



Tartan

2004 - 2005

Bombay Scottish School - Powai

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Tartan

Colourful Scottish tartans are favourite designs in many countries. The tartan developed chiefly in the Highlands of Scotland. Scottish literature first referred to it way back in the thirteenth century, and since then, "Tartan" has established itself as a beautiful and prestigious design.

The "Tartan" design consists of stripes of various widths and colours — the stripes cross at right angles against a solid colour background, resulting in a pattern that's as distinguished as historical significance, and each clan and family designed its own pattern.

Just like the "Tartan" of yore, our school magazine Tartan encompasses glimpses of the manifold curricular and co-curricular activities of our School and the creative talents of our children who come from different cultural backgrounds which blend harmoniously to create the Bombay Scottish School Tartan.



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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 	Suggests the location of the school in the green palm woods 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.



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National Functions

Independence Day and Republic Day were celebrated with flag hoisting followed by prayer services. On the Republic Day Mr John Thattil, Regional Director, Helpage India distributed mementos to the highest donors from our School. Out of all the schools which donated to Helpage India, the contribution of Bombay Scottish School, Powai was the highest in the country.

Teachers' Day

The Teachers' day was celebrated on the 6th September 2004. The day began with a special prayer service led by the students. Each teacher was honoured with a card and flowers. This was followed by a variety entertainment programme put up by the students for the teachers.

Annual Concert

On the 19th and 20th December 2004 with the lighting of the traditional lamp on the grounds opposite the School, the curtain for the Annual Concert went up unfolding a variety entertainment programme which truly brought out the latent talent of the students of all classes from Junior KG to Standard X. The credit for the success of the concert undoubtedly goes to the pupils and the teachers who once again showed their dedication in putting up the programme entirely by themselves without any outside professional help. The Parents too extended their support by preparing the students as per the directions of the School. I take this opportunity to express my appreciation to all the students, parents and teachers for their efforts in making this function such a grand success.

Annual Athletic Meet (Seniors)

On the 4th November 2004 with the School band in attendance, the colourful march past of the Annual Senior School Athletic Meet began at the IIT Grounds, Powai. Led by the School Captain Mikhail Menezes the march past raised the curtain on this eagerly awaited annual event. The School Vice-Captain Poorva Agarwal took the solemn oath after which the meet was declared open to the thunderous applause of the students, parents, and well wishers. Shri Niranjana Hiranandani, Managing Director, Hiranandani Constructions (Pvt.) Ltd., was the Chief Guest on this occasion. The event witnessed the students striving to be SWIFTER, HIGHER, STRONGER in the true spirit of the Olympics. They were all there, the students past and present, not just to win but to participate as their proud parents watched. The inter-house relays, the medley relay, inter-house tug of war for both the boys and girls were some of the exciting events. The colourful PT display by the various groups was a treat to watch and greatly appreciated by all present. Mr Hiranandani in his remarks said that students should have a passion in everything they do. I place on record my sincere thanks to the authorities of IIT, (Bombay), Powai for allowing us to use their grounds which enabled the School to hold the athletic meet in a truly professional manner this year.

Annual Athletic Meet (Juniors)

The Athletic Meet for Juniors was on the 28th January 2005 in the BMC grounds near the School. Not to be outdone, the Junior School put up a grand show of their sporting talent to the delight of their parents, teachers and well wishers. Lt. Col. Wadhawan, Commanding Officer, Military Police, was the Chief Guest



on this occasion. One of the unique features of this day is that every student participates in the race. Each race is innovative where the student depicts a character from the world of fantasy. The colourful PT displays by the students were also appreciated by one and all.

Founders' Day

At a special prayer service on the 18th of February 2005 we remembered with grateful hearts our founders because of whom we today enjoy the privilege of belonging to this glorious institution the Bombay Scottish School. It is my prayer that every student, every parent, every teacher respect the burden and concern with which our founders established this school and give as much as has been received from it by dedicating themselves anew to the school motto 'Perseverance and Faith in God'. On this day the members of the Interact Club invited fifty inmates of the Helpage India Old Age Home at Goregaon for a special programme. A variety entertainment programme was presented for the inmates, who were all above the age of eighty years, the oldest inmate being ninety-five years old. Some of the inmates sang and danced to entertain the students. It was an enjoyable morning where one witnessed the harmonious interaction between the very old and the truly young.

Parents' Day

On the 17th of February 2005 the School celebrated the Parents' Day. On this occasion the Parents of students of Junior K.G. to Standard IX went around the classes to see for themselves the progress of their wards. The Parents expressed appreciation and satisfaction of the students' work.

Workshops/Seminars for Teachers:

Primary Teachers attended the Maths Workshop organized by Navnirmitti held on 13th August 2004.

Teachers were deputed to attend an English Workshop at Prince of Wales Museum organized by the British Council in November 2004.

Amal/SIP programmes were conducted in the School for teachers in January 2005.

Twelve Staff members attended an intensive Fire Fighting Course at the Shipping Corporation of India. The course included lectures on fire prevention, fire control and hands on experience of putting out fires of different kinds.

Workshops/Seminars for Students:

A short seminar was held for students of Standards IX & X on Aids and its prevention. The students were part of the March Past on World Aids Day celebration organised by Dr L H Hiranandani Hospital on 1st December 2004.

A presentation on Careers at Sea was organized by the Maritime Training Institute, Powai for Standards VIII & IX on 17th February 2005.

Science Festival held at BSS (Mahim) was attended by the students of Standard VIII on 29th March 2005.

Growth Centre organized a Career Guidance seminar for the students of Standard X.

College Source sponsored by the PTA organized a seminar on studies abroad.

Educational Trips:

Junior K.G. and Senior K.G. students went to Matoshree Club Gardens.

Standard I to VIII went on a trip to Satya Health Farm at Karjat.

Students of Standard VIII went on a Project Tour to Goa from 27th to 31st August 2004.

Students of Standards VIII & IX were taken on a project trip to view the movie 'Black'.

Newspaper in Education:

In keeping with our goals to extend learning beyond the narrow confines, we participated in a programme conducted by the Times of India known as Newspaper in Education. The students received a special edition of the Times each morning inculcating in them the habit of reading a paper and simultaneously making them aware of current affairs. Students were encouraged to write articles for the paper and some were even published. This programme included workshops in personality development, creativity and puppet making conducted by qualified resource persons. A scholarship of Rs. 1,000/- has been instituted for one outstanding student. Trophies sponsored by the Times Group added a new dimension to the awards for the Inter-House Quiz Competition for the year 2004-2005.

Student Activities:

Hiranandani Foundation School organized a Competition – 'Euphoria'. Various competitions like Big Art, All The Worlds A Stage, Music Mania, Dance, Apocalypse and Sports were held. The following students won prizes:

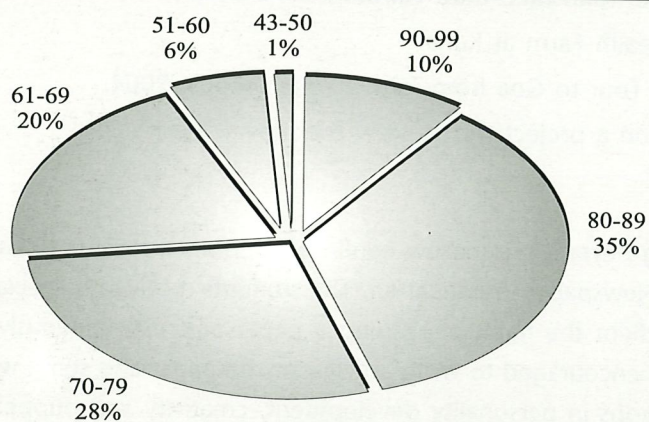
<i>Designer Wear – 2nd prize</i>	: Veerta Sharma Karuna Nagpal
<i>Deck Matka – 2nd prize</i>	: Duhita Reddy Shivohne Saldanha
<i>Blast the Past</i>	: Prateek Ramdharne
<i>Best Dancer</i>	: Swathy Sreekumar

An inter-school singing competition was organized by the Time and Talents Club. The BSS Powai choir was adjudged winners in the Indian Pop Category which was held at Dhirubhai Ambani International School on 24th July 2004.

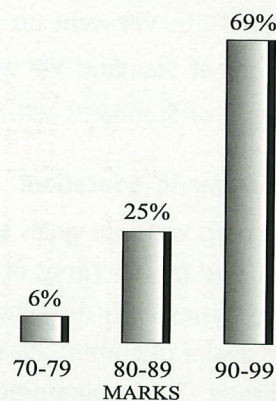
YMCA Brainwaves organized a series of events for Sub-Juniors, Juniors and Seniors on 7th & 8th September, 2004.

<i>1st Prize for Marathi Essay Writing (Seniors)</i>	: Anuja Deodhar
<i>1st Prize for English Workshop (A group event)</i>	: Ishita Taneja Maanit Mehra Nakul Natrajan Akhil Srivatsan
<i>2nd Prize for English Elocution (Juniors)</i>	: Jasmine Thomas
<i>2nd Prize for Hindi Elocution (Juniors)</i>	: Sonika Shrivastav

OVERALL PERFORMANCE

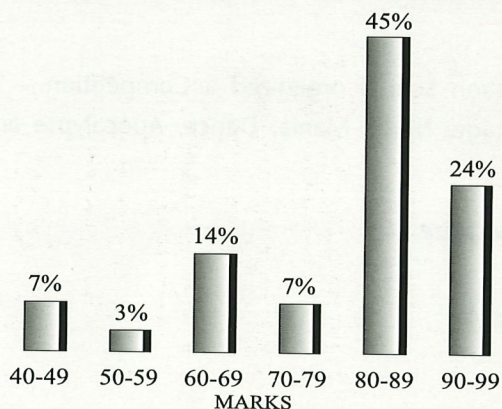


COMPUTER APPLICATIONS

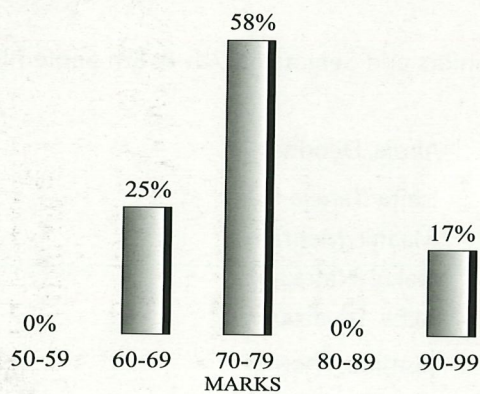


**ICSE RESULTS
MARCH 2005**

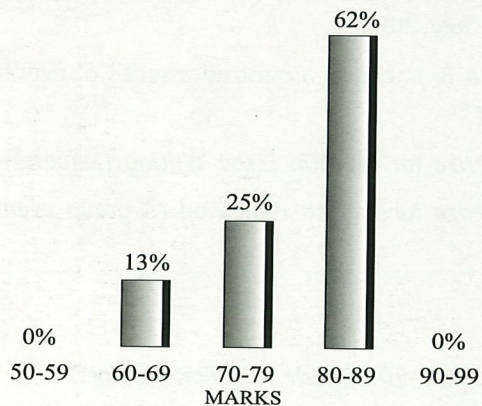
TECHNICAL DRAWING APPLICATIONS



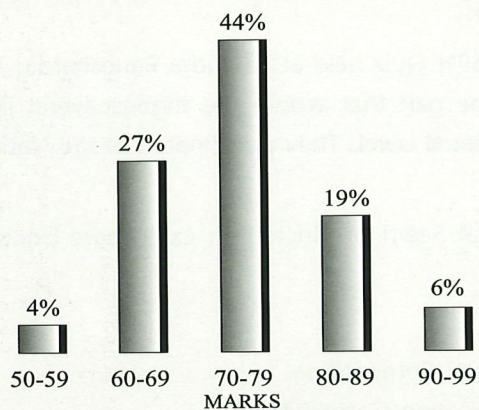
ECONOMIC APPLICATIONS



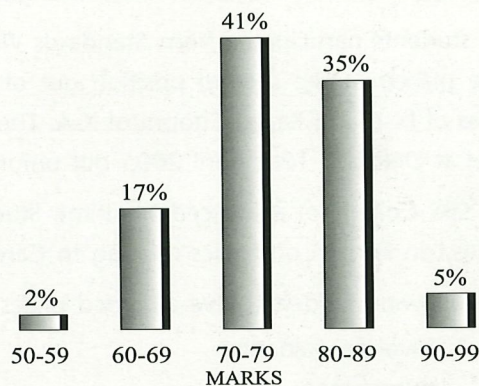
FRENCH



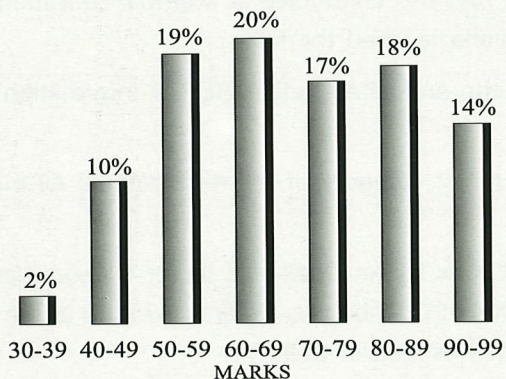
ENGLISH



HINDI

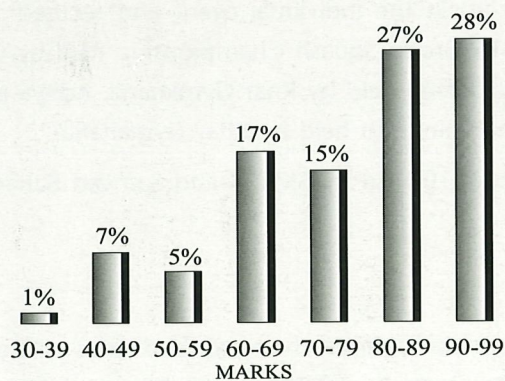


SCIENCE

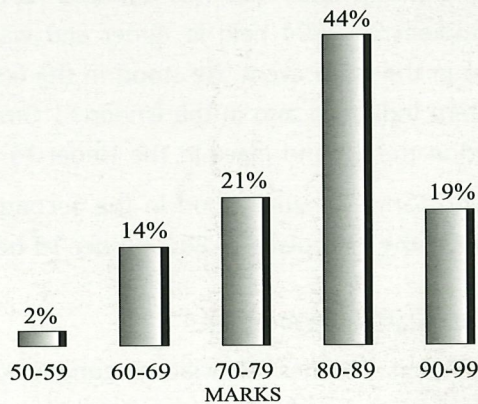


ICSE RESULTS
MARCH 2005

MATHEMATICS



SOCIAL STUDIES





The Award Presentation Ceremony of the IAYP India (West Zone) was held at BSS (Mahim). Four students won the Silver Award and Twenty-Eight Bronze. Mr David Manson, Secretary General, International Secretariat, UK was the Chief Guest and gave away the awards.

Ten students participated from Standards VIII, IX & X in the ESPN Quiz held at Rabindra Rangsharda. They were placed at the second position out of eighty schools. The pair that scored the highest were: Jahan Jamas of IX-A and Raahil Chopra of X-A. They reached the National Level. They participated at the National Level at Delhi on 12th April 2005 but unfortunately lost.

The LBS College of Advanced Maritime Studies and Research at Sewri conducted an Extempore Elocution Contest in English on topics relating to Careers at Sea.

The following students were awarded prizes :

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------|
| (1) Shivohne Saldanha | 1st prize in Essay Competition |
| (2) Jahan Jamas | 1st prize in Elocution Competition |
| (3) Varsha Ranu | 2nd prize in Slogan Competition |
| (4) Saloni Mathur | 3rd prize in Essay Competition |

Ten students participated in the Mumbai School Scrabble Championship held on 8th September 2004 organized by Knowledge Explorer and Mattel Toys Inc. conducted at Mumbai Educational Trust. Out of ten students – Akhil Srivatsan and Shivohne Saldanha reached the finals.

Ajinkya Kulkarni secured the third position in the Annual All India UNESCO Information Test conducted on 30th September 2004.

Nikhil Sebastian secured first position in the Junior category of the 47th Annual All India UN Information Test conducted on 31st August 2004.

Saahil Shelar finished third in both the Rotax Max Indian Challenge Junior Category and Rotax Max Two Hour Endurance Race held on 29th August 2004 in Coimbatore. He finished third in the Grand Finals of the JK Tyre National Karting Championship, which was held in Delhi.

Aditya Jagtap participated in the Hongkong Junior Open Squash Tournament 2004 in boys under-13 category and reached the finals. He lost to top-seed Fung Ngo Long from Hongkong and was the 1st runner-up. He participated in the Khar Gymkhana Airtel All India School/College individual Squash Championship 2004 and was declared runner-up. He also participated in the Sub-Junior National Squash Championship 2004 held in Ajmer and was declared runner-up in the individual event and secured 3rd place in the team event. He stood in the first place in Under-13 Group Squash Championship held by CCI Western India and also in the Under-13 Group Squash Championship held by Khar Gymkhana. Aditya also stood in the Second place in the Under-15 Group Squash Championship held by Khar Gymkhana.

In Judo Sanya Bahadur stood in the Second place in Girls Under-10 held by SMSSA and Samved Bahadur stood in the First place in Boys Under-10 held by SMSSA.

Parent Teacher Association

The Parent Teacher Association conducted regular meetings throughout the year and thus a good beginning was made. The Association donated books and CDs worth Rs. 18,000 to the Library. A trip for

the students of Standards V, VI and VII to the air show at Sahar on 14th October 2004 was sponsored by the Association. The PTA arranged a short presentation on higher studies in the USA (conducted by College Source) for the benefit of the students of Standards IX and X. A workshop on effective parenting by "DHRUV" – The Career Development Division of IMS was conducted by Mr Ashish Dikshit and Mr Manas Nayak. The enthusiastic participation by the parents in exchanging ideas and comments on issues of parenting made it a very interactive session. The PTA also arranged a fire drill for the teachers conducted by Capt. Bhatnagar, a member of the Association and a parent. During the last meeting the parents expressed their appreciation of the activities of the PTA. The School looks forward to the continuous cooperation from the parents for enabling the PTA to contribute towards the growth and welfare of all the students of the School.

Helping Hands

The staff and students contributed Rs. 4,24,326/- to Helpage India – the highest in the country. This valuable support has been directly responsible for 250 elders receiving their sight back through the conduct of free cataract surgeries and 9,000 free treatments being given to the elderly through the Mobile Clinic run by Helpage.

To help the victims of the Tsunami disaster, the staff and students contributed Rs. 11,53,741/- to the Prime Minister's Relief Fund.

During the Christmas season, our students distributed gift hampers to thirty-two children of the construction workers who are part of the Mobile Creche at Raheja Vihar.

The Road Ahead

A lot more needs to be done, a lot more achieved. There are many dreams to be realized, many dreams to be dreamed. I am reminded of the words of Robert Frost:

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep,*

We know not what the future holds but we know who holds the future. So placing our trust in the One who holds the future we move forward into yet another morrow.

Thank you.

Mrs M Chandrashekar
Principal



Prize List 2004-2005

Standard I-A

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Ananya Redkar	Hanoh Thomas
Avantika Prasad	Joannah Ann Varghese
Bhavika Jain	Aditya Krishna
Tanaya Joshi	Mohd. Shadab Khan
Tanvi Rege	Shivaank Agarwal

Standard I-B

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Chandrima Tolia	Aadit Vipul Shah
Mansi Puggal	Prithvi Bhushan
Ridhika Ramesh Agrawal	Tanay Sandeep

Standard I-C

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Divya Rawat	Ruchi Bhatia
Eelina Dutta	Shreya Iyer
Mudita Rana	Aryan Sharma
Netanya Hinduja	Denver D' Souza
Riha Doley	N. Anirudh
Riyasheilah Philip	

General Knowledge

Riyasheilah Philip	Aryan Sharma
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Standard II-A

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Aayushi Gupta	Abigail Barretto
Aditi Sharma	Yuden Shyodhi
Prapti Shanbhag	Param Kothari
Rajoshmita Roy	Wenzel Pinto



Standard II-B

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Aakanksha Joshi	Sanjana Santosh
Alice Parakkot	Tasneem Campwala
Devanshi Mohapatra	Divyansh Agarwal
Kristen D' Mello	Harsh Sinha
Mekhala Singhal	Jeremy Varghese
Nasya Vaz	Rishabh Shah
Neha Vats	Tanmay Mark Thomas
Prerna Chandramouli	Varun Kannan
Samruddhi Damle	

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Sanjana Santosh	Divyansh Agarwal
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Standard II-C

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Joanna Philips	Paarth Kadam
Medha Kumari Jha	Rachit Kumar
Richa Iyer	Venkataraman Lakshmanan

Standard III-A

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Akhilesh Manoj Hessa	Berachah Stanley Ayesha Pradeep Kaduskar	
English	Berachah Stanley	Devansh B. K. Vyas	Akhilesh Manoj Hessa
Hindi	Isha Omprakash Singh	Gauri Sumant Misra Amar T. S. Grover	
Arithmetic	Akhilesh Manoj Hessa	Isha Omprakash Singh	Mihir E. S. Awale
EVS	Gauri Sumant Misra	Berachah Stanley	Ayesha Pradeep Kaduskar



Standard III-B

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Akanksha L. Nathany	Siddhant S. Pradhan	Srinidhi S. Sridharan
English	Akanksha L. Nathany	Siddhant Pradhan	Srinidhi S. Sridharan
Hindi	Akanksha L. Nathany	Siddhant Pradhan	Srinidhi S. Sridharan
Arithmetic	Amog Shetty	Srinidhi S. Sridharan	Siddhant Pradhan
EVS	Siddhant S. Pradhan	Srinidhi S. Sridharan	Akansha L. Nathany

Standard III-C

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Kartikeya Jaiswal	Puja Jhunjunwala	Yatri Modi
English	Kartikeya Jaiswal Puja Jhunjunwala		Ritu Muralidharan Yatri Modi
Hindi	Kartikeya Jaiswal	Sonakshi A. Gupta	Puja Jhunjunwala Ritu Muralidharan
Arithmetic	Kartikeya Jaiswal	Vijay Subramanian	Namit Mehra
EVS	Kartikeya Jaiswal	Mudit R. Gupta	Yatri Modi

Standard IV-A

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Parichay Limbodia	Ambica Mam	Srinidhi Iyengar
English	Ambica Mam	Kaveri Vaidya	Srinidhi Iyengar
Hindi	Ambica Mam	Kaveri Vaidya	Parichay Limbodia
Mathematics	Priyam Das Gupta	Srinidhi Iyengar	Parichay Limbodia
Science	Nihal M. Shah Parichay Limbodia		Priyam Das Gupta
S. Studies	Srinidhi Iyengar	Parichay Limbodia	Priyam Das Gupta



Standard IV-B

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Aditya Patel	Tanaya Jadhav	Siddhant Gupta
English	Tanaya Jadhav	Aditya Patel	Vaibhavi Dalvi
Hindi	Tanaya Jadhav	Vivek N. Pandit	Aditya Patel
Mathematics	Vivek N. Pandit	Aditya Patel	Tanaya Jadhav
Science	Aditya Patel	Siddhant Gupta	Vivek Pandit
S.Studies	Siddhant Gupta	Akhil Thekkutt	Tanaya Jadhav

Standard IV-C

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Rohan Kopparapu	Sagar Bhatia	Samujjal Dutta
English	Rohan Kopparapu	Sagar Bhatia	Kavya Iyer
Hindi	Rohan Kopparapu	Anvi Vadodaria	Ananya Garg
Mathematics	Freia Lisa S. Lobo	Samujjal Dutta	Ananya Garg
Science	Rohan Kopparapu	Sagar Bhatia	Agastya Sinha
S.Studies	Sagar Bhatia	Samujjal Dutta	Freia Lisa S. Lobo
			Rohan Kopparapu

Standard V-A

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Tiya Thomas	Kanak Pansari	Sautrik Banerjee
English	Tiya Thomas	Serah Koshy	Sautrik Banerjee
Hindi	Aditya Jha	Tiya Thomas	Sweta Singh
Marathi	Sweta Ramdharne	Juilee Rege	Aishwarya Pawar
Mathematics	Juilee Rege	Vrushabh Dalmia	Sweta Ramdharne
Science	Kanak Pansari	Tiya Thomas	Sweta Ramdharne
S.Studies	Kanak Pansari	Tiya Thomas	Sautrik Banerjee
General Knowledge		S. Josephine	



Standard V-B

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Tarana Rao	Rhea Katyal	Sonika Shriwastav
English	Tarana Rao	Sonika Shriwastav	Charanjit Nayyar
Hindi	Rhea Katyal	Sonika Shriwastav	Devyani Puri
Marathi	Mihir Parab	Devyani Puri	Sonika Shriwastav
Mathematics	Mihir Parab	Tarana Rao	Rhea Katyal
Science	Rhea Katyal	Tarana Rao	Sonika Shriwastav
S.Studies	Tarana Rao	Rhea Katyal	Mihir Parab
General Knowledge	Mihir Parab		

Standard V-C

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Mitali Vaidya	Trisha Neelaj Sengupta	Ashutosh Ajgaonkar
English	Pranahita Srinivas	Mitali Vaidya	Trisha Neelaj Sengupta
Hindi	Trisha Neelaj Sengupta	Ashutosh Ajgaonkar	Aprajita Srivastava
Marathi	Mitali Vaidya	Trisha Neelaj Sengupta	Maitri Modi
Mathematics	Aprajita Srivastava	Mitali Vaidya	Tanay Parekhji
Science	Trisha Neelaj Sengupta	Mitali Vaidya	Trisha Neelaj Sengupta
S.Studies	Mitali Vaidya	Ashutosh Ajgaonkar	Pranahita Srinivas
General Knowledge		Vignesh Swaminathan	Trisha Neelaj Sengupta

Standard VI-A

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Kavya Subramanian	Poornima Unnikrishnan	Gursehej Singh Oberoi
English	Nikita Kohli	Priyadarshini Majumdar	Gursehej Singh Oberoi
Hindi	Kavya Subramanian	Moleshri Paliwal	Gursehej Singh Oberoi
Marathi	Gursehej Singh Oberoi	Kavya Subramanian	Arjun Arun Hattangadi
Mathematics	Kavya Subramanian	Avaneesh G. Reddy	Priyadarshini Majumdar
Science	Gursehej Singh Oberoi	Poornima Unnikrishnan	Kavya Subramanian
S.Studies	Poornima Unnikrishnan	Kavya Subramanian	Gursehej Singh Oberoi



Standard VI-B

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Anuradha Venkataramani	Aarthy Chandrasekhar	Ritika Mehta
English	Anuradha Venkataramani	Aarthy Chandrasekhar	Trushaa Castelino
Hindi	Nikhil Mulgaokar	Shalaka Virkar	Roshni Jiji Jacob
Marathi	Ritika Mehta	Pooja Mhambrey	
		Trushaa Castelino	
Mathematics	Ritika Mehta	Anuradha Venkataramani	Aarthy Chandrasekhar
Science	Anuradha Venkataramani	Aarthy Chandrasekhar	
		Pooja Mhambrey	
S.Studies	Shalaka Virkar	Anuradha Venkataramani	Calvin Gomez

Standard VI-C

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Saisha R. Orke	Chaitanya H. P. Agrawal	V. Vishwanth Kumar
English	Saisha R. Orke	Varun Roy	Aashna Gilder
Hindi	Aditi Dinesh Pandey	V. Vishwanth Kumal	Nikita R. Singhal
Marathi	Saisha R. Orke	Poorti Sathe	Shweta Mhatre
Mathematics	V. Vishwanth Kumar	Saisha R. Orke	Chaitanya H. P. Agrawal
Science	Saisha R. Orke	Chaitanya Agrawal	V. Vishwanth Kumar
S.Studies	Saisha R. Orke	Sajiv Ravichandran	V. Vishwanth Kumar

Standard VII-A

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Sagar Harinarayan	Souradeep Sarkar	Haren Paul Rao
English	Sagar Harinarayan	Vivek Mathews	Souradeep Sarkar
Hindi	Sagar Harinarayan	Pragya Thakur	Lakshmi Mukundan
Marathi	Sagar Harinarayan	Pragya Thakur	Souradeep Sarkar
Mathematics	Sagar Harinarayan	Kunal Kushan Prasad	Vivek Mathews
Science	Sagar Harinarayan	Haren Paul Rao	Vivek Mathews
S.Studies	Sagar Harinarayan	Souradeep Sarkar	Haren Paul Rao



Standard VII-B

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Pali J. Kanungo	Gautam Gondal	Debyan T. Das
English	Pali J. Kanungo	Tricia Gadagkar	Gautam Gondal
Hindi	Rahat A. Kazi	Pali J. Kanungo	Gautam Gondal Pratik Shetty
Marathi	Janhavi Pawar	Pali J. Kanungo	Rahat A. Kazi
Mathematics	Pratik Shetty	Pali J. Kanungo	Tricia Gadagkar
Science	Debyan T. Das	Pali J. Kanungo	Tricia Gadagkar
S.Studies	Gautam Gondal	Pali J. Kanungo	Debyan T. Das

Standard VII-C

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Snigdha M. Parimi	Arnav Bhattacharya	Saransh Garg
English	Snigdha M. Parimi	Arnav Bhattacharya	Keya Madhukar
Hindi	Snigdha M. Parimi	Keya Madhukar	Virat Mukesh Chadha
Marathi	Ashwini N. Sheregar	Aishwarya Nagpal Madhuri S. Pawar	
Mathematics	Snigdha M. Parimi	Arnav Bhattacharya	Keya Madhukar
Science	Arnav Bhattacharya	Snigdha M. Parimi	Saransh Garg
S.Studies	Arnav Bhattacharya	Snigdha M. Parimi	Saransh Garg

Standard VIII-A

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Tripti Singh	Aishwarya Srivastava	Shikhar Raje
English	Tripti Singh	Shikhar Raje	Ravish Oommen George
Hindi	Tripti Singh	Aishwarya Srivastava	Harsh Nangalia
Marathi	Tripti Singh	Prerana Gawde Govinda K. Advani	
Mathematics	Tripti Singh	Aishwarya Srivastava	Shreyanshi Khanna
Science	Tripti Singh	Shikhar Raje	Aishwarya Srivastava
S.Studies	Tripti Singh	Aishwarya Srivastava	Shikhar Raje



Standard VIII-B

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Ishita Zem Taneja	Virat D. Singh	Pratima H. Reddy
English	Ishita Zem Taneja	Virat D. Singh	Bhairavi Ravindra Mehta
Hindi	Ishita Zem Taneja	Virat D. Singh	Aniket Warang
Marathi	Aniket Warang	Vikrant S. Mhatre	Virat D. Singh
Mathematics	Ishita Zem Taneja	Virat D. Singh	Aniket Warang
Science	Ishita Zem Taneja	Virat D. Singh	Manasvi Sailesh Ardeshana
S.Studies	Ishita Zem Taneja	Virat D. Singh	Souradeep Sen

Standard VIII-C

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Maanit Mehra	Nikita B. Agrawal	Ruchi Bagga
English	Maanit Mehra	Aaina Menon	Ruchi Bagga
Hindi	Maanit Mehra	Ruchi Bagga	Nikita B. Agrawal
Marathi	Anuja Milind Deodhar	Nikita B. Agrawal	Ajinkya Kulkarni
Mathematics	Maanit Mehra	Ajinkya Kulkarni	Nikita B. Agrawal
Science	Maanit Mehra	Nikita B. Agrawal	Ruchi Bagga
S.Studies	Maanit Mehra		Ruchi Bagga
	Adityea Ghai Y. M.		

Standard IX-A

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Tejas Potdar	Pratik Ramdharne	Ruhi Thakur
English	Tejas Potdar	Gail Cutinha	Sukanya Acharya
Hindi	Tejas Potdar	Pratik Ramdharne	Ruhi Thakur
Mathematics	Tejas Potdar	Pratik Ramdharne	Balaji Raman
Science	Tejas Potdar	Pratik Ramdharne	Ruhi Thakur
S.Studies	Pratik Ramdharne	Tejas Potdar	Aditya More
French			Jahan Peston Jamas
Computer Applications			Pratik Ramdharne
Economic Applications	Gail Cutinha		
Art	Swathy Sreekumar	Veerta Sharma	
Technical Drawing Applications		Devesh Kandpal	



Standard IX-B

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Akhil Srivatsan	Neehar Kundurti	Samira Varanasi
English	Akhil Srivatsan	Siddharth Subramanian	Samira Varanasi
Hindi	Akhil Srivatsan Samira Varanasi		Neehar Kundurti
Mathematics	Neehar Kundurti	Akhil Srivatsan	S. Amalan
Science	Akhil Srivatsan	Sonali Dayanidhi Sahu	Neehar Kundurti
S.Studies	Akhil Srivatsan	Sonali Dayanidhi Sahu	Neehar Kundurti
French	Kshamata S. Punja	S. Amalan	
Computer Applications			
Economic Applications			Vandana Jashnani
Art			Alaric Castelino
Technical Drawing Applications	Amiteshchandra Tewari		Shashank Ghadiyaram

Standard IX-C

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Shivohne Saldanha	Satchit Sawant	Rosemary Antony
English	Shivohne Saldanha	Rosemary Antony	Sharanya Haridas
Hindi	Shivohne Saldanha	Diwakar Dabral	Pulkit Chawla
Mathematics	Shivohne Saldanha	Satchit Sawant	Rosemary Antony
Science	Shivohne Saldanha	Satchit Sawant	Diwakar Dabral
S.Studies	Shivohne Saldanha	Satchit Sawant	Rosemary Antony
French			
Computer Applications	Shivohne Saldanha	Amitav Khandelwal	
Economic Applications		Rosemary Antony	
Art			
Technical Drawing Applications			



Standard X

	1st Prize	2nd Prize	3rd Prize
General Proficiency	Utkarsha Prakash	Mikhail Menezes	Saratchandra Kundurthi
English	Utkarsha Prakash Poorva Agarwal		Mehek Contractor Suchita Vaidya Mikhail Menezes Saratchandra Kundurthi
Hindi	Poorva Agarwal Saratchandra Kundurthi		Mehek Contractor Vani Rikhy Suneet Mohapatra
Mathematics	Utkarsha Prakash Tapan Sabnis		Johanan Thomas
Science	Mikhail Menezes Ramrishabh Gollakota Saratchandra Kundurthi		
Social Studies	Mikhail Menezes	R. Raghuraman	Atidrip Modak
Computer Applications	Utkarsha Prakash Vani Rikhy		Anish Jain Kedar Kamath
Art	Deepak Krishnan		
Economic Applications	Saratchandra Kundurthi	Apoorva Grover	Karan Popli
French	Abiah Jacob Poorva Agarwal Anirudh Anoop Gupte Kartikeya Pophali Nazih Effendi		
Technical Drawing Applications	Perna Premcharan Shetty Ishan Singh		Sahil Rathod



Special Prizes & Trophies — 2004-05

1. Cock House-Best all-round performance	Red House
2. Trophy for the Best performance in academics	Red House
3. General Knowledge Trophy presented by Mrs D George	Blue House
4. Mark David Gold Medal for the Top Scorer in ICSE (March) 2005	Utkarsha Prakash
5. Trophy for Excellence in Social Studies at the ICSE presented by the ICSE 2002 Batch	Mikhail Menezes
6. Trophy for the Top Scorer at the Standard VII level presented by the Senior Citizens of Raheja Vihar	Sagar Harinarayan
7. Special Prize for General Knowledge	Nikhil Ranganathan
8. Trophy for Inter-House Music Competition (Juniors) presented by Mrs Amelia L D'Souza	Green House
9. Trophy for Inter-House Music Competition (Seniors) presented by Mrs Amelia L D'Souza	Green House
10. Trophy for Inter-House Dramatics (Juniors) presented by Mr A Hitkari	Red House
11. Trophy for Inter-House Dramatics (Seniors) presented by Mrs Shaheen Pawane	Yellow House

ANNUAL CONCERT



Lighting the lamp



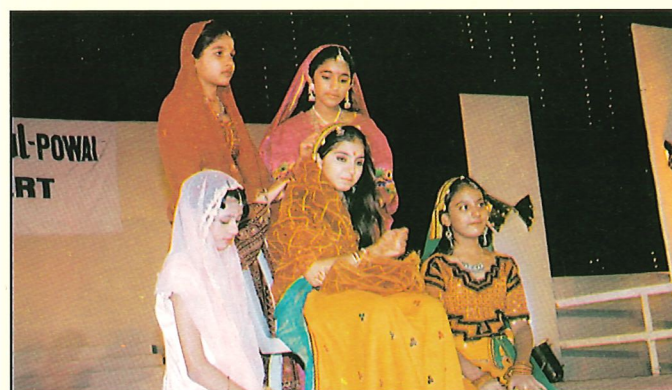
The Principal welcoming the gathering



The School Captain lighting the lamp



Gracefully yours



Std. VII presenting 'The Palanquin Bearers'



The Junior Choir spreading 'Christmas Joy'



Tiny Tots presenting an Arabian Dance



Scottish Jadoo wearing magic

ANNUAL CONCERT



History comes alive



Singers of the future



Nursery land



Traditions galore

FIRE FIGHTING COURSE — *Teachers & Students at their best . . .*



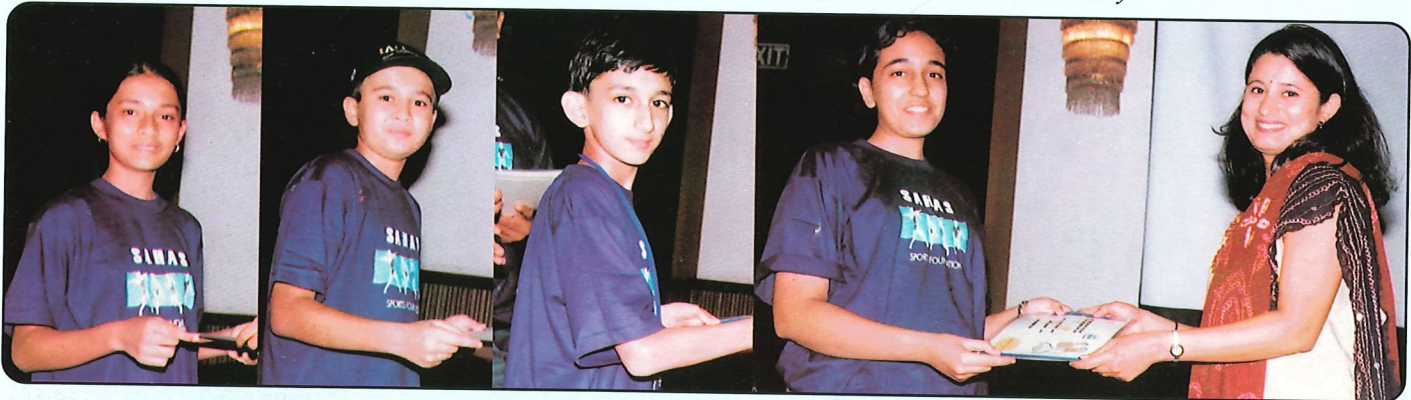
FOOTBALL FIESTA



FOOTBALL FIESTA



Olympian Anjali Bhagwat honouring our students for service to the community



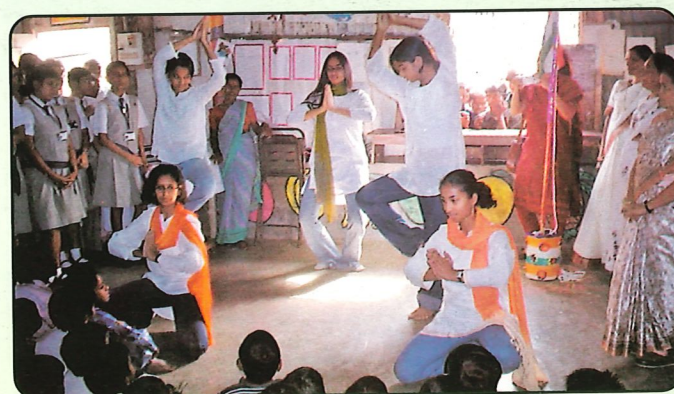
The one who makes us feel proud – Saahil Shelar



INTERACT CLUB – Social Service



Students do their bit for the community . . .



SPORTS (SENIORS) — *Fit citizens of tomorrow*



The Principal welcoming the gathering



Mikhail & Poorva holding the flag of honour



Our chief guest – Mr. N. Hiranandani



The Mass P.T. Display



In unison we go . . . Green House – Kennedy



The Yellow House – Anne



Marching to the tune of our band . . .

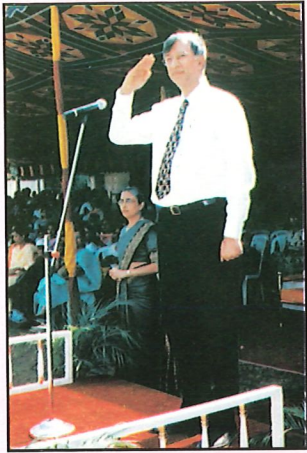


The Blue House – Elizabeth



Presenting the school flag

SPORTS (SENIORS)



(L to R): Chief Guest Mr. N. Hiranandani taking the salute, The Red House – MacPherson, Mr. N. Hiranandani addressing the gathering



The Chief Guest starting off 'Tug-of-War'



'Tug-of-War' in progress



Red House receiving Swimming Championship Trophy



The Chief Guest being welcomed



Anupama Sahore receiving Individual Championship Trophy



Lining up for "Fathers' Race"

SPORTS (JUNIORS) — *Fit citizens of tomorrow*



The Principal with the Chief Guest and his wife



Our chief guest – Col. Wadhwan



During the School Song



Grandfathers' Race



School Band



Little flowers of Bombay Scottish



Geometric shapes

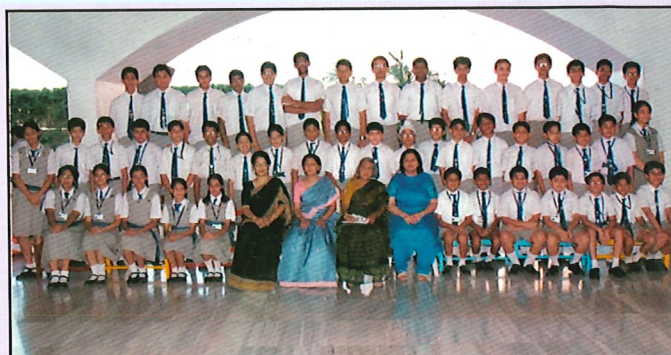


Amusing moments

SCHOOL CLUBS



Readers' Club (Juniors)



Whizkid Club



Readers' Club (Juniors)



IAYP Club



Readers' Club (Seniors)



Interact Club



Nature Club



School Choir

FAREWELL TO ICSE BATCH 2005



Light our way



Let your light shine



'You are the Light of the world'



Getting ready for their future



*Super models of tomorrow
Mikhail Menezes & Nidhi Seth*



Nearly at the top



The last word



Bind us together

VALEDICTORY SERVICE



Principal with office bearers 2004-05, 2005-06

Bidding Adieu to the fledglings 2004-05



Mikhail & Poorva's squad on the last day of their honoured posts

Our proud squad of office bearers



Shivohne Saldanha & Tejas Potdar – New Captain & Vice-Captain – shouldering responsibility with dignity

Handing over the school flag to new captains . . . 2005-06



Farewell – Sanjeevani Thakur



Au Revoir – Rahul Ravishankar





Mrs. N. Sunderesan (XA)



Mrs. V. Ranganathan (XB)



Mrs. J. Jacob (XC)

Farewell Message

Dear Students,

One of the saddest things about being a teacher is that every year we bid farewell to another batch of students. Those we have come to love over the years. From seeing you as 'kids' to witnessing your teenage antics. How time has flown!

It is now time for you to enter a world full of challenges and opportunities. Remember you are shouldering the responsibility of keeping up the reputation of your upbringing and schooling. You will have greater freedom because now you are grown up. Respect that freedom; recognize the responsibilities towards your parents and society. Be open to criticism and suggestions which will give you an opportunity to evolve as complete persons.

As teachers it is one of our rich rewards to see you succeed in life in different ways, to different degrees. But all that success would mean nothing if it is not built on the values we have tried to instill in you — values of honesty, hard work, dedication, selflessness, love, concern for others and most of all gratitude because your freedom comes with the responsibility to live up to these values.

Mrs. N. Sunderesan

Mrs. V. Ranganathan

Mrs. J. Jacob





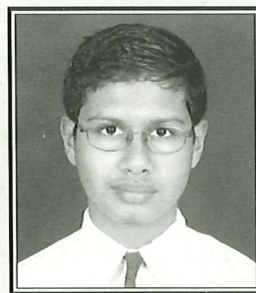
Hemangi
Energetic & Vibrant



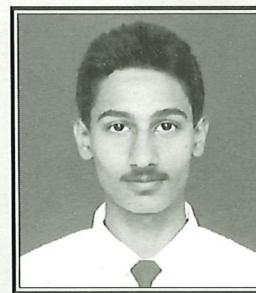
Sanjeevani
Warm-hearted



Poorva
Methodical



Rishabh
Prudent



Shreyas
Convincing



Anusha
Well-mannered



Karan K.
Composed



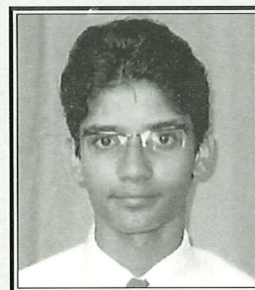
Dickshita
Cordial



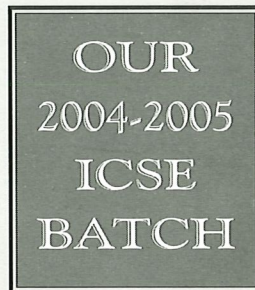
Varun
Agile



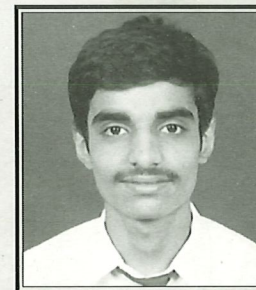
Neha
Impressive



Avitosh
Determined & dedicated



Shruti
Systematic



Karan P.
Delightful



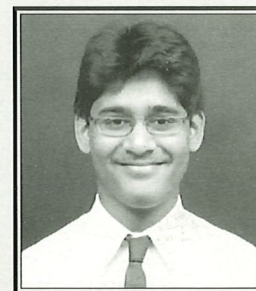
Niharika
Enterprising



Prerna
Orderly



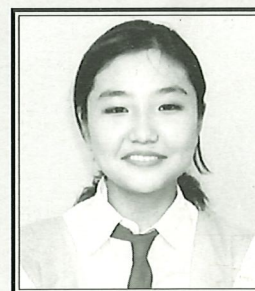
Saumya
Good natured



Tanmay
Adaptable



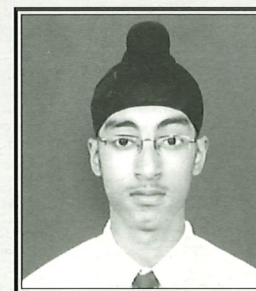
Abiah
Modest



Eden
Confident



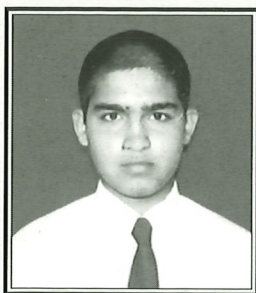
Hemang
Vivid



Gagandeep
Unpretentious



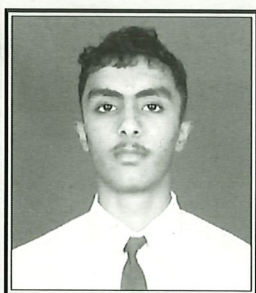
Sonia
Pleasant



Rohit
Sensitive and caring



Shalini
Considerate



Sahil R.
Well-mannered



Dharit
Courteous



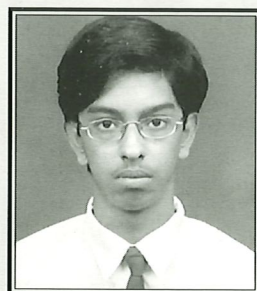
Vani
Graceful & systematic



Deepak
Unpretentious



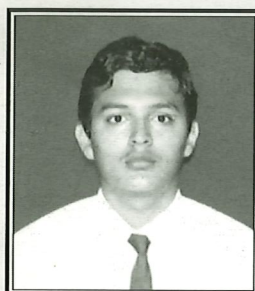
Gargi
Thoughtful



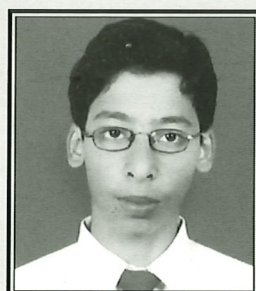
Nikhil
Ingenious



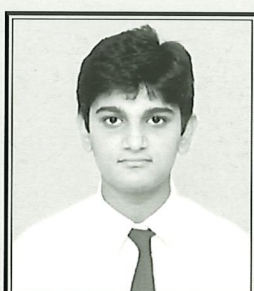
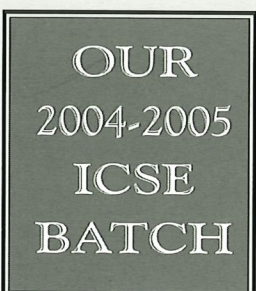
Rahul
Sensitive & sensible



Johanan
Proficient



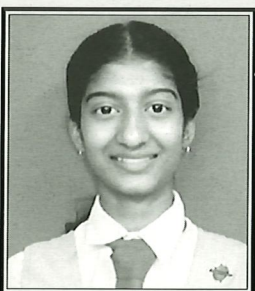
Nazih
Skillful



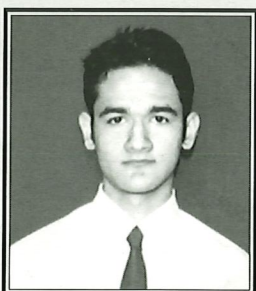
Sahil V.
Perseverant



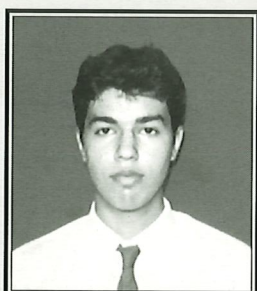
Siddharth
Judicious



Anisha
Modest



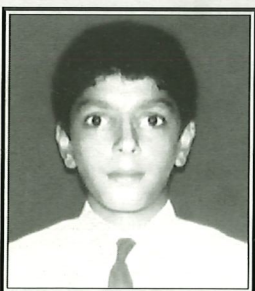
Akshay
Meticulous



Ishan
Great athlete



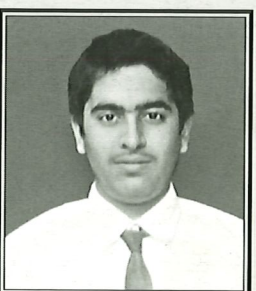
Mehek
Courteous & witty



Mohit
Accommodating



Anish
Happy go lucky



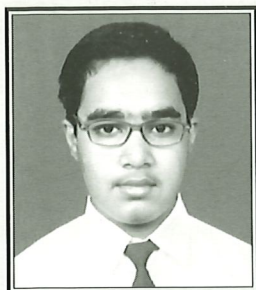
Rahil
Our sports wizard



Nandini
Warm-hearted



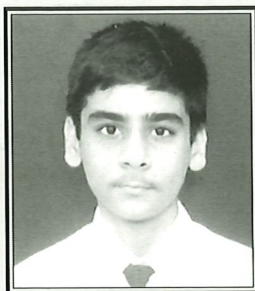
Abeer
Cordial



Atidrip
Studious



Utkarsha
Crowned with success



Vaishal
Enthusiastic



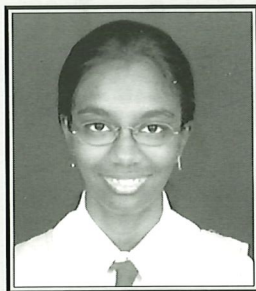
Jivitesh
Prudent



Anuska A.
Full of gratitude



Bhavika
Impeccable



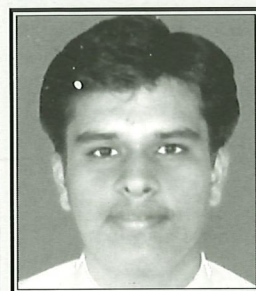
Alzeeta
Enthusiastic



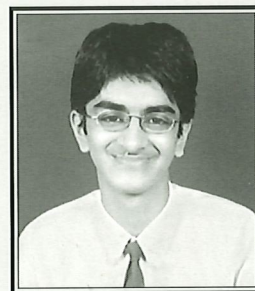
Shivaang
Agile



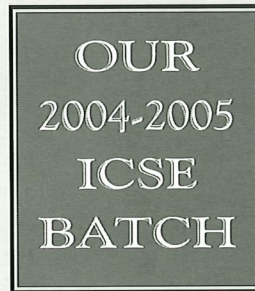
Shilpa
Warm & friendly



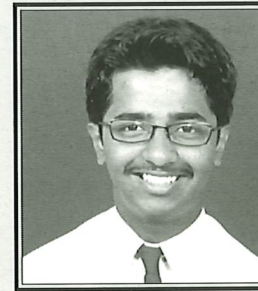
Adarsh S.
Confident



Raghuraman
Humble and unpretentious



Gautam
Complacent



Aditya
Responsible



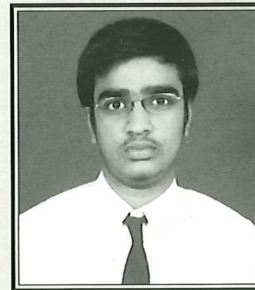
Shubdha
Buoyant



Sanya
Amicable



Apoorva
Gracious



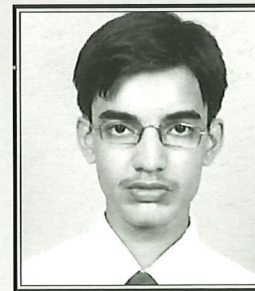
Roshan
Assiduous



Sreejita
Elegant & graceful



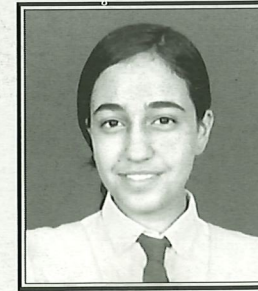
Aadarsh G.
Jovial and happy



Karan P.
Dedicated



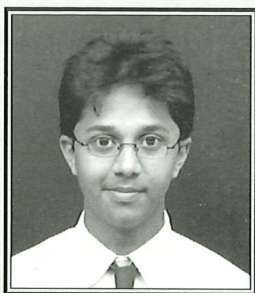
Sumitra
Straightforward



Karishma
Pleasant



Georgin
Affable



Aniruddh
Courteous & respectful



Mridula
Amicable



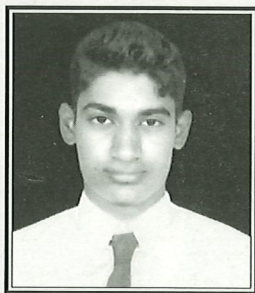
Vijay
Unassuming



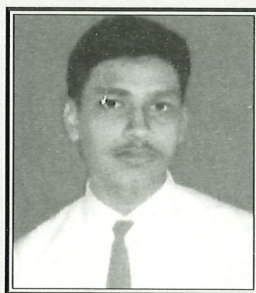
Steffi
Judicious



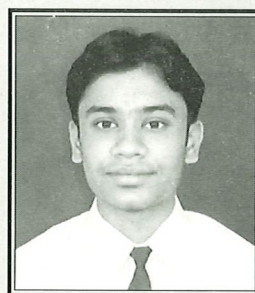
Suchita
Most obliging



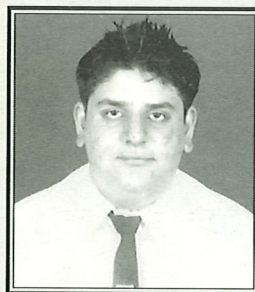
Abhay
Balanced personality



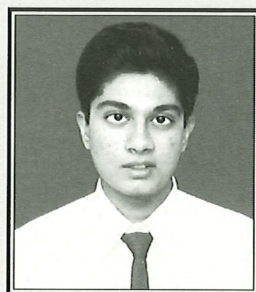
Suneet
Competent



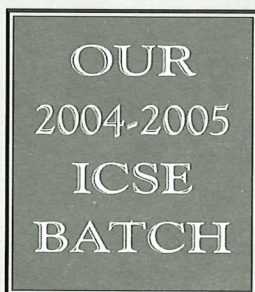
Zohaib
Heart of gold



Parth
Jolly good fellow



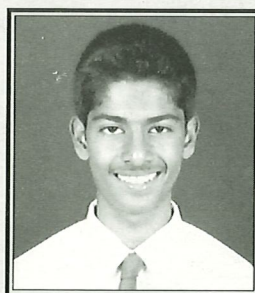
Sahil
Go karting no halting



Namisha
Gentle



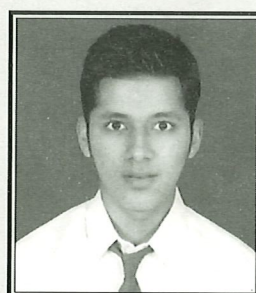
Mikhail (BSS Lad)
Energetic & appreciative



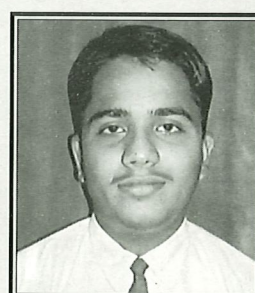
Shashreek
Altruistic



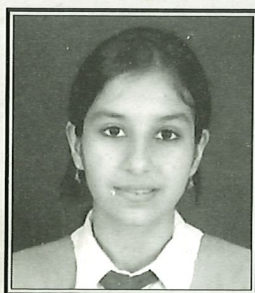
Aksheta
Warm-hearted



Karan S.
Stylish



Kedar
Earnest



Nidhi (BSS Lass)
Cheerful



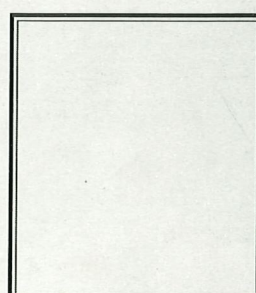
Vinita
Chirpy and joyous



Tapan
Zealous



Parth
Electrifying



Ritu Pathare
Creative



OUR PRIDE COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS 2004-05

English – Essay Writing

Std. III & IV	1st	Rohan Kopparapu	4 – C
	1st	Dhiraja P. Palkar	4 – A
	3rd	Adil Imtiaz	3 – A
	Cons.	Astha Rajen Vagadio	4 – A
Std. V & VI	1st	Shweta Mhatre	6 – C
	2nd	Saisha Orke	6 – C
	3rd	Charanjit Nayyar	5 – B
Std. VII & VIII	1st	Gautam Gondal	7 – B
	2nd	Maanit Mehra	8 – C
	3rd	Pali Kanungo	7 – B
Std. IX & X	1st	Ritu Pathare	10 – C
	2nd	Abiah Jacob	10 – B
	3rd	Poorva Agarwal	10 – B
		Vani Rikhy	10 – B
		Suchita Vaidya	10 – C

English – Story Writing

Std. III	1st	Varun Markande	3 – C
	2nd	Sourav Paul	3 – B
	3rd	Ian Michael Barboza	3 – B
Std. IV	1st	Eshita Wadhwa	4 – A
	1st	Kaveri Vaidya	4 – A
	1st	Srinidhi Iyengar	4 – A
	3rd	Ashika Jerry Paul	4 – B
	3rd	Caroline Francis	4 – B
Std. V & VI	1st	Manisha Joshi	6 – B
	1st	Sajiv Ravichandran	6 – C
	1st	Ashish Kumar	6 – C
	3rd	Anuradha Venkatramani	6 – B
	3rd	Girish Malage	6 – B
	3rd	Srirose Mewawala	5 – A
	3rd	Joanna Thomas	5 – B
Std. VII & VIII	3rd	Rhea Katyal	5 – B
	1st	Sayantana Dutt	7 – C
	2nd	Anuja Milind Deodhar	8 – C
	3rd	Anusha P. Rajan	8 – A
Std. IX & X	3rd	Pali J. Kanungo	7 – B
	1st	Shivohne Saldanha	9 – C
	2nd	Mehek Contractor	10 – B
	2nd	Namisha Misra	10 – B
	Cons.	Sneha Susan John	9 – C

English – Poem Writing

Std. III & IV	1st	Siddhanth Pradhan	3 – B
	2nd	Vijay Subramaniam	3 – C
	3rd	Sophia Velthedathu	4 – A
	Cons.	Rishav Gupta	3 – A
		Akanksha Lokesh Nathany	3 – B
Std. V & VI		Dhiraja P. Palkar	4 – A
	1st	Trushaa Castelino	6 – B
	2nd	Aashna Gilder	6 – C
	3rd	Varun Roy	6 – C
	Cons.	Nakshita Arora	6 – C
		Tiya Thomas	5 – A

Std. VII & VIII	1st	Candice Cutinha	7 – C
	2nd	Sagar Harinarayan	7 – A
	3rd	Pali J. Kanungo	7 – B
	Cons.	Haren P. Rao	7 – A
		Jibran Contractor	7 – B
Std. IX	1st	Shivohne Saldanha	9 – C
	2nd	Gail Cutinha	9 – A
	3rd	Priyanjali Ghosh	9 – A
	Cons.	Samira Varanasi	9 – B
		Sneha Susan John	9 – C

Hindi – Essay Writing

Std. III & IV	1st	Dhiraja Palkar	4 – A
	2nd	Mudit Gupta	3 – C
Std. V & VI	1st	Aditya Jha	5 – A
	2nd	Yash Sinha	5 – B
	3rd	Harihar	5 – C
		Poornima Unnikrishnan	6 – A
Std. VII & VIII	1st	Nikita Agarwal	8 – C
	2nd	Harini Jayraman	8 – C
	3rd	Pritha Sharma	8 – B
Std. IX & X	1st	Bhavika Mam	10 – C
	1st	Poornima Agarwal	10 – B
		Mangala Borkar	9 – C

Hindi – Story Writing

Std. III & IV	1st	Srinidhi S. Sridharan	3 – B
	2nd	Ambika Mam	4 – A
	3rd	Parichay Limbodia	4 – A
Std. V & VI	1st	Aakashdeep	6 – C
	2nd	Chaitnya H. P. Agarwal	6 – C
	3rd	Nakshita Arora	6 – C
	Cons.	Trushaa Castelina	6 – B
Std. VII & VIII	1st	Gautam Gondal	7 – B
		Maanit Mehra	8 – C
		Rahul Bhatia	7 – A
	Cons.	Sanika Bohra	7 – A
		Virat Singh	8 – B
Std. IX & X		Poonam Saraswat	8 – C
		Ruchi Bagga	8 – C
	1st	Mangala M. Borkar	9 – C
	2nd	Mikhail Menezes	10 – C
	3rd	Prashant Venkatesh	9 – A

Hindi – Poem Writing

Std. III & IV	1st	Ayushi Shah	4 – B
	2nd	Parichay Limbodia	4 – A
	3rd	Akanksha Maurya	4 – B
	Cons.	Yogendra Singh	4 – A
Std. V & VI	1st	Mitali Vaidya	5 – C
	2nd	Arushi Singh	5 – C
	3rd	Trushaa Castelina	6 – B
	Cons.	(4)	



OUR PRIDE COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS 2004-05

Std. VII & VIII	1st	Rahat Kazi	7 - B
	2nd	Pragya Thakur	7 - A
	3rd	Anuja Deodhar	8 - C
	Cons.	Laxmi Mukundan	7 - A
Std. IX & X	1st	Pulkit Chawla	9 - C
	2nd	Mehek Contractor	10 - B
	3rd	Diwakar Dabral	9 - C

Marathi - Essay Writing

Std. VI	1st	Nikhil Mulgaokar	6 - B
	2nd	Tanay Nikhil Dharap	6 - A
	3rd	Saisha Orke	6 - C
	Con.	Shalaka Virkar	6 - B
Std. VII	1st	Sayli Parkar	7 - C
	2nd	Aishwarya Nagpal	7 - C
	3rd	Sagar Harinarayan	7 - A
Std. VIII	1st	Ajinkya Kulkarni	8 - C
		Anuja Deodhar	8 - C
	3rd	Perna Gawde	8 - A
		Maithili Vagal	8 - C

Marathi - Story Writing

Std. VI	1st	Poorti Sathe	6 - C
	1st	Saisha Orke	6 - C
	2nd	Trushaa Castelino	6 - B
	3rd	Shalaka Virkar	6 - B
Std. VII	1st	Tricia Gadagkar	7 - B
	2nd	Aishwarya Nagpal	7 - C
	3rd	Nidhi Choudhari	7 - A
	3rd	Sayli Parkar	7 - C
Std. VIII	1st	Anuja Deodhar	8 - C
	2nd	Aniket Warang	8 - B
	3rd	Ajinkya Kulkarni	8 - C
	3rd	Vikrant Mhatre	8 - B

Marathi - Poem Writing

Std. VI	1st	Saisha Orke	6 - C
	2nd	Anuja Bhadkamkar	6 - A
	3rd	Shalaka Virkar	6 - B
	Con.	Ratnaprabha Borkar	6 - A
Std. VII	1st	Janhavi Pawar	7 - B
	2nd	Sayli Parkar	7 - C
	3rd	Sagar Harinarayan	7 - A
	Con.	Yash Ambegaonkar	7 - B
Std. VIII	1st	Maithili Vagal	8 - C
	2nd	Anuja Deodhar	8 - C
	3rd	Vikrant Mhatre	8 - B
	Con.	Prachi Shailendera	8 - C

Inter House - Singing

(Juniors)	1st	2 - C
	2nd	2 - A
	3rd	1 - A

Std. III, IV, V	1st	Green House
	2nd	Red House
	3rd	Blue House
(Seniors)	1st	Green House
	2nd	Blue House
	3rd	Red & Yellow House

Inter House Debate - English

(Seniors)	1st	Yellow House
	2nd	Green House

Best Speaker : Poorva Agarwal

Inter House Debate - Hindi

Std. IX & X			
Red House	: 240	Green House	: 235
Blue House	: 239	Yellow House	: 232

Winning House : Red

Participants	1.	Mikhail Menezes	10 - C
	2.	Hemaang Sharma	10 - A
	3.	Samira Varanasi	9 - B
	4.	Suraj Prakash	9 - C

Inter House Dramatic - English

(Juniors)	(Seniors)
1st Red House	1st Yellow House
2nd Green House	2nd Blue House
3rd Yellow House	3rd Red House

Best Actor :
Yash Ambegaonkar

Best Actress :
Mithali Vaidya

Best Actor :
Prabhir Correa

Best Actress :
Mehek Contractor

Inter House Dramatics - Hindi

Std. VIII & IX		
Red House	: 196	Green House : 213
Blue House	: 202	Yellow House : 188

Winning house : Green

Participants	1.	Sneha Badlani	9 - A
	2.	Bhawana Sharma	9 - B
	3.	Pratik Ramdhare	9 - A
	4.	Aditya Ghai	8 - C
	5.	Souradeep Sen	8 - B

Best Actor : **Aditya Ghai** (Green House)

Best Actress : **Sneha Badlani** (Green House)

Best Supporting Actor : **Amit Pawar** (Red House)

Best Supporting Actress : **Ishita Taneja** (Blue House)



OUR PRIDE COMPETITION PRIZE-WINNERS 2004-05

Marathi Elocution

Std. V	1st	Nidhi Harihar	
	2nd	Mitali Vaidya	
	3rd	Sonika Shrivastav	
Std. VI	1st	Saisha Orke	
	2nd	Poorti Sathe	
	3rd	Gursehej Oberoi	
Std. VII	1st	Avani Joshi	
	2nd	Yash Ambegaonkar	
	3rd	Parimi Snigdha Manogyna	
Std. VIII	1st	Anuja Deodhar	
	2nd	Maithili Vagal, Akshay Ramdhare	
	3rd	Harini Jayaraman, Sherin Gilson	

Rangoli

Std. V	1st	Aashna Shah Devyani Puri Paloma Mitra	5 - B
Std. VI & VII	1st	P. Snigdha Manogyna Ashwini Sheregar Arunima Choudhary	7 - C
	2nd	Neha Mewawalla Sarakshi Rai Mukul Jhawar	7 - B
Std. VIII & IX	1st	Aniket Warang Bhavana Bhatia Virat Singh	8 - B
	2nd	Mohit Nawani Sarvapriya Prasad Prachi Bhatia	9 - B

Drawing & Painting (Crayons)

Std. I & II	1st	Neha Vats	2 - B
	2nd	Medha Kumari Jha	2 - C
	3rd	Perna Chandramauli	2 - B
	Cons.	Aayushi Gupta Tanishq Raipurwala	2 - A 2 - B
Std. III & IV	1st	Srinidhi Iyengar	4 - A
	2nd	Hariharan Jayashanker	4 - C
	3rd	Siddhant Gupta	4 - C
	Cons.	Varun Markande Rohan Jain	3 - C 4 - C
Std. V & VI	1st	Sally Annice	6 - B
	2nd	Anuradha Venkatramani	6 - B
	3rd	Gursehg Singh Oberoi	6 - A
	Cons.	Tanay N. Dharap Priyadarshini Majumdar	6 - A 6 - A
Std. VII & VIII	1st	Rahul Rajaram Chavan	7 - A
	2nd	Arnav Bhattacharya	7 - C
	3rd	Sneha Bhatnagar	7 - C
	Cons.	Sherin Gilson Tishya Shrivastava	8 - A 8 - B

Std. IX & X	1st	Ritu Pathare	10 - C
	2nd	Anuska Varma	10 - C
	3rd	Mohit Nawani	9 - B
	Cons.	Perna Shetty Utkarsha Prakash	10 - B 10 - A

Cartoon Drawing

Std. I & II	1st	Samruddhi Damle	2 - B
	2nd	Ridhika Agrawal	1 - B
	3rd	Vijita Kamath	2 - C
	Cons.	Hrishikesh Paul	2 - C
Std. III & IV	1st	Srinidhi Iyengar	4 - A
	2nd	Tanaya A. Jadhav	4 - B
	3rd	Siddhant Gupta	4 - B
	Cons.	Ananya Garg	4 - C
Std. V & VI	1st	Priyadarshini Majumdar	6 - A
	2nd	Kashish Mittal	6 - A
	3rd	Sally Annice	6 - B
	Cons.	Karan Abraham	6 - A
Std. VII & VIII	1st	Rahul Chavan	7 - A
	2nd	Ishita Taneja	8 - B
	3rd	Parimi Snigdha Manogyna	7 - C
	Cons.	Jasmine Thomas	7 - A
Std. IX & X	1st	Rahul R. Shankar	10 - A
	2nd	Duhita Reddy	9 - A
	3rd	Sahil Vora	10 - A
	Cons.	Ritu M. Pathare	10 - C

Pencil Shading Results

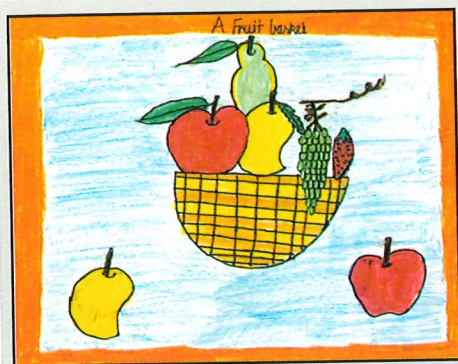
Std. I and II	1st	Hrishikesh Paul	2 - C
	2nd	Avantika Prasad	1 - A
	3rd	Samruddhi Damle	2 - B
	Cons.	Shivaank Rakesh Aggarwal	1 - A
Std. III and IV	1st	Rohan Jain	4 - C
	2nd	Srinidhi Iyengar	4 - A
	3rd	Akanksha R. Maurya	4 - B
	Cons.	Ananya Garg	4 - C
Std. V and VI	1st	Sally Annice	6 - B
	2nd	Anuradha V.	6 - B
	3rd	Subhadra V.	6 - B
	Cons.	Anshika Banerjee	6 - B
Std. VII and VIII	1st	Nayna Yadav	8 - C
	2nd	Rahat Kazi	7 - B
	3rd	Anusha Rajan	8 - A
	Cons.	Ishita Taneja	8 - B
Std. IX and X	1st	Perna Shetty	10 - B
	2nd	Anisha Menon	10 - A
	3rd	S. Amalan	9 - B
	Cons.	Pratik Ramdhare Sonali Sahu	9 - A 9 - B



LIST OF ROLLING TROPHIES

Rolling Trophies	Name	House	Points
1. The Mehli Pochee Memorial Individual Championship trophy for Senior girls presented by Mrs. Hoofrish Hirji	Anupama Sahore	Elizabeth (B)	10
2. The Mehli Pochee Memorial Individual Championship trophy for Senior boys presented by Mrs. Hoofrish Hirji	Abhay Nikam	Haddow (Y)	21
3. Individual Championship trophy for Intermediate girls	Tricia Godadgar	Catherine (R)	11
4. Individual Championship trophy for Intermediate boys	Nishant Negi	Mcgregor (B)	10
5. Individual Championship trophy for Junior girls	Ratnaprabha Borkar	Annie (Y)	11
6. Individual Championship trophy for Junior boys	Naman Kumath	Haddow (Y)	21
7. Individual Championship trophy for Sub-Junior girls	Laxmi Pillai	Catherine (R)	15
8. Individual Championship trophy for Sub-Junior boys	Shaurya Bhargawa	McPherson (R)	10
9. Trophy for Tug of Wars for girls		Elizabeth (B)	
10. Rajmohan Das Memorial Trophy for Tug of War for boys presented by R.F. Das		Macgregor (B)	
11. L.E.P Stephens Memorial trophy for the fastest girl presented by Mrs.Vimala David	Anupama Sahore	Elizabeth (B)	15.565
12. T.B. David Memorial trophy for the fastest boy presented by Mr. Mark David	Abhay Nikam	Haddow (Y)	12.55
13. The Swapna Das Trophy for Inter House Marching contest for girls presented by R.F. Das		Victoria (G)	21
14. Trophy for Inter House marching contest for boys		Kennedy & Haddow (G) & (Y)	19½
15. Inter House Overall Championship Trophy for girls presented by Sanjay Jobalia		Elizabeth (B)	
16. Inter House Overall Championship Trophy for boys presented by Naryan Chauhan		McPherson (R)	
17. B.R. Hitkari Memorial Inter House Championship Trophy for boys in Swimming presented by Dr. (Mrs.) Chandini Hitkari and Mr. Anil Hitkari		McPherson (R)	69
18. B.R. Hitkari Memorial Inter House Championship Trophy for girls in Swimming presented by Dr. (Mrs.) Chandini Hitkari and Mr. Anil Hitkari		Catherine (R)	42
19. Inter House Overall Championship Trophy in Swimming		??? (R)	111

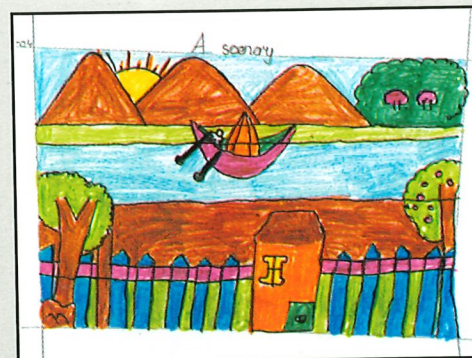
ART COMPETITION – CRAYONS



Neha Vats, 2B



Prerna Chandramauli, 2B



Medha Kumari Jha, 2C



Aayushi Gupta, 2A



Tanishq Raipurwala, 2B



Srinidhi Iyengar, 4A



Hariharan Jayashanker, 4C



Rohan Jain, 4C



Siddhant Gupta, 4C



Varun Markande, 3C



Sally Annice, 6B



Anuradha Venkatramani, 6B

ART COMPETITION – CRAYONS



Priyadarshini Majumdar, 6A



Gursehag Singh Oberoi, 6A



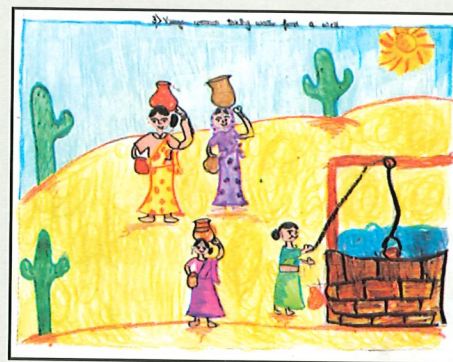
Tanay N. Dharap, 6A



Arnav Bhattacharya, 7C



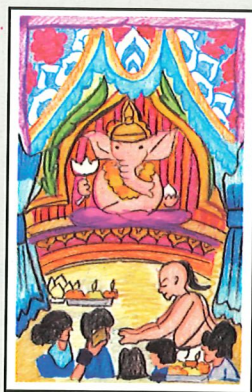
Rahul Rajaram Chavan, 7A



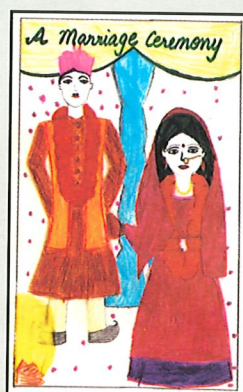
Sneha Bhatnagar, 7C



Sherin Gilson, 8A



Ritu Pathare, 10C



Utkarsha Prakash, 10A



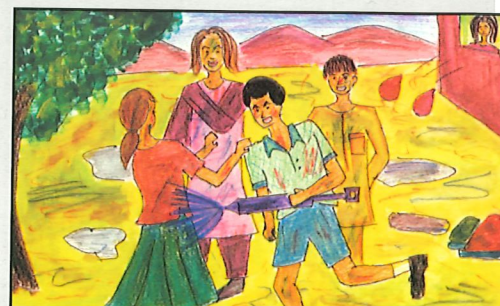
Tishya Shrivastava, 8B



Anuska Varma, 10C

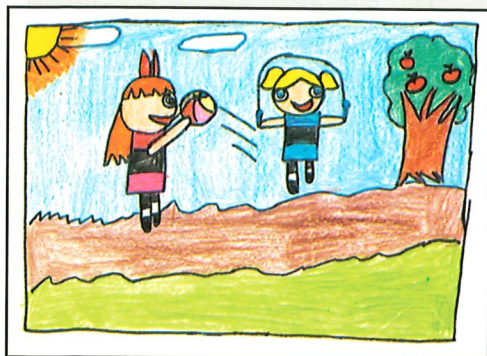


Mohit Nawani, 9B



Prerna Shetty, 10B

ART COMPETITION – CARTOONS



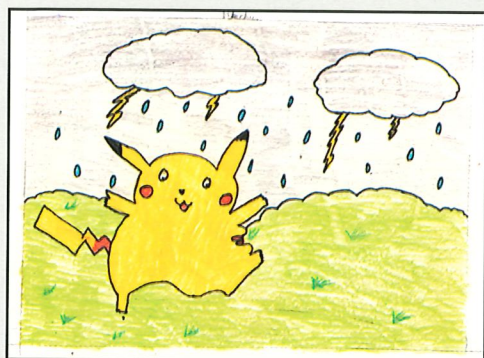
Samruddhi Damle, 2B



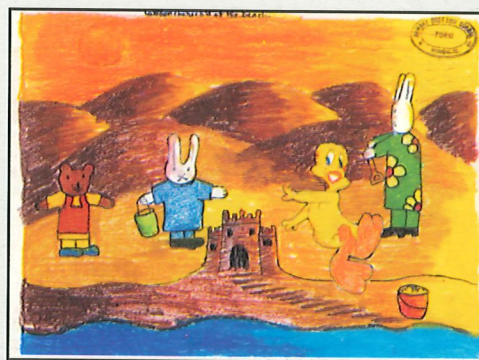
Vijita Kamath, 2C



Ridhika Agrawal, 1B



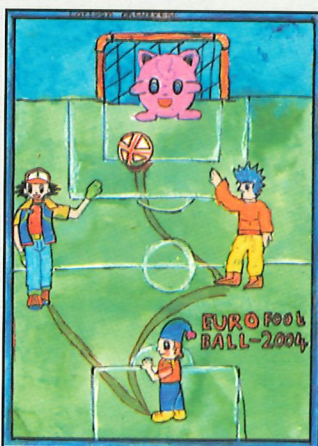
Hrishikesh Paul, 2C



Srinidhi Iyengar, 4A



Tanaya A. Jadhav, 4B



Rahul Chavan, 7A



Siddhant Gupta, 4B



Ananya Garg, 4C



Priyadarshini Majumdar, 6A

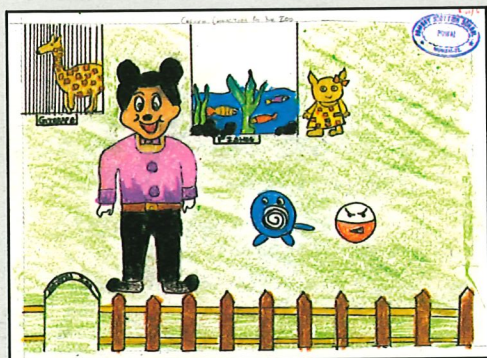
ART COMPETITION – CARTOONS



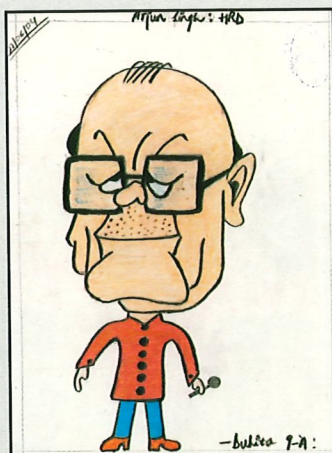
Kashish Mittal, 6A



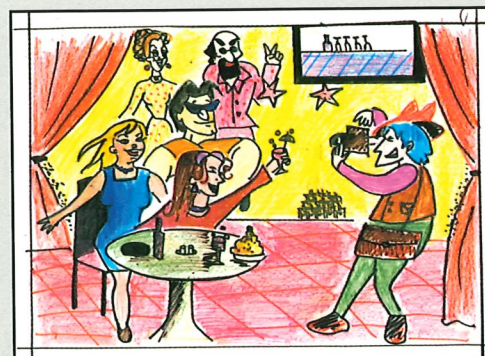
Sally Annice, 6B



Karan Abraham, 6A



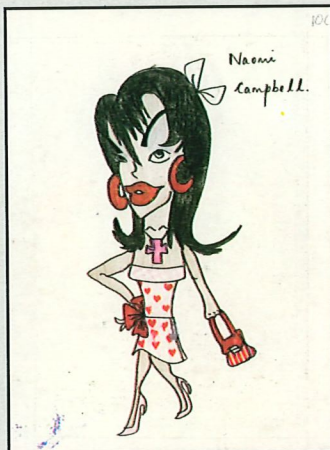
Duhita Reddy, 9A



Ishita Taneja, 8B



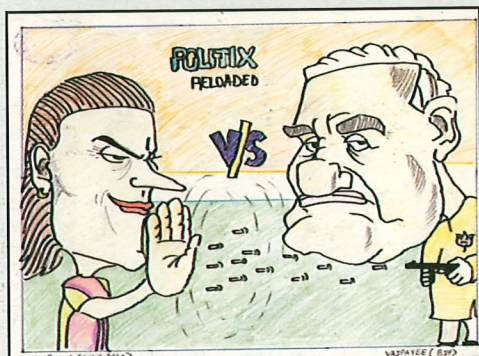
Parimi Snigdha Manogyna, 7C



Ritu M. Pathare, 10C



Jasmine Thomas, 7A



Rahul R. Shankar, 10A

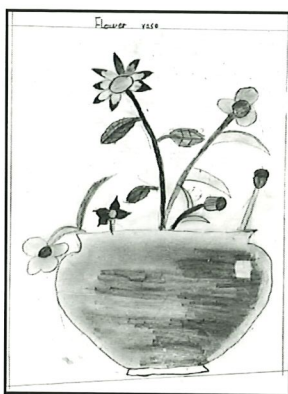


Sahil Vora, 10A

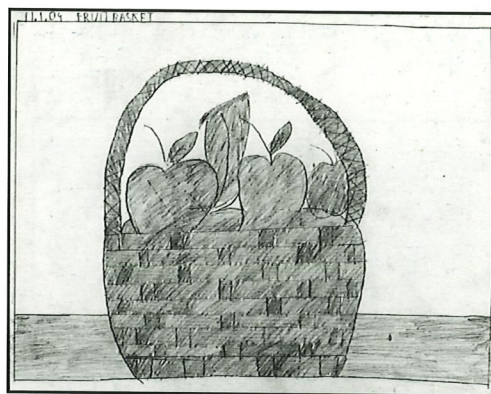
ART COMPETITION – PENCIL SHADING



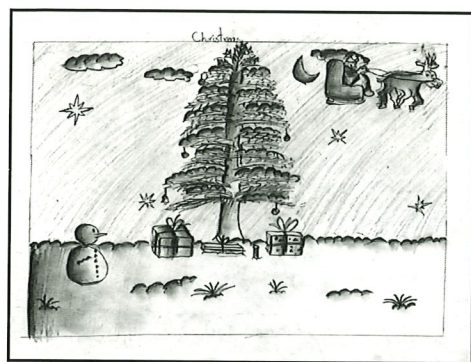
Avantika Prasad, 1A



Hrshikesh Paul, 2C



Shivaank Rakesh Aggarwal, 1A



Rohan Jain, 4C



Samruddhi Damle, 2B



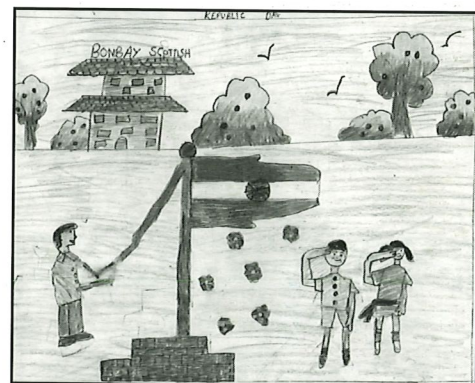
Srinidhi Iyengar, 4A



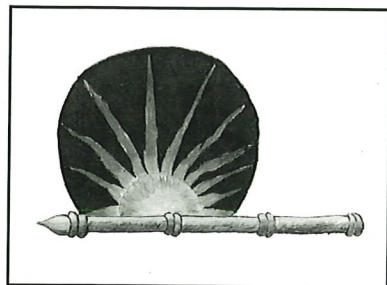
Akanksha R. Maurya, 4B



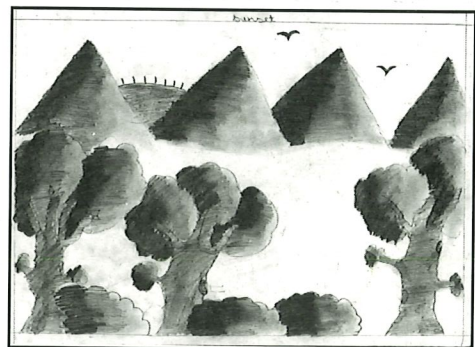
Sally Annice, 6B



Ananya Garg, 4C

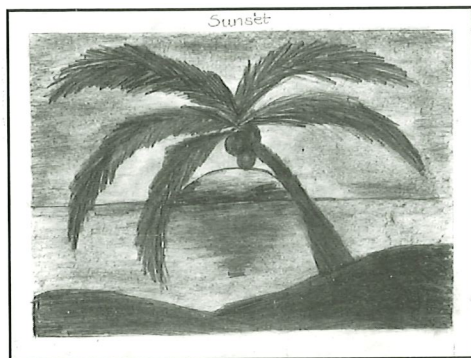


Anuradha V., 6B



Subhadra V., 6B

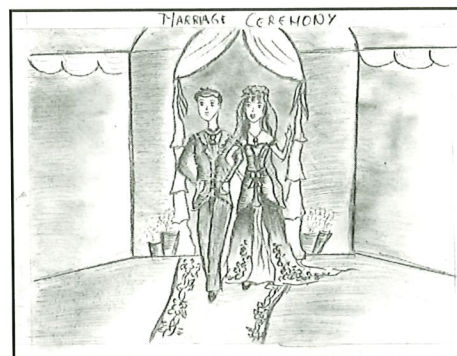
ART COMPETITION – PENCIL SHADING



Anshika Banerjee , 6B



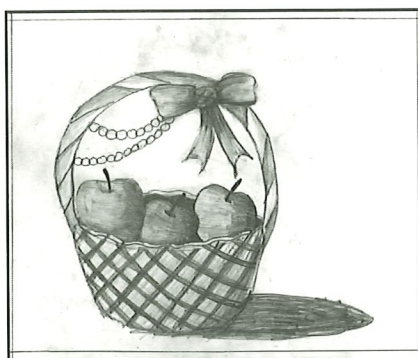
Rahat Kazi , 7B



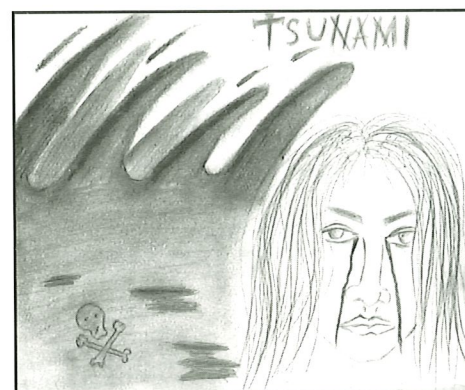
Nayna Yadav, 8C



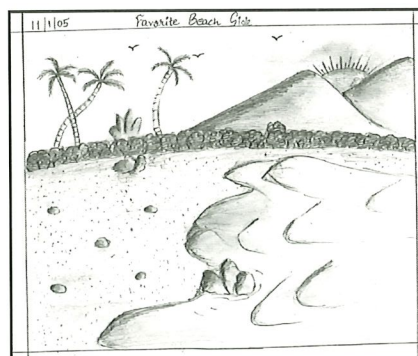
Ishita Taneja , 8B



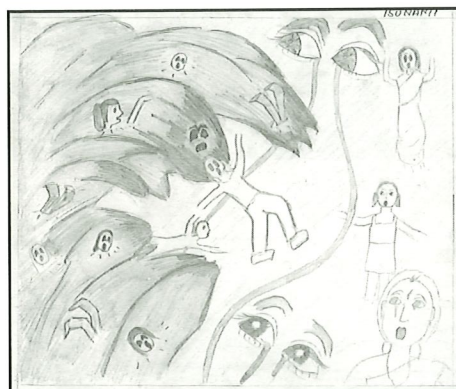
Anusha Rajan, 8A



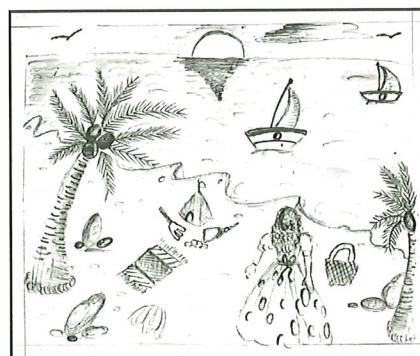
Perna Shetty, 10B



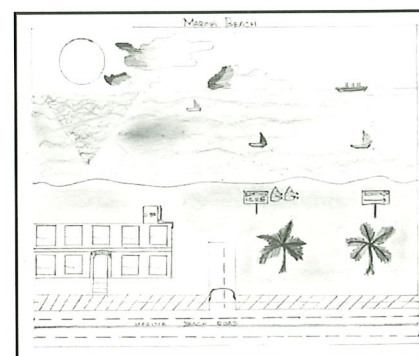
Pratik Ramdharne, 9A



Anisha Menon, 10A



Sonali Sahu, 9B



S. Amalan, 9B

CLUBS / CAMPS REPORTS

I.A.Y.P. Camp to Jawhar

7th of January, 2005, was the day all the I.A.Y.P. members of standards 8 & 9 left for our first camp of the year to Jawhar. The journey took a good 4 hours but we soon settled down comfortably in our rooms at Sunset Point Resort.

Like every other camp, we were given an introductory speech, which was followed by the usual session on knots. We spent the evening hiking to Hanuman Point. The night, however, was when the hype began. We were first briefed about the Morse Code and then given about half an hour to develop our own code. We even had a competition in which each group was split into a sending end and a receiving end. We lost horribly. Our phrase was "CAMP THE PLACE 4 LAUGHTER", but the receiving end got the message as "CAMP 6 I PLUCE LAUGHTER". However, not all the groups performed as ridiculously as we did. By the end of it all, we were quite tired and so we called it a night.

The next day began as early as 6:30 a.m. Exercise was followed by breakfast, after which we proceeded to Jawhar Valley. Though most of the distance was covered by bus, we had to clamber down steep slopes to the valley (I had to be helped down by 10 people at different points all along the way!). But by the time all of us got down, we were all in the water. We had a royal splashing competition before leaving.

And then came my favourite part of the trip — valley crossing and rappelling! We traveled to Vikramgarh, where we crossed over a miniature valley and rappelled down the wall of a dam. We also tried our skill at skipping stones on the water. By the time we got back, it was dinnertime. After all of us were fed and content, we had a little campfire which we helped to light. There was some singing, dance and LOTS of jokes courtesy our local comedians, Saransh and Shubham, before we finally retired to our rooms.

The last day of our trip, Sunday, was supposed to start off with a test on everything we'd learnt. And though we'd been given permission to sleep late, most of us got up slightly earlier to revise. But on the whole, the test was quite good and everyone passed. After this, our last session for the trip was based on map-reading, bag-packing and, of course, survival.

And then came the most daunting (yet most interesting) task of all — cooking. We were split into 4 groups and given potatoes, foil, mustard and salt, and were asked to make 'aloo bhaji'. Though our group presented a variation of 'bhel', we had a fun in the process.

After having such a great time here, hardly any of us felt like leaving. But nonetheless, we were forced to pack our bags. Our last meal here was followed by a ceremony in which all the best campers were awarded certificates and medals from CODE, the organizers. When we were done, we boarded our buses and left for Mumbai.

At the end of it all, all I can say is that we learnt so many new things on this trip that it definitely ranks amongst the most enjoyable camps!

— *Shivohne Saldanha*



Nature Club — Otters' Club

The Nature club of Bombay Scottish School — Powai, the Otters Club, began its activities in July. This year the members were presented with new badges bearing the logo of the Otter. Tejas Potdar, Pratik Ramdharne and Shivohne Saldanha were nominated as President, Secretary and Treasurer of the club respectively.

Poster making competition was held on the topic 'Your World' to educate them on what they would like their world to be like.



Mr. Sunjay Monga, noted naturalist and editor of Sanctuary magazine visited the school and interacted with the members on behalf of the 'Hara Banao Campaign' of Sunfeast, in September. A presentation was made on 'Save The City Forest' Campaign initiated by the Sanjay Gandhi National Park. The need to preserve and conserve the city forest was stressed on. Several competitions were announced as a part of the campaign. The paper bag making competition took off with great gusto. Quite a few interesting bags were made by the students decorating them with desiccated flowers and leaves.

The club visited several places in connection with its activities. The Sanjay Gandhi National Park was visited by members where two learned members of the BNHS, Mumbai, took them on a nature trail. The children were later quizzed on the denizens of the park and taken on the Safari where they saw lions and a white tiger.

During the winter vacation the members were taken on a 5-day trip to Bandhavgarh National Park. They were fortunate to see the tiger and a myriad specimen of both flora and fauna. They came back greatly humbled by the experience that man was not the only intelligent creature occupying this planet.

As part of our Founder's Day celebration in our school, the Aquarium was installed in the Biology laboratory with an array of fish varieties and was visited by the junior classes. Later the Nature Club members also visited the aquarium.

The Orchid Hotel, a member of the Ecotel group of hotels, invited some students of Class 5 and 6 to the premises to help educate the children on the methods adopted by the hotel to 'Reuse, Recycle and Reduce', so that our natural world can remain pristine as ever. There was a presentation by BNHS about how presenting cut flowers to someone also contributes to the destruction of flora and fauna and that it is better to present a live plant which will continue to grow. The children also saw how vegetable waste was treated and compost made from it.



Whiz Kids Club

As the name suggests the Whiz Kids club comprises of a group of knowledgeable individuals whom we call our wizards. The beginning of the year saw the children taking part in many intra school competitions and quite a number of them have bagged prizes. The club remained active throughout the year, participating in quiz competitions conducted by United Schools Organisations and Euro-Environ quizzes hosted by Eureka Forbes institute for environmental studies. It was in the ESPN Sports quiz contest conducted at the Inter School level that the BSS team did the school proud by emerging as Mumbai winners. Jahan Jamas of class 9 and Raahil Chopra of class 10 competed at the All India level and made an impressive performance.

This year the Intra House quiz competition was conducted at three levels starting from class 4. The year on the whole was very momentous and fruitful for the club. This invaluable genre of young quizzers hopefully will shine in the near future. We hope that the enthusiastic and innovative spirit of these quizzers continues and we hope to receive more accolades in the years to come.



Reader's Club

The Reader's Club at Bombay Scottish School, Powai has the aim of encouraging children with an interest in reading to widen their repertoire of authors and their works under the guidance of the teachers. The teachers who were in charge for the academic year (2004-2005) were Mrs. Tina Quadros, Mrs. Joanna Stanes and Mrs. Sajitha Varghese.

Diverse activities were conducted in accordance with the age groups of the children in the club. Stories were narrated to the younger children and they had to illustrate the story. Another activity which the children had fun in doing was self-analysis. They were given badges on which were printed different behavioural



characteristics. They had to identify their behavioural pattern during the day and wear the badge that matched the same.

The children were made aware of reading material other than the usual fiction which they are accustomed to. The children got an opportunity to compare different newspapers such as The Indian Express, The Times of India, The Asian Age The Young Explorer and News House. The difference in tone and focus among the different newspapers was a new experience for them.

The Reader's Club also encouraged the children with an aptitude for science. They were given books that guided them in performing simple experiments at home. Thus the children learnt to work independently too and to utilize resources that were available, efficiently.



Newspaper in Education

The Academic Year 2004-2005 saw the introduction of a different and potentially powerful tool in education at BSS Powai – the NIE or the Newspaper in Education Programme from the Times of India.

It involved a special copy of the day's news, culled from the Times of India newspaper, and supplied to every student subscriber – in our case, the classes from Standard VI to Standard X. The paper was enthusiastically greeted by the children each working day, and the excitement and admiration for two students whose budding journalistic skills were acknowledged when their articles were published, was more than palpable. Page 11 of the newspaper is reserved especially for student contributions. Rahul Ravishanker of class 10A and Sukanya Acharya of class 9A were the fortunate two. Sukanya received the gift of a Macmillan dictionary for her contribution.

Also part of the programme were a set of workshops on a variety of topics. They included Personality Development and Student Counselling, Creativity and Puppet making.

There was also a scholarship awarded to Navina Gaikwad as an incentive to extend her excellent performance in football to other areas of the school curriculum. It is the wish of the school to see such awards reap laudable benefits for those who could blossom from such an incentive.

We hope that the next year will see greater opportunities for growing benefits from a non-traditional dimension to education such as NIE.



An Eye-opener

When I was first elected the Secretary of the Interact Club I was elated and totally aware that I had been granted a very big responsibility. Elections were held on 25th January, 2005 and the very next day we planned to visit the mobile creche in Raheja Vihar. We decided to put up a small programme for them, thus conveying the main essence of Republic Day which we were all celebrating that day. As secretary I was in charge of co-ordinating with the other members. At the mobile creche we all realized how privileged and blessed each one of us was and we were all impressed at how the little children were so determined to make sweet lemonade out of the sour lemons given to them.

On the 18th of February some adoptees from Helpage India visited our school. We decided to put up a few dances and skits for their entertainment and we had to coordinate with the teachers regarding this.

These experiences have served as eye openers and have helped me and all the other members realize how blessed we are. On the whole being the Secretary of the Interact Club is a great honour and I hope to fulfill my duties in the best way I can in the forthcoming months.

— Rosemary Antony

<i>President</i>	—	Shivohne Saldanha
<i>Vice-President</i>	—	Johan Jamas
<i>Treasurer</i>	—	Tejas Potdar
<i>Co-Ordinators</i>	—	Mrs. I. Chandrasekar Mrs. N. Sundaresan & Mrs. S. Saple

ENGLISH ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION

Std. III & IV – 1st Prize



The Book I Enjoy Reading The Most

The book I enjoy reading is one on history. I enjoy history because it is interesting and I can know what happened in the past. We can also learn from the mistakes which people have made in the past. I also like to read stories of history. Everyone should know history. When I was young my grandma used to tell me the stories of Lord Krishna and Ramayana. But I could not understand them because I was small.

But now I can read the history book myself. My favourite stories are Ramayana, The Buddha, Independence Day of India and The Mahabharata. When I read history I like to concentrate on it, my mind says 'don't go down to play'. My friends say History is boring but I say, 'How could a history book be boring?' because it is my favourite book. Now I am in Std. IV, history is the new subject of Std. IV and I enjoy reading history very much and it will be my favourite forever.

— Dhivaja Palkar
Std. 4 – A



1st Prize

A Cricket Match (Live Telecast)

In a cricket match there are two teams. In each team there are eleven players. Now I am sitting on a seat with my friends and Sachin is batting, his score is 125

not out, but unfortunately Bret Lee bowled him and he was out. Then I picked up the Indian flag and I waved it so that the next player would make India win. India's score was 273 for 4, next batsman Sourav Ganguly came and he hit two sensational sixes, the over was finished and Virender Sehwag was on strike. He hit 3 fours and one six and Glen McGrath made him run out. Now the score was 303 for 5. I was nervous wondering if India would win or not. Now it was the drinks break. The drinks, 35 overs finished. Rohan Gavaskar came, but we still needed 55 runs to win, he got out when he was 25. Still, it was tough to make 30 runs to win, so my friends also picked up their flags and waved to them. Saurav and L. Balaji were batting right now.

And Balaji hit a 6 this time, but his bat broke. He took another bat. Both Saurav and Balaji smacked and smashed the balls. And India had 1 run to win. Balaji hit a 4 and the audience shouted Yaaay!!! Finally India won the match.



— Rohan Kopparapu
Std. 4 – C

Std. V & VI – 1st Prize

An Unwelcome Guest

It was the first day of my summer vacations. It was a lovely day with the sun shining brightly and a light breeze blowing. I was very excited. I was going to call my friends over for a sleepover!

I got up early for that particular reason. I cleaned up my study table as it was very messy with all my books lying on it. Then I arranged my story-book shelf. While I was doing so the telephone rang. I rushed to the phone to receive the call. It was from my mother's friend. I told my mother that it was her friend's call and she went over to the receiver. After a while she came back and said that

her friend's daughter was coming over to stay! I was shocked. What? My mom's friend was sending her daughter over to stay?? That meant no sleepover!! I argued with my mom but she could not help it if that girl was coming.

So, at 4.00 pm. the unwelcome guest arrived. I had decided to be mean to her and give her the cold shoulder. Her name was Analisse! What a strange name I thought. She was slim, quite tall out (but not as tall as I), pretty looking with long hair and blue eyes. She was wearing a short-grey top with "Analisse" printed over it, grey shorts, she had braided hair, she wore high heel-shoes, long pink earrings and a bracelet. She had a mean looking face and she didn't even greet my mom when she arrived. Miss. No Manners. I didn't like her a bit. My mom got her a glass of water and she ignored my mom. The day went bad for me. She liked playing with Barbie dolls. My gosh! 11 is not the age of playing with Barbies and brushing your hair every 5 minutes and then checking if your make-up's alright. Analisse even watched "POGO" and "Cartoon Network". I was disgusted. Later that night, she had "only" (as she said) four chappatis and two bowls of dal.

In the morning she had got up at 10 and she took one hour to finish her bath she left at 12.00 noon. At last she left. I was so relieved. Next time if anyone's coming over to my house, I'm sure to leave the house. I swear!

— Shweta Mhatre
Std. 6 – C



Give an account of your experiences when you took charge of your neighbour's cat or dog during the week they were on a holiday

Last year, during the summer holidays, our neighbours, Mrs. and Mr. Sharma, were leaving for a holiday to Manali. Before they left, they came to our doorstep and asked us if we could take care of their dog, Buzo. My parents agreed and later told me that Buzo's responsibility was entirely in my hands until they returned.

Early the next morning Sharmas left for Manali, leaving Buzo at our doorstep with a chit fastened to his collar on which was written the food that he likes, his favourite games, his likes and dislikes, etc.

I woke up with a start on hearing his barking. It was time for his morning walk. During the whole journey he dragged me around, ran here and there, chasing butterflies and he often jumped on me, wagging his tail with happiness. Then we came home and had our breakfast. He used to litter his food here and there and I had to clean up the mess. He used to run around the whole place and create havoc. When my mother used to scold him, he would come to my room and lie under my bed. Often he took my things and ran away. Once he even buried my teddy bear in the backyard, and chewed my notebook to bits. I was red with rage and chained him to the gate for the whole afternoon.

In the evenings we used to play Frisbee, other games with him. He was very playful and once he jumped on me so hard that I sprained my ankle and was bedridden for two days. Till that time, my brother took care of him.

He was very cute and had a silky coat. He was very scared of water and it took the whole family to bathe him.



Once he broke my mother's exquisite vase. Luckily my mother was not in the house at that time. I quickly cleaned up the whole mess but Buzo cut his paw with one of its sharp edges. So I thought it would be good for him, as it would save him from getting a beating. But instead I got the beating and I was angry with him the whole morning.

It was his last day with us. In the evening I took him for his last walk and it was a very rough one. I gave him some of his favourite snacks and during the night, he slept on my bed. The next morning I found myself on the floor.

Our neighbours arrived the same morning and took Buzo away. It was a heartbreaking moment for me and I still miss him.



— *Gautam Gondal*
Std. 7 – B

Std. IX & X – 1st Prize

Too Much Promotion Of Cricket is Ruining Other Sports

Did you check out Irfan Pathan in the latest bike advertisement? Did you gape, awestruck, at Yuvraj Singh's enormous posters, endorsing Westsides's trendy gear? Did you enjoy Sehwag's little jokes in the latest Coke campaign? Well, they all looked very handsome, didn't they? But would it have made any difference had these products been endorsed by a Baichung Bhutia, Anju George or Dhanraj Pillai? Yes, it would have, because cricket has been promoted a little more than it should have been.

Our country is home to some of the greatest sportspersons today. And it always has, yet, we have blinkers on, and we seem to acknowledge no other sport but cricket. All we talk about is cricket, when it comes to

talking about sports though cricket is not our national sport! But why this special, and sole love for cricket, when there are a hundred other sports that could be to pursued?

For one, cricketers get more sponsorship. They get undisputed media coverage even when they fail to perform particularly well. Their personal lives are covered extensively. Products, which they endorse, sell like hot cakes. Every Indian around seems to be a hardcore cricket fan. I think that this is very unjust and unfair.

There is absolutely no need to promote cricket more than what is required. Our country has far more talented, hard-working, deserving sportspersons who deserve equally lavish treatment. We have great sportspersons and athletes like Karun Chandok, Anjali Bhagwat and Joshna Chinnappa who perform far better than what we expect of them. Surely these have not got their due, and I believe we should not passionately pursue just one game, when the other unnoticed ones, could prove be better entertainers.

Everyone raves about how successful India's tour of Pakistan was. Everyone is speculating about the upcoming, Asia Cup. Girls drool over Pathan's charm and Balaji's — narcissism, and boys look up to Sachin's talents. Cricketers get to enjoy at Sahara's exclusive Amby Valley near Mumbai, while hockey and soccer players fight for the limelight helplessly. Cricketers are akin to movie stars. Is, all this necessary? I don't think so.

I just hope, with flickering hope, that cricket is given its due as it deserves, and that our other potential sportspersons are not ignored cruelly. We need to take off our blinkers and face the world fairly. India is a wonderful country; this fact needs to be proved with the help of sports.

— *Ritu Pathare*
Std. 10 – C



ENGLISH STORY WRITING COMPETITION

Std. III – 1st Prize

The Magical Tea Pot

Once there lived a girl who stayed with her family. She had a grandmother who was ill. The doctor said that if she would not have any tea, she would die. But the girl had no tea in her house. The girl asked many of the doctors and tried to get her grandmother well but they all had the same answer, “Your grand mother is only going to get well with tea and there is no other way”.

The girl went to her house and gave the bad news to her family. “How did this happen?,” asked her father, mother, and her siblings. They were all in tears. The girl ran out of the house, deep into the forest. In the forest the girl sat under a tree and cried for a long time. Then she stood up and said, “I don’t want to lose my grandmother”. Suddenly a woman saw her.

The woman asked the girl, “Why are you crying my little one?” The girl replied, “I have a sick grandmother, she is the only one who loves me and I don’t want to lose her.” “Did you ask any doctor for help?” “Yes!” she said, “They all had only one answer that my grandmother only needs tea”. The woman was very kind to people and animals and thus she gave the girl a special teapot. The girl looked into the pot and asked “Why have you given me this?” The woman said, “This is a magical pot, when you say these magical words the pot will make tea”. She told the words “Pot make some tea, make some tea for me.”

When the woman left, the girl made her way home. She learnt how the pot could make tea without tea leaves and sugar. She went home and spoke those magical words and the pot started making tea. She wasted no time in giving the tea to her grandmother. Her grandmother got well and they lived happily ever after.

— Varun Markande
Std. 3 – C

2nd Prize

The Greedy Monkey

There was a Monkey who lived on an apple tree. He was very, very greedy. So, nobody became the Monkey’s friend. However, the Monkey needed a friend in times of trouble. He searched everywhere for a friend. So, the monkey was very upset and very angry at them. From that day onwards he started stealing things which he loved and he did not care about God. Now the animals and God wanted to teach him a lesson. One day, the monkey saw bananas which he loved to eat. There were very few bananas in that place. He became very greedy for bananas and he searched everywhere for more bananas and at last he found lots of bananas. He did not see that it was a trap by the other animals of the jungle. As he jumped on the bananas, he was trapped.

Moral : Never be greedy.

— Sourav Paul
Std. 3 – B



3rd Prize

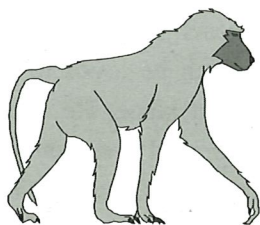
The Greedy Monkey

Once there was a greedy monkey. He was very hungry. He was wondering where he would get tasty food from. Then after sometime the greedy monkey got delicious smell of food. He said to himself, “Somebody is cooking some tasty food for me”. But as he went smelling the tasty food, he saw a pot of cookies. He thought for a moment “Instead of searching for food, I can fill my stomach with cookies!” As he went closer, he put his hand in the pot. He caught the cookies and then tried to take them out. As he was ready to eat them,



he opened his mouth, then he heard a loud, “No! No! No!” the fox said, “those cookies will make your clean and shining teeth all brown.” The monkey again thought for a moment, “Yes, You are right! Now what to do?” said the monkey. The fox said, “I will eat it”. “No! no! no!” said the monkey, “If I give it to you, then I would be left hungry.” The fox went far away. Then it started raining and the monkey ran away to shelter. After the rain stopped the monkey ran out again. He put his hand in the pot of cookies, and took out the cookies. But the cookies were fully wet and dripping with rain water. The monkey was feeling very bad for what he did.

Moral : If you are greedy you will not get what you want.



— Ian Michael Barboza
Std. 3 – B

Std. IV – 1st Prize

Long Long Ago in a Far Away Country...

Some stories affect our lives and we remember them through all our lives.

This is a story of Ajay, who lived in the country of China. He lived with his mother and father. His mother was suffering from cancer and suddenly died. At that time Ajay was very young; he was just 4 years old. He was very sad about what had happened to his mother.

One day he just went out in his garden and saw all the children playing. Their mothers were sitting on the side. He felt very sad that his mother was not there with him. He then saw a boy flying a kite and sadly stood next to him. The boy asked him what was wrong with him. He said that he had lost his mother. The boy felt sad and said, “See how I fly the kite. Even you can buy a kite and write a message on it”.

Ajay robbed money from his father’s pocket and bought a kite. He then wrote on it — “Mom, please come back. I miss you a lot, I need you”. The next day Ajay robbed money from his father’s pocket again, but was caught when he was flying his kite. By then the kite had got stuck somewhere, he thought that his message had reached his mother. Then his father shouted at him. But when he saw the message his eyes filled up with tears. And he said, “Child your mother has gone to God and she’ll never come back”.

— Eshita Wadhwa
Std. 4 – A

1st Prize

The Brave Dog

Once upon a time there was a girl named Lucy. She had a cute dog named Tommy. Lucy fed Tommy with milk, bread and roti and because of this Tommy became strong. Lucy always had ample food to give Tommy because her father was a farmer. Her father also sold milk. Lucy always let Tommy run around the farm. Once Tommy went out on the street. A man caught him and put him in a van. That day, Lucy called for him but Tommy did not reply. She looked for him the whole day, but could not find him. Tommy was in the van with the other dogs. He thought to himself, “I must get back home. My mistress will be worried”. Tommy thought and thought until he got an idea. He lay down and pretended to be dead. When the people saw him they thought he was dead. So they took him out and wanted to bury him. When they dug a hole, he slipped out. But the guards saw him He bit one of them and the others ran away. Seeing this, he slipped out and returned home. Lucy was delighted to see Tommy again. Tommy was also happy to be back with Lucy. Tommy never left the farm again.



— Kaveri Vaidya
Std. 4 – A

1st Prize

Renuka's forgetful Family

Long, long ago in a far away country called Jamaica, lived a little girl called Renuka. She lived with her father, mother and sister. She had good habits. For example she would say, 'Thank you' after taking something from some one. She always spoke the truth. Renu has a twin sister, Liza. Their friends could not make out who was who. This was because they did the same things at the same time.

One day Renuka's sister Liza went to play without her and if Renuka was not there with her at any moment, she would forget something or the other. Now, she forgot to wear her shoes! This happened every day when Renuka was not there. Everyone in Renuka's family was forgetful except Renuka. One day, when they were going to the beach, in their car, they carried everything they had thought about.

But when they took out everything from the bag at the beach, they had forgotten to bring their swimsuits! But Renuka had her own bag in which she kept everything she needed. Renuka took out everyone's swimsuit. This time the forgetful family did everything without forgetting anything. After a month they got their memory back.



— *Srindhi Iyengar*
Std. 4 – A

3rd Prize

The Poor boy

Long, long ago in a far away country lived a little boy called Tom. He was a nice and kind boy. He had a dog called Spotty. Along with his dog, he lived in a farm. His dad was a farmer. Tom had all sorts of animals — cows, sheep, chicken and a horse. He didn't like the farm animals much. One day he went for a walk with his dog. They went into a cave. They saw lots of gold. Tom

could not believe his eyes. He could not speak for a while. He just stared at the gold. Then he said, "GOLD!!!" His dog started barking. Just when he was about to fill his pockets he heard something. He filled his pocket, with Gold and ran away. But the big man saw him and said, "What's the matter, son?" He showed his father the gold and told him the story. His father could not believe him at first but he had to. Every day they used to go to the cave. He then became the richest boy in the town. Then the King died and Tom became the new King and they happily lived ever after.

— *Ashika Paul*
Std. 4 – B

3rd Prize

At the Fair

Once upon a time there lived a boy called Manpreet. He was a kind boy. One day he happened to know that there is a fair organized close by. So he went to his mother and asked "Mother, can I go to the fair?". To which she replied "Yes, you can".

Though Manpreet's mother agreed, she had a problem. Who would drop and fetch him? Just then Manpreet's friend Arshay called up to ask if he would like to go to the fair with him in his car. Manpreet was happy that his friend helped him and with a lot of plans for the next day, he went to sleep.

Arshay and Manpreet reached the fair early in the morning and saw that there were many people already gathered there. They bought ice-creams, candy floss and chocolates. They played many games and had lots of fun. Suddenly it began to rain and they were worried that they might get lost.

Suddenly they heard a voice and spotted Arshay's mother. They all reached safely. Later Manpreet told his mother all that happened at the fair. He also gifted her the pair of sandals he brought for her. That was the best day Manpreet ever had.

— *Caroline Frainces*
Std. 4 – B



Std. V & VI – 1st Prize

Where There is a Will

There is a Way

(Mariya's Will)

Once upon a time there lived a girl named Mariya. She lived on the banks of river Yamuna. She was kind and helpful. She had everything she wanted. She had house, parents, toys — everything. But there was a problem — she was handicapped!

One day when she reached school, she found out that their school Sports Day was on 25th March. Mariya told her mother “Mom we have our sports day on 25th March, it’s sad that you can’t participate” said her mother. Mariya was determined to take part. “I can participate mom!” Mariya participated hard. Her will led her way. She was now strong enough to run.

On the sports day, as usual, all the girls teased Mariya. They sang in chorus —

*“Mariya Oh! Mariya!
You can never run,
Seeing you running
It would’nt be fun!”*

Mariya did’nt take notice. She said to herself “Where there is a will there is a way.” As the race started, She ran and ran. It was 200 meters race. She felt down twice, but she did not give up hope. She ran as fast as she could and then finally won. All the people around her were astounded. Then when she had to say a few words on the mike, she said “Where there is a will there is a way” All the parents applauded Mariya.

— Manisha Joshi
Std. 6 – B



1st Prize

Lost and Found

The children were all playing at the picnic spot. Suddenly there was a scream. Jake’s sister had been kidnapped. The kidnapper pointed the gun towards Jake. He ran off with the girl. Jake was helpless. At that moment the helicopter took off, dropping a briefcase. When he opened it, there was a ransom note.” Bring \$ 50,000 to the Deserted Manor House in Kentucky at 12:00 am on Monday.”

Jake’s parent had died long ago. Jake and his little sister was on their own. However, he had one power, which made him special: he was an Animorph. He could change into an animal he concentrated on.

Jake knew it was time to take the matter in his hands. He morphed into a peregrine falcon and flew at 300 mph. He reached Kentucky in less than two hours. He demorphed quickly. All the doors and windows were covered by wooden strips of Oak wood.

When he was looking at the windows, the helicopter arrived. He hid quickly and then he saw that it landed on the roof. From the helicopter emerged, four men and a girl who was screaming and writhing wildly. The four men were heavily built. They came down the ladder and entered the house. Jake saw one of the men and was shocked! He had three hands and fins behind his ears!

Jake waited for some time after they went in. He morphed into a parrot. He saw that they had taken her to the top floor and locked her in with a padlock. Jake flew down and demorphed. He remorphed into a rhinoceros, charged into the door and broke it!

It was dark and damp in the house. He hid into a corner and remorphed into a ferocious tiger. He came out and killed everyone. He was angry. He went up and scratched the padlock. It did not break. He morphed into a rhino and blasted the door. His sister was scared to death on seeing the massive rhino in the room.

Then he demorphed and gave his little sister a big surprise. He told her that it was a *long story*.

— Sajiv Ravichandran
Std. 6 – C

1st Prize

The Railway Mishap

I live in a village, which is near the railway line, but the station is three kilometers away.

My school is one kilometer away, so I go there by bus, but today as I got ready early, I thought I would go there by cycle. As I am a lover of nature, I went through the jungle.

Soon, I got to the railway crossing. As there were no gates, one has to look both ways to be safe. I looked right, then left, then right again.

I was about to cross when something told me that the railway tracks were not safe. I tried to push that thought away and I crossed. I tried the jungle around but something was still bothering me. I went back to the railway crossing.

This time I saw that the track was broken. I was shocked when I realized that I was the only person who could save thousands of lives.

I opened my bag, took out the red bedsheet I had, put it on top of my cycle, and placed the cycle on the place where the railway track was broken.

I then ran to the next station and went inside the stationmaster's office. I told him about the mishap. At first, he did not believe me but even then, he stopped all trains running on that track. Then he dropped me at school by his car and went to inspect the broken track.



That day, I was called in front of the whole school. The stationmaster told me that I had saved two thousand lives. On 26th January, I was called to Delhi where I received the President's Award for Bravery. I felt very proud.

— Ashish Kumar
Std. 6 – C



3rd Prize

The Scream That Wasn't

The children were all playing at the picnic spot. Suddenly there was a scream. It sounded like someone was simply trying to fool everyone.

Everybody was surprised. They all started panicking. But not Megan. She remained calm and cool.

Megan and her friend, Rachel, always took everything seriously. Really seriously.

Megan began to think (which is obvious), and she said, "Rachel, let's go to the forest. I think the scream came from there." So there went the two Impressive Investigators (that's what they called themselves. They always expected something or the other to happen).

Rachel decided that there must be a ghost. (She was just trying to scare Megan).

But Megan was not one to be scared of *ghosts*. Especially not imaginary ones.

They went on and on, along the path, and finally came to an old, 'abandoned' house. They went inside (of course), and found an old lady sleeping on a couch. There was no one else in sight.



The girls found some pieces of paper on the floor. “Let’s put them together”, said Megan.

After they put them together, they saw that the paper said — “April Fool!!!” On examining the old woman closely, they saw that it was actually a wax statue!!!

There was also a tape recorder in the room. On pushing the ‘play’ button, the girl heard the same loud scream.

It was all just a prank. They didn’t tell the others about it, because if they did, Megan and Rachel would be the laughing stock of all the kids.

They must still be trying to find out who played that prank.

— *Anuradha Venkatramani*
Std. 6 – B



3rd Prize

The Scream that Wasn’t

All children were playing at the picnic spot. We all enjoyed a lot, till suddenly we all heard a loud scream. The scream was very loud and the person was shouting for help.

Everyone thought it was just someone fooling around. So everyone went back to playing. But my friend Nikhil and I got suspicious that moment and knew that there was something wrong going on. We began to follow the scream. We looked around for two full hours and we were far away from the campsite and got worried. But we went on till we were in the middle of the nearby jungle. We got lost in the woods. Some distance away we saw an old wooden cabin near a small stream. There was a boat there.

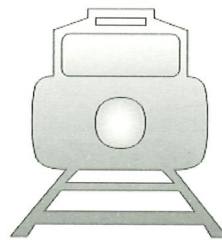
We went to the door and tried to open it but it was locked. The windows were closed. Suddenly we heard a voice coming from the cabin. We both went into a bush and hid ourselves. Then the door opened and a rogue

stepped out carrying a small girl whose hands, legs and mouth were tied. Then the rogue went to the boat and dumped her in. Then he hopped in and started to sail. We followed him by hiding behind the bushes. I told Nikhil to follow a path and reach the camp and call the police here. ‘I will be following him,’ said Nikhil and he went away.

He came back after some time and saw me near the big Banyan tree. Nikhil came with the police. The police then saw the rogue and shot the boat and the boat began to sink. The rogue went to the other side of the river and ran away. The police swam to the other side and began following him. He had left the girl to sink in the water. I quickly removed my shirt and jumped in to save the girl. Then I got out and we all went back to the campsite.

The rogue was caught and put behind bars. The police thanked us and gave us a salute. This picnic was the best one I ever had in my life.

— *Girish Malage*
Std. 6 – B



3rd Prize

The Train Tragedy

I felt so proud and brave. I went forward and received the Bravery Award from India’s President, Abdul J. Kalam. Now I’ll explain why I won the award.

Once, as I was returning from school, I was feeling very lonely, so I went down to take a walk near the railway station, which was located in a quiet area. I was walking around feeling bored. Suddenly, I saw a train coming very fast. When I moved away from the tracks, I saw that someone had broken the track which was two miles away and below it was a fast flowing river. I knew I had to stop the train from falling into the river and it was only few meters away, so I took my white handkerchief and dashed forward again to the middle of the tracks. I started to wave my handkerchief frantically, but to my

horror, the train did not stop at all! Then I realized, trains stop only when red flags are waved.

I had no red color or dye and I only had a pocketknife. I decided that I would cut my arm and dye my handkerchief red. So I cut open my arm and let all the blood get absorbed in the handkerchief and waved the dyed handkerchief. At last the driver stopped. I started to feel weaker and weaker and slowly fell down unconscious on the ground.

After an hour or two, I found myself in the hospital room. My arm was bandaged, my head was paining and my legs had small bruises. I felt I had slept for a day or two. My parents were looking at me with kind and smiling faces. A police officer told me I had saved lives of hundreds of people. Soon I got a letter from the President saying I would win the President's Bravery Award.

This is my story, now I am never bored, and I spend my time with Timmy, my pet dog.

— *Srirose Mewawalla*
Std. 5 – A



3rd Prize

The Great Adventure

Everyone in the fifth standard was very thrilled! We were going for a picnic to a beautiful garden, which had a pond in the center. We went there by bus. We had a cheerful journey, singing songs and playing games.

After we reached there, we had some food and went to play. I was playing with my best friends — Aashna and Juilee. Many children were playing in this garden. We were playing a game of “catch the cook” and Juilee was catching us. Suddenly there was a shriek just behind us. Aashna and I froze in our tracks. The scream grew

louder and louder. We looked behind to find that our beloved friend Juilee had fallen into the pond and was struggling, as she could not swim. We ran to pull her out, but it was too late. She was in the middle of the pond and the water level had reached her neck. We did not know what to do.

Suddenly a plan struck me. Why not dive into the pond and pull her out? Although I knew how to swim, I never had tried swimming in the deep. But as she was my best friend, I gathered enough courage and dived into the pond. Her legs were entangled in the weeds. I freed her legs, caught hold of her arms and tried to draw her to the bank. But I didn't have enough strength to pull her to the bank. Aashna saw me struggling to pull Juilee out; she went to search for a strong branch. She soon found it and yelled, “Joanna, catch hold of this branch, and I will pull you out.”

By now the other children passed on this news to our teacher and she scrambled to help us. I caught hold of the branch with one hand, and with the other I caught hold of Juilee's hand. Then the teacher and Aashna tugged the branch towards them. I was half swimming and half walking, clinging to the branch. At last we managed to reach the bank. Juilee had many bruises on her hands and legs. Luckily, we had a first aid kit in the bus; the teacher wound bandages around her wound. I was very happy that I saved her.

The next day the Principal of our school thanked me and gave me a reward — in front of the whole school! Juilee's parents thanked me a lot and told me that if I needed any help, I could call them. But the surprise came from Juilee — a special treat at Pizza Hut! I was very happy. I would never forget this event in my life!

— *Joanna Thomas*
Std. 5 – B





3rd Prize

Excitement in Fairyland

The children were all playing at the Picnic Spot. Suddenly there was a scream! The children looked at the rose bush from where the scream had come and went upto it. They saw a little girl behind it who had fallen down and hurt herself badly. There were many scratches on her hands and the thorns had torn her skirt.

Isabel, one of the children, kindly took out her handkerchief and gently pressed the girl's scratches. Then Dick asked her, "Who are you, what is your name?"

The girl replied, "My name is Tinker Bell and I'm a fairy. I've been chased away by a naughty pixie from Fairyland. As I am now in the world of children, I'm in disguise of a girl. Please, don't tell my secret to anyone".

There was a silence after her speech. At first they did not believe her and thought that she was telling lies. The fairy, as she had called herself, read their thoughts.

"No, I'm not telling a lie." And then, for a moment, she took out her disguise and then became a girl again. The children stared in wonder.

"Wow!" said Jack, "I thought fairies were not real. Can you show us what you can do?"

"Yes, I can," she said and took out her wand, "I will take you to Fairyland so that I can get out of this disguise."

Suddenly the children found themselves in a beautiful place. The fairy said, "Now I will show you some magic." She waved her wand and a table appeared with all kinds of food on it, jelly, meat, cream and sandwiches. They ate all of it. The rest of the day was spent with the fairy showing them magic.

It began to get dark and the children had to go home. They went home and they all agreed that it had been an exciting day in Fairyland.

— Rhea Katyal
Std. 5 – B

Std. VII & VIII – 1st Prize

You Go for a Holiday and Get Stranded There

I had gotten a good result in my final exams, so my parents sent me to New York. I had a wonderful time there. I visited the World Trade Centre Twin Towers, the Statue of Liberty and many other places.

I was put up at the house of my father's colleague. Mr. Dimson was a nice man. He dropped me at the New York International airport because my father had called up and told me to go there directly. He wanted me to be there by 2:30 p.m. because the flight to India was at 4:30 p.m.

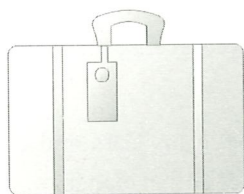
Mr. Dimson had a Jaguar. He dropped me at the airport on his way to work. I went to the check in counter. When they checked my ticket, they said that my plane had left two hours ago and that it was now 6:30 p.m. I was shocked! When I came out of the terminal, I was in a state of shock, fear and excitement. I wondered whether they had changed the flight timing and looked at my watch. It showed 2:45 p.m. Then it struck me that I had not adjusted my watch to the American standard time; my watch still was showing Indian standard time. I was stranded in New York with nothing but ten dollars, a few clothes, some books and a little food.



I asked a taxi-driver to take me to the place of my dad's colleague. He looked like a gangster but I had to risk it because there wasn't another taxi in sight. He took me to Mr. Dimson's place. But he demanded that I give him all my possessions, but I was too quick for him. I opened the door and bolted towards the lift. I went to the third floor and rang the doorbell. Mr. Dimson was surprised to see me. When I told him what had happened, he told me that I could change the date of flight anytime up to six months. He said he was going there on business and I could come with him.

So a week later, we boarded a plane to India via Bangkok. When we arrived in India and saw my parents, the only thing which came to my mind was the quote, 'All's well that ends well.'

— *Sayantan Dutt*
Std. 7 – C



2nd Prize

Toy Causes Panic at the Terminal

Shelly was on her way to the domestic airport. She was going with her parents and elder brother Eric to Kashmir for a holiday. She was thoroughly excited but knew not what lay ahead. "Finally we reached the airport," said Shelly. The traffic was too much. Lucky they had expected such a situation and had left home three hours before the check in time.

Shelly and her family were leaving from the Santacruz domestic airport. It was Shelly's first experience of flying in a plane so she was restless and nagging her mother to take her near the plane. "It is not possible to go near the plane before time," told her mother for around the hundredth time that morning. So Shelly sat and read her book occasionally seeing the take-off of the planes.

"Oh god!" "Oh no!" "This can't be happening!" "No way" "Get away, hurry and run for your lives" "What is all that confusion Ma?" asked Shelly. "Let's go and find out," said Eric. So they made their way to the other room. They could see people running.

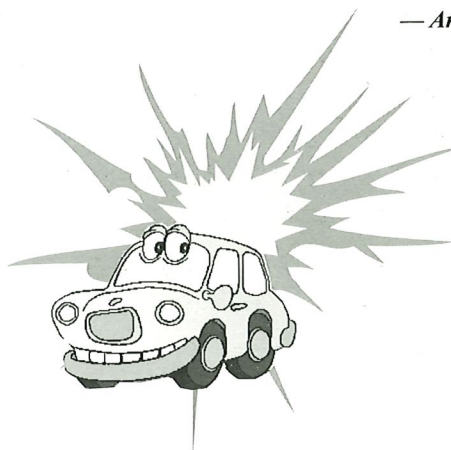
The center of attraction was a bomb with a timer attached to it. The timer was slowly ticking 5:38, 5:37 and 5:36. People watched it with bated breath. "It's going to explode soon," shouted a man. They tried to hurry out of the airport only to find the doors locked and the watchman away. "Drat! that watchman! I'm going to complain against him," said a woman. "Oh no! 2 minutes left," shouted Shelly.

All tried to move away. 1 minute. People started crying. The situation turned critical. 1/2 a minute, 5 seconds, 4, 3, 2, 1, and then "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!"

All started around astonished, when a family hurried near the bomb, which had started screaming as if it was in pain. "How did this land here? It was with Monica," said the man. SURPRISED? Let me explain. The man, Mr. Sheikh was going to Delhi. His daughter Monica and his wife Mrs. Sheikh were going with him. It was Sohan's birthday and the bomb was a mere toy, which would start the birthday song as per the timing. Monica had no idea that she had started the time. So it had started the song.

All had a hearty laugh and made their way back to work. The TV reporters came too. The critical situation had suddenly turned hysterical!

— *Anuja Deodhar*
Std. 8 – C





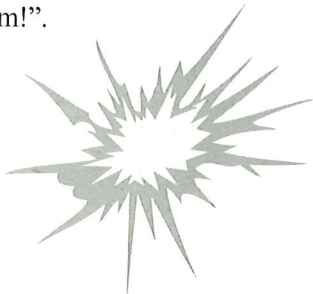
3rd Prize

Toy Causes Bomb Scare

“Toy causes bomb scare” — Well that’s not a kind of phrase you see very often. May be that’s why it is interesting. It attracts you to a boring, daily newspaper. Till now, it usually seemed fun to read. But now, I was going through the article seriously. I was at the spot yesterday where the incident had taken place.

I had been on a holiday to Goa for the Christmas vacation. We alighted the flight and went to collect the luggage, we got all the bags except for one; mine. We waited for a minute and it appeared at the end of the moving belt. I watched it move towards me and I quickly grabbed it. As I caught and pulled my bag, a loud yell pierced through my ears. I looked around as to what was going on. I saw people at one corner crowding together. My father appeared from midst of the crowd. He caught my hand and whispered something to my mom. My mom lifted my sister and we rushed out of the airport. All I knew was; there is something wrong. Then I noticed what the people were screaming; BOMB! BOMB! I was practically astonished, but not my sister; she giggled excitedly. Probably, she was not old enough to understand, later my dad told me that it was a toy left behind accidentally or wilfully. But I wanted to know more.

So, I slowly went down the newspaper article. It didn’t sound that serious though. I read the last line “... as a child about two or four came and picked up the toy.” I was surprised, irritated and I also felt like laughing. What was all the panic about? Kid’s lost toy?!! Well, I don’t care. As far as there was no damage done, its all okay. Anyway, it seems pretty funny. I couldn’t wait till everyone saw this. I rushed out of the room calling, “Dad! Mom!”.



— Anusha Rajan
Std. 8 – A

3rd Prize

Stranded on an Island!

“Yippee...!!”. My sister’s screams carried downstairs right into my bedroom. I woke up with a start. Thinking that she had got the video game she had ordered for (at last!), I quickly ran up the stairs. There my 16 year old sister was dancing on the bed with joy and my parents were laughing helplessly, firstly, at my sister and secondly, at my dishevelled appearance. They were holding something which looked like flight tickets.

Being suspicious, I asked my parents “Why is D. J. (my elder sister; full name is Donna Jo, not Disc jockey!) suddenly acting like a chimp?” They finished laughing and my dad answered, “Well, we decided to go to Mauritius for the holidays, so she shouted and started the ‘chimp dance’!”.

I just couldn’t believe my ears and even I gave a shout and joined my sister in her dance.

We were supposed to leave that very night, so packing time was very hectic. Soon, we left the house and reached the airport and boarded the flight. So long folks! We reached Mauritius and as soon as we left from the airport, I inhaled the fragrance of Mauritius soil.

Soon we reached the hotel and went sight-seeing. My father announced later that evening that he had enrolled us into a camp which is specially organised for exploring Mauritius. I hugged my sister with joy.

The next day, we left for the camp. Our destination was an island known as Paradisio, just off the coast of Mauritius. We left by a large motor boat and soon touched the coastline of island Paradisio.

It was breath-taking. The tall coconut palms, the soft, warm sand and the blue waters were overwhelming. Soon, we were handed out maps and compasses, divided into groups and we started exploring. D. J. and I were in one group. We explored the east side of the coast. There were many caves and small pools of water tucked by a

clump of coconut palms. Each and every nook and corner was beautiful.

Soon we heard the sound of a bugle and knew it was time to get back. Then we realized that someone had mistakenly slipped a magnet inside our bags and our compasses were de-magnetized! We screamed in horror, since we did not know the way back, as we had crossed many caves and trees.

Then we heard a faint roaring sound and realized that the motor boat had left without us! I started trembling with fear. D. J. whispered, "Stephanie, we are in deep trouble. We are cast away!" Although I did not want to believe it, but knew it was true.

We wandered for about two days, surviving on coconuts and water. Meanwhile, our parents had frantically searched the whole of Mauritius and decided to take a helicopter to search for us.

As we were collecting bananas for lunch on the third day (Can you believe it!?) we had a sudden impulse to look up at the sky. And there were my parents, shouting from the helicopter. It landed and we boarded it, with a lot of kisses and hugs from our parents. We were saved and I just couldn't believe it.

So, after all the fun, suffering, fear and bananas (just joking), my holiday came to an end and mark my words, it was superb!!

— Pali Kanungo
Std. 7 – B



Std. IX & X – 1st Prize

The Fortune Teller

Here I was, sitting in an old chair covered with embroidered velvet, waiting for the woman to appear. It was a dingy little room inside a pink striped tent with a board that proclaimed, "KNOW YOUR FUTURE, FOR JUST ONE DOLLAR". It was the only place at the summer carnival, which didn't require any effort from me.

So here I was, trying to make myself as comfortable as you can get when you're enveloped in some foul-smelling smoke, when she came slinking in, the numerous strings of beads hanging from her neck clinking softly. "Ahhh, my sweetie," she drawled, "you want to know your future, eh?" She lowered her purple robed self into a chair and gazed into my eyes, then slowly began waving her hands over her glass orb.

As she stared intently into that milky crystal ball, I studied her face. She looked vaguely familiar and had very manly features. She had one single eyebrow over-both eyes, a square jaw and what looked like a freshly shaved beard. The colour of the hair not covered by her bright red bandanna didn't match the colour of the clump of hair visible under the bandanna. In fact, her hair was short and blond under the piece of cloth but the longer ends were brown.

But just then she looked up and a hand with short, stubby, hairy fingers ending in the most fake looking black nails grasped my seemingly tiny ones and her hypnotic gaze met mine. It made me forget all my doubts about her.

In a low, raspy tone, she began, "Ahh, I see your future. My crystal ball tells me all. Your future is very bleak, very bleak indeed. You will be highly unsuccessful, the laughing stock anywhere you go. That is of course, if you continue to live as you do. You must mask your true colours by pretending to be someone else. Else"



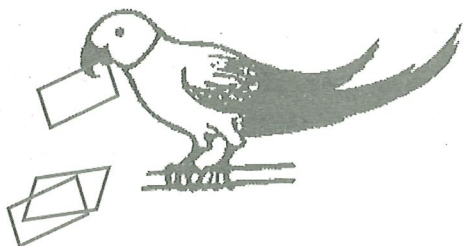
“Else what?” I said in a wobbly voice. “I mean, aren’t fortune tellers the ones who predict lottery numbers and make people rich or famous? Why does my fortune have to be so weird? Why, why, WHY? Are you sure you’ve got your facts right?” The words tumbled out of my mouth incessantly, that is, till it dropped open when I saw the bandanna slip off to reveal a mop of spiky blond hair. It was all I needed to confirm my earlier impressions.

I’d recognize that hair anywhere. It belonged to my grouchy neighbour, Mr. Sanders. A fake pair of eyelashes dropped and I was sprawled on the floor, doubling up with laughter. As tears streamed down my face, I heard Mr. Sanders explaining that he had owed the carnival owner a large sum of money and had been compelled to repay him in this way.

Of all the bizarre events that have taken place in my life, this one definitely takes the cake. All I can say is, the carnival owner sure is one funny guy!!

— *Shivohne Saldanha*

Std. 9 – C



2nd Prize

The Fortune Teller

The pungent fumes filled my nose as I entered the small, dingy room. There was something about this place that had drawn me towards it. Yet it was very difficult to imagine a person like me standing in the cabin of “The Oracle”.

I had never believed in destiny. Since childhood, I had felt that we all make our own destiny and I gave full credit to myself for being successful in life. I was not

successful because it was written in my so called “destiny”, It was because of my hard work.

In spite of my adamant beliefs, here I was, in a fortune teller’s cabin, wondering whether to stay or to leave. I had come to Alpine Street to buy a hat but something about this place had drawn me to it. I had never heard of it before and I knew the name because the neon sign outside read — “The Oracle”. Realizing that the entire situation was extremely weird, I turned around to leave.

Just as I was stepping out of the door, a clear drawling voice said- “The hat shop was closed on account of the manager’s death . . . you may sit and speak to me if you wish.” I turned around to see a short, fat lady with green eyes and a very pretty face. “Are you the Oracle?” I managed to say. She replied with a nod and motioned to the chair opposite her.

My brain was disagreeing with the rest of my body. I wanted to leave but instead I went and sat down on the chair. She stared at me but I saw pity in her eyes. “Know why you’re here . . .”, she said in her misty voice. Even I did not know why I was there, then how would she know? But I did not voice this out; all I did was gaze back at her.

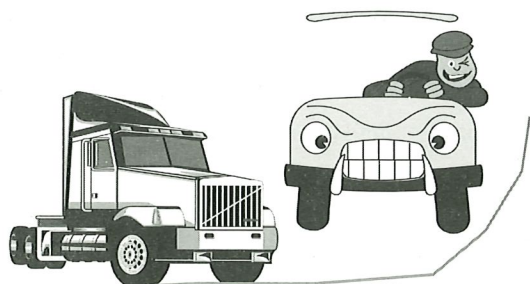
“Do not go to Montgomery Road today”, she said. I was knocked back to my senses. I stood up, angry with myself for wasting time in this rotten place. I had never been on Montgomery Road and did not plan on going there either. I slammed a few notes onto the table and turned to leave. “Don’t go . . . lest you regret”, was all she said, but I ignored her and walked out.

I was fuming. Superstition was the last thing I believed in. As I got my car out of the parking lot I noticed the closed hat shop. I took one look at my watch and knew that it was past time for the closing of the shop. All the things that she had said were swimming in my head. It was hard to concentrate on my driving and in my disillusionment I must have made a wrong turn somewhere.

There was a truck coming straight at me and the next thing I knew, I was lying in a pool of blood, my blood.

There were police officers around me. I could hear one reporting on his walkie-talkie "Accident — Montgomery Road". As I lay there taking my last breaths, I thought about all that had happened. Now I was convinced that we make our own destiny. Had I not gone to see the Oracle, I would not have thought of her and none of this would have happened. But it was too late to repent . . .

— *Mehek Contractor*
Std. 10 – B



The Culprit

His eyes darted madly up and down, forward and backward, inside his open suitcase and under his seat. The train whistled and moved on, shaking from one side to another, making it difficult for the man to search for whatever he had lost. I was watching him closely and unable to hide my curiosity, I asked if he had lost something. In a gruff tone, the man replied that his ticket was stolen. I examined the man. He wore a dignified tuxedo (like someone out of a movie), had a handsome face and light blue eyes. He looked like a kind, honest man. I asked him what made him so sure that the ticket was not misplaced. He replied that it could not have been so because just a few minutes ago he had placed it on the small table that stood between the two seats.

I offered to help him search for his ticket. We flipped thru his magazine, his file, the folded pile of documentary papers etc. without any luck. By now, I had started to believe that someone had stolen his ticket. I doubtfully watched the fat burly man sitting next to the man who lost his ticket. He was sitting motionless,

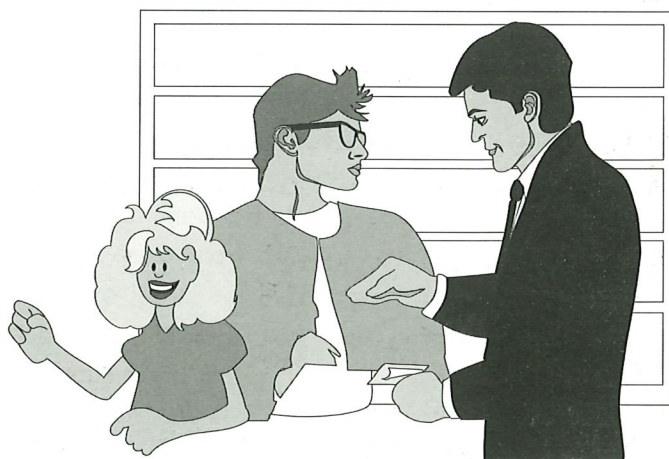
staring right through the window. In order to clear my doubt, I asked the fat man if he had seen the ticket. He barely shook his head and continued to stare out of the window, as if I did not exist.

A trifle snubbed by his attitude, I turned away from him to face the man who had lost his ticket. He was now frantic. He searched his pockets without any luck. Beads of sweat ran down his face. The ticket checker was on his way. I tried to console him and make him feel relaxed, but it did not help.

I sat wondering who the culprit might be and how he had managed to steal the ticket in such a short while. Meanwhile, the man had finally given up searching for his ticket and sat muttering and cursing the culprit. A piece of paper landed on my leg from somewhere. The man jumped up and grabbed it as if expecting it to be his lost ticket but only to realize that it was just plain paper.

The ticket checker came in and asked the man for his ticket. He took one large gulp of water and told him that he had lost it. After a heated argument, the T.C. made the man get down in some small station, while the train moved on. The train finally reached Delhi and as I put my hand to remove some change to make a call, I pulled out another piece of paper. Imagine my shock to find out that the piece of paper was nothing, else but the man's ticket, which had accidentally landed in my purse. The culprit who I had cursed was none other than me.

— *Namisha Misra*
Std. 10 – B





Cons. Prize

The Culprit

Man is the cause of every mishap in nature. Man is destructive both in artificial and manmade things.

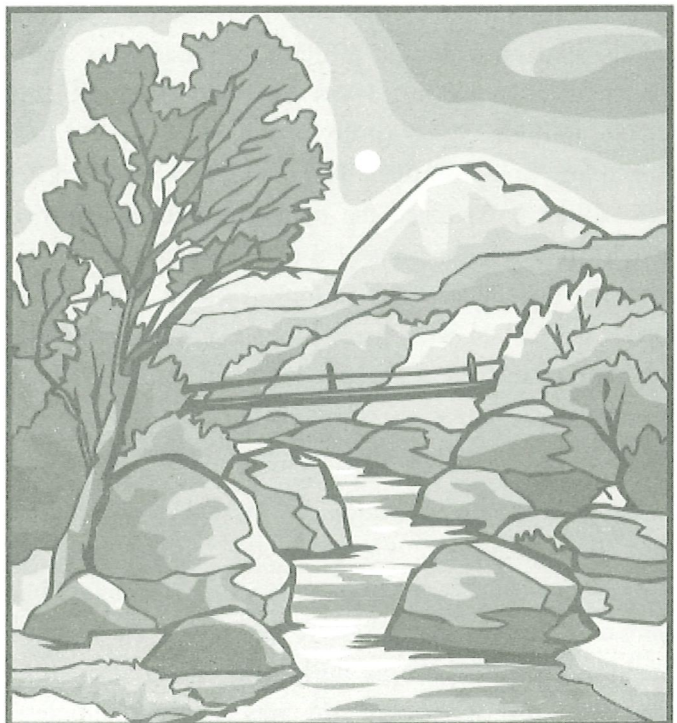
It so happened that one day, I went on a nature trail. I was very engrossed in the habits of the many creatures I saw. Being a nature lover, I guess this trip made me more attached to nature. Thus, I developed a skill of creating plastic toys of animals. I used all the junk I could lay my hands on to create these toys. I hoped this would develop into a productive hobby.

One night, on returning from a friend's birthday, I quickly tore open my return gift to discover a beautiful pouch inside. As I was examining my gift, the power suddenly went off. Being a mischievous child, I loved creating havoc and it was now time to have fun. I quickly took shelter behind a tree and groped about for some junk. I found a piece of a rubber tube on the wet ground. It was cut from a garden hose. I found a worn out string in my pocket. With the help of these two commodities, I was able to produce a rather well shaped snake. My naughty eyes twinkled in the dark and I peeped out of my hiding place to see two children running in my direction. I quickly put the rubber tube on the centre of the road and held on tight to the string attached to its body. When the children were within hearing range, I screamed "Snake! Snake!!" The snake twitched when I pulled the string. The children, terrified, ran away. I bottled my laughter till they were beyond earshot and then burst out laughing. Tears rolled down my puffed cheeks. By now I had adjusted my eyes completely to the dark. Then came my best chance to have fun – I saw a boy cycling towards me. As he came closer, he gathered speed. He came closer and closer and, as it was very very dark, I could see only the silhouette of his cycle. I tugged at the string so that it seemed alive. Before I could yell "Snake!", the rider, who was completely aware of some obstruction on road, stumbled down. I immediately hopped behind the tree waiting for the time when I would hear a scream and

the pounding away of footsteps, but all I heard was a screech of car tyres, a honk, the word 'Help' and the speeding away of car tyres. My curiosity knew no bounds and on looking at what had become of my prank, I saw a little boy lying on the ground, whimpering. He kept murmuring something. On having a closer look, I recognized the boy to be none other than my younger brother. I was scared and wanted to flee, but I knew I couldn't do so. I quickly called up my parents who immediately rushed to the spot with paramedics. I told them that it was an accident and that I just happened to see it. My conscience pricks me every time I think of this incident, but I have never told anybody about this incident. My brother had to be taken to three hospitals and received twenty-nine stitches. He was also bedridden for one month. I really regret having done such a thing. I was the culprit for this happening and promised never to play pranks again (hopefully . . .).

I gave up making rubber toys for a while and well, I guess I broke my promise of never playing pranks again because as soon as my brother was fit as a fiddle, I returned to my hobbies.

— *Sneha Susan John*
Std. 9 – C



ENGLISH POEM WRITING COMPETITION

Std. III & IV – 1st Prize

Being a Colour

I am the colour in the rainbow called red
 When there is no sunlight and rain,
 I am forced to go to bed,
 Because I am a colour in the rainbow,
 Everyone says that I love to shine and glow.
 I have a wonderful life with my wife blue,
 Who always says “I love you”
 There are no studies here,
 So no one has anything to fear.
 People say that we start from a golden pot,
 We love to do this a lot,
 I get out first because I am red,
 And I hate to go to bed.
 Being a colour in the rainbow is fun indeed,
 Because there are many friends when in need.

— Siddhant Pradhan
 Std. 3 – B

3rd Prize

My Fingers

My fingers are the best
 They never ever rest
 But do the work I tell
 They help in writing
 And help me to eat
 They all work as well as I tell
 They work in every way
 They help us in the every work
 that our parents and teachers say
 These help in large ones and short ones
 In every little thing and little way
 They help us carrying things
 They help us binding things
 They help us in big things & small
 All the things we say

— Sophia Velthedathu
 Std. 4 – A



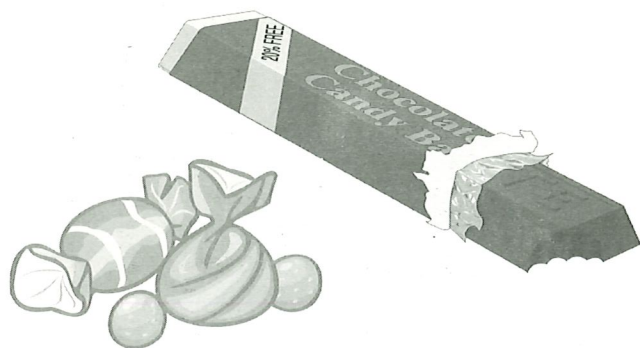
2nd Prize

Being a Colour

Being a colour would be the best,
 as you'll be more colourful than the rest.
 Blue, yellow, green and red,
 are the colours that can decorate a bed.
 Dark colours like black and brown,
 are not used to paint a town.
 Green can colour many things,
 like vegetables, like beans.
 But if you are yellow,
 they'll call you are a dirty fellow.
 But some people think colours are bad,
 because some colours can't colour their dads.

— Vijay Subramanian
 Std. 3 – C





Cons. Prize

Being a Colour

If I were a colour children would use me
to colour pretty flowers.
They would also use me to colour
cats and kittens.
Children would keep me in compass boxes, and
use me to colour foxes.
Children would use me for drawing;
they would also use me for painting.
Children would use me
to colour superman.
They would also use me
to colour spiderman.
If I were a colour I would be,
Red as the rose, blue as the sky,
green as the leaves, yellow as the sun,
white as the Moon, black as the board.
If I were a colour it would be a fun.

— Rishav Gupta
Std. 3 – A



Cons. Prize

Chocolate

I love chocolates,
I eat them all day long,
Chocolate candies are my favourite sweets,
They really make lovely everyday treats.

My favourite chocolate is,
Nutties! Only Nutties,
But when my mother won't buy them for me,
I say "Please, please give them to me!"

Eclairs, Dairy Milk, I eat all sorts of chocolates
And Wonka Bars are another favourite of mine.

But don't think that I don't like other chocolates,
'Cause I would give my life for chocolates.

— Akanksha Nathany
Std. 3 – B, G1

Cons. Prize

Chocolate

Eating chocolates is bad
And if we don't get chocolates we feel sad

For small children eating chocolate is fun
And when they get chocolates
they forget to eat jam and bun

Eating chocolates are harmful to teeth
Says my friend Geet

When we go to the chocolate shop we are greedy
If we are kind we should give chocolates to the needy

Small children cry for chocolates
They don't even like fish fry in front of chocolates

I also like chocolates
But I also know they are not good

My favourite chocolate is dairy milk
It is as smooth as silk

Eating chocolates is bad
And if we don't get chocolates we feel sad



— Dhiraja P. Palkar
Std. 4 – A

V & VI – 1st Prize

I want to be

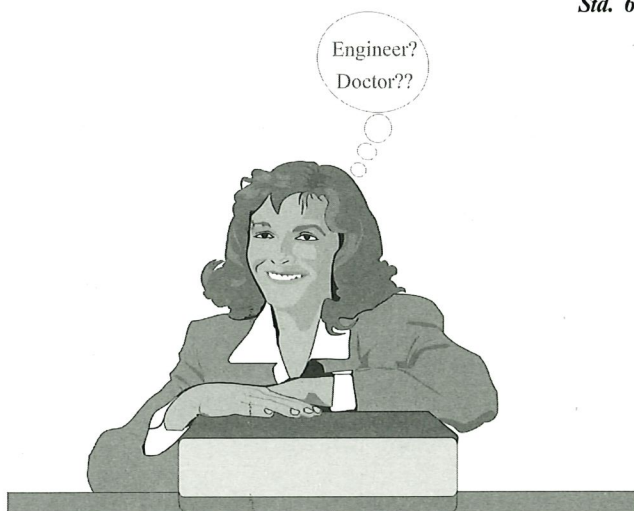
When I was a young girl
And looked up at the sky
I always thought I would like to become
A bird who could fly!

But now that I have grown up
And got a bit of sense
I would like to be an architect
And make a house with a fence.

Or I could be a singer
Go singing down the lanes
But mother said, “Stop singing child,
You’ll break the window panes!”

Now I’ve settled on becoming an author
But no matter what I’ll be,
One thing is forever sure
I’ll stick to humanity!

— *Trushaa Castelino*
Std. 6 – B



2nd Prize

I want to be

A Doctor is what I want to be
Sick people I will see,
I will fix their muscles and bones
And busy will be all my phones.

An Artist is what I want to be
I will paint many mountains and trees,
I will paint landscapes and beaches
And other bright butterflies and leaches

An Archeologist is what I want to be
Many beautiful monuments I will see,
I will discover temples and tombs
Not to mention ancient cups and combs.

A Cook is what I want to be
I will cook carrots and peas,
I will cook scrumptious dishes
With meat, and seafood like fishes.

But I still don’t know what I want to be
So far now I’m just goooood old ME.

— *Aashna Gilder*
Std. 6 – C



3rd Prize

I Want to Be

In this wide world,
There are many things I want to be,
Many places I want to see.
I want to be an eagle flying high
With all its spirits flying by.
I could roam all around free,
I hope this wish comes true for me.
But I wouldn't have had hands to use
Nor a wit for people to amuse
So I don't want to be an eagle anyway
This is all I want to say.

I want to be a super-hero.
With great powers for a sub zero.
I would rule the world with ease
And all the world would fall to their knees.

All the people would for help ask
Oh no ! It would be such a difficult task!
Everyone would always scream for me -Help! Help!
So I guess its best to be myself.

— Varun Roy
Std. 6 – C

Cons. Prize

I want to be . . .

I want to be a star,
with a huge car.
The whole world,
looking at my new set of pearls.

With a new look in fashion,
making it everybody's passion.
To wear what I wear,
beautiful beyond compare.

With Oscars in my hands,
And owning large lands.
To spread my fame,
and make a big name.



Want to be the best,
from east to west.
With a lot of power,
as I want to be the best star forever.

— Nakshita Arora
Std. 6 – C

Cons. Prize

I want to be a fairy

I want to be a fairy,
And my name kept as Mary,
Oh! It would be such a joy,
To show that I can fly.

I will fly with my wings,
Through the magic rings,
all through fairyland,
With my magic wand in my hand.

And as I fly past fairy land,
Looking all lovely and grand,
All the folks would say, "Look at Mary",
"Isn't she a beautiful fairy?"

My only hope is to become a fairy,
And my name kept as Mary,
But still I am happy,
That God has made me, ME.

— Tiya Thomas
Std. 5 – A

Std. VII & VIII – 1st Prize

My Loveliest Dream

As a child at the age of three
 Mother put me to bed
 Hugged me, kissed me
 And 'sweet dreams Jenny' she said
 As I shut my eyes a dream I got
 I would get such a dream, ooh ! I never thought
 I dreamt of myself, a queen,
 Of Never Never Land
 Where everybody, yes all
 Obeyed my command
 I was dressed in a golden gown
 With my elegant crown
 And if anyone saw me
 In my beauty he would drown
 With gold, silver and platinum trees
 With rubies and diamonds, all belonging to me
 Queen of land, Queen of sea
 The most beautiful of all is none other than me
 I sang aloud 'bout my beauty
 To butterfly and bee
 Then suddenly I heard mother call out to me
 She said "ooh ! get up, get up Jenny"
 I opened my eyes and saw the real queen
 My mother's princess as I have always been
 The cutest of all she has ever seen
 This is my past at the age of three
 And the description of my loveliest dream



— Candice Cutinha
 Std. 7 – C



2nd Prize

Dreams

Dreams are meant for everyone
 You should be desperate to see one
 Dreams can be seen at any time
 You can dream; it's not a crime!

Dreams can make the impossible, possible
 They can make the most irresponsible person, reliable
 You can dream of animals talking
 And you can imagine, mountains walking!

Dreams can be scary, dreams can be fun,
 They can be serious and ruin everyone.
 Dreams can be logical, they can be nonsense
 They can also make a lazy man successful by his
 perseverance

So, if you want to dream
 Dream to the fullest
 Cause if you don't get a chance later
 Your life will be like an empty nest.

— Sagar Harinarayan
 Std. 4 – A

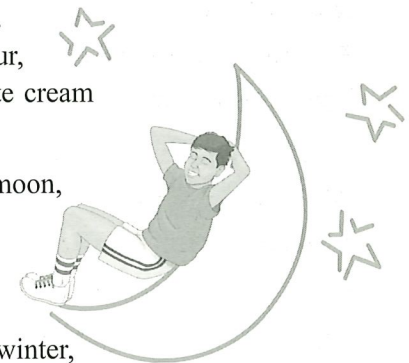
Cons. Prize

Dreams

You can fly in a boat,
 Walk in a human's throat.
 You can wrestle a dinosaur,
 Eat a roomful of chocolate cream
 If you can dream.

If you want to go to the moon,
 You are there in a jiffy,
 You can also find
 Lions eating jelly.

You can play football in winter,
 Cricket in July.
 You can eat chocolate,
 Just as much as you like.



— Jibran Contractor
 Std. 7 – B



3rd Prize

My World

In my world,
There will be no competition.
That leads young people
To make harsh decisions.

In my world,
There will be no strife over self - image,
as everybody would be positive,
And be content about themselves.

In my world
Young girls would not strive so hard
to achieve that perfect figure,
or that perfect hair-do.
Wearing a bathing suit wont be that hard
as no one minds
what the other person wears
or whether it is the latest new trend

Hear, hear, young teenage folk,
This world's tough to understand.
But, if you try to imagine,
This world could be my world.
Where everyone leads a carefree life
And spends their time and energy
On work instead,
Instead of criticizing themselves,
Or thinking about how badly they deck.
Be fair to yourself, forgive and forget.

That is the motto of my world.
Live and let live.
And be a part of my newly found world

— Pali Kanungo
Std. 7 - B



Cons. Prize

Dreams

In my little head up here,
Flow many dreams –
Just like streams!

I'm glad to give a voice to my dream
I feel like a cat that has got its cream
It will chase away all my blues –
Here are a few I would like to share with you.

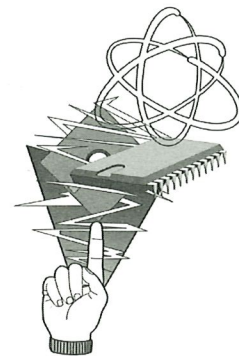
Football is my favourite game
I hope it will get me fame
Every opponent to quickly tame
That's my dream and aim.
To be the second Beckham for all to proclaim



I wish there were not so many tests
'cause tests make children into pests!
Or so my mother says.
I dream that Monday to Friday, would be a holiday,
Only a weekend a school day –
I would spend all my hours by the Arabian Bay,
Have fun and frolic all the way.

What fun it would be if my dream came to light
To see and feel true delight.
Everyone friendly no sudden fight,
No bullies to show their might.

I wish the days were longer
In every vacation – be they in
Winter or in summer.



I have to end my dream and go
No more can I be slow.
I have to study my, 'circuits and electric flow'
Or my Physics teacher may show me the door.
A test has been planned for tomorrow
If I do not study, I'll be in for much sorrow.
No more football practice – Oh! Horror.

— Haren Rao
Std. 7 - A

Std. IX – 1st Prize

As I Wait

As I wait for that perfect sign
 To let me know that it's my time
 To take matters into my hands
 And weave together life's fragile strands
 Into a splendid fabric;
 Or to light Life's candle's wick
 And show the world the way
 To a sunnier and more pleasant day,
 I realize that that perfect sign
 Might not come till the end of time.
 Right here, right now — it's up to me and you
 To do the best that we can do.
 Do not wait for signs from above,
 Just go ahead and spread some love!
 And for the sake of the human race,
 Please strive to make our world a better place.

— *Shivohne Saldanha*
 Std. 9 – C



2nd Prize

The Wait to Fame

As I wait, in ecstasy
 For a new birth, a new way
 An opportunity of gold,
 a shimmering fortune
 In all its splendour, it lay

When in the darkness,
 the path of enlightenment
 Guides me towards the glowing goal
 Conquers my soul,
 and awakens my desire
 To be what I am,
 in the struggling, worldly stroll

I wish to be granted
 a little more patience
 To wait, for my time will come
 I pray, from the Lord,
 for vigour and zest
 To be defeated yes,
 but surely to beat some

I want to be famous,
 loved and wooed
 As any of the mortal world would like
 I 'll wait, if I must,
 striving and dreaming
 Living for the day when I strike.

— *Gail Cutinha*
 Std. 9 – A



3rd Prize

In the Dark

In the dark I find you,
Because I need someone beside me,
I have to make it through,
But I need you to guide me.

You've always shown me the bright way,
the right way;
But never gave me the chance –
To thank you and the words I wanted to say.
– God you were the one, who helped me in my life's
darkest day

Today I stand and wait for you,
I hope you will come before its too late.
God I love you and will always will do;
You are my soul guide and my mate

Give me your blessings, oh! God I pray;
To have courage to face anything;
– That comes on my way.
Help me to be better, help me when I'm down,
In sorrow I stay... when you are not around.

— Priyanjali Ghosh
Std. 9 – A



Cons. Prize

As I Wait . . .

As I wait amidst the crowded place,
Searching for a familiar face,
A helping hand, I pray I would see
Which would save me from drowning in pain and agony.

As I wait, watching the seashore,
I realise that mankind has failed me once more.
In the good old days I had friends all around
But when I need help not a soul is found . . .

As I wait near the countryside
I feel the loneliness and gloom growing deep inside
I fear that all the happiness in my life is gone –
The greenery is lost leaving behind the empty lawn.

As I wait on the stairs near my room,
I find myself being steadily swallowed in by gloom.
I wait for a touch which can allay my pain.
I sit waiting for hours together, but in vain

— Samira Varanasi
Std. 9 – B

Cons. Prize

As I Wait!

As I wait on a coconut tree,
For the rescue team to come and save me
I vividly remember, the people who were washed
Away by the sea.

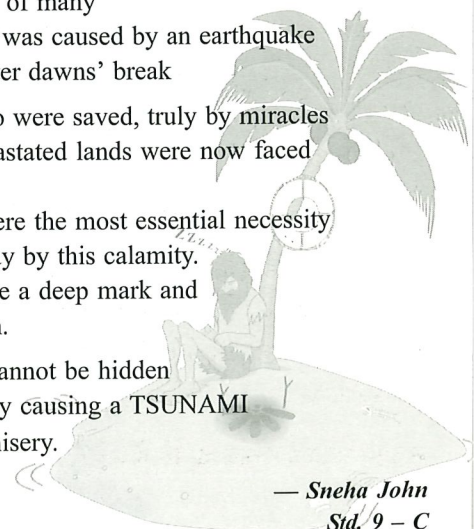
With cries of sorrow, pain and agony
'Cause it was the 'day' after Christmas
That changed the lives of many
The giant wave which was caused by an earthquake
Engulfed many just after dawn's break

Lucky, were those who were saved, truly by miracles
The people of the devastated lands were now faced
with many obstacles.

Water, food, shelter were the most essential necessity
Which were taken away by this calamity.
This incident will leave a deep mark and
will never be forgotten.

Death, a truth which cannot be hidden
It was Nature's fury, by causing a TSUNAMI
That led us into this misery.

— Sneha John
Std. 9 – C



HINDI ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION

Std. III & IV – 1st Prize

मेरा प्रिय त्योहार

मेरा प्रिय त्योहार है होली। होली आनंद और मस्ती का त्योहार है। होली फागुन महीने के पूनम को होती है। रात को होली जलाई जाती है। औरतें बड़ी श्रद्धा से उसकी पूजा करती हैं। दूसरे दिन को धूलेंड़ी कहते हैं। इस दिन लोग एक दूसरे को रंग लगाते हैं। बच्चे पिचकारियों से खेलते हैं और लाल गुलाल लगाते हैं। सबके चेहरे पहचानने को मुश्किल हो जाते हैं क्योंकि सबके चेहरे रंग से भरे होते हैं। होली के दिन रंग खेलने के लिये हम गंदे कपड़े पहनते हैं। होली के दिन हमें स्कूल या नौकरी पर जाने की जरूरत नहीं होती क्योंकि हमें छुट्टी होती है। होली खेलने के बाद हम अच्छी तरह से नहाते हैं। उसके बाद हम अच्छे कपड़े पहनते हैं और छोटे बच्चे घर में खेलते हैं। उसके बाद हम अच्छे पकवान बनाकर खाते हैं। एक दूसरे के घर जाकर एक दूसरे को बधाई देते हैं। उस दिन हमें कितना मज़ा आता है। सचमुच होली रंगों का त्योहार है और मैं इसे हर साल मनाती हूँ। होली ही मेरा सबसे प्रिय त्योहार है।

— धीरजा पालकर, कक्षा - ४अ

Std. V & VI – 1st Prize

भारत देश महान

हमारा देश भारत, दुनिया का सर्वश्रेष्ठ देश है।
इसकी सभ्यता पुरानी सभ्यताओं में से एक है।
इसे प्रकृति ने खुद सजाया, सँवारा है।



गिरिराज हिमालय, समतल मैदान, नदी और भी बहुत सारे अच्छी, सुंदर जगहें यहाँ देखने को मिलता है। अफ्रिका तथा युरोप के नजारे भी हमें यहाँ देखने को मिलते हैं। उत्तर में हिमालय, दक्षिण में हिंद महासागर, तथा पूर्व में बंगाल की खाड़ी स्थित है। यहाँ पर गंगा, यमुना, ब्रह्मपुत्रा जैसी महान नदियाँ बहती हैं। हमारे देश में ताज महल, कुतुब मिनार, लाल किला जैसे ऐतिहासिक इमारते हैं।

भारत का अतीत भी महान है। राम, गौतम, कृष्ण ने इस भूमि पर जन्म लिया। इन लोगों ने दुनिया को मर्यादा, परोपकार, शांति, ज्ञान, जैसे गुण दिये। भगत सिंह, महात्मा गांधी, जवाहर लाल नेहरू ने भी यहाँ पर जन्म लिया। हमारा देश काफी हद तक स्वावलंबी बन चुका है।

सचमुच भारत एक अनोखा देश है।

— आदित्य झा, कक्षा - ५अ

Std. VII & VIII – 1st Prize

आपके विचार से आदर्श भारत कैसा होना चाहिए?

मेरा भारत महान, मेरा भारत महान, आज-कल शहर-शहर में, गली-गली में यह नारा हम सुन सकते हैं। लेकिन क्या यह लोग सचमुच अपने दिलसे यह कहते हैं? नहीं, यह तो सिर्फ दिखावे के लिए किया जाता है।

भारत देश आज-कल वैसा नहीं रहा जैसा गांधीजी, जवाहरलाल नेहरू आदि ने इसे छोड़ा था।

मेरे विचार में आदर्श भारत देश कुछ अलग ही होगा। चारों तरफ हरियाली – ही – हरियाली होगी। गाड़ियाँ होंगी लेकिन प्रदूषण की जो मात्रा है वह कम होगी। जंगलों को नहीं काटा जाएगा और जो जानवरों की चमड़ी से जूतें आदि बनाते हैं, उन्हें जेल की सलाखों के पीछे डाल दिया जाएगा।

मेरे लिए एक आदर्श देश में गरीबी और अमीरी में कोई भेदभाव नहीं होगा। सभी लोगों के बीच में कोई भी ऊँच-नीच का फासला नहीं होगा। कोई भी गरीब, पैसों के लिए भीख नहीं माँगेगा और हर बच्चे को पढ़ाया / लिखाया जाएगा। जिन लोगों को समाज में ईसाफ तथा आदर नहीं मिलता, उन्हें आदर भी और ईसाफ भी मिलेगा।

प्रथम औरतों को अपना हक मिलेगा। सती प्रथा और बच्चों की शादी करवाना, जैसी परम्पराएँ मिटा दी जाएंगी। बेटियों को अपने माता – पिता के जायदाद में अपना-अपना हिस्सा मिलेगा। बीमारियाँ जैसे : टाइफाइड, हैजा और एड्स जो एक व्यक्ति की जान ले सकती हैं, ऐसी बीमारियों की जाँचकारी गाँव में रहने वाले लोगों को बताया जाएगा। ताकि वे जरूरत पड़ने पर किसी भी नजदीकी अस्पताल में जाकर रोगी का इलाज करवा सकें।

आज-कल जो, दो धर्मों के बीच में लड़ाई होती है, वह सब बंद कर दिए जाएँगे और जो लोग दूसरे लोगों को झूठ बोलकर भड़काते हैं उन लोगों को सजा दी जाएगी और जो लोग भड़क जाते हैं उन्हें सच बता कर उन्हें अपनी गलती का एहसास दिलाया जाएगा।

आइए हम सब मिलकर यह सब परिवर्तन अपने आप में लाएँ जो अपने आप ही भारत में भी यह परिवर्तन धीरे-धीरे उत्पन्न हो जाएँगे। और तब भारत सही मूल्य में सामाजिक और आर्थिक रूप से स्वतंत्र माना जाएगा।

जय हिन्द!

— निकीता, कक्षा - ८सी

समाज में नारी का स्थान

नारी – इस शब्द को सुनकर चित्त में अपार स्नेह व करुणा के चित्र उमड़ते हैं। नारी किसी की माँ, किसी की बहन, भाभी, ननद किसी की अर्धांगिनी तो किसी की पुत्री है। अपने जीवन में नारी को कई रूप धारण करने होते हैं जिनमें करुणा, विछोह व दयालुता का मिश्रण होता है। यही मिश्रण स्वाभिमान व आत्मनिर्भरता के साथ आज की नारी बनाती है।

प्राचीन काल में जब गुरुकुल रीति का प्रचलन था तब अहिल्या व अरुन्धती जैसी गुरु माताएँ समाज में सर्वाधिक सम्मान प्राप्त करती थीं। उनके भीतर छिपे ज्ञान के भंडार से सब चकित होते थे व उन्हें प्रत्येक सामाजिक विषय पर अपने विचार प्रस्तुत करने का हक प्राप्त था। धीरे-धीरे जैसे संसार कलियुग में प्रवेश करने लगा तब दकियानूसी विचारों व पुरुष प्रधान समाज की सोच ने नारियों के सामाजिक स्तर को पतनोन्मुख लाया। इतना ही नहीं, नारियों पर प्रतिबंध लगाये जाने लगे जिसके कारण नारियों को अपनी स्वतंत्रता से हाथ धोना पड़ा। पुरुष की स्वार्थ व क्रूरता ने नारी को अपने मत और विचारों को मन ही मन दबाने हेतु बाध्य कर दिया। सामाजिक व विज्ञान – संबंधी उन्नति ने लोगों का नारियों के प्रति नजरिया बदल डाला। नारियाँ काम करने लगी। घर के साथ-साथ नौकरी की भी जिम्मेदारियाँ सँभालना उनके लिए फ़क्र की बात हैं। सरकार ने भी नारियों के उत्थान हेतु कई नियम बनाए। संसद में महिलाओं का आरक्षण भी एक उचित निर्णय रहा। नारी – शिक्षा को अनिवार्य समझकर सरकार ने छात्राओं हेतु सस्ती पुस्तकें व मुफ्त पढ़ाई का निर्णय लिया। पूर्व समय में विधवा का जीना जटिल होता था परन्तु अब समाज ने दूसरी शादी व तलाक को अपनाया।

आज नारी का नौकरी से घर रात को देर से आना नई बात नहीं है। नारी जीवन के प्रत्येक क्षेत्र में अपना सहयोग देकर मैदान मारती है। चाहे वह शिक्षिका के क्षेत्र में या फिर वह अंतरिक्ष-यात्री हो, नारी ने सदैव स्वयं का नाम रोशन किया है। उदाहरणतः कल्पना चावला जिसने अंतरिक्ष दुर्घटना में अपनी जान गँवाई। आज भारत देश उसकी स्मृति गर्व से करता है। सरकार ने नारी की सामाजिक स्थिति के उत्थान हेतु बेस्ट बसों में नारियों के लिए प्रथम दो-तीन सीटों को आरक्षित किया है। आज, स्थिति काफी सुधर गई है और पुरुषों ने भी यह तथ्य स्वीकृत किया है कि नारियाँ परावलंबी नहीं हैं। कई बार बस में खड़ी स्त्री को देखकर स्त्री के लिए आरक्षित सीटों पर बैठे पुरुष उनको बैठाने हेतु स्वयं उठ जाते हैं।

खेल के क्षेत्रों में भी नारियों ने भी अपना नाम ऊँचा किया है। अठारह वर्षीय मारिया शेरपोवा ने 'ग्रेन्ड-स्लैम' जीतकर रूस का नाम ऊँचा किया है। आज सत्ता में आई हुई काँग्रेस की अध्यक्षा आदरणीय श्रीमती सोनिया गांधी को भारतवर्ष ने माना। कहते हैं, "हर कामयाब आदमी के पीछे एक औरत का हाथ होता है"। "सत्य ही तो है।"

इन सबके पश्चात् आज भी नारियों के प्रति कहीं – कहीं घोर अत्याचार प्रचलित है। बंगाल के धनंजय ने कई वर्षों पूर्व एक छात्रा का बलात्कार कर उसे मार डाला। परन्तु दंड मिलने में वर्षों लग गये। अब जाकर उसे फाँसी की सजा हुई। अतः समाज में नारी की स्थिति ने प्रगति की है पर पूर्ण रूप से नहीं। नारियों को आत्मनिर्भर करने में अभी भी समय लगेगा।

— भाविका मय, कक्षा - १० क

समाज में नारी का स्थान

“माँ, माँ”, पुकारता – रोता हुआ बालक उसके आँचल को थाम लेता है। अपितु वह अपने अश्रु लेकर किसके पास जाती? प्रत्येक भाई अपना जीवन सँवारने को राखी बँधवाने उसकी ओर देखता है अपितु वह अपने जीवन की डोर किसके हाथों बँधवाती? बुढ़ापे में जब पुत्र अजनबी हो जाता है तब माँ-बाप को उसका सहारा होता है। अपितु उसका सहारा कौन था?

प्राचीन समय का दृश्य कुछ ऐसा ही था। नारी का जीवन निरुद्देश्य था। वह निराश्रित और बेसहारा थी। नारी इस जगत की सबसे विवश प्राणी थी। नारी की दशा इतनी दयनीय थी कि आज “अबला नारी” एक लोकोक्ति के समान है। तत्पश्चात् राजा राम मोहन राय जैसे अन्य भले मनुष्यों के परिश्रम के फलस्वरूप नारी की दशा सुधरने लगी और समाज में उसका स्थान उभरने लगा।

इन्ही लोगों द्वारा सींचे गये दरख्त का फल आज हम सभी देख रहे हैं। आधुनिक युग में नारी प्रत्येक क्षेत्र में पुरुष के कंधे से कंधा मिलाकर चल रही है। कई क्षेत्रों में तो नारी पुरुषों से भी दो कदम आगे है। नारी की सबसे बड़ी शक्ति यह है कि वह कारोबार, विज्ञान, साहित्य आदि क्षेत्रों में तो अक्वल है ही परन्तु कुछ कार्य ऐसे हैं जो केवल नारी के बस की ही बात है। पुरुष का गृहस्थी सँभालना तो एक मजाक, एक चुटकुले के समान है।

नारी – शिक्षा भी आज एक प्रचलित प्रथा है। और तो और, किसी ने बड़ा उपयुक्त कहा है कि “पुरुष को पढ़ाकर केवल उसे शिक्षित किया जा सकता है, अपितु नारी को पढ़ाना सारे घर को पढ़ाने के समान है।” आज दुनिया का भविष्य नारी के हाथ में है। नारी के अस्तित्व से अन्य सभी का अस्तित्व है। नारी – शक्ति ही सबसे शक्ति है। वास्तव में नारी – शक्ति जैसा कुछ नहीं है – क्योंकि नारी ही शक्ति है। नारी वह ज्योति है जिससे समस्त संसार का प्रकाश है।

नारी का समाज में वह स्थान है जो इन्द्र का देव-लोक में। दुनिया के अर्थशास्त्र में नारी का जितना योगदान है उतना शायद ही कोई सोच पायेगा।

और कुछ हो न हो अपितु समाज की सुंदरता, संसार की सभ्यता, सहनशीलता और बलिदान के गुण और हम सब का अस्तित्व नारी पर निर्भर है।

समाज में नारी का स्थान स्थापित करना मुश्किल ही नहीं असम्भव है, क्योंकि समाज ही नारी की रचना है। “नारी समाज से नहीं समाज नारी से है, नारी हमसे नहीं, हम नारी से हैं।”

— पूर्वा अग्रवाल, कक्षा - १०ब



HINDI STORY WRITING COMPETITION

Std. III & IV – 1st Prize

सपने में एक परी

मैंने सपने में एक परी देखी। वह बहुत सुंदर थी। वह बहुत प्यारी थी। वह बहुत अच्छी थी। उसका नाम सोना था। पर तब वहाँ एक राक्षस आ गया। उसने कहा, “मैं तुमको खा जाऊँगा।” उसने सोचा, “अगर यह राक्षस मुझे खा गया तो!” दोनों लड़ने को तैयार हो गए। पहले सोना ने कहा, “लड़ने को तैयार हो क्या?” राक्षस ने कहा, “हाँ, हाँ मैं तो तैयार हूँ लेकिन तुम तैयार हो या नहीं?”

तो लड़ाई शुरू हो गई। सोना ने अपनी “मेजिक पावर” से राक्षस को दूर फेंक दिया। सोना जीत गई। मैं खुशी से चिल्लाई। मेरी माँ ने मुझे सपने से बाहर निकाला। जब मेरी माँ ने मुझसे पूछा, “क्या हुआ?” तो मैं हँसने लगी।

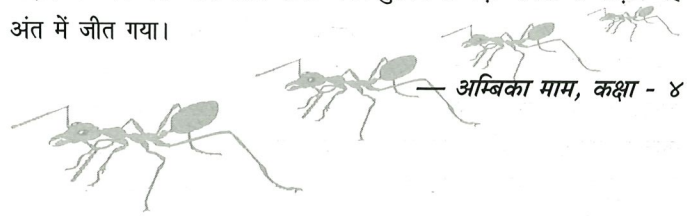
— श्रीनिधि एस. हरिहरन, कक्षा - ३



2nd Prize

चींटी की सीख

एक राजा था। एक दिन उसकी लड़ाई एक कठोर राजा से हुई थी। वह लड़ाई में हार गया था। वह जान बचाने के लिए एक गुफा में छिप गया था। उसने एक चींटी को देखा। वह दीवार पर चढ़ने की कोशिश कर रही थी। वह चढ़ते-चढ़ते गिर गई। तीसरी बार जब वह चढ़ी तब उसे सफलता मिली। राजा उसे देखते-देखते दंग रह गया। फिर उसने थोड़ी देर के लिए सोचा। उसे चींटी से सीख मिली। वह उठके लड़ाई के मैदान में चला गया। उसको वह चींटी लड़ाई के अंत तक याद रही। राजा अपने दुश्मन से बड़ी वीरता से लड़ा। वह अंत में जीत गया।



3rd Prize

एक शेर और खरगोश

एक जंगल में एक शेर रहता था। वह हर दिन एक जानवर को खाता था। इसलिए सबमें से एक जानवर को तो मरना ही था। एक दिन उन्होंने सबको बुलाया और एक योजना बनाई। दूसरे दिन उन्होंने एक खरगोश को भेजा। वह खरगोश बहुत धीरे-धीरे गया। शेर बहुत भूखा था और गुस्सा हो रहा था। खरगोश देर से आया और बोला, “जंगल में एक और शेर है।” वह और गुस्सा हो गया। खरगोश शेर को एक कुएँ के पास ले गया। उसने बताया कि वह शेर इस कुएँ में था। उसने कुएँ में देखा तो उसे अपनी परछाई दिखी। उसने सोचा कि यह वही शेर है और वह कुएँ में कूद गया। इस तरह शेर मर गया। सभी जानवर बहुत खुश हो गए।



— परिचय लिम्बोडिया, कक्षा - ४

मेहनत का फल मीठा होता है।

एकबार एक गाँव में एक बालक रहता था। वह खोया-खोया रहता था। वह विद्यालय में कुछ नहीं पढ़ता था। वह सोचता था कि वह पढ़ कर क्या करेगा? सब साथी पढ़ते हैं फिर भी अच्छे अंक नहीं लाते। वह सोचता था कि मेहनत करना बेकार है।

इसलिए वह मेहनत नहीं करता था। सारे गुरु उससे परेशान थे। एक दिन अचानक गुरुजी ने उसे विद्यालय से निकाल दिया। पहले तो उसे अच्छा लगा पर बाद में उसने सोचा कि लोग क्या कहेंगे, पिता बलवान और पुत्र निर्बुद्धि! तभी उसने सोचा कि वह वापस जाएगा और मेहनत करके, पिता का नाम रोशन करेगा। वह अपने विद्यालय में गया, गुरुजी से माफी माँगी और कहा, “मैं अब मेहनत करूँगा और अपने पिता का नाम रोशन करूँगा। फिर गुरुजी ने उसे माफ कर दिया। उसके बाद उसने जी जान लगाकर पढ़ाई की और अपनी पढ़ाई पूरी की। अपनी मेहनत और गुरुजी की सहायता से बहुत बड़ा आदमी बना, पिता का नाम रोशन किया।

फिर उसकी शादी हो गई और उसके कुछ साल बाद, उसकी पत्नी ने एक पुत्र को जन्म दिया। उसने अपने पुत्र को भी यही सिखाया “मेहनत का फल मीठा होता है।”

— आकाशदीप, कक्षा - ६

मेहनत का फल मीठा होता है।

विद्या धन उद्यम बिना कहां जो पावें कौन।

बिना डुलाए न मिले ज्यों पंखा की पौन।।

इसका अर्थ है कि हमें उद्यम बिना ना तो विद्या मिल सकती है और ना तो धन, जैसे पंखे को बिना हिलाए हवा नहीं मिल सकती। जितने भी लोग इस दुनियाँ में जन्म लेकर महान व्यक्ति बने हैं, उन सब ने बहुत मेहनत की थी तभी वे महान कहलाए।

एक समय की बात है अजय नाम का एक लड़का था। वह बहुत बुद्धिमान था पर मेहनत नहीं करता था। इसीलिए राज नाम का लड़का उसे पढ़ाई में हरा देता था। फिर एक दिन अजय अपने प्रिय मित्र सौम्य के घर गया। तब उसने समझाया कि तुम मेहनत किया करो। अजय ने प्रिय मित्र सौम्य की बात को गौर से सुना और समझा। वह उस दिन से मेहनत करने लगा। थोड़े ही दिनों में अजय ने राज को पढ़ाई में हरा दिया। अजय ने सोचा कि सौम्य उसका सच्चा दोस्त है।

उसे समझ में आ गया कि मेहनत का फल मीठा होता है।

— चैतन्य अग्रवाल, कक्षा - ६

बसलू गाँव

(चित्र लेखन)

बसलू गाँव एक खुशी से भरा गाँव था। उसमें छोटे-छोटे घर थे। लोग अपने-अपने काम में मस्त रहते। एक दूसरे की मदद करते थे। मगर उधर गाँव में एक परेशानी आ गई थी, गाँव में बारिश की कमी होने लगी थी। कभी-कभी लोग प्यासे मर जाते थे। बच्चे रात में पानी-पानी करके सो जाते थे। एक दिन सब लोग परेशान हो गये, क्योंकि बारिश न हुए दो साल हो गए थे। वह सबसे बड़े आदमी के पास गए। लोग उनको बहुत मानते थे। बड़े आदमी ने हँसकर कहा कि बारिश तब तक नहीं होगी जब तक वह पेड़-पौधे नहीं उगाते। लोग बोले कि हमारे पास पानी नहीं है, तो हम पेड़-पौधे को क्या देंगे। बड़े आदमी ने कहा जब तक पेड़-पौधे नहीं होंगे तब तक बारिश कभी नहीं होगी। लोगों ने इसके बारे में बहुत सोचा। उन्होंने एक बार कोशिश करने की सोची। वह काम पर लग गये। दिन का जितना भी पानी बचता था वह सब पौधे-पेड़ को देते थे। एक साल जब खत्म ही होने वाला था उनके पौधे पेड़ बन गये थे। दूसरे दिन काले-काले बादल छा गये थे। तेज सी हवा

चल रही थी। सब लोग अपने घरों से बाहर निकल आए। अचानक कुछ बूँद नीचे गिरी, फिर तेजी से बरसात होने लगी और हर समय तेज और तेज होती रही। लोग जोर-जोर से नाचने लगे। बच्चे उछलने लगे। उसके बाद लोगों ने और पेड़-पौधे लगाने का वादा किया।

— नक्षिता अरोरा, कक्षा - ६



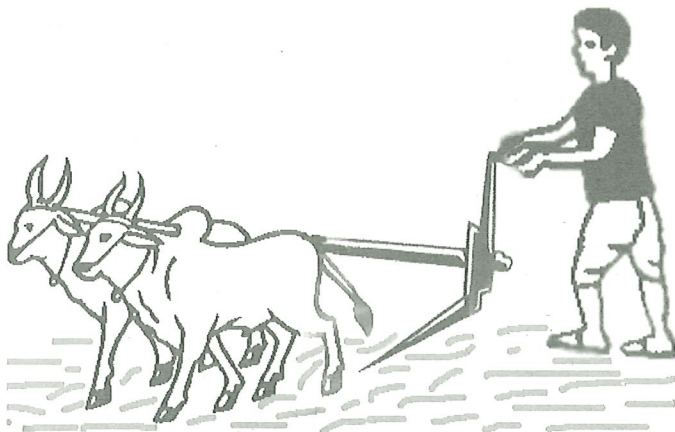
“लालच बुरी बला है।”

एक गाँव में एक किसान रहता था। वह बहुत गरीब था। उसके एक बीबी व दो छोटे-छोटे बच्चे थे। वह उनका पेट भरने के लिए दिन-रात खेती करता था। वह सबके साथ प्यार से पेश आता था। वह रोज सुबह कबूतरों को दाना डालता था। बीमार जानवरों की रक्षा करता था। गरीब होने पर भी वह खुश रहता था।

एक दिन भगवान को उस पर दया आ गई। वह मनुष्य का रूप लेकर किसान के घर में मेहमान बन कर आए। किसान ने उनकी खूब सेवा की। भगवानजी ने उसे एक अमीर व्यापारी से मिलने को कहा। किसान व्यापारी के पास गया। व्यापारी ने उसे एक कागज का बना कटोरा दिया। उन्होंने उससे कहा कि अगर तुम इसके अंदर मिट्टी डालोगे तो फिर वह मिट्टी सोने की बन जाएगी, लेकिन यह कटोरा कभी फटना नहीं चाहिए। यह सुनकर किसान धन्यवाद देकर अपने घर चला गया।

वह रोज कटोरे में मिट्टी डालता था। वह मिट्टी सोने की बन जाती थी। कुछ समय बाद किसान को बहुत सुख संपत्ति प्राप्त हो गई। वह रोज कटोरे में मिट्टी डालकर सोना बनाता था। लेकिन एक दिन उसने सोचा कि रोज इतनी कम संख्या में मिट्टी डालने पर बहुत कम कमाई होती है। क्यों न बड़ी संख्या में मिट्टी डाली जाए। यह सोचकर वह कटोरे में बड़ी संख्या में मिट्टी डालने लगा। दिन पर दिन कटोरा नाजुक होता गया और एक दिन वह फट गया। किसान का नसीब पलट गया। वह अमीर से गरीब बन गया। लालच की वजह से उसे गरीबी की सजा एक बार फिर भुगतनी पड़ी।

— गौतम गोन्डाल, कक्षा - ७



“लालच बुरी बला है”

एक नगर में चार मित्र रहते थे। वे अपनी निर्धनता से बहुत परेशान थे। एक दिन वे धन की खोज में निकल पड़े। रास्ते में उनको एक साधु मिला। वे उस साधु के दर्शन के लिए गए। साधु ने पूछा, “तुम्हारी क्या परेशानी है?” उन्होंने उत्तर दिया, “हम अपनी निर्धनता से बहुत परेशान हैं।” उस साधु ने उनको चार बत्तियाँ दीं और कहा, “यह बत्तियाँ लेकर हिमालय पर्वत की ओर चलो और जहाँ भी एक बत्ती गिरे खोदना शुरू कर देना। वहाँ तुम्हें जीवन भर का धन मिलेगा। वह लेकर लौट जाना। लालच करके आगे मत बढ़ना। चारों मित्र बत्तियाँ लेकर चले गए। थोड़ी देर बाद उनमें से एक की बत्ती गिर गई। उन्होंने वहाँ खोदा तो देखा कि वहाँ ताँबे की खान थी। जिसके हाथ से बत्ती गिरी थी उसने कहा, “यहाँ से जितना ताँबा मिलता है लेकर घर चलते हैं।” बाकी तीनों ने सोचा कि ताँबे से वे अमीर नहीं बनेंगे। तो वे उसे छोड़कर आगे बढ़ गए। थोड़ी देर बाद दूसरे मित्र की बत्ती गिर गई। वे वहाँ पर खोदने लगे। वहाँ एक चाँदी की खान मिली। दूसरे मित्र ने कहा, “यहाँ से जितनी चाँदी लेनी हो ले लो फिर वापस घर चलते हैं।” बाकी दोनों मित्रों ने कहा, “मूर्ख चाँदी से हम अमीर नहीं बनेंगे। निश्चय ही आगे रत्नों की खान होगी।”

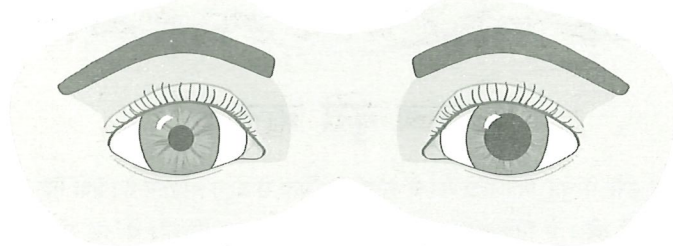
आगे जाते-जाते दोनों की बत्तियाँ गिर गईं। वहाँ खोदने पर उन्हें सोना मिला। वे बहुत खुश हुए। फिर उनकी आँखें दूर एक रोशनी पर पड़ी। वहाँ रत्न पड़े दिखाई दिए। उन दोनों के मन में लालच उत्पन्न हो गया। जैसे ही दोनों मित्रों ने रत्नों को हाथ लगाया, वे दोनों पत्थर के बन गये। उन पत्थरों पर लिखा था – “लालच बुरी बला है।”

— राहुल भाटिया, कक्षा - ७

उपकार

रवि चावला, यह एक ऐसा इन्सान थे जिन्हें भूलना नामुमकिन है। ऐसा उपकार किसी ने मुझ पर कभी न किया होगा। अब यही रवि चावला अदालत के केस में फँसे थे।

इस कहानी की शुरुवात तब हुई, कुछ तीस साल पहले। ३० अक्टूबर सन् १९७५। मुझमें एक खासियत थी, वह थी मेरी सुंदर नीली आँखें। जिसे देखकर माँ और पिताजी इतने खुश हुए कि मेरा नाम “विश्वास” रखा गया, क्योंकि मेरी सुंदर नीली आँखों में माँ और पिताजी को एक ऐसा विश्वास दिखा – मैं उनका सपना रोशन करूँ, एक काबिल वकील बनूँ।



“बुद्धिमत्ता से संकट टाला जा सकता है”

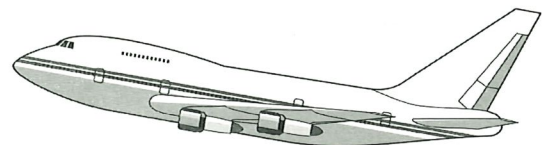
यह कहावत बहुत प्रसिद्ध है। यह सच है कि अगर एक आदमी बुद्धिमान हो तो वह सबको संकट से छुड़ा सकता है। जब मैं छोटी थी तब मेरे पिताजी मुझे इस कथन पर आधारित कहानियाँ सुनाया करते थे। मुझे भी ऐसा लगता था अगर मैं बुद्धिमान होती तो सबको संकट से मुक्त करती। एक बार रात को मेरे पिताजी ने एक कहानी सुनाई, वह कुछ ऐसी थी। एक बार शर्मा परिवार थोड़े दिन बाहर किसी प्रदेश में घूमने जा रहे थे। वह जगह थी “अंडमान निकोबार टापू”। उनका हवाई जहाज करीब दस बजे आने वाला था। शर्माजी के दो बच्चे थे – एक लड़का और एक लड़की। लड़के का नाम अनमोल व लड़की का नाम शीबा था। वे दोनों बहुत बुद्धिमान थे। माता-पिता को उन पर बहुत गर्व था। पूरा परिवार बहुत खुश था। पिता राहिल एक डॉक्टर व माता निशा बैंक में कर्मचारी थीं। बच्चे भी पिता की तरह डॉक्टर बनना चाहते थे, इसलिए पिता ने उन्हें एक “स्टेथोस्कोप” ला कर दिया था।

अब उनका हवाई जहाज में प्रवेश करने का समय आ गया था। प्रवेश करके वे अपनी जगह पर बैठ गए। थोड़ी देर के बाद “एयर होस्टेस” ने आकर समाचार दिया कि विमान उड़ान के लिए तैयार है। इसलिए यात्री अपनी कमर पेटियाँ बाँध लें। विमान उड़ान भर चुका था। बच्चे खिड़की से बाहर का नज़ारा देख रहे थे। लेकिन उन्हें कुछ परेशान कर रहा था। उनके आगे की जगह पर बैठे दो आदमी बहुत देर से कुछ खिचड़ी पका रहे थे। अनमोल कान लगा कर उनकी बातें सुनने की कोशिश कर रहा था लेकिन उसे कुछ समझ नहीं आ रहा था – शीबा ने अपना “स्टेथोस्कोप” निकाल कर अनमोल को देते हुए कहा, “ये लो इससे तुम्हें साफ़-साफ़ सुनाई देगा।” फिर उसे पता चला कि हवाई जहाज पर कब्जा करना ही उनका मकसद है। वे लोग पाकिस्तानी थे। अनमोल ने सारी बात शीबा को बताई। उनके पास नींद की गोलियाँ थीं, उसे लेकर “एयर होस्टेस” के पास गए और सारी सच्चाई बताई। उसने वे गोलियाँ शरबत में डालकर उन लोगों को दे दीं। जिसे पी कर, वे जल्दी ही सो गए।

फिर जब उन लोगों को होश आया तब पुलिस की हिरासत में थे। अनमोल व शीबा ने माता-पिता को सारी सच्चाई बताई। उन्हें अपने बच्चों पर बहुत गर्व हुआ – बच्चों की बुद्धिमत्ता से सारे यात्री बच गए नहीं तो सभी पाकिस्तान में जुल्म सह रहे होते।

इससे यह सिद्ध होता है कि “बुद्धिमत्ता से संकट टाला जा सकता है।”

— मंगला बोरकर, कक्षा - ९



फिर हुआ बुरा समय शुरू। मेरे पहले जन्मदिन पर हमारे पड़ोसी आए – माँ और पिताजी को हमेशा के लिए सुलाकर मेरी तरफ बड़े और मुझे तुरंत उठाकर घर पर ताला लगाकर चले गए। मुझे वह दिन केवल कुछ-कुछ याद है। मुझे एक बिस्तर पर लिटाया गया और उन्होंने मुझे सुला दिया। उस दिन, जब मैं उठा, अपनी आँखें खोली तो मुझे कुछ नज़र न आया। इन लोगों ने मेरे नयन छीन लिए व अपने अंधे बच्चे को उजाला दिखाया। इन निर्दयी लोगों ने मुझे कूड़े-कचरे की तरह फेंक दिया और भेज दिया अनाथ आश्रम में।

५ साल बाद मेरी मुलाकात हुई रवि चावला से। यह अनाथ आश्रम के निर्देशक थे। इन्होंने मुझे देखा और उनके दिल पर न जाने क्या असर पड़ा। उन्होंने मुझे गोद लिया क्योंकि उनका इकलौता बेटा मारा गया। उसकी दृष्टि उन्होंने मुझे दी। यह एक ऐसी भेंट थी जिसे उपहार नहीं उपकार कहा जाता है। भगवान भी कितने निराले हैं – कभी आपसे आपकी प्रिय चीजें छीन लेते हैं तो कभी आपको अमूल्य खुशियाँ देते हैं।

इस घटना को पच्चीस साल बीत चुके हैं। मैं उन्हें अब देखता हूँ तो सोचता हूँ कि सब अच्छे इन्सानों को इतनी पीड़ा क्यों सहनी पड़ती है।

आज मैं एक वकील हूँ अपने दूसरे पिता रवि चावला के कारण। आज मैं एक वकील हूँ – उनका। क्या आप विश्वास कर सकते हैं कि हम उसी इन्सान के खिलाफ खड़े हैं जिनकी वही नीली आँखें हैं जो मेरे पास ३० साल पहले थी। वह चोर है, उसका खानदान चोर है और चोरी का इल्जाम उस इन्सान पर लगा है जिसकी वजह से इस देश में कोई भिखारी नहीं। मैं रवि चावला को बचाने वाला था। उसका कहना था कि रविजी ने उनके दफ्तर से चोरी करवाई। अब सबूत माँगे गए उसके पास से कुछ न निकला और जब यह पूछा गया कि किस दिन चोरी हुई तो उसका जवाब था ‘रविवार’। यह सिलसिला जारी रहा। और फिर जब मैंने अपना आखिरी सवाल यह पूछा कि ‘आपका आफिस किस दिन बंद रहता है,’ तो उसने कहा ‘रविवार’ चोर की चोरी पकड़ी गई। उसके दफ्तर की चाबी उसी के पास रहती थी।

कल सुबह जब मैंने रविजी को उठाया, वे उठे नहीं। एक बार हिलाया, दो बार हिलाया, वे उठे नहीं। भगवान ने उन्हें बुला लिया।

उनका अंतिम संस्कार करते समय मेरी आँखें भर आईं। अगर मैं अपनी आँखें न खोता तो रवि चावला जैसे इन्सान से न मिलता। रवि चावला – इनका उपकार मैं कैसे पूरा करूँ।

— मानित मेहरा, कक्षा - ८

2nd Prize

“चमत्कारी महिला”

(चित्र लेखन)

अस्पताल एक ऐसा स्थान है जहाँ पर सभी लोगों के दुःखी भाव और निराशा सामने उभरकर आते हैं। लोगों के मन की गहराइयों के भय और डर सभी उनके सामने आकर प्रस्तुत होते हैं और मनुष्य इन भयों के दबाव में आकर जिंदगी में घुटन महसूस करता है और अपनी जिंदगी को निरर्थक और बेमतलब समझता है। ऐसे ही भावों को महसूस कर रहे थे सर्फराज नज़ीम।

सर्फराज कुछ ही दिन पहले अस्पताल में आया था। पिछले तीन दिनों से उसको जाँचा जा रहा था तथा उसके शरीर की स्थिति की जाँच की जा रही थी। कई यंत्र उसके इर्द-गिर्द हमेशा रहते थे ताकि किसी भी स्थिति में, कोई भी संकट आने पर उसे तुरंत बचाया जा सके। सर्फराज को कैन्सर था और उसकी जिंदगी में प्रतिदिन वह मौत का सामना करना और उसे ऐसा लगता था कि उसकी जिंदगी अब एक निष्फल संघर्ष बन गई है।

उसकी देखभाल एक नर्स करती थी। वह बड़ी प्यारी और नम्र थी तथा जब संभव हो सके तब दूसरों को खुशी पहुँचाने का प्रयत्न करती थी। प्रतिदिन वह सर्फराज से बातें करती तथा उसे उत्साह और धीरज देती थी। सर्फराज को हमेशा अपने पलंग पर लेटे रहना पड़ता था, इसलिए वह नर्स से पूछता कि वह उसे बाहर के दृश्य का वर्णन करे ताकि उसका मन कुछ हल्का हो सके।

इस प्रकार हर रोज वह उसे बताती कि बाहर कैसे सागर के किनारे लोग खुशी में मस्त होकर झूमते हैं कैसे पेड़-पौधे में सुंदर फूल उगते हैं तथा कैसे अस्पताल के बगीचे में सुंदर फूल लोगों की निराशा को दूर करते और छोटे पक्षी कैसे पेड़ों की डालियों में खेलते।

यह बातें सुनकर सर्फराज की स्थिति प्रतिदिन सुधरने लगी। वह हर रोज इन पेड़-पौधों, पंक्षियों और सागर के बारे में सोचकर खुश होता। जिससे वह ठीक होने लगा।

कई दिनों बाद वह ठीक हो गया और अपनी पलंग से उठकर सीधा बैठ गया। उसने बड़े उत्साह से खिड़की के बाहर झाँककर देखा ताकि वह उस सुंदर दृश्य को वास्तव में देख सके। आप उसका अचंभा समझ सकते हैं जब उसने पाया कि खिड़की के बाहर केवल एक दीवार थी...!!!

उसे उस दिन समझ आया कि आशापूर्ण और उत्साही मन से सचमुच चमत्कार हो सकते हैं।

— मिखाइल मेनेज़िज़, कक्षा - १०

3rd Prize

ममतामयी महिला

(चित्र लेखन)

सिस्टर निर्मला बहुत ही सरल एवं दयावान महिला हैं। सरकारी अस्पताल में प्रमुख नर्स होने के कारण वह हमेशा व्यस्त रहती हैं। अपने शानदार इलाज के लिए वह बहुत मशहूर हैं। वह हर मरीज के दर्द को महसूस करती हैं। एक दिन, जब वह सड़क पर जा रही थी, एक अजनबी व्यक्ति उनके पीछे-पीछे आ रहा था। उसकी आँखों में घृणा की आग थी। तत्क्षण उसने अपनी जेब से चाकू निकाला और तेज़ी से सिस्टर निर्मला की ओर बढ़ने लगा। तब एकाएक चार तंदुरुस्त व्यक्ति उस अजनबी पर टूट पड़े और उसे ज़ोर-ज़ोर से पीटने लगे। अजनबी की हालत बुरी हो गयी। पूछताछ से सिस्टर निर्मला को यह ज्ञात हुआ कि वह व्यक्ति सिस्टर की हत्या करने की कोशिश कर रहा था। सिस्टर स्तब्ध रह गई। परंतु उनके मन में उस व्यक्ति की सहायता करने की आकांक्षा जागृत हुई। उन्होंने उस व्यक्ति को जमीन से उठाया तथा एम्बूलेंस में उठाकर अस्पताल में ले गई। जब व्यक्ति ने पाँच घंटों की अवधि तक चेतना विहीन होकर होश में आया, उसने देखा कि वह अस्पताल के आय.सी.यू. विभाग में पड़ा हुआ है। उसने देखा कि सिस्टर निर्मला दया भरे नयन से उसे देख रही हैं। ना ही उनकी आँखों में क्रोध था और ना ही विद्रोह का भयंकर अनल। उस व्यक्ति के दिल में सीमा-सहित पश्चाताप भर आया। उसने कहा, “सिस्टर, आप सचमुच महान हैं। मुझे अपने जुर्म का अहसास हो गया है, कृपया क्षमा करें। पर बताइए, आपने एक हत्यारे की जान क्यों बचाई?” सिस्टर निर्मला मृदुभाषी थी। स्नेहभरी वाणी में बोली, “हर घायल शख्स, हर मरीज़, मेरे बेटे जैसा है। मैं इन मरीज़ों की उसी ममता के साथ ठीक करना चाहती हूँ, जैसे कि माँ बेटे के घायल होने पर उसका इलाज करती है।” व्यक्ति ने दुर्बल वाणी में धीरे से बोला, “आप सचमुच ममतामयी हैं। धन्यवाद!” और धीरे से उसने नेत्र बन्द कर लिए। सिस्टर निर्मला का मुख अनुराग के प्रकाश से प्रदीप्त था। उनका दिल ममता व लगाव से प्रज्ज्वलित हो गया। वह एक और इंसान के स्नेह की प्राप्तकर्ती थीं।

— प्रशांत वेंकटेश, कक्षा - ९



HINDI POEM WRITING COMPETITION

Std. III & IV – 1st Prize

तितली

तितली उड़ी, अरे तितली उड़ी,
रंग बिरंगी तितली उड़ी,
फूलों से जुड़ जाती रानी,
नदियों में पीने जाती पानी।

कितना सुरीला गाती,
रोज नदी में नहाने जाती,
तितली उड़ी, अरे तितली उड़ी,
रंग बिरंगी तितली उड़ी।।



— आयुषी के शाह, कक्षा - ४



3rd Prize

तितली

तितली कितने रंगों वाली,
पीली, भूरी, काली-काली।

जब-जब देखूँ मन बहलाती,
कभी इधर तो कभी उधर।

ऊँचे पेड़ पर रहती है,
पर कभी न उतरती है।

सुंदर पंख है उसके पास,
फिर भी कहती मत छू दास।

तितली मुझे प्यारी है,
फिर भी दुनिया में न्यारी है।

मेरी प्यारी तितली



— आकांक्षा मौर्या, कक्षा - ४

2nd Prize

मेरी दादी

एक, दो, तीन, चार।

दादीजी की जय-जयकार।।

पाँच, छः, सात, आठ।

दादी पढ़ाती सच्चे पाठ।।

नौ, दस, ग्यारह, बारह।

दादी का रूप सबसे न्यारा।।

तेरह, चौदह, पन्द्रह, सोलह।

दादी ने कानों में अमृत घोला।।

सत्रह, अठारह, उन्नीस, बीस।

दादी को हम नवाते शीश।।

तीस, चालीस, पचास, साठ।

दादी देती हमारा साथ।।

सत्तर, अस्सी, नब्बे, सौ।

दादीजी के पैरे पौ।।

— परिचय लिम्बोडिया, कक्षा - ४

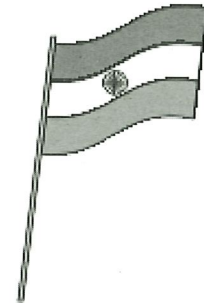


मेरा खिलौना



मेरा खिलौना प्यारा-प्यारा,
सबसे ही वह न्यारा-न्यारा।
गेंद, गुड़िया और भालू मामा,
जो पहने धारीदार पाजामा।
मेरी गुड़िया है बहुत ही सुंदर,
सोती है उसके छोटे घर के अंदर।
है मेरा कमरा खिलौनों से भरा,
जिसमें एक है हरा ही हरा।
सब खिलौने हैं अपने-अपने,
खिलौनों के ही हैं मेरे सपने।
मेरा खिलौना प्यारा-प्यारा,
सबसे ही वह न्यारा-न्यारा।

— मिताली वैद्य, कक्षा - ५



2nd Prize

प्यारा भारत देश

प्यारा-प्यारा,
देश हमारा।
नदियाँ, झरनें, सागर बहते,
तितली, भँवरे सब मंडराते।
इतने बड़े, घने से जंगल,
जानवर करें इसमें मंगल।
हरियाली यहाँ बहुत सारी है,
खेत और पेड़ों से भरी है।
लोग यहाँ पर खुशी से रहते,
रंगबिरंगे फूल बगीचों में खिलते।
देश का झंडा ऊँचा रहेगा,
नीचे यह कभी नहीं आएगा।
ऐसा है यह देश हमारा,
देश हमारा,
प्यारा, प्यारा।

— अरूबी सिंह, कक्षा - ५

3rd Prize

वर्षा ऋतु

वर्षा ऋतु जल्दी आई,
साथ कई खुशियाँ लायी।
हो गये खुश किसान सारे,
पहले सिकुड़ गये थे दुख के मारे।



बाहर आया एक मोर,
बंद हो गया सारा शोर।
लोग आए देखने मोर का नाच,
फिर निकल आए और पाँच।

छप, छप, छप बारिश आई,
चारों ओर हरियाली छाई।
बादलों ने पानी बरसाया,
खुशी का माहौल छाया।

फिर लगने लगी ठंड,
वर्षा ऋतु हो गई बंद।



— वृषा कॅस्टलिनो, कक्षा - ६

माँ

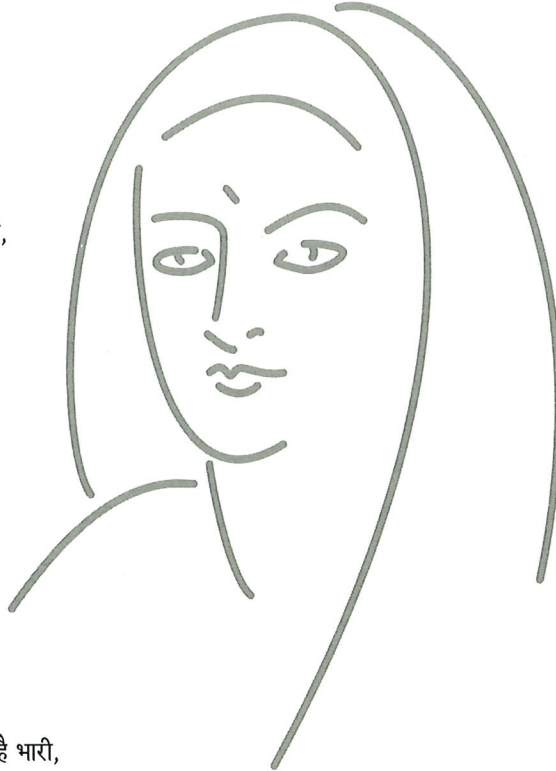
परिवार की सबसे प्यारी सदस्य,
परिवार की सबसे न्यारी सदस्य,
लाखों में एक है वह इन्सान
जिसका मैं करती बहुत सम्मान।

करती हूँ मैं अधिक प्रेम उनसे
बतलाओ तुम प्रेम करते हो किससे ?
है उनका प्यार जैसे एक सुंदर फव्वारा,
यह महान इन्सान है मेरी माँ।

उस्ताद है वह खाना बनाने में,
जिसमें वह मिलाती है ढेर सारा प्यार,
और किसी से भी लड़ पड़ती,
अगर कोई करता मुझ पर वार।

रखती है भगवान में अधिक विश्वास,
यही बात है उनमें खास
काश! सभी को ऐसी माँ मिले,
जो हर बच्चे से मिले-जुले।

मुझे माँ लगती भगवान से प्यारी,
उन्हें कुछ होने पर, मेरा मन हो जाता है भारी,
हे भगवान! दीजिए माँ को लंबी उमर,
जो मेरे साथ रहेगी मेरे घर के अंदर!



— राहत ए. काज़ी, कक्षा - ७

माँ

सबसे प्यारी है,
मेरी माँ,
किसी चीज के लिए पूछो,
तो कहती है “हाँ”।
सभी से वह करती है प्यार,
कितनी अच्छी है वह, कहते मेरे यार।
उसके चेहरे पर हमेशा मुस्कुराहट है,
उसके किसी भी कार्य में नहीं बनावट है।
पढ़ाई में मेरी सहायता करती,
कभी-कभी डाँटती है मेरी माँ।
सबसे करती है वह प्यारी बातें,
बीमार होने पर वह जागती है कई रातें,
उसकी उपस्थिति में आता है बहुत मजा
पर कुछ तोड़ने पर होती है सजा।
मेरी माँ है बड़ी प्यारी,
मुझे लगती है वह न्यारी।
मुसीबत आने पर कुछ ना कुछ सोचती,
कोई ना होने पर मुझसे खेलती,
ऐसी है मेरी माँ प्यारी,
मुझे लगती है सबसे न्यारी।
घर में फैलाती है वह खुशी,
और नहीं बुझने देती हमारी हँसी।
इसलिए अच्छी लगती मुझे मेरी माँ,
हर चीज पर कहती है “हाँ”।

— अनुजा देवधर, कक्षा - ८

3rd Prize

पुस्तक

ज्ञान से भरी हुई ये पुस्तकें,
काले-नीले रंगों में,
कोई विज्ञान की तो कोई कहानी,
सबका मन ये बहलाती।

ज्ञान का सागर यह पुस्तक,
या यह पुस्तक ज्ञान का सागर,
नस भगीरथों के दिमाग से निकली,
यह गंगा और उसका पवित्र जल।

घोर अंधेरों में फैलाती,
ज्ञान की यह रोशनी,
अलग-अलग भाषाओं की यह,
संस्कृत, हिन्दी या अंग्रेजी।

जीवन के अंधकार में आयी,
जलते हुए दीपक की तरह,
आज पूरी दुनिया को जगाती,
चमकते हुए सूरज की तरह।

— प्रज्ञा ठक्कर, कक्षा - ७



मातृभूमि

मातृभूमि, वह स्थान है जहाँ हम रहते हैं,
इस जगह का फर्ज निभाते हैं।

यह मातृभूमि है बड़ी पवित्र,
तरह-तरह की बोली जाती है इसमें भाषाएँ,
पर गरीबी एक चीज है जिसे देखकर होती है निराशाएँ।

इस मातृभूमि के लिए कुछ भी करेंगे,
समय आने पर अपनी जान भी कुरबान करेंगे।

लोग यहाँ के हैं बड़े अच्छे,
मिथ्या का साथ न देकर हैं बड़े सच्चे।

हमारा फर्ज है कि हम इसका नमक अदा करें,
जरूरत आने पर अपना सब कुछ बलिदान करें।

यह देश है हमारा बहुत बड़ा,
पर ऐसे लोग हैं, जो बनाना चाहते हैं बुरा।

हमें इसकी रक्षा करनी चाहिए,
बुरे लोगों को इससे मार भगाना चाहिए।

यह मातृभूमि है बहुत न्यारी,
दुनिया में सब चीजों से यह मुझे है प्यारी।



— पुलकित चावला, कक्षा - ९

प्रभु! भक्त बुला रहा है . . .

तुम ही माता, पिता तुम ही हो,
तुम ही हो जीवन का सहारा।
जीवन के विशाल सागर का,
तुम ही हो एकमात्र किनारा।

भक्त बुला रहा है – “आओ”
प्रभु, आँखों में बस जाओ,
अंधेरे दिल में आकर के
परम ज्योति जगा दो।

एक बार छूकर आपके चरण
शुद्ध हो जाएगा मेरा मन।
भक्ति से धुलते हैं जीवन के पाप
भगवान, कब आओगे आप?

अब नहीं किसी बात का डर –
है मुझमें पाप धोने कि शक्ति।
भक्त बुला रहा है, ईश्वर
मेरा सर्वस्व है तेरी भक्ति।



— मेहक कॉन्ट्रेक्टर, कक्षा - १०

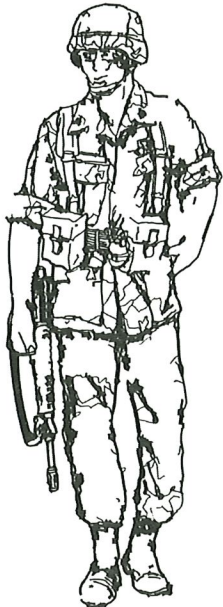
मातृभूमि

यही है हमारी मातृभूमि
जिसके सिपाहियों ने,
इसकी मिट्टी चूमी।
जिसके सिपाहियों ने,
दुश्मनों को कर दिया खूनी।
यही है हमारी मातृभूमि।

जिसके सिर पर है,
हिमालय का ताज।
जिसके तन पर है,
नदियों का साज।
जिसकी कोख को
किसी भी हालत में न होने देंगे सूनी।
यही है हमारी मातृभूमि।

जिस पर रहते अनेक प्रकार के जन,
जिनसे घुलने का बहुत करता मन।
जिसके नेत्रों में कभी न दिखती नमी,
यही तो है हमारी मातृभूमि।

जो तीन दिशाओं से है समुद्र से घिरा
जिसका चीख-चीख कर बोलता है हर सिरा
जिसके अंदर सम्मान की ना है कमी
बस यही तो है हमारी मातृभूमि।



— दिवाकर डबराल, कक्षा - ९

MARATHI ESSAY WRITING COMPETITION

Std. VI – 1st Prize

माझी आई

ह्या जगात प्रत्येकाला आई असते. पण मला माझी आई सर्वात आवडते. काही लोक म्हणतात की देव सगळी कडे असू शकत नाही. म्हणून त्याने आई बनवली आहे.

माझ्या आईचे नाव भारती आहे. ती ३४ वर्षांची आहे. ती रोज सकाळी सहा वाजता उठते. ती प्रथम स्वयंपाकघरात जाऊन डब्यासाठी जेवण बनविते. ती आमचे कपडे इस्त्री करते. मग ती आंगोळ करून बाहेर जाते. मी शाळेतून घरी आल्यावर ती मला खाऊ देते. ती मला अभ्यासात मदत करते. ती मराठीची ट्युशन घेते. माझी आई चमचमीत भोजन बनविते. माझी आई मला सगळे विषय शिकवते. माझ्या आईला क्रिकेट बघायला आवडते. माझी आई रोज मार्केट मध्ये जाते. ती माझ्यासाठी तिकडून वडापाव आणते. माझी आई खूप प्रेमळ आहे. ती भरपूर हुशार आहे. तिला कुत्रे खूप आवडतात.

ह्या मुळे मला वाटतं की माझी आई सर्वात चांगली आहे. तुम्हाला काय वाटतं?

धन्यवाद!

— निखिल मुळगावकर, इयत्ता - ६ ब

2nd Prize

माझी आई

माझ्या आईचे नाव पुर्वा धारप आहे. माझी आई चांगल जेवण बनवते. तिला चांगले चांगले पदार्थ बनवता येतात. ती थोडी बुटकी आहे. तिला पोहता पण येते. तिचा स्वभाव चांगला आहे. जेव्हा मी नीट अभ्यास करत नाही तेव्हा ती मला ओरडते, पण तीचे म्हणणे ही मला पटते. ती माझा अभ्यास पण घेते.

माझ्या आईला शास्त्रीय गायनाची आवड आहे. तिला फुलांची चित्रे काढायला आवडतात. ती टी.व्ही. बघते. तिची आवडती सिरीयल आहे - 'अवंतिका'. ती माझ्या बाबांची आणि माझी सेवा करते. ती कधीपण नुसती बसलेली नसते. ती काहीतरी काम करत असते. तिचे माहेर पुण्याला आहे. तिचे सर्वात जास्त नातेवाईक पुण्यामध्ये राहतात. ती कधीपण खोटे बोलत नाही. ती खरेपणाने वागते.

मला माझी आई खूप आवडते. मी देवाकडे प्रार्थना करतो की तिला शंभर वर्ष आयुष्य मिळू दे.

— तनय धारप, इयत्ता - ६ अ

3rd Prize

माझी आई

उंच, सुंदर व हसरी ही माझी आई. माझी आई खूप प्रेमळ स्वभावाची आहे. ती रोज सकाळी उठून माझा डबा बनवते. मग ती मला शाळेची तयारी करून पाठवते.

मी गेल्यावर ती स्वतः तयार होऊन ऑफिसला जाते. तिला स्वादिष्ट जेवण बनवायला येते. आई माझी व माझ्या वडिलांची खूप काळजी घेते. ती मला सतत सांगते - खेळ, पाणी पी इत्यादी. माझ्या वाढदिवसाला सगळ्यात खुश तीच असते. कधी कधी मस्ती केल्यावर माझ्यावर रागावते. तिला मी चांगली मुलगी बनायला हवी आहे. जेव्हा मला बर नसत ती माझ्या जवळ पूर्ण दिवस बसते. आणि मला वेळेवर औषध सुद्धा देते.

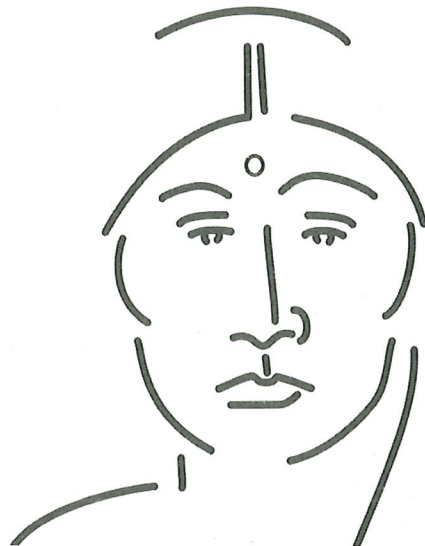
शाळेमधून उशिरा आल्यावर ती खूप चिंता करते. चांगले मार्क्स मिळाल्यावर ती मला गोष्टीचे पुस्तक देते. तिला माझी आवड व नावड माहिती आहे.

तिचं स्वप्न आहे मला एक चांगली मुलगी बनवणे. कधी कधी जेव्हा आई बाहेर जाते तिच लक्ष माझ्याकडेच असत.

देवा माझ्या आईला सुखी ठेव. खरच माझी आई जगात सगळ्यात चांगली आई आहे.

धन्यवाद!

— साईशा ओरके, इयत्ता - ६ क



परीक्षा नसत्या तर . . .

परीक्षा नसत्या तर, शाळेचा काय उपयोग झाला असता. शाळेला काही अर्थच उरला नसता. मग अभ्यासच नसता.

जर परीक्षा नसती तर आपण एकाच वर्गात राहिलो असतो. परीक्षा म्हणजे असले – तसले खेळ नाही. परीक्षा म्हणजे अभ्यास, आपल्याला माहिती नसणारे प्रश्न येतात. परीक्षा नसती तर जो अभ्यास आपल्याला घरी करायला दिला तो आपण केला किंवा नाही केला तर त्यात काय फरक आहे? कॉलेज मध्ये नोट्स लिहा किंवा नका लिहू, काही परिणाम नाही आणि सगळ्यांना काही वाटणार नाही. अभ्यास काय चाललाय, कसा चाललाय, शिक्षकांना काही माहिती पडणार नाही आणि व्हॉलमध्ये सगळं काही बघूनच तर लिहीणार. क्रिकेटर लोकांना क्रिकेट म्हणजे परीक्षा, त्यांचे मैदान म्हणजे परीक्षांचे स्थळ परीक्षक म्हणजे शिक्षक, तिसरा अम्पायर म्हणजे मुख्याध्यापक, बॅट म्हणजे पेन, बॉल म्हणजे प्रश्न पत्रिका, क्रिकेटचे पिच म्हणजे उत्तर पत्रिका मग परीक्षा म्हणजे आता सगळ्यांना माहिती आहे. परीक्षा खुप आवश्यक आहे. ही परीक्षा सगळ्यांना पुढे घेऊन जाते. नाहीतर आपण सगळे एकाच वर्गात राहिलो असतो. आपले वय व उंची वाढत गेली असती आणि अवकल तिकडेच राहिली असती.

परीक्षा ही सगळ्यांना महत्वाची आहे. परीक्षा म्हणजे खेळ नाही. परीक्षा म्हणजे सगळ्यात महत्वाचा अभ्यास सगळ्यांना आवडत असेल किंवा आवडत नसेल, त्याच्यात पास व्हायलाच पाहिजे. परीक्षा नसती तर आपल्याला जास्त सुट्या मिळाल्या असत्या. तसेच आज आपण एवढे बुद्धीमान झालो नसतो.

— सायली राजन पारकर, इयत्ता - ७ क

परीक्षा नसत्या तर . . .

परीक्षा नसत्या तर किती मजा आली असती, काहींना चांगले गुण मिळतात तेव्हा ते हसतात आणि ज्याला कमी गुण मिळतात ते रडतात. मला पण कधी-कधी कमी गुण मिळतात; तेव्हा मला खूप वाईट वाटते. परीक्षा नसती तर हे हसणं, रडणं असतं का?

परीक्षा असते तेव्हा ऑक्टोबर महिन्यात गणपतीच्या सुट्टीत अभ्यास करायला लागतो, त्यामुळे त्या सुट्टीत मजा करायला मिळत नाही. मला परीक्षा अजिबात आवडत नाही. पण मला चांगले गुण पाहिजेत तर अभ्यास करावा लागेल.

पण परीक्षा नसत्या तर मुलांनी अभ्यास काय पण पुस्तकंही उघडल नसत? मोठ होऊन काही बनायला अभ्यास तर करायला लागणारच परीक्षा नसत्या तर माझ्या मते लोक अशिक्षित असत. परीक्षा आहेत तेच बरोबर.

परीक्षा नसत्या तर शाळेत पण मजा आली असती अभ्यासाकडे लक्षच नसत. आम्हाला शाळेत जाण्याची गरजच नसती. मला माझ्या आईबरोबर फिरायला वेळ मिळाला असता माझी आई अभ्यासासाठी ओरडली नसती आणि मला कम्प्यूटर खेळायला मिळाला असता, मी पूर्ण दिवस माझ्या मित्रांबरोबर खेळू शकले असते.

परीक्षेच्या दिवशी मला खूप झोप येते आणि मला सुस्ती येते, परीक्षा दिल्यानंतर मला बर वाटत, कधी कधी तर माझ अंग गरम होऊन मला ताप पण येतो, परीक्षा नसत्या तर मी खूप खुश झाली असती.

आईला वाटत की परीक्षा नसत्या तर तिला त्रास झाला असता कारण की मी पूर्ण दिवस घरी बसून तिला त्रास दिला असता पण मला खूप आनंद झाला असता.

— ऐश्वर्या नागपाल, इयत्ता - ७ क

माझा आवडता नेता

नेता हा शब्द म्हणजे जो माणूस, देशाची राखण करतो तो, त्या नेत्याला देशाविषयी खूप प्रेम असते. नेता देशासाठी आपल्या जीवनाचे बलिदान करतो. म्हणून मला नेते खूप आवडतात. आमच्या देशात अनेक नेते आहेत. पण माझा आवडता नेता बाळ गंगाधर टिळक आहे.

बाळ गंगाधर एक महान आणि मेहनती नेता होते. त्यांचे खरे नाव केशव होते. पण लहानपणापासून त्यांना 'बाळ' असे म्हणत. ते अभ्यासात आणि खेळातही हुशार होते. खरेपणाने वागणे हेच त्यांचे मुख्य तत्त्व, खोटे बोलणे त्यांना अजिबात आवडायचे नाही. ते नेहमी अन्यायाचा प्रतिकार करत. ते अन्यायाचे विरोधी होते त्यांना न्याय खूप आवडायचा आणि त्यांना वाटत होते की, न्याय मिळायला पाहिजे. न्याय मिळविण्यासाठी ते लढण्यास तयार होत.

ही गोष्ट त्यांच्या लहानपणीची आहे. जेव्हा ते शाळेत शिकत होते, तेव्हा त्यांच्या वर्गातल्या काही मुलांनी शेंगा खायला आणल्या होत्या. काही मुलांनी शेंगा खाल्ल्या आणि शेंगांची टरफले तशीच वर्गात टाकली. जेव्हा गुरुजी वर्गात आले तेव्हा त्यांनी सर्वांना विचारले की, शेंगांची टरफले कोणी वर्गात टाकली? तेव्हा सगळा वर्ग चिडचिूप होता. गुरुजी चिडले. कोणीही बोलत नाही म्हणून त्यांनी सर्वांना छडीने मारण्यास सुरुवात केली. जेव्हा बाळची वेळ आली तेव्हा ते गुरुजींना म्हणाले की, मी शेंगा खाल्ल्या नाहीत आणि छडीही खाणार नाही. गुरुजी चिडले आणि त्यांना वर्गाबाहेर जाण्यास सांगितले. अशा प्रकारे बाळ गंगाधर टिळक अन्यायाचा प्रतिकार करणारे होते.

बाळ गंगाधर टिळकांनी देशासाठी खूप चांगले कार्य केले होते. म्हणून म्हणतात, 'मरावे परि किर्तीरूपे उरावे' म्हणून मला बाळ गंगाधर टिळक खूप आवडतात.

— सागर हरिनारायण, इयत्ता - ७ अ



माझा एक अविस्मरणिय अनुभव

माझ्या उन्हाळ्याच्या सुटीत आम्ही जम्मू-काश्मिरमध्ये गेलो होतो. तेथे गेल्यावर तर मला खूप मजा आली. मी आधी पेहलगाममध्ये गेलो. तेथे खूप थंडी होती आणि तिकडच वातावरण खूप सुंदर होते. आम्ही चंदनवारीमध्ये बर्फात खेळलो, घोड्यावर बसलो आणि पेहलगांवच्या गावांमध्ये गेलो. नंतर आम्ही श्रीनगरमध्ये गेलो तेथे 'हाऊस बोट' मध्ये राहिलो. आम्ही डल लेकच्या 'शिकारा' मध्ये गेलो, तेथे फोटो काढले आणि फ्लोटिंग मार्केटमध्ये गेलो तेथेही खूप मजा केली.

मग आम्ही गुलबर्गमध्ये गेलो. पहिल्या दिवशी तिथे खूप थंडी होती आणि सगळीकडे हिरवेगार होते. दुसऱ्या दिवशी मी उठले आणि बघते तर काय सगळी कडे पांढरे बर्फचबर्फ! मी दात घासून खाली धावत-धावत गेले आणि बर्फाचे गोळे बनवून सगळ्यांवर फेकू लागले. आम्ही पूर्ण दिवस बर्फात खेळत होतो. त्या दिवशी मला सर्वात जास्त मजा आली.

आम्ही रात्री गाणे गाइले आणि भूतांच्या गोष्टी सांगितल्या. एकदा आम्ही भूतांचे कपडे घालून सगळ्यांना घाबरवत होतो. आम्ही मग परत पेहलगाममध्ये गेलो आणि जे काही राहिल होत ते सगळ परत आणलं.

जेव्हा आम्ही काश्मिरमध्ये जात होतो तेव्हा आम्हाला रेलगाडी मध्ये पण खूप मजा आली. पण जेव्हा गुजरात आणि राजस्थान मधून जाताना तसेच जम्मूमध्ये ही खूप गरम होत होते. नंतर आम्ही जम्मूमधून अमृतसरला गेलो तेव्हा आम्ही सुवर्ण मंदीरामध्ये वाहे गुरु च्या प्रसादासाठी गेलो होतो. मग आम्ही घरी आलो.

काश्मिरमध्ये मला खूप मजा आली आणि तो एक अविस्मरणिय अनुभव होता.

— अनुजा देवधर, इयत्ता - ८

मी मुख्याध्यापक झालो तर . . .

मी लहानपणापासून एक शिक्षक बनावच ठरविले आहे. यासाठी मी खूप मन लावून अभ्यास करतोय. आणि जर मी मुख्याध्यापक झालो तर . . .

मी जर मुख्याध्यापक झालो तर माझ्या शाळेचे नाव ठेवीन, "मुलांचे घर". मी लहान-मोठे सर्वांना शाळेत ठेवणार. माझ्या शाळेची फी पण कमी असणार ज्यामुळे गरीब मुले पण शिक्षण घेऊ शकतील.

मी एक मोठी शाळा बांधणार. मी मुलांमध्ये शिस्त ठेवणार आणि बेशिस्त मुलांना मी चांगल्याप्रमाणे समजावणार. मी शाळेच्या स्वच्छतेकडे खूप लक्ष देणार तसेच मी शाळेत सगळे विषय शिकविणार. मी मुलांना चांगली भाषा बोलायला शिकविणार. मी माझ्या शाळेतील मुलांना सगळ्या स्पर्धांना पाठविणार की मग माझ्या शाळेची चर्चा सगळीकडे होईल आणि माझ नाव पण होईल.

मी कोणत्याही मुलाला नापास करणार नाही, नापास झाल्यामुळे त्याचे एक वर्ष वाया जाते. मी शाळेत वेगवेगळ्या प्रकारचे खेळ ठेवणार की मग मुले वेगवेगळ्या खेळांत हुशार होतील. जी मुले शाळा सोडून जातील त्यांना माझी शाळा नेहमीच आठवेल असा मी प्रयत्न करेन. खरच मी मुख्याध्यापक झालो तर किती छान होईल. . .

— अजिंक्य कुलकर्णी, इयत्ता - ८

माझा एक अविस्मरणिय अनुभव

अविस्मरणिय अनुभव हे मोत्यासारखे अनमोल असतात. हे सर्वांच्या जीवनात घडत नाहीत. पण माझ्या जीवनात एक अविस्मरणिय अनुभव घडलेला आहे. तो पण माझ्या साठी खूप अनमोल आहे. त्या दिवशी मला व माझ्या पूर्ण कुटुंबाला आनंद झाला. तो अनुभव मार्चच्या २१ तारखेला घडला. त्या दिवशी माझ्या बहिणीचा जन्म झाला होता. तिचा जन्म होण्यापूर्वी मी तीची खूप वाट पहायची. मी एकटी असल्यामुळे, मला खूप कंटाळून जायचे. मी रोज उठायच्या नंतर विचार करायची की तिच नाव काय ठेवायचे? राणी, निकीता, सोनाली की सोमया! कुठल ही नाव तिला शोभा द्यायच नाही. मग २१ मार्च ला सकाळी तिचा जन्म झाला तो या दुनियेत सगळ्यात चांगला दिवस होता. ती टमाटर सारखी लाल होती. फुलांसारखी नाजूक . . . आणि बटाट्यासारखी गोल-मटोल. जेव्हा मी तिला बघितल तेव्हा ती हलकेशी हसली. त्यावेळेला थांबायला सांगावस वाटल.

आज ती मोठी झाली आहे व शाळेत पहिलीमध्ये आहे. शाळेत काय करते माहित नाही पण घरात खूप मस्ती करते. आता पण ती टमाटर सारखी लाल आहे पण फुलांसारखी नाजूक तर बिलकुल नाही उलट दगडासारखी कडक झाली आहे. जेव्हा ती मारते तेव्हा खूप जोरात लागते. जेव्हा ती छोटी होती तेव्हाच ती बरी होती.

तरी पण मला ती खूप आवडते. ती या दुनियेतली सर्वात सुंदर मुलगी आहे. हा अनुभव माझ्यासाठी खूप आहे शेवटी यातच माझी खुशी आहे.

— प्रेरणा गावडे, इयत्ता - ८

आमचे शहर

ह्या पृथ्वीवर खूप देश आहेत पण एक देश असा आहे की सगळे जण त्या देशात येतात. तो देश भारत आहे. भारतात खूप सारे प्रान्त आहेत, त्यामध्ये खुपशी शहरे आहेत पैकी महाराष्ट्राची राजधानी मुंबई शहर प्रसिध्द आहे.

मुंबई शहरात सगळीकडून लोक येतात. हिन्दु, मुस्लीम, सीख, इसाई हे सगळे लोक मुंबई शहरात येतात, राहतात, मजा करतात. त्यांना खूप मजा येते. काही जणांना वाटते की आपण येथेच रहावे.

मुंबई मध्ये सगळ्या जातीचे लोक प्रेमाने एकत्र राहतात. कधी भांडत नाहीत. एकमेकांना समजून घेतात. घटक्यात भांडण झाले तरी लवकरच विसरून जातात. जर कोण सोडून जात असेल तर सगळ्यांना दुःख होते. सगळीजण एकमेकांच्या वस्तु वापरतात पण कोणीही ती वस्तू परत मागत नाही. पण ती वस्तु परत देतात.

मुंबईत प्रदूषण खूप आहे, पण काय करणार गाड्या काही कमी होत नाहीत दिवसेन् दिवस वाढतच जाताहेत. कचरा पण खूप कमी झाला आहे.

जर आपण मुंबईला चांगले ठेवले तर मुंबई हे सगळ्यात चांगले शहर होईल. आपणा सर्वांना गर्व वाटेल. मग सगळे म्हणतील 'सगळ्यात चांगले शहर मुंबई शहर, माझे आवडते शहर मुंबई शहर.' आपल्या मुंबई शहरात जास्तीतजास्त जण कुत्रे व मांजरी पाळतात, त्यांना शिकवतात आणि कुत्रे व मांजरी सगळ्यांशी चांगले वागतात.

— मैथिली वगळ, इयत्ता - ८

MARATHI STORY WRITING COMPETITION

Std. VI – 1st Prize

नेहमी खरे बोलावे

..... त्यानंतर तो कधीच खोटे बोलले नाही.

एक मुलगा होता. त्याचे नांव राम होते. तो खूप खोटं बोलायचा. तो खूप मस्ती करायचा. तो आईचे अजिबात ऐकायचा नाही. एक दिवस खूप पाऊस पडत होता. रामला बाहेर खेळायला जायचे होते. त्याने आईला विचारले, “आई! मी बाहेर अंगणात जाऊ?” आई म्हणाली, “नको बाहेर खूप चिखल जमलाय, तुझे कपडे खराब होतील.” मग त्याला एक युक्ती सुचली, तो आईकडे गेला आणि म्हणाला, “आई, मी आत खोलीत जाऊन झोपू का?” आई म्हणाली, “चालेल तू जाऊन झोप.” तो त्याच्या खोलीत गेला आणि त्याने खिडकी मधून उडी मारली. तो पडला. चांगल झालं. तो पहिल्या मजल्यावर राहायचा. त्याला लागले नाही. तो अंगणात गेला. तो तिथे खेळायला गेला आणि तो चिखलात पडला आणि त्याचे कपडे घाणेरडे झाले. त्यानंतर त्याने कधीच खोटे बोलले नाही.

— पूर्वी साठे, इयत्ता - ६ क



1st Prize

राम व रवि

..... त्यानंतर तो कधीच खोटे बोलले नाही.

एकदा एक रवि नावाचा मुलगा होता, त्याचा मित्र राम एक गरीब घरातील होता. ते मित्र होते. एकदा रामला वाटले की, आपण खूप गरीब आहोत. त्याने एका वाईट मुलाबरोबर मैत्री केली. हा मुलगा अजिबात चांगला नव्हता. तो खूप चोरी करायचा. राम ने सुद्धा चोरी करणे सुरु केले.

थोड्या दिवसांत रविला वाटायला लागले की राम विचित्र प्रकारे वागत आहे. त्याने शोध लावला, रविला कळले की, राम चोरी करत आहे, दुसऱ्या दिवशी रविने सांगितले की तो जे करतो आहे बरोबर नाही आहे. राम म्हणाला तुला काही कळत नाही. तुला मी दुसऱ्याबरोबर मैत्री केलेली चालत नाही. हे म्हणून तो गेला.

थोड्या दिवसांत रवि घरात खोटं बोलायला लागला. त्याच्या आई व बाबांचा तो एकुलता एक मुलगा होता. त्यांना तो खूप आवडायचा. एक दिवस बसमध्ये रामने एका बाईच्या पर्सची चोरी केली. बाईने त्याला पकडले व त्याला पोलिसांकडे नेले, त्याचा मित्र सोहम पळाला. त्याच्या आई-वडिलांना घेऊन रवि आला. रामला बघून आई रडायला लागली. रामला वाईट वाटले आणि त्यापुढे कधीच खोटे बोलणार नाही. रवि आणि राम पक्के मित्र झाले.

— साईशा ओरके, इयत्ता - ६ क

2nd Prize

कपिश राजा

..... त्यानंतर तो कधीच खोटे बोलले नाही.

कपिश नावाचे एक माकड होते. ते प्रतिदिन केळे खात असे. तो खूप खोटे पण बोलत असे. सगळे प्राणी वैतागले होते. एक दिवस कपिशने सिंहाच्या अंगावर एक नारळ आणि थोडी केळी फेकली. सिंह रागवला आणि म्हणाला, “मी जंगलाचा राजा आहे. माझ्यावर ही फळे कोणी टाकली?” “मी फेकली” कपिशने उत्तर दिले. “तू काय करशील?” कपिश सर्वांना सांगून आला होता की, सिंहाने त्याला राजा बनवले होते. त्याने जोरात ओरडून सिंहाला सांगितले “मी राजा आहे.”

सिंह घरी गेला आणि त्याने त्याच्या दरबारात सर्व प्राण्यांना बोलावले, “आम्हांला काहीतरी करायला हवे. कपिश खूप खोटे बोलतो. आपण त्याला धडा शिकवूया,” सिंह म्हणाला. दुसऱ्या दिवशी कोल्हा आणि ससा माकडाकडे गेले आणि म्हणाले, “कपिश राजा, तुम्ही महाराज आहात. आता वाघ महाराज येणार आहेत. त्यांना आवडले नाही तर ते तुम्हाला मारून खाऊन टाकतील.”

कपिश घाबरला आणि म्हणाला, “मला माफ करा कृपया महाराज वाघाला बोलवू नका. मी नेहमी सत्य बोलेन, खोटे बोलणार नाही.” सगळे खर तर त्याच्यावर रागावले होते तरीही त्यांनी त्याला माफ केले. त्यानंतर ते कधीच खोटे बोलले नाही.

— वृषा कॅस्टलिनो, इयत्ता - ६ ब



मिंटू त्यानंतर कधीच खोटे बोलला नाही

सोमपूरच्या गावात दोन मित्र राहायचे - चिंटू व मिंटू. चिंटू साधा गरीब पण तो नेहमी सत्य बोलायचा. मिंटूकडे बेताचे पैसे असत पण तो अगदी नेहमी खोटे बोलायचा. ती त्याची वाईट सवय होती.

दोघे मित्र शेतकरी होते. मिंटू नेहमी कमी शेती करून दुसऱ्यांकडून चोऱ्या करायचा. मिंटू कर्जांमध्ये होता. एके वर्षी सगळ्या शेतकऱ्यांनी त्याला शिक्षा द्यायची, असे ठरविले. मिंटू अशिक्षित होता. गांवातल्या लोकांनी त्याचे कर्ज वाढवले होते. म्हणून त्या रात्री त्याने धान्याची चोरी करायचे ठरविले होते. ते गांवातल्या लोकांना पक्के माहित होते.

एकदा एक इंग्रजी माणूस ह्या गांवात आला होता. तो त्याचा कॅमेरा गांवातच विसरून गेला होता. त्याने गांवातल्या लोकांना तो कसा वापरायचा हे शिकवले होते. ज्या रात्री मिंटूने चोरी केली. तेव्हा त्यांनी त्याचा फोटो काढला.

दुसऱ्या दिवशी लोक त्याच्या घरी गेले. त्यांनी त्याला विचारले की, त्याने चोरी केली होती की नव्हती. तो खोटे बोलला. गांवावाल्यांनी त्याला फोटो दाखवले. मग त्याला कळले की नेहमी सत्य बोलायचे. आता तो नेहमी सत्य बोलतो आणि चोऱ्या करत नाही. जे कर्ज तो पाच वर्षांत भरू शकला नाही. ते कर्ज तो दोन वर्षांत भरू शकला. आता चिंटू व मिंटू दोघेही पक्के “बिझनेस पार्टनर” झाले आहेत.

तात्पर्य : “सत्याचा नेहमी विजय होतो.”

— शलाका वीरकर, इयत्ता - ६ब

सत्य मेव जयते !



आळशी मुलगा

एका शहरात, एका मोठ्या वाड्या मध्ये एक आळशी माणूस राहत होता. तो पन्नास वर्षांचा होता, त्याला काहीही काम-धंदा नव्हता. त्याची आई त्याच्यावर खूप चिडायची. त्याचे वडील वारले होते. दिवस - रात्र काम करून पण तिला रोजचं पूर्ण खाणं पण परवडत नव्हतं. जेव्हा त्याची आई त्याला काही छोटंसं काम करायला सांगायची तो पैसा मागायचा. त्याच्या वडिलांची दिवस - रात्र कष्ट करून तो मोठा वाडा बनवला होता.

एकदा जेव्हा तो माणूस आपल्या मित्रांबरोबर फिरून आला तेव्हा तो जोरात ओरडला “आई! मला लागलं आहे. काहीतरी लाव, खूप जळतय.” आत मधून काही आवाज नाही आला जेव्हा त्याची आई आत मधून आली तेव्हा तिला खूप ताप होता - त्या मुलाला आश्चर्य वाटलं. तो रडू लागला, कारण तो तिला कामामध्ये मदत करत नव्हता, खूप कामामुळे तिला ताप आला होता, त्यांनी त्या दिवसाच्या नंतर त्याने आईला कधी त्रास दिला नाही आणि तिला खूप मदत केली नंतर त्याला एक कॉम्प्यूटर कंपनीमध्ये काम मिळाले. त्याला खूप पैसा मिळत होता कारण तो आपल्या वडिलांसारखा दिवस रात्र कष्ट करून काम करायला लागला त्याचे घर धन्य धान्या ने भरून गेले, त्याचे खूप मित्र बनले आणि तो आनंदात आणि सुखात राहू लागला.

एक दिवस त्याचे लग्न एका सुंदर धनवान मुलीशी झाले. त्याच्या आईला मुलाचा गर्व वाटला आणि मग त्याने कधीही आळस केला नाही.

— ऐश्वर्या नागपाल, इयत्ता - ७ क

आळशी मुलगा

एका गावात एक आळशी मुलगा राहत होता. नेहमी तो अस्वच्छ राहायचा. तो कधीपण झोपत असे, कधी काम करत नसे. त्याचे नाव राम होते. तो त्याच्या वडिलांबरोबर राहायचा.

एक दिवस त्याचे वडिल आजारी पडले. त्याने आपल्या मुलाला बोलावले आणि म्हटले, “मी खूप आजारी आहे, मी आता कधीही मरू शकतो.” “मी तुला काही सांगण्यासाठी बोलावलं आहे. मी आपल्या घरासमोर एक खजिना लपविलेला आहे. ते तुला शोधून काढायचा आहे.” हे बोलून त्याचे वडिल वारले.

आता राम खूप खूश झाला. दुसऱ्या दिवशी, त्यांनी घरासमोरची जागा खोदायला सुरुवात केली. खूप माहिने गेले. परंतु त्याला काही खजिना भेटला नाही.

मग त्याच्या मनात विचार आला की, जमिनीत भाज्या उगवल्या तर आपल्याला काही पैसे भेटतील. त्या पैशातून मी काहीही खरेदी करू शकेन.

तो खूप परिश्रमी झाला. असेच चार वर्षे गेले आणि त्याने लग्न केले आणि सुखी रहायला लागला. आता त्याला समजले वडिलांनी सांगितलेली गोष्ट. आता तो आळशी मुलगा राहिला नव्हता तर, खूप हुशार व परिश्रमी झाला होता.



— निधी चौधरी, इयत्ता - ७अ

3rd Prize

आळशी मुलगा

एका गावात एक मुलगा राहत होता. त्याचे नाव रमण होते. तो खूप आळशी होता पण जिद्दीही होता. त्याच्याकडे वेगवेगळ्या वस्तू होत्या तरी त्याला आणखी हव्या होत्या. त्याच्या घरात त्याचे आई-वडील, आजी-आजोबा राहत होते. सगळे त्याचे लाड करायचे पण तो ऐकायचा नाही. तो पूर्ण कुटुंबात सगळ्यांत छोटा व लाडका होता. जेव्हा त्याची आजी त्याला काही काम सांगायची तेव्हा तो ते काम करायचा नाही आणि खेळायला पळून जायचा. त्याला अभ्यास करायला कंटाळा यायचा. आई-वडील त्याला खूप ओरडायचे, पण तो कधी ऐकायचा नाही, फक्त त्याचे सगळ्यांनी ऐकायला हवे. त्याचे खूप मित्र असायचे. पण तो ठराविक मित्रांबरोबर खेळायचा. जेव्हा कोणीही नसायचा तेव्हा तो सगळ्यांबरोबर खेळायचा. काही खेळ खेळायचा जसं - कॅरम, खोखो, कबड्डी, लंगडी इत्यादी. तो शाळेत जाण्याच्यावेळी त्याची बॅग भरायला, कपडे घालायला, आंघोळ घालायला, जर एक ही वस्तू घरी राहिली तर तो सगळ्यांना ओरडायचा. पण त्याची आजी त्याला काही बोलायची नाही कारण तो तिचा लाडका नातू होता. तो प्रत्येक कामात आळस करायचा जेव्हा तो खेळायला जायचा तेव्हा तो त्याची चप्पल काढून खेळायचा, मग घरी येताना चपला विसरून येणार मग मित्र आणणार, मग तो चप्पल घालणार एकदा सोहनने ठरवलं की रमणला 'आळशी मुलगा' चिडवायचे. एकदा सगळे वेगवेगळ्या जागेवर लपली जेव्हा तो खाली आला तर सगळी एक - एक हाक देऊन त्याला चिडवू लागले. पण त्याला वाटले की दुसऱ्याला चिडवता. मग तो थोड्या वेळाने घरी आला. त्याचे आजोबा बोलले काही हवंय? तर तो नाही बोलून टीव्ही बघायला बसला. मग त्याचे आजोबा बोलले 'आळशी मुलगा', तेव्हा रमणला राग आला आणि उलटे-सुलटे बोलायला लागला. मग त्याचे बाबा पण बोलले की तू आळशी आहे. तरी ही तो काही सुधारला नाही. त्यांना एक नाव पडले. 'आळशी मुलगा रमण' पण त्याला त्याचा काही फरक पडला नाही. त्याच्या सारखा मुलगा आतापर्यंत कोणी बघितलाच नाही.

सायली राजन पारकर, इयत्ता - ७क

जशास तसे

लोकांचं मत असतं की सगळ्या म्हणी (Proverbs) खऱ्या असतात. मला ही तसेच वाटते. लोकांची नेहमी ऐकू येणारी म्हण म्हणजे "जशास तसे". खूप लोकांच्या मनात असते की ही म्हण खोटी वाटते. पण खूप लोकांच्या आयुष्यात असं घडलं आहे. मी हे एक उदाहरण देऊन सिद्ध करू शकते.

माझी पहिली शाळा फक्त मुलींची होती. प्रत्येकांच्या वर्गामध्ये एक तरी अशी व्यक्ति असते जी वॉईट व त्रासदायक असते. आमच्या क्लासमध्ये एक मुलगी अपर्णा होती. तिच्यात वॉईट गुण होते. तिचा लाडका उद्योग म्हणजे मुलींना पाडणे व त्यांच्यावर हसणे. ती रोज कोठेतरी उभी रहायची. कोणी आले की पायमध्ये घालून त्यांना पाडायची. मग त्यांना तोंड वेगाडून दाखवायची आणि मग निघून जायची. खूप मुलींनी तक्रार केली. आमच्या प्राध्यापकांनी तिच्या पालकांना बोलावून त्यांना तिची तक्रार सांगितली. ते तिला ओरडले व म्हणाले की, जर तिने असे काही केले तर ते तिला शाळेतून काढून टाकतील. तिने पाडण्याचा नाद सोडून दिला व मग दुसऱ्या खोड्या काढायला लागली. पण तिला शिक्षा मिळाली. एकदा जिन्यावरून उतरताना ती पडली. खाली काही खोडकर मुली होत्या. त्या तिच्यावर हसल्या. तिला अद्दल घडली. पण ती काही कमी नव्हती. त्या मुलींचा राग ती आमच्यावर काढू लागली.

कोणी तिचं आवडतं खाणं डब्यात आणलं की ती त्यांच्या ड्रेसवर उलटं करायची. अशानी त्यांचे कपडे पण खराब व्हायचे व खाणं पण वाया जायचं. पण आम्ही तक्रार नाही करू शकलो. कारण हे उद्योग ती कोणाच्यासमोर न येता करायची. पण परत म्हणी प्रमाणेच झालं. तिचा वाढदिवस होता व ती नवीन कपडे घालून आली होती. तिने पाव-भाजी आणली होती. ती जेव्हा खात होती, तेव्हा तिचा डबा तिच्यावर उपडा झाला. त्यामुळे तिचे नवीन कपडे खराब झाले.

आता तिला समजले की लोकांना त्रास दिला की आपल्याला पण कधीतरी शिक्षा मिळते. तिने शपथ घेतली की याच्यापुढे ती कोणालाही त्रास देणार नाही तरी पटले की जशास तसे खरे आहे. आणि मजेची गोष्ट ही आहे की हे असे सगळ्यांबरोबर होते. म्हणून चांगलं काम करा व तुमचे ही चांगले होईल.

अनुजा देवधर, इयत्ता - ८ क



एकदा नदीला मोठा पूर आला

मे महिन्याच्या सुट्टीत मी, आई बाबांबरोबर गावी कुडाळला गेलो होतो. कुडाळात माझे काका, काकी आणि भावंडे राहतात. आम्ही तिथे ४ मे ला पोहोचलो. आम्ही जेव्हा स्टेशनवर पोहोचलो तेव्हा कडकडीत ऊन होतं. आम्ही आमच्या गावातल्या घरात पोहोचलो. आई-बाबा सगळ्यांसाठी आणलेले खाऊ देत होते. मी माझ्या भावंडांबरोबर खेळत होतो.

अचानक वीज चमकायला लागली. ढग गडगडायला लागले. निसर्गाचे तांडव सुरू झाले आणि धो-धो पाऊस कोसळू लागला. नदीच्या पाण्याचा आवाज येत होता. नदी वेगाने वाहत होती. नदी वर एक पूल होता. नदीच्या पाण्याने त्याला ही आतांडले होते. आमचं घर नदीच्या अगदी जवळ होतं. त्या नदीचे पाणी हळू-हळू आमच्या घरापर्यंत आले. थोड्याच वेळात सगळं गाव पाण्याने भरलं. गाववासी खूप प्रयत्न करत होते. बाहेर येण्यासाठी आई आणि बाबा प्रयत्न करत होते. बुडणार इतक्यात मी पोहत गेलो आणि त्यांना वाचवले. मग त्यांना गच्ची वर नेले. माझी भावंडे गच्चीच्या पायऱ्या चढत होती. एक बाई खाली पडली. तिला वाचविण्यासाठी मला खाली उतरावे लागले. माझे काका दुसऱ्या माणसांना मदत करत होते.

त्या वादळात बऱ्याच लोकांना आपले प्राण गमावावे लागले. गावातल्या पंचायतीने मला माझ्या बहादुरीसाठी शाबासकी दिली.

आम्ही मुंबईत परत आलो. हा एक भयानक प्रसंग होता. आई बाबांना माझ्या बदल भरपूर अभिमान वाटला.

जय हिंद!

अनिकेत वारंग, इयत्ता - ८ब



एका गावात एक मूर्ख माणूस राहत होता

एका गावात एक मूर्ख माणूस राहत होता. त्याचे नाव पांडू होते. तो पुण्यात एका झोपडीत राहायचा. त्याची आजी पुण्याजवळ एका गावात राहायची.

ते फार गरीब होते. एके दिवशी त्याच्या आईने त्याला एक डझन अंडी आणायला सांगितली. तो आजीकडे गेला आणि एक डझन अंडी घेऊन खिशात टाकली. घरी येई पर्यंत सगळी अंडी फुटली. मग त्याच्या आईने त्याला खूप मारले. तिने सांगितले. “अरे! कसा रे वेडा तू? अंडी सुद्धा नीट आणू शकत नाहीस? अंडी नेहमी एका पिशवीत सांभाळून आणायची. पुढच्या वेळी असे करू नकोस.”

दुसऱ्या वेळी तो एक कुत्रा आणायला गेला. जाताना त्याच्या आईने सांगितले, “बाळ, कुत्रा नीट आण” तो गेला कुत्रा आणायला. त्याने तो कुत्रा एका पिशवीत आणला. घरी पोहोचेपर्यंत तो मरून गेला. कारण त्याला श्वास घेता आला नाही. आई त्याच्यावर खूप ओरडली. म्हणाली, “काय रे मूर्खा, मी तुला त्या कुत्र्याला नीट आणायला सांगितले होते ना हे काय केलंस तू.”

थोड्या दिवसानंतर तो दही आणायला गेला आणि त्याने ती दह्याची पिशवी कुत्र्याच्या पट्ट्याला बांधून आणली. मग तर बिचारा तो तर गेलाच. बिचाऱ्याला जेवणच नाही मिळाले.

विक्रान्त म्हात्रे, इयत्ता - ८ब



MARATHI POEM WRITING COMPETITION

Std. VI – 1st Prize

पाऊस पडतो

पाऊस पडतो सर्र, सर्र
 बेडूक करतो, टर्, टर्
 आम्ही पाण्यात खूप भिजतो
 आणि आईचा ओरडा सुद्धा खातो
 मोर बघायला मजा वाटते
 मी त्यांना पाहता पाहता छान खाऊ खातो
 पाऊस पडतो सर्र, सर्र
 बेडूक करतो, टर्, टर्



— साईशा ओरके, इयत्ता - ६ग

3rd Prize

पाऊस पडतो

पाऊस पडतो, पाऊस पडतो
 सगळ्या मुलांनो या बाहेर
 पाऊस पडतो, पाऊस पडतो
 आपण करू मजा बाहेर

उन्हाणे आणलाय वैताग
 आता तू कधी येतोस
 सूर्याच तोंड पाहून
 आता थकायला होतं
 तुझ तोंड आता कधी
 दिसणार ?

पाऊस पडतो, पाऊस पडतो
 हिरवी पाने आणि झाडे छान
 पाऊस पडतो, पाऊस पडतो
 आता तू कधी येणार ?



— अनुजा भडकमकर, इयत्ता - ६अ

2nd Prize

लपाछपी

कोणी लपे झाडाच्या मागे
 पाऊस पडतो, धो . . . धो . . .
 तरीही चालेल, खेळू या
 खेळ लपाछपीचा, घराच्या आत . . .

कोणी लपे कपड्यांच्या मागे
 टेबलाच्या खाली जाताना कोणाला लागे,
 पण चूपचाप राहायचं, नाही बोलायचं . . .
 नंतर येईलच पाळी आपल्यावर शोधायची . . .
 किती किती मजा येते,
 खेळताना खेळ लपाछपीचा!

पाऊस पडे धो . . . धो . . .
 तरीही खेळू या खेळ, लपाछपीचा!

— शलाका वीरकर, इयत्ता - ६ब



रेलगाडी

झुक झुक ती बघा आली रेलगाडी
रेलगाडी रेलगाडी
आली आपली रेलगाडी
चला धावून पकडू या
नाही तर जाईल निघून

आली एकदम रिकामी
भरून जाईल आता
किती मोठी आपली गाडी
मला तर ती, पूर्ण दिसतही नाही

गाडीत बसू या, जाऊ या दूर
येईल मग मजा भरपूर
गाडीत येते किती मजा
मिळत नाही कोणाची सजा
झुक झुक ती गेली रेलगाडी

— कुमारी जान्हवी पवार, इयत्ता - ७ ब

रेलगाडी

रेलगाडी येते आवाज करते पों-पों-पों
रेलगाडी थांबते हळू-हळू-हळू

सगळी चढतात भर-भर-भर
सगळी उतरतात पट-पट-पट

सगळी कडे धक्का-बुक्की
सगळी कडे चेंगरा-चेंगरी

रेलगाडी होते चालू
सगळ्यांची धक्का बुक्की होते कमी

रेलगाडी मध्ये नसते जागा बसायला
सगळी दरवाज्याजवळ राहतात उभे
जायला यायला नसते जागा

रेलगाडी मधून दिसतात झाडे पळताना
रेलगाडी मधून दिसतात डोंगर पळताना

उतरतो आपण रेलगाडीतून
वाटते पुन्हा प्रवास करावा रेलगाडीतून....

— सायली राजन पारकर, इयत्ता - ७ क

परी आली पृथ्वीवर

एकदा एक परी, चालली-उडती
पृथ्वीला पाहून खूप प्रसन्न झाली
जेव्हा ती पृथ्वीवर आली
तेव्हा ती सगळीकडे प्रकाश घेऊन आली
सर्वजण तिला पाहून उडायला लागले
एक आणतो लाडू, एक आणतो पाणी
परी मनोमन खुश झाली
आणि सर्वांना आर्शिवादित केले
म्हणून सर्व लोक खुश झाले
एकमेकांबरोबर नाचायला लागले
एकदा एक परी,
पृथ्वीला पाहून खूप प्रसन्न झाली



— सागर हरिनारायण, इयत्ता - ७ अ

Std. VIII – 1st Prize

चमत्कार

सगळ्यांना हवासा वाटतो.
छान छान चमत्कार
असला तर नसते
पण नसता तर होते तक्रार.
चमत्कार झाला तर येते मजा,
पण काहीतरी बिघडलं तर होते सजा.
चमत्कार झाल्यावर सगळे वाजवतात टाळी,
आणि असे करता करता माझ्यावर येते पाळी.
मी विचार करते, करू तरी काय?
गायब करू का चमत्काराने माझे दोन्ही पाय?
काय करू? यावर मी करू लागले विचार,
काहीतरी केलं तर पैसे मिळतील चार.
मी उठून सांगितलं की चमत्कार नसतो,
जे काही दिसतं तो हातखेळ असतो!
हे ऐकताच पसरली वाहवा,
सगळ्यांनी मला दिला एक खेळ नवा.
अशी झाली मजा चमत्काराची,
पण झाली मात्र चंगळ फक्त माझी!



— मैथिली वगळ, इयत्ता - ८ क

2nd Prize

हिवाळा

पावसाळ्यात मजेत भिजल्यावर
येतो थंडीतला हिवाळा
बाहेर जायला मिळत नाही,
आई म्हणते घरात बस बाळा.
थंडी मुळे होते सर्दी,
रस्ता असतो रिकामा, कुठे नसते गर्दी.
खूप मजा येते बर्फात खेळायला,
पाय दुखतात जेव्हा आपण लागतो पळायला.
हिवाळ्यात येते खूप-खूप मजा,
देत नाही कुणीही मला सजा.
मला आवडतो हिवाळा, त्याची कारणं आहेत दोन,
येतो खाता सगळ्यांना ताजा बर्फाचा कोन.
दूसरं कारण म्हणजे असते शाळेला सुट्टी,
म्हणून मारावी नाही लागत शाळेला बुट्टी.



— अनुजा देवधर, इयत्ता - ८ क



Cons. Prize

दिवाळी

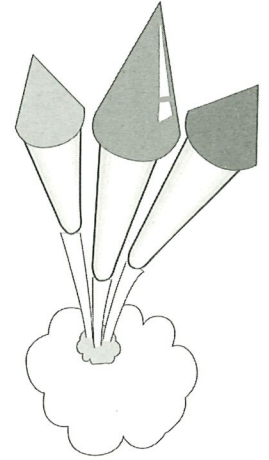
दिवाळी आली, दिवाळी आली,
त्याच्या संग सुखे पण आली ।
आई, बाबा आणि ताई,
सगळ्यांना खूप खुशी वाटली ॥ १ ॥

बाबांनी खरेदी केले फटाके,
आईने बनवली मिठाई ।
माझ्यासाठी भेट घेतली,
माझी प्रेमळ ताई ॥ २ ॥

बाबांनी घेतले नवीन कपडे,
सगळ्यांसाठी ।
रात्री घरी आलो लक्ष्मीची,
पूजा करण्यासाठी ॥ ३ ॥

पूजा करून मिठाई दिली,
आम्ही आमच्या मित्राला ।
त्यांनी आम्हांला भेट दिली,
आणि दिवाळीच्या शुभेच्छा ॥ ४ ॥

दिवाळी आली, दिवाळी आली,
त्याच्या संग सुखे पण आली ।
आई, बाबा आणि ताई,
सगळ्यांना खूप खुशी वाटली ॥ १ ॥



— प्राची शैलेन्द्र, इयत्ता - ८ क

Ist Standard

Balloons

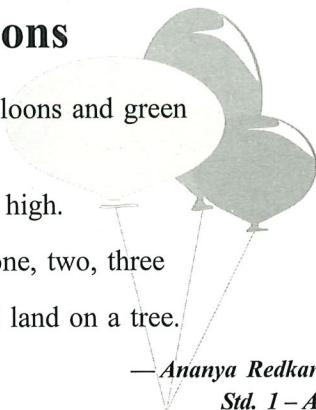
I see red balloons, yellow balloons and green balloons in the sky,

They all fly away high, high, high.

Children count the balloons one, two, three

The balloons come down and land on a tree.

— *Ananya Redkar*
Std. 1 – A



My Kitten

My kitten likes to roam around in the garden.

She likes sunlight.

She likes to drink milk, She loves eating fish too.

She is a siamese kitten

— *Ashima Seth*
Std. 1 – A

My Dog

My dogs name is Snuffy,

He is very fluffy.

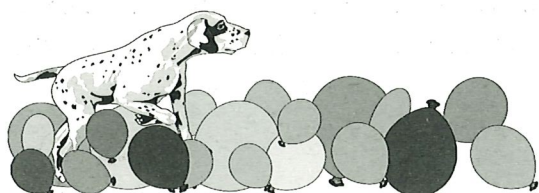
He drinks milk,

His fur is like silk,

He is very good.



— *Aditya Krishna*
Std. 1 – A



My Little Toy Car

My father gave me

a toy car,

When I wind it

it goes far.

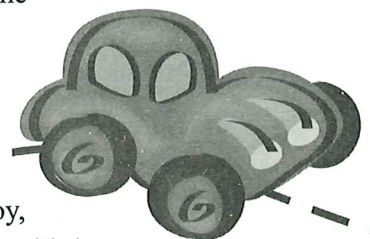
My sister and I

sit on it and enjoy,

It fills our hearts with joy.

The colour of the car is red,

And its stands near our bed.



— *Ananyaa Sudarsan*
Std. 1 – B



When I Grow-Up

When I grow up I want to become a doctor. My father says that to become a doctor I have to study very hard. I know that there are different kinds of doctors but I want to become a doctor who takes care of small children. I want to make sick children well and give them such medicines which will never make them fall ill again.

I pray to God to give me courage and strength to make my dreams come true.

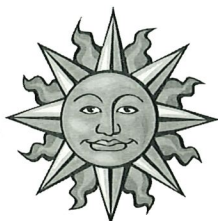
— *Ridhika Agrawal*
Std. 1 – B

Truth Pays

It was a cool evening. Raj and his friends were playing Icricket. Ram threw a ball and Raj hit it hard, The ball crashed into the window of an old lady's house. All the boys but Raj were scared and ran away. The old lady

came out, she looked angrily at Raj. Raj went up to her and said he was sorry. He would get the glass replaced. The old woman saw that Raj told the truth. She gave him a packet of chocolates and said that she was really happy because he did not tell lies. Raj went home happily.

— Prithvi Bhushan
Std. 1 – B



The Sun and The Moon

The Sun shines on us by day,
So we can grow in every way.

Plants, animals and birdies too,
Need the Sun as me and you.

The moon shines bright;
With a silvery light,

Oh! don't you think it is
a very pretty sight?



— Diya Rawat
Std. 1 – C

Jelly

I like jelly with fruit and cream,
Every night that's all I dream
Yellow, orange, or strawberry red,
I like my jelly with
A big cherry on its head.



— Amaan Khan
Std. 1 – C

My Cycle

I love my cycle,
It makes me go fast,
And when I go downhill,
I really have a blast.



I like to ride with my friends,
We have many games to play,
I take my cycle down with me,
Every single day!

— Riya Philip
Std. 1 – C



My Little Sister

Hi, I am Aryan. I have a two year old baby sister. Since she came into my life, my life has turned upside down. Now all the toys that I have, she also wants to play with. Whenever I am studying she is always there looking for my pencils, crayons and even my favourite Pikachu pencil box. Mom always asks me to share the things with her as she is my little sister. But I know how naughty she is.

Despite all this, I love her very much. When I come back from the school every day, she comes running to me and gives me a sweet hug. We play on the bed with pillows every night and enjoy a lot together. I know this is the best gift God has given me — My Little Sister.

— Aryan Sharma
Std. 1 – C



Growing-Up

Growing up is such a fun
Now that my sister is a little one
She imitates me in every way
Be it night or be it day
She pushes me She pulls me
But if I hurt her
Mother yells at me
“Grow up” mother says
The little one won’t like it
But I feel happy when I
Find the little one grin at me



— Abigail Barretto
Std. 2 – A

My Little Cat

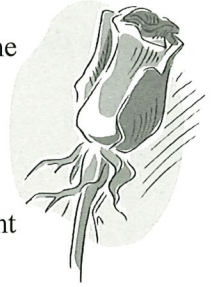
My little cat is so sweet
I got her as a birthday treat
She has four white feet
And I think I will name her Preet!
I know her every little wish
Yes, she loves all kind of fish
She has a small pink nose
And in every photo strikes a pose!
She curls up on a chair
While I look for her everywhere
And when I call her name
She thinks I am playing a game!



— Aditi Sharma,
Std. 2 – A

Roses are Red

Roses are red, as red as can be
What a delightful sight to see
They are as precious as diamonds to me
They are so smooth and velvety
Roses are soft, as soft as can be
Roses for you, and roses for me
Roses in my garden make a lovely sight
That’s why they are my favourite



— Aashika Jayanth Pai
Std. 2 – A

Little Bright Star

As I sleep on my bed tonight
I see a star in the sky, shining bright
Oh little star I surely would
Reach out and touch you, if I could.
Star light, star bright
Oh! You are at such a height
If only as the wind blows
It would bring you, oh! so close.



— Zachary Borthwick
Std. 2 – B

My Bunny

I have a little bunny,
It is very, very funny,
It eats too much honey,
It only likes to go out on days which are sunny
to buy his favourite honey,
I have to waste my money,
And now in my money box, there is’nt a single penny.



— Tanmay Thomas
Std. 2 – B

I Like to Travel

(1)

I like to travel by train because we can make new friends. We can meet people from other places. We can even play in the train. I like to go in the train for a long journey. I like to sleep on the top berth and talk to my sister who sleeps in the middle berth. I like the food that we get on the train. I enjoy travelling by train.



— Anoushka Kotak
Std. 2 – C

(2)

I like to travel by bike because I can feel the cool wind blow on my face when my father rides fast. I am very happy when it rains while we are riding the bike. When there is a slope my father switches off the bike because it will go automatically. When we stop at a signal he gives me something to eat. I like to travel on a bike very much.



— Paarth Kadam
Std. 2 – C

My Class Picnic

Our class picnic was on 17th February. We went to a health farm at Karjat. It took us two hours to reach there. We left school at 6.30 a.m. We had a lot of fun in the bus. We all sat with our best friends. We reached at 8.50 a.m. We had a delicious breakfast of wada-sambar as soon as we reached. After breakfast we played on the lawn. There were two lawns. There was a waterfall and at the end of it there was a lake. It was a pretty sight.

After lunch we played musical chairs. After the game, we had bhel and rasna for tea time. We all sat down for a little time after our meal. While returning we all slept in the bus. We reached school at 5.30 p.m. I enjoyed the picnic.



— Vijita Kamath
Std. 2 – C

My Pet

(1)

My pet is a dog. His name is Tommy. He is white in colour. He loves to eat bones. Till the time I am at school my mother takes care of him. When I come back from school Tommy jumps on me and wags his tail. In the evening my pet and I go down to play. At night when my father comes home Tommy is very happy. After he has had his food he goes to sleep in a little doggy basket. Tommy is clever and handsome. When I have a holiday Tommy and I play happily. During my holidays I like to spend the whole time with Tommy. I love my dog very much.



Rajoshmita Roy
Std. 2 – C



My pet

(2)

My pet is a cat. Her name is Sweetie. She is grey and white in colour. When I come back from school she waits for me at the front door. Her favourite food is fish. I give her a bath whenever she gets dirty. She loves to play with sand. She has nice soft fur. She loves me and I love her too.

— Medha Kumari Jha
Std. 2 – C



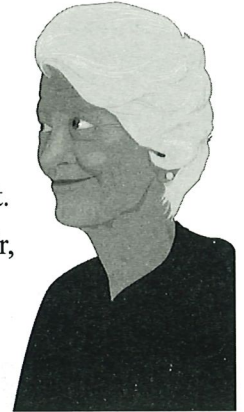
Fairy Land

Once I dreamt of a fairy land,
which was modern and grand.
The fairy girls in their teens,
all wore denim jeans.
The scary pixies eating spicy beans,
were staring at computer screens!
I saw many cartoons,
as night fell I saw seventeen moons!
Then I saw mobiles hanging on a tree,
and the mobile fairy said, "It is free"
Imagine no school fees,
the classes are held on magical chocolate trees.
This was my trip to fairy land,
which was modern and grand.
But it only lasted till my special dream,
came to an exciting end.

— Gauri Mishra
Std. 3 – A

My Granny

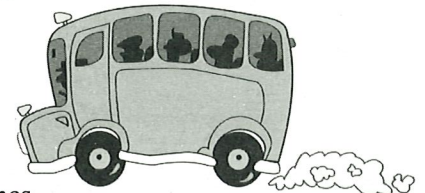
Do you know my Granny?
She is the world's best Nanny.
She told us a story,
Of a beautiful fairy.
Who lived in a glittering pond,
And had a magic wand.
My granny has a poor eye sight,
She cannot read without proper light.
She always tells me to comb my hair,
So that I don't look like a mare.
She is old,
But very bold!
That's why I always say —
"Do you know my Granny?
She is the world's best Nanny!
THE END.



— Ayesha Kaduskar
Std. 3 – A

Our School Picnic

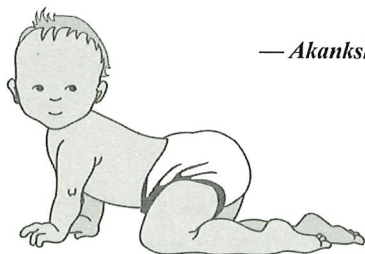
Our school picnic was on a Thursday
It turned out to be a fun-day
We saw a mountain slope
It gave us lot of hope
To have some fun
In the scorching sun
We went to the shade
To play some board games
For breakfast I brought a bun
Eating that was not at all fun
I wish the picnic were on everyday
Because my favourite day is the picnic day.



— Sourav Paul
Std. 3 – B

My Childhood

My mother told me that this would be,
A time when everyone would love me.
When nobody would mind whatever I say,
A time of happiness and of play.
But that is not how it turned out to be,
My books are very heavy you see.
I study a lot, there is no time to play,
I go from class to class all throughout the day.
My father works hard and comes late everyday,
In the night sometimes, I hear him say.
Growing up is hard, I wish I was small,
In my childhood there were, no worries at all.
When I hear him say that, I want to shout,
Is this the childhood, you are talking about?



— Akanksha Nathany
Std. 3 – B

My School

When I was small I would hear my neighbour's children talk about a school where the discipline was very good. Luckily I got admission in the same school. The name of the school is Bombay Scottish School, Powai. When I joined this school, I was in Jr. KG. My school has classes up to Std. 10. The teachers in my school are very kind. The school looks



very beautiful. It has a computer laboratory, science laboratories, a library and an aquarium. We also have a basketball court, a small field, a medium size field and a huge field. I am very proud to be a B.S.S. student. It is a home away from home for me.



— ArnnavRoy
Std. 3 – C

My Winter Vacation

During my winter vacation, I went to Chikaldhara, a small hill-station in Maharashtra for a family get-together along with my extended family from my mother's side. We travelled from Mumbai by train to Akola and by jeep to Akot. In Akot, we stopped at my grandmother's cousin's house and had some snacks. Then we continued our journey to Chikaldhara. When we reached Chikaldhara we made ourselves comfortable in Satpura Resort. Since we were a large group of people, the whole Resort was booked for us.

There were many flowers and trees in the Resort. We played many games like soccer, cricket, seven stones etc. It was the 25th December, 2004, which is Christmas and also my father's and cousin's birthday. That evening we had a small party to celebrate the birthday of my father and cousin.

The next day we went sight-seeing in Chikaldhara. We visited Bheemkund, the place where the Pandava prince Bheem threw Keechak after killing him. It is said that the Pandavas spent their year of living in disguise in parts of Chikaldhara and its surroundings. We also visited echo point, the animal museum and sun-set point. Day two: We went on an animal safari, however we were very disappointed, as we did not spot any animals. Day three: In the evening we had a small program in which most of the family members performed. There were many dances, jokes and skits. Day four: We left Chikaldhara by jeep for Akot and from Akot we went to Akola and from Akola we took a train back to Mumbai. I had an enjoyable winter vacation with my family.

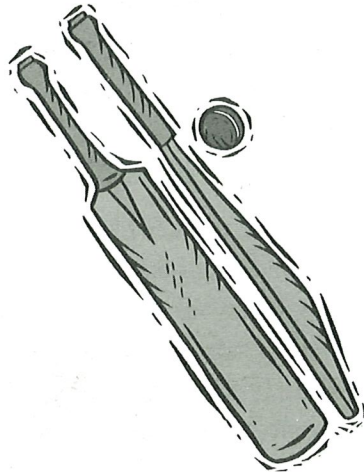
— Ritu Muralidharan
Std. 3 – C



Cricket

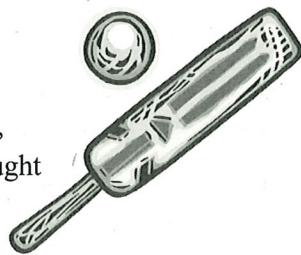
When there is a toss
God is the boss
With every run
I have fun
With every four
'Yeh dil maange more'
When there is a wide
I move aside
When there is an out
I loudly shout
When Ganguly appeals
The show he steals
When Sachin bats
Fielders run like rats
When Dravid takes a catch
People feel like watching the match.

— *Pariichay Limbodia*
Std. 4 – A



Cricket is Fun When ...

Cricket is fun,
Only when Dravid makes runs,
When Steve Waugh gets out at zero,
And Harbhajan is made the hero
When Sachin hits a four,
And Brian Lara cannot increase his score
When Wasim is in a fix,
And Sehwag hits a six
By Ganguly, the ball is caught,
And Moin Khan is lost in thought
In short, Cricket is fun,
Only when India makes runs.



— *Swastik Sankar Banerjee*
Std. 4 – C



If I had a Magic Wand

If I had a magic wand,
It would really be swell.
If I had a magic wand,
I know I'd use it well.
I'd turn dogs into cats,
And people into hats.
I'd turn green frogs into blue,
And your best friend into you.
I'd say Abracadabra,
And the world would explode,
And then all the boats.
Would speed on the roads.
If I had a magic wand,
I know I'd use it well.
If I had a magic wand,
It would really be swell.

— *Freia Lobo*
Std. 4 – C



My Beloved House

One day as I was coming home from school, I saw my family members all serious and disturbed. I got a shocking piece of news that it had been decided by all to sell our old ancestral house to a company constructing flats.

The construction company wanted the place since it was closer to the market and the main road and was an ideal place to build flats. Since the house was very old and in a very dilapidated condition, there was no means of repairing it. Therefore this shocking decision was taken. The company also promised to allot flats in our name.

The feeling of leaving the house was terrible. For sometime I was totally taken aback and could not think of anything. We were supposed to stay in my father's friend's house till the construction was complete. I used to walk through the rooms daily and as the rooms were being emptied, I really felt as if a married woman has become a widow devoid of all her ornaments. My heart cried at the thought of leaving and going away from the house where there were so many sweet memories of childhood.



I kept on wishing as if some good fairy would come and inform us that everything is all right and that there is no need to worry. However, miracles only happen in stories. This is one truth; I came to realize on that day.

Finally, we were all seated in our car heading off to our rented house. By the time I return, the beloved house of mine will not be there anymore and strangers will be allowed to enter the premises where previously a board hung displaying:

TRESPASSERS NOT ALLOWED

— S. Jösephine
Std. 5 – A



Thank You God

Thank you GOD for the sun so bright,
A nice way to begin my day.

Thank you GOD for my school,
so I am educated today.

Thank you GOD for my bus,
So I don't have to walk it up all the way.

Thank you GOD for a lovely teacher,
whom I love to meet everyday.

Thank you GOD for my worthwhile friends,
who help me when I am down

Thank you GOD for a home,
a place that I can call my own.

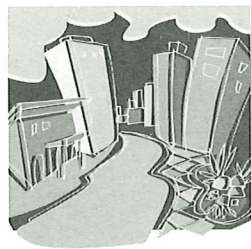
But, most of all, Thank you GOD for making me, me,
giving me a chance to serve you and say
'THANK YOU'.

— Ashni Broota
Std. 5 – A



India

Kashmir for looking
 Madras for cooking
 Kerala for dance
 Mysore for romance
 Ahmedabad for mills
 Nagaland for hills
 Mumbai for duty
 Jammu for Beauty
 Bengal for writing
 Punjab for fighting
 Bihar for mines
 Himachal for pines
 Gujarat for wealth
 Ooty for health
 Delhi for majesty
 And Indian hospitality.



— *Aishwarya Pawar*
Standard 5 – A

To an Appa and Amma I do not yet know

I am an orphan girl, thin and coy
 No visitors for me – no, not even a toy!
 Is it because I have no name?
 Whom do I ask?
 Whom do I blame?



I know an Amma I will find,
 Kind and loving, with a beautiful mind.
 An Appa strong and bold,
 Happiness for me, He will hold.

Girls feel – Girls sing – Girls are human too.
 We can dance, we can sing, we are human too.
 Everyone needs a friend – a caring word.

Do adopt us, we are human too.
 I am still dreaming – I am still longing,
 I am an orphan, I am still waiting for you.

— *Tarana Rao*
Std. 5 – B

School

An abode of knowledge and education,
 The first step of a child's progress
 And the progress of a nation.



A place where we enter as a tiny tot,
 Teaches us to create and extend
 A line from a tiny dot

A place where all good things of life we learn,
 So that in future we are capable
 To live and earn

As a student, I can also relate this place to
 friends and fun!

A place where all our bad qualities,
 And bad thoughts we shun!



Of this temple, education is God
 And teachers are our priests
 Who good values preach

A place with power to make a young man out of a fool,
 Yes, this great place I am talking about
 Is my SCHOOL!!!



— *Aashna Shah*
Std. 5 – B

Jokes

☺ Teacher : "Where are kings and queens of Great Britain usually crowned?"

Tracy : "On the head of course!!"

☺ A donkey wanted to cross a stream in order to eat the lush grass in the meadow opposite. There was no bridge, no boat and the donkey could not swim. So how did he cross?....

'You give up? So did the donkey!'

☺ Ricky : "I failed every single subject except chemistry."

Rocky : "What did you get in Chemistry!"

Ricky : "I didn't take Chemistry!"

- ☺ Boy (at the dentist) : “Oh, I wish we were born without teeth”.
Dentist: “We usually are!”
- ☺ As a large, impressive funeral was passing, a man on the pavement watching it go by, asked a small boy, “Who died?” “The chap in the coffin,” said the boy.
- ☺ “Why are you cleaning up the spilled soup with the cake?”
“It’s a sponge cake!”
- ☺ Patient to doctor: “You’ve got to help me. My head feels like a lump of lead, my neck feels as stiff as a steel band, and my throat is like a furred up pipe”
Doctor : “It sounds like you need plumber, not a doctor!”
- ☺ Two boys were talking about the various illnesses and accidents they had suffered. “Once I couldn’t walk for a year,” said the first. “When was that?” asked the second. “When I was a baby,” replied the first.
- ☺ “Doctor, I’m getting very forgetful.”
“I see, Mr Kapoor. Won’t you take a chair?”
“Thank... take a what?”
“A chair. Now, when did you first notice the trouble?” “What trouble... ?”
- ☺ “Why is your brother crying?” “ Because I won’t give him my piece of cake.” “What about his own piece of cake?” “He cried when I ate that too!”

— Sonika Shrivastav
Std. 5 – B



An Angel Called Mother

This is a story from the heavens. When a child was ready to be born, he was curious about his life on earth. So, the child was asking God some questions. “God, what will I do on earth, helpless with nobody to care?” He said. “Child, among the many angels on earth, I have chosen one for you. She will take care of you and always be with you.” Said God. “But men have a different language. How will I talk?” he asked. “Your angel will know the language and will teach you.” God answered. “God I have heard that there are many bad men on earth. Who will protect me from them?” “Your angel will always be there to protect you.” God said firmly. “God what will happen if I turn into one of those bad men?” The child asked. “Child, your angel will see that you do not turn into a bad man. Besides, your angel will teach you some very beautiful things.” God answered. “But God if I go to earth, I won’t be able to talk to you ever again.” The child said with tears streaming down his eyes. “Child your angel will teach you how to close your eyes, join your hands and talk to me. And I will always be next to you.” said God. “Will you always reply?” Yes, but in different ways. Your angel will teach you. Now it’s time to go, farewell.” and God waved his hands.

But now the child wanted to ask one last question. “God, what is the name of my angel so that I can search for her?” “My child,” said God and gave him a hearty hug “you won’t need to search for your angel, but you will simply call her mother.”

ALL OF US ARE GIFTED WITH AN ANGEL
THOUGH SOME ARE TAKEN AWAY
SHE WILL TEACH YOU EVERYTHING
ALMOST HOW TO LIVE.

YOUR MOTHER IS YOUR ANGEL!!

— Aprajita Srivastava
Std. 5 – C





Never Forget

Your presence is a gift to the world.
You're unique and one of a kind.
Your life can be what you want it to be
Take it one day at a time.

Count your blessings, not your troubles.
And you'll make it through what comes along.
Within you are so many answers.
Understand, have courage, be strong.

Don't put limits on yourself,
Your dreams are waiting to be realized.
Don't leave your important decisions to chance
Reach for your peak, your goal, and your prize.

Nothing wastes more energy than worrying,
The longer a problem is carried, the heavier it gets.
Don't take things too seriously –
Live a life of serenity, not a life of regrets.

Remember that a little love goes a long way,
Remember that a lot goes forever.
Remember that friendship is a wise investment,
Life's treasures are people... together.

Have health and hope and happiness,
Take the time to wish on a star.
And don't ever forget for even a day...
How very special YOU are!

— Jason Amanna
Std. 5 – C



VIIth Standard

An Autobiography of a School

When I entered this world, I found myself being in some kind of a machine. It was a huge one which tossed me round and about. Then, I knew that it was a huge cement mixer. After a while, I found myself sliding down a steep slope and I fell in a huge bowl. There, somebody took me out and began to place me on some burnt bricks. I realized that I was being made into a building. After a few months, I was completed and I knew that a foundation of a school was set up on me. After a year or so, many students began to come to me and I was a centre for education.

I am a building of four floors with about 50 classrooms. There is a small stilt area, where during the recess, children play on me. There is a huge basement where the morning assembly is held and beside it a large library stands. Every morning, many children and teachers stand on me and pray to God. In each of my classrooms there are two big boards on which charts on various topics and crafts of children are put up. Many events take place on me. On my anniversary, all the people celebrate and enjoy themselves. On the day of the annual concert, I am lit beautifully with bright lights. I feel proud of myself when I am decorated with lights. All the children look splendid in their costumes.

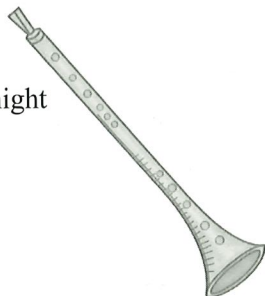
Every year, I am painted in a grayish brown colour. During the vacations, my benches are nicely polished and the walls of the classrooms look airy and white. The classrooms are made spic and span. The tiles are cleaned up. Every afternoon, the corridors are neatly swept.

Many visitors visit me on special occasions as well as on working days. I feel very proud that I am helping the lives of many children. I am happy that I am an educational centre for thousands of children. I am happy that I am a neat and tidy school. I am pleased that I have been named The BOMBAY SCOTTISH SCHOOL, POWAI!

— Kavya Subramanian
Std. 6 – A

The Magical Flute

The Magical Flute lay on the hay
Unseen and unheard, until one day
Came along a pleasant girl named Mary
She took it to her farm
And was pleased with its charm
She began to play it with all her might
And to her eyes met a lovely sight
All her crops and fruits
Began to grow from the roots
She played it every day
And liked it in every way
The crops began to grow and grow
Very tall in the land so low
And there she lives happily ever after
With her family full of laughter



— Kaveri Vaidya
Std. 6 – A

Examination

When my examination comes near
I am full of fear
I don't know what is wrong or right
I just sit and study through the night
I get irritated when I don't get my answer right
Although I have tried with all my might
On the examination day
I am full of dismay
When the examination paper comes in front of me
All my answers I forget you see,
I am chilled to the bone
I feel all at once that I should moan.
But suddenly "Wake Up" comes a shout
And I get up with a creepy doubt,
And realize that it was not my exam day
As that comes only in May
And now I go back to sleep without fear
Because my examinations are no more near!



— Poornima Unnikrishnan
Std. 6 – A

The Selfchained

Tell me friend, can thorns stop a rose from blooming?
No, my friend, they cannot.
Can clouds stop the sun from rising?
No, they cannot.
Can cobwebs stop an elephant from marching?
No, they cannot.
Tell me then, my dear friend,
"Why should defeat stop you from seeking success;
Sorrow stop you from seeking joy;
Despair stop you from seeking hope?"

Tell me, my dear friend, can a fish cry that the ocean
is a burden?
No, my friend, how can it live without?
Can a bird cry that its wings are a burden?
No, how can they fly without?
Can a boat cry its oars are a burden?
No, how can it sail without?
Tell me then, my dear friend
Why should a man cry that his heart is a burden?



— Sally Annice
Std. 6 – B

Responsibility

We are at an age when we need to be responsible for whatever we do. We should no longer keep depending upon our parents or siblings to do things for us.

As a responsible student the most important task is completing our homework on time and studying on time. At home, helping our folks running errands and doing household chores takes away half their stresses. Before going to bed, we should make sure that our school bag is packed and our uniforms ironed and kept ready for the next day.

In school we should be responsible for our actions whether good or bad. We should not lie to cover up something that we have done wrong. In fact, it is better to even accept responsibility for our mistakes, so that we may learn and improve from them in the future.



While playing during breaks, or in the evening with our friends we should be aware of smaller children playing around us. We should ensure that nothing untoward happens to them.

Sometimes, we must also be alert or keep a track of any unknown strangers entering our residential building or school premises.

In short, every person, adult or child, should learn to take responsibility in every action of theirs and contribute towards a responsible society.



— *Aditya Patel*
Std. 6 – B

Sailing Away

'Ahoy!' the captain shouts
'All aboard' I reply
This is a vast ocean
So big and blue, Oh my!

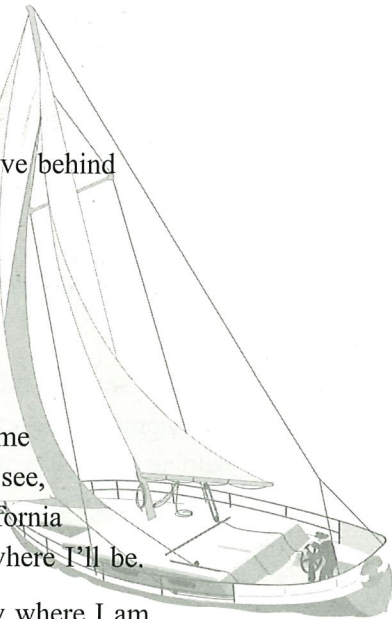
I am on my way
Sailing out to sea
Leaving all my love behind
For my family.

In my surroundings
Everything looks so true,
The scenes are so pretty
Why do I feel so blue?

I look all around me
The sea is what I see,
I'm going to California
So maybe that's where I'll be.

On the other hand I'll stay where I am
And become a sailor girl
It's where I belong, in mid of the waves
A bright, new shiny pearl!

— *Trushaa Castelino*
Std. 6 – B



Dreams

All of us have many dreams,
Some are happy, some make us scream
Whatever it is, we must realize
That dreams are an important part of life.

Dreams help us to understand
Our deepest thoughts, our unknown fears
Someone once said to me,
"Dreams are chapters of the book
That your soul is writing about you."

Dreams can tell us a lot of things
They can make us think
Many famous musicians, and artists too,
Say that dreams have inspired them
To lend a magical touch to their works.

So, if you look back at your dreams,
You can understand how you feel,
Dreams can be a sort of an encyclopedia
About your deepest feelings.

— *Anuradha Venkatramani*
Std. 6 – B



Spectacular Snakes

Snakes have always been mythical figures of evil. It was a snake, which tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden. Although snakes are mostly portrayed as evil creatures, the fact is that snakes are beneficial and hold an important place in the ecology of the world. They can effectively control the population of small mammals like mice and rats. The oldest fossils resembling snakes have been found to be about 130 million years old and have a mixture of lizard and snake characteristics.

Did you know?

- Mosquito repellents do not repel. They hide you. The spray blocks the mosquito's senses so it doesn't know you're there.
- It snowed in the Sahara desert on February 18, 1979.
- Like fingerprints, everyone's tongue print is different.
- Walt Disney, the creator of Mickey Mouse, was afraid of mice.
- The word "queueing" is the only English word with five consecutive vowels.

Compiled from the 'Times of India'

— *Chhavi Sachdeva*
Std. 6 – C

An Unexpected Find

"I am feeling bored, you said it would be fun at your house" said Jim. James Foster, Jim, was my best friend. I had invited him to my house for two weeks. Hi, my name is Peter Dexter and I live in Florida. Lets get back to what I was saying. I told him "It wasn't too bad. We played Fifa and trekked." I then suggested "Why don't we explore the woods near my house." Jimmy said "That is a splendid idea" "Let's get ready right away" We did not know what awaited us.

We began to get ready. We took a torch, a shovel, extra battery, a few sandwiches and a chalk. It was extremely important that we equip ourselves well. Jim and I left for the woods. We could see the woods at a distance. At last we entered the woods. It was cooler as compared to the surrounding environment. We marked our path using chalk. Jim said at last "Let us sit down near this oak tree and eat our sandwiches." We ate for sometime. Then we continued walking. All of a sudden we stumbled upon a box.

In the box there was a note, an envelope and a key. The note said: Choose the path which leads towards the west. Jim said "It is past noon, so west will be in the direction of the sun, not the opposite direction." I said "All that is fine but the trees are so close to each other that they form a kind of canopy." Jim was struck silent by that. Jim then said "One of my key chains has a miniature compass attached to it" However when we looked towards the west, we could only see thick vines and mistletoe hanging from the branch of the tree. Suddenly I realized something, could there be a path behind the vines. So I told him "Can't there be a path behind the vines?" Sure enough there was a path. I began to feel excited. What would we find I thought, money, gold, a will, anything would do. Suddenly we spotted a box.

Excitedly we took out the key and put it in the keyhole. It fitted! When we opened the box, we were shocked to see the box empty. We were extremely disappointed. All

this brain racking for an empty box! We examined the box. Nothing, there was absolutely nothing. Then Jim joked "It is as though it has a false bottom." As we were laughing, I realized it could be the truth. I examined the box again, very-very carefully. In a corner I noticed a small handle like thing. No wonder we didn't notice it when we looked earlier. I pulled it and the bottom came off like a cover!

Underneath, there were many things. It seemed like a magician's kit. A wand, a book of magical tricks, a pointed hat and a cape. I said "Let us carry the box home" So we carried it. It was quite a task. My parents were surprised and we had a good time relating our story.

Any way I had a very exciting and fun filled adventure. I would love to have more such adventures, wouldn't you?

— Vivek Mathews
Std. 7 – A



Light in the dark

It was in the dark
That I searched for a path
On a road covered with grass.

When all was
Shattered, clattered, battered,
My life was starting to fall apart.

It was in the midst of my plight,
That I saw a ray of light,
It brought my soul back to life
As my body seized to fight.

— Arnav Bhattacharya,
Std. 7 – C



The Devilish Wave

The sea was so mild,
And the waves were not wild,
There was not a reason why,
Any child should cry.

All of a sudden when everything was calm,
Near the sea bed's coast,
A big wave arose,
And ferocious as it was, it did not even leave,
A mere single rose or a mere single leaf.

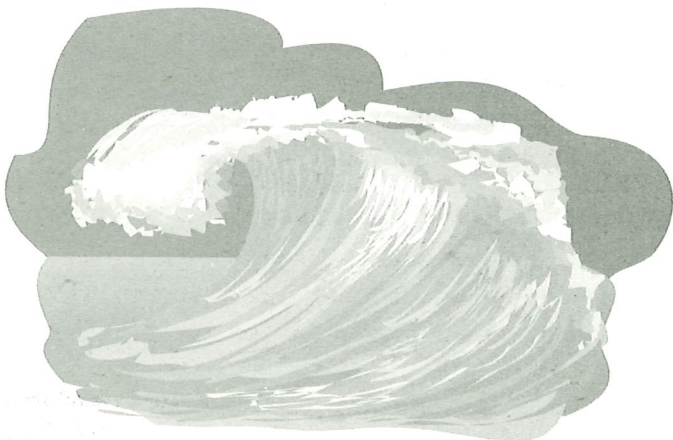
The scene left behind,
After the wave came,
Left people speechless,
Homeless and insane.

Tsunami was the name,
Of this deadly wave,
It made many people die,
And endless sorrow it gave.

Their dwellings were all broken,
The people, awoken,
To the worst the nature could get,
All their hearts were broken,
Over the calamities which we dread.

Twenty sixth December was the day,
Since when those children have not played,
And for those heart stricken,
Let's join together and pray.

— Isha Srivastava
Std. 7 – A



My Dream

I am glad to give a voice to my dream
I feel like a cat that has got its cream.
It will chase away all my blues
There are a few I would like to share with you

Football is my favourite game
I hope it will get me fame
Every opponent to quickly tame
This is my dream and aim
To be the second Beckham
For all to proclaim.

I dream that Monday to Friday...
Would be a holiday
Only a weekend a school day
I would spend all my hours
By the Arabian Bay.
Have fun and frolic all the way.

What fun it would be if my dream came to light
To see and feel true delight
Everyone friendly — no sudden fight
Between children, ready to show their might.

I wish there were not so many tests
'Cause tests make children into pests!
Or so my mother says!
I wish the days were longer during every
vacation — be they in winter or summer.

Now I must end my dream and go
No more can I be slow.
I have to study 'circuits and electric flow'
Or my Physics teacher will show me the door!
A test has been planned for tomorrow
And if I do not study I'm in for much sorrow!
No more football practice-Oh Horror!

— Haren Rao
Std. 7 – A



The Person Whom I Shall Never Forget

We meet many people in the different spheres of our lives and often we meet people who inspire us. I know one such person who has inspired me a lot — Mr. Mark David.

Mr. David was the principal of our school. He was a fatherly figure. He was kind and just, very particular about discipline and punctuality. It was great to have him as the head of our school.

He had a great personality. He was loving and caring but never allowed anyone to take an advantage of that. That is why he wore a strict look on his face.

Not only the students and teachers obeyed him willingly but also the parents never wished to go against his commands. All the people know and salute his impartial, modest and just behaviour. His presence makes the occasion grand.

The last time we students saw him was on the 15th of April 2004 and since then we haven't seen him. His personality makes him the person I can never forget. He was an amazing figure. These are the verses in his honour:

Leading the institution he stands
Mighty and tall
Who is he?
David Sir, the best of all

Sailing the oceans
Far and wide
Having had such a captain
Is such a great pride.

— Rahat Kazi
Std. 7-B



The Concrete Jungle

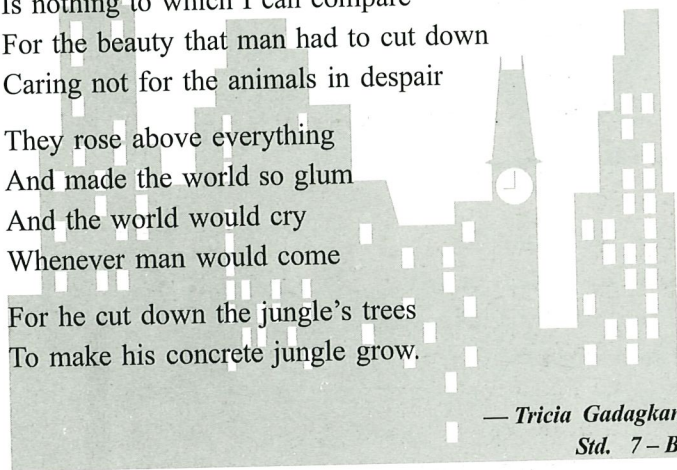
Up from the earth rose the concrete jungle
It towered over the trees
And the men who built it
Were as busy as bees

The beauty that the jungle had
Is nothing to which I can compare
For the beauty that man had to cut down
Caring not for the animals in despair

They rose above everything
And made the world so glum
And the world would cry
Whenever man would come

For he cut down the jungle's trees
To make his concrete jungle grow.

— Tricia Gadagkar
Std. 7-B



Petty Things

Fussy are those who want more
Fussy are those who moan for petty things

Those who cry of cold in winter,
Those who cry of heat in summer
Moan for only petty things.

Think about those who cannot go to school
Those who have never seen or heard or
felt sweet sensations
Think about those who have an incurable illness
Think how they are rejected and
singled out by everyone
Think of what these poor souls have to go through?

So let us make the best of our lives
Let us not destroy or abuse anything
Let us have a good purpose on dear mother earth
Let us be happy with what we have
Let us not moan on petty things

— Yash Ambegaonkar
Std. 7-B

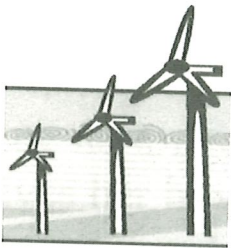
Tsunami

One wave, one day
Struck on the sea shore
The wave's name will ever be remembered
It swept the sandy beaches to the core.



One wave, one day
Can it be forgotten?
Oh the lives it took,
Oh, the homes it shook !!!!

One wave, one day
Like fishes laid on bay
The dead lay forever quiet
Not a word more to say



One wave, one day
Why wasn't it like waves other
What made it so hated
That we will never want
like it another?

One wave, one day
Seeing waves chasing on the earth
No more a wonderful sight
Fearful moments come crowding forth.

— Parimi Snigdha Manogyna
Std. 7 – C



VIIIth Standard

Pet Peeves!!!

Nobody is perfect,
At least that's what they say,
So you have to pardon people
Who make mistakes along the way



But there's a certain level of decency
That everyone should maintain
To prevent people from looking
Down on them in disdain!!

Like picking your nose in public
That's the worst of them all
It looks so outrageous
And in dignity you fall



And talking really loudly
"I can hear you I am right there
Not in some distant galaxy
Hidden far away somewhere"

Then there's chewing gum like you're a cow
Opening your mouth so wide
"We know that you have teeth
We can see them from outside"



Then there are other simple things too
Like not returning a smile
I guess some people are oblivious
To the fact that they are so vile!!!!!!

— Aaina Menon
Std. 8

No Matter What Happens

I remember the time when each day was long
When the world was a playground and the life a song
And I fluttered through the years with barely a care
Ignoring the future and what awaited there.

Play school was intriguing and filled with delights
I played during the daytime and dreamed away
the nights,
My parents assured me I had nothing to fear
And no matter what happens they'll always be there.

Little I knew of a world outside home
Where tragedy, sorrow and murder would roam.
All I saw were blue skies, rainbows and stars
I looked past destruction of buildings and cars.

As a child my concern was just me
I had to be happy I had to be free
And if I was content I would not shed a tear
And no matter what happened I still would be there.

But as I grow up darkness starts to set in
My bright world turns into concrete and tin
I now see the violence I looked past before
My loved ones start to die and life hits the floor.

Deadly diseases claim people I love
There are landfills below me pollution above
I often think back when life was a game
And no matter what happens it won't be the same.



— Anupama
Std. 8 – A



The World is a Crazy Place

The world is a crazy place in which you and I live and
there is no love to give.
They quarrel, fight and shed their blood,
and get drowned in a nasty flood.
The children cry and the women mourn and
the old just sit and groan.

The world is a crazy place where man kills
man for money and power
They worship no God, they worship no man
They worship the weapon that kills the man

The world is a crazy place where brother hates
brother and sister betrays
There is no trust or belief
For there is no saint, everyone is a thief.

The rich laugh and make themselves merry and
the poor drown in the sea of worry
This world is such a crazy place where if you
have to live you have to fight
If you want to see the next morning you have to
stay awake at night

This world this nasty world makes my head ache
And from this world nothing I'd ever like to take

— Meenakshi Sreedharan
Std. 8 – A



Dreams

What are dreams?

Dreams are fantasies. Dreams are emotions. Dreams could be happy ones or just plain sad. Dreams could be filled with utmost horror or filled with sweet and pleasant moments. Dreams are illusions. Scientifically, we may never know the origin or purpose of dreams. Dreams project what goes on in the human mind, whether emotions or ecstasies. All the contents of the person's imagination are reflected in dreams.

Dreams are truly magical. They are the language of one's innermost soul. One's deepest secrets and innermost fears come to the surface in dreams. Dreams are pure and beyond one's wildest imagination. Unreal creatures come alive. Fiction turns into reality. Myths and legends make a comeback. Inanimate objects move around with life.

You can dream about anything joy or sorrow, happiness or grief. A dream can move you to tears or get a smile upon your face. A dream is an illusion beyond words. Dreaming can be an exhilarating experience.

While dreaming, imaginations unfold. Images and happenings of the day are projected in dreams. Dreams consist of love or hatred. They can be abrupt or long. Its like a reel of film unveiling the unknown. A dream is like a movie sequence where you don't know what comes next.

To me, dreams are soulful and magical. Dreaming is a beautiful thing. But dreams can also be nightmares. Dreams are wonderful but only to an extent... day dreams are potentially dangerous. All the same, life would be colourless without dreaming... it would drain out all the creativity and magic of one's life.

— Bhairavi Mehta
Std. 8 – B



Tsunami

The single tear so pure, so clean
Was washed away by wrath unfeigned
As life death battled it out
None survived, none brave or stout

As water sloshed and wiped away
Homes, towns as if they were made of clay
And stormy skies with evil mind
Sent downpours so no one would find
A trace of happiness pure
Cause people great agony would endure
The loss of loved one, Someone dear
Who, to our hearts, was very near

That wave that rocked the cities round
I hope in this world again will not be found
But that was just a single fear
Yet if we help someone poor or dear
We will be warding away
The worst tsunami today



— Ishita Taneja
Std. 8 – B

Impossible is Nothing

It's more of a fact than an important quotation. It is something that we know rather than believe. More of something we say than work towards. And for most of us, it is just a passing thought than anything else.

To the ordinary man striving to achieve petty goals, they are just three words to be known rather than to be understood

To the great leaders of our time, they are the meaning of their very existence, their motivation and their driving force

To Napoleon Bonaparte, the word, 'impossible' simply meant "I'm Possible"!

In that alone lies the difference!

I believe...

— Souradeep Sen
Std. 8 – B



Vengeance

Was it a cold-blooded murder or just as suicide? This was the question being asked by the press, media and all the citizens of San Antonio, Texas.

It all began with two bodies being discovered on the 25th of June 2002 — those of an Indian, Ram Naik and the other of a Kenyan Thmakil Nikolo. Apparently, they were drug smugglers — drugs were discovered in their rooms. Well, that was a secondary topic. Our job at the FBI was to discover the man or men who were responsible for the corpses. Martha, my wife and I, Jack Smith had been assigned this case one of the most tricky cases of our lives.

On visiting the room we discovered a gun tightly wrapped in Nikolo's hands and a hole through his stomach. Lying next to him was the Indian. Well the case seemed simple — Nikolo shot Ram and then committed suicide.

However, there was another twist to the tale- we also found a hole in the middle of a nearby window. This definitely meant the involvement of a third unknown person. Secondly when the body was sent for a post-mortem, we received this shocking info — the two men died within a difference of 25 hours. It was evident that a third person, the unknown identity, had shot the gun through the window from the outside as no bullet shell was found on the inside. But one of our biggest finds was chanced upon only three days later. A certain type of drug seen only in areas near Pittsburgh was — the SFX drug-made by Professor Michael Sphinx. This drug happened to have been stolen from the professor about a week and a half ago — four days after the dreadful murder.

There was a definite link between the two. A taxi driver came to us and informed us that he drove three men (two of whom matched the identities of Naik and Nikolo) from Pittsburgh to a nearby town. While Martha handled this part of the case (the identity of the third man), I was back in San Antonio. The forensic experts were doing their best to make sense of this case too. The case had given us only a few clues — the hole in the window, the

fibre and the theft at the Professor's house. Just when I felt the case was going nowhere, I got a call from Martha. She had managed to find the identity of the man. John Howard, aged 29. He was a drug addict and was now suffering the effects of drug overdose. It was supposedly a case of a nervous breakdown.

Now that we had discovered the three, the case looked solved. Except why the men had died after such a huge time gap? And what was a gun doing in his hand?

And then I realized my biggest mistake. I forgot to count the gun as a weapon. This gun had to have all the answers to our questions. Each being on the earth often tends to overlook the most important things and then craves to get them back. In my case, luckily I still had access to the gun. Our generally very careful FBI team, in charge of the forensic part of our case, too had overlooked the gun.

The gun was still tightly wrapped by the man's skin and in the fingers was the gun handle. Well of course! After the death of a person, the body turns cold. This coldness promotes contracting of the muscles — the thing that happened to Nikolo too. John shot the bullet, from the outside, through the window, and it happened to have hit Nikolo. Naik then placed the gun in Nikolo's hand wrapping the fingers tightly, so as to make it look like a case of suicide. He then came back the next day, probably to retrieve the drugs. At that point as he passed Nikolo, the finger muscles tightened and the bullet was shot, thus killing him.

My theory was proved right. On (somehow) managing to pull out the gun, we found the fingerprints of all three men. John, the man who shot, Naik, the man who placed the gun in Nikolo's hand, and Nikolo, himself, the man who was murdered.

Why did Naik and Howard kill Nikolo? Probably due to some internal fighting. But whatever the reason may be, Nikolo killed one of his murderers and received his vengeance.



— Maanit Mehra
Std. 8 – C



Memories



When I sit by my window,
And outside I see,
Small children playing,
All so happy and free.
My mind races back,
To the time when I was a child,
Looking at me now,
People think I was quite wild.
The time when I fell in the pool,
And didn't know how to swim,
I came so close to drowning,
And I couldn't help looking grim.
The time when I tore my cousin's artwork,
And didn't want to admit it,
Around the house I searched,
For a place where it would fit!
The time I went to a farm,
And happened to lose a hundred rupee note,
I turned in time to see it,
Being eaten by a goat!
But now time doesn't permit me,
To laze around and relax,
Things keep me occupied,
My mind working at max.

— Anuja Deodhar
Std. 8 – C



“The Power of Thought”

Many years ago in a small Indian village, a farmer had the misfortune of owing a large sum of money to a village money-lender. The money-lender, who was old and ugly, fancied the farmer's beautiful daughter. So he proposed a bargain.

He said he would forgo the farmer's debt if he could marry his daughter. Both the farmer and his daughter were horrified by the proposal. So the cunning money-lender suggested that they let providence decide the matter. He told them that he would put a black pebble and a white pebble into an empty money bag.

Then the girl would have to pick one pebble from the bag.

- (1) If she picked the black pebble, she would become his wife and her father's debt would be forgiven.
- (2) If she picked the white pebble she need not marry him and her father's debt would still be forgiven.
- (3) But if she refused to pick a pebble, her father would be thrown into jail.

They were standing on a pebble strewn path in the farmer's field. As they talked, the money-lender bent over to pick up two pebbles. As he picked them up, the sharp-eyed girl noticed that he had picked up two black pebbles and put them into the bag. He then asked the girl to pick a pebble from the bag.

Now, imagine that you were standing in the field. What would you have done if you were the girl? If you had to advise her, what would you have told her?

Careful analysis would produce three possibilities:

- (1) The girl should refuse to take a pebble.
- (2) The girl should show that there were two black pebbles in the bag and expose the money-lender as a cheat.
- (3) The girl should pick a black pebble and sacrifice herself in order to save her father from his debt and imprisonment.

Take a moment to ponder over the story. The above story is used with the hope that it will make us appreciate the difference between lateral and logical thinking. The girl's dilemma cannot be solved with traditional logical thinking. Think of the consequences if she chooses the above logical answers. What would you recommend to the Girl to do?

Well, here is what she did....

The girl put her hand into the money-bag and drew out a pebble. Without looking at it, she fumbled and let it fall onto the pebble-strewn path where it immediately became lost among all the other pebbles.

"Oh, how clumsy of me," she said. "But never mind, if you look into the bag for the one that is left, you will be able to tell which pebble I picked."

Since the remaining pebble is black, it must be assumed that she had picked the white one. And since the money-lender dared not admit his dishonesty, the girl changed what seemed an impossible situation into an extremely advantageous one.

Moral of the Story:

Most complex problems do have a solution. It is only that we don't attempt to think.



— Neehar Kundurti
Std. 9

Simple Living & High Thinking

Simple living", said the prophet Mohammad "Sets my heart on higher thoughts". There is a need to follow simplicity in our lives. In today's world of increasing pomp and show, when everybody is joining the rat race of displaying wealth, we should prefer to live simply, without any artificiality. Mahatma Gandhi's life shows us that simplicity in life always encourages maturity of mind. Instead of wasting wealth in various socio-religious ceremonies, we should be decent & undemonstrative.

People who are really good need not show that they are good. In the same manner, the sophistication of our life style need no raw display of wealth. It would rather appear in our character or in the manner we carry ourselves. People who are the best servants of humanity live in quiet frugal manner. We should consider it a sin to waste money when we are aware of the fact that millions of our compatriots are living below the poverty line.

Nowadays in increasing consumerist culture, where everything is on sale, we should adhere to the simple way of life if we want to preserve human attributes in us.

— Ruhi Thakur
Std. 9 – A



Dreams

The dictionary defines "Dreams" in two different ways. One, is a series of images or feelings occurring in a person's mind during sleep; the other is a long held ambition or wish. The former dream occurs in the sub-conscious mind whereas, the latter represents the conscious mind.

I am passionate about my dreams because these are road maps which will guide me towards my destiny. The way I dream and what I dream is my own private affair. As a consequence, I am able to dream about, quite simply, achieving the impossible!. What often follows is that, some of us who dream passionately about achieving the impossible, actually turn those dreams into reality.

You might well ask the question as to what would human existence be, if it were not for our great predecessors who dreamt centuries ago about the way we would lead our lives on this planet. It is thanks to the



power of dreams that navigators sailed the seas and discovered unknown parts of our planet and made them habitable. Mankind had dreamt of landing on the moon and life in outer space long before science was even remotely capable of achieving these flights of fantasy. Man has since landed on the moon and is now actively contemplating life in outer space. I dream of a world free from poverty and disease; I dream that no person will be born with mental or physical handicaps. I dream of bringing heaven on earth. It is well said, "Dream the impossible and the impossible will be yours."

Dreams which occur in the sleep are sometimes pleasant and sometimes nightmarish. The former often depict the fulfillment of our unfulfilled desires. The latter are a sub conscious expression of our fears and sometimes our deep rooted guilt.

In conclusion, I would say that dreams are at the core of all human progress. I would implore educational institutions to encourage children to be dreamers and allow them to regularly articulate their dreams. It is through our dreams that the Almighty allows us to perceive and then realize the immense and infinite potential which he has left carefully concealed in this universe for us mortals to discover and exploit.

So . . . dream on and on and on and on. !!!

— *Mihir Menon*
Std. 9 – B



If I were the Principal of my School

If I were The Principal of my school
I would make the students life pretty cool
No punishment as a rule, with me
reigning in the school.
Physics, Chemistry, Biology, MATHS I would ban
The first four periods CHEM (PRACTICALS),
that's my plan
And the last four periods would be free.
I would make three days a week
And let the question papers leak.
The motto would be to hog
And while the students hogged
The staff rooms with gossip would be agog
Boys with jeans and T-shirts
And girls with skirts and salwar suits
Action, Adidas or Reebok's shoes
would add style to uniform too
If I would have the crown.
The school would be upside down
But with Blokes like me on the chair
Our nation would be in despair
That's all I can think of today
See you with new thoughts, some other day !!!

— *Saurav*
Std. 9 – B



Modern Girl (Woman)

The modern girl is no longer the shy, meek, submissive and homely creature that she used to be. She is no longer confined to her hearth or home. She can fight for her rights. She can assert herself in company and can also face the heavy odds. However, she is more a painted stick than a natural beauty.

The modern girl is imitating the male in fashion, behaviour, ambition and professional endeavours. The colourful sari which gives majesty to her personality, has been changed to jeans and shorts. The curly long hair and the plaited long hair are no longer the beauty of a girl. The boy-cut gives her a boyish look. She can play cricket, climb mountains and can do every odd job that boys are supposed to do.

The modern girl is the charm of parties, functions, and meetings. Her lively conversation, her butterfly-like approach and her actress-like behaviour adds more colour to every party. Men do not talk money, business or other affairs, but something that tickles her fancies. Nirad C. Chaudhary has said that Indian women are more qualified for charming talks.

The modern girl does not want to stay at home. She does not want to miss concerts, fashion parades, cinema shows, and other outdoor activities. She has no hesitation in talking to men as well as no desire to remain reserved and shy. If at all there is shyness, it is a well-calculated shyness.

The modern girl is indifferent to her duties as a daughter, wife and mother. Her only interest is to derive maximum pleasure out of life. She wants her husband to take care of himself; she insists that her children should be looked after by the maids. Latest fashions and cosmetics are very dear to her.



— Mangala Borkar
Std. 9 – C

Seize the Moment!!!

It was a quote written on a bumper sticker on someone's car. I usually do not pay much attention to such quotes, but this one washed over me like a sea wave on a sandy white beach and awakened me from my slumber, It set me thinking...

Like most people, I mull over the past and worry about the future, the former of which cannot be changed and the latter, beyond our immediate control. It is only when we let go of those two eternities that we permit ourselves to enjoy the gift of the present moment.

Each day dawns, full of hope and fear. Each day, we wonder if our tomorrows will be anything like our yesterdays — with all our faults and blunders; wrong things said and wrong things done...

We hope and pray for something good to happen; for happiness to fall on our very laps; for opportunities to blossom like flowers on a spring day... and we are disappointed when things don't go our way.

We forget that our life is in our hands and we have all the power in the world to make our lives the way we want them to be. We must shed our inhibitions and move boldly in the direction of our dreams. Mistakes and setbacks are all a part of this great journey and we must not let them bring us down!

It is important for us to do our very best and even take a few risks now and then. After all, what is the worst that could happen?

Impossible is just a word and today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday. Let's not let a single day pass without doing something to make our dreams come true!

Life's too short to be wasted on introspection. So what are you waiting for? Seize the moment! After all, you may not get another one like it again!



— Sharanya Haridas
Std. 9 – C



A Bend . . . and not the End

There must have been some moments in life
When you felt that everything that is happening
Is happening for you,
That everything that is coming your way,
Is going right for you.

Your friends are rooting for you
There is surety of success in every step you take,
Everything seems to be flowing smoothly
And life is cheering you on.

But there comes a time,
When all the rooting falls on deaf ears,
When no amount of surety is enough;
It begins to seem as if nothing ever was yours
And that every step you take brings you to a failure.

You begin to wonder why all this is happening to you;
It is not the spite of your enemies,
It's not that no one trusts you,
It's not that you are alone in this world;
It's all happened because God loves you.

It's not that the pain God gives you
Means that He loves you any less,
It is only because God knows
And wants for you only the best.

Why, you would think, that if God loved me,
Why was it, that he deprived me of the spark
That I wanted to see light up somebody's eyes?
Why then if he loved me,
Had not even let something that I wanted the most,
Come my way?

God believes that a failure makes you strong,
He makes sure that a greater joy
May be hidden somewhere down the line;
Just remember that whatever happened.
Happened for your best!

So, take a while and think about it,
Make your every failure a silent victory,
Turn your tears of sadness into tears of hope;
Leave it behind and work forward —,
Towards something bigger.

Pick yourself up well when you trip over a stone
And brush away the dust of failure;
Think positive and keep in mind
That a bend of the road
Is not the end of the road.

— Sumedha Sarkar
Std. 9 – C



FRENCH

Std. IX & X

Le secret de bonne santé

Je suis étudiant de l'institut de Yoga à Mumbai. Ma maman est très sérieuse que j'ai un peu d'exercice après le foot que je joue chaque soir à l'école.....Je suis dans l'équipe de mon école. Ainsi, je vais à l'institut. Ma mère m'accompagne aussi. Ce qui est surprenant, c'est que mon professeur là a soixante trois ans. Un jour, quand j'ai eu tête-à tête avec lui, je lui ai demandé le secret de sa bonne santé.....et il avait beaucoup à dire!

Aujourd'hui je vais vous dire toutes les choses de sa bonne santé. Il se lève à cinq heures du matin. [Ah, non Dieu, oh ! c'est difficile !!]. Il boit une tasse de lait, sans sucre. Puis, il reste dans le jardin s'amusant en nature avec le journal. A six heures, il se lave avec l'eau froide. Il fait une promenade au 'Jardin Nirvana' pour un quatre heure. Il se promène brisquement dans le jardin-là pour une heure, puis il retourne. Le petit-déjeuner est toujours un oeuf bouilli, le dessert oats avec un peu de sucre, un fruit et une tasse de thé noir sans sucre. Il attend à ses routines jamais paresseux. Vers onze heure, il a trois biscuits et un verre du jus de fruit. Le repas est entre midi et demi et une heure ... une soupe légère de légumes, deux rotis, une petite tasse du riz, dal, yaourt et de la salade. A quatre heures, il a du thé noir et des biscuits. Le soir, il joue au tennis au cour de sa maison. Le dîner à huit heures. Et demie est avec sa femme et ses enfants et petits-enfants. Beaucoup d'eau et un jour calme sans inquiétude est très important. Dormir tôt est aussi important.

Génial ! nous, les jeunes avec tous nos goûts le coke, les frites, les burgers et plus, je doute si nous serons comme lui, mon professeur, Monsieur Gokhale !!

— Jahan Peston Jamas
Std. 9

Nos Avis d'Euro 2004

Les pauvres, les riches et tout le monde jouent certains jeux avec plaisirs, En Inde, le cricket est joué partoutdans les jardins, les cours, les parcs, même dans les rues!! Même si le hockey est le jeu national, le cricket est joué avec vigueur.

Allez, maintenant je vous dis mon avis de l'Euro 2004

Je sais c'est une concurrence internationale du football L' Euro Coupe Mondiale – 2004. Cette fois l'Euro était incroyable. Les Grecs gagnait la coupe. Zinedine Zidane, un des meilleurs joueurs, avait été critiqué sévèrement par tout le monde...vous savez.....j'ai pleuré comme un bébé. Mes amies me moquaient..... pas de problème, je ne voulais que le monde soit juste en décidant le gagnant. L'Anglais, la favorite tout le temps, n'avait pas gagné cette fois!! N'est-ce pas incroyable que un pays inconnu a gagné la Coupe Mondiale ?

— Poonam Advani
Std.10



Je passe mon temps au week-end en jouant au cricket. Je vais au club qui s'appelle "Bandra Gymkhana" et je joue au 'carrom board' et je nage avec mes amis.

Quelquesfois, je fais de la bicyclette dans le jardin de mon bâtiment. J'aime regarder les sports à la télévision. Pendant les examens quand je n'ai pas de temps pour faire des sports, je m'assieds à la maison et je regarde les spectacles à la télé. Pendant l'Euro je ne pouvais pas détacher mes yeux de la télé. Il était très intéressant. Ce était mon frère qui m'a appris les nuances du jeu et grâce à lui je pourrai m'amuser.

— Anisha Menon
Std. 10

En Inde il y a beaucoup de sports. Le sport national est le hockey. Mais le cricket est très populaire. Il y a plusieurs sports comme 'kabadi', et surtout, un jeu comme baseball qui s'appelle 'gilli danda'. Ces jeux sont joués dans les villages pendant les fêtes et le chef du village donne le gagnant un prix qui est généralement un prix d'argent.

L'Euro 2004 était très amusant. Treize pays comme France, la Portugal, l'Espagne, la Czech, la Grèce ont participé. Cette fois les Grecs ont été les gagnants. Les Français ont quitté le tournoi. Beaucoup de pays jouaient bien mais aucun comme les Grecs. Le gagnant surprisait le monde parceque personne ne croyait qu'ils gagneront !

— *Shashreek Roy*
Std. 10



Chaque soir après mes études, je passe mon temps avec mes amis à la piscine de Raheja Vihar. Nous passions vers deux heures dans l'eau calme. J'aime aussi le cricket et le football. La plupart de mes amis sont dans l'équipe du prix dans le tournoi de Mumbai. Ce jour, nous regardions la télé avec grand intérêt. D'habitude l'équipe de France est très bonne mais en Euro ils étaient pas la meilleure... ils étaient décevants!! Les efforts des Grecs étaient magnifiques.

— *Kartikeya Pophali*
Std. 10



Un Pique-Nique à Goa

Les samedis, je vais faire un pique-nique avec mes amis et mes cousins. Nous nous rencontrons souvent parceque nous aimons beaucoup l'un l'autre. Nous allons ensemble aux endroits comme le marché, le jardin 'Nirvana' et le cinéma. Nos mamans préparent les beaux repas et nous partageons de l'un à l'autre.

Dès que nos examens finissaient, nous organisions aller à Goa. J'avais écouté qu'il est un très bon endroit au bord de la fleuve Mandovi. On dit que Goa est le meilleur endroit pour des vacances. Nous étions si gais... je n'ai pas de mots à expliquer!! Nous avons pris nos radios et les cassettes de musique remix, pop et classique.

Le jour est arrivé et nous sommes arrivés à Goa. Tout le long nous voyions les arbres de coco magnifiques, l'eau tranquille, les étrangers, les boutiques et la nourriture délicieuse... toutes les choses incroyables. Il était vert et vert partout!! Notre hôtel était grand mais juste pour les jeunes avec un beau jardin situé près de la fleuve Mandovi. Le lendemain matin, nous sommes partis en bateau à la mer Arabique pour sept à neuf heures cherchant les dauphins et à notre surprise, nous avons vu un grand nombre ! Prendre des photos était difficile... mais, je ne cesse jamais. Maintenant ces photos ornent mon album et ces sont mes chefs-d'oeuvres ! Les jours passaient en faisant du cyclisme, de la natation et les promenades longues au bord de la mer. Une nuit, nous sommes allés en croisière... quelle nuit, quelle expérience !

La quatrième journée, nous rentrions à 'amchi' Mumbai.

Ces quatre jours-là, étaient véritablement un rêve que je ne veux jamais oublier!

— *Neha Rastogi*
Std. 10



HINDI

Standard III & IV

साहसपूर्ण घटना

मेरे मामा की बेटी एक दिन कमरे में खेल रही थी। हवा आते ही दरवाज़ा बंद हो गया। पर वह दरवाज़ा खोलने के लिए आई। दरवाज़ा खुल नहीं रहा था। उसने दरवाज़े के पास आकर रोना शुरू कर दिया। जब मैं वहाँ गई, तब मुझे रोने की आवाज़ आ रही थी। फिर मैंने दरवाज़ा खोलने की कोशिश की, पर नामुमकिन था। मैं मेरे सिर पर हाथ रखकर बैठ गई थी। फिर मैंने सिर से पिन निकालकर दरवाज़े को खोलने की कोशिश की। मैं कामयाब हुई और दरवाज़ा खुल गया। फिर मैंने मेरे मामा की छोटी बेटी को सब बातें समझाई। मेरे मामा, मामी, माता और पिता को सब बात बताई। इस बात को सुनकर मेरे मामा, मामी, माता और पिता ने मेरी प्रशंसा की।

— के. महालक्ष्मी,
कक्षा - ३ब



आज़ाद चिड़ियाँ

खुले आसमान में,
बादलों की छाया तले,
उड़ना है मुझे,
आज़ाद चिड़ियाँ बने ॥१॥

सूरज की तेज किरणों से,
सुबह का स्वागत करूँ,
रात की चाँदनी को,
शीतलता से नमस्कार करूँ ॥२॥

पेड़ों पर सजे,
कच्चे-पक्के फल खा सकूँ,
तिनका-तिनका बुनके,
अपना छोटा घर बना सकूँ ॥३॥



आज़ाद चिड़ियाँ बनके,
दुनियाँ को रंगीन बनाना है,
सपनों को सच करके,
हकीकत में बदलना है ॥४॥

— पुष्कर भट्टाचार्य,
कक्षा - ४ अ

बसंत ऋतु

लो! फिर बसंत का मौसम आया,
समय सुहाना सबको भाया।

फूल खिले हैं डाली-डाली,
फूलों पर तितली मंडराती।
तान सुरीली कोयल की,
लोगों को करती मदमाती॥

शीतल, मन्द हवा है चलती,
खेतों में पीली सरसों खिलती।
पेड़ों पर नए पत्ते लगते,
कालें भौरें गुंजन करते।

बसंत का मौसम सबसे प्यारा,
ऋतुओं में ये सबसे न्यारा॥



— याशना शेड्डी,
कक्षा - ३



अगर पेड़ भी चलते होते

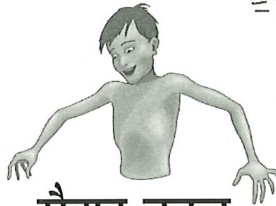
अगर पेड़ भी चलते होते,
कितने मजे हमारे होते,
बांध तने में उसके रस्सी,
चाहे जहाँ कहीं ले जाते।

जहाँ कहीं भी धूप सताती,
उसके नीचे झट सुस्ताते,
जहाँ कहीं वर्षा हो जाती,
उसके नीचे हम छिप जाते।

लगती भूख यदि अचानक,
तोड़ मधुर फल उसके खाते,
आती कीचड़-बाढ़ कहीं तो,
झट उसके ऊपर चढ़ जाते।

अगर पेड़ भी चलते होते,
कितने मजे हमारे होते।

— सिद्धान्त गुप्ता,
कक्षा - ४



शैतान बबलू

बबलू पेड़ पर बैठा था,
बैठे बैठे भूख लगी।
एक नारंगी तोड़ ली।
मालिक भाई ने देख लिया,
फूलझड़ी से मार दिया।
बबलू बोला मम्मी मम्मी,
मम्मी बोली ना कर चोरी।

— वैभव कुलकर्णी,
कक्षा - ४

आप से अच्छा बलि पात्र कौन है

सिक्खों के दसवें धर्मगुरु गोविंद सिंह सभी धर्मों का आदर करते थे। उनके हृदय में समस्त प्राणियों के लिए करुणा का सागर हिलोरें लेता था।

एक बार किसी पंडित ने गुरु गोविंद सिंह से कहा — “सिक्खों की शक्ति बढ़ाने के लिए अखंड यज्ञ कराना होगा। यज्ञ के प्रभाव से देवी प्रकट होगी और मनवांछित वरदान देगी।” गुरु गोविंद सिंह उस पंडित की बात से सहमत होकर यज्ञ के लिए तैयार हो गए। कई दिन यज्ञ चलता रहा, लेकिन देवी प्रकट नहीं हुई। तब वह धूर्त पंडित कहने लगा — “लगता है कि देवी रुष्ट है और देवी को प्रसन्न करने के लिए किसी पुरुष की बलि देनी होगी।”

गुरु गोविंद सिंह ने टेढ़ी भृकुटी करके उस पंडित की ओर दृष्टिपात किया तो वह सकपका कर एकदम बोला — “इसमें कुछ बुराई नहीं है महाराज! देवी भी प्रसन्न होगी और बलिदान होनेवाले पुरुष को स्वर्ग की प्राप्ति होगी।”

गुरु गोविंद सिंह ने उस धूर्त पंडित को पकड़कर कहा — “बलि के लिए आपसे अच्छा आदमी कहाँ मिलेगा? आप ज्ञानी भी हैं और सुपात्र भी हैं। आपका बलिदान पाकर देवी प्रसन्न होगी ही एवं आपको स्वर्ग की उपलब्धि भी हो जाएगी।”

यह सब देखकर पोंगा पंडितजी तो लगे बगलें झाँकने, लगे गिड़गिड़ाने और क्षमा माँगने।

गोविंद सिंह ने समझाया — “देवी को खुश करना है तो प्राणी मात्र की सेवा करो।”

— रुचि पिंछा, कक्षा - ५



भारत का तारा - सचिन

छोटा सा एक तारा है,
वह सबसे न्यारा है,
भारत को वह प्यारा है,
हर जनता का दुलारा है,
देखो, सचिन हमारा है।

भारत की वह शान है,
क्रिकेट की वह जान है,
उसे खिलाड़ी के हर गेंद का ज्ञान है,
इसी से तो हमारे देश का मान है।

न तो गर्वीला है,
बच्चे-बूढ़ों का छबीला है,
वह तो कितना भोला है,
उसने समय को तोला है,
सच, वह दुश्मनों के लिए एक शोला है।



— कनक पंसारी, कक्षा - ५



इन आँखों में क्या है?

माँ की आँखों में	— वात्सल्य।
पिताजी की आँखों में	— कर्तव्य।
बहन की आँखों में	— प्यार।
दोस्त की आँखों में	— सहायता।
देशभक्त की आँखों में	— बलिदान।
कवि की आँखों में	— रचनात्मकता।
अमीरों की आँखों में	— गर्व।
गरीबों की आँखों में	— करुणा।
शिक्षकों की आँखों में	— प्रकाश।
विद्यार्थियों की आँखों में	— उत्सुकता।
प्रभु की आँखों में	— सृष्टि का निर्माण।

— त्रिषा सेनगुप्ता, कक्षा - ५

एक गुड़िया की आत्मकथा

मैं एक गुड़िया हूँ। मैं एक फैक्ट्री में बनी थी जो पेरिस में थी। जब मैं बन गई मुझे एक डिब्बे के अंदर डाला गया था। एक ट्रक आया मैं उसमें डाली गई थी। फिर उस ट्रक ने मुझे एक दुकान में छोड़ दिया। वहाँ पर बहुत से खिलौने थे और मेरी बहुत सहेलियाँ थीं।

एक दिन एक आदमी आया और कह रहा था कि उसे सात साल की बच्ची के लिए एक गुड़िया चाहिए। दुकानदार ने बहुत सी गुड़िया दिखाई और मुझे भी दिखाया, उन्होंने मुझे चुना।

मेरी मालकिन का नाम रीमा था। वह मुझसे बहुत प्यार करती थी। हर बार वह मेरे साथ सोती थी। एक दिन खेलते-खेलते मेरा हाथ निकल गया। फिर भी वह मुझसे प्यार करती थी। रीमा की छोटी बहन मुझे पटकती थी और रिमा उसे हर बार डाँटती पर वह नहीं ध्यान देती थी।

कई महीने गुज़र गए और एक नई गुड़िया आई। रिमा ने मुझे कचरे के डिब्बे में फेंक दिया। सारा कचरा एक नदी में फेंका गया था। मैं नदी में दस महीने थी। फिर एक दिन एक आदमी आया और नदी साफ कर रहा था। उसने मुझे देखा और लोगों को दिया जो गुड़िया पुनः बनाते हैं।

मैं एक नई गुड़िया बन गई और मुझे एक नन्हीं सी लड़की को दिया गया था। वह तमिलनाडु में रहती थी।

जब एक रात वह मुझे लेकर सो रही थी तब कई लहरें आई करीब सुबह ६.४० को, वे लहरें मुझे ले गईं।

अब मैं सुनामी की लहरों में हूँ। मैं अकेली महसूस करती हूँ। मुझे नहीं लगता है कि कोई मुझे बचाएगा।



— सारह काज़ी, कक्षा - ६

मीठा सपना

एक बार मैं बालूशाही की सड़क पर जा रहा था। रास्ते में शरबत की नदी मिली, जिसमें समोसों की नावें तैर रही थीं, एक नाव में बैठकर मैंने नदी पार की। सामने देखता हूँ तो एक सफेद मिसरी का महल खड़ा हुआ है, जिसके द्वार पर लड्डू-राम भाला लिए हुए पहरा दे रहे हैं। मुझे उन्हें देखकर इतना गुस्सा आया कि मैं उन्हें एक ही बार में चट कर गया। जैसे ही महल के अंदर घुसा तो देखा इमरती रानी चमचम का तकिया लगाये शान से बैठी हुई हैं। उन्होंने मुझे देखते ही, रबड़ी के दलदल में फिंकवा दिया। जब मैंने बाहर निकलने की कोशिश की तो मुझे रसगुल्ले के बम मारे गये। जब मैंने उन्हें मारने की कोशिश की तो देखा मैं बिस्तर पर पड़ा हाथ-पैर चला रहा हूँ। और मेरी माँ मुझे सुबह उठाने की कोशिश कर रही है।

— नित्य अ. वर्मा, कक्षा - ६

एक सिक्के की आत्मकथा

मैं एक ५० पैसे का सिक्का हूँ। मेरा जन्म ४ मार्च, १९३० में हुआ था। मेरा मूल्य बहुत अधिक है। मैं एक बैंक “टेल्लर” के पास में रहता हूँ।

एक दिन उन्होंने मुझे निकालकर अपनी जेब में डाला। वहाँ मैंने कई दूसरे सिक्के देखे। मैं सबसे चमकीला था और मेरा मूल्य सबसे अधिक था। मुझे अपने आप पर गर्व हुआ। जब वे चल रहे थे, मैं सबसे अधिक छनक रहा था। छनकने में बहुत मज़ा आया।

बहुत देर छनकने को नहीं मिला जब “टेल्लर” साहब ने मुझे जेब से निकाल कर एक चने वाले को दे दिया। उसने मुझे एक कपड़े की थैली में डाल कर, उसके घर के पलंग के नीचे रख दिया।

जब मैं सो रहा था, अचानक मैं फिर से छनकने लगा। एक चोर वह थैली चुराकर भाग रहा था। मैं इतना ऊँचा छनक रहा था कि थैली से बाहर गिर पड़ा। फिर उसके बाद मैं उधर ही रास्ते की एक तरफ पड़ा था। कई साल बीत गए, मुझे लगा कि दुनिया मुझे भूल चुकी है। मैं मिट्टी से लद गया था। कई पैरों की लातें मिलीं। रोशनी का तो नामो निशान नहीं था।

फिर एक दिन एक गरीब बच्चे ने मुझे उठाकर अपनी जेब में रख लिया। मुझे उतना छनकने को मिला नहीं। एक बड़ा सिक्का मेरे ऊपर गिर गया। मैंने उसे देखा कि उस दो रुपये के सिक्के के ऊपर तारीख १९८० थी। तब मुझे पता चला कि मैं बूढ़ा हुआ और मेरा मूल्य और चमक कम थी।

— गिरिश मालगे, कक्षा - ६

रूप बड़ा या गुण

किसी गांव में दो बहनें रहती थीं। इनमें से एक बहन रूपवती थी, तो दूसरी गुणवती। रूपवती को अपने रूप पर बड़ा घमंड था। वह रूप को गुणों से श्रेष्ठ मानती थी और गुणवती गुणों को श्रेष्ठ मानती थी। एक दिन दोनों यह जानने के लिए कि ‘रूप बड़ा है या गुण’ गांव के बड़े विद्वान के पास पहुँची। विद्वान ने दोनों को सोने के घड़े से पानी पिलाया। दोनों को ही तृप्ति नहीं मिली, इसलिए उन्होंने और पानी माँगा। अब विद्वान ने उन्हें मिट्टी के घड़े से पानी पिलाया। दोनों के चेहरे पर संतोष के भाव दिखाई दिए। विद्वान ने उनसे पूछा – ‘अच्छा, मुझे यह बताओ कि किस घड़े का पानी अच्छा लगा?’ दोनों एक साथ बोली – ‘मिट्टी के घड़े का, जिसे पीकर हमारी प्यास बुझ गई। सोने के घड़े का पानी बेस्वाद था। पहले आपने हमें वही पानी दिया, इसलिए हमें उसे पीना पड़ा तब विद्वान बोला – ‘चमचमाते सोने के घड़े का रूप देखते ही बनता है और मिट्टी का घड़ा सुंदर नहीं है, लेकिन उसका पानी शीतल, स्वादिष्ट व प्यास बुझाने वाला है। अब तो तुम दोनों समझ ही गई होंगी कि ‘रूप बड़ा होता है या गुण’। यह सुनकर दोनों ही गुणों को श्रेष्ठ मानने लगीं। रूपवती ने अपने रूप पर घमंड करना छोड़ दिया व अपने गुणों को विकसित करने में जुट गई।

— निशा, कक्षा - ६

जीवन में पेड़ों का इस्तेमाल

इस देश के कई हिस्सों में लोग पेड़-पौधों को काट कर उसे उपयोगी बनाते हैं। पहले जमाने में किसान अपने खेतों को बड़ा बनाने के लिए जंगल के पेड़ काटते थे।

आजकल पेड़ों को काटकर बच्चों को अपनी पढ़ाई-लिखाई के लिए, उनके द्वारा कागज मिलता है। पेड़ लोगों के लिए बहुत ही उपयोगी है। आजकल के जमाने में पेड़ों को काटकर लोग अपने घरों को उनके द्वारा सुंदर बनाते हैं, जैसे सजावट के लिए पेंटिंग, फर्नीचर दरवाजे आदि।

मैसूर में लोग खुशबूदार चीजें अधिक पसंद करते हैं। वे बाहर जाते समय अपने - आप पर इत्र लगाना कभी नहीं भूलते। वहाँ एक तरह का पेड़ अधिक मिलता है। उस पेड़ का नाम चंदन का पेड़ है। उस पेड़ को काटकर लोग साबुन, इत्र, शैम्पू, तस्वीरों के फ्रेम, आदि बनाते हैं। और वे आजकल देश के कई हिस्सों में भी भेजा करते हैं।

पर हमें यह जान लेना चाहिए कि देश में पेड़ों की जरूरत है और उनके बिना देश हरा-भरा व सुंदर नहीं होगा।

और सबसे जरूरी यह है, कि अगर इस विश्व में पेड़ों की कमी रही, तो पैराबैंगनी किरणें इस विश्व में आकर देश में लोगों को अनेक तरह की बीमारियाँ देंगी।

— स्नेहा भटनागर, कक्षा - ७



बाधाएँ हमारे जीवन के इरादों को मज़बूत बनाती हैं

जीवन तो सभी जीते हैं। कई का बहुत सरल होता है जहाँ ज्यादा संघर्ष नहीं करना पड़ता। दूसरों का बहुत कठिन होता है। वह बाधाओं के सागर में डूब जाते हैं। लोग ऐसे भी होते हैं, दिन की मंज़िल में कई कठिनाइयाँ आती हैं और वे उन्हें आसानी से पार कर लेते हैं। ऐसे लोग जीवन में बहुत कामयाब होते हैं।

जिस मंज़िल तक पहुँचने में कोई कठिनाइयाँ न आए वह कैसी कामयाबी? हमें बाधाएँ जीवन के इरादों को मज़बूत करती हैं। जिस जगह पर कई अलग रास्ते हों उधर बाधाएँ हमें सही रास्ता दिखाती हैं। वे हमें कठिनाइयों से जूझने का अनुभव भी देती हैं।

महान लोगों ने अपनी मेहनत व परिश्रम की वजह से महानता प्राप्त की। महात्मा गांधी, रबिंद्रनाथ टैगोर व जवाहरलाल नेहरू को उच्च स्थान प्राप्त करने के लिए कई बाधाओं को पराजित करना पड़ा। यही उनकी सफलता का राज है।

बाधाएँ कभी भी आ सकती हैं। हमें उनके लिए हमेशा तैयार रहना चाहिए। उनसे घबराना नहीं चाहिए और उनका डटकर मुकाबला करना चाहिए। इसमें हमारा ही लाभ है। अगर हम उन्हें जीवन का साथ मान कर चलें तो हम जीवन में बहुत सफल रहेंगे।



सारांश गर्ग, कक्षा - ७

तस्वीर

सब लोग उसी की तरफ देखते
क्यों? उसे पता नहीं,
वो बहुत शरमाए या फिर
उसकी खूबसूरती पर फिदा कई?

चित्रकार का तो वह सम्मान
दिन और रात उस पर ही निछावर
यह परिश्रम, फल तो लाना ही था
चित्रकार ही करता चित्र का बिगाड़ या सँवार ॥

बहुत ही उत्सुक होते हुए
उसे पता है कि वह क्या करे या न करे
आखिर वह खूबसूरती चार दिन की
जल्दी ही आए उस पर भी दरारें ॥



— परमी स्निग्धा मनोज़ना, कक्षा - ७

मेरी सहेली

जिंदगी में हमें जरूरत है संग की,
इसलिए जरूरत है एक सहेली की ।

ऐसी सहेली जो आपकी मदद करे,
और अच्छे का साथ देने के लिए कभी न डरे ।

मेरी सहेली हमेशा मुझको हँसाती
और कभी किसी को नहीं सताती ।

मेरी सहेली है हिम्मतवाली,
कभी नहीं देती किसी को गाली ।

मेरी सहेली को अच्छा लगता है गाना,
कभी नहीं मारती किसी को ताना ।

हमारी दोस्ती हमेशा रहेगी,
जिंदगी में वो कामयाब होगी ।



— अनुजा देवधर, कक्षा - ८



जल

जल अमृत है, जल है जीवन ।
न स्वाद, न गन्ध, न रंग ।
फिर भी है सबसे अनमोल धन ।

जल से ही लगती प्रकृति मतवाली,
धरती पर छाती मस्त हरियाली
हँसते झरने, नदियाँ खिलखिलाती,
सूखी धरती सँवरती, मुसकाती ।

प्रकृति ने दोनों हाथों से लुटाया जल,
आधी से ज्यादा धरती पर है जल,
हमारी नादानियों ने कर दिया दूषित जल,
अब नहीं है पीने के लिए भी स्वच्छ जल ।

जल के बिना धरती होगी सूखी बंजर,
नहीं खिलेंगे वन, नहीं झूमेंगे उपवन ।
सूखा रेगिस्तान होगा यह भूतल
अस्तित्वहीन हो जाएँगे, सब चराचर ।

— अभिनव पाण्डेय, कक्षा - ८



हमारी जिन्दगी

सब कुछ अचानक करती है यह प्रकृति,
कभी देती है दुःख, तो कभी खुशी ।
परसों ही हुआ डब्लू.टी.सी. पे वार,
और कल हुई सुनामी ।

भगवान ऐसे देते हैं हमें शिक्षा
और साथ में ही लेते हैं हमारी परीक्षा ।
जो इस कार्य में हुआ सफल,
जरूर पाएगा एक मीठा फल ।

उसके जीवन में आएगी खुशहाली
और साथ में ही आएगी उसकी दीवाली ।



— सानिध्या शेड्डी, कक्षा - ८



गुरु को नमस्कार

“गुरु ब्रह्मा, गुरु विष्णु,
गुरु देवो महेश्वरा,
गुरु सेवा परम धर्मः
तश्मय श्री गुरु देवो नमः”

यह कहावत, क्या खूब कही है हमारे पूर्वजों ने, हमारे शिक्षक हमारे आदर्श होते हैं, हमारे शुभचिंतक होते हैं। वे चाँदनी रात की चाँदनी की तरह हैं जो हमारे मन के अंधेरे में उजाला लाते हैं। वे प्रेरणा देने वाले, पूजनीय व्यक्ति होते हैं जो हमारी दुर्बल इच्छाओं को जोर देते हैं। उस जगमगाती जीत को छीन लेने की हिम्मत देते हैं। गुरु बिना शिष्य, पंख बिना पक्षी है जो उड़ नहीं पाता। वह चमकते सूरज की तरह हैं तो हम विद्यार्थी उस खिलते फूल की तरह हैं। वे हमें पल-पल यह एहसास दिलाते हैं कि हमें कामना का आँचल छोटा नहीं करना चाहिए, जिन्दगी के पल को दोनों हाथों से दबाकर निचोड़ना चाहिए, रस की निर्झरी हमारे बहाए ही बह सकती है। अंत तक वे सच्चे मित्र की तरह हमारा साथ देते हैं और जीवन के हर मोड़ पर हमें सलाह देते हैं।

अन्त में मैं यही कहना चाहूँगी....

गुरु को नमस्कार!



— सोनाली साहू, कक्षा - ९

मेरे सपनों का भारत

सपने देखना मनुष्य का स्वभाव है। अपने व्यक्तिगत जीवन को सुखी और समृद्ध बनाने के सपने तो मैं देखा ही करता हूँ। अपने देश की सुख-समृद्धि का सपना मेरी आँखों में पलता रहता है। मैं चाहता हूँ कि मेरी पीढ़ी के सभी लोग मिलकर, कठिन परिश्रम कर उस सपने को साकार करने का प्रयत्न करें।

आखिर कैसा होना चाहिए मेरे सपनों का भारत? ऐसा भारत जिसमें लोग एक दूसरे के साथ प्रेम से रहें। ऐसा भारत जिसमें भ्रष्टाचार जैसा कोई शब्द किसी को ज्ञात ही न हो। रोटी, कपड़ा और मकान, जीवन की ये तीन बुनियादी आवश्यकताएँ हैं। मैं चाहता हूँ कि किसी के भी पास इन तीनों का अभाव न रहे। सभी को पौष्टिक-सन्तुलित भोजन, साफ-सुथरे कपड़े, स्वस्थ वातावरण वाला मकान प्राप्त हो सके, यह मेरा सपना तो है ही, भारत को ऐसा बनाने की दिशा में कम से कम मैं प्रयत्नशील हूँ। भारत को विकसित बनाने के लिए सब लोगों का शिक्षित होना बहुत जरूरी है। और जनसंख्या बढ़ती जा रही है और सब के लिए संसाधन कम होते जा रहे हैं और विकास कम होता है।

मैं चाहता हूँ कि भारत में राम राज्य की स्थापना हो। सब लोग हँसी-खुशी से फूल की तरह खिलते रहें। सब लोगों का स्वास्थ्य अच्छा होगा तो काम भी ज्यादा होगा और फिर वृद्धि तो होनी है। और फिर एक कहावत है स्वास्थ्य ही सच्चा धन है। सो मेरा सपना है कि भारत के सभी निवासी स्वस्थ, सुन्दर और प्रसन्नचित्त हों। इसके लिए उन सभी कारणों को दूर करना होगा कि जो स्वास्थ्य-सौंदर्य और प्रसन्नता के दुश्मन हैं ताकि हमारा वातावरण हमारे शारीरिक, मानसिक, स्वास्थ्य-सौंदर्य का प्रतीक बन सकें।

— दिवाकर, कक्षा - ९

प्रकृति का प्रकोप – सुनामी

समुंदर की लहरें आएँ,
समुन्द्रतल को चूमती हुई।
शांत, सुनहरी लहरें आएँ,
समुन्द्रतल को चूमती हुई।
क्या पता कि क्या होगा
प्रकृति हमारा क्या लेगी?
क्या रहेगा, क्या बिखरेगा,
“छब्बीस दिसम्बर”
नए वर्ष से चार दिन दूर,
प्रकृति ने अपना क्रोध दिखाया।
आई सुनामी बादलों को चूमती,
हजारों गुणा बड़े, हजारों गुणा बलवान।
बिखरती हुई यह इमारतें,
बिखरे हुए घर, बिखरते हुए परिवार, कुटुंब।
मन में पीड़ा क्लान्ति क्लेश,
लोगों के घर टूट चुके, परिवार बिखर चुके।
हम सभी कुछ कर सकते हैं,
मन के दुःखों को दूर कर सकते हैं।
प्रकृति का प्रकोप है सुनामी,
सत्य है, किसी ने कहा है,
“प्रकृति माँ ही हमारा नसीब लिखती हैं।”

— नीहार कुंदुर्ती, कक्षा - ९





ROHIT KHERA
Officer on Special Duty
Tele : 23015655
Fax : 23016857

प्रधान मंत्री कार्यालय
नई दिल्ली - 110 011
PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE
New Delhi - 110 011

12-APR-2005

DO No. 82 (23784)/2004-PMF/67874/665470

Dear Sir,

We acknowledge with thanks your generous contribution to the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund.

2. The Prime Minister appreciates the thoughtful gesture and conveys his gratitude. The amount will be of immense help in rehabilitating those affected by the tsunami.

3. A formal receipt is enclosed.

With regards,

Yours sincerely,



(Rohit Khera)

BOMBAY SCOTTISH SCHOOL
RAHEJA VIHAR, POWAI
MUMBAI
MAHARASHTRA



COUNCIL FOR THE INDIAN SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS

PRAGATI HOUSE, 3rd FLOOR, 47-48, NEHRU PLACE, NEW DELHI - 110019.

TELEGRAMS : CAMEXAM

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Chief Executive and Secretary

F. FANTHOM

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Deputy Secretary

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M.A., Ph.L., B.Ed.

Deputy Secretary

RITA WILSON

M.A., B.Ed., M.Phil.

Deputy Secretary

G. ARATHOON

M.A., B.Ed.

57652 /CES/CISCE/2005
31 January 2005

Dear Mrs. Chandrashekar,

The Council for the Indian School Certificate Examinations has been extremely concerned, when natural calamities affect the life of people, children in particular.

The super cyclone tragedy in Orissa, The Kumbakonum school fire, and the Tsunami tragedy have irretrievably changed the lives of people in parts of the country.

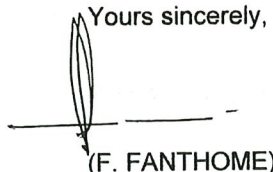
The Council has appealed to schools to support relief and repair work, with a view to soften the impact of the tragedy and heal the hurt.

Your school has been extremely sensitive. The amount of funds your school has contributed towards the Tsunami Relief Effort is amongst the highest received by us.

We are writing to Thank you and the school community for this support. We at the Council appreciate your valuable bonding with us.

With my regards,

Yours sincerely,



(F. FANTHOM)

Mrs. M. Chandrashekar
Principal
Bombay Scottish School
Raheja Vihar
Powai
Mumbai -400 049.



Patrons :

SHRI R. VENKATARAMAN

Former President of India

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Website : helpageindia.com

" 26 years of working nationwide for the cause & care of the elderly "

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Vinod Chandlok

J C Luther

9/6/05

Mrs. Chandrashekar,
Principal
Bombay Scottish High School.
Powai.
Mumbai.

Dear Mrs. Chandrashekar,

Greetings from HelpAge India!

It is with great pleasure that I inform you, that the tremendous efforts of the students, your team, the parents and your good-self have lead Bombay Scottish, Powai, to have given the largest support to our cause, across India, from among 2200 schools.

The effort of the team has realised Rs. 424,326/-, in support of the disadvantaged elderly of our society. CONGRATULATIONS !

In recognition of this achievement, HelpAge India will be awarding the 'Samson Daniel' trophy to your school at a function to be held on the 'Day of the older Persons', viz. 1st October, 05. The function will be held at Delhi and is normally held at the Rashtrapathi Bhavan .

Once the details are finalised, I will be in touch with you, to brief you on the same. We look forward to your presence at this function, to enable us to express our gratitude in a small way, on behalf of all the destitute elderly of our society, that we are so committed to serve.

With this valuable support Bombay Scottish has been directly responsible for :

- 1) 250 elderly receiving their sight back through the conduct of Free cataract surgeries, valued at Rs.250,000/-
- 2) 9,000 free treatments being given to the elderly ,through our Mobile Clinic, valued at Rs.165,000.

A big Thank you to the Students, Teachers, Parents and Your good-self, once again .

Yours truly,


John Thattil
Regional Director-(W)



Donations to HelpAge India are eligible for tax relief in full. Registered as a secular social service society No. S/9270 under the Societies Registration Act. XXI (1860).

HelpAge India Depends on Your Donations & Legacies



Mrs. Chandrashekhar
Principal
Bombay Scottish School (Powai)
Raheja Vihar, Powai
Mumbai 400 072

SAHAS



SPORTS FOUNDATION

Preserving Pride. Propelling Passion

27 December 2004

Dear Mrs. Chandrashekhar,

Seasons Greetings and a very Happy New Year from all of us at Sahas Sports Foundation!

The collective support provided by the participating schools and children enabled us to achieve our primary objective of creating awareness for Sahas and gradually take small but steady steps.

On November 10, 2004, thirty selected children along with Ms. Anjali Bhagwat, (Olympian shooter), felicitated two forgotten sportspersons at the Renaissance Hotel in Mumbai. Mr. Manoj Khaire (handicapped national swimmer and shuttler) and Mr. Manickam Alexander (former hockey player) were presented with the "sahas ki chadar", along with a token cash amount of Rs. 25,000 each. Mr. Alexander who is bed-ridden, was represented by his wife and will also receive medical assistance.

The two day Sahas camp was a success in every single sense of the word. We believe children from various parts of the city learnt one vital lesson. That their message on a small square cloth was a contribution and part of a much larger and valuable message, **that together they did make a difference!** Barely one year into being, and we have overcome doubt, built trust and made little ambassadors for our cause.

The parents who too were present, got to see for themselves the marvel the children created and came forward to offer assistance. For this, we have you to be grateful to, permitting us to reach out to your children. We never could have got this far, without your encouragement. From here on, the only way we can go is forward.

Thank you for confidence in Sahas. Attached are the photographs of Mohit Rikhy-6A, Anshika Banerjee-6B, Arnav Bhattacharya -8 C and Karishma Irani-9 A, receiving their certificate from Ms. Anjali Bhagwat.

Sincere regards,

Munesh Khanna
Trustee

Beachwood House, Ground floor
Jussawala Wadi, Juhu, Mumbai: 400049
Tel: (91-22) 26184002, 26136572
Email: info@sahassportsfoundation.org
Website: www.sahassportsfoundation.org



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 environment of the new School. The adapted lines are in italics.)

Bombay Scottish School

Raheja Vihar, Powai, Mumbai - 400 072

vakils