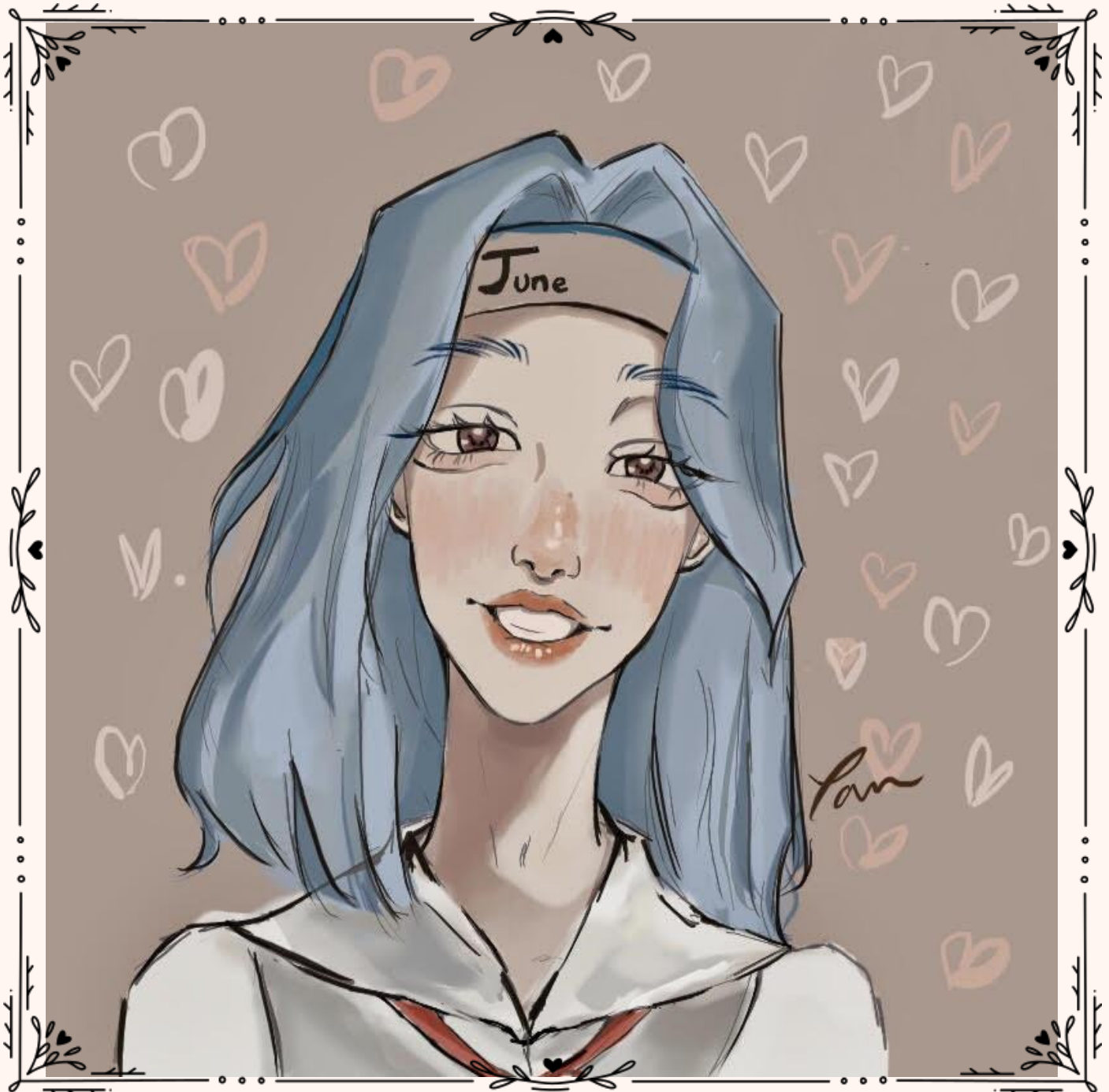




Eicher Unbound

Students' Magazine 2022-23



Art by Tamanna Gogoi, IX A

Eicher School Faridabad
A Goodearth Foundation School



From the Principal's Desk



Dear Readers,

It gives me immense pleasure and pride to have the privilege of presenting to you Eicher Unbound- 2022-2023. This has been a magnificent session and this publication truly summarises the journey of the school through its students and teachers. I take this opportunity to congratulate the Editorial team for bringing out the best edition of the year. Kudos to the writers, who through their creative expressions and musings, have given shape to the pages of this magazine. I am sure all our readers will be mesmerised by the collection of stories, poems and write-ups woven by the talented writers of the school. It is really nice to see that students across all classes have contributed to making the magazine. Along with the budding writers, I also wish to make a special mention for the talented artists, who have also created magic and added to the designing of the entire compilation through their artwork and sketches. Brilliant work by everyone!

And happy reading.....

Arpita Chakraborty
Principal



Our Editors Share...

Albert Einstein rightly said, 'Creativity is intelligence having fun'. It is, no doubt, an outcome of our own imagination.

Our school magazine, Eicher Unbound, is a compilation of brainwaves, inspirations and raw talent of the most creative minds of our school and an aesthete of the beauty which surrounds us. The edition brings stories, poems and much more, while promising each and every reader an interesting journey, simply through words.

This session provided each Eicherite countless memories to cherish over the course of life. Students brought laurels to the school in every possible sphere and these precious moments and the milestones achieved by them are highlighted in this magazine. It celebrates memories and allows the students to honour their uniqueness.

Working on this magazine with such a brilliant team and wonderful mentors was a one-of-a-kind learning experience. Designing it was so much fun for us. We would love to use this platform to thank respected Principal ma'am and our dear teachers who encouraged us to push our boundaries. We certainly hope that all the readers will experience a sense of exuberant energy while browsing through the magazine, like we editors did.

Happy reading!
The Editorial Team



L-R: Namit Rakheja (XI A), Saiesha Barera (XI C), Kanupriya (XI C), Sumedha Sardana (XI C), Nandini Goel (XI B), Dhriti Medigeshi (XI B), Tanisha Singh (XI C), Aditya Panchal (XI A)

We shall miss you



Ms Seema Berera

We are filled with profound grief at the shocking and untimely demise of our valued staff member Ms Seema Berera on February 11, 2023. She was a sincere, affectionate and committed teacher of the Social Science faculty, always giving her best to the students of classes VII-XII. She taught History and Political Science and touched the lives of innumerable children in the 24 years that she was a part of the Eicher family. We are heartbroken that she has passed on to the heavenly abode leaving a huge void in the lives of her family, friends, colleagues and students.

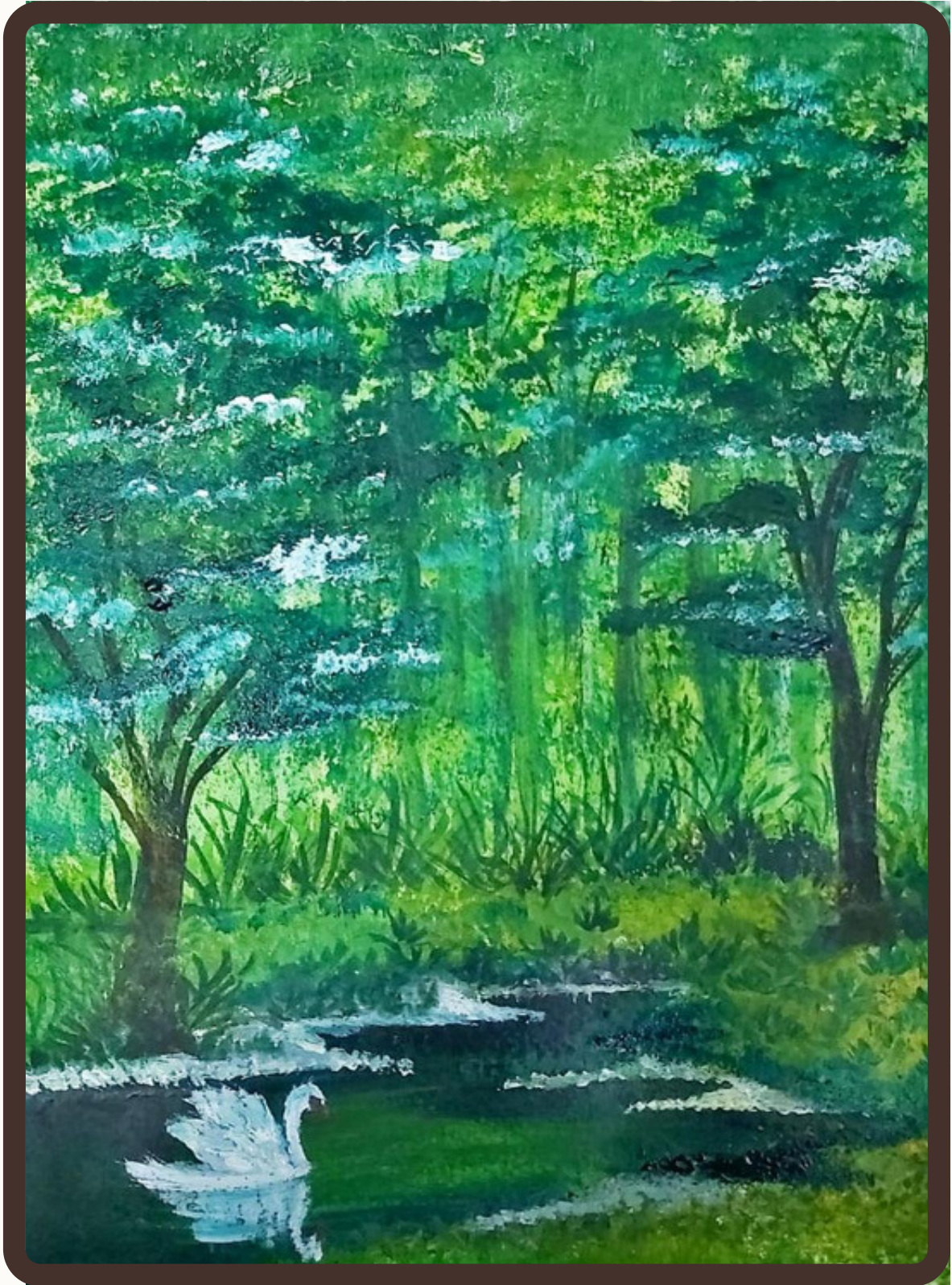
May her soul rest in peace.





Reflections

...the Educators share



Ms Sangeeta Sekhani, Educator

प्रतिभाशाली बच्चों की काल्पनिक दुनिया

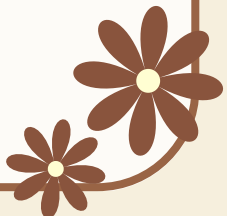
मैं जिन सरकारी सेकेंड्री स्कूलों में पढ़ता था, उनका रकबा अक्सर एक एकड़ से ज़्यादा होता था। स्कूल में एक ग्राउंड होता था, जिसमें हॉकी और फुटबॉल खेल खेले जाते थे और बावजूद इसके अभी भी काफ़ी हिस्सा खाली रह जाता था। एनसीसी थी, स्काउटिंग थी, डिबेटिंग-क्लब था और तमाम सब्जेक्टिव क्लाससेज़ के अलावा SUPW यानि समाजोपयोगी उत्पादक कार्य की एक खास क्लास भी होती थी, जिसमें छात्र तमाम किस्म के कार्यकलाप चुन सकते थे - जैसे, कढ़ाई, बुनाई, खाना बनाना, चित्रकारी, बर्दईगीरी तथा अन्य हस्तकलाएँ वगैरह, फिर इन्हीं ऐक्टिविटीज़ पर बेस्ड एक सालाना मुकाबला होता था जिसमें जीतना मानो स्कूल में पूरे सेशन के लिए हीरो की पदवी हासिल करने जैसा था - यानि क्लासरूम के बाहर ज़ेहनी और जिस्मानी तरबीयत का पूरा इंतजाम था।

मेरे क्लास-फेलोस में ज़्यादातर के पिता फौजी थे लेकिन फिर भी मुझे याद है कि सभी के नहीं थे। एक के पिता हाथ-ठेला चलाते थे, एक के माली थे, एक हलवाई के खानदान से थे तो वहीं एक के पिता तहसीलदार थे, दूसरे के बैंकर थे, एक के वहीं हमारे ही स्कूल में टीचर थे और एक के एक्सिक्यूटिव इंजीनियर थे। हममें से ज़्यादातर देश के अलग-अलग राज्यों से आए हुए परिवारों में से थे और हाल तो यह था कि अभी इसमें भी कई पहाड़ी इलाकों के थे, कुछ गाँवों के देहाती बैकग्राउंड के थे और कुछ-एक ठेठ शहरी भी थे। ऐसे क्लासरूम में डिसप्लिन रखना कोई मामूली बात नहीं थी और शायद इसी वज़ह से हमारे उस्ताद के हाथ में हस्ब-ए-मामूल एक छड़ी रहती थी, जिसका इस्तेमाल वे अपनी मनमर्ज़ी से - जिस किसी पर, जब चाहे - करते थे। फ़ीस तब - मुझे खूब याद है - महज़ पाँच रुपए माहाना होती थी, जोकि तीन महीने में एक बार एकमुश्त पंद्रह रुपए स्कूल जाकर, आजकल की तरह अनलाइन नहीं - जमा की जाती थी।

वैसे मेरा स्कूल कोई खास नहीं था, बल्कि हर राज्य के सरकारी स्कूल ऐसे ही होते थे और इनमें ऐसे ही तालिब-ए-इल्म पढ़ते थे जो शाम को अपने या अपने पड़ोसियों के घरों के ब्लैक एण्ड व्हाइट टीवी में आने वाले स्पाइडरमैन के कार्टून वर्ज़न को देखकर ही मदहोश हो जाया करते थे। हर मिडिल क्लास घराने में बच्चों की एक-आध जनरल या मैगज़ीन जरूर आती थी जिसमें लोट-पोट, चन्दामामा, सरिता, अमर चित्रकथा या इंद्रजाल कॉमिक्स जैसे कुछ नाम मुझे अभी भी याद हैं। लगभग इन सभी में बच्चों का कोई मख्सूस कालम छपता था, जिसमें नए लिखारियों की लिखी किसी रचना-कविता आदि को छापकर उन बच्चों की बाकायदा हौसला अफजाई की जाती थी।

उस दौर के मुकाबले ज़रा आज पर निगाह डालते हैं।

आज मेरा बच्चा जिस स्कूल में पढ़ता है, उसका रकबा कोई चार-पाँच सौ गज का है, तीन मंज़िला इमारत में बस क्लासरूम्स बाकी हैं, सामने एक छोटा सा लॉन है, जिसमें महज़ सुबह की असेम्बली होने भर की गुंज़ाइश है, जबकि फ़ीस के मामले में ट्रांसपोर्ट, ऐक्टिविटी चार्जस मिलाकर मैं उसके लिए कोई बीस हज़ार रुपए माहाना भरता हूँ। इधर मेरे घर के पास एक बड़ा ग्राउंड था, जिसपर आजकल इल्लीगल कब्ज़ाधारियों ने अपना गैर कानूनी हक़ जमा लिया है। चूँकि स्कूल में भी ग्राउंड नहीं और मोहल्ले का ग्राउंड भी गायब हो गया, लिहाज़ा बच्चा आजकल फुटबॉल अपने लैपटॉप के सॉफ़्टवेयर पर खेलता है, जबकि क्रिकेट वह सोसाइटी में सड़क पर खेलता है।



वह शाम को टीवी नहीं देखता, क्योंकि बकौल उसके - किसी चैनल पर उसके मतलब का कोई प्रोग्राम नहीं आता। कार्टून वह कब तक देखे और रोती-धोती औरतों के ड्रामे और झगड़ालू टॉक-शोज में उसकी कोई दिलचस्पी नहीं। सोसाइटी में एक क्लब हाउस है, जिसमें स्विमिंग, बैडमिंटन जैसी सुविधाओं के लिए पैसे देने पड़ते हैं, इसीलिए उसके बहुत से दोस्त वहाँ जाते ही नहीं और यूँ वहाँ जाकर भी उसका मन नहीं लगता।

जिनके पेरेंट्स अफोर्ड कर सकते हैं, उन्होंने अपने बच्चों को लैपटॉप, टैबलेट्स या मोबाइल फ़ोन दिला दिए हैं और ये बच्चे इन्हीं लैपटॉप - मोबाइल को खाते हैं, पीते हैं - और जीते हैं और मुझ जैसे जाली दानिश्वर सेमिनारों-सिंपोसियम वगैरह में रोते हैं कि ये नई नस्ल अपने इर्द-गिर्द से इतनी बेगाना क्यों है! वह सेहतमंद ज़ेहनी और जिस्मानी ज़िंदगी गुजारने में दिलचस्पी क्यों नहीं रखती और कि यह नस्ल आगे अपनी अमली ज़िंदगी के चैलेंज का मुकाबला कैसे करेगी? इस मामले में सच यह है कि हम खुद इसके लिए ज़िम्मेदार हैं। पहले हमने अपनी नस्ल से स्कूल छीना, उनकी ज़ेहनी-जिस्मानी तरक्की के रास्ते पर पत्थर डाले, उनकी आज़ादी से उड़ान भरने की इजाज़त के पर कतरे और अब, जब यह नस्ल एक कमरे की दुनिया में सिमट रही है, तो हम रो रहे हैं कि आखिर ऐसा क्यों है? आखिर हमने क्या गुनाह किया है?

हमारे बच्चे चमचमाते स्क्रीन्स पर निगाह जमाए रखते हैं तो इसके लिए वह नहीं बल्कि हम हमारी बुढ़ाती नस्ल ज़िम्मेदार है। वह नस्ल जिसने शहरों और स्कूलों के प्ले-ग्राउंड्स को निगल लिया और अभी आगे भी निगलते जा रही है। इसके बाद बच्चे को हाथ में वह चमकती स्क्रीन खुद हमने थमाई और फिर खुद ही शिकायतें भी करनी शुरू कर दी कि यह नई नस्ल तो एबदार है।

सुनती नहीं। खेलती नहीं। पढ़ती नहीं।

मेरी नजर में तो आज भी, इस नई नस्ल के लाखों बच्चे खेलना चाहते हैं मगर कहाँ खेलें? अपने मतलब की किताबें पढ़ना चाहते हैं लेकिन उन्हें वे कहाँ मिलें? जो हल मेरे पास है वह इस वक़्त आपके हाथों में है। अभिभावकों को चाहिए कि वे अपने बच्चों के लिए समय निकालें, उन्हें समझाएँ ताकि वे भविष्य में बहुत अच्छा कर सकें।

आयशर स्कूल फरीदाबाद बच्चों को विकास के हर क्षेत्र में आगे बढ़ने में बहुत मदद करता है। इस स्कूल और उनकी बनाई टीम की मेहनत के नतीजे के तौर पर सामने आए इस प्रकाशन का महत्त्व इसीलिए बढ़ जाता है कि इसमें शामिल लेखों, कविताओं को लिखने वाले ये नन्हें लिखारी ही साहित्य की दुनिया में अगले प्रेमचंद, दुर्गा प्रसाद खत्री और सरोजिनी नायडू हैं, जिन्हें प्रोत्साहित किया जाना न केवल ज़रूरी है, बल्कि हम पर फ़र्ज़ है, बाकायदा ज़िम्मेदारी है।

यही हमारा वह इनवेस्टमेंट है, जो आगे हमें कई गुना बढ़कर मिलेगा। मैं उम्मीद करता हूँ कि यह प्रकाशन इस दिशा में पहला नन्हा कदम साबित होगा, जिसके बाद आगे अभी रास्ता और लंबा, ख़ूब लंबा चलेगा।

शुभाशीश और शुभेच्छाओं के साथ

डॉ. कँवल किशोर शर्मा
अध्यापक



फेयरवैल-2023

Presented at the class XII Farewell Party on 02.02.2023

Youtube link: <https://youtu.be/7KRuQWVoCJw>

यह एक जीवन की है रचना, इसे मत खेल बोलो तुम,
यह है निर्माण नवयुग का, इसे मत जेल बोलो तुम,
हमारी जान और पहचान तो जन्मों पुरानी है,
तुम्हारा वैलफेयर है, न फेयरवैल बोलो तुम ।१।
है पावन गंगा जैसी जाह्नवी, प्यारी कृति भी है,
वंडर गर्ल अक्षिता की, माहिका सी प्रकृति भी है,
प्रज्ज्वलित है दिया आँगन में, कृपा असीम है प्रभु की,
कनिष्कों की हमारे साथ, एक त्रिमूर्ति भी है ।२।
ये बलराज है, अनिरुद्ध है और दीप्तांशु है,
स्मैश का किंग अपना दक्ष है, और एक दीपांशु है,
रुद्र तगड़ा डिफ़ेन्डर है, नहीं जय भी कोई कम है,
जान है टीम की कृष, कुल मिलाकर टीम धाँसू है ।३।
हर्षिता जलपरी है, भव्या, उर्जल, यामिनी प्यारी,
प्रबल है अंश अपना, नित्या, तनिशाएँ बड़ी न्यारी,
वरुन में एक उमंग, सबसे अलग, चिंगम चबाने की,
अंजली, आर्द्रा, सौम्या हैं, साहिल की बात भारी ।४।
मेहुल लंच और ब्रेकफास्ट का यारो धुरंधर है,
रक्षित के साथ मिलकर, करे भोजन को अंदर है,
केशव भी, देव सबका, मोक्षिका, दक्ष, काया हैं,
हर पल एक उत्सव है, क्लास अपनी सिकंदर है ।५।
निखिल संपूर्ण है अपना, तरन म्यूज़िक, बजाता है,
रिद्धि-सिद्धि से अपनी स्कूल का मौसम सुहाता है,
हर्षिता से पूछे वृन्दा, श्रेय पूछे दर्शिनी से,
साइंस और कॉमर्स का रिश्ता क्या कहलाता है ।६।
बालादित्य और आदित्य में, एक कॉम्पटीशन है,
दोस्ती को निभाना, अपना यारो इक रिलीजन है,
साहिब, सैम्युअल, सौरभ, कार्तिक, आर्यन भी हैं,
हरिता, समिधा, अनुष्का का, बड़ा यूनिवर्स कलेक्शन है ।७।
हमारी संस्कृति की अरुनिमा भी, लक्ष्मी सी है,
शारदा और शिवांजलि के बिना, देखो कमी सी है,
करन, गोपेश, प्राची और प्रियंवदा, मोनिका भी हैं,
जया, नवशीन, और मृणालिनी की रागिनी सी है ।८।



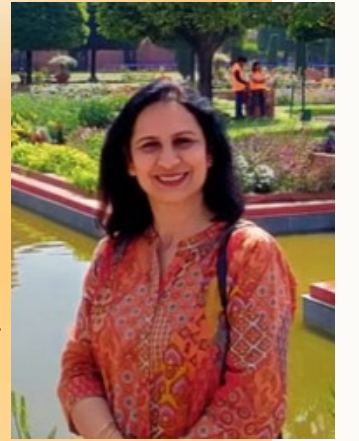
अनुशा, सृष्टि, हर्षिता को, बहुत जीवन का अनुभव है,
शार्वनी, सात्विक, सिद्धार्थ, की मुस्कान दुर्लभ है,
दीपों की शिखा सजती है, कहीं अबीर उड़ता है,
हमारे स्कूल का आँगन, तो खुशियों से लबालब है।१।
जहाँ आयुष, आयुष्मान है, ध्रुव सा अटल साहिल,
सार्थक, सान्या, भव्या, सभी खुशियों में हैं शामिल,
आस्था है उस ईश्वर में, अनामिका की बड़ी भारी,
प्रणव कहता ये है उत्कर्ष, पाएँगे अपनी मंज़िल।१०।
मिटाने से नहीं मिटती, तुम्हारे साथ की खुशबू,
बना देती है दीवाना, हरेक जज़्बात की खुशबू,
हमें छोड़े तो जाते हो, मगर संग लेते भी जाओ,
हमारे साथ में बीते हुए, लम्हात की खुशबू।११।

गगन अग्रवाल "मगन"

अध्यापक

Moments of Reflection

The earth is ablaze, it's yellow, orange and red.
The beauty of the sky as the sun goes to bed
Leaves me touched, makes me quiet,
Leads me to introspect, spend a few moments private.
Gently blows the breeze, my feelings thaw,
Emotions unfurl, organic and raw.
The past and present roll out before me
I wish to stand there till eternity.
What has been, what can be?
Can I become a better version of me?
I ponder, I think, I reflect, I desire
This moment infuses me with confidence and fire.
No words needed, silence prevails,
Only the distant sound of birds and rails.
And then, I see that darkness has descended
The magnificence of nature can never be comprehended.
I'm jolted to the present, don't want to be,
Can't stop these precious moments that just want to flee
Each day I savour these moments serene
They make me better than what I've been.



Ms Rakhi Cornelius
Educator

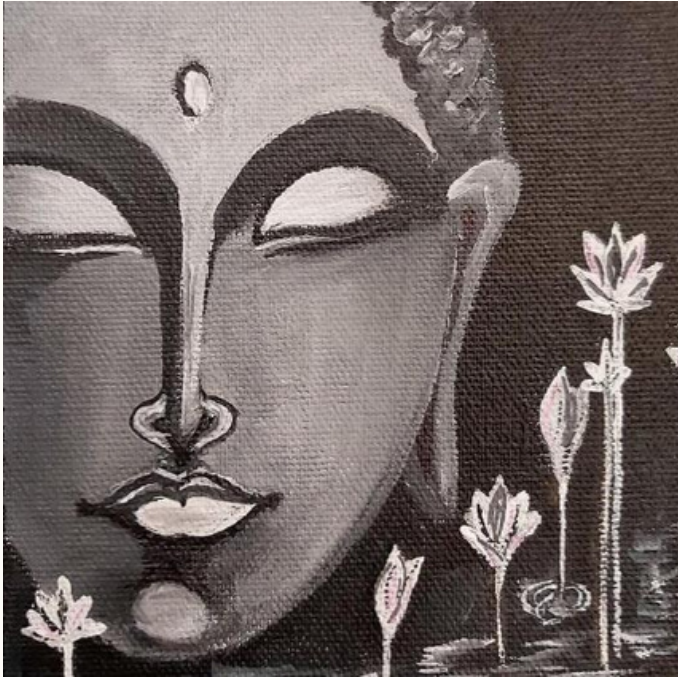
The Invincible Spirit

Soft as dainty butterflies
With stars in her dreamy eyes,
Her unconquerable spirit
had no bounds, no limit.
Invincible and fearless
Ready to walk peerless!
She couldn't be chained
For the courage she gained
gave wings to her dream
And gave an ecstatic scream.
She chalked her own way
Nothing could let her sway.
Not that she wasn't held
Or severely compelled.
But she, her own saviour
and her own confidante.
No power to others
Did she ever grant!
"I see the world my way,
And love it every bit.
Anyone else to rule me,
I won't ever permit!
So she took the world in her stride
Keeping all hatred aside.
Walking with pride and esteem,
She's ready to take on another
dream!

Ms Sangeeta Sekhani
Educator



A Story based on the Class X English books



Bholi wrote A Letter to God. She had found The Diary of Anne Frank in which was written the Thief's Story. This Midnight Visitor had stolen The Necklace This was the mysterious thief's story. She had left Footprints without Feet and could not be seen.

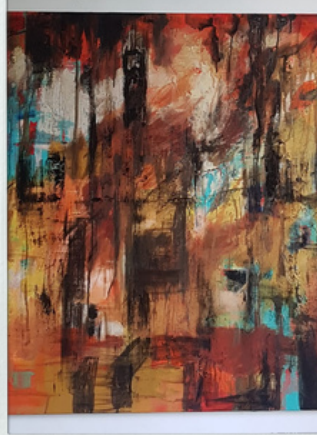
Was it A Triumph of Surgery? One could not say. It seemed that it was The Making of a Scientist. The truth came to light through The Book that Saved the Earth. It was revealed that her name was Amanda and she wore a shining necklace. She took The First Flight to attend The Sermon at

Benares. Her flight onboard The Black Aeroplane was pleasant. On her way she left a note for Anne Gregory who had missed the flight. She carried her Hundred Dresses with her. On reaching her destination, Madam Rode the Bus as she wanted to see the Glimpses of India. She told her fellow passengers The Tale of Custard the Dragon. Outside they saw the Fog and The Dust of Snow that had settled on The Trees. People warmed by the Fire and Ice was all around. It looked ethereal. How could one tell Wild Animals when most Animals had gone into hiding? So the visitor decided to see The Tiger in the Zoo who silently paced in his cage. There she also found Mijbil the Otter. There was hardly anyone around. The lovely visitor found a Hack Driver outside the zoo. He came to her aid. She made him A Proposal and asked him if he could take her back to her cottage and on her way she would recite The Ball Poem for him. He agreed but little did she know who this man actually was. He was detective Nelson Mandela in disguise. He arrested her on the way and solved the mystery. It was A Question of Trust after all!



Ms Sangeeta Sekhani
Educator





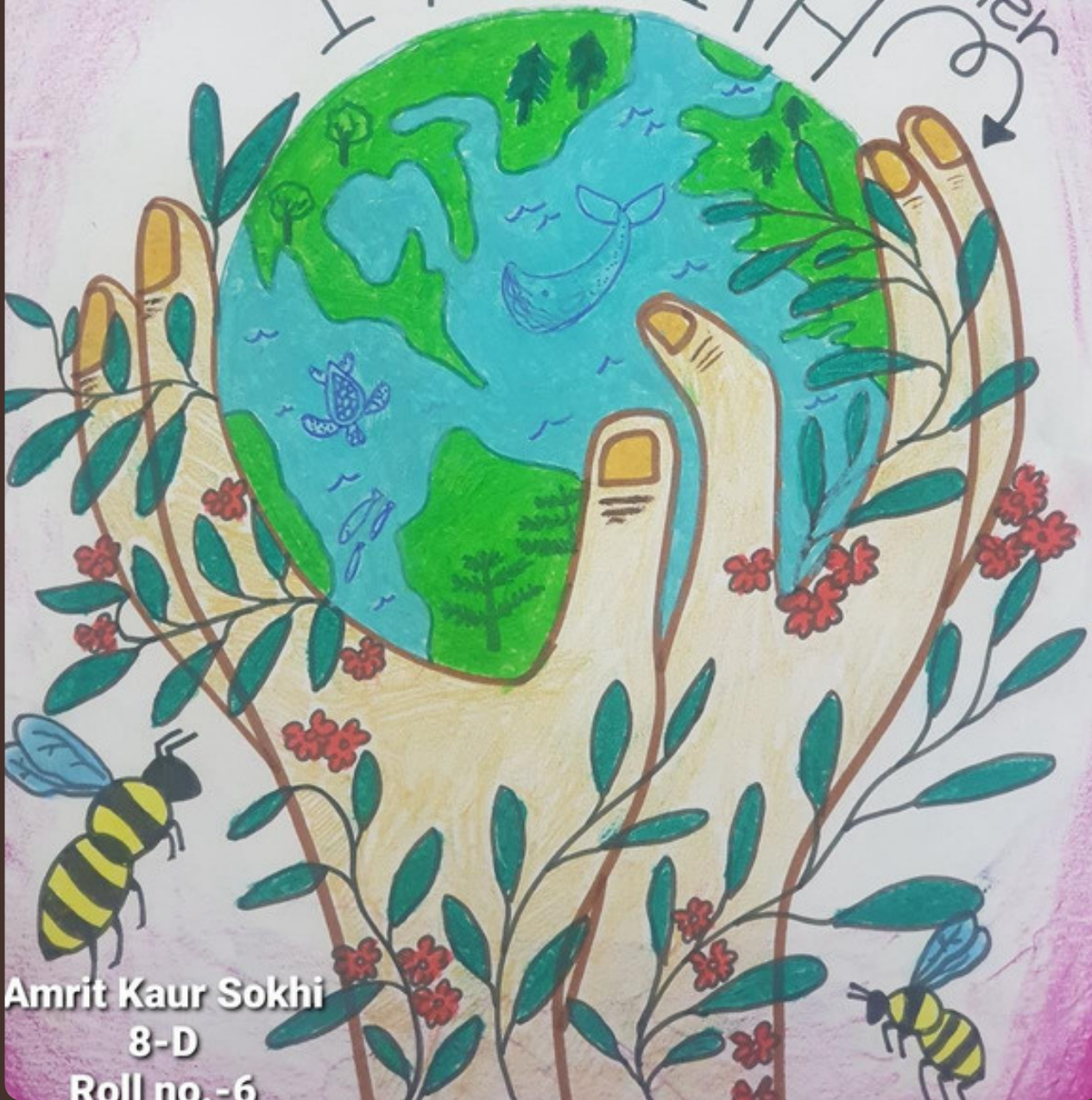
Mr Arvind Kumar Singh
Educator

Expressions

... our future is in our hands

“The earth is
what we have
in common.”

I AM WITH Her



Amrit Kaur Sokhi

8-D

Roll no. -6

Harmony with Nature is essential for our Health

The solar system reminds us that we, along with the rest of the natural world, are all interconnected within the larger web of life.



I would like to highlight the innumerable benefits of peaceful coexistence with nature and the positive impact it has on our health. Nature has always been very vibrant and resilient. It fosters the well-being of the planet, humans, animals and plant life. It is a pathway to human health and happiness.

It is worth noting that human activity has damaged and altered the earth's ecosystem and has disrupted harmony with nature, posing a serious threat to human health. The excessive emissions of greenhouse gases have resulted in the depletion of the ozone layer, causing more cases of skin cancer, cataract, impaired immune system and other health disorders. The pollution in air and water bodies caused by vehicles and various industries is giving rise to respiratory and waterborne diseases.

It is a proven fact that being in contact with nature reduces anxiety, stress, aggression, and depression. It improves sleep, immunity and eyesight, thereby enhancing our overall physical and mental health. It positively impacts children's psychological growth, learning, cognitive development, motor skills and the ability to concentrate. Taking time to enjoy nature, spending time outdoors, walking, gardening or just relaxing makes us both happier and healthier.

Advocating the harmonious coexistence of humans and nature, rationally utilising resources and paying attention to environmental issues should be our priority and the way forward. Initiatives should be taken to reduce the emissions of greenhouse gases, switch to clean and green energy, and increase the green cover of the earth.

To conclude, I would say that earth and its ecosystems are our common home. Every individual should remember that the earth does not belong to just us. We must live in harmony with nature to create a balance between the economic, social and environmental requirements of the current and future generations.

Ihita Singh
V C



Green Fuel: The Need of the Future

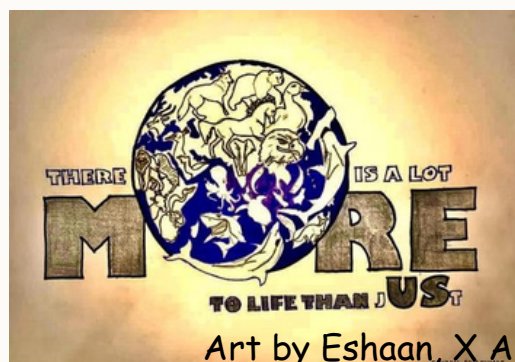
I don't want to protect the environment. I want to create a world where the environment doesn't need any protection.



None of us can change our past, but each of us can shape our own future. Let's better our future by using Green Fuel – The Need of the Future.

Excessive utilisation of fossil fuels has led to the depletion of their reserves and resulted in the degradation of the environment. Today's wastage is tomorrow's shortage. Haven't we heard this before? It is time for a sustainable energy policy which puts the consumers, environment, human health and peace first. This has led the researchers to come up with renewable and eco-friendly counterparts. Green fuels are one such solution. Hydrogen, electricity and ethanol are future generation renewable resources which will be the greatest revolution in the coming days.

Unlike other fossil fuels, hydrogen is in abundance. It makes up 75% of the universe we live in, so there is no danger of it running out anytime. It has been used in vehicles in the form of FCEV (fuel cell electric vehicle) with energy created by using the process of passing hydrogen through a fuel cell. With the UK set to ban sales of new petrol and diesel-powered cars by 2030, which is nothing surprising, and with petrol prices soaring, it might be easy to purchase a car but virtually impossible to fill petrol in them.



The race to develop commercially viable green fuels is on. More and more cars are heading down the electric avenue. Electric vehicles will play an important role in slashing carbon emissions and improving air quality. Other than that, ethanol, which is a better replacement for petrol, can be combined with regular unleaded fuel in any concentration.

Now, you will be amazed to know that simple microorganisms like algae can help in converting harmful materials into fuel which can provide you with usable energy. Algae trap the sunlight and convert it to eco-friendly fuel. They change contaminated water into fresh water suitable for use and create fertilisers using the heat produced by the burning of carbon dioxide. Now, tell me, what else do you need in a perfect fuel?

The advantages of using such fuels are that they are renewable and eco-friendly. They are omnipresent. So, there will not be a single day in the future when finding fuel will be like finding a four-leaved clover. These fuels provide you enough power for work and keep a check on global warming as well.

Even the Union Minister of India, Mr Nitin Gadkari, stated that green fuel will end the need for petrol in the next five years. These substitutes of energy, if adopted, will help in decreasing the environment pollutants emitted by fossil fuels and industries. And remember, 1,96,041 barrels of fossil fuels would have already been consumed all around the globe in the time I took to write this article.

So, let's go green with green fuel and build a better future.

Nandika Punj
VIII C

India of my Dreams

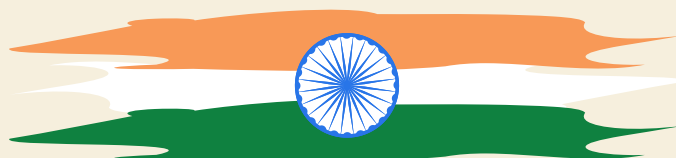
The word 'impossible' says 'I'm possible'.

India, the land of unity in diversity is a wonderful place to be in. There are more than 200 languages spoken across the land. I love my motherland but there are a few things we could change, things we could improve to make it the India of my dreams.



Firstly, we should all live in harmony. Whether we are Hindus or Muslims should not be a matter of concern at all. Secondly, rules and regulations should be an important thing on our mind, whether it's a small thing like staying quiet in the classroom or as big as no theft. Thirdly, we should all work as hard as we can as I truly believe that success cannot be reached by taking elevators, we have to take the stairs. With hard work coupled with values like honesty and teamwork, there is nothing we can't achieve. Together, we can help our nation reach the height of its glory. Be proud. Not everyone is lucky enough to have the honour of being an Indian. Let us work together and soon try to achieve the India of my dreams.

Ishani Vuppala
VI B



Let's battle it out...

Will the development of Artificial Intelligence help humanity?

Oh yes! It will.



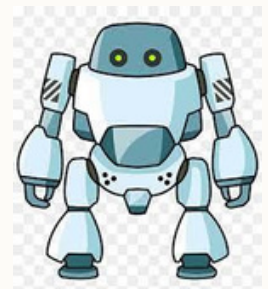
The development of artificial intelligence **will** help humanity. I firmly support the motion.

Technology has become indispensable to us. It has given us the power to multitask and use time productively. Computer search engines, voice typing, smart assistants, well, we never had it so good. Each day brings new innovations, and enormous comfort AI is something my opponents hate but can't negate. AI is the future my opponents want to turn a blind eye to.

Each time we open Instagram, get a product recommendation from Amazon or book a trip online, AI is lurking in the background. It is leading to Herculean technical advancements that will benefit the medical sector. Does accuracy of diagnosis and quick treatment of patients seem undesirable in any way? Ask a sick person what he goes through. When surgeries will become completely mechanised and fast, won't AI be a blessing? Who knows, in the coming times, people having heart issues might even get Iron man's Arc Reactor implanted. The far fetched will become a reality. Cures for innumerable diseases will be found. Today, voice-assisted AI is one of the major breakthroughs for the visually impaired. Friends, won't it be wonderful if the differently abled lead a more self-reliant life?

High tech defence systems with all kinds of safety measures will be operated and controlled by robots, meaning that humans will no longer need to risk their lives. Hence, casualties will come down.

Self-driving cars are already a reality and will become the new normal in the future. Predicting weather and natural calamities will become easier and efficient, thereby averting loss of life. In factories, all the difficult, demeaning and dangerous jobs will be handled by robots, thus improving the quality of human life and restoring dignity. Innovations are changing the world at breakneck speed. My worthy opponents are scared that we will become slaves to supercomputers. Are we to chicken out before even venturing into the realm of radical advancement? Should we stagnate at the level we are now? Friends, change is the only constant. Evolution is inevitable. A society where robots and humans have a symbiotic relationship might seem pretty bizarre. But it is going to happen. Let's not forget that we humans are intelligent.



We know how to combat the toughest challenges and never let our slaves become our masters. And to all those who think that a robot apocalypse will lead to our annihilation, I have just 3 words to say - Self Destruct Button.

Abir Cornelius

XII A



No, of course not.

'It is only when they go wrong that machines remind you how powerful they are.'

I oppose the motion- The development of AI will help humanity. At the outset, I would like to ask- How will something that doesn't understand the very concept of humanity - an abstract concept that lies far beyond the scope of rote programming 'help' humanity?

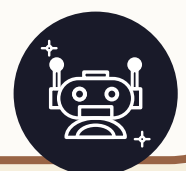
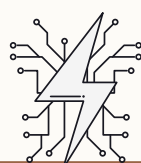


Everyone is gaga about AI and how it has made life easy. But is it capable of handling diplomatic decisions and negotiations? It might memorise laws but it cannot deliver justice. It lacks the human touch, empathy and compassion; something vital to the essence of humanity. However, its capability is the cause of real concern for me. Noted physicist Stephen Hawking opined that the development of full artificial intelligence could spell the end of the human race.

AI can operate the most lethal autonomous weapon systems which are programmed to kill targets without human intervention. If used callously, these weapons could easily cause mass casualties. Dear opponents, are we prepared to take this risk? And if yes, at what cost?

From mass production factories, self-serve checkouts to self-driving cars, the automation process is accelerating. It will take up jobs and give rise to unemployment, especially for the minimum wage workers who are ineligible for newly created openings in the AI sector due to lack of expertise and education. An unstable economic order is what will emerge.

Let's face it people, with AI spreading its roots, we will have to face severe repercussions like resource exploitation and a rise in the accumulation of e-waste. Not just that, if this technology falls into the wrong hands, it will give rise to



widespread cyber crimes, security breaches, embezzlements, severe infringement of privacy and cyber terrorism, to just name a few. AI is becoming increasingly good at hacking security systems and cracking encryption via malware. The danger of deepfakes is already affecting celebrities and world leaders, and it's only so long until this trickles down to ordinary people. Are we ready for this? To me, the answer is a big NO.

Today our lives are entirely dependent on mobile devices and a variety of apps, including Google Maps, Alexa, Siri, Cortana and Google Assistant for taking selfies, making calls and responding to emails. One technical glitch and the world shuts down. Isn't all this giving rise to a lethargic generation? We need to open our eyes to the vicious cycle because this 'intelligence' is making humans dull.

The word "ALEXA" is written in a bold, orange, sans-serif font with a slight shadow effect.

My friends, technology will always require updating and even then, it will never develop morals or ethics. Man thinks highly of those who rise rapidly in the world but nothing rises quicker than dust, straw and feathers. Therefore, we need to pause, rise above our temptations and let nature take its own course. We need peace, not robotic guns and missiles and certainly not supercomputers governing us. Artificial intelligence might help humanity in an extremely ideal situation but in all practicality, our world is and will be anything but a utopia.

With this, I rest my case.

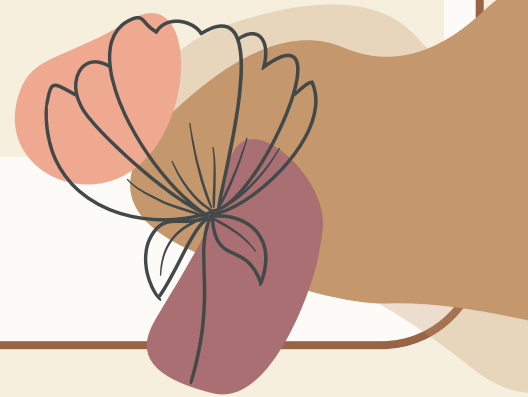
Samidha Jha
XII C

Is fighting the only way of resolving differences of opinion?



Fighting, at times, is considered the only way of resolving differences of opinion but I don't agree. People and their opinions can be different which sometimes leads to conflicts but to reach a mutually acceptable settlement, the best way is discussion. Listening and accepting each other's opinion is very important. The fights usually take place due to misunderstandings which can be sorted through polite conversation. At times, a person is not ready for discussion or to accept others' thoughts, at that time ignorance is the best remedy. Thus, it is good to avoid fighting and live peacefully.

Hershe Raina
VIII A



The Travel Diaries

...making memories



Our Trip to Kalath Camp



Twenty-seven students of class XII went on a fun-filled adventure-cum-educational camp organised by Utsaah Explore at Kalath Camp near Manali in the green tranquility of Himachal Pradesh.

We left for the 'Valley of the Gods' on November 5, 2022. Upon reaching the camp, our instructors briefed us about the next five days. This was followed by an acclimatisation trek of around three hours. In the evening, we participated in rock-climbing and learnt and practised different technicalities of climbing and proper usage of the gear.

Day 2 was filled with adventure, starting with the rappelling activity followed by an introduction to the various processes involved in trekking and mountaineering including backpacking, fire building and tent pitching. The day ended with a round of 'Antakshari' around the bonfire.



The next day was the main highlight of the trip - the six-hour long trek to an intriguing location. We also stopped at the village of Jagatsukh, where we had our packed lunch.

We pitched our tents, brought water from the nearby stream, collected wood from the forest nearby and cooked food. Teams had been divided for the same the previous day itself to ensure smooth coordination.



After returning, we visited the nearby hot water springs which Kalath is famous for. We left for Manali thereafter, where everyone enjoyed the local food on the Mall Road. Before leaving for Faridabad on November 10, all of us participated in the 'Utsaah Premier League' - a series of high energy and fun-filled games requiring a variety of skills including problem solving and innovation.

This trip was very special as it gave us an opportunity to spend some quality time with our batch mates one last time, before we leave school to follow our own career paths. I would have regretted a lot had I not been on this absolutely amazing trip, making memories that I would cherish forever

Utsav Kumar Mathur
XII C



UNAKOTI - A MYSTERY

Recently I saw a programme on Epic Channel on a place called Unakoti. I started searching about it and came up with so many interesting facts.



Unakoti is a place in the North-Eastern state of Tripura, the land of seven sisters. "Unakoti" means one less than one crore. When I started my research work on this place, I came up with some fascinating facts. The art style differs from the classical and depicts typical tribal features both in decoration and

anatomy. The three rock-cut Ganeshas are figured on a rock fall, downstream of a local spring which flows right on their heads and gives a bathing scene effect. There is a central Shiva head known as Unakotiswara Kal Bhairav which is about 30 feet high including an embodied headdress which itself is 10 feet high. On each side of the headdress of central Shiva, there are two female figures. Three enormous sculptures of Nandi Bull have been found half buried in the ground.

There are two popular legends of this place. The first legend is that when Lord Shiva was going to Kashi along with one crore Gods and Goddesses, he made a night halt at Unakoti. He asked everyone to wake up before sunrise and continue their journey to Kashi. It is said that in the morning except for Shiva, no one else could get up, so he set out alone for Kashi cursing others to become stone images. Isn't it amazing?

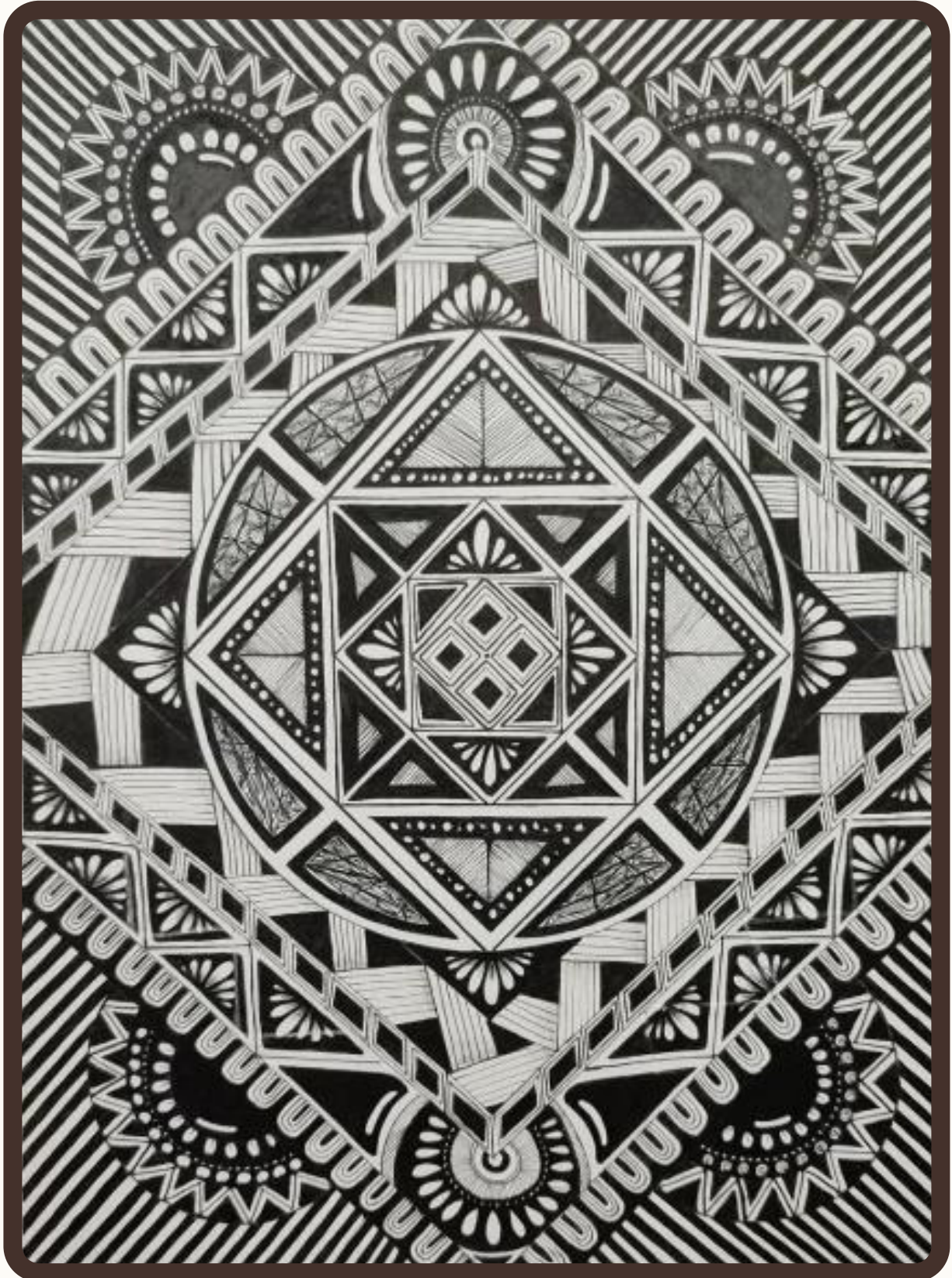
Another legend talks about a human named Kallu who was a blacksmith. He wanted to accompany Shiva and Parvati to Kailash but Shiva wasn't too keen on taking him along. So, Shiva gave Kallu the task of making one crore sculptures before dawn. But he was short of only one sculpture when it was dawn and that's why this place was given the name Unakoti.

Ashokastami Festival is celebrated grandly in Unakoti which attracts several devotees from distant places. The government of India has approached UNESCO to declare this place a World Heritage Site. I am extremely honored that I am a citizen of a country that is full of such mysterious sites and wonders.

Saiesha Berera
XI C



BECOMING PUBLISHED AUTHORS



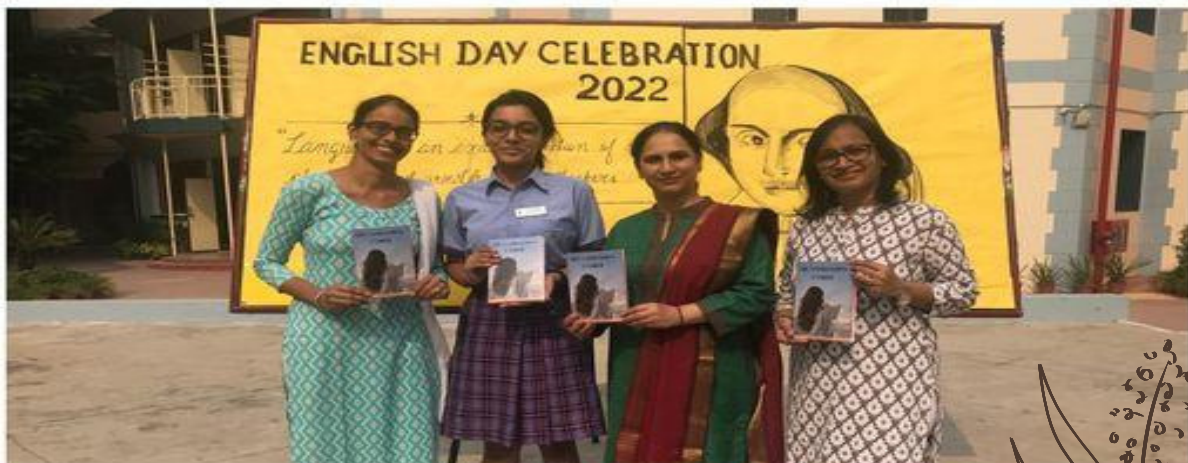
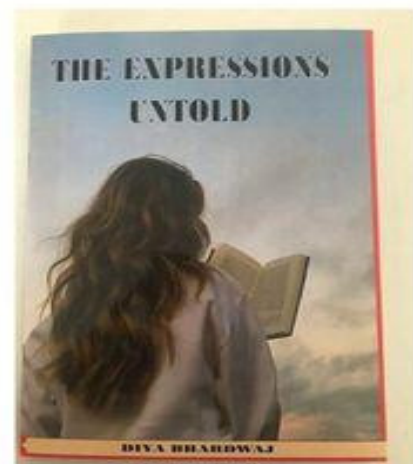
Aastha Singh, XII A

The session 2022-23 saw Eicherites expand their boundaries, rekindle their desire to read and write, and become published authors.

Book Launch

Diya Bhardwaj of XII C is a prolific writer and English Day Celebration provided the apt platform for the launch of her book '*The Expressions Untold*', a compilation of various self-composed poems that talk about the magic of new beginnings, nature as a mother and how a teenager blooms under the care of her mother and how we should aspire to succeed before we reach our end.

According to her, each topic has been taken in view of the feelings and emotions that we all experience at some or the other point of time. Diya's recounts, "There were times I was stuck for days just to complete one poem. Yet, I have been able to do it. I'm really grateful to my teachers and my parents who helped, supported, guided and believed in me when no one else did. After becoming the Sheriff of Eicher School Faridabad, this is another dream of mine that has fortunately come true."



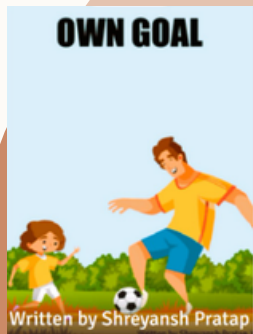
Becoming Published Authors...

...at The National Young Authors' Fair

Co-founded by Bribooks.com and Education World, the National Young Authors' Fair is the Biggest Book Writing Competition in the world's history. The event aims to provide a creative writing platform to children, help them publish their books online and get an ISBN issued by the Ministry of Education. They can also sell printed-on-demand books on Bribooks and Amazon and earn up to 25% Author Royalties for each copy of their book sold.

138 Eicherites from classes IV to XII registered for this competition and 63 had their book/s published. Many sold their books online too. The competition gave these children a voice, the ability to write for enjoyment, the desire to read and the passion to become exceptional storytellers. This experiential writing process which included First Draft-Revising-Editing-Publishing-Sharing-Selling has, no doubt, empowered so many of our students to become lifelong readers and writers.

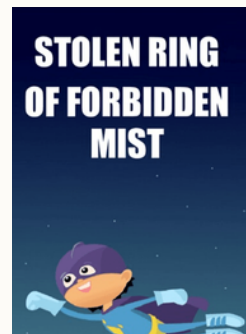
Here are some of the books published by our budding authors:



Shreyansh Pratap
V A



Sarah Binu
Thomas
V B



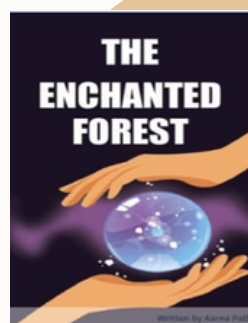
Abeer Kaul
V C



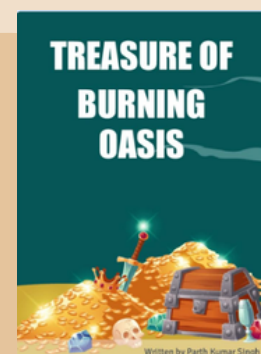
Aditya Rawat
V C



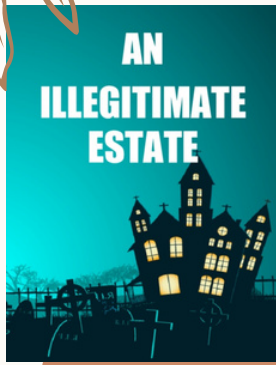
Hitashi
V C



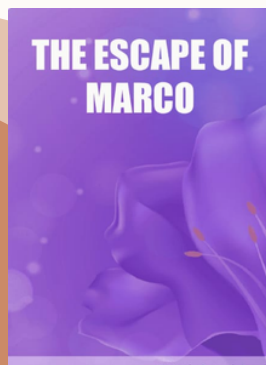
Aarna Pathak
V C



Parth Kumar
Singh
V A



**Ruhi Diwan
XIB**



**Pratyush
Anand
IXD**



**Prishita
Kundra
VIID**



**Ansh Dadwal
VD**



**Veedhi Goyal
VIII A**



**Manasvi
Nautiyal
VIB**



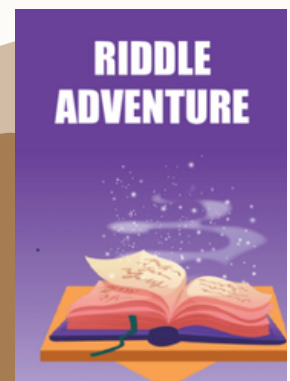
**Ishani Vuppala
VIB**



**Daksh
VC**



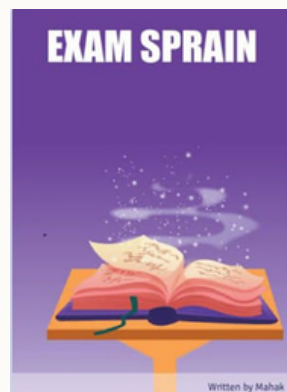
**Aashita Tiwaria
VIID**



**Bhoomi Garg
VA**



**Greta
VIID**



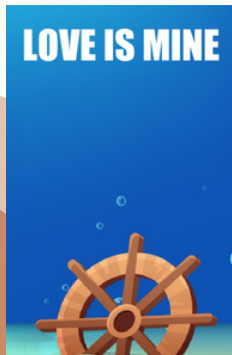
**Mahak Sharma
VIID**



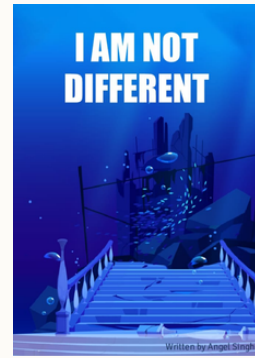
**Shaurya Diwan
VIII A**



Manasvi
Bhandari
VIC



Akshit
Bhargava
IX A



Angel Singh
VIII A



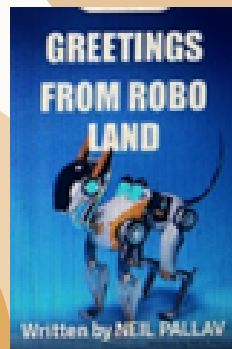
Abhinav
Garg
VIII D



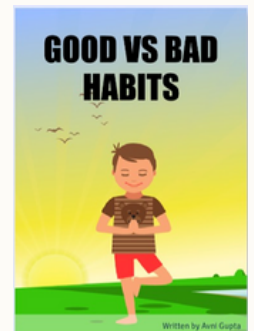
Sankalp
Rawat
VIII C



Jiya Kansra
VIA



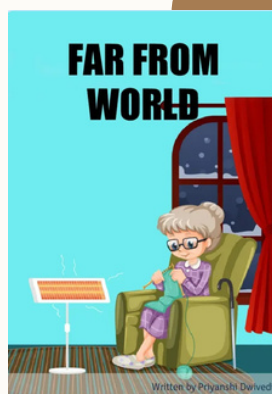
Neil Pallav
VIA



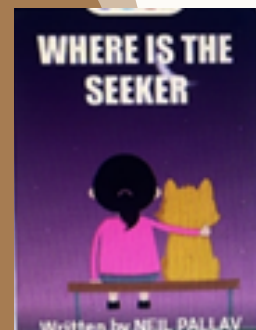
Avni Gupta
IV C



Aastha Singh
XII A



Priyanshi Dwivedi
IX A



Neil Pallav
VIA

Reflections in Rhyme



Ananya Pandey, VIII B

Autumn

The leaves turn orange, red and brown.
What a pity that they have to fall down!
Autumn is the harbinger of decay
And it is when I want to pray.
All the scary stories that I know
From the witch in the woods to the haunted burrow,
Inside a cosy room
Perhaps roasting some mushrooms
As the wind outside howls
We will lift up our cowls.
I know that most might not listen to my reasons
How autumn is the best of all the seasons.
But the happiness that floods me as autumn approaches
All arguments it silences.

Shreshtha Maiti
VII C

Power of Words: The Strange Mystery

Words can make one earn fame,
Words can make one feel shame.
Words can change one's mind,
Words can make one lose someone hard to find.
It's a strange mystery, the power of words!
Some cut deeper than a knife,
While some are remembered throughout one's life.
Some give the power to thrive
And brighten our lives.
It's a strange mystery, the power of words!
Careful words let you grow
And cause your future to glow.
Wrong words destroy you, that you must know.
It's a strange mystery, the power of words!

Lakshita Singh
VII C

The Ancestral Gem

In the vast ocean of Indian history
Lies a great mystery.
What we call legends and mythology
Are they just the crops of seeds of psychology?

Though we can deny their existence,
But against their spiritual knowledge,
We can't put up a resistance.
Their relevance will always be cherished,
Even if the human race gets perished.

Great Indian epics like Ramayana and Mahabharata,
Have laid the foundation of the prosperous Bharat.
The enlightening essence provided by them,
Is one of our precious ancestral gems.

Aahana Gupta

IX D

THE CERULEAN FACADE

Oh! Let the clouds enshroud the ether
It's been too long perceiving cerulean.

Oh! Let the stars collapse into darkness
It's been too long the soul's receiving gleam.

Oh! Let the verdant dessicate
It's been too long the lot's been green.

Oh! It's alright for the melancholia to come upon
Just stop tinting that beam.

Nandini Goel

XI B



O! Ye Martyrs of Kargil

O! Ye Martyrs of Kargil,
Salute your valour, I always will.

On this day I remember you
As the braveheart soldiers who
Daring the snow and freezing rain
Against all odds and tough terrain.

By wilful deceit the enemy had taken
And it seemed even God had forsaken.
But you did not give up and fought your best
Braving showers of bullets on your chest.

O! Ye Martyrs of Tiger Hills
Forget your names, I never will.

This saga of sacrifice is historic
A proof of your great deeds heroic.
Our motherland holds her head high
Though we bid too many a tearful goodbye.

O! Ye Martyrs of Batalik and Dras
In memory of your sacrifices does each year pass
O! Ye Martyrs of Kargil
Salute your valour, we always will.

Our heads bow low in honour of your mothers
Who sent you to heaven for protecting us and others
And all that you endured for our sake
How can we ever forget or forsake?

O! Ye Martyrs of Kargil
Salute your valour, we always will.
O! Ye Martyrs of Kargil
Salute your valour, we always will.

Eshaan Sivakumar

X A



The Inside Story



Amrit Kaur Sokhi
8-D
Roll no.-6



Mental Health...Need of the Hour



I hope everyone finds acceptance for themselves. The kind that rings through the mind and heart, flesh and bones. The kind that silences the voice inside of them that has been telling them they are not good enough or they are falling behind everyone else. I hope they forgive themselves for the mistakes they made in the past and learn to let go of the things that hold them down. Everyone expects perfection, but they fail to realise that it is not to be perfect that makes us good. Someone could be perfectly bad. It is the essence of having flaws and being good still. Allow yourself to heal of the wounds you didn't inflict, to love yourself with your flaws, because your scars are what make you uniquely perfect in a way that no one else is. We are only human, we shouldn't forget that.

Kanupriya, XI C

Talking about mental health was always considered a taboo worldwide. Therapy was not at all promoted but now Gen Z not only talks about their mental health but also encourages others to talk about it. Therapy should be a constant for everyone to let out their feelings. There are so many cases of suicide every year because people are not encouraged to talk about their feelings and this leads to bottling up of emotions which affects the person and others around him / her. Mental health should always be a given priority because good mental health will lead to peace and better relationships.

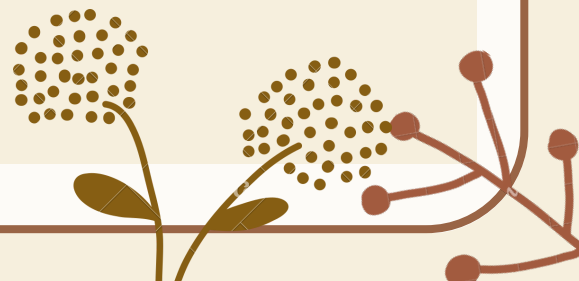
Rijul Verma, XI D

Having good mental health is very important in life. Stay away from people you think are toxic. Stay positive by surrounding yourself with those who make you happy. Organise your thoughts and try to maintain a balance between studies and sports. Taking out time for yourself is also very important.

Yash Bhatia, XI D

Mental health helps us to cope with difficult times and feel in control. Meditation is one way by which we can calm our mind. Writing our feelings in a notebook takes the burden off our chest. Exercising is also a way to keep our body and mind fit. A healthy mind is as important as a healthy body, so start today.

Soumya Singh, XI C



The mind has always been a mystery to all of us. The concept of mental health still lacks a nod of approval from our society. The lockdown made us all even more lethargic. Now is the time when we stop belittling the importance of mental wellness and understand how essential it is for us.

Tanisha Singh, XI C

Mental health can cause even the best of people to have self-destructive tendencies and it is something that should not be ignored. One must seek help before it is too late.

Baladitya Sharma, XII B

Bad mental health causes stress, nervousness and sometimes, even leads to suicide. It is important to look after one's mental health. We need to go out with friends, take a break from work, listen to music, play games, feed ourselves positive thoughts and take time to fix our mental health. It may not be possible every time but we can at least attempt to do this. The more motivated we are, the better our mental health will be. So, start your day with good thoughts and never quit.

Balraj Singh, XII D



If I Were A Teacher

Teaching is a profession that teaches all the other professions. I would love to be a Science teacher as it's my favourite subject. I will not teach my students to just score good grades but to remember my teachings lifelong and make good use of them. I don't want to teach my students with books but with my heart. I will show my students where to look but not what to see because I want them to discover things. I want to plant the seeds of knowledge, sprinkle them with love and patiently nurture their growth to produce tomorrow's dream. I want to encourage minds to think, hands to create and hearts to love.

Rishita Bhardwaj
VIIIA

Pressure of Adolescence and Ways to Cope with It

As we all know, competition among people, especially school kids, is increasing day by day. People are driven by the need to gain superiority and become the most successful among their age group. All of us are trapped in this vicious cycle and end up getting lost in the same.

When it comes to adolescents, scoring better than their classmates, being a great orator, and having extracurricular skills are of great importance. Students give themselves up to this toxic notion of perfectionism and usually end up in despair and depression.

It has been revealed through multiple reports that students in the age group of 15 to 18 years are more susceptible to stress-related mental disorders such as depression, anxiety, and borderline personality disorder. Parental pressure, academic stress, and teachers' feedback can be some of the many contributing factors to adolescent stress.

Adolescents develop a sense of false responsibility and a strict, highly self-critical personality which hinders their growth both mentally and physically. The increasing suicide and alcohol and drug abuse rates among teenagers call for a change in the old and primitive ways.

Guardians and teachers should encourage students to perform well in the areas they excel in. The weaknesses of the child should be taken into notice and worked upon with patience and expertise. Meditational practices such as *yoga* and *pranayama* are advised for a sense of internal peace and tranquility. Students should focus on improving and doing their best rather than competing with unrealistically high standards. Through these ways, a change can be adopted in the troubled life of every teenager.

Arunima Singh, XII C



Musings of a Teenage Soul

Kanupriya, XI C

Sometimes it's to feel such sweet sorrow, but alas! that is not the undeniable battle. The battle only commences when we try to overcome it, when we fight to break free, to heal, to allow ourselves to feel the warmth of light, again. And there, it begins.



When we are but mere children, we are pure. Untainted by the darkness of this world. Innocent, new and fresh. We were not born with hatred and cruelty in our hearts, it was our default setting to be refined and pure. But the bloodshed in this world taints us to be spiteful, vengeful and perhaps, miserable. And that is our curse...to be born with forthrightness and innocence, but only for it to be bloodstained by the horrors of this world.

I'd look, if I liked what I'd see. My eyes, staring blankly back at me. The last romantics there are, these eyes. I move, the girl in the mirror moves along. She reflects me, the person I am, and the person I could have been, all before I took another path and vanquished her. The perception of reality and through the mirror of my eyes, I see. The world and the lowly darkness that it holds. The blood, oh the crimson blood! never as beautiful as portrayed in poetry. And now, I walk along the emptiness, feeling the ache people left behind, and my heart, now it crumbles...to dust, to ashes, so fine, barely extant. What of the world if nobody halts, to realize, to reflect, the same reflection, they are at this moment. What of the world if nobody stopped to see what could be, had they taken a different street to the destination of who they could have been? And now, I fall back to reality. My reflection staring at me through the cracked mirror, and those little flecks of light, dancing on my face, making me seem more alive than I am. I stare back at her, and maybe I'll like what I see.

And I want to feel so much, in this mere mortal mundane life of mine, that it makes me wonder if my fragile human mind would even be able to handle it. I want to feel, I want to know. I want to drink all of it in. And at times, sure it will be bitter, and not of my taste, but I wouldn't even know if I never tasted that urge to feel alive, the urge to be ignited, to have the fire in me, to love, learn and live.

Music – My Passion

I have amassed over 10 million digital streams on my music and gained over 1 million listeners.

I have been making music since I was 9 years old when I got to play the guitar for the first time. Since then I discovered my passion for music. I am inspired mostly by the sounds of nature. From my experience of making music, I have learnt that to make music you have to be patient enough to let it work for itself.

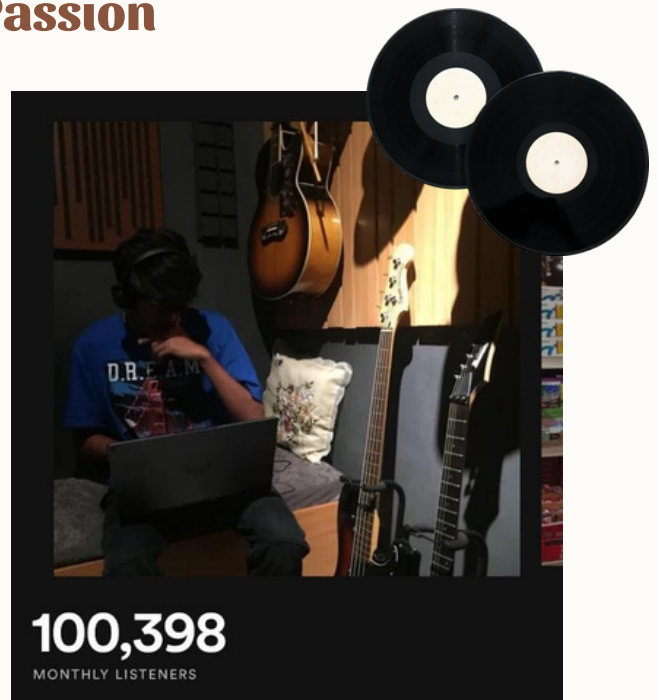
Studying music also plays a very important part in creating melodies and the last part of the process is getting feedback from your audience and learning from it.

I love to experiment with sound and am comfortable producing any genre or style of music. The most beautiful part of making music to me is the journey of finishing a song. To start with my ideas, I first visualize the finished product in my mind and then consciously move towards the instruments, creating patterns and melodies and work accordingly.

The frequency of each sound plays a very important role as I need to cut out the harsh frequencies and boost up the frequencies I need to make the song sound fuller after mixing. This is great but to have the industry standard on it, a process called mastering is also required. After my mix is completed, I listen to the song on different gears like headphones, car speakers, home speakers etc. to test out the mastered song and compare it to the product I had in my mind at the beginning.

When I am finished with the song making, I send it for release and further work for its promotion. To me, art is a way of expression of feelings and creativity and I see no boundaries to it.

Navyug Sharma
XII D



Tales Unbound



Naitik Biswas, VI C



Meena and Chocolates

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Meena. She was very fond of eating chocolates. She used to eat chocolates day and night. Her mother told her many times not to eat too many chocolates as they would damage her teeth but she never listened to her. One morning, Meena had a toothache. Her mother took her to the dentist. The dentist examined her teeth and told her that many of her teeth had been damaged as they had cavities and needed to be cleaned. Meena got scared after hearing that and started crying. One tooth even had to be removed. Mother told Meena that if she had listened to her, she would not have had to face that problem.



MORAL: We should not eat anything in excess and always listen to our parents.

Pihu Saxena
III A

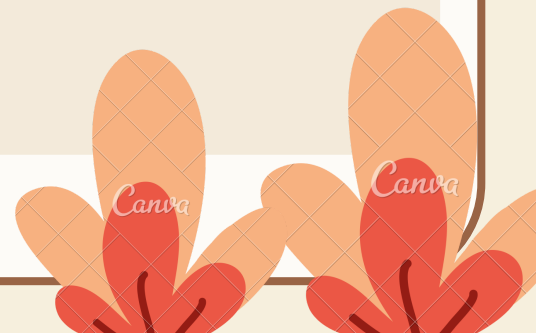


Space Adventure



I am an astronaut in space travelling with my team. When we all come near the planet Jupiter, our spacecraft gets sucked into it. It is red all along and a great hurricane is blowing. Then I remember it is the Great Red Spot about which we were taught in our Science class. The Great Red Spot is a hurricane that has been blowing on Jupiter for hundreds of years. We have been stranded in the great storm for 13 months with nowhere to go. We are about to die without food and water. Then suddenly I hear a voice calling my name. My mother is calling me. "Dear, wake up for school or you will be late." I suddenly realise that it was just a great dream!

Paridhi Bhatnagar
III A



A Little Act of Benevolence

Once upon a time there was a kind boy named Rohit. His parents and teachers were very proud of him. He loved to spread happiness to all the people around him. One day he was cycling with his friends. As the traffic light turned red, they all stopped at the zebra crossing. A man on a motorbike started honking and shouted, "Hey kids, why have you blocked the way?"

Rohit gave him a look and said, "We are not blocking your way. See, the traffic light has turned red and we are waiting for it to turn green."

The man laughed at them, "Ha ha! The road is clear and I can't see anyone coming from any side. Rules are meant to be broken. Just move aside and let me go." He kept honking and the kids had to give him space to drive away. In the blink of an eye, he zip-zap-zoomed away on his bike.



Soon the traffic light turned green and the kids moved forward. Some distance away they saw a huge crowd in the middle of the road. They stopped to see what had happened. Tina saw the same man lying in a pool of blood and she shouted, "Hey! He is the same man who was honking and asking us to break the traffic rules." All the kids rushed to see him. People around him were merely standing and making videos and clicking pictures while the man was in immense pain and crying for help. Naman observed, "His condition is not good and I can see blood. I am feeling dizzy seeing his state. Let's go home." Gaurav echoed the same.

Seeing them going away, Rohit said, "There's no doubt that this man is in this condition because he broke the traffic rules but it doesn't mean that we should turn our faces away and not help him." All the kids looked at each other and nodded their heads.

Rohit and Arjun tried to lift the bike that had fallen on the man's leg but they were not able to as it was heavy. No one came to help. A lady said, "Why are you doing this? Let the police come. They will take him to hospital." To this, Rohit replied, "If we all keep wasting time in making videos and clicking pictures and wait for the police to do their duty, then he might lose his life. We should be kind

enough to help." Rohit asked an old man to call an ambulance and soon, they rushed him to the nearby hospital.

When the ambulance had left, the old man came to Rohit, patted his back and said, "Bravo! What an act of kindness you little children have shown."

To all the people standing there, he said, "You should be ashamed of yourselves. You all were busy recording everything on your own phones and did not think of helping that poor man. What if something similar happens to you and no one comes to your rescue and starts taking your pictures instead? How will you feel?" Listening to this, all the people standing there hung their heads in shame. The old man left and Rohit and his friends gave each other a group hug and felt immensely happy that they had done the right deed.

Moral: An act of kindness costs us nothing but gives us everything.

Vihana Chhibber
III C

The Talk that Never Happened

It was Alex's birthday and he was going to become a teenager. Unfortunately, his mother Hazel could not be with him on his special day because she was hospitalised.



She had not been well for weeks because of recurrent health issues. His father John was with her in the hospital day and night to take care of her. Alex didn't seem to be concerned about his mom because he would always be in his room with a screen in front of him. He didn't give time to his mother ever. He never came out of his room and kept playing his favourite video game. It was not a habit anymore, it had turned into an addiction.

He didn't realise that his mother was getting weaker day by day. Hazel would ask John everyday, "Is Alex here?" but John's reply would always be "No". Hazel didn't lose hope and knew her son would come and give her a tight hug.



John tried to convince Alex to come and visit his mom but Alex said, "I'll visit Mom some other day. I'm busy, you know." Alex would always give an excuse whenever John tried to convince him. Ultimately, he gave up hope but Hazel didn't. She still thought that her son would come and spend time with her some day.

After a few days, Hazel's report arrived and everyone was shocked. The doctor said that Hazel had no hope of recovering. John was really heartbroken. He tried to spend more time with Hazel. Alex was calm even after knowing the sad news about his mom. He said, "Dad, Mom will be alright. You are just overthinking about it." Hazel's health was getting worse day by day. She was disappointed as her son never showed up. After a couple of days, Hazel was discharged from the hospital. She expected a warm welcome and a huge hug from her son but when she arrived, Alex didn't care to greet her. She was extremely disappointed and also lost hope of her son coming and spending time with her. Her poor physical strength didn't allow her to go to his room and share her feelings with him.

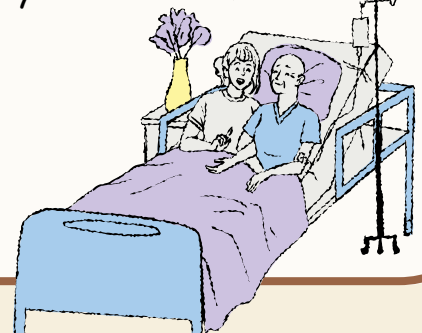
The next morning when John woke up, he saw Hazel sleeping and Alex playing online games in his room. John was really sad as he knew what his wife had been going through. Two hours passed by and Hazel didn't wake up. John realised what had happened and rushed to Alex to break the news to him. "Your mom has left us. Do you still not want to see her?" he said with sadness and anger. Now Alex was in shock. His phone slipped from his hands. "This can't be, how did this happen?" he asked his father.

His heart was filled with guilt, sorrow and regret of not talking to his mother and not being with her when she needed him the most. "Alex, your mom had cancer and wanted to tell you that she would be gone soon. You were never ready to listen to her." John could not stop crying while saying this.

Alex felt guilty. He thought about how deeply hurt his mother would have been by his actions and words. He realised the importance of family and how one should give their time to the people they love and care for.

Moral: Always give time to the people who love you, most importantly, those who value your existence because you may not know when they will leave this world.

Daksh
V C



The Colourful Ice-creams

Andy lived with his Aunt Marie in her small cottage. He was lonely as he neither had parents nor siblings. His only valuables were a few coins in his tattered pocket and his Aunt Marie whom he adored the most. Despite being quite aged and weak, his aunt worked as a housemaid for Madame Rosie who was a kind woman. She occasionally helped the poor family by giving them some leftover food and at times, some extra money in exchange for Aunt Marie's services.

Madame Rosie urged Aunt Marie to enrol Andy in a school because she believed that every child has the right to education. Moreover, he was too young to perform odd jobs. She offered to help them financially too. Initially, Andy was not very willing to join school as he was worried about his aunt but Madame Rosie promised to watch over her while he attended school.

Andy now had absolutely no excuse for missing school. He couldn't stop thinking about the students. "They might be wealthy. They might be nice and polite. But if I go to school, they might bully me for being so poor", he reasoned as tears streamed down his eyes. Soon, he fell asleep.



Andy woke up in the morning, not very excited to go to school. He felt Madame Rosie must have a personal motive in this. He picked up his bag, threw in a pencil, an eraser and the book gifted by Madame Rosie and hurried off without saying goodbye to Aunt Marie.

When he was near school, he encountered an ice-cream vendor on the road. 'Taste the magic of ice-creams' was written on his cart. He kept repeating, "The Groofy Groof is here with delectable ice-creams just for you."

He headed straight towards Andy. "My ice-creams will take you to another world," he said. Quickly, he gave one to the surprised boy who took a quick bite. Soon, Andy felt a strange feeling in his stomach and lost consciousness.

Rubbing his eyes, he came to his senses to a world of fairies... candies... and icecreams! It was a **CANDY WORLD!** Huge chocolate croissants and swathes of



cotton candy were everywhere. Candy cane trees with marshmallow sweets adorned the landscape. Ice-cream spread everywhere like snow. To Andy, this was a dream come true!

He wondered about the reason behind the variety of ice-cream colours. A fairy flew close and said, "Hello, I have come to answer your question". She took him inside an ice-cream factory. "Have you ever wondered what the world would be without colours... without a blue sky, green grass, colourful birds, and the sun's golden rays? It would make life dull and boring," she said softly.

She indicated the colourful ice-creams. "For instance, green colour symbolises our ties to Mother Nature while white displays peace. One of the most beautiful colours is red, a strong and vibrant colour. It is the most liked colour when it comes to religious ceremonies." she added. "Red is the colour of love but also linked to rage and war. Blue, on the other hand, represents serenity", the fairy continued as she led him to the blue ice-cream. "Yellow is a wonderful colour as well since it symbolises being vivid like the sun. Colours not only draw attention to our clothing but also to our emotions", she smiled at Andy.

Andy was astounded at how beautiful colours are. He questioned whether God had a purpose for everything. He was unexpectedly disturbed by a loud voice that got louder each time. He looked up and noticed the traffic. "Oh God!", he exclaimed, "it was just a dream." Additionally, the ice-cream vendor was nowhere to be seen. Andy picked up his bag and headed to school.

He noticed its large, yellow and white edifice. He immediately remembered the fairy's remarks. He grinned. He could see the different colours of the school building, which included pink, green, orange, red, and black and was overjoyed. He truly did enjoy school, thereafter. He met a lot of people and made friends. Later, he saw the same ice-cream vendor outside the school gate. He gave Andy a wink who winked back in response. Now, Andy believed that he shouldn't feel alone in this brutal world when he was surrounded by God's magnificent colourful creations. Believe it or not, we can learn a lot from the colours that surround us.

Lakshita Singh
VII C



The Lost Treasure

It was a pleasant Sunday morning. All the members of Anishka's family were ready to welcome their relatives from Bangalore who were visiting them after a long time. Anishka's daughter Kanishka was a naughty child who loved to play hide and seek.

After finishing all the chores, when Anishka went to take a shower, she kept her four gold bangles in a wooden box which was lying just beside her bed. It was around 2 pm when the relatives arrived. The environment at home was very joyful. Everyone was very happy to see each other. The children were all delighted and had already begun their fun. All of them gathered at the dining table to have lunch and chatted for hours.

Later in the evening, Anishka realised that she had forgotten to wear her bangles which she had kept in the wooden box. When she opened it, to her astonishment, she found only two bangles. She immediately enquired about the other two bangles from the people at home. Kanishka unhesitatingly told her that she had been fascinated by the box and those shiny gold bangles and that is why she had taken two bangles out, intending to keep them back after the hide and seek game ended.



Anishka asked her to return them but to her horror, Kanishka could not remember where she had hidden them. This made Anishka very angry. Out of wrath, she even scolded her for such reckless behaviour. Everyone searched the entire house but the bangles were nowhere to be found. Days passed. Soon, it was time for the relatives to go back as they were there only to spend the summer holidays. With time, even Anishka forgot about those lost bangles.

Many years passed. Kanishka became a mother of two lovely girls named Pratigya and Sakshi. Her mother Anishka had settled in Delhi. It was winter. The girls decided to plan a vacation to their grandma Anishka's home as it had been a long time since they had met her. During their visit, one fine day, both the daughters were playing hide and seek when suddenly Anishka heard something smash to the ground. She came running to the living room and found Kanishka reprimanding Sakshi for breaking a beautiful vase which had been with them for over fifty years.

When it was new, they had placed it in a corner with fresh flowers. Later, they were replaced with plastic ones. But no matter how many houses they changed, the vase continued to remain with them.

Kanishka was angry because of the broken vase but her grandma Anishka was pleasantly surprised to see two gold bangles on the floor. She immediately picked up those bangles and on matching their design with the ones she was wearing, she realised that they were identical. She smiled and looked at her daughter and said, "Kanishka, these are the same old bangles. Do you remember hiding them when you were young?"

The surprised daughter nodded and said, "Oh yes! I even remember you scolding me in front of everyone." Anishka turned towards her granddaughter Sakshi and told her that she had found her lost treasure. Those bangles meant a lot to her as they had been given to her by her grandmother. Sakshi was thrilled. She felt proud that she had found something very valuable.

That night Anishka slept with her granddaughters. She could not help thinking about how their game of hide and seek had helped her find her long lost treasure.

Myra Paruthi
VIII B



Betrayal of Hope

She was all alone when I found her. She was lost in the dark and vast extent of her own mind, debating with her demons but in vain. She was lost but she hadn't given up. She kept walking in the dim-lit, mirrored corridors of her mind. With every step she walked, she lost a little bit of strength, a little bit of hope, and a little bit of herself. This dark and anxious version of her contrasted with her former bubbly and pretty personality. She was terrified! Terrified of what was going to break her next. What or who? People hurt her more than situations did.

The corridor was endless but her steps were numbered. She was staggering, her breath coming in a wheeze. She was two steps away from losing all hope. That's when I found her. I lifted her up by her arms and helped her breathe. I gave her an assuring smile to tell her that it would all be okay. God! She looked so thankful.



I could see it in the smile that had spread across her pixie face. I could see a glimpse of the cheerful her. She pulled me in for a hug and as soon as she did that, I drove the knife through her stomach. Yes, call me a villain, I don't care. Weak people disgust me. As I drove the knife deeper into her intestine, I thought about all the times her eyes gave away the anxiety that she felt. While she was scaling the infernal corridor in her head, I was burning with rage. She was such an attention-seeker. Why couldn't she just deal with her agony in private instead of showcasing it? And if she really was that depressed, then no one should think of me as a villain. I freed her of her pains. I freed her from this pointless process of living. I save people.

Saanvi Tiwari

IX B

With Love, from Kashmir



The *goonj* of the *shehnai* filled the snow-covered house in Kashmir, as roses around the house bloomed more than ever, pink and white ropes of lilies dangled from the house making it seem like a castle. There sat Nisman, looking out of her window watching the hustle bustle at the house where the wedding was taking place.

Her *khalu* (uncle) was running in and out of the house making sure all the decorations were up to the mark. Relatives were singing, dancing and laughing, having the most joyous moments of their life. Nisman was happy, but seemed to have a piece missing from the most important time of her life. She had everything, except her parents.

Nisman's parents had passed away in 2003 when she was only nine years old. Since then, she was raised by Nargis *khala* and Hidayat *khalu*.

There was a soft knock on the door. Nisman found her *khala* standing at the entrance with a box covered in red, velvet like maroon threads.



"How have you been doing, my love?" Nargis asked.

"I'm good, *khala*," replied Nisman with a faint smile.

"*Arre*, your face says something else. What happened, dear?"

"I miss *Maa* and *Baba*, *khala*."

"To be honest, even I miss their presence a lot and wish that they were here to see how pretty their daughter has grown up to be," Nargis spoke with a tone of despair. "Dear, I got you this."

Handing Nisman the box, Nargis spoke, "This is your mother's. It holds the story of your mom and dad, teaching us that love has no boundaries. No matter what comes in between them, they can never be set apart."

Untying the knots, Nisman saw a teakwood box tucked neatly in the beautiful cloth. She opened the box and began reading.

1990

It was a cold winter afternoon. Nirvaan was wandering in the serenity of Himalayan paradise in Srinagar. On a sudden impulse he entered one of the boutiques selling an authentic collection of pashmina. He was looking at the variety of designs which were displayed, wondering what to take back home for his mother in Delhi. A sweet voice caught his attention from behind.

'May I help you?' Turning around, Nirvaan found himself looking at a beautiful Kashmiri girl with light brown eyes. Brown locks fell down her shoulders and she had the prettiest smile he'd ever seen. As she showed him the collection, a few words were exchanged between the two.

*"I'm Sehmat," she introduced herself.
"And I'm Nirvaan."*

Nirvaan moved towards the payment counter and glanced at the bill in confusion.



Art by Naitik Biswas, VI C

"One can't make a profit off friends, hence the discount," she responded to his questioning look with a smile. He paid the money and thanked his host, heading for the large door of the emporium, not wanting to leave. Before heading out, he turned around and asked, "Can we meet again tomorrow? You could take me to some interesting places."

Sehmat agreed. Next day, Nirvaan came back to the shop and Sehmat was surprised to see him. Quickly, she balanced the accounts and handed the charge of the shop over to her brother. As she had promised, she took Nirvaan to a few tourist places. Time flew by and eventually Nirvaan had to go back to Delhi. Still, they used to exchange letters with each other.

Nirvaan returned to Kashmir along with his mother for a vacation. One day, sitting on the bank of Dal lake, the two exchanged their thoughts.

"Do you love this place?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," he answered.

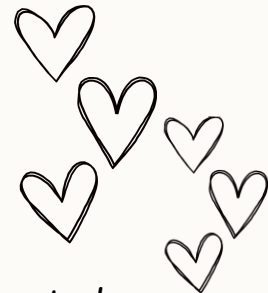
"I'm sad that this vacation is coming to an end. You'll have to leave now," she sighed.

"How about staying here forever? I've been transferred to Kashmir for an archaeological expedition. Sehmat, I want to stay here but not alone. Will you marry me?"

A simple nod was enough to answer all his questions.

Nirvaan and Sehmat's love blossomed and culminated in their marriage, despite protests from both the families. Two years later the pair was blessed with a child, bringing boundless joy into the household. Nisman was brought up being taught the real meaning of secularism and she grew up watching her parents practice different religions, yet living in complete harmony.

"God is one," her parents always reminded her. "He is omnipresent and can only be seen by the purity of one's mind and heart."



It was 2003, when Islamic terrorists of Lashkar-e-Taiba entered Jammu and Kashmir. There was curfew on the streets. Anyone who came in front of the terrorists was shot down right there and then. Looking at the circumstances, Nisman was handed over to her khala Nargis, who took Nisman away to Delhi to keep her safe and sound, away from the cultural genocide taking place in Kashmir in the name of religion.

Nirvaan and Sehmat had no other option except to leave their precious house made up of hard work and love. They were informed about escape camps, which were set up at various locations in Kashmir. Nirvaan and Sehmat made their way towards the camp with a small group of people, when one of the militants caught up with them. He dragged a man out of the lot and killed him on-the-spot. The terrified couple ran for their lives and reached the camp somehow. But soon, they were discovered and had to run away from there. In the end, all their efforts went in vain and they accepted the inevitable. Death.

A teardrop fell from Nisman's eye reading upon the final letter.

"Is this it?" she asked.

Nargis gave the slightest nod with tears in her eyes. Nisman felt grateful to her parents who fought to protect her from the terror they had faced. She felt them near giving their blessings to her on her special day.

Dhanvie Sharma

X B



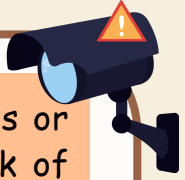
A Surreptitious Requit

1
0 He wrote an email and clicked the 'Send' button. Then he sat back and watched
1 as chaos unfurled. At least seven MNCs must have gone bankrupt along with
0 several high-profile arrests, all due to this one email.

1 To the world, he was a budding journalist whose name disappeared in the chaos
0 that followed. But in the dark web, it was popularly known as the work of XAR
1 who only a few knew to be Sam Buckler.

0 He began to think about the reason he had sent the mail. It all began with
1 someone trying to hack into one of his many Discord accounts. It wasn't
1 supposed to be anything serious. But it was enough to make him a little curious.

0 He did some digging on the group and realised that it was a part of something
1 bigger.



He realised that this wasn't something he could do on any of his known IPs or proxies. So, he bought a new laptop. Later in the day, he realised the lack of groceries in his house. While returning home he noticed that a couple of new people had moved into the neighbouring apartments. Better to be safe than sorry, he decided to run a background check on them all. So, when he returned home he logged into his apartment's CCTV footage and got a couple of good photos of every person. He loaded them on the biometrics software so that he would have all the data he needed about everyone by the next day. Then he got back to the task at hand.

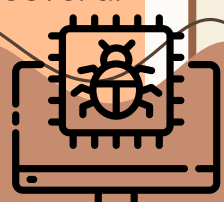
He knew how to get into the group, the most practical way being to hack into a member's account. He looked up the accounts that had attacked him and began to run a script worm. It was a tedious task that would be happening in the background while he explored other ways of getting in. After a while, he went on to have some dinner, chat with friends, and do stuff any normal student would do during holidays.

The next day after a morning stroll, he checked on the files that the software had created. Most of them were boring. The only thing that caught his eye was that a girl from his college had moved in there. This was a bit tragic since he could not post his pics on Instagram to counter facial recognition. He would have to go away in order not to get busted. Then he went back to his PC.

Now that he had collected every scrap of information on the group that could be found on the web, he knew what the next step was. He would have to go to the dark web. He wasn't a fan of it but he knew he would have to go there to get what he needed. He powered up his defence software and opened the web. XAR, as he was known in the dark web, was well connected. But he didn't want the wrong kind of people to become aware of the fact that he was digging into the group he had found to be named HSS.

His planning was interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. If he had to guess, it was his neighbours trying to get him to socialise. He opened the door to find a group of girl scouts selling chocolates. He bought a bunch as he knew he would need the sugar to last him through the upcoming college days.

After relishing several cups of coffee and a couple of cookies, he had what he needed. The group was one of those groups that you could pay to remove a thing from the internet. It was a gruelling task to get things off the net. The file that they had tried to remove was now copied onto his desktop. He opened it, this was above his weight. He knew as soon as he opened the file. But he knew that it was a crypto-scam and indeed a big one, as he scrolled through all the names involved. The most incriminating part was the plan to hack into several long-time inverters to endorse the product.



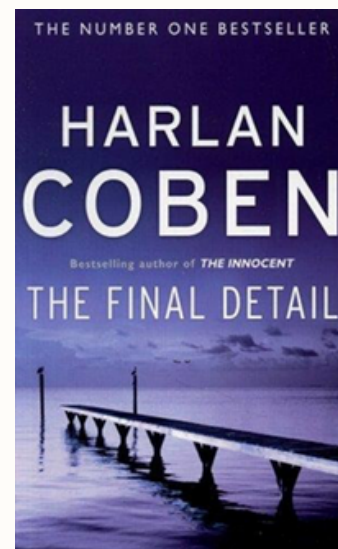
Book reviews



Anamika Mahesh, XII A

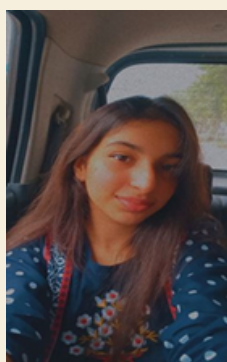
The Final Detail by Harlan Coben

A twisting mystery of betrayal, family secrets, and murder is how I would describe the book- The Final Detail. It starts with Myron Bolistar (the main character) and a girl Terese Collins, with whom he has run away. With no contact with the world, they travel on a cruise. After a week or so, he finds himself face-to-face with his friend Win who breaks the news that his best friend Esperanza is in trouble not in any trouble but murder trouble. The supposed victim is none other than one of Myron's own clients. Myron takes it upon himself to find out what had happened. But what he uncovers is more than he should have. As the plot unfolds you realize that nothing is as it seems. The book will keep you hooked to the very end and the ending is something you won't see coming.



Greta Pahuja, VII D

Dumb Witness by Agatha Christie



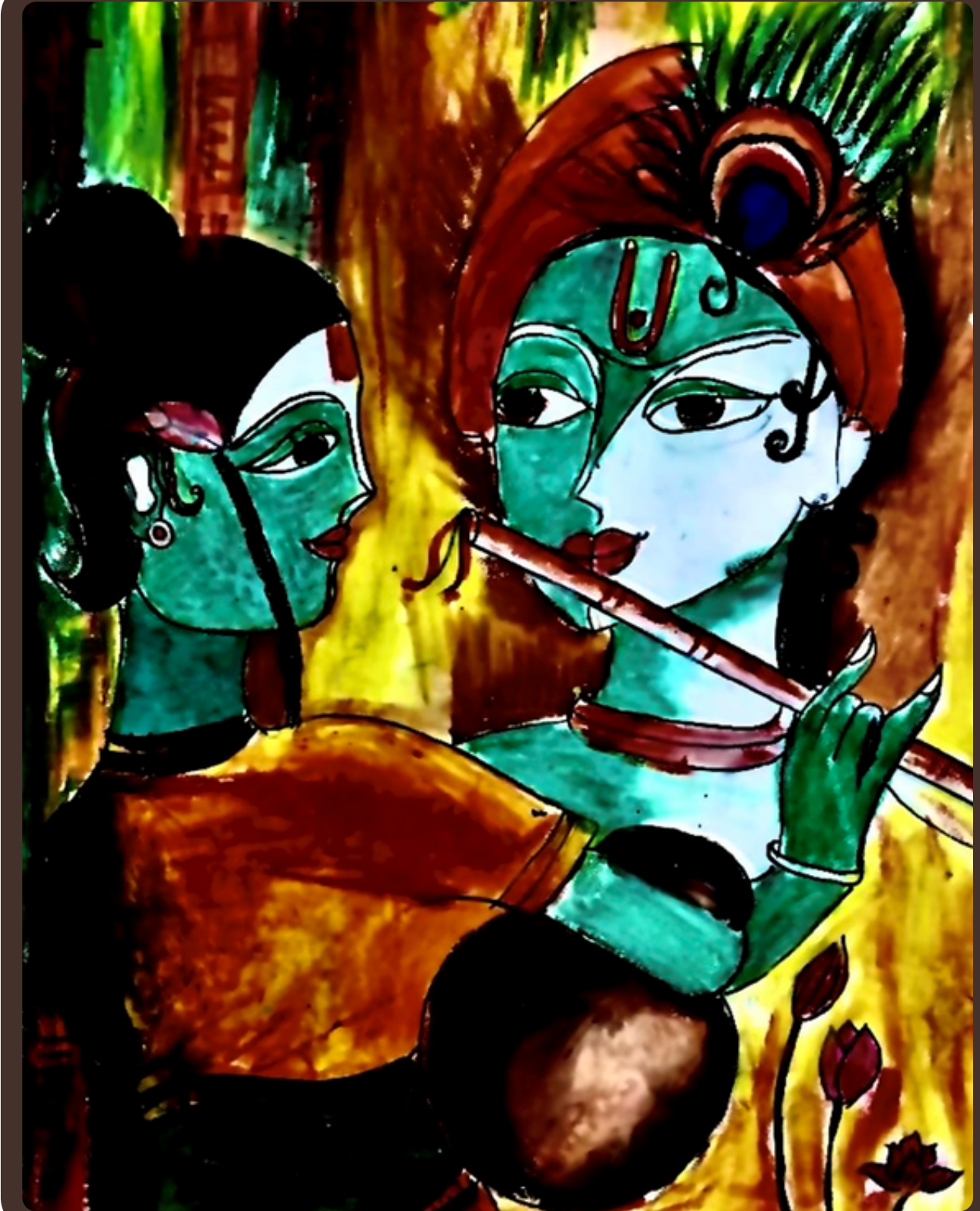
'Dumb Witness' is a detective fiction. Emily Arundell writes to Hercule Poirot, a well-known detective, as she believes that she is a victim of an attempted murder after a fall in her name in Berkshrine. Her family thinks that her call was an accident caused by tripping over a ball left by her dog. However, by the time Hercule Poirot reads the letter, he finds that Emily is already dead. her doctor states her death due to liver problem. As Poirot investigates further, he finds that under Emily's previous will, her nephew and nieces would have inherited all her money and property.

Thus, they become suspects in the case. How the detective solves the case and finds out who actually murdered Emily makes the murder mystery intriguing. The book is good but compared to Agatha Christie's other books, I found it a little dry. Another thing that was a little underwhelming was that the book was quite long with roughly 400 pages. So, if I were to rate this book on a scale of 1-5, I would give it 3.5/5. If you're looking for a good detective fiction with a little twist, go for 'Dumb Witness'.

Pranjal Gulyani, VIII D

कंदील

...विचारों की रोशनी



Eshaan Sivakumar, XA

कविताएँ

जल और जीवन

जल है जीवन हमारा,
जल के बिना ना होगा गुज़ारा।
बच्चे बूढ़े सब पीते हैं जल,
यह देता है उनको भरपूर बल।
जल है जीवन की धार,
इस पर टिका है सारा संसार।
जल को मत करो व्यर्थ,
वरना हो जाएगा अनर्थ।

आर्यन झा
तीसरी बी



मेरा स्कूल



कितना सुंदर है मेरा स्कूल,
इसमें रंग-बिरंगे फूल,
फूल सुहाने सबको भाते,
उन्हें देखकर सब हर्षते।
टीचर हमको पाठ पढ़ातीं,
नई-नई बातें सिखलातीं,
सही गलत का भेद बतातीं,
बच्चों पर है प्यार जतातीं।

अनेरा मलिक
तीसरी बी



कम बोलो

कम बोलो, धीरे बोलो, सच बोलो, मीठा बोलो।
ज़्यादा बोलने वाला बड़बोला कहलाता है।
ऊँचे स्वर में बोल रहे क्यों, मीठे स्वर में बोलो तुम।
भले जनों का यह कहना है, जब बोलो धीमे से
बोलो।
झूठी बात सदा खुल जाती, सच्ची बात सभी को
भाती।
प्यार सभी का तुम पाओगे, नपा-तुला जब तुम
बोलोगे।
कड़वी बात सदा दुख देती, मीठी बात सदा सुख
देती।
कम बोलो, धीरे बोलो, सच बोलो, मीठा बोलो ।

प्रिशा कोडनानी
पाँचवी बी



सुंदर धरती

इतनी सुन्दर धरती हमारी, हर पल देती यह
संदेश,
पर हित खातिर जीना सीखो, मानव जीवन का
उद्देश्य।
फूल सिखाते काँटों में भी, सदा तुम मुस्कराते
रहो,
सुगंध बिखेरकर दिशाओं में, महको और
महकाते रहो।
कल-कल करती नदियाँ कहतीं, झूमते-गाते
चले चलो,
कष्टों से अब डरना कैसा, मंज़िल की ओर बढ़े
चलो।
अचल-अडिग पर्वत शिखर, देते यह संदेश हैं,
सत्य मार्ग पर डटे रहो, जीवन का यही ध्येय है।

सोहम शर्मा
छठी ए



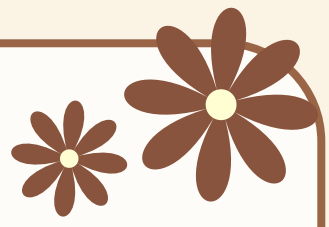
क्या मैं नास्तिक हूँ

आज जन्माष्टमी है और आज भी मैंने
उपवास नहीं किया,
पर प्रभु का सुन्दर रूप हर पल, हर क्षण,
मन में बसा लिया।
तो क्या मैं नास्तिक हूँ?
हर रोज़ की तरह, आज भी नहीं की दीया
और बाती,
एक भी क्षण ऐसा न गया, जब न की हो
उनकी स्मृति।
तो क्या मैं नास्तिक हूँ?
मैंने घर के किसी भी कोने में, मंदिर नहीं
सजाया है,
लेकिन घर के हर कण कण में, उनका
नाम गुदवाया है।
तो क्या मैं नास्तिक हूँ?
नहीं जाती मैं कभी मंदिर, सत्संग और
गुरुद्वारे,
फिर भी कहती हूँ, हे प्रभु! तुम ही हो मेरे
एकमात्र सहारे।
तो क्या मैं नास्तिक हूँ?
आज भी मैंने प्रभु का भोग न निकाला,
पर उन्हें याद किए बिना, तोड़ा न निवाला।
तो क्या मैं नास्तिक हूँ?
हीं किया कभी प्रभु के नाम पर भंडारा,
पर सच यह भी है, दान कर देती हूँ कभी-
कभी,
ताकि मेरे साथ-साथ किसी और का भी
हो जाए गुज़ारा।



तो क्या मैं नास्तिक हूँ?
काम-काज छोड़ कर, नहीं कर सकती हर पल
तेरा सिमरन,
पर जागते, सोते दिलोदिमाग, करे तेरी रहमतों
का वर्णन।
तो क्या मैं नास्तिक हूँ?
आज तक पढ़ा है जो, भगवान को माने वो
आस्तिक,
और जो भगवान को न माने, वो है नास्तिक।
मेरा मार्गदर्शन करो हे प्रभु! कौन सी श्रेणी है
मेरी,
और क्या है वास्तविक?
पढ़ी जो मेरे मन की दशा,
तो क्या किया फैसला तुमने ?
जल्दी से मेरे प्रश्न का उत्तर दो,
क्या मैं हूँ नास्तिक?

नमन दाहिया
छठी ए



मेरा परिवार



पापा की हूँ मैं नन्ही परी, इसलिए रहती हूँ हमेशा उनके ख्यालों में बसी।



मम्मी करती है मुझसे बहुत प्यार, इसलिए रहती हूँ हमेशा मेरे साथ खेलने को तैयार |



भैया है मेरा बहुत चंचल, तभी तो घर में हर समय रहती है हलचल |

दादू-दादी में मेरी जान है बसती, करते हैं वे मेरे साथ दिन-रात मस्ती |

यही है हमारा छोटा-सा संसार, जिसमें बसता है हमारा सुखद परिवार ||



ताशवी
तीसरी बी

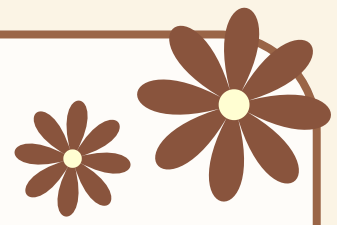
मेरी प्यारी दादी



दादी मेरी जान हैं, वे मेरा अभिमान हैं।
बन गई उनकी यह आदत है,
करनी मेरी वकालत है।
सब कहते उन्हें मेरी वकील।
कितनी अच्छी मेरी तकदीर,
मेरी इच्छाएँ करती वे पूरी।
नहीं करती वे कभी भी देरी,
मुझमें बसती है उनकी जान।
मुझे करना है उनका ऊँचा नाम,
शुक्राना है प्रभु का, मैं हूँ आपकी ऋणी।
दादी रूपी दोस्त पाकर, मैं हो गई धनी।



करुन्या कपूर
तीसरी डी



स्वच्छता

हम सबको आपस में मिलकर,
भारत को स्वच्छ बनाना है।
गाँधी जी के सपनों का,
भारत हमें साकार करना है,
भारत को स्वच्छ बनाना है।
सुन्दर, साफ़ देश हो अपना,
यही हम सबका नारा है।
कूड़े को इधर-उधर न फेंककर,
कूड़ेदान में पहुँचाना है।
कदम से कदम मिलाकर,
यही संकल्प दोहराना है,
भारत को स्वच्छ बनाना है।
प्लास्टिक मुक्त भारत हो अपना,
लोगों तक यह सन्देश पहुँचाना है।
संकल्प लिया हम बच्चों ने,
देश को प्रगति पर ले जाना है,
भारत को स्वच्छ बनाना है।
प्लास्टिक को छोड़ उसके,
अन्य विकल्पों को अपनाना है,
स्वच्छता का सन्देश देश के,
घर-घर तक पहुँचाना है,
भारत को स्वच्छ बनाना है।

अक्षत रंजन
आठवीं बी



नया साल

नया साल, नई उमंग, नई तरंग,
सभी के इरादे हैं बुलंद।
सब मिलजुल कर कदम से कदम बढ़ाएँगे।
नव वर्ष को सब खुशियों से मंगलमय बनाएँगे।
नई उम्मीद है, मंज़िल पाने की,
मेहनत और ईमानदारी दिखाने की।
अपने कर्तव्य में, हम आगे बढ़ते जाएँगे,
नए साल को उमंग भरा बनाएँगे।
राह में आने वाले काँटों को काट गिराएँगे,
हम जग को पहले से और बेहतर बनाएँगे।
अपने हाथों से इसे सजाएँगे,
नए साल को उमंग भरा बनाएँगे।
लंबे रास्तों को छोटा बनाएँगे,
हम देश की शान बढ़ाएँगे।
भिन्नता में एकता सिखाएँगे,
हम आगे बढ़ते जाएँगे।
नए साल को उमंग भरा बनाएँगे।

जिया कंसरा
छठी ए



देश के वीर जवान

करती हूँ मैं नमन तुम्हें,
ऐ मेरे देश के वीर जवान।
करते रक्षा मातृभूमि की,
डाल खतरे में अपनी जान।
तुम्हीं से तो है भारत की,
आन, बान और शान।
देशभक्ति है धर्म तुम्हारा,
और धर्म ही है ईमान।
अपने देश की खातिर करते हो,
तुम जीवन बलिदान।
निर्दोष को कदापि दण्ड न देना,
पर दोषी को कभी ना बख्शाना।
देश की रक्षा की खातिर तुम,
करते हो जब यह शुभ काम।
तभी तो पूरा देश करता है,
शत शत सादर तुम्हें प्रणाम।
करती हूँ मैं तुम्हें नमन।
मेरे देश के वीर जवान।



वंशिका ग्रोवर
नौवीं सी

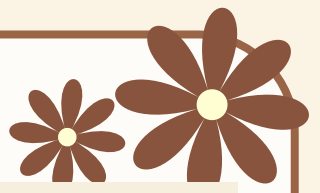


धरती ने क्या-क्या न दिया हमें

धरती ने क्या-क्या न दिया हमें,
भार उठाया कंधों पर अपने।
गोदी में लेकर हमें खिलाया,
फिर भी न की शिकवा शिकायत।
अन्न, फल, जल, औषधि देकर,
एकता का पाठ पढ़ाया।
अपने आँचल की छाया दी,
रहने दिया ना हमें अनाथ।
पर्वत, नदियाँ, खेत, खलिहान,
धरती का स्वर्णिम अभिमान।
पर मानव ने इसे सताया,
पर्वत तोड़े पेड़ उखाड़े।
मिट्टी खोदी समुद्र समेटे,
दूषित किया सारा माहौल।
अब तो जागो इसे सँभालो,
सबको विपदा से बचा लो।
इसके गहनों को ना उजाड़ो,
अपने श्रम से इसे सजाओ।

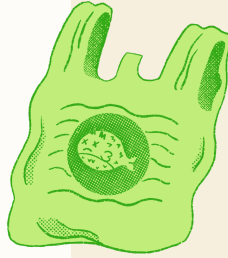


प्रियांशी द्विवेदी
नौवीं-ए



देश की वीरांगना

आतंकवादियों से लड़-लड़ कर,
मैं देश की वीरांगना बनूँगी।
सुरक्षित रहे मेरा देश,
यह सपना साकार करूँगी।
सूरज उगे या शाम ढले,
हर पल देश की शान बनूँगी।
आने वाली पीढ़ी के लिए,
प्रेरणा की श्रोत बनूँगी।
धरती माँ का कर्ज मैं,
वफ़ादारी से चुकाऊँगी।
परिस्थिति चाहे कैसी भी हो,
शीश कभी न झुकाऊँगी।
देश की आन-बान की रक्षा कर,
मैं देश की वीरांगना बनूँगी।



लक्षिता
सातवीं सी



प्लास्टिक

यह प्लास्टिक है, भाई प्लास्टिक,
तरह-तरह की प्लास्टिक।
रंग-बिरंगी प्लास्टिक,
एक से बढ़कर एक प्लास्टिक।
प्लास्टिक हमारी ज़रूरत है,
प्लास्टिक हमारी ज़िंदगी है।
खिलौने से लेकर जहाज़ तक,
समुद्र से लेकर चाँद तक।
जहाँ तक पहुँच है इंसान की,
वहाँ तक पहुँचा प्लास्टिक है।
नकली चावल, सब्ज़ी, दूध, अंडे,
देन है सब प्लास्टिक की।
जल प्रदूषण, वायु प्रदूषण,
गर्म वातावरण, प्रदूषित पृथ्वी।
प्रदूषण की कोई सीमा नहीं,
देन है सब प्लास्टिक की।
चारों तरफ मचा हाहाकार है,
अब त्यागना प्लास्टिक है।
प्रदूषण को अब हराना है।
अपना पर्यावरण बचाना है।
आओ मिलकर सब कसम खाएँ,
प्लास्टिक से अब पीछा छुड़ाएँ।

सारांश झा
आठवीं बी

अभिव्यक्ति



Ananya
8B
Roll no.4

Ananya, VIII B

माता-पिता - मेरे जीवन का आदर्श

हमारी ज़िंदगी में माता-पिता अनमोल होते हैं। माता-पिता के बिना हमारे जीवन का कोई अर्थ नहीं होता। अगर भगवान के बाद दूसरा स्थान किसी को दिया जाता है, तो वह माता-पिता होते हैं। उनके बिना हम अपने जीवन की कल्पना भी नहीं कर सकते। हमको इस दुनिया में लाने वाले वे ही होते हैं। हमारे जीवन में बचपन से लेकर बड़े होने तक माता-पिता बहुत भूमिकाएँ निभाते हैं। वे हमें बहुत प्यार करते हैं भले ही हम कितने भी बड़े हो जाएँ, लेकिन उनकी नज़र में हमेशा बच्चे ही रहते हैं। दुनिया के हर रिश्ते में आपको झूठ, बेईमानी देखने को मिल सकती है, पर माता-पिता का रिश्ता निस्वार्थ होता है। हमेशा अपने बच्चों की भलाई में ही उनकी पूरी ज़िंदगी लग जाती है। मैं जब भी उदास होती हूँ, वे मेरी सारी परेशानी दूर कर देते हैं। हमें सदा अपने माता-पिता का आदर करना चाहिए और उनकी खुशी का ध्यान रखना चाहिए।



अक्षिता बैसला, पाँचवीं बी



ग्रामीण जीवन का मेरा अनुभव

मैं इस बार स्कूल की गर्मी की छुट्टियों में अपने नाना-नानी के घर गाँव गई थी। वहाँ जाकर मुझे बहुत अच्छा लगा। जब मैं गाँव पहुँची तो वहाँ का नज़ारा देखकर आश्चर्यचकित रह गई। गाँव में शहरों की अपेक्षा हरियाली ही हरियाली थी और प्रदूषण ना के बराबर। गाँव में चारों ओर फैली हरियाली मन को लुभा रही थी। खेतों में फसलें लहलहा रही थीं।

गर्मी में धूप तेज़ थी पर फिर भी पेड़ों से आती ठंडी-ठंडी हवा हमें तरो-ताज़ा कर रही थी। नाना जी के घर पहुँचते ही मैंने आँगन में एक नीम का विशाल पेड़ देखा, जिस पर पक्षियों की चहचहाहट सुनाई दे रही थी। नाना जी ने बताया कि गाँव के हर घर में एक पेड़ अवश्य मिलेगा। शायद गाँव में प्रदूषण न होने का यह सबसे बड़ा कारण है। गाँव के लोग बहुत सीधे-साधे होते हैं। वे सबसे प्रेम से मिलते हैं। मैंने गाँव की लड़कियों के साथ मिलकर खूब आम और अमरूद पेड़ों से तोड़-तोड़ कर खाए। मामा जी शाम को मुझे गाँव में घुमाने ले गए। वहाँ पर एक मेला लगा हुआ था। मैंने वहाँ बहुत मस्ती की। तरह-तरह के झूले में बैठने का आनंद लिया। मामा जी ने बताया कि पहले गाँव ऐसे नहीं थे, पर अब गाँव भी बदल रहे हैं। बिजली, पानी, फ़ोन तथा इंटरनेट यहाँ अधिकतर सभी घरों में उपलब्ध हैं। रात को सोते समय किसी कूलर की कोई आवश्यकता नहीं पड़ती, क्योंकि पेड़ों से आने वाली ठंडी हवा ही इनकी कमी पूरी कर देती है। मैं पहली बार गाँव गई थी, वहाँ जाकर मुझे बहुत अच्छा लगा। गाँव के जीवन में जो सादगी और साफ़-सफ़ाई होती है, वह शहर में अक्सर नहीं मिलती। गाँव की मिट्टी की खुशबू, ठंडा-मीठा पानी, शांति और हरा-भरा वातावरण मुझे हर पल याद रहेगा। मैंने सोच लिया है कि मैं हमेशा अपनी छुट्टियाँ गाँव में ही बिताऊँगी। अब गाँव आधुनिक होते जा रहे हैं। वहाँ वे सब चीज़ें उपलब्ध हैं, जो शहरों में होती हैं। हमारे गाँव किसी शहर से कम नहीं।



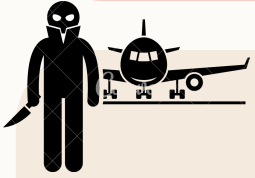
मेरे संगीत की शुरुआत



मुझे बचपन से ही गाने का बहुत शौक था। मुझे गाना इतना पसंद है कि मैं कहीं पर भी गाने लगता था। मैं इतना अच्छा गाता था कि कभी-कभी मेरे पिताजी और दादा जी रो पड़ते थे यहाँ तक कि मेरे गुरु जी भी मेरा गायन सुनकर बहुत खुश हो जाते और मेरी तारीफ़ करते। मेरे परिवार में कोई शादी या उत्सव होता तो उसमें दो गाने तो मुझे मंच पर गाने ही होते थे। मेरी दादी, चाची, नानी भावुक हो जातीं और मुझे आशीर्वाद भी देतीं।

पिताजी के ऑफ़िस में भी मैंने एक बार गाना गाया, मुझे इतना अच्छा गाता देख मेरे परिवार ने मुझे एक अच्छे गुरु से सिखाने का निर्णय लिया। अब मैं बहुत कुछ नया सीख गया हूँ। मेरी गायन परीक्षा भी दो बार हो चुकी है। अब मैंने यह निर्णय लिया है कि मुझे संगीत में निरंतर आगे बढ़ते ही जाना है, तो ऐसे शुरू हुई मेरी संगीत की कहानी।

मानिक मिश्रा, सातवीं सी



बिंदास बातूनी

एक लड़का था। वह बहुत ही बातूनी था, जब भी वह किसी से बात करना शुरू करता तो रुकता ही नहीं था। उसकी बातों से कभी लोग नाराज़ हो जाते थे तो कभी उन्हें हँसी आ जाती थी, पर ज़्यादातर तो परेशान ही होते थे और उससे पीछा छुड़ाने की कोशिश करते थे।

एक दिन वह लड़का मुंबई जा रहा था। जब वह एयरपोर्ट पर पहुँचा, तब पासपोर्ट मैनेजर ने उससे पासपोर्ट माँगा। अपनी आदत के अनुसार उस लड़के ने बोलना शुरू कर दिया। पासपोर्ट मैनेजर ने दुखी होकर चिल्लाते हुए कहा कि आप कृपया अपना पासपोर्ट दिखाएँ और उसके हाथ से पासपोर्ट ले लिया। पासपोर्ट देखकर उसने उस लड़के को जहाज़ पर जाने का इशारा किया और राहत की साँस ली।



वह लड़का हवाई जहाज़ में चढ़ गया और अपनी सीट पर बैठ गया। अब जहाज़ उड़ान भरने ही वाला था कि एक आतंकवादी जहाज़ में चढ़ गया और उसने जहाज़ का अपहरण कर लिया। वह जैसे ही लड़के के पास पहुँचा, लड़के ने उससे भी बात करना आरंभ कर दिया। वह बहुत देर से किसी से बात करने के लिए बेचैन था। आतंकवादी ने लड़के को डराने के लिए बंदूक उसके ऊपर रख दी, पर वह लड़का बहुत अजीब-अजीब बातें बताने लगा। वह चुप होने के लिए तैयार ही नहीं था। आतंकवादी की रोने की स्थिति हो गई और वह रोते-रोते हाथ जोड़कर लड़के से चुप होने की विनती करने लगा। तभी पुलिस दल जहाज़ में आ गया और उन्होंने आतंकवादी को गिरफ़्तार कर लिया। एक सप्ताह बाद सरकार ने एक नया अवार्ड शुरू किया और उस लड़के को सबसे 'बातूनी अवार्ड' से सम्मानित किया गया।

आर्यवीर, पाँचवीं बी



खाना खज़ाना



Anamika Mahesh, XII A

खजूर गुड़ की खीर



आप सबने कई तरह के व्यंजन खाए ही होंगे। जैसे चीला, डोसा, पराठा, हलवा, खीर आदि। खाने के बाद मीठा खाने का अलग ही मज़ा है! अगर हम मीठे व्यंजन में चीनी की जगह गुड़ का प्रयोग करें, तो वह और स्वादिष्ट होने के साथ-साथ हमारी सेहत के लिए फ़ायदा भी करेगा।

चलो, अब उस पौष्टिकता से भरे व्यंजन का नाम भी जान लेते हैं। यह व्यंजन भारत के बंगाल की देन है। जिसका नाम है 'खजूर गुड़ की खीर'। इतना कुछ जानने के बाद इसकी सामग्री और विधि के बारे में भी जान लेते हैं।

सामग्री :

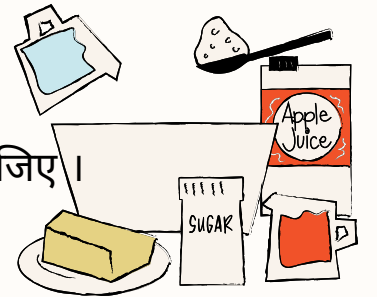


- 100 ग्राम- बासमती चावल
- 2 लीटर - दूध
- 8-10 - काजू तथा बादाम
- 250 ग्राम - खजूर गुड़



विधि :

- चावल दस मिनट तक पानी में भिगो दीजिए।
- चावल को छान लीजिए।
- एक पतीले में 2 चम्मच देसी घी डालकर चावल को घी में भून लीजिए।
- दो लीटर दूध पतीले में डाल दीजिए और अच्छे से मिला लीजिए।
- अब कटे हुए बादाम काजू डालिए।
- चावल को दूध में गलने तक पका लीजिए।
- अब गैस बंद कर दीजिए और एक मिनट बाद खजूर गुड़ को दूध में डाल दीजिए।
- अच्छे से मिला लीजिए और दो घंटे के लिए फ्रिज में रख दीजिए।
- अब हमारी स्वादिष्ट खजूर गुड़ की खीर तैयार है।



मिशिका गोसाईं
पाँचवीं बी

सूजी का केक

सामग्री :



- ताज़ा दही (1 कप)
- सूजी (1 कप)
- चीनी (3/4 कप)
- मक्खन (2 बड़े चम्मच)
- दूध (1 कप)
- कस्टर्ड पाउडर (1/3 कप)
- बादाम के टुकड़े / टूटी फ्रूटी (स्वादानुसार)
- वनीला एसेंस (6-7 बूँद)
- बेकिंग पाउडर (1 छोटा चम्मच)
- बेकिंग सोडा (1/2 छोटा चम्मच)



विधि :

दही को अच्छे से चलाकर क्रीमी और चिकना बना लें और चीनी मिला कर घुलने दें । मक्खन डालें और मिलाएँ ।

सूजी डाल कर अच्छी तरह मिलाएँ।

इतना सब हो जाने के बाद इस मिश्रण को एक तरफ़ रख दें और इसे 2 घंटे के लिए सेट होने के लिए रख दें। अब एल्युमिनियम टिन को मक्खन से ग्रीस करें और बटर पेपर लगाएँ। एक बड़ा एल्युमिनियम का बर्तन लें। अब इसके अंदर एक छोटा सा स्टैंड रख दें और धीमी मध्यम आँच पर 10-12 मिनट के लिए प्री-हीट करें। अब बैटर को एक दिशा में चलाएँ और दूध को थोड़ा-थोड़ा करके तब तक मिलाते रहें, जब तक आपको इस तरह की बनावट न मिल जाए।

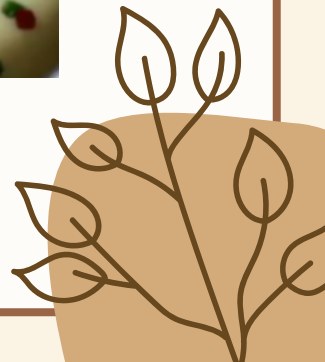
कस्टर्ड पाउडर, बादाम के टुकड़े / टूटी फ्रूटी / चेरी चंक्स, वेनिला एसेंस, बेकिंग पाउडर और बेकिंग सोडा डालें तथा इन्हें अच्छी तरह से मिलाएँ ।

टिन को पहले से गरम किए हुए बड़े बर्तन में डालिए और धीमी मध्यम आँच पर 45 मिनट के लिए बेक कर लीजिए।

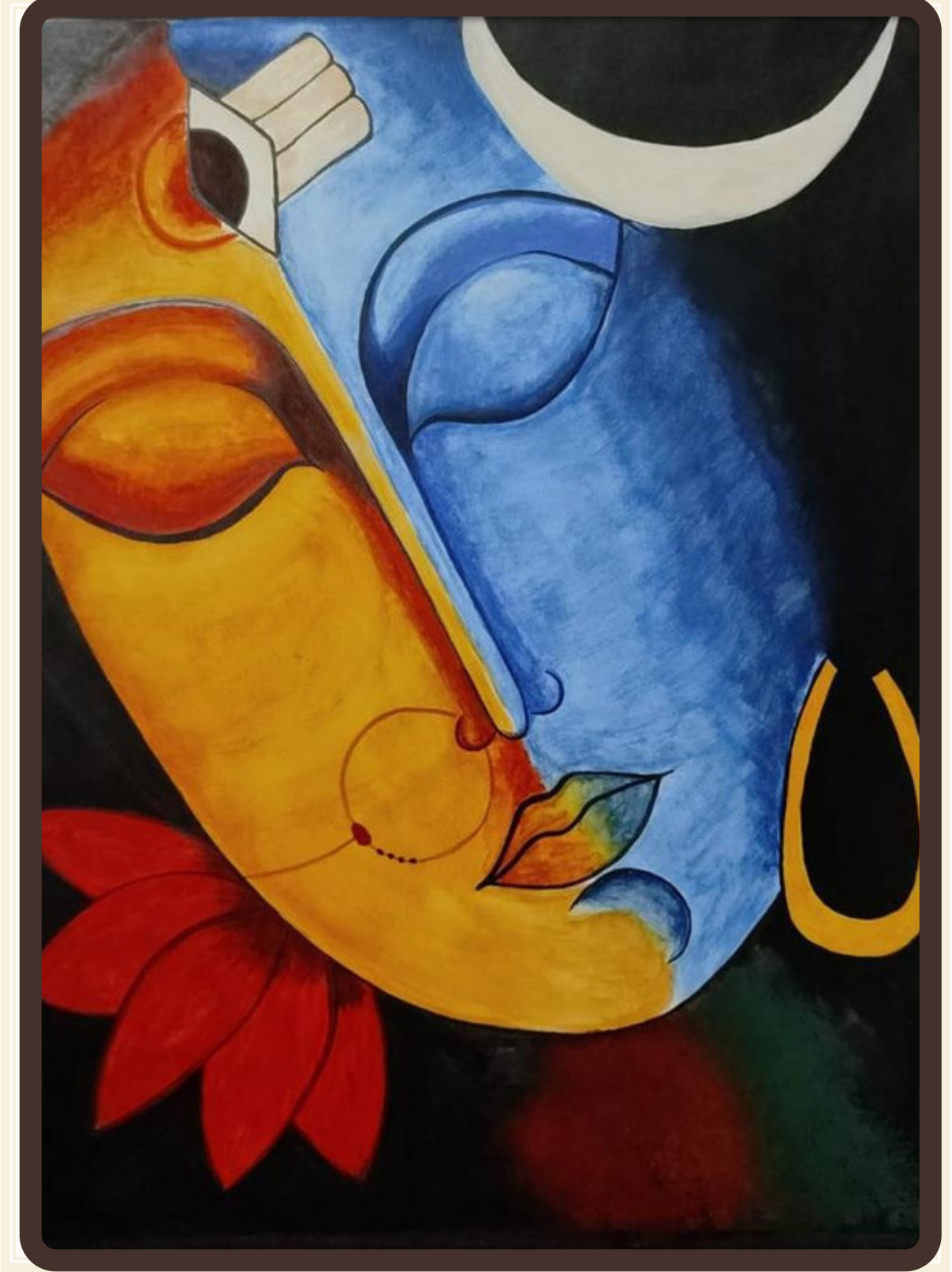
स्वादिष्ट केक खाने के लिए तैयार है ।



हिमाक्षी सरोहा
आठवीं सी



संस्कृतम्



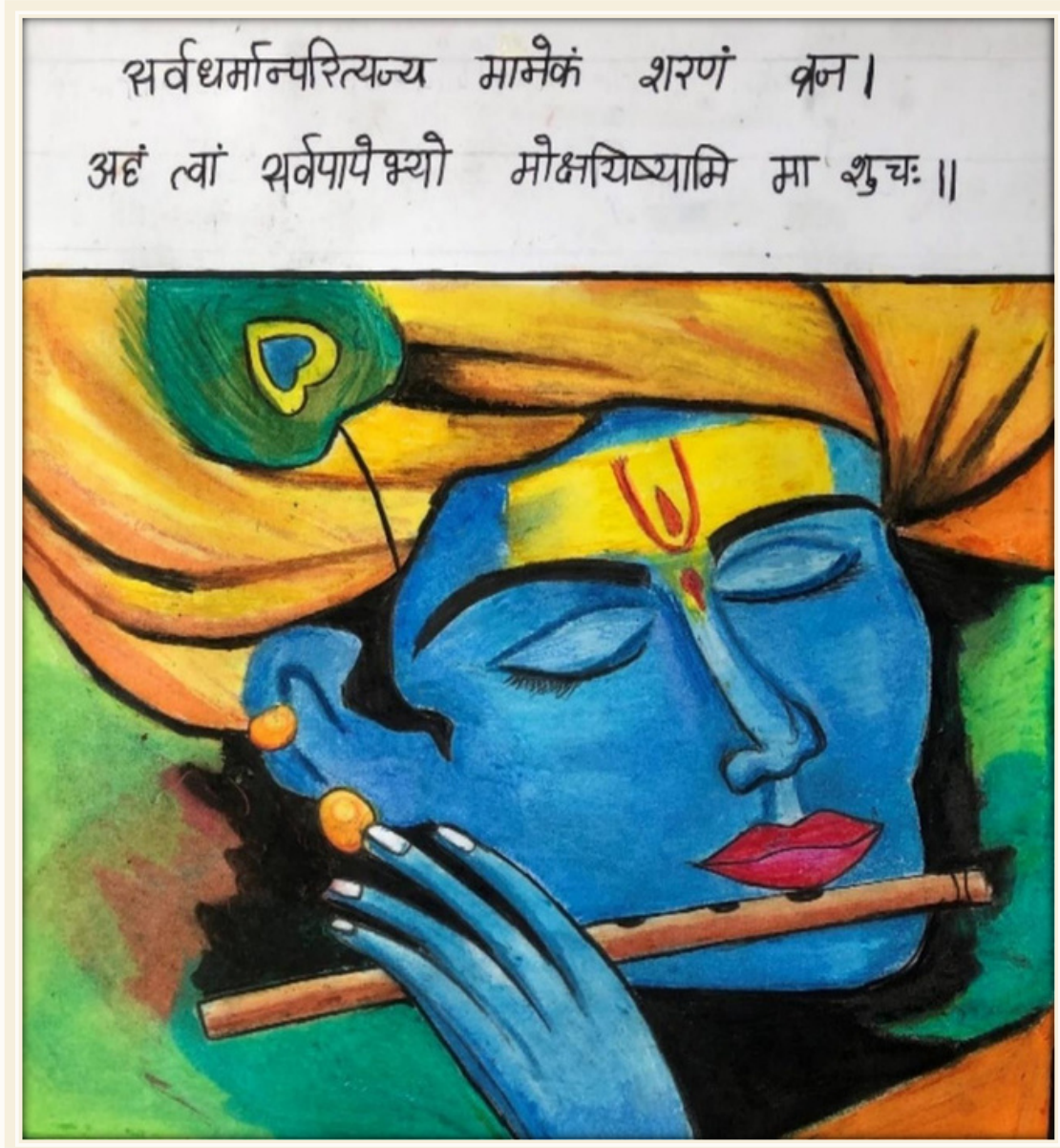
Aastha Singh, XII A



गीता महोत्सव जयन्ती

हर वर्ष हरियाणा राज्य के कुरुक्षेत्र जिले में 'गीता महोत्सव' का आयोजन किया जाता है। वर्ष 2016 से गीता महोत्सव को अंतर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर मनाया जाता है। आप सब को विदित है कि महाभारत का युद्ध कुरुक्षेत्र की भूमि पर अट्ठारह दिनों तक चला, जिसमें मोहग्रस्त अर्जुन अपने ही परिजनों से युद्ध करने में विचलित हो गए थे। भगवान कृष्ण ने कर्म का महत्त्व बताते हुए जो संदेश दिए वे भगवद् गीता में निहित है। यह महोत्सव पवित्र साहित्य 'भगवद् गीता' के जन्म के उपलक्ष्य में हिन्दू कैलेंडर के मार्गशीर्ष महीने के शुक्ल एकादशी को मनाया जाता है।

गीता के अट्ठारह अध्यायों पर आधारित 18 दिवसीय यह उत्सव इस वर्ष 19 नवम्बर से 6 दिसम्बर तक चला। आयशर विद्यालय में इस उपलक्ष्य में श्लोकोच्चारण, रंगोली, पेंटिंग, संवाद व निबंध प्रतियोगिताओं का आयोजन किया गया। जिसमें छात्रों ने बहुत हर्षोल्लास से भाग लिया।

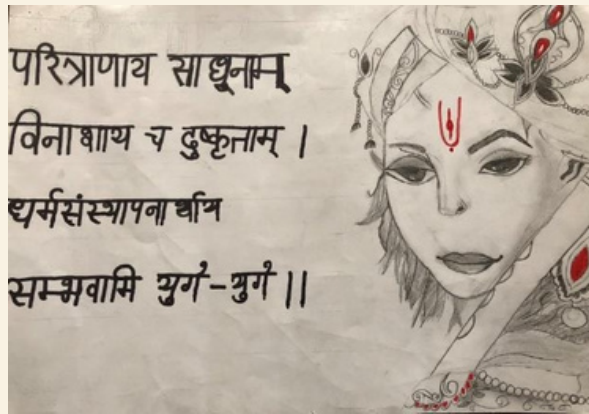


प्रतिज्ञा चंडोक
सातवीं ए

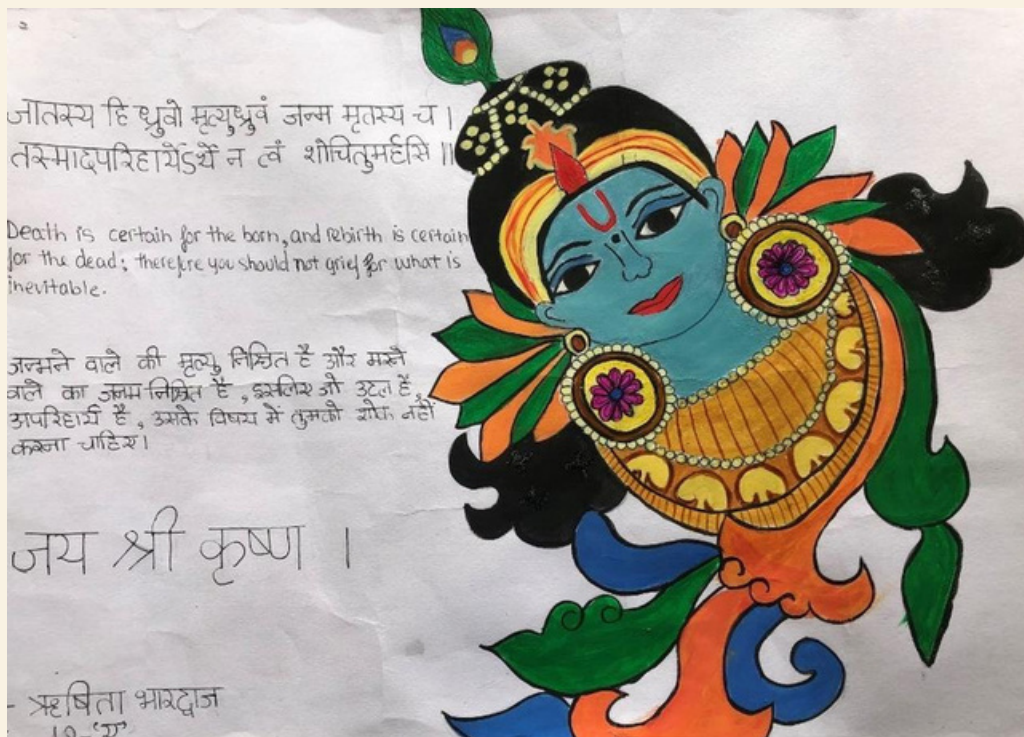




अक्षित ठाकुर
सातवीं ए



उर्विश
सातवीं ए



ऋषिता भारद्वाज
सातवीं ए

French



NAISHA 7th B

LA FRANCE

Située entre le nord et le sud de l'Europe, la France est un pays multiculturel, alliant rigueur nordique et chaleur des pays du sud. Malgré ce qu'on peut parfois lire ou entendre, le pays est extrêmement accueillant, la France a une aura magique dans le monde. Autre aspect typique de ce pays, les Français sont très attachés à leurs traditions et à leur culture. Les Français sont patients, polis et respectueux.

En tant que pays riche en histoire, la France s'exprime par son architecture, ses musées, ses châteaux et ses monuments. Moderne, le pays abrite également une scène artistique animée, illustrée par la pyramide du Louvre et le musée Pompidou à Paris, la tour Eiffel, magnifique structure en fer qui illumine Paris et d'un point de vue plus général, la France. Si un seul élément architectural français devait représenter ce pays, ce serait sans conteste elle. La France est indissociable de la gastronomie traditionnelle et des grands vins. Le pays nourrit une longue tradition culinaire avec certains des meilleurs chefs du monde. Et c'est la destination idéale pour ceux qui aiment le shopping de luxe, l'art vivant et vibrant, et toutes sortes d'activités divertissantes. La France attire beaucoup de voyageurs.

La France est un pays magnifique et romantique.
Vive la France!

Ms Aanchal Bhatia
Educator



The Grassroots

...Foundation Years



Aastha Singh, XII A

Project on Plants - Class II



Students of class II made the project on different types of plants in their winter holiday homework. It taught them about different types of plants - herbs, shrubs, creepers and climbers. They made beautiful models using their creativity and imagination.



Kitchen Garden Activities

At Eicher, we believe in nurturing the love and respect for nature and environment at a very young age. The kitchen garden activities which involve sowing the seeds and planting the seeds of fruits and vegetables with their own hands instils a level of self-confidence - from achieving their goals and enjoying the food grown by them.



Menu Cards for Healthy Eating Habits

FY students integrated the concept of 'Food' with the 'Menu System' and innovatively created 'Menu Cards'. The Menu system is designed to inculcate healthy eating habits amongst the students who are majorly influenced by the peers. Therefore, eating alike food often inspires the class as a whole to eat the meal planned for the day.



The Little Picassos



Avani Sandhu
I Nemesia



Vidhi Senger
II Balsam



Sarthak Bhattacharya
I Gulmohar



Bhavika
II Daffodil



Adhrit Vastava
I Palash



Geet Bhardwaj
I Gerbera



Kashika Rani
I Gerbera



Mayra Hora
II Daffodil



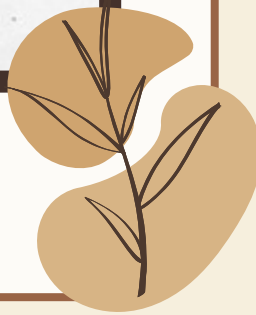
Ruhani Dadroo
I Gulmohar

Campus Chronicles

December 2022 - January 2023



Anamika Mahesh, XII A



Visit to Kidzania



Classes III to VI - November 11

Visit to Lohagarh



Classes VII and VIII - December 6
Classes IX and X - December 8

Exposure to various career options Campus visit of class XII to Vedatya Institute, Gurugram on November 17, 2022

The purpose of the visit was to make the students aware about the different programmes offered by the institute like Hotel Management, Hospitality, Culinary Arts, Fashion Designing and Business Management.



Industry tour of class XII (Commerce) to Le Meridian, Gurugram on November 21, 2022



Students were briefed about Marriot International, the biggest hotel chain in the world which acquired Le Meridian in 2016. They were oriented with different departments in the hotel industry and their functions.

Workshop on Design for XI and XII on November 24, 2022 by Architect Uzma Khan, alumna of Alwar Public School

The basics of Architecture and Design were shared by her during the workshop. Queries of students were duly answered. It was an informative and fruitful session.



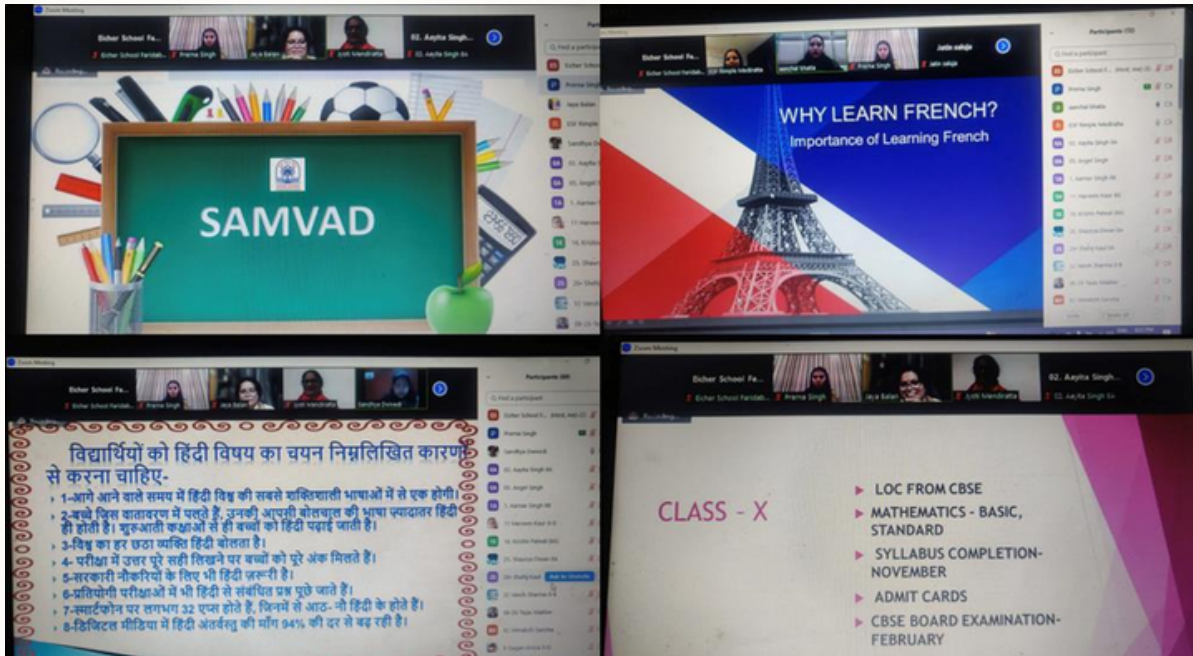
Subject Orientation Programme for class X on November 26, 2022

Students were given information related to various streams, subjects offered and related careers. Short presentations were given by the school faculty on the subjects offered by the school at the Senior Secondary level.



Samvad - an open house for class V on January 30, 2023 and class IX on January 31, 2022

Parents were apprised with the options available for the third language in class V and second language as Hindi, Sanskrit or French in class IX. Presentations were given by the respective teachers in-charge to provide an overview of each subject. Students got better clarity regarding the choice they could make.



Children's Day Celebration

A special assembly included a number of activities like quiz, musical renditions, poetry recitation and an interactive session with the school counsellors. The Inter-House Athletic Meet was held which culminated with a volleyball match between teachers and students wherein the teachers won by 2-0. With such a vast arena of enthralling activities, it proved to be a day packed with action and fun.



Christmas Celebration

A special assembly was organised to celebrate the spirit of Christmas. The story of Jesus Christ's birth, teachings from the Bible, quiz and poem recital presented by the students were quite informative. The melodious choir singing carols and the mesmerising fusion dance and the skit on 'The Joy of Giving' made students realise that the festival is all about being generous and charitable.



Annual Appreciation Day (Session 2021-22)

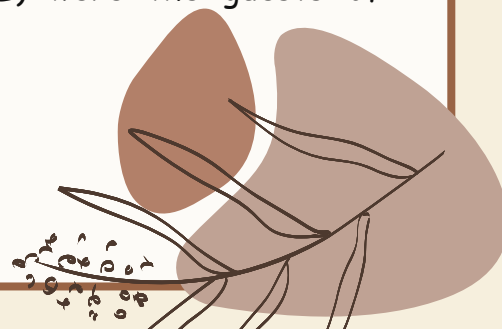
Classes IX & X: December 17, 2022

The felicitation of class X and XII CBSE school and subject toppers for SSE and SSCE 2022 was the highlight of the day. ESF alumni Dr Tarun Goyal and Mr Udit Gupta (batch 2007-08), Ms Garima Sharma (batch 2015-16) and Ms Divya Satija (batch 2017-18) were the guests of honour for the event.



Classes III – VI: January 19-January 20, 2023

On this occasion, our alumni Mr Yashu Kumar (Entrepreneur at Deltop), Ms Megha Chobe (HR in Imperial Group), Mr Angad Singh (Chartered Accountant) and Ms Sweksha Tripathi (Senior Technical Architect with HCL) were the guests of honour.





Classes VII & VIII: January 21, 2022

The event was graced by the presence of our distinguished alumni, Mr Srijan Chawla (Vice President, Kaizen Metal Forming Group), Mr Shourya Bhatnagar (Data Analyst, Coca-Cola Euro Pacific Partners, Sydney), Ms Chetna Malik (Founder, Unleash Dog Academy) and Mr Siddhant Cornelius (Graphic Designer, Drizzlin, Singapore).



Annual Day(I & II: Session 2022-23)



The Annual Day celebration of classes I and II was held on December 27, 2022. The event was graced by the esteemed guests of honour Ms Suman Bala, Mayor of Faridabad and Mr Arjun Joshi, Chairman, Goodearth Foundation Schools. The play 'Fantasia ... Flash of Adventure' was showcased.

Annual Day (NURSERY, LKG & UKG: Session 2022-23)

Creative expression is the ability to use the mind and imagination to fabricate something unique. That was exactly what was showcased through a play by the students of classes Nursery, LKG and UKG on December 29, 2022. The play was woven around famous fairytales and the important message that each story conveyed. The stage overflowed with music, drama, dance and talent. The guest of honour Ms Jyotsana Jaswal, a well-known soft skill trainer and professional image consultant, addressed the gathering and appreciated the painstakingly put-together show. Fantasia...Tales from the Wonderland was a tremendous success.



Ramanujan Day

Ramanujan Day was celebrated on December 22, 2022 to commemorate the birth anniversary of the Indian legendary mathematician Srinivasa Ramanujan. Interesting activities were conducted in classes III to VI to develop interest in the subject and draw inspiration from his works and contributions in the field of Mathematics.



Study Camps

These camps were held for class XII in December 2022 and class X in January 2023 with the objective of preparing students for the Board exams. Each class is divided into smaller groups so that individual attention can be given to each student. Doubt clearing, in-depth study, practice tests etc. help to make the camps beneficial.



Republic Day & Basant Panchami Celebration

The occasion saw a grand celebration which commenced with the flag hoisting ceremony by the Principal accompanied by NCC cadets. The cultural programme started with Saraswati Vandana followed by a quiz and a talk on the significance of Republic Day and the colour yellow. Scintillating dance performances on patriotic songs and poem recitals mesmerised everyone. A breathtaking hula-hoop dance backed by skating stunts left the audience spellbound. The Principal motivated the students to keep the spirit of patriotism ignited in themselves.



Achievements in Competitions [Nov '22-Jan '23]

1. Inter-School Competitions

Date	Event/Host	Participant/ Class	Position
November 12, 2022	Hunar Competition Organised by The Modern School, Sector-88, Faridabad	- Impressive Impasto- Ishani Ghosh	Third
		- Jhankar- Prisha Ahuja	First
		- Thirak - Hitashi, Ihita Singh, Arpita Tripathy	First
		- Nrityanjali - Noor Jawa, Drishti Uditya Roy, Onkaar Singh	Second
		-Malisma- Suhani Gupta	Third
December 3, 2022	10th Rawal Inter-School Speech Competition 'Free Dialogue 2022' At Rawal Public School, Ballabgarh	- Ihita Singh, V C - Nandini Goel, XI B	Third Consolation

December 3, 2022	Pathbreaker 1.0 held at Ryan International School	- Turn The Table - Sheryl, IX B - Extempore - Ishani Vuppala, VI B - Kwizz - Shreyashi Jain, VII C & Pratistha Bhattacharya, XI C - Sell Out - Tanisha Singh, XI C & Ridhima, XI D	First First First First
December 6, 2022	Beatz at Alwar Public School	Semi Classical Folk Dance Fusion	First
December 10, 2022	Shri Hari Tech Task 2022-23- Vidya Mandir School Sector 15A, Fbd.	Shreya Sharma And Jiya Anand, (VIII)	Best Utilitarian Project of the Year
December 19, 2022	Scientifica Program of Prerna 2022-23, MVN, Aravali Hills	Shreya Sharma, Jiya Anand, Vatsal Soam And Dhruv, (VIII)	Third
January 13-15, 2023	Swami Vivekananda Rashtriya Yuva Sansad organised by Yuvak Foundation & Prastav: Debating Society held at Hansraj College (Delhi University)	Yatin Singh Jakhar, XI A	Medal of Honourable Mention

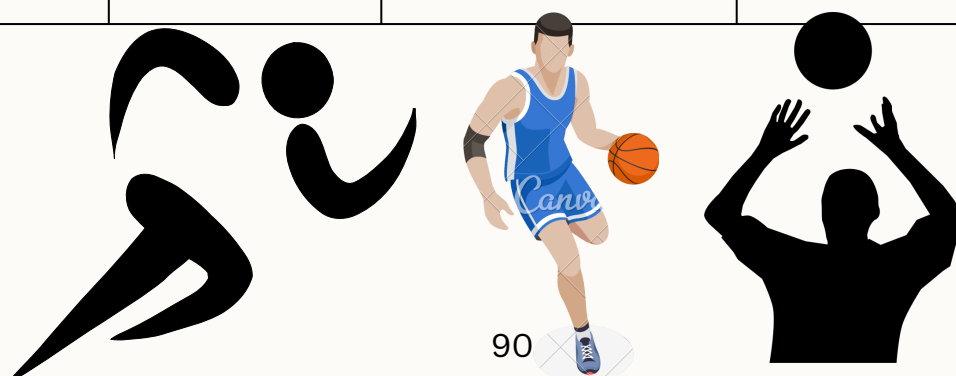
CBSE National Science Exhibition 2022-23

Shreya Sharma and Jiya Anand of class VIII B participated in CBSE National Science Exhibition 2022-23. They showcased the project on 'Local Solution to Stubble Burning' under the subtheme 'Environmental Concern', and reached the National level which was held at Lotus Valley International School, Sector 50, Gurgaon from February 7-9, 2023.



2. Sports Achievements

Date	Event/Host	Participant/ Class	Position / Prize
November 3-6, 2022	36th Haryana State Skating Championship	Daksh Bhati, VIII A	Rink Race 500+D m- Bronze Road Race 1 Lap- Silver Road Race 3000 m — Gold
November 17-19, 2022	School State Basketball Tournament at Hisar	Under 19- Kanishk Dhiman, Sahil Jude Das, XII D, Ayushman Semwal, XII A Under-14- Mayank Mehta	Participation Fourth
November 20, 2022	International Shotokai Karate Championship held at Talkatora Stadium, New Delhi	Naitik Biswas, VI C	Gold
November 22-24, 2022	Open State Basketball Tournament at Charkhi Dadri	Under 17 (Girls)- Simran Jangid, XI A	Second
December 16-18, 2022	Khelo Haryana Youth Games 2022, Swimming Championship held at Ambala	Keshav Kaushik, XII C Harshita, XII D Purnima Kaushik, X A Darsh Singh, VII C, Sunimar Singh Barar, VII C, Greta, VII D	2 Gold + 3 Silver 3 Silver + 2 Bronze 5 Gold Participation
January 2023	Khelo India Youth Games in Bhopal, M.P. - National level	Keshav Kaushik, XII C participated in 200 m breaststroke	Eighth

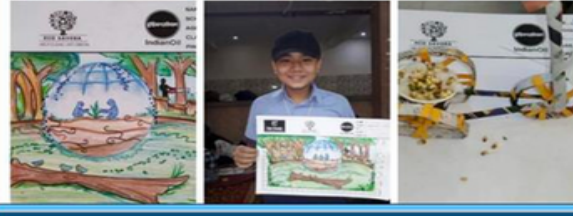




BEATZ 2022



SCIENTIFICA PROGRAM



MANAN GUPTA & ARYAN GURUNG



MONICA MADHOK



DAKSH BHATI

HUNAR



IHITA SINGH & NANDINI GOEL

SHREYA SHARMA & JIYA ANAND



NAITIK BISWAS

PATHBREAKER 1.0



KALEIDOSCOPE

...a platform for artists



Sumedha Sardana, XI C



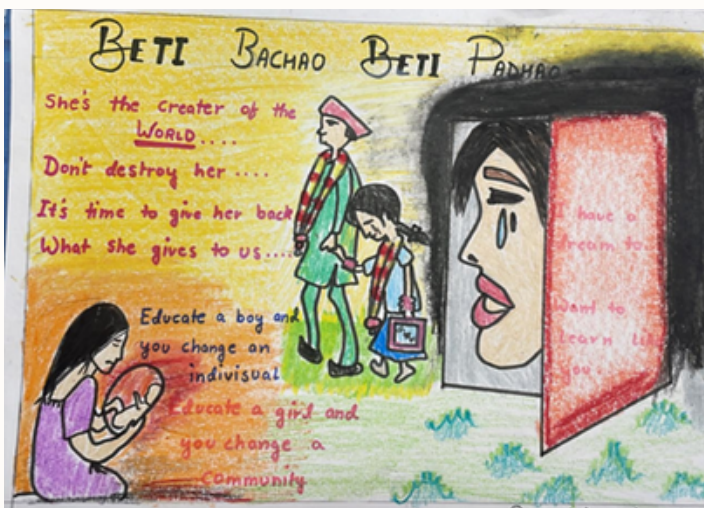
LET'S EMPOWER WOMEN



Mehul Raj Garg
X A



Priyanka Soam
X A



Palak Yadav
X A



Naitik Biswas
VI C

ONE WITH NATURE



Sumedha Sardana, XI C



Vaaruni, VII D



Kuvlaya Arora, X C



Purav Patnaik, V B



Himakshi Saroha, VI C



Eeshaan Sivakumar
X A



Lakshita Singh
VII C



Nishi Chaudhary
VII B



Naitik Biswas
VI C

THE DEVOUT SCENE



Kritika Arora, X B



Kanishka, VII D



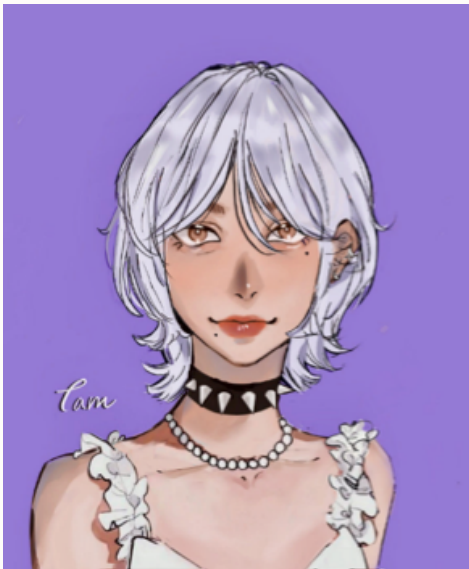
Aastha Singh, XII A



Amrit Kaur Sokhi
8-D
Roll no -6

Amrit Kaur Sokhi, VIII D

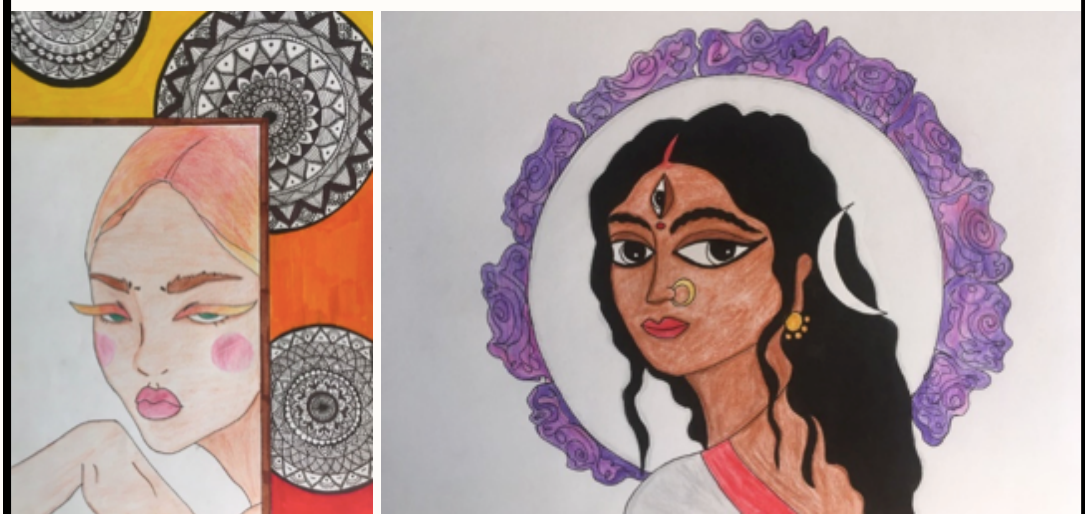
FACETS OF A WOMAN



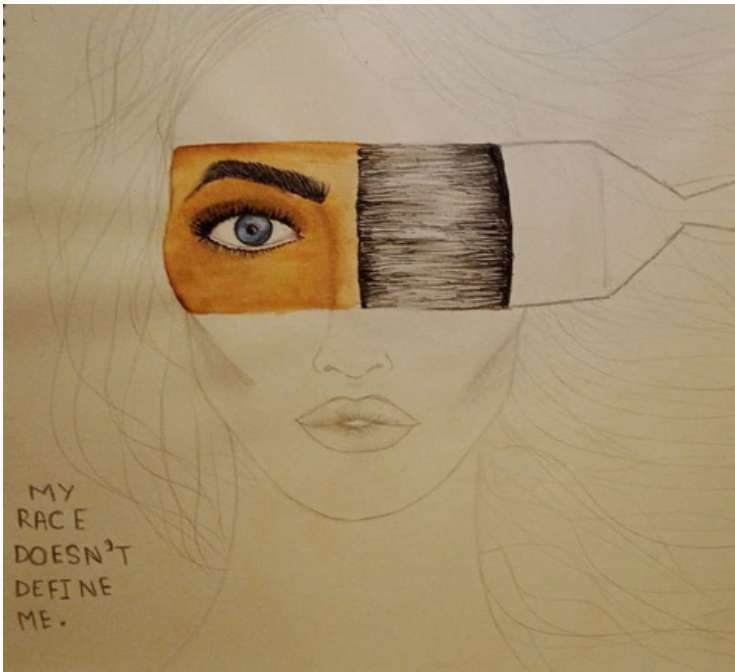
Tamanna Gogoi, IX A



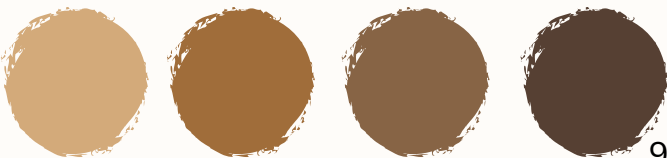
Anamika Mahesh, XII A



Tanisha Shekhawat,
XII C



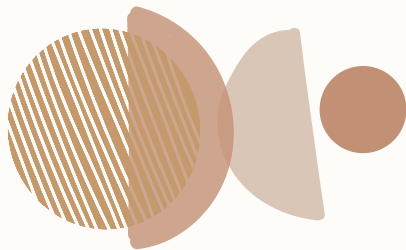
Kanupriya, XI C



FRUITILICIOUS



Aastha Singh, XII A



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