the peel again and fell into the swamp.

Then we all ran towards the car and then dad started the engine and we went back home. I shall never go there again.

—Rishab Jyoti, VB



FANTASTIC MAX

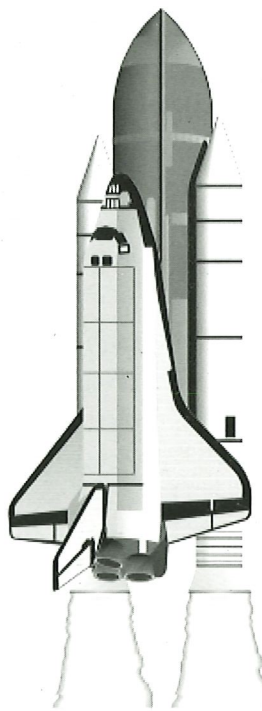
Once upon a time there was a baby called Bruno. He was an adventurous boy. He had two dolls. They were 'Fx' and 'BC'. Fx could do the magic and BC was his adventure manager. When Bruno was young, a space instrument had given him a shock when he had pressed the switch with wet hands. His father was an astronaut. He survived the shock and also started to do miraculous things. Thus Bruno was nicknamed 'Fantastic Max'. He had got the powers to make two things alive. Of course, he had to sacrifice the life of his doll friends —Fx and BC.

Soon his father built a sand pit for him. Max loved it. Once he made a space-ship out of sand. Fx did some magic and the sand-rocket became a real one. "Wow!" cried Max. Slowly he crept inside the house.

His sister Angelica was very naughty and nosy. She saw Bruno walking. She did not know anything about the transformation of the ship. When Max wore his Star Wars diaper and rushed out, his friends became dolls again, but when Max came inside the house, they started moving. What was Max to do now? Should he go aboard the ship or should he tell Fx to dismantle it? He thought that his parents would shout but they never needed to know. He would, of course, have to be careful of the devil: the spy of the aliens,

Angelica.

You must be anxious to know what happened. You guessed it right. Of course, he went on a voyage and here is what happened. As he put his foot into the ship, he made an identification card. He changed its shape into a baby-bottle and the rocket had controls to make everybody think. Nothing was happening. Suddenly the rocket started and moved into space.



When he went into cyberspace and was travelling at a speed of ten million light years per second, their fuel tank became empty. Angelica had sneaked aboard and by mistake she had emptied the fuel tank. It was easy and the aliens captured them. What was Max to do?

The aliens exchanged Angelica's brain with a chimp's. The chimp just spoke nonsense with Angelica's brain and Angelica became extremely intelligent as compared with her old IQ. Now by this time, Fx managed to pull the transferring button and BC pressed the escape hatch button. They broke free and they had also stolen the alien ship's fuel tank. They reached earth safe and sound. Wait a minute. Was Max keen to go back into the space? Who knows? Find out in the next episode of the 'Voyage of Fantastic Max'. See you in the next show. As for Angelica, she promised to herself that this was the most terrible event in her life and that she will never go into space again.

—Tejas Potdar, VIA

MANSION GHOST

We are all afraid of ghosts, aren't we? But many of us don't believe in ghosts. I was like that when I was younger. My friends and I used to boast that nothing could scare us. So some older children dared us to go into the large spooky mansion on top of the hill. It had been abandoned for over a hundred years.

We all felt that there was nothing scary about the house. Even though it was old, it looked like any ordinary house. It was only the huge garden surrounding the mansion that was scary. It was said that whoever entered the garden would never come out alive and people thought that this was true. They said there was a pale ghostly figure that took rounds of the garden late at night. They say that it was the ghost of the 'Lantern Lady', the original owner of the mansion. She used to love her beautiful garden and would sometimes come out wearing a white dress and carry a lamp for a walk.

The story goes as follows. When her husband died she got a great shock. When she would be walking through the garden, she would scream for help and then faint. One night she

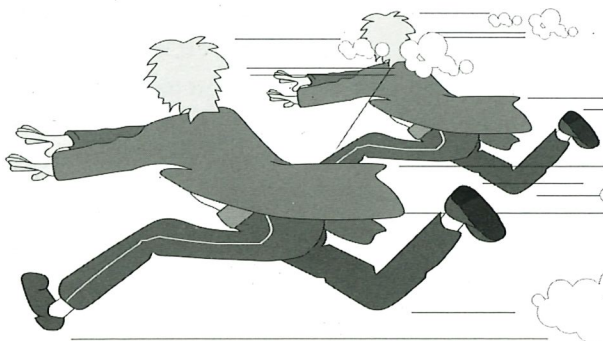
died on the spot but the strange thing is that her body was never found. It is said that she roams the garden in search of her body so that she can put her soul to rest. We did not believe in such a silly story. We went ahead and took the challenge of the older boys. As we were walking, one of us tripped over something and an ear-shattering scream pierced through the night. One of us had tripped over a frozen body —the dead body of a woman— and screamed. We were all so terrified; we did not know what to do.

Then, right in front of our eyes, a pale ghostly figure floated up and it was carrying a lamp. It was the Lantern Lady in the shimmering white dress. We stayed rooted to the spot, when someone yelled, "Run."

We sprinted away as fast as we could to the gate but just as we reached it, cold hands gripped our shoulders and picked us up as if we didn't weigh much. I kicked and struggled but could not get loose. Then with one mighty shove, I fell to the ground. So did some of my friends. We ran for our lives.

We could not stop running till we were a good ten kilometers away from the mansion (at least in our minds). We were gasping for breath. But breath was not the only thing that could have been taken from us. From that day on we were scared of even little mice. It had been a dangerous adventure where we almost got killed. It was also a narrow escape we were lucky to have had. That is why I shall never go there again.

—*Shivohne Saldanha VIC*





THE CASE OF THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER

It was a fine day for the whole of England. This was so because it was Sunday —the day when everything was usually peaceful. No work. But for Roger, Albert and me it was still a working day. I am detective Hewitt and I have been working here as a detective for many years. I have an assistant Albert, who can be a little weird and foolish at times. I even have a dog named Roger who can be smarter than Albert most of the times.

But then the phone rang. It was from the Agency. I picked up the phone and I heard, "Uh...., Detective, help me. Someone is going to kill me." And then, "Aarhh." The line was disconnected. I quickly got the address and told Albert. "Quick, go to 117 Main Street. On the double." The police squad, Roger and I reached there within minutes. Then we checked the entire house for clues. We found nothing. Then a policeman called out loud, "Sir, sir, have a look at this." In the closet we found the body of a woman named Joanna D'Souza, also the owner of the house. I told the officers to take the body for a post-mortem. When the report came in, I was astonished. There was a small fracture and a gunshot right through the head. The person who did it was surely an expert at this. We went through Joanna's file and family certificate. We found that Joanna had a divorced husband named Ronnie and a fiance

named Rixon. Both of them used to get into petty fights and their names were registered in the police records. We investigated the house again and found many bloody fingerprints all over the office. Then we found a big stain right near the closet where we found Joanna's body. Joanna was brutally murdered in the office. Then Albert suddenly suggested something which sounded pretty smart. He had a friend named Dr Morin who was a DNA analyst. We at once showed the scene to her. She explained the whole thing. The victim first had a quarrel. Then she started arguing in a rude manner. The murderer used a blunt object and hit her on the head. The victim fell down unconscious. The murderer then fired the gun at her hand. Before becoming unconscious she hit the speakerphone which recorded the sound. The DNA results were then taken of Rixon and Ronnie's. They matched.

Rixon Furtado was finally convicted and imprisoned on August 10, 1994. He then described the scene. He said that he was having an argument with Joanna. She didn't agree and so he lost his temper and hit her with the baseball bat. He then placed the gun next to her head and fired it. This made it look like a case of suicide. But when I set out to solve a case, no mystery lingers. Isn't it Roger?" "Bow, bow." "Thank you!" I replied.

—*Sohm Shivkumar, VIII A*

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

1

It was nice to see the children back to school. Everyone was excited. Wow! There would be plenty of new friends.

Three boys and two girls were given a warm welcome to class five. All were admired by the pupils but Alan stole the thunder. He was a tall, fair American with blond hair and tiny blue eyes. All the pupils were glad to meet him.

Alan told them all about his nation and showed off his electronic toys —the latest video games and all sorts of fancy items. All and sundry thought of him as a smart, intelligent and friendly American. Pupils were at his beck and call.

But Josh seemed to be the 'odd man out'. He realised that Alan just knew how to blow his own trumpet. Josh was not the sort to play second fiddle. He warned everyone, "All that glitters is not gold." But they thought that Josh grew green as Alan stole

the thunder. Josh firmly replied, "It will be proved to you, and this is no idle boast." "Oh! He's just a dog-in-the-manger," laughed everyone.

The days passed by. It was soon time for their examinations. Josh worked day and night with all effort. He was dedicated to his work. On the other hand, Alan continued to blow his trumpet.

The examinations were over. All pupils had their hopes on Alan. Miss Sally, their teacher, came in with the results. "Children, I know you are eagerly waiting for the results, aren't you?" she questioned, "Yes teacher," was the simple reply. She called out the names one by one. Then she said, "Alan Brown". Everyone

applauded. "I am very disappointed. He is the only one who has failed in the class."

This speech left behind a number of



blank, astonished faces. Their hope was shattered, their inspiration went down the drain. The proud Alan was repenting.

"And now children, the Solomon of the class, Josh Adams." Happy as a lark, Josh walked away with his progress card. It seemed as if the world had turned upside down.

The children exchanged glances. They were sorry for their ruthless behaviour. Josh repeated his favourite saying, "All that glitters is not gold." Many smiling faces watched him.

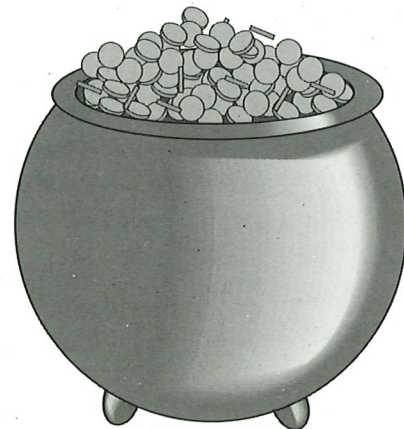
—*Poorva Agarwal, VIII B*

2

There was a very poor farmer named Ali. He lived in Gujarat and the cause of his poverty was his land. His land was extremely infertile and would yield no crop. Luckily one day, Ali got a rich customer who wanted to buy the land and set up a factory in that place. The deal was almost finalised. But one day, while Ali was ploughing the land he found a small piece of gold. Illiterate as he was, Ali believed that it really was gold. The next day, thinking that there was some real gold underground, Ali went to his customer and persuaded him not to buy the land, saying that there was a volcano under ground and it could erupt any moment. The customer believed Ali and cancelled the deal. Ali revealed the news of the gold to his wife and children and they danced with joy. Then at once they started digging the soil to find more of it. They dug and dug and dug —for days

on end but it was all in vain. They lost almost all hopes but one day when Ali was digging the ground, he found something glittering like gold. He gave the news about it to his wife and children who were overjoyed at the thought. They started digging hard once again and then they came across something hard and solid. They tried to pull it out with great effort and they were successful. There it was covered with mud. The wife immediately ran back home and brought a jar full of water to clean up the mud. After it was washed clean, what did they find? It was nothing but an aluminium pot coloured with gold. It was not gold but only painted gold. It was a pot belonging to the sixteenth century. It was old, dusty and almost rusted. They found a small hole in it due to which Ali understood that the piece of gold he had got was from that pot. He went back to his customer and persuaded him to buy the land. The customer still believed the volcano story and thus Ali's efforts were all in vain. By this Ali learnt a lesson that: All that glitters is not gold.

—*Vanessa D'Souza, VIII B*



THE CASE OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

I have solved many cases — some interesting, some silly, but there is one such case I



remember which even I, one of the most famous detectives in town, Mehek, couldn't have solved without the help of Mr Albert, my smart but sometimes silly and careless assistant and Roger, my pet wolf hound, who looks extremely fierce on the outside but is actually a coward inside.

It all started when I was sitting on my rocking chair in front of the fireplace, reading a newspaper. It was very chilly outside the house. I could see the snowflakes fall on the window pane outside. But my house was warm and the fire crackled merrily in front of Roger who lay on the rug in front of the fireplace. Albert was trying to switch on the radio without

realising the main switch was put off. Suddenly there was a light knock on the door.

I wondered who it could be on such a cold evening. Mr Albert left the radio and opened the door. There stood a lady in a fur coat. Mr Albert took her inside and motioned her to sit on the sofa while he made some hot coffee. The lady did as advised. Roger was growling lightly but immediately stopped when the lady petted him.

I asked her the reason she was here in my humble home. As she began to reply, I could make out that her voice was shaking with fear. Mr Albert returned with three mugs of coffee. He handed one to each of us. The lady told us her name was Mrs Cotton. She was a married woman whose husband had divorced her. So I asked why did she need the help of detectives.

She came straight to the point. She told us that she had a necklace made of diamonds which she used to keep in her safe. She claimed that someone had stolen it. I asked her how much was it worth? She said one hundred million dollars. Almost immediately as though someone had boxed him in the stomach, Mr Albert spilt his coffee.

We told Mrs Cotton that we would be glad to help her. As Mrs Cotton left, Roger began growling softly again. I quietened him and began thinking. Mr Albert kept



muttering a hundred million to himself. Then it struck me a diamond necklace worth that much could definitely be insured.



The next day we went to visit Mrs Cotton. Her house was a big mansion.

Mr Albert was stunned to see it. We went inside. Mrs Cotton was going out for some important work and left us to explore the house alone. We split up. Mr Albert was searching the living room, Roger the kitchen and the bedrooms.

I was looking at the things around when I heard a crash and then a bump. Mr Albert had fallen again. I rushed down to see Mr Albert stuck in the sofa. Roger came barking loudly and went near Mr Albert. I helped Mr Albert free his leg when Roger began barking more excitedly. Then I noticed what he was barking at. There were two identical necklaces.

Then it all struck me. I went to the window to think. There I saw Mrs Cotton talking to a man. Mr Albert hurried behind me and in his haste fell out of the window. He landed straight on Mrs Cotton and I hurried behind him but through the door.

I caught Mrs Cotton and told her that she was arrested in the name of the law. She protested and I told her that I knew her smart plan. I told Mr Albert that she planned to claim that her necklace was stolen and then she would claim the money from the

insurance company. She would then take her necklace and the money and go away to some other country where she would settle and this man was to order her tickets.

The lady began to sob and we handed her over to the police. We then happily returned to my humble home where Mr Albert got back to his radio and I sat in front of the fire with Roger on my lap thinking about the happenings of the day.

I was very happy and smiled to myself as I saw Mr Albert fidgeting with the radio.

—*Mehek Contractor, VIIC*

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge can be communicated, but not wisdom. One can find it, be fortified by it, do wonders through it, but one cannot communicate and teach it.

—SIDDHARTHA

Knowledge emerges only through invention and reinvention, through the restless, impatient, continuing hopeful enquiry, men pursue in the world, within the world and with each other.

—PAULO FREIRE

Knowledge is a treasure that no one can steal from us.

—ANONYMOUS

Knowledge has outstripped character development, and the young today are given an education rather than an upbringing.

—IYA EHRENBURG

The larger the island of knowledge, the longer the shoreline of wonder.

—RALPH SOCKMAN

Compiled by:

—*Shipra Tewari, VIIIA*

WARREN AND THE BLIND BEGGAR

Warren saw a blind beggar begging near the Andheri Railway Station. He seemed very familiar. He was sure that this man was not blind. But Warren couldn't place him. As he was pondering over his thoughts, he saw a black car approaching. The car stopped near the beggar. A man who looked very much like a gangster came out of the car. As he was approaching the blind beggar, an old beggar approached the man and asked him for some money. The man rudely told the old beggar, "Get out of my sight", and rudely pushed away the old beggar. He went to the blind beggar. He gave the blind beggar a scratched ten-rupee note. He entered the car and sped away. As he left, Warren noted the car number: MH-1304. After reading the scratched note the blind beggar walked away. As he was walking Warren saw that the beggar walked pretty quickly for a blind man. Warren followed the man at a safe pace. As he went shadowing the blind beggar, he saw the beggar enter an old abandoned hut. The beggar locked the door behind him. Fortunately for Warren, a window was kept open. He crept up near the windows and was astonished to see that the man was not a beggar. He was talking to the most dangerous smuggler gang in the

city. Warren quietly crept away to the nearest booth. Before he entered the booth, he saw a ten-rupee note. On that note it was scribbled 912 Shanti Nagar. Warren realised that there was something fishy about it. He quickly phoned his uncle who was a police officer to meet him at 912 Shanti Nagar. Warren again went to the smugglers hideout to do some snooping around. While he was snooping he heard one of the gang members say, "Come on guys, off we go to 912 Shanti Nagar." Warren quickly raced ahead of them to 912 Shanti Nagar. When he reached he saw his uncle and his men in plain clothes. He explained to his uncle all that had happened. He also told his uncle that the smugglers were coming in a black car. As he said that the black car came. The men in plain clothes quickly surrounded the car and handcuffed all the smugglers. The police officer and his men investigated the car and found drugs and gold biscuits in it. The smugglers had decided to export these to another country but were caught red-handed. Warren was richly rewarded for his timely action. The next day Warren was delighted to find his pictures in all the newspapers. But the smugglers were really angry that they were tricked by a school boy.

—Abiah Jacob, VIIA





A FAMILY REUNION

“..... Mai couldn't stand it any longer. With a suppressed cry, she ran into her mother's arms.....”

A small house in Connecticut, in the peaceful suburbs —that is where Mai had been living for thirteen years. She had two younger brothers and a little sister. But none real. Originally from Korea, Mai had been taken away from her mother as soon as she was born and had been adopted by the Goodwins who were then touring Seoul.

Mai had then been brought back to America and to the home of the Goodwins in Connecticut. She had always thought them to be her parents but as she grew older, the truth slowly began to dawn on her. Her distinct Korean features almost proved that the Goodwins were not her mother and father.

Mai never spoke about it to her parents but the thought always kept nagging her. Even her friends spoke about it, some behind her back and some up to her face. Even though she was an adopted child, Mai was given just as much love as her

brothers and sister, if not more.

Finally, when Mai turned thirteen, her parents decided to tell her the truth. They told her that Mai had been the eighth child of her biological parents and because of their inability to support their children, they had left her at a small home. It was at this small home for abandoned children and orphans that the Goodwin couple had found her and had immediately fallen in love with her.

Mai accepted this fact very bravely.

For the whole of next week, Mai was very thoughtful and even sad. Those around her noticed it. At the end of the week, Mai went to her parents and dropped the bombshell. She wanted to meet her biological mother.

At this request of Mai's, the Goodwins thought it their duty to do all they could and hunt down Mai's own mother. They got in touch with the lady

who had left Mai at the home for the abandoned and orphans. She said she'd get back. In five days the Goodwins got a call from Seoul that brought them good news. Mai's real mother had been found and had agreed to meet her.

Mai was told this but she showed no sign of any emotions. She simply thanked them and walked up to her room. Immediately, the entire Goodwin family embarked on a





mission. Mai's father booked six tickets on a plane to Seoul and they left. On reaching Seoul, they checked into their hotel and Mai impatiently waited for the next day when she would get to meet her real mother.

The next morning, the Goodwin family got into the large van that they had rented and first went to see the lady from the home where Mai had been adopted. Mai hugged her when she saw her and exchanged a few words. The lady said that she would take them to the place where Mai's mother had agreed to meet them.

The whole Goodwin family waited with impatience for Mai's mother to arrive. She was already half-an-hour late. Mai saw many ladies come to the restaurant where they waited but then they all left. Then a lady with a small baby in her arms arrived. She walked towards them with hesitating steps. The lady introduced her as Mai's mother. They both remained silent. Mai started crying silently and so did her mother. Suddenly, Mai couldn't stand it any longer. With a suppressed cry, she ran into her mother's arms and they embraced each other for almost an hour. All the members of the Goodwin family started to weep and it was a happy reunion with no bitterness on Mai's part or her mother's.

Finally, the mother said she had to leave and the happy moment ended. Anyway, Mai returned to Connecticut a satisfied soul.

—*Shubha Prabhat, XA*

FUNNY WRITERS

Who is the wild writer?

Oscar Wild.

Who is the deepest author?

H G Wells.

Who is the youngest poet?

Patricia Young.

Name a kiddish writer.

Leo Tolstoy.

Who is the author who lives in a wood house?

P G Wodehouse.

Who is the coolest poet?

Robert Frost.

Who is the one who loves sheep a lot?

Aric Shepherd.

Name the writer with a strong will power.

Will Durant.

Who is the poet whose words are worth reading?

William Wordsworth.

Name the poet who was a pope?

Alexander Pope.

Who is the pearl among novelists?

Pearl S Buck.

Who is the poet who thinks himself to be the Lord of Poets?

Lord Alfred Tennyson.

Who is the poet who thinks himself to be the son of a king?

R H Kingdon.

Who is the Strongest Writer?

L A G Strong.

—*Karishma George, VIIIB*



1

The Missed Flight To Calcutta

This is my story relating to the closest that I ever got to death. May- be I was blessed with luck or I was meant to do something in my life which had not yet been accomplished. I was to fly to Calcutta on the 13th of October. I'm a regular flyer but this flight would completely change the way I looked at my life and my ways.

I had called for a cab and as I was packing my bags to leave for Calcutta on that day for an important meeting, I looked out of the window to see the little birds chirping with happiness

cursed the poor old man without thinking twice for I had no reason to do so. I pursued people for a lift, but their destinations varied. Some others were rude and selfish. Finally I managed to get a lift from an elderly



citizen who dropped me off at the airport where I discovered that I was late and that the plane had already

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE

amidst the mist, I thought to myself 'What a beautiful morning it was' and little did I know of the self-realisation I would go through after that day. As soon as the cab reached my house I left, bidding good-bye to my near and dear ones.

Though I was on schedule, I asked the driver to drive faster. We moved through the traffic while I was thinking about the meeting which lay ahead of me. I gradually drifted off to sleep. I woke up when the car pulled over on the side and stopped. I hurriedly asked the driver as to what had happened to the car? He said that there was no gas left and the next gas station was about 20 minutes' away.

At this point I was furious. I yelled. I

left. Yet again I cursed the driver.

To the surprise of my wife I came back home early and I told her the story about the driver. She too was quite annoyed. I went to sleep thinking about the meeting and the wretched driver. Next morning I woke up early and sat down to read the morning paper; and to my bewilderment, I found that the flight on which I was to leave that day had crashed. I was so taken aback by this news, I told my wife about it and she came and embraced me. I called up the cab driver to apologise to him and wondered why I was sent a messenger from God and for what I did that I got one.

—Rudrajit Nag, XA



2

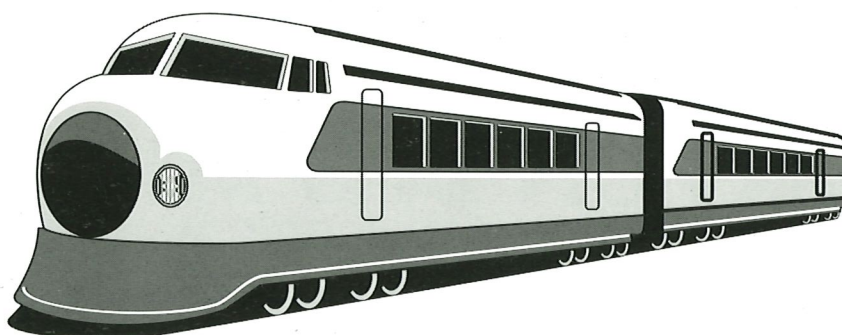
The Express Train To New Jersey

It was a bright sunny day. Ricardo had to board the 3.06 p.m. express train to New Jersey. He woke up early, excited about his first visit to New Jersey. All ready, sparkling clean, fresh as a daisy, he left home at 3.00 p.m., for a fifteen-minute walk to the station. He did not know what was in store for him. He reached the platform at 3:10 p.m. In his excitement, he had jogged to the

station. "My gosh, the train is waiting there, I am late." Truly a train was on the platform. Without asking

anyone whether it was the right train, he jumped on board the train. He sat down, feeling good and thanking his stars that he did not miss his train. There was an old man in front of him who supposedly knew the route well. He decided to ask him how long it would take. "Excuse me, sir, how long is it till New Jersey?" "New Jersey? You must be nuts! This train goes to Miami. It takes a right after the next station. Better get down and go back." Ricardo felt a chill go down his spine. He was supposed to meet his grandma at New Jersey, but he had got on the wrong train. Taking his luggage he got down at a stop where

the Miami Midnight Rail turns right. The train he was supposed to board did not stop there. There was no way he could get on to that train. From the nearest phone booth he called his grandma saying he will not be able to visit her. Disgusted with himself he caught the next train back home to Virginia (West). Then at home he thought "Why am I such a fool? Why couldn't I ask someone and then get on the train? Forget it now. What has happened has happened. Cannot cry over spilt milk." He put on the television to watch the 7:30 p.m. news. "Major headlines: the 3:16



express train to New Jersey met with a horrible accident when it collided with the Manhattan-Oklahoma

Express. No survivors, all 575 men dead. One of the worst train accidents ever." That was all Ricardo heard. He had survived a terrible accident due to his forgetfulness. "How fortunate can a man get! What luck that I got into the wrong train!" he wondered jumping with glee and continued, "God, I really thank you for this. I will never forget what you just did for me." He sat down and said to himself, "People lose their lives due to mistakes, but I saved mine due to one!"

—Snehanth Nath, IXB



Reproduced here are prize-winning poems
written at the on-the-spot poetry-writing
competition for students.



WONDERFUL SEASONS

Seasons are really a fun,
We can play in the sun.
In the rains we can jump,
Splash and run.
And when it is terribly hot,
You know cotton clothes
I have got!
And when it is spring,
Flowers bloom
And the birds sing,
And when it rains
Farmers are filled with joy,
Like I am happy if I get a toy.
But when it is cold
It's a muffler I have to hold!
I think seasons are a lot of fun,
I am sure you will now
Run and run
Out in the sun.

—Saisha Orke, IIC

SEASONS ARE REFRESHING

Seasons are refreshing,
Like spring you see.
Primroses bloom very beautifully,
Butterflies fly so very far.
But, better than all these things,
Is nature so far.
Summers are sweaty
And so very hot.
Monsoons are rainy
And so very moist
That going out
Is bad for me.
Here comes the winter,
So cold, I please.
But, better not catch a cold
Because my mom may spank me.
But I don't mind at all, you see,
Because I'm used to the spansks
My mom gives me!!!

—Arnav Bhattacharya, IVA

A LOVELY SEASON

Summer is hot,
As hot as a desert.
Rain is so rainy,
As rainy as can be.
I wish I could get wet,
Though my mother
Will shout at me.
Winter is so cold,
We can make
A snowman anywhere.
The snow is always there.
I wish I could be there too
To make a snowman for you!

—Sarakshi Rai, IVB



SEASONS ALL SEASONS

Lord made these seasons.
Oh! How wonderful they are!
There's summer, winter
Autumn, monsoon,
And spring
With beautiful flowers.
Lord made these seasons.
Oh! How wonderful they are!
He made them for me
And for you
To have fun and of that
I am very very sure...

—Sabah Inderpal, IVA

THE INNOCENT TRAVELLER

I now sit here, unaware,
Of where this metal bird leads me.
Bound in ropes, stuck with a stare,
Destiny's game angers me, amazes me.

A simple passenger was I,
On a plane, only for the third time,
To meet my brother. In this world up high
Came the devils in disguise.

I was scared, haunted by the past
When extremists didn't let lives last.
Would they let us go? Are they kind?
Or are they just fanatics without a mind?

But now I'm much braver.
What will be, will be!

A glimpse of my entire life
At this moment I long to see.

A loving family, great friends.
The people I hurt, the list never ends.
Now, I wish I can be safe,
And apologise for causing
Unnecessary pain.

As I look out of the window
We speed towards the twins.
Can't God kill this hatred?
Can't peace be bred?
Within minutes....
We'll plunge into nowhere,
I hope and pray love lives there.

—*Pallavi Jaishankar, XB*



HOLIDAYS ARE THE BEST

Holidays are the best,
Because you can rest.
Holidays are fun,
Because there is a lot of sun.
We can play,
With a lot of clay.
Holidays are good
Because they are too cool!!

—*Vinayak P. Menon, IVC*

FUN ON A HOLIDAY

Oh, it's a holiday,
A jolly jolly day.
It's time to have some fun
In the bright shiny sun.
Play with me, oh, play with me,
Oh do just see.
No study, just play
Oh, how I like a holiday.
After play, have a nap,
Oh, sorry, a very deep sleep,
Oh, it's a holiday,
A jolly jolly day!

—*Snigdha Manogyna Parimi, IVC*



IF I WERE 'HOMEWORK'

If I were given a bomb, I'd blow my homework to bits.
It's the one thing that gives me fits.

I'd eat spinach and cauliflower or pet a porcupine
Than tackle the homework my teacher assigns.

That burden of homework gives my head a whirl.
It stops me from playing with the other boys and girls.

The day homework runs out of my life and dreams,
I'll celebrate with cakes and ice-creams.

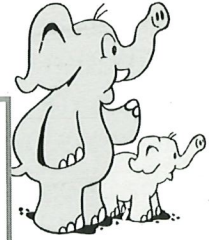
—*Sharanya N Haridas, VIA*



CRICKET

Life is a game called cricket.
The team is sad when you lose a wicket.
When you quit with ducks
It looks like you are bitten by bugs.

Life is a game called cricket.
When you score sixers and fours
It looks as if your team has won.
Indians, Pakistanis or Australians
All join as one
In this game called cricket
—The one and only one!
—*Juhi Mathur, VC*



IF I WERE AN ELEPHANT

If I were an elephant
I would have swayed along
With my cargo of children
All singing a song.

Beneath my grey forehead
A little eye peers
of what I am thinking
Between those wide ears.

Of what would I think
If I wish to tease
I could twirl my keeper
Over the trees.

And so with the children
I go my way
To the tinkle of laughter
Crowned with may.

—*Nibha Rastogi, VB*

COUNT FOUR BLESSINGS

Jimmy cried when he came home
Sobbed, "I can't draw at all!
If only I could draw well,
I'd have lovely paintings
To sell at the mall!"

"It's a pity I can't sing too!
Everyone mocks at me.
If only I could sing sweetly,
How happy I would be!"

Mom said, "But you have
A very good imagination,
And can write the best of stories
On your own.
Now isn't this a blessing from God,
Have you not known?"

—*Ritu Pathare, VIIA*

THE BEST DAYS OF THE WEEK!

Holidays are the best
Like a golden chest.
A chest full of adventures
That daring children venture.
Oh! Holidays are the Best!

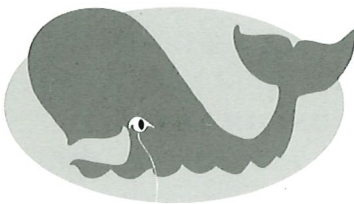
—*Pali Jaishankar Kanungo, IVC*

IF I WERE A WHALE IN THE SEA

If I were a whale in the sea
I would have so much fun
With all the other creatures in the sea
Eating tasty plankton.

Seeing the coral reef beneath,
I would always dance with joy,
Playing with dolphins and seals
But sad, there isn't any toy.

—*Ravish Oommen George, VC*





BEAUTIFUL COLOURS

Colours are so beautiful,
With shades of red and green.
When they are coloured into something,
How wonderful do things seem!
Our lives are like paintings,
Joy and happiness colour them.
And when our lives are full of these
We bloom like flowers, smiling and pleased!

Next, we should try and colour
Sad and lonely lives
To create a world so colourful
That seems cheerful and bright!
—*Sanjeevani Rajat Thakur, VIIA*

COLOURS OF LIFE

There can be different colours,
As your life unfolds
There can be colours of happiness
And sorrow
And colours which can't be told!
These colours are not filled with crayons
But are filled with love and hate,
And the colour your life is filled with
All depends on your fate.
But the most beautiful colour
Is the colour of friendship
Which you should never lose
But always safely keep!
—*Mehek Contractor, VIIC*



MY FAVOURITE COLOUR

My favourite colours are pink and blue.
What are your's, may I ask you?
Blue is in the sky, so high
And even in the rivers which pass by.
Pink is on buildings and some towers.
Pink is also in some fruits and flowers.
Thanks, God, for these lovely colours.
My favourite colours.....for me
Would never, never fade.

—*Ramsha Syed, VA*

FUN WITH COLOURS

Colours are fun.
You cannot catch them even if you run.
To the world, colours bring happiness,
They also drive away
The gloom or sadness.
Colours come in many a shade.
I wonder by whom they all are made?
My favourite colours are red and green.
Apples and trees are where they are seen.
The colour golden is full and bold
For that's the colour that shines in the sun.
With white the colours become light
And with others they become bright.
Oh! Colours are such a wonderful sight!

—*Suchita Vaidya, VIIB*



YOUR GUIDING MENTORS

Thoughts originate in your mind
and feelings in your heart.
They guide you to solve your problems
or to a new start.
They are contradicting forces; in tough
and rocky phases of life they may help you guide
A devil or an angel, a companion
or an enemy —thats for you to decide!
Kind or forgiving, corrupt or perverted,
they are an image of your personality.
So the next time you make a blunder
blame it on your sanity!
Now we know, thoughts and feelings
are our mirror images.
They change as we enter a world of peace
or into a devil's cage!
This is the new millennium,
the world of the technocrats.
When everybody thinks it's 'cool'
not to give a thought of care
You should be original,
—an angel among the devils
you will rank high on God's stats!
When you take a walk down memory lane,
rejoice in some good times... also
feel some pain.
You look back at your thoughts and feelings
who helped you through good and bad
To set new trends.
Whether they were right or wrong
They always remained
your true friends!

—Deepika Kamath, XB





A LITTLE HARD WORK EVERYDAY

Success is something that each one wants to gain,
But it all depends on hard work and how you channelise your brain.
If you work sincerely, just for a few hours each day,
Success is surely going to meet you on your way.

Success won't come if you start your day late
When time for you won't wait,
And everything good would have gone away
Leaving you alone on your way!

Well, if success is something you want to achieve,
Then there is this one thing you will have to believe.
Make a guess I'll still give you a hint....
Well, Success is a marathon and not a sprint!

—*Sunayana Mohanty, VIIIB*



TO THE BEST OF LIFE!

Hardworking people have always achieved it.
Everyone in existence has always chased it.
The path leading to it has always been rigid.
Philosophers for ages have paved it.

Who fail to get it they moan.
A few of them let themselves alone.
There are a few who go on trying hard
Right till the time like a star they shine.
They have to set themselves for a test
Give up the time to relax and rest.
And when they get what they want,
Sure, they get life's very best!

—*Shubhra Dixit, VIIIA*

YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS

Success is not a simple process,
It comes with ambition and a lot of stress.
Success comes from not only an intelligent brain,
It comes from striving and a lot of pain.
If you think of living in a world of success,
Don't think you'll get through this huge process.
Success is also the first name of ambition,
It could come through days of hunger and starvation.
It is this path that has brought people fame.
Success is not merely a game.
And if, my friend, in your life you have success,
Don't forget my advice of hardwork and stress.

—*Sohm Shiv Kumar, VIIIA*





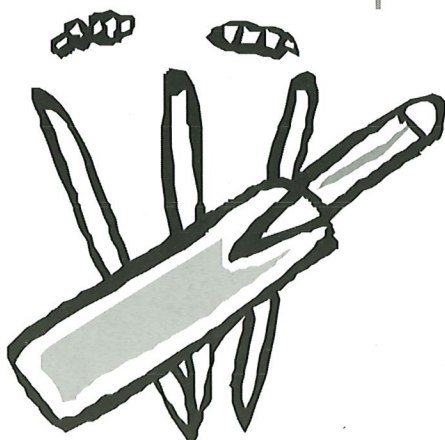
A THREAT TO HUMANITY

Terrorism rules the world of today.
It brings about horror and destruction, I say.
People killed, their dead bodies thrown:
I wonder, how many people are left to mourn?
Selfishness and desire for material gain
Bring untold sorrows and endless pain.
Who did what is not the case.
Can't we get over this warlike phase?

The destruction of the World Trade Center was in the news.
At first America declared they had no clues.
The indifference of Afghanistan
And their destructive mission
Held this Islamic country to be a target of suspicion.
America with its desire for revenge
Would cause devastation that could not be mended.
Wouldn't this be a serious threat to mankind?
Is there no solution we can find?

End of war and terrorism would be a blessing.
Is God the one who is testing?
Life is precious, don't waste it away,
And let not terrorism be the ruler of today.

—Archita Halady Rao, XB



MY FAVOURITE GAME

Cricket is my favourite game
But I don't know how it got its name.
I do know it started with the 'Ashes'
In which the batsmen gave thrashes.
Once I made a good score
So the bowler said, "No more!"
Cricket has a lot of fame,
Cricket is my favourite game!

—Rishab Rameshwar D Jyoti, VB



Reproduced here are poems culled from class magazines prepared for Founder's Day.

COCONUTS

Coconuts hang on a tree,
They look beautiful and are for free.
Be it Maths, Physics, History,
Or Hindi, Bio, Chemistry.
In History they were used by every king
Either to dance or to sing.
In Maths coconut is a hero
Since it resembles a zero.
In Bio it's a fruit,
Its shape makes it look cute.
For coconuts in Physics I feel pity,
But yes! When they fall they signify gravity.
In Geography are found from Arctic to Antarctic,
But to get them there is a special tactic.
Be it parties, patients or food,
Coconuts are forever good.
Be it any party, yo!
Drink its water, friend and foe.
It's good for patients' intestine
It flows through their stomach like the river Rhine.
With coconuts, South Indians make lovely food,
Take my advice: To them never be rude!
Be it beaches, gardens or Hawaii,
Coconuts taste good even in a pie.
On beaches you've people with coconuts in their hands
So refreshing that it makes them feel even on land.

—Shreya Khatri, IXB

SUN FLOWER

You are my favourite flower.
You look bright when the sun rises.
You look pale when the sun sets.
Your seeds are used to make
Cooking oils
Which help
People to be healthy always.

—Srinidhi Iyengar, IA



MY BROTHER

My brother is a naughty boy.
He sits like a toy.
He is also very fat.
He loves to sleep on a mat.
He gives me a punch.
Still I love him very much.

—Rishit Shetty, IA

THE FARMER

I am a son of the soil.
In farms and fields,
I toil and toil.
I plough the fields
And I pluck the weed.
I sow the seed.
I am a son of the soil.
I sweat in summer,
I shiver in winter,
I work in shower,
I labour for hours,
I am a son of the soil.

—Shruti Sharma, IA

MY BOAT

My boat floats
In a deep wide moat.
It is red in colour
Just like a flower.
When I put it in water,
It floats like a little otter.
It has a white sail
And is shaped like a whale.

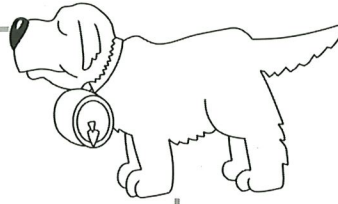
—Mallika Vaznaik, IC



MY PET DOG

My pet dog is called Tuffy.
I love him because he is fluffy.
His fur is soft and white.
Biscuits and bones he loves to bite.
I call out his name and he wags his tail.
He guards our house and brings me the mail.
In the morning, I walk with him in the park.
In the evening, I play with him before dark.
He is smart and clever.
He'll be my friend forever.

—Anushree Chokappa, 1A



A GARDEN

A garden is a place full of play.
A place to be happy and gay.
It is a place of trees,
A place full of peace.
A place where people rest,
And birds make their nest.
It has many rides
Such as swings and slides.
A place which has beautiful scenery
And a place full of greenery.

—Aditi Joshi, 1A

MY LOST SHOE

Shoe, shoe where are you?
If only I could get a clue.
You are as dark as night
And now you're out of my sight.
I've searched beyond my might
Under my bed and above my height.
Shoe, shoe give me a clue
So that I can find you.
I kept you in a rack.
Maybe someone took you in a sack
And threw you somewhere
Where I can see you nowhere.
Though now I've a new shoe
But I still miss you.

—Rameet Aggarwal, IIB



THE POOR AIR-BALLOON

Once upon a time,
There was an air-balloon
Which flew very high,
And carried many people.
One day, the air-balloon
Was flying up in the sky.
When the wind stopped,
The poor air-balloon came down.
And stuck in the mud.
People tried to fly it,
But it could not fly,
And that was the end
Of the poor air-balloon.

—Kaveri Iyer, IB





MY BOAT

I have a little boat.
It is red in colour.
It is short and small
And round like a ball.

—Pratyusha Challa, IC

MY BOAT

I have a little boat.
I put it in the water to float.
I love my boat
With its golden coat.

—Arnav Gupta, IC

MY BOAT

I have a little boat.
She is light yellow and red.
She floats in the water
And we all watch her.

—Aditya Patel, IC

MY BOAT

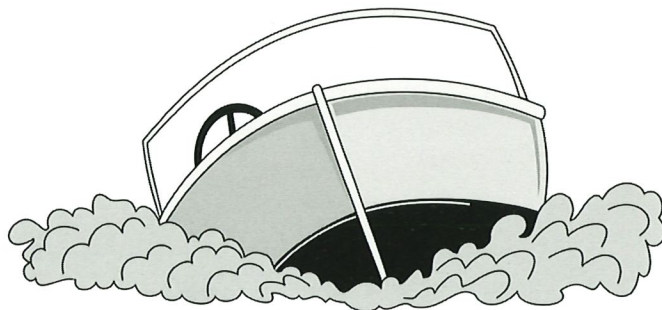
I have a little boat.
I want to teach it to float.
I have to hold it by a string
Before it can do any thing.

—Krista Clements, IC

LOST AT SEA

I am a boat. My name is Amina.
I am red in colour. I belong to Anvi.
One day she left me on the beach.
The waves came and took me
Into the water.
I saw dolphins playing in the water.
A big ship came and hit me
And I got hurt.
There were many fish in the water.
Then a fisherman caught me
In his net and brought me
Back to the shore.

—Anvi Vadodaria, IC



LOST AT SEA

I am a boat.
My name is Neil.
I belong to Daniel.
I am yellow in colour
One day I was left on the beach.
A wave pulled me into the sea.
A ship knocked me.
I got hurt. Some sharks bit me.
Then I saw people racing in boats.
At last I was caught in a fishermen's net.
And I was brought back to the shore.

—Daniel Chettiar, IC



CRICKET

Cricket is a game of fun
Where people have to run.
It is impossible for people
Who are stout
And surely they get out.
Sometimes they are
Clean bowled,
And they go out
As they are told.
The bowler is bowling in
An outswinger.
For this he has
To use his finger.
Batsmen hit fours
And are in a fix.
The wicket-keeper
Catches balls,
And sometimes
He even falls.
Fielders take catches
And eventually
They win matches.
In a match there's
Some messing
And that's what we call
'Match-fixing'.
And so I say:
Cricket is a game of fun
Where people have to run!
—Kevin G Abraham, VIII B

TINKER MAN

There never was yet
A boy or a man,
Who better could mend
A kettle or pan.
A dipper, a skimmer,
A pot, a can
That jolly old Roger—
The Tinker man.
Chee whing, chee whing
Chee whing, Chee whang.
Chee rattle, chee rattle
Chee rattle, chee bang.
—Sandhya Rajendran, IVA

EXAMINATION

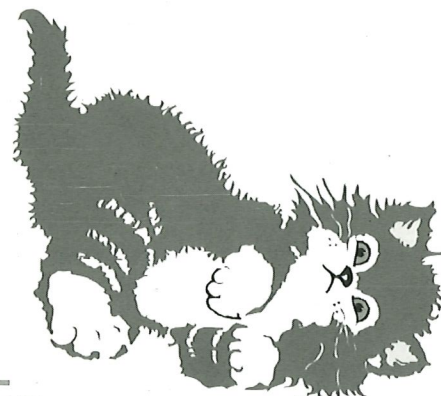
When my exams come near,
I am full of fear.
My tensions grow bigger
And my face becomes smaller.
I play the whole year long,
Or just keep singing songs.
Sometimes I am a bit dumb
But during exams,
My nerves become numb.
So, if you study throughout the year,
You won't have to face the exam fear.
—Mohit Rikhy, IIIC



MY CLOCK

The clock has two hands.
One is the long hand
And the other the short hand.
The long hand shows the minute
And the short hand shows hours.
The long and the short hand move
In the clock every day.
The long hand moves one circle
And the short hand moves two.
It says only two words:
Tic-toc, tic-toc, tic-toc.

—*Jason Amanna, IIC*



MY PET CAT

My pet cat
Sits on a mat.
She is very fluffy.
Her name is Muffy.
She chews my lace.
I wish she goes to space.
Her friend's name is Mower.
Oh, my! Once Muffy
Climbed up a tower.
To swallow
A big bumble-bee!!
She is my pet cat,
And she'll be forever.
She wears a pretty bow
Just like a rainbow!

—*Aarthy C, IIIA*

MOTHER

Someone who consoles me,
Someone who inspires me,
Someone who makes me cheerful
When I am tearful
She doesn't express her sadness.
She always cares for my happiness.
She loves me even at times
When I am mischievous.
Someone who makes my life brighter,
And makes my troubles lighter—
That someone is unique and wonderful
And that someone is you, dear mother.

—*Aashna Gilder, IIIB*



MY BEST FRIEND

My best friend's name is Nikita.
She loves the song 'Chickita'.
We both study in the same school
And tease each other on the 1st of April (fool).
She has a brother called Neil
Who always comes late for his meals.
Right now we are the best of friends.
I hope we will be till the end.

—*Kavya S, IIIA*

Nidhi, IA



Pravesh Lobo, IB



Manujjal, IA



Anvi, IC



Kaveri Vaidya, IB



Abhilasha Rajan, IA



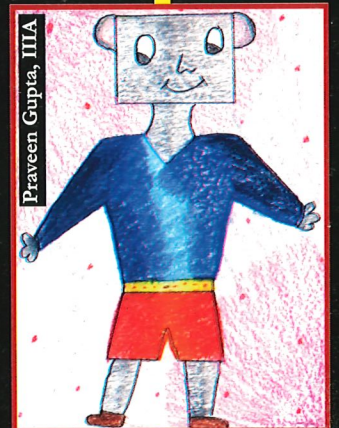
Manvi Ranghar, IIB

BUDDING ARTISTS

Jemima, IIB



Praveen Gupta, IIIA



Nidhi, II C





Vignesh Kamath, IIIA



Rahul Shankar, VIIC

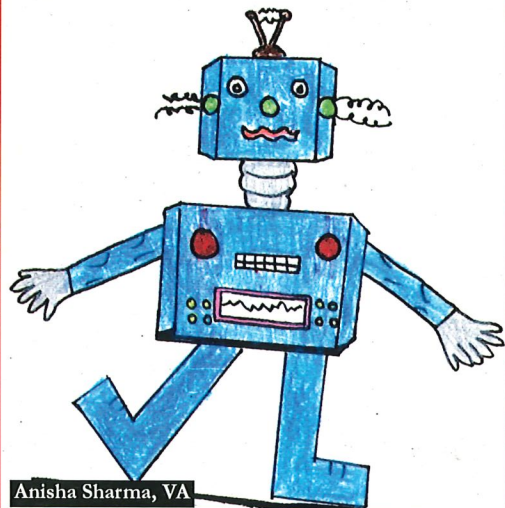


Shagun Varshney, VIC



Titus Das, IVA

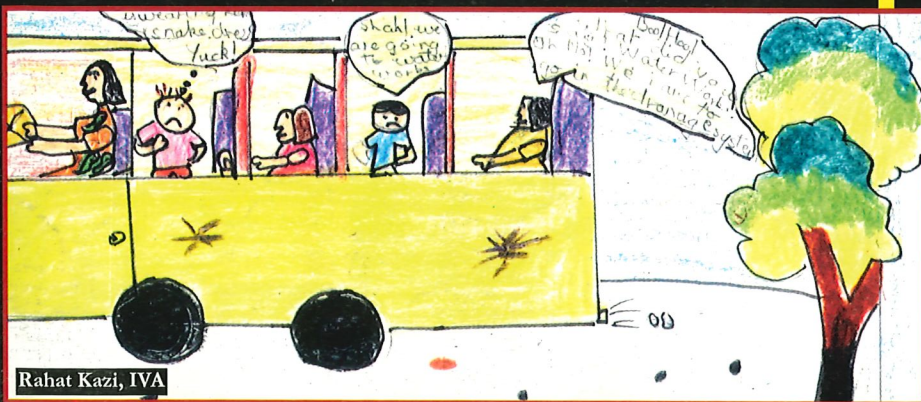
BUDDING ARTISTS



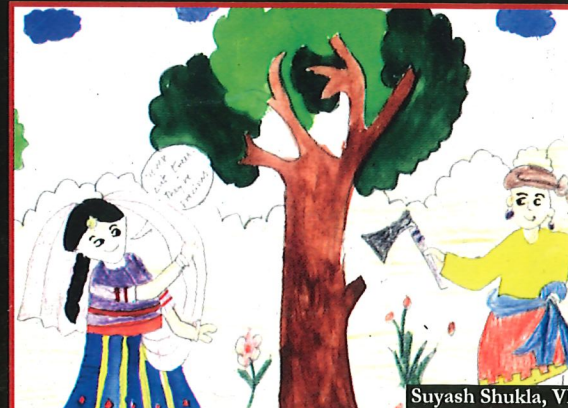
Anisha Sharma, VA



Manasi K, VII



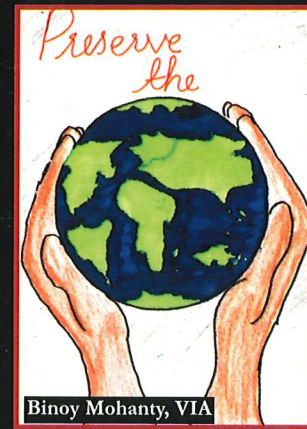
Rahat Kazi, IVA



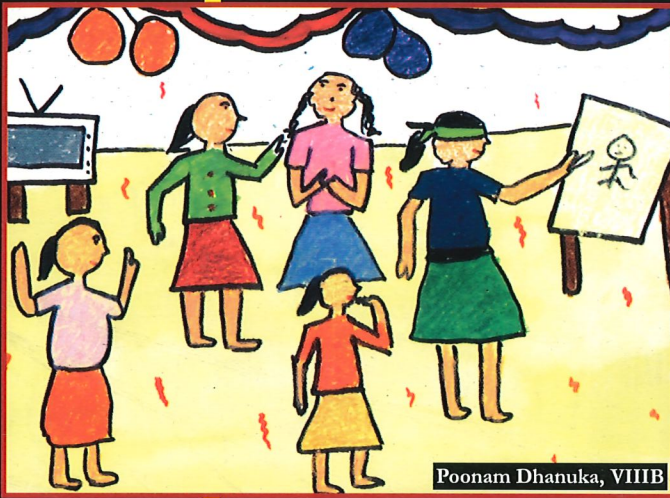
Suyash Shukla, VI



Shavina, IVC



Binoy Mohanty, VIA



Poonam Dhanuka, VIIIB



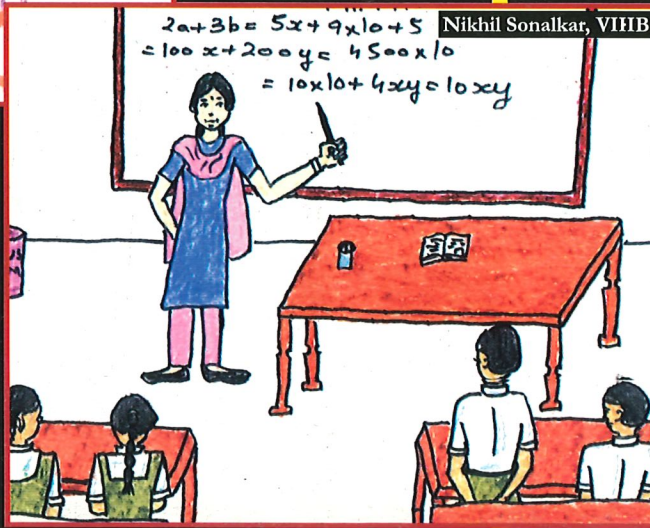
Ramsha Syed, VA



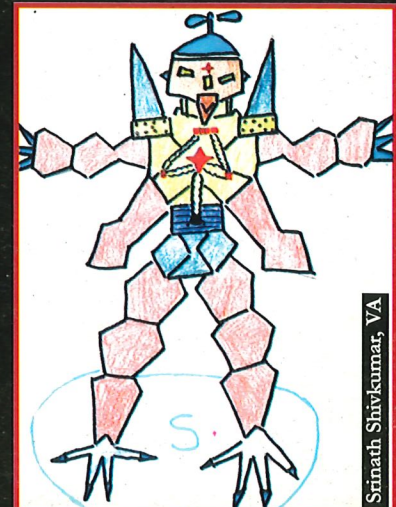
Sharang Khandelwal, IIIC



Utkarsha Prakash, VIIA



Nikhil Sonalkar, VIIIB



Srinath Shrivkumar, VA

BUDDING
ARTISTS

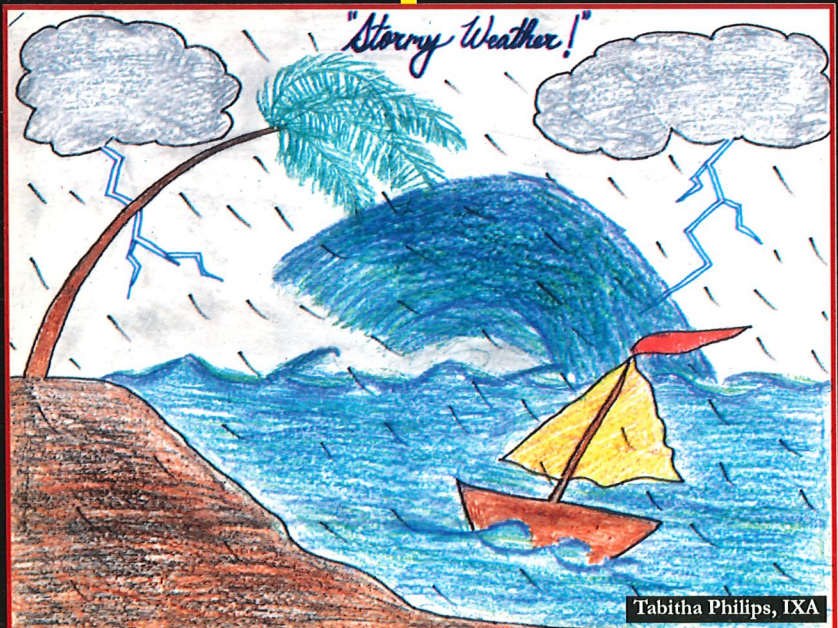
BUDDING ARTISTS



Prerna Shetty, VIIB



Sohini, IXA



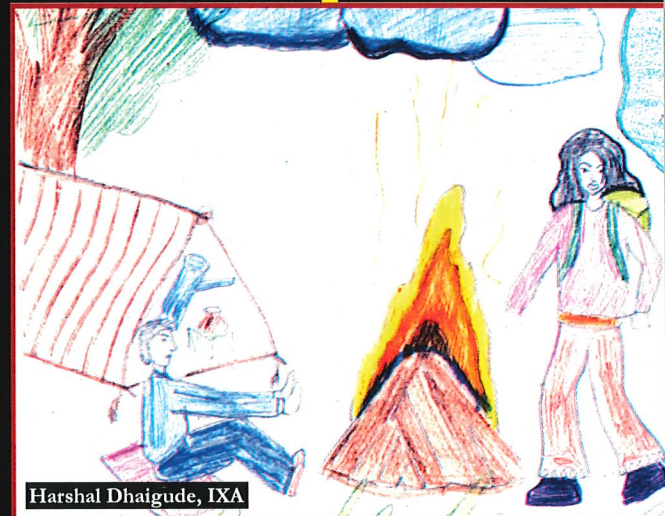
Tabitha Phillips, IXA



Saishraddha Malage, X



Mohor Sengupta, XA



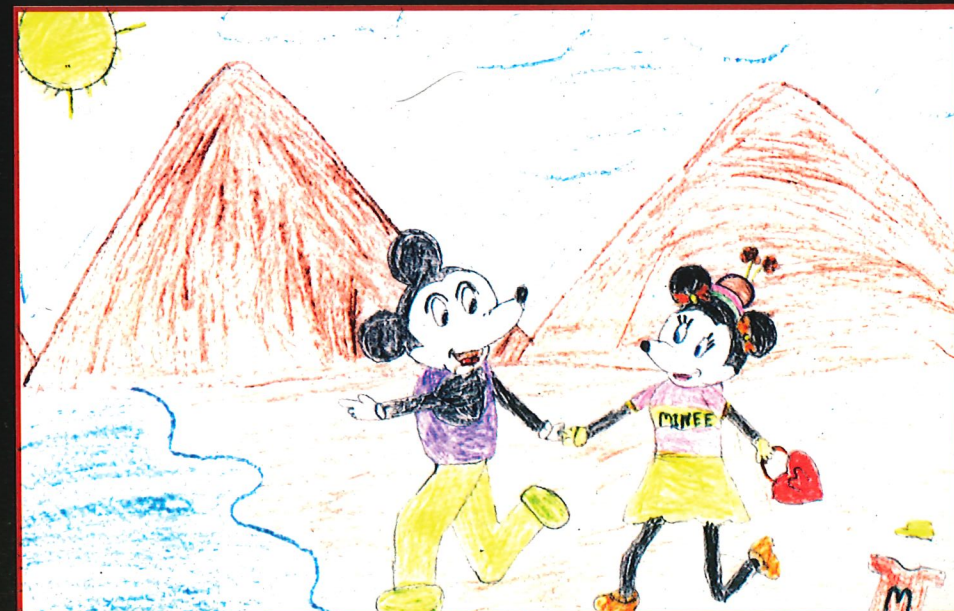
Harshal Dhaigude, IXA



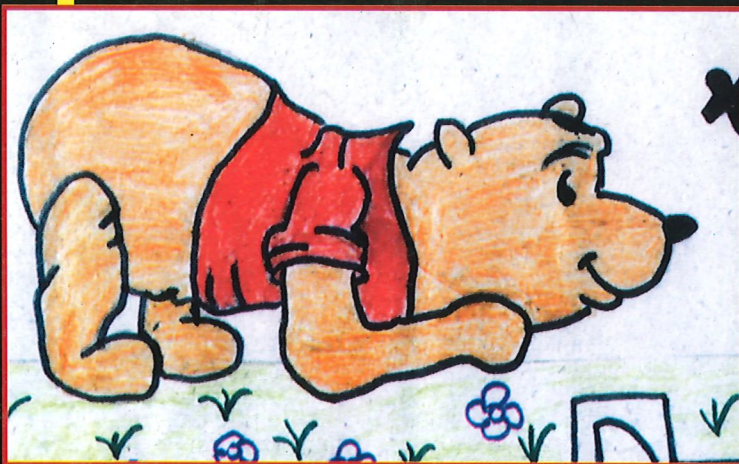
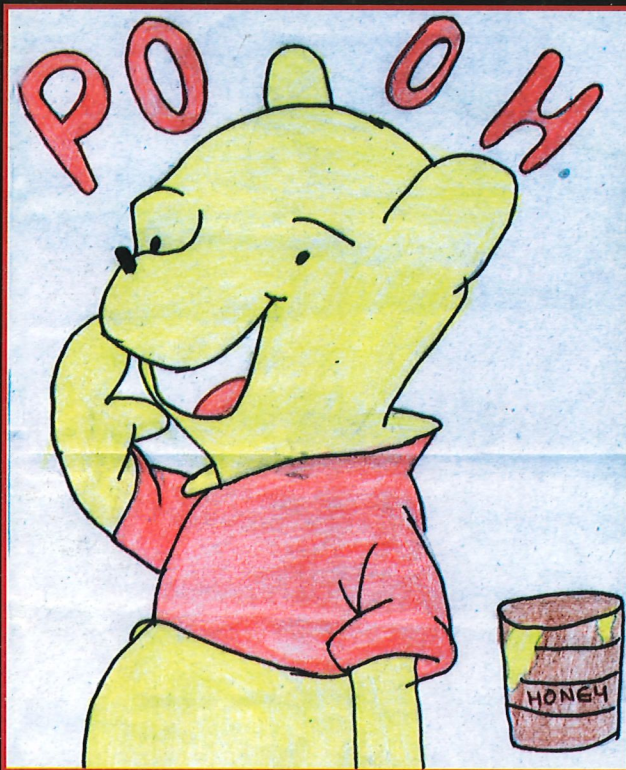
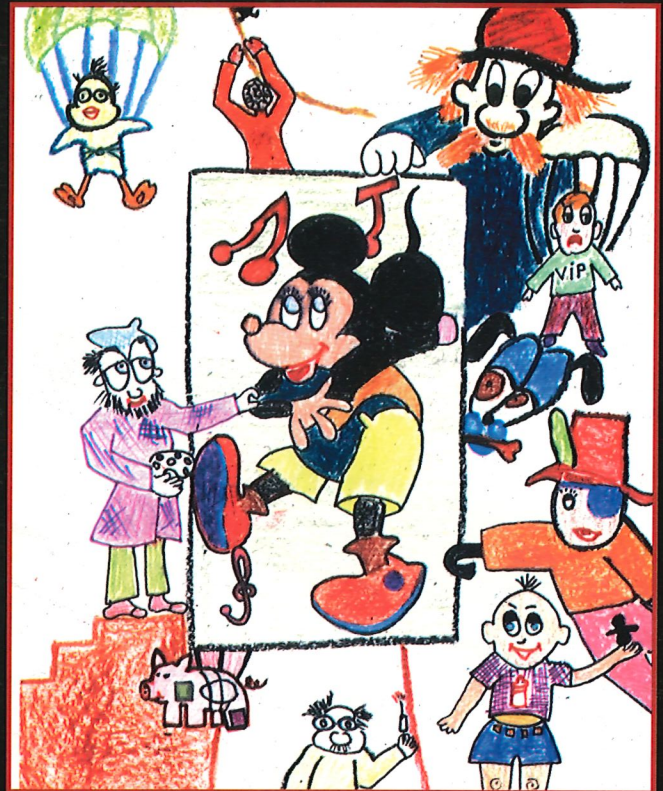
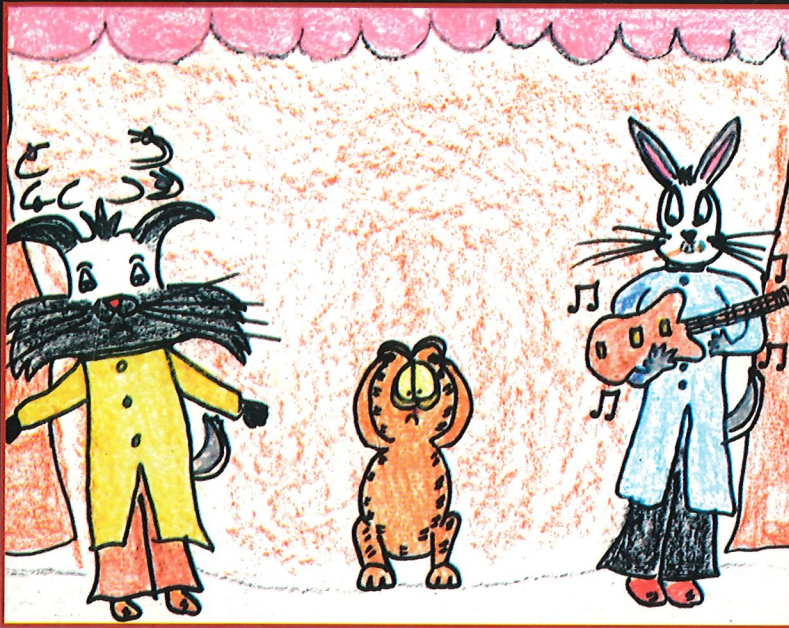
Rudrajit Nag, XA



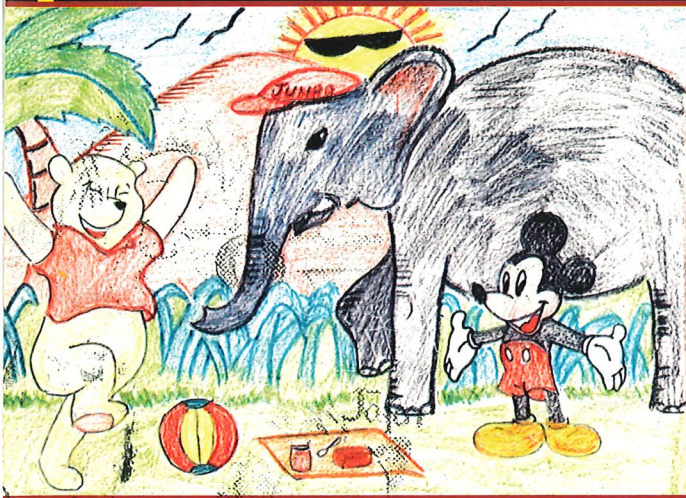
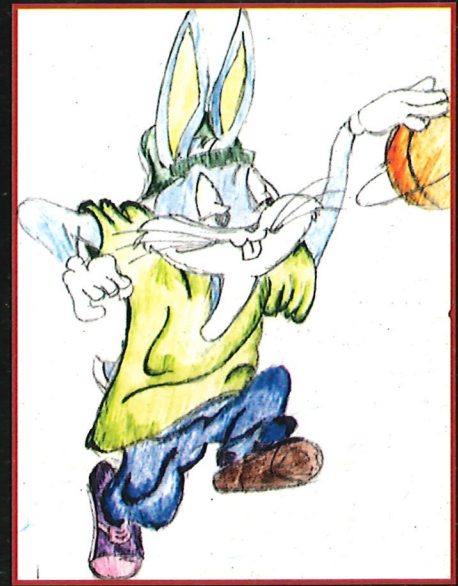
BSS ART GALLERY



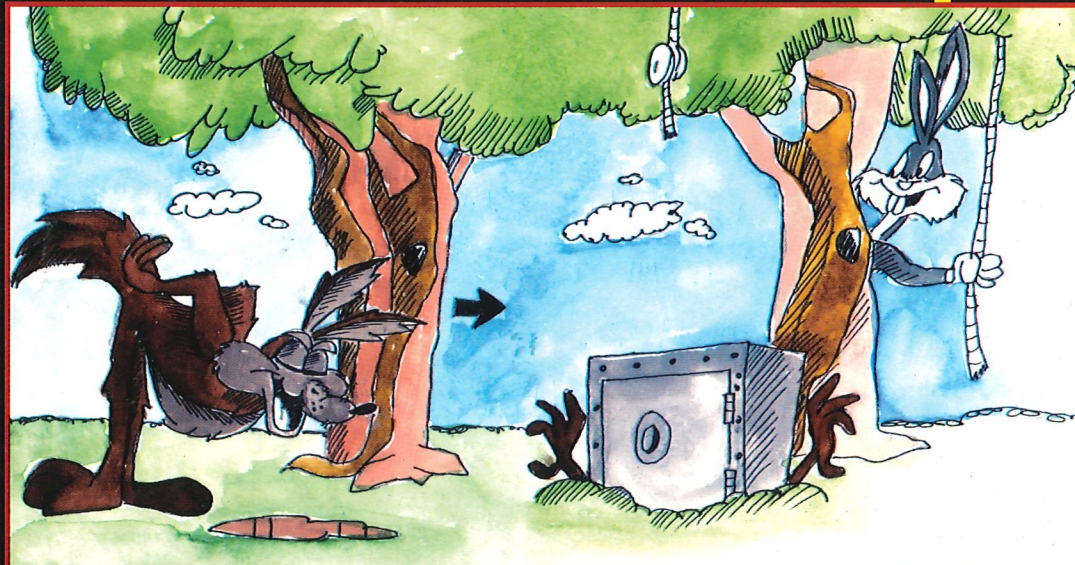
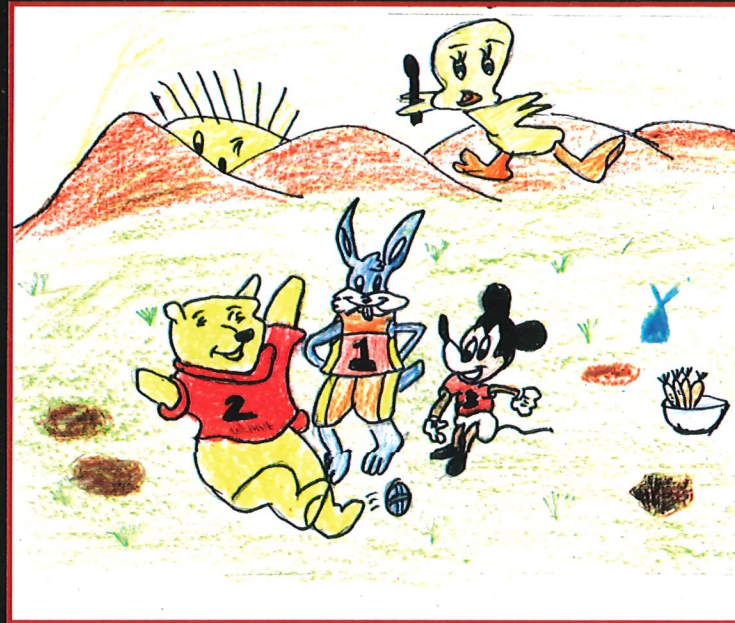
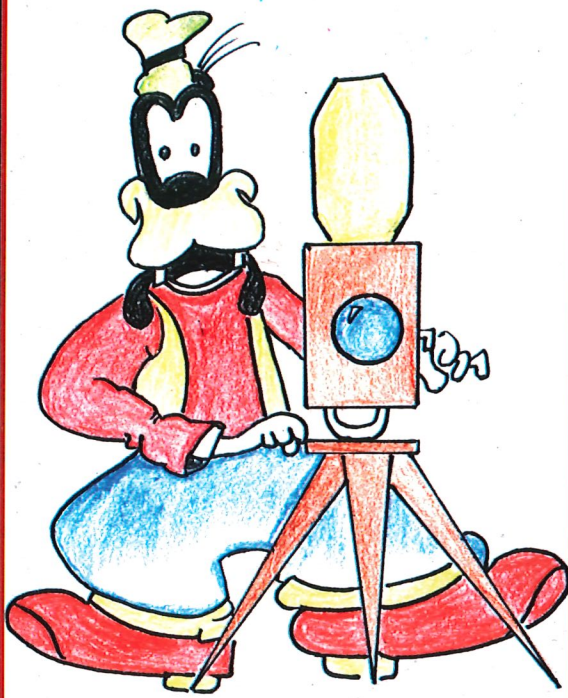
BSS ART GALLERY



BSS ART GALLERY



BSS ART GALLERY





NATURE

Nature is the loveliest sight
I've ever seen.
I love the trees so bright and green.
The roses have the deepest pink,
The bluebells are as blue as ink.
So bright and green are the trees!
And all the animals are running free!
The flowers sway from left to right,
The sun is shining very bright.

—*Aashna Gilder, IIIB*

NATURE

I look at the sky,
The mountains rise so high.
I look at the grass
And the flowers in the vase.
I am enjoying an ice-cream
And get up to see
That it was just a dream.

—*Sahil Jaiswal, IIIB*

SAVE NATURE

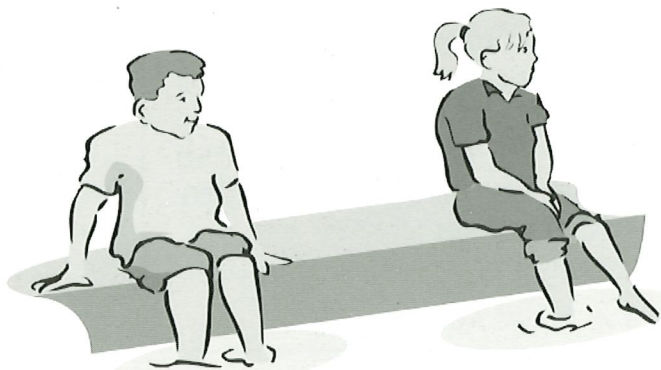
All of you, come jump, jump, jump!
We are joining Nature Club.
We will go to hills and parks
To learn about trees,
Flowers, birds and stars.
We will work to keep
Our environment clean.
We will plant trees
And make the city green.
Saving nature is full of joy.
That's why it's my first choice.

—*Sagar Khandelwal, IVB*

CORRUPTION

The world is full of corruption.
People have lost their courage
And determination.
The meaning of peace is lost
And unity is now a cost.
At every crossing
We find cases of murder.
On each corner we meet hurdles.
No one works for brotherhood
And harmony.
Everybody is running after money.
Moral values are found only in books
At which no one bothers
To give a look.
Our age-old traditions,
Though very rich,
Are all falling into a big ditch.
O, Maker of the Universe,
Free the world from this curse.
Corruption has made a dark cave,
In which the world has
Become a slave.

—*Akul Joneja, IVA*



FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a reason to live!
 Friendship, a bond indeed!
 Friendship, a feeling of togetherness,
 Is all what we want —always.
 Friendship is light in darkness
 And sunshine in the day.
 It is a twinkling star in the sky,
 And sunrise before sunset.
 Give a thought to the friendship
 You have got,
 And you will get to know
 What others do not have.
 See that you value friendship,
 And it doesn't break,
 Because it is really difficult to make.
 Hence the saying always goes:
 A friend in need is a friend indeed.

—*Prithvi Shetty, IVB*

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a lovely thing,
 It makes us all laugh and sing.
 It gives us happiness to give and take
 Seems like icing on a delicious cake.

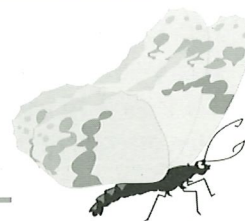
Friendship is a lovely thing
 For all the happiness that it brings.
 Together we all eat and drink
 And our friendship must never shrink.

—*Vinayak, IVB*

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a ship
 That never sinks.
 You can make friends
 In just a wink.
 Friendship means love
 Brings peace when in row.
 If your friendship is good
 Then it's as delicious as food.
 Friendship is so old
 That people call it gold.

—*Arpit, IVA*



BUTTERFLIES!

Butterflies are pretty,
 They flap their wings.
 So, happily they dance
 As the birds sing.

In the garden so green,
 Around the trees they fly.
 How happy they are
 When they fly into the sky.

—*Pooja Mhambrey IIIC*



INDIA: A TRIBUTE TO MY MOTHERLAND

Her head is crowned
With the majesty of the Himalayas.
Her eyes are the Taj Mahal
And Fatehpur Sikri.
Her heart is the capital, Delhi!
Her responsible shoulders include
All the parts from
Rajasthan to Bihar.
Her hands are spread wide
From Gujarat to Arunachal Pradesh
As if she wants to hug me
And all my countrymen.
Her waist is well-shaped
By Goa and Orissa.
Her legs include Karnataka,
Andhra Pradesh, Tamil Nadu
And Kerala. They are washed
By the oceans.
Hey! Did you take her to be a lady?
No, she is not a lady,
She is my Motherland.
She is my beautiful India.
She is my darling India. Jai Hind.
Vande Mataram.

—*Isha Srivastava, IVB*

MY DOLL

My doll's name is Kelly.
She likes the word 'jelly'.
She is very tall
But her lips are very small.
She is very sweet.
She hates the word 'meat'.
My favourite doll is she,
And she also likes me.

—*Nikita S, VIA*

MY SCHOOL

The poem which I am writing
Is very cool
And it is a poem on my school.
Here we are tamed.
Bombay Scottish is its name.
The teachers here are fabulous
As their teaching is just marvellous.
They suffer many pains
So that something we may gain.
But they get angry sometimes
When we are not on our lines.
The principal here is like our father
And the title he has got is 'Sir'.
Friends I have many,
They are the best folks among any.
I shall never forget them
As they are precious to me like gems.
And here I think I should end
Because I have no ink in my pen.

—*Ramsha Syed, VA*

THE SEVEN GEMSTONES

Glittering, shimmering there, they shine
Locked in the cupboard in a line.
Seven gemstones of different colours,
Very pretty like Florida's flowers.
One in green and one in red
Like the colours of a rose-flower bed.
Blue is the gemstone now I spy
In the colour of the blueberry pie.
There is brown, but not so good,
It's difficult to be found when put on wood.
I can spy the pretty pink
Shining so much to make us wink.
The yellow is very funny,
It looks like a drop of honey.
There comes the last, the prettiest white,
It always makes a very pretty sight.
I like my gemstones very much
Who will have prettier ones than such.

—*Anusha Rajan, VC*



TIME

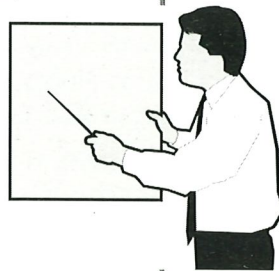
Time never remains the same!
Today it's sadness,
Tomorrow will be happiness.
If it is bad today,
It will be good tomorrow.
If it is dark today,
Tomorrow there will be light.
Time never stays anywhere!
Today if it is here,
Tomorrow it will be there.

—*Karuna Nagpal, VIA*

TEACHER

A person of skill,
A person of will,
A person so intelligent—
Yes, she is a teacher.
A person of ambition,
A person of vision.
Teaching children is her mission.
A person so mirthful,
A person so bright,
A person who
Always thinks right—
Yes, she is a teacher.
A person of generosity,
A person of faith.
She makes the children
Love studies.
A person so responsible,
A person so good—
Yes, she is a teacher.
A person of skill,
A person of will.
My teacher is the best
Teacher in the world.

—*Pushpak S Jain, IVB*



I HAVE A LITTLE TOY CAR

I have a little toy car,
Whose sound goes very far.
It runs very fast,
And leaves every one last.
It looks very funny,
The shape is like a bunny.
I like it very much
As it has the right touch.
When I push it with my hands,
It doesn't go ahead.
But when I control it
With my remote,
I have a lot of fun.
When I go to play with it,
It hides where I can't find it—
In the garden,
Behind the bushes,
To come out it needs
Many pushes.
Yes, it is my toy car.
In my dreams,
It takes me very far.

—*Jibran S. Contractor, IVB*

TIME

Time waits for no one,
It has a mind of its own.
It has carried on its legends
Through the unknown.
It is the master of everything.
It accepts the admonition
Of not even a king.
It has ruled since man
Was a mere nothing
And crushes everyone
And everything.

—*Sohini M, IXA*



A BUNCH OF SILVER KEYS

A bunch of silver keys is mine
And I am proud to have it.
I open the day with
My 'good-morning' key.
If I do not understand a thing
I find the 'excuse-me' key.
If I take a favour from some
I promptly use the 'please' key.
I greet everybody
With my 'broad-smile' key.
If I make a mistake
I am not shy to use
The 'sorry' key.
I shall carry this
Bunch with me
Wherever I go,
'Cause this will
Open the gates of
Success in my life.

—*Devesh Shrivastava, VA*

COCONUTS

In gardens you'll see couples
Drinking coconut water.
It makes them forget
Their family, son and daughter.
In Hawaii coconut is
One of the trends.
With love and passion
Coconut blends.
I think my speech
On coconuts is done,
They are special characters
Filled with fun.

—*Shreya Khatri, IXB*

THE BOX OF CHOCOLATES

I once saw a box of chocolates
When I was walking deep in the woods.
And two men were standing beside it,
Wearing large black hoods.
I walked up to them and asked,
"Sirs, will you give me some?"
They said, "No, we can't.
Get that into your head!"
How could they be so mean, how come?
Then I asked them,
"How much money will you take for one?"
They said, "None,
They're God's own sweets, my son,
And he who eats them becomes
His happiest son!
If you eat them against our wish
You shall never have fun!"
I went away sad, but not that bad,
And years and years later,
When I had become good, I had
Found a fat box of chocolates labelled:
'For a person who got better from bad!'

—*Ruchi Bagga, VA*

THE COMMON CORMORANT

The common cormorant or shag
Lays eggs inside a paper bag.
The reason you will see no doubt
Is to keep the light out.
But what these unobservant birds
Have never noticed is that herds
Of wandering bears may come with buns
And steal the bags to hold the crumbs.

—*Sandhya Rajendran, IVA*





HIROSHIMA

I could stand and watch
When other cities burned down
But when it came to my own
I had to turn around.

I couldn't bear to watch it.
These were people I knew!
Children I had played with,
Babies to whom I'd cooed.

I saw walls once indomitable
Crumble before my eyes
Like a house of cards, tumble
At a little baby's sigh.

I turned and saw the people—
Mostly men like me.

Just coming home from work,
What a dreadful sight to see!

Bodies strewn all over the place
Like a child would throw her dolls.
How is all this possible,
I wonder, as my city falls?

And it isn't just the place I live,
This death land was once my home.
But now as I watch my life crumble
It seems I'm on my own!!

OK, so one country was at fault,
But that was the generals, not me!
So why must I endure such pain?
This logic, I just don't see.

But now I suddenly realise
I'm not as alone as I think.
There's a God walking beside me,
Keeping me away from the brink.

—*Natasha P Clements, XB*

MOMENTS

There are moments in life—
Those moments in life
When you miss
Some people so much
You pick them up
From your dreams
And hug them.
You have only one life,
You have only one chance
To do all the things
You want to do,
Fill your life
With enough happiness
So that you don't need
To dream always.
Face enough trials
To make you strong
But don't forget
To have sorrow
To make you humane.
Always put yourself
In another's shoes.
If you feel they hurt you
They'd probably hurt
The other person too.
The happiest of people
Don't necessarily
Have the best of everything.
They just make
The most of everything
That comes along their way.
Live your life,
So that when you die
You are the one who is smiling,
And everyone around you is crying.
They remember the times
They were with you.
They remember the moments
Precious moments and you.

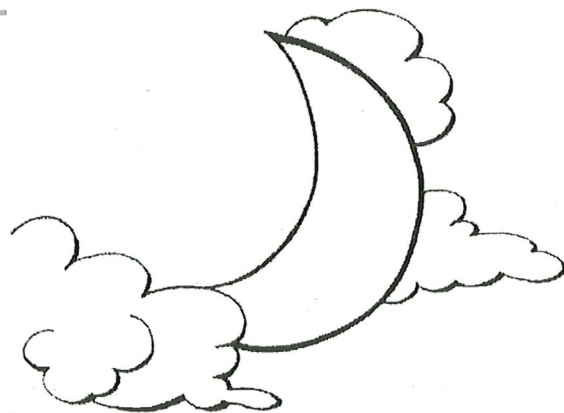
—*Ashutosh Panda, IXB*



THE NIGHT SO BEAUTIFUL

I love the night —so beautiful!
After the sun's heat and the day's stressful work.
It's good to close my eyes and rest in peace,
It's a good time for all creatures.
The stillness of the night that's so beautiful
Makes the owl so happy.
After the sun sets, his most awaited
Time has come and he is so joyful
That he peeps out of his hole.
Insects crawl out in thousands
Thanking the Lord for the night's silence.
I can listen to the night wind in the trees.
The cool breeze comes down the chimney
And blows around the room.
The stars that I can see from my window
Are so bright
They make the night sky look like silver.
The trees stretch their arms in the dark
As if to touch the shiny moon.
But if the trees could walk,
What a wonderful sight it would be.
Armies of pines and firs and oaks
Marching over the moonlit mountains.

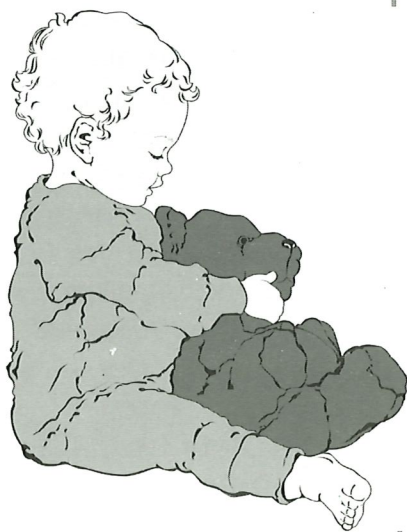
—Juhi Mathur, VC



PRETTY PHOO!

I saw a pretty girl
Who was very simple.
She had a little dimple.
She goes to school with a hat
And plays with her cat.
She bathes in a lake
And then she bakes a cake.
She watches TV every night
And then hugs her mother tight,
She likes to visit the zoo
And she calls herself Phoo!
When she grows up,
She wants to be
A vet because she has a pet.
Sometimes she acts a bit mad
And goes to school without a bag.
Sometimes she is sweet as sugar;
But, at times, as hot as pepper.
I like this pretty girl
Because she sings very sweetly.

—Poornima Unnikrishnan, IIIC





ODE TO MY PARENTS

You are my true friends
Whom I can trust till the end.
You are my guide and teacher,
For me you are 'Godly figures.'
You are my boat with which
I can cross this ocean of life.
You will always help me
Survive dangers of life.
Behind my every achievement
Are your good intentions.
What helped me achieve success
Was your motivation,
For all the sacrifices
You have made,
This tribute is only
A drop in the big ocean!

—Priyanjali Ghosh, VIA



MY DOG

My dog's name is Ted,
He hardly goes to bed.
He is very good
But hardly eats any food;
That mostly depends
On his mood.
He loves to go for a walk
And knows
How to read the clock.
He runs all over the house
Playing with the mouse.
I will never call him a fool
'Cause he is very cool.

—Govind Ashwin, VIA

MY BROTHER

My brother is so studious
That if I watch TV,
He gets very furious.
And if my parents
Bring something home
He is so very curious.
I asked him
To teach me Botany.
After that we moved on
To Zoology.
In the end
We were in Chemistry.
And if he is in awe
It is sure to be Mathematics
Which he will be doing
All day enjoying.

—Athithi Raman, VIA



FINALLY LEAVING SCHOOL

(Std VII was three years ago but it feels just like yesterday. I remember how at that time I always wanted to leave school, get into college, etc., etc. I can't believe I am in Std X now and will be leaving within two months. The funniest thing is: I just don't want to!)

School is like a second home.
Leaving it I am going to be all alone.
I don't want to go.
I am going to miss you all so—
What you mean to me
You will never know.
David Sir, Mam, you are
All the 'greatest',
And teachers— you are the 'bestest'.
I hope forever I will stay
In your hearts like I am
Today.

—Nadia Chauhan, XA



EXAMINATION

Examination, examination!
There's so much of confusion
And lots of tension
And also complications!

English:

It's a lot of fiction and non-fiction
And about writing composition
And figments of imagination.

Maths:

There's endless calculation.
It's all about numbers
And their addition,
Subtraction and multiplication
And long, complicated divisions.

Physics:

There's force and acceleration
And light and radiation.
It's all about work,
Power and motion,
Also upthrust and flotation.

Chemistry:

There are quite a few
Chemical equations.
It's about gases
And their preparation.
Also precipitation and distillation,
Compounds and their solutions.

Biology:

It's all about human excretion
And about their respiration
And blood circulation.
Also fertilisation and reproduction.

History & Civics:

There's war and destruction
And the United Nations
Organisation.
It's also about India's partition
And elections and legislations.

Geography:

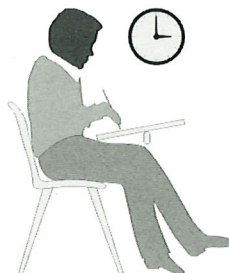
This is about denudation,
Crop rotation
And power generation
And about human population.
Also transportation
And industrialisation.
You need concentration
And also determination
To pass the Board Examination
With distinction
And to get a college admission
And fulfil your ambition!

—Divya Iyer, XA

BOARD EXAMINATION

In the examination hall
O Lord of Creation
Lend me thy attention.
Here's my petition
Against examinations.
The institution of examination
Is an ugly invention
Of some human aberration.
It kills inspiration,
It brings perspiration,
It's no education,
It's simple damnation.
No classroom attention,
No nice preparation,
No honest intention
For the finest preparation.

—Jaya A Daryani, XA



THE CUTE LITTLE MONKEY

The cute little monkeys
Are funny to see.
They jibber,
They jabber,
They are talking to me.
They swing in their cages,
They turn upside down,
And they do what we do
When we are around.



—Priyanjali Ghosh, VIA

A BEAUTIFUL MALL

There were many people in all
Who were shopping in a mall.
It was a beautiful one.
In it there was a pond.
In there lived a swan.
Lovely! Lovely!
It looked so lovely!
Really, it was a beautiful mall.

—Mishita R Gupta, VIA

A WONDERFUL DREAM

I had a wonderful dream,
But I didn't know what it means.
There was a fairy
Whose name was Mary.
She was very sweet
And she liked to smile and greet.
She looked beautiful,
And her nature was wonderful.
She had a pretty gown
And also a beautiful crown.
It was a wonderful dream.

—Mishita R Gupta, VIA

EXAMINATION: A FEAR

My exams were near
And I was full of fear.
I studied all night
For my answers to be right.
If I wouldn't pass
I would be in the same class.
On the exam table
I tried to be stable.
But I was very shocked
For my watch had stopped.
As my exams were near
I was full of fear.

—Mishita R Gupta, VIA



THE OLD HELICOPTER

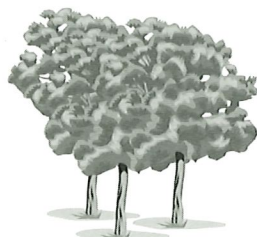
Once upon a time,
There was a helicopter.
It was very old,
One day a man came
And repaired it.
He painted it.
He then sat in it.
The copter turned
Its rotor-blades happily
And went for a nice long ride.

—Karl Braganza, IB



THE SEA

War had broken out everywhere.
It was the world's worst battle.
Cries of distress were in the air.
It destroyed fields
And slaughtered cattle.
Fallen debris littered the ground.
The sky had turned a deep red.
No lark made happy sounds.
It was as if the world
Had gone to bed.
But there was one place
Where peace prevailed,
Where life continued
Without strife,
Where dark depths
Were left unveiled—
A world overflowing with life.
A world so beautiful
Was never seen.
A world so peaceful and quiet,
A world left
Completely undisturbed—
No wars and no riots.
Where the sun's rays
Could not reach.
Where it was never too late
Far out from
The destroyed beach,
Where no one wished
The other ill-fate.
It was the sea,
The home of the mighty whales,
Where everyone lived free,
Between undersea mountains
And dales.



Colourful coral reefs,
Shoals of magnificent fish,
Where shipwrecks long lost lay,
And dolphins passed with a swish.
Where giant squids dwelled
With crabs and sting rays,
Where old turtles a place still held,
And life was led in peaceful ways.
But back on land,
War continued day and night.
No one lent a helping hand.
It definitely wasn't a pleasing sight.
Bloodshed and bombs,
Sparks ignited,
But the sea remained calm,
All still united.
This just goes to show
What a better place
The world would be,
If we join hands and know
That our safety
Depends on our unity.

—*Shivohne Saldanha, VIB*

POLLUTION

The biggest problem
Of our country
Is pollution.
But still no one has
Yet found a solution.
Automobiles pollute the air
Which is not at all fair.
The harmful gases
Which affect the life of a man
Unfortunately cannot be
Filled in a can.
Carbon dioxide is increasing,
And the oxygen,
Oh my, its decreasing.
For this we must find a solution
If we want to control pollution.

—*Ruhi, VIB*



MR ZERO

Dear and respected Mr Zero,
You are the greatest hero.
In Mathematics and Arithmetic
You play your role. Fantastic
You're the greatest puzzle.
When I subtract
You from a number
You are as cool
As a cucumber.
No loss again!
All my efforts are in vain.
I add you at last.
The number increases
Very fast.
If I multiply
With the greatest,
The result is the smallest.
People think you are
Valueless and the lowest.
That is why
Children get you in their test.

—*Sukanya Acharya, VIB*

THANKS O' LORD

A joyful song of praise we sing,
Our grateful thanks for everything—
For flowers, birds, trees and fields,
For food and things which fulfil our needs.
We thank you for all eyes that see,
The green of trees, the blue of seas,
For ears that hear the whispering breeze,
For hands and feet that work indeed.
We love you, Lord, for all these things,
Our grateful thanks for everything.

—*Shalini Iyer, VIIA*

GIANTS UPSTAIRS

My mum hates thunder.
She plugs her ears
With a towel
And lies on the settee
As if someone were
Coming to get her.
But me, I'm alright,
I don't mind a bit.
I'm a bit edgy about lightning
But thunder doesn't
Bother me at all.
The stormy sky
Turns black at night,
And the forked lightning
Flashes like a giant
Who needed a light,
And was striking
Enormous match-sticks!
From the clouds
Comes the sound of thunder,
As if we had giants upstairs
Who were moving
Monster furniture
And knocking over
Tables and chairs.
In the rain above the town,
It thunders more than ever
Like a giant falling down,
And rolling over and over!

—*Rachita Pateria, VIB*



COLOURS

Colours are so beautiful
With shades of red and green,
And when filled into something
How beautiful do things seem!
Colours fill the rainbow
And so they do the flowers.
They fill the night sky
With the moon and the stars.
Life seems so colourful
When success is 'full'
And success is very joyful
As efforts mixed in
Our lives are like painting.
Happiness is like colour
And with the correct ratio
Life is a dream.
We paint shades with colours
But life with work
And the right combination
Make dreams too come true.
People who bring colour
To people's life
Unknowingly bring it
To their own life.
So friends, be a paintbrush,
To colours always rush.

—*Sanjeevani Thakur, VIIA*

NOVEMBER DAY

The old haggard wind has
Plucked the trees
Like pheasants held
Between her knees.
In rows he hangs them
Bare and neat,
Their brilliant plumage
At her feet.
I dread November days
So very chilly
So very bare.

—*Eden Shyodhi, VIIA*

SEASONS

Summer's the time of the hot sun,
With children having fun,
The richness of the summer air,
And the fragrance that's so rare!
Winter is the time of snow,
The time of hibernation,
With the children making snowmen
With the help of their imagination.
Monsoon's when the rain comes down,
And the rain beating your umbrella.
Springtime is the time for play,
When flowers shine happy and gay.

—*Debjani Banerjee, VIC*

COMPUTERS

Computers bring us loads of joy
Just like a baby's toy,
Just a few interesting points
To note.
Monitor is the main man
Just like a large coke can.
Monitor is also the screen
Usually coloured in green.
The CPU is the thinking head.
Bytes are the food
That they are fed.
Then comes the keyboard.
Oh! It looks a little bored
As it does the part of typing—
Oh! That's worse than mopping.
The cutest is the mouse
Living in a small cute house.
It has a large hole
And is bottomed with a ball.
All this makes a computer good.
Sometimes it's also bad.
But one thing I know for sure—
It's no way better than my Dad!

—*S Gautam, VIIB*

THOUGHT FOR EVERYONE

See the rain, see the snow,
See the sun, see the moon,
See every wonderful beauty
Of the world.
But also take some time
To see the poor, the illiterate
And the handicapped.
Think about them. Help
Them in some way or the other.
Give them your old toys,
Clothes or even books.
Give them something.
It means a lot to them.
A good deed done is
A good deed indeed.
Thought for every one—
Think over it.

—*Karishma I, VIIA*



LIFE

Life at times brings joy
To every girl and boy.
It is like a wave because
It has its ups and downs.
But always remember:
It has its joys and frowns.
Life can be interesting,
Life can be depressing,
Life can be happiness,
A life can be sadness.
But always learn
To handle life
With a happy face.
Life is lived by all
Whether you are
Big or small,
Since we learnt to crawl
Till old age will reach us all.
In life we learn
To read and write,
And also see
The guiding light.
If you want
A real good life,
A life full of smile
And a very long life!

—*Suchita Vaidya, VIIB*

REUNION

When so far away
You remember them a lot.
But when they are near
You do not even
Give them a thought.
People come and go
You do not remember
Them though.
But those special ones
That don't come along
You remember them lifelong.
Unless you make the effort
To pay attention
To take care of all details
And we realise
What we have lost,
The sadness is not expressed
Until the final moment
When a reunion has been set.

—*Steffi T Olickal, VIIB*



A DAY AT BOMBAY SCOTTISH SCHOOL

Always go to school on time.
To be late is a crime.
Don't throw paper litter
On the ground.
But give teachers
Things that are found.
Greet the teachers
Whom you meet.
Switch off the lights and fans
When not in need.
And always keep your clothes
Clean and neat.
Do the home-work
Without delay
And while in class
One must not play.
Faithfully remember to observe
Each and every rule
If you want to remain in
Bombay Scottish School.

—*Dhiraj Aswani, VIIIA*

THE TRUTH-SEEKER

The shouts
Of children playing
On the dusty streets,
Grass smell meets me
As I walk on
Forward to seek
The secrets of life
Which no one
Would speak of.
I seek them
Day and night,
Through times of cowardice,
Through times of might,
The truth so silent,
The truth so bleak,
The truth which I am after,
The truth which I seek.
Where are you?

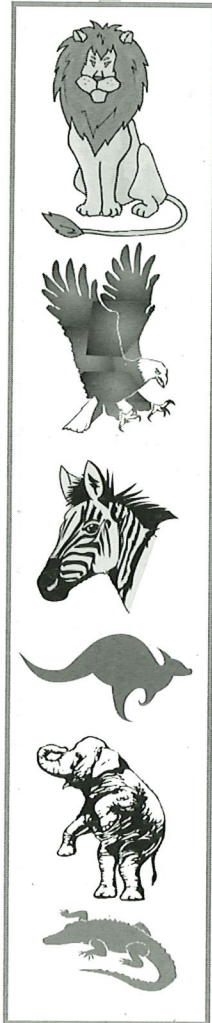
—*Ashrith Shetty, VIIIA*



FRIENDSHIP DAY

Friends are forever,
They can never be separated.
The value of a friend can
Only be treasured,
Not measured.
Everyday of the year
Is a day of cherishing
Close friends,
But this special day
Is meant for immortalising
The bond of friendship.
Friendship is like
A lonely flower.
It makes the world seem
Fresh and beautiful.
You can't break
A friendship easily.
It takes a lot of strength
And stamina to sink it.
Try and try again
To break it
But you will only
Make it stronger.

—*Rayan Mathews, VIIIA*



PROTECT OUR WILDLIFE

Many, many, many
Long years ago
Tigers and lions
And animals
Were so free to roam about,
To come and go
Many, many, many
Long years ago.
To keep them safe,
The forests were made.
To give them shelter,
Plants were laid.
They had a lovely time,
They had a safe home
And they were safe
For years to come!
Animals were safe,
Animals were gay
Until man came
To the world to stay.
He came, he settled
And advanced day by day.
As time flew, he drove
The animals away.
For food, for clothes,
For any reason to think,
Man killed animals in a wink.
He killed them with weapons,
Shot them with guns—
Sometimes for a reason,
Or maybe just for fun!
Slowly and steadily
Animals began to die.
Helpless creatures,
They could not cry.
Neither could they weep,
Nor could they sigh
But to those animals,
The past did reply.
Many, many, many

Long years ago,
Tigers and lions
And animals
Were so free to roam about,
To come and go
Many, many, many
Long years ago.
Animals are now
Neither safe nor gay
As their number
Keeps decreasing
Day after day after day.
Now the only regret is:
Man is to blame.
That is all that
We can sadly say.
We must work hard,
And we must strive
To protect wildlife
To make the past
And present alike.
Protect wildlife,
Protect wildlife 'cause
Many, many, many
Long years ago
Tigers and lions
And animals
Were so free to roam about,
To come and go
Long years ago.
If we work hard,
And if we strive
To protect wildlife,
Then animals will be happy,
They will be gay.
In the many years to come
Free to roam about,
To come and go
As they were
Many years ago.

—Poorva Agarwal, VIIB



A NEW BEGINNING

Blended
Like the colours of the rainbow
Emotions flow
From the heart, from the eye.
The arrow has already left the bow.
What if it fails to hit the bull's eye?
I feared this moment
Quite a few times.
Why is it so I cannot apprehend.
Que Sera Sera.
My work here seems done.
At last, it has come to an end.
For all you know, the action
Might have just begun!

—*Aditi Rao, XA*

THE HIJACKED PLANE

Once upon a time
There was a plane which got hijacked.
In the plane there was a passenger.
He was the hijacker.
He took a small child to the cockpit.
He told the pilot to take the plane
To a faraway desert.
The pilot said, "Yes."
And that was how
The horrible man hijacked!

—*Raveena Deshpande, IB*

LOVE

It's something
Money can't buy.
It can't be won over by a 'Hi'.
Every heart desires it.
You envy those who have it.
It is neither money nor gold,
It cannot be bought or sold.
It is the only thing
That can overcome hate.
You can call it a medicine
Without an expiry date.
It is priceless yet it has no rate.
With its help you can find
Your perfect mate.
You will wait all your life
To obtain it.
It has something to do with fate.
It is a relationship of give and take.
It can happen at any age
Both early or late.
Can you guess
What great thing it is?
It is Love, Love, Love—
The most beautiful gift
Is the one above.

A bell isn't a bell till you ring it.
A song isn't a song till you sing it.
Love in your heart
Wasn't put there to stay.
Love isn't Love
Till you give it away.

—*Ashlene Cardoza, VIIIA*



SUCCESS

Hardwork is
The key to success.
Otherwise success
Is quite worthless.
It is necessary
To have an ambition
'Cause success can't be
Gained without intention.
Success without effort
Is like a bird without wings.
This is believed by scientists
Scholars and even kings.
Success is
The key to happiness
Through which we get
Joy and gladness.
Therefore start working
Hard from today,
And try to gain success
In every way.

—*Vanessa D'Souza, VIII B*

MR FRAME

Mr Frame is a very helpful man;
He's always seen travelling by train.
He has a very complex brain.
He loves to dance in the main.
He is sometimes a pain.
He enjoys walking on the lane,
And even loves eating grain.
He is known to live in Spain.
He hates all the world's drains.
On his head can be seen many veins.
Too much walking gets him a sprain.
Money to him is not to be gained.
He acts a bit too insane,
And likes to work with cranes.
He thinks that he is the main
And that's all about Mr Frame.

—*Gagan L, IX A*

IS IT TRUE?

My ancestors, is what I have read true
That you lived in caves and on plains
When today even a skyscraper kissing
The clouds gives us no sound sleep?
My ancestors, is what I have read true
That you lived in small groups
And ate what you could find?
When today even very vast fields
Are inadequate for mankind.
My ancestors, is what I have read true?
You breathed the air
That danced across the plains
When today one coughs and chokes
In the air full of dust and smoke.
My ancestors, is what I have read true?
You lived a simple life fearing God
When today man is creating
Hybrids and clones.

—*Aliasger L, IX B*



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

It was a beautiful day:
St Valentine's Day!
So lovely, beautiful and gay!
Some hearts were broken
Some were full of sorrow,
As Cupid went around
With his bow and arrow.
My friend whose name
I shall not mention—
Thanks to this guy
I was under tension.
The girl whom he had chosen
Was his queen.
Like others he was struck
By Cupid's arrow.
But she did not accept
The rose of this Pharaoh.
I would like to choose one too
But as yet there's no one
With whom I can be stuck like glue.
As I watch every day go by
Full of joy and celebration,
I stand alone
In deep contemplation.
Often I am lost in cosy
Thoughts of my Valentine
But I have to exit that realm
In doubt whether
She will be mine.
If I ever get the chance to dine
With my Valentine
I will make her experience
The best of all wine.
For I will enjoy with her
This beautiful day
Celebrating in memory
Of the saint of all saints—
St Valentine's Day.

—Dhruv J, IXA



SCIENCE: IGNORANCE OR BLISS

'Science is a gift of nature.'
Is this sentence acceptable
To one and all?
As they are called
The 'Third World Countries'
The bulk of pollution is created
By mills and industries.
Dirty smoke fills the air
And leaves trees and plants
Dry and bare.
Who can put an end
To this tension?
Is science for creation
Or destruction?
The AC on summer days
Is our weakness.
The tape-recorder is
The reason for our gladness.
Television has made us lazy
And it sometimes
Drives our parents crazy.
The computer is very helpful
And the best invention of all.
Sitting here in India, we know
What's there in an American mall.
Mothers can sit on the net
And get to know
How to cook both
Beans and sprouts.
Science has worked wonders
But also has caused
Many blunders.
Now again we are left
With the same old question:
Is science
A gift of Nature??

—Suchana Ghosh, VIIIB

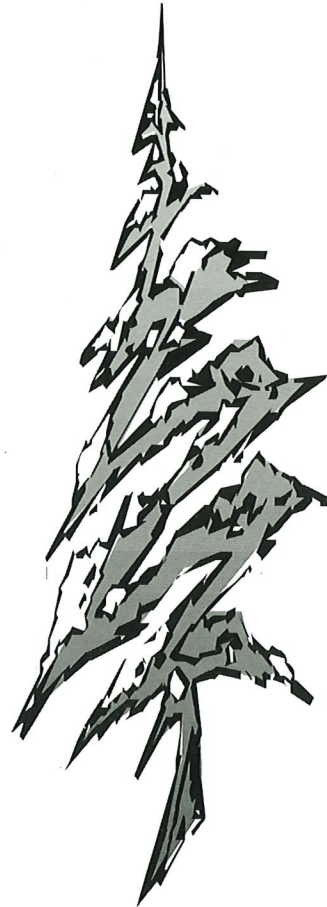


THE WORLD NOW

Just a few days ago
The twin brothers were killed,
Killed by two fiery phoenix,
Controlled by men filled
With hatred, vengeance
And a deep-seated anger—
Anger that was strong enough
To make a sword
Out of a dagger.
This world of ours
Was never a stable one—
One that was ruled by war,
Fear and the gun.
And with the Afghan War
That trend wasn't broken—
Broken were a thousand
Or more lives,
When humanity was forsaken—
Forsaken also were
Beauty and peace
And memories of how
We wanted to enjoy
The splendour of the land.
History is a reminder of mistakes,
But even after fighting
Three wars for control
Of the crown of our nation,
We learn not
And continue to fight on.
We say it's their fault
And they say it's ours,
But the truth is buried and gone.
In this world
There is no firm structure.
As a result of this
The future's foundation is fractured.
Men are dying, countries are fighting
And this world is rebelling.
This is not how
It was meant to be.

We all talk about
How we can make a difference,
But differences can only be made
If we act and not ponder
Whether society will
Accept what we say.
We are afraid to stand out
And we only focus
On the may-nots and mayes.
This world of ours
Can only be saved if
We, God's creatures, awake.
If we conquer our fear,
If we act now,
For tomorrow may be too late.

—Vigneshwar Venkat, IXB





A SCENE OF AN EXAM HALL

We might think that an exam hall
Is just a simple room surrounded by walls.
But it is a place where we sense
Magic and suspense!

Once you reach the hall with your parents,
You just get more and more tense!
Just when you have a desire to excel,
You usually tend to forget something.

You might forget the date of an important day
Or a complicated chemistry formulae!
When your mother tries to calm you down,
A rumour bomb is thrown down!

It is rumoured
That the last year's paper was repeated!
Everybody gets confused
And ever more tensed!

Hastily you go through the solved papers
With your eyes filled with tears!

Then your mother inspires you
And your father helps you.

The bell rings
And the examiner enters.
Everybody prays to God
And so they are saved!

The paper is not repeated
And everyone is relieved!
You too become happy
And complete your paper easily!

Once you come out of the hall,
You start to dance as if you were in a ball!
But in a few minutes everybody leaves
To study for the remaining three.

—*Nimish O, IXA*



HOW FUNNY!

I have a very long tail
Which I wag and sail,
While carrying a nail
My tail is pale.
I wash it in the well.

There was a Mr Bait
Who had an awesome gait.
He used to go out with his date
And stayed up till late
And cursed his fate.

There was a lady
Who was so thin
That she had no skin.
But she ate like a glutton
Lots of fish and mutton.

Andy was a naughty boy,
who had a bath with
The soap called Doy.
He liked to play with a toy.
His surname was Mr Roy
And he yelled, "Oy, oy."

—*Neha Sabnis, IXA*

IF I WERE MADE 'INCHARGE' OF THE EARTH

If I were made 'in charge' of the earth
Ever since my birth
I would change all that doesn't belong
To the earth —all that is wrong.

I would rid the world of war and hate,
And rightly shut the door of evil's gate.
My duty will be to ensure no one's hurt,
If I were made 'incharge' of the earth.

I will try my best, I hope, not in vain
To rid the world of all suffering and pain.
Love I will fill wherever it is in dearth
If I were made 'incharge' of the earth.

I will make sure that everyone
Of you will have friends, have fun.
No one should be sad and gloomy.
You may disagree, you may, with me.

But still I sincerely feel that love towards all,
Towards every creature great and small,
To universal harmony is the only road.
Harmony's impossible where there is loath.

Though all I say that I can do
There is one fact, one very true.
That God is the real 'in charge' of the earth.
He knows what's right for it from its birth.

—*Snehanth Nath, IXB*





Reproduced here are articles culled from class magazines prepared for Founder's Day.

WORK OR NOT TO WORK

There are 1000 crores of people living in India.
500-1000 crore people are unemployed. (They don't work.)
200-500 crore people are working in the Union Government Offices.
(Government offices don't function. So they don't work.)
200-300 crore people work in State Government Offices.
(They too don't function; so they too don't work.)
The other 100 crores are well distributed:
50 crores sit in AC offices.
(They sleep or relax in the cool air.)
25-50 crores are teenagers.
(They usually freak out; so they too don't work.)
10-25 crores are babies.
(They always do 'goo-goo-gaga'; so they don't work.)
The remaining 12-15 crores are in jail
owing to some reason or the other.
(So they too don't work.)
Out of the remaining 3 crores:
299,999,998 are retired old citizens.
(They too don't work.)
That leaves only you and me.
You are reading this paper now.
(So you too are not working.)
Therefore I am the only person working in India!!

—Nikhil Roy, IXA



FRIENDSHIP

A friend in need is a friend indeed.
A friend is a person to whom we never say sorry.
A friend is a person who does not see your creed.
A friend is a person who is there with you on your every deed.
A friend is a person who will let you lead.
A friend is a person who will have no greed.
A friend is a person who goes together in the same speed.
A friend is a person who when you are hurt helps to heal.
This type of friend I do really need.

—Aditya Arora, IXA

Reproduced here are articles culled from class magazines prepared for Founder's Day.

MY DOG SPOT

I have a dog whose name is Spot, but he is sometimes white and sometimes not. But whether he's white or not, there's a patch on his ear which makes him Spot. He has a tongue that is long and pink and he lolls it out when he wants to think. He seems to think most when the weather is hot. He is a wise sort of a dog. He has a bone and a ball but he does not care for a cat at all. He wags his tail and he knows what's what. I am glad that he's my dog —my dog Spot.

—Mehak Dhawan, IIA



MY MOTHER

I love my mother very much. She is a good cook. My mother loves me. She helps me when I have to study. My mother has seven real sisters!

—Aniruddha Singh, IIA

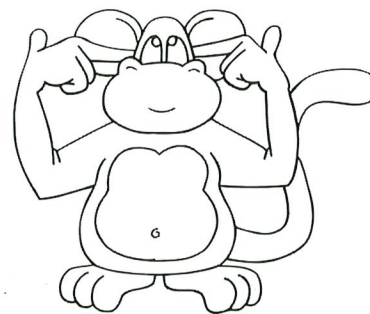


THE CAP-SELLER AND THE MONKEYS

Once upon a time there was a cap-seller. One day he went to sell caps. He walked from one forest to another. He was tired so he decided to sleep for sometime and he slept under a tree.

There were monkeys on the tree. The monkeys saw the cap-seller's cap and the basket of caps. The monkeys came down, took the caps and put them on their heads. The cap-seller woke up and saw that the monkeys were wearing the caps. He thought of an idea. He threw his cap down and seeing his action, the monkeys too threw their caps down. Happily the cap-seller collected all his caps and went home smiling.

—Mihir Parab, IIA



A HOLIDAY IN GOA

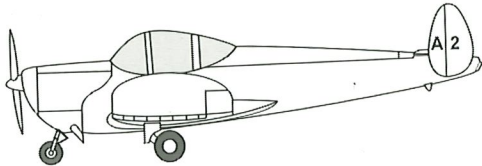
I went to Goa for a holiday. There I went to stay in a hotel called Majorda. I met my friend there and also her sister. The breakfast, lunch and dinner were very good. Every evening I went for a swim and every morning I went to the beach to find shells. I went for a boat cruise too. I had a lot of fun there.

—Mitali Vaidya, IIB



THE VERY FIRST AEROPLANE

Once upon a time, the two Wright Brothers, Olive and Wilbur, made the world's first aeroplane. In earlier times, there were no planes at all. People used to wonder: How to



transport ourselves over long distances? Olive and Wilbur conceived the world's first aeroplane. One day they tried to start the aeroplane. But the aeroplane would fly for only 12 seconds. And that was the end of the first plane.

—Ananya Garg, IB

MY DAY

I get up in the morning at 7 o'clock, brush my teeth, have my breakfast and then I dress up to go to school.



I'm then ready to catch the bus and go to school. While I am at school, I study and play. I leave school at 2.40 p.m. and reach back home by 4 o'clock. I wash myself and do all my home-work and go down to play at 5 o'clock. I come back at 7.00 and I wash up and eat my food. I go to sleep and there ends my day.

—Rishi Kumar, IIC

AN HONEST BOY

Once there was a fruit-seller. He had a basket full of mangoes. There was a boy passing by. Suddenly two mangoes fell down from the basket. The boy picked them up and called him and said, "Your two mangoes have fallen down." The man looked at the boy and said that instead of taking the mangoes home you gave them to me. The man was pleased with the boy's honesty. He rewarded him with the two mangoes.



—Ravij Bhatia, IIIA

STORY TIME

It was a cold October night. Rohan was walking home with a shawl draped over his shoulder. Suddenly he saw a snake near a bush. The snake was frozen stiff with cold but was alive. Rohan was a kindhearted boy so he picked up the snake and put it in his shawl. After about an hour the snake got better and bit Rohan.

Rohan screamed, died and fell to the ground right on top of the snake —killing it. Moral: Never bite the hand that feeds you.

—Prabhir Correa, VIA



A PUPPY NAMED SPOTY

One day my family and I were going for a picnic to the garden. In the middle of the road we saw a small puppy crying for its mother and the puppy was also lost. We could not find the puppy's mother anywhere. I asked my mother and father if I could keep the puppy; they said yes and I was very happy.

I named the puppy 'Spoty'. He is very sweet. He has black spots. I always play with him and sleep near him. He is one year old. One night, my family and I had gone for a party and Spoty was left alone in the house. That night a robber sneaked into our house. Spoty came to know that there was someone in the house. He started barking loudly and then bit the robber. We came back from the party. We came to know that there was a robber in the house. We were very happy that Spoty was safe. I am glad that I have a puppy like Spoty.

—*Nakshita A, IIIA*

JOKE

Father: How were the marks in the exam, son?

Son: Underwater

Father: What do you mean?

Son: Below 'C' level.

—*Joanne D'Souza, VIC*



BIRDS

Birds are the prettiest creatures in the world. They produce beautiful sounds which help to give us a lot of relaxation.

Birds have relations with monkeys because they both live in the same places. Different birds feed on different types of food. While penguins feed on fish, sparrows feed on seeds, eagles on rats,, snakes, etc. Many are mostly fascinated by parrots because many people train parrots to talk. It's not necessary to have dogs at home to guard your houses as parrots also can guard your houses by screaming when any stranger enters the house.

—*Neil Chettiar, IVA*



MAHATMA GANDHI

Mahatma Gandhi is the father of our nation. He always spoke the truth. He loved children. He helped our nation to get freedom. He was called 'Bapuji'.

—*Aditya Prasad, IIC*



HUMAN VALUES

Human values are honesty, bravery, obedience, tolerance, etc. By following this in life a common man can become a leader. The lives of Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru are examples of this.

Mahatma Gandhi was very honest. He was also brave enough to give India her Independence. Everyday Mahatma Gandhi would watch the sky and go to the gym. One day Mahatma Gandhi was going to the gym. He did not have a watch. That day there was a storm. When the teacher asked him why he was late Mahatma Gandhi said, "I used to watch the sky and know the time, but today there was a storm so I didn't know the time." The teacher was happy because Mahatma Gandhi was honest.

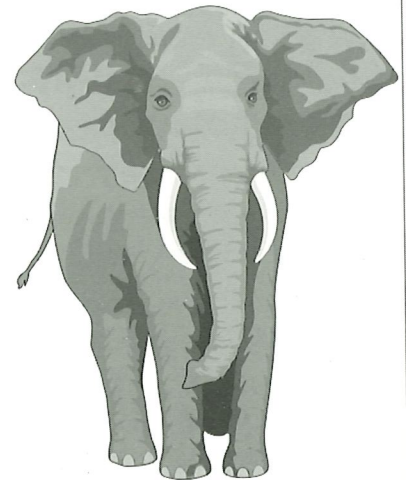
This story tells us about the importance of honesty in Mahatma Gandhi's life. This is how human values make a common man a leader.

—Rahul Krishnan, IVA

AN AFRICAN ELEPHANT'S LIFE

I am an African elephant. My name is Jumbo. I live with my brothers and my parents. We live in a dense forest of Africa. We like to eat fresh leaves and drink lots of water. I like to play with my brothers in the river. We fill our trunks with plenty of water and we pour it on our bodies and on each other. It makes us feel coooool! We are huge, strong and friendly animals. We are not scared of anything but human beings.

They kill us for our tusks. So, when the hunters come into our land, the head elephant trumpets loudly and pushes forward to



attack. These hunters have big guns that make us fear that we might die.

We are peaceful creatures. We like to live with our families. So, we request human beings not to kill us, not to catch us and keep us in the zoo. Please, let us live peacefully with our family in the dense forest of Africa.

—Gursehej Oberoi, IIIC

MY PET MOUSE

Many people keep pets like dogs, cats and fish. But my pet is a very unusual pet. It is a small white mouse named Squeaky. One day I went for a picnic. When I came back home, I found him in my bag. From that day I decided that I would keep Squeaky as my pet. My mother threw a fit. She didn't want Squeaky in the house. But soon she began loving him. Whenever I go to school, Squeaky waits for me till I come back home. Whenever I speak something, he looks at me as if he can understand every single word I say. I love Squeaky very much and I would never part with him.

—*Nikita Kohli, IIIA*



MAHATMA GANDHI

Mahatma Gandhi's name was Mohandas. He was born on 2nd October 1869 at Porbandar. He schooled in India. Later, he went to England to become a lawyer. He made a great name for himself in South Africa. Here he taught the people to oppose their cruel leaders by peaceful means. Gandhiji loved truth and non-violence. In India, he became the leader of our freedom struggle. His efforts helped us to get freedom from British rule. He died on 30th January 1948. He is lovingly known as 'Bapu', the 'Father of the Nation'.

—*Sanjana Iyer, VC*



BE CONTENT WITH WHAT YOU HAVE

Be content with what you have. Many of us are always wanting more and more because many of us are not satisfied with what we have. This leads to greed. You must have heard many stories that are particularly effective in teaching us something important or giving us moral lessons. You must have heard the common story of King Midas who was gifted by a fairy with the power to turn everything that he touched into gold. As a result of this, he could not eat or drink anything because everything he touched turned into solid gold; and his daughter too turned into gold. At last the fairy took away the power from him. He should have been content with what he had. We should therefore all be content with what we have.

—*Yuvika Mehra, VIIIB*



HONESTY

Once there lived a family of the Vermas. They were pure vegetarians. In the family there also lived a boy called Ranjeet. Ranjeet and all the other people in the family had their own rooms. Ranjeet was a weak boy and he was truthful too. In his science book it was written that eating meat would make him strong and healthy. The teacher told him that by eating meat he would become very strong.

Ranjeet's friends gave cooked meat and he paid them regularly. Ranjeet started to eat meat secretly. Everyday he would not eat enough at home, he replied that he wasn't hungry. This continuous lying made Ranjeet unhappy. One day he told everything to his father. He did not hit him, but he started to cry. Ranjeet felt bad.

Later he vowed never to lie, and he became an honest person.

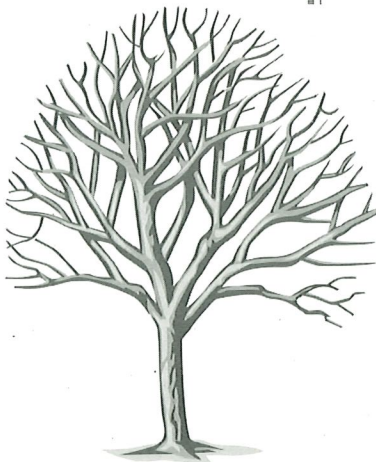
—*Tanmay S, VC*

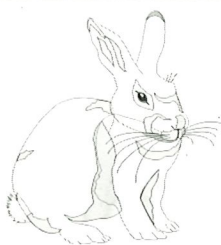


MOTHER NATURE'S ANGER

There was a beautiful jungle cared for by Mother Nature. Mother Nature worked very hard to make the jungle beautiful. She loved her animals and her plants. One day Mother Nature went to see the jungle after a long time. When she got there she saw many buildings, trees being cut down and animals being killed. Mother Nature got very angry and said, "I will not let these people get away with this." And then Mother Nature went after those people and punished them. So you must never hurt Nature.

—*Anshika, IIIB*

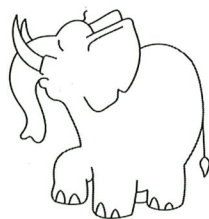




THE HARE AND THE ELEPHANT

Once upon a time in a jungle, there lived a hare. He had a lot of friends whom he helped when they were tired. One day, the hare was in trouble. The wolves were chasing him and wanted to kill him and eat him as their meal. The hare was frightened and ran as fast as he could. Then he hid himself in the big bushes. A horse was passing by and saw the hare. He said, "Dear hare, why are you crying?" The hare replied, "I am crying because the wolves are chasing me and want to kill me. Please help me." "Yes I will, but I have some important work to do," said the horse, and went away. One by one, many animals came but no one helped him. The last animal was an elephant. He asked the hare "Why are you crying?" The hare replied, "I am crying because the wolves are chasing me and want to eat me up. Will you carry me on your back, please? That is one way I can be saved." The elephant said, "Yes, of course, I will do that." He took the hare on his back and went away. The hare was saved. The wolves hunted for the hare for a long and at last they went away. So, from this story, we learn that we should be always kind to others. The elephant saved the life of the hare.

—Lubna Khan, IVA



THE GIRL WHO WAS IN TROUBLE

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Tina. Her parents were very proud of their daughter as she was very neat and kind. She obeyed her elders and always told the truth.

She was also good at her lessons. One day, she went to school as usual. It was the third period and a girl named Shalika planned to steal Tina's eraser just for fun as she was very poor. After some time Tina started looking for her eraser. Then Shalika asked Tina, "What is the matter? You look upset." Tina replied, "Yes, I am upset because I have lost my eraser."



Shalika suggested to her that she could ask her partner Shaila. When Tina asked her she said, "No." So Tina complained to her teacher and the teacher decided to check all the students' bags. When she came to Shalika's bag the eraser was in her bag. Shalika was ashamed of herself and apologised to Tina and Shaila. *Moral: Be happy with what you have.*

—Anjaliq Pal, IVA



SWAMI VIVEKANAND

Swami Vivekanand was born on 12th January 1813 at Kolkatta. His childhood name was Narendra Nath Dhatta or simply Naren. His father's name was Viswanath Dhatta. His mother, Bhuvaneshwari Devi, used to tell him stories from *The Ramayana* and *The Mahabharata* which left a strong impression on his mind in early childhood. Naren was very intelligent in his academics. His spiritual teacher was Sri Ram Krishna of Dakshimeshwar of Kolkatta who had given him spiritual guidance and support. Swami Vivekanand travelled all over India often on foot and came to know about the poverty and misery of the Indian people. Swamiji also travelled to European countries and also visited America to attend the Parliament of Religions held there. There he received great appreciation from the Western people for his message of *The Vedanta* as the universal principle which is basic to all religions. He formed the Ramakrishna Mission in 1897 on pure spiritual and humanitarian values. When plague broke out in Kolkatta in 1898, his organisation did a lot of relief work there. Swamiji did much for the poor people as he felt: When death is so certain it is better to die for a good cause. Do good and be good to others especially to the poor and the needy.

—Surabhi Raj, IVA

THE HONEST BOY

Vaibhav's father was a rich doctor. During Vaibhav's winter holidays, he took his family to Nainital. On the 25th of December, they reached Nainital and soon got a room in a hotel called The Silver Nights. The next day they went to visit the different places in Nainital. Vaibhav bought a beautiful toy for himself and went to a restaurant and started playing with his toy. Suddenly, he noticed a boy whose clothes were torn and he seemed to be very poor. He was continuously staring at Vaibhav's toy. They returned to their hotel. It was raining heavily. Vaibhav started crying because he had left his toy at the restaurant they had visited earlier. His father went to the restaurant, but the manager said that a boy had taken the toy and said that it belonged to him. At night, there was a knock at the door and Dr Sharma opened it. He saw a boy. "I've come to return this toy," he said. "Your son left it in the restaurant." Vaibhav was very happy to see his toy back. Dr Sharma and his family were touched by the honesty of the poor child. They brought him home along with them and promised to always keep him as their family member. *Moral: Always trust God.*

—Abhay Teotia, IVA



DEXTER'S BIRTHDAY BASH

Haven't you heard the news? It's Dexter's birthday! Dexter's my pup and today is his birthday. Don't think I'm being silly because dogs can celebrate birthdays. It was a great surprise for him —that stupid pup of mine. He doesn't know what a birthday is but he knows it's a day of receiving hugs, kisses, treats, etc., from mom, dad and me. We had a party for him. We invited many of his friends: Cheep, the Alsatian, Toots, the Cocker Spaniel and many more. They arrived and made a mess in the house. Toots can eat almost everything. He gobbled a banana and spat the peel on the floor. Dexter slipped on it, skidded across the room and banged into mom's beautiful flower vase. Crash!!! It broke into a thousand pieces. Boy!!! I had a hard time cleaning up the place. And was I angry!! They played silly, doggy games like tug-of-war, who-can-bark-loudest, etc. For food there were crunchy bones, beef biscuits, etc. Then Dexter and I cut the cake and ate it. Mmmm!!! It was delicious. Then we gave them the return gifts — extra juicy chicken bones and party hats and chocolate whistles. It was a great experience for Dexter.

—Nayana Gaur, IVB



THE LITTLE SAMARITAN

Once upon a time there was a little boy called John. He used to walk to his school daily. One day as he was reaching his school, he heard a cry for help. Oh!... He saw a man lying down by the side of the road. The man was in a pool of blood and was crying for help.

John did not go to school. Instead he returned home running as fast as he could. His mother was surprised to see him. He told his mother about the



man on the road and asked his parents to help him.

John and his parents carried the injured man to the hospital. When they reached the hospital, John's father told the doctor not to spare any expenses to save the man's life.

The next day, John and his father went to see the man in the hospital. The man thanked John and his father because his life was saved due to John's presence of mind.

—Shilpa Sundar, IVC



It is the value system that we evolve as we grow up that makes or breaks us as adults.

We learn values at home, at school, from friends and sometimes even from strangers.

One day after a long day at school and a tasty snack at home, I rushed down to play. I had not done my homework and I refused to wait for my sister who was doing hers. It soon became dark and it was time for me to return home. Just then my ball fell out of the compound. I rushed out to get it back when I saw my *dhobi's*

VALUES FROM A DHOBI BOY

son sitting under the street light doing his homework. Sometimes the little *dhobi* boy would stop doing his work to make sure his little baby sister did not wander away. Just then his parents who were ironing clothes on a cart nearby called out to him. He had to take a bundle of ironed clothes to an apartment nearby. He did this carefully.

I suddenly felt ashamed and ran home. I silently promised myself that never again would I go down till I finish my day's work and I would always take care of my family. I had learned lessons of hard work and responsibility from a stranger. Thank you, little *dhobi* boy.

—Haren Rao, IVC

BEING HELPFUL

Once there was a boy called Raju. He was a very grumpy boy. He never used to help anyone. He never used to share his books with anyone. Once he was ill, so he could not go to school. He did not even bother to ask someone for a book. His mother asked him to ask someone for a book. He phoned all his friends but none of them obliged. None—all except Somu. Raju asked Somu if he could come to Somu's house. But Somu politely said, "No, I will myself come because you are ill and weak." So Somu came and gave his books to Raju. From that time onwards, Raju had changed. He gave Somu's books back to him the next day. He started helping others.

—P S Manogyna, IVC



MY AIM IN LIFE

Everybody on this earth has an aim. Some want to be doctors, others want engineers. My aim is to become a soldier in the Indian army. I know it's difficult but I will do my best. Before being in the army, I will have to pass the examinations of the National Defence Academy (NDA). After the NDA Examination, there will be training for 3 to 5 years. Recently there was a war in Kargil. Many people died in the war. I am proud of them. I also want to do something for my country. In this way I want to be a soldier and protect my country.

—Abhinav Pandey, VA



AMERICA UNDER ATTACK

On 11th September in the evening when I was playing cricket



with my friends, one of my friends told me that the World Trade Center was bombed. When I came home I put on the TV and watched the BBC news. There I saw that not only had the WTC crashed but

also the Pentagon. The Pentagon was hit by a hijacked plane. The plane hit the Army side which was very severely damaged. The Twin Towers were brought down by two planes.

The story started something like this. Four commercial aircrafts were hijacked and they crashed in different places in America. Two planes hit both the north and the south tower of the WTC, the other one hit the Pentagon and the last one



crashed in Pennsylvania. Many people died in WTC. Many people were working when the planes came and hit the towers. All people ran around the streets. Some people had blood on their faces and on their body. Many people had their relatives working in the towers. The WTC was damaged more than the Pentagon. Now the Sikhs living there had to face a problem because of their turbans and beards. The Americans thought they were from Afghanistan. One of the Sikhs was killed by the police at a petrol pump. Instead of going out of the house, they kept sending E-mails to their relatives in India. The prime suspects are Osama Bin Laden and Muhammad Atta. Osama Bin Laden is hiding in the mountain hideouts of Afghanistan. Muhammad Atta was dead in the plane that crashed into the WTC. Because of Osama Bin Laden, America had to face a loss of \$60,000,000.

—Siddharth, VC



PEARL HARBOUR ONCE AGAIN?

I remember the day when it was the most horrifying experience of war that I had ever seen. No one would have even thought of downtown Manhattan in such terror, such pain and the World Trade Centre being turned into mere ashes. It showed that the power of Osama Bin Laden had been unleashed.

The day was ordinary and so was the night. I had just come back from playing and was sitting down to study when suddenly, there was a phone call. It was from my friend. He told my mother something and she switched on the television. There was fear written all over her face. All I saw was people screaming and fire and more fire. I saw a place which was going to crash. There was a blinding flash of light and more fire. People were jumping from the top floor and screaming.

It was given the deserving headline of 'Pearl Harbour-II'. At least 37,000 people were ruthlessly killed by Osama Bin Laden. I also saw that the five-sided US Army office, the Pentagon, was also attacked. Other cities were informed by the White House and President Bush was in a rage. Bin Laden's desire to strike America in the heart was fulfilled. There was one more plane which had crashed in the forests of Pennsylvania. By now the World Trade Centre had totally collapsed. Many a person was crushed under the towers.

The aftermath of this was the one like the aftermath of Pearl Harbour. The signal for war was called and they were ably supported in their decision by countries like Great Britain, Russia, etc. Afghanistan was quite prepared; they sent letters tinged with the anthrax virus. The American postal service was alerted. There was a lot of chaos but at last the Taliban was defeated. There was also a lot of talk about the prediction the infamous astrologer Nostradamus had made to this event.

—Gautam Rayaprolu, VC



TRUE HAPPINESS

In Nazareth, there lived two girls. They were really good friends. They always played together.

Minnie was a rich girl. She knew there was a God, but she did not bother to pray to Him or read the Bible. She was very proud and sometimes she was selfish.

Christina was a very poor girl. Though she had very little, she was always cheerful, and willing to share her things with others. She loved God very much, and always wanted to please God. Christina and Minnie played in the park everyday. One day Minnie came to the park but she would not play. She sat down sadly. Christina asked her why she was so sad. Minnie replied that her father had lost a lot of money in his business. They had to sell everything —their car, house and furniture.... They

moved into a small house. Even the servants had to go. So Minnie, who had never done any work in her life, learnt how to clean her house while her mother cooked and washed the clothes.

Minnie found it all very difficult. Many days she could not come to play. When she came, she was too tired. She felt sad all the time. One day she

asked Christina how she was so happy when she had to do so much house work. Christina replied, "True happiness is found only in God. It's not found in riches." Minnie asked, "How can that be?" "You see, whenever I have a lot of work to do, I pray and ask God for the strength to do it. As I wash the dishes, I thank

God for having given the food to eat and the plates to eat it from. I thank God that I have a mother who loves me, and cooks for me. I thank God that I have a father who works hard to earn money so that we can eat. As I dust the house, I thank God for giving us things we need and a house to live in. I keep thanking Him for everything and before I know it all the work is finished," explained Christina.

Minnie was surprised that God listened to such simple prayers and that too from a little

girl. Christina told Minnie about how much God loves us. She told her how Jesus loved little children. From that day Minnie did exactly what Christina told her. She read the Bible and prayed to God everyday. Her mother found a big change in her.

—Nitya G, VC





A VISIT TO AN ORPHANAGE

Every year I invite my friends for lunch to celebrate my birthday. We used to cut the cake, dance and enjoy every much.

This year my mom decided to celebrate it differently. On my birthday we visited the orphanage. We reached there early in the morning at 6:30 a.m. I distributed the breakfast of *idli-wada* and *sambar-chutney* as it was my birthday. The children were very happy to have such a nice breakfast.

Since my mother had taken prior permission from the owner, we could spend the whole day over there. My mom and I had taken one of the drawing teachers, Ms Sharma, from our colony to teach them art and craft. In the afternoon we had a workshop for story-telling. Many children participated in the competition and were surprised at the ideas and imagination.

The children of the orphanage complained that they did not have plenty of story-books to read. My mom had a talk with the members of Navneet Publications regarding the minimum cost that they would take for the books. Mom and the members of Navneet Publications shared the cost of books and a library was set up in the orphanage. A few books we read to the children were Vikas stories for children in the pink, green, red, brown, yellow, violet and blue colour. My mother met the trustees of the orphanage and decided that she would go every Saturday to the

orphanage and help the children to solve their problems.

In the evening when we came back I couldn't forget my experience of going to the orphanage. I really felt that instead of throwing lavish parties I could help such institutions.

—*Sanjukta Chothani, VIB*

RARE MOMENTS

(At the home for the aged)

Those rare moments still I cherish,
That day still I relish,
With hope in their eyes
And love that never dies,
Their hearts sing longingly
'Light will surely shine tomorrow.'

Seeing those wrinkled faces
Radiant with smiles
Made us feel like their grandchildren
Just for a while.

We staged a show
As an entertainment
Which they watched
With great contentment.
They danced and sang with us
Which to us brought
Immense satisfaction.

But still my heart wept for them.
Yes, there was something missing!
May be me! May be you!
May be your love! Your presence!
I know not what it was!

It was time for us to leave;
A few walked with us in grief.

"Good-bye,"

Their hearts heaved a sigh,
Their eyes glistening with tears
To say "Please come often, dears!"

—*Vanessa D'Souza, VIIB*
(Interact Club)



COOL! COOL!! DRINKS

Once Pepsi fell in love with Coca-Cola in a Gold Spot. Coca-Cola therefore asked Pepsi to come to meet her parents. Pepsi agreed. Pepsi and Coca-Cola went in the lift and Coca-Cola said, "7 up". The lift reached the seventh floor. As the door opened, Fanta and Mirinda were present to embrace their future son-in-law. Pepsi touched the feet of Fanta and Mirinda. Then he put his Thumbs-Up to vow that he will keep Coca-Cola happy. They were married off. Soon after their marriage, they went to Canada. Now Canada was a dry place. So Pepsi prayed to Lord Sprite to make the place wet. Lord Sprite sent showers of Sprite to Canada Dry. Canada Dry thus became Canada wet. They thanked Pepsi and blessed the couple. Two years later, two kids were born to Coca-Cola. One was named Maaza and the other Slice. Maaza became a mango-seller. As Slice had a lot of energy, he became the owner of a company named Zip Sip and lived happily ever after. So eat Frooti fruits and jump like Jump-in. At last N-Joi!

—Sukanya
Acharya, VIB



GOBAR GAS

We can find many such plants in villages, where biological or organic wastes are in abundance. LPG is not affordable in villages; instead gobar gas plants are used. This Rs 25,000 to 30,000 investment can be used as long as it is maintained well. In the beginning, it may appear to be expensive but later on it will prove to be highly profitable and beneficial.

A solution of gobar, organic wastes and water is used in a proportion of 1:3. This solution is called 'slurry'. This is put into the slurry inlet and valve one (VI) opens. The slurry is collected in the digester, and under the dome, an interaction occurs between the water and the organic waste.



This takes place under the vacuum of the dome. The denitrifying bacteria respire and release a gas called 'methane'. This gas is highly flammable and thus can be used for daily household purposes. If this setup is maintained well it can last a lifetime. After all the methane is used up, a substance called 'sluj' is left behind. This substance is buried in a pit to make manure. This is later used in fields. The whole process takes 2-3 months to complete. Thus it is all eco-friendly and can be used in every way. Gobar gas is a part of reusing organic waste products.

—Hemaang Sharma, VIIA



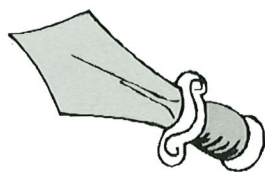
A Pen Is Mightier Than The Sword

We generally take the word 'mighty' to mean 'very powerful' in the physical sense. Today the United States of America and Russia are called the 'mightiest' powers of our time.

The proverb that heads this write-up, like all the other proverbs, states a simple truth. Here the word 'pen' and 'sword' mean 'writer' and 'soldier' respectively. The word 'mighty' also is used in a much wider sense to include moral and spiritual power or influence. The proverb therefore means that writers and thinkers exercise a much greater influence — wider and more enduring — on man and the world than any military conqueror. The great books, *The Geeta*, *The Bible* and *The Koran* were written long long ago. Empires have come and gone in the meantime, but the spiritual influence of these books has continued unabated through the ages. In the military sense too, writers sometimes exercise a greater and wider influence than great generals.

Human civilization is passing through a crisis. There is a race of deadly weapons to annihilate mankind. Hope the pen is able to make people see and think rationally.

—Poulomi
Dasgupta, VIIA



IMAX

People have advanced in science and it has provided us with entertainment. Some of our greatest achievements have in fact been sources of entertainment. Computers for example have made it possible to create 3D games and animation. Movies began when it was discovered how to create frames and motion. The first cartoon *Steam Boat Willy* marked the cinematic debut of Mickey Mouse. Now as movies continue to evolve, they become more fascinating and full of fun. Movies such as *Terminator II* (3D) are fine examples of three dimensional movies. *Shrek* and *Space Jam*, on the other hand, are computer-animated. Movies are projected on a screen usually by a 35-70 mm lens. The evolution of movie projection has taken its biggest step yet. IMAX has been the biggest breakthrough in motion picture history. The larger-than-life image by the Imax projector is the most clear and realistic ever. It also has the biggest frame. Due to its popularity, Imax theatres have opened throughout the world. The most recent one is in Mumbai, India. Motion pictures have always been a source of entertainment; and now it's better than ever with the coming of the Imax.

—Vishakh Harikumar, VIIIA



I am now an old coin, and have been in various circumstances many, many years. I have become dulled and worn, and the lion's head on my face is very faint, and the lettering on my back almost rubbed out, with the years of hard work I have done. But I can still remember my early youth. If you had seen me then, when I was in the Government Treasury with my bright companions—soon after we had been issued from the mint—you would not have recognised me as the



of other coins. After some time I was given in change to a young lady who put me in her purse. But the purse had a hole, and I fell out as she walked along the street, and rolled into a gutter, where I got lost for a long time. Eventually a very dirty and ragged boy picked me up, and for sometime after, I was in very low company, passing between poor people and small shopkeepers in dirty little streets. But at last I got into good society, and most of my time I have been in the pockets and purses

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RUPEE

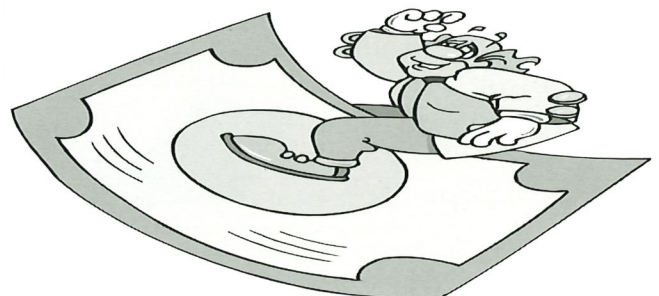
same coin. I was shining silver, and the lion's head and all the lettering were very beautiful and distinct. I was very proud of my smart appearance.

My active life began when I was paid over the counter of a bank, along with other new rupees, to a gentleman who cashed a cheque. I went off jingling in his pocket; but I was not there long as he gave me to a shopkeeper. The shopkeeper looked pleased when he had me in his hand and said, "I have not seen a new rupee for sometime." As he banged me on the counter to see if I was genuine, I gave out such a clear ringing note that he picked me up and threw me into the drawer with lot

of the rich.

I have no time to tell the hundredth part of my adventures. I have lived an active life, and never rested long anywhere. I am glad of this, for I would not have liked the fate of a rupee, born the same year as I was, who has been all his life locked up in the strong box of his master. What a dull life he must have had.

—*Mohit Nautiyal, VIIA*





I had purchased a small Ganesh idol. I had to immerse it. Immersion marks the last part of Ganesh Puja. We got up early in the morning and then we did the puja. After that we went to Juhu Beach to immerse the Ganesh idol.



We reached Juhu Beach quite late owing to the surging crowds. There were policemen and long queues everywhere. I immersed my idol and we went back to the queue. We stopped at the stall to have a drink to refresh ourselves. Standing in the queue for long was a great ordeal. People were taking photographs and shouting. Crash! Boom! Suddenly a refreshment stall came crashing

GANESH VISARGAN

down upon about seven people. The situation could have been deftly handled; however, there was panic and people started falling upon each other like a pack of cards.

I was scared and held on tightly to my dad's hand. Mom suddenly changed her direction of running. We followed her. We started running faster. We reached the edge of the beach and relaxed a bit. My dad calmed me down. Policemen went to the fallen stall and rescued the injured people who were immediately taken to the hospital. The visarjan had turned into a disaster—but I was safe, thank God!

—Sahil Bhatt, VIIA

IS MONEY EVERYTHING?

Many centuries ago people respected tradition, culture, religion, honesty and other peoples' feelings. But today these things are not considered to be important; the only thing that is highly regarded is money. But I wonder how money can be greater than honesty, tradition, culture, religion, peoples' feelings etc? In today's society, the feeling that money is everything and makes one happy is not only known to the rich but also to the poor. I would like to ask a question to all these people. Are all rich people happy? And are all poor people unhappy? The answer is quite simple: No!

All rich people love money. Take the case of a rich man. He will spend his money on alcohol and other things, come late at night, have a fight with his wife, and have many more social and family problems. Do you find all these problems plaguing the poor? No, these problems are very rare among the poor. Money cannot make one happy but can make one fly with pride. A poor man may need many things which will make him happy; but they are very costly.

There are always exceptions to all things. Love is one thing which will take your side always unlike money. Love is one thing which will always make you happy. So what will you choose: love or money?

—Arveen K Vig, VIIIA





PARENTAL EFFECT ON CHILDREN

Why do they say about a spoilt child that he has not been brought up well or that his parents have not given him the quality time that he needed at a young age to blossom forth into a beautiful human-being? The state of such a child invites a determined effort to set things right in proper time.

This period (3-10 years) is the most important period of a child's life because it sculptures out the person that he is going to be during the rest of his life. The way a child is groomed and brought up during this tender age matters a lot. This is the age at which a child picks up anything that he is taught or exposed to as he does not have the ability to recognise what is good and what is not. This ignorance can prove costly as it can create another Osama Bin Laden.

At a young age a child may fall into bad company; and it is the parents' duty to correct the child and show the

child the right way. Otherwise he can become a disrespectful child. Parents should also make sure that the child does not get into bad company in the first place. Today, in most families, both parents go to work. Parents have very little time to spend with their children. This leaves them dejected. At such crucial moments, they seek friends and may get into bad company.

Parents too should not be very strict with their children. They should not go to the extent of beating and torturing them because this could result in the children developing an inferiority complex or attitudes that are harmful to the normal development of the child. Such a treatment can create in a child's mind feelings of fear and hatred for their parents. It may also cause a child to stammer or to keep away from the company of others.

So we can conclude that the parents do play a v e r y important role in a child's life — the way sunlight and air do in a plant's life.

—Karthik
Raman, VIII A





I remember the day our van jerked to a halt in front of an ancient house. "Is this it?" I asked disbelievingly. I moved towards the house. It was groaning and creaking as the wind swept the leaves swirling around it. "Are you sure?" I asked again, I couldn't believe that this was the house I, Mia Sandberry, would live in. My dog, Toby, barked in agreement. "Of course it is, honey!" mom said consolingly. "It isn't so bad, Just a little dust, a few cobwebs..." Her voice trailed off..

"Well, it isn't that bad, is it?" dad asked. Well, my dad is a carpenter and he really likes to fix things. When he first saw this house, it was for sale; he talked it out with mom and

something like a long box inside it. I didn't hesitate to uncover the canvas to reveal the secret. As I tugged on the canvas, a thick layer of dust arose, blinding me for a moment. Anyway that wasn't going to stop me. No, not me. Nothing would stop me, not even the President of the U.S.

I uncovered the secret and as I did so my heart missed a beat. It was the most horrifying thing I had ever seen! As I uncovered the canvas I saw a aa coffin!! It was at that moment that I hesitated but my curiosity was victorious. I struggled to open the heavy lid. My mouth felt dry and parched as I peeled away the thick layers of dust and cobwebs. When I finally succeeded in doing so,

SOMETHING IN THE BASEMENT

bought it. And, so here I am standing in front of an old abandoned house. Well, 'my abandoned house' to be precise.

We all shuffled inside the house; the cobwebs hung low above our heads and the smell of rotten eggs made me cough. Mom and dad went upstairs to check on all the rooms. I told them that I would go to the basement to check things out.

I made my way down to the basement. The floor boards creaked as I stepped on them. The smell of stale mothballs hung heavily in the air, suffocating me. As I walked along carefully, I suddenly tripped on something. I got up and felt about; it was just a canvas tent. It felt rough and coarse beneath my fingers. I felt about it. There certainly was

my hands were cold and clammy. I felt weak and my stomach twitched. My heart pounded in my chest. When I anxiously looked inside... a a.... thing or perhaps.... person pounced on me!! I was terrified! Just as I started to scream the lights came on. When I looked at the person, or maybe the thing that pounced on me, I was relieved to find that it was my dog, Toby. My dad had heard my cries and had put the lights on. I was so relieved to find it was only my dog..... just my dog, right? But questions arise. Who put him in the coffin? Who covered it with the canvas? Well those are the things I've never been able to uncover..... Hey, was that a sound I heard from the basement??

—*Ishita Taneja, VB*

In April 1993, the breaking news which I heard one morning from my friends was that our village, Batanagar, and the neighbouring village, Santoshpur, had decided to host a cricket match for the age group of 9 to 20 years at the MSA Maidan a week later on 23rd April. Immediately, I ran to Mr Das who was enlisting the names of those who were interested in being a part of the Batanagar team. I registered my name as one of the eleven players. Later Mr Das told me that I could be a part of the Batanagar team. The news about the match created great excitement among the public.

The memorable day dawned, and by nine o'clock in the morning, the stadium was filled with noisy spectators. Santoshpur won the toss and volunteered to bat first. The umpire for the match was Mr Sen, who was an expert at the job. The openers of Santoshpure were Prakash and Bittu who looked aggressive and took the score up to 36 —when the first wicket fell. The next four wickets were not very difficult to get; it was made easy by the bowlers, Siddhartha and Rana. After the first five wickets fell, there

was a fall in the run rate, and at the end of 30 overs, the score stood at 128/6.

The batting strength of our Batanagar team was not so strong. The openers took our score up to 54, and after that, one by one, our wickets began to fall. I was batting right from the

fifth position of the batting line-up.

The Batanagar spectators were praying for a victory. Our hopeless score was 126/9 (29.4 overs). We needed 3 runs from two balls. I was batting. Karan from the Santoshpur team delivered a ball. My whole body was shaking. My blood ran cold. I

closed my eyes as I swung my bat and I could hear a sound of the bat hitting the ball. When I opened my eyes, I saw the ball behind the boundary ropes. There was utter silence. Next moment, a mighty shout went up from the Batanagar spectators: Victory. Joy was all around as I jumped up. That was how the memorable match drew to a close.

—Debapratim Ghosh, IXA

A CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN TWO VILLAGES





In our daily life, God puts before us trials which we cannot overcome by our intelligence and might. We can do so only by the power of God. The following is a short-story to illustrate this fact.

Mountain-climbing was one of the various arts Richard had mastered. Though his fame had spread far and wide, the one and only negative point in him was his pride.

One winter morning, he had set off for a one-day long trek to reach his destination —Mount Caif. He travelled alone only because he wanted all the credit to himself.

On reaching Mount Caif, the 150-foot mountain, he began to climb. All was fine until a harsh blow of wind

LISTEN, WHEN GOD SPEAKS

knocked him off the mountain. He found himself hanging several feet away from the mountain. No one could help him. He was terribly scared. He pleaded to God for help.

God then spoke to him in a reassuring voice. He said, "Cut the rope, and you'll be free." 'No that can't be it!' He thought to himself! He gave out another cry for help but got the same response. Two days later some men found him frozen cold and stiff. If only he had listened, he wouldn't have suffered so much. He was just a few feet from the ground. Often we come across similar situations. But when he speaks to us, we tend to ignore him. We feel that isn't the way things are going to work. So, listen when he speaks to you. For he loves you.

—Christine Samuel, IXA



THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE INFLUENCED MY LIFE THE MOST

In today's world there are not many who have been helped by others for the simple reason that every person in today's world is self-centred. Even if some people do help, they have a selfish motive to push them on. Only a very few people are lucky enough to have people who help them so that they can benefit substantially.

I incidently am one of those few lucky individuals to have two such individuals by my side. They are the Principal of our institution, Mr Mark David and his wife, Mrs David.

The two I have just spoken about have stood like pillars by my side. They have perhaps helped me the most in my life. They helped me overcome each difficulty with ease, kept instilling within me a spirit that says, "Yes you can do it."

Without their support, I am sure that I would not have been the person I am today.

I salute them both.

—Salim Pawane, IXB



ABOUT MY ALMA MATER

Life —what is this word? Many have attempted to define it. Only a handful have been successful in doing so. Life, according to me, is a mixture of emotions, heartwarming experiences, ugliness, truths, hazardous situations, dreams, desires, charming lovable people and, of course, the person living it. It is a known fact that life is two-faced. Compilations of such intricate, perplexing and sometimes sophisticated lives are known as 'memories'. Intriguing, is it not? Well, if life were not to have been as it is, each one of us would have been an enlightened person!

I, being in the final stage of Std IX, am nearing the end of my schooling. I often wonder what life holds for me after my schooldays. (I think it's a beard and a moustache!) I guess the most distinct and vivid memories my mind would contain could be those of my school days —the best days of my life.

School-life plays a very important role in moulding one's individuality. School-life primarily revolves round learning and teachers, friends and relations, experiences, performance, and finally, the result (the dreaded report card!).

My 'schools' have not taught me mere language or arithmetic, but also good behaviour. They have moulded and shaped my attitude and taught me how to do things with panache. They have made me a responsible citizen. How indebted we are to our

alma mater!

Teachers, the true craftsmen of a country, mould people and in turn carve out a strong nation. Alexander III of Macedonia had once said, "I am indebted to my father for living but to my teachers for living well!"

For long I have noted that students tend to ridicule their teachers behind their backs. It just reflects on their upbringing. I would never forget my teachers. I would never forget my higher primary teacher, a mentor in a way, my Hindi teacher, an excellent teacher and orator (though stingy while allotting marks at times!), my naive PT master and many others.

Friends, it would be difficult to get over the fact that some of my true friends (schoolmates) would be strangers to me after a couple of years. Schoolmates are 'the' friends who are just friends —for no particular reason. Memories of my friends would be evergreen in my mind and I hope their friendship stays fresh forever! The delicious ways of Kartik, the unruffled and astute Arun Mukundan, the frolicsome and quirky Akhils, the comical Ajay, the chatter of Tabitha, the cheeky comments of 'Mast' Sinha —how I would miss these people and days!

My thoughts almost approximate those described in a verse by Nicole Carniero, an ex-student. I would like to take your leave by quoting the verse:

*Thoughts of schooldays spent together,
Thoughts of schooldays spent in glee,
Thoughts of schooldays gone forever,
And now they are just memories.*

—*Shishir Bankapur, IXB*



THE ART OF WRITING

The most difficult part about writing an article is to find a topic for it. 'Prayer is power' — plain cliché. 'Serve humanity' — too mundane. 'My favourite story', 'My favourite sport' — too childish. 'War is imminent' — too common. Selecting a topic for writing an article is really the most awesome job.

A person starts writing a short narrative essay on, for instance, 'An Accident'. Various thoughts cross his mind. The car and the truck crashed. So many were killed, so many were injured. Now what? I'd better change the topic. 'A Visit to a Railway Station.' The railway announcements! The entry and exit of trains leading to various destinations, people lying around on the platforms. What else? This topic is not good enough. Change it. 'Honesty is the Best Policy.' Fine but how boring! There seems to be nothing in the world to write about. In the ICSE examinations too, candidates are torn between thoughts to choose the right topic. For writing this article, I too racked my brain excessively but left things midway and spent hours pondering in search of an appropriate topic until I decided to write about the problem itself that I was facing.

Many examples can be cited to prove that starting something is an endeavour fraught with difficulty. Taking the initiative to start a company is a hundred times tougher than running it. A person may dream of becoming a cricketer but the most

difficult part for the realisation of his dream is to start practising for hours on end. Once he has attained his goal, the going is much easier. I guess that is how life is.

Well friends, I began where I ended. Suggestions are all welcome. You can email me at confusedme@eureka.com.

—*Ruschil Aggarwal, IXB*

JOKES

Teacher: Ram, give me a sentence with 'gruesome'.

Ram: My mother wanted carrots so my father grew some. ■

Teacher: Ram, why are bells tied to the necks of cows?

Ram: Because their horns don't work. ■

Sheela: Ram, how did mother come to know that you didn't have a bath?

Ram: Because I forgot to wet the soap. ■

Sheela: What do you call a lonely banana?

Ram: Akela. ■

—*Saksham Pahwa, VB*

Mother: Tina, why did you hit Rahul with a stone?

Tina: Mummy, he hit me first.

Mother: You should have told me.

Tina: Mummy, I did not know your aim is better than mine. ■

Man: Sometimes one person's sickness is another person's cure.

Doctor: What do you mean?

Man: Last week my wife suffered from throat pain and my ear ache was cured. ■

—*Sailesh Lakhani, VIC*

TIME TO CHOOSE A CAREER?

Many a times when we meet people, the most frequent questions asked to us are 'What will you be when you grow up?', 'Will you take up Science or Commerce?', 'Which college do you want to go to?'..... etc.

For Std IX students like us, it is a difficult situation. At this juncture we have to choose between our capability and liking. Some people choose their likings over their capabilities, work hard and succeed. A few are capable; but because they are not keen to work in that particular field, they eventually fail. Well, this is not always so.

Many people go for aptitude tests. These tests judge your capabilities and advise a suitable field in which you can prove to be competent. They analyse your answers given to certain questions; and help to a certain extent in choosing a field. The results of these tests may vary.

These tests are just subordinate requirements. Your field of work should be chosen by yourself. Your likings and capabilities in that field hold a lot of importance and are the chief requirements for choosing your career.

It is however always advisable to go for aptitude tests. They are held many a time in schools and also in companies for their employee's children.

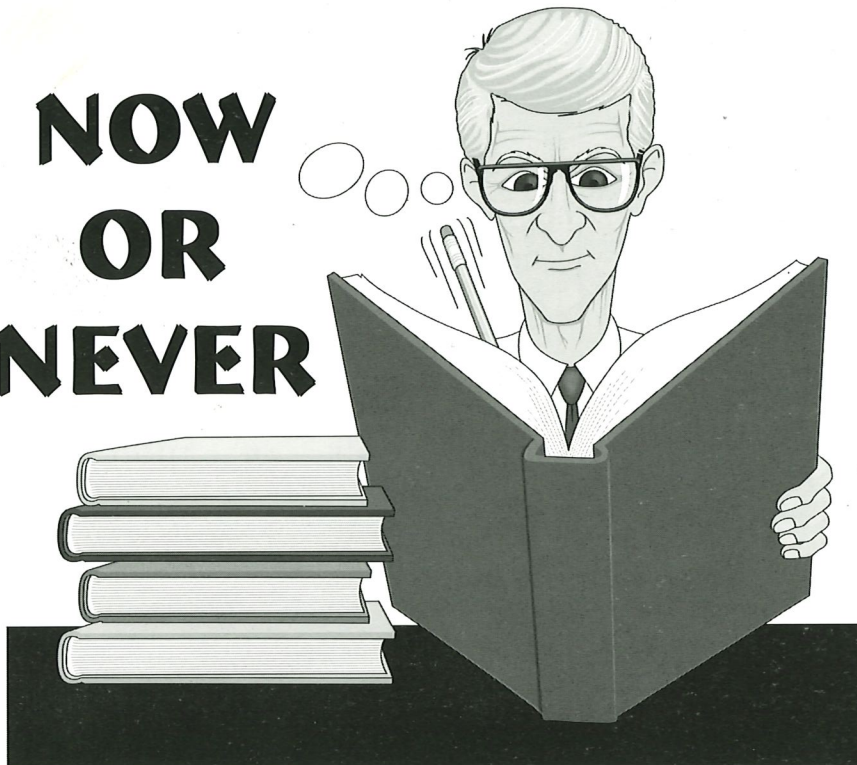
When choosing a career or a field we have to be very careful. One wrong step can ruin one's entire life if one is not capable of studying in a particular field. These aptitude tests reveal your interests as well as your knowledge in that field. You may have a strong desire or an ambition to be an

engineer, but if you do not have the required knowledge, your efforts will all be in vain. It is therefore rightly said that 'Intelligence without ambition is a bird without wings.'

—Darshini Mehta, IXB



NOW OR NEVER



There is no instance of time so favourable to us as the present one. The past is history, the future is unborn. To live in either is to dwell in a dreamland of memory or of fantasy.

The only reality of time is the present moment. It is within it that we must make of our lives what we wish them to be. So it is also within it that we must be what we hope to become. To be and to do it now: that is the secret of successful and purposeful living. To put it off till tomorrow is the way to inactivity and ultimate non-realizations.

"What we intend to be or do tomorrow does not count at the present moment. It does not affect the actual quality of our lives even a little bit. Conversely, however, the present moment is the embryo of

tomorrow. The calibre of our today foreshadows the calibre of any tomorrow that may be given to us. It is only what we think, say and do at this moment that is our life; and that makes it one of low or high quality. The only effective moment is now. To treat it in any other way is merely an attempt to escape from reality.

We have a tendency to put off living until some

other day in the long future before us. We put off until tomorrow the efforts necessary to improve our work or the changes required to better our personal selves. We resist both effort and change in the full expectation that some day, miraculously, we will do the things that will make for us a full life.

But the point is that life is now; and that it consists of the thoughts and actions of the moment. The changes for the better that we are going to make on a more favourable tomorrow are ghostly delusions. Tomorrow is merely an unborn today that will be lived by us according to the pattern wrought by our thoughts and actions on the today that has become a yesterday.

—*Dalia Kurian, IXB*

NOT TOO EARLY, NOT TOO LATE

All of us were babies once upon a time. The 'once-upon-a-time' reminds one of a fairy tale, doesn't it? Growing up is a fairy tale of sorts. Every person has a unique childhood. It may be one of absolute bliss and happiness whereas for some it may be one of difficulties and sadness. A person's growing up depends on the kind of childhood you live through.

This is something I can verify from my own experience. Two different friends is all it took for me to understand the mechanism of growing up. One friend has parents who were rolling in wealth and were ready to give her all she wanted and acceded to all her demands however improbable they might have been.

The other friend was not as fortunate. She had lost her father as a child and her mother earned barely enough to feed them both and also give her an education.

The first friend even at the age of 20 was a child mentally though an adult physically. The extent to which she was pampered and the royal treatment she always received

prevented her from growing up. The second friend did finish schooling but started working at the age of 16 and has now made life much easier for her mother. She grew up much before her time.

Leaving that behind, maybe I can concentrate on a normal child... like myself perhaps. A normal child always has enough but never too much. Ever thought of how much an overdose of medicine can harm you? Or to talk of more normal occurrences, I'm sure we all know how uncomfortable it is to eat too much at one go. Similarly, too much love, attention and money are enough to spoil any child and the

child's future. I can tell you how much I like getting more than I need or more than I asked for, but I also realise that it probably is not good for me. I believe in getting as many 'no's' for an answer as 'yes's' even though I do feel very bad when the answer is a



no. A child must be allowed to grow normally so that a normal life ensues. A child who learns to fight his own battles is one who leads the most successful life. Thus, this is probably a plea to all parents..... 'Please let your child grow up when he should and not too early, not too late!'

—Shubha Prabhat, XA



MY LAST YEAR IN SCHOOL

My association with BSS Powai began in June '98 when I joined the school in Std VII. I was really apprehensive. I had butterflies fluttering all about my tummy. Looking back, I feel really glad that I was lucky enough to have become a part of this prestigious institution. Std VII was a fabulous year, and Mrs Laxmanan, a terrific class-teacher. Although we came from different schools, I must mention that it didn't take us long to get acquainted with one another and gradually become great pals. Std VIII was the beginning of another great year. This year was indeed a very special year with a very special class-teacher, Mrs A Jacob. To sum it all up, my class that year was one big family. Std IX came with a lot of ups and downs. Mrs Barretto was our class-teacher. One way to describe her would be: "She's a jolly good teacher, and as jolly as she could be." A great year and a lot of experiences! And experience is the most brutal of all teachers. Finally came Std X.—the year which would decide a million things and the year that would 'make' or 'break' you. Once again I was to be with Mrs Barretto, unaccomplished goals, broken promises, sometimes hard work, at other times, hardly working. Today, a month before my board exams, it has finally struck me that school days are coming to an end and I'm starting to miss school already. No more.

—Megha Sharma, XA

MY MOST MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE

It was a thrilling experience when students of Std X (the evergreen fun-loving group) were taken for an educational trip to Ahmedabad. That was the first time in my life when I was supposed to go out somewhere with my friends, and that too, without my over-protective parents. Outside food, a special hotel and of course some freedom to be yourself for the first time. I was greatly excited because planning for the trip started a month before. What dresses I should pack? In which bag I should carry them? All these factors played on my mind. The significant part of the trip was that I was given money for the first time for going out alone for 2 to 3 days. By getting this I felt that I had achieved everything in my life. When I reached Ahmedabad after a night's train journey, I was astonished to find our lodging in a three-storeyed well-maintained hotel. And the food was simply amazing! Everyday we had fried rice and of course my favourite chicken dish in addition to that. But unexpectedly we had to work for the project a bit too long late into the night. As a result of this, we could not have proper sleep. But nevertheless, it has become the most memorable trip of my life.

—Monalisa Ghosh, XA

I joined Bombay Scottish School, Powai, four years ago. At that time I was apprehensive about what the future held in store for me. Like any other normal teenager, a lot of questions nagged my mind. Will I have new friends? How will they respond? Will I be accepted? The list was endless. However, it was in this school that I came across an extraordinary man, a man with the most amazing and respected personality, a man who had achieved phenomenal success in dealing with his students (including ME!!) over a career span of over 35 years, a man who holds his head up high and looks at you straight in the eye—none other than my Principal, Mr David.

Mr David, commonly called 'Sir', is 'strict' but undoubtedly 'straightforward'. His distinctive charisma automatically commands respect. He is undoubtedly a dream-come-true for a Principal. Most kids thought that 'Sir' was being overtly strict with them. Sadly, they never found out that our 'Sir' is like a coconut, 'hard on the outside, soft and tender inside'. In class, the axiom 'Rules are meant to be broken' had actually become a cliché. Too bad we forgot to add that every broken rule is mended with a punishment, and 'Sir' never spared us. We always got generous helpings of these. At that time, we would crib, criticise and condemn... now we realise how right he was! A fatherly figure, as I see 'Sir',

he was always more than a teacher. Due to his untiring efforts, our school has earned an excellent reputation in such a short period of time. He always let us have our fun, blended academics with co-curricular activities, and taught us that while working, one must not think about play, and while playing, work must be kept aside. I know of no more permanent imprints on my life than those made by 'Sir'. Ever inspiring, so very patient, always punctual... mere words cannot describe him. I guess to understand his love, we will all have to

become a principal some day. Only then we may realise how tough it is to be a Principal. In later life, as in earlier, only a few persons influence the formation of our character... I owe most of it to 'Sir'.

I remember my classmates, my teachers, the attendants—some memories bring on a



smile while others I would rather forget. But however ambiguous my feeling may be, I would not want my memories to be taken away from me. These are memories of my days in school, the hopes and aspirations of a young girl—which when faded were always rekindled by a man who had immense faith. Words cannot thank you enough, 'Sir'. In the end, I want to say, "We all love you 'Sir' and we shall always miss you very much."

—Megha Sharma, XA



Reproduced on this page is the farewell message read out by Cecil Frank, a Std-X student, at the send-off function organised by the Std-IX students to felicitate the students of Std X.

The wheels of time don't lie still...

There is a well-known saying: "All good things must come to an end." And so have our schooling days at Bombay Scottish.

After four fascinating years, with a heavy heart, the time has come for us to bid farewell to all our near and dear ones. On this auspicious occasion, most of them would like to recall all the fun we used to have during this time. Many of us joined this school in the seventh standard and some of us later and I'm sure on the first day of school all of us felt alone and left out with a bunch of boys and girls whom we've never seen before. It was really an unforgettable moment though it's not very fresh in our minds.

Four long years of studying in Bombay Scottish have left us with a lot of cherished memories to share, but I don't think I would keep you occupied for hours, telling everything that happened right from the seventh to the tenth standard. I really have a lot to mention which cannot be done in this short speech but only in volumes of books.

We will be ever grateful to all our teachers for they have shaped our lives. We will remain thankful to our alma mater, the legendary Bombay Scottish, because we know that we've had the rare privilege to be a student of this great institution. I thank Principal Mark David, Headmistress Mrs Chandrashekar and all the teachers for their profuse love, concern and sincere

commitment in their strife to mould us into responsible citizens of this world. It is our prayer and wish that this great temple of learning will reach greater heights in future and I'm sure every student like me will be extremely proud of this unique school.

Time indeed plays a very cruel game with us. People are brought together as friends and dear ones. We laugh; we cry; we play and we study together. Then suddenly it's all over. All our dearest friends get separated from us. All that remains are memories both sweet and bitter, to be cherished for a long time. On this special occasion, we would like to thank each and every person in this school who has helped us to become what we are today. We will be forever indebted to all our friends who have made our stay in school an eventful and joyous one. The fun we had and the pranks we used to play on each other, we will miss for all times to come.

The wheels of time don't lie still nor do they go backwards. So we too must move forward, ready to face the realities of life. So friends, let me wish you all the best for your future and hope you come out with flying colours in the forthcoming examinations.

On behalf of the tenth standard, I would like to sincerely thank all our ninth standard friends who have made our school days and especially this evening a very memorable one for all of us; and I wish you the best of success in your examination next year.

Teachers, we immensely appreciate your efforts and thank you for all you've done, and we'd most certainly miss you all. Thank you.

—Cecil Frank, XB

UNE PROMENADE À BICYCLETTE



J'aime le cyclisme. Très souvent je fais une excursion avec mes amis. Nous allons par bicyclette aux places loin de ma maison.

Le samedi dernier, moi et Rahul, nous avons décidé de faire une promenade à bicyclette. Nous sommes allés à la forêt de Bandra qui est quinze kilomètres de ma maison.

Nous avons commencé pour ce pique-nique dans le matin. Rahul est arrivé à ma maison à six heures et demie. Je prenais avec moi un sac dans lequel

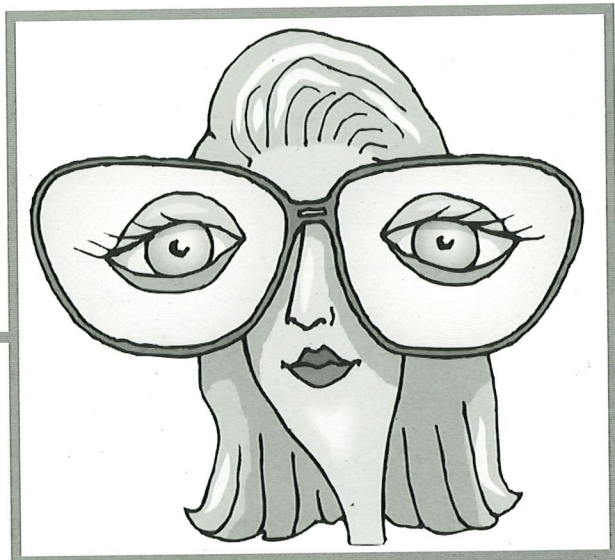
j'ai eu des gâteaux, des tartines, du lait et du jus de fruit. Nous sommes arrivés à la forêt à huit heures du matin. Nous avons laissé les bicyclettes près un grand arbre et nous sommes allés au lac. Il y avait aussi une cascade. Nous avons baigné dans le lac. J'aime le tranquillité, les chansons des oiseaux et le paix. Soudain, Rahul a jeté le football sur moi. Je n'aime pas ceci. J'ai chassé Rahul qui court très vite. Après quelques minutes nous avons mangé des choses que j'ai apporté. Rahul a un appétit large. Il a bu deux bouteilles de jus et il a mangé beaucoup de gâteaux et cinq tartines.

Il a dormi pour quelques heures mais je n'ai pu dormir. J'ai fait une promenade à la forêt. J'ai joué avec des oiseaux, des lapins et des autres animaux. Bientôt, j'ai rencontré Sheela et Meena dans la forêt. J'ai parlé avec elles pour quelque minutes. Puis, je suis allée à la cascade. Le bruit de l'eau m'intéresse beaucoup. J'ai aussi joué le tennis et le ballon pour deux heures. Après ces sports, j'ai fatigué. J'ai resté sous un arbre.

Quand il est cinq heures du soir, nous avons décidé de notre retour. Aussitôt, Rahul a monté sa bicyclette. Nous sommes rentrés nos maisons à sept heures. J'ai aimé ce pique-nique. La prochaine fois, j'irai avec tous mes amis.

—*Tanushree Srivastava, XB*

353, La Rue Marty
Saint Cloud
Paris
Le 21 Juin 2001



Chère amie Marthe,
Comment allez-vous? J'ai reçu votre lettre la quelle vous décrivez la vie à Paris. Vous dites aussi que vous désirez savoir de la vie en Inde.

En Inde la vie n'est pas très facile. Où on travaille beaucoup pour gagner de l'argent. À Mumbai où j'habite, la vie n'est pas lent comme dans les villes autres. Je m'amuse beaucoup pendant mes loisirs. Je vais souvent à la terrasse de cafe, aux restaurants, aux 'pubs' et à la bibliothèque. Mais dans les villes, la vie est pas même comme à Mumbai. Dans des villes, il n'y a pas les bibliothèques, les restaurants et les pubs modernes. La nuit de Mumbai semble renaître et adorneé avec une mystérieuse beauté. La nuit, je vais aussi au théâtres et le cinéma. Dans les terrasses de cafe on trouve une foule de jeunes garçons et jeunes filles asseyent autour les tables, et chantent ou disant. 'Hello' à tous qui entre dans le terrasses de cafe.

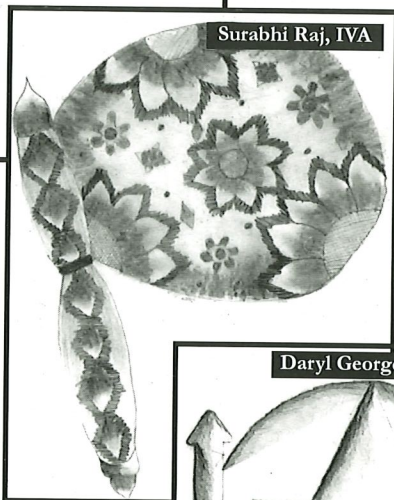
Autrefois, je m'ennuie de la vie à Mumbai mais non toujours. J'aime la vie à Mumbai beaucoup. Je ne desire pas aller un autre cité parcequ, ils ont une vie lente. Je veux que vous m'écrivez chaque mois, puis je peux répondre les vôtres. À bientôt. Au revoir.

Amicalement,
Votre amie

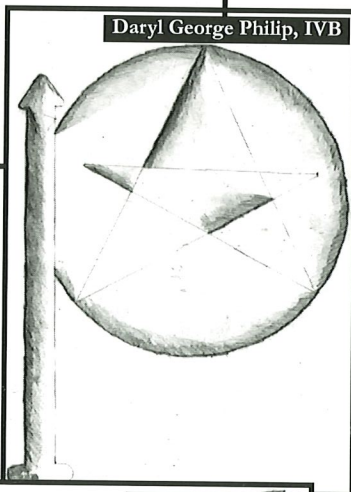
—Archita Halady Rao, XB



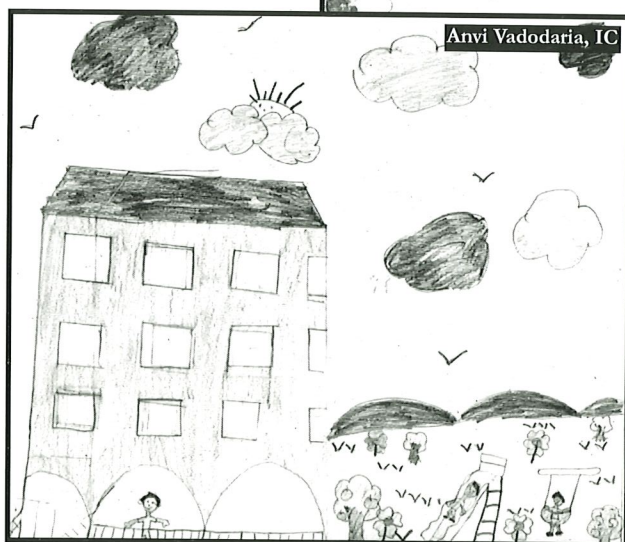
Saba Singh, IVA



Surabhi Raj, IVA



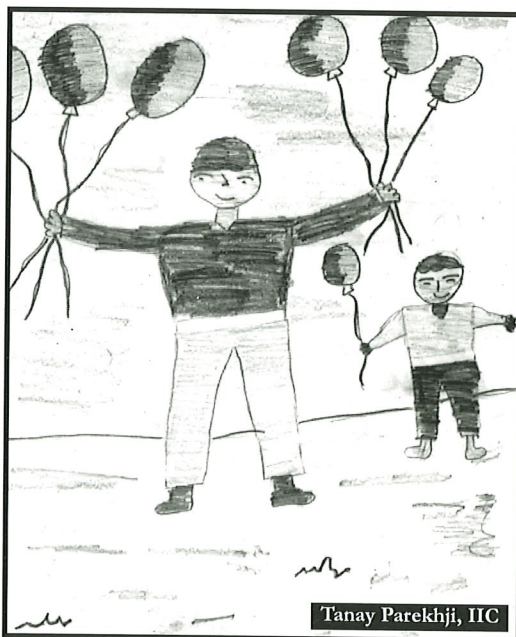
Daryl George Philip, IVB



Anvi Vadodaria, IC



Eshita Wadhwa, IA

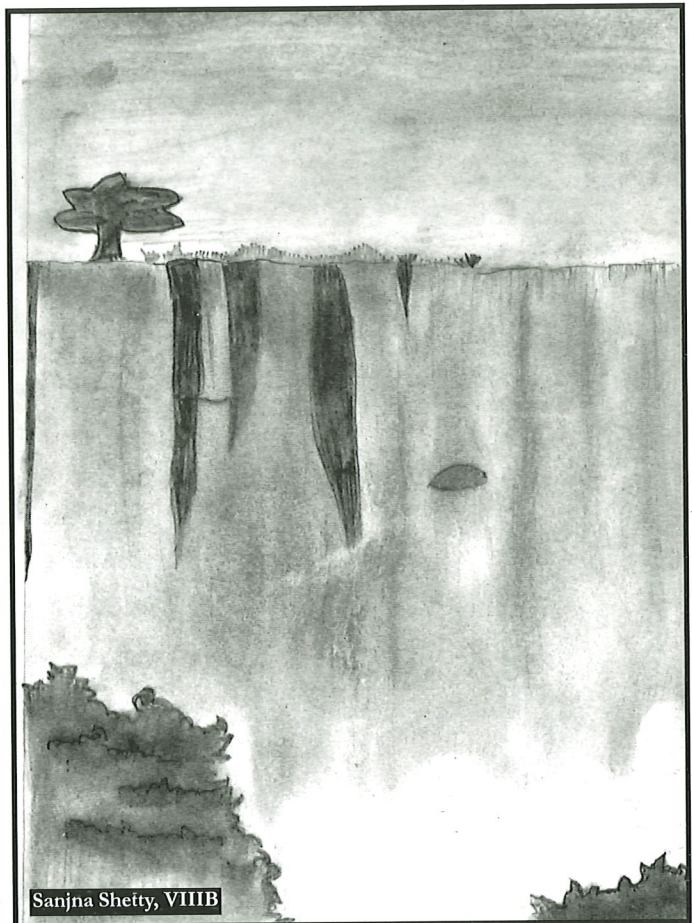


Tanay Parekhji, IIC

IN BLACK & WHITE



Rajshekhar Das, IXB

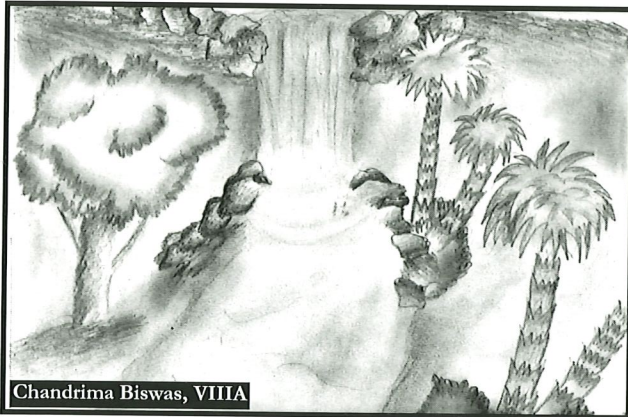


Sanjna Sheffy, VIIIB



Kevin Abraham, VIIIB

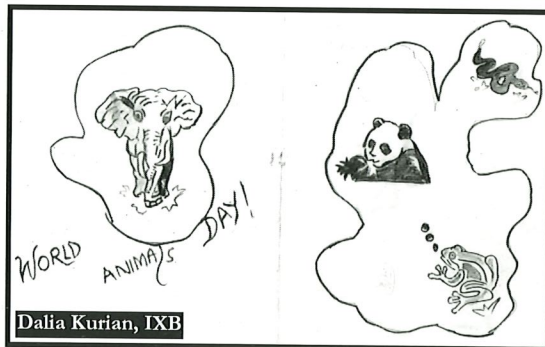
IN BLACK & WHITE



Chandrima Biswas, VIIIA



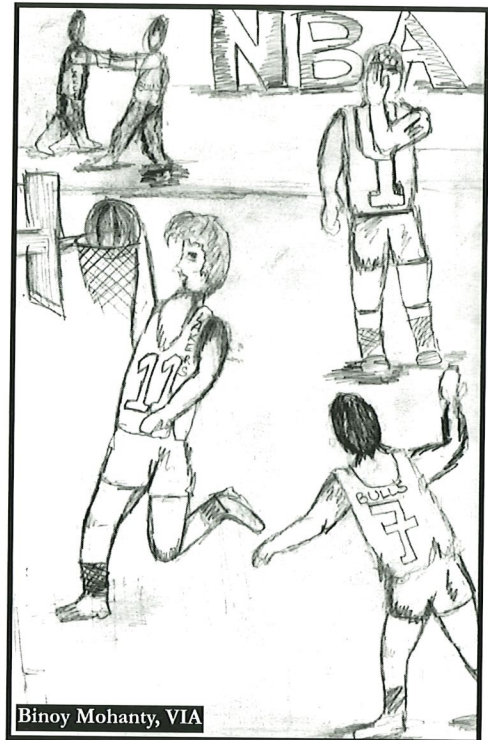
Pratik Ramdharne, VIB



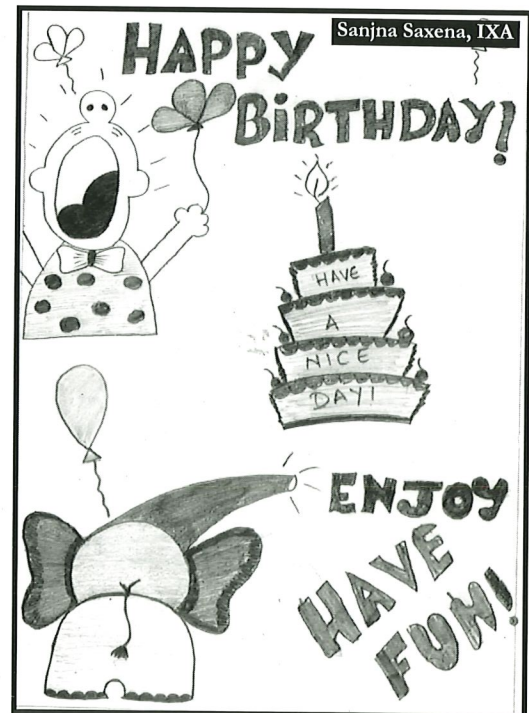
Dalia Kurian, IXB



Ishita Zem Taneja, VB



Binoy Mohanty, VIA



Sanjna Saxena, IXA

IN BLACK & WHITE



BSS NEWS FLASHES

THE INTERACT CLUB



The members of the BSS Interact Club

The Interact Club is an organisation sponsored by the Rotary Club that places considerable emphasis on social service-oriented activities initiated by individuals and groups to enhance the quality of human life and to spread the message of selfless service which seem to have got sidelined in our contemporary selfish chase of materialism.

The year 2001-02 began with the election of our very first team of office-bearers. The newly elected office-bearers were: Vikram Bahl, President; Pratik Gupta, Vice-President; Vidya Appu, Secretary and Karishma George, Treasurer. They were later sworn in, in the presence of our Headmistress, the Rotary Club President, Rotarians, Interactors and Interact Co-ordinators.

We, the Interactors, being aware of the fact that opportunity knocks but once at our door, contributed in every single way we could in doing community service. We brought hope to

the sick and the needy and rejuvenated the old.

After the investiture ceremony, a few weeks later, the office-bearers were introduced to the Rotary District Governor at a meeting held at Hotel Chakra where the year's activities were brought to the notice of the Governor.

We had regular meetings on the second and fourth Fridays of every month. Our co-ordinators guided and encouraged us at every stage. The Rotarians too encouraged us with their presence. During one of our regular meetings, we had an interactive session: 'A game called Life' conducted by Mr Amit Goel. Each one of us enjoyed the session and took active part in it.

Helpage India invited us to visit the Old-age Home at Goregaon. We grabbed the opportunity and donated food items, religious books, music cassettes and clothes. We also donated clothes to the residents of the



Salvation Army's Old-age Home at Byculla. An amount of Rs 9000 —in the form of cheques— was donated to Helpage India. Though this amount is just a drop in the ocean, it comes as a thoughtful gesture from the members of the Interact Club. An amount of Rs 6300 —in the form of a cheque— was donated towards the treatment of Akshay Kamle, a six-year old cancer patient who was hospitalised at P D Hinduja National Hospital.

We concluded our activities in the month of March well in time to prepare for the forthcoming final examination. We would like to place on record our sincere thanks to all our colleagues, the Interactors, our co-ordinators who made a valuable contribution in making this year's activities a great success. We also wish the incoming office-bearers all the best in their future activities.

—Vikram Bahl, VIII

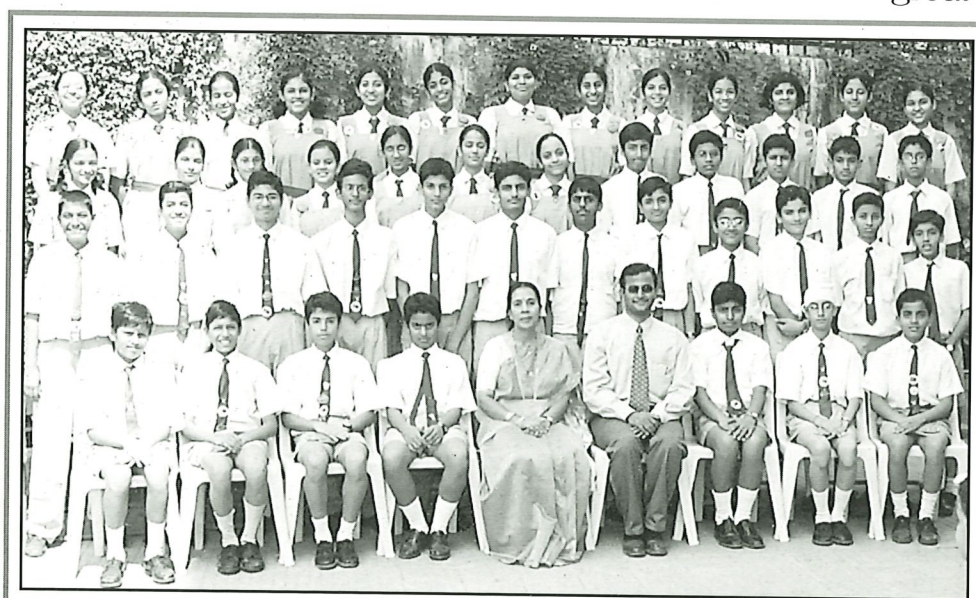
—Vidya Appu, VIII

THE HORNBILL CLUB

Advancing into the new terrain of the Hornbill Club (HC) trail, we had a taste of new experiences. The emblem of the Hornbill Club is the Hornbill. It was in the second year that we discovered the authentic reason behind this. The Hornbill was a pet in Hornbill House. It was named William. It stayed with the people in charge for several years. Therefore it got the honour of being the official mascot of the Hornbill Club. Today it is an endangered species.

This year the trail began with an overnight camp held on 23rd and 24th June 2001. We participated in the various activities that focused attention on the utility of used material. The three surveys helped us survey the BNHS Park better. We amassed a great deal of knowledge of

trees, birds, animals, etc. A memorable recreational activity was enacting a skit on current issues. We went for a night trail —something we had never experienced before—, in pitch darkness. We used this expedition to go in search of a leopard—but found none.



The members of the BSS Hornbill Club



THE WHIZKIDS' CLUB

The next item on the agenda was a workshop conducted by Mr Amar Deshpande, Education Officer, BNHS. An interesting task assigned to us was the preparation of an annual project; the topics were: trees, endangered species, eco-calendar, reptiles and BNHS.

We got the golden opportunity to visit Hornbill House which is the official centre of the Hornbill Club. The officials in charge displayed an array of Nature's creations stuffed and preserved over a span of more than 150 years. Our school was placed first in the quiz on Asian Bears held by Hornbill House. We are proud to say that we celebrated Wild-Life Week—an act in keeping with our dedication to the preservation of wild-life in general.

There were weekly meetings held, and we did spontaneously take up the chores to be completed by club members.

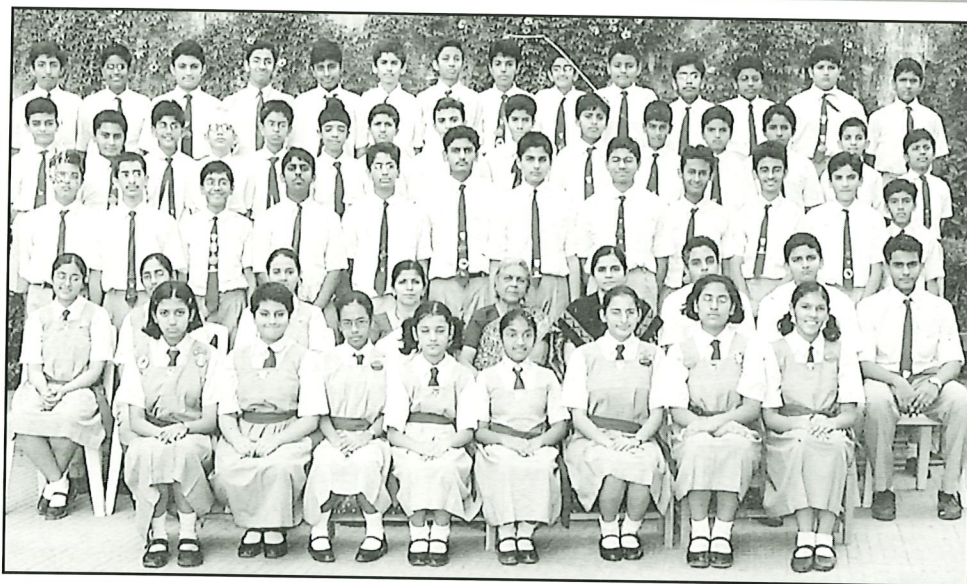
Another workshop that instilled a sense of responsibility was the one addressed itself to the task of conducting a water-audit of the school building. We were appalled to learn about the extent of water-wastage everyday. In the course of our studies, we learned that Mumbai gets its drinking water supplied from the Tulsi, Vihar, Bhatsa, Modaksagar, Upper Vaitarna and Lower Vaitarna lakes. The water is purified at a plant in Bhandup by a tedious process.

On 2nd February 2002, also known as the World Wetland Day, we viewed a slide-show to comprehend the true meaning of 'wetland'. 'Wetland' is a portion of land saturated with water; it helped us to understand the nature of the vegetation and the wild-life that inhabit it. We now eagerly await the exciting trails that will follow in future.

—*Poorval Joshi & Nirali Bavaria, IX*

The club conducted the following activities during the year:

1. Examinations conducted by the United Schools' Organisation of India: (a) The All-India UN Information Test on 31st August 2001; (b) The All-India UNESCO Information Test on 29th September 2001 (All students who participated cleared the examination. Suneet Mohapatra secured the fifth rank and received a cash award of Rs 100.); (c) The All-India General Knowledge Test on 1st December 2001. (Kartik Raman secured the sixth rank and received a cash award of Rs 100.)
2. The National Cyber Olympiad was conducted by the Science Olympiad Foundation on 3rd October 2001. (38 students participated; and six of them won silver merit certificates.)
3. The National Science Olympiad was conducted by the Science Olympiad Foundation on 1st February 2002. (Kartik Raman qualified for the second round.)
4. The Zee Interactive Learning Systems Ltd conducted a quiz competition. (Kartik Raman and Arun Mukundan secured the first position.)
5. The Bournvita Quiz Contest. (Aditya Mukherjee and Prasanth Chandramouli qualified in the preliminary round and appeared on the TV show.)
6. The Maggi Quiz Contest. (This intra-school contest was held on 26th September 2001. The winners were: Aditya Mukherjee and Jahan Jamas; and the runners-up were: Nikhil Ranganathan and Akhil Srivatsan.)
7. The Remittag Interschool General



The members of the BSS Whizkids' Club

Knowledge Quiz was conducted by Jasudben School. (Shishir Bankapur and Vishakh Harikumar secured the third position.)

8. The Limca Quiz was held on 5th November 2001. (Ashrith Shetty, Snehanth Nath and Suraj Dhillon were the finalists.)

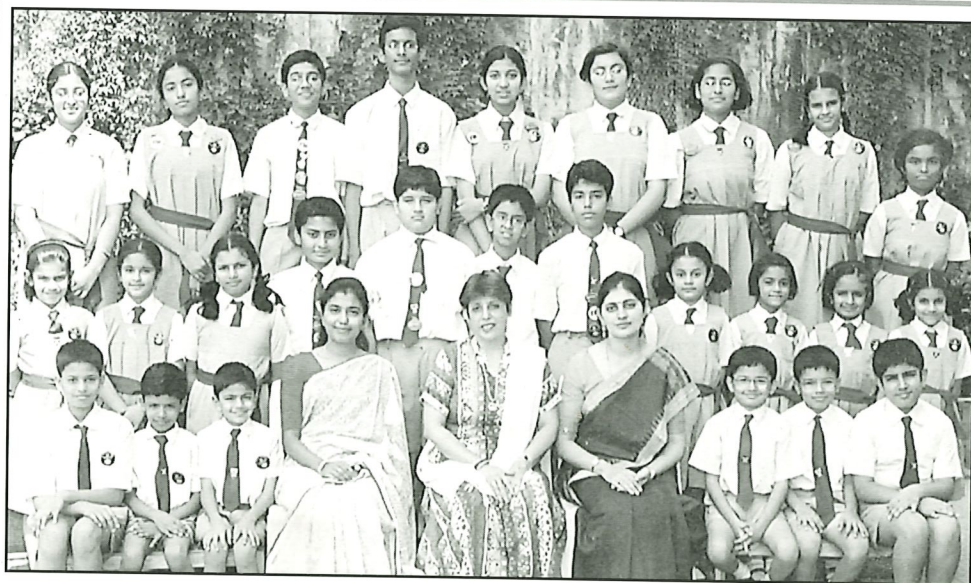
9. The Brainwave conducted by the YMCA was held in September 2001. (The results were as follows: First Prize, G K [Seniors] — Snehanth Nath; First Prize, G K [Juniors] — Ritu Pathare; First Prize, Hindi Elocution [Juniors] — Nakul Natrajan; First Prize, English Elocution [Juniors] — Nishant Roy; Second Prize, G K [Juniors] — Nikhil Ranganathan; Sec-

ond Prize, Short-Story Telling, [Juniors] — Rahat Kazi; Second Prize, Essay-Writing Hindi [Juniors] — Poorva Agarwal; Second Prize, English Essay-Writing [Juniors] — Shivohne Saldhana; Second Prize, English Elocution [Juniors] — Shantanu Shekhar; Second Prize, English Short-Story Writing [Juniors] — Mehek Contractor; and Third Prize, English Short-Story Writing [Seniors] — Shreya Jha.

10. The Interhouse Quiz held on 30th January 2002. (The winner was the Blue House.)

—Ms V Ranganthan & Ms R Visalakshi

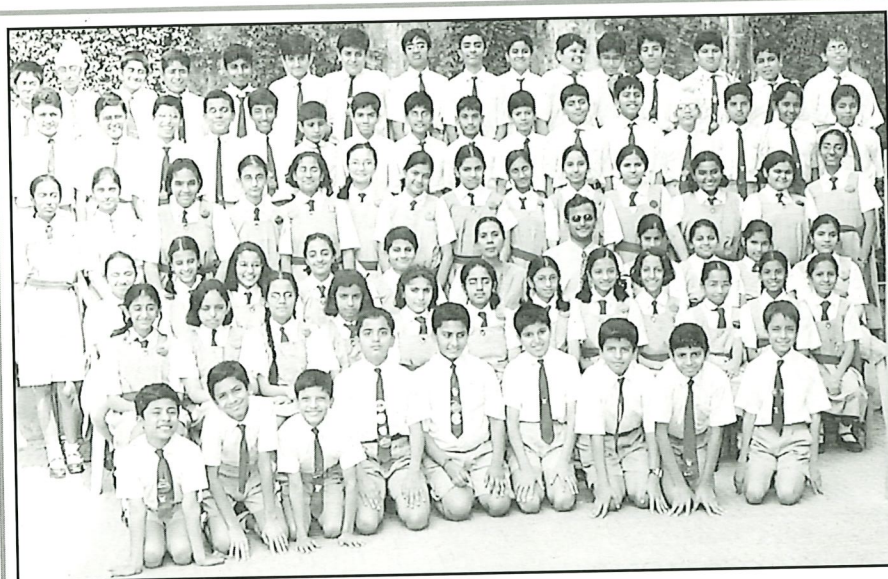
THE READERS' CLUB



The members of the BSS Readers' Club



THE NATURE CLUB



The members of the BSS Juniors' Nature Club

The saying goes that 'Today's readers are tomorrow's leaders.' The activities of the Readers' Club (Juniors) were coordinated by the Scholastic Book House Ltd and a class-teacher. The club was constituted in August 2001. A child from each division of Std I to Std IV was selected to be a member of the club. The club therefore had twelve members who were bubbling with enthusiasm. Every child has by now attained sound proficiency in reading and the use of proper diction. Children were introduced to, and encouraged to use, a dictionary to find out meanings of unfamiliar words to enhance their vocabulary. They were also given requisite guidance in the use of bookmarks. After reading every book, students from Std I and Std II were encouraged to make sentences using selected words or draw pictures presenting the story-line. Students from Std III and Std IV wrote summaries of the short-stories they had read. Finger-puppets were used to 'enact' various stories to whet the interest of the participants.

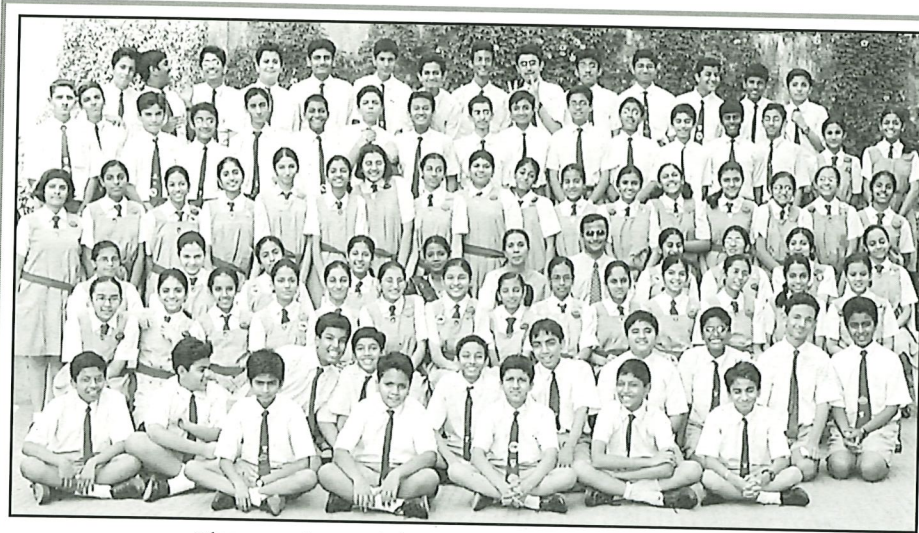
—Ms Hilda Dolasha

The Nature Club, after its establishment in the year 1998, has grown in size and now has members from Stds VI, VII, VIII and IX. Along with the Hornbill Club, it aims at promoting awareness of the significance of Nature among students and parents. Along with the regular interaction among stu-

dents and teachers, the club has focused attention on diversifying its activities and consolidating itself further. The current year has afforded the Nature Club an opportunity to interact meaningfully with other active organisations like the BNHS. The club's activities have whetted the interest of its members in various aspects of Nature and the importance of environmental considerations. The Nature Club's weekly meetings are conducted on Thursdays during the lunch break. The club's efforts have contributed substantially to the improvement of the school garden — which flaunts an excellent blend of Indian and exotic plants— and the systematic naming of plants grown in there.

The members of the Nature Club have also done excellent work in other areas. Std VI and VII students have done project work on marine life; and those of Std VIII and IX have done projects on pollution.

A few members of the Nature Club took part in the activities conducted by PEAS (Programme for Environmental Awareness/Activities for Schools). Activities con-



The members of the BSS Seniors' Nature Club

ducted were largely on the interschool level; they included essay competitions, poster competitions, fancy dress competitions, quiz competitions, modelling, debating, etc. Our school participated in all these activities with great enthusiasm and won top honours in quiz and debating competitions for seniors in the West Zone.

In addition to all these, there was an essay competition organised by Friends of the Trees in which students were invited to participate. Members of the club visited Ranthambore Wild-Life Sanctuary; it entailed a five-day and four-night stay from 8th to 13th November 2001. Five teachers and three guides accompanied the members. Members also visited the Ranthambore Fort—a massive fort which is now under repairs—where there were many langoors. The fort has a Mahakali Temple which is dedicated to Lord Shiva and Ganesha. Members also went on a jungle safari and spotted two tigers. They also had an opportunity to see crocodiles, owls, ducks, wild boars and deer. The Manosarovar Lake enjoys a very beautiful location. Members thoroughly enjoyed themselves at dance parties on the last two nights at Ranthambore Fort.

The students of Stds VIII and IX went to BNHS, Goregaon, in July. The students of Stds VI and VII went to Borivali National Park in September. On 26th January, various activities relating to environmental concerns were conducted; these included drawing competitions, poetry-writing and quiz competitions. The winners were

awarded certificates.

We are very grateful to the BNHS for conducting slide-shows and various other activities for the benefit of our members. We also extend our thanks to WWF for lending video cassettes and books on environmental issues to the Nature Club Library. In conclusion, we can say that we had a very rewarding year.

—*Yesha Shah & Srinath Narasimhan, IX*

THE IAYP CLUB

The Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme (West Zone Award Authority), which was started in the year 2001-02 in our school as a part of the project of International Awards for Young People, offers young people an opportunity to participate actively in a balanced programme of leisure activities in which they are encouraged to serve others, acquire new skills and experience adventure. The participants are required to conduct in four different areas or sections a variety of activities in their own leisure time. These are: 1. Service; 2. Expeditions; 3. Skills; and 4. Physical Recreation. Activities in all four areas have to be completed within



a minimum period of time.

1. Service: To learn to offer useful service to others and understand its value—which is the key to the understanding of community responsibility.

2. Expeditions: To encourage the spirit of adventure and discovery. These include overnight camps that necessitate visits to remote countrysides, hiking, canoeing or rafting. Such activities encourage a spirit of adventure and an understanding of the environment.

3. Skills: To encourage the development of personal interest and practical skills. This helps to develop manual or cultural skills and also encourages a sense of creativity and personal discovery.

4. Physical Recreation: To encourage participation in physical recreation activities that in turn lead to the improvement of individual performance, the development of a healthy sense of participation and progress, the ability to match fitness of body with fitness of mind. Activities like athletics and yoga help to develop a lasting sense of achievement and satisfaction.

Around the world, this programme encourages and develops qualities like self-confidence, initiative, motivation, time-management, creativity, social awareness, etc. We conducted several activities throughout the year. At the start, we had the introductory trip to Chinchoti Water Falls. Every Monday, we had a one-



The members of the BSS IAYP Club

hour skill-practising session. We organised two camps; one in Matheran and the other in Uttan. These camps were quite exciting. We were taught skills in many activities such as rock-climbing, rappelling, valley-crossing, map- and compass-reading, tent-pitching, cooking and knot-tying. The service we offered to the villagers and our interaction with them gave us much happiness.

The award programme operates in more than sixty-five countries around the world and more than two-and-a-half million young people have taken part since its inception in 1956. If in case a young person moves to another state or country, due weightage is given to the activities undertaken by the person earlier.

The Founder and Patron of the programme is HRH The Duke of Edinburgh. He has described the award programme as “a do-it-yourself kit in the art of civilised living” and “a challenge to the individual to do more, to try harder and to reach out to new horizons”.

—Ms A Gusain & Mr Dan Dighorkar



IAMP TRIP TO CHINCHOTI

Finally the much awaited Saturday, the 29th of October —the long awaited day of our hike to Chinchoti came. You could feel the excitement in the atmosphere. It started off when we reached the school at 6:30 a.m. First a roll-call was taken, then we left in a bus for Chinchoti which is on the outskirts of Mumbai. The bus journey was a very exciting and fun-filled one. We saw picturesque scenes as we made our way from the hustling, bustling Saki Naka to the peaceful village of Chinchoti. At 8.00 a.m, sharp we reached the mountains of the Western Ghats on which the village of Chinchoti is located. From there we hiked our way towards the village. The air was cool and the breeze gentle. We hiked through the farms and came across many houses of the villagers. We marched through the forests, talking amongst us all the way. We met our guides, Mantri, Anil and others close to the farms. We were divided into three groups with one guide per group.

I was in the first group and our group began to break away from the pack as the others could not keep pace with us. As we walked through the forests, we saw the huge webs of the Giant Wood Spiders. Our school teachers, Mrs Gusain and Mr Dighorkar showed us certain fascinating flora and fauna. Finally after a long and tiresome hike lasting one-and-a-half hour, we reached our destination. There was a flurry of oops, upps, wows and everybody stood stunned by the beauty of the waterfall. We all crossed the stream to have a closer look at the waterfall. It was a gorgeous sight. Soon the air was filled with camera-clicks. Our energy came back to us although we had a tiring trek up the mountain. The rocks

near the waterfall were all very slippery; and a single wrong step could prove fatal. We carefully kept on climbing the slippery hard rocks. Some of my fellow-hikers decided to take a dip in the stream either intentionally or unintentionally (by slipping from the rocks). Only five boys did not enter the stream. One of them happened to be me. The species of crabs and fish in the stream were fascinating. We ate our packed lunch and avoided littering the place. Soon I was taking a lot of snaps. Then I went to accomplish some very daring and adventurous feats I never thought I would do. All the drenched boys were ready to leave after they changed. We bid good-bye to the first waterfall. After this we climbed to the top of a steep mountain and came across a second breathtaking waterfall. This was much smaller but more beautiful. It was a source of water for the first one we had seen earlier.

The water tasted very sweet; and we collected it in bottles for drinking. Then came the real testing time —the descent. We climbed down the mountain occasionally falling down. The descent appeared to be longer as we were very tired. We were divided into two groups. The first group was much quicker than the second. It was led by Mrs Gusain who explained her experiences at Badrinath and Kedarnath. The first group was miles ahead of the second. Midway, we had a relieving dose of Glucon-D. The two groups met at a well where a group photograph was taken.

After we climbed down, we heard the villagers say that there was a dead panther at the four-road junction. Then we set off for the sight where our bus was supposed to wait for us. We reached the



site at 4.30 p.m. But to our astonishment, we found that our bus was not waiting for us. Later we discovered that the bus had a technical problem and that another was being sent. But that would take some time. Some students therefore took advantage of this opportunity and managed to grab some snacks. By then our teachers had taken permission from the police for the students to have a look at the panther. It was a sad sight. Finally the bus made its way to the place by 6.15 p.m. We were tired by that time but still had fun singing and dancing. We reached the school at 7.30 p.m. We were all happy with the adventure that we had. I kept on narrating to my parents all that had happened at the trip. I can still say I got more bruises and cuts than the photos on the whole.

—*Kartik Raman, VIIA*

BOOKS

Reading of books is like a conversation with the finest men of centuries gone by. Good books certainly make a life worth living. Books are the only things that live for ever. They are like a true and loyal friend. They never deceive you. Books are a great source of pleasure and bring delight to a reader's face. They provide happiness. The habit of reading books creates interest and great excitement in us. They increase our knowledge. It is said that knowledge is power and books give us great knowledge. Each book has something to convey to us. Books are our best friends.

—*Nazih Effendi, VIIA*

ON EDUCATION

We are all born with a purpose and we have a duty to perform in this world. If we are blessed a little more than the others, we have to use this blessing for the benefit of others too. Having an aim and goal in life will help in developing our potential to the fullest. I believe in the all-round development of a child. To me education should help an individual to draw out the best in him or her. It should help in the complete growth of the body, the mind and the spirit. Development in any one or two of these areas will not make a man a complete human being. Education must help an individual to accept his flaws and limitations and work to develop his talents and be able to see the good in himself and in others. To develop will-power, perseverance and faith in God on the higher level, to be kind and sensitive to other people's feelings and needs, punctuality, obedience, honesty and to be regular and hard-working are some of the virtues that need to be imbibed by a child during his living years. Education is incomplete without co-curricular activities which are so very important because they teach students to work with team-spirit, adjustments and tolerance. To be able to face life as it comes, to have presence of mind when everything around is turbulent and not to give up hope even in the darkest situations are what we need to teach a child along with his academic subjects like English, Maths, Science, etc.

—*Ms Annie Jacob*



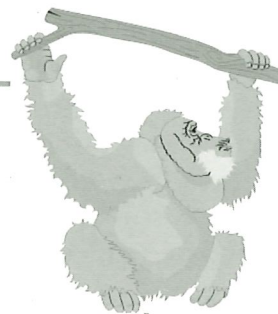
The poems included in the following section are those which won prizes at the on-the-spot poetry-writing competition organised for the members of the BSS Nature Club.

PROTECT OUR WILDLIFE

Stripes, dots and colours—
These are nature's colours.
Life in the forest
Had never been so peaceful
Until that disastrous day.
Yonder thou hast seen
The beautiful flowers
With wonderful colours
Wearing their wonderful smile.
Life had been so happy
Until that disastrous day.
Laughter of monkeys,
Together with the cubs,
Had never sounded so wonderful.
Their laughter cheered the forest
And echoed through it.
Life had never been so cheerful
Until that disastrous day.
Then came that disastrous day:
A creature very cruel
Destroyed this wonderful life,
Peace and tranquillity,
The smiles of nature,
And the cherished moments
Had vanished forever.
The monkeys disappeared.
Tigers and leopards vanished.
Nature's colour is red;
She has lost her powers
And she has become
A prey for her sons.
That creature so cruel
Demolished the sky-scrappers
Of the forest.
The inhabitants' anger
Had cost them their lives
Within a second's time.
Life is so horrible,

It is so abominable.
Water is so filthy,
So is the air.
Death is a usual thing.
The creature realised
The mistakes he'd made.
So he planted the skyscrapers
Which designed mother's clock.
The animals were back.
Laughter and the happy moments,
Peace and tranquillity,
Smiles and happiness
Had all returned.
Life is so peaceful.
Animals smeared in happiness
But none of them have forgotten
That disastrous day!

—*Shruti Menon, VIIA*



NO MERCY

Through concrete jungles
Wildlife stifled in man's struggles.
No mercy, no pity,
Just a ruthless expression of animosity.
Animals killed for fur and skin,
Slaughtered massively for varied uses.
Thus killing nature's kith and kin—
Is this what the Almighty wishes?
Misinterpretation stokes this misery.
We believe that wildlife is for our utility.
I therefore insist that we do our duty
To preserve wildlife wholeheartedly.
Whatever measures you may take
Beware when wildlife is under threat.
We have no right to keep their lives at stake;
And with this we may not fret.

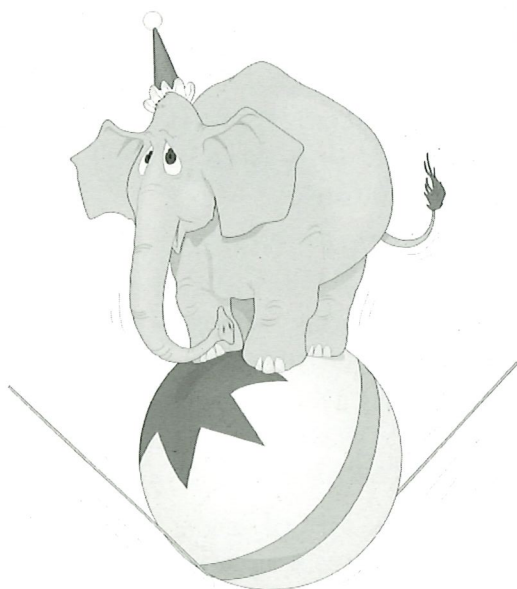
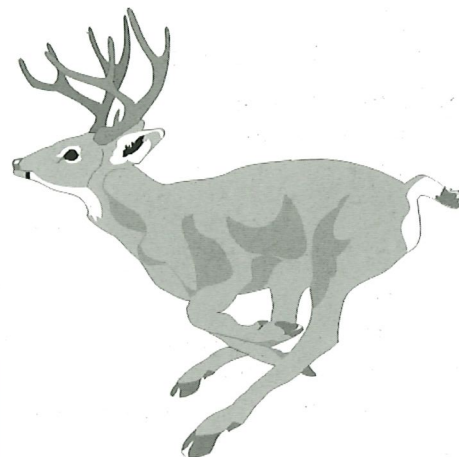
—*Poorval Joshi, IXB*



MAN TO BLAME

Our disappearing wildlife has only one to blame
And Man is the wretched murderer's name.
By taking their family and home away
We have our poor wildlife in utter dismay.
We murder wildlife with bullets,
Marine life with traps with nets.
We may not be hunters but still we use
Crocodile and rhino hide for shoes.
Chimpanzees are tortured for circus tricks,
Whales for perfume and cosmetics.
For trivial reasons like polish and fur
Do we need to pull our trigger?
Do join hands with our Nature Club
To save our grieving animals and cubs.

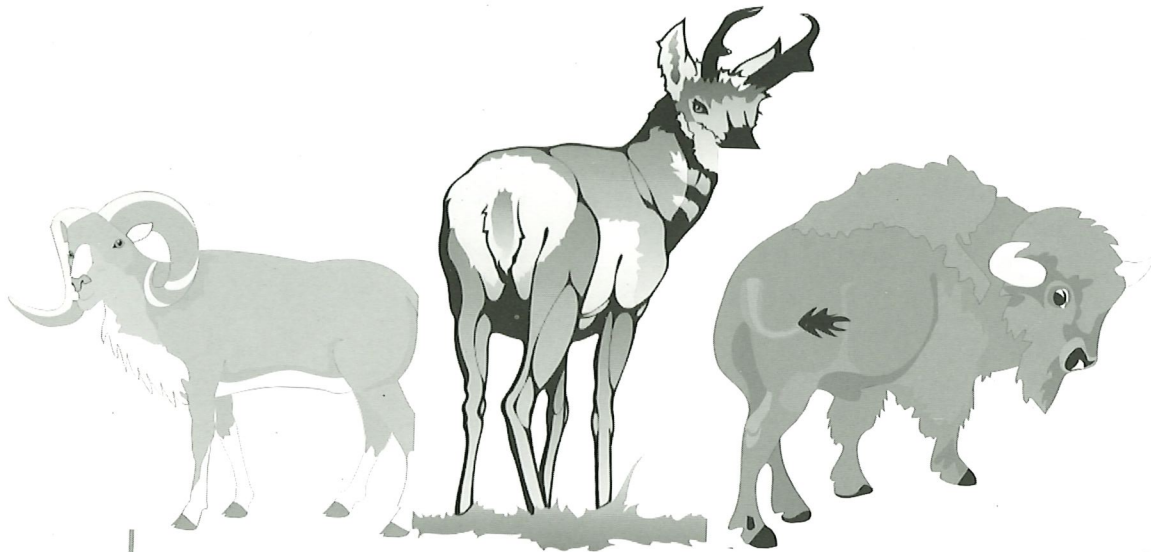
—Sharanya Haridas, VIA



SAVE OUR WILDLIFE

'Save our wildlife.'
'Protect the animals.'
Are common savings in most magazines.
But taking action is not in our genes.
We walk around with placards
And boast about donations
But seldom do we conserve
The wildlife of our nation.
To start with India's wildlife—
It's surely depleting.
But a little bit of effort
Can restore peaceful living.
Slaughtering of species,
Pollution and deforestation
Will surely provide inhabitation
But will stifle lives without hesitation.
Through the years passing
The rate of extinction is increasing.
Nothing can be done to the creatures
Who are now from the earth missing.
But don't lose hope, my friends,
For we can still mend creation.
So get onto your feet and start today
Or I am afraid we will have to face extinction!

—Karishma George, VIII B



MAN BEWARE

From the seven seas
To the large forests
These men are never at rest.
Out for a purpose to kill wildlife,
These are poachers:
Aren't they the 'wile' life?

We will, we will plant trees.
Buddy, you are a boy.
Make a big axe and cut down
Trees at your own will.
You got food on your plate—
Big disgrace. Who is going
To put your food into its plate?
Mother Nature is not pleased;
Her children are revolting.
They are killing her in various ways
Will Mother Nature attack —When?
Polluting aerosols
Thin the ozone layer.
Bad news for man—
Act fast or else...

Man beware
You are not the only one

On the planet.
The planet is not yours,
Do not kill animals.

Plants so massive,
So important in our lives,
With all the help they give us
Their reward is our cruelty.
Beware Man.

Live and let live.
Let that be our motto.
Plants live only once;
Do not cut trees.

We inherited a clean
Green earth from our ancestors.
We give a grey, smoky earth
To our descendants.
Are we the new generation?
Let us try to erase
Our ancestors' mistakes.

This is our last chance.
No plastic bags or aerosols,
No cutting down trees
Will make the earth
A better place to live in.

—Nikhil Ranganathan, VIIC



PROTECT OUR WILDLIFE

Slaughter, killing everywhere,
It's all we seem to hear about.
Poaching isn't very fair
When animals can't protest and shout.

Tigers hunted everyday,
Elephants deprived of their tusks—
Ears don't hear when we say
Stop killing deer for musk.

Rhinos dwindling in their numbers,
Saving them seems hopeless.
Forests are always short in timber
Leaving creatures homeless.

Pandas dying of starvation,
Falling short of bamboo.
Many animals dying of exhaustion,
Others trapped in public zoos.

Cheetahs, leopards for their skin
Are disappearing with time.
Fish swimming with oily fins
Are unable to get rid of the grime.

Extinct now is the dodo
Due to our merciless deeds.
With Galapagos turtles living solo
Their life no more they will lead.

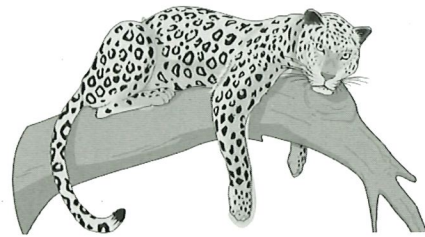
Their pleas blown off with the wind,
Their cries for help are drowned.
We don't think that we have sinned
As slaughterers we are crowned.
No heart throb in the garden of life,
No sign of happy living.

Their heart lives a life of strife
For we took but avoided giving.

Who has sinned?
We are to be blamed—
Killing them for our needs
Setting their homes aflame.

Completely ignored are their pleas
Of being spared all the strife.
Some do know their special request
And have put it down in words:
'Protect our wildlife.'

—*Shivohne Saldanha, VIB*



SAVE OUR MANGROVES!

While basking in the glaring sun
I saw the mangroves in Mumbra run
Across the watery swamps
With olive green leaves and trunks.

And upon this majestic tree lay
Wild cranes and humming bees;
Nestling in this paradise of theirs
Remembering no worldly cares.

Beneath their haggard-looking trunks
Swam catfish wild and loose.
A taste of the natural warmth
Symbiosis lay rampant.

Not forty feet away was I awaited
By a gruesome sight to behold.
The destruction of this paradise
To me was a mighty blow.

Bulldozers and trucks
Carrying debris from worn-out huts
Began their job of filling up the depths
Of the waters of Mumbras wealth.

Here's the fate of the our Mangroves—
A life ending with cuts and bruises.
No caring soul to weep by their side
Except this chirping of the birds.

What is life meant to be
With beings just like you and me
Weeping for a roof above their head
No voice and gestures ever read.
These trees who mean life and death
To bees, catfish and the cranes—
Don't we have a cause to regret?
Of the vanity that rules humanity?

—*Dalia Kurian, IXB*

Q: It zooms and warooooomms high up in the skies and makes travel so easy by eating up miles. Who am I?

A: An aeroplane. ●

—Angad Singh, IB

Q: I have a big belly who am I?

A: A jumbo jet. ●

—Saksham Malhotra, IB

Q: What does a swimmer wear to work?

A: A swim suit. ●

Q: What's the frog's favourite ballet?

A: Swamp lake. ●

Q: Why is the lazy pupil like a river every morning?

A: Because he doesn't want to leave his bed. ●

Q: What lies at the bottom of the sea shaking violently?

A: A nervous wreck. ●

—Mallika Vaznaik, IC

Q: What runs but does not walk?

A: Water. ●

Q: There were 10 cats in a boat. One jumped into the water. How many were left in the boat?

A: None, because they were all copy cats. ●

—Taneesh Chandani, IC

Q: Which swimmer can jump into the water and not get his hair wet?

A: A bald-headed water. ●

—Manvi Ranghar, IIB

Q: Which is the smallest room in the world?

A: Mushroom. ●

Q: What goes up but never comes down?

A: Age. ●

Q: Which is the place where all the clothes are washed?

A: Washington. ●

Q: Which is the biggest gate?

A: Colgate. ●

Q: Which is the biggest sea in India?

A: Pepsi. ●

Q: Which is the 'bow' you can never tie?

A: Rainbow. ●

Q: Why is six afraid of seven?

A: Six is afraid of 'seven' because seven ate 'nine' (789). ●

Q: What is black when clean, white when used?

A: Blackboard. ●

Q: Which key opens no lock?

A: Donkey. ●

Q: How can you make a witch scratch?

A: Take away the 'w' from 'witch'. ●

Q: When is it bad to feed a cat?

A: When you are a mouse. ●

Q: What has a hundred eyes but can't see?

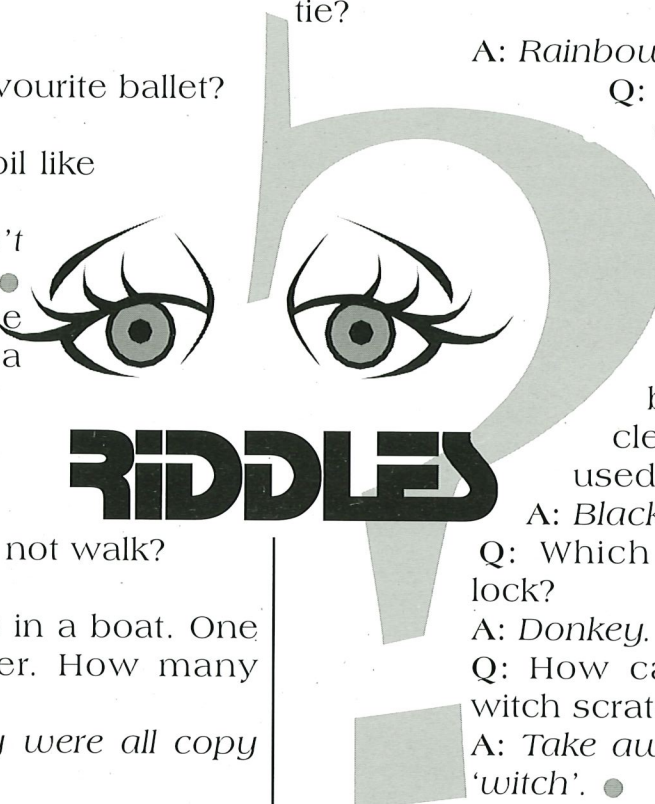
A: Potato. ●

—.....

Q: Which is the thing which has four legs but cannot walk?

A: A chair. ●

—Aditya Ghai, VB





Q: What runs around a garden but does not move?

A: A fence. ●

Q: What is black when clean and white when dirty?

A: A blackboard. ●

—*Manu Shaji, VB*

Q: Everyone wants to speak me, but they are scared to do so. Who am I?

A: Truth. ●

Q: Money can't buy me, cheats can't possess me, politicians don't own me. Who am I?

A: Honesty. ●

Q: All envy me. I am owners' pride and neighbours' envy. Who am I?

A: Happiness. ●

Q: I am only skin-deep. Women adore me and men worship me. Who am I?

A: Beauty. ●

—*Karishma Menon, IVA*

Q: What goes up and never comes down?

A: Age. ●

Q: Why did Ram throw the clock out of the window?

A: To see time fly. ●

Q: Why do eggs get hurt?

A: Eggs get hurt because we beat them. ●

Q: What has many teeth but cannot bite?

A: A comb. ●

Q: Two trains came at 3 O'clock. Why didn't they crash?

A: One train came at 3 a. m. and the other came at 3 p. m. ●

Q: What has an eye but cannot see?

A: A needle. ●

Q: 'Ch' at the left, 'ch' at the right, and 'ur' in the middle —what is the word?

A: A church. ●

—*Karishma Sanzgiri, IVA*

Q: What can you serve but cannot eat?

A: A tennis ball. ●

Q: What goes krab, krab...?

A: A dog barking backwards. ●

Q: What do cows read to their babies at bed-time?

A: Dairy tales. ●

—*Nitin Kumar, VIC*

Q: Why did Beethoven get rid of his chicken?

A: Because it kept saying, "Bach, Bach, Bach!" ●

Q: Sometimes light, sometimes heavy, sometimes sweet, sometimes scary —What could it be?

A: Sleep. ●

Q: What did the beach say when the tide came in?

A: Long time, oh sea. ●

Q: What kind of teeth are used for eating grass?

A: Lawn-molars. ●

—*Sandhya Rajendran, IVA*

Q: If an elephant falls in a lake what will happen?

A: It will get wet. ●

Q: There was a narrow bridge in which only one truck could pass at a time. Once two drivers wanted to pass. How could they do it?

A: They were truck-drivers and not the trucks. ●

Q: Half a circle, full a circle, half a circle, A. Half a circle, full a circle right angle, A. What is it?

A: COCA COLA. ●

Q: There was a papaya tree and there was an orange tree and there was also a lemon tree and at the side of



them was a shop of ice. There were also two thieves who wanted to take the ice. Tell me why they did not steal the ice?

A: *Because there were police men around.* ●

—*Nidhi Choudhari, IVA*

Q: What goes up slowly but comes down fast?

A: *An elephant in a lift.* ●

Q: Why did the elephant jump in the lake when it started to rain?

A: *To stop himself from getting wet.* ●

Q: What is always flying but never goes anywhere?

A: *A flag.* ●

Q: Why couldn't the bicycle stand up?

A: *Because it was two 'tyred'.* ●

—*Aakash Agrawal, IVA*

Q: What goes up and goes down but does not move?

A: *The temperature.* ●

Q: I have 32 brothers. They trouble me but I don't trouble them. I am in every human being. I am pink. Who am I?

A: *Tongue.* ●

Q: I have many eyes and a crown on my head. People say that I am an apple from the pine tree. Who am I?

A: *A pineapple.* ●

—*Saransh Garg, IVC*

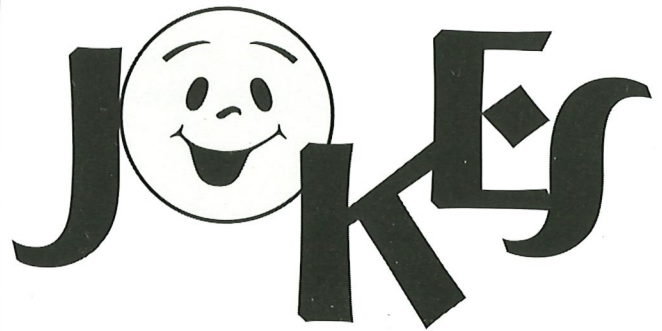
Q: A person opened a garage but no one came there, why?

A: *Because it was on the first floor.* ●

Q: What does a duck become after getting a medical degree?

A: *A duck-tor.* ●

—*Akhil C, IXB*



What did the boy octopus say to the girl octopus?

I want to hold your hand, your hand, your hand, your hand....

—*Suman Katraji, IIB*

Master to servant: Go and see what is the time.

Servant: But I don't know how to read the time.

Master: OK, then tell me where the small hand and the big hand is.

Servant: They both are on the clock.

—*Aprajita Srivastava, IIB*

Amit: Please come to my birthday on 6th August.

Sandeep: But I do not know your address.

Amit: Flat No: 603, 'Sea Dreams', Near Juhu Beach. Please press the bell with your elbow.



Sandeep: Why with an elbow?

Amit: You wouldn't be coming with empty hands, would you?

—*Nitin Kumar, VIC*

Dad: When I was sixteen, my dad said, "Son I want to sit down and talk to you about the facts of life!"

Son: "Okay, pop, what do you want to know?"

Mother: "Darling, eat spinach, it will give colour to your cheeks"

Daughter: "But who wants green cheeks?"

Teacher: Who was Raja Ram Mohan Roy?

Boy: Three children with the same surname.

One person who wanted to learn how to play the piano went to a guru and asked him the fees.

Guru: First month the fee is Rs100 and from the second month onwards the fee is Rs 50 per month.

Person: So I'll start from the second month.

—*Akhil C, IXB*

Teacher: Why are you wearing one glove?

Pupil: Because the weather forecast said it might be cold today, but on the other hand, it might be hot!

—*Sandhya Rajendran, IVA*

Once three passengers were travelling by plane. The pilot told them that their plane was going to crash. They were very scared. They

decided to jump. The first passenger who was a Muslim said, "Ha Allah, save me." Saying this he jumped. He was saved. The second passenger who was a Christian said, "Oh Lord, save me." Saying this he jumped. He too was saved. The third passenger who was a Hindu said, "Oh Lord Ram, Shiv and Goddess Saraswati, save me." Then he jumped. But he died. When he went to heaven he asked the Lord why he hadn't saved him. The Lord said, "First you called out to Ram, so I went to call Ram. When I reached there, you called out to Shiv, so I went to call Shiv. When I reached there, you called out to Saraswati. So I went to call Saraswati. Since it took some time for her to wear her sari, we could not save you."

—*Aditya Ghai, VB*

Three foreigners met during a flight. One was an American, the second was a Japanese, and the third was an Indian. The Japanese said very proudly, "When our archaeologists dug the ground, they found one thousand telephone wires. This means that in those days, our ancestors too had telephones." The American hurriedly said, "When our American archaeologists dug our ground, they found one lakh telephone wires." It was now the Indian's turn to say something. So he said, "When Indian archaeologists dug the ground, they did not find any wires because our ancestors did not have telephones, but they had cordless phones."

—*Manu Shaji, VB*



Mother: Tina why did you hit Rahul with a stone?

Tina: Mummy he hit me first.

Mother: You should have told me.

Tina: Mummy I did not know your aim is better than mine.

Two men were walking down the street. One of the men noticed that the other had a carrot in each ear. So he asked him, "Hey, do you know you have carrots in your ears?"

The other man replied, "Sorry, I can't hear you. I have carrots in my ears."

—*Sandhya Rajendran, IVA*

Man: Sometimes one person's sickness is another person's cure.

Doctor: What do you mean?

Man: Last week my wife suffered from throat pain and my earache was gone.

—*Sailesh Lakhani, VIC*

Teacher: George go to the map and find North America.

George: Here it is.

Teacher: Correct, now class, tell me who discovered North America?

Class: George.

Substitute Teacher: Are you 'chewing gum'?

Billy: No, I am 'Billy Anderson'!

Teacher: Didn't you promise to behave well?

Student: Yes, Sir.

Teacher: And didn't I promise to punish you if you didn't?

Student: Yes, but since I broke mine, I do not expect you to keep yours.

Teacher: I hope I didn't see you looking at Don's paper.

Student: I hope you didn't either.

—*Pranav Kalluri, VIIA*

A mother was once singing a lullaby to make her baby sleep.

Mother: Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water.

Baby: Mother, don't Jack and Jill have aquaguard in their home?

—*Shweta, VIIIB*





समय का मोल

छोटी - छोटी जल की बूँदे
सागर बन लहराती हैं।

मिट्टी के कण - कण से ही तो
यह पृथ्वी बन जाती है।

पल - पल छोटा लगता है
पर इससे युग बन जाता है।

पल - पल का जो मोल समझता
बुद्धिमान कहलाता है।

—अखिल, ४थी बी



मुझको भाते

यह गैया है मुझको भाती,
ताज़ा मीठा दूध पिलाती।

यह घोड़ा है मुझको भाता,
मुझे सवारी रोज़ कराता।

यह कुत्ता है मुझको भाता,
घर की यह रखवाली करता।

यह पंछी है भाते मुझको,
मीठा राग सुनाते मुझको।

मेरी माँ है मुझको भाती,
अच्छी - अच्छी बात बताती।

—स्नेहा भटनागर, ४थी बी

तितली

तितली नैनीताल की,
निकली लेकर पालकी,
रंग बिरंगे पंखों वाली,
यह है बड़े कमाल की।

फूल-फूल से रस चूसती,
यह है बड़े कमाल की,
हर घर में झूम झूमती,
तितली है कमाल की - कमाल की।

—विक्रान्त म्हात्रे, ५वीं बी



छोटी तितली

रंग बिरंगी छोटी तितली
क्यों तू मुझसे डरती है?
फूल - फूल पर जाकर तितली,
क्या तू बातें करती है?

फूलों से जो रस तू लेती,
कहाँ उसे तू धरती है?

कहाँ है छोटा सा घर तेरा?
जिसे शहद से भरती है।

आजा तितली सच कहती हूँ,
नहीं करूँगी तुझको तंग।

छूकर देखूँगी पर तेरे,
खेलूँगी मैं तेरे संग।

माखन रोटी लाऊँगी मैं,
तू फूलों का रस लाना।

बगिया में बैठेंगे दोनों,
साथ - साथ होगा खाना।

—नयना गौर, ४थी बी



हमारे नष्ट होते हुए जंगल

हमारे जंगल में है क्या?

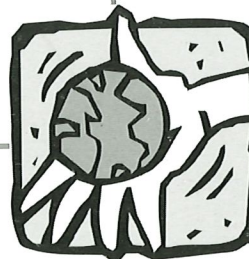
मिट्टी, वृक्ष और है हवा।

तेज हवाएँ, रिमझिम बारिश वृक्षों को खींचें,
होती ढीली मिट्टी और कमजोर जड़ें नीचे।

जब आती है भयानक कुल्हाड़ी,
वृक्षों की गर्दनों को घायल करती।

क्यों आप उनकी सहायता करेंगे?
या उन्हें ऐसे ही मर जाने देंगे।।

—इशिता तनेजा, ५वीं बी





वृक्ष बचाओ

पेड़ हमें देता है कागज ।
पिताजी दफ्तर में प्रयोग करते हैं,
माताजी घर में प्रयोग करती हैं,
मुन्नी चित्रकला करती है,
राजू नाव बनाता है,
दादी चिट्ठी लिखती हैं और
बच्चे पाठशाला में प्रयोग करते हैं।
कागज अमूल्य धन हैं,
बच्चों पेज़ मत फाड़ो ।
कागज का सही उपयोग करो,
'वृक्ष बचाओ' ।

—अमृता रमेश, ४थी बी

मेरी पाठशाला

मेरी पाठशाला है सबसे न्यारी,
लगती सब बच्चों को प्यारी ।
इस में हैं शिक्षक महान,
देते सब बच्चों को ज्ञान,
साथ में रखते सबका ध्यान ।
नित निराले विषय हैं सिखाते,
गलती करने पर डाँटते फटकारते ।
इनकी महिमा है बड़ी निराली,
इनके आ जाने से छा जाती खुशहाली ।
हम सब हैं बड़े खुशनसीब,
क्योंकि हम हैं इन सबके करीब ।

—विजेता सिंह, ५वी बी



परीक्षा

जब मेरी परीक्षा आती है,
तब मेरी हिम्मत चली जाती है।
परीक्षा एक बुरा सपना है,
जो हमेशा अपना है।
जब परीक्षा लिखता हूँ,
तब मैं सब कुछ भूल जाता हूँ ।
परीक्षा के बाद मैं खुश हो जाता हूँ,
मगर जब अंग मिलते हैं तब मैं चुप हो जाता हूँ ।
इसलिए मैं कहता हूँ कि
परीक्षा एक बुरा सपना है,
जो हमेशा अपना है।

—सुरज परकाश, ६ठी बी



होली

मैं बहुत सारी त्यौहार मनाती,
परंतु, होली मुझे सबसे भाती ।

यह त्यौहार आता है मार्च के महीने में,
और यह त्यौहार हम धूम-धाम से मनाते

इस दिन पर मैं उठती प्रातः काल,
और कपड़े पहनकर, रंग लेकर, जा भागती
खेल के मैदान पर !

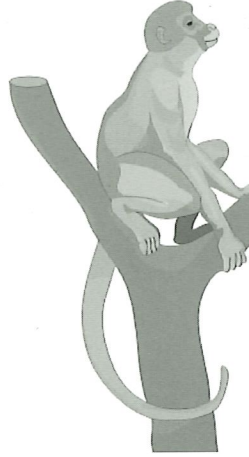
वहाँ सहेलियों के साथ रंग से खेलती हूँ दिन भर,
और फिर मैं लौटती अपहचाने घर !!

अगर होली वर्ष का हर दिन होता,
तो मेरा जीवन खुशी से ही भरा होता !!!

—इशिता मि तनेजा, ५वी बी

होली

होली आई! होली आई!
रंगबीरंगे रंगे लाई,
होली है रंगों का त्यौहार
यह दिन आता नहीं बार बार
बच्चे चिल्लाते हैं माई माई
'हमको दो मिठाई'
बच्चे खुश हैं इस दिन पर
कहते हैं 'न कहो काम कर,
पिचकारी लेकर मारते हैं बच्चे
कहते हैं हमें समझा ना अक्ल के कच्चे,
माँ कहती है ऐसा मत करो
बुरी आदत अपने अन्दर मत लो,
बच्चे कहते फिर कैसे मनाएँ त्यौहार
माँ कहती 'हँसते खेलते अपने मित्रों के साथ,
माँ कहती 'अच्छी आदत अपने अन्दर लो'
ओर बुरी आदत अपने मन से निकालो,
'बड़ों का आदर करना सीखो
उन पर गुश्बारे फेंक कर उन्हें अपमानित न करो,
होली आई! होली आई!
रंगबीरंगे रंग लाई,
होली है रंगों का त्यौहार
यह दिन आता नही बार बार
यह है बड़ी खुशी की बात।।
—तृप्ति सिंह, ५वीं बी



चिड़ियाघर

चिड़ियाघर जहा कितनी चिड़िया होती है।
सब तरह की चिड़िया होती है,
जिनके सुर सब मधुर होते हैं।
सब की एक खासियत है।
चिड़िया घर में सब मधुर आवाज सुन कर
सब का मन अच्छा हो जाता है।
सब चिड़िया घर में सब जानवरों, को देखने जाते हैं।
तरह-तरह के जानवर होते हैं।
हाथी की ऊ-ऊ,
बंदर की खी-खी,
सब तरह की आवाजें,
और सब तरह के जानवर।
चिड़ियाघर में जाने का मजा ही कुछ और है।
हमें चिड़ियाघर की सैर करनी चाहिए।

—रिचा पटेल, ९वीं बी

होली

होली आई, होली आई,
रंगों की बरसात लाई।
होलिका को जलाएंगे,
खूब धूम मचाएंगे।
पिचकारी से हम खेलेंगे,
फुगगे सब पर फोड़ेंगे।
रंग सब पर लगाएंगे,
सब के होश उड़ाएंगे।
नाच नाच कर पूरे शहर में धूम मचाई,
सफेद कपड़ों की शामत आई।
बच्चे इतनी धूम मचाएंगे,
बड़े भी दंग रह जाएंगे।
होली बहुत धूम धाम से मनाएंगे,
दुश्मनी को हम भूल जाएंगे।
होली आई, होली आई
रंगों की बरसात लाई।

—सक्षम पावा, ५वीं बी

घर आजाओ

चंदा मामा चंदा मामा,
कहा है तुम्हारा नया पैजामा,
ऊपर से मुसकाते रहते,
धीरे-धीरे गाते रहते।
रोज-रोज क्यों बहकाते हो,
पतले-दुबले मुँहलटकाते,
फिर कैसे मोटे हो जाते,
इतने वेश बदलते हो तुम,
दिन में नहीं निकलते हो तुम,
मम्मी-पापा तुम्हें बुलाते,
अच्छा हलवा खीर बनाते।
आकर तुम खा जाओ मामा,
मेरे घर आ जाओ मामा।

—निमिश सिन्हा, २री बी

एक सुन्दर सपना

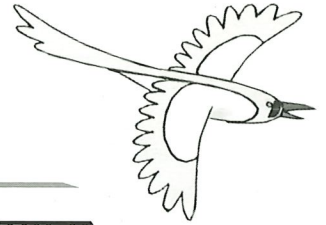
मुझे आया एक सुन्दर सपना
खेलना, कूदना और मस्ती करना
किसी भी परीक्षा की चिन्ता न करना
पक्षियों के संग उड़ना और गाना ।

मुझे आया एक सुन्दर सपना
समुद्र के अन्दर लहरों के साथ चलना,
चॉकलेट, बिस्किट और आईस्क्रीम खाना,
मम्मी - पापा के साथ पिकनिक पर जाना ।

मुझे आया एक सुन्दर सपना
विदेशों में जाकर लोगों से मिलना,
गाड़ी में बैठकर पूरा शहर घूमना,
बच्चों में मिलकर चीखना और चिल्लाना ।

मुझे आया एक सुन्दर सपना
अंतरिक्ष में जाकर सूरज को देखना,
छोटे-बड़े तारों को ध्यान से देखना,
चाँद में जाकर उछलना और कूदना ।
तभी मेरे भाई की चीखने की आवाज आई,
हाय ! मेरे इतने सुन्दर स्वप्न की कितनी बुरी मौत आई ।

—दिवाकर डबराल, ६ठी बी



एक सुन्दर सपना

दस बजकर दस मिनट पर,
मैं जब गई अपने बिस्तर पर,
सुन्दर सपने और परियों का,
दृश्य देखने बंद आँखों से ।

कितने रंग बीरंगें फूल
जो करते मुझे सलाम,
इतने मीठे और प्यारे,
कि देखकर सब परेशानियाँ,
जाऊँगी भूल ।

मैं उड़ती परियों के बीच में,
सारा जहाँ मेरे ही पेरों के नीचे ।
हर जगह इतना सुख,
की इधर न है कोई दुख ।

पंछी अपने घोंसलों में
अपने बच्चे की सेवा करते,
कभी ना रोना, कभी ना रोना,
इस देश का है यही बोलना ।

इधर है बहुत चमकता सोना,
जिसे हम अपने आप को कर सकते हैं सुन्दर ।
आठ बजकर दस मिनट पर
मेरे सपने का होता है अंत ।।

—सुमेधा सरकार, ६ठी स

एक सुंदर सपना

एक रात, मुझे एक सुंदर सपना आया,
एक परी ने मुझे जगाया,
वह मुझे लेकर आसमान में उड़ने लगी,
और मैं उसके संग झूमने लगी ।

वह मुझे चाँद पर ले गई,
और, मैं उसे बहुत चाहने लगी,
वह परी थी बड़ी खूबसूरत,
और मैं उसके सामने लग रही थी बदसूरत ।

यह था मेरी जिंदगी का एक सुंदर सपना,
और यह सपना मुझे बहुत सच्चा और अच्छा लगा ।

इस सपने को मैं हमेशा याद रखूँगी ।
कभी न भूलूँगी, क्योंकि ये था एक सुंदर सपना ।

—अवन्तिका कुमार, ६ठी स



विचित्र स्वप्न

सपने तो सपने हैं,
क्या पता कितने झूठे हैं या कितने सच्चे हैं ।

मेरा भी है एक सपना,
कि काश कोई होता मेरा अपना ।
सपने में मेरे आती है एक परी,
और कहती है अजीब कहानी ।
मुझे तो वह कुछ समझ न आती
क्योंकि जल्द ही मेरी आँखें खुल जाती ।

एक बार तो हुआ कुछ अनोखा
आया मुझे एक जोर का झींका ।
इस बार तो सपने में परी नहीं, आया कोई परा,
ऐसा सपना सच में आया पहली बार
परी तो मुझे सुनाती थी सुनहरी बातें,
लेकिन उसने तो उड़ा दी थी मेरी नींदें ।
कहने लगा, “मे यमराज हूँ, परलोक से आया हूँ।
हमारे महाराज का हुक्म है
कि हम तुम्हें यहाँ से ले जाएँगे” ।
और वह हँसने लगा ।

मैंने परी को बुलाने की बहुत कोशिश की,
लेकिन लगता है वह नहीं थी ।
उस यमराज ने मेरी तरफ हाथ बढ़ाया,
मैंने सपने में अपने आप को बिस्तर पर चढ़ाया ।
उसका हाथ और आगे आया
और मैं और पीछे गई ।

उसने मुझे उठाया और पकड़ कर ले गया ।
मुझे उसके हाथ पर खड़ा होकर आकाश
में उड़ कर जाना पड़ा
लेकिन मुझे आनंद आया बड़ा
मैं परलोक पहुँच गई थी
और माँ ने मुझे पुकार लिया
मेरा सपना तो अधूरा रह गया ।
मुझे सच में देखना था परलोक
लेकिन मैं अभी भी कहती हूँ कि
सपने तो सपने हैं,
क्या पता कितने झूठे हैं या कितने सच्चे हैं ।

—रुचिता जैन, ९वीं अ

विचित्र स्वप्न

स्वप्न बहुत प्रकार के हैं
जो हमारे मस्तिष्क में आते हैं।
कुछ प्यार और सुख भरे होते हैं।
और कुछ हमें दुःख पहुँचाते हैं।
मेरे मन में स्वप्न आया था
जो मैं कभी नहीं भूल सकता ।
उसमें मैं एक विमान में था
जिसको विमान चालक ‘कंट्रोल’ में नहीं रख सकता ।
सब लोग घबरा गये थे।
सोच रहे थे अंत में क्या हो जायेगा।
क्या वह उस घटना में मर जायेगा ।
तो क्या वह बच पायेगा ।

अमरिका के वर्ल्ड ट्रेड सेन्टर की तरफ
वह विमान जा रहा था ।
विमान चालक हमारे बीच बैठा था।
वह कुछ नहीं कर पा रहा था
विमान इमारत से टकराने वाला था ।
फिर दिमाग से घटना निकल गई ।
“उठ जाओ बेटे, स्कूल जाना है
माँ ने मुझे उठा दिया ।

—स्नेहान्त नाथ, ९वीं बी



प्रकृति

घनी बदलियाँ आकाश में छाई
मन में नयी - नयी उमंगें लाई
देखो, सूरज के प्रकाश से -
कलिकाएँ हैं मुस्कराई ।

जब वन में बादल गरजे
मयूर अपने पंख खोलकर नाचे,
जब पीले - पल्लवों पर बूँदें बरसीं,
तब हरियाली की चादर बिछी जायें ।

इसी प्रकृति की गोद में खेलकर,
इसी माटी को तिलक बनाकर,
हम इतने बड़े हो गये -

कि भूल गये इसके एहसान हमपर ।
कितने कष्ट दिये अपनी धरती माँ को
जिसने इतने प्यार से हमें है पाला
फिर भी लेकिन मुस्कराकर
माँ ने हर दुःख झेला ।

आओ मिलकर हाथ बढ़ाये,
प्रकृति को सुंदर बनाये -
मिलजुलकर माँ की सेवा करने से -
हर प्राणी कितना सुख पाए ।

—मेघा शर्मा, १०वीं अ

मेरा देश

चाहे कोई कुछ भी कह ले,
मैं तो यही कहूँगी,
इस जगत में सबसे प्यारा,
भारत देश हमारा ।

हिमालय मुकुट भारत के सिर पर है,
पूरब मे बंगाल की खाड़ी,
पश्चिम में बसा है अरब सागर,
और दक्षिण में हिंद महासागर ।

‘भारत’ मेरा देश,
है सबसे प्यारा, सबसे श्रेष्ठ,
यह देश नहीं देवालय है,
हिन्दू, मुस्लिम, सिख, इसाई,
सब आपस में भाई-भाई ।

हमारे देश का झंडा तिरंगा है,
राष्ट्रीय फूल है ‘कमल’
‘बाघ’ राष्ट्रीय जानवर है,
और राष्ट्रीय गीत ‘जन गण मन’ ।

विभिन्न प्रकार के पेशों वाले,
विभिन्न प्रकार के लोग,
विभिन्न भाषा बोलने वाले,
है एकत्रित भारत में ।

महात्मा गाँधी, जवाहरलाल नेहरू,
मौलाना आज़ाद, सुभाषचन्द्रबोस,
जैसे नेताओं ने भारत को अंग्रेजी शासन से
दिलाई आज़ादी १५ अगस्त १९४७ में ।

चाहे कोई कुछ भी कहले,
मैं तो यही कहूँगी,
इस जगत में सबसे प्यारा,
भारत देश हमारा है। जय हिंद ।।

—उत्कर्ष प्रकाश, ७वीं अ

मेरा देश

मेरा देश है भारत
बहुत बड़ा भारत ।
एसिया के दक्षिण भाग में स्थित है,
मेरा महान भारत ।

महाराष्ट्र, बंगाल, गुजरात आदि
हाँ हाँ, २८ राज्यों वाला,
मेरा देश है भारत ।

हिमालय, महाबलेश्वर, खंडाला
सुंदर स्थानों से है, सजा मेरा भारत ।
और आग्रा स्थित ताजमहल
ये तो है जग के आठ भव्य स्थानों में से एक ।

दूर-दूर से आते लोग,
देखने मेरा भारत,
राष्ट्रभाषा है हिन्दी
राष्ट्रफल है आम,
राष्ट्रपक्षी मोर
और राष्ट्रप्राणी है शेर ।

हिन्दी मे एक कहावत
‘ईस्ट ऑर वेस्ट इंडिया इज द बेस्ट’
है बिल्कूल सच्ची !

—कार्तिकेय पोपळी, ७वीं स



मेरा देश

मेरा देश महान,
यही सबका कहना,
किसी और देश के नहीं समान
यही है हमको रहना ।

हिंदु, मुस्लीम, सीख, इसाई
सब आपस में भाई - भाई ।
सब धर्मों को हम मानते हैं,
उनका पालन भी करना जानते है ।

मरना पड़े एक दुसरे के लिए
तो हम तयार है, हम एक दुसरे से
प्यार करे, यही तो हमारी मान है,
तभी तो देश की शान है ।

देश के लिए शहिद हुए
तो लोग हमारी फरियाद करेंगे कुरबानी ।
जिस देश में गंगा बहती है,
वहाँ की धरती कहती है,
जय हिंद - जय हिंद ।

मेरे देश की धरती उगले है सोना,
हमको है प्यार के बिज बोना,
हमको है नफरत मिठाना,
नहीं है लाशें लिटवाना ।

—शुभदा गोयल, ७वीं स



चिड़िया घर

इतना सुन्दर चिड़िया घर,
गई में उधर अपना काम कर ।
देखे मैंने कई अजूबे,
बन्दर एक दूसरे को अपनी भाषा में
कह रहे थे 'चुप हो!'
चूँ - चूँ सुन्दर चिड़ियाँ गाती,
उन पर सारी जन्ता मरती ।
एक गधे ने मारी दूसरे को लात,
और अपनी भाषा में कहा - 'तू खा गया न मात!'
हाथी सूंड ऊंची कर के हिन हिनाया,
लोगों ने एक आश्चर्य चकित मुँह बनाया ।
गेंडे का मोटा था आकार,
उसके दोस्त थे चार ।
मैं आनन्दित हुई चिड़िया घर में,
पसन्द आए मुझे ये लम्हें ।
इतना मज़ा मैंने कभी नहीं किया,
एक घंटे में चिड़िया घर कामजा लूट लिया ।
चलो अब बस हुआ,
खेल खतम पैसा हजम !!
—श्रेया खत्री, ९वीं बी



सावन

कितनी सुंदर छाया थी सावन,
बह रही थी ठंडा, ठंडा पवन,
बारिश के बूंदें टपक रही थी रुनझुन
मन बहला देने वाला मौसम वह सावन ।
हर दिशा दिखे मेघों का गरजना,
शुरु हो गया सजना सवरना,
इस सावनी मौसम में चाहते हैं रहना
निखर गई प्रकृति बनके एक गहना ।
सुंदर कोमल फूल खिले हैं,
भीगी मिट्टी की खुशबु फैली हुई है,
प्रकृति में नई जान उभर आई है,
किसान खुशी से फूले नहीं समा रहे हैं ?
यह सब सौन्दर्य किस तरह इंगित करती है ?
सिवाए सावन के और कौनसा इतना मनोहर समा है ?
—पल्लवि जयशंकर, १०वीं बी



प्रकृति

वो पहाड़ियों के झरने,
वो बादलों का दिलकश नज़ारा,
निकलते सूरज की किरणें,
और इस प्रकृति का बुलावा ।
पानी की बूंदों से भरा हुआ समुन्दर,
प्राणियों की आवाजों से भरा हुआ समा ।
इन सब के बीच में एक खाई हैं अंदर,
और फिर भी सुंदर हैं प्रकृति का हर लम्हा ।
प्रकृति को मिटाने वाला यह इन्सान,
क्या इसके ऊपर निर्भर नहीं ।
इसीसे ही तो है हमारी पूर्वजनों की पहचान,
तो इसे मिटाना क्या हैं सही ?
प्रकृति है माँ जैसी जो देती हमें खाना,
इसी के कृपा से होता है रोज का गुजारा ।
तो फिर इसे इतना सम्मान मिलता क्यों नहीं,
अगर प्रकृति के गोद में हम पले भी क्यों नहीं ।
प्रकृति के रूप कभी होते हैं डरावने
कभी आँधी, कभी तूफान और शैतान ।
—आरनाल्ड रिबेलो, १०वीं बी



सैनिक

आँधी आए, तूफ़ान आए
विपत्तियों के पहाड़ टूट जाए
तब भी आगे कदम बढ़ाएँ
ऐसा वीर ये सैनिक है,
गर्व से आगे कदम बढ़ाएँ
नहीं झुकेगा सैनिक ये ।

चाहे कोई अपना रूठ जाए
चाहे सारे बँधन टूट जाए
घर संसार की बलि चढ़ाएँ
ऐसा त्यागी यह सैनिक है
गर्व से आगे कदम बढ़ाएँ
नहीं रुकेगा सैनिक ये ।

जान को खतरा हो भले,
जान हथेली पर ले कर चले,
माँ के लिए अपनी जान लुटाए
ऐसा वफादार यह सैनिक है,
आगे ही आगे बढ़ता जाए
नहीं डरेगा सैनिक ये ।

आँधी आए, तूफान आए
चाहे सारे बँधन टूट जाए
कोई कितना डराए, धमकाए
नहीं रुकेगा, नहीं झुकेगा, नहीं डरेगा, सैनिक ये ।
ऐसा महान है सैनिक ये ।

—पूर्वा अगरवाल, ७वी ब

सिपाही

देश की रक्षा करता है कौन ?
रात को दिन समझता है कौन ?
दुश्मन को दूर रखता है कौन ?
इस देश के वासियों,
ये है सिपाही - बलवान !
सीमा पे जान देता है कौन ?
घर बार भुलाता है कौन ?
देश का सबसे महान दोस्त है कौन ?
इस देश के वासियों,
ये है सिपाही महान इन्सान !

अगर सिपाही न होते,
तो सोचो कि देश की हालत होती क्या ?
किसान उगाते क्या, और हम खाते क्या ?
लोगों, यही है समय जानने का,
कि सिपाही की कीमत है क्या ?

—निहारिका झुनझुनवाला, ८वी अ



एक सिपाही की गाथा

अपनी जान करके कुर्बान
सदा बढ़ाया देश का मान
जब भी देश पर विपदा आई
चला उठाए तीर कमान ।

पराए देश पराए शहर
दुश्मन ढाए जाए कहर
अपने सगों की याद में
तडपता वह चारों पहर ।

क्या दिन क्या रात
जाड़ा हो या बरसात
उसको है बस एक ही धुन
“दुश्मन को देनी है मात” ।

वह भी माँ का बेटा है कोई
फिर क्यों उसकी माँ है रोई
जब से बेटा परदेस गया है
बूढ़ी माँ की किस्मत सोई ।

उसके बिन आँगन है सूना
घर शमशान का बना नमूना
अरसा बीता उसे देख के
माँ का हाल बुरा हो क्यों ना ।

एक बार इक चिट्ठी आ जाए
बेचारी माँ सुकून तो पाए
“प्यारे पुत्र का सरहद पर हाल क्या होगा ?”
सोच सोच यह दिल घबराए ।

ऐसी ही हालत वहाँ है
बेटे को भी चैन कहाँ है
सरहद और माँ दो चिन्ताए
मन वहाँ बसे पर तन यहाँ है
इतिहास हमें गवाही दे आता है
युद्ध क्या देता है ?

युद्ध हमें एक और सिपाही दे जाता है ॥

—शुभ्रा दिक्षित, ८वी अ

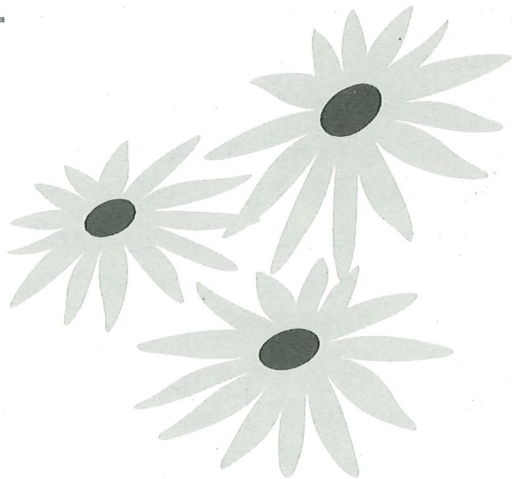
प्रकृति

सूरज की फैली किरणें गिरी हरी खेतपर
दूर पर्वत में चमकने लगी बर्फ की पत्थरे
समुद्र किनारे तरंगों ने झपटी सुनहरी रत पर
चिड़िया चहकने लगी पेड़ों की डाली पर ।

प्रातः काल के नीले गगन में सफेद मेघों की हुई सजावट
मैदान के हर घास पर भीग उठा शिशिर का कण
पशु पक्षी सभी आनंद से उनमत्त थे ।
नाच रही थी मोर वनो में, मेघों ने जब गरजा ।

शाम की रंगीन आसमान में लगा डूबने सूरज
पक्षि गण अपने शिबिरों में लौटकर करते थे कोलाहल
झरणे का पानी झर झर करके गिरने लगा चट्टानों पर
संध्या के फीके रोशनी में वन के पशू सब सो गये ।

रात को अम्बर पर चमकने लगे कितने तारे
उज्ज्वल चाँदनी में रोशन हुई सारी जग ।
ठंडे ठंडे मंदवायु बहने लगे खेतों पर ।
अगले दिन सूरज की लाली ने फिर उज्ज्वल कर दिया जग को ।
—मोहोर सेनगुप्ता, १०वीं अ



सिपाही

चाहे हिंदू, मुसलिम या इसाई
जब भी भारत पर मुसीबत है आई
घर, परिवार को छोड़
देश की इज्जत बचाई ।
यही हैं हमारे देश के सिपाही ।।

बहादुर, निडर यह सब है उसमें गुण,
युद्ध के समय उसके मन में सिर्फ एक ही धुन,
'देश का मान हमेशा ऊँचा रखना होगा
चाहे उसे फिर शहीद क्यों न होना होगा ।
ऐसे हैं हमारे देश के सिपाही ।।

शहीद होने में जो खुशीई मिलेगी
उस से ज्यादा और कोई न होगी
वतन के वास्ते जीना,
वतन के वास्ते मरना,
इससे बड़ा कोई सम्मान न होगा ।

वतन को बचाना है उसका तराना,
वतन की आबरू का है वह दिवाना,
चाहे कितने भी बाधाएँ आए जाए
वह हमेशा से अपने निश्चय पर डटे रहता है ।

सरहद पर, अपने घर से कभी एक दूरी महसूस होती है,
माँ की याद उसे सताती है ।

फिर भी वह अपना तन-मन सब देश की हिफाजत में गँवाता है ।
चाहे जो हो वह अपने निश्चय पर पक्का रहता है ।

यही हैं हमारे देश के सिपाही ।।

—सुनयना मोहन्ति, ८वीं ब

मेरा घर

मेरा घर बहुत सुंदर है। मेरे घर में चार लोग हैं। मुझे मेरा घर बहुत ही अच्छा लगता। मेरे घर में मुझे पढ़ना बहुत ही अच्छा लगता है। जब मैं मेरे घर के बाहर जाती भी हूँ तभी मुझे बहुत ही सूना सा लगता है। घर हमारा। मुझे मेरे कमरा बहुत ही अच्छा लगता। और मेरी सबसे अच्छी जगह है जिधर मेरी किताबें हैं। मैं मेरे कमरे को साफ रखती हूँ।

—केतकी प्रभात
३री ब



मेरा प्रिय त्यौहार

मेरा प्रिय त्यौहार दिवाली है। दिवाली में हम खूप मजा करते हैं, जैसेकि पटाखे जलाते हैं और फुलझड़ी भी जलाते हैं। मैं और मेरे माता पिता रात के बारह बजे तक दिवाली मनाते हैं। मेरे दोस्त मेरे साथ दिवाली मनाते हैं।

हम खूप खाते - पिते और खेलते फिर हम सब पूजा करते, अच्छे कपड़े पहनते और घूमने के लिए चले जाते। फिर वापस आके सो जाते। फिर सुबह सुबह जब हम उठ जाते हैं उनकी दिवाली खतम हो जाते हैं। फिर सब लोग चले जाते हैं।

—राहत काज़ी, ४थी अ

राजा रानी की कहानी

एक राजा था। उसके पास दो रानियाँ थी। उसको उनकी छोटी रानी और पसंद थी। राजा की बड़ी रानी एक दिन महल से बाहर चली गयी। उसने एक फूल देखा। फूल ने कहा “रानी मुझे पानी चाहिये, तुम मुझे नदी से पानी दे सकती हो।” अब रानी ने पानी डालकर गया, फिर उसने एक गाय को देखकर उसके पास गयी। गाय भूख से मर रही थी। रानी ने उनको घास दी। गाय ने कहाँ, “रानी तुम नदी में नहा कर बाहर आ जाओ। रानी ने नदी में जा कर बाहर आकर बहुत खूबसूरत बन गयी। अब राजा ने उनको और पसंद किया।

—आशना गिल्डर, ३री ब



मेरा जन्मदिन

मेरा जन्मदिन सात जनवरी को आता है। इस बार मैंने अपना जन्मदिन बहुत धूम-धाम से मनाया था। मैंने अपने सब दोस्तों को अपने जन्मदिन पर बुलाया। मेरे दोस्तों का नाम था, तन्मय, जोहेब, देवेश, आकाश और लवी। जब सब लोग आ गए थे, तब हमने गाने लगाए और सब लोग नाचने लग गए। हमने अंग्रेजी तथा हिन्दी गाने लगाए।

मेरे सब दोस्तों ने खूप जोर - शोर से नाचा। जब मेरे पिताजी केक लेके आ गए थे तब मैंने उसे काटा। जब मेरे मित्रों ने मेरे बड़े से केक को देखा तब उनकी आँखें खुली ही रह गयी। मैं देख सकता था कि उनके मुँह में पानी आने लगा था। मेरे केक पर दस मोमबत्तियाँ थी। जैसे ही मैंने वे मोमबत्तियाँ बुझाई और जैसे ही मैंने अपना केक काटा, सब तालियाँ बजाने लग गए और उन्होंने मेरे लिए एक गाना गाया। फिर हमने एक खेल खेला। उस खेल का नाम था गधे की पूँछ। इस खेल में मैंने एक गधे का चित्र बनाया था। मेरे दोस्तों को आँख पर पट्टी बांध कर उस गधे की पूँछ बनानी थी। जिसका भी निशाना सबसे पास होता वह जीत जाता। इस खेल में जोहेब जीता था।

खेलने के बाद सबको भूख लगी थी। मेरी माँ ने खाने में पाव-भाजी बनाई थी। वह बहुत लाजवाब थी। मेरे सारे दोस्तों को वह बहुत पसंद आई। वे सब उंगलियाँ चाटते रह गए। मुझे भी वह बहुत पसंद आई। खाना खाने के बाद, मैंने और मेरे दोस्तों ने थोड़ी सी बातें की, और गप्पें मारी। थोड़ी देर बाद मैंने अपनी सब दोस्तों को रिटर्न गिफ्ट दिया। वह एक बड़ा और सुंदर सा पैनसिल बॉक्स था। उसमें आठ से दस पैनसिलें या कलम आ सकते थे। उन सबको वह बहुत पसंद आया और फिर मैंने सबको विदा कर दिया। जब सब लोग चले गए, तब मैंने अपने तोफे खोले। मुझे सब पसंद आये। मुझे बहुत मज़ा आया। यह मेरा सबसे मजेदार जन्मदिन था।

—सक्षम पाहवा, ५वी ब

मेरा जन्मदिन

मेरा नाम प्रतिमा है। मेरा जन्मदिन सितम्बर १४ को है। मैं अपना जन्मदिन बहुत ही धूमधाम से मनाती हूँ। मैं अपना जन्मदिन इस प्रकार से मनाती हूँ:-

मेरे पिताजी एक दिन पहले जन्मदिन के लिए सारे सामान खरीदते हैं जैसे - नये कपड़े और जूते, केक, चिप्स, मिठाई, पेप्सी और घर में सजाने के लिये सामान। जैसे ही मैं सितम्बर १४ को पाठशाला जाने के लिए उठती हूँ मेरे माताजी और पिताजी मुझे जन्मदिन की शुभकामना देते हैं। फिर मैं जल्दी से नहाके, नये कपड़े और जूते पहनकर और मिठाई लेकर पाठशाला में आ जाती हूँ और मेरी सहेलियाँ मुझे जन्मदिन का शुभकामनाये देती हैं और मेरी अध्यापिका मुझे जन्मदिन की शुभकामनायें देते हैं। फिर हम पढाई शुरू करते हैं। फिर जब ब्रेक आता है। फिर मैं अपनी सहेलियों को मिठाई बाँटकर फिर सब अध्यापिकाएँ को देके आती और मेरे सहेलियाँ मेरे लिए जन्मदिन का गीत गाती हैं। फिर जब घर को आते वक्त मैं बस में आती हूँ, तभी मैं बस में बैठे हुए बच्चों को भी मिठाई बाँटती हूँ और वे सब मुझे जन्मदिन की शुभकामना देते हैं। जैसे ही मैं घर में पहुँचती हूँ तभी मैं देखती हूँ कि सारा घर सजाया हुआ है। तभी मैं जाके मेरी सहेलियों को बुलाती हूँ। जैसे ही वे आते हैं मैं जाके केक के सामने बैठती हूँ। फिर वे सब आके जन्मदिन का गीत गाते हैं। फिर मैं केक काटने के लिये अपने माताजी और पिताजी को भी लाती हूँ। फिर मेरे माताजी केक को काटकर प्लेट में डालती हैं और उसके साथ-साथ मिठाई और चिप्स डालती हैं फिर मेरी सहेलियों को और मुझे देती हैं। फिर वे खाने के बाद हम उन्हें रिटर्न गिफ्ट देके फिर मैं और मेरी सहेलियाँ खेलते हैं। इस प्रकार मैं अपनी जन्मदिन मनाती हूँ।

—प्रतिमा रेड्डी, ५वी ब



दिल्ली की सैर

बहुत गर्मी का दिन था। मेरे छुट्टियाँ कुछ दिन पहले शुरू हुई थी। मैं घर में चुपचाप बैठकर एक किताब पढ़ रही थी। मैं सोच रही थी कि आज कुछ मजेदार नहीं होगा। पर, मैं गलत थी!!

जब सुबह दस बज गए, तो हमारे घर की घंटी बजी। मैं दरवाजा खोलने गई। जब मैंने उसे खोला, एक आदमी जो मेरे पहचान का नहीं था, बाहर खड़ा था। उसने कहा, “नमस्कार! आज आपके खुशी का दिन होगा। आपने जो टी.व्ही. का प्रश्न का सही उत्तर दिया और आप दिल्ली की एक सैर जीत गए हैं।” यह कहकर उसने मुझे तीन टिकट दिए और वह चला गया।

मेरी खुशी का ठिकाना न रहा। मैं भागकर अपनी माता पिता को खुश खबर बताने गई। कुछ ही देर में हमने अपने कपड़े, टोपियाँ आदि एक बैग में डालकर ले जाने के लिए रख लिए। हमने टिकट लेकर, गाड़ी में चढ़े। जब हमने सारी चीजें गाड़ी में रख ली, तो पिताजीने स्टेशन की ओर गाड़ी चलाई।

स्टेशन में आने पर मैं गाड़ी से कूदकर निकल आई। सारा सामान लेकर, हम ट्रेन पर ☐ ट्रेन की सीटी सुनकर हमें पता था कि ट्रेन अभी चलेगी।

जब ट्रेन चलने लगी, तब मुझे लगा जैसे पेड़, आदमी, गाड़ियाँ और घर तेजी से भाग रहे हैं। जब दो घंटे के बाद हम दिल्ली पहुँच गये, तब मेरा खुशी का ठिकाना न रहा।

ट्रेन से उतर कर हम सब होटल की ओर चले। होटल में एक या दो घंटे के लिए आराम करके हम सब आगरा को देखने बस में गए। आगरा में ताज-महल देखकर, मैं चकित रह गई। वह बहुत बड़ा था और उसके सामने कुछ फूल थे।

ताज-महल को देखकर हम सब पुराना किला देखने गए। उसे देखकर मेरा मुँह खुल गया। वह ताज महल से भी बड़ा था और वह लाल रंग का था। हमने बहुत और पुराने महल देखे और हमने यमुना नदी भी देखी। पर मेरे लिए दिन बहुत जल्दी खतम हुआ। हमें अपना सामान लेकर मुंबई लौटना था।

ट्रेन पकड़कर हम मुंबई रात दस बजे पहुँचे, और अब सिर्फ वह दिन की यादें मेरे पास बची हैं।

—इशिता तनेजा, ५वी ब

झूठ पर झूठ



१

एक झूठ को छिपाने के लिए कई झूठ बोलने पड़े।
एक दिन एक लड़की जिसका नाम था निशा, एक चित्र बना रही थी। वह एक पहाड़ का चित्र बना रही थी। अचानक निशा ने एक लड़की को देखा जो उसके बनाई हुई चित्र को खुशी से घूर रही थी। निशा ने उस लड़की की ओर कदम बढ़ाए। निशा ने उससे अपना नाम पूछा। उसका नाम था गीता। वह बहुत गरीब थी। निशा और गीता बहुत अच्छी सहेलियाँ बन गईं। गीता को चित्र बनाने का बहुत शौक था। निशा ने उसको चित्र बनाना सिखाया और कुछ दिन बाद गीता को निशा से अच्छा चित्र बनाने आ गया। कुछ दिन बाद चित्र बनाने की प्रतियोगिता हुई। निशा उस में भाग ले रही थी। उसने बहुत मुश्किल से एक बहुत खूबसूरत चित्र बनाया। वह अगले दिन अपने चित्र को देखने गई। जब वह गई तो उसे क्या मिला? उसका चित्र वहाँ पर नहीं था। वह बहुत रोई। उसने उस चित्र को हर जगह ढूँढा, पर वह कहीं नहीं मिला। अब वह उन प्रतियोगिता वालों को क्या मुँह दिखाती। उसने यह बात गीता को बताई। गीता ने कुछ नहीं कहा। वह अन्दर गई और कुछ लेकर आई। वह एक चित्र था जो उसने बनाया था। उसने यह चित्र निशा को दिया। निशा बहुत खुश हुई और उसने गीता का शुक्रिया अदा किया। जब प्रतियोगिता का दिन आया तो निशा ने सबको झूठ बोला कि उसने यह चित्र बनाया था। गीता भी उस खेल में आई थी। जब निशा के माँ-बाप ने निशा से पूछा कि गीता कौन थी तो निशा ने डर कर कहा कि उसे नहीं पता। प्रतियोगिता में निशा जीत गई। जब उसको स्टेज पर बुलाया तो उसने सब लोगों से कहा, कि वह चित्र उसने नहीं पर गीता ने बनाया था। सब लोगों को बहुत खुशी हुई कि निशा ने सच बोला। तो गीता को तो चित्र की भेंट मिली और निशा को सच बोलने की भेंट मिल गई।

—रमशा सैयद, ५वीं अ

२

एक झूठ को छिपाने के लिए कई झूठ बोलने पड़े

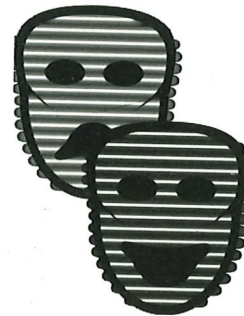
एक बार मेरी हिन्दी की परीक्षा में मुझे कम नम्बर मिले। डर के मारे मैंने अपने नम्बर बदल दिए जो मुझे पहले तो लगा की गलत है पर बाद में मैंने पाप कर ही दिया। घर जाने पर मुझे मेरी माँ ने कई तोफे खरीद दिए यह समझकर कि मैं प्रथम आई हूँ। पर कियी यह झूठ हमेशा के लिए छिप सकता था? नहीं!

पी.टी.ए. मीटिंग आने ही वाली थी। मुझे किसी न किसी तरह नम्बर बदलने ही थे। पर कैसे? एक दिन जब सारे बच्चे घंटी बजने पर घर चले गए, तो मैं कक्षा के अंदर कुछ लेने के लिए वापिस आई। अल्मारी खुली पड़ी थी। उसके अंदर हमारे परीक्षा के नतीजे की कागज पड़े हुए थे। मैंने जल्दी से एक छोटा सा कागज निकाला। उसमें उस लड़की का नाम लिख दिया जिसके नम्बर मेरे झूठे नम्बरों से मिलते थे। उस पर्ची को मैंने अपने नाम पर चिपका दिया और मेरे लिखी हुई पर्ची को उसके नाम पर और मैं खुशी और आनंद के साथ घर चली गई।

अब आया वह दिन जब पी.टी.ए. मीटिंग थी। मेरी माँ ने बहुत अच्छी साड़ी और जेवर पहने इस खुशी पर कि उनकी बेटी को खूब अच्छे नम्बर मिले हैं, जो सिर्फ एक झूठ था।

स्कूल में जाने पर देखा कि हमारी अध्यापिका ने मेरे असली नम्बर बता दिए, मैंने उस पर्ची को ठीक से नहीं चिपकाया था। सच का पता चलने पर मेरे माँ-बाप के शर्म के मारे सर झुक गए। इससे पहले कोई कुछ कहता, मैंने अपने माँ-बाप के पैरों में पड़ कर माफी माँग ली। तब से मैंने झूठ बोलना छोड़ दिया।

—समीरा वाराणसी, ६ठी ब





कांगड़ा: भगवान का तोहफा

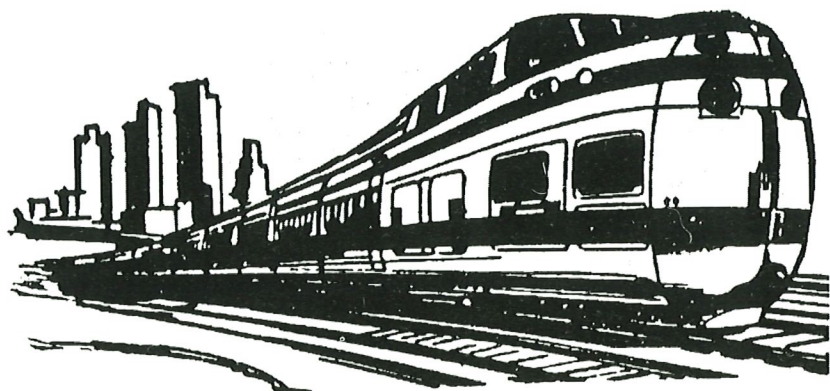
जब मैं दिल्ली में था, तब, शहर के प्रदूषण को और नहीं सह सकने पर, मैंने फैसला किया कि मैं किसी अनोखी जगह जाऊँ जो पहाड़ों, नदियों से भरी और बिल्कुल शांत और हरी-भरी हो। तो १५ जून को, मैं हिमाचल प्रदेश की सैर करने के लिए तैयार हुआ। मेरे दोस्त, सुनील और राहुल भी मेरे साथ आए।

हम १५ जून को दिल्ली से निकले और रेलगाड़ीसे शिमला पहुँचे। वहाँ से हम मोटर बाइक लेकर कांगड़ा नामक स्थान पर आ पहुँचे। वाह! हमारे चारों ओर हरे भरे पहाड़ थे, जहाँ कौनिफ़र पेड़ उग रहे थे। ताजा घास में रंग बिरंगे फूल थे। जिनपर सुंदर तितलियाँ बैठी थीं। वहाँ एक छोटा सा तालाब भी था जहाँ प्यास बुझाने वाला ठंडा पानी मिलता था। वह जगह इतनी अनोखी थी कि आप अपनी आँकों को बंद करके बोल सकते थे कि आप जरूर शहर से बाहर आए हैं। हमने अपनी मोटर बाइक एक पहाड़ के नीचे रख दी और कांगड़ा की सैर करने के लिए चल पड़े। पहले हमने तालाब जाकर ठंडा पानी पिया, फिर हम पक्षियों को देखने के लिए चल पड़े। वहाँ बहुत सारे पक्षी थे, जैसे कोयल, तोता और वुडपेकर। वहाँ हवा कोयल और बुल-बुल की मीठी बोली से भरी हुई थी। उसके बाद हम पहाड़ पर चढ़े। ऊपर पहुँचने पर हमें पूरा कांगड़ा दिखाई दिया। वह पल मैं अपने जीवन में कभी नहीं भूल सकता। फिर, रात को हम घास पर लेट गए और एक ताज़ी साँस

लेकर तारों को देखकर सो गए। ऐसे हम कांगड़ा एक हफ्ते रहे। उसके बाद हम फिर दिल्ली लौट गए।

वह एक बहुत ही अनोखा सपना जैसा था, जहाँ मैं ज़िंदगी में पहली बार प्रकृति से इतना नज़दीक हो गया। वह सैर मैं अपने जीवन में कभी नहीं भूल सकता, और कांगड़ा की अगली सैर के लिए आँख बिछाए बैठा हूँ।

—प्रशांत वैकटेश, ६ ठीक



यातायात के साधन

आज के इस नवयुग में, मानव मन में इतनी हल-चल है कि वह अस्थिर हो चला है। एक ही जगह पर लम्बे समय तक रहना उसे रास नहीं आता। इस क्लान्त मन में नवीनता की तलाश सदैव रही है। यही कारण है कि आज इतने नवीन साधन उपलब्ध हैं। आज के मानव में महत्वाकांक्षा की वो भरमार है, कि जिसे पूर्ण करने के लिए वह अपने प्रियजनों से दूर सात समुन्दर पार, अपनों को रोता छोड़ चला जाता है।

किन्तु उस के मन में भी बिछड़े प्रियजनों से मिलने की आस होती है। तभी तो मनुष्य ने इन यातायात के साधनों का आविष्कार किया। यातायात के साधनों ने जीवन को कितना सरल बना दिया है, यह हम तभी महसूस कर सकते हैं जब इनकी अनुपस्थिति हो। सोचिए, अगर मुंबई एक दिन के लिए, 'लोकल ट्रेन' अति बारीश के कारण बंद हो जाती है तो मुंबई के लोगों का क्या हाल होता है? सब काम ठप्प हो जाते हैं, दुकानें बंद हो जाती हैं और तो और, लोग मंत्रियों के निवास के समक्ष प्रदर्शन करने लगते हैं। लेकिन इतना शोर गुल तो सिर्फ एक दिन के यातायात के ठप्प होने से हुआ। और अगर यातायात के साधन होते ही न तो यह एक विचारणीय समस्या होती। यातायात के साधन न होते तो लोग एक कुए के मेंढक बन कर रह जाते। ना तो वे कभी अपने गाँव, शहर या मुल्क से बाहर कदम रखते और न ही कोई अन्य प्रदेश का व्यक्ति उनसे मिलने आता। इस का एक परिणाम यह होता कि भारत को अन्य देशों का अता-पता न होता व अन्यत्र देशों को उन से अलग देशों का विवरण न पता होता क्योंकि वे कभी वहाँ गए ही न होते। अगर कोई व्यक्ति अपने प्रियजनों से दूर कहीं बसा होता तो उसे उनसे मिलने के लिए बहुत कष्ट उठाने पड़ते। भारत का उदाहरण लीजिए। भारतीयों को अपनी संस्कृति के अलावा किसी संस्कृति या सभ्यता का आभास न होता। भारतीय व्यंजनों के अलावा उन्हें और कुछ बनाना न आता। भारतीय पोशाख के सिवाय हमकुछ न पहनते। भारतीय भाषा व साहित्य से अलग हमारे पास और पाठ्य-क्रम न होता। हम लोग आज जो कुछ भी हैं उसका सब से ज्यादा श्रेय यातायात के साधनों को प्राप्त होता है। अगर यातायात के साधन न होते तो हमें किन्-किन परेशानियों का सामना करना पड़ता, उन्हें गिनने में समय व्यर्थ करना मैं पसंद नहीं करूँगी। वरन् और साधनों का आविष्कार करने में मैं अपना समय व अथक परिश्रम लगाऊँगी। यही मेरी आकांक्षा है व आपसे यही निवेदन है।

—शुभा दीक्षित, ९वीं अ

बरसात का प्रथम दिवस जब मुझे खुशी और छुट्टी दोनों मिली।

गर्मी के छुट्टियाँ के बाद बरसात का मौसम आया। धरती, घास, पेड़, पौधे सब सुख गए थे जब बादल पानी बरसाकर सब को हरा-भरा कर दिए। बरसात का मौसम जब आता है, सब पशु-पक्षी, मनुष्य और बच्चे खुश हो जाते हैं।

इस वर्ष बारिश बहुत तेज थी। पहले दिन जब बारिश हुई तब मैं बहुत खुश थी। घास, पेड़ और पौधे फिर से हरेभरे बन गए थे। दिन भर पानी बरसा रहा। रास्ते, गटर सब पानी से भर गए थे। रास्ते पर छाता और बरसाती दिखाई दे रहे थे। रेल गाड़ी बंद थी। मैं और मेरे सहेली बरसाती पहन कर, शाम को खेलने गए थे। हम पानी में कूद कर, एक दूसरे के उपर पानी फेंक कर खेल रहे थे। हम पवई लेकर तक चल के



गए थे। मैं शिल्पा और सानिया, हम तीनों साथ में गए थे। हम रहेजा में घूम रहे थे कि बहुत तेज बारिश बरसने लगी। हमें बरसाती पहनना पड़ा। फिर हम पवई लेकर गए। जब बिजलियाँ कड़कने लगी हम डर कर भागने लगे, लेकर की ओर। गेट पर पहुँचते ही वहाँ के वॉचमेन ने हमें जाने नहीं दिया, पर हम छुपकर गए। झील बहुत खूबसूरत थी और बहुत पानी बाहर आ रहा था। लेकर के पास मेंढक टर्न रहे थे। आस पास हरियाली छा गई थी। घर पहुँचने पर मुझे पता चला कि मैं पूरी भीग गई थी।

तेज बरसात के कारण हमें पाठशाला से छुट्टी मिली थी। हमारे पाठशाला के पास इतना पानी था कि हम अंदर जा नहीं पा रहे थे। अगले दिन भी इतना बारिश थी पर हमें छुट्टी नहीं मिली। मैं चाहती हूँ कि पूरे वर्ष इतनी बारिश हो जाए ताकि हमें छुट्टी मिलती रहे।

—शिल्पा कुमार, ७वीं ब

१

आजकल टेलीफोन बहुत काम का हो गया है। हर आदमी के घर में टेलीफोन है। हम अपने रिश्तेदार के साथ, मित्र-सहेलियों के साथ, चाहे किस के साथ भी टेलीफोन में बात कर सकते। चाहे वे लोग अपने शहर में हो या दूसरे। चाहे वो अपने देश में या कोई और देश में। टेलीफोन के मदद से हम किसी के साथ भी बात कर सकते हैं। टेलीफोन बहुत मशहूर हो गई है। टेलीफोन नहीं होते तो हमें चिट्ठी लिखने पड़ती। टेलीफोन से हमें एक दूसरे से बात कर सकते हैं, उनके ध्वनी सुन सकते हैं। आज हर इन्सान के लिए, हर घर में एक आवश्यकता बन गई है। अगर अलेक्जान्डर ग्रहम बेल ने टेलीफोन की खोज न की होती तो, आज दुनिया में क्या होता? कितना कष्ट होता एक दूसरे से बात करने का? जैसे सब के घर में टेलीफोन है, मेरे घर में भी है। पापा दूर शहरों की व्यापारियों से बात कर सकते हैं, माँ को अपने सहेलियों और रिश्तेदारों के साथ और मुझे मेरी सहेलियों के साथ और मित्रों के साथ। कितना अच्छा है ना? हर घर में टेलीफोन एक आवश्यकता बन गई है। लेकिन अब मेरे घर में वह एक मुसीबत बन गई है, एक नुकसान मुझे बहुत सहेलियाँ हैं, और उन सबके पास टेलीफोन है। मैं विद्यालय से आने के बाद सबके साथ टेलीफोन में बात करती हूँ। बहुत देर बात करना मेरी आदत बन गई है। कभी-कभी मेरी प्रिय सहेली के साथ घंटों तक बात करती हूँ। इससे माँ को बहुत गुस्सा आता है। वह चिल्लाने लगती है। आजकल अगर मैं पाँच मिनट भी फोन पे हूँ तो माँ कहती है कि मैं पढ़ती नहीं हूँ, हर वक्त टेलीफोन पर बातें करती हूँ। मेरी वजह से टेलीफोन बिल बढ़ गया है। कभी-कभी पापा को भी गुस्सा आता है। वे कहते हैं कि टेलीफोन लाईन कट करूंगा। अब कोई सहेली मुझे टेलीफोन करती है तो माँ कहती है कि मैं घर में नहीं हूँ। ये सब क्या है? मेरे घर में भी मुझे स्वतंत्रता नहीं है? ये क्या तमाशा है? पहले तो अगर हमें दुकान से कुछ खरीदना हो तो हम चलकर दुकान से सामान लाते। लेकिन अब एक ऐसा समान आ गया है कि दुकानों में भी टेलीफोन है। हम फोन उठाते हैं, सामान लाने को कहते हैं और दुकान से सामान आता है। कितना आसान है। लेकिन इसके कारण हम मनुष्य आलसी बन गए हैं। टेलीफोन, जरूर एक मुसीबत हो गई है। टेलीफोन दिन रात बजता है - ट्रिंग ट्रिंग! इससे हमें तंग आता है। टेलीफोन सचमुच एक नुकसानदायक बन गया है। टेलीफोन एक आवश्यक चीज है पर अब वह एक मुसीबत बन गई है। इस कारण हम अपने काम नहीं करते हैं और हम आलसी बन गए हैं। सचमुच टेलीफोन हमारी मुसीबत!

—दिव्या अइय्यर, १०वीं अ

मेरा टेलीफोन : —मेरी मुसीबत

२

ट्रिंग ट्रिंग ... क्या मुसीबत है। जैसे ही कुछ काम करने बैठो, टेलीफोन बजने लगता है। तंग आकर मैं अपने बिस्तर से उठी और फोन की तरफ दौड़ी। जैसे ही मैं वहाँ पहुँची, घंटी बंद हो गई। चिढ़कर मैं बिस्तर की ओर बढ़ने लगी जब वापस फोन की घंटी बजने लगी। इस बार मैं फोन पर झपटी और उसे उठाकर कहा, 'हॅलो?' दूसरी तरफ से मुझे एक औरत की रोती हुई आवाज आई, 'प्लीज, प्लीज मेरी मदद कीजिए। मेरा पति मुझे मार डालने की कोशिश कर रहा है।' मैंने जल्दी से पूछा कि वह कहाँ रहती है और उसने जवाब दिया, 'डायमंड गार्डन्स, बंगला बी...' और फिर मुझे उसकी लंबी सी चीख सुनाई दी और पिस्तौल की आवाज सुनाई दी। मेरा दिल जोरों से धड़क रहा था। घर पर कोई नहीं था और मैं जानती नहीं थी कि मैं क्या करूँ। बेवकूफ की तरह पुलिस को बताने की जगह मैं खुद चाबी लेकर घर से निकली। गाड़ी में बैठकर मैं डायमंड गार्डन्स की ओर निकली। गाड़ी में बहुत ठंड थी और बाहर जोरों से बरसात हो रही थी। औरत के बताए हुए पते पर पहुंचकर मैंने देखा कि घर में अंधेरा था। मैं डर-डरकर गाड़ी से निकली और घर को ओर बढ़ी। मैंने दरवाजा खटखटाया और फिर मैंने दरवाजा खोलने की कोशिश की। वह आसानी से खुल गया। मैंने अंदर अंधेरे में पैर रखा फिर याद आया कि मैंने टॉर्च भी नहीं लाई थी। मन ही मन मैं अपने आप को कोसते हुए मैं अंदर गई। बिना रोशनी के, अनजान घर में भटकने का मुझे पहली बार अनुभव हुआ। मैंने बहुत कोशिश की बत्ती का स्विच ढूँढने में और मिलते ही मैंने उसे दबाया, परंतु कुछ नहीं हुआ। मैं दूसरे कमरे में पहुँची जो मेरे हिसाब से हॉल था। दरवाजे पर खड़ी हुई, मुझे किसी के चलने की आवाज आई। मैंने मुड़कर पीछे देखा तो कोई आगे से चलकर दूसरे कमरे में चला गया। मैं चिल्लाना चाहती थी। चुप रहकर मैं हॉल में गई। कुछ कदम लेकर मैं आगे चली कि अचानक मैं किसी चीज़ से टकराकर गिरी। वह किसी का शरीर था। इस बार मैं चिल्लाई कि मेरे पीछे से मुझे हँसने की आवाज सुनाई दी। मैं डरकर कोने में बैठी थी कि अचानक बत्तियाँ जल गईं और मैंने देखा कि जमीन पर मेरा एक दोस्त पड़ा है और हँसने वाला भी मेरा ही दोस्त था। दोनों खुल कर जोरों से हँस रहे थे। ओह! मुझे कितना गुस्सा आया। मैंने उनसे कई दिनों तक बात नहीं की। हाय यह टेलीफोन!

—शुभा प्रभात, १०वीं अ



अचानक आई आँधी-तूफान में फँसने का अनुभव

१

विधाता ने जब यह धरती बनाई तब पेड़-पौधे, पशु-पक्षी, मानव इत्यादि चीजें बनाई। इन सबको जीवन में प्राकृतिक घटनाओं का सामना करना पड़ता है। ऐसी ही चीजें हैं आँधी-तूफान इत्यादि। जब मैंने किसी आँधी या तूफान का सामना किया था तब मेरी आयु बहुत कम थी। दस साल पहले आये हुए तूफान ने मेरे पूरे होश उड़ा दिए थे। तब मैं दिल्ली की 'एपीजे स्कूल' में थी। मेरा निवास स्थान, जनकपुरी पाठशाला से दूर था। तब मैं शायद पहली कक्षा में थी। जिस दिन तूफान आया उसके पहले ही दिन से समाचारों में खबरें आ रही थी। लेकिन तब हमने इसको ज्यादा गंभीरता से नहीं लिया। दूसरे दिन ऐसा समाचार भी आया कि दिल्ली की अधिकतर पाठशालाएँ बंद कर दी गई। लेकिन मेरी तो दोपहर की थी। तूफान के दिन मैं पाठशाला गई।

अभ्यासक्रम का आरंभ हुआ। जब हमारे खाने का समय आया तो हमारे पाठशाला के शिक्षक दौड़ के आए, हमारी कक्षा में और हम सबको घर भिजवा देने के लिए कहा। उस दिन तो हमारी बस भी नहीं आई और तेज हवा वेग से बहने लगी। हमारे कपड़े, बाल, टायर, बैग, जोरों से झूम रहे थे। बस के न आने पर हमारे माता-पिता को दूरध्वनि द्वारा तूफान की खबर सुनाई व अपने बच्चों को घर ले जाने की सूचना दी। हालाँकि मेरे पिता तो बाहर गाँव गए थे। मेरी माँ चंदीगढ़ की फॅक्टरी में नौकरी कर रही थी तो वह आ नहीं सकती थी। इन सब बातों को मद्देनजर रखते हुए मैंने अपनी सहेली के साथ जाने का निश्चय किया। हमें घर जाने में बहुत कठिनाइयों का सामना करना पड़ा। हम घर जा रहे थे तो रास्ते पर एक पेड़ गिर गया था। लोगों ने पेड़ को हटाने के लिए आधा घंटा लगाया। उसके बाद हम उधर से निकले। सब कुछ धुंधला दिखाई दे रहा था क्योंकि बीच में बारिश हुई। कई घरों की खिड़कियाँ उस तेज हवा से टूट गई। उस में से एक काँच का टुकड़ा गाड़ी के नीचे आया और गाड़ी का टायर बैठ गया। फिर हम एक रिकशा ढूँढ़ने लगे, क्योंकि गाड़ी का टायर ठीक न हो सका। रिकशा मिलने में थोड़ी दिक्कत हुई। फिर हम रिकशे में बैठकर चल दिए। भगवान का शुक है कि उसके बाद मुसीबतों ने मुँह न देखा। हम ठीक से घर पहुँचे।

जब तक मैं घर पहुँची तब तक माँ भी आ गई थी व मेरे लिए परेशान थी। उसने ढेर सारे फोन किए मुझे ढूँढ़ने के लिए। घर आकर मेरी

सहेली के पिता ने मेरी माँ को सब रामकहानी सुनाई। मेरी माँ सब सुनकर चिंता से मुक्त हो गई थी। हम सुखपूर्वक घर पहुँचे थे और उस रात मैं माँ के साथ उसकी गोद में सो गई। जब मैं बड़ी हुई तो माँ ने मुझे यह किस्सा सुनाया और मैंने आपको। मैं दुआ करती हूँ कि आईदा ऐसा तूफान किसी की जिन्दगी में न आए जिससे मनुष्य के होश उड़ जाएँ।

—पूर्वल जोशी, ९वी ब

२

मैं अपनी छुट्टियों के लिए मुरुड जंजीरा गई थी। वह अरब सागर के तट पर स्थित है, मुंबई से कुछ पाँच घंटे का रास्ता है। मुझे सागर के किनारे स्थित जगह बहुत अच्छे लगते हैं, मैं बहुत खुश थी।

पहले दिन तो हम ने बस आराम किया और शाम को उस जगह के आसपास स्थित जगहों का पता लगाया। वैसी वहाँ सुन्दर समुद्र तट के सिवाय और कुछ नहीं है। लोग वहाँ सिर्फ समुद्र की हवा का आनंद लेने और मजा करने आते हैं। वहाँ काफी कम लोग हैं।

अगले दिन कमरे के मैनेजर ने आके हमसे कहा कि कुछ ही दूरी पर एक छोटा सा द्वीप है जहाँ छत्रपति शिवाजी महाराज ने एक किला बनाया था, और साथ में उन्होंने यह भी कहा कि आज शाम को यह हॉटेल एक छोटी सी जहाज का बन्दोबस्त कर रही है और हॉटेल में रह रहे सारे लोग आ सकते हैं।

हमने निर्णय किया कि हम आज शाम उस किला देखने के लिए जायेंगे। हमने सारी तैयारियाँ की थी। हम शाम की जहाज में गए। मैं पहली बार जहाज में जा रही थी। पहले पहले मुझे डर तो लगा पर बाद में मुझे अच्छा लगा। हम बस थोड़ी ही दूर गए कि अचानक संध्याकालीन नारंगी आसमान काले बादलों से भर गया और बारिश शुरू हो गई।

हम सब डर गए थे। हम ठीक तट और किले के बीच में फँस गए थे। सब लोग हॉटेल के मैनेजर को कोस ने लगे कि कैसे वक्त पर ऐसी चीज का आयोजन किया है।

फिर जोर से हवा चलने लगी। समुद्र भी शोर करने लगा। जोर से बारिश हो रही थी और बिजली कड़कने लगी। अब तो मैं भी डर गई। हम सब लोग एक तूफान में फँस गए थे। सारी औरतें चिल्लाने लगीं। मेरी माँ ने मुझे कस कर पकड़ रखा था। समुद्र के लहरे जहाज

के अन्दर आ रही थी, वह भी जोर से जहाज अब हमारे नियंत्रण में नहीं था। जहाज इधर से उधर हिल रहा था। हमारे हाथ में जो भी आता हम उसे कसकर पकड़ लेते। सारे बच्चे रोने लगे। अब तो रात भी हो गई थी और हमें आगे पीछे कुछ नहीं दिखाई दे रहा था, चारों तरफ अंधेरा था सिर्फ जहाज में थोड़ी से रोशनी थी। मैं तो डर गई थी कि मैं कभी घर जा पाऊंगी या नहीं।

फिर अचानक एक गडगडाहट सी महसूस हुई। हम किसी तट पर आ पहुँचे। एक व्यक्ति ने बताया कि यह वही द्वीप है। हम सब की शरीरों में जान आ गई। हम सम्भल कर जहाज से उतरे। हॉटेल मैनेजर हमारा मार्गदर्शक बन गया और हमें किले के उस जगह ले गया जहाँ हम सुरक्षित रह सकेंगे।

—अदिती राव, १०वीं अ

राहुल और मैं।

एक समय की बात है जब मैं और राहुल जंगल में गए थे। हम उस दिन जल्दी उठ कर जंगल चले गए। हम जंगल में जाकर एक पेड़ के नीचे बैठे। थोड़े देर बाद हम ने एक शेर देखा। शेर को देखकर हम झट से पेड़ पर चढ़ गये। राहुल को पेड़ पर चढ़ना नहीं आता था। इसलिए वह भाग गया। उसके बाद शेर चला गया। मैं पेड़ नीचे आया। मैंने राहुल को खोजना शुरू कर दिया। जाते-जाते मैंने एक साँप देखा। साँप को देखकर मैंने आग जला कर उसे जला दिया। उसके बाद मैं फिर से राहुल को खोजने लगा। अचानक एक मगरमच्छ ने मेरा पैर पकड़ लिया।

मैंने भागने की खूब कोशिश की। पर भाग न पाया। अचानक मैंने एक कुल्हाड़ी देखी। मैंने वह कुल्हाड़ी ली और जोर से मगरमच्छ को मारा। मगरमच्छ ने मेरा पैर छोड़ दिया। अचानक मैंने राहुल के पैरों के निशान देखे। मैं उसका पीछा करते करते राहुल तक पहुँचा और देखा कि वह मेरी तरफ आ रहा है। मैं बहुत खुश हुआ और हम खाना खाने लगे। खाना खाकर हम घर चले गए। घर पहुँच कर मैं सो गया।

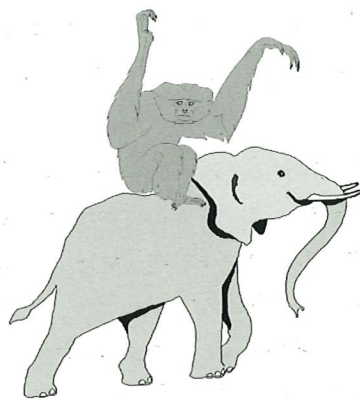
—तितास तपस दास, ४थी अ

मेरी गुड़िया रानी की कहानी

मेरे पास एक प्यारी सी गुड़िया है। मैं उसे 'गुड़िया रानी' बुलाती हूँ, क्योंकि वह सच में एक रानी की तरह दिखती है। मैं जब शाम को पार्क जाती हूँ तब मैं उसे ट्रैली में लेकर जाती हूँ। एक दिन मैं और गुड़िया रानी घास के ऊपर बैठ कर खेल रहे थे। अचानक, मेरी सहेली उस पार्क में आई। मैं अपनी गुड़िया के बारे में भूल गई और अपनी

सहेली के साथ खेलने लग गई। मेरी गुड़िया उधर ही रखी हुई थी। अचानक जोर से हवा आई और मेरी गुड़िया को उड़ा ले गई। मैंने जब उधर देखा तब मेरी गुड़िया उधर नहीं थी। मैं डर गई और ढूँढ़ने लगी। फिर मैं एक जगह पर आई जहाँ बहुत सारे फूल थे। उधर मेरी गुड़िया थी। लेकिन मेरी गुड़िया के साथ एक गिलहरी और एक तितली बात कर रही थी। तितली कह रही थी, "गुड़िया रानी, आ मैं तुझे फूलों के बिस्तर पर सुला दूँ।" लेकिन मेरी गुड़िया न मानी। फिर गिलहरी ने कहा, "गुड़िया रानी आ, मैं तुझे अपनी घास के घर में सुला देती हूँ।" लेकिन तो भी मेरी गुड़िया न मानी। मैं और न रुक पाई और अपनी गुड़िया उठा कर ले गई। घर जाकर मैं बहुत खुश थी कि मेरी गुड़िया सही सलामत थी।

—पाली जयशंकर कानूनगो, ४थी स



हाथी और बन्दर

एक दिन एक हाथी पानी पीने जा रहा था। वहाँ उसे एक

बन्दर मिला, हाथी ने बन्दर से कहा, "बन्दर बन्दर तू कहाँ जा रहा है?" बन्दर ने कहा, "मैं पानी पीने जा रहा हूँ।" हाथी को अच्छा नहीं लगा, क्योंकि वह पानी सिर्फ हाथी का था। हाथी ने कहा, "तू मेरे साथ नदी में पानी पीने नहीं आ सकता है। क्योंकि वह पानी सिर्फ मेरा है, मैं वो पानी किसी को नहीं दे सकता हूँ।" उसके बाद हाथी नदी पर जा रहा था और हाथी को पता नहीं चला कि बन्दर कब उसकी पीठ पर चढ़ गया। जब हाथी नदी में पहुँचा तब एक साँप हाथी की सूँड में घुस गया, मछलियाँ पानी में कूद रही थी। बन्दर बहुत हँसने लगा। फिर हाथी ने साँप को निकाल दिया। उसके बाद हाथी नदी में पानी पीने गया और उसी वक्त बन्दर पानी में कूदने लगा। हाथी बन्दर को पकड़ने लगा। बीच में एक शेर था। शेर हाथी के ऊपर कूदने लगा, लेकिन बन्दर ने एक चाकू शेर के ऊपर फेंका और हाथी ने बन्दर को पानी पीने दिया। उसके बाद वो दोनों खुशी-खुशी से रहने लगे।

—अकुल जयदीप जुनेजा, ४थी अ



जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी।

१

राम और श्याम दो अच्छे मित्र थे। वे एक ही कक्षा में थे और साथ ही एक दूसरे के पड़ोसी भी थे। इस तरह उनकी मित्रता गहरी होती गई और वे एक दूसरे को बहुत अच्छी तरह से पहचानने लगे।

एक दिन उनके विद्यालय में एक नया लड़का आया। उसका नाम था गोपाल। वो पढ़ने में तो अच्छा था ही, लेकिन उसके साथ साथ वह खेल-कूद व अन्य चीजों में भी माहिर था। इस तरह से उसने अपने सारे शिक्षकों का दिल जीत लिया। लेकिन उसका स्वभाव कदापि अच्छा नहीं था, इसलिए उसके ज्यादा दोस्त नहीं बन पाए। लेकिन किसी वजह से राम उसे पसंद करने लगा और उसने श्याम से मित्रता को छोड़ दी। शायद वजह यह हो कि गोपाल बहुत धनवान था और सारे संसार की खुशियाँ उसे वह दे सकता था।

अपना विद्यालय जीवन समाप्त हो जाने के बाद, गोपाल राम को अपने साथ लेकर न्यू यॉर्क चला गया और उधर वे दोनों एक बहुत बड़े विश्वविद्यालय में दाखिल हो गए। परन्तु धीरे-धीरे राम कुमार्ग पर जाने लगा। उसने पढ़ाई पर ज्यादा ध्यान न दिया और इधर-उधर की बातें उसे लुभावनी लगने लगी।

उधर दूसरी ओर श्याम राम के जाने से उदास तो हुआ ही था, लेकिन अपने सकारात्मक दृष्टिकोण के बल पर उसने सब बाधाओं को भुला दिया, और पढ़ाई की ओर ध्यान देने लगा। श्याम को अपेक्षा बहुत अच्छे अंक मिले।

राम उसकी पढ़ाई तकरीबन पूरी होने वाली थी, लेकिन उसने अपनी किसी भी परीक्षा में अच्छे अंक नहीं पाए। इस कारण उसे कहीं भी अच्छी नौकरी नहीं मिल पाई और वह नौकरी की तलाश में भटकता रहा। तत्पश्चात वह वापस भारत आया और धीरे-धीरे उसे राम की याद आने लगी। वह सोचने लगा कि अगर वह गोपाल से मित्रता नहीं करता, न्यूयॉर्क नहीं जाता, तो वह आज राम के साथ मंगलमय जीवन बिता रहा होता। परन्तु अब वह कुछ नहीं कर सकता था। और यहाँ तक गोपाल का सवाल था तो वह बहुत ही धनवान था, इसलिए उसके पिता ने उसे एक अच्छे व्यापार में लगा दिया।

श्याम को तो बहुत ही आराम से नौकरी मिल गई। उसे हमेशा से एक चिकित्सक बनने की इच्छा थी जो पूरी हो गई।

राम को इस मौके पर कुछ समझ में नहीं आ रहा था कि वो क्या करे और इसलिए उसने अपना सारा जीवन अपने आखरी दिन का

इंतजार करते करते बिताना पड़ा। कोई भी नौकरी न मिलने से उसे एक मजदूर का काम मजबूरन करना पड़ा जबकि श्याम एक बहुत ही सफल चिकित्सक बन गया।

राम विदेश जाने के बावजूद भी कुछ न कर सका जबकि श्याम एक छोटे से विश्वविद्यालय में अपने ही देश में पढ़कर खूब नाम कमाया। इसलिए किसी ने ठीक ही कहा है “जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी”।

—श्रेया झा, ९वीं अ

२

“जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी” यह विश्वभर की एक प्रसिद्ध कहावत है, इसका अर्थ है कि, जो काम हम करेंगे (अच्छा या बुरा) हमें उसका फल जरूर मिलेगा। इस कहावत से अच्छी तरह परिचित करने के लिए मैं आपको एक कहानी सुनाऊँगा।

बहुत साल पहले की बात है। चार चोरों ने एक बहुत बड़ी चोरी की मुंबई के एक अमीर आदमी के घर में। वे शहर छोड़कर मुंबई से दूर एक वन में छुप गए। पूरी रात उन्होंने वन में बिताई। सुबह उठते ही उन्हें भूख लगने लगी। उनमें से एक व्यक्ति ने सब चोरों को खाना खिलाने की जिम्मेदारी ली। वह एक शहर पहुँचा और उसने अपने दोस्तों के लिए खाना ले लिया। वह खुद खाने में से सभी का हिस्सा खा गया और उसके मन एक बुरा खयाल आया कि वह अपने तीन मित्रों के खाने में विष मिला दिया और सोचा कि वह खाके मर जाएँगे और वह सारा चोरी का सामान लूट लेगा। उसका स्वार्थी मन यह सोच रहा था।

दूसरी ओर जो तीन चोर वन में खाने का इंतजार कर रहे थे, उन्होंने सोचा कि जब उनका साथी चोर खाना लेकर आएगा तो वह उसे मार डालेंगे और अपना पेट भरकर चोरी के सामान को लेकर भाग जाएँगे। तुम जानना चाहते हो कि आगे क्या होगा? अगर उत्तर ‘हाँ’ है तो आपको अच्छी कहानियाँ को पढ़ना अच्छा लगता है। अगर उत्तर ‘ना’ है तो मालूम नहीं आप किस धातु के बने हैं। चलो कहानी आगे बढ़ाते हैं।

जैसे ही वह खाना लेनेवाला व्यक्ति वन में आया तब जो तीन चोर थे उन्होंने उस अकेले चोर पर हमला करके उसे जान से मार डाला। अब ये तीन चोर खाना खाने लगे। परन्तु जैसे ही उन्होंने खाना खाया विष का असर होने लगा और वह तीन चोर भी मर गए। उन चारों चोरों में से ‘एक’ भी जीवित नहीं रहा। कहानी समाप्त।



चलो अब मैंने आपको इतनी अच्छी कहानी सुनाई। मुझे अत्यंत विश्वास है की आपको कहानी समझी और इसे पढ़कर आप सहमत हो चुके होंगे की आप कभी भी बुरा काम नहीं करेंगे। है ना! आपको यह कहानी पढ़कर इसका भाव तो समझ आ गया होगा। मैं आपको यह कहानी सुना रहा था की आपको यह कहावत, “जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी” का अर्थ ज्ञात हो गया होगा। अगर आपको नहीं समझ आया तो आप ऐसे समझो जो चोर अपने साथियों के लिए खाना लाने गया था उसके मन में बुरे विचार आए और उसने अपने दोस्तों का खाना गंदा कर दिया। दूसरे हाथ उन तीन दोस्तों ने अपने आने वाले साथी को मारना चाहा और पैसों के साथ भागने का निर्णय लिया। परन्तु जो चोर खाना लाने गया था उसे अपने बुराई का फल मिल गया और उन तीन चोरों को भी यह ही फल मिला जो है मृत्यु का। अब आप समझ गये होंगे, “जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी” का अर्थ!

—**विक्रम भाल, ९वीं ब**

३

यह बरसों पुरानी बात है। एक खुशहाल गाँव में दो सच्चे मित्र थे। सभी लोगों की उनकी मित्रता पर नाज़ था। दोनों एक-दूसरे से काफी घुल-मिल गए थे और एक खुशहाल ज़िन्दगी काट रहे थे।

एक दिन प्रातः काल राम, रवि के घर आया। हाथों में एक बड़ा बोरा लिए उसने भीतर प्रवेश किया। उसके चेहरे से पसीने छूट रहे थे, यह तो भगवान मालिक है, क्यों? उसने घबराहते हुए रवि से कहा, ‘दोस्त, मुझे किसी ज़रूरी काम के सिलसिले में बाहर जाना है। और यह बोरा सोने से भरा है। अब इस चोरी डकैती के जमाने में इतना धन कहाँ छोड़ूँ। कृपया इसे अपने घर रख लो। मेरी वापसी पर लौटा देना।’ “हाँ, हाँ। क्यों नहीं। आखिर मैं तो तुम्हारा मित्र हूँ। फिर बुरे वक्त पर मित्र ही तो काम आते हैं”, रवि ने उत्तर दिया।

राम के जाने पर, रवि के मन में खोट पैदा हो गई। लालच के कारणवश उसने समस्त सोना बेच दिया।

राम तो जैसे ईद का चाँद ही हो गया। परन्तु कुछ सालों के पश्चात वह लौटा। रवि की शादी हो चुकी थी। रामके, रविसे सोना माँगने पर उसने स्पष्ट लब्जों में कहा, “माफी चाहता हूँ, दोस्त, लेकिन सोना तो चींटियाँ खा गई।” राम सब समझ गया, पर शरीफों की तरह चुपचाप घर लौट गया।

‘इसे तो सबक सिखाना पड़ेगा, परन्तु सवाल यह उठता है, कैसे?’ राम ने सोचा। कुछ समय सोच-विचार करने पर वह रवि के घर गया और कहा, ‘दोस्त, मेरी तो सारी पूँजी मिट्टी में मिल गई। अब

सोचता हूँ, तुमसे कहूँ भी तो कैसे? क्या तुम मुझे अपने घर नौकर के रूप में आश्रय दे सकते हो?’ रवि ने इन्कार नहीं किया।

पहले दिन से ही राम ने घोटाला करना शुरू कर दिया। जब रवि की बीवी ने राम से आटा लगाने को कहा तो उसने सारे आटे में पानी डाल दिया और कहा, ‘हर दिन आटा लगाने के बजाए मैंने यह मेहनत एक दिन में कर दी। इस तरह वह नुकसान पर नुकसान करता गया। रवि की नाक में दम कर दिया।

एक दिन रवि ने राम से कहा, ‘जाओ, बालक को उसकी पाठशाला छोड़ आओ। और यदि इस बार कोई नया संकट खड़ा किया तो....’ उसकी आवश्यकता ही नहीं पड़ेगी मालिक। मैं आपकी आज्ञा अनुसार ही काम करूँगा।’ राम ने कहाँ।

परन्तु इस बार तो राम ने एक बड़ा संकट खड़ा कर दिया। उसने रवि के पुत्र को एक सुनसान स्थल पर छोड़ दिया और वापस लौट आया। रवि ने उससे पूछा, ‘बालक को कहाँ छोड़ दिया?’ ‘क्षमा चाहता हूँ, उसे तो पक्षी ले गया’ राम ने उत्तर दिया।

‘तुमने धोखा किया है, भला पक्षी बालक को ले जा सकता है?’ रवि ने कहा। ‘हाँ मालिक। अगर चींटियाँ सोना खा सकती हैं, तो क्यों नहीं?’ रामने उत्तर दिया। तभी तो मैं कहता हूँ मालिक, जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी।

सीख : जैसा बीज बोओगे वैसी ही फसल पाओगे।

—**पूर्वा अग्रवाल, ७वीं ब**

४

भारत में कई छोटे बड़े गाँव थे। ऐसे ही एक गाँव का नाम ता रामपुर। यह गाँव बड़ा अच्छा था और इस गाँव में शरीफ लोग ही रहते थे। पर ऐसा हो सकता है क्या कि शरीफ लोगों के साथ चोर, बदमाश और मतलबी लोग ना हो? नहीं! तो इस गाँव में भी शरीफ और मतलबी लोग दोनों रहते थे।

एक ऐसा ही शरीफ और भला आदमी था ‘रामू’। वह किसी से भी घृणा नहीं करता था। वह किसी का भी बुरा नहीं चाहता था। वह सबसे प्रेम से पेश आता था। वह एक लकड़हार था। एक दिन रामपुर गाँव की नदी के किनारे रामू लकड़ी काटने गया। वह एक बहुत ही गरीब आदमी था। अचानक लकड़ी काटते काटते उसकी कुल्हाड़ी नदी के अंदर गिर पड़ी। बेचारा! उसकी यह एक ही तो चीज थी जिससे वह अपनी रोज़ी रोटी कमाता था। उसको पता न था कि वो क्या करे? वह बेचारा इतना मासूम हो गया था कि वह रो पड़ा।

एक, दो, तीन, चार घंटे बीत गए पर वह बस रोता गया। अचानक पानी में से एक रोशनी आई और फिर देवी काली माता आई। वह उस बिचारे लकड़हार की मदद करना चाहती थी। इसलिए वह पानी के अंदर गई और एक सोने की कुल्हाड़ी लेकर आई। उसने रामू से पूछा “क्या यह तुम्हारी कुल्हाड़ी है?” रामू ने कहा, “नहीं, मेरी कुल्हाड़ी तो लोहे की बनी हुई है।” फिर से देवा माता अंदर गई और एक चाँदी की कुल्हाड़ी लेकर आई। इस बार भी रामू का जवाब ना ही था। तीसरी बार जब देवी माता लोहे की कुल्हाड़ी लाई तो रामू अत्यंत प्रसन्न हो गया। उसको उसकी कुल्हाड़ी वापस मिल गयी थी। रामू की सच्चाई से प्रसन्न होकर देवी माता ने उसको तीनों कुल्हाड़ीयाँ दे दी। रामू रातो रात अमीर बन गया, पर फिर भी वह एक सच्चा और ईमानदार आदमी रहा।

अब उसी गाँव में गोपाल कर के एक गुंडा रहता था। जब उसने रामू की तरक्की की बात सुनी तब उसे बहुत जलन होने लगी। उसने ठान लिया कि वह भी नदी के किनारे जाकर वैसा ही करेगा जैसा रामू ने किया था। गोपाल अपने नाम से बिल्बुल अलग था। वह लालची व बुरा आदमी था। वह नदी के किनारे गया और उसने अपनी कुल्हाड़ी पानी में जान बूझ कर फेंक दी। जब देवी माता सोने की कुल्हाड़ी लेकर बाहर



निकली तब यह कुल्हाड़ी देखकर गोपाल कि नियत बदल गयी और उसने फटाफट हाँ कह दिया। देवी माता इतनी क्रोधित हो गई कि उन्होंने गोपाल को ना तो सोने की कुल्हाड़ी दी और ना तो लोहे की कुल्हाड़ी दी।

अब यह कहानी पढ़कर आप तो जान ही गए होंगे की बुराई का फल बुरा ही होता है और अच्छाईका फल अच्छा। जो गोपाल ने किया वह बुरा था की नहीं? तो मैं तो अंत में यही कहूँगी “जैसी करनी वैसी भरनी”। आप क्या कहते है, हाँ या ना???

—श्वेता नरवानी, ९वीं अ

एकता का मूल्य

भारत की धरती पर, अनेक राज्य हैं, जिसमें अनेक धर्मों व भाषाओं के लोग जन्में हैं व अपने राज्य व देश की भूमि को कुछ देकर वे अपना कर्तव्य निभाते हैं। परंतु हमें अपने राज्य की कद्र करते हुए अपने देश को भूल नहीं जाना चाहिए। यह बात ठीक है कि भारत विश्व का सातवा सबसे बड़ा मुल्क हैं, परंतु इसकी इस खूबी के कारण हमें देश के अंदर दूरियाँ नहीं प्रकट करनी चाहिए। एकता किसी भी संस्था की सबसे बड़ी कसौटी होती है, एकता के बल पर ही कोई भी देश जीवित रह सकता है, वरना वह बिखर जाएगा, छोटे छोटे भागों में बट जाएगा। और जैसे कि हम सभी इस वाक्य से परिचित हैं, कि एकता में ही बल है। यदि हम बट जाएँ, हमारी ताकत व क्षमता भी बट जाएँगी। मेरी इस कहानी में भी मैंने यही भाव स्पष्ट किया है, ‘एकता में ही बल है’।

काफी समय की बात है, भारत के एक कोने में, और जहाँ तक कि मेरी याददाश्त है, राजस्थान के आस-पास के इलाके में, एक गाँव था। यह उस समय की बात है, जब भारत किसानों का देश माना जाता था। पूर्ण भारत में अंग्रेजों का राज्य फैला था। अंग्रेज भारत व चीन से तीकोना व्यापार करता था। यहाँ की रूई, मसाले चीन में बेचकर वे चीन की प्रसिद्ध चाय अपने देश, अपनी जन्मभूमि - इंग्लैन्ड भेजते थे। उसी समय की बात है, राजस्थान के आस पास की जगह में एक परिवार रहता था। उनका नाम था गोखले। पूर्ण गाँव में सभी उनका खूप आदर करते। उस परिवार के मुख्य थे रनबीर राय गोखले। परिवार के अन्य सदस्य थे, रंबीर नाथ की पत्नी-आशा राय गोखले, उनके दो पुत्र व उनके परिवार। इस परिवार की इतनी ज्यादा इज्जत इस कारण की जाती, क्योंकि वे सम्पूर्ण गाँव में एक ही ऐसा परिवार था, जो अंग्रेजों में घुल मिल कर रहते थे और अंग्रेज भी उन्हें दूसरे गाँव वालों से अधिक प्रेम पूर्वक रहते थे। केवल यही एक परिवार था जो अंग्रेजों को सबसे अधिक मसालों का भंडार प्रस्तुत करता था व सबसे ज्यादा धन कमाता था।

परंतु हर कुशल मंगल परिवार की तरह, इस परिवार पर भी संकट के बादल आए। दोनों भाइयों में खोट पड़ गई व दोनों अपने परिवारों को लेकर जुदा हो गए। जब माता व पिता से पूछा कि आप हम दोनों में से किसके साथ रहना चाहेंगे तो साधारण सा उत्तर यह था कि उनकी माता ने जब दोनों बेटों को अपनी कोख में पाला था तो वे दोनों में अंतर किस प्रकार कर सकती थी, यह तो नाइन्साफी होती। यह प्यारा सा परिवार तीन हिस्सों बँट गया।

परंतु असली विपदा के बादल तो तब आए जब अंग्रेजों ने इनका

मसाले का भंडार लेना बंद कर दिया। जब दोनों बहुएँ अपनी सास की सहायता से मसाले पीसती थीं तो उसका मज़ा कुछ और होता था। सम्पूर्ण परिवार की खुशियाँ लुट गई।

इस कहानी से हमें यह ज्ञान प्राप्त होता है कि कई बार छोटे छोटे झगड़े विशाल रूप धारण कर लेते हैं, ठीक उसी प्रकार जैसे, बूँद - बूँद सागर का रूप धारण कर लेती है। परंतु छोटे छोटे झगड़ों को अपने जीवन में अधिक मूल्य दे कर, हम अपना वक्त बरबाद करते हैं।

यह मनुष्य का सोचने विचारने का तरीका है, जो उसे इतना नासमझ बना देता है। हमें अपनी विचारधारा को बढ़ाना चाहिए और एकता का मूल्य समझना चाहिए। इसी में हमारी भलाई है, यही सही है।

—आकांशा त्रिवेदी, ९वीं ब

भगवान उसी की मदद करता है, जो खुदकी मदद करते हैं।

‘अरे वाह!’ सारे गाँव के वासी झूम उठे। मजा आ गया। सारे बच्चे खुशी से खिल उठे। छोटे बच्चे तो इतने खुश थे कि वे नाचने तक लगे थे। यह खुशी का वातावरण तो फैलना ही था। आखिरकार पूरे दो सालों के बाद वर्षा हुई थी। यह गाँव तो जैसे सूख ही गया था। जलथर, तलाब, कुएँ, आदी तो जैसे बूँद के कतरे कतरे को तरस गए थे। उस गाँव के पेड़ पौधे, पशु-पक्षी और इनसानों के भी कंठ सूख रहे थे। सबके सूखे होठों पर बस एक ही प्रार्थना थी, ‘हे प्रभु, वर्षा ला दे!’ और तभी ही जैसे भगवान को उनपर तरस आगया और बारिश होने लगी। सबके लबों पे हँसी थी। सबके मन में खुशी थी। उस पूरे दिन तक बारिश हो रही थी। मानों काले बादल उनपर बहुत ही मेहरबान हो। यह वर्षा का दिन, देखते ही देखते रात में बदल गया। लेकिन बारिश न रूकी।

सारे जलथल, तलाब, कुएँ, आदी भर गए थे। और तो और गाँव के बगल में जो नदी थी, जिससे उन्होंने वर्षा न होने के बावजूद पानी मिलता रहा, तक भर गई थी। अब गाँव वालों को चिन्ता होने लगी। वे सोचने लगे कि कहीं अब बाढ़ न आजाए। अब, वे सब भगवान से प्रार्थना करने लगे कि वर्षा थम जाए। परन्तु, इस बार, भगवान ने उनकी प्रार्थना नहीं सुनी। सारी नदियाँ व तालाब ज्यादा ही भरने लगे। मानों जैसे जल अपनी सीमाओं को पार कर आजाद होना चाहता था। और वैसा ही हुआ।

जोरदार बाढ़ आ गई। सारे घर तो मिट्टी के बने थे, और मिट्टी को पानी में घुलने में कितना समय लगता है? बस, सारे घर पानी के साथ ही बह गए। पेड़ पौधे डूबने लगे। इतना सब कुछ हो जाने के बाद भी, गाँव वासियों ने हिम्मत न हारी। उन्होंने इन्तजार किया बारिश के रूकनेका। उनके मन की भावना व लगन ने ही उन्हें इस भयंकर बाढ़ को सहने की शक्ति प्रदान की। कहते हैं कि भगवान उन्हीं की मदद करता है जो खुद की मदद करते हैं। कुछ यही बात इन गाँव वासियों के साथ भी हुई। जैसे वर्षा रूकी, वैसे ही गाँव वासियों ने काम शुरू कर दिया। उन्होंने अपने अपने घरों से शुरूवात की। सबके घर बन जाने पर उन्होंने प्रकृति व अपने भविष्य का ख्याल किया। पुरुषों ने खेतीवाड़ी शुरू करदी और औरतों ने बीज बोये। उन्होंने बजाए इसके कि उनके पाँव दलदल में धँसे जा रहे थे। दलदल में खेती की। और पूरे छः माह के बाद उन्हें सफलता मिल ही गई। उन औरतों ने अपने पेड़-पौधों को अपनी सन्तानों की तरह पाला। अब तो उनका गाँव पहले से भी ज्यादा खूबसूरत व मनोहर लगता था। किसीने सच ही कहा है,

‘जिन्दगी की यही रीत है,
हार के बाद ही जीत है।
थोड़े आँसू हैं,
थोड़ी खुशी।
आज गम है तो,
कल हैं खुशी।।’

हम यह बात इस सुन्दर व मेहनती गाँव वासियों के लिए कह सकते हैं। अगर वे हार मान लेते तो क्या कभी इस गाँव का फिर से निर्माण हो पाता। यह गाँव व इसके वासियों से हमें सीख लेनी चाहिए।

—श्वेता अग्रवाल, ९वीं अ



१

एक लोकोक्ति है 'अब पछताए होत क्या जब चिड़ियाँ चुग गई खेत'। इसका तात्पर्य है गलत काम करने के बाद पछताना बेकार है। ऐसी ही कहानी है कमल और विमल की। 'सिरिया' के दूर प्रदेश में दो भाई कमल व विमल रहते। जब तक वे अपनी बालअवस्था में थे तब वे प्यार दुलार के साथ आपस में रहते। माँ कमल को मारती तो विमल रोता और माँ विमल का कान पकड़ती तो कमल चींखता। दोनों जन्मजात होशियार बच्चे थे। हर साल प्रथम आते। अब वे नवयुवक थे। दोनों की शादी हो गई। घर में बहुओं के साथ बहार आई। घर की खुशी को चार चाँद लग गए। लेकिन यह बहुएं चिरित्र की खोटी थीं।

पिता ने मरने से पहले वसीयत में दोनों के नाम बराबर जायदाद का बँटवारा कर दिया था। लेकिन विमल की पत्नी को उनसे न चैन था न सुख। वह रोज अपने पति को उकसाती कि ज्यादा उपजाऊ जमीन में बड़े भाई का हक होना चाहिए। मन तो मन ही है कैसे इस बात पर न कतराता। भाई को बुरा भला कहकर विमल की पत्नी ने उसे इतना उकसाया की विमल कमल से जायदाद के वास्ते लड़ने लगा। रोज घर में तनाव होता। तनाव के कारण प्रोफेसर्स का काम ठीक से न होता। रोज की तना-तनी झगड़ा खींचा तानी से तंग होकर दोनों ने न्यायालय में जाने का फैसला किया।

न्यायालय में किस्सा लगभग छः महीनों के लिए चला। इन छः महीनों में 'पुरइन्' परिवार की बेइज्जति की गई। पैसा तो धूल की तरह हाथ से फिसला जा रहा था। द्वेष की भावना दोनों में उत्पन्न हुई। मारना पीटना तो एक आदत हो गई। उपर से देवरानी-जिठानी के झगड़े व दिमाग में कीड़े उत्पन्न करते। इन सब के बीच कमल के दिल में सुराग हो गया था। ज्यादा खींचा तानी की वजह से और पैसा न होने के कारण उपचार भी न कर सके। कमल का सुराग बढ़ गया और वह मृत्यु की शैया पर लेट गया। विमल को पछतावा हुआ। उसने एक जायदाद के टुकड़े के लिए अपने भाई की जान ले ली। माफी माँगने से लोड़ला भाई तो वापस नहीं आएगा। कमल के मरणोपरान्त जायदाद तो उसकी हुई पर आगे चल कर उसने लालच से अपना मुँह मोड़ लिया।

—पूर्वल जोशी, ९वी ब

घर का भेदी लंका ढावे

२

नंदिता अपने बड़े भैया से बड़ी नाराज थी। मुख पर गंभीर भाव थे, दिमाग में अत्यन्त गुस्सा और क्रोध और मन ही मन में वह अपने भाई को कोस रही थी। जैसे ही घर में प्रवेश किया वैसे ही जाकर अपना कमरा बन्द कर फूट-फूट कर रोने लगी। विद्यालय का वह दृश्य एक बार फिर उसकी नजरों के सामने आकर टिक गया। इतनी

बेइज्जती, उसकी आज तक कभी नहीं हुई। जैसे उसका अतीत आईने की तरह उसके सामने आकर खड़ा हो गया हो। उसे यह दिन अपने भैया की बदौलत देखना पड़ा था।



परंतु नंदिता को पछतावा भी हो रहा था। गलती तो उसकी भी अवश्य थी। उसी की बदौलत उसके भैया का दल वाद-विवाद प्रतियोगिता में पराजित हुआ था। क्योंकि उसने विरोधी दल के सदस्यों को जाने-अंजाने में अपने भैया के दल की चर्चा से सम्बन्धित कुछ बातें कही। जब समीर को इस बात का ज्ञान हुआ तो वह अत्यन्त क्रोधित हुआ और उसके मन में द्वेष और बदले की भावना जागी। अपने मन की शांति के लिए उसने भी ऐसा ही कुछ कर अपनी बहन, नंदिता को इस बात का अहसास दिलाना चाहा कि 'घर का भेदी लंका ढाए' अर्थात् आपसी फूट का परिणाम बुरा होता है। जब नंदिता को इस बात का आभास हुआ तो उसने अपने आँसू पोंछकर अपने भैया का बहुत आदर सत्कार से अभिनंदन किया। उसने माफी माँग कर प्रायश्चित्त कर लिया। और दोनों ने यह प्रण लिया कि आपसी झगड़े को दुनिया में ढोल पिटवाकर खत्म नहीं करना चाहिए।

—अमृता सिंह, ९वी ब



३

‘घर का भेदी लंका ढावे’ - यह लोकोक्ति कितना सही है। इसका मतलब है आपसी फूट का परिणाम बुरा होता है। आज मैं आपसे एक कहानी कहने जा रही हूँ। यह कहानी इस लोकोक्ति पर आधारित है।

“भाभी! तुम ने जो किया वह ठीक नहीं है। तुम ऐसे क्यों कर रही हो? मैंने क्या किया है आपसे? क्यों मुन्नी को यहाँ आने दिया? उसने देखो, मेरे प्यारे राजू को उठाया है और अब वह रो रहा है।” नीना चिल्ला-चिल्लाकर अपनी भाभी से कह रही थी। वह बहुत गुस्से में थी। नीना घर की छोटी बहु थी और लता (भाभी) बड़ी बहू। लता और नीना के पति भाई थे। वे एक घर में रहते थे। उनकी माँ भी उनके साथ रहते थे। दोनों बहुएँ हर समय लड़ती रहती थी। कुछ न कुछ बहाना मिला तो लड़ना और झगडना शुरू। घर में महाभारत शुरू हो जाती। कभी-कभी भाई-भाई में भी लड़ाई हो जाती है। वह भी कम नहीं थे। अपनी - अपनी पत्नियों के चढ़ाने से चढ़ जाते थे। इसी कारण एक वर्ष पहले उनके पिता अपना घर छोड़कर चले गए। पता नहीं कहाँ। उन्होंने अपना मानसिक सन्तुलन खो दिया। वह नहीं देख सकते यह सब पुत्रों के बीच लड़ाई और बहुओं के बीच झगडा। इसके बाद उनकी माँ पागल हो गई। वह एक कमरे में ही बैठती थी और कभी बाहर नहीं आती।

“मुन्नी! वापस आओ। वहाँ मत जाओ। मुन्नी! मैं ने कहा इधर आओ और उसके साथ मत खेलो। यहाँ कहीं लोगों को यह अच्छा नहीं लगता। कहते हैं तुमने राजू को रूलाया।” लता कहने लगी। “अगली बार तुम वहाँ गई तो मैं तुझे पीट-पीटकर मारूंगी।” यह कहकर

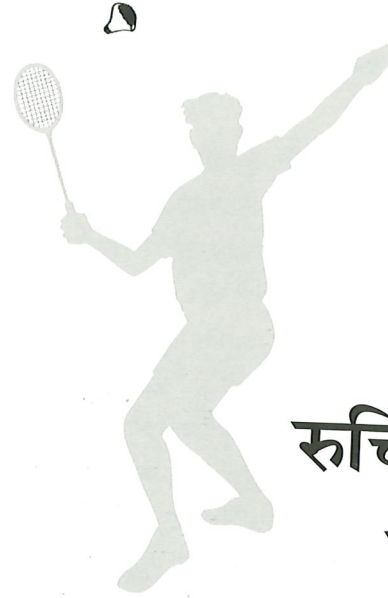


लता अपनी बेटी को मारने लगी। मुन्नी जोर-जोर से रोने लगी। दोनों बहुओं की लड़ाई के कारण उनके बच्चे पछताने लगे। नीना भी कभी-कभी मुन्नी को मारती थी। जब मुन्नी, छोदू और राजू से खेलने आती थी। लेकिन इसमें मुन्नी का क्या अपराध है? लता मुन्नी को छोटे राजू से खेलने के लिए मना किया है।

दोनों बहुओं की लड़ाई दो वर्ष पहले शुरू हुई थी। लड़ाई का एक कारण यह था कि नीना के पति उसके भाई से ज्यादा कमाता था। उससे लता को बहुत जलन होती थी। नीना एक अच्छे और अमीर कुटुम्ब से थी। यह भी एक कारण था। और यह भी है की लता नीना पर हुक्म चलाती थी। यह नीना को अच्छा नहीं लगता था।

एक दिन बड़ा भाई घर आया और अपनी पत्नी को चिल्लाकर बुलाया। वह कहने लगा, “लता! तुम जल्दी अपना सामान बाँधो। हम कल ही इस घर से चले जाएँगे। मैं यहाँ इन मूर्खों के साथ नहीं रह सकता।” यह सुनकर नीना बहुत खुश हो गई। लेकिन उसके पति के आँखों से आँसू आने लगे। उसने कहा, “भैया, मत जाओ। हमें छोड़कर मत जाईए।” नीना कहने लगी, “नहीं जी। उसे जाने दो। अच्छा हुआ वे जा रहे हैं। घर में शान्ति आएगी।” यह सुनकर उसके पति को बहुत गुस्सा आया। उसने नीना को एक थप्पड मारा और कहा, “ऐसे कैसे हो सकता है? वे नहीं जाएँगे इस घर से बल्कि तुम इस घर से जाओगी। चली जाओ। इस घर में मुझे नहीं देखना है तुम्हें। मैं और यह नहीं सह सकता। चली जाओ।” यह सुनकर नीना रोने लगी और अपने कमरे में गई। थोड़े समय के बाद एक सामान का झोला लेके आई और घर से निकल गई। यही होता है जब हम आपस में लड़ते हैं, झगडते हैं। घर का भेदी लंका ढावें।

—दिव्या अड़य्यर, १०वीं अ



मेरा रुचिकर खेल

मेरा रुचिकर खेल बॅडमिंटन है। विश्व में कई प्रकार के खेल हैं, स्वदेशी और विदेशी। खेल नहीं मनोरंजन का साधन बल्कि हमें व्यायाम भी देता है। हम खेल खेलकर अपनी परेशानी कुछ क्षणों तक दूर कर सकते हैं। खेल मेरे जीवन में एक महत्वपूर्ण जगह ले चुका है।

जैसे मैंने आप से कहा कि मेरा रुचिकर खेल बॅडमिंटन है, मुझे उसे खेलकर बहुत आनंद प्राप्त होता है। बॅडमिंटन के खेल में दो से चार खिलाड़ी खेल सकते हैं। बॅडमिंटन का कोर्ट मेरे घर के सामने ही है। हर शाम मैं अपने मित्रों के साथ बॅडमिंटन खेलती हूँ। हम कभी कभी अंकों के खेल खेलते हैं। अंकों के खेल में मैं लगातार जीतती हूँ। बॅडमिंटन के खेल में हम एक कॉक और दो रॅकेट का इस्तेमाल करते हैं। बॅडमिंटन

खेलते - खेलते कब रात हो जाती है पता ही नहीं चलता। आज विश्व में ज्यादा से ज्यादा खिलाड़ी करोड़पती बन गए हैं। बॅडमिंटन एक ऐसा साधन है जिससे शरीर को व्यायाम मिलता है और मन भी शांत रहता है। बॅडमिंटन एक विदेशी खेल है परंतु हम भारतवासी उतने ही अच्छी तरह से खेल लेते हैं। विश्व में कई खेल प्रसिद्ध हैं परंतु बॅडमिंटन सब से ज्यादा प्रसिद्ध है।

बॅडमिंटन मेरा सबसे प्रिय खेल है, था और रहेगा। यह खेल मेरे परिवार से जुड़ा हुआ है। बॅडमिंटन का खिलाड़ी बनना एक फ़क्र की बात है। मेरा यह एक सपना है। मैं भगवान से यह प्रार्थना करूंगी कि मुझे एक मशहूर बॅडमिंटन का खिलाड़ी बनाए।

—पूनम अडवानी, ७वीं ब





MARATHI SECTION

फुलपाखरु

छान किती दिसते फुलपाखरु
 रंग बिरंगी फुलपाखरु
 डोळे बारीक करिते लुकलुक
 पंखचे रंग निळे जांभळे,
 खुप दुरच उडते फुलपाखरु
 किती छान रंग
 किती छान अंग
 खुप सुंदर फुलपाखरु
 कोणीच हाती न येते फुलपाखरु
 फुलांबरोबर बसते फुलपाखरु
 कुठे जाईन तिथे पाहीन
 पक्षी जसे उडते फुलपाखरु
 जेथे जाईन तिथे फुलविन
 खुप मनोहर फुलपाखरु
 गोड गोड खातो फुलपाखरु
 मुले धावतात धरायला फुलपाखरु
 मला खुप आनंद मिळतो फुलपाखरासाठी
 —दिव्यश्री मोहपात्रा, ६वी क



फुलपाखरु

फुलपाखरु, छान किती दिसते फुलपाखरु
 या वेलींवर फुलांबरोबर, गोड किती हसते फुलपाखरु
 पंख पसरवुनी, लांब किती उडते फुलपाखरु
 जवळ गेले कि, ऊडून जाते फुलपाखरु
 डोळे बारिक करुनी लुकलूक
 इकडे तिकडे बघते फुलपाखरु
 वेगळे वेगळे रंग त्याच्या अंगावर लाऊनी,
 देवाने किती छान बनवलंय फुलपाखरु
 फुलपाखरु, फुलपाखरु, सुंदर किती आहे फुलपाखरु
 —सचिंत सावंत, ६वी ब

फुलपाखरु

फुलपाखरु छान किती दिसते,
 फुलांवर नाचते ।
 फुलपाखरु छोटी दिसते
 आणि मुलांना पकडायला लावते ।
 फुलपाखरा ला रंग किती असतात,
 ती चित्रकारांना चित्र करायला बसतात ।
 ती फुलांची आहे मित्र
 आणि नाचून करते त्यांना आपला खास मित्र ।
 फुलपाखरु बागेत जाते,
 आणि सर्व मुलांना आनंदीत करते ।
 असेच पाठ शाळेत शिकवले जातात
 आणि सर्व मुले वाचतात ।
 फुलपाखरुचे असतात छोटे डोळे
 ज्यांनी ते बघतात मोठे फळे ॥
 —संग्राम राठी, ६वी क

बाहुली

माझ्या बहीणीकडे
 आहे एक बाहुली
 ती तिच्यावर प्रेम करते,
 जसे माऊली ।
 बाहुली आहे खुश मुख,
 तिचे डोळे करे लुकलुक
 अंग आहे गोरे,
 करते खुप तोरे
 तिचे बूट आहेत पांढरे,
 चालायचे नखरे करते चांगले,
 तिचे कपडे रंगबिरंगी,
 तशीच माझी बहीण नाटकी
 बाहुलीला सजवते,
 स्वतःही सजते
 जसे माझा प्रेम तिच्यावर
 तसेच तिचे प्रेम तिच्या बाहुलीवर
 तिच्या बाहुलीचे पाय,
 मलाते वाटतात लोखंडाचे खांब
 माझी बहीन रडते फार
 जर तिची बाहुली गेली दूर
 माझ्या सारखी बहीण मिळणार नाही
 तिच्या बाहुली सारखी बाहुली कोठे
 मिळणार नाही
 मला आवडते माझी बहिण
 तिला आवडतो मी व तिची बाहुली
 —प्रतिक रामधर्ने, ६वी ब



पावसाळा

टप टप टप टप पाऊस पडतो
 पावसाळा आला आहे,
 पाणी पडतं, आकाश रडतं
 उन्हाळा गेला आहे
 काळे ढग आकाशात भरले
 पाऊस पडू लागला,
 पावसाळ्याने मला घरातच धरले
 आभाळ रडू आले!
 मोरांचा नाच दिसतो छान
 ते पिसारा फुलवून नाचतात,
 पण माझे बूट कपडे होतात घाण
 आणि मुले घरी बसून राहातात
 बेडूक उठून गाऊ लागतात
 पण त्यांचा आवाज अगदी बेसुरा
 मुले ऐकून धावू लागतात
 मला हे आवडत नाही!
 खेळायला जाता येत नाही,
 मला येतो खूप राग,
 अभ्यास आता होत नाही,
 अभ्यास करून झोप येते
 पण कुठे येते जाग?
 पावसाळ्याचा राग येतो
 इथे घाण, तिथे घाण
 पाण्यातून कधी कधी येतो नाग
 उन्हाळा आहे किती छान!
 पण पावसाळ्यामध्ये सुटी पडते
 घरी बसून खेळायला मिळते
 कळत नाही आभाळ किती रडते
 फक्त खेळायला मिळते.
 — रीतु पठारे, ७वी अ



पावसाळा

पावसाळा आला पावसाळा आला,
 सगळे मुलं खेळायला आले
 फुटबॉल खेळले, पकडापकडी खेळले
 आणि खेळले चिखल-पाणी
 खुप खेळले, खुप खेळले
 खेळून खेळून थकून गेले
 घरी जाऊन लोळून पडले
 तरी पाण्याची रिमझिम चालूच
 दुसऱ्या दिवशी पुन्हा पाऊस
 सगळे मुलं खेळायला आले
 त्या दिवशीसुद्धा तिच कथा,
 घरी येऊन 'आंकशी-आंकशी',
 मुलांना आली सर्दी
 — कार्तिकेय पोफळी, ७वी क



आई

आई माझी आई
 कशी ही माझी आई
 थोडीशी गोरी तर
 थोडीशी काळी
 थोडीशी जाड तर
 थोडीशी बारीक
 फारच चांगली तर
 थोडीशी वाईट
 असे आहे माझ्या आईचे रूप
 तिचे हे चांगले डोळे
 करतात सगळ्यांना वेडे
 तिचे हे चांगले केस
 करतात सगळ्यांना खुश
 निळ्या आकाशा ऐवडा आहे
 तिच्या मायेचा पदर
 मऊ तिची कुशी
 करते सगळ्यांना वेडी
 आहेच ती छान
 कोणी सांगु नका बरे का?
 कधी मारते तर
 कधी ओरडते
 कधी हसते तर
 कधी रडते
 असा आहे माझ्या आईचा गुण....
 — हेमांगी पवार, ७वी क



सुट्टीतील मजा

परिक्षा संपली, सुट्टी झाली सुरू,
आता आमचे दिवस, कधी जाणार नाही हळू
सुट्टीतील मजा, तर वेगळीच असते,
शाळेचा अभ्यास जो आमच्या पाठीशी नसता
बाहेर उनाडायचे, नाहीतर घरात खेळायचे
आम्ही सगळे करू शकतो, बस शाळेत नाही जायचे
पण सारखे खेळायचे आणि अभ्यास नाही करायचा
आणि आई-बाबांनी ओरडण्यामुळे थोडा तर करायला लागायचाच
पण आता सुट्टी संपली, आणि शाळा झाली सुरू
आणि आता आमचे दिवस, परत जाणार हळू
—निखिल सोनालकर, ८वी ब



सुट्टीतील मजा

चला मुलांनो परीक्षा झाली,
आणि आता सुट्टीची मजा करूया
अभ्यासाला सुट्टी मिळाली चला, मित्रांनी खेळूया
आपण खूप खेळूया आणि मजा करूया।।
गर्मीचा हा महीना
किती मजा येईल
आपण बाहेर फिरायला जाऊ,
आणि आपण खूप खेळूया।
आईला तर विसरून जा,
आता कशाला ऐवढा विचार करतोय।
चला, चला खेळूया।
आपण सुट्टीची मजा करूया।।
—जुही टाकले, ८वी अ

आला दिवाळीचा सण

दिवाळीचा सण आला,
इकडे तिकडे फिरतात बाळा,
स्त्री ह्या दिवशी पकवान बनवतात,
बाळे फटाक्या संगती खेळतात
बाबा बाळांना फटाकी आणतात
बाळ खुशीतून झुळतात
आई-बाबा आणतात नवीन कपडे
नाही तर सर्व मुले रडतात
आई छान रांगोळी बनवते
आणि घरात दीवा लावते
बाळ येऊन फटाकी फोडतात,
उजेड पडतो सर्व जगात
दिवाळीचा सण
म्हणजे उत्साहचा सण
येते खूप उजेड व आवाज
हेच या सणाचे रिवाज
दिवाळीचा सण मला खूप आवडतो
सर्व जगात खुशी पसरवते
कोणी नाही या जगात
ज्यांना दिवाळी नाही आवडत.
—वेनिसा डिसोझा, ८वी ब



असे होते माझे आजोबा !

१

मी माझ्या आजोळी बाबा, आई आणि माझी लहान बहीण एका घरात राहतो. माझ्या आजोबांचे नाव आहे श्री. चुनीलाल माम. व माझ्या आजीचे नाव आहे सौ. राजदुलारी माम. मला माझे आजोबा फार आवडायचे. ते स्वभावाने फार प्रेमळ होते. ते मला नेहमी मिठाई देत असत. रविवारच्या दिवशी मला ते बाहेर फिरायला घेऊन जात असत.

त्यांचा पोशाख अगदी साधा असायचा. ते कुर्ता आणि पायजमा वापरत. ते उंच आणि गोरे होते. त्यांचे केस मात्र म्हातारपणामूळे सफेद झाले होते. ते माझ्यासाठी नविन व छान छान कपडे आणत.

ते अभ्यासात फार हुशार होते. मला गणित आणि हिंदी विषय ते अगदी समजावून शिकवायचे. गणित विषय म्हणजे त्यांच्या हातचा मळ! कोणतेही व कितीही किचकट गणित ते पटकन सोडवत असत. ते काश्मीरमध्ये एका मोठ्या घरात राहत असत.

माझे आजोबा आस्तिक होते. ते नेहमी परमेश्वराची पुजाअर्चा करायचे. असे होते माझे आजोबा. मला ते फार आवडायचे.

—भाविका माम, ७वी अ

२

तसं पाहिलं तर माझ्या आजोबांचे कुटुंब फार मोठे होते. त्यांना सात भाऊ व दोन बहिणी होत्या. कुटुंबात ते सगळ्यात मोठे होते. त्यांचा देहान्त जगातीक युद्ध चालू असताना झाला. ते लढाईत फार लक्ष द्यायचे. वयाच्या बावीसाव्या वर्षी त्यांना इंडियन नेवित काम मिळाले.

नंतर ते एका जहाजाचे कॅप्टन झाले. परंतु त्यांना लढाईत जाण्याचा कधी योग आला नाही. जहाजावर असताना त्यांनी खूप ठिकाणी भटकंती केली. ते जगाच्या वेगवेगळ्या ठिकाणी फिरून आले. पुढे इंडियन नेवी सोडून ते मर्चंट नेवी मध्ये रूजू झाले. माझ्या आजोबांनी मर्चंट नेवी मध्ये जवळ जवळ पंधरा ते सोळा वर्ष काम केले. पुढे सेवानिवृत्ती नंतर ते मुंबईला रहाण्यासाठी आले.

माझे आजोबा नेहमी मला अभ्यासात मदत करायचे. कठीण प्रस्नोत्तरे मला सोडवून द्यायचे. ते माझे व माझ्या भावाचे फार लाड करायचे. आम्हाला भेटल्यावर ते लढाईबद्दल व त्यांच्या लहानपणीच्या फार गोष्टी सांगायचे. आणि म्हणून मला माझे आजोबा फार आवडायचे.

—अभय निकम, ७वी ब



३

माझे आजोबा खूप चांगले होते. त्यांचे डोळे घाऱ्या रंगाचे होते. ते खूप उंच होते व बारीकपण होते. त्यांचे काळ्या रंगाचे केस होते व ते खूप गोरे होते. ते बँकमध्ये काम करायचे आणि ते खूप हुशार होते. त्यांना चित्र काढायची आवड होती व ते अभ्यासात पण चांगले होते. ते माहिमला माझ्या आजीबरोबर रहायचे. माझे आजोबा नागालँड, लन्डन, अमेरिका व दारजिलींग मध्ये गेले होते. त्यांना दुसरे देश बघायची आवड आहे. त्यांना लहान असतांना क्रिकेट व लगोरी खेळायला आवडायचे.

माझे आजोबा खूप हसरे होते आणि त्यांना टी.व्ही. बघायची आवड होती. मी जेव्हा त्यांच्या घरी जायची, ते मला रोज गंमत सांगायचे. ते मला मराठी व इंग्रजीचा अभ्यास करायला सांगायचे आणि कठीण प्रश्नांची उत्तरे सांगायचे.

माझे आजोबा रोज सकाळी व रात्री फिरायला जायचे. केव्हा तरी मी पण त्यांच्या बरोबर जायची. ते मला बागेत पण घेऊन जायचे. जेव्हा मी लहान होती तेव्हा मी आजी व आजोबा बरोबर पुण्याला पण गेली होती. तेव्हा मला खूप मजा आली. माझ्या वाढदिवसाला त्यांनी मला एक गुलाबी रंगाची बाहुली दिली होती आणि मी खूप खुश झाले.

मला माझे आजोबा खूप आवडायचे व त्यांनी मला चांगली चांगली खेळणी दिली आहेत.

—सुचिता वैद्य, ७वी ब



पावसाळ्यातील मौज

१

पावसाळा म्हटला म्हणजे मजाच मजा. सगळीकडे पाणीच पाणी. असाच एकदा पावसाळ्याच्या दिवशी मी सकाळी लवकर उठून शाळेत जाण्यासाठी तयार झालो. खाली उतरलो व शाळेच्या बसमध्ये बसलो. वाटेत रस्त्याने जाताना माझी बस बंद पडली. आणि ती चालू होईपर्यंत उशिर झाला होता. आणि म्हणून आम्ही घरी परत आलो.

घरी आल्यावर मी कपडे बदलून माझ्या मित्रांबरोबर खाली खेळायला गेलो. आम्ही फुटबॉल खेळायला सुरुवात केली. फुटबॉल खेळता खेळता आम्ही पावसात पूर्णपणे भिजून गेलो. पण खेळायला फार मजा आली. फुटबॉल खेळून हौस पुरली व नंतर आम्ही आमच्या साकली काढून फिरवायला सुरुवात केली. रस्त्यावर भरपूर पाणी जमा झाले होते. म्हणून सायकल फिरवायला फार मजा येत होती. सायकल फिरवताना माझा मित्र राहूल खाली पडला व त्याला लागले. म्हणून आम्ही हा खेळ बंद करून टि.व्ही. बघण्यास सुरुवात केली.

टि.व्ही. पाहताना अचानक वीज गेली. म्हणून आम्ही खाली येऊन पुन्हा खेळण्यास सुरुवात केली. अशा प्रकारे आम्ही त्यादिवशी पावसाचा पूर्णपणे उपभोग घेतला.

—तपन सबनीस, ७वी क

२

पावसाळ्याचे दिवस जून - ऑगस्ट मध्ये येतात. पावसाळ्यात तापमान एकदम थंडगार असते.

पावसाळ्यात मौज करायला मला खूप आवडते. पावसाळ्यात मला भिजायला देखील आवडतं. पावसाळा सगळ्यांचाच आवडता ऋतू आहे. पावसाळ्यात पुष्कळ जण फुटबॉल वगैरे खेळतात. मलाही असे खेळ खेळायला आवडतात.

लहान मुलं चिखलात खेळतात. लोकं कुठेही जमलेलं पाणी असेल त्याच्यात पेपरच्या बोटी बनवून त्यांना पाण्यात सोडतात. खूप मुलं खेकडे व गांडून पकडतात.

पावसाळ्यात निसर्ग अगदी सुंदर दिसतो. झाडं वगैरे सगळे हिरवे गार दिसतात. सर्व काही स्वच्छ दिसते. शाळेत जाताना मूलं पावसात भिजून जातात. त्या सुंदर निसर्गात कोणालाही आपल्या ओल्या कपड्यांची

आणि मोज्यांची काळजी नसते. शाळेतल्या बसेस सगळे भरलेल्या असतात. मुलांना पावसात चालून जायलाच मजा वाटते. बसमध्ये दुसऱ्यांच्या छतऱ्यांमधून थेंब थेंब पाणी पडते, ते कोणाला आवडणार आहे? शाळेमध्ये खिडकीवर सर्वांचे ओले मोजे लटकलेले दिसतात. सर्व जण त्या सुंदर निसर्गाचे खिडकीतून मजा घेत असतात.

पावसाळ्यातील मौज मजा आणखी कोणत्या ऋतूमध्ये करायला मिळत नाही. निसर्ग खूप आकर्षित असतो. पावसाळा हा माझा आवडता ऋतू आहे.

—कार्तिकेय पोफळी, ७वी क

३

उन्हाळा संपला आणि पावसाळा आला. गरम झालेली जमीन थंड झाली. सारे लोक खुश झाले. पण सर्वात जास्त शेतकरी खुश झाले. कारण त्यांच्या शेतात पिके पेरलेली होती. शेतकरी लोक पावसाचीच वाट बघत असतात. लहान मुले पण पावसाची खूप वाट बघत असतात. व गाणे गातात. “येरे येरे पावसा, तुला देतो पैसा, पैसा झाला खोटा पाऊस आला मोठा”. नंतर पाऊस जेव्हा पडतो शेतकरी खुश होतात. त्यांची शेते झाडांनी भरून जातात. मुलं पण खुश होतात आणि खाली पडलेल्या पाण्यात कागदाची नाव करून सोडतात. काही मुलं पावसात भिजत खेळ खेळतात. काही लोकं नदीच्या किनाऱ्यावर जातात आणि काही समुद्र किनाऱ्यावर जाऊन पावसाचा आनंद घेतात. सगळी झाडे हिरवीगार होतात. त्यांना रंगबिरंगी फुले येतात. नदी, समुद्र, तलाव व विहीर सगळे भरून जातात.

कुणी लोक पावसामुळे दुखी होतात कारण जेव्हा काही मुले खेळतात ते रस्त्यावरच्या गाड्यांवर लक्ष नाही देत आणि तसेच खेळतात. त्याच्यात खेळता खेळता जर पडले आणि खड्डा खोलवर असला तर ते बुडून मरून जातात.

पावसाळ्यात आपल्याला खूप फायदे होतात. जसे प्राण्यांना जंगलात पाणी प्यायला मिळते. शेतकऱ्यांना शेतात पाणी मिलते व पाण्यामुळे सगळे वृक्ष हिरवेगार राहतात. यामुळे पावसाळा आला की सगळे खुश होतात.

—संग्राम राठी, ६वी क



माझा आवडता मित्र



१

माझे नाव प्रतिक आहे. मी सहाव्या इयत्तेत आहे. माझ्या इयत्तेत माझे खुप मित्र आहेत. माझा आवडता मित्र तेजस आहे. तो ही माझ्या शाळेत आहे. तो रहेजा विहार मध्ये राहतो. तो हुशार मुलगा आहे.

आम्ही दोघे मिळून अभ्यास करतो. आम्ही रोज आनंदाने खेळतो. तो मला माझ्या अभ्यासात मदत करतो. त्याचा पहिला नंबर येतो. आम्ही एकमेकांना मारत नाही. तो कोणालाही मारत नाही. आम्ही दोघे शाळेत मिळून खातो, खेळतो, आणि अभ्यास करतो.

आम्ही दोघे मिळून शाळेत जातो आणि घरी येतो. तो केव्हा ही खोटे बोलत नाही. तो साधा, इमानदार आहे. खेळताना तो मला रडवत नाही. मला तो जे पाहिजे ते खेळायला देतो. माझ्या मित्रासारखा मित्र तुम्हाला कुठेच भेटणार नाही. मी त्याच्या सारखा चांगल्या मित्राचा आदर करतो. मला माझा मित्र खुप आवडतो.

खरा मित्र जो आपल्याला गरज असताना उपयोगी येतो व मदत करतो.

—प्रतिक रामधरने, ६वी अ

२

मित्र ही अशी व्यक्ती असते की जी आपल्याला जन्मभर मदत करते. पण नक्की मित्र कसा असावा? त्या मित्रामध्ये खुप चांगले गुण असावे लागतात.

ही गोष्ट आहे दोन वर्षांपूर्वीची. जेव्हा मी शाळेत नवीन दाखल झालो होतो. अशावेळी सगळी मुलं माझ्यासाठी नविन होती. वेगवेगळे चेहरे मोहरे मला पहावयास मिळत होते. कोणीही माझ्याशी बोलत नव्हतं. अशावेळी मला सचित सावंत नावाचा मित्र मिळाला. त्याने मला खुप मदत केली. आणि त्याचक्षणी मी माझ्या मनाशी बोललो, “हाच तो खरा मित्र!”

सचित खुप हुशार व शहाणा मुलगा आहे. आम्ही नेहमी शाळेत एकत्र खेळतो, एकत्र खातो, पितो व एकत्र गप्पा मारतो. आम्ही एकमेकांपासून दूर राहतो आणि म्हणून आम्हाला संध्याकाळी एकत्र खेळता येत नाही. पण रोज शाळेतून घरी गेल्यावर आम्ही एकमेकांना फोन करतो.

त्याच्या घरी कोणताही कार्यक्रम असला तरी तो मला नेहमी आमंत्रण देतो. असा हा सुखात व दुःखात मदत करणारा माझा मित्र मला फार आवडतो.

—इशान तुळजापूरकर, ६वी ब

३

माझ्या आवडत्या मित्राचे नाव साहिल. तो चार वर्षांचा आहे. तो खूप मस्ती करतो. तो पण माझ्यासारख्या शाळेत जातो. जेव्हा पण आम्ही शाळेत जाऊन येतो तेव्हा तो आमच्या घरी येतो. मग आम्ही गाणी लावतो आणि नाचायला लागतो.

एकदा असंच काहीतरी झालं आणि तो आमच्या घरी खेळायला आला. मी माझ्या शाळेत गेले होते. घरी आल्यानंतर मी पाहिले की साहिल आमच्या घरी खेळत होता. मग त्यांनी मला एक गाणं लावायला सांगितलं. तेव्हा मी ‘थोडी सी तो लीफ्ट करादे’ च गाणं लावलं. ते त्याचं आवडतं गाणं होतं. तो लगेच नाचायला लागला. तो नाच पण खुप सुन्दर करतो. तो मला वेड्यासारखं हसवतो. आणि जर आपण त्याला त्याचं नाव व त्याच्या बाबांचं नाव विचारलं तर सगळं सांगतो. आमच्या इमारतीत एक कुत्रा राहतो आणि तो कुत्रा एवढा भयानक आहे. साहिल बिनधास्त त्याच्या तोंडात हात घालतो पण तो कुत्रा त्याला चावत नाही. जर आपण कुठेही लपु आणि आपण त्याला शोधायला सांगु तर तो बरोबर शोधतो.

हा असा माझा आवडता मित्र आहे.

—मंगला बोरकर, ६वी अ



दोन पक्के मित्र

राम आणि शाम नावाचे दोन मित्र रहात होते. ते खूप चांगले मित्र नव्हते. त्यांचे खूप भांडण व्हायचे. एकदा त्यांचे भांडण सुरू झाले.

राम एका श्रीमंत माणसाचा मुलगा होता आणि शाम एका गरीब कुटुंबातला होता. म्हणून जेव्हा त्यांची भांडण व्हायची तेव्हा शाम त्याला खूप घाबरायचा.

एकदा असंच त्यांचं भांडण झालं आणि त्या दिवसापासून दोघेही एकमेकांचे शत्रू झाले. त्या दिवसापासून राम शामला खूप त्रास द्यायला लागला. पण बिचारा शाम सहन करून घ्यायचा कारण की तो रामला घाबरायचा.

ते दोघेही एकाच शाळेत होते आणि एकाच वर्गात अभ्यास करायचे. एकदा शाम जेव्हा वर्गात नव्हता तेव्हा रामने शामच्या दप्तरातून त्याची वही घेतली आणि स्वतःच्या दप्तरात टाकली. जेव्हा शाम वर्गात आला तेव्हा त्याने आपलं दप्तर उघडलं. तेव्हा त्याला कळलं की आपली वही रामनेच घेतली आहे. कारण की त्याला माहित होते की रामच अशा खोड्या करतो. म्हणून त्या संध्याकाळी शाम रामच्या घरी गेला. आणि त्याला विचारले की त्याने त्याची वही घेतली आहे का? तर राम म्हणाला, “हो मीच तुझी वही घेतली आहे. आणि मी तुला परत देणार नाही. तू इथून जा नाही तर...” हे शब्द ऐकल्यावर शाम तिथून पळून गेला.

एकदा शाम शाळेत आपल्या मित्रांबरोबर खेळत होता. तेव्हा त्याला रामचा आवाज आला. रामने ओरडून सांगितले, “शाम तू जरा इकडे ये रे” हे ऐकल्यावर शाम दचकला आणि घाबरून गेला आणि तो पटकन त्याच्याकडे गेला. रामने एक दगड उचलला आणि शामच्या डोक्यावर मारला आणि तिकडून निघून गेला. शामच्या डोक्यातून रक्त यायला लागलं. मग जेव्हा ते वर्गात आले आणि शिक्षकांनी विचारले, “शाम तुला कोणी मारलं” तेव्हा शाम म्हणाला की कोणीही नाही. कारण त्याला ठाऊक होतं की जर त्याने रामचं नाव सांगितलं तर

त्याला राम खूप मारेल. मग शामला ते वर्गशिक्षक मुख्याध्यापिकांकडे घेऊन गेले. तेव्हा त्यांनी पण शामला तेच विचारले की “शाम तुला कोणी मारलं?” आणि रामने तेच उत्तर दिले. “कोणी नाही मी स्वतःच धडपडून पडलो.” एकदा शामच्या तोंडून चुकून रा शब्द निघाला आणि तेव्हाच मुख्य अध्यापिकांना कळलं की रामने ह्याला मारलं आहे. पण त्यांना ही गोष्ट शामच्या तोंडातून ऐकायची होती. पण त्याने सांगितले नाही. मग तेव्हा त्यांनी रामला बोलावले आणि त्याला खूप रागावले आणि शाळेतून काढून टाकण्याची धमकी पण दिली कारण त्यांना माहिती होते की राम कसा आहे. रामने त्यांची माफी मागितली आणि त्याला शाळेत ठेवण्याची भीकही मागितली. तेव्हा त्या मुख्य अध्यापिकांनी त्याला माफी केले आणि शामची पण माफी मागायला सांगितले. रामने शामची माफी मागितली आणि त्या दिवसापासून ते दोघे पक्के मित्र झाले.

—कार्तिकेय पोफळी, ७वी क

खरा मित्र

राम आणि शाम नावाचे मित्र राहत होते. ते लहानपणापासूनचे जिवलग मित्र होते. ते एकमेकांबरोबर खूप खेळायचे. त्या दोघांची घरे शेजारी शेजारीच होती.

एकदा अचानक रात्री दहा वाजता भूकंप झाला. राम आणि शाम दोघेही आपआपल्या घरात झोपले होते. जमीन हलायला लागली. छप्परांचा आवाज येवू लागला. अचानक घराची मागील भिंतीची काच फुटली. रामला एकदम जाग आली. राम व शाम दोघेही त्यांच्या घरात एकटे होते. त्यांचे आईवडिल कामानिमित्त बाहेर गेले होते. शाम गाढ झोपला होता. सगळी लोकं ओरडत होती. “भूकंप.... भूकंप....” सर्व लोकं जिथे वाट मिळेल येथून धावत सुटले होते. राम सुद्धा त्या गर्दीत धावत निघाला. धावता - धावता त्याला अचानक शामची आठवण झाली. लगेच तो मागे वळला.

राम शामच्या घराकडे पोहचला. त्याच्या घराची मागील भिंत आणि छत कोसळले होते. राम शामच्या घरात जाऊन तो शामला बाहेर घेऊन आला. शाम जखमी झाला होता. तो चालू शकत नव्हता. रामने शामला आपल्या खांद्यावर उचलले. रामने शामला मरणातून वाचवले होते.

ही गोष्ट शामच्या आई-बाबांना कळताच त्यांना रामचे आभार कसे मानावे हेच कळेना. राम आणि शाम यांची मित्रता संकटात सुद्धा टिकून राहिली.

—अभय निकम, ७वी अ



माझ्या आठवणीतील एक दिवस

१

माझ्या आठवणीतील एक दिवस आहे आणि तो दिवस म्हणजे माझ्या सहलीचा दिवस होय. तो जानेवारीचा महिना होता. आमची सहल 'शुभांगी रिसॉर्टला' जाणार होती. आणि त्यामुळे मी फार खुश झाली होते. आईने मला खूप खाऊ दिला होता.

त्या दिवशी आम्हाला शाळेत सकाळी आठ वाजता बोलावले होते. म्हणून आम्ही सकाळी आठच्या आत शाळेत हजर झालो. ठरल्यावेळेप्रमाणे तिकडून आम्ही रिसॉर्टला निघालो. माझ्या बरोबर माझी सगळ्यात आवडती मैत्रिण देखील होती. तिचं नाव होतं गीता. गीता खूप उंच आणि गोरी होती. दिसायला फारच सुंदर दिसायची. तिचे डोळे काळे होते. ती गाणी गात होती. आम्ही सर्व टाळ्या वाजवत होतो. गीता खिडकीपाशी बसली होती. आणि तिने आपला हात खिडकीच्या बाहेर काढला होता. एवढ्यात समोरून एक भरधाव वेगाने ट्रक आला. आणि गीताच्या हाताच्या कोपऱ्यावर त्याचा जोरात मार बसला. तिच्या डाव्या हाताला लागले होते. ती फार रडत होती.

नंतर तिला ताबडतोब दवाखान्यात हलविण्यात आले. तेथे तिच्यावर उपचार करण्यात आले. तिचे हाड मोडल्यामुळे ऑपरेशन करणे भाग पडले. मी तिला रोज भेटायला जात असे. अपघातानंतर ती डाव्या हाताने लिहिण्यास शिकली. तिने मला खूप पत्रे पाठवली. ती पत्रे मी माझ्या शिक्षकांना दाखवून सुचना फलकावर लावायची.

हा माझ्या आठवणीतील दिवस मी कधीच विसरू शकत नाही.

—जुही टाकले, ८वी अ

२

माझ्या आठवणीतील एक महत्वाचा दिवस म्हणजे १६ एप्रिल. ज्या दिवशी माझी सातवीची परिक्षा संपली. त्यादिवशी मी सकाळी उशिरा उठलो. त्यादिवशी मला फार बरे वाटले. मनोमनी मला थोडी भितीही वाटली होती. कारण माझा शेवटचा व सर्वात कठीण विषयाची परिक्षा होती. मी घराबाहेर पडलो व एक मोठा श्वास घेतला. मी रिकशात बसलो. मी शाळेत पोहोचलो. बघतो तर काय सगळी मुलं खुश होण्याऐवजी वाचत बसली होती. कारण त्या दिवशी माझा मराठीचा पेपर होता.

अकरा वाजता आमची पहिली परिक्षा संपली. मराठीच्या पेपरामुळे एक मुलगी तर चक्क रडायला लागली. मग आम्ही तीला कसेबसे

गप्प केले. मग बाई वर्गात आल्या. पेपर दिले गेले. वेळ संपली तसे पेपर पुन्हा परत घेतले गेले.

हा शेवटचा दिवस असल्यामुळे मी व माझ्या मित्रांनी कुठेतरी बाहेर जाण्याचे ठरवले होते. ठरल्यावेळी आम्ही सर्व मित्र एका मित्राच्या घरी एकत्र जमा झालो. नंतर आम्ही फिरायला सुरुवात केली. आम्ही सर्वांनी गो कार्ट केले, आईस्क्रीम खाल्ले, गोल्फ खेळलो, डॅशिंग कारमध्ये बसलो. हाकोन मध्ये शिरलो, चिकन खाल्ले, खूप खेळलो, हसलो, गाणी बोलली. वेळ कसा निघून गेला ते समजलेच नाही. घरी आम्ही साडेदहा वाजता पोहोचलो.

म्हणून हा मौजमजेचा दिवस माझ्या स्मरणात अजूनही तरळत आहे.

—श्वेतांग माहुडकर, ८वी अ

३

माझ्या आठवणीतील सगळ्यात महत्वाचा दिवस होता तो म्हणजे माझा तेरावा वाढदिवस. त्या दिवशी मी खूप मजा केली. वाढदिवस साजरा करायला माझे मित्र-मैत्रिणी, नातेवाईक, बहिण भावंडे सर्व मंडळी जमली होती.

तो दिवस होता ६ फेब्रुवारीचा. माझ्या आईवडिलांनी मला भेटवस्तू म्हणून नवीन सायकल दिली. मी फार खूश झालो. मला वाचायची आवड असल्यामुळे माझ्या आजी-आजोबांनी मला पुस्तके भेटवस्तू म्हणून दिली.

प्रथम माझ्या आईने माझी आरती उतरवली. आणि मला प्रसाद दिला. मी मोठ्यांच्या पाया पडलो. व सर्वांचे आशीर्वाद घेतले. मग माझ्या वडिलांनी सर्व उपस्थितांना केक आणि मिठाई वाटली. सर्वांनी टाळ्या वाजवून मला वाढदिवसाच्या हार्दिक शुभेच्छा दिल्या.

आम्ही सर्व मुलं एकमेकांसी खेळत होतो. मोठी मंडळी गप्पा मारत होती. घरात आनंदी आनंद वातावरण होतं. जेवण झालं. पार्टी संपली. प्रत्येक जण आपआपल्या घरी निघून गेले.

जीवनात असे खूप दिवस येतात व जातात, पण माझा तेरावा वाढदिवस मी कधीच विसरू शकत नाही.

—निखिल सोनालकर, ८वी ब



.... आणि आईने मला शाबासकी दिली !

१

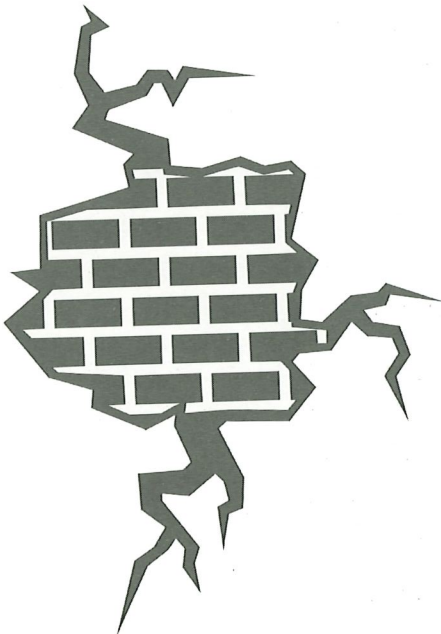
१५ एप्रिलला माझी वार्षिक परिक्षा संपली. परिक्षा संपल्यामुळे सहाजिकच मी फार खुश झाले होते. सुट्टीत मी माझ्या आजी आजोबांकडे जाण्याचे ठरविले. ते पुण्याला राहतात. त्यांच्याकडे एक कुत्रा आहे. त्या कुत्र्याचे नाव आहे 'मोती'.

ठरल्यावेळेप्रमाणे मी रेल्वे स्टेशनवर उभी होते. माझी ट्रेन आली. ती गाडी पुण्याला सकाळी आठ वाजता पोहोचली. माझे स्वागत करण्यासाठी आजी आजोबा स्टेशनवर उपस्थित होते. त्यांनी आपला कुत्रा सुद्धा बरोबर आणला होता. घरी गेल्यावर माझ्या आजीने मला खीर, मोदक, मक्याची भाजी इत्यादि स्वादिष्ट पदार्थ खायला दिले. जेवणानंतर आम्ही भरपूर गप्पा मारल्या. बोलता बोलता आम्हाला झोप आली. आम्ही सगळे गाढ झोपी गेलो.

झोपेतच मला अचानक सगळं हलायला लागले आहे असा भास झाला. पण लवकरच माझ्या लक्षात आले की तो भास नसून वास्तव आहे आणि माझ्या कानी शब्द पडले "भूंकप, भूंकप" !

मी लगेच माझ्या आजी व आजोबांना उठवले. घरात सर्वत्र अंधार झाला होता. मी आजोबांना बाहेर नेऊन बसवले. आजोबा एका कोपऱ्यात बसवले. आणि त्या दोघांचाही जीव बचावला. माझी ही धडाडी पाहून आई-बाबांनी मला शाबासकी दिली.

—जुही टाकले, ८वी अ



२



एकदा मी आणि माझा आवडता कुत्रा 'बिल्लू' रस्त्याने असेच फिरत निघालो होतो. अचानक माझा बिल्लू कुत्रा आपली सर्व शक्ती एकवटून पळत सुटला. मी ही त्याच्यामागे पळत सुटलो. मी दमलो पण बिल्लू काही केल्या थांबेना. मी गोंधळलो. काय करावे सुचेना.

एकदाचा बिल्लू एका ठिकाणी थांबला. मग मी पुन्हा चालत त्याच्यामागे गेलो तर बिल्लू पुन्हा पळत सुटला आणि शेवटी तो थांबला एका गर्द झाडीत. त्या झाडीच्या आत मी डोकावून पाहिले तर काय एक जुने-पुराणे घर होते व त्या घरात एक बत्ती पेटत असलेली मला दिसली. आतून चार पाच माणसांचा बोलण्याचा आवाज येत होता. मध्येच माझा बिल्लू भुंकला आणि कुत्र्याची चाहूल लागल्यामुळे एक दांडगा माणूस बाहेर आला. त्याला बघताच मी पळत सुटलो.

त्या रात्री मला काही सुखाची झोप लागली नाही. दुसऱ्या दिवशी सकाळी मी ही सर्व घटना माझ्या वडिलांना सांगितली. परंतु ऑफिसच्या गडबडीत तेही सर्व घटना विसरून गेले. त्या दिवशी पुन्हा तोच प्रकार मी त्या जुन्या घरात पाहिला. व तिसऱ्या दिवशी मी पोलिसात तक्रार देण्याचे ठरविले.

माझ्याबरोबर चारपाच हवालदार व पोलीस त्या झोपडीच्या दिशेने आले. त्यांनी तपास केल्यावर समजले की काही चोर त्या घरात रहात होते. व त्यांनी लुटमार करून भरपूर पैसा व वस्तू जमवल्या होत्या. त्या सर्व वस्तू पोलिसांनी जप्त करून चोरांना अटक केली. मी केलेल्या ह्या चांगल्या कृत्यामुळे मला आईने शाबासकी दिली.

—श्रेतांग महुडकर, ८वी अ

बहादुर गीता

एक होती गीता म्हात्रे. उन्हाळ्याच्या सुट्ट्या चालू होत्या. गीता, तिचे आई-बाबा व लहान भाऊ हे गावाला जाणार होते. गीता खूप खुश होती.

गीताच्या घरात प्रवासाची तयारी सुरू होती. आई म्हणाली, लवकर चला. उशीर होईल, किती वेळ लावताय? आठला निघायचं म्हटले तरी त्यांना निघायला नऊ वाजले. स्टेशनवर पोहचल्यावर त्यांनी पाहिले की, गाडीच केव्हाच आली होती. सर्व धावत धावत डब्यात बसले. गाडी उशिरा आली होती म्हणून... नाहीतर ती चुकणारच होती. तीन तासांच्या प्रवासाने ते सगळे गावी पोहचले.

गीताला गावी जायला नेहमीच आवडायचे. सगळीकडे हिरवेगार डोंगर, झाडे-झुडूपे पाहून तिला वाटायचं जणूकाही निसर्ग तिच्या बाजूलाच उभा आहे.

गीता व तिचे कुटुंब मामाच्या घरी पोहचले. तिच्या बहिणीला व नातेवाईकांना बघून ती खूप खूश झाली. संध्याकाळी सर्व मुलांनी मामाच्या शेतात जाऊन खेळायचे ठरवले.

गीता हातपाय धुवून बाहेर डोंगराच्या पायथ्याशी रेंगाळत गेली. इतक्यात गावातून एक लांब गेलेल्या एका रेल्वेपट्टीवर काही दगड पडलेले दिसले. तेवढ्यात दूरून गीताने ट्रेनच्या शिटीचा आवाज ऐकू आला. गीताच्या मनात विचाराचे चक्र सुरू झाले. ती चिन्तित झाली. जर गाडी दगडावर आदळली तर... किती मोठा अपघात होईल या विचाराने तिच्या मनात धडकी भरली. अचानक तिला एक युक्ती सुचली. तिने

आपली लाल रंगाची ओढणी काढून हलवायला सुरुवात केली. ट्रेनच्या चालकाने तो लाल बावटा पाहून गाडी थांबवली. व वेळीच फार मोठा अपघात टळला. ही बातमी जेव्हा गावभर कळली तेव्हा गीताला सर्वांनी शाबासकी दिली. तिला राष्ट्रपतीकडून बहादूर पदक मिळाली. तिच्या आई-वडिलांच्या डोळ्यात आपल्या मुलीची बहादुरी पाहून आनंदाश्रू तरलले.

—मानसी काशीकर, ८वी अ



आणि अचानक सिंह समोर आला

एक दिवस मी आणि माझा मित्र सचिन जंगलात भटकायला गेलो. मी माझ्या कुटुंबाबरोबर जंगलात गेलो आणि सचिन पण त्याच्या कुटुंबाबरोबर आला होता. जंगलासमोर एक नदी होती. यामुळे आम्ही एका नावेमधून गेलो. जेव्हा आम्ही जंगलात पोहोचलो तेव्हा मी आणि सचिन जंगलात पळालो.

पुढे गेल्यावर आम्हाला एक सिंह दिसला. आम्ही इकडेतिकडे पळालो, आणि आम्हाला माहिती पडले की आम्ही हरवलो होतो. पळत-पळत आम्ही पुढे जात होतो. तेव्हा आम्हाला दोन 'सी आय डी' दिसले. त्यांचे नाव विवेक आणि ईशान होते. आम्ही त्यांना सांगितले आणि ते पळत पळत आमच्या बरोबर आले. विवेक ने सिंहाला धरले आणि ईशान ने गोळी मारली आणि सिंह मरून पडला. विवेक आणि ईशान ने आम्हाला आमच्या आई बाबांजवळ सोडले.

ती अशी घटना होती जी मी आपल्या जीवनात कधीच विसरू शकणार नाही. त्या घटनेनंतर ईशान आणि विवेक ने आम्हाला पूर्ण जंगलात फिरवले. व वेगवेगळी माहिती दिली.

—आदित्य मोरे, ६वी अ



चोराची चोरी

एके दिवशी मी माझ्या मित्राबरोबर
आमच्या समोरच्या बागेत खेळत होतो.
मला कुठलाही खेळ आवडायचा नाही.

एवढ्यात माझा मित्र म्हणाला की, आपण चोर पोलिस खेळूया.

मी पण हो म्हणालो. मी पोलिस बनलो आणि तो चोर. तो कुठेतरी लपला.

मी त्याला सगळीकडे शोधले. पण तो मला दिसला नाही. तो त्याच्या घरी ही
नव्हता. मी पायरीवर जाऊन बसलो. थोड्या वेळाने मी एका माणसाला बघितले.
तो हळूहळू चालत होता. मला वाटले की तोच माझा मित्र आहे. मी गुपचूप गेलो
आणि त्याला पकडले. त्याला पाहून पोलिस आले. ते बोलले की मी एका खऱ्या
चोराला पकडले आहे.

मी खुप खुश झालो. मला पोलिसांनी बक्षिस दिले. अशा प्रकारे मी चोराला पकडले.

—प्रतिक रामधरने, ६वी अ

अशाप्रकारे चोर पकडला

माझा वाढदिवस होता. सगळे माझ्या वाढदिवसाला आले होते. माझ्या आईने केक,
चिवडा आणि वेफर्स आणले होते. माझ्या बाबांनी आणि बहिणीने
घर सजवले होते. मी अकरा वर्षांचा झालो होतो. सगळ्यांनी
माझ्यासाठी भेटवस्तू आणल्या होत्या.

सगळे आले आणि मी सगळ्यांना सरबत दिले. नंतर
आम्ही सगळ्यांनी खेळ खेळलो. नंतर आम्ही सगळे
नाचलो. नंतर माझ्या आई बाबांनी मला केक कापायला
सांगितले. मग मी केक कापला. सगळ्यांनी माझ्यासाठी
गीत गायले. नंतर सगळे खायला बसले.

सगळ्यांनी खाल्या नंतर ते सगळे आपल्या आपल्या
घरी गेले. थोड्या वेळानंतर एक चोर आमच्या घरी
घुसला. त्याने माझ्या आईचे दागिने सगळे चोरले आणि
पळून गेला. जेव्हा आम्ही आमच्या खोलीमध्ये आलो तेव्हा
आम्हाला कपाट उघडलेलं दिसलं. तेव्हा आम्ही घाबरलो. आम्ही
पोलीसात तक्रार केली. थोड्या दिवसात तो चोर पकडला गेला.

त्या चोराने आमचे सगळे दागिने दिले. माझी आई खुप खुश झाली. अशाप्रकारे
तो चोर पकडला गेला.

—मंगला बोरकर, ६वी अ





रेल्वे स्टेशनावरील

अर्धा तास

आज आजी आजोबा परत त्यांच्या घरी जाणार होते. सातची ट्रेन होती. आम्ही साडे सहालाच निघालो. रेल्वे स्थानावर आम्ही बरोबर वेळी पोचलो. पण तेव्हा कळलं की रेल्वेगाडी अर्धातास उशिरा येणार आहे. भारत देश त्यामुळेच सर्वात पाठी आहे. वेळेचं महत्त्वच नाही माहित त्यांना. आता रेल्वे स्टेशनवर अर्धा तास कसा काढायचा ?

इकडे तिकडे नुसता आवाजच आवाज. तिकडे रेल्वेची शिटी, माणसं 'थंडा' कोल्ड ड्रिन्क, गरम चहा करून ओरडतायत. लोकांच्या बोलण्याचे आवाज. आजूबाजूला वेगवेगळी लोकं होती. काहींनी झगझगीत लाल कपडे घातलेले, काही लग्नाला चालले होते, तर काही आमच्यासारखे ट्रेनची वाट पहात होते. आमच्या बाजूला माणूस एका माणसाशी पैश्यांसाठी भांडत होता. सगळ्यांनी त्यांच्या भोवती गर्दी केली होती. आम्हाला ते बघायला चांगली मजा येत होती.

बाजूला वेगवेगळी दुकाने होती. काही पुस्तकांची, तर काही कपड्यांची, खाण्याची आणि अजून विविध प्रकारची होती. मी पुस्तकांच्या दुकानात जाऊन बसली. तिकडे मस्त, गोष्टींची आणि अजून खूप प्रकारची पुस्तकं होती. मी एक माझ्या आजोबांसाठी घेतलं.

मी थोडावेळ बाजूच्या गाण्यांच्या दुकानात गाणी ऐकत होती. आणि थोड्याफार कॅसेट सुद्धा घेतल्या. माझ्या बाबांना इकडे अजून थोडावेळ थांबायला महाग पडणार होते. अजून खूप वेळ होता. आई आणि आजींनी हा वेळ वाया घालवला नाही. त्या भाजी आणायला गेल्या. मी आणि माझा भाऊ आमच्या गाडीजवळ थोडावेळ बाहेर पकडा-पकडी खेळत होतो. बाजूला सरकस लागलेली. आम्ही ठरवलं की आजी-आजोबांना सोडून आम्ही तिकडे जाऊ.

अजून ट्रेनचा येण्याचा काही पत्ता नव्हता. मी आपली, वॉकमनवर गाणी ऐकत होती. खूप माणसं येत जात होती. त्यांच्यात काही बॅन्डवाले आले. त्यांनी आमच्या सगळ्यांच्या कंटाळवाण्या तोंडाला बघून गाणी वाजवायला सुरू केली. जी पण ट्रेन येत होती आम्ही ती उत्सुकतेने बघत होतो. पण नाही. त्यांच्यापैकी एक सुद्धा आमची नव्हती. तेवढ्यात आमच्या सगळ्यांच्या तोंडावर खूशी आणायला ती कोल्हापूरची ट्रेन आली. सगळ्यांची तोंडं फुलली. आम्ही आजी-आजोबांना ट्रेनमध्ये बसवून, निरोप देउन परत निघालो.

रेल्वे स्टेशनवर वेळ कसा गेला कळलंच नाही !

—मानसी काशीकर, ७वी अ

प्रयत्नांती परमेश्वर

लीलाला बास्केटबॉलची फार आवड होती. ती रोज दूरदर्शनवर बास्केटबॉलचे सामने बघायची. ती खेळणाऱ्या खेळाडूंना खेळताना बघताना ही आशा ठेवायची की तीही एके दिवशी हा खेळ खेळू शकेल. एके दिवशी लीलाच्या बाबांनी तिला सांगितलं की त्यांच्या घरासमोर एक बास्केटबॉल कोर्ट बनवलेलं आहे. लीलाला हे ऐकून फार आनंद झाला. आता ती केव्हाही जाऊन तिचा आवडता खेळ खेळू शकणार होती.

कोर्टामध्ये पहिल्यादिवशी तिने नवीन मैत्रीणी बनवल्या. जाई निकोल, शमीता. पण पहिल्याच दिवशी तिला आपल्यावर राग आला. जो खेळ तिने इतक्या वेळा दूरदर्शनवर बघितला होता. पण तिला हाच खेळ आता खेळता येत नव्हता !

त्या दिवशी तिच्या मैत्रीणी तिला हसल्या. रडत, ती घरी गेली. जेव्हा नोहीला, तीच्या मोठ्या बहिणीने तिला कारण विचारले, तेव्हा ती आणखी जोरात रडू लागली आणि म्हणाली, "ताई, मी जेव्हा आज संध्याकाळी बास्केटबॉल खेळायला गेली होती, तेव्हा मला काहीही खेळता आलं नाही. अन वर माझ्या मैत्रीणी मला बघून हसायला लागल्या. माझा विश्वास नाही बसत की जो खेळ मी दिवसातून सतरावेळा बघते, तो मला स्वतः खेळताच येत नाही."

नोहीला म्हणाली, "जो खेळ तू दूरदर्शनवर सतरावेळा बघते, तो खेळ सोपा नाही आहे. जे मजबूत खिलाडी तू खेळताना बघते, ते ही खेळायच्या पहिल्या दिवशी, तूझ्या सारखेच खेळलेले. त्यांच्या प्रयत्नांमुळे आज आपण त्यांना दूरदर्शनवर दुसऱ्या देशांच्या खेळाडूंबरोबर खेळताना बघतो. प्रयत्नांमुळे माणूस काहीही करू शकतो. तू जर उद्यापासून अभ्यास नीट केला व बास्केटबॉल प्रयत्नाने खेळलीस, तर तूही एकेदिवशी दुसऱ्या देशांच्या खेळाडूंबरोबर खेळशील. दुसऱ्यादिवशी लीला पहाटे उठून बास्केटबॉल कोर्टला गेली. तिथे कोणी नव्हते. ती खेळायला लागली. पुष्कळ वेळा तो बॉ बास्केटमधून गेलाच नाही. मग लीलाने ताकत लावून बॉल फेकला. तो बास्केटबॉलच्या बास्केटमधून गेला !!!

रोज पहाटे उठून ती बास्केटबॉल खेळायची आणि दररोज ती आणखी प्रगती करायची. जेव्हा तिच्या मैत्रीणींनी तिच्यामधील हा बदल बघितला तेव्हा त्यांना फार आनंद झाला. काहीदिवसानंतर लीला एक दुसऱ्या मुलींबरोबर खेळली आणि जिंकली. आनंदित लिला स्वतःला म्हणाली, "हो नोहीला ताई बरोबर होती, प्रयत्नांमुळेच यश मिळते."

—रीतु पाठारे, ७वी अ



BSS IN COLOUR





AIMAGES